E 13838



Geo. N. Stuart

THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE H. STUART,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

EDITED BY

ROBT. ELLIS THOMPSON, D.D.,

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. M. STODDART & CO.

1890.

Copyright, 1890, by GEORGE H. STUART.

TO

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER,

POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES,

THE CHERISHED FRIEND OF MANY YEARS, A COUNSELLOR IN MY PLANS AND A VALUED HELPER IN VARIED FIELDS OF LABOR,

THESE MEMOIRS ARE

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

PAGE

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION 13

CHAPTER I.

Early Years and School-Days in Ulster—Comes to Philadelphia in 1831—Stuart and Brothers—Takes the Temperance Pledge in Pittsburg—Welcomes Gough to Philadelphia—Marriage in 1837—First and Second Visits to Ireland—First Knowledge of John Hall 27

CHAPTER II.

Church Relations in Philadelphia—Division of the Covenanters in 1833—Anecdote of Edwin M. Stanton—Church Membership—The two Drs. Wylie—A Sabbath-School Teacher—Promoted to Superintendency—Interest in Foreign Missions—The Story of James R. Campbell—"The Banner of the Covenant"—Interest in the Anti-Slavery Movement—The Armistad Negroes in Philadelphia 44

CHAPTER III.

First Irish Presbyterian Delegation to America—The Work of the American Sunday-School Union—Chidlaw, Paxson, and McCullaugh—Meets Dr. Duff in Edinburgh in 1851—The great Missionary brought to America—Incidents of his Visit—New Church dedicated on Broad Street 66

CHAPTER IV.

The Berg-Barker Debate—The Young Men's Christian Association established in Philadelphia—Meetings of the Evangelical Alliance and the Young Men's Christian Association in Paris—Communes with the Alliance—Nominated to Congress—Bethany Sunday-

PAGE

School—St. Mary's Street Sunday-School for Colored Children—Purchase of Springbrook—The Revival of 1857—Conversion of George J. Mingins—Mr. Henry Grattan Guinness's Labors in Philadelphia 92

CHAPTER V.

Third Irish Presbyterian Delegation—Dr. Edgar—Visit to Great Britain and Ireland with Dr. Murray—Describes Moody's Work at an Edinburgh Meeting—The Revival in Wales—Visit to Athlone Presbytery and the Scene of the Irish Revival—Dr. Murray's Last Days 114

CHAPTER VI.

The Demands made by the War on the Young Men's Christian Associations—Their Convention founds the Christian Commission—Previous Workers in the Army—Members and Officers—Letter of Abraham Lincoln—Work of the Delegates—Generous Response to Demands for Funds—Getting Ice at Saratoga—Praying with John Minor Botts—Bishop McIlvaine Presides at Epiphany and Visits the Front—Pittsburg Meeting—Address to the General Assembly at Newark—In Danger of being Shot at Camp Convalescent—News at Troy Meeting from Appomattox—"Housewives" for the Soldiers—Chapel Tents—Coffee-Wagon—"Identifiers"—Incidents and Results—Final Meeting 128

CHAPTER VII.

Death of Dr. James R. Campbell in India—Death of William David Stuart—His Sabbath-School—His Biography—Presenting the Bible to President Lincoln—His Letter to the Christian Commission—Call on General Grant—House bought for him in Philadelphia—The Presentation—General Grant's Log Cabin—Letter to Freedmen's Aid Society 173

CHAPTER VIII.

Ninth Visit to Europe—Bible Society Address and Lord Shaftesbury—Address before the Free Church Assembly and the Irish Assembly—Dr. Hall secured as Delegate to America—The Albany Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association—

PAGE

The Irish Delegation in the American Assemblies—Dr. Hall called to the Fifth Avenue Church, and accepts—His Arrival . . 188

CHAPTER IX.

The Presbyterian Union Movement begun in the Reformed Presbyterian General Synod—The Reunion Convention of 1867 in Philadelphia—Dr. Robert Breckenridge Inharmonious—Dr. Charles Hodge Satisfied—The Episcopalians Visit the Convention—Its Happy Results—The Final Reunion of the two Assemblies in Pittsburg—My Suspension for Hymn-singing, and its Effects on the Reformed Presbyterian Church—Meeting to Endorse Nomination of Grant and Colfax—Sad Death of Rev. Robert J. Parvin and William Garvin 209

CHAPTER X.

Offered a place in President Grant's Cabinet—Secure the Selection of Mr. Borie and Mr. A. T. Stewart—Try to get Mr. Stewart to Retain his Office by Retiring from Business—Presenting a Bible to President Grant—Instances of his Friendliness—His Indian Policy—Appointment of the Indian Commission—Its Services—National Convention of Sunday-School Workers at Newark—Made a Member of the Board of City Trusts—The Management of Girard College—Indian Chiefs at the Y. M. C. A. Convention—The Chicago Fire—Mr. Moody's Losses 233

CHAPTER XI.

Tenth Visit to Europe for the Evangelical Alliance—The Jubilee Singers in London—Secure Sheshadri for the Alliance—Its Meeting in New York—Bishop Cummins and the Reformed Episcopal Church—Excursion to Washington—Mr. Hamilton Murray drowned in the *Ville du Havre*—New Building for the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia—Mr. Moody's Labors in the Central Presbyterian Church—In Great Britain—Dr. Somerville becomes an Evangelist—The Profits of the "Gospel Songs"—Mr. Moody invited to Philadelphia—Fitting up the Old Dépôt—His Meetings and their Management—Some of the Results—Collection for the Young Men's Christian Association—Labors of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Needham—Investigating the Story of "the Converted Priest" 261

PAGE

CHAPTER XII.

Liquidation of Stuart & Brother—Elected President of the Merchants' National Bank—Associations with 1313 Spruce Street—Meeting Garfield at Chautauqua—His Death—Welcome Dennis Osborne to America —The Profound Impression he Makes—Gifts from Presbyterians—His Speech at the Cumberland Valley Reunion—Newman Hall—Major Malan—Mr. Baldwin's Mission in Morocco—Death of Bishop Simpson—Hudson Taylor's Chinese Mission—The Story of John C. Stewart —Death of General Grant —His Last Public Appearance—Death of Mr. Gough—Evangelistic Labors of Alexander Patterson—The Conductor 292

CHAPTER XIII.

Religious Canvass of Philadelphia—Convention at Harrisburg—Death of John Patterson—His Management of the Swearing Quartermaster—Closing Years of Life—Residence at Clifton Springs Sanitarium—Relief of Mr. William A. Washington—Preaching in the Universalist Church at Clifton—Closing Words by Prof. Gilmore 320

APPENDICES.

I.—The Six Stuarts 335
II.—History of General Grant's Log Cabin 339
III.—Letters from Generals Grant, Sherman, and others, on the Christian Commission 341
IV.—Address before the British and Foreign Bible Society, London, May 2, 1866 348
V.—Address on Lay Preaching before the Evangelical Alliance, New York, October 10, 1873 361
VI.—The Clifton Springs Sanitarium—An Account of its Origin and Progress 369

CLOSING HOURS.

Death of George H. Stuart 381

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

George H. Stuart (steel plate) . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

PAGE

John Hall 43
Wylie Memorial Church 48
John Wanamaker 103
Head-Quarters of the United States Christian Commission 171
General Grant's Log Cabin 185
George H. Stuart (from a photograph taken in 1866) 188
George W. Childs 239
Benjamin B. Comegys 256
Rev. Narayan Sheshadri 265
The Old Freight Depot in 1875–76 277
Anthony J. Drexel 293
Rev. Dennis Osborne 298
General Ulysses S. Grant 312
The Sanitarium at Clifton Springs 323

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

From Abraham Lincoln, December 12, 1861 133
From U. S. Grant, January 12, 1866 168
From General A. E. Burnside, March 20, 1866 170
From U. S. Grant, January 4, 1865 182

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

"READ biographies," says Carlyle, "but especially autobiographies." Except the great works of imaginative genius, there are no books that bring us into more real and immediate relations with our fellow-men. And, indeed, it is a large part of the prerogative of a Shakespeare that he is able to make his characters unfold their own lives to us, if not in chronological sequence, yet in the substance of what they had experienced and had learned from experience.

In Christian literature, from the time of Paul, or at least of Justin Martyr and Augustine of Hippo, autobiography has held a place of honor and usefulness not surpassed by any other kind of writing. This is because the worth of the individual man is so fully disclosed by the Gospel, and the substantial identity of spiritual experience has created a lively interest in the experience of our fellow-Christians. We love to find the truth, as Paul loved to express it, in the concrete form of a life. Nor are we deterred by any appearance of egotism in such writing, for all genuine Christianity has the mark of referring all good to divine grace, and of giving God the glory in all things. Christian autobiography, like

that of Augustine, is a constant "confession" of obligation to God, the giver of all good. Its note is his wonderful prayer: "*Da quod jubes, et jube quod vis!*"

Autobiographies of this class divide themselves from each other as to their centre of interest. In some it is the inward experience of the heart which occupies us. The record is that of introspective natures whose mind is their kingdom. In others it is the leading of God in paths of usefulness and active service. It is to the latter class that the present book belongs. Its author has passed lightly over things of even the highest concern, where that was a personal concern only. He occupies himself with the narrative of the movements and the events in which he has taken part.

It was not of his own motion that he undertook to write the story of his life. A number of his friends, knowing how abundant his life had been in experiences which were worthy of record, urged him to employ in this way the leisure of these later years, since he retired from business. He very naturally objected, on the ground of his lack of experience in book-making; but it was suggested that he make as full a record as possible, and then put the manuscript into my hands for editing. I felt very much honored by the suggestion, and undertook the work with no reluctance. Mr. Stuart has been to me for more than thirty years a very dear and valued friend, to whom I have learned to look with much of the regard a son owes to a father. Nor was

the task so laborious as I expected. Thanks to the kind co-operation of Prof. Gilmore, of Rochester, in the preparation of the manuscript, I found it much more complete and satisfactory than I should have expected. It has been my task to rearrange it with reference to the order of time, to supply dates, to verify its statements by contemporary records of all kinds, so far as this was possible, and to suggest some additions which seemed necessary to round off the story. I have added notes in several places, for which I alone am responsible. Their character has been indicated by the signature "ED." Important additions have been furnished by Mr. Thomas K. Cree, the International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and by others.

Mr. Stuart's life extends through a memorable half-century of our country's history, and touches more or less closely upon all the great religious and philanthropic movements of that time. While he has not taken any part in political life or sought any eminence in that field, he has been brought into contact with many of our public men, from the Anti-Slavery group of half a century ago, to Lincoln, Grant, and the national leaders of our own time. On this account alone it is a life worth telling as a part of the history of the country, especially during what Mr. Lecky has well called "the heroic age of America,"—the years 1861–1865. On the other hand, he has occupied almost a unique position in our ecclesiastical life, as representing

that spirit of unity which has been awakened in the American churches during and since the war. Warm as has been his attachment to the church of his early training, there are few men for whom lines of sectarian division have so little practical significance, and still fewer who have obtained such recognition from men of all names as being above all things a brother in Christ, to all who love and serve the common Master.

In another respect this biography possesses a significance much wider than personal. Mr. Stuart represents those ties which have so closely connected the Irish province of Ulster to the American nation. Himself a native of that province, and one of the large immigration which even in our century continues to strip it of its Scotch-Irish settlers, he also has continued to feel much more than an ordinary interest in its welfare, and to labor to the utmost of his ability and influence for the advancement of its people and its churches. In Ulster he is everywhere recognized as one who has lost nothing of his attachment to the home of his childhood and the people of his kindred. And in America no man of our generation has been more prominent as a representative of this stock.

Ulster was the last province of Ireland to pass under the rule of England. Her earls were dispossessed of their lands at the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and, in accordance with English precedents, this was held to accomplish forfeiture of the rights of their tenants also.

King James I. availed himself of the acquisition to provide places and possessions for many of his Scottish countrymen in those northern counties of Ireland. Families like the Knoxes of Dungannon, the Brownlows of Lurgan, and the Hills of Downshire, who had some claim on the favor of the crown, were given large estates in a province less fertile than the rest of the island, but much more so than are most parts of Scotland. These held out especial inducements to Scottish farmers to settle on their lands, their promises of this kind being the foundation of what is known as the "Ulster Tenant Right." These settlers generally were Presbyterians; yet, as the Episcopal Church was by law established, it was not without a prolonged struggle that Presbyterianism managed to secure a foothold in Ireland. It was placed under grave disabilities of many kinds, some of which may be said to have even survived the disestablishment of 1868. It was this Protestant intolerance of Protestants which drove the Presbyterians of Ulster from Ireland to America in such numbers that the descendants of the old settlers on our side of the ocean are probably three times as numerous as those left at home. But with this co-operated the failure of many landlords to stand by the pledges given their tenants as an inducement to make their homes in Ulster.

The first movement towards America was made in 1636, but was a failure, the vessel in which Robert Blair and his friends embarked being driven back by adverse

winds. About 1670, or even earlier, an Ulster immigration to Virginia and Maryland began, and seems to have lasted some ten years. To this was due the establishment of the first Presbyterian church in America, at Snow Hill in the latter State; and also the appearance of a few Presbyterians in Pennsylvania after its settlement by the Friends. It was in the years 1713–1718 that the great exodus from Ulster began, which did not spend its force before the middle of the century. The northern half of it sought Maine and New Hampshire, and made sporadic settlements in Boston, Worcester, and other towns of Massachusetts. The southern half poured into Pennsylvania, and then, following the trend of the Alleghanies, flowed southward, until the whole region from the Oil District in Pennsylvania to Huntsville in Alabama was occupied by Ulstermen. West Virginia, eastern Kentucky, most of North Carolina and a part of Southeastern Tennessee, and the adjacent parts of Georgia and Alabama were thus taken up.

The immigration from Ulster was interrupted by the Revolution, but was renewed during the troubles in Ireland in the last years of the eighteenth century, when many of the Presbyterians embraced the principles of the United Irishmen. It still continues, although Irish Presbyterians as a body are now friendly to the continuance of English rule in Ireland. And as so much of the blame of Irish misery has been charged to the landlords, it is but fair to say that the freeholders, who

formed no inconsiderable part of the people of County Down, have furnished many immigrants to America, Mr. Stuart's family being one instance. In the present economic condition of Ireland, prosperity would not be secured to its people by making over the land to them for nothing.

In American history the Scotch-Irish have played a part second to no other element. They have not given the nation its intellectual and literary leaders, or its most eminent philanthropists. They have been behind the Puritan and the Quaker in these respects. Their contribution has been men of action and of personal force. They have given the country more presidents than any other stock,—Monroe, Jackson, Polk (Pollock), Taylor, Buchanan, Johnson, and Arthur; in public life they have been represented by the Bayards, the Breckenridges, Brownlee, Calhoun (Colquhoun), Carlisle, Crawford, Greeley, Sam. Houston, President Reed, McDuffie, Charles Thomson, the Websters, and many others; in the army by Generals Crawford, McClellan, Montgomery, McPherson, Patterson, Scott, Shields, Stuart, and Taylor; in science and invention by Robert Fulton, Joseph Henry, McCormick, and Rush; in literature by Poe, James, McHenry, and Mrs. Junkin Preston. But it is especially as pillars of the orthodox churches of America, and most of all of the Presbyterian Church, that they have made a permanent mark: Alison, the Alexanders, the Finlays, the Blairs, the Beatties, the

Breckenridges, the Junkins, Craighead, the Macmillans, the Nevins, Macwhirter, Mason, Waddell, and others without number might be named; while the two Campbells (Thomas and Alexander) founded the Church of the Disciples in America. Nor have the stock been less active and successful in business life, such names as John Brown, A. T. Stewart, Thomas Scott, with that of Mr. Stuart himself, being among the first that occur to me.

And this, I think, constitutes an especial source of interest in the story he has to tell. It is the life of a Christian merchant who is at once zealously Christian and diligently a man of business. The Kingdom of Heaven, our Lord tells us, has its especial use and honor for the directness and straightforwardness of the business temperament. Among other comparisons, He says that "it is like unto a merchant seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." The successful business-man is one who has taken the trouble to ascertain the relative value of things, and who proceeds to act on that knowledge without question or hesitation. And the Christian of this temper is a man who has satisfied himself that his Master's estimate of the value of things is the right one, and who proceeds to act on that assumption with as little reserve or hesitation as if it were a question of the market price of hardwares or dry-goods. It is observed by Dr. Paley that the mind

of the Apostle to the Gentiles had this business-like quality. The weights and measures of things that he had learned on the way to Damascus continued to be his standards of action as well as of opinion to the end of his wonderful career. "All things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ" sums up his lesson in spiritual arithmetic. It was this that made him as "instant in season and out of season" as he exhorted Timothy to be. Being about the Master's business, he could waste no time on the conventionalities of time and place. So he found himself nowhere more thoroughly at home than in Corinth, the great trading city of that day, where he gathered the largest (and also the most troublesome) of all the churches which were the fruit of his labors,—a church whose people were in the main in sympathy with his own temper of mind.

Those of us whose natural disposition or special pursuits make this kind of directness almost impossible to us, will none the less honor and value it in those who have this complete unreserve, that breaks through all conventional crusts, and deals with divine things on the principle that their relative worth has been ascertained, and that it is the part of simple common sense to act upon that knowledge in every kind of social intercourse. All who know Mr. Stuart are aware that the story of his life, while it brings out this trait of his character, does less than justice to it. It has been his joy to testify everywhere and to all men of his love for the Saviour,

and that with a frankness and unreserve which mark the man who "means business" in his religion as elsewhere. Having "found the pearl of great price," he advertises the fact to others for their benefit, that they may share in his enrichment.

One point more. To those who have not known Mr. Stuart personally there may be some difficulty in understanding the kind and degree of influence he has exerted at various times over popular assemblies. The narrative, indeed, contains sketches of some of his speeches, and several of the most important are reprinted in the closing pages of the book. These will help the reader to some extent, but only partially. Those who have not heard him on the platform, listened to the tones of his voice, watched his face and his bearing, and felt the magnetic touch of his intense earnestness will still be puzzled by the record of the actual effect of his speeches, just as the readers of Whitefield's sermons are puzzled to account for the far more profound impression his preaching made on his generation. It was said of John P. Durbin, the eloquent Methodist preacher, that the largest element in his oratory was Dr. Durbin himself. So in this case: the largest element in every speech or address was George H. Stuart himself. For this very reason, none but those who have heard him in the years of his best powers can form any adequate idea of his influence on an audience.

His oratory was spontaneous and natural, owing little

or nothing to early training of any kind. He was as much a self-made speaker as was his friend John B. Gough. But like him, he did not at once make an impression on the public, when he first appeared on the platform. I have been told by those who heard him in the years before the great Revival of 1857, that he spoke with a hesitation and diffidence which at times brought the impression made by his speech below the merits of what he had to say. It was in the vast public meetings of that year that he discovered the capacity he had of reaching and holding the most varied audiences. The war, with its demands on his time and his powers, developed this capacity to a still higher degree, and gave an influence which was hardly second to that of the best-known public speakers of the land.

As I myself have learned from him nearly all I know about the art of public speaking, I may say that I have watched him with attention and to my own profit. The first secret of his power is his earnestness,—a fervor not unconnected with the Celtic strain in his Scottish blood. And this finds expression in a certain vehemence of manner, which attests the reality of the feeling. Next to this is the perfect simplicity and intelligibilty of the terms in which his feeling and thought find expression. Every word goes home without the hearer being distracted by the friction involved in bringing the speaker's thought into line with that of the hearer. And last but not least is the fine instinct for the lines on which a sub-

ject must be approached. It is here that the practical temper of the business man avails, just as it enabled the Apostle to speak to the minds and hearts of men of his time with a force of directness not learned in the school of Gamaliel but in that of life.

I have nothing to add but the expression of my feeling that it is a great honor to have my name associated with that of one whom I regard with a veneration never impaired by the thirty years and more of our familiar intercourse.

R. E. T.

THE LIFE

GEORGE H. STUART.

THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE H. STUART.

CHAPTER I.

Early Years and School-Days in Ulster—Comes to Philadelphia in 1831—Stuart and Brothers—Takes the Temperance Pledge in Pittsburg—Welcomes Gough to Philadelphia—Marriage in 1837—First and Second Visits to Ireland—First Knowledge of John Hall.

At the earnest request of friends to whose judgment I am bound to defer, I give a brief statement of my life and of the way in which God has led me, hoping that it may be useful especially to the young men of this and other lands.

I was born on Tuesday, April 2, 1816, in my father's new farm-house, called Rose Hall, in County Down, Ireland, situated about half-way between the flourishing towns of Banbridge and Guilford, and about twenty miles from Belfast. My parents were members of the Associate Presbyterian (or Seceder) Church, made familiar to many readers by Carlyle's reminiscences of his father. They had been brought up in County Armagh, but shortly before my birth removed to County Down. My father's name was David, and my mother's Margaret. My father owned and managed a large farm, and, like most of the larger farmers of that county, he was exten-

sively engaged in the linen and flax business, having a mill for "scutching" the flax on his farm. He was a remarkable man, one who stood very high in the community and who was often consulted upon difficult questions by his neighbors. He had a fair education, and by virtue of his native talent held a conspicuous place in the community. He died January 1, 1825, aged fifty-nine.

My mother was a very earnest, devoted Christian woman, who took great pains to train up her children in the fear of the Lord. I greatly enjoyed visiting her several times after I came to this country, and you can have little idea how much it gladdened her heart to see, from time to time, her youngest child. After all my brothers moved to America, the family home was disposed of, and my mother spent the remainder of her days with one of my elder sisters, Mrs. Margaret Aughiltree, who lived at Markethill, in County Armagh. In her house my mother died, December 1, 1848, at the advanced age of seventy-eight; her remains were taken to the family burying-place adjoining the church I attended as a boy, and which was known as Donacloney meeting-house. A monument was erected there to my father, mother, and those of the children who died in the old farm-house. Since the death of my brothers in England, the burial-lot and its railings have been particularly looked after by Mr. Beatty, a friend of the family living near by. He writes me about every year with reference to the condition of the lot. My brothers and sisters are now all gone: three of them are buried in America, two in England, and the remainder in Ireland.

Of the thirteen children, I was the youngest. While I was still an infant in the nurse's arms, and was going

out to the farm in a cart, along with a sister two or three years older than myself, the horse ran away and Magdalen, my sister, was so badly hurt that she soon after died. So, at this early age, I narrowly escaped death. I was called after my parents' pastor, the venerable and eminent Rev. George Hay, in whose church my father was an elder. Two other elders about the same time had sons called after the same pastor. All three were so named with the view, on the part of their parents, to their becoming ministers of the Gospel. One of them died in his preparatory course, and the other—the Rev. George Hay Shanks—has been for many years a faithful pastor at Bush Mills, in Ireland. My father died before I had reached ten years of age, and the fact of his desire that I should preach the Gospel made an impression upon my mind which I have felt all through life, and which has led me to feel an especial interest in those who devote themselves to the ministry. Had he lived longer, his wish might have been realized.

When I was very young Mr. Hay died; and when his successor, the Rev. James Morehead, was ordained and installed by the presbytery, all the members thereof dined at my mother's house, my father being dead and my brother James being then an elder. The services took place out of doors to accommodate the large crowd in attendance, and Mr. Morehead had, seated by his side, a twin brother who was also a minister,—Rev. Robert Morehead of Garvaghy,—and the resemblance was so great that it was remarked at the dinner-table that no one was able to tell the difference, when I, a mere lad, interrupted the conversation by stating that I knew the difference. "Why, George, how do you know that?"

was the inquiry. "Why, our Mr. Morehead wore shoes and his brother boots," I answered. Our new pastor was a most earnest and successful man, a worthy successor of Mr. Hay, and was, in after years, one of my dearest friends. He called his youngest son (now of New Zealand) after me. He intended this son for the ministry; but he gave no evidence of a fitness for this calling until, at the grave of his father, he dedicated himself to the work of preaching the Gospel, and was for many years a successful pastor in Ireland. He now is laboring in New Zealand.

Mr. Morehead and Mr. Hay were men of very different character, although both excellent in their way. Mr. Hay was of the old and severe Seceder type, and much opposed to innovations of all kinds. So long as he lived there was no Sabbath-school in Donacloney, as he regarded that as a violation of the Sabbath. Neither would he have any collection taken up for foreign missions, on the ground that the needs of Ireland were too great to permit of sending anything on the foreign field. And these views he impressed on the older members of his flock, so that it was with fear and trembling that Mr. Morehead obeyed the directions of Synod, and announced that on a specified Sabbath a collection for foreign missions would be taken. Long after neighboring congregations had abandoned the practice of "lining out" the Psalms before singing them, it was kept up in Donacloney; and one old lady came miles across the country from the neighborhood of her own church to attend ours for that reason.

Mr. Morehead was gentleness and kindness itself, and particularly anxious to win the confidence of the younger portion of his flock, who were terribly afraid of "the minister." The editor of this book has the warmest recollections of his goodness, and believes that he owes his recovery from a dangerous illness to his medical knowledge and watchfulness supplementing the ignorance and carelessness of a drunken country doctor.

Donacloney meeting-house was and is a stone structure in a

style of rude Gothic, with the steps to the gallery going up outside the building over the middle door. The high pulpit stood on the side of the audience-room, with an old-fashioned sounding-board over it. Just outside the window next our pew stood the monument to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart and their deceased children, and it was one of the relaxations allowed to youthful weariness of long sermons and "lectures," to stand on the pew-seat and look out at it.—ED.

I began to attend school while quite young, the school being close by the farm and next door to the Catholic Chapel, the teacher being a Catholic and—like nearly all the Irish schoolmasters of that day—a very severe man, whipping us unmercifully. I was full of fun and frolic, and probably no boy ever paid less attention to his studies. This school I attended until I was about twelve years of age, when I removed to a school of a much higher grade in the town of Banbridge. Here I remained until at the age of fifteen I came to America. Owing to my predisposition for sport, my fondness for hunting, swimming, etc., my education was not what it otherwise might have been. I have often since regretted that I had not paid more attention to it. The first school that I attended was famed for its attention to penmanship, premiums being offered for excellence in this direction. The other school was of a higher order, and gave more attention to grammar, history, and arithmetic, being mainly made up of pupils from the lower schools. All through life I have sadly felt the effect of not paying more attention to my opportunities of education. What I have picked up has been through coming into contact with men of culture and education.

Our coming to Philadelphia was due in part to the fact

that my father's only brother, James Stuart, had settled there about 1790, when it was the seat of the national government and the chief city of the country. He sent my father a copy of the Philadelphia Directory of 1794, now very rare, which I found among his books at Rosehall and still preserve. On page 161 it announces that George Washington was living at 190 High Street. Some years before my father's death—about 1820, I think—my oldest sister, Anne Jane, followed my uncle to Philadelphia to take care of him. She was soon after married to Mr. Willliam H. Scott, a native of the county Monaghan, who was in business in this city. She was joined a few years later by my brother John, who was for a short time in partnership with Mr. Scott. Shortly after my father's death, in 1825, my brothers David and Joseph also came to Philadelphia; and in 1828, on the 12th of February, these three brothers founded the firm of Stuart and Brothers, which became one of the largest importing houses in the country, with branch houses in New York and Manchester, and afterwards in Liverpool. It continued until 1879, when it went into liquidation.

During my boyhood in Ulster, these brothers made several visits to our home. Thus, John, in 1826, came back to Ireland and married Miss Sarah Waugh. My brother Joseph, who visited us in 1827 along with John, afterwards married Miss Anna Watson, of Lurgan. My brother David married Miss Jane McClelland, of Banbridge,—all three wives being of families near the old homestead; while my brother James married Miss Elizabeth Whitewright, of New York, now the only survivor of the four good and faithful wives, but a confirmed invalid.

Two of my brothers, William and David, were ship-

wrecked coming home from America for the first time, and barely escaped with their lives by swimming from the wrecked vessel to the shore of Fayal, one of the Azores Islands, where they were obliged to stay for some time before they could obtain a vessel to carry them to England. When they did get passage on a small schooner, they were fired upon by the government authorities for leaving the port in violation of some restriction. Had the schooner been fired upon a few minutes sooner, she would have been sunk, as the ball almost grazed the vessel. We had heard at our home in Ireland of the shipwreck, by a passenger who was taken off the wreck by a passing vessel and carried to Savannah, whence the news reached us by way of New York, so that some time before my brothers turned up at our home in Ireland, they had been given up as lost. Young as I was, I can never forget the joy that filled all our hearts when suddenly the two brothers entered the old homestead.

In 1831 Mr. William H. Scott, who had married my oldest sister, came from Philadelphia to our home in Ireland, and prevailed upon my mother and my older brothers and sisters to let him take an older sister (named Sarah) and myself back to Philadelphia with him. We sailed from Warrenpoint for Liverpool, June 29, and from Liverpool July 2. On leaving home I had a trunk carefully packed with a full supply of clothing, and in it I myself had placed a good many mementos of my boyish days,—balls and the like, with which I had amused myself at school. Judge, then, of my feelings when, as my trunk was being hoisted on board the vessel at Liverpool, the tackle broke, the trunk was caught

between the tossing ship and the dock and crushed, and my most cherished treasures went to the bottom, causing me a boyish regret which I have never forgotten. I, of course, had to go ashore and procure a new trunk and a fresh supply of clothing for the voyage.

At Liverpool we were met by my brother David, and, after a passage of sixty-one days, the good ship *Tuscarora* (Captain Chaney) landed us safely in Philadelphia on the first of September.* My older brother and sister who had preceded me being both married and occupying their own houses, I found a comfortable home between them.

Philadelphia when I first saw it was a much smaller place than it now is, although it still was the chief city of the Union. It stretched along the Delaware front from Richmond to Southwark, without extending westward any further than Broad Street, and reaching that in very few places. Stephen Girard was still alive, and I saw him once on the street, but he died the day after Christmas in that very year. Instead of one city government, there were several cities within what now is Philadelphia, and my own first home after my marriage was in the City of Spring Garden, on Marshall Street above

* It must be just thirty years since the editor read a letter in one of our Philadelphia newspapers, written by a gentleman who made this voyage with Mr. George H. Stuart, in which he described the lively and irrepressible boy on his way to a new life in a new world. Among the compensations for his sad loss at the Liverpool wharf was a new pocket-knife, and it was with some difficulty that he restrained his inclination to use it on some part of the ship. Colonel Crockett's saying, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" was new in those days, and Mr. Stuart expressed his great admiration for it, declaring he meant to take it as his motto for life.—ED.

Green. The New York of that day presented the same contrast to the city of to-day. Canal Street was about the northern limit of the built-up portion, and I remember that when I inquired for the residence of Dr. Gardiner Spring, in 1847, to procure his attendance at the death-bed of my cousin, Mr. David Gibson, I was told he lived far away to the north of the city, which now extends for miles without a break beyond what was then his place of residence.

The next month after my arrival in Philadelphia, I went with my brother John to New York, where we established a branch of our house of Stuart & Brothers, under the name of J. & J. Stuart & Co. After many years of connection with the mother house in Philadelphia this firm commenced a banking business, which is continued to this day by my nephews Joseph and Robert W. Stuart. Our house also had a branch house in Manchester, called John Stuart & Co., which also is continued as a banking house by my nephew James C. Stuart, and other partners. After the withdrawal of the New York and Manchester branch houses from the dry-goods business, a branch house was opened in Liverpool by my brother David, under the name of David Stuart & Co. This is now conducted by his sons Andrew and George H. Stuart as a commission and shipping firm. I was admitted as a junior partner into the firm of Stuart & Brothers on New Year's Day in 1837, after spending six years in its service in travelling and otherwise; and into the New York firm in 1840.*

---

* Stuart & Brothers commenced business in a small store one door from the southwest corner of Fourth and Arch Streets, on the old College of

In 1836, while still a clerk in the house of Stuart & Brothers, I went out west for the house, to increase its business, and was accompanied by two friends. We had expected to reach Pittsburg by the canal-boat on Saturday night, but, to our astonishment and sorrow, we found that the boat would not reach there before midday on the Sabbath. With my early education I could not consent to travel on the Sabbath, and, with a few others who felt as I did, I left the boat about ten o'clock at night at a small town, where we found that the Presbyterian pastor had gone to Pittsburg to attend the General Assembly. We had in our little company of Sabbath-keepers, among other excellent men, an agent of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who occupied the Presbyterian pulpit with great acceptance. During our sojourn at a hotel in Pittsburg we three travelling companions, according to universal custom in those days, had our bottle of wine at the dinner-table. Having no better way to spend my evening, I wended my way with my companions to Dr. Riddle's Presbyterian Church, where there was a temperance meeting addressed by several eminent ministers of the Assembly then in session. We occupied a seat in

---

Philadelphia property. The firm next moved to a store on Fourth Street one door south of Market, then to Number 6 Commerce Street, then to Numbers 6 and 8 Church Alley. Finally it bought a part of the old burying-ground of the First Presbyterian Church, and, after the dead had been removed, built a large warehouse on it. This extended from Bank to Strawberry Streets, which run from Market to Chestnut, below Third Street. The store was known as Number 13 Bank Street, with Numbers 14 to 18 Strawberry Street as the rear. The deed in my name shows but one intervening owner between myself and William Penn, the founder of the State and city.

the gallery, and one of the speakers, named Cleveland, held up a glass of wine and pointed out with remarkable clearness the nature of its contents and the result of its frequent use. It was then and there, in my seat at the conclusion of this address, that I determined, without joining any temperance society, to abstain thereafter from the use of wine as a beverage, which by the grace of God I have been able to do to this day. At our dinner-table next day the younger of my companions said to me, "Why, George, did you allow that speech last night to prevent you from taking your glass of wine as usual?" "Yes," I said, "I have drunk my last social glass of wine." My older friend and cousin, David Gibson, said, "If I were as young as you I would do the same." The young man who ridiculed me soon after inherited a large fortune; but the last I heard of him he was reeling through the streets with his heels out of his boots, a miserable, low drunkard. The older died, many years after, a happy and triumphant death: it was my privilege to minister to him in his last hours.

From that to the present hour I have taken a great interest in the cause of temperance, and in its many advocates, as I have met them from time to time. It was eight years later, in 1844, that I was privileged to welcome to Philadelphia Mr. John B. Gough on his first visit as a public speaker in this behalf. I engaged him to deliver an address in our church on Eleventh Street. He was stopping at Ninth and Arch, and I brought him in my carriage to the church, as he was feeling quite indisposed, and even expressed a doubt as to being able to speak. In view of this I also had engaged Dr. Durbin, the eloquent Methodist minister, to address the meeting.

Dr. Durbin did speak, with all his usual fervor, but Mr. Gough's address, which followed his, made the profoundest impression. In the audience was a gentleman, already a man of wealth, who afterwards became one of the leading merchants of Philadelphia. He had just been stocking his wine-cellar, but curiosity had brought him to the meeting. After hearing Mr. Gough he went home and poured out the contents of the bottles, and from that day there was not a drop of any intoxicant drunk in his house. Not only so, but he became an eminent supporter of the temperance cause.

During a visit to Scotland after I had formed my total-abstinence resolution, one of Scotland's most eminent ministers of that day invited a number of conspicuous men to meet me at dinner at his house. As was the custom at that time, even in the families of our best ministers, wine was on the table; and my host, in the course of the dinner, told the gentlemen to fill their glasses, as he wished to propose my health. They all filled their glasses; and, at that moment, I said to the social company gathered around the table of this eminent divine, that in America the challenged party always had the privilege of choosing his own weapons, and that I would therefore take the liberty of filling my glass with water. The result of this was that the wineglasses remained untouched and my health was drunk in pure, cold water. I had entirely forgotten this occurrence until a few years ago when a minister used the incident as a temperance illustration in his sermon. While walking home with one of the elders he spoke of this illustration favorably. I expressed my wonder as to the truth of the story, and my interest to know who the

person was that took such a stand for temperance. "Why," said he, "it was yourself," as he had heard me relate the story many years before. Like many other incidents of my life, it had passed from my mind when it was thus unexpectedly brought to my attention.

On May 11, 1837,—the day that the banks suspended payment, and a day of great financial gloom,*—I was united in marriage to Miss Martha Kyle Denison, who was a native of Philadelphia and a member of the same church as myself. We have had nine children, three of whom were removed in infancy or early life to the better land; and a fourth, my oldest son, William David, died four months after his marriage, on the 7th of April, 1863, at my home in Philadelphia, in his twenty-third year.

In 1840, as a member of the firm of Stuart & Brothers, I made my first voyage to Europe for the purchase of goods in connection with our branch house in Manchester, England. It was in the early days of steam navigation, and I was a passenger on board of the new steamer *British Queen*, Captain Roberts, who afterwards was commander of her sister ship the *President*. This steamer was lost, with a number of passengers, including Rev. Dr. Alfred Cookman. Soon after leaving New York we encountered a violent hurricane, which arose so suddenly that a row-boat from the pilot-boat, which came to take off our pilot and the friends of some passengers who had accompanied them down the bay, was upset. I was sit-

* I may mention in this connection that it was my brother-in-law, the late John Rumsey, who made the final adjustment of the accounts of the Second United States Bank (Nicholas Biddle's) after its failure in 1841. With his widow, and in the house in which he closed his life, I have found a home since 1879.

ting at the dinner-table next to Captain Roberts when he heard the first mate's cry from the quarter-deck, "Stop her!" repeated with a loud voice. I followed the captain closely on deck, he being evidently alarmed at the cry, which was not "half-speed," but "stop her" repeated with emphasis. When the captain reached the deck and asked the cause of this unusual order, the mate, unable to give an answer, pointed over the starboard quarter to six men struggling against the waves. The captain, without waiting to ask how they came there, cried out, with a loud voice, "Lower away the life-boat! Lower away the life-boat!" and then, with the same loud voice, "Volunteers wanted to man the life-boat." Eight men with an officer were required, but thirty-two responded to the call, and soon the life-boat was manned and on its way to the relief of the drowning men, who had almost disappeared from sight. During this never-to-be-forgotten scene I stood side by side with Dr. Eastburn of New York, afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts, in silent prayer for the safety of the men who were struggling with the waves and of our boat's crew who had gone to their assistance. We soon discovered that four men had been rescued and taken into the boat, when she headed for the steamer, with two men evidently lost. As the life-boat neared the side of the vessel these four men were lying almost helpless on the bottom of the boat. Unknown to us an old man stood near the railing so as to get a glimpse of the faces of those who had been saved, and you may judge of his horror when he discovered that his own son was among the lost.

We took up a subscription, which amounted to quite a handsome sum, for the noble sailors who had freely

risked their own lives to save the drowning men, and the money collected was presented to them in a very appropriate address by Dr. Eastburn.

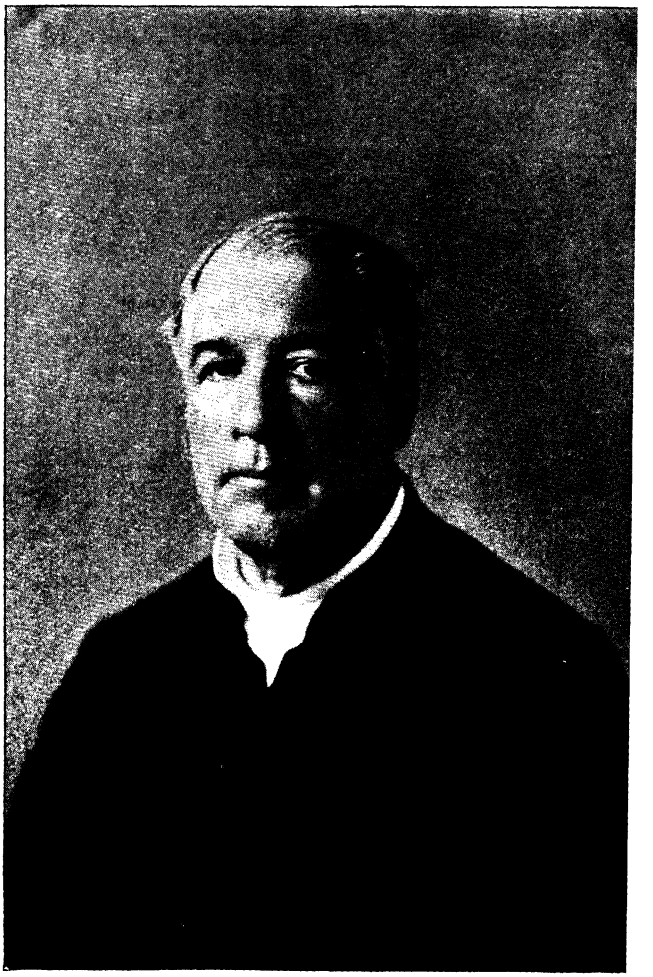
We arrived at Southampton after a voyage of about fourteen days, which was an ordinary passage at that time. I went directly to London, this being my first visit to that great capital of the world. As I expected to return to London, I made but a hurried visit at that time, and passed on to the residence of my brother John, in Manchester. Here I had a happy social reunion with the family. I spent my first few days in purchasing goods for the New York and Philadelphia houses. I was led unexpectedly to purchase thirty cases of black alpacas, which I had never seen before or heard of. This was through the persistence of a salesman who said they were just the thing that the ladies of America wanted. I sent twenty cases to Philadelphia and ten to New York. The New York house advised the Manchester house, protesting against my purchasing goods I knew nothing about; but afterwards the goods sold so rapidly and at such a large profit that they sent orders for more and imported largely for several years.

Soon after, I proceeded to Ireland, where I found the old home at Rosehall closed and in other hands, while my aged mother was living with my elder sister in Markethill, in County Armagh, with many other relatives and friends in the immediate neighborhood.

In February, 1844, I had my first visit from spasmodic asthma. It came on in the night, without any kind of warning, and until I obtained medical advice the next morning I did not even know what was the matter. From that time to this it has been almost a constant

visitor, and very much of the time that ought to have been given to sleep has been spent in battling for breath, often in an upright position because no other was endurable. I have tried all remedies, regular and irregular, and employed leading physicians of France and England, as well as of America. At one time, by advice of Dr. Da Costa, I placed myself under the care of the Queen's physician in London, who was thought to possess unusual skill in treating asthma. But nothing has brought me more than temporary alleviations of the disease. I even obtained and mastered all the treatises on the subject, so that asthma is the one subject on which I may claim to be a man of learning as well as of experience.

I made a second visit to Ireland in 1844, and visited one of my cousins—Mrs. Hall—with whom I spent two or three of the happiest hours of my life. It was then for the first time that I heard of, and became deeply interested in, her son John. It was the communion week in the old Presbyterian church to which they belonged. She was regretting the absence of her eldest son, who was then a student at Belfast; but she read me a most touching letter from him, greatly regretting his absence, but giving her warm words of consolation and love. This led me to feel a deep interest in the young man, especially as he was intended for the ministry, and this interest continued to increase and deepen up to the present moment. After his licensure, this son went as a missionary to the west of Ireland, where he was wonderfully blessed in leading souls to Christ. In 1852 one of the most important Presbyterian pulpits in the city of Armagh became vacant, and the officers of the church



John Hall

found it hard to fill the place. The professors in Belfast, one of whom had been pastor of the congregation very recently, were asked by the elders to recommend some one to fill the vacancy; when they with one accord directed their attention to young John Hall, then laboring as a missionary in the west of Ireland. He felt reluctant to take charge of a church so central and important, but finally yielded. This was his first pastorate, and the high expectations of the professors and the parish were more than realized. Almost from the first he preached to crowded houses, both in his own church, and whenever he was announced in any parish in its neighborhood. Of his subsequent career in Dublin and his coming to New York, I shall speak farther on.

It was the editor's privilege and profit to have begun to hear John Hall as a preacher some thirty-five years ago, and he hopes never to lose the impressions of the reality and power of godliness which he then received. Thus early in his ministry Dr. Hall showed very much the same elements of pulpit power as now. He never abounded in novelty of ideas or suggestions, but he made the great commonplaces of spiritual life and duty wonderfully alive. And then, as now, his sermons gathered force as they proceeded, until at the application you felt humbled and yet uplifted in a way that went with you for weeks afterwards. It was like Gough's story of how he could not get Arnot's text "Fegs of thustles" out of his head for the whole week following.

It has been said of some Irishmen that they never flourish until they are transplanted. This was not the case with John Hall. Ireland was proud of him, recognizing in him one of her most distinguished sons. Wherever he went all denominations thronged to hear him speak, and, although his Protestantism always was most pronounced, I have seen the priest listening at the door, while the rector of the parish was inside in a pew.—ED.

CHAPTER II.

Church Relations in Philadelphia—Division of the Covenanters in 1833—Anecdote of Edwin M. Stanton — Church Membership—The two Drs. Wylie — A Sabbath-School Teacher — Promoted to Superintendency—Interest in Foreign Missions—The Story of James M. Campbell —"The Banner of the Covenant"— Interest in the Anti-Slavery Movement—The Armistad Negroes in Philadelphia.

My brother John was a member of the Associate Presbyterian church (on Walnut Street below Fifth, the site now occupied by the Schuylkill Navigation Company), of which Dr. Thomas Beveridge was the pastor; while my sister, Mrs. Scott, belonged to the Reformed Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Samuel B. Wylie was pastor. The latter church was on Eleventh Street near Market, and here I became an attendant on church and Sabbath-school. In August, 1834, I became a teacher in the school. At the annual meeting of the Sabbath-School Association, a teacher — who afterwards became the founder of our mission work in India, Mr. James R. Campbell—moved that I be appointed to examine and report on the condition of the library. This was my first appointment to any position, civil or religious, and I felt it to be a very great honor. My duty was simply to see that the books in the library corresponded with the librarian's list.

In 1832, when General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency a second time, Dr. Wylie and several other ministers of our church, who took a great interest in the political issues of that day, were led to vote for or against

his re-election, although up to that time American Covenanters had not taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution or exercised the right of suffrage. When charged with inconsistency in the matter, Dr. Wylie replied, "Wise men change their minds sometimes, fools never." The strict conservatives of the church found fault with the conduct of these clerical brethren, and this resulted in a division of the body into Old and New Side Covenanters. I was present at the meeting of Synod in 1833, at which this occurred. Dr. Crawford, one of the suspended ministers, was the retiring moderator, and insisted on preaching the annual sermon in that capacity. The other party insisted that he had been suspended by a subordinate court for voting, and therefore the duty of preaching had devolved on his "alternate." As Dr. Wylie and his friends would not yield the point, Dr. James R. Willson, of Albany, rose and called upon all those who adhered to the testimony of the church to follow him. Thereupon a considerable number of ministers and elders did withdraw, and organized the Synod in the Cherry Street Church (which had been organized of persons dismissed from ours), claiming to be the true Reformed Presbyterian Church. Thus since 1833 there have been two (and latterly, by a secession of a little band of the strictest, even three) churches of this name in the United States, and the Covenanters of Ireland and Scotland have been similarly divided. But even the Old Side Covenanter Church, whose representatives withdrew in 1833 from our own, have been somewhat liberalized by the lapse of years. They have given up "lining" the Psalms and proclaiming the banns before a marriage; and, although the rule against "occasional hearing" is

still nominally a part of the law of their church, yet since 1859, when the young people of their churches in Philadelphia insisted on coming to our own to hear Mr. Guiness, in spite of being brought before the session for that offence, it is understood to have become a dead letter.

As is usual after such divisions, there was a suit for church property, the First Church of Pittsburg being taken as a test case. Dr. Black's people employed a young and rising lawyer to defend their rights against our seceding brethren, and he requested to be furnished with all the books at hand which bore upon the history of the church and its doctrines. He was supplied with a small library on the subject, and he made such good use of them that, when he had opened the case for the defence, the judge remarked, "I did not know you were a Covenanter." "I did not know, your honor," was his reply, "that there was such a body now in existence until I got my retaining fee. I am an Episcopalian." He won the case.

That lawyer was Edwin M. Stanton, who had recently removed to Pittsburg, after practising law some ten years at Steubenville without much success. This was his first important case in Pittsburg, and was the first stepping-stone in his rapid rise to the leadership of the bar of that city. When he became Secretary of War in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, he understood the difficulty about the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, which would have kept the Old Side Covenanters from serving in the army, although their sympathies were strongly with the government and against the slaveholders' rebellion. Hence he devised for them a declaration of general loyalty to

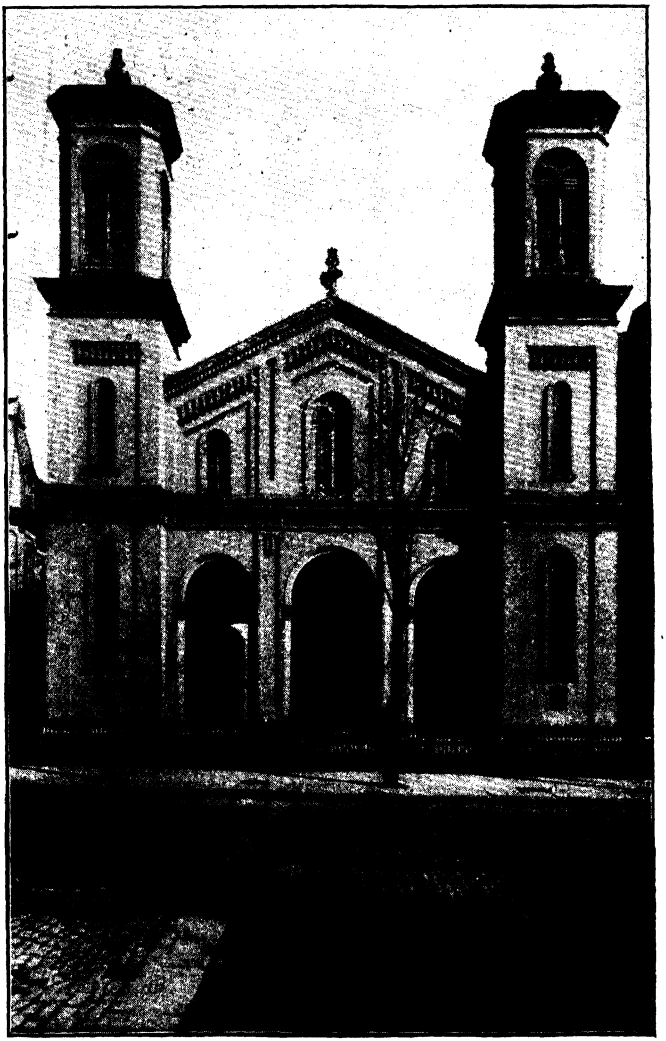
the government, so that they were enabled to enter the army without swearing to support the Constitution, which they regard as an atheistic document.

One of the books furnished to Mr. Stanton as of great importance for the defence was a volume of sermons preached by Dr. Alexander McLeod, of New York, during the War of 1812–15, in vindication of the lawfulness and righteousness of defensive war generally, and of that war in particular. Secretary Stanton told a minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church that he had read those sermons through again once every year while the War for the Union lasted.

Soon after this division of 1833, while I was walking down the aisle at the close of the services, when one of our semi-annual communions was approaching, a venerable elder, the late Robert Orr, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "George, is it not time that you were joining the church?" This led to my thinking and praying over the matter, and finally giving my heart to Christ, and joining the church. I made a profession of religion at the communion on the 24th of April, 1835, in my nineteenth year. From time to time in this church I held nearly every office in its gift; and on the 7th of August, 1842, I was ordained a ruling elder. This office I still hold, and am the only member of the session still alive, of those who belonged to it when I was elected. It was in the year after I became a member of session that the present pastor first occupied his father's pulpit in the old church on Eleventh Street, and I well remember the remark I made to Mr. Thomas MacAdam, another member of the session. Putting my hand on his shoulder, I said, "Our difficulties are at an end."

For years we had been looking for some one to assist Dr. S. B. Wylie in his declining years, and to take his place when he was gone. Dr. T. W. J. Wylie had been a pupil in our Sabbath-school when I was a teacher, and I had watched his course with interest. He now was a licentiate, having completed his course in the University and the Theological Seminary, and had just returned from a tour among our vacant churches in the South and West. Soon after I brought up the question in session, and found that the principal objection was the want of means to support an assistant pastor. I said, "Call him with a salary of $600, and I will be responsible for that amount until the congregation is able to pay it." So he was called, accepted the call, and was ordained on the 26th of October, 1843; and his history, since his father's death in 1852 left him in charge of this large congregation, more than confirms the estimate I then expressed of him.

The First Reformed Presbyterian Church, now the Wylie Memorial Presbyterian Church, was organized January 28, 1798, in a room twelve feet square in the second story of the house of Thomas Thomson, at Penn and South Streets. The room also contained a bed and a stove, but had space enough for the little congregation. Six years later Rev. Samuel B. Wylie became the first pastor, and continued in that office for forty-six years, being succeeded by his son, the present pastor. The first house of worship was erected on St. Mary Street, and the second, on Eleventh Street, was erected in 1818. This served until 1854, when the present house was erected on Broad Street below Spruce, a building dear to many for the great reunions which have been held there, especially the Presbyterian Reunion Convention of 1867, and to many others as their spiritual home. Dr. Robert Patterson once estimated that there were twenty-four hundred members of the Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia who had at one time



WYLIE MEMORIAL CHURCH,

BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

belonged to this congregation, and that it was represented in a majority of their sessions. And although the church has had but two pastors in the course of its long existence, it has sent out some forty preachers of the Gospel in that time, several of them to the mission field. This has been due very largely to the influence of its two pastors and of Mr. Stuart, who have sought to make it a seed-plot for the training of young ministers, the latter administering his offices of Sabbath-school superintendent and elder with especial reference to this, and gladly assisting from his own purse those whose lack of means stood in the way of their getting the necessary preparation.

Dr. Samuel Brown Wylie, the first pastor of the church, was a native of County Antrim, having been born near Ballymena. He came to this country in 1797, as he had become obnoxious to the Irish government through his being one of the United Irishmen. He started a school in Philadelphia, and afterwards, with his cousin, Dr. James Black, of Pittsburg, was appointed a tutor in the University. He was ordained to the ministry at Ryegate, Vermont, in 1804, this being the first Covenanter ordination in America. In 1804 he accepted a call to the congregations in Philadelphia and Baltimore jointly, and was installed their pastor. The latter he resigned after a few years; the former he retained until his death, in 1852. He added to his pastoral duties those of a laborious and most successful school-master, but in 1828 he gave up his school to become professor of the Greek and Latin languages in the University of Pennsylvania, a chair which he retained until 1845, when he became professor emeritus. He also was vice-provost from 1834 till the same year.

He was a man of very wide learning, especially in the Oriental languages, and published a Hebrew grammar as well as one of Greek. It is said that on one occasion our national government received a letter written in the crabbed character used by the Armenian nation, and that it made the round of the leading colleges without finding any one who could decipher it, or even say in what language it was written, until it came to Dr. Wylie, who read it with ease. In his personal character he combined great kindness with great decision. Many stories are current of his wonderful generosity, especially to the people of his native land.

And the invariable enthusiasm with which his pupils in school and university speak of him show him to have been a man of extraordinary reach of personal influence for good. It was the editor's good fortune, although he came too late to this country to have known the first Dr. Wylie, to have for years as a Sabbath-school teacher a good man who was full of his sayings, and could quote something of his about almost every part of the Bible. From this it may be inferred what was the impression he had made upon his people.—ED.

My activity in church matters was directed very largely to the Sabbath-school work within the congregation, and to that of foreign missions in the denomination at large.

In Ireland, when I was a youth, we had no Sabbath-school connected with our church, but soon after my arrival in Philadelphia I was led to connect myself with the Sabbath-school of Dr. Wylie's church as a teacher when very young; although I felt then and feel more keenly now that I was ill fitted for such a position. I was assigned a class in the gallery of the church in the front pew, and had some six or seven boys. My attention was particularly turned to one of these boys who, like myself, was born in Ireland. My interest in this lad continued all the time I had charge of the class; and I am thankful to say that this boy was led to enter the ministry, and is now living in his first charge, and is one of the oldest and most successful pastors in the city. His church when he was settled over it was connected with the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, but, after my suspension, he and it adhered to the Philadelphia Reformed Presbytery, which had "suspended relations" to Synod. Their rights were vindicated by our Supreme Court against a seceding minority; and both pastor and

congregation are now connected with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. My old Sabbath-school pupil, the Rev. William Sterret, D.D., is still at his post, and the church is now called the Church of the Covenant.

After holding the offices of secretary and treasurer, besides that of teacher, in the Sabbath-school, I was elected superintendent of the school, which position I accepted reluctantly, because of my sense of a want of ability to discharge satisfactorily the duties of the position. I continued, however, in this position for some twenty-five years,—that is, until called from it by my duties in connection with the late war. The school grew under my care from about a hundred until its membership was over five hundred. At one time I had the privilege of sitting down at the communion-table with fifty-one of its pupils at their first communion; and a communion season hardly ever passed without some of my scholars uniting with the church. I was very particular in securing godly teachers, both male and female, requiring in all who taught in the school what I called the six p's which would lead up to a seventh. These six p's were, first, piety; second, preparation; third, punctuality (I was never once in all these twenty-five years a minute late); fourth, patience; fifth, perseverance; crowning these with, sixth, prayer. In the end the seventh p, promotion, would *come*, though this was not to be *sought*.

While acting as superintendent I tried to direct the attention of promising boys to the work of the ministry, and had the privilege of seeing a great many of my boys become ministers of the Gospel. I may here add that

from this school there have gone forth forty-two ministers of Christ,—not all, however, during my superintendency.

On the subject of sending the Gospel to the heathen I became deeply interested while still in my teens, mainly because a young Irishman connected with the Sabbath-school of our church gave himself to this work. He had been converted in another church, while acting as a coachman for one of our leading merchants. While he occupied this position he was told by his employer, after a very wet, disagreeable Saturday, to wash the carriage Sunday morning, that his mistress might take a drive for pleasure. On his saying that he could not get the carriage ready for a drive, but would get it ready for church, his master said that he no longer had use for his services after Monday morning. When the master mentioned to his wife the fact of James's refusal to wash the carriage, telling her that he was to be discharged the next morning, she replied that, as James was a faithful coachman, they ought to respect his conscientious scruples about the observance of the Sabbath. On the following morning the master asked him if he had ever received any education, and if he was able to write. On hearing that he had, he asked for a specimen of his writing, on seeing which he remarked that he had mistaken his calling, and offered him a position in his counting-room. Here he ultimately became the head book-keeper of the firm, carrying the keys of the fire-proof, with its large and valuable contents. The last time that I saw James in this counting-room he was reading a book, and, as he shut it and placed it in a drawer of the desk, my curiosity was aroused to know

what book was engaging his attention at that hour of the day. To my surprise, I found that this poor Irish boy, who had been once a coachman, had got as far as the study of the Greek Testament, with a view, as he told me, of becoming a minister of the Gospel. Soon after this the house where he had been employed retired from business, and, under the direction of our venerable pastor, the late Dr. Wylie, then professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Pennsylvania, James was prepared to enter the Seminary, from which he graduated and was licensed to preach the Gospel.

At that time our little denomination had several important vacancies which were calling for pastors: but, to the surprise of the Presbytery, James said that he wished to go to India, as there was more need of him there than in the vacant congregations. At this time our church had no missionary board, nor had the subject of foreign missions engaged the attention of our church to any extent. James offered himself as a missionary to the Western Foreign Missionary Society, of which the late Walter Lowry was secretary, and which, after the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1837, was removed to New York, and adopted as the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. This Western Missionary Society declined to send James to the foreign field, for some technical reason, possibly because its constitution restricted it to the support of missionaries of the Presbyterian Church. Afterwards he secured the support of an organization called the Mercer County Missionary Society, composed of members of the Associate, the Associate Reformed, and the Reformed Presbyterian Churches, who agreed to sustain

him on the foreign field. Under this agreement he went to India in 1835 as a missionary of the Western Foreign Missionary Society, as this society agreed to send him after his support had been provided by the Mercer County Society. Although sailing under these auspices, the Rev. James R. Campbell went out to India as the first representative of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of the United States in that country.

