

JOURNAL OF THE QUINCEYVILLE SCHOOL, Montgomery Co., Pa.,
taught by J. F. Funk.

Quinceyville, Sept. 26th., 1855.

I arrived at my new home on Saturday, the 22nd. of September, about 6 o'clock, but the family with whom I boarded had already taken supper, and so I had to take my first meal alone. I took a hearty supper, and after a while Mr. Hendricks (for what was the name of the family with whom I boarded) arrived. ~~He~~ He is rather a stout built man of medium stature; rather a pleasant countenance, yet in his eyes a look of severity. He is also a school teacher, and has a liberal education. He teaches a school in this (Upper Province) Township, near the Dunker meeting house of the Green Tree, which derives its name from the fact that there is an extraordinary large pine tree right in front of the meeting house, whose green branches may have been waving in the breeze and making a mournful requiem to the departed spirits who rest their clayey tenements neath its shadows, for centuries past, and well does the venerable pine deserve some title to distinguish it, for the storms it has braved, and the gales it has stemmed, still unharmed amidst the swelling tide of age.

The house where he teaches is only about 200 yards from his dwelling. It is a large and commodious house, with four rows of small desks, which will accommodate two scholars each, the teacher's desk being on the narrow side of the house, near the door. He has a very large school, it being formerly the largest in the Township, often containing seventy-five scholars. The house is situated in a beautiful grove of white Oak Trees, with an extensive playground, which shows the liberality of the patrons & Directors of the school, and that they are not blind and deaf to all the essentials and comforts of school like the Directors of some other Districts. This should be an object of some weight among the friends of Education in the selection of school House grounds that they have an extensive playground and

this ornamented ~~wik~~ and embellished not only with shade trees, but with a variety of flowers and plants, and, having these, it becomes necessary to have them fenced, which should be not a crooked worm fence, nor a half rotten post fence, but a neat pale fence, with two small gates, one on each side of a large gate through which wagons might enter, which it often becomes necessary to do in country schools in bad weather when parents come in carriages and wagons to take home their children. But as this does not come immediately under my present subject, I shall pursue it no farther here, but return to the dwelling of my ~~Host~~, Mr. Hendricks, and give you a description of my present home.

He has a middle sized house, two stor~~ys~~ high, built of stone, with two rooms on the first floor, and two on the second. It is situated on a public road leading from Norristown to Quincyville, and Phoenixville (the two last named places being situated on opposite sides of the Schuylkill River), eight miles from Norristown, and two miles from the other two towns. There is a daily line of stages running between the above named places, and hucksters and vendors of every description passing and re-passing daily. There is a very nice yard right in front of the house, about twenty feetwide, which is planted with very nice and thrifty fruit trees and vines, which answer the three-fold purpose of decorating, shading, and furnishing a constant supply of rich and delicious fruit. The south end of the house is used for the dining ~~room~~ and kitchen, and the other for a parlor and sitting room. Attached to the kitchen is an oven and well house or pump house. On the south side of the house is the garden, planted with fruits, flowers,, plants, roots, vines and vegetables. A little to the north-east is the barn, pig sty, etc. The whole is surrounded with a neat pale fence. I have now taken you all around my new home, and I think you may now be able to perform some idea of my present home. I will now take you to my chamber, which ^{was} ~~is~~ a very large one

when I first took possession of it, but it has since been divided into two apartments. The one on the west side which I occupy is very small, although it ~~is~~ contains room enough to keep my trunk, a chair, and clothing, etc., and from my window I can have a very delightful prospect. But the long shadows of the evening sun give me warning that it is time for me to return, so I will write no more for the present, but on the morrow I may give you a brief outline of the scenery that is spread out before my view daily.

Friday, Sept. 28th., 1855. The morning has again arrived, beautiful, clear and lovely. Nature's scenes spread out before me, and the pure western breeze come softly in at my window to fan my wearied brow, to clear away the cares and sorrows from my mind, All seems gay, cheerful and happy midst the warm sunshine, the cool western breeze, the music of birds, and the wild scream of the steam whistle, and the tolling of the bells, and the hum of business. But without indulging in the wild reverie of beauty, I will proceed with my task, namely, a description of the scenery surrounding my new residence.

A little to the north-west is the meeting house, in front of which stands the venerable pine, called the Green Tree, and in the west, right before the window, is the beautiful and fertile valley of the Schuylkill, stretching out in all the magnificence of nature, the fields clothed in their verdant robes, the corn standing profusely about the fields, and far beyond, the blue hills of Chester raise their forest-covered tops to the sky, forming a scenery more lovely and enchanting than the artist's pencil e'er could form or his imagination conceive. The bed of the river cannot be seen from my chamber window, but the great variety of scenery which is presented to my view in the gently sloping hills, the undulating plains, the rich and verdant fields, orchards, and groves, and the forests, make up for that, and though it cannot be seen, yet the roaring, bustling sound of business never ceases to to greet your ears from morn till night, and from

night till morning again.

But, lest my sketch become too tedious, I will now proceed to my S. House, and before I enter it, I must give you a brief sketch of its location, etc. It is about a mile and a half from my boarding ~~place~~ house or the Green Tree in a north or rather a north-west direction. It is situated on an elevated portion of ground of dry, sandy soil, and a place that will not soon become muddy; on the road leading from Quincyville to Norristown about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the former place. The prospect from this place is delightful. To the north and west a beautiful portion of country is presented to view,- Yine groves; richly cultivated fields with their carpets of green; the glassy bed of the river with its numerous fishes sporting beneath its silver waves; the canal with its numerous boats transporting merchandise and the various agricultural products to the great money-making metropolis of the land of Penn; the great Philadelphia & Reading railroad, with ^{darkly} its colored cars travelling almost with lightning speed, conveying passengers, coal, agricultural machinery and other manufactures, all to the city of Philadelphia and the various towns and villages along ~~the~~ the route. There was also the extensive town of Phoenixville, with its factories, rolling mills, forges, churches, schools, private and public houses, the blue and picturesque mountain beyond,- all of which go to make up the most delightful and pleasing prospects imaginable. The finely built town of Phoenix in particular presents a fine view from this place, rather finer than from any other point. It contains a number of churches, two of which are visible from this place. The one has a very tall spire, and I suppose it is either a Lutheran or a Presbyterian. The other is a Catholic church, and stands on an elevation in the upper end of the town, built very high, and makes a conspicuous appearance, with a large cross extending high into the air, ever reminding us that the papal throne has yet an existence, and may

may one day attain a powerful sway in this, the midst of our republican institutions, in this our own fair land of liberty, to blast all our hopes, to strike down with one blow all our fond anticipations of future peace, ~~and~~ prosperity and happiness.

