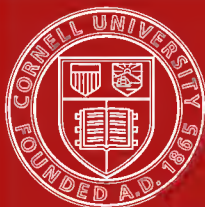


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MY NORTHERN
TRAVELS

JULIA A. WOOD



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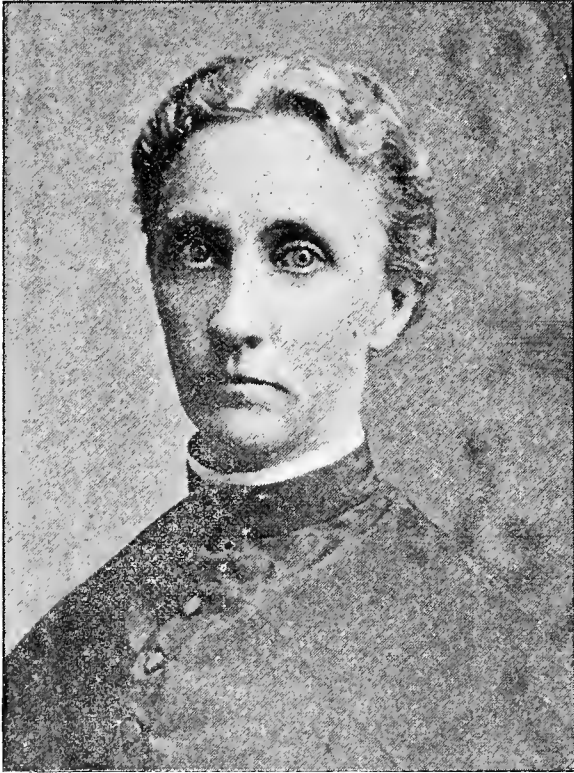
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Julia A. Wood.

MY
NORTHERN TRAVELS.

THE RESULTS OF FAITH AND
PRAYER.

BASED UPON A TOUR OF NINE MONTHS THROUGH
ILLINOIS, INDIANA, MICHIGAN, NEW YORK,
OHIO, PENNSYLVANIA AND CANADA.

With the Author's Autobiography.

BY
* JULIA A. WOOD.

ASHLAND, OHIO.
THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1887.

DEDICATORY.



The book is kindly dedicated to the entire Brotherhood, especially those I visited, knew and loved. Also my numerous acquaintances scattered over the United States are cordially invited to give it a careful perusal—its simple and honest statement of facts, hoping to interest different denominations, classes, vocations and sections. And I pray you, remember with forbearance, that what might not interest one may another. “Many men of many minds.” “Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others,”—Philip. 2:4. As a mental recreation and strength to those of little faith, this book is recommended to the afflicted also.

INTRODUCTION.



In the outset, it is important to state a few things introductory to Travels. The object of it: From an accidental cause, my health was enfeebled a year. As a necessary relief, a change of climate and sight-seeing were urged by many friends. Being a great lover of home; and for the lack of requisite funds for this health-tour, I was subjected to a strait. Like many other land-holders, South of Mason's and Dixon's Line, the "cruel war" had placed us under such peculiar disadvantages, we could not command surplus funds as in days of yore.

Disabled and suffering, I resolved to secretly pray to God to open a way for means of relief.—A genuine prayer of unswerving faith in Jehovah-Jireh.

Meanwhile I wrote my absent relatives of my conclusion to travel for my health, asking no assistance. In reply from Brother Henry, then about 3,000 miles away, he said: "A long travel is the very best thing you can do; monthly, I shall furnish you with enough money to see every thing of interest to be reached."—A direct answer to my fervent, secret prayer to God to send me help from some where.—"How great are his signs! and how mighty are his wondrous!"—Dan. 4: 2, 3.

I wrote thanks and blessings upon that thoughtful brother; and devoutly praised God for His goodness and this special providence to me.

In response to a most cordial and ever highly appreciated invitation from friends at Lanark, Carroll Co., Illinois, to attend the Conference of the German Baptist Brethren, to convene there, I assured them it was at last my determination to be with them at an early day.

With limited funds in pocket; an Abrahamic faith and trust in God, I bade a sad adieu to home and friends, and began my health-tour Northward.

My Northern Travels.

CHAPTER I.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 27, 1880, my Northern travels began. Spent that night with kind friend Mrs. Allen Hill, at Scottsville, Va. The next afternoon, at North Garden Depot, Albemarle Co., via the Va. Midland R. R., I was placed under the care of a travelling acquaintance, expecting to join a party of friends further on.

Arrived at Washington, 9 : 30, P. M. ; applied to the agent for my round-trip ticket to our Conference. "Those tickets will not be here till 4 P. M. tomorrow." My travelling assistant regretfully said : "My ticket and checked baggage compel me to leave you at once : my train is about starting."

In this painful dilemma and disappointment, I exclaimed to the agent, what shall I do? so feeble! and no one to help me! In a most gentlemanly

manner he promptly had me and some of my baggage conveyed across the street to a hotel.

Next morning, the polite and kind proprietor hearing of my distress and feeble health, also that I was a stranger in that city, among other necessary information, his timely advice concerning the disposition of my round-trip ticket finally proved a gain of \$10.50 instead of a supposed loss by detention there.

Then I again thanked God for his special providence over me. This extremity was Jehovah-Jireh's opportunity to provide for me.—Psalm 34 : 7-22. That proprietor and wife are kindly remembered.

Wishing to go to a point near that hotel to look after some important business, entering a street-car, to my surprise, it was crowded with passengers—barely standing room. It was Decoration day at "Arlington Heights," just out of the city; crowds of people were going there with lots of lovely flowers for the soldier's graves.

Soon as I entered the car, an attractive and beautiful mannered young lady, a few seats above the door, quickly arose, most kindly saying: "Take my seat; I'm more able to stand than you." With praise to God for his special providence in every time of need and in profound gratitude to her for this admirable act, I made a few remarks which seemed to fully compensate her for that kindness to one so feeble.

Arrayed in the "modest apparel" of the church of my faith and choice, I was surprised to receive marked attention in such a crowd of the gay and fashionable. So pleasantly entertained by that lady ; for recreation, I rode miles through the city and enjoyed it very much.

Returned to the hotel and said to the landlady ; I *know* I met a lady today ; indeed find the Washingtonians a very courteous people. Apparently a gratifying speech to her.

Next came the hour to purchase my round-trip ticket to Conference. Informing the agent I had no friend to assist me along my route, requested him to inquire if any reliable travelling person would do so for a feeble lady. Asking my name he beckoned a gentleman to us and introduced Maj. Koontz one of the R. R. Officials, who assured me he would do his best for my comfort and care. Returning he regretted that none of his friends would be on the train.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

I was conducted to my seat in a Pullman's car ; via the B. & O. R. R. Surrounded by strangers, again I felt much distressed. None to assist me, I secretly prayed God to provide help in this dilemma. Two gentlemen (friends of each other) sat near ; I listened to their conversation, closely observing their manner. I read character from the

face—the index of the heart. Being convinced they were honorable, I ventured to inform them of my strait and feeble health, asking their necessary assistance. Most gentlemanly they said, “With pleasure, we will,” informing me they were “sent as delegates to the Chicago Convention, to nominate Jas. A. Garfield for President;” also gave me their names as Mr. Birch a merchant of Alexandria and Mr. Bangs of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. Here I met very polite and kind gentlemen who would look after my need.

Again I secretly thanked God for that direct answer to my prayer, and for His special providence over me. “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.”

Unable to walk much; at every station for refreshments, these gentlemen ascertaining what I wished, rushed off to bring me mine. After dispatching theirs, hurried back to me to return every thing to its place at the lunch room. That was continued, at stations, throughout our 800 miles ride to Chicago. There they saw me and my baggage safely landed at our destination. With many good wishes they bowed me a polite adieu.

50,000 visitors had assembled at that city of 503,304 inhabitants to nominate their man for President. Notwithstanding that immense gathering, the Lord provided for insignificant me.

RENEWED SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

Entering the depot I soon saw a number of people dressed in the "modest apparel" of my church. Ascertaining they were members, I informed them of my disappointment and signal failure to join friends at the earlier part of my journey ; also of my feeble health and fatigue, asking their assistance, as they, too, were en route for our Conference.

My name being asked and given, they smilingly said, "I know you ; have often read your publications in our papers." I was then introduced to quite a number of ladies and gentlemen who were as cordial and kind as possible. Heartily I thanked God for that renewed special providence, and His manifold kindness in my emergency.

Had traveled 1,150 miles from home ; the fourth day I began to grow too feeble and suffering to sit up. Then 50 miles more to be accomplished. The dear ladies, constantly at my side, informed the conductor of my utter fatigue. Quickly unscrewing the back of a seat soon had me made as comfortable as he could.

In my increasing agony of body, one of those ladies tenderly pressed my aching brow ; one sat close to my feet ; and two at my side. Opening my eyes to observe their gentle and loving care of my prostrated and agonized body, I said : "You are my good angels ; black eyes and blue

eyes, watching over me.—They seemed to appreciate that expression.

CHAPTER II.

LANARK, CARROLL CO., ILLINOIS.

Arrived at my destination, Lanark, May 31st, 10 : 14 P. M., the accommodating conductor very kindly delayed his train until arrangements could be made to carefully move me off. My dear, good friends, Sister Wealthy A. Clark (now Mrs. D. C. Burkholder) and Brethren H. R. Holsinger, and W. A. Adams were awaiting my arrival, and took me down street on a chair to my appointed place in that prairie town of 1,200 inhabitants.

So far from home, I was delighted to meet that trio of friends. I told them of the great kindness received all the route. Bro. Holsinger replied in a most feeling and impressive tone, "God will take care of His faithful children." Often that sentence has rung in my believing ears.

To have me quiet and not crowded, I was first quartered in the family of Mrs. Trescott, a Methodist. Every attention that kind hearts and hands could devise was lavished upon poor suffering me.

Through that night, my meditations upon God's

loving kindness ; His special providence over me, so increased my faith and love that my whole heart over-flowed with "sacred pleasure." Although great suffering pervaded my entire body, the "joy unspeakable" was fully mine ; could "glory in tribulations."

CONFERENCE.

Crowds of people, from different states had assembled at Lanark for Conference. My arrival being announced through the press, next day, scores of friends came up to call upon me. So prostrated, I had to receive in a recumbent position. As they seemed desirous to see me, that was a stimulus to welcome all, and speak a few words to each one.

Secretly I deplored my inability to attend the Conference to which I had travelled 1,200 miles. The second day, ever kind and thoughtful Brethren Holsinger and A. J. Hisxon, asked if I would not like to attend the services. Yes, but too feeble, was my response, "We can arrange that if you will go." Agreed.

A kind and sympathetic lady across the street loaned me her invalid's chair as long as I needed it. God bless her !

A carriage was driven to the side-walk ; those two excellent brethren (then my "burden bearers") lifted me down stairs on that comfortable chair

and soon I was driven to the great Tabernacle, just out of town. Then I was returned to the extension chair, and lifted by this faithful couple into the centre of that immense crowd to see and hear all of interest.

Beloved Sister Wealthy A. Clark always sat beside me and adjusted me comfortably. Often in memory's picture-gallery, the face of that earnest Christian woman appears vividly. Her untiring attention during my feebleness; her noble deeds of kindness are indelibly stamped upon the tablet of my memory. God bless her! and bless all—so many, who were models of kindness to me, so far from home and friends. Then I fully and freely realized the sweet truths of Psalm 37.

My day at Conference: Heard many speeches. Prominent amongst them was the Missionary Subject. With a burning zeal for the spread of the Gospel, every word riveted my attention. One thing I could not endorse: that vindictive reply made by one of the Standing Committee to an appeal. It was discordant; I feared the result; and that end came two years afterwards.

Remembering that "God moves in a mysterious way," I have the consoling belief that He will finally "cause all things to work together for good;" for,

"Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

There is already a rift in the clouds—the day is dawning. “Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him and he shall bring it to pass.”

When the Missionary Cause was mentioned, in the deepest sympathy, my thoughts reverted to our foreign missionary, Bro. C. Hope and family. How I have longed and prayed for what would tend to his deserved comfort and general welfare.

Since reading of his expected return to the U. S., I was well pleased at the mention of purchasing him a home in the West, or wherever he may choose a location. I ardently desire for him and his a good one, teeming with comfort, plenty, peace and happiness. He and his dear, patient, self-sacrificing wife, richly deserve it.

Newspapers reported 15,000 people attended that Conference during its four days session. Services over, each day, numbers of people came forward for introductions to me upon the invalid’s chair. Such pleasant meetings and kind expressions received, made me sufficiently happy to be joyful amidst my physical pain and prostration. So much sympathy and good will elicited my constant smiles.

Enough invitations and engagements from different states, were made there, which kept me busy travelling and visiting nearly a year. Could all have been accepted, double that time would have been required. They planned, and I was only too

happy to reap the harvest of pleasure afforded me.

All along my line of visits, these and similar greetings were often mine: "Spend all the summer here," "stay two months with me;" "my house is open to you; come and stay as long as you please;" "welcome, 'thrice welcome!"—Magnanimous invitations to a health-seeking traveller.

Christian souls! they sympathized with me in my affliction; and as I had for years labored for the cause of Christ through the press, in my extremity, the good Spirit moved them, in answer to my secret prayers, to contribute to my pleasure and relief. Ever will their good deeds be a monument to their memory, emblazoned by my profound gratitude.

From the least to the greatest act of kindness received, is not forgotten, even that bunch of wild flowers presented me by Master Bertie Trescott; those tempting plums by another little boy—Moore; those sweet bouquets from other kind hands; and that "cup of cold water." Agreeable to Holy Writ, the Lord will reward each one if I cannot.—St. Matt. 10 : 42.

After the crowd and bustle were over, I was taken upon the invalid's chair to the hospitable home of Bro. M. M. Eshelman, then one of the editors of the Brethren At Work, published in that town. There I was first cordially invited from my home in Va. My own family-circle (their boarders

included) could not have shown me more kindness.—Warmly welcomed; and bidden to stay a long time by the head of the house.

Their family physician, Dr. Hallow called to see me, and pronounced my condition “critical, caused by long travel and fatigue.” In a few days (after occupying it ten) I dispensed with the invalid’s chair, and walked a short distance down street on a visit. Daily I began to gradually improve; each day some new plan or visit was thoughtfully arranged for me.

Numbers of kind people were visited in and around Lanark—a worthy town it was then: not a drinking saloon in the place; not an oath was heard on the streets. Long may it remain so exemplary.

Also made enjoyable visits to Mt. Carroll and Shannon, of Carroll Co. The former numbered 3,000, and the latter 1,000 inhabitants.

CHEESE FACTORY.

In that county I visited a cheese factory. Of course they must have first washed their arms and hands before immersing them up to the elbows in that long, deep trough of liquid cheese.

That manipulating process I confess, cast something of a damper on my palate. However, after the cakes were finished, moulded and pressed, they looked as inviting as ever. Success to that factory.

COMMUNION-MEETING.

June 16th, attended a communion meeting at Hickory Grove, 16 miles from Lanark. All was greatly enjoyed. A long time had elapsed since my last opportunity to attend a communion service. Being an isolated member, added to other disadvantages, I am unavoidably deprived of various church privileges. However, "the lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." He leadeth me; and I am content when hedged around by *providential* barriers.

Made many pleasant acquaintances at that communion meeting. Visited the kind families of Bro. Geo. Zollers and Sister Mary Crouse.

MISSISSIPPI AND PLUM RIVERS.

The 18th, Sisters Elma Crouse, Wealthy A. Clark, Bro. H. Crouse and I drove several miles to view the Mississippi River, then risen to the width of four miles over the low lands. Later it was ten at some points; higher than for fifty years. Great destruction of property.

I ventured to the brink; as its surging waters swept past me, I dipped the tips of my fingers in it. Had a full view of the State of Iowa across that mighty stream. Was sorry indeed I could not accept the kind invitations to visit friends over there, I met at our Conference.

Quite near, overlooking that river, we spent very

pleasantly, about two hours at the town of Savannah, of 1,000 inhabitants. When we left on the train late in the afternoon, the rear car was standing in the rapidly rising water. Its very appearance of being swept off the track caused a slight shudder. A watery grave specially horrifies me.

That forenoon, prior to reaching the town, our party enjoyed fishing in the Plum River, a tributary to the Father of Waters. The pleasure resulted only in the sport, minus success.

The majestic cotton-wood trees overhead, scattering their white, silky, filamentous substance upon the water and ground, was quite a novelty, but by no means desirable to have it flying on one's face and over a nice morsel. After doing ample justice to our tempting lunch, (especially those nice cherries) which we ate seated upon the ground, we resumed our journey to the Mississippi as previously described. A delightful day throughout.

On that prairie land, it was a real pleasure to ride;—no hills, no rocks in the road, no ruts, no jolting—just drive ahead with Jehu-speed. The most feeble person could enjoy riding. In some sections of Va., it would be almost hazardous and torturing. Good roads are blessings to delicate people.

PRAYER AND SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

Returned to Lanark well pleased with that trip. I was daily expecting an additional recruit of money for my future journey; funds were low. Eagerly I opened my mail to know its contents. Sad news! that enterprise had failed; a nice amount of money deposited lost. My prospect for promised funds vanished!

In my Introduction, I told my readers one of my brothers endorsed my resolve to travel; and promised me, monthly, sufficient money to go and see everything of interest that could be reached. A most unavoidable failure to comply placed me in a dilemma.

What about my expected expense? To beg for myself I was ashamed. I secretly offered up the most fervent petitions in the midnight hours that God would move some one to aid me in the necessary travelling means. In a few days, off in Va., an unexpected letter came bringing me \$20 from Brother John. Another soon enclosed \$5 due me. I humbly thanked God for that special providence, and His direct answers to my earnest prayers of faith.

None knew of my straits and distress; all was whispered into the ear of Jehovah-Jireh. Soon friends near me handed more money in envelopes, saying, "Don't open that now." The good Lord "stirred" their hearts to administer to my need

which will surely bear interest from Heaven's store-house, drawable by those willing-hearted contributors. It may be a spiritual reward, or it may be a temporal, just as their cases deserve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

20th, heard a sermon by a Lutheran minister, in our church at Lanark. The different sermons, Sabbath Schools, and vocal classes were all enjoyed wherever I could attend. Prof. J. C. Ewing seemed to be well skilled in the science of voice culture. Good singing is a real attraction, and very important in God's worship. To "sing with the spirit," inspires the congregation with a holy zeal and interest. Those social gatherings at the houses of several of the Lanark families, were also very pleasant and appreciated.

CLIMATE AND SOIL.

At noon, the heat was as intense as in Va. The only difference, the nights always grew cool enough for some covering.

The soil is quite productive; of a very dark color; close and pasty when wet. Although three weeks later than our planting, their vegetation is so rapid, it quickly gains its growth.

MT. MORRIS.

It was a sincere disappointment not being prepared to fulfil my engagement to visit Mt. Morris,

Ogle Co. A deep regret at the loss of such an anticipated pleasure, with dear people.

With all I did visit in Illinois, my heart-felt thanks and gratitude were left, and continue to abide upon those praiseworthy people. God's blessing upon each one for the untold pleasure and kindness shown me during my four weeks and five days sojourn in their midst. Often my thoughts revert most pleasantly to those people I met. Though scattered in distant lands some are, my memory still clings to them with love and best wishes.

CHAPTER III.

RAILROAD INCIDENTS TO CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

July 6th, at noon, accompanied and met by other friends at the depot, I entered the train for Chicago, Illinois, distant 150 miles. Later an elderly lady arose from her seat at a distance; approaching me said: "Didn't I see you take the train at Lanark?" Gaining my affirmative, (she standing beside me) showed me her excursion ticket entitling her to two more day's travel. Said

she, in a distressed tone, "The conductor speaks roughly to me; says the time has expired, and I must pay my fare."

I assured her she had the right to pass on that ticket until a certain date specified thereon. "Won't you speak to the conductor in my behalf?" Being assured my best would be done, she left her ticket in my hands and returned to her seat.

Soon he neared me; handing out the opened ticket for him to stop and look at; in his hurry to pass, he seemed to mistake me for the owner of it, and gruffly said: "Didn't I tell you that ticket isn't good?" and was soon out of sight.

Quickly she returned asking me, "What did he say?" Too angry to stop was my response, assuring her she could and must travel on its merit, which she did unmolested.

7 P. M. we reached Chicago. To her regret and surprise, ascertained she would be detained there all night. With very limited funds, I suppose, she appealed to me to permit her to accompany me to the hotel and share my room. Did all I could to relieve her; next morning, had her safely landed in time for her train home. A grateful old soul! Ascertaining where she had been visiting at Lanark, I was satisfied she was no fraud.

Upon the recommendation of Dr. Fahrney, of Chicago, Bro. A. D. Beachy was appointed to meet and conduct me around to the places of inter-

est in that "Garden City." A drive along the banks of Lake Michigan, on which Chicago is situated, was delightful—the breeze from that broad expanse of water so braced me, my strength revived.

LINCOLN PARK.

Beautiful drives in this park; inviting row boats on its ponds; the Zoological Garden with its numerous animals, birds and fowls. The sea-lions specially attracted my attention, plunging themselves to the bottom of the cooling pool that warm day, then swimming most gracefully beneath its clear water.

Across a beautiful plot of ground in that park, its name, "Lincoln," was growing, formed by sowing seeds in order to shape its letters with gay flowers.—An artistic design of man, perfected and beautified by Nature's pencil.

THE GREEN HOUSE.

The green house with its numerous beautiful plants and flowers, contained a great variety of ferns, from the coarse stag-horn species, to the most delicate and feathery.

NOTED HOUSES.

Also saw the only remaining house left by that memorable conflagration of October, 1871. Now all of that city is rebuilt in modern style,—alto-

gether the handsomest buildings of the many large cities I visited.

The Palmer House is said to be one of the most magnificent structures in the U. S.—a palatial hotel of 500 rooms. The Sherman House has 700, but is less elegant.

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

I telephoned Miss Mary Taylor ward and niece-in-law of Col. T. H. Ellis (both formerly of Va.) to meet me at the Sherman House, as I not only desired to see what time's changes had wrought upon her in three years, also to inform her of her relatives welfare near my home—Capt. Wm. Holman's family.

We occupied every moment in conversation until the hour for my afternoon steamboat ride of one and one-half miles to the wonderful Crib built in Lake Michigan. From the Old Dominion, in that distant city, I was doubly pleased to meet her, and parted with regret.

THE CRIB IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

Aboard the steamer, "she walked the water like a thing of life," affording a delightful ride. Pleasure seekers from the city, go back and forth from that point two or three times a day.

The Crib is a massive rock wall extending high above the surface of the water; its foundation

reaching to the bottom of the lake. It encloses the mouth of a tunnel dug under it, to supply the entire city with pure water, "fresh as the fountain under the ground."

Inside of the Crib is also a home-like habitation for a man and his family, who keep a long handle skimmer to free the tunnel water from insects chancing to fly there; also to receive all visitors.

Among other usual household furniture, they had a piano in their parlor. Its notes sounded more silvery than those played upon terra firma.

Sometimes, during a storm the mountain-like waves dash over that high wall, reaching their very door. They said, "thunder sounded more terrific there than on land."

THE WATERWORKS.

Also visited the waterworks in the city. This one place, with its huge and magnificent machinery, supplied the entire city with water from that tunnel under the lake. I have never drank more refreshing, clearer, or better tasted anywhere.

A CALL VISIT.

Made a pleasant call upon Mrs. Hartzell. Was well pleased with all my visits to points of interest in and around Chicago; also for the satisfactory attention rendered me by my guide.

CHAPTER IV.

LAKE SHORE R. R.

July 8th, 9 A. M., I took the train via the Lake Shore R. R. That is one of the easiest riding roads in the North. For miles it is on the banks of Lake Michigan. Far as the eye can reach on one side is water. Ever and anon beautiful Pond Lilies are seen, dotted over its surface in shallow places, nodding to the gentle breeze.

SOUTH BEND, ST. JOSEPH CO., INDIANA.

A travel of 85 miles brought me to South Bend at noon. There my dear sister Rebecca Studebaker was awaiting my arrival. Truly I felt at home with this kind family of mother and two daughters. How appreciated was the interest of that motherly lady, then nearly an octogenarian. My gratitude wells up when I think of the many kindnesses and pleasures afforded me there. An enjoyable time was promised when I was invited and my highest expectations were fully realized.

South Bend numbered 13,279 inhabitants—a city of rapid growth and much wealth. Various factories are there. The most noted establishments are the carriage and wagon factories of the firm Studebaker Bros. With as good a mother as theirs, no wonder they are a quartet, possessing moral and extensive pecuniary worth.—The “seed of the righteous,” they are so benevolent in their prosperity.

STUDEBAKER FACTORIES.

They are the largest of the kind in the world. Including sheds etc., they occupied 75 acres of ground. Then they had a capital of a million dollars in them. They have agents upon every continent. 30,000 carriages and wagons are annually turned out; have a capacity for making one wagon every five minutes. Then employed 900 hands. The four brothers only manage the helm of that mammoth affair.

The Carriage Repository contains elegant, and various styles of vehicles, with prices to suit the millionaire, or one of moderate means.

I had the pleasure of a ride in one of their \$1,200 glistening private carriages, drawn by caparisoned, prancing steeds. That took me back to ante bellum days of Va., when many rode in state and had ample funds in bank.

Besides their palatial and elegantly furnished residences in that city, they also own numbers of fine houses there and farms in the country. I had the pleasure of drives to them.

A HANDSOME BARN.

Upon one of their splendid farms, I visited a barn, which looked like a fit residence for people. Every way its exterior was imposing, and surmounted by a towering ornament made of some kind of glistening, yellow metal.

Entering that large building, the aisle between

the long rows of stalls seemed to be of granite. Every thing was scrupulously neat and clean. One side had 40 stalled, fine horses ; their names printed overhead in large letters, at each entrance ; the other containing 50 cows of extra stock, from the large Durham down to the little Jersey.

I also enjoyed looking through one of their private green houses, beautified with rare plants and shrubs ; quite as pretty a collection as some of the many public ones I have visited. Great taste was displayed in the floral arrangement of their extensive grounds. That family represents the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist and German Baptist Brethren denominations.

STUDEBAKER WAGON.

That famous wagon deserves mention for its exquisite mechanism. Wherever necessary, it was beautifully ornamented by inlaid work. Instead of iron, it was finished off with polished steel. Price \$1,000. It took first premiums at the National Fair at Chicago, the U. S. Centennial Exposition and the World's Great Fair at Paris ; also at many state expositions.

Since my visit, they have greatly increased their business and I take pleasure in soliciting for them, not only their present extensive patronage, but over the face of the earth. They and their superior work deserve it. "A man that is diligent in his business shall stand before kings."