On the arrival of Mr. Campbell, and while in Calcutta, he met the present eminent secretary of the Presbyterian Board in New York, the Rev. Dr. Lowry, who was the first missionary to India from the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and who, after a short residence there, was obliged by failing health to return to America. Since his return Dr. Lowry has done more than almost any other man, as the senior secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to awaken an interest in the cause to which he had devoted the early years of his life. Mr. Campbell, after weeks of weary travel up the Ganges, finally selected a site for a mission, and settled at Saharanpur, which is now one of the leading stations of the Presbyterian Church in India. There, during one of the great famines, he founded an orphan school, which has continued to this day. Into that school he gathered fifty-four poor orphan boys, most of whom had been left in the jungles to perish with hunger. On his writing home these facts, I was largely instrumental in securing individuals to support and educate many of the boys. Mr. Campbell in several cases gave these boys the names of their American benefactors, and some of them are now native preachers of the Gospel. One of them was named after myself, and, in writing me, he

signs himself in full George H. Stuart and addresses me as his father. He has been for many years located at an important station called Jagadhere, with no other person in charge but himself. He is married, and has called several of his children after members of my family. I have in my possession a photograph of him and his family, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, he is a faithful and successful native preacher of the Gospel of Christ.

Mr. Campbell returned to this country in 1848, and took back with him the Rev. John S. Woodside, who is still in India and has proved himself a most efficient missionary of the cross. Through the influence of Dr. Campbell, ten missionaries went out from our Sabbath-school to aid him in planting the Gospel in that distant field, while two others have gone from the same school to China, and one to Africa,—all largely through the influence of the Christian coachman.

When our own church became somewhat awake to the responsibility under which it lay towards the perishing millions of heathendom, it was felt necessary to have some means of communication, by which news from the foreign and home fields might be conveyed to its members, and the stream of contributions sustained. For this purpose a monthly magazine, *The Banner of the Covenant*, was begun in January, 1845. It was edited by the two secretaries of the missionary boards, one of these being at that time our junior pastor, Rev. T. W. J. Wylie. In its pages also was given intelligence of interest to our church. As treasurer of the board,—an office I filled from 1843 to 1865,—I became the publisher, and remained such until 1859, when it was converted into

a weekly newspaper, in which form it appeared until 1869.

One of the topics which at that time excited great interest in our church was the proposal to unite the smaller Presbyterian bodies into a single denomination. The body which had seceded from ours in 1833 of course took no part in these discussions; but it was felt that the ground taken by Dr. S. B. Wylie and his friends at the time of that division was encouraging to those who looked for a union of those Presbyterians who agreed in practising restricted communion, in the exclusive use of the Book of Psalms in worship, and in debarring slave-holders and members of secret societies from communion. My own sympathies went with those of our body who looked for such a union, and in the Synod of 1845 I supported this party by my vote, although both the pastors of our own congregation were opposed to it and voted against it. This movement was of very slow growth, but finally, in 1859, resulted in the organization of the United Presbyterian Church. But our church was not included.

The Reformed Presbyterian Church was one of the few churches in the country that had made freedom from complicity with slavery a condition of communion. No person holding slaves had been admitted to its membership since the year 1800, or even to occasional communion; although, so far as I know, at that early day the members of the church had adopted no public measures to advocate these principles.

"Soon after the Revolutionary War and the formation of the Federal Constitution, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, having permanently established itself in this country, had her attention

called to the existence of slavery to a considerable extent among the members of her communion. The subject was brought before the highest ecclesiastical judicature, when prompt and efficient action was at once taken. No temporary remedy—no gradualism—no colonization was permitted to have place.

"A unanimous resolution was passed in the year 1800, that any of her members who were involved in the sin of slavery must at once manumit their slaves, or, of course, leave the church. The importance of this resolution, as well as the difficulty of its execution, will at once be seen when it is remembered that one of the largest portions of the church was then in South Carolina, and many of the members were slave-holders or otherwise connected with the system. A committee was appointed to see that the resolution was carried out; and nearly half-a-century ago the now venerable pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of this city went to Carolina in company with another minister long since gone to his rest, and saw the decision of the church fully carried into effect. And from that time till the present no slave-holder or abettor of slavery has been allowed any privilege in the church. There are also at the present time several organized congregations in Tennessee and Alabama, yet they are strictly anti-slavery. Had all the churches in this country acted at an early period in so definite a manner, there is no room to doubt that slavery long ere this would have been known only in history."—"S." [Mr. Stuart?] in *The Banner of the Covenant*, for February, 1845.

It was the refusal of Rev. Alexander McLeod to become pastor of the churches of New York and Wallkill, on the ground that several of their members were slave-holders, which raised the question in the Reformed Presbytery—the Synod not being organized until 1809. It was Rev. James McKinney and Rev. Samuel B. Wylie who went South to enforce the decision. It is said that only one member of the church, a resident of North Carolina, refused to manumit his slaves. As this action made the position of the Southern Covenanters uncomfortable, their emigration to the North was planned, and the Rev. Samuel Wylie, a nephew of Dr. Wylie of Philadelphia, settled in Eden (Illinois), to create a nucleus for this emigration. He was the first English-

speaking settler of the State, and more than a score of churches trace their origin to his, making Randolph County—the "Land of Goshen" in "Egypt"—one of the most Presbyterian places in the United States. Dr. Wylie, of Eden, lived to be the Nestor of the church, and strongly expressed his disapproval of the suspension of Mr. Stuart by the Synod of 1868. His settlement suggested the name of the town where Mr. Dickens makes Martin Chuzzlewit settle; but it is not on the Mississippi, as that was supposed to be. There were other settlements of Southern Covenanters in Southern Ohio and Southern Indiana.

While I was still in my teens I became greatly interested in the anti-slavery movement, which had been brought to my notice soon after the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society, by a national convention, which met at Philadelphia on the 4th of December, 1833. Owing to the strength of public feeling against such a movement, the convention had great difficulty in securing a peaceable meeting, being threatened by mobs and liable to interruption. A committee of the convention, consisting of Garrison, Whittier and May, was appointed to draw up a declaration of sentiment, which was soon after given to the public.

In Oliver Johnson's "Garrison, and the Anti-Slavery Movement," p. 152, some extracts from this declaration of principles can be found, which show that the original anti-slavery agitators appealed to the Bible in support of their principles and relied upon God for help.

It may be well here to state that Benjamin Lundy was perhaps the first man in the country who agitated the question of the abolition of slavery. Years before the organization of the Society in Philadelphia he travelled and wrote extensively on the subject. Soon after the organization he came to reside in Philadelphia, where I

made his personal acquaintance, as well as that of John Greenleaf Whittier. I was thus at an early age led to take a great interest in the welfare of the down-trodden slave; though against the wishes of many business friends, who thought that my relation to the movement would hurt the business of our house. The more I thought upon the subject the stronger became my convictions that I owed to the slave practical sympathy and help. There was an Abolition party existing at this time in the city, but, as it was controlled by members of the Society of Friends, there were no religious exercises connected with their meetings. This led a few young men, like myself, belonging to various Evangelical Churches, to organize a Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, whose meetings should be opened and closed with prayer, in accordance with our custom in similar gatherings. Of this society I not only became a member, but was also an officer, and took an active part in all of its deliberations. Our efforts were largely directed towards enlisting the sympathies of the Evangelical Churches in the cause of the suffering slave, slave-holding not being regarded as a sin by many of these churches. This society lasted nearly, if not quite, up to the organization of the Republican party.

In the year 1837–38 the friends of both organizations, finding it almost impracticable to secure either churches or halls in which to hold public meetings, determined upon the erection of a large hall, which was finally built at the corner of Sixth and Haines Streets, and was named Pennsylvania Hall. In May, 1838, the hall was dedicated by a series of public meetings, which were crowded from day to day; but on the 17th, in the even-

ing, a mob seized the building and set it on fire, and, although the flames lighted up the city, the authorities made no attempt whatever either to save the building or to arrest those who set it on fire. These circumstances are vividly impressed upon my memory, for my first child was born that night, and it so happened that I passed the building in a carriage with the doctor while the fire was at its height. I saw the flames ascending amid the cheers of a vast multitude of people: such was the public sentiment of the day.

It was about this time that the colored people in the lower part of the city were threatened with mob violence. The mob had already done some damage, but was finally put down by a volunteer force of militia which was called for by the authorities and which I eagerly joined, shouldering my gun in defence of the colored race.

It was about this time of which I am now speaking that the news came that James G. Birney, a prominent lawyer and slave-holder, and a member of the Presbyterian Church of Huntsville, Alabama, had emancipated all his slaves. He afterwards removed to Lexington, Kentucky, to establish a paper advocating the cause of emancipation. Driven from that city, he moved to Cincinnati, where, soon afterwards, his press was thrown into the Ohio River, and he was obliged again to move, and finally located in Washington, where he for a short time published *The National Era.* I became so interested in Mr. Birney's work that for some time I acted as his agent in promoting the circulation of his paper, and afterwards had the pleasure of entertaining him at my house.

In 1840 the first political organization for the over-

throw of slavery was formed and called the Free Soil Party. In that year James G. Birney was the candidate of this party for President of the United States, and Thomas Earl, of Philadelphia, for Vice-President. The party received less than four hundred votes in Pennsylvania; but I am proud to say that for this ticket I cast my first vote. I was the only one who voted this ticket at the polling-place where I voted, and was told that if I did so my life would be in danger. Happily, however, I escaped personal harm, although my course excited distress in the bosom of many of my friends and doubtless injured my business to some extent.

This small party nominated John P. Hale for President in 1844, and continued steadily to grow until 1854, when it was merged in the Republican party.

During my early connection with the anti-slavery movement I made the acquaintance of most of its leading men, such as Arthur and Lewis Tappan, William Lloyd Garrison, Joshua Leavitt, Gerritt Smith, and many others.

In the year 1839 the slave-schooner Armistad, belonging to some Spaniards, was on her way from Africa to a southern port, crowded with native Africans, who had been seized and carried from their homes on board this slave-vessel to be sold as human chattels in the South. Among these poor Africans there was a born leader named Chiniqui, who probably would have astonished the world had he received the educational advantages of civilized men. He conceived the idea of securing the liberty of himself and his companions; and, to this end, he killed the captain and all the white men but one on board the schooner and threw them into the open sea.

The white man whose life was saved was directed at night to steer for the North Star. After floating about the ocean for some time this slave-vessel was picked up by a revenue cutter and taken into the port of New Haven early in the autumn of 1839. Soon after, the owners came forward and claimed the slaves as their property. The case was carried to the Supreme Court at Washington, where the slaves were defended most ably by John Quincy Adams and Senator Baldwin of Connecticut. After an exciting trial the Supreme Court decided that the slaves were entitled to their freedom, because the slave-trade was contrary to our laws and these Africans were illegally held in bondage on the high seas. The friends of the slave throughout the country became deeply interested in this group of native Africans, and took measures to give them a Christian education and return them to their native country. This was the means of founding, in 1842, what is known as the Mendi Mission in Africa, which still exists, and which was the first mission of the American Missionary Society founded on anti-slavery grounds, in opposition to the policy of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Public meetings were held in several places with a view of enlisting sympathy in behalf of the Armistad negroes, and Lewis Tappan wrote me to know if I could arrange for a meeting in Philadelphia before their return, to which I responded, "I shall be happy to do so." The day of their coming having been fixed, I found it impossible to secure either a church or a hall in which to receive them, and it was not until the morning of the day of their arrival that I finally succeeded in obtaining our own

antislavery church for their reception. Hence there was no opportunity for announcing the meeting in the daily papers. In this emergency I caused to be issued a few large handbills (some of which I still have) announcing the arrival of the Armistad negroes and the place and hour of the meeting. These handbills I employed several men to carry on poles throughout the principal thoroughfares during the day. Several times these men were threatened with violence. As the New School General Assembly was in session then, at Mr. Barnes's church, I sent the members a special invitation to attend, and many of them did so. The meeting was a most remarkable one, presided over by the venerable Dr. S. B. Wylie, Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. There was only a delegation from the Africans present, some fifteen or twenty in number. Their leader, Chiniqui, spoke for nearly an hour in his native tongue, and held the audience breathless, although they could understand nothing but his gestures, which were so apt and expressive that you could fairly see him throw a man overboard.

I had secured the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., to make to the Africans a speech of welcome. At the last moment he wrote me a note expressing his regret that he must be absent on account of a sudden indisposition. Looking over the vast audience, I selected the Rev. Edward N. Kirk, then a young minister of Albany whom I had heard of, to take Dr. Tyng's place. He at first declined on account of the short notice; but finally consented, and, I may say without exaggeration, made one of the greatest speeches of his life and one of the most eloquent I ever listened to. On

the following day I insisted on his writing it out, which he did, and I often afterwards read it to many friends as a specimen of rare eloquence.*

Before that remarkable meeting closed, one of the younger Africans, who had made some progress in the study of our language, stood upon the platform to answer any questions which the audience chose to ask him. Among those who asked questions was that eminent minister of the Gospel, Samuel Hanson Coxe, D.D., who, among other questions, asked this young native African what he thought of the resurrection. As the young man had given his heart to Christ, he asked the doctor, "Do you mean when I was in Africa?" "Oh, yes," said the doctor: to which he promptly replied, "In Africa we be Sadducees." Amidst the convulsed laughter of the house the doctor took his seat. The boy had only studied the Scripture a few weeks, but was evidently making progress.

My time was so taken up during the day that this great meeting was held that I had failed to secure lodging for the entire party of Africans, and, at a late hour of the night, I was obliged to take quite a number of them into my own house, somewhat to the alarm of my family and the displeasure of my servants. We spread blankets and comfortables upon the floor of a spare room, where they slept soundly after partaking of some refreshment.

---

* About a quarter of a century after this, while Dr. Kirk, then a pastor in Boston, was my guest on his return from the army, I showed him this speech, and he was so glad to see it that I reluctantly lent it to him to carry home. To my great regret, all my efforts to secure its return, even after his death, were unavailing.

Before dismissing this subject I may say that I continued to retain my interest in the emancipation of the slave and the welfare of the colored race, up to the hour when Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation (in the midst of the great war of the Rebellion) happily set them free.

CHAPTER III.

First Irish Presbyterian Delegation to America—The Work of the American Sunday-School Union—Chidlaw, Paxson, and McCullaugh—Meets Dr. Duff in Edinburgh in 1851—The great Missionary brought to America—Incidents of his Visit—New Church dedicated on Broad Street.

IN 1845 I again visited Europe on business of our house, this being the last time when I saw my mother alive. I went again in 1848, the year after her death. It was in this latter year that the first public deputation of the Irish Presbyterian Church visited America, consisting of Rev. E. M. Dill, M.D., and Rev. Jonathan Simpson. The occasion of their visit was the extension of the Home Missionary operations of their Church in the South and West in the years which followed the terrible famine of 1846–1847, because of the openings which were furnished for new work by that calamity. They came to ask aid of the Presbyterians of America in this good work, and especially of those of them who acknowledged Ulster as their native home or the home of their fathers. The interest, which their statements as to the readiness of the Irish Roman Catholics to receive and read the Scriptures awakened, was very great, and not only the rich among us, but even laboring men contributed heartily of their substance to the furtherance of the good work. I was glad to be able to act as their Treasurer,— receiving for them more than twenty-five thousand dollars,—and to further their wishes to the utmost of my power, besides entertaining them in my house during their stay in the city. Indeed, their rela-

tions with me became so close as to cause me to be regarded as a sort of representative of the Irish Presbyterian Church before the Presbyterians of America. When I visited Ireland the next year, there was at Belfast a public reception to myself and Mr. William Shaw of New York, in recognition of our services, at which Dr. John Edgar presided. Mr. Shaw suggested Dr. Edgar's coming to America in the same behalf, which he did in 1859.

In 1848 I was chosen a manager of the American Sunday-school Union, a society established on a union basis in 1824 to promote the establishment of Sabbath-schools throughout the country, and to publish literature calculated to assist teachers in their work and also books suitable for school-libraries. I held this office for twenty-five years, and for the subsequent nine years I was a Vice-President of the Union. In 1830 the Union had undertaken the great work of establishing Sabbath-schools throughout the Mississippi Valley, which then was rapidly being settled. It has done a great work in planting schools in all the destitute parts of the country, especially in the South and West. During the presidency of my venerable friend the late Mr. John A. Brown, I was frequently called to preside at its meetings, especially upon anniversary occasions, as his bad health often prevented his doing so. On one of these occasions (the annual meeting of 1876) I read a letter from the Earl of Shaftesbury, whom I had taken the liberty of inviting to address the meeting. The letter was worthy of its eminent author, showing his great interest in Sabbath-schools, and expressing his regret that he was unable to be with us:

LONDON, May 1, 1876.

GEORGE H. STUART, Esq., Philadelphia:

DEAR SIR,—A desire to visit the United States has long been in my heart. But I never have had time and freedom to do so. Many things — and some of them very grievous — have stood in my way. Now it has become impossible that I should indulge my wish. I struck "seventy-five years" on the 28th of April last, and I shall not dare—even if I were quite at liberty—to cross the Atlantic for the first time in my life, and enter on such a course of duties as would be opened to me by the kindness and hospitality of the American people.

Sunday-schools will soon be the only means of religious education for the masses of the English people. Their great success in your country gives us hope.

May God bless and prosper your great nation, to His own glory and man's welfare.

Yours very truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

I afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt to induce the Earl to come to this country, having gone so far as to select the steamer in which he was to sail, when my negotiations seemed likely to be crowned with success.

For about a quarter of a century I had the great privilege of entertaining at my house almost every winter three of the most eminent missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union, who visited the East to sustain the interest in the great work of planting schools in the distant West and South. These were the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, John McCullaugh, and Stephen Paxson, who were among the most consecrated men and the most devoted workers for our blessed Master that I ever have known.

Mr. Chidlaw came to this country from Wales a poor boy, and, while being educated, lived on thirty-two cents

a week. He had entered the service of the Union in 1836. Mr. McCullaugh came from Scotland, also a poor boy, and as a lay Sabbath-school worker in Kentucky and the Southwest did a marvellous work for Christ. He began the work as a volunteer, and became a missionary of the Union in 1841. Stephen Paxson, born in Ohio, had a hesitancy in his speech which continued until the day of his death, except when he warmed up in the pulpit or on the platform. When he first went to school, the master sent him home, telling him he must learn to talk before he could teach him. When a young married man he moved to Indiana, and there taught a dancing-school. The father of the late Dr. William Adams, of New York, acting as a missionary of the Sunday-School Union, planted a mission Sabbath-school in his neighborhood, which Mr. Paxson's daughter was led to attend. Bringing home to her father's house some nice Sunday-school papers, she urged him to go to the school, which he did. As teachers were scarce, the superintendent said, "Oh, Mr. Paxson, we are so glad to see you, as we have a large class of boys here without a teacher." Mr. Paxson, who was totally unfitted for the place, told the boys to tell him all they knew and he would tell them all he knew. The boys then recited some passages of Scripture which they were to give as their lesson, and then told their teacher that they were entitled to so many cards. "Cards," said he, "what do you mean by cards? Where shall I get them?" The boys told him to go to the librarian. He did so, and the librarian asked him, "How may cards do you want, Mr. Paxson?" His reply was, "Oh, give me a full pack." This illiterate, uneducated man was converted, and, after

he entered the service of the Union in 1848, he became instrumental under God in planting some twelve hundred Sabbath-schools in destitute localities where no Sabbath-schools or churches existed. Many of these have grown into churches in connection with various evangelical denominations, and now have settled pastors and a prosperous church life. While living in Illinois Mr. Paxson had a famous horse which he named Robert Raikes. This horse became so accustomed to his master's habits that he would never pass a boy or girl without stopping, as Mr. Paxson was accustomed to hand a Sabbath-school paper to every boy and girl whom he met. I have been told that the horse had a larger funeral than many a prominent and respected citizen. Mr. Paxson finished his labors a few years ago in St. Louis, and a history of his life has been prepared by his daughter, and is entitled "A Fruitful Life." To this volume I contributed a letter giving my reminiscences of the man:

"My acquaintance with Stephen Paxson extended over more than a quarter of a century, and but few years elapsed during that time in which I had not the pleasure of welcoming him to my home. While he was beloved for his work's sake, he was no less so for his own. He was a man of a thousand. He had a racy humor and an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. His sketches of frontier experience in the far West, where he did so much for the Master, brought home to us vividly a manner of life fascinating through its contrasts with our own. My children in their younger years learned to look forward to his annual visits with expectations of pleasure, and grew with their growth in years to regard him almost as one of our family circle, in spite of the long intervals between his visits.

"But it was his Christian character which especially won him a warm place in our hearts. His prayers, when he led us at the

family altar, were the truest and highest expression of the man,—simple, touching, appropriate, and winged with an unction which carried his petitions home to the hearts of us all—parents, children, servants—on their way to the throne of grace.

"Next to Mr. Paxson's prayers, his Sabbath-school addresses were memorable utterances with us. He had the gift to reach, hold and benefit every kind of hearer, down to the very youngest before him. Especially impressive was his account of his first day's experience in the Sunday-school, which I often heard, but which was ever so fresh that I never tired of hearing it.

"Mr. Paxson's speeches showed him to be a man of one idea, whether spoken from the superintendent's desk, the pastor's pulpit, or the platform. That one idea was the salvation of the great West for Christ through the Sabbath-school, more particularly through the work of the American Sunday-School Union. It was the work of this noble society, under God, which had led to his own conversion, and his transfer from a life of frivolity to the service of Jesus.

"Mr. Paxson had no educational advantages, not even those furnished by the common school; but he had a native force of understanding, an instinctive perception of the shortest way to human hearts, and a courageous self-sacrifice, which made him one of the most efficient of the noble band of missionaries of the Union. . . . .

"Mr. Paxson is gone, but his work remains, and my earnest prayer is that the story of his remarkable life may be fruitful in raising up others to extend the glorious work of carrying the Gospel of Christ home to the children of our country, and through them to their parents and friends in the manner of his own conversion."

Mr. McCullaugh also died recently, and, although not so familiar with his life as with that of Mr. Paxson, I know that he was remarkably blessed by God in founding mission Sabbath-schools, and that in addressing large congregations he could hold their attention with wonderful power. Few men were better known in Louisville

and other Southwestern cities than John McCullaugh of Henderson, Kentucky. His life has been written by Rev. Joseph H. McCullaugh, under the title "The Sunday-School Man of the South," and is published by the Union. He was like Paxson in that there was never in his personal appearance anything to attract attention. On the contrary, it was grace that adorned both men, and made them such successful missionaries of Christ.

Mr. Chidlaw is still living, and in his eightieth year working for the cause that lies so near his heart as few men, even in the prime of life, can do. He has recently passed through a heavy affliction in the death of his beloved partner in life, who had been a great help to him in all his labors for our blessed Master. Few men living ever occupied a warmer space in my heart than Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, D.D., of Cleaves, Ohio.

My trip to the British Islands in 1851 is forever memorable to me as that in which I met that greatest of modern missionaries, the late Dr. Alexander Duff, and prepared the way for his visit to America. When in London in the great anniversary week in the month of May, on taking up the morning paper, I was surprised and delighted to find that the Rev. Alexander Duff, of whom I had long been reading as one of the most eminent of all the missionaries to India, was to speak that day at the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society at Exeter Hall. A distinguished layman of the Methodist Church was announced to preside, but the only speaker named was Dr. Duff, of India. As my son Willie, a boy of eleven years, was with me, I said to him, "Let us hurry our breakfast that we may go and hear Dr. Duff," a privilege which I never had hoped to

enjoy. When we reached the hall it was filling up rapidly, and soon was crowded to excess. We occupied seats near the centre of the house; but no one near us or around us could tell us whether Dr. Duff was on the platform or not. We waited patiently from before ten o'clock till after one, hearing several speakers, who spoke in the most laudatory terms of the work of their society for the past year, when they had raised and expended a larger sum than ever before. I began to think that Dr. Duff was not there, and this suspicion was confirmed by the chairman's announcing the great pleasure he had in introducing the Rev. Dr. Candlish of the Free Church of Scotland. Dr. Candlish, who was small of stature, arose from his seat and said, "Mr. President, this vast audience has not sat here all these hours to hear the Rev. Dr. Candlish, whom they can hear any day in Free St. George's, Edinburgh," and closed by saying, "I shall best subserve the interests of this society and meet the wishes of this audience by giving place to my beloved and honored friend Dr. Alexander Duff, who has just arrived from his great missionary work in India;" and then took his seat. All eyes were turned to the platform, where a tall man, with bushy hair, arose to his feet, and, in a tone of earnestness that I have seldom heard, commenced an address of an hour and a half, which electrified the audience. He had evidently been annoyed by the somewhat boastful character of the remarks made by previous speakers, and, at once addressing the chairman, he said, in very broad Scotch, "I came not here to-day, my brothers, to lull you to sleep under the consciousness that you have done your duty to the heathen. You talk of raising last year over a hundred

thousand pounds,—a sum which you would spend in a single banquet on your Queen in Buckingham Palace;" and then, raising his voice, he continued, "You might as well talk of levelling yon Alps with spades, or emptying your Atlantic ocean with buckets as to convert the heathen world by such efforts." After comparing their past efforts to these and many other impossibilities, he proceeded, in a manner peculiar to himself, to describe the want of the Gospel for the millions of India, who were perishing daily in such vast numbers without ever having heard of the name of Jesus. During this remarkable address many of the audience were unable to restrain their feelings, and exclaimed, in real Methodist style, "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!"

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour at which this meeting closed, I made my way to the platform, in the hope of being able to take Dr. Duff by the hand; but I found myself too late, and, on inquiring where I could find him, was told that he was the guest of an eminent lady belonging to the aristocracy and profoundly interested in Christian work, and that the condition of his health and the fatigue incident to such an address precluded the possibility of his seeing any visitors.

Some weeks later I found myself dining with a friend in the north of Ireland, an eminent Christian physician named Dr. Taylor, who had invited several ministers to meet me, and among them my particular friend Rev. Jonathan Simpson of Portrush. During our conversation at the dinner-table I happened to mention my hearing Dr. Duff in London, and to express my disappointment at not having met him personally. One of the gentlemen present said that the next day he would be

elected moderator of the Free Church Assembly which was to meet in Edinburgh. I at once asked when the next train started for Belfast, and if it would reach there in time for me to catch the evening boat for Glasgow. On learning that it would, and that the train would soon start, I asked to be excused, left the dinner-table, and insisted on Mr. Simpson's going with me to Edinburgh. This he at first declined to do, on account of having no preparation for such a journey. On my pressing him to go with me, and offering to supply all his wants, he consented. We reached Edinburgh in time to take a hasty breakfast, and proceed at once to the great temporary hall where the Assembly was about to meet. Early as it was, we found a crowd gathered on the outside waiting for the opening of the doors. The fact that Dr. Duff was to be the moderator was the cause of such a large assemblage. I feared that we should not be able to obtain a good seat, but was delighted to find among the crowd the Rev. Dr. Begg, with whom I had crossed the Atlantic many years previously. Through his influence we secured a seat very near the platform. After the preliminary exercises and the opening address by the retiring moderator, Dr. Duff appeared in the desk, clad in his official gown, and spoke for over two hours, giving us one of the most eloquent and memorable addresses ever delivered before that body of Christian ministers and laymen. Owing to the doctor's great animation and gestures peculiar to himself, his gown at the close could hardly be recognized as the garment in which he began his address. Relying upon the influence of my friend Dr. Begg to secure me a short interview with Dr. Duff at the close of his address, I had

only the opportunity of taking him by the hand as he was literally being carried out in an exhausted state by his enthusiastic friends.

Upon being introduced afterwards to one of the clerks of the Assembly, I told him that I had to leave next morning for Liverpool to take the steamer on the following day for America, and, as I had come all the way from Ireland for the purpose of having a short interview with Dr. Duff, whom I had failed to see in London, I would like to know where I could see him during the evening. I pressed my case as earnestly as possible, but he replied that, if I were the Duke of Wellington, I could not see Dr. Duff that day, as, in order to keep him quiet in his present feeble state of health, they had him stopping at a hotel *incognito*. When coming out from the meeting my friend Simpson said to me, "Now, Stuart, you have had your journey from Ireland without accomplishing the end you had in view."

We repaired to our hotel for a late dinner; and, knowing that there were but few first-class hotels in Edinburgh, I asked the head-waiter if there were any members of the Assembly stopping there. He replied, "We have several," and among others he named Dr. Duff. As soon as I learned that Dr. Duff had finished his dinner, which was served him in his private parlor, I sent up my card (on which, fortunately, I had written "Philadelphia"), and soon received the reply that he would be glad to see me at my convenience. Leaving my friend in the dining-room, I repaired to a private parlor on the second floor, and, on my knocking at the door, it was at once opened by the distinguished missionary whom I had so long desired to meet. With a

cordial grasp of the hand which was peculiar to the man he gave me a warm greeting. Knowing the condition of his health, I at first declined to go in and sit down. He turned to his wife, who sat by an open-grate fire. "Wife dear," said he, "here is a man all the way from Philadelphia." He then introduced me to her, and insisted upon my being seated and remaining with him for some time. The key to this was that Mrs. Duff's only brother, whom she had not seen for many years, was a resident of Philadelphia. On making known his name, —Mr. Drysdale, father of the present Dr. Drysdale,— which, I believe, was the only name of the kind in the directory, I told her that I knew him well, and was able to tell her his business and the location of his store; further, that a son of his was employed as a missionary by a city society of which I was president.

During our conversation I told the doctor how I had been thwarted in my various efforts to see the man whom I had been reading about all my life, and that the purpose I had now in calling upon him was to urge him to visit our country. In his peculiar Scotch manner, and rising to his full height, he exclaimed, "I should be delighted to see America, were it not for that big sea which divides us; but I am a very poor sailor." I tried to explain how rapidly he could come by steam, how much good it could do, and what a welcome he would receive from the Christians of all denominations in the land.

I continued to correspond with him from 1851 to 1854, always urging him to come, and presenting as best I could new and encouraging inducements. When he finally consented (which was in 1854), I had his contemplated visit announced in most of our religious newspapers; and, as

he had been engaged up to that time in collecting money in Scotland, for the great college which has been since built in Calcutta, some of our foreign missionary friends were alarmed lest he should be coming, with his great eloquence, to collect money for his own special work in India. I assured them, however, that such was not the fact; that I had invited him over for the purpose of deepening and increasing the interest of all our churches in the cause of foreign missions generally. My statement was confirmed by the fact that Dr. Duff, during his extended tour through the United States and Canada, never once alluded to the special claims of that field in which he was particularly interested.

After a protracted voyage his steamer was detained in the lower bay in New York longer than I have ever known to be the case with any other European vessel. Finally a tug-boat brought him and other passengers to the Cunard wharf at Jersey City. Here, with Rev. Dr. John Thompson and a few other friends, I met him. My brother James wanted him as his guest, but his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Thompson, a Scotch minister, pressed his claims so strongly that Dr. Duff went to his house for a day's rest before proceeding to Philadelphia. He came to our city in the midst of the greatest snow-storm we had ever known. On the night of his expected arrival I had invited over one hundred and twenty ministers, of all the Evangelical Churches, to meet him at my house. But, to my disappointment, I learned at the dépôt that, on account of the great storm that had set in that afternoon, there was no prospect of the train by which he had started reaching the city that night, as the road was completely blocked with snow. I offered the company a

hundred dollars if they would send an extra engine with the hope of bringing the detained train to the city; but they told me it was useless. Leaving my brother-in-law, Mr. David W. Denison, at the dépôt, with the only carriage that was to be found there, I went home, feeling sadder at heart than I had felt for a long time. To my astonishment, notwithstanding the fury of the storm, the ministers began to arrive at the appointed hour, so that over eighty made their appearance during the evening. They sympathized with me in my disappointment, and endeavored to enjoy themselves despite the absence of the distinguished guest whom they had come to meet. Between nine and ten o'clock a few of them began to leave, and one of them said to me, in parting, "I am going home to tell my wife that the millennium has commenced, as I have found leading ministers of all the Evangelical Churches meeting together as if they all belonged to the same family. Here," said he, "I have found Episcopalians and Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, cheek by jowl." I may here add that this was the beginning of such gatherings as Philadelphia has often witnessed since.

About ten o'clock, when others were preparing to leave, my door-bell was rung violently, and soon it was announced that Dr. Duff, Dr. Nicholas Murray (better known as "Kirwan"), and Dr. John Thompson were at the door.

I escorted Dr. Duff to his chamber; and he soon made his appearance in the drawing-room, where a brief address of welcome was made, on behalf of the large number of ministers who were still present, by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian church, who formerly

had been a missionary in India. After this the ministers passed around the table where Dr. Duff and I stood, and were introduced by me to my distinguished guest. I was able to announce, as they came forward, the names of all but one. After this the whole party adjourned to the dining-room, where Dr. Duff asked the blessing upon our repast. On returning to the drawing-room a chapter of the Bible was read, and an earnest prayer was, at my request, offered, giving thanks for Dr. Duff's arrival, by Dr. E. S. Janes, afterwards a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Duff wrote home to his wife that Dr. Janes's prayer pierced his very heart.*

Before Dr. Duff's arrival we had secured the largest hall in our city for the purpose of giving him a public reception on behalf of all the Evangelical Churches; and, to secure the attendance of the representative men and women of these Churches, together with their pastors and other ministerial brethren, we had printed a pulpit notice of the meeting, and enclosed in each notice

* In describing his first reception in Philadelphia the doctor says, "This remarkable meeting broke up a little past midnight, amid the hurricane raging outside. Some of the ministers, as they told us afterwards, were hours before they reached their homes, although not above a mile or two distant, buffeted by the tempest and up to the waist in snow. How can I pourtray my commingled feelings when I retired towards one o'clock to my couch of repose? It is impossible. Such a reception, so new, so peculiar, so unprecedented, what could it mean? With one or two exceptions not one of the assembled ministers had seen my face in the flesh, and yet, as each one shook hands with me, he spoke as if he were an old familiar friend—as if he knew all about me and held me as a brother in the Lord. Never before was any minister or missionary of any denomination so received and so greeted in this part of the world, or in any other that I have ever heard of. What could it all mean? I was lost in wonder, adoring gratitude, and love."

a number of tickets, asking for a judicious disposal of them by the several pastors. After we had distributed a large number in this way, we announced that the rest were to be had on application at several book-stores. After all had been disposed of, there was still a large demand which we were unable to supply. This meeting was to be held on the evening after Dr. Duff's arrival, and, although the great snow-storm of the previous day had abated, the streets and side-walks were almost impassable; and yet thousands stood outside the building without tickets in the hope of gaining admittance. The platform was filled by ministers of all the Evangelical Churches; but the friends of the cause insisted upon my presiding. After the opening exercises Dr. Murray made an admirable introductory address, and the manifestations of enthusiasm on the part of the audience when he took Dr. Duff by the hand and welcomed him to our shores, it is impossible to describe. I never saw the like of it. Before the meeting was organized an editor of a religious paper requested me to caution Dr. Duff not to speak much over an hour, remarking that he had noticed that he often spoke in Scotland more than two hours. I quietly pulled out my watch when the doctor had spoken about an hour and a half, but this same editor, catching my eye, shook his head at me, fearing that I was going to stop the doctor, which I had no intention of doing. This remarkable meeting was held on the evening of the 21st of February, 1854; and our Philadelphia Christians had the opportunity and privilege of listening to one of the most fervent and earnest appeals for the cause of Foreign Missions that had ever been delivered. Describing a similar address

in New York, Dr. Theodore Cuyler said, "At this point of the address the reporters had all laid down their pens; and well they might, for they might as soon have attempted to report a thunder-storm."

During the remainder of this first week of Dr. Duff's visit to our city, a great many visitors called to see him, and I had the pleasure of giving him the first sleigh-ride he ever had. I also took him to visit many of our public institutions, including, of course, Independence Hall. This visit he seemed to enjoy very much. On one of the evenings of this week he spoke at a great public meeting on behalf of Sabbath observance; and, on the evening of Sunday, the 26th, he preached in the great hall where he was publicly received on the 21st. Long before the hour announced for the public services the place was crammed, and the platform gallery was so crowded that apprehensions arose as to its giving way. The weather being very cold, the building was unusually heated, a fact which affected the doctor so much that he was obliged to shorten the services. On the Monday following I took him to visit some of the lowest slums in the city, so that he might speak that evening more intelligently at a city-mission meeting. At this again he spoke with such power, explaining the Scotch system, as exemplified by Chalmers and others, of reaching the masses and of dealing with poverty so as to check the growth of pauperism, that he awoke an interest in behalf of the outcasts of our city which is felt to this day. During his visit to Philadelphia he was pressed by many of our leading citizens to extend his visit to our country for a year or more, instead of confining it to a few short months.

As an indication of the interest felt in Dr. Duff I may mention an incident that took place during his visit. The congregation with which I had been so long connected were engaged in the erection of a large new church building on Broad Street between Spruce and Pine, in what is now one of the most central locations in the city.* Being chairman of the Building Committee, I was very anxious to have Dr. Duff preach for us on the day of its dedication, and to this end had the contractor have his men work all night as well as all day, to hasten its completion before April 30, 1854, which was a Sabbath. It was arranged that the pastor should preach in the morning, Rev. Dr. McLeod, of New York, in the afternoon, and Rev. Dr. Duff in the evening. The desire to hear the latter was so great that many of the

* The erection of this new church edifice was due so very largely to Mr. Stuart's efforts, and to the contributions of himself and his personal friends outside the congregation, that it was felt fitting that there should be some recognition of the fact on the part of the church. On the 25th of July, 1855, he was presented with a set of silver—a pitcher, a salver, and two goblets of exquisite workmanship—on behalf of the congregation by the pastor. The pitcher bears the inscription:

"Presented to George H. Stuart, Esq., by the members of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, as a token of their affectionate regard, and as a grateful acknowledgment of his many acts of kindness and labors of love, and especially of his munificent aid in the erection of the beautiful edifice in which they worship the God of their Fathers. July 25, 1855."

The church is one of the most spacious in the city, and on that account one of the most frequently called into use for meetings of large and general interest. There will be two opinions in this generation as to its beauty. In later years it was quite as frequently designated "Bishop Stuart's church" as "Dr. Wylie's church." The title of "bishop" was first conferred by a lively writer in one of our Philadelphian newspapers, and had appositeness enough to stick.—ED.

afternoon congregation retained their seats after the close of the services so as to be assured of a place in the evening. Long before the hour appointed for the services a vast crowd had gathered in front of the church, many of whom failed to obtain admission. His sermon, which was afterwards published, was one of the most notable ever delivered on such an occasion in our city; and even to this day it often is spoken of. Not long since Dr. Currie, the rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, in speaking in our church at a general religious meeting, referred very touchingly to the fact that Dr. Duff had taken part in the dedication of the church, and as a Scotchman expressed his gratitude for the privilege of speaking in a church that had been so honored,—the very walls of which he considered sacred to the memory of one of Scotland's greatest missionaries.

He left Philadelphia on the 3d of March, and I accompanied him to New York, stopping overnight as the guests of Dr. Murray at Elizabethtown. Here he spoke to a great congregation in Dr. Murray's church. The excitement and interest awakened in Philadelphia were repeated in New York on even a larger scale; and, as a writer on one of the papers said after describing his first speech in New York, "Since Chalmers went home to Heaven Scotland has heard no eloquence like Duff's. . . . . When the orator opened his batteries upon the sloth and selfishness of a large portion of Christ's followers, his sarcasm on the mercenary mammonism of the day was scathing. Under the burning satire and pathos of that tremendous appeal for dying heathendom, tears of indignation welled up from many an eye. As the orator drew near his close he seemed like one in-

spired. His face shone as it were the face of an angel. He had become the very embodiment of missions to us, and was lost in his tremendous theme. The concluding sentence was a swelling outburst of prophecy of the coming triumphs of the Cross."

After my visit to New York with Dr. Duff, I took him to Washington; but, much to the disappointment of our friends in Baltimore, we were unable, for want of time, to stop there. One of the best-known ministers of Baltimore and several of her prominent citizens came to Washington, however, to hear Dr. Duff, and we arranged to spend the Sabbath there. Through the kindness of one of the chaplains of Congress, the House of Representatives had been secured for the morning service. Late on Saturday night the doctor asked me what kind of an audience he would have and on what he had best preach. I replied that he would have one of the most distinguished audiences that he had ever addressed, including the President, his cabinet, and many members of both houses of Congress, with other representative men who were in Washington at that season. Distinguished as his audience might be, yet they needed the same Gospel of Christ that other poor sinners needed; and, recognizing this fact, Dr. Duff took for his text the words of Paul, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned." The house was crowded to excess, many leading Representatives and Senators being glad to obtain standing-room; and many of his auditors were visibly affected by the earnest and impressive words of the preacher. I can recall, even now, the form of Mr. Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina, as he stood in one of

the aisles wiping the tears from his eyes. President Pierce occupied the front seat, right before the Speaker's desk; while the Speaker of the House, Hon. Linn Boyd of Kentucky, sat on the left of Dr. Duff, and I was favored with a seat between him and Gerrit Smith, and thus was able to witness the effect of the preacher's words upon the minds and hearts of this remarkable gathering. At one point of the discourse, after the doctor had described in his inimitable manner the glories of the heavenly kingdom, he suddenly paused, and, with his peculiar and awkward gestures, almost fell over the Speaker's desk into President Pierce's lap, as he exclaimed, in his broad Scotch, "But here, brethren, I must pause. I have only reached the threshold. I cannot enter the temple now." From this he passed on until he finished a sermon which must be remembered by all who heard it to their dying day. He was so exhausted by his effort that he had to go to bed immediately after we reached our stopping-place.

My own engagements prevented me from accompanying Dr. Duff through the West. I had made the preliminary arrangements, and secured the Rev. Robert Patterson to accompany him and make appointments for his meetings; and thus he was enabled to visit many of the large cities, colleges, and seminaries. On his departure from Cincinnati the ministers of that city had a farewell meeting with him, and the address of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, at that time rector of an Episcopal church in that city, has often been spoken of as very touching and impressive. He closed this address by saying, "When we next meet, Dr. Duff, we shall not meet as Presby-

terians, Baptists, Methodists, or Episcopalians; but we shall meet you as one in Christ, in our Father's kingdom above."

Before Dr. Duff's departure for Scotland, a committee of laymen of New York and Philadelphia, of which Robert L. Stuart, of New York, and John A. Brown were respectively chairmen, was appointed at a public meeting of Evangelical Christians interested in Foreign Missions, to make arrangements for a Union Missionary Convention to be held in New York. This committee issued a circular addressed to the officers of all Missionary Boards and permanent friends of Foreign Missions to attend a general Missionary Conference to be held in Dr. Alexander's Church on May 4, 1854. The response to this call far exceeded their most sanguine expectations. Every foreign Board and every Evangelical Church were largely represented by leading ministers and laymen. The Hon. Luther Bradish was called upon to preside, which he did with unusual dignity, and Rev. Robert Patterson and John Palen were appointed secretaries. For two days eight subjects previously prepared were discussed with great ability, and the result of the discussion in every case was summed up by a most comprehensive, appropriate, and satisfactory resolution, prepared by Dr. Duff and unanimously adopted. As the Convention drew near its close, I moved, and the Rev. D. Wills of Toronto seconded, that the Hon. Luther Bradish leave the chair and that Mr. John A. Brown take his place; after which a very cordial and unanimous vote of thanks was given to the distinguished chairman for the able, dignified, and courteous manner in which he had presided. On resuming the chair Mr.

Bradish returned thanks, in a very touching manner, for the privilege granted him.

On the day in which the Conference adjourned, a public meeting was held in the Broadway Tabernacle. Long before the hour appointed, the house was filled and many turned away for want of room. Mr. Bradish presided, and, in the course of his introductory remarks, stated that the Convention (which had closed its labors that day) "had been highly favored by the presence of many of the faithful servants of the Lord and Master, who had long and successfully labored in carrying the glad tidings of salvation and peace to the remote and benighted corners of the earth. Pre-eminent among these is our distinguished visitor and friend Rev. Dr. Duff. Among the many good men who had so devoted themselves, few have so long dedicated themselves to the noble work, and with such distinguished success and such entire and self-sacrificing devotion. His whole life has been one of continual missionary labor."

The religious exercises of the evening were conducted by Rev. Dr. Anderson, Rev. Dr. Pomeroy, and Rev. Dr. Forsyth; on the platform were Rev. Dr. Adams, Dr. Alexander, and many others. After the opening services, Rev. Dr. Murray ("Kirwan") gave a brief statement of Dr. Duff's visit to America, with a graphic account of his visits to various parts of our country and especially to the Conference just closed; and, after reading the resolutions, the Chairman introduced Dr. Duff as the speaker of the evening.

When Dr. Duff arose, he was received with unusual expressions of applause. He spoke about two hours, with an effect upon the vast audience which no human

pen can describe. It was an appeal for the dying heathen such as was never heard before. At the close of his remarkable address the Rev. Dr. Tyng, by request of the Convention, presented a resolution of grateful acknowledgment and thanks for Dr. Duff's visit, as a special mercy of Divine Providence to American Christians, in that he has been made by the blessing of God the instrument of recalling more vividly to our minds the great fact of our union in one body and in one spirit in Christ our Lord, of awakening among us more enlarged desires and views in reference to the propagation of the Gospel and the interest and prosperity of Christian missions among the unevangelized nations of the earth, of leading us to value more highly those great doctrines of our common salvation in which true Christians are agreed.

After the passage of this resolution, the vast congregation arose to their feet and sang the long-metre doxology, with a spirit seldom heard, and then received the benediction from Rev. Dr. Bangs.

A few days later, when Dr. Duff was about to depart for Scotland, Mr. Robert L. Stuart gave him a farewell reception at his private residence, to which he invited the leading ministers and Christian laymen belonging to all the Evangelical Churches of New York. It was a large and memorable gathering. During the evening Mr. Stuart invited two or three friends to go with him to his library in the second story. There, after referring to the good which Dr. Duff had accomplished for our country in awakening a new interest in the cause of foreign missions, and also to the fact that while pleading for the evangelization of India he had never once em-

phasized in public or private the needs of his own college in Calcutta, nor the fact that he had left Scotland in the midst of making collections for it, he proposed to raise a private subscription in behalf of Dr. Duff's college, provided that those who subscribed would agree in no respect to diminish their subscriptions to their own boards. He further proposed that this subscription should be a strictly confidential matter and confined to only a few persons. Mr. James Lenox headed the subscription with five thousand dollars, Mr. Robert L. Stuart and his brother Alexander followed with a liberal subscription, to which I added a few subscriptions from some warm friends of Dr. Duff (notably John A. Brown, David Milne, and others) in Philadelphia. This enabled me, on the deck of the steamer, to place unexpectedly in Dr. Duff's hands a bill of exchange on London for over five thousand pounds (or twenty-five thousand dollars); at the sight of which he was startled, and said to me, "What does this mean?" I said that it was a small thank-offering from a few friends, in testimony of the great work that he had done for our cause in this country.

Dr. Duff, after visiting the United States and Canada, returned to Scotland, and again resumed his work in India, which, not long afterwards, he was obliged to relinquish on account of failing health. He continued to the end of life to plead the cause of the perishing millions of India, and founded a chair of Evangelical theology in the Free Church college in Edinburgh, which he filled for a short time; but, on the 12th of February, 1878, in his seventy-second year, in Sidmouth, England, whither he had gone in search of health, he passed away

from earth to heaven. His remains were brought to Edinburgh for interment, and his funeral is said to have been one of the most remarkable ever held in that historic city. It was attended by the moderators of the three Presbyterian bodies, ministers of all denominations, noblemen, and prominent citizens of every class.

CHAPTER IV.

The Berg-Barker Debate—The Young Men's Christian Association established in Philadelphia—Meetings of the Evangelical Alliance and the Young Men's Christian Association in Paris—Communes with the Alliance—Nominated to Congress—Bethany Sunday-School—St. Mary's Street Sunday-School for Colored Children—Purchase of Springbrook—The Revival of 1857—Conversion of George J. Mingins—Mr. Grattan Guiness's Labors in Philadelphia.

IN 1854 I may be said to have begun my career as a chairman of public meetings by presiding at the great debate between Dr. Joseph F. Berg and the English infidel Mr. Joseph Barker, on the Authority and Inspiration of the Scriptures. It was held in the old Concert Hall on Chestnut Street in the month of January, and lasted eight nights. Mr. Barker had been a preacher in connection with the Methodist New Connection, but had fallen away first into Unitarianism, and then into Deism, before he came to America. Dr. Berg's complete discomfiture of him was attested by the vote of some two thousand of the audience to adopt resolutions sustaining the Christian position, and thanking Dr. Berg for his defence of it. It was my privilege nineteen years later to stand once more on the same platform with Mr. Barker, at the dedication of the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association of Germantown. But now he was sitting clothed and in his right mind at the feet of our common Master, as he had unlearned his scepticism, and had come back to the faith and the ministry of the Church of his early manhood.

On the 15th of June, after Dr. Duff's visit and the dedication of our new church edifice, I was privileged to take part in the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, which was one of the first in this country, although ten years younger than the parent Association in London.

The first Young Men's Christian Association was organized in London in 1844, mainly through the instrumentality of George Williams, a Christian young man from the country, who had procured a situation in the large dry-goods house of George Hitchcock & Co., located in St. Paul's Church-yard, in which many of the young men had their sleeping-rooms, according to the custom of the time. Mr. Williams had a small room to himself in this establishment, and, finding that there was a great want of religion among the young men of this and similar establishments, he invited a few Christian young men to meet in his room for prayer. From this little meeting other meetings grew and other establishments became interested, and finally a conference was held which resulted in the organization of the London Young Men's Christian Association.

Having learned of this organization, I was anxious to meet with its founder, and hence, when in London in 1851, I called at the warehouse of Mr. Hitchcock, and, on inquiring for Mr. Williams, a boy was dispatched to bring him to the private office of the firm. After being introduced to him, I asked him to take me to his own private room where he had been accustomed to meet the young men of the establishment for prayer. That room was really the birth-place of the Young Men's Christian Association. There we had a special season of prayer

that the blessing of God might attend this organization, intended to reach the young men of London with the Gospel of Christ; for the founders of the organization had no idea then of its extending beyond London. This little meeting was one of very special interest; and to keep me in remembrance of the room and the meeting, Mr. Williams presented me with a placard of Scripture passages which hung upon the wall and which I still have. At that time we little thought of the extent of the work which was to follow the organization that had been effected in London. My interest in that work increased from year to year, however, as I heard from time to time of what was being accomplished in London by this new organization.

Impressed more and more with the importance and value of the work, early in the summer of 1854 I took measures to call a meeting, in the old Jayne's Hall in Philadelphia, on Sansom Street between Sixth and Seventh, to consider the importance of having such an organization in our city, without any personal knowledge at the time that two or three such organizations had already been formed in this country,—as, for instance, in Boston and Montreal in 1851, and New York and Cincinnati later, and Pittsburg in 1854. This meeting, over which I presided, though not largely attended, was a very spirited one, and some of our most active ministers, such as Dr. Brainerd, Dudley Tyng, Shields, Jenkins, and Dowling, participated and spoke with great earnestness. We had our "doubting Thomas," of course, who, after rehearsing the difficulties in the way, said, "It's of no use, we may as well give up the idea of such a thing." But Dudley Tyng said, "No! Let us organ-

ize," and so we went ahead with our plan. This meeting resulted in the organization of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association, June 15, 1854, with fifty-seven members. I was elected its first President, the other officers being representative men of various denominations. William S. Martin was our Recording Secretary; Henry S. Murray, our Secretary; Gerald F. Dale, our Corresponding Secretary; William S. Crowell, our Treasurer; with seventeen vice-presidents and thirty-three managers.

We hired a small upper room on the south side of Chestnut Street below Seventh, where we held our monthly meetings. This room, for some time after the organization of the society, was opened in the evening only. The interest in the work increased so rapidly, and the claims of my business on my time were so great, that I told some of the leading members that we must have a permanent paid secretary who should give his whole time to the work. The name of John Wanamaker, then a clerk in a clothing store in our city, who was a promising young man and an active member of the Rev. John Chambers's church, was suggested; and the only objection to his employment was the want of funds to pay his salary. I said, "If you can secure the man, and he is fitted for the place, I will see that his salary is paid." Mr. Wanamaker was elected and entered upon his duties early in the history of the Association; and was the first paid secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in America. His remarkable talent for organization showed itself even at that early day, and soon brought the Association to the notice of the various Evangelical churches of Philadelphia, and conciliated the favor of

those who for a time had stood aloof from us, because they feared our Association would interfere with their own work. The influence of our Association also extended to other Associations which were being multiplied throughout the land, and soon the idea was accepted that in order to do its work effectively a Young Men's Christian Association must have a paid secretary.

In framing the constitution of our Association I had inserted a proviso that the President must be under a certain age. When I reached that age in 1862, I expected to resign; but the Association proposed to amend the constitution so that I might continue in office. This, however, I persistently refused to do, thinking it for the interest of the Association that the provision originally fixed upon should be maintained. I still retained my interest in the Association, however, and was often called upon to advise concerning its affairs after I had ceased to be its President. Some years afterwards Mr. Wanamaker resigned the position of Secretary and went into business on his own account.

In 1855 I made my seventh trip to Europe, one of my objects being to attend the first World's Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations, which met at Paris simultaneously with the Third International Convention of the Evangelical Alliance. The former had been suggested and very largely arranged by the American Associations, and had for its object to establish a clear understanding as to the common basis of the Associations, and their relation to the work and membership of the Evangelical Churches, whose servant and coworker the Young Men's Christian Association always has been. I had great difficulty, after arriving in Paris,

in ascertaining the place of meeting, as my inquiries at my hotel and on the streets for some time proved unavailing. Quite a change has taken place since then, the recent World's Conferences of the Young Men's Christian Association attracting no small share of attention in the capital cities where they have been held. There have been ten others since that in Paris. It was at this convention that the "Paris Basis" was adopted, which confines the offices of the Associations to members of Evangelical Churches, while not excluding others from private membership. "Upon this foundation," says Mr. Cree, the International Secretary, "rests all the work of our American Associations, and to its adoption is largely ascribed the success which has attended their operations, the hearty sympathy of the churches, and the hearty co-operation of their pastors."

To the Evangelical Alliance I was commissioned as a delegate by the Synod of my own Church, along with the Rev. John Neil McLeod of New York, and Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, my own pastor. During the sessions of the Alliance certain days were given to particular countries. On the American day I was called to preside and to make the opening address. The building, which was the Protestant chapel in the Rue Provence, was crowded to excess, mainly with a French audience, and I had to speak through an interpreter, Rev. Dr. Grandpierre. In my opening remarks I referred to the territorial extent of the United States, and said, in a familiar way, that we could spare a piece of territory as large as France and England without missing it. My interpreter shook his head, much to the amusement of the great congregation; when I repeated the remark with greater emphasis,

upon which the interpreter took his seat. There I was standing on the platform before that great French audience, unable to speak a word of French. To my great relief, the Rev. Adolphe Monod, who was standing in the crowded hall near the door, pressed his way to the platform and made a translation of my speech. Some time after this, while dining with Mr. Monod, he called my attention to a very sharp criticism on my speech by a London paper, which censured the American Church for having sent such a representative, who said, among other things, that England and France might be blotted from the globe and in comparison with the United States would never be missed! On my return to America I found that Mr. Webb, of *The New York Courier and Enquirer*, had severely criticised my speech, accepting the version of the London papers as correct; but my friend Dr. Leyburn, editor of *The Presbyterian*, came warmly to my defence.

Dr. Duff, to whose good work in America I bore testimony in this address, also attended the Conference and delivered an impassioned appeal in behalf of Foreign Missions. It was my privilege also to call the attention of the members of the Alliance to the excellent work which the Young Men's Christian Associations were doing, just on the lines of its own principles,—namely, the active co-operation of all Evangelical Churches in the service of their common Master.

After leaving Paris, where the Conferences met in August, our Synod's delegation proceeded to the British Islands, and were received with especial welcome in Scotland and the north of Ireland.

During the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at

Paris, there had been a celebration of the Lord's Supper, in which the delegates generally participated, and the services were conducted by Dr. Krummacher of Berlin, Dr. Duff, and others of the most distinguished among them. Our own Church, in its "Testimony," had enunciated the principle that "no person should be admitted to occasional communion who would not be admitted to constant fellowship." For my part, I saw nothing in this statement which was in the least inconsistent with my joining in this act of Christian worship with a body of men whom any Church on earth might have rejoiced to admit to its "constant fellowship," so I united with my Christian brethren in commemorating the death of our common Lord. But I found on my return that this had given very serious offence to some of the more rigid members of our Church, especially as I was attending the Conference as a delegate from our own Synod, and therefore might be regarded as having acted in an official character. Without waiting to have these brethren make any complaint, I attended the meeting of our General Synod in May, 1856, and there and then resigned into its hands the various offices I held by its election. I was at that time Treasurer of the Missionary Board, a member of all the other standing boards of the Church, and a Trustee of the Theological Seminary. I gave as my reason for this act the dissatisfaction which was felt by some of my brethren with my course at Paris in the matter of joining in communion with the other members of the Evangelical Alliance. The Synod at once re-elected me to every office I had resigned, thus entirely condoning an offence for which I had expressed neither penitence nor regret. I have been particular to describe

this action on both sides, as my suspension in 1868 by the same General Synod was on account of my alleged violation of this rule of our Church.

It was in this same year, 1856, that I was offered and declined a nomination to Congress. The Republican party, crystallizing in 1854 and the following years around the Wilmot Proviso for the exclusion of slavery from the Territories, had put forward General John C. Fremont as its candidate for the chief magistracy of the nation. From being shunned in the thirties and forties, and denounced as an Abolitionist, to my surprise I was nominated for Congressman by the Republican Congressional Convention of the second district of Philadelphia (comprising the old part of the city), on the third ballot, the nomination being subsequently made unanimous. My first knowledge of this nomination was that, when I was riding in the cars from Germantown to the city, many of the passengers ran up to congratulate me upon my nomination. Not having heard of it or anticipated such a thing, I had to ask for an explanation, when they read to me the news out of the daily papers. I retained the official announcement of my nomination for several days, and friends of both parties urged my acceptance; but as I had no political aspirations, and did not feel competent to undertake such a task as the representation of so large a city on the floor of Congress, I sent to the committee the following letter of declination.

PHILADELPHIA, September 12, 1856.

To Messrs. POMEROY, BALCH, and SMUCKER,

Committee of the Second Congressional District Republican Convention:

GENTLEMEN,—To represent in the Congress of the United

States the Second Congressional District of Pennsylvania, a district equal in importance to any in the Union, is an honor of which any citizen should be proud. My connection with the commercial interests of our city, and the many benevolent institutions which adorn it, has, no doubt, induced your Convention to select me from multitudes of our fellow-citizens more competent at this critical juncture in our national affairs adequately to maintain the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

Considerations of a personal nature preclude my entering more fully into public life, especially when there are so many citizens with time at their disposal and talents and acquirements which eminently fit them for the prôper discharge of legislative duties. While, therefore, I tender to the Convention my thanks for this mark of their confidence, I at the same time most respectfully decline the nomination.

Trusting that the highly respectable body of citizens whom you represent may be so guided in all their future deliberations as to secure in the highest degree the peace and prosperity of our whole nation, and preserve unimpaired the great fundamental principles of our Republican government,

I am, with sincere respect,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE H. STUART.

The convention reassembled and nominated my opponent but personal friend, Mr. Edward Joy Morris, who was elected by a large majority and re-elected for several successive terms. Mr. Morris was subsequently appointed our minister to Constantinople, and came to be recognized as one of our leading public men, filling prominent positions up to the time of his death.

While returning from one of my early trips to Europe, a young man was noticed walking on the deck from day to day who seemed to have made no acquaintances and to have no companion. Sitting one day with a group of other passengers, some one asked, "Who can that

young man be who seems to be always alone?" Soon after I joined him in one of his walks, when I found that his name was E. Joy Morris and that he was the son of a neighboring merchant in Philadelphia. Our acquaintance ripened from that day until we landed in New York, when we parted at the dock; and from that day until a few months before his death I never met him to know him, although it was my refusal to run for Congress that gave him his first entrance into public life.