But to return to the S. House. On the east there is a steep hill of verdant green, with several small cottages standing on its slope; farther ~~and~~ towards the south there is a fine brick building in the possession of a farmer; and on the south side of the school house there is a gently undulated plain, on which there are several cottages inhabited by boatmen, laborers and ice cream manufacturers, etc. But as we have been all around, I suppose it is time that I come to the house itself. This is built near the centre of a pentangular lot of ground containing three-quarters of an acre, which was purchased for this purpose at the rate of one hundred dollars per acre. The building is a new house, just put up, and in fact not quite finished at this time. It is built of stone, and its dimensions are thirty by thirty-five. It contains only one storey, which is about ten feet from the floor to the ceiling. The walls on the outside are dashed with a white coat of gravel and lime, and make a very fine appearance. It contains nine windows, - three on each front, and two on one gable, and one on the other, and one door in the gable which has the one window fronting towards the road. The inside arrangements are as follows: The teacher's desk is on the north side of the house, at the middle window, and is a square concern about three feet long and two and a half feet wide, and about three feet high, and the top quite level, and the bench thereto is made proportionately high. Both desk and ~~and~~ bench are about 6 inches too high for comfort and convenience. Then there are one double desk and one single desk on each side of the teacher's desk, so placed that there is an aisle between them, in which there is a stove placed. The desks are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, which is just six inches too high for the scholars to write on conveniently. They are

about 2 feet wide and have 6 scholars to a desk, and are so arranged as to have the scholars sitting with their faces toward the teacher. The double desks have the pupils on each side, so that some sit with their backs to the teacher. Each desk has a lid that can be locked when desired. The teacher's desk is to be elevated on a platform, though it is not yet made, as well as the double desks, and the four jambs on the side opposite the teacher's desk are to be painted black for blackboards. The ceiling and walls are smooth, which is admirably adapted for this purpose.

Having now given a full description of the house, its location, and the scenery surrounding it, I will now proceed to tell you something about the school itself. This is ^{rather} ~~not~~ a difficult task inasmuch as it is composed of material as various as creation itself. However, in the first place I shall say a few words for myself. On Sunday after arriving at my new home, I rose betimes and after going through the usual ablutions of the day and dressing, I, in company with my worthy host, Mr. Hendricks, took a walk down to the canal and river which was very low then. All was beautiful and lovely. The crystal wave flowed silently on its course, while the little fishes sported along its banks in their native element. The green banks, lovely enough, seemed like a fairy scene. The hum of business had subsided, and the lonely silence made it at once a fit scene of contemplation on that day. There was the roaring cataract where the foaming waters leaped and dashed over the moss-grown ~~bank~~ rock, which seemed to inspire one with the solemn grandeur of nature's beauties, and as we ^{strayed} ~~stayed~~ along the banks, or rather on the tow path of the canal, we at last came to the locks where we found a man sitting on a pier a-fishing. He was a negrom called or known by the name of Black "'Saiah", a contraction of Isaiah. He formerly was a slave on a plantation just below, on the opposite side of the river in Chester County. He had ~~asked~~

County. He had caught two fish of the species called Chubs. He had a quantity of cheese which he used for bait. He offered his hook and line to Mr. Hendricks, and he soon caught five more, which he bought of the negro, and we returned home about 9 o'clock. The day was fine. The sun shone bright although the air was quite cool. After our return we went to the Dunker meeting at the GreenTree,- sermon by the Rev. Isaac Price, which was a sermon and a temperance lecture combined, although very appropriate. Rev. Price is rather a robust, stout-built man, and well advanced in years. He wears rather long, ~~bushy~~ bushy whiskers, which have been nearly whitened by the storms of years.

The services of the meeting are somewhat different from some other denominations. The meeting is opened by singing often several hymns in succession; then a prayer is offered by one of the ministers; then another hymn is sung, and then a chapter is read which is taken for the groundwork of the sermon, and the minister explains it verse by verse, except on peculiar occasions when they take a short text. After the sermon, another prayer is offered; a hymn is sung both before and after the prayer, and then the congregation is dismissed without the benediction. This is the general order of the exercises of their meetings, and as I have not time to comment, I will leave the subject for the present, as it is time to dismiss school.

Wednesday, October 2nd. Clear and cool this morning. But without any preface remarks let me proceed with my task. In the afternoon of the day above spoken of, I went to Mr. Fitzwaters, passing through Lumberville, which is a village of some importance, it appears. In taking merely a cursory view of it, it contains some decent dwellings and also some indecent ones; several shops in which the various mechanical branches are carried on; a store, and that never-failing essential,- a hotel, although one might take it for a grog shop

grog shop. It also contains a church and a school. The country is rather hilly, although the soil appears to be rich and fertile, and there are many very wealthy farmers in this part of the country, of whom Mr. Fitzwater is one. After my return, I took supper and retired early. I slept soundly without a thought of care or trouble ever touching my feelings. I rose betimes in the morning and proceeded to the school house. I found it already opened by Mr. Ottinger who lives near by, and who levelled off the ground around the building, and there was also one scholar there. The house contained desks only sufficient to accommodate 12 scholars, so I borrowed 2 benches, one from Mr. Ottinger, and another from Mrs. Bachman, so that I could accommodate all the pupils. The day was fair, and I had 20 scholars to begin on. I called them in and took down their names, and examined their books, and found that no two scholars had books of the same kind, so you may imagine better than I can describe, the feeling with which I entered upon the duties of my new situation. I was at first quite favorably impressed with the intelligent appearance of my pupils, but judge of my surprise and mortification when I had called them to order there was nothing but one continual whispering and that almost loud, and then the knocking and jumping about and continual noise that was constantly going on, was almost unbearable. However, I did not say so much the first day. However, I kindly admonished them and told them the evil of such a course. My object was to get their good feelings first, and then by rebuke I would be able to accomplish more.

The second day there seemed to be some improvement. Some got new books which I told them they could get at Rogers store in Quincy. ~~xxxxxx~~ I soon (though not without some trouble) got them to be a little more quiet, though manners and refinement were entirely wanting. They entered the school room and looked about as if they were going into a tavern or a stable or some such place. Then they walked and ran and stamped across the floor, with their hats on their heads, and

hollered and shouted and laughed and screamed at the top of their voices. They approached me and passed me by without a salutation or even a look of recognition. They came dirty, barefoot, and uncombed (with some few exceptions), like so many butcher boys or factory servants. They would fight and quarrel and use bad words and hurt one another, and throw with stones or anything else. They would holler out anything they chose during school hours or any other time, that it was almost impossible to be among them for the first several days.

With this description you may easily conceive the trouble, toil and labor and inconvenience I had to undergo until I got them only so that I could live decently among them, and they are not yet fairly broke, and it will take some time before they will. But they are still improving, and I have good reason to believe that I may yet have an intelligent school.

I have now given you an account of all the principal events which characterized the opening of my school at this place, and nothing of importance occurring during the remainder of the first week, I will leave the subject for the present, promising however, to resume it again as soon as matter of sufficient interest offers.

On Sunday, Sept. 30th. I attended meeting at the Green Tree Free. A sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dolsten on the following text: "And God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believes on him should not perish, but have eternal life". He dwelt with considerable length on the primitive state of man, his fallen or natural condition, the great unparalleled love toward his creatures, his deplorable prospects of the future world, his eventual doom, the means by which he must be again reinstated in the favor of the Creator, closing with a description of the happy condition of man in the future world if obedient to the divine will in this.