Had I not known and heard of the good deeds

of that firm, my advertisement and comments upon them and theirs would have been brief. Among many other commendable traits, their marked attention and devotion to all their family, especially to their beloved old mother, whom they delight to honor, prepossessed me in their favor. If any of my readers wish to purchase a good wagon or carriage, address Messrs. Studebaker Bros., South Bend, Ind.

Ex-Vice President Schuyler Colfax (now deceased,) then resided in that city. When we called, I regretted the announcement that he and his wife had just left for a two weeks visit.

PRINTING OFFICE.

Also visited a printing office. The press had about completed its regular number of copies. The editor, Mr. Fassett very kindly had a few more run off to permit me to see the modus operandi of printing by water from the St. Joseph River, either running under or conveyed to that office.

Visited numbers of printing offices along my route, operated by steam, and some by muscular power. The one at South Bend was the first and only one I saw moved by water.

The polite editor, handed us some of those newspapers, just from the press; to my surprise, my arrival and place of sojourn in the city were already announced in them.

CHAPTER V.

NILES, BERRIEN CO., MICHIGAN.

15th, kind Sister Sarah Johnson, of South Bend, drove me six miles to Niles, a pretty town of 3,000 inhabitants, to visit Sister Delia E. Bolin, a poor saint who dwelt there.

Seeing her at a little distance, my companion said: "Who is this from a long distance I have brought to see you?" Her second guess was the writer, to whom she came in a hurry, and with a warm welcome said: "God bless you!" Our joy was mutual and my happiness was as complete in that humble domicile, as if a palace presided over by a queen.

She had seen better days; but since adversity and tribulation had overtaken her, the "pearl of great price" outshone all, and was most richly set in her heart and act.

Swiftly the hours flew as we talked about what delighted us. Woman of sorrow! she lost her afflicted husband and a child since I saw her. Often memory lingers around that day with blended joy and sorrow. God bless this widow and orphan. During my visit that day, I was gratified at the kindness shown her by an Episcopal lady residing near her. Considerate of her pleasure, added what she could to heighten the joy of our day. So Christianlike an act must reap a blessing. Also

made a pleasant call upon Bro. John Ullery, of Niles, then wended our way homeward same day.

A STORM AND SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

The weather was as hot as any we have in Va. Some distance, the roads were through white sand,—Michigan soil; the land somewhat hilly.

As we drove along, happy in our conversations, we were startled at the unexpected vivid flash of lightning and sudden peal of thunder, quickly followed by splashing rain drops. Down went one curtain to our vehicle; and before any more could be down, a rushing wind and storm of heavy rain and terrific thunder were all in one frightful roar. The gust well nigh swept my breath during its rage; tried, but could not speak. As the lightning rapidly played over the back of our good horse, its glare almost blinding our eyes, it seemed we would either be struck by Heaven's artillery, or capsized in the road, branch-like, with the rain fall. Not so; in five minutes, all was over, and I most heartily thanked God. We then bade our faithful animal to resume the journey, from whence he had remained stock-still during the storm.

Our danger was imminent. I silently cried mightily unto God to protect us. Most signally He did.—A special providence again in answer to my prayer of faith.

Storms of that kind are not uncommon there.

They rush upon one, then hie away, muttering in the distance.

During that summer, I was caught in three thunder and rain-storms, while enjoying my many drives. The last were in Indiana and Ohio. They were about like those we have in Va.

CHAPTER VI.

SOUTH BEND, ST. JOSEPH CO., INDIANA.

A METHODIST SOCIAL.

Evening of the 23rd, attended a Social given by the congregation of the 1st Methodist Church, then under the pastorate of Dr. H. A. Gobin, who was so pleasant. Including the Sabbath School, 200 of that congregation were present, and spent about two hours at one of their residences. They were held from house to house, once or twice a month; place and time of meeting announced through the press.

The order of them : Social conversation ; a nice handed lunch ; the elderly sat around tables. Nothing superfluous, but enough delicacies and substantials to satisfy all, furnished by each member contributing 10 cts. at every Social.

A number of Sabbath School Scholars dispensed

this lunch with much grace and skill. By invitations, instrumental music on the piano was rendered by a visiting lady ; the vocal was sweetly executed by the Sabbath School. Every one appeared happy and well pleased with the evening and seemed strengthened in their social ties as was the object of it.

No foolish talk ; no card-playing nor dancing reached my listening ears. A gathering and Christian conduct worthy of imitation ; an innocent means of recreation ; a doing good by cementing friendship and banishing discord. Not even confusion was there ; everything prepared by the caterer, and delivered at one point. Sometimes generous Mr. Clem Studebaker held these Socials at his spacious mansion, and bore the entire expense.

I enjoyed the services at their church ; the organist played with skill and beauty. Added to that was a silver cornet blown with the choir, all combined, made grand music. Properly conducted, such music is inspiring. In some choirs, one is reminded more of an Opera than the "house of prayer."

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY AND CONVENT, NOTRE DAME.

Sisters R. and M. Studebaker, and S. Johnson and I drove two miles from South Bend, to visit St. Mary's Academy,—Roman Catholic. Its sce-
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nery is romantic and picturesque; situated quite near the St. Joseph River, which is considered one of the most beautiful in the Mississippi Valley. 80 acres of land are laid out in fine pleasure grounds. Extensive grape-arbors, grottoes, summer-houses, statuary, bright green swards and fountains are pleasingly presented to the eye.

That Academy had 150 pupils, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The students are allowed to wear no silks, expensive laces or jewelry; not even the graduating class. Any expensive or extravagant dress worn by pupils at the closing exercises causes the wearer to forfeit her claim to Academic honors.

Simplicity and neatness is the rule there. Worthy of imitation by Protestants. Too often there is rivalry in dress—the vainer or richer trying to outshine the poorer. That consequently creates a bad feeling, besides detracting attention and time from books.

During my visit was their vacation. The teachers, Sisters Elizabeth, Sophia and Hortense were remarkably affable and kind. In response to their pressing invitation to take dinner, we shall be pleased to “break bread” with you said I. When they ushered our party into the refectory, with some of their visiting guests, I was surprised to see they ate with no visitors; retired to a separate apartment, across the hall.

After our nice, simple and palatable meal was over, the Sisters quickly joined us, resuming our pleasant conversations and walks of the forenoon. We visited the Museum; saw beautiful fancy work, enjoyed a look through the Art Gallery.

THE CONVENT.

Connected with that building, is a Convent, said to be the largest in the U. S.—300 sisters when all are at home. Some go back and forth on missionary business. I conversed with one who arrived that day from a travel of this kind. She was then seated in the out-door air sewing by hand. Upon being asked if it would be an intrusion for me to take a seat beside her to rest, she assured me I was welcome and conversed pleasantly with me.

Also visited one of the nun's cells,—the lodging place of their head music teacher. No luxury in that narrow room—only bare comfort and actual necessaries. Upon informing them it was my first visit to a convent, they said I was shown more of its interior than was their usual custom.

Behind a slightly elevated lattice-work, printed overhead, "Novitiate," in the Latin tongue, I heard the recital or confession of one or more persons. Near there, against the wall was a number of names of the departed, at which place I saw one of the Sisters approach the list, and looked as if she deposited a small something in a receptacle

immediately underneath it, saying aloud, "What a blessed privilege it is to do this for the departed friends." That was a novelty to me I never could understand—either a prayer or any contribution for the benefit of the deceased. Whether I do or not, they were devout in their faith and practice, using courtesy and kindness to us; consequently in imitation of good old Paul; with charity and good will, I was moved to "look not every man upon his own things, but also upon the things of others."

We asked the favor of some harp, piano, organ or guitar music from the head music teacher. "We do not play for visitors," was her polite reply; but seconded the request for one of our party to do so. The performance was accordingly rendered on one of their excellent pianos. She complimented the executive ability.

On those grounds is a Hospital for the sick of the Academy. Patients sometimes go there from other places, receive tender and careful nursing. Prices per month, about \$30. Quite attractive surrounding for the delicate and suffering.

Near there is the Loretto Chapel, said to be the finest across the ocean. Upon entering it the Sisters devoutly knelt in secret devotions; we standing quietly by. Much interested and pleasantly entertained, and with many thanks for all, we bade adieu to the Sisters, who most cordially invited a repetition of the visit.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, CHURCH ETC.

We drove one mile to visit the University. Had about 400 pupils when in session ; there were 38 priests and many monks connected here ; have a magnificent church at that place. Its inside painted walls were surpassingly beautiful and exquisitely wrought with numerous ornamentations, Bible scenes and figures added.

A large crown with diamonds and precious stones, was suspended before the altar ; under the altar, was a waxen figure of a little girl (whom they said represented a peasant, who had immortalized herself by some great deed) in a recumbent posture, so life-like, one almost fancied she was asleep and breathing.

On the outer, right side of the altar, stood conspicuously the full-size form of the Virgin Mary, arrayed in white, bestudded with golden stars ; upon her head a crown of gold.

On the left side of the altar was a similar size figure of Jesus. As I gazed upon that waxen, life-like form and face, and noted its sad, sweet expression, its pierced hands and feet with the very appearance of drops of blood oozing from them, I was carried in thought to that night of agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and the tears involuntarily welled up to my eyes.

Only an inanimate figure was before me, but the

thought of the Crucified One in heaven, who laid down His spotless life to save a lost and ruined world, touched me thus.

We ascended the stairs to the belfry; were shown an immense bell, weighing 12,000 lbs., the second largest in the U. S., was informed it could be heard fifteen miles.

CHRIST'S AND VIRGIN MARY'S SEPULCHRES.

On these grounds, visited what was called a fac simile of the original sepulchre of Christ. In a gloomy, vault-like place was something like rock, cut in the shape and dimensions to receive the body; near it a bonafide crown of thorns; a cross, spear, nails, hammer, pincers and scourge.

The Virgin Mary's Sepulchre had a similar enclosure and receptacle. A look through the red glass of that vault, gave all the outer surroundings an awful and indescribably doleful appearance.

Saw many priest's graves on those grounds, with wooden crosses at their heads, bearing ages and dates of their death. A remarkable fact that about all of them died in their thirties.

Kind and obliging Brother Peter (one of the elderly monks) entertainingly explained every point of interest. Since then, I regretted to hear that he too, is numbered with the dead.

So child-like and earnest in his every word and manner, he favorably impressed us in our sociability, my friend, Maria Studebaker offered him some

nice, tempting slices of cake from the lunch she had brought from home that forenoon. In a gentle, kind tone, he said: "I do not eat that; my fare is plain."

We met a long line of monks going to their evening devotions in the chapel near by. None lifted their eyes to look at us when passing. Before entering, some prostrated themselves just outside the door, a few minutes, wearing the aspect of agony. After a most enjoyable day throughout, we returned to South Bend, busy with our thoughts, and relating what we heard and saw.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

Upon different days, I attended services, by our denomination out in the country. At one place, by Brethren Dr. D. B. Sturgis, and at the Wenger church, by John Wrightsman.

Was much pleased to hear our fraternity now have a nice house of worship in or quite near that city. Best wishes to them in all christián-like undertakings. Hope to hear of their churches in other cities, especially as our members are residents of quite a number.

Out in the country, at the Portage Prairie Church I heard a good sermon by Bro. James Miller, Text: "Watch and pray."—A most important injunction if we would increase and preserve spiritual union and communion with Christ the true Vine.

Visited several of the good people around there. Bless their hearts! when taking leave of me, some remembered not to "let the left hand know what the right hand doeth," and quietly slipped some money into my leave-taking hand, to help me along. Thank God! he moved them to administer to my need; for He alone heard it whispered into his ear.

At different times, in this way, the members also remembered me in that state. A special providence was most signally over me all the time. I fully enjoyed myself; but observed to "watch and pray" and under no circumstances forgot God and his benefits to me.

THE COUNTRY, CLIMATE AND SOIL.

Indiana gradually grows undulated after leaving Illinois. Its climate is so variable, there is little need for summer clothing. A portion of the day is as hot as Va. and often in a few hours a light wrap is needed. In consequence of its sudden changes of temperature, Catarrh of the head is a frequent disease. The lake breeze is enjoyed there at that distance.

The land is quite productive; the soil somewhat sandy and lighter than Illinois. I saw many pretty farms. Spent the day at one private farm house, which I was informed contained 50 rooms, with much handsome furniture. In one of the numerous residences I visited in that city; in their

double parlor there was elegant furniture, exquisite paintings and statuary enough to cost several thousand dollars. Those people are indeed very prosperous, and they use it lavishly.

With but few exceptions, wealth, health and good cheer seemed to reign as far as I saw and visited. All were so kind to me; each day had something new and enjoyable planned for me. I am specially indebted to Sister Rebecca and Maria Studebaker for the most of it. How can I forget it? Never! Blessings upon one and all who so kindly and thoughtfully contributed to my pleasure and benefit. A thousand thanks!

CHAPTER VII.

ASHLAND, ASHLAND CO., OHIO.

Aug. 2nd, bade adieu to beloved friends and delightful South Bend, at 9 P. M., taking a sleeper in a Pullman's Car. Stopped off at Toledo, Ohio, a few hours, to connect with my next train. Population 50,143. Distance travelled there 150 miles. Next connection was at Mansfield, Ohio. Population 15,000; distant from Toledo 80 miles. Three hours stop off there. From Mansfield to my destination, Ashland, Ohio, 17 miles. I was met and soon whirled away to the most hospitable

family of Bro. Dr. J. E. Roop. "Welcome, thrice welcome!" greeted me, and soon I felt at home where I came by a previous invitation. Arrived there 4 P. M. Population of that town 3,300.

THE INVALID.

Daily received and made visits. I was specially requested to call upon Miss Hattie Ingmand, of Ashland, the intelligent daughter of Judge J—, of Ohio. For seven years she had been, and was then a confirmed invalid, as helpless as an infant. After our introduction, I said, Mrs. Klingel, of South Bend, urged me to visit you, and sent messages. At the mention of that quondam friend, her patient face was wreathed in smiles; and with an outstretched hand said, "Tell me all about her." Those were Methodists.

We then conversed as freely as long-trying friends. She could only be heard in a whisper. When leaving, she drew me near and kissed me, saying, "Come as often as you can." Visited her several times; fully enjoyed it.

One evening, upon entering her room, she expressed great joy at my arrival; said: "Did an angel send you here? I've been looking for you all day." "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." She and I knew what it was to be afflicted. Our sympathy was mutual. Often memory revisits the enjoyable conversations had with that interesting and patient sufferer. Was much

pleased to hear recently that she finally recovered and went to the "Sunny South."

EXCELLENT PEOPLE.

Words would fail me to tell about the many excellent people I visited and loved in the country and at Ashland. Their hospitality and good deeds loom up in my mind. Besides many pleasures afforded, as in other states, some of our members quietly slipped money into my parting hand. God bless them for all kindness; for I believe He moved them to those acts. Ever a special providence over me in answer to my unceasing prayers of faith.

Mrs. McDowell, a Presbyterian, of that town, has my kindest remembrance for the social gatherings to which she several times invited and welcomed me at her house.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

I heard sermons at regular intervals; also attended several of their weekly, earnest prayer-meetings and Sabbath Schools. 15th, at Dickey Church, in the country, heard a sermon in German. An unknown tongue to my ear, I could only "possess my soul in patience," until the dismissal; consequently a blank; and had to confess it when asked, "How did you like the sermon?" Didn't understand a word was my reply.

LAKE SAVANNAH.

21st, a party of five ladies and gentlemen, (representing the Methodist, Presbyterian and German Baptist Brethren) took me to Lake Savannah, several miles out in the country. Two hours were most enjoyable spent on it.

As our pleasure row-boats glided over the "fair bosom of that silver lake," I occupied my time, plucking the beautiful, white Pond-Lilies, with pinkish crowned heads, nestling amid their broad, deep green foliage. There were also yellow Lilies resting upon its pellucid water. I likewise gathered the long, pretty lake-moss, growing just beneath its surface. The end of one of our boats, I decorated with these beauties of Nature, rendered doubly beautiful to me because I had only read of them prior to my northern tour.

That mid-summer afternoon, with its cloudless sky, and a breeze sufficient to produce a gentle ripple on the water, is one of the bright spots of my memory. Truly "God has given us all things richly to enjoy." That is if we use without abusing.—Remember to bless, obey, honor and worship the Author of all good. This is the lawful way to "richly enjoy all things."

MAPLE GROVE VICINITY.

22nd, attended services at Maple Grove Church. Made several pleasant visits in the vicinity. Sister Maggie Lehman kindly conveyed me to that

quarter ; have often thought of her, also other kind friends around there.

SOLDIER'S RE-UNION.

25th, attended a Soldier's Re-union at Ashland, of the survivors of the first regiment commanded by Jas. A. Garfield, including him and his retinue. When the latter distinguished party landed, (brought by a special train) a cannon within 30 yds. of me, fired salutes. The first so deafened one ear, I dreaded the repetition. Also had eight brass bands to render the music while parading. 12,000 persons assembled to see the proceedings, and hear speeches by their then nominated President. He was quite plain and unassuming in appearance.

All collected, their old army flag was unfurled along side of a new one. As its tattered remains floated in the breeze, acclamations of cheer filled the air. Saddened by the memory of the terrible wounds of two of my brothers, (John lost a leg) and the instant death of Augustus (shot through the heart) all at the battle of Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864, I thought possibly they might have suffered near that old flag ; and soliloquizingly said : This may be joy to some, but it is sorrow to me ! An elderly gentleman (seated near me on an elevated platform with a party of my friends) looked at me, courteously saying, "Where are you from ?" Ascertaining from Va., he said, "I fought

against the South, but they have my sympathy.”
—An honest, gentlemanly and satisfactory speech.

The war brought sad results, but surely our soldiers entered it, sincerely believing it was their bounden duty and honor to defend and preserve their own against the attack or control of others. Evidently, good and bad motives prompted the war; but as it is all over, let us “bury the tomahawk,” and humbly look to that omniscient One, who can, and will “cause all things to work together for good.”

That Re-union and vast assemblage soon paraded through the town, while the welkin resounded with grand music. Later, speeches begun. Not caring to be in the dense crowd, Sister Maggie Lehman and I sat in our vehicle in the street, within full view and hearing. While Gen. Garfield spoke, during some of his gesticulations, a plank of the new platform upon which he stood at the court-house, broke; continuing to speak, another crash; speaking still, a louder crash, and down he came partially upon his knee. Quickly regaining his equilibrium, he playfully said, “Nobody hurt,” and finally finished.

Although I am not superstitious, I often remarked, and was impressed with the belief that his repeated interruptions and falling were ominous of evil. A few months after his inauguration, we know he received a fatal shot from the hand of

Gitteau, which soon ended his earthly career.—A shameful affair!

A SERMON—"ABRAHAM'S FAITH."

29th, at Ashland College Chapel, by Bro. S. Z Sharp, an excellent sermon on Abraham's faith. That subject is ever grand. A long and varied experience has richly bought me the glorious truth of its promise, conditions and fruit.

My travels, pleasures and benefits were hinged and constantly operated upon that very Abrahamic faith in God, who will ever abundantly reward all who diligently, faithfully and unswervingly obey His daily will and way. No variableness nor shadow of turning from any of His promise to the faithful.

To serve Him "in spirit and in truth," we are sometimes misrepresented and misunderstood. But "when God is for us, who can be against us?"—An arrayed "ten thousand" cannot prevail.

Sept. 5th, heard one sermon in the country and one in the town.

ASHLAND COLLEGE.

9th, spent the day at Ashland College; attended the organization of the classes. Was well pleased with all of its workings.—Busy and kind students; (ladies and gentlemen) live and attentive corps of teachers. To Miss Annie Baker, (now Mrs. H. F. Hixson) who was then a pupil, I return the

kindest remembrance for the courteous attention rendered me at the College.

Dined at the spacious Boarding Hall on the College Campus. All the scenes and pleasures of that day sweetly revived the reminiscences of my collegiate-institute attendance. Happy and most satisfactory were all my school days.

Ashland College is a large and imposing edifice ; beautifully and healthfully situated. From its roof, I "viewed the landscape o'er." Kind thanks to Bro. B. Hoover for so patiently assisting me up for that view over the town and surrounding country. That College deserves large patronage. Apply at once for terms, &c., addressing Ashland College, Ashland Co., Ohio.

CLIMATE, SOIL, ETC., AND SUGAR MAPLE TREES.

The climate of Ohio seemed to be like Va. at the season of my visit. Spent six weeks of summer, including the beginning of Autumn there.

Face of the country grows more hilly than Indiana. Soil fertile, tolerably light and productive. Saw beautiful and well-cultivated farms. To the credit of all, I saw no bad roads in any state travelled through. A pleasure and benefit to health to ride over such well-kept ones.

Saw many sugar maple trees there, as well as in other states. Passed through one grove where the camp was built, to sojourn and boil the sweet

when in season. During Spring I think these labors begin; heard the process had to be continued day and night until finished. Of short duration, this is comparatively an easy way to make money, as I was informed; in some sections, the owners realize from \$1,200 to several thousand dollars, annually, from that non-cultivated product of the earth. Very sorry I happened to be near none of those sugar maple camps during the season.

Hearing this syrup was a rarity and a treat, the kind people feasted me on it in its several forms—candy, sugar and syrup. The most delicate tasted and best syrup I ever ate. They made it to perfection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

12th, heard a splendid sermon at Dickey Church, by a visiting elder, Bro Enoch Eby, Text: Philip. 3 : 8. 14th, attended a prayer-meeting in town to bid a sad adieu to some of my numerous Ashland friends. Their fervent prayers, committing me to God were most touching; gratefully heard and often remembered. For their manifold kindness, heartfelt thanks and abiding gratitude are engraven upon my memory, and follow them wherever they have removed. There are a number of dear friends of whom I would like to make special mention to avoid length, I only named those connected with my subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

NIAGARA FALLS.

15th, at 5 : 30 a. m., chaperoned by kind Bro. H. K. Myers and his estimable daughter, sister Mary, of Ashland, (now Mrs. A. L. Garber,) we accompanied an excursion party of 100, all en route for the noted Niagara Falls.

Reached the town of Niagara at 6 : 30 p. m. Population 3,700. It boasts of several hotels ; large stores ; six churches of the leading denominations ; one of the largest paper mills in the state, and everything that a much larger place often lacks. Distant from Ashland, Ohio 250, miles.

LAKES ERIE AND CHAUTAUQUA.

Our travels were via the N. Y. P. & O. R. R., much of it affording extensive and near views of Lakes Erie and Chautauqua. The latter is much smaller, and a delightful summer resort for many, especially various ecclesiastical meetings, teachers, &c. Owing to its purity of atmosphere, it is said, no flies nor insects annoy any one there. Quite a desirable consideration. Lake Chautauqua is adjacent to the city of Jamestown, N. Y. Population of the city, 50,000.

NIAGARA, NEW YORK.

Spent the night at the Spencer House, on the American side. Next morning, accompanied by a

party of six, we took a hired landau and drove about 11 miles up and down the river on the Canadian side. To see the grandeur and many points of interest connected with Niagara Falls, that extended drive was necessary.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

One-eighth of a mile below the American cataract, we drove over the New Suspension Bridge, opened to the public, Jan. 4, 1869. It is the longest suspension bridge in the world; its roadway is 1,300 ft. long; its cables 1,800 ft. long; the towers 100 ft. high, and it spans the mighty chasm, 190 ft. above the water. As a work of engineering art and mechanical skill, it is said to be the envy of all other nations.

THE MUSEUM, CANADA.

Near the landing on the Canadian side, is the Museum. That collection of natural and artificial curiosities is worth seeing. Being unable to take the fatiguing and unpleasant walk to view the Table Rock, and to pass under the noted Horseshoe Falls, I remained with one of our party at the Museum.

Here water-proof suits are kept for hire, to protect visitors from a bath of constant falling spray, during their walk near and under the Falls. Our company presented quite a grotesque appearance arrayed in those novel dresses.—By no means

graceful or becoming—enough to excite any one's visibility. Upon returning, their description of their hazardous and very unpleasant walk under the Falls, and a look at their dripping garments, quite consoled me that I could not accompany them.

GOAT ISLAND.

Our drive along Goat Island, gave a grand view of the combined, broad stream of five large lakes, (suppose about a mile wide there) whose meeting and commingled waters swept forward in fierce and turbulent rapids, as if madly eager to make the first awful leap into the tumultuous abyss below. We visited numerous places along that drive; but to avoid prolixity, only the most important will be dwelt upon.

BURNING SPRING.

About one mile above Table Rock, near the river's edge, is the burning Spring. Its water is highly charged with sulphuretted hydrogen gas; tolerably pleasant tasted. It emits a pale, blue light when ignited. To heighten the effect, the phenomenon of the burning water is exhibited in a darkened room. By placing a long iron tube into the water, the gas soon rose up to the top. A lighted match quickly produced quite a flame. A handkerchief was passed through the base of the light uninjured. At its apex, it would have been consumed.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

Is a wonderful spot, less than two miles below the Falls. An elevator worked by a water-wheel 320 ft. below the top of the bank, enables the visitor to reach the water's edge.—A frightful descent, over-looking a narrow, very deep channel, walled in by towering banks, between which rush, the mighty waters of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair and Erie! As I stood near, gazing on the greenish looking passage of water, a feeling of awe pervaded me. In all of its mighty power and depth, about that, the Ruler of the universe has set the bound signifying, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further."

WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

Little further down is the awful Rapids, whose depth is estimated at not less than 250 ft. That day a man was discovered in its turbulent water; and was pulled ashore, dead; and identified by a relative who was in quest of him. Several days prior, he disappeared, and it was thought he committed suicide by consigning himself to a watery grave, near his home some miles above.

PROSPECT PARK.

On the American side is more attraction than any one place I visited about Niagara. A solid wall of masonry guards that spot; from the angle can be obtained a magnificent view of the American Falls, Horse-shoe Falls, Table Rock, the Clif-

ton House, containing the Museum, the Ferry and new Suspension Bridge.

On the grounds is an Art Gallery of rare interest. Adjoining it, is quite an assortment of beautiful specimens—(souvenirs of Niagara Falls, said to be manufactured there) some of which from the many designs, most visitors purchase to take home.

INCLINED PLANE.

Leading down from inside the Park, is an Inclined Plane, a distance of 360 ft.; up and down upon which a car is worked by water-power. Either on this railway, or by a flight of 290 steps parallel with it, visitors go and return from the water's edge. At the bottom, stepping from the car we entered a commodious building, from whence was obtained from the base of the descending torrent, one of the most magnificent views of the American Falls.

Except at short intervals, the spray falls thick and fast like a shower-bath. It had just lifted; every thing looked calm and bright. Bro. H. K. Myers said, "Let us walk to that little elevation yonder, and obtain a nearer view of the falling sheet of water." Fearing a prank, I demurred. He insisted. Well protected, cap-a-pie, against a possible bath, I slowly followed. Reaching a few yards from the building, a sudden breeze poured a heavy spray over us. Much amused at my

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shower-bath, he was then satisfied to return to the house. Like the knight who accidentally lost his wig in a crowd, I laughed as well as any of my observers.