During these years which preceded the war, we had a Philadelphia Sabbath-School Association for conference among teachers of all denominations as to the best methods of management and teaching, and the complete occupation of the field presented by our city. It was one of the many good things which fell into disuse during the war, because the demands of that time upon the energies of its managers were more than they could meet without giving up concerns of less urgency. Perhaps if the union feeling developed by the war among Christians had existed before it, the Association would have had vitality enough to outlast the excitements of even that time.

It was in connection with this Association and as its President that I acquired the honor of being "the grandfather of Bethany Sabbath-School," now the largest and most successful in the city, having some two thousand five hundred pupils and a Bible-class of some four hundred, taught by Mr. John Wanamaker. We were in the habit of holding monthly meetings of the Association, at which topics of practical importance and interest were discussed. At that time there was a great movement among the various Evangelical churches in planting mission Sabbath-schools in the city and our own little church had three





such schools. The subject for discussion on one evening was the question, "What are the benefits to the church, or parent school, of establishing mission-schools?" During this discussion a young man of prominence and a good speaker told the meeting that he was proud to say that he belonged to a church (one of our leading churches) which had no mission Sabbath-school. The result of this speech was the organization of the Bethany School. Mr. John Wanamaker, one of the youngest men of the church to which the speaker belonged (that of the Rev. John Chambers), and some others of the congregation, were aggrieved that their church should not be represented in this good work, and started out soon after to the most destitute part of the city, then haunted by a gang called the Schuylkill Rangers, so that life was considered insecure late at night. They procured with great difficulty a room in which to commence, and organized a school in connection with their church. This school grew so rapidly that a building was soon after erected for its use; but that soon became too small, so that a larger lot was secured in an adjoining neighborhood, and a school-house built on the rear, with the intention of building a church in front. The school still grew so rapidly that the ground intended for a church was covered by the necessary school-buildings and a large lot adjoining was secured for the church. Here a church was soon after erected capable of seating nearly two thousand persons. So a little mission-school in an upper room has grown into a large Sabbath-school hall and adjoining church-building at the corner of Twenty-second and Bainbridge Streets, being known as the Bethany Sunday-School and Bethany Presbyterian Church,

connected with which there are schools of various kinds held during the week, libraries, reading-rooms, and even a savings-bank in which poor people can deposit the smallest sums, also a dispensary where they can be treated without charge,—all designed to benefit the vast population that is now gathered in that part of the city. From being regarded as one of the most abandoned portions of the city, the vicinity of this school has become a delightful place of residence for that class of industrious, God-fearing people whom it has done so much to create.

I rejoice that I was, in any degree, permitted to give an impetus to this grand movement.

Another school which was begun the same year with Bethany has for me even a closer and more personal interest. My eldest son, William David Stuart, at that time in his seventeenth year and a student in the University of Pennsylvania, being himself a teacher in our church school, met a colored boy on the street, and asked him if he went to any Sabbath-school. The boy said he did not, and gave as his reason that all the schools within his reach were for white children, and would not receive him. This led my son to hire a room in the neighborhood where he had met the boy, and there he opened a school with a small class of colored children. Subsequently he got the use of the lecture-room of a colored church in St. Mary's Street, on the very site occupied by the first church edifice of our own congregation, amid a dense and most degraded colored population. Here he established a school, which was opened on the 6th of December, 1857. In his diary, under that date, he writes: "This morning, in the midst of a pouring rain, we opened our colored mission-school

with twenty children, which was highly gratifying. May God bless and prosper us." The school continued to grow in numbers and interest, effecting great good in that neighborhood. His interest in it was so great that, although in feeble health, he wrote them an affectionate letter on the eve of sailing for the West Indies, a few months before his death.

But this year 1857 was memorable especially for the great revival of religion in the United States, which came after the depression of business of that year,—a succession also noticeable in the years 1819, 1837, and 1873. It was owing to the business panic that I very unexpectedly bought of the late Caleb Cope his country-seat at Springbrook, then considered the most attractive site near the city. Of the one hundred and ten acres of land, forty were taken up by house, lawns, gardens, green-houses, and hot-houses (of which there were some dozen), a lake, and other pleasure-grounds. As Mr. Cope was passionately devoted to botany, his collection of plants and shrubs was extraordinarily fine, his business as a shipping-merchant giving him especial facilities for the collection of exotics. Although it lay some ten or twelve miles from the city, Springbrook was frequently visited by strangers, especially those who were interested in flowers and rare plants. In his collections was a splendid specimen of the Victoria Regia in a large tank,—then a much greater rarity than now. Mr. Cope also had very recently imported a fine specimen of the Century Plant, or American Aloe (*Agave Americana*), which blossomed in 1858. I had it transported to the city, and exhibited in Parkinson's Gardens, 1019 Chestnut Street, for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian

Association. The day of its blossoming was that on which Queen Victoria sent her congratulatory despatch to President Buchanan by the first Atlantic Cable.

At Springbrook I was privileged to welcome many dear friends, from the General Synod of my own Church in 1859, to General Grant in 1865, on the occasion of his first social visit to Philadelphia.* But after nine years of occupancy I sold it, partly because it was very expensive to keep up, but still more because the atmosphere of the neighborhood was so extremely unfavorable to my asthma that I frequently had to drive into the city late at night to get out of it.

The great revival of 1857 was characterized by activity and participation of laymen to a far greater extent than was any previous movement of the kind in this country. This was due to the deepening sense of the responsibility of private Christians for the use of their talents, which had been first awakened by the establishment of the Sabbath-school, and was now increased by the activity of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Our Philadelphia Association took an active part in the awakening of this

* We dined that day (June 23) by special invitation at the country-seat of Mr. Borie, who was afterwards Grant's Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Borie's seat was a few miles above mine on the river. On the occasion of General Grant's visit, I said to him, in the evening, "It is our custom every night to have family worship, and we should be glad to have you join us in it." He answered, "I shall be very happy to do so." Mrs. Stuart sang one of the old Psalms, and I read a chapter and offered prayer, in which, of course, I especially remembered the General. The next day General Badeau, who was Grant's companion on this occasion, said to me, "Mr. Stuart, General Grant was very much touched by your family worship last night, and desired me to say to you how much he enjoyed it and how grateful he was for your remembrance of him."

memorable year. One step was the establishment of the Daily Noon-day Prayer-Meeting on the 23d of November, mainly through the agency of Mr. John C. Bliss, now the Rev. Dr. Bliss, of New York. The first meeting was called in the Sabbath-school room of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, on Fourth Street below Arch. The attendance was very small at first, but gradually increased until thousands met daily at noon, and Jayne's Hall, the largest that could be obtained, would not suffice to contain all who wished to attend. These meetings, both in Philadelphia and New York, were the focus of revival interest, and shared with the meetings in the fire-engine and hose houses in the great work of witnessing the glory of God in the salvation of sinners.*

Another measure of active participation on the part of our Association was the securing a movable tent, which was set up in destitute parts of the city. In this the Gospel was preached every evening in the week, and at such hours of the Sabbath as did not interfere with the regular church services. Although it accommodated some twelve hundred persons, it often was insufficient to hold the crowds. Many of them were people who never darkened the door of a church, but they flocked to hear the Gospel proclaimed by pastors of the various Evangelical churches, who cheerfully volunteered their services for this great work. There were multitudes of hopeful conversions, among whom there were several young men who afterwards became ministers of the Gospel.

* An account of this revival, written chiefly by Dr. George Duffield, Jr., was published under the title, "Pentecost, or the Work of God in Philadelphia." It is now very scarce.

One of these young men had been an avowed infidel and belonged to an infidel club, where his native Scotch eloquence was employed on the Sabbath in denouncing the Bible and the faith of his fathers. While the tent was located at Tenth and Callowhill Streets, and while Rev. Dr. Breed was preaching, this infidel, with a few young companions, came to the tent to secure an addition to his stock of material for ridiculing Christianity. Here the Spirit of God arrested him, and the next day I received a letter from him, written under deep conviction of sin, and desiring that I should come and talk with him in regard to his soul and pray for him. Soon after receiving this, I had a visit in my counting-room from the Rev. John Chambers, one of our most active Christian workers. I read him the letter, and, at my request, he went to see the man, and returned soon after to tell me this was a case calling for our best efforts and most earnest prayers. Not long after, this infidel gave his heart to Christ; and, when a union prayer-meeting of some four thousand persons was assembled in the new Jayne's Hall, I called upon this young convert to confess publicly his faith in Christ. The crowded platform of ministers and the great congregation were thrilled with the first religious address of George J. Mingins, who impressed the audience as I seldom have seen an audience impressed.

Soon after this, Mr. Mingins was led, through my influence, to leave the gold-beater's shop on the corner of Fifth and Cherry, where he had been employed, and become superintendent of those tent-services through whose influence he himself had been converted. These he conducted so remarkably that it was suggested that

he should become a minister of the Gospel. He said that he had not the education required for that work, as he had come to this country from a country-school in Scotland. As he was possessed, however, of rare native gifts, both intellectual and linguistic, Rev. George Duffield, Jr. (author of the hymn "Stand up for Jesus") kindly volunteered to prepare him for entering the ministry, and he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the New School Presbytery of Philadelphia, of which Mr. Duffield was a member. While a licentiate of this Presbytery he went into a district not far from the city which was regarded by many as hopeless; but soon he gathered around him a congregation that filled the largest hall that could be secured, and this congregation was organized into a church which called him to be their pastor. This new congregation was in the field covered by the Old School Presbytery, and as such was taken under their care. The Presbytery met to consider the call which had been extended to Mr. Mingins and to examine him with reference to ordination. At this meeting, on inquiry, they found that Mr. Mingins was a graduate of neither a college nor a seminary, but, nevertheless, he was asked to preach a trial sermon, and the effect was such that the venerable father of the Presbytery, Dr. Steele of Abington, said that the young man had a higher certificate of his fitness to preach than either Princeton College or Princeton Seminary could give him,—a certificate from the Holy Spirit. This remark attracted great attention, because it marked an innovation upon the practice of the Old School Presbyterians, and it led to the ordination of Mr. Mingins.

Soon after his settlement over this church the War of

the Rebellion broke out, the Christian Commission was organized to care for the wants of our soldiers in the field, and this young pastor was among the first party of delegates that volunteered to go to the front. Without resigning his pastorate, he became one of the most efficient workers of the Commission; and, when it was greatly in need of funds, he, with Dr. Robert Patterson of Chicago, went to California on its behalf, and returned with over one hundred and forty thousand dollars to supply this want. The New York branch of the Commission wrote me, about this time, that, in order to make their branch efficient, I should send them a good man who was capable of presenting our cause in the pulpits of that city. I secured the resignation of Mr. Mingins as a country pastor and sent him to fill this important position. I discovered afterwards that the New York committee, after seeing Mr. Mingins, concluded that, although I might understand Philadelphia, I had made a mistake in sending such a man to represent our cause before New York audiences. When he reached the office in New York, he was asked what he could do. He said, "I am ready to do anything for the Master, to the sweeping out of the office." Accordingly, for some time he was employed in the office, rendering service which any boy might have done as well. Presently, however, the New York committee were asked to send a delegation to a prominent town in Connecticut to present the claims of the Commission. Two of the leading pastors of New York were selected, and were told to take Mingins along and ascertain whether he was capable of pleading the cause before an enlightened congregation. When these pastors returned, they begged not

to be sent with that man again, as he made the speech of the evening and knew a great deal more about the wants of the army than they did. From that time Mr. Mingins had the privilege of presenting the cause of the Christian Commission in many of the best New York pulpits.*

During the great revival of 1857, I had my attention called, by letters from Ireland, to a young Evangelist, the Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness, whose labors had been greatly blessed in his and my native land. I mentioned the fact at a large prayer-meeting in Philadelphia, and a committee, consisting of Dr. Kennard and Dr. Malin, with myself as chairman, was appointed to send an invitation to Mr. Guinness to visit our country. This he accepted, and his first sermon in our city in 1859 was preached in the large new Jayne's Hall on a week-day evening to a congregation which filled the hall. He remained with us several months, and preached in our own church (Dr. Wylie's) over seventy nights, many of them exceedingly stormy; and yet on the stormiest night it was difficult to find standing-room in the large church, which seats twelve hundred people. I call to remembrance one very severe storm, so that by night the streets were almost impassable. Early on this week-day evening, which was in midwinter, I sent to the church, which was close to my house, and told the

* After the close of the war, instead of letting him return to Philadelphia, several New York gentlemen, among whom were the late William E. Dodge and Morris K. Jessup, determined to retain his services in the city, as Superintendent of City Missions. Since he resigned this post a large congregation organized by him has grown up, of which he still continues to be the pastor.

sexton to light up the lecture-room, as it would be quite sufficient to hold all who would assemble on such a night. But on going to the church about half an hour before the time of service, I found every pew filled and people standing in the aisles. Among the constant attendants at these services was the venerable Dr. Eliphalet Nott, the former President of Union College, who was spending the winter in Philadelphia for his health, and was boarding on Broad Street very near the church. One evening his colored servant expostulated with him when he was preparing to set out. "Doctor," said he, "it was given out that the meeting to-night would be for sinners!" The doctor replied that he also was a sinner.

As the result of these extraordinary meetings, which were held on every evening in the week except Saturday, multitudes were led from the service of Satan to give their hearts to Christ. The effect of Mr. Guinness's first visit to our country cannot be described, and its impressions are felt to the present day. His preaching was eminently plain and Scriptural, but characterized by an eloquence and fervor which were peculiar to the man and touched all hearts. From that day to his present visit to America, I have watched the course of this devoted servant of Christ and his beloved wife with deep and increasing interest, and particularly their work as the founders of a great training-school in London to prepare both lay and clerical workers, female as well as male, for mission-work, especially in Africa. I have understood that some five hundred laborers have gone from that school to Africa and other mission-fields.

During Mr. Guinness's second visit to this country, which was quite brief, I saw but little of him. On his

third visit, I had the pleasure of entertaining him at my house and again hearing him preach in our own church. Many of those who had been converted through his labors in 1859 attended this service, and at its close, they gathered around the pulpit to greet the man whose words had led them to give their hearts to Jesus. These converts, during all these intervening years, had been faithful members of evangelical churches. The object of Mr. Guinness's third visit to this country was to transfer the Congo Mission in Africa, which he had been instrumental in founding, with its more than forty missionaries, to the care of the American Baptist Missionary Union; and this he finally accomplished. His present visit (1889) is designed to awaken a new interest in the claims of Africa as a field of missions. The labors of this young Irish evangelist for the cause of Christ throughout the world shows what one man, truly consecrated to the service of the Master, can accomplish.*

---

* My interest in evangelism was increased by the first visit of Mr. Guinness to our country, and I determined to aid those who were endeavoring to reach the masses by means outside of what is provided by our regular church services. Among the earliest of those whom I tried to help was the Rev. E. Payson Hammond, during his first visit to Philadelphia. His efforts, here as elsewhere, were greatly blessed to the children of our city, so that at times he addressed large out-door meetings under a tent which was erected for that purpose. The late Matthias W. Baldwin, the eminent locomotive-builder, took so much interest in Mr. Hammond's labors that, at his own expense, he secured the large Academy of Music, where the Gospel was preached to great crowds.

CHAPTER V.

Third Irish Presbyterian Delegation—Dr. Edgar—Visit to Great Britain and Ireland with Dr. Murray—Describes Moody's Work at an Edinburgh Meeting—The Revival in Wales—Visit to Athlone Presbytery and the Scene of the Irish Revival—Dr. Murray's Last Days.

THE same year (1859) we had other visitors from Ireland, as the third deputation* of the Irish Presbyterian Church came to plead for assistance for its Home Mission work in the south and west of the island. It consisted of Revs. Dr. John Edgar, S. M. Dill, and David Wilson, all of them strong men, but the first a prince among men, and second only to Dr. Henry Cook in the leadership of the Irish Presbyterian Church. His singular homeliness of feature at once attracted the attention of an audience; but when his eye lit up with the natural warmth and Irish humor of his character, all else was forgotten. Few will forget his humorous account of his trying to teach the girls in the Connaught schools to knit, but breaking down hopelessly when it came to "turning the heel" of the stocking. While we have had many great preachers in the pulpit of our church, there has been no more remarkable sermon than his on the

* There was a second deputation in 1858, consisting of Rev. William McClure and Rev. Prof. Gibson. It came directly from the Irish General Assembly, as did that of 1867, while the deputations of 1848 and 1859 were sent by the Assembly's Board of Missions. Its special task was to visit the churches and mission-stations in British North America; but it also came to the United States and received contributions for the mission work in Ireland.

text, "And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom." To him Ireland owes the beginning of her Temperance Reformation; and it is to be regretted that his attitude towards the later developments of that movement have obscured the remembrance of his services, and even prevented the republication of his biography by Prof. Killen in this country.

It was while sitting in my office that he received a letter from home, announcing the death of his colleague and dear friend Prof. Robert Wilson of Belfast, and as he silently read it we saw the shadow of a deep sorrow pass over his face, until he could no longer control himself and burst into tears. That very evening he was to address a great meeting in Jayne's Hall, but the sad news from Ireland had so unmanned him that he was obliged to sit down after speaking but a few minutes. Under that rough, weather-beaten exterior he had a heart as tender as a child's. He did speak with great success in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and many other places, and addressed the meetings of the Synods of Pittsburg and Ohio, preaching thrice almost every Sabbath during his stay, besides speeches on week-days. Our newspapers spoke not flatteringly of his looks, but with unreserved admiration of his humor, his epigrammatic terseness, his bright thoughts, "his big, honest heart." I acted as treasurer for the deputation, as for that of 1848, and had the pleasure of remitting something over thirty thousand dollars for them. Dr. Dill told the Irish Assembly of 1866 that before he left New York on this occasion he called on a merchant who had not been very successful in business, and who showed very little sympathy with the object of their visit. He

asked how much they had got, and when told the amount he showed his astonishment, but added, "It was George Stuart got you that; but he is mad, decidedly mad!" Dr. Dill retorted that there was method in my madness, since I was as diligent in business as fervent in the Spirit.*

In 1860 I made my eighth trip to Europe, this time in company with Dr. Nicholas Murray of Elizabeth, better known as "Kirwan," from the signature he employed in his famous "Letters to Archbishop Hughes." He was born in the County of Westmeath, of Roman Catholic parents, and came to this country in his sixteenth year, and through the preaching of Dr. John M. Mason he was led to study the Scriptures and thus to renounce Romanism. He studied in Amherst College and Princeton Theological Seminary, and gave himself to the work of a missionary and a pastor, although he was called to two college chairs. He settled as pastor at Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he was eminently useful and where

* Prof. Killen, in his Memoir of John Edgar, speaks with hearty recognition of Mr. Stuart's services to this deputation, and also of those of Dr. Murray. He says, "He had often already assisted Dr. Edgar by contributions to his schemes of benevolence; and he now prompted others to generous giving by a donation of a thousand dollars. This, however, was only part of the aid he rendered to the Irish deputation. Wherever they went, he pioneered the way, introduced them to men of wealth and influence, and made arrangements for securing the success of their appeal." During his visit Dr. Edgar met a number of the pupils of the industrial schools he had been the means of establishing in Connaught, and found one convert of the Irish Presbyterian mission occupying a pulpit of the Presbyterian Church (O. S.). These things gave him great satisfaction, but there is reason to fear that his labors on this visit were too much for his strength, as he was already in his sixty-second year. He died in 1866.—ED.

he wrote his "Kirwan" letters in 1847 and 1848. He was a man of many gifts, of strong will, of keen wit, of earnest, honest love for the truth, and of thoroughly practical character; but he is much less known to this generation than to the last. To have known him both publicly and personally I count as one of the privileges of by-gone years, and I rejoice to know that his fine qualities are perpetuated in his family.

On the 14th of August, in the company of Dr. Leyburn, editor of *The Presbyterian*, we set out on our journey, which surpassed in interest any of my previous visits to the old world. The blending of benevolence, wit, and piety in Dr. Murray's character made him the most agreeable of travelling companions, and arrested the attention and commanded the respect of our fellow-passengers on the *Adriatic*. We reached London in time to attend the May meetings, and Dr. Murray spoke at those of the Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society as the representative of the corresponding organizations in America. We were hospitably received by the friends of these societies, and Dr. Murray's native politeness and urbanity showed to advantage in those courtly and aristocratic circles.

From London we proceeded to Edinburgh, where he spoke before both the Assemblies as the corresponding delegate of the Old School Assembly in America. His address before the Free Church Assembly had for its subject, "What constitutes a True Blue Presbyterian?"

Mr. Spurgeon also had come to Edinburgh, on a special invitation to address the Free Church Assembly, this being, I believe, his first visit to the city. There was a public breakfast given him by the friends of the

Sabbath-school cause, by way of welcome. I was the guest of Mr. Thomas Nelson, the publisher, at the time, and, as such, was taken to this breakfast, which was held in a large public hall. Mr. Dixon, the chairman of the meeting, introduced the Rev. Mr. William Arnot to make a short address, for the purpose of giving Mr. Spurgeon an opportunity to digest his breakfast before he was called on to speak. During Mr. Arnot's eloquent talk some one in the audience sent up my name to the chairman, as a friend from America interested in Sabbath-schools. As soon as Mr. Arnot sat down, the chairman called upon me to come forward to the platform and in five minutes tell all about the Sabbath-schools of America. Taking out my watch, I commenced by stating that, as the subject was a large one and the time for its discussion was brief, I would waive all introductory remarks and proceed at once to the discussion of the subject, dividing it into three heads: first, a place; second, a man; and third, a school. I said that when I went to America as a young man the place about which I was to speak had thirty-three inhabitants; and that, being there last summer with my wife and daughters, I was obliged to get a policeman to help us across one of the principal thoroughfares, the crowd being so great; and that this place had at that time three hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants. The people glanced at each other, as much as to say, "That is a Yankee story." So much, I said, for the place. The man, when a young lad, left his quiet country home to make his way through the world, and found a situation in a shoe-store in one of our large cities. The head of the house took the lad to his Sabbath-school, and placed him in the class of a young teacher who was emi-

nently successful in interesting the boys under his charge. This country boy, being handed a Bible, and trying to find the lesson, which was in one of the Epistles, was looking for it in Genesis,—which set the other boys to laughing. The teacher kindly handed the pupil his own Bible open at the right place. This boy afterwards was converted in that church, which he proposed to join, but the pastor found him so ignorant that he declined to receive him for some six months. This pastor was Dr. Kirk of Boston, who told me this himself, and said that he had afterwards listened to the preaching of that boy, with interest and profit. This country boy soon after his conversion removed to the place I have referred to, and, soon after, being still regarded as too ignorant to teach in the church Sabbath-school, founded one of his own. This I had visited when I was in the place referred to, on an exceedingly hot summer day, with the thermometer at 98°,—so hot, indeed, that one of the most eloquent preachers in the land, Dr. Rufus Clarke, of Albany, adjourned the morning service, to meet in the lecture-room in the evening, on account of the extreme heat. Yet in that school I found over a thousand scholars, who were *taught* as well as *superintended* by this country boy. I closed my five-minutes address in time, by saying that the place was Chicago, the boy was Dwight L. Moody, and the school the Illinois Mission. I do not believe that half a dozen of those present fully believed my story, and probably not one of them had ever heard of Mr. Moody.

After spending a Sabbath in Glasgow, where Dr. Murray preached in the pulpit of St. John's church, once Dr. Chalmers's parish, we proceeded to Wales, to witness with our own eyes the progress of the great revival which

seemed to be transforming the whole face of society through divine grace. We held four large meetings, at which Rev. Thomas Phillips, agent of the Bible Society, preached in Welsh, and was followed by (interpreted) addresses from Dr. Murray and myself, in which we gave the people some account of what God had been doing for America. In the slate-quarries of Bangor we found that more than fifty daily prayer-meetings were held in the huts of the quarry-men during the dinner-hour. While we were buying our tickets at the railroad station to leave the principality, one of the porters pointed out to us the box of Bibles and hymn-books used by the railway men in their daily prayer-meeting. These and other signs, which met us on every side, proved that the work had penetrated the working classes, and, indeed, had reached the lowest strata of Welsh society.

From Wales we proceeded to Ireland, landing at Belfast, where Dr. Edgar had invited a large number of ministers, professors, and leading laymen to meet us at breakfast in his house. We put ourselves into his hands for the management of our visit. We had two objects in view. Dr. Murray wished to inform himself of the progress of the Home Mission work of the Irish Presbyterian Church in the west of the island, and also to procure materials for such an account of our native country as would disabuse the minds of Americans of the prevailing ignorance and prejudice with regard to Ireland. We both were interested in observing the fruits of the great work of grace* which had been in

* The Ulster Awakening began in the parish of Connor, near Ballymena, in County Antrim, and in the two villages of Connor and Kells, which lie in the centre of the parish. The people are almost all Presbyterians, and

progress in Ulster for three years past, and had extended into other parts of the kingdom.

Dr. Edgar first took us to the Presbytery of Athlone which includes the great home mission-field of the Presbyterian Church in the centre and west of Ireland. By his admirable arrangements we were enabled to visit and to address every congregation of the Presbytery except one, and to observe the marked difference in the condition of the people of these congregations and their Roman Catholic neighbors, even as regards such external matters as thrift, sobriety, cleanliness, and general prosperity. Dr. Murray preached the dedication sermon at the opening of the new Presbyterian church in Athlone, the very centre of Ireland.

---

the faithful labors of the pastor of that church were largely instrumental in the awakening. But its especial occasion appears to have been a "Believers' Fellowship Meeting," organized by four young men of the congregation, to pray that God would bless the preaching of His word in the congregation. They began their meetings in a school-house near Connor in September, 1857, and continued until December, before there was the first dropping of the coming shower of blessing. The good news from America in those and the following months seems to have had much influence in strengthening the faith and hopes of this little band of Christian workers, and it is notable that, before the awakening fairly began or had been heard of on our side of the Atlantic, these two villages of Connor and Kells were prayed for in America at one of the Noon-Day Meetings, as places for which prayer had especially been requested. Within a few months almost every family in the large parish had been visited by divine grace. It then spread to the parish of Ahoghill and then around Ballymena, and thence to Belfast, the converts from each favored locality carrying the work to others by their simple and heartfelt narratives of what they had experienced and seen.

See "The Ulster Awakening," by the Rev. John Weir (London, 1860). Mr. Weir was my personal friend and correspondent. He long labored among the Jewish population of London.

Our return to the north was by way of Dublin, and here we were welcomed by the pastor of the old Mary's Abbey Presbyterian church, my cousin, Rev. John Hall, now no longer in Armagh, but placed in the Irish capital as the assistant and successor of the venerable Dr. Kirkpatrick. He had left Armagh in 1858 with reluctance, but yielding to the judgment of friends who thought he could be more useful in Dublin. After he had been a short time there as assistant-pastor, the old church edifice became so crowded that the question of building a new one was agitated. Many of the congregation, especially the younger portion, desired to leave the old location, which was in the business part of the city; but the expense of buying a lot and building a house in keeping with the resident portion of the city was so great that that project was about to be abandoned. At this time Mr. Hall received a note from a gentleman largely engaged in business in Dublin, who resided some distance from the city, where he attended a small church. He said that he was sorry to hear that they were to build on the old spot, as it was so far removed from the residence portion of Dublin; and that if they would sell the old church, purchase a suitable lot, and get an architect to prepare the plans for a new church in keeping with the location, they might send all the bills for building and furnishing to himself. The lot was secured on Rutland Square, on the corner of which now stands the beautiful and imposing Rutland Square Presbyterian church. Not long after its dedication it was filled with the largest Presbyterian congregation in the whole region.

Dr. Murray preached for Dr. Hall a very appropriate

sermon, and, after the services were brought to close, people crowded around the American visitors to ask after the welfare of friends in America. One man said to Dr. Murray, "Do you know a wee place in America, called Missouri?—for I have a dear friend living there." He was very much surprised to be told that Missouri was larger than all Ireland. Our Dublin friends had arranged for us a delightful trip to the Wicklow Mountains, where we spent the greater part of a day on foot, exploring the scenery. Dr. Murray, in his intercourse with the peasantry, exhibited the peculiar blending of wisdom with humor which marked his character, and which furnished a perpetual fountain of enjoyment to his companions. On the morning of our leaving Dublin we were met at breakfast by a large company of ministers and laymen, in the house of Mr. Hugh Moore, with whom we had been staying.

Another and a more public breakfast welcomed our return to Belfast, the venerable Dr. Henry Cook taking the chair. We visited several of the daily prayer-meetings which had grown out of the revival, and I had the honor of laying the corner-stones of two Presbyterian churches, which had been necessitated by the increased demand for church accommodation. One of these was in the famous and much-neglected district called Sandy Row; the other, in Elmwood Avenue, is now one of the largest congregations in the Presbytery.

It was during our stay in Belfast that I declined to preside over the largest evangelical religious meeting ever held in that country. This was a thanksgiving meeting in commemoration of the great Ulster revival of 1858–1860 following the revival that took place in

this country in 1857. The meeting was held in the Botanic Gardens. Business was universally suspended, and all the railroads coming into Belfast issued excursion tickets. At the entrance into the gardens rich and poor, ministers as well as others, had to provide themselves with a penny to pay for admission, no change being made at the gates. Of course the number of pennies taken at the gates showed how many there were in attendance, and there were more than 40,000 pennies taken. The presiding officer was the Rev. Henry Cook, D.D., LL.D., the most eloquent Irish preacher of his day. He insisted that both Dr. Murray and I should speak. To address such an immense audience was no ordinary undertaking. I was so anxious to know if I could be heard that I got two American friends to stand on the outskirts of the throng, and they both reported that they heard every word I said. At the end of a talk of less than fifteen minutes I sat down completely exhausted. The vast assembly was pervaded by the spirit of devotion, and the greatest order and solemnity prevailed. When the multitudes lifted up their voices in singing the Hundredth Psalm in the Old Scottish version,

"All people that on earth do dwell,"

the sound was as the voice of many waters. There were fifteen stands to enable the speakers of the evening to be heard by the crowds around them.

Another great out-door meeting which I attended and addressed was at Portrush on the extreme northwestern corner of County Antrim. Here my dear friend Rev. Jonathan Simpson was the pastor, and the neighborhood has a situation admirably suited to such assemblies. It

is estimated that between four and five thousand people gathered thither, and found seats on the sides of a hill, while the stand from which I was to speak was at the foot of the hill, with a large stone for a pulpit, under the shadow of an overspreading tree. Near this spot was a small mud cabin, into which I retired, for comfort and warmth. While the preliminary exercises were being conducted, the scene was one never to be forgotten, and my interest was intensified by the fact that the opening prayer was made by my former Sabbath-school boy in Philadelphia, John S. Mackintosh. His prayer for his former superintendent was so touching and effective that it brought tears to my eyes, and enabled me to address the vast congregation with increased power. It is not strange, therefore, that I have watched Mr. Mackintosh's course since his first pastoral charge at Connor, where the great Irish revival of 1858 had commenced, and in which church during the revival I had spoken myself soon after his settlement there. I was delighted to hear of his being called to May Street Presbyterian church to succeed the late Dr. Henry Cook, one of Ireland's great preachers, and since then to succeed Dr. Elias R. Beadle in the historic Second Presbyterian church of Philadelphia.

Dr. Murray was not with me at Portrush, but we attended together a public breakfast given in our honor at Ballymena, the focus of the revival, where my companion preached and addressed an out-door meeting of the children of twenty-one Sabbath-schools. As he beheld the crowds flocking past the window of the house where we were entertained, to the place of meeting, he seemed overwhelmed by his sense of the responsibility of addressing such a multitude of awakened souls. He

called to me, as I sat in another part of the room, "Look here, Mr. Stuart; this is fearful." He had to seek quiet and strength in prayer before he was equal to speaking, and then his address was one which many have reason to bless God for their having heard it. In his diary he notes, "This is one of the marked Sabbaths of my life."

I cannot tell all that we saw and did during the six weeks of our stay in Ireland. Although the time the revival had lasted had taken away the excitement of novelty, we had abundant opportunity of seeing what an ingathering of rich harvest had attended the "Year of Grace." One of its most remarkable features, to one acquainted with the previous condition of the country churches, was the revived ministry, with whom the work of conversion was the chief topic of conversation on all occasions. Religion, indeed, was the great subject of public interest, and of conversation in railway cars and places of concourse. We often saw walls placarded with texts of Scripture, and the stands at railway-stations filled with religious books. I pass over Londonderry and Lurgan and other places, only noting that I had the opportunity of speaking to my old friends and neighbors in Donacloney meeting-house, where Mr. Morehead and his people gave me the kindest welcome. I may note that during those six weeks we spent but three nights in hotels, and those were at the Lakes of Killarney and the Giants' Causeway.

From Ireland we proceeded to England, after addressing a joint letter of thanks to our hospitable entertainers in the land of our birth. We held meetings in behalf of the Evangelical Alliance in Manchester and Brighton,

and then made a hasty trip to Paris, before sailing for home from Havre by the *Adriatic*. I find by the memoranda in my diary that I made seventy-four addresses during this trip, speaking in all fifty hours and fifty-three minutes, to over seventy-five thousand people.

Dr. Prime, in his "Life of Dr. Murray," says that "during his visit to Ireland, amid scenes of revival, he received a new baptism of the Spirit, and returned home with a burning desire to see among his own people, and in this country, the word of God glorified as it was in Ireland and Wales." But he was not long spared to us. He died February 4, 1861, in his fifty-ninth year, amid all the painful political uncertainties which attended the expiring hours of President Buchanan's administration. In one of the last conversations I had with him, he read me an extract from a sermon he had preached on the occasion of the Fast-day proclaimed by President Buchanan, protesting against the continued encroachment of the slave-holding power, the growth of a seditious spirit among the politicians of the South, and the cowardly relinquishment of free discussion by the churches and people of the North.

In October of this year I presided at one of the last meetings of our Philadelphia Sabbath-School Association, and gave them some account of the Ragged-School work in London, begun by Lord Shaftesbury in 1844, and also of the blessings received by the children of Ulster in the great revival. I noted that the confidence of the churches in the work of the Sabbath-school had been greatly strengthened by observing that in a great multitude of cases the first impression received by the converts had been in the Sabbath-school.

CHAPTER VI.

The Demands made by the War on the Young Men's Christian Associations—Their Convention founds the Christian Commission—Previous Workers in the Army—Members and Officers—Letter of Abraham Lincoln—Work of the Delegates—Generous Response to Demands for Funds—Getting Ice at Saratoga—Praying with John Minor Botts—Bishop McIlvaine Presides at Epiphany and Visits the Front—Pittsburg Meeting—Address to the General Assembly at Newark—In Danger of being Shot at Camp Convalescent—News at Troy Meeting from Appomattox—"Housewives" for the Soldiers—Chapel Tents—Coffee-Wagon—"Identifiers"—Incidents and Results—Final Meeting.

THE great revivals which had preceded our Civil War had prepared many of the young men of the country to carry their religion with them into the camp when President Lincoln issued his proclamation for seventy-five thousand men on the 15th of April, 1861. The late Mr. Vincent Collyer in New York, Mr. George S. Griffith in Baltimore, and Mr. William Ballentine, connected with the Washington Young Men's Christian Association, were early in the field supplying the soldiers with religious reading on their way to and after their arrival in Washington. The associations in Chicago and Philadelphia had also done something in this direction; but, up to the organization of the Christian Commission, November 15, 1861, there had been no united effort to look after the spiritual interests of our soldiers, although the Sanitary Commission was early organized to look after their temporal interests. While we desired

mainly to reach and help the men spiritually, we also looked after their temporal welfare, realizing, as I once said to a prominent gentleman (who wished the Christian Commission to confine its efforts entirely to spiritual matters, leaving the temporal welfare of the soldiers to the Sanitary Commission), that "there is a good deal of religion in a warm shirt and a good beefsteak."

The first Christian man known to have left his home to look after the spiritual as well as the temporal interests of the soldiers was the late Mr. John Patterson, an humble Irish painter, who left his home in Philadelphia April 22, 1861, and proceeded to the army at his own prompting and his own expense. Finding our soldiers at Havre de Grace suffering from exposure and asking especially for straw, he sent the request to Philadelphia; and not only a supply of straw, but blankets, mattresses, and other necessaries were immediately forwarded. My friend Rev. B. W. Chidlaw of Ohio was also an early and independent worker in behalf of our soldiers, and so was Mr. G. S. Griffith of Baltimore.

It was in view of the needs thus met in a sporadic way that the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, of which I was chairman and Mr. John Wanamaker secretary, decided to summon an informal convention of the American Associations to meet in New York on the 14th of November, 1861. We did so at the suggestion of Mr. Vincent Collyer, who had been laboring among the soldiers enlisted in New York City or passing through it on their way to the front. As the enlistments were depleting our Associations of their members, and removing them from the

influences for good which we were trying to bring around them, we felt that we should make some effort to follow them to the front, not only with our prayers, but by personal efforts to supply their needs both spiritual and temporal.

This extraordinary Young Men's Christian Association Convention, over which I presided,—as also over the Annual Convention at Troy in 1858,—was in session for two days, and was one of unusual interest and solemnity. A committee appointed to prepare and present business for its action—the members being Messrs. Demond, Vernon, Wanamaker, Maniere, Baird, Collyer, and myself—reported the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously:

"That it is the duty of the Young Men's Christian Association to take active measures to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the soldiers in the army and the sailors and marines in the navy, in co-operation with the chaplains and others.

"Also that a Christian Commission, consisting of twelve members, who shall serve gratuitously and who may fill their own vacancies, be appointed to take charge of the whole work."

The twelve original members of the Commission were the Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D.D., and Mr. Charles Demond, of Boston; Dr. John D. Hill, of Buffalo; Mr. John V. Farwell, of Chicago; Rev. M. L. R. P. Thompson and Mr. H. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati; Rev. S. H. Tyng, D.D., Mr. Benjamin F. Maniere, and Rev. Edmund S. Janes, D.D., of New York; George H. Stuart and Mr. John P. Crozier, of Philadelphia; and Mr. Mitchell H. Miller, of Washington. When these gentlemen met to organize, Bishop Janes proposed that I be made the

president or chairman of the Commission. I tried to avoid this appointment, as my health was not such as to warrant my undertaking it. Had we been able to foresee the extent of the work on which we were entering, I probably would have been more emphatic in my resistance, which was overcome by my colleagues. By their act I was thus chosen to the most important position I ever filled, and was introduced to what I ever since have regarded as the great work of my life.

Several of the original members of the Commission found themselves for various reasons unable to perform the duties it required of them, and these resigned, but in no case with any loss or diminution of interest in the work. Their places were filled by others, so that in all forty-seven gentlemen were members of the Commission from first to last. Of these I cannot forbear naming Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio and Dr. Charles Hodge of Princeton. There were similar changes among the officers and members of the Executive Committee. Thus, the Rev. William E. Boardman was our faithful Home Secretary through the greater part of the Commission's existence, and did a grand work for the cause. At the close of the work the officers stood: George H. Stuart, Chairman; Joseph Patterson, Treasurer; Rev. Lemuel Moss, Home Secretary; Rev. Edward P. Smith, Field Secretary. Executive Committee: George H. Stuart, Chairman; Stephen Colwell, John P. Crozier, Jay Cooke, Horatio Gates Jones, Joseph Patterson, and Rev. Bishop Matthew Simpson, of Philadelphia; William E. Dodge, Rev. Bishop E. S. Janes, D.D., and Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., of New York; Charles Demond, of Boston; William Frew, of Pittsburg; George S. Griffith, of Balti-

more; W. J. Griffith, of Brooklyn; John V. Farwell, of Chicago; and General Clinton B. Fisk, of St. Louis.

The Commission had its office originally in New York, but it did not meet there with the success which it anticipated; and the executive committee caused the office to be removed to Philadelphia, where I gave them the use of a large warehouse which I then owned, with a counting-room for secretaries and clerks. This they continued to occupy until the close of the war. Some time after the removal of the office to Philadelphia, and when the work was taking hold of the public at large, our New York friends organized an "army committee" to co-operate with us, and of this committee Dr. Nathan Bishop was the efficient chairman. In connection with the late William E. Dodge and others, Mr. Bishop organized and maintained during the closing years of the war one of our most efficient auxiliaries.

Soon after the organization of the Commission a second meeting was held in the city of Washington on the 10th and 11th of December. During this session of the Commission opportunity was given for conference with President Lincoln, General Simon Cameron, the Secretary of War, and General McClellan, the Commander-in-Chief, all of whom, on learning of our organization and our proposed work, gave us their most cordial and hearty endorsement. In answer to my official communication to these various officers, they all sent replies which appear in the *Annals of the Christian Commission*, on page 109. That of the President I give in full. I still have the letter, for which I have been offered one thousand dollars, as it is in the President's handwriting throughout.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Dec. 12, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

Your letter of the eleventh inst. and accompanying plan, both of which are returned as a convenient mode of connecting this with them, have just been received. Your Christian and benevolent undertaking for the benefit of the soldiers is too obviously proper and praise-worthy to admit any difference of opinion. I sincerely hope your plan may be as successful in execution as it is just and generous in conception.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

I may here add that we subsequently received the endorsement and earnest co-operation of all the officials at Washington and of the generals (Sherman, Meade, and others) commanding the various armies; and particularly that of General Grant, who on all occasions did everything in his power to aid us in ministering to the temporal and spiritual wants of our soldiers, sometimes stretching his authority in our favor. I cannot omit to mention General Patrick's valuable service in his department.

On the 13th of January, 1862, the executive committee of the Commission issued an address to the public, setting forth the great needs of the army and the work which had been committed to our care. The address stated that at that time there were seven hundred thousand men in the army and navy who had left the comforts of home to endure hardship, and it might be to die, to save the country from dismemberment, and it appealed to the public for means to minister to their temporal and spiritual welfare. It was on the 14th of May, 1862, that our first delegate was commissioned, and our especial work fairly begun.

As the association which we had formed was without a parallel in history, we had no precedent to guide us in the organization of our work, and had to meet emergencies as they occurred, letting our work shape and mould itself under the providence of God. We were hampered at first by the prevalent feeling that sufficient agencies already existed for doing such a work as we contemplated; but this rapidly gave way to the conviction that there was room for our organization as well as for the national and State organizations already in the field; and, towards the close of the war, there was no organization which had a stronger hold on the hearts of the people than ours. In due time we matured plans and directions to govern the delegates who—after being commissioned either from the central office or our branch offices, which had been organized in all the large cities of the North—were sent to the front. These directions gave them full instructions with reference to the work which it was desirable for them to undertake among our soldiers and sailors; and were printed in neat memorandum-books, with a large number of blank pages on which to make entries for their own use, but especially for the purpose of writing down the names of the soldiers to whom they ministered, and their nearest relatives' addresses. When on the battle-field or in the hospital, it was made the first duty of the delegate to attend to the man's most pressing temporal wants,—to do which he was supplied with ample stores,—and next to administer to him spiritual comfort.

We had three classes of delegates,—one for the camp, one for the hospital, and one for the battle-field,—all Christian men, who were to spend six weeks, without

compensation, caring for the sick and wounded, aiding chaplains in preaching the Gospel, holding prayer-meetings, and in general helping chaplains and officers. They were abundantly supplied with Bibles, Testaments, religious newspapers, tracts, and other publications. The third class of delegates were called minute-men, and had to sign a paper holding themselves in readiness at five minutes' notice to proceed to any battle-field, however distant it might be. In some instances ministers enrolled in this latter class were, while preaching a sermon, notified that their services were required, and speedily closed their services to comply with the call that had been made upon them. I recall the case of a city pastor (Rev. A. G. McAuley) who received a notice to proceed to Nashville. His wife being out at the time he received the notice, he was about to leave without being able to say good-by to her, when she met him at the door, satchel in hand. All the railroads we applied to, endorsed the printed commission we gave to our delegates, and thus furnished them with transportation free of charge. They also passed all our stores and publications free. In one case a railroad company detained their train for about half an hour in order to carry supplies, which were greatly needed, to their destination, that being Harper's Ferry. In another case a train leaving Baltimore with its full complement of cars, at the earnest solicitation of one of our delegates consented to take some cars of ours loaded with supplies.

I may here add that all the telegraph lines in the country were placed at our disposal free of charge, so that when a despatch, however long, bore my signature as chairman it was marked D. H. (dead head). We were

often obliged to use these wires in great emergencies to raise money; as in the case of the Battle of Gettysburg, when I found that our treasury was largely overdrawn, while over twenty thousand wounded soldiers of both armies had been left on the battle-field, to whom we speedily sent three hundred and fifty-six delegates with nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stores. Before starting for the field myself, I drew up a long despatch, to be sent to the leading cities, stating the facts and asking for the privilege of drawing for different amounts. Boston I asked for ten thousand dollars; and the response came back the same day, "Draw for sixty thousand!" I may here state how this large sum was so speedily secured. My friends E. S. Tobey and the late Charles Demond went at once to the Merchants' Exchange, where my despatch was read publicly, and immediately the prices of stocks on the blackboard were removed and my despatch placed there in full, with a note at the bottom stating that Mr. Demond and Mr. Tobey would occupy certain desks in the large room, at which the merchants might hand in their contributions. Two lines were immediately formed, and the money or pledges were handed in faster than they could be taken. I afterwards had to visit the Exchange and make a speech expressing my thanks for the noble contribution so promptly made. I learned that a member of the Exchange who had always ordered his dinner to be on the table at a certain hour, for the first time in his life came home late on the day that my despatch was posted, causing much anxiety to his family.

At a time when the country was filled with distress and indignation by the reports of the ill treatment of

our soldiers in the military prisons of the Confederacy, the Commission appointed Bishops McIlvaine, Lee, and Jayne, along with Mr. Horatio Gates Jones and myself, a committee to visit our prisoners in the South, if the way were found open. President Lincoln and General Grant furnished us with letters to the Confederate authorities, in which our purpose was described as simply one of relief, and assurance was given that no publicity would be given to any facts of which there seemed reason to complain. It also was said that a similar delegation from the South would be given permission to visit the military prisons of the North, and to do for their prisoners, if that were found needful, all that we purposed doing in the South. Bishops Lee and Jayne and Mr. Jones proceeded with these credentials to the place where exchange of prisoners was effected, and the letters were forwarded by the officers in charge to the authorities in Richmond, but they declined to allow the committee to enter their lines.

No language of mine can express the readiness and the liberality of the response made to our appeals on the part of the entire northern population, including the children as well as the women and men. Did space permit, I might fill a volume with special instances of personal sacrifice made in behalf of the noble men who were fighting the battles of our country. Let me give a few instances, which might be multiplied tenfold. At the close of a public meeting in Michigan, after a collection was taken up and the baskets laid in front of the pulpit, a young lady was seen to leave her seat and approach the basket two or three times, and finally she pulled from her finger the engagement-ring given her by her lover,

who was a soldier in the army, and threw it into the basket. In an Episcopal church in Philadelphia a diamond ring was found in the collection-box, which I sold for five hundred dollars, yet, after the sale, had the privilege of presenting to Mrs. General Grant. In many cases gifts of this nature were sold over and over again, being purchased by men of means and then reconsecrated to the cause.

On one occasion I received an invitation from an eminent lady, who had given three sons to fight the battles of their country and who had been reduced from affluent circumstances to comparative poverty, to call upon her at her boarding-house in Philadelphia. I called, in company with Rev. Dr. Patterson of Chicago, and, on ringing the bell, was told by the servant that I could not see the lady, as the dead body of one of her sons, who had been killed in Mississippi, had just been brought to the house. I insisted, however, on sending my card upstairs, and was invited to come up and see the lady. I found her reclining on a sofa, and she asked me to open her wardrobe and take down a large box which it contained. On opening this box I found a very handsome India shawl. She said to me, "I want you to take this shawl and sell it and apply the proceeds to the relief of our suffering soldiers." To this I replied, "You have already made a large contribution to the cause of our country in the gift of your three sons, one of whom is now waiting burial beneath this roof." She rose at once from her sofa, and exclaimed, "No, sir, I have made no sacrifice worthy of the name. My country is entitled to all that I can give, and if I were younger I would give myself." This shawl was disposed of for a large sum, for the benefit of our treasury.

After I had made a speech in a leading Episcopal church in Brooklyn, a handsome pair of gold bracelets were found in the collection-box. In a collection taken in Dr. Shaw's church in Rochester we found a pair of gold-bowed spectacles. A very old women on her death-bed, in the northern part of New York State, bequeathed to us a necklace which she had worn for nearly all her life, and which was a somewhat remarkable one. I purchased the gift at its full value, and hold it still, as one of my many mementos of the war.

Let me close this branch of my subject by giving one of the most remarkable instances of this nature that occurred during the war. The gift to which I refer came from a poor sewing-woman, a native of America living in England, and was enclosed in the following letter addressed to President Lincoln.

DEAR PRESIDENT,—

I hope you will pardon me for troubling you. Ohio is my native State, and I so much wish to send a trifle in the shape of a five-pound Bank of England note, to buy Bibles for the poor wounded soldiers of the North, which I hope they may read.

Yours respectfully,

MARY TALBOT SORBY.

FIRCLIFF, DARBYDALE, DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND.

On receiving this five-pound note, President Lincoln said to Mr. Hay, his private secretary, "You had better send this contribution with a note to the President of the Christian Commission." I have the original five-pound note and the original letter in my possession, having purchased the note at its gold value; but not until I had sold it over and over again, realizing from its repeated

sales about a hundred thousand dollars. The first person I sold it to was Mr. Jay Cooke, who gave me five thousand dollars for it; but I told him he could not have the note, for it was worth a good deal more to me.

In July of 1863 there was a meeting of the members of the Commission at Saratoga Springs. One morning I received a telegram from an officer of the navy engaged in besieging Charleston, saying, "For God's sake send us a cargo of ice, as our men are dying for want of cooling drinks." I read the telegram to Mr. Tobey and Mr. Demond of Boston, while we stood in the office of the Congress Hall hotel, and while the dinner-room was filling with the guests at the dining-hour. I remarked that it was hard that while we were enjoying cooling and refreshing drinks, our men who had exposed their lives for the defence of the country should suffer and die for want of what was so abundant here. As our funds were very low, I suggested that I should make an appeal at the dinner-table for money to buy what was needed. They both thought it was neither the time nor the place for such an appeal. However, I had learned from the Apostle to be instant out of season as well as in season, so I applied to the proprietor for permission. He also was of the opinion of my friends, yet he instructed the head-waiter to place a chair for me in the centre of the long dining-room, before he brought in the dessert. When I stood up on it, the noise was so great that it seemed impossible I should be heard. I held up the telegram, and asked in a loud voice if they wanted to hear from Charleston. As the operations against that city were occupying a very prominent place in public attention, and people were looking every hour for its

surrender to our naval forces, this commanded a hearing at once. The vast dining-room was suddenly hushed, and a waiter who was noisily removing plates was commanded to be quiet. All ears were open to my news. When I read the despatch asking for ice, there was a laugh. I added that those who wished to help to have it sent might step to the clerk's office and hand in their subscriptions. Without waiting for any dessert, the guests thronged to the office, and the contributions began to pour in.

Encouraged by this, I went over to the Union Hotel, and told the proprietor what had been done at Congress Hall. He at once took me into his large dining-room, and without waiting for any ceremony I stood up on a chair and made my appeal for money to buy ice for our men before Charleston. Some one moved that Deacon W. J. King of Providence be appointed treasurer to receive the contributions of the guests. I left the matter in his hands, and hastened to the United States Hotel, where I found the guests just assembling for dinner. Among them was Governor Seymour, who kindly introduced me to the company in the dining-room. The first contribution was five hundred dollars from a prominent merchant of New York City. After these three appeals we had enough to warrant us in going forward, and Messrs. Tobey and Demond telegraphed to Boston to have a vessel chartered for Charleston, and loaded with ice, lemons, and other materials for making cooling drinks. Within a day or so the vessel was on her way, with her cargo of refreshment for our suffering men.

Deacon King afterwards told me that when I read the

telegram and made my appeal at the Union Hotel, a stranger who sat near him at the table wanted to know if that chap had not some ice to sell. My acquaintance with Mr. King began with this day, and he became one of my dearest friends, as well as a zealous supporter of our Commission. I stayed at his house while visiting Providence to address a great meeting in its behalf, and had the privilege of dining with the venerable Dr. Wayland, the president of Brown University.

Among the distinguished men who accompanied me on a visit to the army in the spring of 1864 was the Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk of Boston, who delivered many addresses to the soldiers. I shall never forget the sermon he preached at General Meade's headquarters, where there were many distinguished officers of the army in his crowded congregation. His text on the occasion, "Go to, now, ye that are men, and serve the Lord," was singularly appropriate, and the sermon was worthy of the text and the audience.

While we were visiting one of the camps, we found ourselves near the residence of John Minor Botts, the eminent Virginia politician, who, though living in his native State, stood by our flag all through the war. A party of us made him a visit to express our thanks for what he had done to save the country. During our visit he took us to one of his windows, and, pointing to an adjacent field, said that on that field he had seen nine battles, and yet amid all these contests around his house his life had been preserved. When we were about leaving I addressed a few words to my companions, referring to the trials through which Mr. Botts had been called to pass, and then called upon Dr. Kirk to offer prayer.

Immediately the whole party fell upon their knees with the single exception of Mr. Botts. As I was next to him I found him still standing after I had knelt down; but when he looked around on the strange sight he finally followed our example. Dr. Kirk's prayer in his behalf was so earnest and so touching that when Mr. Botts arose from his knees he seemed deeply affected and thanked us warmly for our visit. I was asked afterwards if it was true that I got Mr. Botts upon his knees, and was told that I was the only person who had ever done so.

During this trip our attention was called to a high platform which had been erected by our army to observe the movements of the enemy. We ascended this platform, where we had a full view of both armies, and there held a short but blessed prayer-meeting for the success of our arms, the overthrow of the Rebellion, and the welfare of the soldiers of *both armies.*

On our return north, Dr. Kirk said to me, on reaching my house in Philadelphia, "Mr. Stuart, the Christians of our country have no conception of the grand opportunity offered to ministers and others to preach the Gospel to the soldiers of our army, who seem to drink in every word as I have never seen men do before." I will remain a day with you if you will gather the pastors of Philadelphia together to-morrow, and talk to them on the subject." By the aid of messenger-boys I invited many of the leading pastors to meet the next day (April 14) at the office of the Commission, and, short as the notice was, a large number responded to our invitation. The venerable Dr. Kennard, of the Baptist church, presided over the meeting, and, after the introductory exer-

cises, Dr. Kirk told of the experience he had had in preaching in camp and hospital, and closed by declaring, "You ministers have no idea of the magnitude of the work which the Christian Commission is doing. If it were generally known, the contributions would be very largely increased." As a result of this I was requested at an early date to call a special public meeting in Philadelphia, and to invite Dr. Kirk and others to address it. Being unable to secure any of our large halls, I was kindly offered the use of the Church of the Epiphany, one of the largest in the city. I at once telegraphed to Cincinnati, inviting Bishop McIlvaine to preside over the proposed meeting, to which request he promptly replied that he would come.

The church was crowded to the doors on the occasion of the meeting, and the audience included many of our leading citizens. In the vestry of the church, where Bishop McIlvaine and the Rector, Rev. Dr. Newton, and others were assembled, I said to Dr. Newton that we wanted to raise fifty thousand dollars at this meeting. He said it would be impossible to raise that amount, and I said I would not bring Bishop McIlvaine from Ohio for a less sum. Dr. Newton replied, "Then, Mr. Stuart, you must make the appeal for money." At the close of the speeches by Bishop McIlvaine, Dr. Kirk, and Dr. Duryea, Dr. Newton said that he had the pleasure of introducing me to the audience to make an appeal for the collection. Addressing the honored Bishop in the chair, I said to him, "You are an Episcopalian and I am a Presbyterian, but the fact is neither of our Churches understand raising money like our brethren of the Methodist Church, and, with your permission, I will turn this vast congre-

gation into a Methodist meeting and call upon my friend here to take down the names that I shall call out." Looking over the audience, I said to my friend John P. Crozer, "Shall I put you down for five thousand dollars?' "Certainly," said he. I went on with this sum, appealing to men of various denominations, until I had reached thirty-five thousand dollars. One of these subscriptions (the last) was from Captain Loper, who sent me a despatch from the dying bed of a member of his family in New York, through my friend Jay Cooke, to add himself to those who contributed five thousand. All these who were ready to pledge this sum I had known of before the meeting was assembled, but I had not informed Dr. Newton of the fact. Failing to get any more five-thousand-dollar subscriptions, I reduced the amount of the pledges, and soon the subscription reached forty-two thousand five hundred dollars. At this point, the hour being very late, Dr. Newton suggested to me to send the collection-boxes around; to which I replied, "I have no faith in these boxes, and must wait for some more pledges." At this point a colonel in the army (Colonel Gregory), in full uniform, arose in his place near the door, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you had been present at the last battle in which my regiment was engaged, and where I lost nearly half my men, and seen the work that delegates of the Commission did among my wounded and dying, you would soon make up the balance of the amount Mr. Stuart asks for." As soon as he took his seat a young merchant who was not very rich, but who had already pledged a thousand dollars, arose in his place and said that that speech was worth another thousand. Others following his example, the whole amount

that I had asked for was soon raised. At a late hour the vast congregation rose to their feet, sung the long-metre doxology, and received the benediction from the venerable Bishop, who had come all the way from Cincinnati especially to preside on this occasion.

Hoping for good results from this meeting, I had secured the attendance of a special reporter, who prepared a despatch for the Associated Press, so that our proceedings and the results of the meeting were published the next morning in the daily papers from Maine to California. The impetus thus given created a new interest in the work of the Christian Commission all over the country, and the very next day, while Dr. Kirk was still my guest, a telegram came from my friend Mr. Albree, of Pittsburg, on behalf of the committee in that city, stating that, if I would come there next Sabbath and bring a good speaker with me, they would give me a collection of five thousand dollars. To which I replied, "No, I can't travel seven hundred miles for five thousand dollars, a sum which I can get in five minutes in Philadelphia; but I will go for twenty thousand." The response came back the next day, "Come." I was unsuccessful in securing either of the men—Rev. Robert J. Parvin and George J. Mingins — whom I desired to accompany me, and, although suffering from a severe attack of asthma, I left for Pittsburg, spending a night on the way with my friend Mr. Weir, of Harrisburg, who the night I arrived extemporized a meeting which filled one of their largest churches and was presided over by the Governor of the State. Here we received a large collection. On Saturday afternoon the Pittsburg committee called upon me at the Monongahela House, and

were anxious to know what I meant by my despatch, to which I replied that I thought I had made it plain. "Yes," they said, "but twenty thousand dollars here would be out of proportion to the fifty-thousand collection in Philadelphia;" and they concluded by saying, "If you make a good speech we will give you ten thousand dollars," to which I replied, "Had I known that that was your ultimatum I should not have come, as my time is too precious to come all the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburg for ten thousand dollars." At this point Major Frew, one of the committee, replied, saying, "Mr. Stuart, when you get nineteen thousand dollars subscribed at our meeting to-morrow night, I will make it twenty." Other members of the committee made conditional pledges, amounting in all to sixty-five hundred dollars.