After service, one individual was baptized. Before leaving the meeting house she was questioned by one of the officiating gentlemen

concerning her faith and desire of being taken into the Church, and after proceeding to the water, they went down into it, and the subject kneeling down, the baptizor dipped her three times into the water, forwards, representing the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This appears to me rather an unnecessary extenuation of the matter. However, let each one pursue his own way to the celestial gates of heaven, and believe as the Spirit giveth him understanding. Let each one do the will of his Almighty Father, and honestly seek after truth and righteousness, and he shall find ~~that~~ the windows of heaven shall be opened, and her richest blessings shall be showered down upon him. The Lord declareth in His holy Word that those who diligently seek Him shall find Him, and whoso calleth on the Name of the Lord shall be answered. Let men be diligent in their search. Let them labor while it is ~~day~~ called day, for night cometh when no man can work, when it will be forever too late to reprieve, to repent, or to undo that which has been done.

This brief sketch was written in order to employ the leisure moments between school hours, - to improve myself in composition and also my handwriting, as well as to gratify myself in the time of doing it. And my friends, if they wish to know the history of my starting out at this place, let them read this and they shall find what they want, although imperfectly written. Yet the attentive reader will be able to glean from it sufficient information of such a character as will pay him for reading it, and I shall continue to write and extend my sketches whenever I find time and substance of sufficient interest, which I do not think will be wanting.

October 16, 185⁵~~4~~.

There is a feeling of sadness we cannot control
That sometimes will steal to the depths of the soul;
The ~~most~~ heart has its seasons of woe,
And grief's hidden fountain will sometimes o'erflow.

The weather is very beautiful to-day, and has been so for the

last two days. The sun shines forth in all his glory, and the gentle zephyrs softly blow from the west. Last evening I was in ~~Thompsonville~~ Phoenixville, and took a letter to the post office which cost ten cents postage. It was directed to Canada West, to Michael Rittenhouse. I went to the drug store and got a bottle of ink which is worth but little. It is pale as water, almost. It is the first time that I got cheated thus since I am here. I then went to another drug store and purchased a fluid lamp, second-handed, for 31 cents. From thence I went to the book store or rather shop; found them very independent, so I left them without buying anything. Returned home about dusk, took supper, and retired as usual.

Sunday, October 21st, 1855. This morning, about dawn, I rose and went down to the Schuylkill river to take a bath. The roads were very muddy on account of the recent rain. The sky was still overcast with clouds, and the river had risen some, although the atmosphere was moderate, still the water was cold and chilly; yet I leaped in fearlessly and plunged down into the rushing stream, and after taking a good wash, I returned and took breakfast, feeling better than I had for a week before. After dressing, I read Dodd's Lecture until meetingtime, when, in company with J. Hendricks, I went to meeting at Green Tree. The exercises were conducted by Jacob Gotwaltz, who was ^{office} only elected to that ~~place~~ a few weeks ago, and consequently his sermon was short and not very remarkable for strength and eloquence. However, he may in time, by industry and faithfulness, become a good speaker. In the afternoon, in company with J. Hendricks, we went to the river and up along ~~the banks~~ its banks, and found some of the finest shellbarks that are to be found in the country, picking them out of the mud and water after having clubbed them down. There the rich banks of the river are lined on both sides with the most beautiful foliage, just turning yellow and sear by the nightly frosts, intermingled with green, while the rough, rocky banks on the opposite side rose like

mountain cliffs, rearing their tall tops almost to the clouds. But alas, what are nature's beauties compared with other, or what are they, or what pleasure do they afford to the mind and soul who is conscious of his own imperfections, and feels the smiting of conscience while engaged in the vain pursuit of pleasure!

Monday, October 29th, 1855.

AN EXCURSION Saturday, October 27, 1855.

This world is a world of change and disappointment, and as it pursues its unwearied course, how often do we meet with circumstances from which we might almost turn in disgust, and which might also have been very easily avoided by proper forethought and mature consideration. But such are the frailties and imperfections of human nature that it seems it is almost impossible to avoid such circumstances at times.

However, without indulging in these prefatory remarks, let me proceed with the account of my narrative. On Saturday morning we rose betimes, and as Mr. Hendricks expressed his intention the previous evening to go on a gunning excursion, we felt somewhat disappointed in seeing the sky overcast with dark, cold-looking clouds, accompanied with a little rain, although after breakfast things presented a little more of a cheering aspect, as it ceased raining, and looked a little like clearing off ~~taxtaxtax~~ toward the west. So we set out, and after borrowing another gun of Mr. Brower, we proceeded to James Brower's coal office on the canal, and got the old loads taken out which had been in for probably several months, as they were almost rusted fast. From thence we went to the store and got some caps, and then we set out, and by this time the sky was clear; the sun shone forth in all its beauty, and the air was calm and serene. We scoured hills and plains, brush, bushes, thickets and swamps, yet to our detriment we saw nothing but a flock of larks on a fuzz-covered field which looked a little like some of the ^{long} ~~old~~ uncultivated fields in old

Hilltown, and those we could not get near enough to shoot, so we took a walk along the canal where we found in the channel of the old canal (for having enlarged it recently on account of the increasing trade and large boats they have in many places dug a new channel entire, while the old remains unused and affords a safe harbour for the rafts of the lumber merchants) for the distance of about half a mile, a complete raft of pine and hemlock logs belonging to Davies & Co. of Mont Clair, where they have an extensive ~~xxxxxxx~~ steam sawmill. These logs are brought from the banks of the Susquehanna and its tributaries, where they are cut and marked with the owner's name, and at high water ~~xxx~~ come down and are caught up by the booms which are placed purposely constructed for this purpose, where they are constructed into rafts and brought down and then through the tidewater canal are brought into the Schuylkill canal, and thence to their destination.

About 10 o'clock Mr. Hendricks went to assist his father in butchering, and I still kept a lookout for game. I walked until I got tired, and then I set my gun against a tree, to get a drink from the crystal stream running near by, and then sat down beneath a tree and read a newspaper which I had put into my pocket for wadding. It was called "The True American", published in New York. In it I found some practical expressions which I applied to my own case, and found them to suit exactly, after changing them very slightly. They were the following:

*Dublin

"Hilltown! a thousand recollections rise
With thy dear name midst foreign seas and skies;
Still should my heart for thee a spot contain,
Oh let thy beauties now inspire my strain.
Hilltown! the cradle of my youth, - my home,
With thee what joyful retrospections come!

"Nearest friends - 'mongst foes, and all life's change,
Naught shall from thee this downcast heart estrange;
Sweet home! how often has thy memory stole
In hallowed greenness o'er this saddened soul."
Bayly.