From the crest of the Falls to the original bed, is supposed to be 420 ft. In the Park, at the angle, the top of the rushing sheet of water was quite near one. It is said to have rather a fascinating effect upon observers at that point, and sometimes suddenly seizes one the inclination to jump over with the cataract. I was informed some had actually leaped over under that strange fascination. An appalling but grand view! That day, I was informed there were 500 excursionists to Niagara; one party was from Va. A lady requesting to share some of my sun-umbrella, informed me she was one of that Va. party composed of 100.

Connected with Niagara Falls, among the many places of note and beauty, not herein commented upon, are also the Cascades, Bridal Veil, Luna Island, Railroad Suspension Bridge, Cedar Island, Cave of the winds, etc.

Lake Chautauqua, the highest navigable body of water on the continent, is 1305 ft. above the ocean, 723 ft. above Lake Erie, and 7 miles distant. The famous Chautauqua Assembly has its head quarters at Chautauqua Lake and convenes in July and August of every year.

The State of New York has since purchased the

land adjoining Niagara Falls, on the American side and dedicated it as a public Park. The Canadian authorities were recently arranging to purchase the land on their side of the Falls and likewise appropriate it.

Any curtailment of expense will be desirable to visitors, as almost every thing amongst the many sights, that could be so arrayed in that vicinity, usually cost about 50 cts. to have an entrance for a good view. All expenses included, made it quite a good sum to visit Niagara Falls.

At noon Sol poured down his heating rays with as much force as we have farther South. In Canada, I noticed the grass was brown. Asking the cause, the residents informed me "the heat of the recent summer's sun did it." Of course their warm weather is of much shorter duration than ours.

Our sight-seeing ended, I enquired of my chaperon, Bro. H. K. Myers and daughter, the amount of my share of expense for settlement. Only a nominal sum was allotted me. A surprisingly cheap pleasure-trip was my reply. So much for being in *good* company.

Thus all along my route, Jehovah-Jireh caused His instruments to provide for me when necessary. His hand I daily acknowledged, praising Him for his goodness and mercy.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

CHAPTER IX.

EN ROUTE TO BERLIN, SOMERSET CO., PA.

A most delightful trip to Niagara being ended, our party of 100 excursionists left at 8 P. M., Sept. 16th. Parted company with my good friends at Jamestown, N. Y., 80 miles from Niagara. Stopped half hour there to make a connection. I reached Pittsburg, Pa. at 1 : 40 P. M. Population of the Smoky City, 156,381. 300 miles from there to Niagara.

Too late to make my expected connection, had to spend remainder of that day and night at the St. Charles Hotel. An unexpected detention in this city, I applied to the agent to send me a reliable person to assist me along with my smaller baggage to the train. In my case, truly, sometimes, I suited the action to the word, that "necessity is the mother of invention."—A policeman soon came forward, and very politely took care of valise, &c., and conducted me and mine to a most desirable seat on the train. A necessary attention; and how fortunate to receive it so kindly and politely.

At 10 : 40 A. M., took the B. & O. R. R., Reached Garrett, Pa., a distance of 107 miles, at 2 : 35 P. M. Was met by Bro. J. H. Knepper. At 4 : 40 P. M., we took the branch R. R. for Berlin, a distance of 9 miles.

BERLIN, PA.

Reached there the 18th, about 5 : 30 P. M., where I came by previous invitation to visit the most hospitable family of Bro. H. R. Holsinger. Population of that town was then 800, where he was editing the *Progressive Christian*, one of our church weeklies.

The kindest attention from all that family, (father, mother and two daughters) soon made me feel quite at home. The head of that house was one of the first to meet me at Lanark, Illinois, May 31st, of that year, 1880 ; and helped to bear me away from the train when so suffering and prostrated. There he was one of my "burden-bearers" to that Conference Tabernacle.—

"A friend in need,
Is a friend indeed."

MEYERSDALE.

From Meyersdale, 10 miles distant, and in the same country, I was visited and conveyed to the hospitable family of Bro. Dr. U. M. Beachly.

Indeed they fully understood the law of kindness, and the art of dispensing hospitality.

That town contained 1,500 inhabitants. The surrounding country of huge hills and dales make it quite picturesque—beautiful ! must be delightful in summer. But I confess that even as early as Sept. 29th, to be out driving in an open vehicle on the top of one of those lofty hills ; and a brisk wind occasionally tossing a few flying snow

flakes at Sister M. A. Beachly and me, were too much for my delicate health. But this was rather unexpected when we begun our journey—a freak of that section, situated on or near the Alleghany Mountains.

Arrived at our destination, her very kind family had such good cheer and comfort within, my chilliness was soon forgotten. Comfortably arranged, I was daily taken out visiting the kind people in and around Meyersdale.

Oct. 3rd, heard a sermon in town by Bro. C. G. Lint. That church floor was differently constructed to any I had ever visited.—A gradual inclined plane, having the congregation just high enough above each row of heads for all to have an unobstructed view of the pulpit and speaker at the lower end of the church. A good idea I suppose.

SALISBURY, OR ELK LICK.

Oct. 4th, Sister M. A. Beachly and I visited Salisbury, of same county, several miles distant.

That town numbered 800 inhabitants. Grand and beautiful scenery. One bright afternoon I beheld the prettiest sunset I had ever seen.—In all his flood of gold, I saw the king of day seemingly to pause within the cleft of a near range of mountains, casting his sheen o'er hill and vale, enabling the beholder to fancy it was but a reflection of that “land of light and glory” where “there shall be no night ;” no parting there.—Rev 22 : 5.

At that pleasant town, my sojourn was with the kind family of Bro. S. C. Keim, now deceased. His wife was motherly in her attentions to me. Truly my sympathy went out to her when her darling daughter Libbie died, in the bloom of youth, and soon after the removal of the father.

Having met her on my visit to Huntingdon, Pa., when she was a pupil there, I regretted deeply to notice the published announcement that she was declining in health. And I was on the eve of sending her a pure, fresh Magnolia blossom, hoping to add brightness to her chamber of sickness. Ere I could arrange it, death had summoned her, I trust, to that "land of light and glory."

At Salisbury, I also received and made many enjoyable visits in and around it. My best wishes and grateful thanks to one and all. Pleasant memories linger about many a person and visit made there and out in the adjoining country. The goodness of Almighty God was manifested there as in many past instances.—continued loving kindness and care from His high and holy hand.

A SERMON—"FORCE AND CRUELTY."

10th, heard an excellent sermon by Bro. N. Merrill, Text: Ezek. 34 : 31. Among other remarks, he advised kindness and gentleness to the flock; condemned "*force* and cruelty" rule in the control of members of the church. Well spoken.

Were that kind of management usually observ-

ed and adhered to, there would surely be more union and communion together as a body; fewer divisions; less discord and strife in churches, or families. With "*all longsuffering* and doctrine," the Chief of Apostles charged Timothy to observe and *not* to count a "disorderly" member "as an enemy, but admonish him as a *brother*," i. e. when the "disorderly" is not immoral.—2 Thess. 3.

In some instances, I very much fear the opposite course is more for selfish ends than with that constraining love of Christ and "charity which hopeth all things * * Charity never faileth."—1 Cor. 13.

In lieu of saying, "Avaunt! you will contaminate us," like good old Paul, such "lord's" will, in a godly way, become "all things to all men, that they may win the more."

To act by manner and deed as if "I am more holy than thou," will indeed alienate and scatter God's flock; and not unfrequently many or some are in every respect as good or even better than the scatterers. Beware of this, remembering the withering denunciation of Ezek. 34 : 21 and 27 verses; also Isaiah 51 : 21-23.

BACK TO MEYERSDALE.

Was taken back to Meyersdale by Bro. S. C. Keim to the kind family of Bro. M. Hady. Resumed my visits around in that vicinity. Made some very pleasant ones. For several days I was feeling so ailing could scarcely visit. When on

my last one, near that town, Oct. 13th, Sister E. Beachy took me to her house, so suffering and suddenly ill that Dr. U. M. Beachly was immediately summoned to my bedside. I was startled at his announcement that my disease was "diphtheretic sore throat, threatened with Typhoid Fever."

When I inform my readers that five months prior to that, my hostess (a widowed lady) had been bereft of several of her children by the dreaded diphtheria, (whose ages ranged from a few years to 21,) it is not surprising any attack of that nature should startle the writer. Its terrible visits are rather frequent in that region.

Thoroughly prostrated and intensely suffering, that attentive and faithful physician visited me twice a day for three days. His skill prevailed and I was relieved. Kind thanks to each one at that house for all the attentions received during my illness: also for that surprise of a bonnet the thoughtful members presented me there.

To skillful and kind Dr. U. M. B., I returned a thousand thanks, wishing him a most extensive practice far and near; and upon him and his united and devoted household, I invoke heaven's choicest blessing.

Afterwards I wrote and asked that estimable brother in Christ the amount of his bill for medicine and visits to me. His generous response was, "Nothing; you just write for the paper."

Meaning our weekly, religious publication.—A magnanimous deed, most highly appreciated by the recipient. Again Jehovah-Jireh's special providence was over me in answer to my fervent prayers of faith.

Any desiring medical services, address Dr. U. M. Beachly, Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa. He frequently treats or prescribes for patients by correspondence with him.

BACK TO BERLIN.

Soon as I could be removed after my illness, I was conveyed to the train, and landed back at Berlin in that second home and same kind family of Bro. H. R. Holsinger. Words are inadequate to express my gratitude and exalted opinion of the many services and kindnesses dispensed to me during the speedy relapse of prostration I had upon my arrival at their house.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

19th and 20th, I attended a S. S. Convention near Berlin. Feeble as I was, that excellent family arranged everything comfortably for me during the exercises of each day, notwithstanding it snowed the last one.

Quite good attendance at that Convention; several states were represented. Among them were some of the kind friends I had visited during my summer travels. Of course I was pleased to again see their friendly faces.

ANOTHER SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

Made many acquaintances there. Soon after an introduction to a good old brother in Christ, he said, "Isn't it expensive travelling?" Christian-like, he quietly slipped some money into my hand and said: "I have a relative—a conductor on a certain train; and I have told him to remember you whenever you travel on his route."

That considerate advice had already been heeded as follows: Like the rest of the passengers, my fare collected; (as is done on some roads) I handed the conductor a bill to be changed for mine. Soon the remainder was returned me as I supposed, and he hurried out of sight. Counting it over I found the entire amount in a different form. Eager to inform him of his supposed mistake I watched for his re-appearance. Saw no glimpse of him until he assisted me off at the station. Quickly I said, "You made a mistake in returning me all my money." "No, I did not. I so intended it; that's all right." Thanks was my grateful rejoinder; and he soon disappeared. Twice he repeated this kindness and request of that thoughtful relative.

Again there was the special providence over me—the reward of unceasing faith in God's promises. Blessings upon that conductor and relative! Both were Christians.

EXEMPLARY KINDNESS.

Having had such a severe attack, previously mentioned, my feebleness, and consequent sensitiveness to the rigor of the climate at that season forced me to become a constant care upon the hands of the noble family of Bro. H. R. Holsinger for three successive weeks. Just then it happened they were laboring under onerous disadvantages. Yet they would not allow me to lack for any thing.

Fully cognizant of their situation, and feeling utterly dependent in my feebleness, I was secretly grieved. One day, the good wife, entered my room. Seeing my sad countenance, she inquired the cause.—I am so far from home; such dreadful weather; and so much trouble upon your hands, is distressing to me!

She, too, was then quite ailing. With her friendly face lighting up with sunny smiles, she said, "If we don't mind it, why should you?" I insisted I was obliged to be burdensome under the circumstances. She replied: "I wish your company and would be pleased to have you remain with us until the Spring." That was early in November.

Although I could not nor would not longer burden them when able to leave, her sincere, Christian-like speech of welcome caused my very heart and soul to swell with sacred love and profound

gratitude.—“A good word doeth good like medicine.” It comforted and nerved me much.

Upon the house of Bro. H. R. Holsinger, I cannot invoke too many blessings. My daily prayers have never ceased to ascend for them and theirs. I ever rejoice with them in their joys, and mourn with them in their sorrows.

Both of their daughters, Sisters Annie and Lottie were so kind and considerate of every pleasure and comfort. Since my visit, the former (Mrs. P. G. Nowag) lost her darling, blue eyed, fair haired Henry. When I remembered that lovable and innocent faced boy, just learning to run about, the tears of sympathy involuntarily filled my eyes. I thought of the aching void his removal would cause in the hearts of his devoted parents, doting grand-parents and auntie. But God knows best.

I shall never forget with what sisterly surprises Sister Lottie Holsinger would go a long distance to gather pretty moss, or find the few flowers, to be obtained to add cheer to my room. Thinking the chalybeate water would benefit me, that dear girl several times walked nearly a mile to bring it fresh from the spring. Insisted upon doing it herself. We often read of such kindnesses and sacrifices, but they are amongst the few, who, under many disadvantages, “*wearry not* in well-doing.” That is indeed “good works”—bona fide Christianity!

Added to their many kindnesses, those dear people kindly informed me my accustomed clothing was too thin for that rigorous climate. Suiting the action to the word, warmer was presented me, adding some money besides.

Many things considered, I recommend their exemplary course far and near. They published the "Progressive Christian," and it was providentially proven to me they *practiced* as well as preached it.

That religion does not end with ceremonies and form ; it exemplifies "the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, faith."—St Matt. 23 : 23, 28.

Blessings, choice blessings upon that entire family ! Never can I forget their noble sacrifices and unassuming Christian kindness !

Indeed, in my trying times of affliction in the house of those noble people ; (and at a time so trying to them,) I was most forcibly reminded of God's special providence over me ; and they unwittingly became instruments to administer and afford fresh proof of His hand and might. His renewed goodness and mercy were verified through and by them. They *practiced* Gal. 6 : 10. The promise of reward of all such, is, according to St. Matt. 10 : 42.

Truly, all along my route ; in different states, great kindness met and received me ; but I must confess that many of the Somerset Co., Pa., people, equalled, and well-nigh eclipsed, in Christian

deeds, any that I met. I was naturally led to conclude that surely the Good Spirit must be in their midst. A significant fact! However, excellent and exemplary people were in large numbers wherever I travelled, generally speaking, my visits amongst them in city, town, village and country, strengthened my Christian and social ties for the Brotherhood.

I could say with the inspired Psalmist: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." The most marvelous and loveliest part of the fact is, I planned none of my visiting points. Others did it all for me, regardless of party or place. Away with partyism!

Mine was a health-seeking tour; and a *special providence led me* "in green pastures, and beside still waters,"—Psalm 23. Most truly I had, and continue to have constant and abundant cause to say with "the spirit and understanding," "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Psalm 103.

Regretted deeply my continued feebleness and sensitiveness to the constant rigor of that season, (and that too so soon after my illness at Meyersdale) prevented me from making more anticipated visits in and near Berlin. A providential interference kept me house-bound, and even room-bound most of the time.

Some of the neighbors very kindly remembered

me by visits ; also a tangible proof of Christian sympathy. I well remember one motherly old lady who visited my bedside, and afterwards sent me a "proof" of her love. Was grieved to hear of her death. In various ways, she gave tacit evidence that her heart was the "temple of Christ."—Dear departed Sister Musser !

Mrs. Brubaker, a Disciple member in that town, was very kind and sociable ; also her accomplished daughter Miss Amie. I havn't forgotten that "last rose of summer," one of them thoughtfully brought me ; and those tempting grapes are still on memory's shelf. No kind word or deed is ever lost in my retentive memory. Thanks, cordial thanks for every minutia of kindness from Berlin residents.

SOMERSET.

I sincerely regretted my inability to accept invitations to visit the town of Somerset and vicinity. Indeed I was sorry not to see more of those people whose praise I had heard. Truly I was pleased with those visited elsewhere in that county ; they lavished kindness upon the writer. God richly bless each one in spirituals as well as temporals.

CHAPTER X.

LEAVING BERLIN.

With a sad heart, I bade adieu to Berlin, Pa., Nov. 17th, at 1 : 30 P. M., under the care of Bro. H. R. Holsinger, a delegate to the Sabbath School Convention, to be held at Huntingdon, Pa., where I had been invited.

We were just being driven off to the depot when kind Bro. E. J. Myers (then of that town) good-naturedly tossed a coin into the vehicle to us, saying, "That is to help you along." Poor fellow! now he "sleeps his last sleep."

When I read the announcement of his illness at a Philadelphia Hospital, I remembered the bread he "cast upon the waters," and I was arranging to mail him my mite, when lo! the death and eulogy of Hon. E. J. Myers met my eye. Peace to his ashes.

TO HYNDMAN, OR BRIDGEPORT, PA.

After leaving Berlin, we travelled 30 miles to Hyndman. Spent the night at the hotel in that village, to make our next connection, with the Central Pa. & Huntingdon Broad-top R. R., at 8 : 45 A. M. That hotel was the cheapest I ever visited : a variety of most inviting, well prepared food for only 25 cts. Elsewhere I usually paid

50 cts. for breakfast, or supper and 75 cts. for dinner. At one hotel in Chicago, had to pay 25 cts. for a cup of coffee brought to my room, and was of such quality I could not drink more than a few sips of it. That was by no means a fair specimen of other hotels of that city.

Before retiring at Hyndman, I enjoined it upon the landlord to rap at my door one hour before breakfast. The rap came; my toilet at once begun. In a short time another hurried rap, and I left for the breakfast room as soon as possible. Quickly casting my eye up to the clock on the mantel, I exclaimed: It is now nearly train time! why didn't you notify me in full time as I told you? "We wished you to have a good rest, and waited longer."

Casting my wishful eyes over the table at the smoking buckwheat cakes, the tempting venison steak, snowy loaf-bread, &c., &c; in the quickest time I tried to drink at least a cup of their extra good coffee before my long travel. One swallow almost scalded my mouth, and I left with all the speed my poor, feeble, nervous body could command.

One handed me lunch to take along; another attempted to adjust my various wraps. I buckled one Arctic, and clumsy, inexperienced fingers failed in fastening the other. In the hurry and confusion, down rolled some of my breakfast lunch across the floor. Irrepressible laughter!

Half fixed, I hurried down street, through the falling snow. Meeting my chaperon, Bro. Holsinger, looking amused, he said: "What is the matter?" I truly presented a ludicrous spectacle:—one of my shoe-buckles was loose and clanking after me on the side-walk; one portion of my cloak cape was projecting over the top of my bonnet—in unavoidable disorder.

Soon as I could recover myself, I gaspingly said, "Behind time, and no breakfast!" He was sorry it had so happened, as he understood arrangements had been made at the hotel to have me in readiness upon his return for me from the depot. After my scuffling arrival there, in a few minutes the iron horse came thundering along, and soon we were speeding away.

My plan is ever to push my business, and never allow that to push me. In all my various travels, that was the only place I was behind time, and this because I depended upon others. I believe that apparently good-meaning family meant it all for kindness and indulgence.

BROAD-TOP R. R.

That Broad-top R. R. on which we were traveling, was considered one of the most dangerous, especially the trestle-work portion. Along its route is some fine scenery; the noted Horse-shoe Bend is pretty to behold at a little distance.

Am an ardent admirer of the beauties of Nature;

and whilst admiring the gifts, above, around and beneath us, I remember and thank the Giver of every thing we have and enjoy.

With that sincere realization and acknowledgment, most truly is understood this promise: "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."—Isaiah 55.

Often I am admiring the beauties of Nature; and realize far more sincere pleasure in it than I once did in worldly amusements, when I fancied I was fully quaffing the cup of happiness.

The heartfelt knowledge and love of a crucified Savior, the experimental knowledge and results, eclipse all the so-called pleasures the world ever had or can produce. The latter is superficial and flickering; the former is radical—vital—bearing light, counsel, support, abiding peace and joy in the spiritual communion with Jesus Christ. It is the "hidden manna."

CHAPTER XI.

HUNTINGDON, HUNTINGDON CO., PA.

Travelled 76 miles; on the 18th, at 12:30 P. M., we reached the home of Bro. James Quinter of that town who had previously invited me. Then he was one of the editors of the Primitive

Christian, one of our church weeklies. A goodly number of their pleasant friends had assembled there for the Convention.

Next morning it was suggested I could have my quarters in the Huntingdon Normal School building if I preferred it. Very gladly accepted the kind proposition as the Convention was to be held there, and it would be far more convenient and comfortable for one so delicate to attend all the exercises. Was most pleasantly situated there. My appreciative thanks are largely due thoughtful Bro. D. Emmert and Sister Libbie J. Leslie, now Mrs. H. P. Moyer. Their daily attentions were indefatigable. No kind word or good deed was lost upon me.

ORPHAN HOMES.

That Bro. D. Emmert, is now Superintendent of two Orphan Homes, one at Huntingdon, Pa., and the other at Hagerstown, Md. These are most worthy institutions; and their founder is no less so. With his established uprightness and native goodness, truly he is the right man in the right place. He has been the foremost in all of its struggles for establishment. "Well done" should be his deserved plaudit. Modest and unassuming, all of his sacrifices and efforts are the outcome of his benevolent nature, and the noble desire to elevate and care for poor and friendless orphans.

Any contributions would be very acceptable to

aid in their welfare and support. Do good by casting in your free-will offerings.

From time to time, as suitable places in private families are found, those orphan children are sent out. Any information desired, address the Superintendent, Mr. David Emmert, either at Huntingdon, Pa., or Hagerstown, Md. Rest assured you will be dealing with a Christian gentleman.

THE CONVENTION.

I enjoyed the Convention at Huntingdon, which lasted two days. The queries presented and discussed were quite interesting. Those assemblages and proceedings strengthen and increase Sabbath School work, affording fresh impetus to it.

Quite an extensive attendance at the Convention; several states were represented, mainly by strangers to me. During the exercises, I had the pleasure of hearing some noble remarks by Bro. H. R. Holsinger, of Berlin, Pa. While sojourning in his family, I was unavoidably prevented from hearing any of his sermons; but was well pleased with his extempore remarks at Huntingdon. So strikingly characterized by unselfishness, his public speech was imbued with that spirit.

HUNTINGDON NORMAL SCHOOL.

My six days and nights' sojourn at the Normal were very enjoyable; made so many pleasant visiting acquaintances. Also enjoyed the society of the kind and very agreeable pupils—young ladies

and men—a mixed school. Some were there from Va. ; one was a former acquaintance whom I was pleased to meet again—Mr. David Bauman, of Augusta Co.

I attended several of their recitations. Teachers very earnest and energetic ; the students as orderly and busy as bees. Everything considered, if they did not get the value of their money, it was their fault.

Their Principal gave evidence of filling well his responsible position—seemed to be a good disciplinarian. Any desiring to patronize that school, address Prof. I. H. Brumbaugh, Huntingdon, Pa.

Thanks are due Sister Susan Ressler (then connected with the boarding department) for providing certain edibles for me, not on the regular bill of fare. She remembered the afflicted and considered her welfare.

28th, heard a very good sermon in the Normal Chapel by Bro. James Quinter of that town ; had excellent vocal music—very creditable to their instructor, Prof. Wm. Beery.

VISITS.

I visited several very pleasant families at Huntingdon. Every little act of kindness is treasured in memory's store-house. Even those lake-fish, said to be purchased for my benefit are not forgotten. And the care with which that beef was steamed to tempt my appetite ; the resignation of that inviting bed-chamber for my comfort ; all

were unsought, kindly remembered and appreciated by the writer.

By invitation, I took a Thanksgiving dinner at the home of Bro. J. B. Brumbaugh. It was a feast, and a pleasant day throughout. Added to numerous edibles, that fine turkey and beautiful cranberry sauce are fresh in my memory still. Sister Carrie Miller, (then residing in that family) has since become Mrs. W. J. Swigart. My kind wishes to the twain, even if it is at this late day; also to the trio.

Special mention is due a certain sister I visited in that town. Hers was one of the friendliest faces and most unassuming manner. She arranged her own more comfortable wraps around me when I was going out to worship; was so thoughtful of my comfort, actually ironed my bed over with a hot iron. That some one was concerned about my poor appetite and asked to purchase something additional, a delicate person might fancy. She was full of good impulses.

Her last kind act was to accompany me that cold morning to see me safely landed on the train. As it moved off, I noticed her pensive face; and her only child, a son, standing beside her. Christian woman; sympathetic nature; God bless her and all good people I met there. That lady was Sister Susan Brumbaugh.

SCENERY.

Population of that town was 4,000. From its surroundings, it is supposable the scenery is beautiful, when Nature is arrayed in its verdant robes, be decked with flowers of varied hues, especially the sweet trailing arbutus.

Along that "Blue Juniata" River, (mentioned in animated song) I saw from the train, the banks had quantities of mountain laurel—an evergreen, which must present a pleasing appearance when crowned with its showy blossoms.

CHAPTER XII.

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN CO., PA.

Left Huntingdon, Dec. 4th, at 9 : 50 A. M., via the Central Pa. R. R., one of the cheapest and easiest riding roads in the North. Traveled 42½ miles to Lewistown, reaching there at 11 : 30 A. M. Population was 4,000. Was met by Sister Lizzie Howe and most kindly welcomed at the home of her Bro. Jacob of that town. His warm-hearted little wife quite won me at once.

MAITLAND.

That afternoon Sister Lizzie and I traveled several miles, on a branch R. R., to her father's in the village of Maitland, where she had previously invited me. All that family were so kind—like mother, father and sisters to me.

At Bro. Wm. Howe's I met his son Joseph and wife Lizzie from Illinois, on a visit to him. Both were in rather delicate health. Often my best wishes and sympathy have visited them on the wings of thought. Hope they are now in full enjoyment of health and happiness. My Christian love to them wherever they may be.

Visited a number of very kind people in that vicinity. Love and cordial thanks to each one for every act, around which and whom pleasant memory dwells.

A PRAYER.

12th, heard an earnest sermon by Bro. W. Howe, at the Dry Valley Church. Text: 1 Chron. 22 : 19. Upon one occasion, before I left that vicinity, I well remember the fervent prayer that worthy man made; also his petitions for my safety and general welfare. Gratitude stamped it upon my heart and mind; and made me feel it would have its weight with God, when answering the united prayers of others in my behalf.

BACK TO LEWISTOWN.

As upon other occasions, my parting hour with sad adieus came to those kind people. 13th, was conveyed back to Lewistown, near where I first landed. This time became the guest of Bro. Andrew Spanogle. With such brotherly kindness and hospitality, how could I fail to feel at home, and enjoy myself? All of that household were

as kind and thoughtful of my pleasure and comfort. Made and received several very pleasant visits about there.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Attended the Teachers' Institute, held three days in the court-house at Lewistown. The floor of that building was constructed upon the inclined plane order. No obstructed views. Its ventilation, most scientifically planned, was apparently easily operated by an occasional pull of a cord hanging against the wall, adjacent to the pleading bar. A purifying plan, worthy of adoption.