The Sabbath (May 7, 1864) proved one of the most exciting days that I had witnessed during the war, as it was the Sunday succeeding the great Battle of the Wilderness, and, Sabbath as it was, the Sabbath-loving people of Pittsburg crowded around the bulletin-boards as the news was flashed along the wires announcing the death of some of Pittsburg's noblest sons. According to prearrangement, all the churches had given up their evening meeting (except a new church that was to be dedicated), so as to allow their people to attend the meeting in behalf of our Commission, which was to be held in the First Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Paxton was the pastor. As the evening was mild and the weather clear, the church was not only crowded to excess, but the adjoining yard around the church was filled with eager listeners, the windows being opened to

permit them to hear. After speaking some two hours and telling the story of my telegraphic communication with the Pittsburg committee, I asked Dr. Paxton, Dr. Howard, Dr. Wilson, and some others to take the floor and raise the sum which I had named, as I was completely exhausted. They all declined, and told me that I must finish the work. I thereupon turned the great Presbyterian meeting-house, with its crowded congregation, into a Methodist church, and called upon one of my friends to take down the pledges I was about to secure. I commenced the subscription list for twenty thousand dollars with my friend Major Frew, who at this point rose to his feet, and, being slow of speech, explained his promise of a thousand dollars after I had secured nineteen thousand, and, to my astonishment, added, "I now rise to withdraw that pledge." Feeling that I had said something to offend him, I asked Dr. Paxton when the next train started for Philadelphia; but, before receiving an answer, the major said, "Since I made that pledge yesterday to Mr. Stuart, our friend Mrs. Hayes [the wife of General Hayes, who was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness], I learn, has given her husband to the country. If she can afford to give her husband to save the flag of her country, I can afford to make my subscription five thousand dollars." Soon the subscriptions ran up to twenty-two thousand dollars; and I said, "Although I fixed the sum at twenty thousand dollars, we cannot deprive others of the privilege of increasing the amount." That night and the next morning it reached over forty-four thousand dollars.

Before the venerable Bishop McIlvaine returned to the

West on this occasion, I had the pleasure of taking him to the front, that he might see for himself the work we were doing for the soldiers. The bishop had long desired to see our work on the field, but his family felt unwilling to have him expose himself to the hardships and dangers incident to such a visit. They now consented that he should go in my company. I took with us my faithful friend, Mr. John Patterson, to look after the bishop, and also my brother David and his son from Liverpool, who were in this country and wished to join our party. Our visit occurred soon after the Battle of Fredericksburg, and, when Mr. Patterson had secured cavalry horses for our whole party of seven, we started on horseback from the banks of the Potomac for Fredericksburg. Before starting, an officer informed me that on our way we were likely to meet some fifteen hundred prisoners that had been captured by General Burnside a day or two before. Keeping a lookout for these prisoners I rode up a hill in advance of our party, and on the top of the hill I discovered in the valley below a great crowd, which I found, on riding up to them, to be the company which we had been expecting to meet. On approaching them I addressed one of our officers who had them in charge, and asked if he would not like to have the men drawn up in a hollow square for the purpose of holding a short religious service with them. He consented as soon as I told him that the preacher on this occasion would be Bishop McIlvaine, who was then coming down the hill on horseback. By the time he arrived, I already had addressed a few words to the prisoners, expressing our sympathy with them, and asking them if they had ever heard of Bishop McIlvaine, of

Ohio; and the cry went up, "Yes, often." "Now," said I, "I have the pleasure of introducing him to you; and, if agreeable, take off your hats, and he will preach you a short sermon,"—a proposition which called forth loud expressions of satisfaction from these unfortunate fellows. The bishop then turned to me and asked me where the pulpit was. I said to him, "You are now sitting in one of the grandest pulpits you ever occupied. You can preach Christ under circumstances more like those in which the Master preached than you have ever enjoyed before or may ever have again." Then turning to the soldiers, I asked them if they could sing without a book the familiar hymn "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" They responded, with a loud voice, "Yes." One of my companions on horseback, a New York merchant who was a good singer, started the hymn, and it was sung as I never heard it sung before or since. After this the good bishop asked me to offer a word of prayer, which I did from my saddle; and then, from his saddle, he preached such a sermon as I have seldom if ever heard, bringing tears to the eyes of many of the prisoners who stood before him. It was a scene which no human pen could describe, no painter picture.

On reaching Fredericksburg we found that the town was deserted by its citizens, and every house filled with wounded and dying soldiers, many of whom I visited in company with our good bishop, who at times was so affected that he was unable to restrain his feelings. I can see him now, in that splendid private mansion on the beautiful hill overlooking the town, talking to our wounded men on the veranda, in the parlors, the kitchen, the dining-room, and the chambers upstairs until we

reached the garret, on the floors of which, among other soldiers, lay a poor dying Indian, and the only English word that he seemed to understand was the name of Jesus. To see the venerable bishop go down on his knees, with his hands on either side of this poor dying soldier, and pray that the blood of Jesus might wash away his sins, was a sight I shall never forget. No wonder that he said to me, "Stuart, I must retire. This is too much for my feeble frame."

We had many delegates in Fredericksburg at the time, and the house which we occupied as our head-quarters had a large veranda on the rear, from which, in the early morning, Bishop McIlvaine conducted family worship before the delegates separated to go to the various hospitals and other fields of labor around the town. During our brief visit to one of the factories which was occupied as a hospital, we found a number of persons gathered around the cot of a soldier who was near his end, without a hope in Christ, and begging for our prayers in his behalf. The bishop joined the group, and spoke to this suffering one in a way that only he could. At this time my attention was drawn to a soldier on the other side of the room, whose face was so calm and placid that I felt that he was not much of a sufferer. The contrast between the two men was so great that I said to the latter, "You seem to be so happy that I suppose you have not suffered much in the battle." His only reply was to throw off the coverlet, when I discovered that both his legs were gone. The grace of God sustained him, and his face was beaming with joy, presenting a sharp contrast to that of his neighbor who was filled with despair. This Christian soldier, who died that very night, said

that he was willing to give his life for his country, and God took him at his word.*

Immediately after our return from the front I proceeded to Newark, New Jersey, where the Old School Presbyterian Assembly was in session, and addressed them (May 27) on the work of the Commission, describing what our agents and delegates were doing in following up the march of General Grant's forces upon Richmond, with wagon-loads of stores, and a force of personal helpers to each division of the army to minister to the wants of the wounded and to comfort the last hours of the dying. I spoke of seeing a minister of their own body cutting the muddy and bloody boots from the feet of six or seven wounded soldiers, washing their feet, and ministering to the needs of these brave men. I said, "Money could not buy the services our delegates are

* To his friend and biographer, Canon Carus of Winchester, the bishop wrote from New York, under date of May 26, 1864: "I have just returned from Fredericksburg, only eight miles from behind the fighting, where I went on an errand of love to the wounded men lying there, and where I had an opportunity of showing kindness to the other side, and improved it. But my sympathies and my nerves were sorely tried by the scenes of war-suffering which I saw there and was in contact with. How many times a day did I preach little sermons in the midst of wounded men, and pray with them individually and collectively; and how much the ministrations of the Gospel have been blessed in the army,—how many conversions, how many pious officers! What noble men the chaplains are!—the unfit and perfunctory men being weeded out; and what an agency is the Christian Commission among them! I presided at a meeting in one of the Episcopal churches in Philadelphia recently, where fifty thousand dollars were given to the Commission. I opened another in New York, when twenty-five thousand dollars were given. In Boston fifty thousand dollars were given, simply by people, unasked, going to the Merchants' Exchange and putting their names down. It was in the work of that Commission that I went to Fredericksburg."

rendering to the defenders of our country, and which they propose to render until the war is over." At the same time I reminded them that all this service to the body was accompanied by unwearied efforts for the spiritual welfare of the thousands who in all human probability must soon go to their account. "Here you talk of church extension. We have been carrying on church extension over an area of twenty miles of camps. In two weeks after the army went into winter-quarters we had erected fifty-four churches. That is church extension for you. These churches were begun one morning, and before the next morning's sun arose they often were completed. We bade the chaplains go to their quarters, put up log churches, and we would cover them in, put in all the necessary furniture, and supply them with books. And those churches were filled, from the speaker's stand to the very farthest corner, every part of them, with the audience close up to the preacher.

"Never shall I forget a service in one of these churches at General Meade's head-quarters. There sat the general on one side of the preacher (Dr. Kirk of Boston), and one of his aids on the other, and every little crevice was filled up with live men, while a major was acting as sexton, bringing in seats, and so on. And when the word of God was preached, those men opened their eyes, ears, and mouths, and listened with an eagerness I never saw before. And I knew, by the look on the face of that noble man, that we were on the eve of a bloody battle. And before me I saw a young officer, a noble specimen of an American soldier, and I could not help praying that God would send the word right into the heart of that young soldier. Very soon after he was mortally

wounded. He was Major Robinson, an honor to the cavalry service."

On one of my visits to the army I took Dr. Kirk, Mr. William E. Dodge, and another friend from New York to visit Camp Convalescent, about ten miles from Washington. Here we held a memorable prayer-meeting in one of our large tents; and the meeting became so deeply interesting that, when the drum beat for the soldiers to retire to their quarters, the colonel of an Ohio regiment (who, I afterwards learned, was an infidel) said, as many of the soldiers rose to go, "Keep your seats; I will have you all excused for being out over hours." The meeting, increasing in interest, went on until it was ten o'clock, when it was with difficulty adjourned. As we passed out of the door, the colonel asked us where we were going to stay for the night. We told him that we had to go to Washington, and pointed to our carriage that stood by the door. His reply was, "That is impossible, as all the sentinels have been posted for the night, and General Grant has recently given orders that no civilian should have the countersign." This order arose from the fact that the countersign had sometimes been misused. To this I replied that if General Grant were there I could get it. The colonel responded, "But he is not here, and you will have to stay with us for the night." Then Mr. Dodge said, "I have a most important engagement in New York, and must leave Washington by the early morning train." The colonel then left, to see what could be done about the matter. On his return, taking me aside so that my friends could not hear what he said, he told me that when we had got about two miles out

of the camp we would encounter a sentinel, who would cry out, "Who goes there?" that I should then respond, "A friend with the countersign;" to which the sentinel would reply, "Advance and give the countersign!"—that I was then to advance and give the countersign for the night, which, the colonel told me, was *Beverley*. We left the camp, and were stopped by the sentinel, who demanded the countersign, as the colonel said he would. Leaving the carriage and advancing to within a few paces of where the sentinel stood, I saw him with his gun pointed at me and heard him exclaim, with a loud voice, "Halt and give the countersign!" whereupon I uttered the mystic word *Beverley*. Judge, then, of my astonishment when the sentinel responded, "Mr. Stuart, you have got the wrong countersign;" to which I replied, "What is the right one?" He responded, "I dare not give it to you, under penalty of death, and, had I not known your voice, I should have shot you on the spot." Returning to the carriage with the startling news, nothing was left us but to go back to the camp we had left. On making our way to the head-quarters of the general in command and explaining our trouble, he asked if Dr. Kirk was not one of our party, adding that, if so, Dr. Kirk ought to have known the countersign, which was *Massachusetts*. Up to this day we have never been able to understand why the colonel gave us the wrong countersign, which might have cost me my life. On retracing our steps towards Washington late at night, and passing through the same ordeal, "Massachusetts" carried us safely through the lines. Upon coming up to the sentinel, I was curious to know how he recognized my voice. Strange to say, he told me that he heard me

some years before address a Sabbath-school in New York, of which he was a member. Had it not been for this recognition and his knowledge of my connection with the army, I should have been a dead man. Placing my hand upon his shoulder and addressing him as a brother, I asked him if he had the countersign. His reply was, "Thank God, I have." "What is it?" said I. His prompt reply was, "The blood of Jesus." Shaking my good soldier friend by the hand and bidding him good-night, I said, "With this countersign there will be no danger of your being halted at the gates of heaven." This simple story has been told in many languages, and was a few years ago published in "The English Soldier's Almanac."

On one occasion I was invited to attend a great meeting in the Academy of Music in New York, on behalf of the Christian Commission, which was got up mainly by the late William E. Dodge and Dr. Nathan Bishop, and was to be presided over by Lieutenant-General Scott. To my great surprise, there had been no arrangement made for a collection, which might have been as large as either of the collections I have spoken of. Nevertheless, at my suggestion, the announcement was made that some gentlemen would stand at the door and receive the voluntary contributions of the audience; and, to the surprise of all, a very large sum was contributed. In this contribution there was a pledge on a piece of paper, which was from a lady unknown to the committee and was for several thousands as I read it, but which the committee insisted must mean hundreds. I was right, and the pledge was promptly redeemed. This meeting awakened such an interest in the community that, when

in Wall Street the next day, I was unexpectedly called upon to speak from the steps of the present custom-house building, and there again a large subscription was made.

After one of the battles I was suddenly obliged, by the crowd that gathered around me, to speak from the steps of the old United States building in Philadelphia, on Chestnut above Fourth; and there another collection was extemporized of no inconsiderable amount. And so the interest in the work of the Commission continued to increase until the close of the war.

The news of the surrender at Appomattox Court-House reached me at Troy, New York, while I was addressing a thronged meeting on behalf of the Commission. It was brought to the meeting by a reporter on one of the city papers, whom I shall allow to tell the story:

"It was a great meeting. The big Fifth Presbyterian church was packed to the doors, with seats in all the aisles. When the telegram came, I thought that perhaps the meeting was not over, and rushed thither with the despatch. The sexton undertook to pilot me through the crowded aisles. Before we had fairly started, George H. Stuart rose to dismiss the audience. The sexton held up his hand, and Mr. Stuart stopped. All eyes were on us as we threaded our way to the pulpit, and I handed the despatch to Mr. Stuart. He read it and began to weep. The audience, thinking it news of personal affliction, was visibly moved. Then he said, 'My brethren, these are not tears of sorrow but of joy.' He read the despatch. There was no benediction pronounced that day. The church resounded with shouts and cheers. One man sprang for the bell-rope, and sent out a brazen clangor.* Another rushed

* There was yet another occasion on which the bells were very loud at a Christian Commission meeting. I had been at Buffalo with Rev. C. P.

for the bell at the Fifth Baptist church. Still another ran to the Rankin steamer-house, and the Rankin cannon soon swelled the din. A number of young men cleared out the recruiting-station on Washington Square, filled it with barrels taken from the dock, and set the pile on fire. Then joining hands they danced a war-dance round the blazing heap."

From small beginnings, the Commission had taken such a hold upon the public mind (very largely through the influence of letters written to their friends at home by soldiers in the field), that ample supplies of money and of stores flowed in upon us from all directions. Even the Sabbath-school children had been organized, and, at the request of the Commission, prepared "housewives" which they filled with needles, thread, buttons, and other small articles which soldiers needed when away from home. It was suggested to them that they put a small Testament or a tract in with these useful articles and be sure to write a letter to put into the bag. One of these letters, written by a little girl seven years of age, who attended a Methodist Sunday-school in Philadelphia and was a daughter of a leading merchant,

---

Lyford to address a great meeting (June 21, 1863), and never was our cause more eloquently advocated than by my companion on this occasion. A pastor from Lockport, in the same State, urged me very earnestly to come to that place, and we agreed to do so, assigning the date for our visit. On our arrival we found no announcement by either poster or advertisement, and, on hunting up the pastor in question, we found the date had escaped his memory. He, however, assured us the meeting would be held on time, and made arrangements to have all the church-bells of the place, and perhaps others, rung violently at once. The people turned out in alarm to learn what was the disturbance, and were told there was to be a big meeting in the Presbyterian church in behalf of the soldiers of our army, and that George H. Stuart would address it. We had a full house.

was found in one of these boxes by a wounded Michigan soldier at Nashville. It was as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, April 17, 1863.

MY DEAR SOLDIER,—

I send you a little Testament. I am a little girl seven years old. I want to do something for the soldiers who do so much for us, so I have saved my pocket-money to send you this. Although I have never seen you, I intend to begin to pray that God will make and keep you good. Oh, how sorry I am that you have to leave your dear mother. Did she cry when you bade her good-by? Don't you often think of her at night when you are going to bed? Do you kneel down and say your prayers? If I were you I would not care if the other soldiers did laugh. God will smile on you. I am very sorry that you are sick. I wish I could go to nurse you; I could bathe your head and read to you. Do you know this hymn, "There is a happy land?" I hope you will go to that land when you die; but remember I will pray that you will get well again. When you are able to sit up I wish you to write to me and tell me all your troubles. Enclosed you will find a postage-stamp. I live at — North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Good-by.

Your friend,

LIZZIE SCOTT.

This so touched the soldier's heart that he was completely broken down, and soon after gave himself to Christ. The letter and the soldier's reply were so simple and so touching that two hundred thousand copies were afterwards published and scattered far and wide through the army. While myself at one of the army stations of the Commission, where a large parcel of these housewives were being distributed, an Irish soldier who had received one brought his bag back, and requested our agent to *give him a bag with a letter in it*, as he had no one to write him letters from home, being far away from his native land.

As the work of the Commission grew upon our hands, new suggestions were made and fresh plans devised for the comfort of our soldiers. During the cold weather our delegates began to report to us that they greatly suffered for the want of shelter, where they might hold prayer-meetings and other religious services. To meet this want we conceived the idea of building tents, the Commission purchasing and furnishing large canvas coverings, so that at one time we must have had as many as two hundred of these tents in the Army of the Potomac. These chapels were often built in one day, so that the dedication took place on the evening of the day on which they were begun. The way it was done so speedily was as follows. A number of soldiers were detailed to go into the woods, to obtain the necessary wood and poles. Another number at the same time would be detailed for the purpose of erecting these poles, to be covered over, tops and sides, by the canvas which had been prepared and shipped from Philadelphia. These same soldiers out of the wood from the forest prepared rough seats, erecting at the same time a platform at the rear end of the chapel, where ministers and laymen could sit with an open Bible and speak to a crowded chapel-ful of men hungry for the Gospel of Christ. I myself have spoken in some of these tents which had been erected in a single day. So in speaking to the soldiers it was often found that we were addressing men in their grave-clothes.

On one occasion while these services were in progress, an officer entered the chapel-tent and called for the men of a certain regiment to withdraw at once and join their comrades, who were being attacked. Soon after this

same chapel became a hospital, where wounded men were brought to be ministered to temporally and spiritually, by chaplains and delegates of the Christian Commission. These chapel-tents were until the close of the war among the most beneficent features of our work. Seldom were these chapel-tents used for religious purposes without witnessing many of the soldiers rising to ask for prayers, and sometimes reading letters from loved ones at home urging them to give their hearts to Christ.

On one of these occasions I had with me Morris K. Jessup, an eminent New York banker, who then and there, for the first time, addressed the crowded chapel on behalf of his Master: though for years a church-member, yet up to that evening he had never spoken in entreaty to men to give their hearts to Christ. Since then he has been a most active Christian worker, helping forward the blessed work by voice and means.

The "coffee-wagon" presented by Mr. Jacob Dunton, of Philadelphia, was one of the peculiar and originally contrived institutions created for the occasion, a description of which I append. It was constructed somewhat like a battery-caisson, so that the parts might be unlimbered and separated from each other. The limber, or forward part, bears a large chest, divided into compartments to contain coffee, tea, sugar, and corn-starch, with a place for two gridirons and an axe. From the rear portion rise three large boilers, under which there is a place for the fire, and under the box a place for fuel. Each boiler will hold fourteen gallons, and it is estimated that in each one on a march ten gallons of tea, coffee, or chocolate can be made in twenty minutes, thus giving

ninety gallons of nourishing drink every hour,—a most ingenious and beneficent invention.

Its first appearance excited the unmixed wonder of the soldiers. They craned their necks to see it,—rolled themselves over to get a glimpse of it. Was it an ambulance? It didn't look like one. Was it a fire-engine? Its mystery was solved as the grateful odor saluted their nostrils, and, when the delicious beverage was poured into their cups,—a substantial blessing which they in turn blessed,—it became the theme of many an affectionate comment. "I say, Bill, ain't that a bully machine?" "Yes, sir, the greatest institution *I* ever saw." "It is what you might call the Christian Light Artillery," said a third. "Pleasanter than what the Rebs sent us this morning!" added another. A delegate remarked, "What do you think of this, doctor?" The surgeon replied, "I thank the Lord for it: that's all I can say."

I cannot resist reciting the following humorous incident, which I call

GENERAL FISK'S SWEARING STORY.

Mr. Clinton B. Fisk, at the breaking out of the war, was an active Christian worker in St. Louis, and the superintendent of one of our large Sabbath-schools. Responding to the call of the President for volunteers to defend the flag of our country, he very soon raised the Thirty-second Missouri Regiment, of which he was appointed colonel. While drilling at Benton Barracks preparatory to entering the service, he on one occasion invited the Rev. Dr. Nelson, one of the leading Presbyterian pastors of that city, to preach to his regiment, which the latter did most effectively and appropriately. At the close of the services Dr. Nelson, after some solemn and appropriate remarks, told the soldiers that he wanted them to enter into a covenant; and, placing his hands on Colonel Fisk's shoulders, said, "Colonel, I want you to do all the swearing for this regiment,"—and then, addressing the men, "Those of you who agree

to this, please hold up your right hands." A thousand hands were held up. Some time after this, while the regiment was at the front, —the colonel then a brigadier-general, and his old regiment attached to his brigade,—one calm afternoon, while seated in his tent, he heard violent swearing some distance off in the swamp, and discovered it came from John Todd, the driver of a wagon which had become stalled. On asking the driver if it was he who had sworn so lustily, the reply was that the mules had stuck fast, and he had hard work to get them to move. The general responded by asking him if he had pledged himself to Dr. Nelson not to swear. "Yes," he answered, "but the swearing *had to be done* then, and you were not there to do it."

Many of the bodies of our soldiers upon the battle-field were found to have been so stripped of articles by which they might have been identified, that we were led to have prepared small pieces of parchment called "identifiers," which bore on one side the inscription:

IDENTIFIER.

I am..... .....Co.....Regt.

.....Brig.....Div.....Corps.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life."

And on the other side were the words:

U. S. Christian Commission.

Address my..

Suspend from the neck by a cord, and wear over the shirt—in the battle, under.

For these identifiers there was a great demand, and through this means we were afterwards able to communicate with the friends of those who had been killed or severely wounded.

Another service our Commission was able to render to the soldiers was to act as their agent in getting their pay forwarded to their wives and families at home. Whenever the troops were paid, our quarters were crowded, and we received from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars a day in packages of from fifteen to a hundred dollars. Sometimes our agents were kept at work till eleven o'clock at night, and went to sleep with the packages under their pillow, after two hours more of work to get it ready for transmission by express next morning.

I might fill a volume, instead of a chapter, with my reminiscences of those years. But that is unnecessary, as two volumes have been filled already. I refer to "The History of the United States Christian Commission," by the Rev. Lemuel Moss, D.D. (Philadelphia, 1868), and to "Incidents of the Work of the United States Christian Commission," by the Rev. Edward P. Smith (same year), more recently republished with the title "Incidents with Shot and Shell."

There is, however, one case which is very briefly referred to in the "Incidents," by Rev. Dr. Eva of this city. It is one of the many cases where the Commission was not only instrumental in saving life, but was, under God, the instrument of preparing the soldier to do a great work for the Lord after his return home. Space will permit only a brief reference to this extraordinary case,—perhaps the most remarkable during the war.

John F. Chase, of Augusta, Maine, who was a rugged farmer-boy about eighteen years of age, was the fifth man in his State to enlist. He became soon after a cannonier in the Fifth Maine Battery. After he had passed through several engagements unharmed, on the field of Gettysburg, on the night of July 2, while charging his gun to resist the Louisiana Tigers, a rebel shell exploded at his side, carrying away his right arm, destroying his left eye, and inflicting forty-eight other wounds, chiefly in his breast. Carried to the rear as dead, he was laid on the spot where, the night before, as an unconverted and wicked man, he had for the first time (all alone) knelt on the bare ground, praying to God for the pardon of his sins, and giving his heart to Christ. He lay there unconscious until the 4th of July, when he was picked up and put into the dead-cart with others to be buried. On his way to the grave he gave a groan, which attracted the driver's attention, when he was taken out of the cart and laid alongside of a barn on the roadside. He here lay another day without assistance, when the surgeons, after attending other cases, came and bound up his wounds and had him removed to the Cemetery Hospital. There he fell under the care of the Rev. I. O. Sloan of our Commission, who nursed him tenderly. Soon after he was taken out of the hospital, suffering from erysipelas. Mr. Sloan, still clinging to him, had a tent built over him and nursed him to convalescence. After three months he was brought by Mr. Sloan to West Philadelphia Hospital. He then weighed eighty-seven pounds; when wounded he weighed two hundred pounds.

As already stated, he had retired for prayer; as the result of hearing many sermons — facing death so

often, he feared to die in battle without an interest in Christ as the hope of salvation. While in the tent and being nursed, he was baptized by Mr. Sloan. He is now a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Most of his time is occupied in lecturing on temperance and kindred subjects. He has a wife and seven children. For more than twenty years he sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Sloan, who had done so much to save his life, but finally secured his address at Bismarck, Dakota, and soon after Mr. Sloan advised me of the facts of this remarkable case, to which my attention had not been previously called.

About this time I had been desired to give a public address on the work of the Christian Commission, so I invited Mr. Chase to come on and speak as illustrating what had been done by it. After the delivery of my address, I referred to him and his remarkable case, and introduced him to the audience, whose hearts were melted by his recital of what he had endured for the cause. At the close of his address many remained to take him by the hand, among others an officer of the Southern army, who greeted him in the warmest manner, and, when we were about to leave the platform, who should make his appearance but the same Mr. Sloan, who had recently reached the city and was attracted to the meeting by the notice in the papers that I was to speak on the subject of the Christian Commission work. Neither of us knew he was in the house, and the surprise and affectionate greeting of the two men after so long a separation may be better imagined than described.

The United States Christian Commission, organized November 15, 1861, closed its labors on the first day of

1866, although many appeals were made to maintain the organization for similar work in times of peace.* In February of that year it held its final meeting at Washington, in the hall of the House of Representatives, where its annual meetings had been held in 1863, 1864, and 1865. At the second of these Vice-President Hamlin occupied the chair, and at the third Secretary Seward; at the latter Mr. Lincoln was present, and was deeply affected by hearing Mr. Philip Phillips sing "Your Mission." He wrote on the back of a programme, and sent it up to me by a page, "Near the close let us have 'Your Mission' repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it. LINCOLN."

A few days before this the friends of the Commission, who had assembled in Washington for the anniversary, called upon President Lincoln by appointment at the White House, and were received in the Green Room. I introduced him in a general way to the assembly, and spoke briefly of the work we were doing, and of the feelings of those engaged in it towards the national cause and its representatives, especially our chief magistrate. While I was speaking he stood with his head slightly bowed and an abstracted air. But when he raised himself to reply his face kindled into a genial

* An organization was formed by some of the active Western workers of the Commission and under the same name. Mr. Stuart was chosen its president, but never was satisfied of its necessity, and the result confirmed his judgment. It died within a year.

In India, in 1878, during the War with Afghanistan, a Christian Commission was organized by the Christian ladies of the Northwest Provinces, with its head-quarters at Roorkie. It was modelled after our American institution as far as was possible, but its operations do not seem to have been extensive.—ED.

smile, and a characteristic light shone in his eyes. He disclaimed thanks for anything he had done to further the work of the Commission. "Nor," he proceeded, "do I know that I owe you any thanks for what you have done. We have all been laboring for a common end. The preservation of our country and the welfare of its defenders has been our motive and joy and reward." After Bishop Janes, with his cordial acquiescence, had led us in prayer, the President shook hands warmly with all who were present, and we left him with a strengthened confidence in the leader God had raised up for us.

At the fourth and last annual meeting, in the House of Representatives in 1866, Speaker Colfax presided, and letters were read from Generals Grant, Sherman, and Howard, Vice-Admiral Farragut, and Chief-Justice Chase, expressing in strong terms their approbation of the work of the Commission.* These letters will be

* On the day previous, being a Saturday, the friends of the Commission called on President Johnson, Secretaries Stanton and Seward, and the other members of the Cabinet, all of whom still held over from Mr. Lincoln's administration. As we were going up the steps of the White House, an eminent Doctor of Divinity took this opportunity to remind me that Mr. Johnson was a very different man from Mr. Lincoln, and that it might not be advisable to propose to pray with him. It occurred to me that this made praying with and for him all the more needful. So, in introducing our business to the new President, I reminded him that he was called to succeed to a great and good man, who had been largely sustained in his labors for the nation by the prayers of God's people; and, turning to one of our company, I said, "Bishop ——, will you please to lead us in prayer?" Mr. Johnson at any rate made no objection; and, having made this good beginning, we went on as we began. We prayed with every one of the high officials we called on, generally in their public offices, the clerks laying down their pens and giving reverent attention while the different ministers

found in the Appendix to the present volume. At this meeting the officers of the Commission reported that they had spent or distributed in money and goods, on behalf of the soldiers and sailors, $6,291,107 in all. To this must be added the unpaid services of most of the 4859 agents and delegates, besides nearly two hundred Christian women, who had been sent to the front or to the hospitals, as only a very few of them had received any compensation, those few being chiefly the permanent agents in charge of divisions of the army. The Commission distributed 1,466,748 Bibles or parts of the Scriptures, 8,603,434 books and pamphlets, 18,189,863 newspapers and magazines, chiefly religious, and 30,368,998 pages of religious tracts.

But the greatest results are those which cannot be put into figures and statistics. No one counted the dying men whose thoughts had been turned to the Saviour, or the men whom life in the army might have ruined but for the Christian influences and teachings which the Commission brought to bear, or the men who had paid no heed to the offers of mercy at home, but accepted them when they were presented by the faithful preaching of the Gospel at the front, where the realities of life and death became so vivid. Nor can any one number the men whose lives were saved by the loving ministrations of our delegates on the battle-field and in the hospital. Wherever I go since the war I am meeting former soldiers of the Union and the Southern armies who hold

---

invoked God's blessing on the land, on the government, on that department, and on its head. I never have found that Christians got on any better, even with those who are the least in sympathy with them, through not showing their colors.

the Christian Commission in grateful remembrance for the saving of life or limb. Since I began writing these pages I had occasion to thank an unknown man for help in getting up a slope rather too steep for me in these later years. "Oh, no thanks, sir," said he, "I was a soldier in the army, and I owe my life to your Christian Commission."*

The indirect influences of the Christian Commission have been hardly less important. It did a vast deal to break down the prejudices of sect and party, and to show people that those on the other side of these unhappy lines of man's drawing are their Christian brethren. The spirit of union and the prevalence of harmony which have characterized the American Churches ever since the war, and which already have borne fruit in the reunion of the Presbyterian Church, owed much to those years of co-operation in hospital and on the battle-field. Another distinction which it tended to obliterate is that which would shut out Christian laymen from active service for the Master. Clergyman and layman worked side by side, spoke at the same meetings, proclaimed the same Gospel, and thus helped, Dr. Dorchester says, "to bring back into the actual life of the Church universal a practical realization of the priesthood of believers."

* Among the many testimonials which I received from soldiers who had been benefited by the delegates of the Commission was the private diary of William McCarter, written in twelve volumes, the penmanship surpassing almost any writing I have known, and the composition exceedingly good, so that all who have examined the work declare that it excels anything of the kind which they have ever seen. Although he was severely wounded at the Battle of Fredericksburg (the map of which accompanies the diary), he is still living and is a clerk in the Pension Office at Washington.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION AT WHITE HOUSE LANDING.

In reviewing this chapter I feel that its greatest defect is its failure to make due mention of the many faithful and efficient workers who held an eminent place in the service of the Commission; but, in truth, I should not know where to stop if once I began. I cannot omit to name our chief field agents,—Rev. J. R. Miller in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Rev. I. O. Sloan in hospital and field work in Eastern Virginia, Rev. C. P. Lyford in Camp Convalescent, and Mr. John A. Coles at City Point, besides Rev. E. P. Smith in the Army of the Tennessee until he became Field-Secretary. Then there was Chaplain McCabe, who had learned to sing "The Battle-Hymn of the Republic" in Libby Prison and often stirred our hearts at our meetings with the story and the song; Chaplain J. C. Thomas, who organized our Loan Library system, by which each regiment while in winter-quarters was furnished with a supply of good wholesome books of all sorts we could obtain; Rev. A. G. McAuley, whose services both at the front and as a Business Agent at the Central Office were invaluable, as were those of Mr. John Patterson, our "cavalry general" in the matter of selecting and caring for our horses, and Mr. James Grant, of Philadelphia. Among the efficient workers in auxiliary branches I might mention Mr. William Reynolds of Peoria, Hon. Edward S. Tobey of Boston, Mr. William Ballantine of Washington, Mr. B. F. Jacobs in Chicago, Mr. G. S. Griffith of Baltimore, and many others. Even the clerks in our central office were noticeable. The early death of John Irving Forbes deprived the Episcopal Church of a notable and brilliant clergyman; George S. Chambers is now the Rev. Dr. Chambers of Harrisburg;

Alexander Patterson I shall have occasion to mention again as a notable evangelist; Mr. Blackstone has become an efficient promoter of foreign missions; and Robert Ellis Thompson is a professor in our University and the editor of this book.

For years it was my privilege and delight to meet the workers of the Commission along with the surviving chaplains of both armies in an annual reunion at some place of summer resort, commonly at the sea-side; and, although my health has prevented my attendance for several years, I still am retained as the President of the reunion, whose zealous Secretary, Rev. J. O. Foster, issues an annual "Reunion Call," to gather the delegates, agents, and chaplains from all sections of the land. That of 1884 was the last public meeting General Grant ever attended.

CHAPTER VII.

Death of Dr. James R. Campbell in India—Death of William David Stuart—His Sabbath-School—His Biography—Presenting the Bible to President Lincoln—His Letter to the Christian Commission—Call on General Grant—House bought for him in Philadelphia—The Presentation—General Grant's Log Cabin—Letter to Freedmen's Aid Society.

THE four years of our War for the Union of course brought with them other events than those connected with the Christian Commission. Two of these were of a painful character. The first was the loss of my early friend, Dr. James R. Campbell of our India Mission. Dr. Campbell died at a retreat for missionaries and their families, on the Himalaya Mountains near Landour, which it was my privilege, with the assistance of one of my brothers, to purchase some years ago, and which now belongs to the Presbyterian Board. His death took place on September 17, 1862, the day that General McClellan fought the bloody battle of Antietam. As he was nearing his end, a beloved daughter, who was once in my Sabbath-school, seeing her father in deep thought, said to him, "Father, what are you thinking of?" "Daughter," he replied, "I am thinking about the great plan of salvation,—that Christ came into our world and suffered and died that a poor sinner such as I am might be saved forever." His remains were brought down to Saharanpur, and, as the fifty-four boys whom he had rescued from death by famine stood around his grave, the scene is said to have been inexpressively affecting. Dr. Camp-

bell, during his missionary labors, wrote a deeply interesting book on India, which I had published and which at the time attracted considerable attention. Although it has long been out of print, many of those who had the privilege of reading it often refer to it. During his long missionary life in India, a month seldom passed without my receiving from him a letter not only full of interest, but written in the most beautiful handwriting of any correspondent I ever had. These letters, numbering hundreds, I have carefully filed away. Dr. Campbell had three sons, who all entered the ministry and two of whom are still living, one called after him and one called after myself. One of his daughters married an officer in the British army, and is still working for Christ in India; another has since died in the South; and the third is on a temporary visit to this country, for the purpose of educating the daughters of eminent Rajahs of India, having already spent considerable time in London for the same purpose.

The other painful event alluded to was the death of my eldest son, William David Stuart, whom I have already mentioned as the founder of the mission-school for colored children in St. Mary Street. His grandmother, Mrs. Denison, was his devoted teacher in the ways of the Gospel *from his childhood,* and their mutual affection was strong and tender. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and, like myself, was dedicated from his youth to the ministry; but declining health and other causes prevented him from carrying out my wishes and prayers. Few young men, however, accomplished more for Christ during a short life than my beloved and now sainted son, William David Stuart. His services

were much sought after to give scientific lectures for the benefit of churches and other societies. On one of his visits to the interior of the State, on the invitation of our late honored Governor Pollock, he contracted a cold which settled upon his lungs, and which led me to send him twice to Europe for his health. He was married December 4, 1862, to Miss Mary Ella Johnson, whom he had known and loved since their childhood. A week later they sailed for Cuba, in company with my brother-in-law Mr. David W. Denison. The trip was undertaken for the restoration of my son's health, but, as he grew worse in Havana, he returned home to die. His death took place April 7, 1863. At his funeral, on the 11th, there was a large attendance of his University friends and others of his companions. Drs. Wylie, Boardman, Barnes, Suddards (of Grace church), and Reed conducted the exercises, Dr. Boardman speaking especially of the influence my son had exerted over the children of the mission and the people of color in its neighborhood.

Mr. Thomas Nelson, who was one of his pall-bearers, insisted upon the privilege of publishing his life. I told him that I thought there was not sufficient material for a life of one so young; but he urgently renewed his request, and finally secured the services of Mr. James McMillan, an intimate friend of my son's, although a much older man, my son having chosen as his friends those older than himself. In his hands I placed my son's private papers, when it was discovered that there was enough material to make two volumes instead of one, though that material was finally compressed into one volume of three hundred and seventy-five pages, which Mr. Nelson printed for private circulation, and of which I

distributed a thousand copies among my friends and those associated with my son in Christian work. Several publishers were anxious to publish this book for sale; but, for several reasons, their offers were declined. The demand for it of late years, however, has been such that I have about concluded to sanction the publication, by my relative Rev. Dr. John Hall, of an abridged copy, with an introduction by himself.

Some years after my son's death I purchased the St. Mary's Street church and lot, and it has been continued to this day as a mission Sabbath-school for colored children,—this being the best monument that I could think of erecting for him. In the audience-room there is preaching twice every Sabbath by a colored preacher; and the mission Sabbath-school founded by my son was carried on for many years after his death by my friend Mr. James Grant, and subsequently by Mr. John A. Hutchison, who still continues at its head, with a band of teachers largely from the Wylie Memorial Presbyterian church, from which it derives some of its support. There is a kindergarten held five days in the week in the lecture-room, and, on the sixth, several public-spirited ladies hold a meeting to instruct the colored children in the neighborhood in such things as will render them more useful and happy in their future life.

My other children (three daughters and two sons) lived to grow up to womanhood and manhood, and are all, I am thankful to say, members of evangelical churches. On the 11th of May, 1887, my wife and I were permitted to celebrate our golden wedding, with five children and fifteen grandchildren present. Owing to my bodily infirmities, however, this celebration was somewhat private.

Later in the year 1863 I attended the Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations, which met in Chicago, and I was chosen to preside. In 1865 the annual convention was held in Philadelphia, Mr. Cephas Brainerd presiding. I had the pleasure of entertaining the members at Springbrook. During the war the Associations gave a hearty support to the work of the Christian Commission, which they had called into being; but, as was anticipated, many of them suffered in numbers and some of them became extinct through the drain of young men to the service of the nation.

In 1865 I was appointed a member of a committee to represent the Bible Society in presenting a handsome copy of the Scriptures to President Lincoln immediately after his second inauguration. After the presentation I happened to be the last of the committee to take the President by the hand to bid him good-day. Mr. Lincoln said, in a very genial, familiar way, "Mr. Stuart, take a seat for a few moments, as I have a little leisure, and don't often see you alone." Taking my seat on his left and placing my right hand on his knee, I said to him, "Mr. President, you ought to be the best man in the land." "Why so, Stuart?" said he. "Because there is more prayer offered for you than for any other man. I never go to a church or a prayer-meeting but I hear prayer for President Lincoln." He promptly and feelingly replied, "I appreciate such evidence of the people's interest on my behalf." I afterwards added that all the prayers that I ever heard would not compare with the prayer of Uncle Ben. He at once inquired who Uncle Ben was. I told him he was one of the freedmen whom I had met at Brandy Station, who was a very earnest Chris-

tian, and who never went on his knees without offering a special prayer for the President. At one prayer-meeting the late Dr. Eells, of San Francisco, was present as a delegate of the Christian Commission, and was so impressed with Uncle Ben's prayer that he wrote it out and sent it to me. The President inquired what there was specially in the prayer for him. I said that, after thanking God for raising you up as a Moses to deliver his people from Egyptian bondage, he exclaimed, "O God, if you should forget to take Uncle Ben into heaven, don't forget to take Father Abraham Lincoln in." This was too much for our good President, who burst into tears to think that one of these poor colored slaves whom he had been raised up to deliver from bondage was willing to be left out of heaven if the President might enter.

In this connection I may add that on one of my visits to the army around Washington I started out to distribute a volume of selections from the Scriptures prepared by the British and Foreign Bible Society and called "Cromwell's Bible." My first visit was to the White House, where I offered a copy to President Lincoln, who seemed so interested in its distribution that he arose from his seat and thanked me for presenting him with it. During that same day the first and only time that I ever knew a soldier to refuse a copy of the Word of God occurred. This soldier was a man from my own city, Philadelphia. On his refusing to receive a copy of Cromwell's Bible which I offered him, I told him I was from Philadelphia, and, knowing the street on which he lived, should have occasion to refer to him on next Sunday evening, when, on invitation, I was to speak at the Episcopal church of the Epiphany. "What are you

going to say about me?" he asked. To which I replied that I should tell them that I had commenced the distribution of the Scriptures by giving a copy to President Lincoln, on receiving which he arose from his seat and thanked me; but, when I came to one of our camps, I found a soldier from my own city, living on Callowhill Street, who said he was so good that he didn't require a copy of the Scriptures. He finally accepted it on learning that President Lincoln had taken one. So much for the influence of the President among the soldiers.

In his death the Commission lost one of its best and earliest friends, but in this field, as in that of the salvation of the Union, he was spared to us until his work was done. At his funeral and as representing the Commission, I was one of those who were admitted to the solemn funeral services in the East Room of the White House, which were conducted by his pastor Dr. Gurley and Bishop Simpson.

I quote here, from the biography by his private secretaries, Mr. Lincoln's letter in response to the invitation to preside at the first annual meeting in 1863:

"While, for reasons I deem sufficient, I must decline to preside, I cannot withhold my approval of the meeting and its worthy objects. Whatever shall be, sincerely and in God's name, devised for the good of the soldiers and seamen in their hard spheres of duty, can hardly fail to be blessed. And whatever shall tend to turn our thoughts from the unreasoning and uncharitable passions, prejudices, and jealousies incident to a great national trouble such as ours, and to fix them on the vast and long-enduring consequences, for weal or woe, which are to result from the struggle, and especially to strengthen our reliance on the Supreme Being for the triumph of the right, cannot but be well for us all. The birthday of Washington and the Christian Sabbath, coin-

ciding this year, and suggesting together the highest interests of this life and of that to come, is most propitious for the meeting proposed."

On learning from the public papers that General Grant had been called from the Southwestern army to be Commander-in-Chief of all the armies, I took the liberty of calling upon him the morning after he arrived in Philadelphia on his way to Washington, and first saw him in his room at the Continental Hotel engaged in packing up to take the next train for Washington. While thus engaged I conversed with him freely, and left him only when he was ready to start for the train. I was much impressed with the appearance and quiet talk of this man, hitherto so little known, who was to be hereafter the commander of all the armies that had been raised to quell the Rebellion. From that time until the close of his life my interest and my confidence in him increased. Our relations continued to grow more intimate, so that, on calling at his residence in New York when he was on his death-bed, although I had no expectation of seeing him, but had simply called to ask how he was and leave my affectionate regards for him, yet, to my great surprise, on hearing that I was in the parlor, he invited me to his room, where I found him sitting in a chair and evidently drawing near the end of life. After spending a few moments with him I bade him—what proved to be a final—farewell. Afterwards, with a few other members of the Christian Commission, I was assigned a place near his remains as they passed up Broadway to their final resting-place.

While speaking of General Grant I may refer to the fact that on one of my visits to the army, in company

with my friend Mr. Stephen A. Colwell of Philadelphia and some others, the general placed his own private steamer at our command, in order that we might visit the different divisions of the army so far as we could do so by water. On the morning that we were leaving the army for home I called at his head-quarters to bid him good-by, when he insisted on walking down with me to the landing where we were to take the steamer, and when taking a final leave I incidentally asked him if there was anything I could do for him in Philadelphia, to which he replied, "No, I thank you, Mr. Stuart;" but, on second thoughts, he added, "Yes, perhaps you can help me to get a furnished house ready for Mrs. Grant, who is now at Burlington, New Jersey, and is anxious to move to Philadelphia, but is deterred by the high rates that are asked for houses." I told him I would be on the look-out for a house, and would advise Mrs. Grant if I found one. Afterwards, while talking to my friend Mr. Colwell on the deck of the steamer, I repeated this conversation with the general, and added that it seemed too bad that he who was fighting the battles of our country and exposing his life for the honor of our flag was unable to find a temporary home for his family in Philadelphia on account of the high rents. I then suggested to my friend, "What would you think of our raising the money to buy him a house?" To which he responded, "That would be a grand idea." Soon after returning to the city (December, 1864) I requested a few prominent citizens to meet Mr. Colwell and myself in my private counting-room. The meeting proved to be very enthusiastic, and a subscription was at once started and a committee appointed to carry out the proposal to purchase a lot and

house for our distinguished general. It was bought April 12, 1865, the day when the last battle of the war was fought at Salisbury, North Carolina, and two days before Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. We found no difficulty in raising the money not only to pay for the house and lot (though more than forty thousand dollars were needed for the purpose) but also to furnish the house handsomely and to fill its larder with all needful supplies. The demand for houses was so great at the time that we found it more difficult to procure a suitable house than to raise the money to pay for it. Among the prominent subscribers were A. J. Drexel, George W. Childs, and Jay Cooke.

About the time the house was ready for occupancy we heard that the general was on a visit to his family at Burlington, and that they were about to make a visit to the city. The committee—consisting of Adolph E. Borie, Edward C. Knight, William C. Kent, Davis Pearson, George Whitney, James Graham, and myself as chairman—resolved to have a handsome luncheon prepared to welcome him to his new home, the purchase of which had been kept as a profound secret from him and his family. The day and the hour having been fixed, the members of the committee, with the ladies of their families and a few other selected friends, were invited to the handsome new home at 2009 Chestnut Street, Mr. Borie and myself having gone to the Walnut Street wharf to meet and escort General Grant and his family to their future residence. After reaching the house, where they were introduced to the ladies assembled, I suggested to Mrs. Grant that she go upstairs and take off her bonnet, which she thought was unnecessary, as

they were only going to stay for lunch. When all were assembled in the parlor, I opened a silver case, which had been presented by J. E. Caldwell & Co., and which contained the handsomest engrossed deed that I had ever seen—the deed being a present to the committee. Standing with my back to the fireplace opposite to General Grant as he sat upon the sofa, I said to him, "Permit me, General Grant, to present you with a deed for this house and lot, from a few of your Philadelphia friends and admirers, with their best wishes that you and your dear family may live long to enjoy this your new home," adding that, as he was a man of deeds and not of words, we should not expect any speech from him in reply. He arose seeming quite overcome with the gift, and, thanking us with tears in his eyes, resumed his seat. Soon after, we repaired to the large dining-room, where a bountiful repast had been spread with all the delicacies of the season, lacking only, what was common on such occasions, wines and cordials. The gentlemen of the committee had given the most celebrated caterer *carte blanche* with reference to this repast, but when he asked "What wines will you have?" they said (although accustomed to have wine on their own tables), "Suppose we leave that matter to Mr. Stuart." It was left to me, with the result indicated. Before lunch, I asked a blessing upon our meal and the family in their new home.

Before our leaving the house that afternoon, the general remarked to me that he had never seen much of our city. On learning this, I told him I would call the next morning and give him a drive through the principal streets. In an open buggy we drove down Chestnut Street, and I pointed out to him as we passed along the

various buildings of interest, especially calling his attention to Independence Hall, and, all this while, unnoticed by the crowds on the side-walks until we came to Fourth Street, when a boy, who was passing in front of the horse and calling out the morning papers, cried out, at the top of his voice, "There goes General Grant." That being the most crowded part of this public thoroughfare, before we reached Third Street the crowd became so dense, including men and women, many of whom had run out of their stores in their shirt-sleeves and were filling the air with their cheers, that, in order to escape from the crowd, I turned up into Bank Street, which runs from Chestnut to Market and between Second and Third, with a view of taking the general into my own store which was on that street. But my purpose was suspected, and the crowd, by running through the alleys, had reached the street and almost filled it before I got there. Immediately on arriving at the store I caused the doors to be locked, to keep the multitude out, but some forty or fifty forced their way in with us. After waiting a short time, I took the general upstairs and passed into a second story of the adjoining building, which was occupied as the Christian Commission headquarters. Here he evinced much interest in examining our various supplies and articles in preparation for the battle-field and hospital. After retaining him here as long as I thought proper, I looked out on the rear of the store on Strawberry Street, and there the crowd seemed as great as on Bank Street. Finally, with the greatest difficulty and only by the aid of the police, I was enabled to get him over some dry-goods boxes into Strawberry Street, and to place him again in the buggy,



LOG CABIN OCCUPIED BY GEN. GRANT AS HIS HEAD-QUARTERS AT CITY POINT, VA., DURING THE LAST FOUR MONTHS OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

(From a Drawing made at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.)

although the people were anxious to carry him upon their shoulders. From this place we drove up Market Street, at a rapid rate, in order to escape the gathering crowd, which came from all directions.

In return for the house which I was instrumental in presenting to him, General Grant presented to me, at the close of the war (July 21, 1865), the log cabin in which he had spent the last months of the war and had met the commissioners from the South, where President Lincoln had spent several days, and where General Grant had given most of his last orders, including that for Sherman's march to the sea and Sheridan's raids in the rear of Lee's army. This cabin possessed such historic interest that one of the city parks, I have been told, offered a large sum for it. When it was publicly known that Grant had presented the cabin to me, the city council of Philadelphia passed an ordinance inviting me to place the cabin in Fairmount Park, selecting such a location for it as might seem to me suitable. Thus I was the only citizen of Philadelphia that was ever allowed to put up a house in the park. I chartered a vessel to bring the cabin to Philadelphia, having it carefully taken down; and, at a cost of five hundred dollars, it was rebuilt (August, 1865) exactly as it stood on the banks of the James River, with the loss only of two or three shingles. It stands in the park to-day as an interesting monument of our great Civil War.

On the occasion of the great review at Washington at the close of the war (May 23–25, 1865), I was honored with a seat on the platform in the vicinity of General Grant, and beheld the most stirring spectacle of that nature that the world has ever seen. Shortly after the

close of the war the members and friends of the Christian Commission throughout the country, without my knowledge, had prepared at great expense, by Mr. W. H. Phillips, an eminent sculptor, a marble bust of General Grant, which was publicly presented to me at a large meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms in Philadelphia, December 13, 1866. My friend Stephen Colwell presided on the occasion.*

The war opened a great field of philanthropy and Christian effort among the freedmen of the South, into which I could follow the workers only with my good wishes and my prayers. I had an opportunity of expressing my sympathy with this great cause in a letter responding to an invitation to address one of the early meetings of the Freedmen's Aid Society. I said,—

"The object of your meeting is one which cannot fail to commend itself to the heart of every true Christian, patriot, and phi-

* Mr. Colwell was a member of the Executive Committee of the Commission, as has been said already, and a most faithful attendant at its meetings. It was a work exactly in the line of his book "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy," which in 1857 had been thought so unsound by many critics, but which few would find any fault with in our days. Besides his writings on the necessity of practical benevolence as the proper complement to evangelical faith, he was one of the greatest of American writers on political economy. His introduction to Mr. Mathile's translation of Fr. List's "National Economy" (1856) anticipates very much of the recent criticism of the earlier English school, while his "Ways and Means of Payment" remains unsuperseded, as the ablest, the most learned, and the most practical treatise on money in our language or any other. Withal he was the most modest of men, and always anxious to do good by stealth as he had opportunity. His superb collection of books on political economy was, after his death in 1871, given by his family to the University of Pennsylvania, in accordance with his known wishes. —Ed.

lanthropist. The providence of God, in overruling the late terrible contest for some of the most wise and beneficent purposes, has brought before the American people no problem of greater importance than that which relates to the freedmen of the South. It is to the great work of improving their condition physically, socially, morally, and intellectually, that the energies of the country should now be, in a great measure, directed. This is a duty which we owe to them,—a debt which is obligatory for us to pay.

"Through long years of unrequited and involuntary toil, suffering all the horrors of servitude, they added by their forced yet productive labor to the material wealth of the country, and thereby identified themselves with the advancement of its material prosperity. Add to this the fact that in the recent struggle with slavery their blood was freely shed with that of their compatriots from other portions of our land, and their claim to the considerate care of the Christian and the patriot must be conceded.

"They stand before us to-day with the chains of slavery broken. They demand as a right, in the name of justice and humanity, that we do something to destroy the effects of their long and bitter years of oppression and bondage fastened upon them by unholy legislation. We shall be recreant in our duty to God and our country if this appeal is despised. We are to educate the freedmen; we are to recognize his right to manhood; we are to prepare him for taking the advance step from the status of the freedman to that of the freeman, and to exercise the privileges of such. By our conduct, as well as our professions, we are to evidence our belief in that fundamental truth of the great charter of freedom—'All men are created free and equal.'

"In our efforts, and in our successes in this direction, we will at the same time be doing much to hasten the period when an unholy and unchristian prejudice, now so sadly predominant against our colored population, shall be crushed out, and the divine principle acknowledged as relating even to them who are the poorest and most lowly of earth: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

Ninth Visit to Europe—Bible Society Address and Lord Shaftesbury—Address before the Free Church Assembly and the Irish Assembly—Dr. Hall secured as Delegate to America—The Albany Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association—The Irish Delegation in the American Assemblies — Dr. Hall called to the Fifth Avenue Church, and accepts—His Arrival.

In 1866 I made my ninth trip to Europe, in company with Mrs. Stuart and other members of my family. I was commissioned, along with Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson and Mr. W. R. Vermilye of New York, to represent the American Bible Society at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. As a knowledge of the work accomplished by the Christian Commission had reached our British cousins, I was called upon to speak at a great number of meetings with reference to this work in the American army. Dr. Schaff, in his lectures on the religious life of America in connection with the war, had given the people of Germany some account of our work; my friend Sir Morton Peto, in a speech at Bristol, November 13, 1865, had told his English auditors what he had seen during his recent visit to America; and Bishop McIlvaine had both spoken and written of the matter to his many friends among the Evangelical party in the Church of England.

My health was so poor when I set out that I doubted my ability to address even the Bible Society, and it was understood that Dr. Thompson was to speak on behalf



GEORGE H. STUART.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN PARIS, 1866.)

of the American Society if I should not be well enough to do so. But the directors were very anxious to have me make a statement of the Bible distribution in our army, if I were at all able. Dr. Thompson reached Liverpool later than I did, and there found that I was so much better that I had already started for London to attend the meeting. Supposing that only one American address would be allowed, he did not come to the meeting.

Fortunately, I had with me Rev. Robert J. Parvin, of the Episcopal Church, who had been one of the most active workers in the Christian Commission. When I found that two addresses from Americans would be allowed, I had him invited to speak, which he did most ably. The speakers were limited to half an hour each, and I tried to stop at the end of my thirty minutes; but the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was in the chair, said, "We can stand another half-hour of this talk."

It was said by some American auditors that I sent a chill through a part of the audience by speaking of the war as for "the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion," and by assuming from first to last that there was no room for any two opinions on that subject. But I certainly held their attention as I showed the gigantic scale and the benevolent spirit on which our operations had been conducted, and the fact that, through our Commission chiefly, nearly two million copies of the Word of God or of portions of it had been distributed in our army and navy. I spoke of the sacrifices by which this had been accomplished, and described how some of our American clergymen had stepped over the limits of conventionality to minister to the needs of the sick and the

suffering, even to washing shirts for the wounded in the hospital. I referred to the hearty support we had received from men in authority, and especially from our martyred President, and gave incidents which illustrated the power of the Gospel over the hearts of our soldiers in the dying hour. I claimed that it was in part "through the work and agency of our Commission that General Grant—the noble hero of our war, and the accepted instrument of Providence in crushing our rebellion and restoring our glorious Union—in five months sent back to their homes and places of business over eight hundred thousand soldiers. It may be asked what has been the conduct of these men since their return? I have seen the returns which were made in response to official inquiry throughout one State—Massachusetts—and, with few exceptions, the soldiers have returned home better men than when they left; they have gone back to their work; they have saved money; they are the better for their service in the army."

I concluded by saying, "God bless the two Bible Societies. God bless the Queen of England; long may she reign over a prosperous and free country! God bless the President of the United States!" Before I had time to resume my seat, the earl jumped to his feet, and, grasping me by the hand, amidst the intense excitement and general applause, reiterated my prayer, reversing the order,—the President before the Queen.

During my address, which was reported verbatim in the London newspapers, I exhibited a small New Testament which had been sent to the South by the British and Foreign Bible Society, had successfully run the blockade at New Orleans, and had found its place in the

inside breast-pocket of a Southern soldier. This New Testament was the means of saving his life,— one of Grant's bullets having passed through the back cover and lodged in the book, which thus served as a breast-plate. The bullet pierced the book from Revelation to Matthew and lodged against the front cover. I have been told that, had this little New Testament been wood instead of paper, the soldier would have been killed, and I sometimes use the circumstance as an illustration to show the power of combination. These little tender leaves, separately so insignificant, when combined were able in this instance to reduce the force of the bullet so that, when it reached the first chapter of Matthew, it had no power to go through the cover. After the meeting this New Testament was passed around from hand to hand as a remarkable relic of the war, and the eminent chairman desired to purchase it; but I declined to part with it, as it was one of the relics of the late war which I especially valued.

Before leaving London I spoke at the annual meetings of the Religious Tract Society, of the Ragged-School Union, and of the Young Men's Christian Association. The latter planned a public reception to the representatives of the American Associations visiting London, to which I was invited; but at the time it was held I had gone to Ireland, so Mr. Parvin had to represent the Christian Commission on the occasion. In addressing the Ragged-School Union, I told of Mr. Stephen Paxson's pony, which never would pass a child without stopping. I observed that the large number of reporters present laid down their pens. I stopped my speech and said to them, "You can put that down as a fact, and if

you come to Philadelphia I will show you a picture of the man and the horse as they journeyed from town to town."

From London I went to Edinburgh, where the Assemblies met in May. By invitation I addressed the Free Church Assembly on the work of the Christian Commission, and I told them the story of the soldier who said, "I have never thought or known much about churches or religion, but when the war is over I intend to know more; and I mean to join the church to which the Christian Commission belongs." I suggested to the Assembly the establishment of a federal union between the Presbyterian Churches on both sides of the Atlantic, very much on the line of the Pan-Presbyterian Conference, which was organized nine years later. I also suggested the immediate renewal of correspondence between the Assembly and the sister bodies in America, as that had been interrupted by offence taken with the faithfulness and freedom of the Scotch Assembly with regard to slavery. This met with a hearty response from Dr. Candlish, as did my suggestion to have their delegates come to all the highest Church courts of Presbyterian bodies in America, instead of singling out the Old School Assembly as alone worthy of recognition.

The moderator, in his usual address at the final adjournment of the Assembly, made very especial reference to what I had told them of the work of the Christian Commission,—"labors which are fit to stir up as with a trumpet the energies of all the Churches of the world. There is nothing like them in the annals of history,—carried on on a scale which was so gigantic, and characterized by a beneficence which was so Godlike.

On this side of the Atlantic our minds were perhaps too exclusively directed to the horrors of the fratricidal strife, in which so much blood and treasure were sacrificed, and it cannot but be profitable to us to have had our attention arrested by that angel of mercy which all the while hovered over the battle-field. It is with a humbling sense of our own littleness that I contemplate the gigantic moral and spiritual power which resides within the North American States of the Union, and which could summon into action as in a moment four thousand agents, and send them forth to minister to friend and foe alike, to undertake and carry through tasks the most revolting, to enter into all the self-denying breadth which filled the heart and characterized the life of Jesus upon earth. The coal catches fire at such a spectacle,—the old grudges and suspicions are melted down."