After resting about 15 minutes, I again proceeded over the hills among weeds and stones, bushes and hedges, and all the game

I found was - what do you think?- why 'twas ~~nothing~~ more than a little white scrawny cat sitting under the fence. I startled her and then carelessly went on - started a rabbit, pursued him, started him again, and then shot at him but was not fortunate enough to hit him, so I turned my course homeward, tired and weary, without game, and without a considerable quantity of mud which I had lost from my boots in walking through the long grass and weeds, but this was the only advantage I derived from my excursion, while the disadvantages were weary limbs, dirty clothes, and a loss of powder and shot. I arrived at home at about 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Reflections.- As all is created for good, so we may turn everything to good account; even our errors may teach us to do better and mend our ways: they may instruct us and teach the frailties, weaknesses and imperfections of our nature. And these are the reflections which pressed themselves involuntarily upon my mind after my return from my excursion, that as I have been engaged in unprofitable and uncertain excursion I have learned to understand the folly of it, and shall ever strive to avoid these wild goose chases in the future. This is the moral derived from the lesson I learned and maybe it is of as much or more benefit to me both in the way of recreation and in moral improvement as in anything else that I could have done.

In the afternoon I read a while, and then after fixing I went to meeting at the Green Tree Dunkard meeting house. While I was dressing, a German peddler came in, and, taking me to be a German also by my speech, he wanted to know where I was from. After telling him, I found he was acquainted about Bucks County, and knew nearly all my neighbors and friends about there; that he had been through that part about a week ago, and had been at parties, etc. Well, as I said before, after the peddler had gone, I went to meeting. As I approached, I heard no voice, no sound. All - all was silent as the grave.

grave itself. I waited a few moments at the door. I entered. All was still ~~stille~~ and silent. There were but few in attendance, yet their grave countenances betokened something more than ordinary. Soon one after another they commenced to come. At last came the ministers. They saluted their brethren with a kiss as is their custom among the brethren and sisters themselves. They opened meeting with singing and prayer. They discoursed long and eloquently. They spoke on the importance of examination and preparation for the holy sacrament or communion, or, as it is called among them,- the Love Feast. There were five ministers present. The principle discourse was by John Umstead, one of the most prominent members of the Dunkard Church, and lives chose by. He had been absent on a journey of some weeks, and had just returned. He is a good speaker, and rather old; may be between 60 and 70. Isaac Price followed with some remarks in testimony of what had been said by his brother, and then about dusk they gave a short recess, and I went home to get my supper.

Upon my second entrance, the scene was quite changed. The stillness gave way to something like tumult and noise. The house was crowded. There stood the tables in long rows, covered with a white cloth, and on them large cups or bowls. I took my seat and gazed upon the scene. There the old and the young, the gay and the grave, had met together. The tables were set in the house of God. They contained biscuit, cheese and water. There sat the men with their plain, single-breasted coats, and the women without bonnets, and with caps on their heads. I appeared to be at home among them, as I sat silently observing the scene. At last the minister ascended the pulpit. Singing and prayer were the opening exercises. There was sung a hymn composed on the subject of footwashing. Then came a tub with water, and the men of God laid aside their garments and girded themselves with towels, and after the example of Christ began to wash one another's feet, and to dry them with the towels. The scene was novel, yet imposing. It is not

in general practice among the followers of Christ, yet it is one which Christians by the love they bear to Christ, are bound to carry out, for Christ says, If ye love me ye will keep my commandments, and He, having given us an example that we should follow in His footsteps, so the true Christian must observe this also if he would be a true follower of Christ. It was well defended by J. Umstead in this manner. After the discourse the supper was eaten, and then remarks were made, setting forth the life and death of the Saviour, after which the communion was taken in the emblem of His broken body and shed blood, in unleavened bread and wine. After this, prayer and singing closed the exercises, and we returned to our homes, filled with the importance of this great work of salvation.

FOOT - WASHING

Oct. 27, 1855. Reflections. That the custom or practice of foot-washing is an institution of Divine origin, and forms a part of the Christian's duty and practice in following the footsteps of his Lord, seems to be a question settled beyond^a doubt when we examine closely the those parts of Scripture which treat upon this subject. Yet there are many who do not so consider it, and as in many other subjects of like character, there seem to be a great variety of opinions among the different classes or moral individuals and Christian denominations. Some are very doubtful about it, and do not wish to hear anything about it, seemingly afraid of investigating the matter, for fear the necessity of it might become evident. So, rather than understand the truth perfectly, they are willing to go on in blindness, believing that their ignorance will save them from the displeasure of the great Judge in the great day of revelation. But this is one of the greatest errors that the mind can fall into, for he who has the means of attaining knowledge, and does not embrace them, is like the unfaithful servant who went and hid his talent in the earth, and when the Lord comes to reckon with him he will take and give the talent to him that hath

ten talents, and shall command the unprofitable servant to be carried out into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Again, others are careless and unconcerned about this matter. Thoughtlessly and inconsiderately they move on, believing they may at last get to heaven without observing these little things, as well as those who do observe them. But he who breaketh one of these commandments which the Saviour has left us, breaketh a link in the great chain and severeth its connection, hence he is guilty of them all.

Another class uphold Foot-washing in principle, or in a spiritual sense of view, yet do not carry it into practice. They believe that a man should be so humbled in spirit as to be willing to perform any act or duty required by the Christian law. They know that Christ did wash the disciples feet, and they are familiar with the scene after supper, and the words which Jesus spoke to Peter. Yet they say if a man feels so humbled in his own heart that he would be willing to perform this humiliating duty to his brother, it is sufficient. But it is a very doubtful circumstance whether they ever become so humble that they are willing to perform it, or to put their principle into practice. In fact, they believe that it is really necessary, yet, because custom does not sanction it, they are willing to venture their souls midst the shoals of immortality without this precaution.

But again, there is another class still, who evidently consider it entirely unnecessary, and to support their position, offer the following reason: That the Jews lived in a warm country, consequently they needed no shoes to keep their feet warm, but wore sandals only, which were mere soles to protect their feet from the rough ground and stones, consequently their feet became dusty and dirty from travelling, and consequently to enhance comfort and cleanliness it became evidently necessary to wash the feet of strangers and others. From hence originated the custom, and as we live in a cold country,

through
 and wear shoes and stockings, it is no longer necessary to go ~~in~~ this
 inconvenient and humiliating custom. These are some of the arguments
 produced against this divine custom. Hence, since we see so many argu-
 ments and reasons brought forth against it, and so many persons,
 parties, denominations and classes who oppose it, -think ~~indifferently~~
 indifferently of it - consider it entirely unnecessary, and stand even
 with a serious countenance to oppose it,- can we wonder, can we ex-
 press the least degree of surprise or astonishment that those (however
 few or numerous they may be) who uphold this in principle and carry it
 out into practice, are often compelled to stand up and defend their
 cause with ~~all their~~ strength and force of reason and
 judgement,- with all the power of wisdom and eloquence that can be
 produced, in order to maintain their position against the arguments
 and reasons of those who ~~oppose~~ are opposed to their simple rites and
 Christian virtues. Yet it cannot be doubted that they can produce
 reasons in favour of it that will throw all opposition into the shade,
 and throw aside all doubt, for if we examine closely, we will find no
 difficulty to determine that it is a part of the Christian's duty
 as much as baptism, sacrament, or any other duty required of the
 Christian by the laws and institutions of Christ. To prove and
 illustrate this assertion, I will make the following remark, in which
 I shall endeavor to show or prove and demonstrate to the best of my
 ability the truth of my proposition, namely: Footwashing is a Divine
 ordinance, and that it is the Christian's duty to practice it as much
 as it is to be baptized, or to partake of the Lord's Supper. In the
 first place, it is really a command. The language of Scripture, even
 the words of Christ himself, make this plain and evident, where He
 says, "If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye
~~ought~~ also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an
 example that ye should do even as I have done". This, then, goes to