Heard able speeches and lectures by the prominent; some of N. Y. city and Philadelphia. Amongst many things mentioned, they thought the Directors should visit the school-teachers; the rooms should be well ventilated, made attractive; and children should have low seats. Added to these speeches, there were other interesting exercises, music, etc., at regular intervals.

A QUEER GENIUS.

At that gathering, it seems there was a stranger who came in for a speech, added to one of his works of art. In the latter, he was an adept. His name and place of abode were obtained, but for reasons which will partially develop, I shall withhold from the public. Having a moral, I concluded to give the substance of the speech at least, to my readers.

After amazing the spectators with his really marvelous accomplishment, his speech begun; spoke plausibly upon temperance, and against the use of tobacco. It all sounded prettily; I was heartily endorsing every word which pleased me with the speaker. The subject turned; and with tears coursing his sallow cheeks, my attention was specially rivited when he begun appealing for clothes, books and any other aid from those people for the poor children of two Southern States. One was Va. In his pathetic appeal for immediate aid, he unluckily described a certain locality of my acquaintance, entirely opposite to the known state of affairs there.

As soon as that speech was ended, I at once requested the lady at my side to ask the favor of Prof.—to come to me, as I was from Va. Hearing that, he framed excuses against coming forward. I sent again. With a downcast look he approached me; we were introduced by the friend who conveyed him both of my messages.

I politely informed him I happened to know about that place in Va. he had so pathetically portrayed, and what he spoke concerning the matter, was all news to me. With a look of discomfort, he said: "I'm in a hurry to speak with a person," and soon hurried away from us.

Later, I accidentally saw an advertisement about him, from those who knew him intimately.—"Be
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sure your sins will find you out!" Comment is unnecessary. Moral: People should do the right to speak the truth at all times, especially before a large assemblage represented by different States.

A MILLIONAIRE.

At that Teachers' Institute I also saw Mr. Rogers, of Blair Co., Pa. I was credibly informed his worth was \$40,000,000. His wealth did not seem to make him feel superior to the less wealthy. It never should. If there is really any superiority over another, it should be the intrinsic and not in pecuniary worth.

A haughty and miserly spirit renders riches a curse instead of a blessing as they should be. But if to do good is the end and aim of the possessor, blessings temporal and spiritual will be upon them. 1 Tim. 6 : 17-19.

KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL.

Adjoining the Lewistown Academy is a Kindergarten School. I spent several hours very pleasantly there during one of its forenoon exercises. 30 children in attendance; taken from 5 to 10 years old; prices ranging from 40, 50 to 60 cents per week; have a 40 week's session.

They are instructed altogether by objects, even to count. That system of teaching seemed to be more laborious upon the teacher than the taught. Their singing is by gestures, wherever the words imply motion, such as the turning mill-wheel, or

birds flying. It was so interesting, and they sang well and with earnestness.

They also had boxes of nice blocks which they arranged into designs their minds dictated. Some evinced quite an inventive turn; they also made pretty ornaments of fancy paper. Every thing they had or used, was kept in perfect order—"a place for every thing, and every thing in its place." That system seemed to have become natural by practice. "Order is heaven's first law," and upon that hinges the universe. Then "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The children are allowed frequent, short recreations through the day, remembering that,

"All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy."

They were controlled by affection. Their teacher, a married lady, (one of the pleasantest little women) seemed to fully understand how to manage each disposition. She noticed one little girl looking cross. Quietly she approached her and affectionately whispered something in her ear. The effect was magical; the child soon looked cheerful and began her duties.

Their compositions were read aloud by each writer. Upon finishing one, a little boy, at the farther side, commented aloud thus: "That is the way he always writes!" In the gentlest tone, the teacher said: "You ought not to say that; he did

his best." Every thing passed off nicely ; and her gentle reproof had a desirable effect.

Some teachers make a mistake by using rough words and hard threats, which often discourage and alienate these thoughtless "young ideas." Many a noble nature has been completely warped by mismanagement and misunderstanding. Occasionally "the rod" is a necessity, especially when used upon the willfully perverse. The circumstances should be clearly understood before deciding upon the "soft word" or "the rod." When positively needed, "if you spare the rod, you spoil the child", said Solomon.

That Kindergarten School was indeed desirable for training and teaching children. The teacher was a New York lady ; sorry, I forgot her name. The address is Kindergarten School, Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Pa.

MANN'S AXE FACTORY.

Sister Sarah Spanogle and son drove me about 6 miles out in the country to visit her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Yeager, and to look through the noted Mann's Axe Factory near there. It is comprised of four separate buildings for making, grinding, polishing, painting and packing axes. 200 hands were employed in their manufacture. 1,400 axes made per day, they retailed at \$1.00 a piece at the factory ; and sell for \$1.25 when sold in Va.

That establishment is situated in Mifflin Co., Pa., on Kishacoquillas Creek, surrounded, basin-

like, by the towering heights of Jack's Mountain, presenting quite a romantic and novel appearance. In winter, the sun sinks behind that contiguous circle of a mountain, at 2:20 P. M., and rises at 8:30 A. M. I was there Dec. 18th, and when old Sol withdrew his shining face at such an early hour, a sombrous shade pervaded the rooms and surroundings. With an area just large enough for the factory and yard; a few nice dwellings and their yards and gardens, and the wagon and railroad entrances, the place is so shut in that when a storm is approaching, it cannot be seen until it bursts overhead in all its fury.

In summer, it must be of very pleasant temperature; the encircling mountain tower must present a most pleasing aspect, arrayed in its verdant robes, dotted tastefully over with beautiful flowers, the feathered songsters holding their concerts of carols and warbles in tree tops, by the flowing brook. My day was very pleasantly spent there, and with that kind family visited.

In that vicinity as in others, my need was considered and administered to in a Christian way and spirit. I almost invariably received where I might least expect it. And I wish my readers to understand that I in no instance, acted the part of a mendicant, nor had I a claim for any aid. My making mention is to show the operations of Christian sympathy and holy love; and that by a special providence, in answer to my secret prayers for aid,

because my promised and expected "monthly" funds were *providentially* lost after I had landed 1,200 miles from my home in Va. ! Now I trust you fully understand my motive for writing where and how I was aided in my travels. I was "at sea," in my plans for a health tour, and the good Lord "stirred the spirits" of the pure minded, and made them offer me "willingly" their mites. God bless each one for their loving kindness to me, His trusting child.

CHAPTER XIII.

MECHANICSBURG, CUMBERLAND CO., PA.

Dec. 24th, beloved Sister Sarah Spanogle, (a second mother) and others accompanied me to the train, via the Central Pa. R. R., which left, (laden with an excursion party to Philadelphia) at 10 : 30, A. M.

I love that motherly, Christian woman. Her parting injunction to one of her worthy family (under whose care I was then traveling) was to "take good care of her." It was most kindly obeyed, and I was landed in the depot at Harrisburg, Pa., at 1 P. M., to make my next connection. Traveled 61 miles. Population of that city, 30,762.

After an unexpected delay of four hours, I took the Cumberland Valley R. R., and there crossed

the bridge spanning the frozen Susquehanna, said to be about one mile wide at that point. Wagons were daily driven across its adamantine depths, and skating parties seemed to enjoy the exercise on its glassy surface.

A distance of 9 miles brought me to Mechanicsburg. Population of that town, 3,300. My invitation there was as follows: A letter came from a stranger,—dear Sister Hattie Mohler, saying if I would visit that section my “expenses would be paid back and forth.” Of course I accepted with pleasure.

A social gathering was awaiting my arrival. Such cordial, Christian welcomes from beaming faces at once made me feel at home amongst the kindest people, whom I knew from the praise I had of them before meeting face to face. On the wings of thought and love I often visit them.

The next day, (Christmas), I heard a sermon and remarks by Brethren Wm. Howe, (a visiting elder and friend from Maitland, Pa.) and Eld. Moses Miller, of Mechanicsburg. The latter since deceased. Text: St. Luke 2: 8-14.

Accompanied by a goodly number from church, we took our Christmas dinner at the most hospitable mansion of Bro. David Neiswanger, an extensive merchant. A feast indeed of choice viands, and a genial company around, apparently made all feel this truth of that forenoon’s text: “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will

toward men." No "foolish talking or gesting" there, so forbidden to Christians—Eph. 5: 4; but all seemed happy in sweet converse.

In one of their parlors, there were numerous, handsome Christmas gifts to that family, from absent and near friends—such an array as we sometimes see upon bridal presentations.

The ancient custom of gift-making seems to strengthen domestic and social ties. It brings "good cheer"; and that to a heightened degree when the poor widow and orphans are remembered. Received many visits there, and made several enjoyable ones.

CHRISTMAS-TREE AND BETHLEHEM SCENE.

At the house of Mrs. Brindle, a Roman Catholic lady of that town, I had the pleasure of seeing her prettily adorned, private Christmas-tree they have had for years. Underneath and around it was a representation of Bethlehem;—the hill, was formed of earth, rocks and moss, with toy sheep and shepherds standing around; also the stable (on a toy scale) representing the one in which Jesus was born; the donkey standing at its door and various other things prettily arranged, giving all a very natural appearance. That scene and tree occupied the larger portion of one side of a long room worth seeing. At other places, saw several private trees for their children.

CHURCHTOWN, OR ALLEN.

29th, Kind Sister Hettie Mohler, and obliging Bro. Levi Howe conveyed me several miles to the village of Churchtown, in same county. Met a number of kind people ; and made enjoyable visits there.

Jan. 2nd, attended services at Baker's Church ; heard a very good sermon by Bro. Wm. Howe. Text : Heb. 2 : 1, 3.

BACK TO MECHANICSBURG.

The 3rd, returned to Mechanicsburg and made other visits. I would like to give names of each family I visited there and elsewhere ; but to avoid using so much space, I have to mention those I made my head-quarters, or such as are specially connected with my subjects.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

4th, spent the day in the kind family of Bro. Levi Howe, residing one mile from that town. Whilst there, I informed him my brother John of the Confederate army, in company with other soldiers, (I do not remember, but think they came there from the battle of Gettysburg, Pa.,) had visited a place near Mechanicsburg, and gathered some fine ox-heart cherries ; also related the friendly conversation that ensued between him and the owner, describing the porch upon which he stood. In reply that old gentleman laughingly said, "I remember it ; yonder stands the very tree (then

going to decay) from which they gathered those cherries ; I recollect the figure and manner of your brother you have described." A remarkable coincidence.

A PRODUCTIVE AND VALUABLE FARM.

For the information of our Va. farmers, I requested that excellent old man to allow me to note down the following exact particulars and products of his highly cultivated 12-acre farm. Viz : $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres wheat yielded 80 bushels ; 7 tons hay for \$25.00 ; vegetables sold for \$100 ; butter and eggs \$60 ; fowls \$15 ; meat \$25 ; fruit \$30 ; one acre raised 150 bushels Irish potatoes ; and once 110 bushels from $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre.

A small area, fertile soil and large products, enables one to acquire much profit from comparatively little labor. A very desirable consideration. One year's income from that farm made the nice sum of \$325. That is a fair specimen of many productive farms in certain counties of Pa. The farm lands in some counties are so productive and highly cultivated, they sell for \$500 and \$800 per acre. The Pa. lands were usually wrapped in snow, sorry I saw so little of their soil.

VIRGINIA FARMS.

Many of our once valuable and productive farms (especially along the James River Valley where we reside) with their several hundred acres, often do not yield as much in produce or money as

that little farm described near Mechanicsburg.

Poor Southern farmers! they do labor under peculiar disadvantages and various hindrances to their prosperity and successful farming. May it please Almighty God to speed the day when some system of labor can be arranged for justice and order.

Too much freedom has made the large majority of freedmen overlook the divine injunction that "if they do not work neither should they eat;" rendered doubly culpable, too, because many own not a place upon which to lay their heads, not even a spot of earth to bury themselves. Often for prompt payment, (they are sure to get) they either dodge away or refuse to work for any one.—They are "free;" feel it, and love idleness. Numbers of the rising generation spend the most of their time sleeping, loafing, eating wild berries and fruits, (when in season) and what not?

This state of affairs is unreasonable and unworthy any civilized country. As we are powerless to bring order out of disorder, we can but continue to cry mightily unto God to look, see, behold! into what a state of demoralization and indolence the freedmen are plunged!—especially scores of the younger generation. The most industrious and reliable are those born and trained before the war. Since having a clear understanding of the Bible, I have long since been convinced there were evils connected with slavery. But under the ex-

isting state of affairs, I *know* their emancipation has greatly enhanced their indolence and immorality.

Before the war, the slaves had to attend services in the white people's churches; since freedom, they have withdrawn themselves to their own preaching and churches; and it is a rarity for them to attend worship by white people. Their own choice.

A BENEFACTOR.

As proof that slave-holders strove (and that by a great majority) to Christianize and improve the morals of their colored people (admitting there were some exceptions over this broad land) I invite the special attention of non-slave-holders to this fair and worthy example: Gen. John H. Cocke, who died in 1865, aged 86. He and his heirs owned 1,000 slaves, and 14,000 acres of land in Va. and other states. His old homestead, "Bremo," once one of the garden-spots of the far-famed James River Valley; and situated in Fluvanna Co., Va., is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the home of the writer, and from which her P. O., Bremo Bluffs, takes its name. Said homestead has now for its residents the old General's gentlemanly son, Dr. Cary C. Cocke and his estimable family.

Gen. Cocke had two chapels built, (one in Alabama and the other near his "Bremo" estate) and paid faithful ministers to preach regularly for his slaves. The neighboring white people (the writer included) often attended this place of worship near

us. Services were orderly and earnest. That Christian work was continued until after the Surrender when the freedmen absented themselves from hearing the white preachers; and being "free," chose the kind of worship by their own ignorant color. The withdrawal has evidently detracted from instead of improving their morals.

For 25 successive years benevolent Gen. Cocke also educated all the colored children on his large estate from 5 until they were 10 years old. He spared no pains, religiously and educationally, to have seven of his most valuable colored men educated; then emancipated and paid the expenses for them and their families to ^{of} Siberia in 1834. 28 in number were thus sent.

Although their freedom was freely given, some were loth to leave their home and surroundings. They were sent abroad, hoping to improve their benighted and ignorant race. It was fruitless.

These emancipated ones often corresponded with Gen. Cocke and other members of his family; and actually begged that presents be sent them away to that distant land of freedom. Indolence and improvidence are sadly characteristic of that race, whether civilized or uncivilized.

Gen. Cocke was not only a most conscientious Christian, but possessed a highly cultivated and literary taste. His principles were of the highest tone—the soul of honor. He was a great temperance advocate; had a disgust for the use of to-

bacco ; would not allow its cultivation on any of his rich lands.

His slaves were so instructed against the use of these evils, that upon one occasion a limb had to be amputated, the surgeon could not induce the sufferer to drink some whiskey preparatory to the ordeal. "Oh ! no," reasoned the faithful and well-taught slave, "I cannot take whiskey ; master has told me it is wrong." Some coffee was the strongest drink the surgeon could prevail upon him to swallow.

The morals and manners of his slaves were greatly improved under the direction and advice of this commendable old gentleman. Of course unlimited freedom, and the sure consequences of "evil communications" have detracted from some of their morals in this lapse of time. To this day, upon their old slaves, the traces of their former good training is noticed and remarked upon, especially their industry and politeness. The constant rule to regulate them was system, order, industry, politeness, neatness, morality and Christianity as far as was in the power of man to instruct and exemplify.

Gen. Cocke was one of the important pillars of society. The absence of his counsel and influence made a sad void when the Master summoned him away from earth. His praiseworthy deeds have crowned his memory with evergreens ; and richly deserves perpetuation in various respects.

In some things, allowances should be made for the colored race ; for willful wrongs, never ! Indeed the writer is for strict justice to them for every right and privilege ; but she cannot endorse or admire their increasing demoralization. Their withdrawal from hearing white preachers has not improved them in that respect. Seeming to prefer the ignorant, many are consequently falling into superstition and its trains of evils. Some are a real credit ; and are so received.—“Honor to whom honor is due.”

SOME EXCEPTIONS.

In the line of education, there are doubtless some worthy exceptions scattered here and there. From what I *see* and know, the most of their present education so puffs many, that it is quite common for them to put on airs and object to doing some services usual in the North, and they desire to follow the daily practices of the most cultivated people of the South.

A large majority of such deluded creatures seem to think and act as if their freedom was intended for idleness and vanity. Many are dying of scrofulous consumption, attributable, (the doctors say) to their poor and irregular fare and improper mode of life—health and habits never considered until wasting disease soon hurries them away.

Not so before freedom ; their owners (except in the minority of cases) had them fed upon nourishing food ; clad in warm garments ; had regular

hours for them like the Northern people observe with their labor. Upon many of our farms, it is a known fact that not unfrequently no three colored people did as much work as one white one in the North. Since their freedom, there is no sort of comparison between the labor they do for us and that which is commonly done in the North. For love nor money they will not do differently. There are a few exceptions here.

Scores of people who thus think and speak of the freedmen, unite in saying, "slavery is wrong;" and it is equally so to "provide no laws nor regulations to systematize labor and Christianize them." That done, we may reasonably hope for better days to them and us.

ABUSED SCRIPTURE.

True the freedmen are quite religious after their notion. I refer to any reasonable person, is this Christianity? As soon as many (not all) are received into their churches, they begin to act as if that refuge licensed and shielded them from danger. When they take things from the white people to which they have neither right nor title; and are caught, they often insist it is "borrowing" like the Israelites."—Ex. 3 : 22. Those ancient bondmen borrowed *once* when they left the Egyptian bondage; not a few of our freedmen make *repeated* practice of that willfully misunderstood Scripture.

Some have been heard telling palpable false-

hoods ; when rebuked, said they could “pray that off immediately.”—Not wilful sin ! That light seems to be darkness ; and as they are “free,” evidently love to have it so,

Of my acquaintance, there are some worthy old Christians ; they, too, deplore the growing state of demoralization amongst many of their own color. Much of my information was obtained from them, as well as by my own observation.

Such is the tendency of some to “borrow,” often they do not at all spare their own color, not even their parents ! making no distinction between poverty or plenty, white or colored.

They have some societies amongst them to aid the sick and needy. They are indeed good when not mis-applied ; also have prayer-meetings frequently. But I deeply regret the fact that the result of those midnight convenings together do not improve many of them, in their morals.—“By their fruits ye shall *know* them.”

Occasionally a faithful colored minister preaches his congregation a sermon on virtue, honesty and truth. Some raise objections to his plainness of speech and refuse to encourage him.—A too often true, and lamentable state of affairs.

GOOD ADVICE.

Did these ignorant people receive only good advice from some outside advisers, I candidly believe there would be more harmony, industry, system and

order. Some unjust, and often prejudiced people, give them that sort of counsel against their best friends, which has a marked tendency to disorder and injury to them and to those connected with them. Every one, in such cases, should understand well what they say or do lest their claimed good may be an admixture of evil results.

Like children, I have long since become aware that if they have a good head who regulates and rules well, they improve and prosper more. As a race, they never have, and I fear they never will give sufficient evidence of possessing that capacity to manage much. Their numerous signal failures have fully convinced me thus. A few exceptions to this.

With an earnest desire that something may eventually arrest their demoralization, indolence and improvidence; and because so many of my Northern friends requested me to give them an account of the colored people before and since freedom, I honestly and faithfully wrote the fore-going, with malice to none and good will to all God's creatures.

To the credit of that race, whether having a little or much, they are usually liberal, and of pleasant address. Many of them seem devoted to "old master" and "old miss;" and will do favors because "they raised them;" sometimes bring presents to their former owners.—Worthy!

MARKED DECLENSION.

A year or two after the surrender, April 9th, 1865, I painfully noticed instead of improving or remaining as moral as they had been usually taught, their growing and marked tendency was to disrepute and indolence. I grew concerned for its arrest; and could I have had any suitable opportunity during my Northern tour, it was my earnest intention to appeal to the authorities to consider seriously upon that improper state of affairs.

Although I make this statement, it is an acknowledged fact I am no part of an enemy to the colored race—ever be-friend them whenever necessary. I am not one to “despise the cause of my man-servant or my maid-servant.”—Job 31 : 13, 15. Only in the name of Christianity I lift my voice against an evil.—Isaiah 58 : 1. My motives are pure.

MY VISITS AGAIN.

From the last visit mentioned at the home of worthy Bro. Levi Howe, near Mechanicsburg, he kindly drove me several miles from town, where I spent a most enjoyable week, with a widowed Sister, Eliza Horst. Blessings upon that dear family; how tender and kind in their numerous attentions to me!

Christian people; rich in good works! Often in memory I turn to that afternoon when they so warmly wrapped me in the sleigh, I laughingly

said to kind Sister Annie Mohler, I looked as if I were going to Lapland, which amused her. Love and sweet memories cluster around that cozy, country home.

RETURNED TO MECHANICSBURG.

Jan. 13th, returned to Mechanicsburg. There, and in that vicinity, I was pleased to find the people full of good works; "*ready* to distribute" according to the rules and requirements of Christianity. Not a few gave me ample and substantial proof of that fact. Theirs was *practice* instead of simple precept. For their labor of love, God bless each one, for my sake.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MARKED SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

All previous written arrangements had been made to have me meet at Phoenixville, Pa., and as my rule was never to disappoint any one when I had appointed a day, I sometimes went when quite indisposed. The 15th, I awoke finding I was scarcely able to dress myself. However at 11 A. M., very kind Sister Hettie Mohler accompanied me on the train to Harrisburg; after making every arrangement to have me comfortably cared for on the connecting one, our sad adieus came.

To show my readers God's special providence over me in every time of need, notice the follow-

ing : Owing to my then increasing feebleness (had not recovered my strength after my illness at Meyersdale in October) that attentive sister was supporting me on her arm, leading me a shorter way to the next depot. Suddenly a gentleman exclaimed : "Step back quickly !" Obeying him, we had barely escaped, when a freight-train passed so close to where we were walking, it would have either dragged us down or mashed us against the side of a building.

Horrified at the appearance of that danger, we next took a more private way to the depot. About midway, a horse hitched to an empty dray reared up to his full height near me. That and my first scare, almost paralyzed me with fear. I nervously ejaculated, Are we to be killed !

At 1 : 45 P. M., truly I was relieved to become comfortably seated on the train, to remain undisturbed, as was expected, until I reached my destination, Phoenixville, Pa., 85 miles from Harrisburg. At Reading, Pa., a city of 43,280 inhabitants, the Conductor called out : "All passengers for Phoenixville, will change cars here." Such an unexpected change startled me.

Bag and baggage were landed beside me on the platform ; and that of such a length to the next depot ; in my increasing feebleness, I was barely able to take myself along. As the hurrying crowd moved onward ; standing motionless, I appealingly said : What shall I do ? so feeble ! and no one to

assist me with that smaller baggage I always kept beside me.

A gentleman holding an infant in his arms, at once said to a youth near him: "Take that lady's valise along for her;" this speaker ever and anon looking back to see if I were properly cared for.

A true gentleman he must have been; at the next depot, he quickly handed his wife the baby, and took my valise (the youth had just put it down and disappeared) that kind gentleman saying, "Only five minutes now and your train will leave, hurry if you can!" I did my best, and we reached the train just in time to seat me and deliver up my valise. Supposing he might wish a reward for kind services rendered, he very politely declined and bowed himself out and off the train.—A praiseworthy act.

Except in very few unavoidable instances, along my route, I was either with travelling friends, or arrangements had been made, at points, to have me promptly met and kindly cared for. The change on this route, was a surprise to me and the friends from whom I had last parted.

That day of startling events, and quite ailing, too, had the appearance of "a frowning providence." Behind it I fully realized the "smiling face" of Jehovah-Jirch, manifested thus: In my utter and providential weakness, I so entirely trusted to the mighty hand and power of God, he

provided those special providences during the recurring events of that day, to appear just in time to relieve, or deliver me from imminent danger.

In such straits and merciful deliverances, how could any be so skeptical as to doubt the helping hand of that invisible One, to whom I was secretly and devoutly praying to protect and deliver me from all evil? By His kind care, through the instrumentality of two strangers, at different points, truly I sweetly realized the everlasting arms of God were underneath and around my feeble body.

CHAPTER XV.

PHOENIXVILLE, CHESTER CO., PA.

Well-nigh exhausted from the weakness and trials of that eventful day, I reached Phoenixville, Pa., about 5 P. M. There, kind, fatherly Bro. Joseph Fitzwater had met me with a handsome double sleigh containing lots of blankets and robes to have me as comfortable as one could desire.

Driving across the bridge, at that town, spanning the Schuylkill River, we were soon drawn along the adamant road by a span of nimble, fleet steeds, which seemed exhilarated as I became by the crisp air and the merry jingle of the many tiny sleigh-bells with which their harness was adorned. A brief ride to the home where I was warmly welcomed and previously invited by his

good wife, Sisters Fannie and estimable daughter, Ada. Receiving the most motherly and sisterly attentions and sympathy, the third day after my arrival there, I was enabled to go out visiting.

Received and made a number of enjoyable visits from that home, in a beautiful section of country, over-looking the Schuylkill River, in sight of Valley Forge, of Revolutionary fame. The residence of mine host is in Montgomery Co., one mile across the river from Phoenixville, a nice town of 7,000 inhabitants. He is a hardware merchant, and went daily to that town to attend his store there. Also had farming done.

Never can I forget the Christian kindness of that family. As tenderly cared for as one's own child. Back and forth from short visits, I was their guest six weeks. The longer I saw them the more Christian graces developed.

I love those people dearly. Indeed each one beautifully acted the kind thoughtfulness of father, mother and sister. Their relatives were also very kind to me. Truly it all made a bright, ever-green spot in my memory. To sum up the whole of their sympathy and kindness, none did or could exceed it.

Such Christianity is worthy of imitation. The loveliest part was the modest and unassuming manner of doing it. Every thing seemed but the emanation from Christian hearts and spirits. May the good Lord reward each one for my sake.

SERMON—"FEAR GOD."

23rd, heard a very good sermon at the Green Tree Church, by Bro. J. T. Myers. Text: Dan. 3 : 1, 25. The substance of it means we should fear God more than man, and when sure of right and duty, submit to martyrdom rather than yield to wrong. If faithful and true, God can and will deliver even out of the lions den or fiery furnace. "Fear not them which kill the body * * but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."—St. Matt. 10. In the evening, heard another sermon by the same minister, at the village of Port Providence. Text: "Blood of Jesus."

PRAYER MEETING.