At this time Mr. Moody had already begun his evangelistic labors in Great Britain, and the fame of them was beginning to reach Edinburgh from Newcastle-upon-Tyne. On the Saturday after my address to the Assembly, I was visited at the house of my friend and host, Mr. Thomas Nelson, the well-known publisher,—who, like myself, was brought up in the Reformed Presbyterian Church,—and was invited to speak at a great evangelistic meeting which was to be held on the following Sabbath evening at the large Free Church Hall. I at first declined, as several speakers from a distance, many of wide reputation, were announced to speak; but Mr. Jenkinson, a leading layman in evangelistic work, urged me to come, in the hope that I might be able to tell them something about Mr. Moody, they having forgotten, naturally

enough, my reference to him in 1860. On repairing to the hall, I found a large congregation, and one of the leading speakers abridged his remarks so that I might have ten minutes to tell them something of this American evangelist, who was attracting so much attention in England. Instead of speaking ten minutes, I addressed them for nearly an hour, giving a history of the conversion of Mr. Moody, his labors in building up his great Sunday-school in Chicago, and his subsequent labors in our country, with which I was very familiar. My account of this layman's work for the Master seemed so incredible that one of their ablest ministers was sent up to Newcastle to hear him. On his return he said, in a ministers' meeting, "Brothers, that man can teach us all to preach." His report led to a special invitation to Mr. Moody to come to Edinburgh.

From Scotland I proceeded to Belfast, where the Irish Assembly was in session; and I had the pleasure of greeting many dear friends, while missing others, such as Dr. Edgar and Dr. Cooke, who had gone to their reward. On the evening of the 8th of June, when foreign delegates were received, I addressed the Assembly. The church building was crowded to excess, so that people were standing on the window-sills. I was preceded by Dr. Fisch of Paris, and Dr. Arnot of Scotland, who thrilled the vast audience as few men could have done. I had no notice of being expected to speak until a friend made his way through the crowd to the pew where I was sitting, and bade me hold myself in readiness, as I might be called upon. About ten o'clock the moderator announced that, as there was no delegate this year from America, he would take the liberty of calling upon an

Irish-American present to speak for all the American Presbyterian Churches. I wended my way with difficulty to the platform, and asked the moderator what I should talk about. He replied, "Tell us about the results of the war and your connection with the Christian Commission." Here was an extensive field opened to me, and, after many vain efforts to close and sit down, I was not permitted to do so until about midnight. Such was the interest—in the subject rather than in the speaker—that the vast congregation remained till the close. I referred to the many rebukes the Irish Church had given to the Presbyterian Churches who were connected with slavery. My own Church did not admit a slaveholder to the communion, but there were not many Presbyterian Churches in America that took that ground. In this connection I said that, with all their deputations to America, there came a request for funds, which was largely responded to; and, now that the war had happily ended in the overthrow of slavery, I suggested that it would be a very appropriate and happy thing for both countries if they would send us next year, in time for the meeting of our Assemblies, a strong deputation with the congratulations of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland on the happy results of the war. Rev. John Macnaughton, who was sitting in front of the platform, while I was speaking had prepared a resolution of thanks, and at the close of my speech added a resolution that my invitation be accepted, and that the committee on foreign correspondence during the year should select a suitable delegation to go to America in 1867, in time for the ecclesiastical gatherings of the various Presbyterian Churches in America, to express in the name of the mother Church

the warmest congratulations on the result to which the great civil war in America had providentially been brought. The next morning, in the vestibule of the church, I met Rev. Prof. Porter, who had just assumed the presidency of the College, and whose demise has occurred since the preparation of these pages. He said to me, "Stuart, your speech last night has got me into trouble." "How so?" said I. Said he, "Didn't you know that I was chairman of the committee on foreign correspondence, and hence it is made my duty to select a delegation to go to your country next year?" "Oh," said I, "There is no trouble in that if you will allow me to suggest names for the delegation." "Certainly," said he. "Then," I said, "I appoint the Rev. Prof. Porter and the Rev. John Hall;" to which he at once replied that his new official relation prevented him from going; to which I said, "Send us Hall with any one else you may choose." Months after this, while travelling in Switzerland, I had a letter from Mr. Hall, telling me of his appointment, but expressing regret that he could not accept, owing to the fact that he had received from his congregation four months' leave of absence during the winter and spring to visit the Continent, going as far as Rome with his wife as the guest of a lady from London, who, while visiting Dublin, had become so interested in his work that she insisted that he and his wife should accompany her on her proposed tour. Owing to the fact that I had frequently urged him to visit America in vain, he regretted, more than he could express, that he could not avail himself of the present opportunity. Soon after this his congregation heard of his appointment to America, when they kindly granted him eight months'

leave of absence instead of four, so that he was shut up to coming; and at the last moment he left the two ladies in Paris and hastened to Queenstown, to take the last steamer which would bring him and his fellow delegate, the Rev. Dr. Denham, of Londonderry, to New York in time for the first ecclesiastical meeting of the year, the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, of which I was a member. This was the occasion of Dr. Hall's visit to America which in turn led to his finding his field of labor in this country.

Before I left Belfast I made an address to a great assemblage of Sabbath-school children in Linen Hall, and spoke on the character and operations of our American Sabbath-schools at a public breakfast given me for that purpose in Music Hall. Among other things, I said, "I do not know that we teach any better in America than is done here, but I think that, when once we are able to erect a church in America, we look more closely after the accommodation of the Sabbath-school than is done in the Old World. In our country the best part of the building is selected for the school, and is fitted up in a handsome manner and well lighted. Thus the school-room is made as interesting and pleasant as possible, and the very best men and women in the congregation are selected as teachers and superintendent. Then there is a meeting of teachers once a week, over which the pastor or superintendent presides, for the study of the lessons for the week. Now, as to libraries,—I am sorry to see so many of your schools without any. In America a Sabbath-school without a library is hardly known; even the schools of the Far West have them, and the books, as a rule, are of a standard character. At any dépôt of

the American Sunday School Union a library with book-case can be had for ten dollars."*

After visiting my old friend Dr. Simpson at Portrush, and speaking there and at Mountmorris, and visiting Mr. Morehead at Donacloney, I went up to Dublin, where, on June 26th, I addressed a social meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association in Rutland Square church. I then proceeded to the Continent with my family until November. I spoke—through an interpreter, of course—before the Synod of the Waldensian Church in Florence, which was at that time the capital of Italy. Before sailing for home I delivered in Manchester and Liverpool addresses on the Christian Commission in the American War.

The Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations met early in May, 1868, in Philadelphia, the previous meeting having been held in Albany during my absence in Europe. Upon these two conventions fell the work of building up the waste places and recovering the losses of the war. I took as active a part as my health permitted in the deliberations of that in Philadelphia.

Mr. Cree, the International Secretary, writes: "When the Eleventh Annual Convention met at Albany in 1866, and reorganized the work by the appointment of an international committee with an advisory supervision of the work, there were, so far as was known, but sixty-nine Associations left in America. They employed but seven general secretaries and owned no buildings.

* In 1870 Mr. Stuart presented a fine Sunday-school library to the school of our old church at Donacloney. The congregation already possessed a good congregational library, which I have understood to be the gift of himself and his brothers, but he does not recall having given for its purchase.—ED.

There were no State organizations, and but little definite work for young men was being done. The next International Convention was held in Philadelphia in 1868. In this Mr. Stuart was a prominent leader, and at it was brought forward the idea which has of late years given the Associations their power,—that is, 'Work *by* and *for* young men' as the distinctive work of all the Associations.

"The Albany and Philadelphia Conventions mark a new era in Association history. Since then the organizations have grown rapidly in number and in influence. Up to the Indianapolis Convention in 1870 Mr. Stuart was a constant attendant at the international conventions, and a leader in the work of the Philadelphia Association. It is with pleasure he looks back on the early days of the work,—the days of small things. When he represented the American Association in Paris, they were a very small body, a few scattered associations, and doing very little work, but God's hand was in it. The last report of the International Committee shows that the sixty-nine American Associations of 1866 have increased to nearly thirteen hundred; the seven secretaries to eight hundred and seventy-three. One hundred and thirty-five buildings are owned and occupied, and some twenty more are in various stages of completion. The Associations own over seven million dollars in property, and have a membership of one hundred and seventy-five thousand, of whom thirty thousand are on working committees. They received for current expenses last year one million three hundred thousand dollars, and, added to this, gifts for building make the income for the year two million eight hundred thousand dollars."

It was during the same month that Drs. Hall and Denham arrived from Europe as the fourth public deputation from the Irish Presbyterian Church, there having been a third, composed of Revs. Messrs. Gibson and McClure. They were just in time to address our own General Synod in session in New York, and then they hastened to Rochester, where the New School General Assembly was in session, and addressed that body. Dr. Hall's address was scarcely ended when Dr. William

Adams, one of the oldest ministers of the church, rushed forward and took him by the hand and insisted upon his preaching for him when he came to New York. Many other invitations were pressed upon him, but this was the only one he accepted at that time.

The delegation proceeded from Rochester to Cincinnati, where the Old School Assembly was meeting. Here I joined them, and remained with them throughout their western trip. Dr. Hall's sermon at the Broadway church in Cincinnati was the chief cause which led to his coming to this country. Dr. McGill of Princeton, my dear personal friend, was present on that occasion, and wrote to his friend Mr. Robert L. Stuart of New York that a cousin of mine, who was here from Ireland, he had heard preach in Cincinnati, and he would fill Dr. James W. Alexander's place. The Fifth Avenue church had been seeking for a worthy successor for Dr. Alexander for a long time.

Dr. Nathan L. Rice had resigned the charge of the Fifth Avenue Church in April, 1867, mainly because of failing health. The esteem in which he was held in the congregation was shown by the provision made for him, enabling him to move to a country place in New Jersey, until his health was restored. Born in Kentucky, brought up on a farm, securing the means of education for himself by the work of teaching, and filling in succession the most important pulpits in Kentucky, in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and New York, Dr. Rice exhibited a versatility of talent rarely paralleled in our times. Editing religious papers with marked ability, founding and managing good educational establishments, defending his convictions in great public debates with men like Fanning and with Dr. Alexander Campbell, where such men as Henry Clay presided and admired Dr. Rice's logical power and capacity for analysis, this eminent man was also professor in the Theological Seminary of the Northwest, and after regaining his

health in 1868 took the presidency of Westminster College at Fulton, Missouri. There also he took the pulpit of the church, and his ministry was again signally blessed. Thence he was taken to a theological chair in Danville Seminary. There he died in 1877. He had been moderator at Nashville in 1855, and to the end of his seventy years inspired admiration and fearlessly witnessed to evangelical truth.

This important church, one of the leading congregations of the Old School body, had been looking over the country for a suitable pastor, but without success. Mr. Stuart, upon hearing from Dr. McGill, wrote me at once about securing Dr. Hall for a Sabbath. The doctor was sitting in my counting-room when I received the letter, and he said he would not under any circumstances preach in a vacant pulpit Here it may be stated, by way of explanation, that in Ireland preaching in a vacant pulpit is generally understood to indicate that the preacher is a candidate. I told him that in this country a man who preached for a church that was without a pastor was not necessarily regarded as a candidate. He responded, "I shall only be one Sabbath in New York, and I am already engaged for Dr. Adams in the morning and two other pulpits for the afternoon and evening." The afternoon pulpit was that of a church in which two of my brothers, James and Joseph, were officers; and Mr. R. L. Stuart, becoming more anxious than ever to have the Fifth Avenue church hear Dr. Hall, succeeded in getting my brothers' pastor to relinquish his engagement. Then an effort was made to induce Dr. Adams to give up Dr. Hall in the morning and take him in the afternoon, to which the doctor, owing to the fact of its being summer, with so many people out

of town, declined to accede. I went to New York with a Philadelphia pastor to hear Dr. Hall. The church was full, but not crowded, as Dr. Hall was but little known in New York. This was in the morning. In the afternoon, when city churches are almost empty at this season of the year, the old Fifth Avenue church—downstairs, gallery, and aisles—was crowded to excess. A New York minister who accompanied us found us good seats in the late Alexander Stuart's pew. They remarked to me at the close that Dr. Hall was evidently annoyed by the sounding-board over his head, which was useful for a man who read his sermons. I remarked in reply, "That accounted for Dr. Hall's not interesting me as much as usual." At the close of the sermon many gathered around the pulpit-stairs to take him by the hand. The oldest elder in the church, Mr. William Walker, with whom I had but a very slight acquaintance, came up to me and threw his arms around my neck, saying, "We must have that man for our pastor; he is the only man I ever heard who can fill Dr. Alexander's shoes." I replied that, much as I would like to have Dr. Hall this side of the water, I thought it would be useless to attempt to move him from his important field in Ireland.

Soon after this Sabbath the doctor proceeded to Andover, where, by special invitation, he was to deliver the annual address before the Theological Seminary. Passing through New Haven, on his return to the house of my brother James in New York, he found it announced in the morning paper that he was to preach that evening in the Dutch Reformed church in New York of which the Rev. Dr. Rogers was pastor. He knew nothing of this until he read the notice in the paper; but, as Dr. Rogers had

preached for him in Dublin and he had failed to preach for Dr. Rogers in New York, he concluded that the doctor had the right to make the appointment. It afterwards appeared that a telegraphic despatch had been sent him with reference to this matter but had failed to reach him. My brother and Dr. Hall went to the church, to find, to their astonishment, that it was nearly full on a week-day evening in midsummer. At the close of the sermon, by prearrangement with the officers of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Dr. Rogers was to entertain Dr. Hall in his study while the officers of the Fifth Avenue Church should hold a meeting, at which they unanimously resolved to call a congregational meeting at an early day and nominate Dr. Hall for their pastor. Shortly after, the doors of the study were opened, when the officers of the church entered, and one of them, addressing Dr. Hall, said, "Since the close of your sermon, we have held a meeting and resolved unanimously to nominate you to the church for our pastor." To which the doctor attempted to reply, but they said, "Stop! we don't want to hear from you, doctor."

The next day the doctor came to Philadelphia, to attend a meeting on Thursday night, called to bid him and his companion, the Rev. Dr. Denham, farewell. This was held in the Academy of Music, which, although the largest building in Philadelphia, and though the meeting was held in the warmest month of the year, was crowded to its utmost capacity, attracting ministers of all evangelical churches who were in the city. As my own residence was closed at the time, I accepted the invitation of Mr. Matthew Newkirk to spend the night at his palatial residence on Arch Street, on condition that, as his

house was already full, I might be permitted to occupy the same room with Dr. Hall. It was in that room, late at night, that he told me of the occurrence at the Dutch Reformed church in New York the night before, remarking that I must have this effort stopped at once. Before going to bed I carried the news over to the opposite room, where Rev. Dr. Jacoby slept, and he said, "Mr. Stuart, that is one of the grandest efforts I have heard of, as I learned when in Dublin of the great success of your friend and kinsman both as a preacher and as a pastor."

Up to the hour of the deputation's sailing for home on the following Saturday, nothing was said further about this matter; but Dr. Hall took me aside on the quarter-deck and begged me to interpose and have the movement arrested. The next thing that I heard of the movement, which I did not do much to check, was from a circular issued by the officers of the Fifth Avenue church calling for a meeting of the congregation to elect a pastor on the evening of the 31st of July. This circular was addressed to the many members of the church who were spending their summer vacation at Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, and other watering-places. When the meeting was held, Mr. Robert L. Stuart nominated Dr. Hall. The old church building being hard to hear in, a gentleman arose and said, "Do you think Dr. Hall's voice would fill our church?" To which Mr. Stuart replied, "Did you ever hear him?" He said, "No." Then Mr. Stuart added, "I thought not." The vote was soon after taken, and, with but one lady's dissenting voice, was unanimous. She gave as her reason afterwards that she had never heard the doctor, so she voted for a secretary

of one of the Church's boards whom she had often heard. It so happened that this 31st of July was Dr. Hall's thirty-eighth birthday, and, before retiring for the night, William Walker sent a cable despatch to Dublin informing him that he had that night been unanimously elected as pastor of the Fifth Avenue church, without any reference to the salary.

I was immediately applied to by the officers of the church to do all that I could to secure his acceptance. One of the plans which I adopted was to get letters from the ministers of nearly every evangelical Church in New York and Philadelphia, expressing their desire that he would accept this call, and assuring him that he would receive a welcome reception from all the ministers and all the Churches of both cities. All these letters were forwarded to me, and by me sent to Dr. Hall at Dublin. They were all couched in the strongest language, and one of the strongest of them, I may mention, was written by the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, of the Episcopal church, who wrote from one of the sea-shore resorts. The news of his acceptance was first communicated to me by letter. The first person in Dublin to whom he made known his call was the merchant who spent a hundred thousand dollars in building the fine church of which he was pastor. The reply of the merchant was somewhat as follows: "Dr. Hall, that church would never have been built by me but for your successful pastorate in Dublin; and yet I think that, with such a call as this, you should accept it, as there are perhaps more Irishmen needing the Gospel in New York than in Dublin." When he accepted this call it was a great disappointment to his own congregation, and I have never dared to show my

face among them since, although I have many warm friends there.

Early in the autumn of 1867, Dr. Hall, with his beloved wife and children, arrived in New York, and it was my privilege, with Mr. Robert L. Stuart and some others, to go down the bay and bring them up to the city. I was in the carriage with Mrs. Hall, who had never been in this country. On Fifth Avenue I pointed out to her the doctor's future church. We then turned down Eighteenth Street and got out at the house which had been prepared and furnished to receive him and his family, where a large number of ladies of the church and others were waiting to receive us with a bountiful and well-covered table. Neither Dr. nor Mrs. Hall knew that this was to be their house, and they were somewhat surprised when I remarked to Mrs. Hall that I was going to stay and partake of their first meal in their new home. Theirs was my home while visiting New York afterwards, for although my brothers' houses were always open, Dr. Hall insisted that in visiting that city I should always stay with them.

Dr. Hall's first pastoral visit was to the lady who had voted for another minister. I have not time to dwell on his success in New York, nor need I, as it is so well known throughout the country; but I must relate one incident which is known to but one other person than myself, and perhaps by this time forgotten by him: he is still a member of Dr. Hall's church, and at the time of which I speak, although enjoying a liberal salary, would not have been considered wealthy. Not knowing my connection with Dr. Hall, he remarked, while walking down Broadway, "Have not our people made a great

mistake in calling a stranger from Ireland whom they had only heard once?" I replied, "Well, the future will show whether they are wise or not." A year or two after Dr. Hall's settlement, the same gentleman asked me if I was related to Mr. Robert L. Stuart. I replied, "No." "Then," he remarked, "as you seem to know him very well, I wish you would suggest to him that we must build a new church, as we have not accommodation for the multitude who are seeking pews in our present church;" adding, "You know I am not rich, but I am willing to give five thousand dollars towards building a suitable church." Such a church was finally built, with very large seating capacity, costing over a million dollars, all paid for, with a number of chapels in destitute districts under the charge of the congregation.*

I may add, before I dismiss this subject, that Dr. Hall, after refusing several positions in this country, is now chancellor of the University of the city of New York, president of the Board of Home missions of the Presbyterian Church, director in various other boards, and member of many important committees. While he was still in Ireland, though I had declined to act as a trustee of the Jefferson and Washington College, of Washington, Pennsylvania, I, for the first time in my life, applied to the trustees for the degree of D.D. for my friend Dr. Hall.

* I may say in this connection that Dr. Hall's salary was fixed at seven thousand dollars in gold after his arrival in New York, and was raised to ten thousand dollars on the resumption of specie payments. It is now fifteen thousand dollars. The most preposterous statements have been published in the newspapers on this subject, with the addition that his income from wedding-fees alone amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The largest amount he ever received in any year in that shape was two hundred and fifty dollars.

The applications for this degree were very numerous that year, and, upon motion, they were *all laid upon the table*, but when, at the close, Rev. Dr. McMillan, who had heard Dr. Hall in Dublin, called up my application it was unanimously granted, and some of those who were not disposed to favor the application, after hearing him preach, said that their college had done itself great honor in complying with Mr. Stuart's request.

CHAPTER IX.

The Presbyterian Union Movement begun in the Reformed Presbyterian General Synod—The Reunion Convention of 1867 in Philadelphia—Dr. Robert Breckenridge Inharmonious—Dr. Charles Hodge Satisfied—The Episcopalians Visit the Convention—Its Happy Results—The Final Reunion of the two Assemblies in Pittsburg—My Suspension for Hymn-singing, and its Effects on the Reformed Presbyterian Church—Meeting to Endorse Nomination of Grant and Colfax—Sad Death of Rev. Robert J. Parvin and William Garvin.

HAVING been from my earliest connection with the church an ardent friend of Christian union, especially among the various branches of the Presbyterian family, my interest was increased and deepened at the close of the war by the abolition of slavery, which had been a barrier to union among Presbyterian Churches, and a barrier which had now happily ceased to exist. At a meeting of our General Synod in the city of New York, in the month of May, 1867, I introduced a preamble and resolutions inviting a convention of all the Presbyterian family to meet in Philadelphia in the ensuing autumn and consider the possibility of a closer and more cordial union. I then made a somewhat lengthy speech; and, to my surprise and delight, my resolutions were referred to a committee consisting of one from each Presbytery, which reported them back with some alterations, but substantially the same, and these were adopted unanimously. As adopted they stood as follows.:

Whereas the interests of the kingdom of Christ require us, at this time, to inaugurate measures to heal Zion's breaches, and to bring into one the divided portions of the Presbyterian family; therefore,

Resolved, That this Synod recommend to the several Presbyterian judicatories, now met or soon to meet, to unite with us in calling a general Convention of the Presbyterian Churches of the United States, to meet in the city of Philadelphia, on the second Wednesday of September next, or at such time and place as may be agreed upon, for prayer and conference in regard to the terms of union and communion among the various branches of the Presbyterian family.

Resolved, That we recommend that said Convention shall consist of a minister and a ruling elder from each Presbytery.

Resolved, That certified copies of this action be immediately communicated, by the Clerk of Synod, to the bodies included in this call.

Resolved, That each body represented in the said Convention shall, without respect to the number of delegates, be entitled to an equal vote on all questions submitted for decision.

Resolved, That the delegates appointed by the Presbyteries of this Church be required to report to this Synod, for its action at its next meeting, the results reached by the Convention.

Resolved, That the Rev. John N. McLeod, D.D., the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D.D., and George H. Stuart, Esq., be, and they hereby are, appointed a Committee of Arrangements and Correspondence in regard to such Convention.

According to arrangement subsequently made, the convention met in our own church in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, November 6, 1867; and, when the roll was called, there were found to be clerical and lay delegates to the number of 262,—namely, from the Old School Presbyterian Church 162, New School Presbyterian Church 64, United Presbyterian Church 12, Reformed Presbyterian Church 12, Reformed Dutch Church 6, Cumberland Presbyterian Church 6, and also one delegate from the Southern Presbyterian Church.

Quite as gratifying as the number was the character of the delegations, as they included some of the leading

members of all the Presbyterian bodies. Among these I may mention Dr. Charles Hodge, Dr. George Musgrove, Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, Dr. George Junkin, and Dr. Beattie, of the Old School Church; Dr. Henry B. Smith, Dr. Hatfield, Dr. J. F. Smith, Rev. B. F. Chidlaw, President Fisher, and many others, of the New School Church; Dr. Harper, Dr. Davidson, Dr. Blair, and Dr. Barr of the United Presbyterian Church; Dr. Crawford, Dr. McLeod, and Dr. Wylie, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church; Professor Schenck and Dr. Suydam, of the Dutch Church; and Dr. Miller, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Dr. John Hall, who had recently arrived in the country, was invited to sit as a consulting member. This was the first public meeting that he attended after coming to America.

On the Tuesday evening preceding the meeting of the Convention, a prayer-meeting of great interest was held in the church in which it was to assemble, presided over by our pastor, Rev. Dr. Wylie; and on the next morning there was at nine o'clock an elder's prayer-meeting, and at ten o'clock a general prayer-meeting, presided over by the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw. This prayer-meeting grew in interest to the close, and near the close a prayer of wonderful fervor, which seemed to touch every heart, was offered by Robert Carter of New York, the well-known publisher.

Before the convention was called to order, a member came rushing up to me and said, "It would have been better if this Convention had never been called." "Why," said I, "what is the trouble?" Said he, "Don't you see at the vestibule-door of the middle aisle Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge? That means fight!" To which I

promptly replied that the Lord was greater than Dr. Breckenridge. Knowing the doctor personally, I made my way down the aisle, and, grasping him by the hand, invited him to my house as a guest, although it was already full. He politely declined, and told me he was comfortably fixed at the Continental Hotel.

The Convention was called to order at half-past eleven o'clock, and, on motion of Dr. Barr, I was elected temporary chairman; and, on motion of the Rev. William T. Eva of the New School Church, Dr. Archibald was appointed secretary. I called upon Dr. Blair, who was the oldest minister present, to open the Convention with prayer, after which I gave out the One Hundredth Psalm, in the old long metre version which has come down to us from the days of the Reformation,—"All people that on earth do dwell,"—and the Convention sung it with the utmost spirit, while standing. After this I read the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and made some introductory remarks, which may be found in the "Minutes of the National Union Convention,"—which, however, are now out of print and difficult to obtain. At the close I said, "The eyes of the Church are upon us. The cry comes to us from earth's perishing millions to close up our ranks and to go forward to the conquest of the world for our blessed Emmanuel. I hope the spirit which has pervaded the prayer-meetings of last evening and this morning may guide all our deliberations. I use not the words of men but of Holy Scripture in invoking upon you the blessing of God, praying 'that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth

and length and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God.'"

After this I announced that the Convention was ready for business. On motion of Dr. Suydam, a committee on credentials was appointed. Dr. George Duffield Jr. then moved the appointment of a committee, to consist of one minister and one elder, who should nominate officers for the permanent organization of the Convention, *except the President.* This motion being adopted, he moved that I be elected permanent President, which was carried by acclamation. The committee afterwards reported six Vice-Presidents, embracing a minister from each denomination represented in the Convention, and three Secretaries.

Soon after the formal organization of the Convention and the reading and discussion of the original call by the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, Dr. Eggleston of the Old School Church offered a resolution that one minister and one elder from each of the six bodies represented in the Convention be appointed to prepare a Basis of Union, which should be submitted to the consideration of the various branches of the Presbyterian Church. At this point Dr. Breckenridge took the floor and, after a short speech, asked Dr. Eggleston to withdraw his resolution. Dr. Eggleston said that he had not the power to do this, as the resolution had been seconded and was the property of the Convention. This called Dr. Breckenridge again to his feet, when I called upon him to come to the platform, stating that we had a platform strong enough to hold the whole Presbyterian Church. He came to the platform and made a violent speech against the proposi-

tion. Among other remarkable things, he said, in speaking of a committee of the Old School Church who had been in correspondence with the New School, that they were men of the highest character but not one of them was a learned theologian. This called forth great disapprobation and cries of "Order!" from the Convention. As presiding officer I remarked to the doctor that we were not there to settle the theological status of members of his own Church, which had better be done in his own Assembly, and requested him to proceed without reflecting upon the character of gentlemen, most of whom were present as members of the Convention. To this he replied that he had not come there to be lectured by the chairman; and left the platform amid loud expressions of disapprobation, which were heightened by his shaking his fist in my face and saying that the Convention had made a great mistake in making a layman their President. The spirit which Dr. Breckenridge manifested upon this occasion really contributed to the harmony of the Convention, and to the results which, under the guidance of God's Spirit, it finally attained. Several members told me that they had come prepared to oppose union, but they were in favor of it if the spirit evinced by Dr. Breckenridge was the spirit of the opposition. It may be here remarked that the Convention soon after adjourned its first morning session, and that our friend Dr. Breckenridge was taken very sick at his room in the hotel, and never afterwards was able to resume his seat in the Convention.

To the great joy of friends of union, the committee on a Basis of Union brought in a unanimous report. On the same day I had the pleasure of entertaining at

my house the Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, who expressed his surprise and delight at the character of the report, and said, "If that is adopted by all the Churches, union is secured." I insisted upon his speaking to that effect at the opening of the next session of the Convention. He did not wish to do so, as he was not a fluent speaker, but I urged it on him, and he finally consented.

At the opening of the session he took his seat beside me on the platform. One of the members of the committee, who was my guest, was anxious to have the report recommitted, not to change its essential features in any particular, but that so important a document might have the benefit of a little more careful revision from a literary point of view. A motion to this effect was made soon after the Convention was opened, but was strongly opposed by Dr. Musgrove (who had been regarded as an opponent of union), on the ground that the report came in answer to the prayers of the Convention, which had spent the time that the committee had been deliberating in prayer for their guidance. So the motion to recommit was withdrawn.

Dr. Hodge then stood up with the report in his hand, and, reading it over, article by article, addressed Dr. Fisher of the New School Church, who was a member of the committee that drafted the report, with the question, at the close of each article, "When you say thus and so, do you mean it?" To this question Dr. Fisher in each instance responded "Yes." Dr. Hodge then advanced upon the platform to where Dr. Fisher was standing, and, amidst the most profound silence and interest, which affected not only the whole Convention but the crowded house, took Dr. Fisher by the hand, and said to

him, "Dr. Fisher, you are my brother." At this unparalleled scene it came to my mind to ask Dr. Henry B. Smith, who stood immediately in front of the platform, to lead the Convention in a prayer of thanksgiving. Dr. Smith said, "Let us mark this day with a white stone! Let us pray!" It may be here remarked that Dr. Hodge and Dr. Smith had crossed swords with each other on this very question a few months before in the pages of the *Princeton Review* and the *Presbyterian Quarterly*.

It was announced to the Convention that the three great evangelical societies of the Episcopal Church were holding their annual meetings in the Church of the Epiphany, and that especial prayer had been offered at one of these meetings for the success of our attempts at reunion. It was moved and carried that a special committee should be appointed to convey to these Episcopalian brethren our fraternal greetings. The committee consisted of Dr. H. B. Smith and Dr. J. M. Stevenson, ministers, and the Hon. Judge Drake and Mr. Robert Carter, elders. The committee afterwards reported that a cordial reception had been given to them, and that the Episcopalian meeting (which was that of the Evangelical Knowledge Society) had not only appointed the Rt. Rev. Bishops McIlvaine and Lee, with Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., Hon. Judge Conyngham, and Hon. Felix R. Brunot, to present their salutations to our Convention, but had resolved to attend in a body the next morning, when their fraternal greeting should be presented. On the appearance of the Episcopalian body, the members of their committee were invited to the platform, while the others were shown to reserved seats in the centre of the church. The whole congregation rose to welcome them as they entered.

The appointment of this committee and the fact that the whole Episcopal meeting was coming in a body to our Convention having been mentioned in the morning papers, a great crowd was drawn to the building,—more than could be accommodated with seats. As soon as the members were seated, I called upon the vast congregation to sing from the old version the One Hundred and Thirty-third Psalm:

> "Behold how good a thing it is,
> And how becoming well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell."

I then read some appropriate passages from the Epistle to the Ephesians; and, as we were in the midst of our morning devotional services when our Episcopalian brethren entered, I asked my old friend, Dr. Richard Newton of Epiphany church, to close our devotional exercises with prayer, which he did with a fervor and fitness that were in keeping with the solemnity and far-reaching significance of the occasion.

After this prayer the minute of the Episcopalian meeting appointing this committee (signed by the Rev. Robert J. Parvin as Secretary) was read; and then, as President, I called upon Dr. H. B. Smith to present our salutations and brotherly love to their committee and to the body which had kindly favored us with their presence. This he did in a few appropriate words. After this I advanced to Bishop McIlvaine (with whom, as well as Bishop Lee, I had been intimately associated in the Christian Commission), and said, "I am most happy, Brother McIlvaine,—I shall not call you bishop now, for

we are all brothers in Christ Jesus,—to welcome you and your colleagues to this platform, which I hope may be found strong enough to hold the whole Church of Christ." The bishop came forward amid great applause, and, after some personal allusion to myself, addressed the meeting at great length, in a speech of remarkable power, which found a response in every heart. At its close I welcomed Bishop Lee also, as an old friend, to our platform; and he also addressed the great assembly in eloquent language such as the occasion demanded. At the close of his address the vast body rose to their feet and united in repeating the Apostles' Creed, in which they were led by the Rev. Dr. Smith; following which the Rev. Dr. McLean of Lafayette College struck up the familiar hymn "Blest be the tie that binds," which was sung with marvellous effect. After the singing of this hymn I called upon Rev. Mr. Tyng, Judge Conyngham, and the Hon. Felix R. Brunot to address the meeting, which they respectively did in a manner worthy of the occasion.

At the close of these addresses I tried to present the thanks of the Convention for the honor that had been conferred upon us by the visit of so many eminent men from our sister Church, and then called upon Dr. Charles Hodge, who made one of the most remarkable addresses that ever fell from his lips. With great tenderness Dr. Hodge said to Bishop McIlvaine, "You and I passed through Princeton College together, and often met in our prayer-meetings. When you left, you went your way, and I went mine, and here, after the lapse of many years, we meet at the grave's mouth. In all these years I think you never preached a sermon on the great doc-

trines of the Gospel that I should not have preached, nor did I preach one that I believe you would not have preached." Then they took each other by the hand, amidst the tears of the whole house. An effect was produced which is indescribable, and the memory of which will long linger.

At the close of his address I called upon Dr. Stearns of Newark to make a parting address to our Episcopalian brethren, and this was also worthy of the occasion and of the man. The whole Convention then bowed their heads in silent prayer for three minutes; at the close of which Bishop McIlvaine offered an extempore prayer, which can never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it. As soon as he had said "Amen," he was followed by Dr. John Hall in a prayer of thanksgiving for the Christian fellowship of this happy hour, confessing at the same time our sins against such fellowship. Immediately after, Bishop Lee recited the Lord's prayer, in which the whole assembly, rising to their feet, joined. I closed this remarkable scene by grasping the hand of Bishop McIlvaine and reading the beautiful benediction of the Old Testament Church from Numbers vi. 24–26. During the reading of these words a solemn stillness fell upon the Convention, which continued even after my voice had ceased, until a member of the Convention broke the silence by raising the well-known doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The impressive and memorable service was brought to a conclusion by Bishop McIlvaine pronouncing the Apostolic benediction.*

* Bishop McIlvaine wrote to Canon Carus, under date of Christmas-Day, 1867: "I do not know whether you have seen anything concerning

I shall not attempt a formal history of the subsequent proceedings of the Convention. I shall quote two expressions of what was the universal feeling as to its blessed influence in drawing the separated Churches together, and preparing the way for reunion. The first

---

an event which has excited our High Churchmen, and especially the Ritualists, against me. That you may understand it in case you have heard anything about it, I will relate.

"On my arrival from England, three of our Church societies (Evangelical) were holding anniversaries in Philadelphia, and more than a hundred clergy and a great concourse of laity were in attendance. While we were in one of the business meetings, we were suddenly informed that a delegation had come from a large Presbyterian Convention sitting at the same time in Philadelphia. *I* moved that they be invited to present themselves. They were ministers and laymen of high character, and represented a body of strong, orthodox, and evangelical men, and many of them learned ministers and laymen of the various Presbyterian divisions, met to form a union among themselves. They came to greet us in the name of the Lord, having heard that, at one of our meetings for prayer, they had been prayed for, and having afterwards in their meeting prayed for us. They made some brotherly, loving, and highly appropriate and Christian addresses to us, to which (being asked by the chair to do so) I responded. A delegation was then appointed to go to their Convention, and reciprocate their good will. Bishop Lee of Delaware and I, with three others, were appointed. We went next day. A vast congregation had assembled. There was a great greeting. I made the principal speech on our part; Bishop Lee next. We *compromised* nothing, but simply expressed the feelings of brethren. I took pains to acknowledge them *as a Church*. The one chosen specially to answer was the chief professor of their chief Theological Seminary, Dr. Hodge, whose critical commentaries on Romans, Ephesians, Corinthians, etc., are well known abroad as well as here, and who was my college classmate, and most intimate friend at that time. We began the Christian life together. There was a great deal of joy and praise in the assembly. It was intended on both sides for a manifestation of essential unity in Christ, while neither saw the way of [to ?] *Church-union*. It was well-pleasing to the Lord, I doubt not. I have no possible doubt of the propriety, but I expected to be greatly wondered at in

is an editorial from *The Presbyterian* (Old School) of November 16, 1867.

"The Convention for the purpose of furthering unity among the various branches of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, which met last week in Philadelphia, was certainly a remarkable body and has done a remarkable work. It was composed of representative men from various bodies which sent them up, and of these men, some were among the very foremost men of their respective Churches,—conspicuous in their own communions for wisdom, moderation, learning, and attachment to the Churches in which they have ministered or ruled, and ready at all times to defend the principle which they represented. They came together—many of them wondering for what they had been summoned from their homes—some utterly sceptical touching any good results to be reached by these meetings, and others waiting with much curiosity to see what the singular assembly might bring forth. As we looked at them on the evening previous to the regular opening of the Convention, we judged them to be as little likely to be swept away by any gust of enthusiasm, or the soft words of sentimentalism, as any body of men we have ever chanced to see.

"Yet it was manifest, to any one who watched the Convention, that enthusiasm was its special characteristic, and that the tide of

---

some quarters—and have been—though the Evangelical brethren of our Church are delighted.

"In these days we must come together, all that love the truth, as much as possible. I take shelter under such a passage as this from Bishop Hall: 'Blessed be God, there is no difference in any essential matter between the Church of England and her sisters of the Reformation. We accord in every point of Christian doctrine, without the least variation. The only difference is in their form of outer administration, wherein also we are so far agreed that we all profess this form *not to be essential to the being* of a *Church*, though much importing the *well* or *better* being of it, according to our several apprehensions thereof; and that we do all retain a reverent and loving opinion of each other in our own several ways, not seeing any reason why *so poor a diversity* should work any alienation of affection in one toward another.'"

feeling steadily rose from the commencement to the close of its sessions. The most obvious objection, indeed, to the Convention, was that it rapidly changed its character from that of a body calmly and soberly settling the principles upon which a great movement is to be conducted, to that of a mass-meeting, manipulated by hands skilful in the management of such enthusiastic gatherings."

The other I transcribe from the memoir of Dr. Henry B. Smith, the leading theologian of the New School Church. Dr. Smith writes,—

"In this Convention representatives of all the leading Presbyterian Churches (excepting the Southern Presbyterian Church, from which, we believe, there was only one delegate) met together for the first time in our history, to consult about reunion. Consequently it seemed very doubtful what would come of it. For some of the leading—not to say extreme—men in the different Churches were there, men thoroughly versed in all the points of difference and controversy, representative men, who would not be disposed to concede anything which would be considered essential or necessary. Had the spirit of division and contention been uppermost, here was a great arena for its exercise.

"But from the beginning to the end, with one exception, an entirely different spirit, that of brotherly love and confidence, presided over the deliberations and determined the results. It was a decisive and satisfactory demonstration of the real unity of our Churches. Manifestly a higher than human power presided in the Convention. The Spirit of Christ subdued and mellowed all hearts. The spirit of prayer was poured out in an unwonted measure, and in hallowed hymns the deepest feelings of faith and love found concordant expression. It is not often that believers stand together on such a mount of vision, and find the glory of heaven thus begun on earth.

"And yet these high-wrought emotions did not lead to any rash conclusion, such as a cooler judgment might disapprove. On the contrary, the spirit of love moved in unison with the spirit of wisdom. Men were still cool and intent, and weighed their words. While points of controversy were kept in the background, yet the differences were not neglected, but rather harmonized. And the

Convention was remarkable as to its results, in going just as far as it did, and in going no farther. It exceeded the most sanguine expectations as to the conclusions reached, but it did not trespass on ground not properly belonging to it. It was a high festal day for the Church. It was good to be there."

Also to his mother Dr. Smith wrote: "We had a grand meeting of Presbyterians in Philadelphia last week, and helped on the reunion cause wonderfully. I never was at an ecclesiastical assemblage where there was such manifest indication of the presence of God's good spirit, guiding and calming men's minds. Some of the strongest opponents of reunion were converted on the spot. Even Dr. Hodge relented wonderfully. I think the question is now virtually settled."

The Convention adjourned after a three days' session, and after devolving upon me the selection of the committees to report its results to the highest judicatories of the several churches which had been represented. It also suggested the holding of local conventions at five specified points, to spread the good influences of Christian harmony throughout the churches. But the work of holding meetings for prayer and conference about reunion far outran this suggestion. Newark began it just ten days after the adjournment, and the *forty-first* local convention was held in Iowa City on May 6, the eve of the annual meetings of the Assemblies and Synods.

The final result of the National Presbyterian Convention was the reunion of the two great Presbyterian bodies, the New and the Old School Churches, in the city of Pittsburg, November 12, 1869,—a result which I am profoundly grateful to have in any way facilitated. It was my privilege to be present at the reunion, having gone, with the Rev. Dr. Hall and other friends, to witness this event for which I had long hoped and prayed. At the

suggestion of the late William E. Dodge, I was invited to meet with the joint committee to make arrangements for the formal union of the two bodies, although not myself a member of either, and under suspension by my own Synod. I was greatly astonished to find that, with General Morehead of Pittsburg, Dr. John McCord, and William Rea, Esq., I was appointed a marshal to bring the members of the two separate conventions together. At my suggestion, the Third Presbyterian church, the meeting-place of the New School body, was selected for the joint assembly, as the New School Church was the younger and smaller body. Accordingly the members of the Old School Assembly took their stand on the street near the first Presbyterian church, where they had been holding their meeting, on Wood Street. Then the members of the New School Assembly marched down and took their stand on the opposite side of the street. It was my happy privilege to bring Dr. Jacobus, the moderator of the Old School Assembly, and Dr. Fowler, the moderator of the New School Assembly, together arm-in-arm in the centre of the street, amid the applause of ten thousand spectators. Their union was followed by a similar union on the part of the delegates of the two assemblies, New School men and Old School men walking arm-in-arm to the church where this union was to be celebrated. I had arranged to have a good singer stand in front of the platform, and, when the moderators entered the middle door of the church, to start the well-known hymn "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," in which the members of the assemblies, as well as the crowded galleries, heartily joined as they marched into the church.

During the impressive reunion services both Dr. Hall

and myself were so urgently pressed to speak that I could not decline, and spoke as follows:

As an outsider, standing on a platform of Presbyterianism perhaps a little more rigid than the rest of you, late New School and Old School brethren, I have looked with interest, second to no man, upon the movement inaugurated in the city of St. Louis during the visit of Dr. McCosh to this country in the year 1866. When looking upon the hills of my native land, my heart went up to God in a song of thankfulness for that communion season which you had together in the city of St. Louis. My heart went up still more when I heard you had so far looked at each other as to appoint committees on reunion. When I heard of difficulties arising in the progress of the movement, my heart was sad indeed. I have prayed for this union, and I have labored for it, simply because I believed that it would bring glory to my blessed Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, whose I trust I am, and whom I endeavor to serve. I have labored and prayed for it because I believed it would tend to the advancement of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, not only in the United States of America, but also in distant heathen lands. I have labored for it and I have prayed for it because I believed it would send ministers from towns where there are two, three, and sometimes four pastors of the Presbyterian Church, —that it would send some of these to other fields of labor. I have labored for it because it would bring these brethren to see eye to eye, and send ministers from these little charges, with the prayers and purse of this church, to go to Africa, and China, and India, and the islands of the sea, that the nations that have so long bowed down to idols might learn of Jesus and him crucified. Oh, brethren of this Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, think of it, that since this hour yesterday—while these twenty-four hours have been passing away—eighty-six thousand four hundred immortal souls have gone to the judgment-seat of Christ; and we ought to ask ourselves the question which Baxter asked when he said, "I never hear the funeral bells tolled without asking myself the question, What have I done to point that departed soul to the Lamb of God that died to save a perishing world?" Brethren, buckle on your armor for the great conflict;

buckle it on for giving the glorious Gospel of the Son of God to the millions of the earth who are perishing for the lack of knowledge.

May God bless this great Presbyterian Church; and may God grant that the day may soon come when one united Church shall embrace all Presbyterians — all those bearing the Presbyterian name—in this land.

In the afternoon we attended union communion services in the First church, and in the evening a most interesting foreign missionary meeting in the Third church, at which again I was called to speak, and in substance said:

Whether I am in the body or out of the body I cannot tell; whether an Old School Presbyterian, a New School Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, or Reformed Presbyterian, I cannot tell: this day's scenes seem like a dream. Erect, then, your Ebenezer. Let me give you a motto,—three very small words,—"Go or send:" go to the neglected in your own neighborhood, your own country; or, if you can't go, send! I do not wish it to be reported over the country that your collections for foreign missions last year were only ninety-two cents per member. Brethren, I would raise the standard. Go home and raise two dollars a member, at least. Let us hear that your Board can send out a band of missionaries every month.

During this memorable day, at the request of the United Assembly, Dr. John Hall, Hon. W. E. Dodge, and I were directed to send a cable despatch to Rev. Dr. Buchanan of Scotland.

The two Presbyterian Churches in America this day united. Greet the Presbyterian Churches in Great Britain and Ireland, and pray that they may also be *one*.

GEORGE H. STUART,
JOHN HALL,
WILLIAM E. DODGE.

One of the fruits of my activity in behalf of Presbyterian reunion was my suspension from office and membership by the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, at its annual meeting in Pittsburg in May, 1868. All the safeguards which Presbyterian law throws around accused persons were ignored and over-ridden in this proceeding. No trial was given me, no indictment prepared. I was suspended by resolution, and this resolution was changed several times during the discussion. When the vote was taken I was confined to my room by an attack of asthma, but sent Synod a denial of the charges contained in their resolution, "in manner and form as alleged." The ostensible grounds of this action were that I had sung hymns of human composition and communed with other than Reformed Presbyterians. It will be remembered that the Synod of 1856 had condoned this last offence by re-electing me to offices in its gift immediately after I had avowed having communed, at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Paris, with such men as Dr. Duff and Dr. Krummacher. Several of my friends declared on the floor of Synod that they had committed both of these serious offences, and would commit them again. That they were ignored and I was selected was manifestly for reasons personal to myself. Those of our body who were opposed to reunion of the Presbyterian Churches feared that if I remained in its membership I might exert sufficient influence to cause it to be carried into the approaching union. Hence my suspension.

As most, if not all, of my readers were living at that time, I need not remind them of the outburst of indignation with which this action was received. A few of

the smaller bodies of Presbyterians stood alone in approving of the course taken by Synod, and those under the mistaken idea that it was due to a desire to maintain faithful discipline within the Church. But even among these there was no unanimity of approval, and even the organ of the Old Side Covenanters expressed indignation at a body which would first tolerate certain acts for years and then inflict such censures for them without warning. Mr. Beecher, at the other extreme among Evangelical Christians, preached an indignant sermon, on the text "And they cast him out of the synagogue," which was published at the time in the New York *Evangelist.*

Within our own Church the result proved the action to be little short of suicidal. The Presbyteries of Philadelphia and Pittsburg and the Missionary Presbytery of Saharanpur suspended relations with Synod, and all three finally joined the Presbyterian Church. The Western Presbytery joined the United Presbyterian Church, only one minister dissenting, and he—the venerable Dr. Samuel Wylie of Eden—because he preferred to unite with the Presbyterian Church. Within two years after my suspension more than half the ministry of the Church had left it, carrying with them the greater part of their congregations, leaving it a mere fragment of what it was in point of both numbers and influence.

Three of our principal churches in Philadelphia divided at this time, a minority in each, who approved the action of the Synod, withdrawing and establishing separate congregations, but claiming the name and the property of the societies from which they had separated. This led to lawsuits, two of which were finally settled by a decision of the

Supreme Court of Pennsylvania against the seceding parties. On one occasion, when one of these cases was before the Supreme Court, one of our attorneys, the late Judge Porter, in addressing the full bench, said that, on examining me before the jury, he asked me if I could sing "Old Hundred" for the benefit of the jury; to which I replied that, although I had paid a man one hundred dollars to teach me "Old Hundred," I could not "turn a single tune." Whereupon Judge Williams interrupted Mr. Porter, saying he supposed Judge Porter's client, Mr. Stuart, did as a good Methodist pastor in Ohio counselled his people to do. The pastor, having given out a familiar hymn, enjoined upon all his congregation to sing it heartily as to the Lord, adding, "those of you who can't sing will please make a holy noise,"—which he supposed Mr. Stuart did when he was at church.

When the suit for the possession of the property of our own church was about to be taken into court, I went to a joint meeting of the lawyers on both sides prepared to give the seceding party a check for twenty thousand dollars if they would abandon the suit, an offer which they indignantly declined, as the property was supposed to be worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars. This suit was continued in the courts for a dozen years or more, with two similar cases decided by the courts in our favor. But, owing to various delays of the law, our own case, after one failure through disagreement of a jury, was not again reached; and finally, in 1879, our congregation gave to those who had seceded five thousand dollars to help them erect a new church which they were building, and they relinquished all claim to our property.

My own membership and that of the congregation to

which I always have belonged is now with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and I have perfect liberty to sing hymns, if I only had any capacity in that direction, and am at liberty to commune with all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ.

About two months before my suspension in this year, I had presided over a Convention composed of delegates from eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, and western New Jersey. It met in Philadelphia on the 23d of March, to take effective measures to carry the Gospel to the masses throughout the region represented.

On the 30th of September I presided over the mass-meeting held in Concert Hall to endorse the nomination of General Grant and Speaker Colfax to the presidency and vice-presidency of the United States. In February, 1866, while we stood in the Speaker's room of the Capitol, before entering the House of Representatives to take part in the final meeting of the Christian Commission, somebody referred to next choice of a President. I put my right hand on Grant's shoulder and my left on Colfax's, saying, "Here are my choice for President and Vice-President." They both deprecated the idea, but we now met to endorse the same two men as the choice of the Republican party. On taking the chair, I said, among other things,—

My friends, I have had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with our gallant leader since the very day of his being placed in command of our armies. From my intimate personal knowledge of the man I have no hesitation in saying that I know of no man to-day in the country better fitted for the discharge of the high duties to which he will be called, both by his past history and by a vast amount of good common sense. He will bring back peace to our common country, and will cause our brethren of the South to

realize that they belong to the same government which protects us, and that all attempts to re-establish slavery or put the foot upon the black man must forever be relinquished.

In December of this year (1868), I lost two very dear friends by the fatal collision and conflagration of the steamboats *United States* and *America* on the Ohio River, a few miles above Warsaw on the Kentucky shore. Both Rev. Robert J. Parvin and Mr. William Garvin of Louisville were passengers on the *United States*, and both were suffocated or burnt to death. Of Mr. Parvin I have spoken elsewhere, and need only say here that he was a man of the loveliest character and the most decided Christian consistency,—an Episcopalian who found no one an alien who served the common Master.

Mr. Garvin I had known from the time when he was a resident of Philadelphia, before his removal to Kentucky, where he became known as perhaps the most prominent of the elders of the Presbyterian Church, and at the same time was honored by all as a business man of sterling integrity, exceptional energy, and unstinted liberality. His loss was deplored by the whole city of Louisville, where he had resided for forty-one years and had been for forty years a member of the First Presbyterian church. When the sad news reached me, I wrote to Mrs. Garvin:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not know how to commence to write to you, or what to say, I am so completely overwhelmed by the terribly sad news which Mr. Russell's telegram brought me last night, and to which I briefly replied by the wires. I cannot realize that your dearly beloved husband and my old, honored, and long-tried friend is dead. Can it be so that I shall never again on earth look on the face—the honest, beaming face—of that noble type of

humanity, William Garvin? My heart bleeds for you and that large household of children and grandchildren of which he was the very idol, and my prayer goes up continually to God that He would grant you richly of His grace to sustain you amidst this heavy affliction. Your great consolation must be drawn from the fact that your dearly beloved partner in life was so well prepared for so sudden a change. Sudden *death* to him, I have no doubt, was sudden *glory*. He often unbosomed himself to me, and spoke of his spiritual hopes and fears; but I ever found him looking alone to Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith. To know William Garvin was to love him. I knew him, and feel I have sustained a great loss, which never can be repaired. . . . We shall anxiously await some further news, and hope that the precious dust of our dear friend may be found; but, if not, it is safe for the Resurrection Morn in the care and keeping of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

His body was found amid the ashes and fragments of the cabin; and, though touched by the fire, his face wore an expression of serene and undisturbed repose. His funeral was a public event in the city of his adoption.

CHAPTER X.

Offered a Place in President Grant's Cabinet—Secure the Selection of Mr. Borie and Mr. A. T. Stewart—Try to get Mr. Stewart to Retain his Office by Retiring from Business—Presenting a Bible to President Grant—Instances of his Friendliness—His Indian Policy—Appointment of the Indian Commission—Its Services—National Convention of Sunday-School Workers at Newark—Made a Member of the Board of City Trusts—The Management of Girard College—Indian Chiefs at the Y. M. C. A. Convention—The Chicago Fire—Mr. Moody's Losses.

BETWEEN General Grant's election to the presidency and his inauguration, he wrote to me, on the 27th of February, virtually offering me a place in his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. I thanked him for the honor, but declined it on account of ill health. Four days later I was in Washington, stopping with that great and good man, Prof. Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and there met my honored and dear friend Mr. Joseph Patterson. I called on the President-elect in the evening, and was given to understand that I still could have a place in the Cabinet if I would accept it; but I again declined. It was largely through my suggestion that General Grant finally offered it to Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, who accepted the office. I also was the means of introducing Mr. A. E. Borie into the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, as it was through my introduction that he made the President's acquaintance, and by my persuasion that he accepted. Mr. Borie, on the morning of March 4, had left for Philadelphia and reached Wilmington when he heard of his nomination. He tele-

graphed declining the place, but in the mean time the new Cabinet had been confirmed in block by the Senate, and soon after it was found that Mr. Stewart, as an importer, was ineligible to the office. This discovery and Mr. Borie's declination led General Grant to telegraph to me to come on to Washington. I did so, taking Mr. Borie with me, and insisting that, in view of the trouble about Mr. Stewart and the bad impression his refusal would make on public opinion, he must accept, which he did.

When I reached Washington I was met by Judge Hilton, who took me to the Ebbitt House, where Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were staying. I found them in a private parlor, this being the first time I met either Mrs. Stewart or Judge Hilton. Mr. Stewart remarked that they were in a difficulty, and wanted my advice as to the way out of it. I said the way out was very easily found. Turning to Judge Hilton, I said, "I am not a lawyer, Mr. Hilton, but you are. Take a piece of paper and write down what I shall dictate, putting it into good legal form:

"The partnership in the business of importing and selling dry-goods, heretofore existing between A. T. Stewart and ——— ——— of the city of New York, is hereby dissolved by the withdrawal of the undersigned.

"Now, Mr. Stewart, sign that, and the whole difficulty is solved." But he at once began to make objections. He could not think of such a thing as giving up his business. He was worth between twenty and thirty millions, but he held on like a limpet to his business. "My dear Mr. Stewart," said I, "some day you will have

to give up your business, and it may be very suddenly. Death will step in some day and dissolve. You have money enough. Here is an opening for you to serve the country with the help of your large experience and capacity for organization. Much better let business go and embrace your chance." I knew that he was eager to take the place, but the attachment to business was too much for him. He showed me two other papers which Judge Hilton had drawn up for him. One was a deed of trust conveying to Mr. William E. Dodge, Mr. Marshall O. Roberts and one other, all the profits of his business during the next four years, with instructions to devote these to charitable purposes; the other was his resignation of the Secretaryship. Of the former I said, "Surely, Mr. Stewart, you see that this would not serve the purpose. I also am an importer. What kind of time would the rest of us have for the next four years, if your big firm were under neither necessity nor inducement to make any profits whatever?" I left them, and in the course of the day I called on President Grant, who told me he had received both papers. "You will agree with me," said he, "that there is nothing to be done but accept his resignation."

After Mr. Borie's resignation, which occurred towards the end of this year, I was again offered a seat in the Cabinet, this time the Secretaryship of the Navy; but I again declined the honor.

When I was talked of as likely to become Secretary of the Treasury, a prominent Pennsylvanian, at that time a Republican, told General Grant he had better introduce me to him and the other people of the State who were in public life, as I probably was not known to five thou-

sand people in Pennsylvania. The general retorted that it was not long since he himself had not been known to a much smaller number of Pennsylvanians.

The day after the inauguration of General Grant as President, I called on him, as one of the committee of the American Bible Society, with Chief-Justice Chase, ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, and the Rev. Dr. Taylor, to present him with a very handsome copy of the Bible, which had been specially prepared and richly but simply bound, with an appropriate inscription. As soon as the President understood the object of our visit, he requested us to pause until he had sent for Mrs. Grant and the children, together with some distinguished men who were in the house, including the late General Schofield, the late Joseph Patterson of Philadelphia, General Porter, and some others. After the addresses of ex-Senator Frelinghuysen and Judge Chase, it was my privilege to read a very touching and interesting letter from the late James Lenox, the President of the Bible Society, during the reading of which the whole committee seemed deeply affected. I narrated the manner of the presentation in an address at the Anniversary of the Bible Society, held in New York on the 13th of May of the same year.

After General Grant's inauguration, I had the usual experience of those who are supposed to have the ear of a new President, and was run down with applications for the use of my name and influence in behalf of office-seekers. I felt obliged to advise the President that I would not give my name to any such applicant, but that if I knew of any cases in which my opinion might be of use to him, I would inform him privately. Three appointments I suggested in this way,—that of Judge

William Strong to the Supreme Bench, that of General Gregory to be United States marshal for Philadelphia, and that of Mr. A. A. Gordon to be bank-examiner for Kentucky. My own share of "the spoils" was the unpaid office of a membership in the Board of Visitors to the government's Naval Academy at Annapolis. This gave occasion to the statement in some of the newspapers that I had attended the annual ball held at the close of the academic year, and had taken part in the dancing! This was an improvement even upon suspending me for singing hymns, although I could not "turn a tune." As a matter of fact, I was in Philadelphia at the time.

On one occasion two ministers from Ireland, a Presbyterian and an Episcopalian, who were visiting our country in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association of Dublin, and for whom I acted as treasurer, when about departing from our city called at my private office, and, during our conversation, told me that they were about visiting Washington, and wanted to know if it was possible for them to see President Grant. I said "Yes," and told them I would give them a letter of introduction to the President; whereupon the Episcopalian exclaimed to his Presbyterian friend, "Only think of having a letter to the President of the United States!" On further inquiry they were told that if they called at the White House at a proper hour they would be well received. A few minutes after this conversation, and before the ministers had left, who should enter my counting-room, but President Grant and Mr. Borie, his former Secretary of the Navy. After visiting my friends Mr. Childs and Mr. Drexel at their offices, the President in-

quired for my office, and, without my expecting them, they both entered without the least ceremony. After greeting them both I introduced the President to my Irish friends. Never having seen the President or his likeness, they thought for some time that I was joking; but when I suggested to the President that, at the close of his term of office, which was near at hand, he should visit the old country and take Mrs. Grant with him, so that our friends there might have the pleasure of greeting the great general of our army who did so much to put down the Rebellion, and had also occupied the chair of the chief magistrate of our Union,—at this moment the Episcopalian started to his feet, and, with broad Irish accent, said, "Yes, sir, come, *caed mille faelthe!*" (Irish for "a hundred thousand welcomes!"). As the President did not understand Irish, my friend translated it, and added, "When you come to Dublin we will have you seated in an open carriage drawn by eight gray horses, and before they have taken you far, the Irishmen will take the horses out, and with their own right arms draw you through the city, as you have never been drawn before, that you may see our beautiful Irish capital, and we'll give you a cheer that will burst the ear-drum." When this Irish delegation afterwards visited Washington, they met with a warm reception. On their return home, a great public meeting was convened to welcome them back after their prosperous visit to America. During their speeches they referred in glowing language to the fact that they had met the President of the United States in the private counting-room of an Irish-American merchant, adding, "Only think of it! The President of the great American republic calling, like any



George W. Childs

other man, at the private office of a merchant during the hours of business."