show at once, without any room for doubt or dispute, if Christ be our Leader, if He has opened the way for us, and has commanded us to follow His footsteps to do as He has done, and has become to us a living example for us to imitate, and has washed His disciples' feet, and has given them this injunction that if your Lord and Master have washed your feet, ye should also wash one another's feet, then it is clear and evident for every individual who has in his possession a mind, and common sense to understand, that this is a Divine command, and a part of the Christian's duty if he wishes to be the follower of Christ and to walk in His footsteps.

I have now proved the first part of my proposition, that foot-washing is a Divine ordinance, and hence it evidently follows that it is part of the Christian's duty. And this again, goes in part to prove the second part of my proposition, that it is as much the Christian's duty to practice foot-washing as to be baptized or to hold communion or any other command that Christ has given or revealed in His Word. For if it is a Divine command, as we have shown, it is our duty not only to uphold it in principle, but to practice it also, and to show that it is a command co-equal with baptism or communion. Let us see that Christ was baptized of John in Jordan, because thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. He instituted the sacrament that His followers might eat the broken bread and remember Him and His suffering for their sins, and drink the wine in emblem of His shed blood, and bear in remembrance the atonement and the salvation of their souls which He has wrought on Mount Calvary, ~~xxxxxxx~~ and ever remain faithful: that by shedding His blood He had purged them of their sins and reinstated them again in the favour of God. Hence, upon the same time that He instituted the Lord's Supper, He also washed the disciples' feet, for we read that after supper He laid aside His garments, and took a towel and girded Himself and took a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet. Then, as He did

it upon the same occasion, may we not infer that it forms a part of the same, and since He himself performed it, and enjoined the same upon His followers even as He did baptism and sacrament, so it at once becomes evident that it stands co-equal with the most important part of the Christian's duty, and consequently he should practice it as much as baptism and communion or any other command which Christ has left us. This, then, proves the second part of my proposition.

Yet, still there come minor and innumerable reasons which are put forth to argue these matters, some of which we have before referred to. One of these is that the Jews lived in a warm country, and wore sandals, and that their feet becoming dirty and dusty from travel, therefore to enhance cleanliness and comfort it became necessary to wash the feet, making it appear that it was done out of necessity and not as a religious ceremony. But this is a fallacious argument, and must appear ~~taxxxxx~~ so to every sensible man. However, let us admit that it was even so, and that the practice originated out of necessity and not as a religious ceremony which we cannot deny, and which all must readily admit, for we know that it was even so. But is it not ~~not~~ so still? Is not the custom or habit yet at this day as needful for comfort and cleanliness as it was in the days of Christ or in the days of Moses, or in any age since the world was created? But again the question arises; Was it necessary to wash the feet in church or at the place where the supper was taken? Is it not reasonable to suppose if we wish to speak in a common-sense way, that people in those days provided for their ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ daily comfort as well as they do in the present day? And to speak plainly, are we to suppose that they did come in to worship of God before they had washed themselves as well as the people of this day? And do not the people of this day still get their feet or their shoes or boots covered with mire and dust when they go to worship? Yet it is unnecessary to wash them, and just as well could the disciples of Christ go to

worship or perform their religious service in their sandals, feeling no more inconvenience from them than we do in our boots and shoes, because habit had used them to it. Hence it appears that this doctrine is absurd in the highest degree, and the necessity of foot-washing to enhance cleanliness and comfort in the worship of God, is plain presumption, and has no evidence whatever.

Again, if it was needful for their comfort, why should they leave it until after supper? Should their comforts not be attended to as soon as they arrived at the place, as is the custom at the present? We are always anxious to make our guests comfortable as soon as we receive them, so should this not have been the first exercise? We read that after supper, He (Jesus) laid aside His garment and girded himself with a towel, and began to wash the disciples' feet. Therefore we must conclude that if it was necessary at all for comfort it must have been necessary before supper. If not necessary before supper, it wasn't necessary after supper. Hence, as it was not done until after supper, we come to the conclusion that it was not necessary at all for this purpose. Thus the proposition is again incorrect, and there is no just evidence in it. But, as we have already proved ~~that~~ the folly of this assertion we will say no more concerning it, for if a thing is once fully demonstrated and plainly proven, it is a mere waste of time and talent to argue it still.

Having now shown that foot-washing is a Divine ordinance, that it is one which stands in close connection with baptism and the sacrament and therefore is co-equal with them; that it should therefore be practiced as well as these; that it is not and was not instituted nor enjoined or practiced because it was necessary to enhance cleanliness or comfort, I will now proceed with my conclusion, IT WAS NOT PRACTICED FOR COMFORT. The upholders of this principle may then ask: Why then was it practiced at all? We answer, To show the humiliating condition to which the Christian must come. He must descend from pride

into the deepest humiliation. He must become even as a little child, and to show forth this in a very striking illustration, Christ himself, the great Ruler of the Universe, descended to perform this humble ~~office~~ service, to show forth also what He had before upheld in doctrine, that the servant is not greater than his lord, and to show His love unto His disciples, and that they again might show their love to one another by washing one another's feet, for He said, By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye keep my commandments, and if ye love me, ye will keep my commandments. Therefore as a token of love and Christian simplicity He gave the injunction, "If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye should also wash one another's feet."

But finally: Christ has instituted the practice; He has given the injunction; He has practiced it himself. He has said, "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness", and as a token of love, He has instituted it and has said, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments", and by this love which you show towards one another, shall all men know that ye are my disciples. Therefore it evidently becomes our duty as Christians, as followers of the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, to practice it, for if it is our duty to do one of His commandments, it is our duty to do them all. And if we profess to be His followers, and to do as He has done, we must also wash one another's feet, for He did this, and we cannot follow His example unless we do likewise, for He has opened the way that we should follow His footsteps. Then, if He has done this and enjoined it upon us, let all Christians obey His Divine commands. Let us follow in His footsteps and do as He has bidden us, so that we may at last become ~~xxxxxx~~ co-heirs in the kingdom of eternal righteousness, where we may spend the myriad ages of eternity in that state of everlasting felicity and glory where Christ there is joy and happiness such as no ear has ever heard, no eye seen, and no imagination conceived. Then

let us strive that we may at last reach that glorious place. Let us run that we may obtain a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away, but that remaineth imperishable,- that we may at last obtain ~~our~~ a mansion which is founded upon the Rock of Ages,- a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

AN AFTERNOON WALK.