26th, attended an earnest little prayer-meeting at the Green Tree Church. I have often desired that the zeal evinced by some at these weekly prayer-meetings, might be transfused into others. They are the life of a church. Earnest, frequent, public prayer seems to "zealously affect" a praying band; the waters are often moved by it. Christianity becomes more vital, and sinners are drawn into the fold, acknowledging that "God is in you of a truth!"

GRATER'S FORD, MONTGOMERY CO., PA.

27th, Sisters Ada M. Fitzwater and Belle Harley, drove me about 8 miles in a sleigh to the village of Grater's Ford. Was the guest of Bro. Isaac

Kulp, where I had been previously invited. Was kindly entertained. Received many visits and made a few in that vicinity.

30th, attended Mingo Church, heard a sermon by Bro. I. Kulp. Dined with Bro. Jacob Markley. Ever feeling a tender sympathy for the afflicted, I often think of his very delicate wife and their afflicted little daughter. The latter had such a patient manner and innocent, attractive face. If they are yet alive, may the God of mercy, goodness and wisdom ever comfort, strengthen and protect them.

In the evening of that day, I heard another sermon by the same minister at Grater's Ford. Text: 2 Tim. 1 : 7. Very good remarks.

THE CASSEL LIBRARY.

Feb. 1st, was driven several miles in a sleigh, to visit Bro. Abraham Cassel, near Harleysville, in same county. Was afforded the long desired pleasure of a look through his extensive and noted Library. It had 1,600 ft. of shelves, closely packed with ancient and modern books, pamphlets, newspapers of the U. S., old and new correspondence and manuscripts. He also had one large Bible—King James' translation, for which he paid \$100; had 12,000 volumes, each, of books and pamphlets; 6,000 of manuscripts, etc., etc. Some of that valuable Library has since been donated to Colleges in different states. That old librarian

was not only an erudite in secular lore, was also rich in the Christian knowledge and practice.

RETURNED NEAR PHOENIXVILLE.

From my visit to see the Library and its owner, I returned to my second home in the hospitable family of brother Joseph Fitzwater. 13th, heard a very good sermon by Bro. J. T. Myers at the Green Tree Church. Text: Luke 3 : 7, 18.

A MARRIAGE RECEPTION.

Feb, 19th, attended a Reception at the home of a dearly beloved saint, Eld. Isaac Price, who resided at Schuylkill, Chester Co., Pa. That reception was given upon the marriage of his granddaughter, Miss Belle Norris, of Gettysburg, Pa. Sorry the groom's name is forgotten.—A pleasant couple; happy company and a feast of good things upon that occasion. Vocal and instrumental music on the piano; and entertaining conversations were the order of the evening.

With such a Christian gentleman presiding as brother Price,—so courteous, genial, cultivated and godly, his pure influence was obliged to be felt and enjoyed by his guests.

ELD. ISAAC PRICE.

The subject of this notice died Oct. 19, 1884, aged 82 years and 25 days. Dear old man! I have very much missed the sacred letters he often wrote me. Were there more such pillars in church and society, in lieu of demoralization, there would

be an increased influx of purity and vital piety.

Full of Christian love and charity, he strikingly possessed patience with all, and long suffering with the differences of others. He was not for uprooting what did not suit his ideas; he believed in being "all things to all men that he might win the more."—Good old Paul's way.

To sum it up, his heart was so imbued with the love and knowledge of Jesus Christ, he pitifully acted in word and deed: "Father forgive them!" and *not*, "away with him, crucify him!" Truly his Christian example was beautiful—worthy of imitation.

His gatherings at home and abroad, were concluded with devotional exercises. Blessed old saint! of him it might truly be said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" and there be forever happy in those realms of bliss for which he had so long and faithfully striven.

BURIALS IN THE NORTH.

In some sections, burials in the North are conducted differently to those with us:—we almost universally bury the second, or third day at least. There, the dead sometimes remain uninterred several days. At one town I was visiting, I was informed a body, in a metallic casket, had been unburied ten days. That was during the winter. They notify friends and relatives far and near, who almost invariably come regardless of distance and

expense. Many arrangements are made for the arrivals. Upon the death of one of my friends there, I received a printed notice of the day of death and time for burial. It was upon the plan of marriage invitations, only the matter was different, and in mourning style.

At those burials the custom is for the friends of the deceased to feed the many visitors. Sometimes when the place of interment is at a distance from the dead body; and a hotel is near, the crowd is fed there at the expense of the mourners. Otherwise, help is employed to cook enough provision, and all put up in separate parcels to hand each person to satiate the appetite the day of the burial. Quite an expensive and onerous custom, which appears like adding burdens to the grief of the bereaved. At no homesteads I saw any graveyards, so common with us. All were at their respective churches, in country or town. A very suitable and sacred place for cemeteries.

POTTSTOWN, MONTGOMERY CO., PA.

22nd, Sister Ada M. Fitzwater and I took a 13 miles R. R. ride to Pottstown. Its population was 7,000. Across the Schuylkill River, out into Chester Co., a short drive (snugly wrapped in a beautiful robe) we were soon landed at the home of the widow of Bro. John R. Price, where we had been kindly invited.

At that desirable country home, plenty and cul-

ture reign. Of the accomplished Sister Lizzie Price (the daughter) I must say her works of art are master-pieces. The wall of their inviting parlor were most tastefully adorned by various designs, from the elegant portraits down to the exquisitely arranged cluster of flowers. Under that roof, industry and art-work were pleasingly combined with domestic affairs.

A MODEL DAIRY.

The widowed mother had an extensive dairy on her most conveniently arranged farm. She had 27 cows, some or all Jerseys. Several hired persons attended to them. The average sale of butter was 100 lbs. per week; price 30 to 45 cts the year round, at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia; called the "gilt-edged" butter, took the premium at the Centennial Exposition. Of course we were treated to it at her table; can testify to its extra quality.

I was kindly permitted to survey the inside arrangements and convenience of her dairy. No wonder her butter bore off the palm at the Centennial. The building was based upon system, order, neatness, ventilation, and regulated temperature in a spacious apartment. Quite interesting to one unaccustomed to such admirably constructed places. We made some enjoyable visits in that vicinity, also at Pottstown. Pleasant people, and beautiful country!

AGAIN NEAR PHOENIXVILLE.

24th, we returned to my "second home" at Bro. Joseph Fitzwater's. So much attached had I become to his dear family, it saddened me to leave them; but "the best of friends must part." I was also loth to leave other very kind friends of that vicinity. Truly many made most favorable impressions upon me. God richly bless and guide each one into all truth, and finally give them an abundant entrance into heaven, is my prayer.

CLIMATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The first snow covered the ground Oct. 20th, whilst I was sojourning at Berlin, Pa. On this table-land of the Alleghany Mts., (said to be the most elevated in that state) the air was usually piercingly cold. Of course it must be one of the pleasantest localities in summer.

From the first snow fall, the earth was rarely ever without its white robes during that Autumn. Early in December, it continuously kept its spotless mantle wrapped over its frozen bosom until Feb. 9th, then mother earth begun to gradually dismantle herself; and lo! some verdure and grayish soil met my gaze for the first time in about 60 or more days.

SLEIGH RIDES.

During those glassy fields and adamantine roads; (made so by frequent travel over them) the private mode of locomotion in the North was sleighing. I had the pleasure of 62 sleigh-rides;

sometimes had from two to three a day, going and returning, and were enjoyed in the following counties: Mifflin, Cumberland, Montgomery and Chester.

Often the thermometer was below zero. Once a party of us rode ten miles when it was 6 degrees below. "How could you stand the cold?" some may ask.—Snugly wrapped from head to foot and hot bricks placed near me and my travelling friends; all tucked securely in by numbers of splendid blankets and elegant robes; thickly hooded and veiled, "how could we get cold?" might be asked.

The pure, bracing air and pleasant company made those rides delightful and healthful. They were charming! Horses fat, fleet and rough-shod, we glided happily over those smooth, flinty roads as if drawn by reindeer. To illustrate their fleetness, one afternoon our faithful horse Doc, (died four years later) took Sister Ada M. Fitzwater and me 20 miles to Norristown, Pa. and back (including one mile each way through the pretty city of 13,064 inhabitants) in two hours and fifteen minutes by her watch.—good travelling for one horse, and a most enjoyable ride. Hardly think "Gip" could go at that speed, think you, Ada dear? Beautiful scenery around Norristown, Montgomery Co., Ex-Gov. Hartranft, of Pa., had his residence near there.

As the snows of the South rarely remain long enough to have good sleighing, not much provision is often made for that mode of travelling. In the North, they have handsome and expensive sleighs, costing at least \$125. I rode in some splendid double and single sleighs. A description of some of these Northern arrangements will interest those unaccustomed to them:—Handsome outside; lined inside with bright crimson plush, velvet, or other fancied colors; numbers of thick, pretty sleigh-blankets, and the outer covering an elegant, large and fancy robe. A seat inside of those inviting and gorgeously arrayed conveyances (as was my pleasure) was enough to remind one of royalty. Those very delightful rides brighten me even at this late writing.

To add good cheer, the merry jingle of sleigh-bells, either large or small, kept time to the trot, trot, trot of the gay steeds. Upon the length of one harness, and around the neck, I once counted 120 tiny sleighbells for use as well as ornament. Their jingle warns of danger in the dark, or at any other time when meeting or passing each other. The horses seem to step proudly to their sound. Of the larger kind of sleighbells, I counted 36 on one horse. I admire the smaller kind more—the sound is less harsh and more cheerful.

CHAPTER XVI.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Left my "second home," near Phoenixville, 26th. At 11 : 25 A. M., Bro. Joseph Fitzwater, his good wife and I took the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., a distance of $27\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Philadelphia, the Quaker City. It numbered 846,984 inhabitants. We had a tempting meal at Wanamaker's Grand Depot restaurant, then took a street-car to Frankford Ave., to the very hospitable home of Bro. E. E. Roberts, a Commission Merchant, where I had been most kindly invited.

My travelling friends were visiting others in the city. Next forenoon that dear, thoughtful, motherly Sister, Fannie Fitzwater came to see me in my new quarters and brought me some small-pox powders, being taken there to ward off that raging disease in this city. When I asked what I had to pay for them and all my expenses from her home to this place, with a good-natured smile she said, "Never mind about that."

Was that not truly acting the part of a mother and a Christian to a delicate traveller so far from home? Truly it could be said of her towards me, "She hath done what she could"—"a labor of love." Loving memories often revert to her and hers, especially her very thoughtful daughter, Ada. May God richly reward them is my fervent prayer.

NOBLE HOSPITALITY.

At the home of Bro. E. E. Roberts, cordial welcomes and noble hospitality were mine. His dear little wife and estimable mother were remarkably kind and thoughtful of my comfort and pleasure. Later, I accidentally ascertained that this dear mother actually resigned her bed-chamber to me that I might be made more comfortable. Of course I regretted her possible inconvenience, but as it happened without my consent, often I have blessed that old lady for her Christian care and thoughtfulness of my delicate health.

Indeed I was as kindly cared and provided for as an own child. The kindest of people! May Providence smile upon them and theirs. That was my headquarters in the city. From there I made a number of visits. Found the people so pleasant and sociable, remained 12 days, hurried away without making other invited visits, being in constant dread of the prevalent smallpox; sometimes had to pass near where there was a patient, or one had recently died. Those powders I took upon my arrival, may have been a preventative.

SABBATH SERVICES.

27th, attended services at the Brethren's Church, on Marshall St., between 976 and 986. Bro. J. P. Hetric preached a very good sermon from this text: Heb. 3: first part. After services, several members came forward to welcome and invite me

to their homes ; was much pleased with their Christian courtesy.

There was a flourishing Sabbath School at that church, besides other mission branches in the city. Bro. E. E. Roberts was very zealous in his labors for their support and upbuilding.

Sabbath Schools are the nurseries of the church ; every congregation should be diligent for their growth and spiritual advancement. They and earnest prayer-meetings are great levers to move the world heavenward. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

THE BLIND INSTITUTION.

March 2nd, in the afternoon, chaperoned by kind Bro. Isaiah G. Harley (a Commission Merchant) we attended the weekly concert at the Blind Institution, on 20th and Race Sts. ; had 180 pupils. The exercises lasted one and one-half hours. First the blind were examined on their studies, most interesting to me, and very creditable to the students and teachers. Specimens of their pin-type printing were distributed to the audience ; they stood upon the rostrum and read aloud their raised letters.

Next in order the orchestra, composed of 21 instruments—pianos and stringed instruments. The music was wonderfully and admirably rendered. One young man briskly stepped forward to the edge of the rostrum as if he could see, and with graceful gestures, prettily sang an animated solo, "My Grandfather's Chair.

The Concert over, we were shown the girls' fancy work for sale;—crochet and bead-work, beautifully and marvellously wrought. I saw a girl rapidly picking up small beads on the point of her needle. Upon my asking her if she could see them, she said, "No, I can only see light."

In another department, we saw blind men making brooms, brushes, re-seating cane chairs, weaving rag carpets and making mattresses; all rapidly and well executed. Everything I saw convinced me that that Institution is an untold blessing to these unfortunates; and for its benevolent aim, it should be well encouraged and aided when necessary. The admission fee to the Concert was only 10 cts, and is an aid to that most worthy Institution.

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDING.

3rd, visited the Centennial Building. There were numerous interesting things over the world, remaining on exhibition. The grandest I saw was the Diorama of Gen. Washington at Yorkstown. This scene viewed from a balcony, represents that review which occurred the second day after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, 1782. It was so arranged and executed everything presented was life-size and life-like, the fields, houses, stately trees, sky, horses and horsemen. The most perfect work of art I ever beheld; executed, I think, by a French artist. Also saw and heard the inspiring strains of music on that mammoth organ kept in the Centennial Building.

THE MEMORIAL HALL.

Visited the Memorial hall from that point. This magnificent building cost one and one-half million dollars. In it I saw a huge painting of the Battle of Gettysburg.—A life-like, hand to hand conflict between Confederate and Federal cavalymen and infantrymen—almost made me quail before it. Finely executed, but an awful spectacle! May we evermore be delivered from “cruel war” and its train of evils!

Also saw there innumerable, beautiful articles, of divers descriptions and kinds, from over the face of the earth, saw a linen serviette, dated 1873, spun by Queen Victoria. Although of royal birth and life, she thus encourages industry,—a sensible woman in that direction. Her daughters have a practical knowledge of the culinary department; an example worthy of imitation by some less illustrious.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

That is a master-piece of ingenuity. It was exquisitely composed of Byzantine Mosaic, set in Parian Marble. Its cost, \$20,000. The design and executive ability do great credit to the head of the workman; but in honor to the Master, that amount of money and labor for preaching and publishing the love and knowledge of a crucified and risen Savior and Redeemer of mankind, would bring more abiding honor and blessings from the

fountain Head than all the empty praise and titles this world can afford.

THE MINT.

5th, Visited the Philadelphia Mint. Saw piles of brick-shaped silver, valued at \$2,000 apiece. I was told I could "take one home if I could lift it." One attempt shove with my finger, at once convinced me it would be folly to venture my poor strength on its weight. Avoirdupoisly considered, they were multum in parvo.

Also saw bars of gold, and molten streams of this too often coveted metal, in another department. The apartment containing the smaller and more movable pieces, are made secure against too near approach of visitors, being enclosed in a network of wire, tacitly signifying, "look, but musn't touch!" \$100,000, \$20 gold pieces were then coined and stamped per day. How bright and pretty they looked, piled up before me! But we should bear in mind that "*the love of money is the root of all evil.*"—1 Tim. 6 : 8, 19.

THE MINT MUSEUM.

Again to the Mint-coining : 200 cts. were made there per minute. Connected with the Mint establishment is a Museum. I saw ancient and modern coins from over the world ; all the U. S. coins, old and new, in successive dates ; medals Chinese charms, superstitiously worn to ward off evil spirits ; the Widow's Mite"—tenth of a cent—

10 grains.—St Mark. 12 : 42; also a Jewish Shekel—58 cts., of the year Judas betrayed Christ.—St. Matt. 27 : 3, 7; the penny of the time Samaritan aided the man who fell among thieves. St. Luke 10 : 35.

STATE HOUSE, INDEPENDENCE HALL AND MUSEUM.

Also visited the preceding places of note, connected with the State House. Much of interest there. In the Museum, I saw Gen. Washington's cast after death; a lock of his hair at 40 years old—tolerably light; his pocket combs and spectacles; bottle of the Custis family; epaulettes worn by Gen. Lafayette; the silver inkstand out of which the Declaration of Independence was signed; piece of the Charter Oak; water bucket from ship Constitution; Continental money of 1776; buttons worn by soldiers of Revolutionary times; Wm. Penn's chairs; button from Penn's coat; his bust; the bowl out of which Washington, his staff and many other officers and soldiers regaled themselves; cannon ball from Ft. Mifflin; Benjamin West's original sketches; the frame and yoke upon which old Liberty Bell was rung July 8, 1776; canteen box of Gen Israel Putnam; an original stamp as imposed under the celebrated Stamp Act, by Great Britain, Mar. 8, 1765, which led to the Revolution; Gen. Wayne's sword; the triumphal arch under which Washington passed, at Trenton,

N. J., April 21, 1789; portrait of Martha Washington, and a great many other relics.

In the Independence Hall, I saw numbers of portraits of noted men. Amongst them, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, and Tom Paine, the infidel; also saw chairs of Collonial Justices of Supreme Court.

After looking at such an array of relics, and no seats to rest me; upon entering Independence Hall, I was so fatigued, took the liberty of seating myself in one of those Collonial chairs, shut in from the public, by a narrow, elevated, fancy railing. In a few minutes, an elderly gentleman, at the opposite corner of that immense Hall, looked away from his newspaper he was reading; saw me, and with a gaze which seemed to mean, "those chairs are for exhibition and *not* for use." Soon his eyes again turned to me as if they meant *why* don't you get out of that chair?" I anticipated his meaning, but could not obey, as I was still too much fatigued. A few minutes again elapsed, and turning his eyes to me, he looked amazed, as much as to signify, "you *must* get out of that chair!" With his eyes fixed upon me, I arose and approaching him said: I knew those chairs are only intended for exhibition. "I thought you ought to know better," said that patient gentleman. Said I, you must excuse me, I came to apologize and inform you I am very delieate, and was so fatigued, was obliged to

have a seat ; also asked his permission to go up to the Observatory on the State House, to view the city. "We have kept that door locked against public entrance (except to admit a few friends) for 6 years, as the streams of visitors made it quite annoying to us." In reply to his question, I informed him I was from Va., and travelling for health, and would like to see as much of interest as possible. To that he very obligingly said : "The janitor will be in by and by ; you may go back yonder and rest yourself in that chair ; when he comes you shall be admitted."

A sufficient time elapsed to rest me. That kind old gentleman arose from his seat on the opposite side, and nearing me, beckoned me on. Previously arranged, I met him and the expected janitor. In a subdued tone, he said : "Unlock that door ; (near us) admit no other, allow her to rest and stay as long as she wishes ; and upon her return, be in place to unlock for her."

I ascended 11 flights of steps, 22 steps in each one, resting at intervals when necessary. The top was finally gained and just as I was feasting my eyes upon the magnificent view through the iron bars, clang ! went something in sight of me and about three feet away. Another clang ! my ear was deafened, and 'so startled, I leaned closely against the inside of the Observatory, from whose height it made one dizzy to look down upon the pavement below. I soon understood the situation,

—it was that great State House clock striking the hour of 2 P. M. It is the largest one in this country; was informed it could be heard four miles. Just imagine that force of sound so near my ear!

It is wound daily; takes one hour to wind it; done by a man turning a large wheel by hand. The clock is inside the Observatory, and the wheel at a remote portion below. At the State House, they also had the largest bell in the U. S. Weight: 13,000 lbs.

From the Observatory can be seen East and West Philadelphia; the Delaware River and Camden, N. J. That view richly paid me for that ascent, and I gratefully remember the kindness, courtesy and consideration of that old Hall keeper, who first looked amazed at me for sitting in one of those highly prized Colonial chairs.

Through the goodness and mercy of God, every thing passed kindly and propitiously. To Him I ascribe all praise for every blessing and favor I enjoyed then and now.

Upon my return, agreeable to orders given, the janitor was near the door to unlock me out into the Hall, where streams of visitors were then either going in or out of it.

6th, heard a very good sermon, at the Brethren Church, on Marshall St., by Bro. J. P. Hetric. Text: Isaiah 62: 2.

A BAPTISMAL SCENE.

The evening of the 6th, heard another sermon at the same place, by the same pastor. I then witnessed the immersion of several candidates in the pool inside the church. At that hour, the scene was rendered more solemn and impressive. True our Exemplar Jesus was baptized in the River Jordan, when about 30 years old.—St. Luke 3 : 23 and St. Matt. 3 : 13–16. When the force of circumstances preclude one's doing literally what Jesus gave for an example to follow, the next best thing is our duty, ever striving to obey all his injunctions and significant examples. For says the God of wisdom, "*Obedience is better than sacrifice.*" The Gospel says : "*Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.*"

In large cities, owing to certain disadvantages, immersion sometimes has to be administered by artificial means. Then the spirit of it renders the described form admissible and valid.—Col. 3 : 12 and Acts 8 : 38, 39.

THE POMPEIAN MUSEUM.

7th, visited Fairmount Park, the largest in the world, and the City Waterworks there, supplied from the Schuylkill River. The most interesting things I saw in the Park grounds were in the Pompeian Museum. On constant exhibition may be seen, 34 descriptions and life-like scenes of the ruins and restorations of Pompeii, a city of Campania. It stood at the base of Mount Vesuvius,

in Italy. A. D. 79, occurred that terrific eruption of Vesuvius, which in one day, overwhelmed and destroyed the towns of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiæ. Pompeii thus remained covered 20 ft. deep, by stones, ashes and lava, for 1676 years. The ruins were observed in 1687; the excavations begun in 1755.

For their age and attending circumstances, specimens from these excavated ruins are collected by the Italian Government and sold to be deposited in Museums for exhibition. In one of the many and very extensive private Cabinets owned by my different friends I visited in the North, I saw a metal cup and saucer, obtained from the excavations of Pompeii.

The Pompeian scenes executed by Signor Cesare Uva, of Naples, and presented to the Park Commission by Hon. John Welsh, are all intensely interesting; some are beautiful. The most exciting were the combat of gladiators in the amphitheatre, quarrel between the Pompeians and the Nuceriens in the corridors of the amphitheatre, Glaucus in the arena of the amphitheatre, condemned to wrestle with a lion, and the most awful of all, the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius! Everything looked as natural as life. Worth seeing.

The life of the Pompeians was one of luxury and enjoyment, in the midst of which death came on them by surprise,—a singular and lingering agony.

Those Pompeian scenes were arranged at regu-

lar intervals around a large room, and were viewed through round glass fixed over each one. The only arrangement of that kind I ever saw was at Prospect Park, Niagara Falls. Those were beautiful European scenery.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

I also saw the noted Girard College, on Girard Avenue. It is said to be the finest specimen of Grecian architecture in the world; covers nearly one acre of ground; is built of marble and brick. A home for orphans and fatherless boys. Girard donated \$8,000,000 to it.

He, its founder, Stephen Girard, was immensely wealthy; and strangely had this in his will concerning that College: "That no minister shall have any connection with it, nor even set foot upon the premises." His apology for it reads thus: "I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce."

At the approach of strangers, the gate-keeper says, "Clergyman are you? If in the negative, "pass on" is granted.

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

8th, visited the Academy of Natural Science, on Race and 19th Sts. Saw a very extensive collection of minerals from various places; some from the Old Dominion; saw animals, birds and fowls of every description. Of the latter, the most noted

were the flamingoes, some with rose-colored and others with crimson on their wings. When flying, the bright red has been compared to the resemblance of a flame of fire in the sky; saw ostriches, the largest birds in the world,—a native of Africa. Their bodies were covered with white feathers; some had pink tail plumes and others drab, which sell quite high for ornamenting ladies' hats and bonnets; saw the Bird of Paradise with its long, brilliant plumage. All tropical birds and fowls have gay feathers, and are usually sweeter warblers. Saw human skulls, mummies, fishes, serpents, shells, fossils, sponges; portions of the "big trees" of California; bark 12 ft. thick, body 32 ft. through and 400 ft. high. All the animate creation were dead, and so perfectly preserved and arranged, they presented quite a natural appearance.

MRS. CATHARINE SUPLEE.

The 8th, Sister Ruhanna Riley and I visited Sister Catharine Suplee, since deceased. A saint she was. When in her society I felt it was good to be there. Before the close of my visit she had devotional exercises. Her devout petitions, especially those commending and committing me to Almighty God, were, to me, as incense ascending to the throne of the Highest. Indeed I felt they would be heard and answered. Everywhere, His loving kindness and protecting power over me were remarkable and sweet to my inmost soul. I

felt sure that dear old lady was, in word and deed, one of "the righteous." Our loss is her eternal gain.

God bless her dear afflicted daughter, Sister Mary Evans, I met there; also my beloved Sister Ruhanna Riley, who so kindly accompanied me on that visit, and to some public buildings in the city. She, too, was afflicted. How often in the deepest sympathy and love I have visited her in thought and desired to know her state of health, if alive. The Lord richly reward her for all kindness to me.

GENEROUS PEOPLE.

In Philadelphia, as in many other places, in country and city, the most of my daily expenses were paid by Christian friends. Of course I neither claimed nor asked aid anywhere, only became the recipient of that which Christian sympathy "stirred" their hearts and "made them willing" to proffer for my comfort, pleasure and benefit—bona fide free-will offerings—a proof of godly love—a readiness to "distribute."—Gal. 6: 10. Blessings! blessings upon all good people I met! After leaving the members of our church, then I henceforth had every expense to bear.

CHAPTER XVII.

WASHINGTON, D C.

March 9th, via the Philadelphia, Wilgton & Balto. R. R., at 11 : 45 A. M., I bade adieu to the pretty city of Philadelphia and its excellent people I met. A short delay at Wilmington, Del., whose population was 42,499, I then took the Balto. & Potomac via Washington; reached the Howard House, at the latter place, 5 P. M. Population of that city 147,370.

When there, at the outset of my health-tour, I was too feeble to go through any of the public buildings. This time I visited every place of note, except in cases where I had elsewhere seen enough similar to them.

CORCORAN'S ART GALLERY.

The next forenoon, after my arrival, Corcoran's Art Gallery came in order to be visited. Amongst many noted portraits seen in the Gallery of Paintings, were John Randolph, George Peabody, Shakespeare and contemporaries, and about all of the U. S. Presidents. In the numerous display of art-paintings, these were amongst the prettiest: Niagara Falls, Rebecca at the Well, Charlotte Corday in Prison, Lost Dogs, Child and Nurse.

In modern statuary some of the most exquisitely executed were The Veiled Nun, Sleeping Children, and The Greek Slave. Their sculpturers were

Powers and Rinehart; also saw in this line, The Weeping Boy, and Forced Prayer, so natural looking. Those are only a few things named from that immense gallery of art and beauty.