It will be remembered that nothing in General Grant's inaugural excited more attention or awakened more discussion than his strong expression of his desire and purpose to see full justice done to the Indian tribes of our country. He told Mr. George W. Childs that, "as a young lieutenant, he had been much thrown among the Indians, and had seen the unjust treatment they had received at the hands of the white men. He then made up his mind that, if ever he had any influence or power, it should be exercised to try to ameliorate their condition." The late William Welsh of Philadelphia, who was a great friend of the Indians, invited a number of our citizens to his private residence, with a view of calling their attention to the closing paragraph of the President's inaugural. Among other persons present was an eminent senator who was interested in the Indian question, and who, with Mr. Welsh, addressed the meeting, which resulted in the appointment of a committee to proceed to Washington and tender to the President the thanks of the people of Philadelphia for what he had said, and offer their services in aiding him to carry out his noble resolve. I was present at this meeting, and, as I was known to be personally acquainted with General Grant, the gentlemen insisted upon my being a member of this committee. The delegation selected represented various Christian bodies, and, so far as I can remember, consisted of the Hon. Judge Strong, the Hon. Eli K. Price, Thomas Wistar, Samuel R. Shipley, John S. Hilles, William Welsh, and myself. On reaching the White House (March 24) I had the pleasure of introducing to the

President these eminent citizens of Philadelphia, two or three of whom spoke to him earnestly and expressed the desire of many of our citizens to aid him as far as practicable. This interview was altogether memorable, and one never to be forgotten by the few surviving members of the committee.

Soon after this meeting at the White House, Mr. Welsh returned to Washington, and, with the aid of a member of Congress from our city, had a bill introduced, which had for its object the appropriation of a large sum of money to be placed at the disposal of President Grant, and expended by him through a Board of Indian Commissioners, who should be selected by him on account of their well-known character, to be continued from year to year, with advisory powers respecting the management of Indian affairs. The bill passed both houses, and soon after President Grant sent for me through the Secretary of the Interior, General Cox, to come to Washington. On reaching the White House in company with the Secretary, and without any knowledge of why I was sent for, the President said to me, "Stuart, you and Welsh have got me into some difficulty by the passage of this bill which requires me to appoint a Board of Commissioners, and I have sent for you to help me." In reply to my inquiry as to how I was to help him, he said, "I want you to name some leading men from different sections of the country, and representing various religious bodies, who will be willing to serve the cause of the Indians without compensation." After some reflection, I commenced with Boston, naming Edward S. Tobey; then for New York City, William E. Dodge and Nathan Bishop; for Philadelphia, William Welsh; for Pittsburg, Felix R.

Brunot; for Chicago, John V. Farwell; and for St. Louis, James E. Yeatman (who declined in favor of Robert Campbell). I also named a gentleman from Cincinnati; but the President himself had a name to suggest for the Commission, which was that of Henry S. Lane of Indiana. When I had finished my list, the President said that there was one name which I had overlooked, and that was my own. At first I declined to accept this position, for the same reasons which had led me to decline the position in his Cabinet; but, upon the President's insisting that I should take this place, I finally consented, that I might personally oblige him, and perhaps, amid a multitude of other engagements, be able to do something to help the poor Indian. The executive order creating the Commission was issued June 3, 1869.

The Board of Indian Commissioners thus selected met soon after this, and elected Mr. William Welsh president and Mr. Felix R. Brunot secretary. Mr. Vincent Collyer of New York was afterwards employed as our executive officer. Mr. Collyer was soon succeeded, however, by Thomas K. Cree, who continued to discharge the duties of his position with great faithfulness until 1873, when nearly all the original members of the Board sent in their resignations for public reasons. Previous to this Mr. Welsh had resigned his position on the Board (November 17, 1869), and been succeeded by John D. Lang of Maine, who is still a member of the Board. Mr. Felix R. Brunot succeeded Mr. Welsh as president, and Mr. John V. Farwell succeeded Mr. Brunot as secretary. Several of the members of the Board visited the Indians more than once on the reservations, that we might satisfy ourselves in regard to their condition, and make sure

that they received the supplies which the government voted.

At the organization of the Board I was made chairman of the two principal committees,—the executive committee and the purchasing committee. This last involved my giving much time and labor to examining and passing upon all the vouchers of the Indian Bureau and supervising all its purchases.

Many years before this, I united with a friend in New York in making a large bid for the supply of all the Indian blankets required for one year. Although I was the lowest bidder, and had complied with every requisition of the advertisement, yet the award was made to another person, who was supposed to be in the "Indian Ring." Our member of Congress at the time, Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, was anxious to have me bring the facts before a committee of Congress; but, having neither time nor inclination to go into a public quarrel, I declined. When the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs was preparing his advertisements for the first year's supply of goods after the appointment of our Board, it was my duty, as chairman of the purchasing committee, to superintend the advertisements. Before doing so, I examined former bids and awards, and soon discovered how it was that the "Indian Ring" was enabled to make such immense profits out of the annual supplies furnished to the government for its Indian wards. The advertisements for such goods specified certain classes, number one, number two, etc., each class containing several articles, so that the bidders had to bid for the whole of a class of goods, and the lowest *total* bid obtained the award. At the foot of the advertise-

ment specifying the several classes, it was stated that "the government reserves the right to diminish or increase the quantity taken of any of the articles of any class." On further examination, I found a bidder who was said to have made a large fortune out of the government had bid about half-price for a large quantity of goods called for by one article in one of the classes, and nearly double its market value for an article in the same class of which a very small quantity was called for. On this class his bid was, very naturally, the lowest. Finally, I found that he ultimately supplied a very small quantity of the article for which he had bid half-price, and a very large quantity of the article for which he had bid nearly double its market value.

When the Indian Commissioner presented me with his advertisement, I insisted, against his wishes, in asking bids for each article without any grouping in classes; and, although our Board was only advisory, the Commissioner finally consented to the modification.

Previous to this the samples of goods with the bids were opened in Washington. I insisted upon the samples and bids being inspected in New York (although myself interested in Philadelphia), as that was the central market of the country. The objection to this was that the government had no office in New York; to which I replied that it would pay us to hire a store in New York for a few months, and this was finally done.

Soon after we had taken this store in New York, and the advertisements had appeared in the papers, I, as chairman of the purchasing committee, was called upon by two leading merchants in New York, to know what this new form of advertising meant. I told them it was

to give every man in the country an opportunity to bid for any one article. The result was that that year we had over ninety bidders, instead of less than ten in Washington the year before, and the awards in many cases were to new firms, one of the largest awards being made to a person who had often furnished the goods to other contractors, but never had succeeded in securing a contract himself.

Our purchasing committee consisted of William E. Dodge, Robert Campbell, John V. Farwell, and myself. We were present to examine all the bids with the samples accompanying them; and, to prevent favoritism, the samples were marked by our secretary, Mr. Cree, with a private mark, so that the committee did not know, in examining the samples, to what bidder they belonged. In the case of some of the bidders from my own city, whose samples I knew, I declined to act with the committee and left them to come to a decision without me. For the first time those bidders, Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown, were awarded a large contract for clothing. When the awards had been announced in the daily papers, a person who to a very large extent had furnished clothing to the Indian Bureau came into the office and said he supposed a man must live in Philadelphia to get a clothing contract hereafter. One of the committee, who had fallen on the street before coming into the store and was suffering from a bloody nose, replied to this gentleman, who was a friend of his, "Stuart had nothing to do with the clothing; it was this bloody fellow from St. Louis that made the award for clothing. I knew you as a bidder," he added, "but didn't know Wanamaker." When we came to make the award for the tobacco called

for, we found that none of the committee were competent to judge of the article, as we did not use it in any form, so Mr. Dodge, at my request, selected an expert before whom the several samples with their prices were placed, without his having any knowledge of who the bidders were. Here again the award was made to a Philadelphia house, and this time to one of which I never had heard. Thereupon a person who had often filled this contract made the same objection that the dealer in clothing had made to the contracts going to Philadelphia. As the Philadelphian who secured the contract was unknown to me, it was not given him until the committee learned that his house was entirely responsible.

The outbreak of the Modoc War in 1873, and the killing of the Commissioners, General Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas, who had been deputed to bring hostilities to an end by assuring the Indians of the redress of their wrongs, furnished a severe strain to the "Peace Policy," which the Commission represented. It led us in May of that year to publish an account of the course of events which had brought about the hostilities, showing that the Modocs had not received fair treatment in the first place, and had not been the aggressors. The old Indian Ring took advantage of these unhappy occurrences to renew its attacks on our methods of purchasing supplies, in the hope that it might break down the system by which its excessive profits had been brought to an end. This led me to address a public letter to the Secretary of the Interior, Hon. C. Delano, dated May 13, stating substantially what has been said above.

This system was the inauguration of a new order of things in the history of the Indian Bureau, which, so far

as I know, has been continued by our successors in the Indian Board to the present day. As for General Grant, Mr. Childs truly says that "He took the greatest interest always in that Commission, and never lost that interest. Even to his last moments he watched the progress of the matter, but it was a very difficult affair to handle at any time, and then especially, as there was a great Indian Ring to break up." This is most gratifying to those who regard his Indian policy as the greatest and most enduring monument of his administration; and it is equally gratifying to the many friends of William Welsh to observe that his work in this behalf has been taken up so nobly by his nephew Mr. Herbert Welsh. "Their works do follow them."

Mr. T. K. Cree, who was secretary of the Board while Mr. Stuart was a member of it, writes:

"The most important work of Mr. Stuart's life was undoubtedly that of the Christian Commission, but ranking very high, if not next to it, was his connection with the Board of Indian Commissioners. Prior to General Grant's administration the dealing of our government with its Indian wards was simply atrocious. It was a stupendous fraud,—cruel and unjust. No treaty ever made had been lived up to. The Indians had been subject to the most inhuman treatment, and scarcely one of the atrocities practised by them but has had its parallel in their treatment by the civilized white man. The Indian agents, with certainly very few exceptions, had been dishonest men, and at the time General Grant became President almost the first of his official acts was to dismiss every Indian agent, some seventy or more in number, and put an army officer in the place of each. Very many of these army officers were not one whit better than were those whom they supplanted; and General Grant knew that most of them were, by their education and habits, unfit for the positions. He said, indeed, that he only intended to make room for an entirely new set of men.

"His next act was to appoint the Board of Indian Commission-

ers, who, with the Interior Department, were to supervise the Indian service. That he intended that they should have more control than they afterwards had is unquestionable; and that routine and official precedents took away some of the power he intended they should exercise, I have no doubt. Still, they largely changed the administration of Indian affairs. Not a few cases under the old system are known where Indian agents, on a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, had accumulated fortunes in a few years of service.

"In this Commission were represented different sections of the country, different religious denominations, and both political parties. The men were those most prominent in beneficent and religious work, and were known all over the country as philanthropists. Certainly no government Commission before or since has been composed of such material.

"One of the first acts of the committee was to assign to each of the Missionary Boards of the Churches the naming of agents for certain Indian reservations. Some seventy or more men were thus secured; and these men had the naming of nearly nine hundred employees at the agencies, who were all paid by the government, salaries ranging from six hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year. The intention of the Commission and of the President was to have all these employees Christian men and women who would work for the Christianization as well as the civilization of the Indians. The Missionary Boards named agents, and in every case they were appointed, and no changes were made without the assent of the Boards. This opportunity for securing Christian men was open for eight years; yet, strange to say, at very few of the agencies were the employees Christian men, and in several cases even the agents so named were not Christians. Still, most of the agents were honest men, and fraud was the exception where before it had been the rule.

"All the members of the Board gave much time and attention to its duties. They made long journeys into the Indian country, spending sometimes months in such service; they supervised the making of treaties and the removal of Indians; inspected schools and agencies; held conferences with the Missionary Boards; secured legislation in the interest of the Indians, and, by dealing justly with them, removed the possibility of expensive and cruel

Indian wars; and, most important of all, they created a public opinion that demanded justice for this much-wronged people.

"The system of educating and much of the business of civilizing the wild tribes was inaugurated under the direction and counsel of this Board; and there has not been an Indian war of any magnitude since the Board inaugurated a system which tried to deal fairly and justly with the Indian race.

"The six leading members of the Board, Mr. Stuart among the number, very much to the regret of the President, presented their resignation in 1873, because of the existence of frauds which they could not correct, and for the existence of which they were not willing to be responsible, as they would have been had they retained their positions. But the work had progressed so far that the Indian service was quite as honest as is that of other government departments; and under the system introduced by the Commission the Indians as a people are now, and have been for twenty years, moving forward toward civilization, education, and citizenship."

In 1869, after an interval of ten years, the third National Convention of Sunday-School Workers was held in Newark, and I was chosen to preside over its deliberations. In the opening address I was able to point to great advances in methods of organization, management, and instruction, which the ten years had witnessed. I mentioned having been in the Tower of London when last in Europe, and having seen the Crown Jewels, of enormous intrinsic value and great interest for their historic associations. But the same evening I had been addressing an assembly of neglected children in the Field Lane Ragged School, where I spoke of what I had seen that morning, and had added "that little girl possesses a jewel of far more transcendent value than all the crowns of earth, and all the splendors of royalty." For right before me there sat a little girl whose soul looked out of her eyes with a sparkle from heaven, and the

earthly treasure paled before its brightness. I also referred to the losses by death the cause had sustained during the ten years, especially of my friend Mr. R. G. Pardee of Brooklyn, and Rev. Robert J. Parvin who had been burnt to death on a steamboat laden with petroleum on the Ohio River.

The Convention was largely representative, Henry Ward Beecher, Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., John Hall, Jesse T. Peck, W. J. R. Taylor, among others, speaking for the ministry; and H. Thane Miller, the blind worker from Cincinnati, Ralph Wells, and many others, for the lay-workers. In the concluding address I mentioned the fact that I was a comparative stranger to Newark; for, although I passed through it every month and often several times a month, and during the war had stopped over to address the Presbyterian Assembly with reference to the work of the Christian Commission, I never really had seen the beauty of the city until that week.

In the year 1869 I was appointed a member of the newly constituted Board of City Trusts in Philadelphia, and have continued ever since to hold this office of honor, but not of emolument.

Philadelphia has been honored as few cities have been by being made the custodian of large sums of money for charitable purposes. These gifts and bequests began as early as the days of Benjamin Franklin, who left to the city a fund, the income of which was to be used to aid poor young men to set up in business, when their time was out as apprentices. Other bequests, from his day onward, continued to be made for various benevolent purposes, such as supplying the poor with coal and in other ways administering to the wants of the community.

Among the largest of these bequests was that of the late Stephen Girard, who died near the close of 1831, and who, after making several bequests for various public charities, left the remainder of his large estate to the Mayor and councils of Philadelphia for the purpose of erecting and endowing a college for poor white orphan boys over six and under ten years of age, the preference to be given, first, to boys born in the city of Philadelphia, second, in the State of Pennsylvania, third, in the city of New York, and fourth, in the city of New Orleans.

Mr. Girard, a native of France, was brought up in the church of Rome, and at an early age left his home to pursue a seafaring life. In 1776 he had risen from a low position to be captain of a French merchant vessel which in May of that year was bound from New Orleans to New York. When off the capes of the Delaware, he fired for a pilot, who informed him that, as there was war between the colonies and Great Britain, and some British ships off the coast, there was danger in his proceeding to New York, and advised him to take his ship and cargo to Philadelphia. This simple incident made him a citizen of the latter city. Commencing business in a small way, he largely increased his operations until he founded a bank, which is continued under his name to the present day, being known as the Girard National Bank. Mr. Girard proved of great service to the city, not only by his means, but by his personal efforts during the yellow fever epidemic which caused so much desolation in 1794. He aided many noble charities by his liberal donations, and when he died he was the richest man in America. His will, which was remarkable for its particularity, was drawn up by the late Thomas J. Duane, who was Secre-

tary of the Treasury under Jackson and who resigned rather than remove the deposits from the United States Bank.

The city government, in carrying out Mr. Girard's will for the benefit of poor white orphan boys, commenced, in 1834, the erection of a college which was not completed until 1847. This building cost nearly three millions of dollars. The architect was Thomas U. Walter, one of the most prominent men in his profession and afterwards architect of the extension of the capitol in Washington. The college edifice and the other buildings surrounding it are all of pure white marble, and the main building is regarded as one of the finest in the world. On its roof of solid marble over twenty thousand persons can find standing-room at the same time. The forty-four acres of land on which these buildings were erected were outside of the city limits at the time of Mr. Girard's death, but are now surrounded by the city. Buildings have since been erected for the increased accommodation of pupils until now there are nine edifices beside the main building. The immense estate of Mr. Girard has been growing yearly in value ever since his death, so that the income now amounts to over a million dollars per annum, with a large amount of real estate unimproved. At the present time some sixteen hundred orphan boys are enjoying the benefits of this noble bequest, being fed, clothed, and educated without charge, and, on leaving the college at fourteen or eighteen years of age, being furnished with a handsome outfit, while a suitable agent is employed to look out for their interests during their minority.

Soon after the death of Mr. Girard, his heirs in France,

to whom he had left a sum of money small in comparison with his large estate, came to this country and commenced a lawsuit, with a view of breaking the will, so that the large sum bequeathed to the college might be divided among them. As counsel they secured the services of Daniel Webster, who was then acknowledged to be one of the ablest lawyers in the country; while the city of Philadelphia, to defend the will, secured the services of Horace Binney and John Sergeant, the best two lawyers of that day in Philadelphia. When the case came up before the Supreme Court, sitting in Washington, Mr. Webster made one of the greatest speeches of his life, basing his strongest arguments on that part of Mr. Girard's will which excluded any ecclesiastic, missionary or minister, of any sect whatsoever, from ever holding or exercising any station or duty in the college, or even visiting the grounds connected therewith. The case, after protracted argument on both sides, was finally decided in favor of sustaining the will, the decision of the court being given by Chief-Justice Story of Massachusetts, who said in substance that, while Mr. Girard, for reasons best known to himself, saw fit to make this exclusion, yet, in the very next sentence "he desired that all the instructors and teachers in the college should take pains to instil into the minds of the pupils the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they might, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures and a love of true sobriety and industry, adopting, at the same time, such religious tenets as their matured reason might enable them to prefer." To which Judge Story added that the purest principles of morality were to be found in the

Bible and nowhere else, thus making the Bible the great text-book of the college, where it is read daily.

For several years after Girard College was opened, the city authorities appointed, from time to time, a number of gentlemen who acted as directors of the institution. After it had been thus managed for some twenty years, Mr. William Welsh, who had been at times one of these directors, conceived the idea of having all the charities which had been committed to the city government intrusted to a permanent board. Accordingly, he secured the services of Judge William Strong to prepare a bill transferring all public bequests that had been made already, or might hereafter be made, to the city for charitable purposes, to a board appointed by the judges of the Supreme Court of the State and the local courts of Philadelphia, each judge to name one citizen of Philadelphia as a member of this board, which was to consist of twelve, with the Mayor and Presidents of the Select and Common Council for the time being, and to be called the Board of City Trusts, with entire power to manage, in the name of the City of Philadelphia, over thirty estates. The twelve gentlemen thus selected were to serve for life or during good behavior; vacancies, occurring by death or other causes, to be filled, from time to time, by the original appointing power.

The object which Mr. Welsh had in view in urging this change was to secure a more faithful administration of the funds entrusted to the city of Philadelphia for charitable purposes, and remove the management of these charities from the control of political rings who might seek their own emolument, or the advantage of the party to which they belonged, at the expense of

those whom these trusts were intended to benefit. Of course the measure was bitterly opposed; but the bill prepared by Judge Strong finally passed the Legislature and received the signature of the Governor. It was still opposed by those in authority as illegal; and this resulted in a dead-lock in the collection of the rents of the property which it was proposed to transfer to the control of this Board. This difficulty was finally solved by bringing before the Supreme Court of the State a test case, when a decision was rendered sustaining the law. There was some talk of an appeal by the city authorities to the Supreme Court at Washington, but that appeal never was taken.

In the month of August, 1869, the judges of the Supreme Court of the State, with the judges of the local courts, met as a board of appointment in the city of Philadelphia; and, learning incidentally that Judge Brewster was going to name me as one of the Board, I declined in advance to serve, on the ground that I had already so many public duties to perform; and I reported my intention to Judge Williams of the Supreme Court, whom I casually met on the street. He remarked, in the most emphatic manner, "Stuart, you must accept, even if you should afterwards be compelled to resign, as," for reasons which he explained, "we want you especially in the Board." Upon his earnest solicitation and that of other friends, I consented to receive this appointment, which was made August 21, 1869. When the Board organized, Mr. Welsh was elected president, and he appointed me chairman of the Household Committee, which had charge of furnishing all the food, raiment, and other material used in the college, together with the

care of all the servants employed,—its duties being more onerous than those of any other committee, and it being charged with larger pecuniary responsibility, as it had more money to spend. He gave me on this committee faithful men, who greatly assisted me in the discharge of my duties. I was continued as chairman from 1869 to January, 1889, being charged with the expenditure of about half a million dollars per annum; and of course I served without any compensation, as did all the other members of the committee. At this date, owing to long-continued physical feebleness, I declined the further chairmanship of the committee, and, at my suggestion, Mr. John H. Michener, who had often acted for me during my illness, was appointed chairman, while I was still continued a member of this and other committees.

During the administration of the Board of City Trusts several new buildings were erected for Girard College, and the number of pupils increased from six hundred to fourteen hundred; while the demand for admission continues so great that increased accommodations are projected and will be furnished at no distant day. Since the organization of this Board a chapel, with a seating capacity of two thousand, has been erected, and here religious services are held every morning and afternoon, conducted by the president or vice-president, or some one designated by them; while on the Sabbath there are religious services at the usual church hours in the morning and afternoon, conducted either by the officers of the college or by laymen who have been selected and approved by the Board. These laymen represent various evangelical Churches, and are expected to give an appropriate address not exceeding twenty minutes, and entirely

free from all sectarian bias. Members of the Board have the privilege of addressing the pupils whenever they desire it; and we are especially indebted to Mr. Benjamin B. Comegys, a member of the Board, who has a regular monthly Sabbath when he speaks to the boys, his addresses on these occasions being so exceedingly interesting that they have been published in book form under the title "Advice to Young Men and Boys," a series of addresses to the pupils of the Girard College. Illustrated with portraits, and published by Gebbie & Co., Phila. More recently Mr. Joseph L. Caven, a member of the Board, has taken his place among the regular speakers, many of whom are judges, from whom the president of the college selects from time to time according to circumstances. The whole services upon the Sabbath are extremely interesting and impressive, as sixteen hundred boys, with their teachers and other officers, read the Scriptures and go through with other exercises in concert. The immense organ and the chorus of boys led by a precentor send forth a volume of praise which at times has so touched strangers' hearts that they were moved to tears. I have had the privilege of taking to the platform of the chapel, during these religious services, some of the most eminent men of our country and some very distinguished visitors from abroad, including the present Lord Kinnaird of London, the late Samuel Morley, and many others. Mr. Morley, whose visit to America was in 1881, remarked, on leaving the college, "Mr. Stuart, this whole institution, with its buildings and grounds and its large school for orphans, surpasses anything of the kind that we have in London."

In 1870, the year in which Mr. Wanamaker was elected



B. B. Comegys

president of our own Young Men's Christian Association, I attended the International Convention at Indianapolis, and afterwards visited what was then our Northwest, addressing the Minnesota State Sabbath-School Convention in Mankato, and public union meetings in Ingersoll Hall in St. Paul and in the Plymouth Congregational church in Minneapolis. I was not able to go so far west as Denver to see the Stuart Reunion church, which had been called after me, and which dedicated a fine house of worship in 1872, to which my Methodist brother Philip Phillips gave an organ.

The next annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in Washington, in May, 1871. Mr. Wanamaker presided, and the meeting of welcome was graced by the presence of President Grant and that of a delegation of Indians. I was appointed to convey the salutations of the Convention to both. I gave the red men some account of the Association and the work it had done for young men of America, and I expressed the hope that the day was not far distant when their tribe and the other tribes would be sending delegations to our annual meetings. "Tell them we hope soon to have delegates from the Young Men's Christian Asociation of the Arrapahoes on this floor." (Great applause, in which Little Raven joined by clapping his hands.) "We hope to have Little Ravens presiding over these Conventions, and putting things through 'quick.'" I assured them they had a true and warm friend in General Grant.

The great Chicago fire, in October of this year, which left more than a hundred thousand people homeless, made large demands on the brotherhood of our people,

and I was one of the Committee of Relief in Philadelphia. Along with Joseph Patterson, General Meade, and Colonel McKean, I was on the sub-committee which visited the desolated city, arriving there on the evening of October 25, and spending that and the two following days in ascertaining what was doing for the distribution of the supplies forwarded and for the general relief of urgent wants. We returned on the 28th, and were able to report that matters were in as favorable a train as could have been expected, and that there had been no exaggeration of the needs of the houseless myriads of our fellow-citizens.

One loss by the great fire especially interested me. Mr. Moody was among the homeless, his house and furniture, which had been given him by his friends, being burnt, along with his church. Of the thousand children in his Sabbath-school not one was left the shelter of a home. He himself had saved nothing but his Bible, when he fled from his house with his wife and child. Those of us who knew what he had done for Chicago felt that in the rebuilding of the city that church and Sabbath-school must not be left out. An appeal signed by Mr. Beecher, Dr. Hall, Dr. Duryea, Mr. Eggleston, Mr. Wanamaker, and five others, including myself, was issued to the Christian public, asking for contributions for this purpose. I was designated as treasurer. I am glad to say that Mr. Moody's new church is better and more commodious than that whose place it took, as it accommodates some twenty-five hundred people.

In June of 1872 I had a number of guests at my house from the Far West. These were Red Cloud, Red Dog, Red Leaf, Blue Horse, and some twenty other Indian

chiefs and their wives, belonging to the Ogalala Sioux, in charge of Dr. J. W. Platt, United States agent for the Platte. They already had spoken at a meeting in the Cooper Institute, New York, declaring their anxiety to embrace the white man's mode of life; and we had a big reception for them in our Academy of Music, at which ex-Governor Pollock presided. I introduced my guests to the meeting, saying they had told me they "want to get in the white man's path quick." Red Cloud, Red Dog, and Red Leaf spoke with effect.

President Grant's Indian policy had aroused some opposition among those of our people in the States on the Western border who believed in the extermination, not the civilization, of the red man, as his ultimate destiny. As a part of the talk of the presidential campaign of this year, it was announced that the "Peace Policy" would be abandoned in deference to their wishes. This was embarrassing to our work, and led me to address a letter of inquiry to the President, who replied in the following letter, which was very widely discussed, and at once set these rumors at rest.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Oct. 26, 1872.

GEORGE H. STUART, ESQ.:

MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 24th instant, saying that a change in the Indian policy of the Administration is reported to be contemplated, is just received. Such a thing has not been thought of. If the present policy towards the Indians can be improved in any way, I will always be ready to receive suggestions on the subject. But if any change is made, it must be on the side of civilization and Christianization of the Indian. I do not believe that our Creator ever placed different races of men on this earth with the view of having the stronger exert all his energies in exterminating the weaker. If any change takes place

in the Indian policy of the government while I hold my present office, it shall be upon the humanitarian side of the question.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

This letter was very widely published, and had an excellent effect. It was within a week after General Grant's re-election that we lost General Meade, and at his funeral (November 11) I rode with the President from St. Mark's Church to the cemetery.

During this summer, which was unusually hot, I was privileged to take part in the meeting which established summer excursions for poor children to the country. I opened the meeting by moving that ex-Governor Pollock take the chair, and afterwards addressed it in support of resolutions offered by Colonel William V. McKean, of the *Ledger*, reminding the gentlemen assembled that the death-rate in the city was five every hour, and that we owed this assistance to the children whom a little thoughtfulness might save. Our city was the first to move in the matter.

CHAPTER XI.

Tenth Visit to Europe for the Evangelical Alliance—The Jubilee Singers in London—Secure Sheshadri for the Alliance—Its Meeting in New York—Bishop Cummins and the Reformed Episcopal Church—Excursion to Washington—Mr. Hamilton Murray drowned in the *Ville du Havre*—New Building for the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia—Mr. Moody's Labors in the Central Presbyterian Church—In Great Britain—Dr. Somerville becomes an Evangelist—The Profits of the "Gospel Songs"—Mr. Moody invited to Philadelphia—Fitting up the Old Dépôt—His Meetings and their Management—Some of the Results—Collection for the Young Men's Christian Association—Labors of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Needham—Investigating the Story of "the Converted Priest."

IN the summer of 1873 I made my tenth visit to Europe, sailing from New York June 14, this time in the company of Drs. Hall and Schaff, as representatives of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and to make arrangements for the great meeting in New York in the following autumn.

Some two months before we started, the Jubilee Singers had sailed from Boston for England on their musical campaign to raise money for Fisk University in Tennessee. It had been my privilege to co-operate with these gifted freedmen and freedwomen in their concerts in Philadelphia, promoting their plans, and, when they were about to leave us, I gave them a letter of introduction to the Earl of Shaftesbury, in which I called attention to the remarkable gift of song shown by these former slaves, and the excellence of the object for which they were

employing it. I also told their manager to be sure to have them sing before Queen Victoria, and on that occasion to let her majesty hear "Go down, Moses," and another piece whose name I forget. On reaching London I met their manager, and learned that he had been able to carry out this part of the programme to the letter. Lord Shaftesbury had received them most cordially, and had authorized them to use his name in an invitation to the aristocracy and other great people in London. Out of this had come an invitation from the Duke of Argyle to lunch at Argyle Lodge, and while they were there the Duke had taken them into another room, where they found the Queen waiting to hear them sing. They remembered to sing the two pieces I had suggested, and perhaps some others; and her majesty conveyed her thanks to them and hoped that their tour in her dominions would meet with great success. "What did you do next?" I asked. "I took a cab to the office of *The Times*, and had the story of our reception by royalty put into its news columns." "And where are you going to-night?" "Oh, we are to attend the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society." "Are you going to sing?" "No, it is managed by the Quakers, who do not believe in singing."

I also went to that meeting, and got a seat on the platform between Mr. William Arthur and a member of Parliament, both of whom were to speak. I posted each of them in turn as to the character of the group of colored people who were sitting at the back of the platform. But they both either forgot, or did not care to offend against Quakerly proprieties. So I must do it myself. A neat little Friend came across the platform to

ask me to speak in support of a motion he handed me in writing. I gladly would have done so, but, on looking at it, I found the subject was one of which I knew nothing whatever, so I had to beg him to excuse me. But as the meeting was about to close, he came back with a motion to thank the honorable gentleman who had presided. In one sense this was nearly as hard as the other, for a worse chairman I never had seen, even in England. But I embraced the opportunity, and in making the motion I digressed so far as to tell the audience that on that platform there sat a number of emancipated slaves from America, whose songs would plead the cause of suffering Africa even more eloquently than had been done by any of the eloquent speakers they had heard. At once there was a cry from before me for the Jubilee Singers, the curiosity of the vast audience was aroused, so it had its way. Our Tennessee singers had to come to the front and sing several of their best songs.

In July Dr. Hall and myself were in Belfast, and attended the meeting of the Irish Assembly. On Sabbath, the 13th, Dr. Hall preached twice, and I made four addresses, one being at the close of his evening sermon. The next day I spoke to the boys on the training-ship *Gibraltar*, after the annual distribution of prizes, and again in the evening at an out-door meeting in Sandy Row. Afterwards I went up to Donacloney, and made addresses there and at Rosehall, and in the adjacent parish of Tullylish, long the scene of the labors of Rev. John Johnston, father of the pastor of the Townsend Street church in Belfast, and uncle of Dr. William O. Johnston of our own city, all three of them my personal friends.

One of the events of this trip was my laying (September 10) the corner-stone of a new Presbyterian church at Higher Broughton, a suburb of Manchester, which was built by my brother John. In speaking of the feeling of brotherhood which should unite all who love our common Lord, I mentioned the good example of a bishop of the American Episcopal Church, who never would pass a place dedicated to the worship of God without putting up a prayer that the house might be filled with His glory and become the birthplace of many souls.

Our object as a deputation of the Evangelical Alliance was to secure the attendance of eminent representatives of the foreign Churches who were in sympathy with the principles and work of the Alliance. I was entrusted with the duty of securing some leading Scotchman, which I found not so easy, as one after another declined. Mr. Thomas Nelson, with whom I was staying in Edinburgh, had invited to meet me at breakfast Dr. Arnot and Dr. Cairns,—afterwards Principal Cairns, of the United Presbyterian Church,—so that I might have an opportunity of pressing my claims upon them for a visit to America at the meeting of the Alliance. While I was sitting at the breakfast-table, a letter was brought me from the Rev. Benjamin Bell, whom, while a student of the University of Edinburgh, I had had the privilege of entertaining at my house. At the University he had received a prize which was quite a large sum of money, and Dr. Candlish had said to him, "Instead of going to the Continent as other students do, take this money and go to the United States, for you will learn something that will be useful to you in after life." This he had done. He was now settled as a pastor in a Highland



Rev. NARAYAN SHESHADRI.

church. His letter was a warm invitation to have me visit him, and closed by stating that he had as his guest a native minister from India who was anxious to visit New York on the occasion of the approaching Convention of the Christian Alliance, but who feared that he could not do so for want of means. On looking at the letter I was unable to pronounce this Indian's name, when Mr. Nelson, reading it aloud, said to me that I could get no one who would produce a greater impression than Narayan Sheshadri. On my expressing a doubt whether he could speak our language, Mr. Nelson said, "Yes, he can speak the English language as well as any minister in Scotland," in which opinion all the ministers present heartily joined. I at once wrote to Mr. Bell that I would see that all Sheshadri's expenses to America were paid. About the time that I sailed for home from Liverpool, Sheshadri sailed from Glasgow, in company with Dr. Miller, who had been his friend in India and accompanied him wherever he went in Europe and America. It was not until my arrival in America that I had the privilege of meeting this consecrated man, who continues to this day one of the greatest native preachers in India and with whom I am still in correspondence. On reaching America he was dressed in full native costume, with his white turban, and in this preached his first sermon in our pulpit in Philadelphia. Here, as elsewhere throughout our country, he attracted unusual attention, so that, when walking with him through our streets while he was my guest, crowds would stop to look, wondering who the strange man was that I had on my arm.

At the meeting of the Alliance in New York, President

Woolsey of Yale College, who presided, after calling upon several of the distinguished foreigners to speak, including Arnot of Scotland and Fisch of France, found on his programme a strange name which he tried to pronounce, but which I had to announce for him. Sheshadri was sitting in the centre of the hall where the meeting was held, and as he walked up to the platform he attracted unusual attention from the vast audience. He commenced by saying that since leaving India he had more than once heard it stated that foreign missions were a failure; but, raising his voice, he exclaimed, "I stand before you to-day, my friends, as a living witness to the fact that missions are not a failure; for he who now addresses you, as a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, was once worshipped as a god in Bombay." From that day, wherever he was announced to preach, crowds gathered to the churches or halls where the man with the white turban was going to speak. This turban he always wore, in the pulpit and in the house, except when engaged in prayer or asking a blessing at the table. My interest in Sheshadri up to the time of his departure and after his return to India continued to increase, so that in 1880 I was once more instrumental in bringing him, by way of the Pacific Ocean, to attend the Pan-Presbyterian Council which met that year in Philadelphia. Here again, as on his previous visit, he attracted great attention; but with all this attention on both visits he did not seem at all elated, but maintained, as indeed he still maintains, the spirit of an humble follower of the Master.

The New York meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, to which I brought Sheshadri, was one of the most memorable religious occasions in the history of the American

Churches, both by reason of the eminence of the men who took part, and the profound impression they made on the public mind. It came at just the right time to remind the American people that much of the strongest and clearest intellect and of the finest ability in thinking, investigating, and speaking stands enlisted on the side of evangelical religion. Although I had no claim to rank beside such men as Christlieb, McCosh, and others of their class, I was assigned the subject of Lay-Preaching, and spoke at some length on that favorite theme of mine. My address on this occasion will be found in the Appendix of the present volume.

The circumstances which led to the organization of the Reformed Episcopal Church in connection with this meeting of the Alliance were as follows. While I was sitting on the platform, a clerical gentleman passed me, whose face I at once recollected, although I could not identify him for a few minutes, as I had not met him for several years. When I did recall him, I renewed my acquaintance with Bishop Cummins of Kentucky, and also introduced to him my cousin Dr. Hall. Dr. Hall was so much impressed by him that he took me aside and asked if it were possible that he might get the bishop to preach for him on the following Sabbath. I replied, "You can but try." On being asked, the bishop excused himself, on the ground that he had another engagement of six months' standing. Then Dr. Hall said there was to be in his church in the afternoon a communion-service especially for the members of the Alliance, and asked if he would come and take part in its administration. Bishop Cummins said he would do so with pleasure. He did come, and distributed the wine to the great as-

sembly of communicants. It was this participation in a Presbyterian service which called forth the animadversions of Bishop Potter upon Bishop Cummins, as also upon Dr. R. Payne Smith, the Dean of Canterbury, for participating in a similar service on the same Sabbath in Dr. William Adams's church. Next morning he breakfasted with Dr. Hall, at whose house there was a considerable company. He remarked in the course of the conversation at table that he had been searching for years for what is called a "Bishop White Prayer-Book," being the first prayer-book prepared for the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church after the Revolution had sundered the bonds which united her to the Church of England. Dr. Hall went upstairs and brought down a bound volume containing a number of old books and pamphlets, and, behold, one of them was the book Bishop Cummins wanted. It appears he had bought it years before in a second-hand-book shop in Dublin. He gave it to the bishop; and it would seem that it was his getting this book, together with Bishop Potter's criticism, which led Bishop Cummins and a body of others who agreed with him to withdraw from the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to organize another denomination.

When the Alliance was approaching the close of its labors, it was my privilege to invite them as a body to visit Princeton, Philadelphia, and Washington, going and returning free of expense. This our Committee of Arrangements was enabled to do through the liberality of the railroads, especially the Pennsylvania road, and of the Christian people of those cities. At Washington (October 12) we were received in the Blue Room of the White House by President and Mrs. Grant and the

members of the Cabinet. Dr. Tiffany, representing the Washington branch of the Alliance, introduced us as a body, and Dr. Payne Smith invoked the Divine blessing on our country and the world. After this I introduced the company severally to the President, as they filed past us. As each of them responded to his welcome in his own way, there was visible an amusing contrast in their bows and other gestures of civility, but our dark-skinned Sheshadri, with his oriental dress, his copper-colored complexion, and his agile movements, attracted the most attention.

Other events of this year 1873 might be mentioned. One was the loss of the steamer *Ville du Havre*, when two of my wife's relatives in whom I had been led to take a very deep interest were lost. Mr. Hamilton Murray graduated at Princeton in 1872, after having spent two years of study in our own University. He was noted for great gentleness of disposition and unfailing kindness, and won the love of a wide circle of friends. His father, who bore the same name, had been a well-known citizen of Oswego, New York. The death of a younger sister had so worn upon the sympathies and health of himself and his sister Martha, that they decided to make a trip to Europe, leaving his younger brother a student at Princeton. They sailed by the ill-fated *Ville du Havre*. When the ship was known to be sinking, there was naturally a panic among the passengers. Those who survived spoke of my dear young friend's coolness in that trying hour. Death had no terrors for him, and he tried to lead others to the same ground of confidence and hope that he himself possessed. He and his sister were perfectly resigned, and,

as the waters engulfed them, were seen standing upon the deck with hands clasped together in the act of prayer.

Earlier in the year I was called to preside over a great meeting of representative merchants of Philadelphia, held in honor of the establishment of the second American steamship line trading with European ports, since the collapse of the Collins Line in the years before the war. Seventeen years previously I had made an effort to have such a line established by united efforts of our merchants and manufacturers, but without success. A very different degree of interest in the subject now existed, and Philadelphia subsequently to Boston took the lead of other seaports in the effort to establish a trans-Atlantic steamship line which should carry the American flag at the masthead.

Our Young Men's Christian Association was one of the first in America to own its own building, but its quarters at Tenth and Chestnut Streets had become too strait for us, as the membership had grown, and larger plans for usefulness had been formed. So it was sold, and a large and valuable lot at the corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets was secured for a new building. A Board of Trustees was formed to take charge of the property, of which I was made chairman; and plans were obtained for a building commensurate with the new needs of the Association. I presided at the laying of the corner-stone, July 15, 1875, an occasion which brought together a large concourse of our best citizens. The corner-stone was laid by Mr. George W. Mears, chairman of the Building Commission, and addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Hatfield (Methodist), Dr. George Dana Boardman (Baptist), Dr. Cooper (Episcopalian), Dr. March (Presbyte-

rian), while Dr. Thomas D. Conrad (Lutheran), H. S. Hoffman (Moravian), and J. R. Danforth (Congregationalist) took part in the religious exercises. I read telegrams from the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Wanamaker, who was then in Europe, and Mr. Moody.

We began to build in prosperous times, proposing to spend on the lot and building half a million dollars. While the building was in the course of erection the great financial panic of 1873 occurred, and this interfered very largely with our securing the necessary funds, so that, when it was completed, we were obliged not only to mortgage the property but also to carry a large floating debt for several years, which debt was finally wiped out mainly through the influence of Mr. Wanamaker and Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the latter having secured a large sum from a few friends in New York. Very recently the whole of the mortgage debt has been subscribed and paid, chiefly as the result of the offer of fifty thousand dollars by Mr. John B. Stetson, a prominent layman of the Baptist denomination, who insisted that the balance be subscribed in a given time. This time having expired without the necessary funds being raised, the offer was kindly renewed, and not until the day when the second renewal was expiring was the entire sum secured, which at the last was done mainly through the efforts and means of Mr. Wanamaker. Thus that valuable property, with its large rental from stores, is now free from debt, and is the property of the Young Men's Christian Association, standing as a monument to the Christian liberality and philanthropic spirit of our city.

The great event in the religious history of our city during the year 1875 was the series of evangelistic meet-

ings held by Mr. D. L. Moody in the old freight-dépôt of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Even before the war I knew of Mr. Moody as a faithful laborer in the Sabbath-school cause in Chicago, and as such, it will be remembered, I spoke of him in Edinburgh in 1860. In the labors of the Christian Commission he was one of our most efficient workers, and the first of our delegates to enter Richmond after its evacuation by the Confederate government. After the war it was my privilege to bring him to Philadelphia in 1866, before he had become widely known to the country, and it was with some difficulty that I procured any church for his evangelistic meetings. I finally obtained the Central Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Alexander Reed had become pastor through my recommendation. Mr. Moody's preaching soon crowded the house, and the lecture-room at the close of his meetings was thronged with inquirers. Yet some really good people said it was a mistake to have the pulpit occupied by a man who murdered the King's English, as Mr. Moody certainly did when he first began to preach. I replied that I cared little or nothing about his grammar, so long as he brought sinners to Christ. And Dr. Newton of Epiphany church was of the same opinion, for he was so impressed by his work that he opened that large church to him.

When Mr. Moody made his first trip to Europe in 1866, he very naturally asked me for letters of introduction. My secretary, Mr. George S. Chambers, at my request, drew up a general letter addressed to Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Spurgeon, Newman Hall, and other prominent workers in the Master's cause in Great Britain. Knowing my very high estimate of Mr. Moody,

he expressed this in such very strong language that, although I believed every word of it, I hesitated about signing it. I did sign it, however, and I think those who received it would have said that subsequent evidence satisfied them that I had not spoken too strongly.

But it was on his third visit to Great Britain, in 1873, that Mr. Moody, now accompanied by Mr. Sankey, made the deepest and widest impression. After preaching to Mr. Spurgeon's great congregation and before similar audiences, it was found that the largest halls in London were too small to accommodate the crowds which flocked to hear him; and a large building was erected, which could be taken down and set up in section after section of the city of London, but even this was not large enough to accommodate the crowds which thronged to hear Mr. Moody preach the Gospel and Mr. Sankey sing it. In the Life of the late Earl of Shaftesbury (published by Hodder and Stoughton) there is an extract from his diary in which he gives the impression made upon him by these remarkable services. After speaking in the most exalted terms of Sankey's singing to his own accompaniment, he refers to Moody's unministerial appearance as he arose to preach the Gospel, and says, "Moody will do more in bringing sinners to Christ *in one hour* than Canon Liddon" (the most famous preacher in the English Church) "will do in a century." My letter of introduction was, it will be seen, not much out of the way. I was in England at the same time with Mr. Moody; but he was preaching in Newcastle, and, though he wrote me to come up and help him in his inquiry-room work, I was obliged to deny myself that pleasure, and we did not meet while I was abroad.

One of the notable results of Mr. Moody's labors in Great Britain was that Dr. Somerville, one of the oldest pastors in Glasgow, resigned his charge and gave himself to the work of an evangelist, preaching the word through all lands, frequently through an interpreter. My own acquaintance with him was somewhat remarkable. The only Sabbath I ever spent in Montreal, I was directed to a Presbyterian church which was without a pastor, and whose pulpit on that morning was filled by a stranger. I was impressed by his power as a preacher, but could not learn his name from those of the congregation whom I had the opportunity to ask. It was years after this that I was travelling up the Caledonian Canal on a Friday, with the expectation of spending the Sabbath in Inverness, and of hearing Donald Frazer, who was at that time settled in that city, but afterwards in London. I knew that Mr. Frazer had been in Montreal on the very Sabbath when I was there, and, when I saw my unknown preacher sitting on the deck of the boat, I at once inferred that it had been he whom I had heard. I went forward and greeted him as Mr. Frazer, and mentioned having heard him in Montreal. "Do you remember the text?" I gave it. "Yes, I was the preacher, but my name is Somerville. Who are you?" I told him. "You are the man who addressed our Free Assembly in 1866 about the Christian Commission. You must come with me to-night to a Bible meeting I have to attend." I went with him, and addressed the meeting at his request. Afterwards I had the pleasure of entertaining him in Philadelphia.

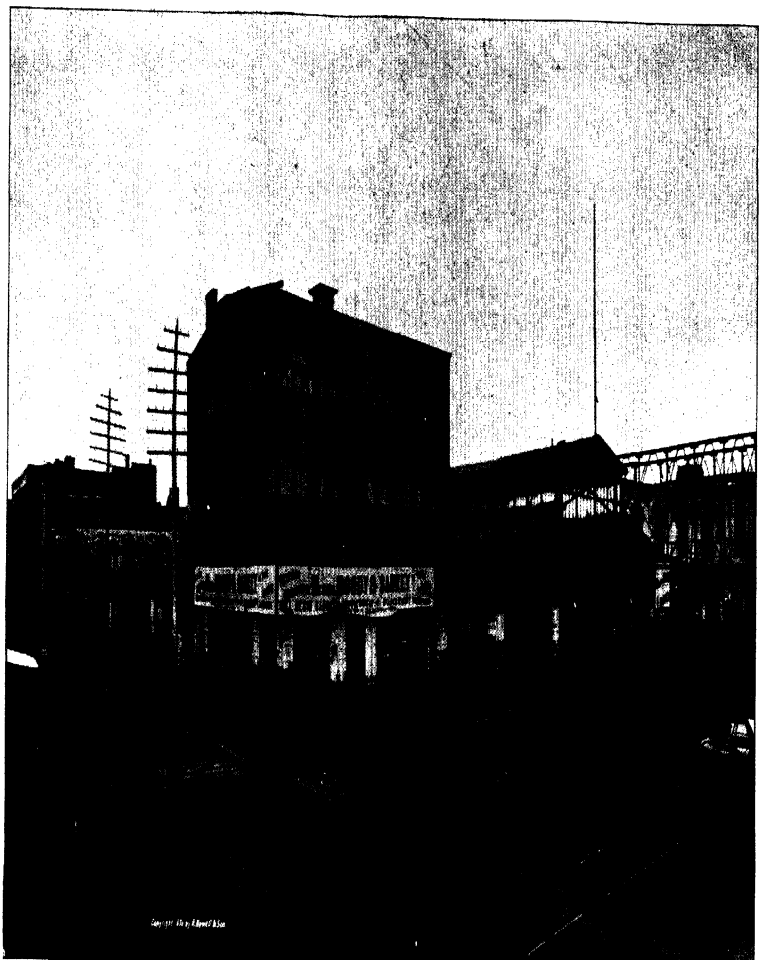
During one of the visits of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to London they were charged with making money by

the sale of their hymn-books, the royalty on which was received by their treasurer, Mr. Matheson, an eminent London banker. The amount of this royalty, which was considerably over five thousand pounds, was offered to the evangelists and declined. Mr. Matheson then said, "This is American money, and we cannot keep it here;" and so proposed to send it to America to aid the cause of Christ in this land. On asking the name of some gentleman to whom it might be sent, Mr. Moody mentioned several names, and among the number my own. Having known me better than the others, Mr. Matheson enclosed me a draft for the amount, at the same time suggesting that the evangelists were entitled to it. I received this draft when gold was at a premium, and sold it for over thirty thousand dollars; and, as the evangelists still refused to receive it, I sent it to my friend Mr. John V. Farwell of Chicago, that he might use it in paying off the heavy debt which, I understood, rested upon Moody's great missionary church. On returning to America Mr. Moody invited Mr. Farwell, Mr. Dodge of New York, and myself to visit Northfield. The object of this invitation was to ask us to act as trustees for the royalty-fund of the hymn-book about to be published by Messrs. Biglow & Main in this country; and to dispose of that fund, from time to time, for evangelistic work disconnected with any church use. I was elected chairman of this board of trust, and Mr. Dodge was chosen treasurer. The receipts from the sale of these books while the trust was in our hands (a term of several years) amounted to over three hundred thousand dollars; and this sum we appropriated, according to our own judgment, in conformity with the general instructions of

Mr. Moody. Among other things, the building known as Recitation Hall at Mt. Hermon School was erected. The sale of these books has reached many millions, but neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey has ever received a penny from this source.

On the return of Messrs. Moody and Sankey from England in 1875, there was a great desire expressed in Philadelphia to have them visit our city, Mr. Moody never having been there since he and Mr. Sankey in 1871 had united their talents for the service of the Master. At one of the largest ministerial meetings ever held in Philadelphia, in the lecture-room of the Arch Street Methodist Church, over which the Rev. Dr. Harper presided, a unanimous and cordial invitation was extended to these evangelists to visit our city at an early day. A committee of ministers, of which Dr. Newton was chairman, was appointed to superintend the spiritual part of the work; while a committee of laymen, of which I was made chairman, was constituted to look after the business matters in connection with the proposed meetings. On account of failing health, I at first declined serving; but Mr. Moody, who was then the guest of Mr. Wanamaker, hearing that I had declined, insisted on my acting, saying that he would pray for me. And here I may add that for the first time in thirty years I was entirely free from asthma for over six months following this promise, and that during all the cold winter weather, and amid such exposure as I for years had not dared to endure. Mrs. Stuart was so much impressed by this fact that she recently wrote Mrs. Moody to get Mr. Moody to pray for me again.

When our business committee met, the first question



COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY R. NEWELL & SON.

THE OLD FREIGHT DEPOT IN 1875-76.

was, Where shall we find a building large enough and central enough for the intended meetings? Various halls were named, including the large Academy of Music; but I insisted that none of these would be large enough to warrant us in bringing these evangelists to Philadelphia, and that we must raise the money necessary to erect a special building for their use. At this time I, with one other gentleman in Philadelphia, was aware that Mr. Wanamaker had been negotiating with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the purchase of the large freight-dépôt at Thirteenth and Market Streets, which had recently been abandoned, and which is now covered by his immense warehouse. As the offer of Mr. Wanamaker had not been accepted, I applied to Mr. Thomas A. Scott, the president of the road, to know on what terms he would rent the freight-dépôt to us for the proposed meetings. His reply was, "One dollar per annum, provided you will give us possession on thirty days' notice." I cabled this to Mr. Wanamaker (who was in Europe at the time), and he replied that he was going to start at once for home. Soon after his arrival he completed the purchase of the old dépôt, and granted us the free use of it as long as we desired it.

In order to prepare it for these meetings a large amount of money was required; but this was quickly subscribed, an architect was secured, and the vast edifice was fitted with a complete wooden interior structure to deaden the noise from the street, with new floors, a platform to seat one thousand persons, and eight thousand nine hundred and four chairs on the main floor, thirteen hundred and four on the platform, and seven hundred and fifty-two in the committee-rooms. These ten thousand nine hundred

and sixty chairs I purchased and had shipped from Connecticut, at a cost of twenty-eight cents per chair; and this, I believe, was the largest lot of chairs ever bought in this country. Two-thirds of the way the floor sloped upward until it reached the Market Street front, an arrangement which gave every one in the audience equal opportunity of seeing and hearing. A vestibule thirty-three feet wide ran round three sides of the building, and ten doors gave egress from this, the largest being the three on Market Street, which were the chief entrances. There were four main aisles from eight to ten feet in width, and four cross-aisles six to eight feet wide. Speaking-tubes gave immediate communication between the chief usher and his three hundred unpaid assistants; and between his platform and the speakers' platform, as also with the Central Police Station, there was telegraphic communication. The building was lighted by about a thousand gas-jets. Although the hall was so large, its acoustic properties were found admirable, and Mr. Moody could be heard perfectly in any part of the building.

While I was superintending the work of preparation, on a cold day in October, the building being unheated, one of our prominent ministers happened to come in, and asked me how many seats were being provided. When I told him the number, he expressed great astonishment, saying, "Why, Spurgeon could not fill these chairs on every week-night but Saturday; and do you expect Moody to fill them?" I told him that I did. Shortly afterwards this same minister said to a friend of mine, after relating the circumstance referred to, that he never before thought that I was a fit subject for an insane asylum. While the doors were closed on a cold winter

night in January, and orders had been given to allow no other persons to come in, the house being crowded, this same minister knocked at the door and had his card sent up to me on the platform, with a request that I would have him let in, which I did.

From November, 1875, until April, 1876, this vast hall was so crowded at times, and that in all weathers, that the street-cars were blocked up by the throngs outside seeking admission. We often had to hold separate meetings for men and women, in order better to accommodate the vast numbers who desired to attend the services. People came from far and near in the country, and a day seldom passed without my receiving many letters asking me to secure seats for the writers. Among these letters there came one from an eminent judge of the Supreme Court, asking how it would be possible for the members of that court to gain admission without being obliged to mingle with the throng that waited for the opening of the doors in the streets. After fixing the night, I replied that I should be obliged to place the judges under arrest at the corner of Thirteenth and Chestnut Streets, where a band of police officers would conduct them to the platform. It may not be amiss to state that Mr. Moody's preaching was not in vain in the case of one at least of these gentlemen, who was converted, in answer to the prayers of a Christian wife.

Among other distinguished men from a distance whom I was enabled to furnish with seats on the platform were President Grant and most of the members of his Cabinet, who were accompanied there by Mr. Childs, at whose house I had dined with them the previous day, when it was arranged that I should secure them seats for the

next evening. The only one of all the meetings that I missed attending was on this evening when I dined with Mr. Childs; and this I would not have done but for the prospect of securing the attendance of General Grant and his Cabinet. Among the eminent divines who came to Philadelphia on purpose to attend were Drs. Hodge and McCosh of Princeton, whose visit resulted subsequently in Messrs. Moody and Sankey visiting that place, where they held crowded meetings for the professors, students, and citizens, producing results which are felt to this day.

Next after the power and spirituality of Mr. Moody's preaching, the most notable thing in the management of these meetings was his generalship in handling his audience of over ten thousand men and women of all classes in society, while dealing with topics which profoundly stir the emotions, and while seeking to have them so stirred. As having some experience in presiding over large assemblages, I can truly say that his leadership was wonderful. Every one was impressed by it who gave a moment's thought to the difficulties of the situation. No interruptions, no ejaculations even were allowed. When a colored woman could no longer keep in her "Hallelujahs!" he stopped preaching, and said, "We will sing 'Rock of Ages' while the person is taken out." After the singing, he quietly said, "In a great audience like this it is necessary to have perfect quiet; and, although I do not object to a hearty 'Amen!' when a man feels it in his heart, it will be much better for you to wait till you get outside, and then you can go all the way home shouting 'Amens!' as loud as you please." It was this wise insistence upon self-control which saved these and all Mr. Moody's meetings from those nervous and physi-

cal extravagances which sometimes have attended even a genuine work of grace.

Mr. Moody took the command on the very first day of the meeting, in a pleasant and courteous but firm way. He told the huge audience gathered for the first time, and most of them entire strangers to him, "The doors will be closed when the service begins, because we have got to have all quiet during these services. We shall close these doors if the place is only half full, and if the President of the United States comes after that he can't get in. If the chairman of the committee"—meaning myself—"is not here by half-past seven, we shall keep him out." And this was done to the letter.

The arrangements as to the character and order of the meetings were made with Dr. Newton's committee of ministers. Three services a day were held in the dépôt, except on Saturday, some for men only, others exclusively for women. Some were held especially for Christian workers, while others were for the general public, and were followed by inquiry-meetings in which Mr. Moody had the aid of a large staff of ministers and laymen. On Sabbath there were three such services daily, Mr. Moody preaching at all three, in addition to his week-night labors. Mr. Wanamaker conducted a young men's meeting in the beautiful Methodist church at Broad and Arch Streets, while Mr. John Field — our new postmaster — conducted one for parents in the Baptist church at the opposite corner. Meetings for reformed men and in the interests of temperance were held in the Tabernacle Presbyterian church (Dr. McCook's), which was very near, and many drunkards were reached. The noonday meeting of Friday in the dépôt was a temperance

meeting. There were fifteen daily prayer-meetings which ran parallel with the meetings in the old dépôt.

At one of the last meetings in the dépôt, Rev. Dr. Plummer took the platform, and Mr. Moody presented himself in the audience in the character of an inquirer. He presented one after another all the difficulties and objections which are put forward by those who are in any degree awakened to the need of a Saviour, and was answered by Dr. Plummer with wonderful force and felicity, every answer being drawn from or grounded upon scripture. These questions and answers were printed in a tract, and very widely circulated.

There were many incidents connected with Mr. Moody's meetings in Philadelphia for which I cannot find room, but which would be of profound interest. I may give two or three as sample cases. Three young men came to our meetings out of curiosity, and mainly with a view to ridicule the Gospel. One of these was arrested by the Spirit and was led to go into an inquiry-meeting at the close of the service. Soon after, this young man gave his heart to Christ and connected himself with one of our churches. At the time of his conversion he was working as a mechanic for a well-known family in our city. The lady of the house, hearing of his conversion, asked him if he wouldn't like to become a minister. He said he would if he had the means to prepare himself for the work. This lady, at her own expense, sent him first to the University of Pennsylvania and then to Princeton Seminary. After graduating at the Seminary, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, and soon thereafter, if not before, he had several invitations to take charge of vacant churches.

He finally selected one in our city which had been considered by many very hopeless. In a short time the church was filled, and under his ministry there grew up one of the most encouraging congregations in the city. It was my pleasure to assist in one of the communions at this church, and, at the close of the service, the pastor insisted upon my addressing the communicants, which I did with such tender feelings, awakened by the thought of the young pastor's brief history, that many were moved to tears. During the past year I had the privilege of introducing this young minister, the Rev. Francis E. Smiley, to my friends in Europe, his congregation having given him six months' leave of absence, with the expenses of himself and his young wife paid, to visit the Old World—not, as he said, to see sights, but to examine into the methods of reaching the masses with the story of the Cross.

One other noted case was that of a working-man, tall of stature, of dissipated habits, who was serving the devil as few men of his class could do. He wandered into the meetings with the crowd, hardly knowing why he was there; but he was arrested by the Spirit of God, and I had the privilege of talking with him at one of the inquiry-meetings. Soon after he was brought to Christ, he became an active member of one of our churches.

While I was riding on the train to New York not long ago, a gentleman who sat by my side was speaking in a deprecatory manner of the Moody meetings, expressing great doubt as to the permanence of the results. Just at that moment a prominent young man of our city was passing us, and I hailed him to ask him his opinion of the meetings, which he had often attended. He had

been for some time an active Christian worker, and he told us—what I had not known before—that he had been converted at these meetings. I then asked him if he knew what had become of the working-man whom I have just mentioned. "Why," he exclaimed, "he and I belong to the same church," and, on further inquiry as to how the man was holding out, he, to my surprise, exclaimed, "That man is doing more to bring sinners to Christ than any officer of the church."