Dec. 3rd, 1855. My sketch book has rested in my desk long neglected and almost forgotten. But again after many days of hard labour and close attention to my business, I have found a short respite which I thought proper to spend in a short ramble through the neighbourhood in order to become acquainted not only with its outward appearance, but also with its internal,- agricultural and manufactured productions- its history, moral and social condition; believing that it is of the greatest importance that every person should be fully acquainted not only with the inhabitants of his immediate neighborhood, but with every department of knowledge relating to the County in which he resides.

It was on Saturday, the first day of December, 1855, that, having promised my scholars a holiday some time when they could enjoy it, for the reason that I had not given them Thanksgiving about a week before, and feeling myself somewhat depressed, thinking that I needed some recreation to remove the burden of toil from my mind, I told them they might have this afternoon to enjoy themselves, inasmuch as the day was ~~fine~~ very fine and pleasant. So, after dismissing school, and eating my dinner, and taking a good ablution of body, I left the tiresome, disgusting, soul-depressing school room, to breathe the fresh air of heaven, and enjoy its glorious sunlight. O, if there is one moment of happiness to the teacher, one moment of real enjoyment, it is that moment when he is released from the schoolroom where he has been confined a whole week, and feels that he has a few hours for his own enjoyment; a few hours to revel in the luxurious light and sunshine, peace and quietude. At least I felt a sensation of happiness

which I do not often realize midst the weary and busy scenes of life. I went forth. The golden sun shone forth in all its brightness from a clear, blue sky, and the air was fresh and invigorating, and I felt light and free as the mountain ^{ree} ~~xxx~~ bounding through the forest over rock and crag to escape the hounds of its pursuers. But in this gay dream of fancy, in this fair vision of happiness, I looked around me and thought of the glorious scene which nature spread out to my view, and it raised my soul to a still higher ecstacy as I beheld the picturesque and beautiful scenery around me. There shone the sun in all its brightness; the temperature was that of a May day when the earth is covered with flowers; the air soft and breezy as June; the earth still covered,- clothed with verdure all fair and beautiful as spring just renovating the earth, and shedding forth a newness of life over all the varied scenes of nature. But I looked again, and beheld the trees of the forest standing leafless and ~~xxxxx~~ and the brown, sere leaves scattered over the bosom of the earth; and it brought to my mind the recollection that we were just entering the cold, dreary season of winter. In this way the first day of December came on,- the season when we are wont to see the earth bound up neath the stern mantle of winter; the brook covered with a crystal sheet of ice, and the traveller bound up in cloak and furs to screen him from the severe cold. But as yet we are not as yet warned by these tokens of snow and storm, for we see the earth still clad in green; the sparkling wave still gliding gracefully in its pebbly bed; and the young, the gay and pleasure-seeking, are still going forth in the light summer ~~garbs~~ to enjoy the pleasures of time. Cold, ice, snow, and storm are still strangers to us, but the season is approaching,- is at hand,- yes, the long, dark night of the year of the year is coming upon us. How forcibly it reminds us of the fast approaching night of death, when no morning ~~xxx~~ dawn, no ~~rising~~ sun, sheds forth its light until the last trumpet shall sound, and the universal consummation of

all things shall change mortality for immortality, and raise the righteous into a more joyous ~~liberty~~ felicity beyond this world of woe, while the unrighteous shall sink into eternal misery and destruction!

Amid these reflections I passed on until I reached the village of Quiney or Mont Clare, situated on the eastern bank of the Schuylkill river, nearly opposite Phoenixville, and connected therewith with a commodious wooden bridge of which we shall speak hereafter. This village has a beautiful location in the rich and fertile valley of the Schuylkill, and contains some very fine dwellings. The finest building in the village is the stately mansion of Dr. Joseph Whittaker, who is one of the proprietors of the extensive Iron Works of Phoenixville of which I shall speak in its proper place. The building is situated on an eminence overlooking the river, canal, and railroad, affording at once a very fine and interesting prospect. The grounds surrounding the dwelling are embellished and ornamented with a fine garden of beautiful plants and trees, the whole enclosed with a very fine paling founded on a stone wall. One characteristic which we do not often observe in a gentleman's residence is visible here. The trees in this yard are nearly all fruit trees, which serve the double purpose of ornament and use in yielding a constant supply of good fruit. This is a thing which is greatly overlooked by the rich and fashionable in fitting up their grounds, for you will find that they nearly all have a mere view for ornament, without thinking that such might be planted which would not only shade and ornament, but as well supply them with the richest and most delicious fruit.

The village also contains a large and extensive sawmill, owned by Loux and Fink. They also have an extensive lumber yard, and carry on a large business. The other principle buildings are the store kept by Rogers, and the hotel kept by Dougherty, where there is also a post office. Besides these there are yet a number of fine

brick dwellings houses owned by the wealthy, and occupied by their tenants. Still pursuing my walk, I came at last to the tavern right on the banks of the canal where the post office is kept. I entered, and found there the landlord (but no letters), who is a very feeble man, yet a very sociable little son of Erin. He kindly invited me to take a seat and chat a while, which I did. While I was there seated, conversing with "mine host", I beheld there a sight which struck me very forcibly. Men came there whose habiliments betokened them to be laborers,- those who had to toil for their daily bread,- whose bloated faces and blistered lips told in language more strong and eloquent than words can form, the object of their visit. Yes, they entered, and then from their bosoms nearest their hearts, drew forth the object dearest to ~~their~~ their soul,- a quart bottle, to have filled with the accursed drug which, by degrees, is pulling down the strongholds of life, rendering both themselves and their families miserable in this world, and dooming them to the torments of eternal damnation in a world to come. // Yes, that very bottle filled with the dregs of damnation and scented with the fumes of hell, I saw ^aman,- mortal man,- place in his bosom nearest his heart, as if there were something dear within it,- something worthy of possession. O, could I impress ^{the mind of} upon ^{that} man the enormity of that curse which he placing on his own head,- the terrors of that ~~hell-born~~ hell-born monster which he at this moment in placing in his bosom and hugging to his breast! What would that man not do to save himself from the miseries of that monster, rum, which is bearing him on his heaven-cursed pinions down the broad road of eternal destruction! But the imperfections of man are many and it seems to be the fulfillment of the very language of Scripture that "now the things which pertain to thy salvation are hidden from thine eyes". But when too late, then will men see the error of their ways and repent of their evil ways when pardon can no more be attained.

These men all came from Phoenixville where they can no longer

get the soul-destroying drug for the reason that the Jug Law has been put in force, and inn-keepers are watched much more closely by the people than here in Montgomery County.

After leaving the tavern, I crossed over the canal by the bridge. Beneath were passing boats heavily freighted with coal, iron, and other merchandise, going to Philadelphia and other places. Next I came to the bridge across the Schuylkill, to which reference has already been made. This bridge is built of wood, in a very substantial manner. It has four spans or arches, and is about 600 feet long. My next object of interest was the railroad and depot. The railroad connects Philadelphia and Reading and Mauck Chunk coal mines. An extension ~~also~~ thereof also goes to Sunbury on the Susquehanna, via Port Carbon and Pottsville.