In the Hall of Bronzes, Majolicas, etc., I saw innumerable designs of beauty, in modern and ancient wares.

The Gallery of Renaissance contains much of interest:—The Four Evangelists, The Three Graces, Colossal bust of David, much more of note.

In the Gallery of Antique Sculpture, amongst great numbers exhibited were Seneca, Homer, Minerva, The Fighting Gladiator, Nero, Ajax, Demosthenes, Socrates, The Dying Gladiator, Julius Cæsar, Boy extracting a thorn from his foot, The Wrestlers, etc., etc., etc.

In electrotype reproductions of objects, (chiefly in the South Kensington Museum) are many antique designs. Some were used several centuries ago. Amongst them were tankards, goblets, cups, inkstands, salt-cellars, chalice, incense-holder, candlestick, mirror-case, swords, shields, suit of armor of Henry II., statuette of Henry IV. when a boy, etc., etc., etc. These named were mostly of the 15th century.

Corcoran's Art Gallery, with its world-wide collections, is a real feast to the eyes of the lovers of art and the beautiful. But one thing is worthy to be remembered: no gorgeous coloring of art can

equal those fresh hues from Nature's own mystic handiwork. She is the Chief of all artists, and should constantly receive daily homage instead of wasting one's time and eulogies upon man who is soon cut down and perishes as the grass of the fields. All honor and praise to Him who rules the universe, and gives us all the ability we have.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

Also visited the White House; found a crowd of ladies and gentlemen in the hall, casting their longing eyes up the stairway leading to President Jas. A. Garfield's room, and begging to be permitted to go and see him. "No," was the positive reply.

Approaching the usher, I informed him I was no office-seeker, nor was there from idle curiosity, (for I had seen and heard Gen. Garfield speak when I was in his native state a few months previous) only very important business led me to seek a brief interview.

The usher said: "I wish I could grant your request; but the President is looking pale and much wearied by receiving so many people, and he positively refuses to admit any but the Cabinet during a week. Then you will be admitted to see him." As this edict had gone forth, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, my daily expense and limited time bade me leave that business unattended, informing him I was obliged to leave for Va. that afternoon.

Into God's hands I committed it, believing im-

plicitly He would and could, in His own good time and way, eventually "cause all things to work together for good" to those who love and serve Him "in spirit and in truth."

I entered some of the magnificent apartments of the White House. From every point, luxury and splendor met my eye, unattended with not the least spirit of covetousness; for it is said, "Many an aching head wears the kingly crown."

It is not splendor, luxury, honor, fame or wealth which brings happiness, but a converted heart and regenerated nature. This is the true riches, and affords that inward peace the world cannot produce—the "peace which passeth all understanding." Although outward trials and tribulations sometimes cause one to go "bowed down mourning all the day," the faith in the wisdom and goodness of God, keep the heart and mind "in perfect peace."—Isaiah 26: 3, 4. Like the storm-tossed ocean, *outwardly*, the billows run mountain high; but deep down under the foam-crested waves, there is quietness.

Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us "The Lord will provide."

INAUGURATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

On Pennsylvania Avenue, I noticed some of the remains of the inaugural pomp and parade, which had occurred only a few days before. Not deem-

ing it advisable for delicate people to be in such immense, rushing crowds, I purposely deferred my return to Washington until after it had subsided.

MUSIC.

During the presidential campaign, I witnessed from the windows, numbers of grand torch-light processions, parading, upon stated days, through the different cities and towns where I was visiting. Their chief attraction to me, was the music by the accompanying brass bands. As often as I heard them, (every few days whilst travelling) I could never weary of listening to their inspiring strains, which ever touched the tender chords of my nature. Its sacred effect was such that were I possessed of an evil spirit like Saul of old, I believe its sublime, soul-inspiring strains could charm it away. It seems to lift me heavenward.

BUREAU OF PRINTING AND ENGRAVING.

Having recently seen the Mint at Philadelphia manufacturing the specie, it was of renewed interest to look through the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington, where the paper currency was made. Five departments for the latter; one to print first and press smoothly; the other to print both sides; another to number and stamp; one to cut the bank-notes in their usual sizes and the other to engrave steel plates for printing them.

The paper of which that currency is made, is

manufactured in New York ; has some threads of silk in its composition to strengthen it.

Between 11 and 12 hundred hands were employed in those five departments. Most of the printing is done by hand ; some by magnificent machinery made in N. Y. As with the coins, this kind of money is also well secured against pilferers. There I also saw all kinds of stamp manufacture for tobacco, goods, etc., and all the U. S. stamps for bank notes.

WAR SOUVENIRS.

In a glass case there, I saw three gold swords, set with amethyst and diamonds in their hilts ; valued at \$35,000. They were presented to Gen. Twiggs by the U. S., the State of Georgia, and Augusta, Ga. ; and were surrendered to the U. S. after Twiggs deserted us. Gen. Ben Butler captured them during the Confederate war, and presented them to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving.

THE HOT HOUSE.

The Hot House contains much of interest.—Of the noted and useful I saw the tea-plant from China ; coffee-tree, black pepper tree, lignumvitæ tree, these from West Indies ; croton oil tree, E. Indies ; aloe tree, Cape Good Hope ; palms from Mexico, S. America, Indies, China, and other countries ; screw pine, Bourbon, which has a strong fibre for hats ; coffee-sacks, etc. ; oil palm, Guinea ; nutmeg tree, Africa ; rubber tree, India ; cassia

bark tree, E. Indies; camphor from Japan, China and Ceylon. Also saw orange and lemon trees full of fruit and flowers—a remarkable fact of this kind of fruit:—one crop beginning whilst the other is maturing, presenting quite a pleasing arrangement of golden fruit and white blossoms. At some places in the extensive hot house, the thermometer was 80 degrees.

THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL HALLS.

When near these halls, about 4 P. M., I was informed the hour had passed for admission—closed against any visitors for that day. Hoping to gain an entrance, I appealed to the usher to admit me as that was my only opportunity. A positive refusal, saying the hour had passed, and he had no power to act otherwise. Then I requested him to speak to the authority in my behalf. I was at once ushered before Gen. Wm. G. LeDuc. As soon as I informed him I was from Va., and on a health-tour; in a most commendable manner he said: “Your request is granted,” and handing me his printed card said: “This is a pass through the departments: you may take your time and see all you wish.” Then he summoned the janitor, bade him unlock the door and remain in waiting until my return.

Reaching the top of the steps leading to these departments, I was asked, “why are you here?” Holding out the General’s card and name, not a dissenting word was uttered. Saw many speci-

mens and varieties of fine fruits and vegetables. The artificial apples (to prevent early decay) looked as natural as possible; saw a pumpkin from New Jersey, weighing 132 lbs. and 6 ft. in circumference; many kinds of farm seeds; bark from cork tree, Portugal; pine burr 1 foot long from California; garden and flower seed; fowls naturally preserved; specimens of cotton, silk, cocoons; many specimens of various kinds of wood from different sections of the U. S.; Creosote weed, Arizona; fiddle wood, Florida; foreign medicinal products in roots, barks and seeds; quite a lot of pretty herbariums, affording an extensive field of interest to lovers of Botany.

BOTANICAL GARDEN.

Also visited the Botanical Garden. Much of interest and beauty there; the showy japonicas and azaleas were amongst the prettiest flowers I saw. Was surprised to notice the universal absence (in the many green houses I visited in large cities) of the pretty oleander and fragrant cape jasmine, so common and prized as house shrubs with us.

THE CAPITOL

Visited the capitol.—A grand edifice, containing grandeur within. One main room has six immense paintings, in massive gilt frames; a room of statuary; house of representatives; marble room; Senator's P. O.; lobby of Senate; reception room for ladies of Senate; President's room—ele-

gant! Congressional library—an immense collection of books.

THE SENATE CHAMBER.

As we arrived at the door of the Senate Chamber, a party of ladies viewing the rooms with us had just passed a little ahead, and the Ex-Senator with me, opened the door and ushered me in, politely saying, “you stand here until I speak to a gentleman in the Senate.” There I was, in the “modest apparel” of the church of my choice, standing all alone with an amphitheatre of heads above me; and around me were numerous Generals, and amongst them Ben Hill, Johnson, Sherman, Logan, Hawley and Burnside, (latter now deceased) Vice-President Arthur and other officials. Afterward he found me a seat in the Gallery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT TO RICHMOND, VA.

March 11th, left Washington and took the Fredericksburg & Potomac R. R., at 5 P. M. In my preceding travels, I told my readers of an old lady's dilemma about her excursion ticket on the train from Lanark, Ill., to Chicago. This time I saw another in trouble:—a young lady who had overstayed one day on her ticket to the Inauguration.

The conductor asked her to pay her fare—\$5.30. “I did not know my time had yet expired,” said she. “You must pay it; the ticket is not good, and I cannot afford to lose it; I will be held responsible,” replied he. Out he went, saying, “I shall see you again.” Turning around to me, seated behind her, she appealingly said, “Please help me out when he comes.” Upon his return he repeated again, “you are to pay your fare.” Said she, “I am poor, and can’t do it.” “Can’t you pay me from your home?” “No sir, my mother is a widow and is not able to afford it.” “Haven’t you anything with you to be given as pay?” “No sir.” “You must pay it, I can’t lose it!” At that positive rejoinder, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

“A time to speak” per her request. “Conductor,” said I, “Excuse me for speaking here; this lady has offered you plausible excuses; the Bible says, “be merciful;” in her behalf I beg you to allow her a free passage this time.” Looking around full into my face, he said, “Are you a Quaker? my grandmother was one, and I reverence true piety.” “No, I am a German Baptist or Brethren.” Exit, saying to me, “I shall talk with you presently.”

He soon returned and we discussed the Scriptures. Finally he said, “You are going to make me give this lady that money before you have finished talking.” Of course that was not from any

worldly wisdom of mine, but was the grace of God influencing me what to speak. Said the writer, "To relieve you of loss of her fare, just lay her case before the officials, and I believe, under the circumstances, they will exonerate you and her. He then very politely and kindly said to the distressed lady, "you may have it," and went out.

Apparently overjoyed, she said, "I am so thankful to you! that is the way to do in this world; help each other." Told me she was a Roman Catholic and gave me her full address—a resident of Richmond, Va. Ascertaining my name and that I would spend the night at a hotel in that city, she insisted upon my accepting a kindness she would do me the next day. With many appreciative thanks, I informed her it would not be convenient to accept such a treat.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TERPSICHOREAN ART.

Arrived at Richmond, Va., 11 P. M. Population of that city 63,803. Entering the hotel, hark! "there was a sound of revelry by night." The door swung back, and before me was a spacious room crowded with couples of ladies and gentlemen, whirling through the giddy mazes of the dance. The music, pretty enough of itself, seemed to make them as "merry as a marriage bell."

Those gairish scenes, once so attractive to me,

have long since grown repulsive—painful! In it all, there is too much levity and giddiness to be congenial with my spiritually illuminated understanding. Many professors of religion practice and plead its innocence. According to my knowledge of its fascinating power, I kindly lift my warning voice against its indulgence.

Ye dancers, read this testimony: The New York Journal of Education writes that “the chief of police of that city, says, three-fourths of the abandoned girls there were ruined by dancing.” It says, parlor dancing ‘is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlor dancing sow to the wind and both reap to the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality and religion is, “Weighed in the balance and found wanting.”

We do not mean to say that every one who is fond of dancing is thereby necessarily obliged to fall; but no one can exclude herself or himself from the circle of its terrible possibilities. The Bible says “there is a time to dance,” facetiously answer some of its devotees. The tone and tenor of that Holy Book plainly indicates it is not in a worldly sense of “tripping the light fantastic toe” to the time of voluptuous music.

I again return to the dancing scene which greeted me upon my arrival at that hotel in Richmond. Immediately I summoned the proprietor and asked

for a quiet room. "None here tonight; there will be excitement all around." Informing him I would have to seek another place, he very kindly had me conducted to Ford's Hotel, where I had a pleasant night's rest.

CHAPTER XX.

MISCELLANEOUS

In my Northern tour, I visited Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Lutherans, Disciples, Mennonites, Roman Catholics, German Baptists, or Brethren, also met the Quakers, Omish and River Brethren. At none of their houses I visited, did I see dancing or card-playing. Other innocent pleasures and recreations they had. Of course there is dancing, card-playing, etc., in the North, but to their credit I saw none.

In my extensive travels and visits through several states, it is very remarkable I only saw one drunken man; he was in a large excursion party, and rendered himself so ridiculous he was frequently thrust in a rear coach. At Norristown, Pa., I saw several youths in a line, holding to each others hands. The silly manner in which they sang about the Sunday School, made me think they, too, were "spirituously" affected. Perhaps their mothers were not careful enough to have them attend that "blessed place" and learn to shun evil

associates and the road to vice. Boys, beware of such conduct and companions.

CARD PLAYING

Some may ask, "why is card-playing objectionable." A noted minister recently said that "ninetenths of the gamblers in some large cities had learned to play with cards in their home circles. Mothers, sisters, you who should wield an influence for weal or woe, is it then admissable to engage in card-playing with father, brother, husband, lover, or any other?"

Ever let it be the end and aim of woman that she cast her daily influence on the side of right and purity. Then we may hope for less intemperance, fewer gamblers and more happy homes with devoted husbands.

THE SOCIAL WINE GLASS.

The social wine glass has doubtless done much towards stimulating and encouraging the appetite for strong drink. Ladies, I beg you not to offer that as a beverage; and when for medicine, only "a *little* wine" is advised. I appeal to you to begin this revolution at once. That power is in your hands. We sadly need it. Look at that heart-broken wife; that careworn mother; what caused it?—Intemperance or the gaming table victimized their darling ones!

Some of the happiest homes do not resort to those forbidden things in quest of pleasure. To "do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God" will open new avenues of love, joy and peace, unknown in the haunts of vice.

Some years since, I chanced to read an item which said women should not offer any strong drink to men. Then it was quite customary to use wine on the table. After reading that advice, I forthwith resolved to desist from the practice, admitting my step in that reformation might be more than a drop in the ocean. After years of persistent adherence to my resolve, it would seem strange were I to again resume the offer of social beverages to my friends. May scores more make that important resolve, is my earnest appeal.

HOME AGAIN.

March 12th, 4:10 P. M., I took the train via the Richmond & Alleghany R. R., reaching Bremo Bluff, Va. (near my home in the country) about 7:30 P. M., having travelled a distance of 66 miles. Was soon conveyed to our residence to again meet the loved ones face to face. Had much to relate of the kindest of people visited, and the great pleasure and benefit derived from my Northern health-tour. From time to time, many a weary day has been brightened by revisiting in thought, the numerous pleasure-giving reminiscences, labeled and stored in order upon the shelves of my

mind, which has never ceased to afford me a large supply of mental pleasure and recreation. Often my heart fills with devout thanks to God because He not only provided a way for that pleasure and benefit to my feeble health, but also provided me His grace, enabling me to draw strength and pleasure still from the health-tour I took several years ago. Blessed be that Fountain which has that mysterious power to bring light out of darkness, and daily vouchsafes to His faithful followers to "eat of the hidden manna."—Rev. 2 : 17. Also does He give the "hidden riches of secret places."—Isaiah 45 : 3.

A REVIEW.

To afford my readers a better understanding of the extent of my travels, I give the miles in detail : Going and returning, traveled, 2946 R. R. miles ; 448 carriage miles ; 132 sleigh miles ; 58 street car miles. Aggregate miles, 3584.

Had 260 carriage rides, including hacks and omnibuses, With few exceptions, all were free. In some instances, I had two or three drives per day. 24 street car rides ; nearly all free. Had 62 delightful sleigh rides as long as the snow lasted.

Six months, my railroad fare was paid by good Christian friends. Indeed they treated me as if I were their sister or daughter. In all this, I was made to realize that indeed we were members of the same *Christian* family. I visited 174 families

during my tour ; 15 cities 21 large towns and 12 large villages. Mention was not made of some because I only had passing visits through them. All that travelling was accomplished in 9 months and 17 days. Often I was as helpless as a child, had to have much assistance, which kind hearts and ready hands freely proffered to poor me. In it the good Lord signally provided instruments and aid to easily accomplish what I needed. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Truly it is in my heart and mind to this moment.

In my peregrinations, I was the blessed recipient of marked kindness and courtesy. Of course, amongst such a number visited or casually met, some did well, but others exceeded them all.

The most striking portion to me, was the opportunity to "prove all things" in the line of discerning "what manner of spirit ye are of." Thus their every word and daily act tacitly gave me the fruits and index to their *de facto* spiritual caliber. Those unsuspected observations have much weight upon a discerning stranger ; and are as often decided upon by acts to others as if it were to the observing.

DISCOURTEOUS EXAMPLES.

As I had the ill luck to meet two impolite and cross people, I shall illustrate and locate. One was a Conductor at Jamestown, N. Y. My trav-
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eling friends had just separated from me there, and I walked into the waiting room and got all particulars from the agent concerning the time my next train was due; also procured my ticket and baggage checked.

A short interval and a train drew up. Tap, tap at the ticket office window, and the agent hurriedly said: "I believe I made a mistake, step to the door and ask if that isn't the train you wish." "Yes!" was the gruff response of that Conductor to me. I wish to get on. Said he: "Get on! where is your baggage? why didn't you have it out here?" His coarse, vehement tone, fairly made me scramble up on the train with fright from such a monster in manner, speech, height and proportions, apparently weighing 300 lbs. or more!

Depend upon it, I was so repulsed by his unjust and discourteous conduct, whenever he passed me on the train my face suddenly turned in the opposite direction. The agent accidentally made the mistake and I had to pay the penalty. What a Conductor! Out of the great numbers traveled with, he was the only rude and unkind one. The rest were specially obliging.

The other discourteous person I saw in the baggage room at Harrisburg, Pa. From Lewistown, Pa., to that city, I had traveled under the care of Mr. Albert Spanogle and his sisters. Here he got off the train and saw me seated in the depot, then

again joined the excursion party to Philadelphia.

As I had done at a number of depots, and ever kindly granted elsewhere, I very politely requested a baggage master to allow my large trunk to remain over there until my return, as I would only need my valise. "I don't wish to be bothered with your trunk; and if it is left here and you do not return in a few days, I shall send it off to the general baggage office at Philadelphia!" said he. Without another word to that discourteous, unaccommodating speaker, I at once had my trunk checked along with me out of his clutches.

That made such a decided and unfavorable impression upon me. I could so plainly describe him, (even the color of his hair and skin) travelers might identify him; not to be too personal, I refrain from giving a pen picture of him. By courtesy and kindness, much is accomplished; the opposite repulses and alienates, and are unsuitable characteristics for serving the public.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE—THE MANNER AND DESIGN.

When I meditate upon the blessings I received along my route, my heart swells with holy love and adoration to that high and mighty One, who is "faithful that promised." No good thing was withheld from me. Dilemmas suddenly came, but as soon they vanished when I lifted the wand of prayer and faith to Jehovah-Jireh.

Yes, He most signally provided special providences in the form of benefits and sweet protection

over me. My seeming ill-luck and occasional disappointments, proved to be the avenues to brighter things, for which they were designed, thereby increasing my faith in the goodness, mercy, wisdom and power of that invisible Being, who rules earth, air and sea. With those remarkable and sudden proofs of God's helping hand, I was made to feel in a renewed and stronger way that "verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Savior!"—Isaiah 45: 15. I was heartily enabled to say with the inspired Psalmist, that "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Psalm 46.

"No strength of our own, no goodness we claim;
 Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,
 In this our strong tower, for safety we hide;
 The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

"Trust in Him at all times, ye people, pour out your heart before Him : God is a refuge for us."

During my travels, these railroad accidents are worthy of mention : As we passed along I once saw a freight train near the track, which had only been wrecked two hours before. Thank God, ours so heavily laden with excursionists, was spared that fate ! At another place along where I had travelled a few days prior, there was a shocking railroad collision, caused by a dense fog ; neither train was apprised of their contact. A number of passengers were crippled or scalded to death. One week previous, along another road I had travelled, the express train ran down a steep embankment.

Indeed I had great cause to thank God for my safe deliverance from all injury or evil, and was enabled to again see that a special providence was over me all the time.

Hoping that my readers may have enough proof from me—one of God's "witnesses" as to His hand and might and that this faithful recital of my travels, (doubtlessly afforded me by special providences from the Author of every good and perfect gift) may result in glory and honor to Him, and that my well-meant efforts may finally yield a fruitful harvest of good, is the devout prayer, and was the sole end and aim of the writer, who is rooted and grounded in the faith, love and knowledge of a crucified Saviour and Redeemer.

"Just as God leads me I would go,
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray.
So as he leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content,
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which He has decreed and sent—
That which His will for me commands,
I would that he should all fulfill,
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers keen;
God does not yet his guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true He leads me still
Thus anchored, faith is resting."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

After the publisher examined the manuscript of "My Northern Travels;" at the eleventh hour he re-mailed it to me, requesting that I write out the "full names, instead of the initials of persons mentioned in it," as that would be a "vast improvement and much more appreciated by my friends"; also to "write a history of myself, which addition would be a most valuable one to every person who buys it. With your picture and your history written by yourself, it cannot fail to be attractive and sought for."

Under these considerations, nolens volens, I submit the following to the public, begging them "not to view me with a critic's eye, but pass my imperfections by." In all I write may God be glorified and honored, feeling deeply sensible that I am only an instrument to testify to His marvellous works and ways with the children of men. In early childhood my tutors were respectively: Dr. Samuel Brown, my cousin, Col. Geo. W. Pettit, now deceased, and Dr. Geo. H. Snead. The former is residing in Cumberland Co., Va., and the latter in my county; now a beloved Baptist minister and physician.

Next I was boarded in an Episcopal family at Columbia, 10 miles below here. Their governess, Miss Mary Harding, of Leesburg, Va., was of the same denomination. Their next was Miss Amanda Blair, a Presbyterian I think, of Georgia, Vt. Happy indeed were the two years spent in that most estimable household of Mr. Joseph H. Turner. As sisters, father and mother were they to me. Then, too, "I remember how my childhood fled by," as sweetly sang their dear, departed Bettie when she was practicing her music lessons. Her father and mother also "sleep 'neath the sod."

Never can I forget dear Mrs. Turner's sweet, patient face, and the exemplary deportment of her daily life—a model woman. Her four surviving children, one in Ohio, one in Mo., and the others in my county are often visited by my kindest thoughts for their beloved mother's sake.

Lastly I was boarded one year at the then flourishing Va. Buckingham Collegiate Institute, under an able corps of male and female teachers, presided over by a thorough scholar, a Methodist, John C. Blackwell D. D. He was a brother-in-law to Hon. John Letcher, now dead, who was Governor of Va. at the outset of our "cruel war."

Of Rev. John C. Blackwell who died Feb. 21, 1885, at his home in Buckingham Co. Va., a minister wrote of him: "He was one of the most consecrated men I ever knew. He listened to no voice which would call him away from his Lord. Sunday schools, class and prayer meetings, all manner of social and private religious help, he provided in the schools over which he presided. Hundreds dead and alive, will ascribe to his exhortations, instructions, prayers, counsels, much if not the best of their spiritual growth." Such were my educators whose memory and influence are affectionately cherished.

My father gave me the offer of a thorough education; but in those halcyon days with ample funds in store, thinking I might never become dependent upon that for a support, (as many now do) I concluded, much to my latter day regret, to let a partial education suffice. However, "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." "He doeth all things well." My studies were some of the Languages, Botany, Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology, Astronomy, Music, Composition Histories, Worsted and French Work, several kinds of Grammar, and other studies in my earlier days. I am the daughter and fourth child of Mr. Henry W. and wife P. Ann Wood, of Fluvanna Co., Va. Of their 14 children, only 7 survive. Their youngest, Toutant, a farmer in Colorado, John in Maryland a lawyer and farmer, Junius, Henry and Marion all farmers in our native county. Sister Mary's family and I reside with our parents. My mother has been

for years a Wesleyan Methodist, two brothers Presbyterians, and my sister, Mrs. Charles Wilkinson, an Episcopalian.—Quite divided in religious matters.

At the beginning of the war my father owned 44 servants and about 1300 acres of valuable James and Rivanna River lands, divided into two farms, 7 miles apart. The land is ours still by full right and title—an "elephant" on our hands, which has often made us groan for some relief from its burdens. The age and infirmity of my parents; the sad system of labor, etc., etc., have conspired to place us in continued pecuniary straits. We expect a kind Providence to open a way for better things by and by—a speedy prospect we think.

During my Northern health-tour, a new acquaintance, Eld D. N. Workman, near Ashland, Ohio, said to me: "Sister Wood, when I read your long-continued article, "My Spiritual Captivity," it was so remarkable I could scarcely credit it; now that I have seen you, I wish it re-published..

Omitting some less important details, and making necessary additions, here it is; and as true now as when it happened some years ago. "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within me."

"My Spiritual Captivity, with its Intermediate State:—" In the past, having been questioned by friends concerning my remarkable spiritual state, experience and conversion, I have for some time deemed it my bounden duty to God and man to endeavor to describe His great signs and mighty wonders with me. There is no conceivable situation in which a human being can be placed to have a greater display and more convincing proof of God's hand and might than to be in spiritual captivity.

In connection therewith, to be clearly and extensively understood, it is important to also give the note-worthy harbingers of that state—its manner and matter—its introduction and degrees. Thus: From my earliest recollection I had a great desire to be prepared for heaven. All mortals should cherish that feeling. I had heard heaven was a blissful abode for the saint, and hell a region of torment for the sinner. The dread of the latter place was often a subject of intense terror to my oft-occurring thoughts.

By and by I heard that God could prepare a person for reigning with him at death. I accordingly and secretly strove to grow in favor with that great Being. In view of it I studiously watched and cultivated my moral life. So great was my zeal in that line, I have since found that all my trust was then centered upon self-righteousness. That prop only nourished my pride and impoverished my heart—a leanness of *soul*, I was setting at naught God's counsel by sowing to the flesh instead of heeding the spirit which leads one into "the truth as it is in Jesus." Numbers fall into the same error. With that false foundation for regeneration, often when I read or heard of happy and bright Christian experiences, I greatly doubted their inward peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I actually doubted the truth of Abraham's faith and manner of trial; Job's patience and afflictions; I considered the lovely Psalms inconsistent and nonsensical. Before I was "holden in the cords of affliction," I ever concluded that the existence of those model men was only in imagination.

Often I was of the opinion that those Christians might have lived many generations ago; but to the people of our day nothing of that kind could or would ever happen. This degenerate age is fraught with that sort of heathenish idea. Also for ignorance and skepticism!

God who knows the very thoughts and motives of all hearts, noted my false belief. As he saw that my heart in its benighted state still yearned to know and love Him; in his goodness and wisdom chose me in a furnace of affliction (the all-important process for thorough regeneration) that he might melt and mould me, "a vessel meet for the Master's use."