One more case I may mention. It was that of a young woman to whom my attention was called in the inquiry-room by two ladies who had been talking to her, but found her so deeply affected that they were unable to understand what was her condition. I discovered that she was a poor fallen girl who was leading a life of infamy. Like many others she had wandered into our meetings to see the crowd, and was led to remain. Nothing seemed to affect her in the address of Mr. Moody but his exclamation, "That poor harlot may find peace in believing in Christ to-night." She felt as if this message was directed to herself. After I had talked with her for some time, and had offered prayer in her behalf, I could not resist the desire of taking her to Mr. Moody's room. He was locked in after the afternoon services, preparing for the great meeting in the evening, with strict injunction to me not to have him disturbed. I knocked at his door and insisted upon his seeing and talking with this poor fallen girl. After he had done so, he suggested having her taken to some Christian home for the night. I succeeded in gaining admission for her to the house of one of our city pastors. Mr. Moody saw her the next day, and to him and the pastor she gave a history of her

case which touched the hearts of those who heard it. Our sympathies were enlisted to restore her to her former home, as her mother was still living, and in this we were ultimately successful. Soon after she joined the church of this pastor; and on one occasion, when I was visiting its Sabbath-school, I asked him how she was getting on. To my great joy, he told me that she was doing more to bring other sinners to Christ than any one else in his congregation.

Many equally touching incidents might be given connected with these Philadelphia meetings, which were almost the beginning of Mr. Moody's wide reputation and eminent success as a worker for Christ in the great cities of our land.

Mr. Thomas K. Cree, who was secretary of the Committee of Arrangements, sums up the results of Moody and Sankey meetings in Philadelphia as follows:

"The number of conversions at these meetings was very great. Meetings were started in many of the churches, and the accessions to the churches in the city, and for hundreds of miles around it, were very large. At the close of the series a Convention of three days was held, and some twenty-five hundred ministers and laymen came to attend its sessions. Some who had come over five hundred miles afterwards reported accessions of over a hundred each to their churches as a result of the Convention. To say that ten thousand were added to the churches as a result of these wonderful meetings, I would not think an exaggeration. Ministers and laymen were quickened, and church-work of all kinds was greatly stimulated. Very full reports of the sermons and meetings were published in all the secular and religious papers of the city and neighborhood, and extensive reports were sent to the papers of the country by the Associated Press. Seventeen thousand copies of a little book for inquirers were sent out to those whose names had been given in as such, and many thousands

were visited and dealt with in their homes after the meetings closed."

The expenses of these meetings, including the fitting of the building and the running costs of management, amounted to over forty thousand dollars, for which our committee made provision. Not a dollar of this went to either Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey. We did not pay even their hotel-bill, as Mr. Moody was the guest of Mr. Wanamaker, and Mr. Sankey of Mr. John F. Keen, so that there was none to pay. Nor would Mr. Moody allow of any collections at our meetings, so that all the money required was raised by private subscription. In view of the character of the audience this was eminently wise, as it divorced the free Gospel from all thoughts of contribution to the support of those who labored in it. In similar circumstances the Apostle Paul followed exactly the same course, from the same views of Christian expediency.

At one of our last meetings, however, Mr. Moody himself suggested my taking the chair and raising a subscription of a hundred thousand dollars for the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association in our city. Previous to this meeting being held, I introduced Mr. Moody to one of our citizens, a man with a large heart and ample means, who was deeply interested in Mr. Moody's work in our city. After being introduced to my friend, Mr. Moody, in his usual brusque way, said he would like to dine with the gentleman some day; but did not wish him to invite any friends to meet him, as he had declined all invitations to accept of the hospitalities of our citizens, and added, "I wish you to know, in ad-

vance, that that dinner is going to cost you a hundred thousand dollars," intending to appeal to him for a handsome sum to swell the first, last, and only collection taken in our great tabernacle. On meeting Mr. Moody the next morning after the dinner, and asking him about his success with my friend, he said, "I only got twenty-five thousand out of him." With this handsome subscription to start with, we commenced our collection for the Young Men's Christian Association building, which resulted in the addition of a hundred thousand more to the amount which Mr. Moody had already secured. I started the subscription with this twenty-five thousand without giving the name of my friend the donor, and, though some suspected who it was, the name never was mentioned.

Mr. Moody's labors from that time to this are well known to the Christian world, and have been productive of untold good in Europe as well as America; nor does he seem to be losing, but rather gaining, in his power to sway the hearts of the masses and to turn the wealth of men whom God has prospered into the treasury of the Lord. There are few greater men living, and no more useful men, than Dwight L. Moody.*

* Mr. Stuart and Dr. Hall jointly published a volume giving an account of "The American Evangelists in Great Britain" in 1872, which had a wide circulation. A good account of the Philadelphia meetings and of Mr. Moody's work generally will be found in Rev. W. F. P. Noble's "A Century of Gospel-Work" (Philadelphia, 1876). Mr. Noble says: "To us, in the dépôt meetings, there was no sight more interesting and touching than the daily presence upon the platform of Messrs. George H. Stuart and John Wanamaker,—the gray head and the brown head consulting and rejoicing together,—the one overcoming the infirmities of advancing years, and bringing forth fruit in old age, with tenfold the fire

After this visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to Philadelphia my interest in the work of evangelists was greater than ever before, and, so far as health and strength permitted, I did all in my power to bring them to our city and to help them in their labors there. Among the several with whom I have been thus privileged to work I cannot forbear mentioning my warm personal friends Rev. George C. Needham and wife, whose visits to the city have resulted in untold good, not only in bringing sinners to Christ, but also in awakening in the hearts of the professed followers of Jesus a deeper and ever-increasing interest in promoting the Redeemer's kingdom. Mr. Needham's visits to Europe, where he is laboring as I write this, have been wonderfully blessed of God, especially in my native land, Ireland, where he was early brought to Christ and dedicated himself to the work of an evangelist. It was my privilege to meet him shortly after he first visited this country, which he did at the suggestion of Mr. Moody, who had met him on the other side and had learned to love him for his devotion to the Master's cause. The Bible-readings of his dear wife have been an inspiration to myself, as well as to many others who study that precious book, which has been so much neglected by the church, but which increases in interest the longer and more carefully it is studied.

I was asked about this time to investigate the truth of a curious story, which had made some sensation in Edin-

and enthusiasm which God gives to most of us younger men in our best days; the other consecrating his executive ability and gifts of mind and voice to the service of God."

burgh. An excellent lady of that city, a Mrs. Stewart, who was much devoted to visiting the poor and the neglected people of its wynds, had published a little tract called "The Converted Priest." On one of her visits to a poor dying boy, whom she understood to be a Roman Catholic, she met a priest on the stairs of the tenement-house, whom she supposed to be on his way to the same bedside. She stopped him and begged him to say nothing to the lad which would destroy the effect of what she had said of the necessity of trusting only to the finished work of Christ in a dying hour. It was several months afterwards that she received a letter, which professed to come from this same priest in New York city. It said that he had been so much impressed by her words that he had obtained from the dying boy some of the tracts she had left, and that their perusal had opened his eyes to the falsity of the Roman Catholic system. Finding his position in Scotland extremely uncomfortable, he had decided to break away from old associations by coming to America. He was in poor health, and expected to make his home somewhere in the country, but in the mean time he could not refrain from expressing his great obligations to her for her faithfulness. In neither this letter nor any that followed it did he speak of needing money, nor did she send him any from first to last. The last of the correspondence was a letter which professed to come from an American clergyman in Wisconsin, stating that the converted priest had died an edifying and triumphant death at his house, and had requested him to notify Mrs. Stewart of the fact, and to send her certain papers, one of which was a diary he had kept since he came to America. All these letters bore

the stamp of the Glasgow post-office, through which American letters reach Scotland. But Mrs. Stewart did not observe that none of them bore an American post-mark.

As she had perfect confidence in the good faith of her correspondent, Mrs. Stewart extracted from the letters and the diary the materials for a very interesting tract, which was circulated by tens of thousands, was translated into French, and—as she claims—was the means of converting a considerable number of Romanists from the errors of their Church. But the Roman Catholics of Edinburgh had their attention called to the story, and they declared that it was an utter falsehood. No priest had left the diocese of Edinburgh under any such circumstances, and they could put their hand on every man who had been a priest in Edinburgh for a time much further back than Mrs. Stewart's story required. They published their denial of the story in a tract as nearly as possible like that of Mrs. Stewart; and this provoked a newspaper controversy of some sharpness on both sides. The good lady's pastor persuaded her to put all the documents of the case into my hands to have the matter investigated.

My suspicion as to the genuineness of the diary was at once aroused by a perusal of it. I found that the part which related to New York implied no such knowledge of that city as even a visitor must acquire. While its author spoke of going along the streets, no name of a street was given. He also used such expressions as "the coffee-room" in speaking of his "boarding-place," although these terms never are used in America. I then looked for his clerical friend in Wisconsin. I obtained

lists of the ministers of all the Protestant denominations in America, but none of them had any such name. I found in the Post-office Directory no such town in Wisconsin as his letter was dated from. As there was one town whose name was nearly the same as that given, I sent a registered letter to him at that place; but it lay for months unclaimed, and then was returned to me. Dr. Hall, on examining the tract, found that the most edifying portions of the correspondence had been taken from the memoirs of the sainted Robert Murray McCheyne.

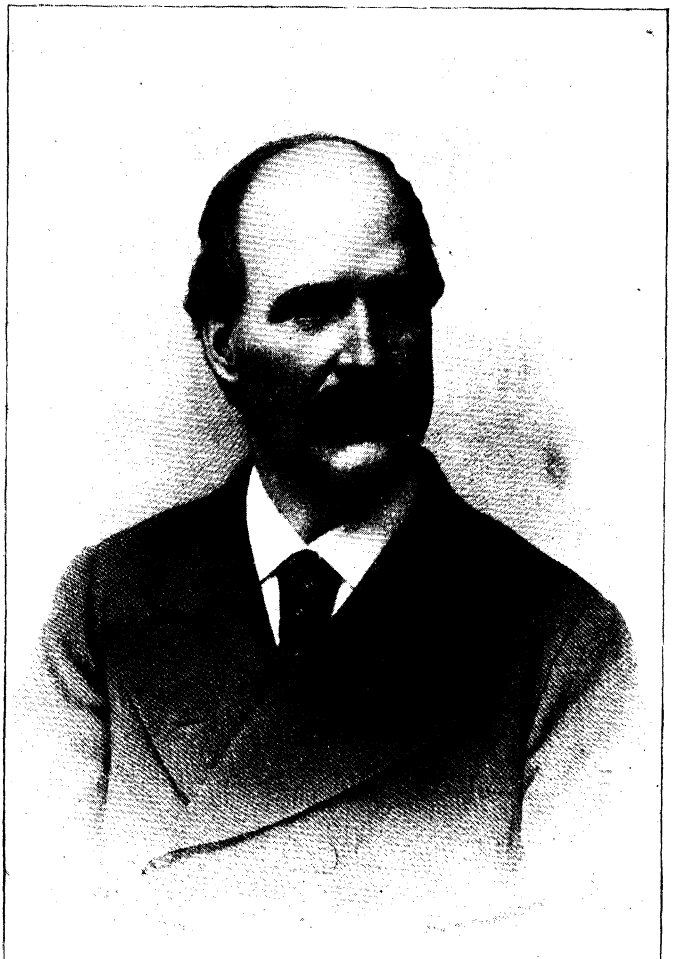
In fact it was evident that Mrs. Stewart had been made the victim of an imposture, whose motive is a mystery. Had there been any effort to obtain money from her, the mystery would have vanished. That she acted in good faith throughout is beyond question; and I am glad to know that her tract was withdrawn from circulation after she had received my report on the character of the story.

CHAPTER XII.

Liquidation of Stuart & Brother—Elected President of the Merchants National Bank—Associations with 1313 Spruce Street—Meeting Garfield at Chautauqua—His Death—Welcome Dennis Osborne to America—The Profound Impression he Makes—Gifts from Presbyterians—His Speech at the Cumberland Valley Reunion—Newman Hall—Major Malan—Mr. Baldwin's Mission in Morocco—Death of Bishop Simpson—Hudson Taylor's Chinese Mission—The Story of John C. Stewart—Death of General Grant—His Last Public Appearance—Death of Mr. Gough—Evangelistic Labors of Alexander Patterson—The Conductor.

IN 1878 I made what I presume will be my last visit to the Old World,—the eleventh, in all. Before my starting, in May, a private meeting was held at my house, which resulted in the organization of the News-boys' Aid Society, to care for a much-neglected class of boys in our city. It has done and still is doing a good work for them.

The year 1879 was that in which the firm of Stuart & Brother came to an end, after an existence of more than half a century. My own connection with it as a partner began in 1837, and had lasted more than forty years. In 1878 it was deemed advisable, for various reasons, to reorganize it as a joint-stock company with limited liability under English laws, various partners on both sides of the ocean holding shares. About a year after this arrangement, and through unforeseen causes, the new company went into liquidation. I am thankful to be able to say that, although I lost by this a fortune which had been



A. J. Reed

amassed by years of toil, and had to begin the world anew at the age of sixty-three, immediately thereafter some of my oldest friends—I may mention Mr. A. J. Drexel, Mr. William Arrott, and Colonel Thomas G. Hood—came to me and proposed to start a new national bank of which I was to be the president. The books for subscriptions were opened, and so great was the demand for stock that some of my friends, including Mr. Drexel, withdrew a part of their subscriptions to leave room for others, who felt that they should have the opportunity to subscribe. I was especially touched by a letter from Dr. Potter—now Bishop Potter—of New York, who wrote to Mr. Drexel to secure ten thousand dollars of the stock, as an expression of his sympathy with me in my financial troubles. Another New York subscription was from Mr. William E. Dodge, but the committee were unable to supply the demand in our own city, to which they gave the preference.

I became president of the Merchants National Bank in 1880, and continued to hold this office until May, 1888, when, being broken in health, I felt it my duty to the stockholders to resign. I may say without making any invidious comparisons that this Board of Directors included some of the largest and most influential merchants and manufacturers of the city. And as an expression of my kind remembrance of my relations with them, I append their names: William Arrott, James Bonbright, Thomas Dolan, James H. Gay, James Graham, R. H. C. Hill, James S. Moore, Samuel G. Scott, J. Frailey Smith, John Wanamaker, James Whitaker, and William Wood. It excited some remark when Mr. Thomas Dolan's name appeared in the list of our directors, as he always had

refused to accept of this office, although often asked to do so. When asked what had led him to depart from his rule, he said it was my own kindness to him when as a boy he called at Stuart & Brother's to collect drafts for the firm by which he then was employed.

Not the least painful result of my change in circumstances was my parting from my home at 1313 Spruce Street, where I had lived for nearly thirty years, where several of my children had been born, and where my eldest son had died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. For twenty years I had had Dr. Henry A. Boardman as my next-door neighbor, and the house was full of associations with other friends, of earlier and later times, whom the good mercy of God had given me. As I look back upon the past and try to recall their names and their loved faces, I find memory often fails me, although the heart lets none slip. There were the early friends of my own and the closely related Churches of the city: Mr. Orr, Mr. Sterling, Mr. Ray, and others of my associates in the session; Drs. Sterrett and McAuley, as well as my own two honored and loved pastors in the First church, besides John and Robert Macmillan, Robert Patterson, Alexander M. Stewart, and other of the ministry of our own Church, which always held an exceptionally high position among the Presbyterian Churches as regards ability and character in its ministry. Next to these come friends in the Church of my fathers and my boyhood, such as Dr. Joseph P. Cooper, Dr. Dales, Dr. Church, and Mr. Cunningham Jackson. Nor was my friendship less close with Albert Barnes, Dr. Thomas Brainerd, Dr. John Macdowell, Dr. S. I. Prime, Dr. Robert Baird, Dr. A. T. Magill (my kinsman by marriage), Dr. William

B. Sprague, Dr. George Junkin, Dr. George Duffield, Jr., John Chambers, Dr. Erasmus D. Macmaster, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, and other Presbyterian pastors in and outside of Philadelphia, besides Dr. Richard Newton, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, and his son, Dudley A. Tyng, Dr. Suddards, Robert J. Parvin, Dr. E. N. Kirk, Bishop Matthew Simpson, Anthony Atwood, Dr. Durbin, Dr. T. A. Fernley (the efficient agent of our Philadelphia Sabbath Association), the venerable Thomas H. Stockton; and with Abraham Martin and R. G. Pardee of Brooklyn, laymen and co-workers in the Sabbath-school cause. The war brought a still wider circle of friends, some of whom I have named already. Dr. Philip Schaff, Prof. M. L. Stoever of Gettysburg, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Jay Cooke, and William Welsh I may refer to here. Of friends of later years I recall Joseph Cooke, Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, Bishop William Taylor, Prof. McCloskey of Princeton, T. DeWitt Talmadge; and H. Martyn Scudder, Dr. Henry H. Jessup, and Dr. W. A. P. Martin, the three last eminent laborers on the mission-field.

Of foreign friends, besides those mentioned elsewhere, I can recall Father Gavazzi, the eloquent champion of Italy; his countryman Senor Sacchi de Casali, whom I first met while travelling in Europe, and induced to come to America, where he lived until 1885 as editor of the *Eco d'Italia;* William Arthur, the eloquent Methodist preacher, and another friend of United Italy. From Scotland I had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. Gould of our own Church, Drs. Andrew Bonar, Edmunds, and others. Dr. Thomas Guthrie, Scotland's most popular preacher, I had persuaded to come to America, and he got as far as Queenstown, when the effect of the ship's

motion on his heart was found to be such as to make his return advisable. It was a great disappointment to both of us. From Ireland came Profs. Porter and Killen of Belfast and Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson (on his way to visit the missions in India), and others, besides the Irish delegations elsewhere specified; from England Rev. F. H. White, one of Mr. Spurgeon's students, who has done excellent work as an evangelist; Mr. Lundy of Liverpool and Dr. William McCaw of Manchester; my kinsman by marriage, James Robertson, of the publishing-house of James Nisbet & Co.; and Rev. T. Dallas Marston of London. I made Mr. Marston's acquaintance on shipboard, and he asked me to recommend to him a good stopping-place in Philadelphia. I gave him the address of my own house, and not until he found himself under my roof did he discover that I had not sent him to a boarding-house. I also had the pleasure of entertaining the present Lord Kinnaird, and of thus making some acknowledgment for the very marked kindness his father showed me and my family during our visit to London in 1866.

In the summer of 1880 I had the pleasure of meeting with General Garfield at Chautauqua, while he was on his way back to his home at Mentor, after his visit to New York City. As the presidential campaign was at its height, he was making speeches at every stopping-place on the way. He stayed at Chautauqua over Sunday, and, as he was observed in the audience, it was announced that he would address the afternoon meeting, and that I would preside. I called on him in his room at the hotel to ascertain what his wishes really were. He objected very strongly to making any address, on the

ground that it would look as though he were embracing the opportunity to push his canvass on the Sabbath. I agreed with him on this point, but asked him to accompany me to the platform, which he did. When I made some brief and fitting reference to his presence there, and the reasons for his not speaking as announced, my friend Mr. H. Thane Miller, who was sitting behind me, rose and gave the signal for the "Chautauqua salute," by silently waving his handkerchief. It was said at the time that I gave the signal, but nothing was farther from my thoughts, as I wished to carry out what we had agreed upon before the meeting, and knew nothing of the existence of such a "signal."

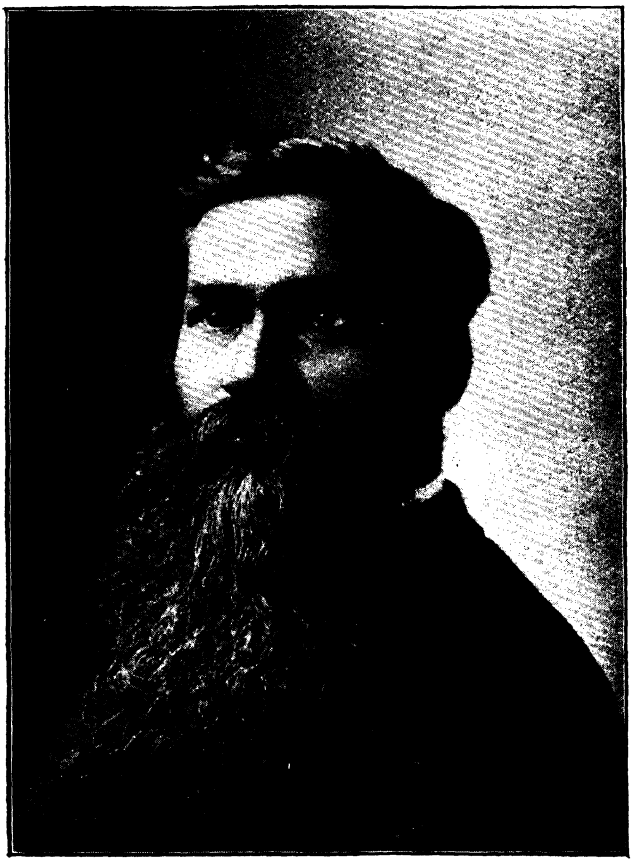
The next morning before he started, General Garfield was serenaded by the Fisk Jubilee Singers, and made a brief address, in which he made an eloquent reference to these emancipated slaves and the work they were doing for their race. I would gladly recall what he said, as it greatly impressed me, and indeed every one who heard him.

I was at Clifton Springs when the sad news came of his assassination. As a matter of course, our prayers were united with those of the nation at large for his recovery. Dr. Foster joined with Mr. Brunot and some others of us in sending a telegram to Mrs. Garfield expressive of our prayerful sympathy with her and our hopes of her husband's recovery. When I returned to Philadelphia I found a similar condition of feeling. Two of the Union prayer-meetings for his recovery were held in our own church, and one in Association Hall.

The missionary brethren who have been mentioned as especially associated with me in friendship were all of the

Presbyterian Church. But no genuine interest in missions can be kept within the lines and bounds of sectarian interest; and indeed it is in view of the great work to be done in evangelizing the world that our sectarian divisions are seen in their true light, as obstacles to the advance of the Master's kingdom. I might have named many other missionary brethren of the Presbyterian Church or of our smaller body, with whose early training for the work or their subsequent career I have been familiar; but I also must say that my interest in the cause of Christ in foreign lands never has been limited to the work and the workers of my own denomination. In 1881 I had the pleasure of sending a portrait of Adoniram Judson to the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, who placed it between those of Dr. Duff and Dr. Wilson of Bombay, and had it photographed for their "lantern lectures." One of the men who have interested me very powerfully is a Methodist worker in India.

In the spring of 1884 I received a letter from my old Sabbath-school scholar, the Rev. John S. Woodside of our own mission in India, apprising me of the fact that he had given a letter of introduction to me to the Rev. Dennis Osborne, a Eurasian of Mussoorie in India, who had been converted and was preaching the Gospel with great power, and who was the presiding elder of the Conference to which he belonged. Mr. Osborne was coming to this country as a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was to be held that year in Philadelphia. Mr. Woodside spoke of Mr. Osborne in such glowing terms, as one who could present the claims of India's millions as no one else



REV. DENNIS OSBORNE,
MUSSOORIE, INDIA.

could do since the days of Alexander Duff, that I hesitated about publishing his letter. I kept a daily lookout for Mr. Osborne's arrival, and happened to come into Association Hall the morning after he arrived. The Conference had not yet opened for the day, when a strange man was pointed out to me who had just taken his seat and whose dark complexion suggested to me that he might be the man I was looking for. I found that my conjecture was correct. When he learnt my name, I had a warm greeting from him; and, finding that he and his wife and son were comfortably lodged and taken care of, I said to him that to-morrow was the Sabbath (June 1, 1884), and perhaps, as he had just arrived, he had no engagements to speak; and that, as he would very likely want to hear some of the leading men of his Church in the morning, I should be glad to have him dine with me after the morning service and speak at the monthly missionary concert in our church in the afternoon, where his countryman Ram Chunder Bose was already engaged to speak. This invitation he accepted, and I hastened from the hall to add his name to the advertisement in the afternoon papers, and sent at once a note to my pastor announcing the fact and giving him Mr. Osborne's address that he might call upon him. On going into the pastor's study on Sabbath morning, I found Mr. Osborne there on the invitation of the pastor, who had been seized with a severe cold and had asked Mr. Osborne to occupy the pulpit that morning. When he entered the pulpit, without any knowledge of who he was on the part of the congregation at large, great surprise was manifested at seeing this strange face. After the prayer of invocation he arose and read one of our

old version of the Psalms and afterwards the Scriptures with a tone and with an unction that touched all hearts. He took for his text 1 Peter i. 8, "Whom having not seen, ye love." Before he had proceeded far in his discussion of this theme I realized the truth of what my friend Woodside had said, in his letter advising me of Mr. Osborne's contemplated visit, with reference to the remarkable power of this Eurasian convert. His sermon produced an effect which was visible all over the church, many nodding assent to his eloquent utterances. In the afternoon, at the monthly concert of prayer for missions, his address awakened a new interest in all hearts in the cause which was so dear to the speaker himself. As this was his first Sabbath appearance in America, and in an old-fashioned Presbyterian church, it seemed to open the door for him into all Presbyterian churches, where he was afterwards welcomed by multitudes, who were carried away with his natural eloquence.

I may say here that when Mr. Osborne was converted he held the important position of Secretary of the British Public Works in India, in which capacity he had served for eighteen years. Through the influence of Bishop Taylor, he was led to relinquish that position and enter upon the work of the ministry. When he sent in his resignation, his friends urged him to withdraw it for two years, as, at the end of twenty years service, he would be entitled to a large pension for life; but the claims of the perishing around him constrained him to refuse to listen to this suggestion; and the position, which had been held open for him a year, was filled by another.

Shortly after his arrival in Philadelphia, Mr. Osborne received a telegram stating that his little daughter Lillie,

a girl of twelve, had died of small-pox while he was passing through the Suez Canal on his way to this country. This sad announcement almost broke the heart of the mother and father. I learned from him that, had it not been for this little girl's entreaty, after receiving his appointment as a delegate to the General Conference, he would not have come on account of being obliged to leave his wife and children at home. This little girl entreated him to go, and to take her mother and her little brother Ernest along, as Ernest could sing, and she would take care of the younger children while they were gone. About the same time I learned that Mussoorie, where Mr. Osborne was stationed, was the Saratoga of India, where missionaries, their wives, and other Europeans found a summer retreat from the burning heat of India; and that his only place to preach was a small hall which he hired for the purpose. I conceived the idea of having a church erected there, as a memorial to the little daughter who had died in his absence. I opened a subscription for that purpose, and, before he sailed for home, I had secured most of the necessary funds to build a handsome church on the highest ground occupied by any church in India. The larger portion of the fund I received from Presbyterians, and from other evangelical Christians who were not Methodists. One of the handsomest clocks ever sent to India was presented by Mr. George W. Childs, and a bell in keeping with it was presented by Mr. John Wanamaker. At the dedication of this church Mr. Woodside and other Presbyterian ministers took part in the services, some of them having travelled a long distance to be present on the occasion.

Mr. Osborne, during his visit to Chicago, explained to Mr. Blackstone, a young man who was once in my employ, and who was the son-in-law of a rich widow, that he was anxious to found a Christian school for native boys, which would cost nearly ten thousand dollars. The whole of this sum was contributed, at the suggestion of her son-in-law, by this noble Christian woman, and the school has been largely endowed since then by her and by other friends of the work.

Dr. McCosh, having met Mr. Osborne at my house, and learning of his wonderful powers as a speaker, insisted upon my taking him to Princeton before he returned home. This invitation we accepted, and Dr. McCosh prevailed upon us to be his guests at the handsome presidential mansion, where we remained till Monday, enjoying our visit beyond expression. Mr. Osborne in this short time preached and spoke no less than five times to crowded houses, leaving an impression not soon to be forgotten. His sermon on Sabbath morning in the First Presbyterian church, where his son Ernest sang with wonderful effect, was from the text "Beauty for ashes," and will be remembered as long as life shall last by those who heard it. At the close of this service, which was attended by all the professors of the College and Seminary and a large number of students, Dr. Paxton, who sat just behind me, on taking my hand, asked, without any word of salutation, "Mr. Stuart, where did that man learn to preach?" I answered him by pointing my finger towards heaven.

Dr. Hall of New York, hearing of our visit to Princeton and being soon about to start for Europe, wrote me to engage Mr. Osborne for a Sabbath in his church be-

fore his return to India. I was able to arrange for his preaching there both morning and evening on his last Sabbath in this country. That Sabbath, however, was just after the church had been closed for the summer, and, as a large number of the congregation were from home, the officers feared that we should have but a small congregation to hear a stranger. I felt somewhat as they did; but I was able to have published in the daily papers on Saturday local and editorial notices of the man. On reaching New York on Saturday evening, I still feared that, owing to the absence of so many from the city, we should not have a congregation such as I desired to hear this eminent minister on his last Sabbath in America, and therefore sent pulpit-notices to some twenty churches which had no afternoon service. We had a good congregation in the morning, and a crowded one in the afternoon, with a large number of the ministers to whom I had sent despatches present. On Sabbath morning the officers of the church, knowing that I was raising money to build a house of worship for Mr. Osborne, told me that they had a very rigid and proper rule with reference to taking up collections, which would, no doubt, have been suspended had their pastor been at home. They desired, however, that, at the close of the services, I should be invited to come to the platform and state the case and make an appeal, to which the members of the church and others might respond when the congregation was dismissed, or afterwards, by handing their voluntary contributions to the officers of the church. We received on that day the largest amount that was given for this purpose by any church, including, as it did by subsequent gift, six hundred dollars from one lady belonging to the

church. Besides this, the result of Mr. Osborne's address before the Sabbath-school of the church was an annual gift for his work from one of the Bible-classes, which has been continued to the present time. During his first and second visits to this country (for he visited us again in 1888) Mr. Osborne preached four times in all to Dr. Hall's congregation, a congregation which is the largest contributor to foreign missions in the country, and which ever since his first appearance in its pulpit has been interested in Mr. Osborne's work.

Time would fail me to speak of the many other interesting occasions on which Mr. Osborne was called to speak in 1884. I cannot forbear, however, mentioning one more of unusual interest. It was his visit to the great reunion of Presbyterians held in the Cumberland Valley, between Carlisle and Chambersburg, on the Fourth of July, which has become historic and at which I had been invited to speak more than once, but had always declined until the summer of 1884, when I consented, on condition that they would allow me to furnish a substitute to speak for me. My request was granted, and on arriving there we found a large assembly under a tent in the woods, with ample provision for body and soul. The principal speaker of the occasion was Dr. A. A. Hodge of Princeton. When the chairman introduced him he remarked that God seldom endows one man with two gifts. Dr. Hodge was endowed with a great intellect; but, as his voice was not in keeping with it, the chairman entreated the vast audience to be very still, that they might hear what this eminent servant of God would say to them. His address was all that could be expected, and was listened to with breathless attention.

It was my privilege to introduce my friend from India, who is not only gifted with a great intellect but with a voice of marvellous power and unction; and, in doing so, I had to beg to be excused for differing from the distinguished chairman of the occasion, as I introduced one whom God had endowed with two gifts. The effect upon the vast audience, as they came to realize the justice of my remarks, can better be imagined than described. Mr. Osborne's closing appeal on behalf of India was enforced by one of the most thrilling illustrations that I have ever heard from the lips of the most distinguished speakers. It was a reference to the Sepoy Rebellion when the seat of that rebellion was at Delhi, the great Cashmere Gate of which seemed impregnable. The Commander-in-Chief of the army in front of Delhi called up General Nicholson (who was born at Lisburn in Ireland, in the same county as myself), and said to him, "The post of honor and of danger is assigned to you to-day." Nicholson called for volunteers to lay the train, stating that those who went first were likely to fall; but, notwithstanding the danger, volunteers soon stood before him, and one after another, as they went forward, was shot dead, but the train was laid. He then called for volunteers to fire the train; and then volunteers responded promptly, with the same result. Finally the gate was reached, and, amidst the booming of cannon and the loud huzzas of the army, entered; although the brave Nicholson himself fell at the entrance. Using this illustration Mr. Osborne described India as the Cashmere Gate of heathenism, and called for volunteers who were willing to dare, and even to die, so that Christ might be preached to the perishing millions of that land. No

human pen can describe the effect of this remarkable illustration as an appeal to the Christian church for volunteers to go out in the service of the Master to earth's perishing millions.

Before sailing for India this Methodist missionary published a farewell address "To the Presbyterian Churches of America," thanking them for the notable kindness he had received from them, and speaking of my own services in terms much too strong for quotation.

Mr. Osborne, with his wife and son, revisited America in 1888 as a delegate to the General Conference in New York; but, being sick and away from home nearly all the time he was in Philadelphia, I had only the privilege of seeing him for a few days and of hearing him preach but once. During this last visit, which lasted one hundred and ninety-eight days, he made one hundred and nineteen distinct journeys, travelling in all thirteen thousand miles and delivering one hundred and ninety-six addresses,—not a bad record for a native of a country whose climate is supposed to be depressing to human energy. Everywhere he was received with even greater favor than on his first visit. Some of his addresses have been collected into a little volume called "India and its Millions" (Philadelphia, 1884), which he did me the honor to dedicate to me. It has been pronounced by Princeton professors, Dr. Hall, Dr. Cuyler, and other competent judges the most interesting book about that country they ever saw. It will give those who never heard him some idea of this remarkable man. He arrived at Bombay on his return from this second visit on the 17th of December, 1888. Recently, however, he has been laid aside from active work by illness.

Of other Christian workers from abroad whom it has been my privilege to welcome to my home, I may mention Major Malan and Dr. Newman Hall.

Dr. Hall first came to this country in 1867, and on a mission somewhat similar to that which Bishop McIlvaine undertook to England in 1861–62. At a time when there was much bitterness of feeling on our side with reference to the sympathy of the English governing classes with the cause of the defunct Confederacy, he came to emphasize the fact that a very great body of Englishmen, if not a majority of that people, had been on the side of Union and Liberty throughout the war. With a view to symbolize the fraternal feeling of the best people of the two countries, he had undertaken to add to his great church in London, once Whitefield's Tabernacle, a tower to be dedicated to the memory of Lincoln, and he asked Americans to unite with his friends at home in defraying the expense of the erection. His second visit was in 1884.

I recall with especial interest the visit of the late Major Malan, the last years of whose useful life were devoted to awakening an interest in the evangelization of Africa, and who came to our country for that purpose. Major Malan was a nephew of the famous César Malan of Geneva. While an unconverted officer of the British army in India, he was riding upon an elephant's back through the jungle when some thoughts connected with his early youth came up to his mind, and, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, he was led to give his heart to Christ then and there. His interest in the cause of Christ was so great that he could not resist the desire to make known the riches of salvation to the men under his com-

mand, some of whom afterwards complained to a higher officer, when Major Malan was enjoined to desist from preaching, as that was the work of the chaplain. This rebuke led him to resign his position in the army; and soon afterwards he visited Natal and became so interested in the need of the Gospel for the millions of Africa that he spent the remainder of his days in pleading their cause, and finally published a monthly periodical in London entitled *Africa*.

During one of Major Malan's many appeals for Africa in Philadelphia, a young Christian friend of mine, connected with the Baptist Church, became interested in the cause. He called at my house and spent some time with the major, which finally resulted in his becoming a minister of his Church and settling in the South. Up to this time he had been a successful conveyancer. For many years I lost sight of him, and had almost forgotten the interview that he had with Major Malan at my house when I learned from my friend the Rev. George C. Needham that the Rev. F. F. Baldwin (for such was his name) was in town and was to sail that morning (October 8, 1884) as a missionary for Africa. I learned that he was going out without being connected with any board, as, owing to his age and his large family, the boards of his Church, both north and south, had declined to send him; I also found that he had asked God to give him a thousand dollars to pay for his outfit and passage-money, when he proposed to go forth in faith that the Lord in some way would sustain him. Owing to an important engagement that morning, I found myself deprived of the privilege of going to the steamer to see him off; but, finding in my desk a few sovereigns, I told Mr. Needham

to give them to him, as British money might be useful to him on landing in a foreign port. In acknowledging this little gift afterwards, Mr. Baldwin said that the money which I had sent him, together with a few other contributions handed him on the deck of the steamer, made up the thousand dollars which he had asked and a few cents over. All of this came in answer to the prayers of a consecrated servant of Christ.

Mr. Baldwin had selected Morocco as his future field of labor, and, if I remember right, there was not a single missionary in that field when he arrived. On reaching Tangier he found a free house, called the House of Hope, awaiting his arrival, having been erected through the influence of Henry Grattan Guinness (who is now in this country pleading the cause of Africa) for previous missionaries to Morocco. After spending some time in Tangier, Mr. Baldwin removed to Magador, where, as in other places, the Lord has greatly blessed his labors among the Berber tribes, his method being to travel among them on foot and tell them in a simple way the story of Christ. I hear frequently from Mr. Baldwin, and regard with continued interest the labors of this devoted missionary, whose faith and whose return to the primitive methods of evangelization—as suggested by Edward Irving in his great sermon before the London Missionary Society in 1824—have awakened the profoundest interest. The same year I became one of the six treasurers of Bishop William Taylor's Congo Mission, which has been conducted on the same apostolic model.

It was in 1884 that my dear friend Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Church, was taken to his reward. No man in any Church could have been more

missed than he. He was a man of the broadest sympathies and the widest influence for good. What he was to the Christian Commission, not only as a faithful member of our Executive Committee but as our spokesman on many occasions of critical importance, I have no words to express. I think his speech at our last annual meeting in Washington must rank among the greatest of his life, if not itself the very greatest. I was much touched when Hon. Simon Cameron, in introducing the bishop to one of the great meetings preparatory to our Centennial Exhibition, spoke of Bishop Simpson and myself as coming to him immediately after the Battle of Bull Run (he was then Secretary of War), and our seeming to him as messengers from God to confirm his faith in the success of the war for the preservation of the country.

Next to India and Africa, China always has had the deepest interest for me as a mission-field. My poor health has compelled me of late years to spend much of my time at the great Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, New York, where I meet Christian workers from all parts of our own country, and many from abroad. One of the latter whom I have met there is Mr. Hudson Taylor, founder of the Inland Mission, which has done so much for China and is promising of still greater results in the future.

In a quite unexpected way, I was the means of obtaining one recruit for the little band which is storming this stronghold of paganism, under Mr. Hudson Taylor's leadership. John C. Stewart was a young Scotchman, who after his conversion became filled with the desire to go out to China as a medical missionary. Strangely enough, he became in some way possessed of the notion

that he must come to America to obtain the necessary education, although there are ample facilities for training medical missionaries in Edinburgh. His father, who is in very humble circumstances, raised money enough to send him to America as a steerage passenger. He came to Philadelphia, and paid all that was left of his money as the entrance-fee to one of our colleges, not knowing that he might have been admitted without any fee, as has been done for such students in other cases. He was reduced to such straits that he was obliged to accept a place as a night-watchman, doing his sleeping as well as his studying by day. He had a friend in Baltimore, and, as a last resort, he wrote to him to make inquiries for some one in Philadelphia who would help him out of his difficulties, as he was a complete stranger in our city. This friend went to his pastor, Dr. Gill,* who gave him my name. He called on me and told me his story. I obtained for him admission to Jefferson College as a free student, and got him employment in the work of visiting the children of our St. Mary Street mission-school. When he had completed his course of study, I raised a subscription to pay his expenses on his way to his new

* Rev. W. H. Gill, M.D., was an Irish Presbyterian minister, who came to this country because of family troubles,—an insane wife having given him no rest for years, and having filled him with such a dread of being followed by her that he never settled long in any one place. She in fact was properly provided for in an asylum, but the good man lived in terror of her escaping and discovering his place of residence. At this time he was preaching in the old Westminster church of Baltimore, in whose grounds Edgar Allan Poe lies buried, and that with a power and fervency which made a great impression on visitors who were drawn to the church to see the poet's last resting-place. He died a few years ago in some town of New Jersey. He was a good man, sorely afflicted.—ED.

field of labor. In London he met Mr. Hudson Taylor, and was accepted by him as a laborer of the Inland Mission. He is now stationed at the city of Ta Yuen Fu in the extreme north of China, where he is engaged in hospital practice, and in the study of the native religions. I frequently hear from him of his welfare.

The country has reason to remember 1885 as that in which her greatest general and eminent statesman was taken from her. The last public meeting that General Grant ever attended was at the reunion of the Christian Commission and other army workers which was held at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, in the summer of 1884. He was present at this meeting by my special invitation, although then a great invalid and pretty closely confined to his cottage at Long Branch. The fact of his coming having become known, the number of people at that place was largely increased by visitors from Asbury Park and elsewhere. After dinner I succeeded, with the help of some friends, in getting the general into the reception-room in the rear of the great platform, which was already crowded to excess, as well as the inside and outside of the great tent, where there were not less than twelve thousand persons present. When I entered upon the platform with General Grant leaning on my arm, the vast congregation arose to their feet and gave him such a warm reception as I have seldom, if ever, witnessed. Immediately in front of the platform sat some two hundred and fifty soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. After the opening exercises of prayer and singing, I made a brief address to President Grant, and then called upon the Rev. Mr. Palmer, a Methodist preacher of New York who had been a private soldier in the army,



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

to extend, on behalf of the soldiers present and others, a warm greeting to our distinguished guest; and this he did in a most effective manner, commencing his address by stating, "I was one of a million of your soldiers; and, while you could not get along without us, we could not have got along without you." After this stirring address I helped General Grant to his feet; but, after uttering a few words of thanks, his feelings so overcame him that tears started from his eyes, and, having spoken only a few sentences, he was compelled to resume his seat.

When the general was about to depart, the carriage was so surrounded that it was difficult to get him safely into it, or to allow the horses to drive off. This memorable occasion was one which has often been recalled by those who were present, and will continue to be talked about until the last person who was present is dead.*

Seven months later there occurred in our own city a death which affected me not less keenly. It is forty-five years since I had the privilege of bringing John B. Gough

* Mr. George W. Childs, in his "Recollections of General Grant," contributed to the biography by Colonel Burr, gives this account of the incident: "The last speech he ever made, the last time he ever addressed the public, was last summer, a year ago this month, at Ocean Grove. Governor Oglesby of Illinois was staying with him at his cottage, and George H. Stuart, who was one of his earliest and dearest friends, came up to ask him if he would not come down to Ocean Grove, being the first time he had appeared in public since his misfortunes. He was then lame, and was compelled to use his crutches. He found ten thousand people assembled. They rose *en masse* and cheered with a vigor and a unanimity very uncommon in a religious assemblage. This touched him profoundly, for it was evidence that the popular heart was still with him. He arose to make acknowledgment, and after saying a few words he utterly broke down, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. That was the last time he ever appeared in public."

to Philadelphia for the first time, and of securing from him a remarkable address in the church where I worshipped. It was my privilege, after this, frequently to be instrumental in bringing this distinguished temperance lecturer to our city, and I presided at his great meetings held in the largest hall that could be secured, especially after his return in 1860 from his second protracted visit to England. On one of these occasions my son William David, the founder and superintendent of the St. Mary's Street Mission-School for colored children, received more than a thousand dollars from a single lecture for the benefit of his mission. For many years Mr. Gough was the guest of my old friend Mr. Leonard Jewell, at the house of his daughter Mrs. Reed. His last address in Philadelphia, where the announcement that he was going to speak always crowded our largest halls, was delivered in the Presbyterian church at Frankford, of which my friend Dr. Murphy is the pastor, on the 18th of February, 1886. In the midst of that remarkable address, after Mr. Gough had repeated the words "Young men, keep your record clean," he was stricken with paralysis, and was carried to the house of Dr. Burns, which was next door to the church. Here, after a few days, his spirit gently passed away to its final rest,

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Before removing his body to its place of interment in Boylston, near Worcester, Massachusetts, a funeral service was held at Frankford in the house of the doctor where he died, and was attended by his wife and a few personal friends. This solemn service was conducted by Dr. Murphy, who called upon my friend Mr. Wanamaker

and myself to speak. This I found to be one of the most trying moments of my life, gazing as I did for the last time upon the face of one under whose eloquence I had so often been enchanted. On the following Sabbath evening I made arrangements to hold a memorial service in our church, where Mr. Wanamaker presided and, with myself and others, spoke as best we could under the sorrow which rested upon all our hearts.

Among the other temperance lecturers in whom I took an especial interest was William Noble of London, who has been justly styled the John B. Gough of England; and who, in speech and manner, resembled Gough more than any other man I ever heard. He could repeat verbatim large passages from Gough's addresses, and imitated his manner so closely that, when your eyes were shut, you would suppose you were listening to Gough. Like Gough, Mr. Noble had been rescued from a life of intemperance. I felt it a great privilege to aid in directing his labors in Philadelphia while he was going to and returning from Australia. He is still laboring with great success in England, and I have frequently the privilege of hearing from him.

Before closing this record I must chronicle my thankfulness for the labors of yet another evangelist, who was once one of my Sabbath-school boys and whose father, the Rev. Dr. Robert Patterson, who died recently in San Francisco, was one of the dearest friends I ever had. His son Alexander, while in business in Chicago, was led to go out with deputations of the Young Men's Christian Association to address meetings in the country. At one of these meetings, in a town where there was much infidelity, his success was so great that, in order to counter-

act the influence of his meetings, a few of the young men of that town sent to Chicago for some one to neutralize the results which he was exerting. While the advocate of infidelity who was sent was holding meetings, he received a letter from a lady in the town who was on her death-bed and who was supposed to have given up her infidelity, and to have given her heart to Christ, in connection with Mr. Patterson's meetings, but whose faith had been somewhat shaken by her old infidel friends, and who accordingly sent this letter to the representative of Ingersollism to tell him that she had given her heart to Jesus, but, being somewhat in doubt as she drew near the end of life, wanted to inquire of him what she had better do. He at once advised her that, if she had found Jesus and was about to die, she had better hold on to him. Making a statement of these facts at the next meeting, the infidel announced that his meetings were now closed, which produced a wonderful impression.

The success which attended the meetings held by Mr. Patterson was so great that he gave up his lucrative business and was determined by the grace of God to consecrate himself to the work of an evangelist. When these facts were known, some of his ministerial friends advised him to spend a year in preparing for the ministry under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, and he was soon afterwards ordained as an evangelist. After his father's death his congregation at Oakland, California, invited Alexander Patterson to succeed his father as their pastor. This he declined to do, as also several other invitations to settle as a pastor of a church, feeling that he could do more in advancing the kingdom of Christ by acting as an evangelist. His services are con-

stantly called for, and, at Mr. Moody's request, he has spent several months, from time to time, in Chicago. His first and only visit to Philadelphia, in 1886, was attended with blessed results in various churches of our city. He has an active assistant in his beloved wife, who sings the Gospel as he preaches it. His knowledge of the Scriptures is very great and his manner very simple but earnest, and wherever he goes the Lord seems to accompany his preaching with the power of the Holy Spirit. His "Bible Manual for Christian Workers" is acknowledged, by those best competent to judge, to be the best book of the kind now before the public, and should be in the hands of every one who is trying to win souls for Christ.

During that visit to Philadelphia to which I have referred, I took Mr. Patterson out to Chestnut Hill, where I was living with my daughter for the summer; and the fact that he was to preach there on the Sabbath led me to say on the previous day to a conductor on the train, when he came for my ticket, "Have you got your ticket?" He did not understand what I meant until I pointed my finger upward. Coming to me after he had passed through the train, he sat by my side, while I talked to him about the importance of giving his heart to Christ. I finally told him to come the next day and hear one of my Sabbath-school boys. To my great delight, at the close of the services, I found the conductor waiting at the door to thank me for directing him to the meeting, and, when I asked him if he had found Jesus, he replied, "Almost persuaded." I told him to go to the afternoon meeting in another church, and when the invitation was given, at the close of the services, for sinners

who wanted to give their hearts to Jesus to rise, this "almost persuaded" conductor was the first to respond. Some time after this, he wrote me a letter thanking me for asking him the question about his ticket, and asking me to come, on the following Sabbath, to the Baptist church, where he was to be baptized and received into the communion of the saints. Owing to my absence from the city I was deprived of the privilege of seeing him received into the church. I have since learned from time to time that he has proved himself faithful to his covenant engagements.

Mr. Stuart leaves it to the editor to say something of Mr. Patterson's father, the late Dr. Robert Patterson of Cincinnati. He was a native of the north of Ireland, and on coming to this country he entered upon the business of a grocer. He was already a married man with a family when he received his call to the ministry, which came to him on this wise. Dr. Samuel B. Wylie was accustomed to make the round of the teachers in the Sabbath-school, spending a morning with each teacher to see how he did his work, and to follow this up with suggestions which might increase their usefulness as teachers. When he came to Robert Patterson's class he was impressed with the force and freshness of his teaching, and the evidence of exceptional mental power. He brought him a theological book, and asked him to read it through and write an analysis of it. This also confirmed his impression that the man had mistaken his vocation, and he persuaded him to undertake a course of theological study under his own direction, and at its completion to apply to the Reformed Presbytery for license to preach.

Mr. Patterson as a preacher at once impressed his audiences as a man of fresh and original style, vivid imagination, and intense earnestness. It will be remembered that he accompanied Dr. Duff over the West, and was one of the secretaries of the Missionary Conference held in New York before the great missionary sailed for home. He caught fire from Duff's fervor, and pleaded

the cause of missions with something of his power. His first charge was in Cincinnati, from which he removed to Chicago. Here he remained until after the war, obtaining leave of absence for his memorable trip to the Pacific coast along with Mr. Mingins to collect funds for the Christian Commission. It was before the war that he delivered the memorable series of lectures on "The Fables of Infidelity and the Facts of Faith," in which he took hold of the street-corner infidelity, which flourished on Sabbath afternoons in Chicago in those early days. In later years he wrote much in this strain, and always with power and wit.

In 1867, a year before Mr. Stuart's suspension, he withdrew from the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and joined the Old School Presbyterian Church. He afterwards accepted a call to San Francisco, where the people had come to know him during his trip to the Pacific coast. From this he returned to his first place of labor, Cincinnati, but afterwards he returned to California, where he died in 1885. He was a man of rare qualities,—notable pulpit power, great tenderness of affection, and keenness of wit.—ED.

CHAPTER XIII.

Religious Canvass of Philadelphia—Convention at Harrisburg—Death of John Patterson—His Management of the Swearing Quartermaster—Closing Years of Life—Residence at Clifton Springs Sanitarium—Relief of Mr. William A. Washington—Preaching in the Universalist Church at Clifton—Closing Words by Prof. Gilmore.

IN the winter of 1886–87 I was privileged to take part in a plan for a thorough canvass of our city to ascertain its religious condition, and to induce those who neglected the means of grace to at least attend some place of worship. The plan had already been tried in Pittsburg, with good results. The city was divided into districts, and one of these was assigned to each of the churches which participated. The church furnished a sufficient number of visitors to make a house-to-house visitation of every family in the district, to ascertain the religious relations of each, and to urge those who had none or were neglectful of those they had to attend some church of their own preference. As each visitor was entitled to speak in the name of the whole body of churches engaged in the visitation, and to assure the families of a welcome in whichever church they preferred, the plan had an entirely unsectarian character. It worked with very little friction or unpleasantness, the visitors generally being persons of good sense and meeting with very few rebuffs. In connection with this there were especial evangelistic services in several of the churches, and in the great armory on Broad Street, which easily accommodated

twenty-five hundred people. At one of these meetings the colonel of the regiment presided.

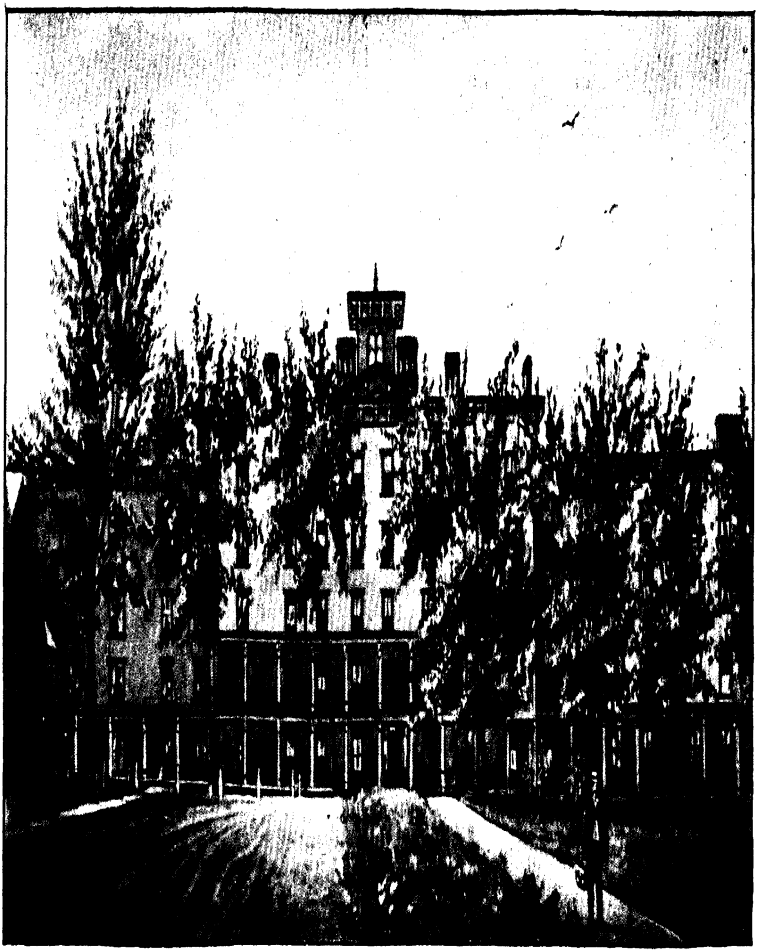
To extend the movement thus begun at the two extremities of the Commonwealth into the centre, a Convention of Christian workers was held in Harrisburg at the end of January, over which I was called to preside.

At the end of the year I lost a dear and stanch friend by the death of John Patterson, who was the first man in the field in 1861 to do the work for which our Christian Commission was afterwards created. He was a fine specimen of the Scotch-Irishman, and the solidity of his qualities commanded respect everywhere. The personal confidence he inspired in President Lincoln, Generals Grant and Meade, and other high officers of the government, when brought into contact with them as general field-superintendent of the Commission's work, contributed in no small degree to the success of our labors. He was a man of very earnest and assured convictions, and absolutely fearless in their statement and defence. On some points this amounted to invincible prejudice. But he had a heart of rare tenderness and the tact of a woman. He loved our soldier boys, and there was no service he was not ready to render them.

A good illustration of his ways with them is found in a story of his doings on one of our transports during the war. He was on his way to City Point with a number of horses for the Commission, and he had fallen in with a quartermaster, who was taking a large number of government horses to the front by the same steamboat. "I praised his horses, which he had bought in New York, and he praised mine, as was right enough, for they were a fine lot. When I went to water my horses, I watered

his; and when he went to feed his, he gave mine something to eat. We were getting on finely, when he took offence at some foolish complaint from one of our delegates about the accommodations the boat furnished. Then my quartermaster swore at him. What was I to do? I knew that a downright rebuke would do no good. So I wheeled round, rested my elbows on a big hogshead that stood on deck, and repeated the answer of the Shorter Catechism: 'The reason annexed to the Second Commandment is, that, however the breakers of this commandment may escape punishment from men, yet the Lord God will not suffer them to escape His righteous judgment.' 'What is that you are saying?' he said; 'I know that as well as you do. I was taught that when I was a boy.' 'And where did you learn the Catechism?' 'Oh, I was brought up in old Dr. McLeod's church in New York, where all the children were taught that.' 'Ah,' said I, 'and you were brought up in Dr. McLeod's church, and your father and mother held you up before the good old man while he baptized you into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and here you are taking that name in vain over such a trifle as this!' I pressed it home on him, and the tears came into his eyes. We were all the better friends for it, and he swore no more after that."

During the closing days of my life, while largely laid aside by ill health and deprived of the fortune which I once possessed, my interest in the cause of Christ and the extension of his kingdom throughout the world grows stronger with my declining years. Many of these latter years I have been permitted to spend at the Christian Sanitarium founded in 1850 at Clifton Springs by that



THE SANITARIUM, CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

noble Christian man Dr. Henry Foster, which has grown to be one of the most remarkable institutions in the world for the healing of both body and soul. Here I have been spending many happy weeks and months of my declining years, receiving benefit for my body which I failed to receive from the most eminent doctors in this and other lands. All the physicians of the house and most of those in charge of other important positions I have found to be noble Christian men and women, and among the latter, Mrs. Dr. Foster, who conducts a weekly Bible-class for the lady-guests. When not under the especial care of Dr. Foster, I have been blessed with the attention of Drs. Gault and North, who, with the chaplain of the sanitarium Mr. Bodwell, and its general manager Mr. Linton, have always had a warm place in my heart. I think it may be well to republish, in an appendix, my letter written at the request of Mr. George W. Childs, and printed in *The Public Ledger* in November, 1888.

During these later years, while seeking to do what I could to advance the temporal and spiritual interests of God's needy children, one especial case should not be passed over. I refer to that of William A. Washington of Owensboro, Kentucky, the grandson of Warner Washington, who was a half-brother of the illustrious George Washington. My attention was called to his case by Mr. Blakemore, when Mr. Washington was in his eighty-third year, living in extreme poverty with a niece who was not able to keep a servant. Mr. Blakemore handed me a letter from Mr. Washington to read, in which he acknowledged having received from Mr. Blakemore, as an executor of an estate in Virginia, the balance

of a small legacy which had been left to him. I had never heard of the case before, and on reading the letter I was unable to restrain my feelings,—to think that a relative of Washington, at the close of a long and honorable Christian life, should be living in such poverty, without any effort being made to relieve him. He was in debt at the time he received the bequest, and was very thankful to be able to pay what he owed, although it took nearly all the small amount received to do so. I at once suggested to my friend the propriety of raising him a purse of one thousand dollars, to be presented to him on the approaching Thanksgiving-day. Fearing that I was going to make some public request for the money, Mr. Blakemore remarked that, as Mr. Washington was an humble member of a Protestant Episcopal church, he thought such an appeal would be objectionable to him. To which I replied, "Suppose we raise the amount privately;" and, that being acceptable, I dictated a note, making it strictly confidential, asking certain parties to aid in making up this purse, asking some for twenty-five dollars and some for fifty. These circular notes I had written by clerks, so as to keep the matter private. I addressed the first to President Arthur, asking him for twenty-five dollars; and the next to Ex-President Grant and Ex-President Hayes, asking for similar amounts. From the two first I received a prompt compliance with my request; but not until the whole amount was raised did I hear from Ex-President Hayes, who apologized for his delay on the ground of absence, and *enclosed me his check in blank to my order to be filled for such an amount as I thought proper.* We had a surplus over the thousand dollars, which we invested

in articles that we thought suitable for the lady and her daughters who had given Mr. Washington a home for life. On the morning of Thanksgiving day—through Mr. Watkins, the cashier of one of the banks of Owensboro—the thousand dollars was received most unexpectedly by this noble, suffering man. He afterwards wrote me a letter, expressing his thanks in language surpassing anything that I had ever read, and this letter led to a correspondence which was kept up until his death, I having received, in the summer of 1887, the last letter which he ever wrote, from his dying-chamber in his eighty-seventh year. For composition and penmanship it would be almost impossible for any one to surpass or equal it. This letter I give here, to show the spirit and character of this dying saint.

OWENSBORO, July 9, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN OUR BLESSED REDEEMER,—

I have just been again re-perusing your last most welcome letter. It gives me more pleasure than I can express to know that I am remembered in your prayers. The Apostle James assures us that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much:" such, my dear brother, I am confident is yours; and I doubt not that, as such, it will be graciously heard and answered with blessings on your unworthy friend.

I greatly desire the prayers of God's people that I may be entirely resigned to His will, at all times, and in all things. Blessed be His holy name, that, though I suffer much, He gives me strength proportioned to my day! Of my acceptance with Him, and the realization of a precious Redeemer, I have no doubt.