As I have now arrived at Phoenix, it may be proper to say something ~~about the town~~ concerning the town, its location, etc. In general, Phoenixville is situated in the County of Chester, at the mouth of the French Creek at its junction with the Schuylkill, 27 miles from Philadelphia. It has a population of about 3,500, over 800 of which are probably engaged in the industrial establishments. The town has been described by historians as a very pleasant one. The writer had been at one time a resident of the town. Probably because of his youthful days, ~~when~~ his dearest recollections were associated with this place, and this, as all are aware, makes a place pleasant, so it is a verification of the old adage "There is no place like home, be it ever so lovely". But to the stranger there is little of beauty or pleasantness to captivate his attention. To give my own view to it I would call it rather an unpleasant location for a home, in consequence of the numerous iron works, furnaces, rolling mills, coal yards, cotton factories, etc., which send up a continual smoke and sulphurous air, which is very disagreeable, while the streets are not paved, but filled up with the cinders and dirt thrown out from the ~~furnaces~~ iron furnace

which gives it a black, dirty appearance. Again, the houses are for the most part old, low, dark, mean-looking buildings, neither adapted to comfort nor convenience. The streets are narrow and crooked, and the whole town very irregularly built, particularly in that portion called Tunnel Hill. However, there is much to interest, though there is nothing to please. Through the lower part of the town there are some fine buildings, mostly built of brick or fine stone, among which there are several fine churches. The finest or most showy are the Episcopalian and Methodist. The former contains a very high steeple and large bell. There is also a Catholic Church on Tunnel Hill, whose wooden cross is visible from my window where I am now writing. There are also a number of other churches of other denominations.

The leading features, however, of this town, are the extensive iron works already referred to. These comprise several furnaces where the ore is smelted; a number of puddling furnaces where the iron is melted over and refined; several rolling mills &c. The ore is dug at Yellow Spring, a few miles east of the town; some near Reading, and some at Spring Mills, below Conshohocken. I obtained several specimens of the different kinds. The ore is brought to the town on the canal and railroad, and is hoisted from the ground to the top of the furnace by a curious contrivance fixed a little like a pair of scales on which three wheelbarrows are placed on each scale. When one rises, the other sinks, and the ore is put in in different proportions of ore, coal and limestone, the limestone being put in to harden the iron. The other furnaces and mills were not at work on that day, and the men were engaged in sweeping and cleaning up. The ore furnaces are worked on Sunday as well as week day. These works are very extensive and are owned by Messrs. Reeves, Buck & Co. They also embrace extensive nail works. This firm also own the Cumberland Nail Works of New Jersey, and iron works at Bridgton, with a railroad mill in which

200 men are employed. In these last named establishments, Mr. Whittaker already spoken of, also is a partner. This firm formerly owned the Durham Iron Works of Bucks Co. There are also two very extensive cotton factories at this place.

The railroad depot at this place is not such an imposing building as we are generally used to see put up for ~~this~~ purpose, being built with a view for use rather than ornament. There is also a ~~telegraph~~ telegraph office connected therewith. French Creek is a considerable stream winding through Phoenix right in front ~~upon~~ the south side of the iron works. The ground along its banks is very unlevel, overgrown with bushes, &c, and the soil is blackened with coal dust and lava from the furnaces, and the whole town is smoky and disagreeable. In passing up Bridge Street, the eye of the observer is met with an old one-storey dark building, surrounded with sign boards, from which we infer that it is now a petty job printing office and iron office, but this is associated with something nobler as we go back a few years. This is the place where the modern traveller and poet Bayard Taylor printed and published his sheet while editor of the village paper. Yes, here he laid the foundation of his future broad and illustrious career.

From the iron works I proceeded on up to the upper part of the town called Tunnel Hill, named from the railroad tunnel passing beneath it a little above the town. This tunnel is 2000 feet long, being cut through solid rock or red sandstone. The upper part of the town is the meanest looking in my walk. I came to a place where a party of men were gathered around an old mean building, and a man speaking very fast in their midst. I stopped a few moments and soon found it to be an auction. They were selling good-looking 30-hour clocks for \$2.50. But leaving there again, I passed through the narrow streets and past the Catholic church, not a very imposing building, - at any rate I have not time now to describe it. From thence I went to see the tunnel, and came down the railroad over the bridge. What were the feelings of my

mind as I crossed that bridge! If a car train should pass while I was on it, no refuge, but to meet death in its most horrible form, except by creeping between the timbers of the bridge, and that a very spare chance indeed. Fortunately I got over without meeting any accident, and then returned home, feeling grateful that I had been so fortunate in my walk, and for the knowledge I obtained. I arrived at home about 5 o'clock, took supper, and dressed and went to singing school in the evening, and then retired an unhappy being, still unhappy, for I felt that I was a stranger among strangers in a strange place.

Sunday, Dec. 4th, 1855. This morning the weather was very foggy, and it rained a little. We (John Hendricks and myself), however went to Phoenixville Mennonite meeting. Sermon by Rev. Henry Hunsicker, who preaches there every four weeks. Their regular minister is Mr. ~~Brixner~~ Beidler, who lives in this (Chester) County. They are of the new school Mennonites. However their house is still a remnant or rather a relic of that native simplicity for which these people are so eminently distinguished, and which is so much to be admired in the Christian religion. It is a small, low building, and has no doubt been there many years. The outside appearance and walls remind you very forcibly of a meeting house belonging to the good old people, being built of fine sandstone, and not plastered. But the inside must keep pace with the times,- a new pulpit, new pews, and papered ceiling must be there to mark the progress of young America, advancing with rapid strides toward human physical, intellectual, and moral perfection, while the habiliments of the persons composing this church or branch of Zion, are only a wreck,- a fallen relic of the plain simple customs of these good old people. We can still trace them back to their origin by many little marks which the casual observer will not notice, yet to one who is acquainted with them, they become quite obvious.

The congregation was small, owing no doubt to the state of the weather, yet the sermon was very good. It was founded on the text found in Matthew 16:27, "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?". He spoke with some length and force on the importance and necessity of attending to the welfare of our souls, - the recklessness of making so much exertion and spending so much time, strength and ~~energy~~ talent to procure a little wealth, - to amass a fortune, to enjoy much of this world's goods, for these must all pass away; they must all vanish and disappear amidst the crush of worlds and the wreck of matter; but the soul, that immortal part which must live and exist forever, is neglected, and no provision made for its welfare. Our motives in going to church, the study of nature's laws and the laws of God, were strongly recommended, and that Christians should follow their profession was another grand and noble topic which in my humble opinion should be well attended to, while we find many make a Christian profession and follow a devil. Many look upward to heaven in their profession, and in their works are going, going down to hell and eternal damnation.

After service we crossed the bridge with Mr. Hunsicker, and returned home by going down the tow path of the canal.