Prior to that, for some years, he permitted me as a free-agent, to go according to my own ways and will.—Job 34. I can now, with an illuminated understanding, trace back the numerous calls of mercy the Lord gave me during those days of my blindness and ignorance. Then unregenerate nature and unsanctified will long kept me out of the strait and narrow way which leads to peace here and glory hereafter. Being led by the spirit sanctifies the will and cleanses it from sinful acts.

That constitutes the child of God. Free-agency is then set aside as needless and erring. The wise man said: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding."—Prov. 3. The latter-day wise-acre, Bob Ingersoll, says nay to that; for writes he (in one of his books I was requested to read) "god is a tyrant to require the free reason of man to be brought in subjection to him." So great was Ingersoll's contempt for the

great Jehovah, he used small letters instead of capitals for the beginning of his name.—To be so utterly ignorant of God and *spiritual* matters as Bob undoubtedly evinces, he is by no means capable of discussing those “hidden things in secret places, to be revealed only to the humble and *obedient*.” Lest he finally resolves to become “wise unto salvation,” he had better beware of having to plead the dying words of that infidel, (I think it was his model man Tom Paine) who woefully said: “O God! if there be a God; have mercy upon my soul! if I have a soul!”

When the Lord first chose me in spiritual captivity, my heart fretted against him.—Prov. 19:3. I silently wished the matter to be deferred to a more “convenient season.” Being so blinded by the god of the world as all the unconverted are, I could not realize any good to result from my dependent and straitened condition. Meanwhile I greatly needed and desired a knowledge of Jesus in my own way. Ignorance of his felicitous presence and favor made me strive against his way—a spiritual way, until my merciful, pitying, loving Father bound me, and gradually led me to him.—Blessed is the man whom Thou chooseth, and causeth to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts.”—Psalm 65:4. Oh! that joyful and ever memorable acquaintance. How can I forget His wondrous love and power! Great and marvellous are his works and ways with man! In the fulness of my joy whilst meditating, I have often been barely able to refrain from exclaiming: “Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Savior.” I have bought the truth of these things; and may I never sell or forget it is my fervent prayer.

Its possession constrains me to use my efforts, endeavoring to teach by precept and practice the reality of that hidden and peace-giving life; and to prove the hand and might of God, who “moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.” Those taught of God are commanded to be “apt to teach.” Read Isaiah 50:4. I now greatly desire that all human beings shall taste and see that the Lord is good; I long for them to be assured, that under all circumstances however trying, “behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.” How true I found this assurance that God does not “afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.”

My early days described, it is quite necessary to give the traceable preparation and introduction of the intermediate state of my spiritual captivity: At the close of 1861, I was gradually attacked by that form of dyspepsia, (there are a variety of kinds) which at an advanced period entailed great suffering. At different times, various physicians were consulted; remedies prescribed, some beneficial and others aggravating. Occasionally there was such relief I flattered myself cured. Then I became so joyful as to forget God, attributing my relief solely to the physician's skill. Asa of old is an example.—2 Chron. 16:12, 13. The opinion would often occur to me that God did not really have that power ascribed to him. Many are daily guilty of such wicked and weak ideas. God knows the thoughts of men are naturally evil; but to them he is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and full of wisdom and justice. Much often depends upon the physician's skill; but we should ever remember that minus the interposition of Providence, all drugs are unavailing. My health continued alternating between relief and relapse eight and a half years. Ever and anon I was visited by other afflictions—long-continued attacks of excruciating neuralgia and rheumatism (the result of an unavoidable accident, Sept. 18, 1886,) each of them more and more enfeebling to my delicate frame. At times, in the effort to cure one or the other of those additional diseases, the remedies so aggravated my dyspepsia, it finally assumed a chronic form. That almost continually reminded me of an earthly purgatory;—my nervous system became a wreck; general prostration ensued. Two successive months I could sleep none by day, and but two hours during the night; took no opiates. In spring, often for several weeks it was only by the greatest effort I could raise my voice to an audible tone. What a great affliction and sore trial that was to me! So great was my aversion to being considered an invalid, or of being entirely dependent upon others, I did not cease to walk about the house, often doing so when I struggled to support myself standing.

From early years, I had schooled myself never to look upon the dark side of a picture.—Hope was ever cherished, and despondency kept at bay. A return of good health was my intense desire. Year after year I fondly anticipated it. Immediately preceding the downfall of that spirit buoy, my health was much improved. Again I could not refrain from the secret doubt of God's “hand and might.”—Jer. 16:21. Just then I was an increased skeptic upon different points of God's Word. I continued thus about

three months. That begun Feb. 1869. Although then improving in health, I was rapidly losing interest in worldly affairs—had an increased dislike for gay scenes, burdening me when I attended them. I then remarked upon my changed feelings, meantime holding to my mistaken knowledge of Christianity. Thousands make the same mistake. In every practicable way, (except connecting myself with any church) I did everything I understood to be binding upon Christians. At times, various ministers conversed with me upon religion, pronouncing me a convert. Yet I ever instinctively felt there must be some internal and indefinable renewing ere I could be satisfied to connect myself with any sect. In fact there was such diversity of opinion as to “the way, the truth and the life,” it puzzled, and kept me waiting for some possible conviction or revelation upon that matter. Anyhow, my preference was a Methodist, as their zeal ever appeared more active than the other sects of my acquaintance; and I always said I intended to be immersed according to, and on account of this Scripture found in St. Matt. 3: 13, 16. I was a subject of infant baptism, but felt it my duty to heed the promptings of my uneasy conscience upon the matter.

Again to my health: From the 20th to the 27th of April, 1869, I suffered pangs with a joint-felon, on the second finger of my left hand, which not only shattered my nervous system but disabled (without any serious injury) my arm and hand for some months. Rev. Daniel Blaine, a Presbyterian, now of Louisville, Ky., visited us. I informed him of the intense suffering through which I had just passed, adding that I would need no more affliction. “Provided it is sanctified to you,” responded he. Then I had no spiritual knowledge of his meaning.

The following June, I had alternations of improvement and relapse in my general health. Finally I began to weaken daily, though never ceasing to walk about. July 10th, the same year, at 11:30 A. M., whilst sitting up knitting, a feeling as the deadening of my spirits instantaneously seized me—I was emotionless, not senseless, but seemingly a paralysis of spirit. For weeks I could neither weep nor laugh. While so straitened, I had no conversation with persons further than yes or no to their common-place remarks. So terrible and indescribable were my feelings I was actually afraid to name it to our family. I knew not what to think of my condition, concluded it was a physical sickness beyond the reach of human relief. Not one ray of hope for recovery remained; for “the spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.” I declined so rapidly it seemed every day would number me with the dead. In that situation, I began to take a secret view of death. Knowing of no real or imaginary harm I had done any mortal, (my sufferings afterwards proved to be for sins between my Master and me, not for human offences) yet I had no comfort, nor certainty of a home in heaven. My case, grew so pitiful and comfortless, I finally concluded if there was a God, he was an unjust tyrant, for instead of rewarding me for my years of good deeds; my accredited and positively native conscientiousness, sincerity and integrity, which I regarded with a great degree of *pride*) He only visited me with afflictions and sorrow.

At last I resolved to continually pray that if there be a God, for satisfaction to my soul, prove it to me in some way. Thus I continued three weary months, the whole of every day, and almost the entire night, with every breath a silent, pleading prayer. Oct. 1st, after days of increased desperate, death-like struggles, the God of all wisdom and mercy took compassion and clearly manifested his existence through the loving interposition of an unmistakable special providence. Whilst under great trial, David prophetically and trustingly said: “Lord thou hast heard the desire of the humble; thou wilt *prepare their hearts*, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear.”—Psalm 10. Words cannot describe my relief upon its realization. “The Lord is a God of *judgment*: blessed are they that *wait* for him.”

My spirits brightened—I then really believed I knew enough about God to last me forever, and nothing more necessary to complete my conversion. That being but a flimsy foundation upon which to anchor for future peace, the all-wise God permitted me to be assailed by the world, the flesh and the devil. He had now fully chosen me in the needful furnace of affliction that my trembling, shrinking spirit might trust alone in him. Trials of that kind long made me more cast down and hopeless than ever. It increased. Then I concluded to read and compare my feelings with the book of Job.—A parallel case with my heartfelt experiences soon taught me to know there once lived such a being, I could at last sympathize with him, and fully appreciate his straitened and afflicted condition. How my whole heart did then sorrow for that poor old man whose sufferings, trials, and even exist-

ence I had once ignorantly doubled. Then I knew the hand of God was upon me. I openly acknowledged it. That spiritual state made my heart more and more sensitive to those trials of the world health often nerved one to bear with a measure of indifference and strength. To render me more dependent, ever and anon my sufferings were varied by days of repeated paroxysms of neuralgia—*tic douloureux*, further unnerving me.

Thus I continued intensely tried, suffering and comfortless till Dec. 26, 1869, when I providentially heard these words read aloud from the book, "Experimental Religion": "That God always chooses those things to draw a person to him which will afflict the most." With much emphasis and eagerness I quickly remarked to the reader, (my dear Sister Carie since dead) what did you say? is that there? The book was then handed me for examination. Being late at night had to suspend my reading till next morning. Its perusal comforted me, fully satisfying me that God was wisely using my afflictions and trials purposely to draw me to him. Then I felt resigned to his loving kindness and wisdom. Beginning to realize he had other things to teach me, I felt I must closely "search the Scriptures" and religious books that I might become wise unto salvation. I had long been a reader of such things, without receiving any special spiritual impression. I re-read many of the same books. One was "Mason on Self-knowledge." My heart was just then in that awakened condition to appreciate and fully receive its truths and graphic description of our base sins—"original sins"—sins common to all hearts before conversion.

Whilst seriously perusing its familiar pages, a number of various truths entered into my righteous hungry heart as a two-edged sword, showing me I possessed different hidden sins previously unknown to my blinded eyes and benighted heart. I then stood convicted before God's pure and searching eye. Never had I been accused of those sins, nor before felt their presence, except my besetting sins, which I had studied to conceal. All persons have their besetting sins of one kind or the other. Read Psalm 33: 15. Job's besetting sins was anger.—Job 3: 1; Moses' was the same.—Psalm 106: 32, 33. I could not doubt my possession of those sins newly shown to me; for I then unceasingly felt them in my thoughts and very looks; actually trembled when obliged to speak, lest my words might betray their sinful nature. The spirit of truth then had possession of my heart. That was January, 1870. Oh! the heart-breaking convictions of that month. "*Know thyself*," is a wise and all-important injunction binding upon all persons; for their hearts are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."—A sweeping and warning declaration that from God's Word! Take heed, my dear friends if you would enjoy inward peace here, and felicity hereafter.

Some may very naturally ask why certain ones suffer more than others? It justly seems such objects must be more sinful. As God causes it to rain upon the unjust as upon the just, so he sometimes wisely causes the more perfect and exemplary to suffer as much or more than the evil. Nothing can exceed the tortures and straits of Job, the most perfect man who ever lived. God's wisdom, mercy and omniscience occasionally makes those selections (sometimes a surprise to the observers and the object) and performs such acts for His special purpose, not only in the heightened good and usefulness of the subject; but for an example of God's power to outside persons far and near. Take notice of that you careless worldlings! He uses, prepares and prospers his work in his own good way and time. Then the high behest is: "To every man his work;" "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and when the spirit of truth plainly says, "stand still," "be still;" for sometimes by providential ways and hedges, one's strength is "to sit still." When the Captain of our salvation says: "Go, and tell this people," go bravely onward like valiant soldiers of the cross:

And though dangers affright,
And foes may deride,
Yet this much we are assured of
"The Lord will provide."

Another reason some are chosen to trials and sufferings for Christ's sake more than others, is, their stability and inward strength for endurance. God selects just such for his special use. The choice is made by looking into the heart, and not upon the outward appearance as man does.—1 Sam. 16: 7. "In a great house there are not only vessels of gold or of silver, but also of wood and of earth." Some "vesse's" (persons) are made of that material which a "seven times" heated furnace would only consume; (wooden ves-

sels) or harden (earthen vessels) instead of purging away the dross as the crucible does from the gold and silver. God knows whom to choose; and never causes any to suffer beyond their ability. "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Whether a "chosen vessel" or not, all persons have their own work to do; and each one has to "work out his salvation with fear and trembling; all are commanded to "keep their hearts with all diligence"; and to press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus."

One thing is sure, the more one is led or required to suffer for him, greater the blessings. Read 2 Cor. 1:4, 7. Yet it is binding upon all to serve God to their fullest capacity; then he rewards every man according to the work of his hands.—If he sow sparingly, he will reap sparingly. All are required to reap the same kind of fruit, even if their capacity is deficient for yielding its richer quality and fuller measure. Some bring thirty fold, some sixty and some a hundred—St. Mark 4. Some unfaithful stewards "hide their talent in the earth."

Were we all to do our best, having God's righteous counsel for a rule of our daily action, not only more peace would be heartfelt, but could gradually discern his justice, wisdom and goodness to us in every blessing he withholds or bestows, and every trial and affliction he visits upon us. "To the pure, all things are pure." To the fully regenerated-converted, either as a vessel of gold, silver, wood or earth, what at first sounded weak, foolish and non-essential, becomes just and right to the illuminated mind and renewed nature. Then it is proven, "He doeth all things well." To that I am a "witness," and can heartily testify.

Becoming in possession of *my self-knowledge*, I was thus enabled to clearly discern the bosom sins—secret sins and short-comings of my friends far and near. Look, word, deed or writing betrayed it. The wisdom of the serpent and harmlessness of the dove are thereby felt. How I did solemnly and secretly lament the nature of sin! how I did then understand the justice of God for entailing sorrow and suffering upon mankind for the disobedience of our first parents, Adam and Eve! But thank God for the gift of his only begotten Son, who died for us, that all who desire to be saved could be cleansed from their manifold sins, if faithful and obedient to his example, and commandments for their daily thoughts, words and deeds.

This world, with all my friends (myself included) I found to be amazingly full of sin. I was so grieved in view of that sad and heart-breaking reality, I felt that "Oh! that I had wings to fly away and be at rest" from this sinful world. After I fully and clearly discerned (God reveals that gift to the illuminated minds) the forbidden and manifold sins of my friends, I often silently plead with him to know why it was that I who had for years been striving to be upright and worthy had to suffer more than some who were openly sinning against heaven and earth? As I often did when pleading with God, I opened my Bible at random, my eyes resting upon this passage: "*Blessed is the man whom the Lord afflicts.*" I then realized that I was an object of his special favor and love. With that new and glad surprise, I heartily seized upon that precious and consoling assurance. The Prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel write of the extent and depth of the wickedness of the heart. The former says it is deceitful above all things; who can know it?" and the latter calls it "chambers of imagery"; the deeper one searches, greater the abominations found. I am one of God's "witnesses" to that fact.

By the guidance and counsel of His holy Bible, those abominations and deceit can be dethroned from all hearts, with peace, wisdom and righteousness enthroned therein. Were God to deal with every man, while upon earth, according to the nature and desert of their sins—"original sin"—bosom sins, there would be woe, woe upon this whole land. But in his wisdom and loving kindness, he gently woos and pleads with them by that monitor conscience to come unto him "*all the ends of the earth and be saved.*" When he puts forth his hand to convict of the nature of sin, he mercifully supports and restores comfort to his mourners. Convictions are instantaneous and of different degrees; conversion is a gradual, transforming work; first the "babe," next the "child," lastly the "full stature" in Christ. The first food for its proper growth and full development is the "sincere milk of the Word"; the next is meat; lastly "joints and marrow." Persons, as free-agents, can and do often grieve away the spirit; then in eternity their unforgiven and unsought sins will rise up and condemn them openly. Divinity warningly pleads: "Quench not the spirit."

Admitting as is the speculation of some, (Scripture reads to the contrary) there is no hell fire, my true testimony can be added that simply a convicted and heartfelt knowledge of the nature of even original sin, common to all, is as the wreathing, invisible flames of the described nether regions. Please read the parable of the rich man and Lazarus.—St. Luke 16. "It is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" he is a "consuming fire" here and hereafter to the unpardoned and unconvicted. As one of God's "witnesses" of his "hand and might," and the real dreadfulness of sin—*fruit of fact and conviction*, I do now solemnly warn you to flee from the wrath to come!

Again to my captivity: Amongst many and various other things, I was at that time (Jan. 1870, whilst painfully surveying the "chambers of imagery") deeply convicted as to the abuse of the Sabbath day by the outside world as well as by professing Christians. Everything entered fully into my heart and stamped itself indelibly upon its tablet. Be assured that those sort of convictions are through a divine agency, and not according to one's own selfish and crooked ways.

I continued to agonize and wrestle with God in prayer for a deliverance from my bosom sins, till during March of the last named year, I obtained great relief. Then I imagined they were forever eradicated. My spiritual health was much improved. Later I was again visited by worldly trials; was cast down, but not beset by my recently conquered sins. The following May, whilst musing upon the trials and sinfulness of this world, I was moved as if by intuition; and hastily opened my Bible I kept daily near me. Unwittingly this is the first passage which met my eye: "For the time that it goeth forth it shall take you; for morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night; and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report."—Isaiah 28: 19. I continued to rapidly shut and re-open my Bible, noting every time the first passage my eye rested upon, turning down the corners of the leaves. The following chapters and their verses were seen in order as now given, and which afterwards proved to be the keys of consolation and wisdom to unlock what was concerning me, so mysterious. Viz., Ecc. 8: 9; Prov. 22: 19, 21; Psalms 106: 3; Isaiah 16: 3; Isaiah 22: 23, 25; Isaiah 42: 22, 24; Isaiah 47: 8, 9; Isaiah 61: 6; Isaiah 41: 23; Solomon's Song 4: 1; Psalm 78: 11; Psalm 41: 8; Isaiah 5: 25. While rapidly glancing at those (some were then to me meaningless Scripture passages) I felt confounded; was puzzled to know the meaning of all their pointed words; day after day looking over them. Although I was never too much weakened to sit up, I was too nervous to do much of anything at a time; consequently was obliged to resort to a random way of reading the Bible. My steps were ordered in God's Word.—Psalm 119: 133, and Psalm 25: 5. In that specially directed manner, I rapidly became in possession of many precious promises, finally proving to be as so many rounds of a ladder, leading my benighted heart up to God—the Fountain of light, life and joy in the Holy Ghost.

At first I silently murmured against the Lord because he allowed me to be too much afflicted to read the Bible in a regular order as I wished. However I entreated him to be merciful to me in my dependent and straitened condition, and permit the seeds of truth to take root in my righteous-hungry heart, bringing forth fruit in due season. Too nervous to tax my mind, I often feared I would never be able to recollect enough "wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me," or "to give a reason of the hope that is in me." To my joyful surprise, upon every necessary occasion, I could make such fluent and seasonable quotations from the Scriptures without ever having memorized the number of chapter or verse. I had ample reason to believe God would never leave nor forsake me if faithful. I then realized I was being "taught of God." His divine word satisfied me that if I would keep his way in all things, and "be still" in my imagination, mind and preference, (He commands us to "judge not before the time"—its performance) trusting all to Him, he would "direct all my work in truth," becoming "mouth and wisdom" for me.

Late in June, 1870, I finally began to be aware, by Bible convictions, that I was in a state of captivity—a something I had never thought of before when reading, nor ever heard of a spiritual strait laid upon those God chooses for special purposes. How exceedingly dependent I felt! Words are too feeble to describe the power, might, depth and strength of that condition! My soul hath them in remembrance still. I was like the "dry stubble," a "broken vessel," the "valley of the dry bones." Read in connection, Job 13: 25; Psalm 31: 12; Ezekiel 37. I possessed breath, full and free reason; but no spirit. Just then I was precisely in Job's described condition when he piteously

said, "now he hath made me weary; thou hast made desolate all my company, and my leanness rising up in me beareth witness to my face." Job was very evidently in spiritual captivity. Read Job 29 : 6, 7, 9; Job 7 : 3, 4; Job 23 : 3, 8, 10, 13, 14; Job 30 : 15, 16, 20-22, 26, 31; Job 42 : 10.

Whilst I was in that fast realized state, all my past conquered sins rushed upon me unexpectedly and unwelcome. That was July, 1870. Woeful state I silently cried. Then my heart spontaneously plead: Oh! God, why hast thou become cruel to me? for "he breaketh me with breach upon breach; he runneth upon me like a giant."—Job 16. Then I felt hopeless for the forgiveness of those numerous sins which had so unexpectedly made war upon my deeply awakened conscience, and for which I could not then find a relief.

In that pitiful strait I lost all hope of an entrance into heaven; in its stead I fully realized the described torment of hell—a miniature purgatory in my breast. My spiritual man was experiencing the burnings of invisible flames—a *martyr in spirit*, unaccompanied by any mental exercise or physical sickness. "There is a spirit in man: (a distinct invisible body from the carnal portion) and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."—Job 32. Also read 2 Tim. 3 chapter, especially 16 and 17 verses.

In my desperate grief, I was mute with terror and spiritual misery. That agony continued one day. At its close, as a peace branch from above, this Scripture came forcibly to my then broken heart: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."—St. Matt. 11 : 12. Then and there, with that assurance, my whole soul vowed that henceforth, if it resulted in my banishment from all human beings, I meant to do all God's Word commanded that I might gain a home in "the realms of the blest."

After that whole-souled resolve, I referred to Job for some comfort and consolation. In the 28th chapter, I read that God would speak to man in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed." I silently cried mightily, entreating Him, if possible, and according to his purpose (as he would not speak face to face) to give me some manifestation during my sleep that night as a relief to my terrified state. That was July 20th. Falling into a strange sleep, or kind of reverie, I was supernaturally aroused with these words upon my tongue: "Send out thy light and truth." Feeling the force of those divine words, I rose up in bed, and calling to sister Mary, sleeping in my room, told her that wonderful matter, expressing the wish for a light to look into my Bible. None convenient, I again fell into another state as just described. As before, I was awakened with these words upon my tongue: "Mrs. Isabella Graham," the name of a book we had. Again I roused my sleeping sister, and told her that surely must be a divine token. I then fell asleep and awoke before it was scarcely light. My Bible was immediately opened. The first words meeting my hungry eyes were: "Oh send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles."—Psalm 43 : 3. I next opened the book, "Memoirs of Mrs. Isabella Graham." The first piece I saw begun with, "To you Juliet." Almost my own name. I was then more amazed than ever at that significant, remarkable and impressive night vision, dream or reverie.

Ordinarily I attach no entire confidence in dreams. Scripture says there are "divers vanities" in them. Reading that detached piece in the "Memoirs," it exactly described my condition. Thus: "God puts forth his power, and convinces of sin; that is his first work. The soul is awakened, aroused, convinced of sin and misery; sins of the heart; sins of the tongue, sins of the life, press upon the conscience which never disturbed before; misspent time, wasted talents, lost opportunities, neglect of God's Word and ordinances, so that the soul cannot rest. O, my Juliet, that is a hopeful case. It is one of the surest marks of the operation of the spirit of God—a prelude to the new birth. It never takes place without it; "for the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Only the weary and heavy laden will prize rest, and Christ is the rest they need; only a convinced sinner will or can prize the Savior, after the mind is opened to understand the Scriptures. In God's blessed Word, we are informed where our strength lies, what are our weapons, what our armor."

After reading the timely words of that book so descriptive of my inward state, I heartily thanked the Lord for the providential comfort and knowledge, being assured my pitiful sufferings were the work and plannings of his hands.

Enough was gleaned from the counsel and leading of that memorable night-vision to prove I had been trusting to my own understanding relative to the means and manner of pardon for my sins. The day of that discovery

was one of sweet relief to my soul. I then begged the Lord to lead me even in thought. Commanded to work out our "own salvation with fear and trembling," so eager to learn to do His entire will, it kept me so busy searching the Scriptures I almost forgot to eat. "The diligent soul shall be made fat." For several months my Bible was not ten minutes out of my hands at any time during the day. I was too weak and nervous to read more than a verse or two at a time; opened and read in a random way in various places. Then the Old was daily presenting itself to me. Later, regenerated nature and "purged eyes" led me into the New Testament for the doctrine of Jesus. So intense was my desire for God's truth, I could not patiently read any regular chapter—I raced through and around His store-house of heavenly wisdom.

After searching for God with my entire heart, I became acquainted with him "in spirit and in truth." At first, almost every word I read condemned me; I quailed beneath their convictions; that was the spirit of truth—"thy word is truth." I often piteously ejaculated these words: O God! thy pure word is as a mirror of thy greatness and wisdom to reflect upon my heart, by nature so sinful, the state of all human beings. Were they to take counsel and know themselves, they, too would say, "truth Lord."

During the months of August and September, till the close of October, 1870, I continued to read the Bible in that awakened state. Great were my spiritual trials under its perusal. The prepared condition of my heart was unsealing the spiritual portion of the Bible. I was being nourished upon the "sincere milk of the word." "He wounds to heal." Becoming healed and comforted by that means, later, my heart often thrilled with this truth: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth; the entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."—Psalm 119. How lovely and true the Psalms grew to my renewed heart! They become as my own spontaneous words. I bought the reality of their heaven-born sentiment. I then clearly understood the trials and straits of poor old Job. My deep sympathy went out to him. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Oct. 28th. I fully understood the strange feeling which seized me July 10th, 1869, to be an unmistakable paralysis of my spirits—a stroke from Providence to fit me for his teaching—a spiritual captive; a wonderful, and uncommon condition. Now and then such things occur in this wide world to *prove* God's hand and might. Job and some others upon Scripture record are striking examples of it. As with Job, the captive naturally becomes a conspicuous object to the world. "Miserable comforters" come forward; some "whisper behind the back." Providence often permits whispering to reach the ear of the faithful and obedient; and it becomes a fact that their surmises and conjectures are only the pictures of their own evil imaginations—an abomination to God. Some "whisper" it is derangement. Yes, a *spiritual* derangement; by no means an impaired mind. Were there more spiritual derangement, heart-religion, vital piety and genuine conversions would take the place of an empty profession of religion—name minus the nature. It is true that persons become lunatics from various causes. Upon religion, there is no possible danger of its occurrence, provided willingness and obedience accompany one's Bible research. The prophet said: "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword."—Isiah 1. That sword figuratively used is perplexity; and that might lead to a mental aberration were the subject disobedient and self-willed. So eager was I in spirit to find and know my Savior, at no time, not even for a moment, did he permit it to become a mental exercise or derangement of that kind with me.