I have no merit, no righteousness of my own to plead: my sufficiency is in my Saviour; in His righteousness I feel secure. The general course of my spiritual life is like that of a gently flowing river, and my sky is almost always clear and bright; but its brightness is sometimes obscured by a passing cloud, which has a depress-

ing influence on my mind; sometimes the strong man armed, availing himself of my weakness, takes possession of my feeble tenement; but soon a Stronger far than he comes to the rescue; the intruder is forcibly bound and ejected, and deprived of all his armor in which he had trusted, and again—*I "hold the Fort."*

I read, with much interest, what you said in your letter respecting your "Golden Wedding:" had I known that such an event was in contemplation, I think that I should, like many of your friends, have contributed my quota to the congratulatory offerings usual on such occasions. Though I have been doomed to a life of singleness, I have always believed that there is more real happiness in the conjugal state than in a life of celibacy. The Creator Himself has said that "it is not good for man to be alone." I regard woman, then, as one of Heaven's best worldly gifts to man, in order to cheer and brighten his pathway in this sin-stricken world. My bachelor life is not from choice, but from necessity; I have never been able to support a wife as I would have wished. Many of my truest friends have been ladies. Many of my best friends now are ladies.

I have become so frail that, when I commence a letter to a friend, I think perhaps it may be the last which that friend may ever receive from me; but, be that as it may, while I can hold a pen, or trace a line on paper, you may expect to receive at intervals written evidences of my undying gratitude and affection. May the Giver of all good abundantly bless you, and recompense you, in the world to come, for your kindness to me in this; and finally grant us a happy meeting, at His right hand, in the Kingdom of Eternal Glory, is the sincere and fervent prayer of

Your unworthy brother in tribulation,

WM. A. WASHINGTON.

P.S. Soon after I began this letter I was taken with one of my sudden spells of sickness, and had to keep my bed two days. I reserved the date until I finished my letter, and then wrote it down.

W. A. W.

HON. GEO. H. STUART.

From the Rev. Mr. Moorehead of New York State, the editor has received the following account of a characteristic incident of Mr. Stuart's life at Clifton:

"While I was at breakfast one Sabbath morning in the June of 1871, I was asked by 'mine host,' who also was janitor of the Universalist church, if I knew a man at the Water-Cure by the name of Stuart. I told him I did know a patient of that name, and that it was Mr. George H. Stuart, who had been President of the Christian Commission during the war, and was known far and wide as a very warm-hearted and earnest Christian. He said, 'Yes, that must be the man.' Then he went on to tell how Mr. Stuart had dropped into the church that morning, while he was giving the finishing touches with the dust-cloth to pulpit and pew, and that, after a good warm shake of the hand, Mr. Stuart suggested that it was the right place and time to have a word of prayer. He consented, and 'Mr. Stuart prayed, and *prayed*, and PRAYED, louder and louder, until I believe he could have been heard all over Clifton.' After ending his prayer Mr. Stuart asked my Universalist friend if he thought his pastor would have any objections to his preaching in the church, and was assured that both the pastor and the congregation would be glad to have him use their pulpit."

"Believing that Mr. Stuart had asked the question without any serious intention of preaching there, I determined to surprise him by arranging to have him occupy that pulpit on the following Sabbath, as I knew he could. So I told Mr. G. to have his pastor announce Mr. Stuart for three o'clock in the afternoon of next Sabbath. It was done, and placards to that effect were posted about the Water-Cure early next morning. To one of these I

called Mr. Stuart's attention in good time, and I will not attempt to describe his astonishment, or to repeat his many inquiries as to how it came about. It is enough to say that at the hour appointed Mr. Stuart preached to a larger audience, I presume, than ever was gathered there before or since. Nor did I ever see an audience more completely under the power of a speaker. All through his discourse were threaded thrilling incidents of the war, each with an uplifted finger pointing to Christ. I question whether there was in the whole church a dry eye as the speaker brought from camp, battle-field, and hospital the willing witnesses of the love of Jesus Christ, and of His power to save. It showed that the Gospel might be preached as powerfully by an unordained man as by any on whose head had been laid the hands of the Presbytery or of a Bishop."

The Rev. Joseph Henry Gilmore, professor in Rochester University, and the author of the beautiful hymn "He leadeth me," is the friend who acted as Mr. Stuart's faithful amanuensis in the preparation of these memoirs. In response to the request that he would say the closing words of the book, he writes as follows:

"It was not my privilege to know George H. Stuart in the maturity of his powers, when he was numbered among the merchant princes of our land, and was personally active in every good work. I first met him at Clifton Springs some seven years ago, when he was enfeebled in body, and bereft of property. I honored him, from the first, for the blameless life he had led, and

the services he had rendered to Church and State in the hour of our Nation's peril. I recognized him as an exponent and defender—in some sense a champion—of that spirit of catholicity which is increasingly dear to every Christian heart. But our relations at first were not intimate; and I was not often found amid the little group to whom he loved to talk, and who loved to hear him talk of the eminent men with whom he had been associated, and the part which he had been called upon to play in advancing the kingdom of our Lord. Whenever we met, it was with kindly courtesy, but our meetings were infrequent, even when we were beneath the same roof, till about four years ago. At that time I was passing through a crisis in my religious history which made Christian sympathy very precious and very helpful to me; and I found nowhere readier and more hearty sympathy than that accorded me by the good old man from whom I had previously held aloof."

"From that time to this, our relations have been intimate, and as I have come to know my good brother Stuart better, I have come to cherish a very different estimate of him from that which I at first conceived. His eager interest in everything that concerned the Master's cause; his tender sympathy for every phase of earnest Christian thought and feeling; his intense desire still to be of some slight service, if only indirectly and through others, to those whom he had formerly aided by his own bounty; seemed to me touching and beautiful. He was evidently living up to that guidance-verse which he had chosen in the full maturity of his powers and the time of his busiest activity, 'Occupy till I come:' though sometimes I thought that 'The

zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up' would have been a motto quite as appropriate; for nothing has seemed really to interest my brother during these years since I have known him intimately save the person of Christ, the cause of Christ, and the friends of Christ."

"It did not seem to me at all strange that Mr. Stuart's friend John Wanamaker, having known him at his best and personally felt the touch of his power, should believe that some memorial of Mr. Stuart's life should be given to the public,—that, since God had used him so wonderfully, there should be some permanent record of the fact. It *did* seem to me that the story of the young Irish lad's life, crowned with honor because dominated by the spirit of the Master, could hardly fail to benefit and bless the young men of our land, in whose welfare Mr. Stuart had always felt so deep an interest. Providentially, as I thought, I was to be at Clifton Springs every Saturday for a number of weeks. Providentially, I had a sufficient knowledge of short-hand to be able to take down, from Mr. Stuart's dictation, the story of his life,—a task which a more expert stenographer who was not in sympathy with the man and measurably familiar with his theme could hardly have accomplished. Providentially, one of my students (Mr. C. F. Bullard) had the ability and the leisure to make a type-written copy of my phonographic notes. And so, giving up another literary engagement for this purpose, I spent my Saturday half-holiday for many weeks in Mr. Stuart's sick-chamber, helping, if I might, to perpetuate the memory and extend the influence of one whom I had learned to love and honor."

"My respect for the man, and my conviction that it was wise to give some memorial of his life to the public,

were only increased by the hours that we spent together at this time,—hours of physical pain and weakness to my friend, but hours which I thank God that I was able to give to his service. The first time that I took my seat beside him with pencil and note-book in hand, Mr. Stuart said to me, "Professor, the only object that I have in view in attempting this task is to do good, if possible. We ought to begin our work with prayer. Won't you pray?" And I did pray then, as I am praying now, for a blessing on the man, and for a blessing on the story of his life.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

THE SIX STUARTS.

THESE were George H. and David—Joseph and James —Robert L. and Alexander. The first four named were brothers, and not related to the last two, who were also brothers. The first pair were partners in business, as were also the second and third pairs, and all were office-bearers or active members of the Presbyterian Church.

The only survivor of the six is George H., who is preparing his autobiography, which when published will be a fitting companion of the *Memorials* of that other American philanthropist William E. Dodge. He was treasurer of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, whose missionaries in India were sustained mainly by that Synod, but by special arrangement were under the care and control of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

He was at the same time partner with his brother David in a banking-house in Liverpool. My official correspondence with him led to the inquiry, with a view to facilitate and economize remittances, on what terms his house would become the acceptors and guarantors of bills of credit issued by the treasurer of the Board to our eastern missions. Upon his offer to perform this service gratuitously and cheerfully, a relationship was established with David Stuart & Co., which continued

twenty-two years, with an average annual saving in commissions of not less than four thousand dollars, which received the grateful recognition of the General Assembly.

During this time the country passed through the civil war, and the consequent depreciation of its currency continued long after the war closed. In those trying days our Board had no financial committee and no security fund, and the responsibility of sustaining its credit and keeping up mission supplies devolved mainly upon the treasurer, special notice of which was made by Mr. William A. Booth, a member of the Board, in an address before the General Assembly at St. Louis in 1874.

About the time of the greatest depreciation of the currency David Stuart visited New York, and, in an interview had with him in which he was made acquainted with the embarrassment attending the treasuryship, he assured me that, should there be any failure from any cause to meet the payment of his maturing acceptances, neither the Board nor the missions should suffer. He, moreover, advised that I make no sacrifices to sustain the Board's credit with his house, but rather delay remitting until reasonable rates of exchange could be obtained. Happily, I had no occasion to take advantage of this advice, yet it was a great relief to have this assurance of sympathy and coöperation from so important an agency in our mission supplies.

During the twenty-two years of this relation with David Stuart & Co. I purchased all our foreign exchange of the New York house of Joseph and James Stuart (J. and J. Stuart & Co.), not because of any connection between the two firms (for each was independent of the

other), but because of their accommodating business methods with me. In those non-specie-paying times there were wide fluctuations in the cost of exchange day by day and sometimes hour by hour, and in buying from this house I obtained the most favorable quotations of the market between steamer days, and sometimes on settlement concessions were made when the rate had afterwards fallen. The sudden death of Joseph Stuart, stricken with paralysis in his office, and subsequently that of James after a protracted illness, deprived me of valued advisers and the mission cause of warm supporters.

In 1879 reverses came upon the house of David Stuart & Co. which involved the Board in heavy pecuniary loss, though not to the extent of the gains which had accrued from their long gratuitous services. The first knowledge of this failure came to me from Mr. Jacob D. Vermilye, President of the Merchants National Bank, who not only tendered his services in protecting the credit of the Board, but also in obtaining from friends in New York special funds to reimburse any ascertained loss. In the latter generous undertaking he was arrested by Alexander Stuart, who had planned another way to meet the same end. This was disclosed a few months later when he invited Secretary Lowrie and myself to dine at his house. At the table he referred to the long and gratuitous services rendered the Board by David and George H. Stuart, and his personal esteem for them. He expressed the desire that no retrenchment of our work would be made by reason of any loss through them, and then asked the amount of the Board's indebtedness, which he evidently intended at once to cover with his check. Not being able to answer directly the question as put, I promised

to furnish a written statement in detail of our financial condition then and as estimated at the close of the year. This was done, but before hearing from him he was called to his rest and reward, having bequeathed his estate to his brother Robert.

Shortly before closing the mission accounts of that year, I informed the surviving brother of the amount of deficiency in the treasury, and a few hours later received his check which more than met this, and it was the first year since the Reunion that the Board reported itself out of debt.

Since the death of Robert L. Stuart his widow has been a close imitator of her husband's generous doings in his lifetime. The year before my official connection with the Board ended, on my informing her of what was needed to place the balance on the credit side of the treasurer's Annual Report, she, in addition to her yearly contribution, added a sum which fully met the required amount.

Thus was I indebted to the six Stuarts—or rather should I say to the seven—for their generous co-operation in the important duties entrusted to me as treasurer of our Foreign Mission Board.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

NEWARK, N. J., November 1, 1889.

APPENDIX II.

History of General Grant's Log Cabin.—Letter from General Badeau.

Head-quarters Armies of the United States,
Washington, D. C., July 21, 1865.

Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., Philadelphia:

My Dear Sir,—Lieut.-Gen. Grant directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 20th inst., and to state that he is perfectly willing for the cabin in which he lived at City Point to be placed wherever you or the citizens of Philadelphia may prefer. * * * *

The cabin, however, you will permit me to say, has an interest beyond that to which, in Gen. Grant's eyes, it seems entitled. It was built in November, 1864, so that the last four months of the rebellion, immediately prior to the great movements which resulted in its overthrow, were passed by him within its walls. Here he received the reports of his great subordinates almost daily, and sent them each their orders and their rewards. Here he watched Sherman's route as he came across the continent to the sea, and afterwards along his memorable march through the Carolinas; from here he despatched his instructions to Thomas, which resulted in the battle of Nashville and the discomfiture of Hood, so that a concentration of any great force in front of Sherman was impossible. From here he directed Terry in the operations which culminated in the fall of Fort Fisher. From

here he directed Sherman and Schofield, bringing one northward through the Carolinas, and the other eastward in dead winter across the North, and then sending him by sea to meet his great captain at Goldsboro, the co-operation being so complete that the two armies arrived, one from Nashville and the other from Savannah, on the same day. Here he received the rebel commissioners on their way to meet President Lincoln; here he ordered Sheridan's glorious movements, whose importance in producing the last great result can hardly be over-estimated; from here he directed Canby in the campaign whose conclusion was the fall of Mobile; from here he despatched Wilson and Stoneman on their final raids. Here he received the President, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Meade, and Admiral Porter, in an interview interesting beyond comparison, in the meeting at the time and place of so many men of importance by their talents and their position; and here the lamented Lincoln passed many of the latest hours of his life before its crowning success had been achieved. Here the last orders for all these generals were penned before the commencement of the great campaign which terminated the war.

These are reminiscences which I have ventured to recall, conscious that they must always be of transcendent interest to the patriot and the historical student, although to the appreciation of my chief they seem—as he directs me to style them—insignificant.

I am, my dear sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

ADAM BADEAU,

Brvt. Col. and Mil. Sec'y.

APPENDIX III.

LETTERS FROM GENERALS GRANT, SHERMAN, AND OTHERS, ON THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 12, 1866.

GEORGE H. STUART, Chairman United States Christian Commission:

DEAR SIR, — Your letter of the 10th instant, announcing that the United States Christian Commission is on the eve of closing its work, is received. I hope the same labor will never be imposed on any body of citizens again in this country as the Christian Commission have gone through in the last four years. It affords me pleasure to bear evidence to the services rendered, and the manner in which they have been rendered. By the agency of the Commission much suffering has been saved on almost every battle-field and in every hospital during the late rebellion. No doubt thousands of persons now living attribute their recovery in great part to volunteer agencies, sent to the field and hospital by the contributions of our loyal citizens. The United States Sanitary Commission and the United States Christian Commission have been the principal agencies in collecting and dis-

tributing their contributions. To them the army feel the same gratitude the loyal public feel for the services rendered by the army.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN.

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
ST. LOUIS, January 19, 1866.

GEORGE H. STUART, Chairman United States Christian Commission, Philadelphia:

MY DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of January 15, asking an expression of my opinion of the operations of your Commission during the war. That the people of the United States should have voluntarily contributed six millions of dollars for the moral welfare of the soldiers employed, in addition to other and vast charitable contributions, is one of the wonders of the world. That the agents for the application of this charity did manifest a zeal and energy worthy of the object, I myself am a willing witness; and I would be understood as heartily endorsing, without reserve, their efforts, when applied to the great hospitals and rendezvous in the rear of the great armies. At times I may have displayed an impatience when the agents manifested an excess of zeal in pushing forward their persons and services when we had no means to make use of their charities. But they could hardly be expected to measure the importance of other interests, and I have always given them credit for good and pure intentions.

Now that the great end is attained, and in our quiet rooms and offices we can look back on the past with composure, I am not only willing, but pleased with the opportunity to express my belief that your charity was noble in its conception, and applied with as much zeal, kindness, and discretion as the times permitted.

I am, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

LETTER FROM VICE-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

43 EAST THIRTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK,
January 16, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I feel satisfied no one would bear higher testimony in behalf of the Christian Commission than myself. Although, from our peculiar organization and smallness of our numbers, we were less dependent in the navy than in the army upon its bounties, still we always had the assurance from its benevolent agents that we could have everything we desired; but our knowledge of the fact that our brethren of the army were liable to a greater accumulation of suffering and privations, owing to the difficulties of transportation, &c., made us always content that they should be recipients of the greatest amount of your benevolence, and it is certain that wherever I went I always heard the Christian Commission, its generous philanthropy and patriotic devotion, most warmly extolled. My personal admiration of the generosity and sacrifices made by many of your noble Society is unbounded; and I have

no doubt it will receive the blessings of God and of the whole country.

Please convey to your associates in the Commission these my sentiments of high appreciation, and accept yourself my high esteem.

Very respectfully,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Vice-Admiral.

LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL HOWARD.

WAR DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF FREEDMEN,
WASHINGTON, January 20, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—It affords me unusual gratification to respond to your kindly sentiments, expressed in your letter, just received.

My purpose was to be a follower of Christ while I stood in my place as a defender of the integrity of the Government, and a steady opponent of slavery. God has given us our Government, and broken the power of slavery; and I try to feel thankful and give Him the glory, and continue to obey His behests.

You always had my hearty approval and sympathy in the work of the Christian Commission. Your work of physical relief is so connected, in my recollection, with that of the Sanitary Commission, and that of special benevolent associations, that I will only say that, wherever I found one of your agents, either in the Army of the Potomac, of the Cumberland, or the Tennessee, I found them faithful in such things, to the important trust committed to them. I have seen them among the soldiers in prayer-meetings, Sunday-schools, and at Sun-

day services, and, without exception, they were full of zeal and energy in the Master's service. Their spiritual work, encouraging chaplains and aiding them with books, Bibles, Testaments, and with themselves ready to speak of Christ crucified, at all times and in all places, bringing to us professing Christians cheerful faces, and warm pressure of the hand, with a "God bless and protect you," and following us to every hospital and battle-field, to point to the only name whereby a soldier can be saved, though he may be ever so brave and patriotic—it can never be estimated here below.

God reward you, my dear sir, for the impulse you gave to the great work of the Christian Commission, and for your indomitable energy displayed in perpetuating it till the end.

With your strong faith in Christ you took officers, soldiers, and citizens in the arms of your love, and bore them right on, to work for our God and for humanity.

The Christian Commission has written its record on the tablets of thousands of precious souls, and needs nothing to render it perpetual, for its influence is eternal.

Very gratefully yours in the best of bonds,

O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General.

GEORGE H. STUART, ESQ., Philadelphia, Penn.

LETTER FROM CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 30, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter, asking my judgment of the work of the Christian Commission during the recent

civil war, has been received. It was not my privilege to participate directly in that work, nor to see much of its immediate effects in the camps, or on the battle-fields, or in the hospitals. What I know of it was chiefly from testimony; but that testimony was ample and reliable. And I feel myself fully warranted in saying that no such human ministration of beneficence and loving kindness was ever witnessed before in any age or country. Except in a Christian land no such ministration would be possible. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it would not in this age be possible in any Christian land except our own. The responsibility which our institutions impose on each citizen for the safety of the Republic, and the concern in every operation of the Government which the personal interest of each citizen necessarily creates, filled the ranks of our armies with hundreds of thousands of our best young men.

The warm affections of those they left at home, the obligations of Christian duty which pressed upon the conscience of almost all men and women in our land, and the spirit of self-denying, fraternal love which a free Christianity called into action throughout our country, naturally found expression and manifestation in the Christian Commission. In what other land do such influences act so powerfully? In what other land have they so free a course? The work of the Commission for the war is ended. Its kindly ministration to the soldiers of the Union—not limited, indeed, to them, but freely extended to sick or wounded or imprisoned soldiers, without regard to uniform or service—are no longer required in camp, or field, or hospital. But they will never be forgotten. No history of the American Civil War—

let us pray God it may be the last!—will ever be written without affectionate and admiring mention of the Christian Commission. Not alone in histories of the earth will its record be preserved. Its work reached beyond time, and its "record is on high."

Yours very truly,

S. P. CHASE.

GEORGE H. STUART, ESQ., Philadelphia.

APPENDIX IV.

Address before the British and Foreign Bible Society, London, May 2, 1866.

My Lord,—It affords me great pleasure to have the honor of seconding the resolution which has just been moved, and so eloquently supported by my Christian brother who last addressed you. I appear before you to-day as a most unworthy representative, if not of the oldest member of your family, certainly one of the largest of your children. I regret that such a child of yours, which has grown to such proportions in my adopted country, is not better represented upon this occasion. I owe the position which I occupy to-day doubtless to the relation which, under God, I was called upon to sustain to the army which went forth to subdue the slaveholders' rebellion. The American Bible Society was born in the year 1816, and next week it will attain its fiftieth year. During the current—its Jubilee—year it has had a special work assigned to it, but to that special work I will not now further refer. I have the honor of being supported on this occasion by a brother from my own city, who is a distinguished member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I am a Presbyterian, and he is an Episcopalian, but we have stood side by side in many of the battles of the late war, and ministered alike to the soldiers of the Confederate army and the soldiers of the Union army.

Our Society, during the past year, sent out from its depositories 951,945 volumes, and during the fifty years of its existence it has issued 21,660,679 copies of the Word of God. It received last year 642,645 dollars, that was 35,000 dollars less than the sum received in the preceding year, but the falling off was mainly owing to a diminution in legacies, while the general receipts are as large as ever. The amount of money received last year was 200,000 dollars more than its largest receipts during any year previous to the rebellion. The capacity of the Bible Society was taxed to the utmost during the war. Although capable of throwing off, through its steam-power presses, twelve copies of the Word of God every working minute, there were times when the demand from the army was such that those presses were unable to meet it, and it never fell during all that time below the issue of nine copies per minute. When the war commenced we had an army of 16,000 men scattered from Maine to California, but in the course of the war there were called into the field 2,000,000 of men—young men from schools and seminaries—young men unused to the hardships of the battle-field; and the Christian people of the land felt that we ought not only to follow these young men with our prayers, but that we ought above all to furnish them with the Bread of Life, through the Gospel of Jesus Christ. During the four years of the struggle there were distributed, among the army and navy alone, over 2,000,000 copies of God's Word, in whole or in part. The principal agency for that distribution was the United States Christian Commission, which circulated 1,466,748 copies, all of which were received gratuitously from the American Bible Society, with the exception of 15,000

copies forwarded to us from your own depository; and I am here to-day to return you our grateful thanks for that contribution. It was one of a most welcome description, and there was hardly an officer commanding a corps, division, or a brigade in the whole army who was not supplied with one of your substantially-bound volumes. We not only received from this Society 15,000 copies of God's Word, but we also received an assurance that if we drew at sight our drafts would be honored. We felt grateful for that noble offer; but, thanks be to God, our own Society had means placed in its treasury which enabled it to meet every want.

Let me allude to one of the many incidents in the American war. I don't know what "the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street," as the Bank of England is called, would say if she were asked to give £5 for a copy of a note which I hold in my hand; but she would probably say, "We don't do business in that way." This is the bank-note sent by a poor woman in England during the war to buy Bibles for the soldiers of the North. Fifty or a hundred guineas would not buy it [here holding up the original bank-bill], for it has incited to many other gifts, and brought "much money" to our treasury; and if you have any difficulty, my lord, with regard to your Building Fund, it might perhaps be well if you were to borrow it. The letter enclosing it is as follows. It was addressed to President Lincoln, and by him sent to me.

"DEAR PRESIDENT,—I hope you will pardon me for troubling you. Ohio is my native State, and I so much wish to send a trifle in the shape of a £5 Bank-of-England

note to buy Bibles for the poor wounded soldiers of the North, which I hope they may read.

"Yours very respectfully,

"MARY TALBOT SORBY.

"Fir Cliff, Derbydale, Derbyshire, England."

Let me now say a word or two about our United States Christian Commission, which exerted itself so much among our soldiers during the war. That Commission was simply the Church of Christ in all her branches, in an organized form, going forth in time of war, as our blessed Master went through the streets of Jerusalem and along the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Where did these men get their commission to go forth to the army, carrying bread for the body in one hand and the Bread of Life in the other? I believe that they got it from the example of our Saviour Himself. We sent forth the Bible and other books by the hands of men of burning zeal, not mere perfunctory agents. There were ministers who came to us, and offered themselves for the work; but we said, "No; you have not succeeded at home, and you are not likely to succeed in the army." We wanted only men who were willing to put off the black coat and the white cravat, and would put on the army attire, and, if need be, would undertake to make with their own hands gruel for the soldiers. I will tell you what happened on one occasion. A reverend doctor of divinity was making gruel for the soldiers, and was putting into the gruel something that would make it more palatable. Some of the soldiers were busily engaged watching his movements, and one of them exclaimed, "Go it, doctor; put some more of

that stuff in, and it will be the real Calvinistic gruel." In another case, a man saw a reverend doctor engaged washing bloody shirts in a brook, and called out to him, "Doctor, what are you doing?" The doctor replied, "The shirts supplied to the army are exhausted, and also those of our own Commission. The wounded are suffering from their stiffened and clotted shirts, and I thought I might undertake to wash a few of them in the brook. Do you think I am wrong?" "Wrong!" said the other, "oh, no. I never saw you walking so closely in the line of your Divine Master before." These men have not only ministered to the bodily wants of the soldiers, but to their moral, and chiefly to their spiritual necessities. They circulated upwards of eight millions of copies of knapsack books, including such works as Newman Hall's "Come to Jesus" and Mr. Reid's "Blood of Jesus." The history of these books will never be written. They came back to the families of the soldiers in America, many of them stained with their former owner's blood. They became heirlooms of those families, and they will never be parted with. Besides these, there were eighteen million copies of our best religious newspapers issued to the army, fresh as they appeared from the press. The total receipts of the Committee were six and a quarter millions of dollars. The books, etc., were distributed by about 5000 unpaid agents. How did we get these agents? They got nothing for their labors. We would not employ any agents who wanted pay for their work, except a few permanent men to superintend the work. We have gone to wardens of a church, and said, "We want your pastor to labor for us for a few months." We have, on one occasion at least, arrested the ministrations

of the pulpit for the urgent demands of the field of conflict. And these men did get pay,—pay far richer than was ever coined in any mint: it was the "God bless you" of the dying soldier.

It may be said in this work of distributing the Bible, "Was there not wilful waste?" I am bold to say there was not. I have myself distributed many thousand copies of the Bible, and I never met with a refusal but once, and that was from a German infidel. Now, I belong to that portion of young America which was born in Ireland—excuse me for that—and I do not know what it is to give in. So I thought I would endeavor to take the German infidel by a flank movement. I called his attention to the beauty of the book: it was very handsomely gotten up. I told him it was what is called Cromwell's Bible, and I told him how Cromwell's soldiers read this book, and how it enabled them to fight so vigorously; but still I gained nothing by my flank movement. I was about to leave him, when I thought I would make another attempt. I asked him where he was from. "From Philadelphia." "Philadelphia! why, that is my own city." He brightened up at this, and asked the street where I lived. I told him in such and such a street, and I said, "I am going back there, and I expect to tell the result of my labors in the largest Protestant Episcopal church in that city on Sabbath evening next." Don't be alarmed, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, at the fact of a layman like myself being allowed to speak there. "Well," he said, "and what will you say?" "I shall tell them that I have been engaged for so long a time in distributing Bibles among our soldiers; that I never met with but one refusal, and that was by a soldier from our

own city." "Well, and what more will you say?" "Why, I shall tell them that I began to distribute Bibles this morning at the White House"—a place somewhat like your Buckingham Palace, only not so fine. "And who was the first man to whom I offered a copy? Why, it was to President Abraham Lincoln. When I went to see the President he was writing, and when I handed him a copy of Cromwell's Bible he stood up—and you know he was a very tall man and took a long time to straighten. He received the Bible, and made me a low bow, and thanked me; and now I shall have to go back and tell him that one of his soldiers who was fighting his battles refused to take the book which he had accepted so gladly." The German softened at once. He said, "Did the President take the book? well, then, I guess I may take one too." I must say, that in the distribution of copies of the Bible the refusals to receive them were not more than one in a thousand, and these were Roman Catholics, while I am glad to say that many of these gladly and thankfully received the Word of God. But was there any waste of the books so received? No, a soldier would part with anything rather than his New Testament; "and," said a little fellow, a soldier from Pittsburg, to his comrade, when the Union army was repulsed from the heights of Fredericksburg, when the rebels were pouring in shot and shell upon our retreating columns, "Joe," said he, "if it were not that the Testament given me by my mother is in my knapsack I would throw it away, but I can't do it." Wilful waste was, I believe, entirely unknown. I have been in correspondence with thousands of agents who have been engaged in this work of distribution; and I have heard of only one case

where a soldier wilfully threw away his Bible. I have the copy with me here to-day; and as my beloved brother, Baptist Noel, said that the Word of God would never return to Him void, so I am here to say, that, though this soldier, with a wicked and diabolical heart, threw away his Testament in the streets of Memphis, that Testament was picked up by another soldier, himself also careless and wicked, but who was led, from the reading of it, to the foot of the cross, where he found peace and joy. It was sent to the American Bible Society [the copy referred to was here exhibited], who treasure it as a relic, or rather as a memento of the war.

The Bible was not only instrumental in saving souls: there are hundreds of cases where it was also instrumental in saving the lives of the soldiers. Here is a copy [holding it up] which was published in England by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. That Testament has a history which, if it could speak, I might well remain silent. It ran the blockade; it found its way to a soldier of the Southern army, who placed it in his bosom, and here is the hole which was made by a bullet, which, entering at the last chapter of the Revelation, penetrated through the first chapter of Matthew, and, grazing the outer cover, saved the man's life. There are hundreds of such copies preserved in numerous families throughout America, and money could not purchase them. The desire to receive copies of the Word of God is not to be described. I stood on the top of an omnibus, in the midst of 3000 soldiers, on a hill in Virginia, and they all clamored round me for books to read. A delegate of the Society went up to the First Tennessee Cavalry, and he wrote me a letter, the substance of which was, "Dear

Brother Stuart,—I never bought a pack of cards but once, and I want to tell you the circumstances under which I bought them. I came to a spot where I found four young men—mere boys they were, and might be the sons of pious mothers—and they were playing at cards. I said, 'Boys, I should like to make an exchange with you. I will give you copies of this beautiful edition of the New Testament in exchange for this pack of cards.' They exclaimed, 'That is just what we want. We are playing with these cards because time hangs so heavy on our hands in this dull camp-life. We have nothing to read. We are glad of anything to pass the time.' I handed to each of them a copy of the New Testament. 'Now, won't you be kind enough to write your name in it?' they said, 'that we may know to whom we are indebted for these books.' I wrote my name accordingly, and then I said, 'Now, won't you be kind enough to write your names on these cards, that I might know from whom I have received them?' But there was not one of them would acknowledge the cards."

But I must pass on. Let me only say that all that has been written or said as to the effect of the Word of God in the army is true, and far more. Let me give you one or two instances of the power of the Word of God among the dying on the battle-field. At the bloody field of Williamsburg a soldier in the Union army was mortally wounded. His sufferings were indescribable: he could not restrain his moans and groans. A comrade found his way over to cheer him, and to encourage him to hold up. "Oh, William!" he said, "I had hoped to die surrounded by my family and the friends of my youth; but here I must pass away. If you should survive the war,

I wish to send a message home to my family. I have a dear wife at home, two sweet children, and an aged mother, who loved me, and whom I dearly loved." He then took from his breast a packet, in which was his wife's portrait. "Open that," he said; and, handing his companion a letter, said, "Read this, her last letter to me, and then I shall think I see and hear her again. My dear mother, when I parted from her, followed me to the door. She could not speak, but I knew what she meant; and, as her parting gift, she put a Bible into my hands. Take this back to her. Tell her that the reading of it led me to pray, to give my heart to Jesus. It has kept me from the evils of the army, and the vices of camp life. It has brought me, though on this cold damp earth, to die a happy, a peaceful, and, I trust, a triumphant death." He looked up to heaven with a sweet smile, and said, "Good-by, my dear wife and children; farewell, my beloved mother: we shall meet again in heaven." And then, with a long farewell to weary marches, the dying soldier passed away, attended by angels to glory as much as if he had been at home. So at the bloody conflict of Stone River, during a lull of the fight, the cries of a wounded soldier were heard asking for assistance, but soon his cries were drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery. When the conflict was over, then came the ghastly work of sorting the dead from the living. When the men who were despatched for this service reached the spot from whence these cries proceeded, they found a lad of nineteen dead, and leaning against the stump of a tree. His eyes were open, though fixed in death, a celestial smile was on his countenance, his well-worn Bible was open, with his finger, cold and stiff in death,

pointing to that passage which has cheered the heart of many a dying Christian,—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Oh, mother, wife, sister, if that had been your son, husband, or brother, who had died under such circumstances, what would you not give for the possession of this blessed copy of the Word of God? And what has been the effect of the distribution of Bibles in the army?

I want it to be proclaimed over the whole of this country, that in five months General Grant, the noble hero of our war, and the accepted instrument in crushing out rebellion and restoring our glorious union, sent over 800,000 soldiers back to their homes and places of business; and it may be asked what has been the conduct of these since their return. I have seen the returns that were made in answer to official inquiries throughout one State—Massachusetts—and, with a few exceptions, the soldiers have returned home better men than when they left; they have gone back to their work; they have saved money; they are, in all cases, the better for their service in the army. I am here to bear to this land glad tidings from the land of my adoption, that our churches, in many places where Jesus is faithfully preached, are being revived, and they are receiving showers of blessings, so that there is scarcely room to receive them. One of our churches lately received 128 new members, upwards of 100 of them from the world. Another church received an accession of 155 members, nearly all of them from the world. A general in the Union army wrote to me, a few days before I left America, to the following effect:—"I have lately had little or nothing to do with the

army; but, notwithstanding, my hands are full, for I am going about assisting ministers of the Gospel to preach the word." Our prayer is, that those showers of blessings which are now falling upon us may reach, not only to the British Islands, but be extended over all the earth.

Oh, my friends, I wish I had time to tell you how much I love this Society; but it is time I should bring my address to a close. England and America speak the same language; they worship the same God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; they are the two great Protestant nations of the earth, and woe to the hand that ever causes blood to flow between them. England and America—there may have occasionally risen up difference of opinion between them, but I state here what I wrote a short time since to a member of the Washington Cabinet. I said to him, "Sir, I believe all through this terrible conflict there are no two agencies which God has so much blessed in the preserving of peace between the two countries, as the British and Foreign Bible Society and the American Bible Society." I say, God bless the British and Foreign Bible Society; God bless its honored President; may he be long spared to carry on his work of usefulness. God bless the American Bible Society; God bless its honored President. God bless the Queen of England; long may she reign over a prosperous and a free country. God bless the President of the United States. And now, my friends, my work is done, pardon the imperfections of my speech. If I have stammered in what I have said, I can only say that I spoke out of the fulness of my heart. I long for the coming of that day when all wars shall cease, and when Jesus Christ shall rule over all lands.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

"Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray,
Hark! what soundeth—is creation
Groaning for its latter day?"

The President here rose, and, amid the general applause of the meeting, said that with his whole heart he reiterated the prayer of the last speaker—God bless the President of America! God bless the Queen of England! and may peace ever reign between the two countries!

APPENDIX V.

Address on Lay Preaching before the Evangelical Alliance, New York, October 10, 1873.

The subject which has been assigned to me this afternoon, namely, "Lay Preaching," is, in my humble opinion, second in practical importance to no other subject which has been before this distinguished body, and my only regret is that the condition of my own health and other circumstances prevent me from presenting that subject or opening up its discussion in a way which its importance demands.

In the *first* place, I would ask this Conference to glance at the *field*. "The field is the world." It has in it 1,300,000,000 of immortal souls, destined to meet us at the judgment bar of God. Of these 1,300,000,000, some 800,000,000 are bowing down to stocks and to stones, the workmanship of their own hands. Besides these 800,000,000 heathen, there are 160,000,000 Mohammedans, 240,000,000 adherents to other false systems of religion, leaving only 100,000,000 of nominal Protestants. It is not for us to say how many of these 100,000,000 are true disciples of our risen and exalted Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We know from well-authenticated statistics that with every stroke of the pendulum one immortal soul passes from time into eternity; with every revolution of the sun 86,400 immortal souls go to appear before

the judgment bar of Christ. I would have you pause just here, and consider the value of a single soul, for whom Christ died upon the cross on Calvary. It was but a few weeks ago that I was visiting the Tower in London. We were shown through its various rooms, and called to examine all those historic mementos of by-gone ages that are there preserved, and as we were passing out the guide asked us if we would not like to visit the jewel-room. We told him yes, and were conducted thither. There we saw the crown with which Queen Victoria—God bless her!—was crowned. We saw all the royal plate, and, with Yankee inquisitiveness, we asked the person in attendance its value. He said that the present value of those jewels and that plate was £4,000,000 sterling, $20,000,000 gold. The next day, in company with two beloved ministers, I visited the Field Lane Ragged Sabbath-school, where were gathered 1000 children from the worst dens of vice in London; and as I stood by the desk of the superintendent, there sat before me a little girl—she may have been thirteen years of age—barefooted, bareheaded, with uncombed hair and unwashed face, and I looked down into her bright eyes and thought of the jewels in Queen Victoria's crown, and said to myself, "That little girl is the possessor of that which is of more value than all the crown jewels in the world;" because she possessed an immortal soul, that will live either in bliss or in misery throughout the unceasing ages of eternity.

Looking out over this vast field of human souls, in which Christ's Church is called to labor, I would ask you to pause and consider one of the most highly favored portions of the field, as an evidence of the need of *Lay*

Preaching to aid in accomplishing the great work of the world's evangelization. The field to which I refer is the United States of America, in which, according to the last census, taken in 1870, the population is 38,555,753; and the number of evangelical churches 54,773, with sittings for 19,066,000. From a careful estimate which I have made, the average attendance on the Sabbath will not exceed thirteen and a half millions, and, after making allowance of five and a half millions, for children under five years of age, for the sick, and those that are called upon to wait on them, there remain some nineteen millions, in this land of Bibles, churches, and Sabbaths, unreached and unblessed by the saving influence of the Gospel of Christ.

If further evidence is wanted to confirm this appalling statement, that so many of our sons and daughters absent themselves from the stated means of grace, I point you, then, to the carefully-prepared statistics of a city having a population of about 250,000, and with sittings in evangelical churches for only 23,339 of its inhabitants. On a Sabbath morning in October, these same churches by actual count contained 12,052 worshippers, and on the afternoon of the same day this number was reduced to 8376.

Such, my brethren, is the field and its destitution. How, then, can the regular ordained ministry ever possibly occupy it to the full? Should they not, then, encourage and seek to develop all the lay talent at the Church's disposal?

Having spoken of the field, let us, in the *second* place, glance briefly at the *seed* to be sown in this field. "The seed is the Word of God," "the incorruptible seed of the

kingdom," which God has given; this seed is free, abundant, living, freely received by us, and should be freely given, until the whole earth be full of the glory of God. The Divine promise is that that seed shall multiply, sometimes thirty, sometimes sixty, sometimes a hundred fold, spreading on from heart to heart through all the various generations that in faith receive and cherish it. It is the very nature of that seed thus to spread in whatever soil it be sown, whether in the hearts of Christ's faithful ministers or in those of his believing people.

Let us, then, consider, in the *third* place, *Who shall sow this seed?* We believe and hold fast to the doctrine of a holy ministry, called by the Holy Ghost, and set apart to this sacred office. We believe also that all who have been born of the Spirit should help in some way to sow the seed of the kingdom. Bad men, in thousands of ways, sow bad seed, scattering firebrands, arrows, and death with free hand. Good men should sow good seed wherever they go, seed that shall produce grand results here, and results yet more glorious in the world to come.

No congregation of Christ's disciples should rest satisfied until they have developed and brought into the Master's service all the *lay talent* which they possess: and especially should they seek to find a band of earnest, intelligent, soul-loving men to act as *lay preachers*, not to dispense the ordinances, but to "go out into the highways and hedges, and to compel the people to come in," by telling in plain and loving words "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Some there may be whose gifts may qualify them to devote their whole time to the service of the Master as *lay evangelists*, like Brownlow

North, Varley, and others in England; Moody, Burnell, and others in America. You have only to read the lives of such lay preachers as Bunyan, the Haldanes, Matheson, Annan, and men of like spirit, to learn what the Spirit of God has accomplished through such workers.

Let us now, in the *fourth* place, speak of some of those *places* where the seed of the kingdom may be sown by laymen.

All can and should speak of Christ in their own families and in the daily avocations of life. How many that stand idle in the market-place might find an open door of usefulness in the Sabbath-school, either in teaching or, at least, in gathering in the neglected, untaught children of our crowded cities and towns, or in distributing tracts to those who never enter the house of God! The social prayer-meeting will also afford ample opportunity of employment for lay talent. I would speak, however, more particularly of the great field of labor for *laymen* which is to be found in the open-air preaching, whether in the public street, the crowded thoroughfare, the vacant lot, the public park, the road-side, or the way-side field in the quiet country. These places, no less than the consecrated sanctuary, have been all more or less witnesses of the faithful presentation of the message of Gospel truth, and often the birthplace of many precious souls. I have myself been privileged to speak a word for the Master on the streets of my own and other cities, and have seen the tear of penitence as it has flowed down the faces of the hardy sons of toil as they listened to the words of Jesus.

During the past summer, while travelling in Europe, I have had the same blessed opportunity of speaking for

Christ in the crowded thoroughfares of Belfast, Edinburgh, and London, where large congregations were quickly gathered, while a few verses of a familiar hymn were sung. These congregations, which I have seen convened on the public thoroughfares of both the Old and the New World, were largely made up of those whose general appearance indicated that they seldom or never darkened the doors of the regular places of public worship.

If ever these masses are to be brought under the influence of the Gospel, every layman must unite with the ministry, and "go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." He who laid that injunction upon all His servants was an open-air preacher: as were all the prophets whom He had sent to the house of Israel. It was by the way-side, on the sea-shore, from the mountain, and among the cornfields that He spake as never man spake, and the common people heard Him gladly.

Let us, in the *fifth* and last place, view the extent of the obligation; and here, what more is required than, "Let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Every one who loves Jesus should be an earnest worker in the kingdom. Were every Christian privileged to bring only one sinner to Christ each year, then in three years all in this land would be brought into the Ark of Safety, and in six years the world would be evangelized. The sainted missionary, Knill, once said that, if there remained but one soul on the globe unconverted, and if that soul lived in the wilds of Siberia, and if, in order to

its conversion, it were necessary for every Christian to make a pilgrimage there, it were labor well spent.

A poor Hindoo was dying on the plains of India, and sent for a Brahmin, who told him, in answer to his dying inquiry, that when he died he would pass into another body. "And where next?" anxiously inquired the dying man. "Into still another body," exclaimed the Brahmin. In imagination the poor dying Hindoo passed through scores and hundreds of animals, and in the agony of the dying moment exclaimed, "But, oh! sir, can you tell me, where shall I go *last of all?*" He passed away with the question of all questions on his dying lips still unanswered by his priest. Multitudes within the sound of our sanctuaries are passing daily to the Judgment-seat, with the same question upon their lips, unanswered.

Years ago, when a passenger on board of one of our largest ocean steamers then afloat, the cry came from the deck that startled the captain and passengers, who were seated at their dinner-table; the two startling words, "*Stop her! Stop her!*" were quickly repeated, and in a moment our gallant captain was on the quarter-deck to ascertain the cause of the alarming order of the first officers; the wind was blowing a hurricane at the time, and the sudden announcement—not "slower," or "half speed," but "stop her!" quickly repeated—caused no little consternation. As the captain stepped upon the deck, the officer who had given the order pointed over the larboard quarter to six men overboard, and, without waiting to inquire how they got there, or to what country they belonged, he instantly gave the order, "*Lower away the life-boat! lower away the life-boat!*" which was quickly done; and while it was being done, he called for volun-

teers to man the boat. Over thirty men promptly obeyed the summons, each one anxious to be among the chosen ten who should be privileged to aid in saving those who were struggling with the surging waves of the ocean; they went on their perilous voyage, and succeeded in saving four, two having found a watery grave.

Brethren of the Convention, multitudes in all lands are "*overboard*," exposed to the dangers of a more tempestuous sea; and while their cry comes up to us for help, let the response of the Church be, "Lower away the life-boat" of saving knowledge, until every soul shall be brought into the ark of safety, and the shout go up from every land that "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

APPENDIX VI.

THE CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM.—AN ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

Prepared by request for the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, November 9, 1888.

SEVENTEEN years ago, when very sick, the word of a friend brought me to Clifton Springs and its Sanitarium, and the great help received has led to repeated visits, in which I have always found relief as nowhere else, and with this, I do not doubt, the prolonging of my life. Since that first visit I have often met here an old business man from Texas, who once said, "I wish I had known of this place thirty years ago." The writer fully believes that among the multitudes of your readers there is a large number needing and seeking what they cannot find too soon, and what his old friend and himself, with thousands more, have here obtained. Travellers in our own and other lands tell of similar institutions, more or less perfect of their kind, but of none superior to this, and nowhere one with a like history and object. As this story is one of the chief charms of the place, let me sketch it as briefly as possible.

In 1850, Henry Foster, a young physician in the second year of his professional life, looking for a place to put in practice some medical theories then rather new, and to attempt the fulfilment of a promise made to the

only one he called Master, came to what was then known as "Sulphur Springs." He found the abundant mineral waters there freely used by the early settlers, as they had also been by the Seneca Indians, who once held the lands; and with them a rough shed for a bath-house, which with its one tub or trough seemed public property; also a little way-side tavern and ten small dwellings along half a mile of country road. Enlisting in the enterprise a few friends who could furnish the small capital which he needed and had not, and so securing of the primeval forest ten acres, whose only attractive feature was in the fine spring he sought, he began his life-work by rearing a small wooden structure with rooms for some threescore patients; and there, ministering as physician, business manager, bath-man, and man-of-all-work, he daily repeated, by his example, his Master's words, "I am among you as one who serveth."

Progress.—By 1856 such faith and works had borne the usual fruits, and friends gathered to assist in the dedication of a fine brick addition, and consecrate wholly to sacred services the beautiful chapel which was within its walls. At this time and in these words seems to have been made the first public statement of the purpose with which this work was begun: "Thankful for these tokens of Divine approval, I still adhere to my original plan of presenting the institution to God, to be used for the benefit of His people." There followed twenty-five more years of unceasing toil, of faith often tried but never wavering, but with them consequent blessings, and then the way seemed clear to him to fulfil the covenant he had made with his Master thirty-one years before.

The Gift.—In 1881, by an elaborate and carefully guarded deed of trust, he put the whole property, then valued at little, if any, less than a quarter of a million of dollars, absolutely and forever out of his hands and into the possession of a board of thirteen trustees, composed of leading representatives of seven evangelical denominations of the Church. A Methodist Episcopal bishop, the Protestant Episcopal bishop of this diocese, and from the foreign mission societies of the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Reformed Churches, the senior secretary of each, are ex-officio members, and they or their successors, eight in all, thus and forever make a majority of the Board. If for any reason the gift should fail of its object, the trustees, with the Attorney-General of the State, are empowered and directed to dispose of the property and divide the proceeds in equal parts among the six missionary societies represented in the Board.

The Trust.—This has not been established to maintain a "refuge" or "asylum" for any of the hopeless or incurable classes. For these the Church and the State do much, but overlook a large number for whom the gift was prepared. In various departments of her work the Church has a "noble army" of her best members, who, at home and abroad, have become worn down in health, and reduced in means by devoted and self-sacrificing labors for the souls of men. Rest and all needed medical help are to be offered them here, in the hope, first and most of all, that they may be fully restored to health, comfort, and the labors and fields where their devotion and experience will make them available for years of best service. With this special want in view, the deed pro-

vides that the "beneficiaries shall be missionaries and ministers and their families, who are now dependent on their salaries for support, and teachers and indigent church members unable to pay the prices of the institution for treatment." Any of these boarding in the house may have a discount of one-third from regular prices, but if they find a home in the village all medical counsel, attendance, and treatment is free.

Current Gifts.—This transfer of over a quarter million of dollars, representing ninety per cent. of the fruits of his life's labor, and by a man still in full possession of all his powers, would suggest that the donor is not a believer in purely post-mortem benevolence. Plans laid, hopes cherished, and labors performed have been for certain classes of the Master's friends not in the next century alone, but also in this. Such have been at these doors since they were first opened, and to meet their immediate needs has gone out an ever-widening current of benevolence, until the board, medical treatment, and other gifts in and for this last year of the thirty-eight years of its history reached the sum of twenty-one thousand dollars. In a former year thirteen thousand dollars went to the Young Men's Christian Association in the form of a beautiful structure deeded them in trust for all their public and other uses. Another one thousand dollars built, fitted, and furnished a fine apartment twenty by thirty feet, for reading-room, library, and social and musical gatherings of the employees. The language of Divine injunction, slightly varied, has been a standing law: "Daily ye have received, daily give." Whether "freely" or not, let the records show.

The Grounds.—In 1888 this unexampled gift, enlarged by the results of seven years more of unremitting effort, embraces fifty acres within the corporate limits of a thriving village of twelve hundred inhabitants. This property is adorned by handsome lawns on hill-side and meadow, ample groves, lakelet, brook, and spring, all made accessible by smooth and well-kept asphalt walks. North of the street which divides the grounds is the beautiful "Peirce Pavilion," built by the generous friend whose name it bears, and by him presented to Dr. Foster as a part of a gift of fifteen thousand dollars, made in testimony of the giver's regard for the man, and sympathy with and confidence in his work.

The Buildings.—1. The Sanitarium, on the original site; two hundred and forty feet of front, four and five stories in height, covering solidly over an acre of ground; with one hundred and fifty rooms for guests, and as many more for the attendants, the numerous bath-rooms, dining- and waiting-rooms, offices, parlor, gymnasium, and chapel.

2. The Annex, two hundred and twenty feet front, having on the ground floor nine rented stores, with parlor, offices, and bath-rooms, and above these, sixty rooms for guests and attendants.

3. The pretty cottage which is now Dr. Foster's home, and after him is to be occupied by his successor, the medical head of the institution.

4. At some distance from the Sanitarium, though in the same enclosure, the large and well-furnished brick building for the manufacture of the illuminating gas used in the house and other parts of the village.

5. The fine brick stable and carriage barn, and four

separate buildings for business managers and other helpers.

6. At a still greater distance the engine-house, with its six large steel boilers and other apparatus, costing not long since some twenty-five thousand dollars. This, with its noise, smoke, and possibilities of accident far removed from the other buildings, carries on by a system of underground pipes a manifold work,—furnishing steam by which Sanitarium, Annex, and Cottage are heated in all seasons, raising to proper temperature the tons of water daily used in the numerous baths, assisting in the cooking of large portions of the food, and supplying the power for running the passenger and baggage elevator, the static electrical machine, the mechanical massage department, the electric lights in the grounds and public rooms, the organ motor, the laundry, and, finally, the stationary fire-engine, by which, through hydrants on the streets, grounds, and roofs, and on every floor of the buildings, streams of water could, in a few moments, be poured on any spot at which a fire might appear.

The Farm.—One mile north, a part of the same plan and gift, is a farm of one hundred acres, to which Dr. Foster has this year added an adjoining one of one hundred and sixty acres. This property, with its dwellings, barns, machinery, creamery, and one hundred head of blooded stock, representing a value of not less than fifty thousand dollars, is held as the source of supply for the tons of the purest and richest milk, cream, butter, and other articles of food which the house provides for its guests.

The Chapel.—In this we come to that feature of the

house which distinguishes it from all others of its kind, though some see in it only a proof of what they call the founder's "fanaticism." Located in a most desirable part of the house, and accessible by scores who at home can never enjoy any public service; occupying space such as is now given to rooms with an aggregate rental of thirteen thousand nine hundred dollars per year, they fail to see good reason in holding it for purposes which, proper enough for those who wish, could just as well be met by occasional use of the parlors, as in other public places. But many others see, believe, and approve the "faith" which is expressed in it, as also in the founder's published utterance: "Recognizing, as we do, the power of the mind over the body and the salutary effect of a consistent religious faith upon the sick, we hold it to be the first duty of the institution to seek to bring its patients under the power and influence of the Word and worship of God as a means of restoring mind and body to health." Hence the chapel, to many the most attractive room in the house, dedicated to God thirty years ago, but beautified and enlarged for its present audiences of two hundred to two hundred and fifty, furnished with an organ costing two thousand dollars, and a volume of fifteen hundred hymns and two hundred and fifty tunes, selected, arranged, and printed, at an outlay of twenty-five hundred dollars, especially for this place.

The Services.—All this is truly a costly offering, but made in hearty sympathy with Him who said, "Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which cost me nothing."

Here each morning there is a family gathering for a few moments of song, Scripture reading, and prayer.

This is conducted by the chaplain, by one of the faculty in a fixed order, or by some ministerial or lay guest invited by the chaplain.

An hour of each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening is given to singing and prayer, with reading and conversation on some Bible passage or topic previously assigned, Dr. Foster leading the service.

On each Saturday evening there is here a similar gathering for ladies only, led by Mrs. Foster. Each Sabbath opens with its usual season of family worship, at 8 o'clock. At 10.30 a sermon by the chaplain or some ministerial visitor. At 1.30 an hour for study in the Bible Class, led now, as for thirty years past, by Dr. Foster. At 7 P.M., another hour for sacred song, prayer, and sermon or address.

The first Sabbath morning of each month is given to sacramental services, in which, as far as possible, in regular alternation, the forms of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches are followed.

One Sabbath evening of each month is also given to addresses on missions, home and foreign, with appropriate hymns and prayers.

Books, Lectures, Music.—This is not a conventicle, but a Christian home. Its religious services are free for all to attend or avoid, as they will; but for those who do or do not attend them, ample provision is made for needful and reasonable amusement. A free library of over two thousand volumes, from the pens of more than six hundred authors; a reading-room with thirty daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals; fine parlors with pianos and organ, and musical and other entertainments or lectures, medical, scientific, or literary, one to four each week; a

large gymnasium for bowling and other exercises, seem to offer ample provision for any hours which might otherwise hang heavily or move slowly.

Treatment.—" Aiming in our treatment of disease to use in a liberal spirit all known remedial agents," is the broad principle of practice adopted and published by the house, and administered by a faculty composed of members of every reputable school of medicine. This is a " water-cure" only so far as water may prove an efficient aid to other well-attested remedies, and they a help to it. To them and their powers is here added the use of the Turkish, Russian, and a score of baths; water hot and cold, simple and mineral, with and without electricity or medication; pure air, cold or warm, under high pressure, or medicated and taken as a vapor by inhalation; galvanism and static electricity; the massage or Swedish movement by hand or machinery: and the general verdict has been, " No time for homesickness or mere idleness." But, as one humorous patient said of that most effective ally of all the other remedies, " Water externally, internally, and eternally." More than three thousand patients this year—over seventy-five thousand since these doors opened—have been competent to say what they have found, received, enjoyed here of comfort and help for body and mind.

Personnel.—And now a word as to the force required to carry on this ministry for the safety and progress of this work, and the comfort and restoration of the thousands of guests. Dr. Foster is by the trustees put in full charge of all departments, reporting and accounting to them at their annual meetings. With him the faculty consists of nine members: Henry Foster, M.D. (1850),

general superintendent; M. B. Gault (1875), medical superintendent; Mrs. M. B. Gault (1885); J. H. North (1882); J. K. King (1873); C. R. Marshall (1886); F. L. Vincent (1887); Bradford Loveland (1888); Miss Anna H. Barlow (1888); F. E. Caldwell, electrician (1885), —all regular graduates. Other officials, most of them long identified with the history of the house, are Rev. Lewis Bodwell (1870), chaplain; C. B. Linton (1867), business manager; J. J. Dewey (1873), cashier; E. A. Miles (1886), book-keeper; C. L. Judd (1865), building superintendent; C. B. Cotton (1879), farm superintendent; J. Erwin (1882), steward; Anna B. Barlow (1884), matron; Mrs. D. Lamson (1883), housekeeper. Dates show the time of service.

With these the rolls carry the names of one hundred and ten others employed in various departments in the house, and forty-five more upon the farm.

What personal gifts and abilities have often done for personal gain, they have here done for "the Master and His cause;" and who that believes and appreciates can fail to bid the enterprise a hearty "God speed?"

I cannot close this article without relating an event which occurred during the past summer. A few of the old patients of the Sanitarium made a private subscription of over seven hundred dollars, and procured a celebrated artist to make a large portrait of the founder of the institution. Ex-Senator Cattell, a stanch friend of Dr. Foster for twenty-five years, was invited to come and present to the trustees the beautiful picture, which he did in an eloquent manner. It was appropriately received on their behalf by Prof. Gilmore, of Rochester University, and now adorns the walls of the large parlor. Although

Dr. Foster, on account of his extreme modesty, was not present, yet the parlors, hall, and veranda were crowded to give *éclat* to the occasion. None that saw the unveiling of the picture and listened to the eloquent addresses will want ever to forget the circumstances of the hour.

GEORGE H. STUART.

CLOSING HOURS.

AFTER the completion of these memoirs by Mr. Stuart, at Clifton Springs, N. Y., he returned to Philadelphia. It was during the latter one of these visits, in October, 1889, that a recurrence of asthmatic symptoms and physical prostration compelled his removal to Clifton on the 6th of November following. The immediate effects of this change proved favorable, though signs of increasing exhaustion reappeared. A telegram from the physician summoned relatives to his sick-room, but they soon returned home, as it was deemed his life might be spared for some months.

Through the winter and early spring of 1890 his condition at the Sanitarium was marked by great tranquillity of spirit, and, though conscious of daily weakness, "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Fainting-spells now began to develop, and it was considered best he should be at once removed to Philadelphia. Through the generous courtesy of President E. P. Wilbur and Secretary John R. Fanshawe of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, and Vice-President A. A. McLeod of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, a special car was placed at his disposal, and, leaving Clifton Springs early on the morning of March 29, he was brought to his son's residence at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, where he arrived the same evening. Surrounded here by relatives, the joys of home life served for a brief space to stimulate his vitality, and, free from bodily pain, he

seemed to linger in an atmosphere of benignant love, which had his Saviour, his family, and his church as its foremost objects of devotion. It was during this time that his pastor, Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D.D., called upon him, and, as he bade him farewell, tears of affection welled up into Mr. Stuart's eyes.

Some few days before his death, and after a fainting-spell of more than usual intensity, he said to his daughter-in-law, who stood at his side,—

"I thought I was gone." "I could not speak." "I thought I could not say 'Good-by.'" "I thought I saw the King in His glory coming for me."

On the morning of Thursday, April 10, about eleven o'clock, excessive weakness compelled him to go to bed, and he never rose again. That same evening he was visited by his friend Rev. Thos. A. Fernley, D.D., who sang to him, at his own request,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

In the singing of these verses Mr. Stuart joined. He then asked Dr. Fernley to pray with him, after which the latter said, "At evening time," then paused, and the dying servant of God added, with failing voice, "It shall be light."

A little later on, he asked the various members of his family to sing to him "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

When the last verse had been sung, he repeated the Scripture, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher

of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

These were his last connected utterances, and, falling into a stupor, with but brief intervals of consciousness, he gently slept through the night watches.

The early morning hours of Friday, April 11, 1890, witnessed a glorious sunset, as, midst a calm that bespoke visions of the heavenly rest, the soul was lost to human vision, and his life became hid with Christ in God.

On Tuesday, April 15, his remains were carried into the Wylie Memorial Church, Philadelphia, by his associates in the Eldership. Religious services were conducted by Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D.D., in which ministers of the various evangelical denominations took part; and thence borne by his sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons, the remains were interred in Woodlands Cemetery.

How expressive those lines found in Mr. Stuart's letter-case a few days after his death,—

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heavens that bend above me,
And the good that I can do;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lack resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

G. H. S., JR.

THE END.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.