His spiritual providences to me, and the blessings of my communions with him in spirit, are more than I can number. Oh! the preciousness of his undoubted favors. Words fail to express all about that Friend of sinners, who is the Fountain of all good and perfect gifts. During my captivity, just as He promised me through his written word of inspiration, I cannot often find room to contain my rich and special blessings. He performed his promise to me of giving me the "necks of my enemies" (a figurative expression) who were unjust to me. My heart was too overflowing with pity and forgiveness to injure a hair of their heads. I watch an enemy or busybody, but ever look to God that his providence may punish them. That God will protect and bless the right, hear the Psalmist: "Oh, that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries." With valuable proof I can testify that, "He is faithful that promised."

Again to my captivity: November, 1870, although I had some previous

years read, and saw no sense in Pilgrim's Progress, I then felt I ought to re-peruse it; and found to my surprise that during the past four months, up to that date, I had fully experienced the various trials and burdens described by Christian. Little later, I become greatly exercised upon the vanities of this world. Amongst other things, it was indeed painful to see the foolish fashions. I then laid aside my fashionable clothes, dressing plainly and different from the world. Upon that subject, read Numbers 15: 38-40; 1 Tim. 2: 9, 10. My convictions upon that and various other points were from God; and they abide with me, without any shadow of turning. I dedicated my jewelry to good causes. One set I mailed to a Methodist minister, to sell hearing he had a very delicate wife, and were needy. His initials are J. R. W. As he is yet alive, I withhold his full name under the circumstances. I never saw him; only knew of him. His grateful letter rejoiced my heart more than the wearing of those once highly prized ear-rings. One piece of my jewelry I sent to a Missionary Board to aid in defraying the expenses of a Baptist minister to preach to the Africans. Another piece I sent to a needy, afflicted Baptist minister, Rev. Peter Hoge, of Scottsville, Va., an excellent man now dead. Some I returned to friends who presented it; and the rest was sold and divided in little contributions for Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian church repairs. In dealing out my charities, I did not stop to ask are you one of "our" members? To be worthy and needy settled that matter with me. Bigotry is not whole souled.

March, 1871, my heart fully and extensively realized that the Sun of righteousness was rising in it with "healing in his wings." I then wrote to my cousin, (Mrs. Dr. James Richardson, of this county,) of my rich promises on the verge of possession. "Before it came to pass I showed it thee."—Isaiah 48: 5. May 1st, I possessed the same; and was "quickenened in spirit;" was being made alive through Christ. Then and for the first time, I felt some interest in temporal affairs; but with great timidity lest I might unwittingly sin against the great and mighty God.

Flowers, styled by some, "God's smiles," were amongst the first things to interest me. During June my interest in sewing returned; daily continued at that kind of work six weeks. I was so rejoiced to be "at liberty" to resume my work. I wrote to acquaintances of the goodness and faithfulness of God's promises to me. Amongst them, and prominently so, was Mrs. Mary B. Galt, then of this vicinity, now of Richmond, Va. July 7th, 1870, she visited us. I rarely then cared to see even my best friends, but concluded I would go to the parlor to see her a short time. When bidding me good bye, she said: "How can you stay here so?" I had then been in captivity about a year. I replied that some of these days I will tell you, meaning that when I was comforted according to the hoped-for promises of my closely studied Bible, I could then give a "reason" of my hope. It came the following year; and I could not refrain from writing her of the promise and fact that I was then able to "walk at liberty." I used those words as quoted.

In my joyfulness, I was conversing upon God's merits all the day. From no outward cause whatever, and from no mental agitation, I again relapsed into my past, straitened condition the last of July, from which I did not get relief till October. Then resumed my sewing, continuing it daily six months. I usually kept my Bible beside me to glance at its precious words at frequent intervals. I conversed upon its blessed truths almost continually. The multitude may talk upon the fashions and other worldly topics the whole day, no one seeming to fear it might impair their minds; but it is not infrequently hinted that much Bible reading and conversation are dangerous, notwithstanding God's counsel's are against it. That truly proves that Satan leads persons captive at his will, so deluding them he makes them "believe a lie." That absurdity of opinion is one of the Arch Deceiver's own invention to keep people from learning "the truth as it is in Jesus."

The beginning of January, 1872, I became in possession of a sweet, and more extensive inward peace, lasting two successive months. From March till October of that year, I was again experiencing heavy trials, without mental exercise. I lost my dear Sister Carrie, (wife of Dr. W. B. Jefferies, now of Alabama,) July 25, 1872. My soul well nigh cleaved to the dust. She ever expressed sympathy for me in my afflictions and straits. A few weeks before her death, she proposed a trip for my health, saying she would see that the money be forth coming if I agreed to it. I declined with substantial reasons, most highly appreciating her sisterly consideration.

"Sister, dear, these tears of sadness,

On thy grave in sorrow shed,

Are the harbinger of gladness,

Gladness free from doubt and dread.

Death has but thy name engraven

Deeper on the memory:
 Hope and love, though sadly riven,
 Draw us daily nearer thee."

From Oct. to Dec. of that year, I was much quickened in spirit. 27th of the latter month, I had a final release from my spiritual captivity. I fully realized I could walk at liberty, in spirit—the law of God was at last *indelibly stamped upon my heart and written in my mind*, the marvellous ways and means I have thoroughly and honestly submitted to my readers and enquiring friends. Just in the language of the inspired Psalmist I found it thus: "So shall I keep thy law continually * and I will walk at liberty."—Psalm 118: 44, 45. "Oh, how I love thy law! it is my meditation all day."

To prove that all my help and joy came from God, I was "shut up and could not come forth"—void of all interest in temporals, till I became quickened in spirit—healed of the stroke Providence visited upon me, his means to usher me into captivity. That state, then ignorantly entered, I suspended visiting, attending preaching, the different pleasures of the world, all epistolary intercourse with my many friends, (except when stern duty compelled otherwise) all work; in fact "my purposes were broken off, even the thoughts of my heart."—Job 26. Some may ask how was that?—My spiritual strait was such, "it made desolate all my company."—Job 16: 7. Those pleasures, once sweet to me, were then as bitter as wormwood and gall. No affection, wealth, honor, fame, nothing earthly had any power to relieve or comfort me. A *special providence* were those things to give *God complete possession of my heart*. All that remarkable strait, until I begun to understand the meaning of it, I was silent—(except when necessary to answer important questions of our family) mute with sorrow and affliction.—"Light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb."—A desolate being I was! Never can I forget it!

Whilst suffering in that spiritual and physical furnace, (the former entailed the greater pangs of the two) at first I often silently murmured against God. After he vouchsafed to me the understanding of His wise will and ways, I could not praise him enough, and never can. I gratefully thanked and blessed Him for all the necessary trials and sufferings he had wisely and lovingly visited upon me, who had long desired to know "the truth as it is in Jesus." "Every trial and pang, the advent of my new birth, became as monuments of His special favor, love, mercy and wisdom. My afflictions were then indeed "sanctified" to me. Most truly can I add my experience that "*blessed* is the man whom the Lord afflicts;" also that "he does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men;" Yes, He ever "wounds to heal," with judgment, mercy, faith and love.

A remarkable fact, that at times, during my strictest captivity, my physical health steadily improved. Though temporary, that was as a miracle to me. Was afterwards convinced it was to prove to my once skeptical mind, the great power God had under the most adverse circumstances, enabled to perform his will and way through either channel, independent one of the other.

I often thought my captivity would leave me upon the return of bodily health. Not so. Being so unbelieving as to God's infinite power over human beings, he finally varied my case by frequent alternations from physical relief to spiritual straits, until those diversified and dearly bought truths entirely convinced me that that nothing was too hard for him when he is searched for with *all the heart*."— Jer. 32 : 27 ; Jer. 29 : 13.

Those sudden alternations: and that, too, from no external or temporal exercise, satisfied me that free-agency not only ceases and becomes useless to a true child of God; but it is all-important and actually necessary, at all times and circumstances, to be led by its divine substitute, the spirit of truth, that the subject may joy in the communion with the Holy Ghost. With each relapse, I clearly discerned the justice and judgment of God's way with me. Every bath of regeneration or spiritual mist gave me nearer and clearer views of the preciousness and efficacy of the crucified Savior. The matchless plan of salvation has degrees of high, higher, highest. For its perfect attainment, all are divinely urged to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus." "Whosoever will may come and drink of the water of life freely."

After my final release from spiritual captivity, three weeks later, I was instantaneously seized with the most excruciating neuralgia of my face, continuing three successive months, the whole of every day, and the most of each night. That ended late in March, 1873. Again my nervous system was almost a wreck; had a return of feeble health; but strong, and greatly quickened in spirit. That alone sustained my physical agony. Desiring much to be usefully employed, and too feeble for any kind of exertion, I resumed the task of completing a book for housekeepers I had begun, and laid aside a

few years before. I continued that writing four and a half months, from Oct., 1873 till the ensuing Feb., with my Bible ever beside me for frequent examination.

That continuous writing proved to be such a tax, I became thoroughly prostrated, with little or no relief, six or seven months; was never confined to my bed. I often felt there was no more heavenly light for me to receive; but as I had not then joined any church, there was ever an indefinable need of something. Meanwhile, Brother Virgil, fifteen and half years old, from the effects of an accidental kick in his side, by a mule, died, June 3, 1874. His brief sufferings so sorely distressed me, my fountain of grief was opened, notwithstanding that whilst dying, he was entirely rational, and conversed for hours concerning his trust in God, and entire resignation to death. That death-bed conversation was remarkable, and I had it published at length, and circulated amongst many of his old and young friends. His death, although so full of comfort, was the final stroke to humble me sufficiently to connect myself with any church corresponding with my long-standing Bible convictions.

Becoming exercised upon the subject of joining a church (feeling that my worship of God was incomplete without the observance of other things commanded in his Word) January of 1874, I remarked to our visitor, Mrs. Maggie Edmunds, now Mrs. Seay of this county, that I was waiting upon God for a church corresponding with my Bible convictions. She expressed her belief in special providence.

After importuning the Ruler of the universe to open the way for a church in which I felt I could fully do His described will, you skeptics, who disbelieve special providence; revealed religion, and that God hears and answers earnest, lawful prayer, note this fact: After my heart was fully bent—entirely willing to accept anything *Providence* prepared for me, my prayers were thus answered: One night I dreamed a strange package came to me. Next day it arrived. The wrapper torn off showed me the pamphlet, "Trine Immersion, traced to the Apostles." Its author, Eld. J. H. Moore, then of Ill., now of Keuka, Fla. The inside contained an anonymous card, bearing only this writing: "From a well-wisher of your happiness." I stood amazed, wondering who sent it. Noticing upon the wrapper the author's printed name and address, after reading the book, I wrote him to inform me who sent it to me, and the name and whereabouts of the people who practice its teachings. Brother Moore wrote me their name and address, saying the nearest ministers to me were in Augusta county, Va., who monthly visited some of their members, residing in Cumberland county, thirteen miles below me. He had "forgotten who ordered him to mail that pamphlet to me." Under the circumstances, I was curious to know the particulars of it. None of my friends questioned, could give me any clue to it.

I soon wrote those ministers to call here their next passing. Brethren Joseph M. Cline, Daniel Yount and wife, Abraham Garber and wife came. After conversing awhile, I asking and answering questions upon important religious points, Brother Cline seated nearest me, said: "You are so near in the dress uniform of our church, very little change is to be made." I told him that in all things they answered to the description my Bible had aught me. He asked my "views concerning the head being covered during prayer?" Had not thought of that I replied. Upon his reading to me 1 Cor. 11:5, 6, I became convinced it was necessary. All the rest I was fully convicted upon before my conversation with them. Perfectly satisfied with those Christian people and their doctrine, I requested Brother Cline to return in one month to baptize me into their church, historically known as "the Brethren or German Baptists," sometimes called "Dunkards or Tankers," by outsiders.

Upon my limited notice, it was estimated by judges, that between 800 and 1,000 persons, from 10 miles each way, North, South, East and West, assembled here at our residence to hear the sermon by Bro. Cline, assisted by our lamented and beloved Bro. Daniel Yount, who was since accidentally killed by a fast train, when attempting to signal it at night.

After such a long Scripture search and religious concern, my many friends and acquaintances desired to come, hear and see what I was at last about to do. They witnessed my baptism by trine immersion. I never saw more solemnity, and a more orderly crowd of people. As I returned to the bank of the canal, various female friends, of different denominations, affectionately received me. Some who could not come, wrote me sweet messages, bidding me "God-speed." One dear writer, (the wife of the aged and highly esteemed Presbyterian minister, Rev. Wm. Thompson of Buckingham Co., Va.) now lies "under the daisies."

The few members of the Brethren there, also came here from Cumberland Co., Va. Upon inquiring of them who sent me that previously mentioned

pamphlet, Bro. Wm. Mallory, near Cartersville, in that county, said he had "heard of my spiritual concern, and concluded to order it sent me." That commendable and excellent Christian was unwittingly an instrument in God's hand to open the way to find the people and church answering to my long-standing Bible convictions. That was a veritable *special providence* in answer to my fervent prayer. I was baptized Oct. 4th. 1874. After the performance of that sacred and essential commandment, I immediately became possessed of such an additional and great peace, I could not refrain from publishing it far and near. For about a fortnight, my mouth was filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing.—Psalm 126:2.

That joy was not boisterous; but deep in my heart. Friends remarked upon the happy expression of my face. Some seem to think Christians should always be laughing. There is a "time to laugh, and a time to weep." At times, it is natural and necessary to be sober and serious. When Christians have made full peace with God, it often gives them a serious countenance when exercised and pleading for the removal of sin from their friends.—"Every man look not upon his own things but upon the things of others;" set a good example to the world, "praying with all supplication in the spirit, watching thereunto."

Even since my connection with the people of God my inward peace has been unbroken. Real living and moving in Christ exclude perplexity. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."—Isaiah 26:3.

The ensuing episode deserves a place in connection with my baptism: I was ever devoted to one of our sable house-servants, Chanie Jacobs, who nursed me. My child-like troubles and grievances always received her sympathy, so winning me in early days, it strengthened with womanhood. Preparatory to my immersion; in compliance with my request that she should be at the water's edge to adjust my wraps around me after its performance; in the presence of that large assemblage, Chanie was in attendance, notwithstanding that assistance was usually performed by white people. She and her children, then emancipated several years, we hired. Three years later her health declined and she became dependent upon us. A physician was employed, assuring him we would foot all bills. Hearing that Chanie said, with tearful eyes and gratitude, "I do not wish the money lost upon me, I can never recover." You shall have the benefit, living or dying, of any thing you need, I replied. In response she said, "Except two or three, my own color have deserted me, now I am needing their attention; the white people are my best friends." Two months before her death, various medicines were necessary through each day and sometimes at night. At whatever hour, I was promptly at her side, (just as we did when they were our property,) to administer the doses. We hired a colored woman to be constantly at her side, assisting about her children. June 25th, 1877, early in the morning, the summons, "Chanie is dying," hastened me from my bed. At 11 that forenoon, she quietly breathed her last. Words fail to describe my unutterable and tender grief from that time forward; at my present writing, I cannot suppress my tears, as dear memories of her rush down the corridor of "by gone hours." We had frequent and comforting conversations upon the subject of religion.

Although Chanie had near relatives, she requested us to see that her children were attended to. At her death, the relatives needed their services, taking them from us.

During their mother's months of ill health, the medical expenses etc., were \$67.00. Of that, my Brother John paid \$30.00; Brother Henry \$7.00, and the benevolent christian gentleman, Dr. A. W. Foutaine, of Buckingham Co., Va., voluntarily wrote me he would deduct the remainder from his services, which I know he so faithfully and attentively rendered.

My lamented nurse was nicely interred near some of our family servants, adjacent to our cemetery. For her newly made grave I arranged some beautiful flowers of the season, including the large, pure white, fragrant Magnolia. This narrative is a fair example of the deeds of many former slave-holders. They were kind to them as their own, continuing it in freedom as far as opportunity and encouragement were presented.

To my history: 7 successive years, after I joined the Brethren, I wrote by turns, for several of our church papers. The Pilgrim, Primitive Christian, Progressive Christian, and occasionally for the Brethren At Work and Gospel Preacher. June, 1879, I became so disabled by an accident, had to suspend my public writing, except when stern necessity demanded otherwise, entailing additional suffering. Friends insisted upon my traveling North, or to the coast for my health. A special providence led me to the former point. That forgiven in this book, relieved me considerably, though remaining unfitted for much exertion of any kind.

Since Dec. 1886, my health has become very changeable; and at intervals, "critical." But the beloved, skillful and exemplary Dr. P. James Winn, of Fork Union, Va., told me prior to his death, that in the course of a year or more, I might "expect established and improved health." June 19th, 1887, that excellent physician exchanged the toils and sacrifices of earth, I hope, for a home in heaven. Years of faithful, untiring services were rendered the rich and poor, now I pray they may never permit his truly deserving widow and six estimable orphans to lack for any good thing.

By faith in Almighty God, I do believe and "expect" better health in his own good time and perfect way. Until then, (although constantly hedged in from visiting and other customs) I have long since learned to be contented in whatever situation I am providentially placed. God has "a time to every purpose under the heaven." Unfortunately, but a few of the millions seem to consult much of His counsel and guidance in their daily life. By my observance of it, He fully performs this Scripture for me: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forevermore." How often His fulfilled promises cause my heart to vibrate with these true words: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul."—Psalm 94. Trials and tribulations in the world are the badge of discipleship; they are important to *keep* the spiritual man strong and active. The divine word says, "in the world ye must *expect* tribulation." I indeed know its weight and truth; but blessed be my Refuge and Rock! up to the time of this re-writing, July 1887, since my spiritual healing and deliverance from captivity, nearly fifteen years since; in no strait has Providence failed to perform his promises to me in due season, nor has my inward, soul-felt, abiding peace ever been shaken. Storms came, but they were outward and not internal. Only God can give that kind and degree of peace—that wisdom which is more valuable than gold and precious stones. To the faithful and obedient, God is ever a "present help," a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother." "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—Psalm 27. How true!

After my final release from spiritual captivity, Dec. 1872, opportunities were gradually afforded me for the enjoyment of all convenient, lawful, new pleasures consistent with a renewed nature. Some old enjoyments were presented, others not only withheld, but manifestly repugnant to my converted heart. When in captivity, it then really seemed I could never again enjoy anything. As soon as God, the Refiner and Purifier completed his work of regeneration upon my heart—a preparation and performance not in a twinkling as some ignorantly suppose—He gave me such a pressed and overflowing measure of comfort and unspeakable blessings, spiritual and temporal, in their season. I became as contented as if I really owned this whole world and all it contains.

As proof that it was God's own work, I was surrounded by the precise outward circumstances as when I entered my captivity; and agreeable to Scripture promises, I came out with joy, and was led forth with peace.—Isaiah 55. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of man" God's "covenant of peace" is fully mine. To me He has magnified his law and made it honorable.

Were I to enter into all details of my experience and conversion, my article would be too lengthy. It is my purpose to give the most striking points of the matter, with necessary Scripture quotations to substantiate my experience. I especially request each reader to examine the Bible for the references I quoted throughout. My sole object in submitting this to the probable criticisms of the sometimes unfeeling public, is, by the help of God, to strengthen the afflicted, bind up the broken hearted, heal the wounded, support the weak, cheer the nervous, and to dissipate skepticism.

It may be necessary to give particulars of my feelings and daily life ere I enter! captivity: The first link of that remarkable chain of events I take from the close of 1861. From that date to 1868, although quite suffering at times, I engaged in dancing, card-playing and various kinds of worldly amusements just as the majority of professing Christians and the multitude did. I was particularly fond of dancing; once participated at a ball, with 1,200 lovers of the terpsichorean art. There were attendants from several states. I composed several instrumental and one vocal piece of music in 1866. Some of it was sold in different states. There must be music in my soul; for certain strains so delight me. I have often thought if I were dying, and heard it, the inspiration would wait my spirit to the upper world. When in captivity, I lost my old inborn love for it; but after my release, the charm returned, more, if possible, but in a *new*, soul-entrancing way.

At intervals, from 1863 to 1869, I began to have such trials and afflictions it often become burdensome for me to leave home, or attend parties.

August 11th and Sept. 19th, 1864, Brothers Samuel and Augustus, died in thirty-nine days of each other, as Confederate soldiers. In addition to my delicate health, that was very afflictive to me: was advised to visit for relief. Frequently the kind reception of friends had no charms to undo my secretly changing feelings. For twelve months, dating from early in 1863, I strove against that growing tendency. Instead of improving my health to mingle with the gay and worldly, it sickened me. I ceased visiting, attending to my home duties and recreation. There is too much striving to smother serious feelings. Were they allowed to take their course; with the Bible for a daily guide, there would be more vital piety; less lunatics, and more peace of heart.

There are some evidently so ashamed of seriousness; to appear gay, they exert themselves to produce a laugh, apparently so strained, it almost distorts the features. A spontaneous laugh or smile is indeed like sunshine; its opposite a painful shadow. Be yourself in all things. "Honesty is the best policy," for which God will sooner or later reward the persevering followers.

Other particulars of my daily life: From the middle of 1869 till May 1871, I did little or no work, except to daily attend (in a most struggling manner) to my bed-chamber, then quietly sit in it and "search the Scripture" and all the religious books I could get. An Episcopal lady, Mrs. Mary B. Galt, formerly a resident of this county, kindly sent me several interesting ones to read. All were eagerly examined. The most profitable amongst them were "Goulborne's Thoughts on Personal Religion," and "Stepping Heavenward."

Except when I was suffering more than usual in body, I occasionally went into the parlor to see old acquaintances a few minutes; was too deeply interested in my soul's salvation to lose my time listening to the then uninteresting news of the day, etc. I obeyed this: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—St. Matt. 6.

Sometimes, for months, I was sufficiently strong to walk an hour or more at a time. My walks were about our yard or farm. I never quite lost my old love for scenery. Since then, I delight in it. Admiring the gifts, and beauties of nature, around, beneath and above, I now feel this sentiment of the Christian poet: "My Father made them all!"

Towards the close of 1871, I was daily employed in sewing, until late in March, I begun teaching my youngest Brothers Virgil and Toutant. I volunteered to make a great sacrifice in that matter. Feeling it to be a duty to God and them, I preferring a home education, continued to teach them every year, whether I was sick or well. With feeble health, that tax increased my nervousness, obliging me to suspend all teaching. Being the eldest sister, it devolved upon me to teach, at times, for seven successive years, the most of my brothers and sisters in their childhood days. In addition to that, I taught my two youngest brothers three successive years.

All particulars, striving to make it as plain as possible, have been honestly given to the reading public. When it appeared before, several informed me it brought them to Christ. One of its readers and converts became a minister of the Gospel. He wrote me he had been a skeptic. It was Prof. Howard Miller, of Pa. May he grow in grace.

The remarkable experience through which I passed has been felt in a measure by some; here and there, perhaps fully, but of rare occurrence in such a connected and continuous manner as mine, because their hearts—the "chambers of imagery" ceased not their entire hold upon the world. My experience is the life-time work of many. Nothing less than a spiritual captivity could produce such a full surrender, or so accurately describe God's "hand and might," its manner, effects and duration, the beginning and the end; nor could any other way be likely to afford such a clear discernment of Jesus manifested in the flesh—his *spiritual* presence and communion.

I had been in captivity nearly a year, ere I knew what to say of it, or call it. According to prophecy, it was "a vexation only to understand the report;" also "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me."—Isaiah 45. To be "girded" was unmistakably proven to me, a captivity in spirit. At no time was my seriousness a mental exercise; not melancholy and despondency. It was simply a providential and special preparation of my spiritual being to bring me fully and extensively to Christ that he might instruct me in wisdom's ways. That is accomplished by searching the Scriptures; they testify of Him. His instruction is so simple, a "way-faring man though a fool will not err therein." *Willing obedience* to it renders the "yoke easy and burden light;" the opposite makes it ponderous and nonsensical.—Cor. 1: 18.

In God's perfect time and way, my child-like obedience and willingness, brought me forth with great joy and peace, the result of being purged from "original sin," common to all, and filled with the imputed righteousness of Christ. My own righteousness is as "filthy rags;" for without the guidance and help of the Holy Spirit, no *naturally* good things dwells in me or any other human being.

During my most serious and straitened states, my mind was providentially at rest; and was evidently strengthened. Whenever any of our surrounding family could not recollect past or present important occurrences, the matter was frequently referred to me, which I ever remembered with marked accuracy. Although not then concerned in mental exercises, yet I was fully adequate to the comprehension, recollection, or exercise of any reasonable matter of the mind. A spiritual captivity undoubtedly brightens and strengthens the intellect. In fact through regeneration, God blesses and improves every faculty for a good purpose. He is a wonderful Being—"I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works." With the spirit and an enlightened understanding, I can heartily say, "Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

During my captivity, as other proofs that my exercises and desires were not upon temporal matters, it is important and necessary to note the following: Before my confirmed seriousness, I was the continued recipient of those favors so universally grasped by the multitude. And during my "captivity," I had the proffer of just those kind of favors and compliments from such sources, and of that magnitude and nature sufficient, at intervals, to revive the heart of almost any woman. However, God's hand and power over me excluded every iota of emotion. I was placed beyond any human invention or relation to relieve me. Being a special providence of God's own planning, nothing save his almighty power and wisdom could possibly give me "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Until He healed me, (the reward for continually following his righteous counsel) there was not that temporal blessing or pleasure that could either relieve or revive me. In the kindness of his heart, my Brother John proposed to take me on a trip with him to California as a relief and pleasure to me; even proposed to have all necessary clothing made for my travel. I wrote, declining with appreciative thanks, informing him I could not enjoy anything of that kind then, but at some future time I should. He was then editing the *Piedmont Independent*, at Richmond, W. Va. Amongst other papers, he exchanged with the *Christian Family Companion*, edited by Eld. H. R. Holsinger, then of Pa., now of South Bend, Ind. Brother John selected that paper from the rest of his exchanges, mailing the first copy to me, wrote it was "edited by the Quakers; and thought its pure religious style might interest me." So it did for several months. How grieved I was they come no more, as he wrote me that paper had changed hands and the succeeding editor objected to exchanging for his secular paper. Had it not been discontinued, probably I might have had less prayers and trials to trace out the people who corresponded with my Bible convictions for a church. That supposed "Quaker" editor, Holsinger, was indeed one of the Brethren, or German Baptist to which I was finally led.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

As my "Northern Travels" and sequel will show, it is indeed remarkable that though ignorant of it just then, Brother Holsinger's paper was the first publication by his church I had ever seen; and he was one of the first persons to meet me at the train when I landed at Lanark, Ill., at the outset of my Northern health tour, the account of which will precede this my Autobiography.

Conclusively, that I may grow in grace, and be kept in the strait and narrow way of peace and righteousness, I especially request the daily, "fervent prayers of the righteous, which availeth much;" also that this article, so dearly bought, may prove a blessing to skeptics; and that people may be converted from blind prejudice and filled with charity, is the humble and heartfelt petition of the well wishing friend of all God's creatures.

JULIA A. WOOD,

July 20, 1887,