Sunday, Dec. 11th. Yesterday I left home and went to see Mr. Delp who teaches in Schuylkill Township, Chester County, ~~xxxx~~ about a mile across from where I board. The weather was cold and everything had the appearance of winter. Yet, amidst cold and frost, the busy farmer was out on his field spreading lime, feeding his land that it might in return again feed him. I went down to the canal and there the scene of business was lively as ever, boats going down heavily freighted with coal, etc., while others were returning for ~~xxxx~~ another cargo. I passed the locks which were busy in taking through the boats, and went down to the ferry and crossed over on the

other side in such company as is not often the honor of man to go with except ~~boatmen~~. (This company consisted of three donkeys and their driver.) I landed on the other side and found myself on the wild fertile banks of the Schuylkill in a situation where I scarcely-knew what course to pursue. But going down the canal a short distance my face turned toward the west, and I went on towards the railroad where the iron horse came bounding with lightning speed, puffing and blowing, leaving a stream of smoke in the rear to mark his course. I crossed his track and found myself so much elevated that I could once more have a view over the country for some distance around, when at some distance toward the west, I perceived in a small grove, a small, low, old octagon building, which I immediately took to be a school house, and directed my course in that direction. The shutters were closed on one side, so I supposed there was no school, but when I came there, there was a little urchin in front of the house, of whom I inquired who their teacher was, and on learning that his name was Delp, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ or, as the boy said he believed it was Delp, I ventured to give a rap at the door, and soon found my way in, and found that one of my old friends, Mr. ~~Baum~~ Baum, there, who had come only a few days previously. The meeting was quite unexpected, yet what surprised me more was the building in which the school was taught for the interior of the house corresponded with the exterior,- very small, with desks high, and marked with a thousand specimens of juvenile wit and ingenuity in the art of ~~saxing~~ sculpture and carving. The benches were old, low, rickety concerns, which would have done very well for kindling wood in good old Bucks, and for Chester, what could I make out of it? I was astonished! Confounded! I could scarcely believe that I was in that County,- a County which has the reputation of being one of the highest and most advanced, or at least second to none in the State, in education and intelligence, and then, there to find the temple of knowledge one of the meanest hovels in the State, was truly surprising:- a house which

would have done justice to some western wild far beyond the limits of civilization and the progress of knowledge. But for Chester, the rival of the State, it is beyond my comprehension, for thee, the Pride of the Mountain, who art exalted to the very heavens for the active part thou hast taken in the great progress of education - for thy advanced standing - for good schools, literature and intelligence of thy inhabitants - let a stranger look and behold the temples of science which thou hast reared for the education of thy youth! Gaze ye yourselves and hide your faces with blushes, for your reputation is stained - a blemish - a dark shadow rests upon thy fair escutcheon, and thou shalt be brought down from thy exalted position; thou shalt be abased to the very dust, and thy reputation will dwindle into annihilation, and disgrace breathe her maledictions against thee while thou showest buildings of education that would do honor to the Pork Palisado of a respectable Bucks County farmer. It is really astonishing! Beyond belief!

Remaining at the school some time, we left about half an hour before dinner (Mr. Baum and myself) and went to Mr. Valentine's, about a mile from the ~~schoolhouse~~ schoolhouse, where both Messrs. Delp and Arnold board. We dropped in, in a manner accidentally, and I enquired the way to Mr. Arnold's school, etc., without any intimation that we came expressly for the purpose. They very kindly invited us to take dinner, to which we of course (although in a very indifferent manner) assented, and after conversing a while with the good lady of the house, and doing full justice to a large dish of most excellent apple-dumplings prepared by a negro cook, we went on our way to find Mr. Arnold. Leaving the main road at the junction of a crooked lane, we followed a winding path across the fields, over hill and dale, through wet places and dry, crossing creeks and ditches, through woods over rocks and stones and who knows what else, until at last we crossed a steep ravine

a deep ravine, and on ascending the opposite bank, something dark resembling the roof of a house hove in sight from the opposite side of the hill. After reaching the top we found it really was a house standing on the south~~side~~ of a high bank on the north side of a public road, The top of the house being nearly on a level with the summit of the hill, and covered with rock, stones, etc. But judge of our astonishment when we saw a number of children of both sexes playing about the house, and learning it was the school house which we were in quest of. We went around in front. We entered, and were kindly ~~received~~ welcomed by the teacher. But is this a schoolhouse in Chester County, low, dark, and set under the side of a hill like a hermit's cot, surrounded with wood and hills and rocks and stone, where the cheering sunlight of heaven can scarcely penetrate, and the invigorating and refreshing air of the mountain which is so essential to the welfare of humanity and particularly to a school, can scarcely ever come to? Were we to judge of the condition of educational matters and the progress of knowledge in Chester County by the appearance of her houses, we should think it is a very backward State, and as much as I have seen of the schools themselves, I cannot see that they are any more advanced than the schools of Bucks, Montgomery, or any other County. However, the schools are better than the houses, comparatively speaking. But I rather think Chester enjoys a higher reputation than she deserves in this respect. Although these buildings may be better through other parts of the county, and what I have seen may not be a fair sample of what her schools generally are, yet with the reputation that she bears in the annals of history,- in the ~~progress~~ progress of knowledge and the records of literary fame, she should not under any circumstances permit the eyes of the stranger and the traveller to fall upon an edifice which bears the proud name of a temple of science, so far beneath the dignity even of a poor man's hut. But a building corresponding with the reputation of her own fair name,

should grace every district within her limits. The school was well conducted, and very quiet. Mr. Arnold left our about 3 o'clock, when we returned to Mr. Valentine's, and after partaking of a hearty supper, we took a walk, but owing to the darkness of the night, there was little to be seen, and consequently I can say nothing, and give no account of the ~~amazing~~ appearance of the country and the places that we passed except that it is very rough and hilly, stony, etc. We went to the Valley Forge store, and after purchasing a few things returned again. However, our time was very agreeably spent in conversation with old friends, about the past, present and future.

It was my intention to see something of this place before, but as it was dark, I could not see it now, and the next day it was rainy, so nothing could be done, as the sequel will show. Yet it is my intention at some future time to see this place and become better acquainted therewith, and then perhaps I shall be able to write a more accurate account of it, as it is rather a distinguished place, and occupies a prominent place in the annals of our country's history, being the scene of Washington's and his ~~armies~~ armies' suffering and trials during the most gloomy period of the revolution, when Washington was encamped at this place during the winter of 1777-8 with a small army of half-clothed and half-starved men. How must the heart of the great man have throbbed with deepest emotion as he gazed upon the scene and saw nothing but sorrow and suffering! Truly if there was ever a time that tried men's souls, this must surely have been such an one. Valley Forge is situated six miles above Norristown on the west side of the Schuylkill River. It is, says the historian, a deep rugged hollow at the mouth of Valley Creek, and takes its name from an ancient forge established at this place.

On our return we found some of the neighbors had called at Mr. Valentine's to spend the evening. One of them, ~~A~~ Mrs. Roberts, was a very genteel Quaker lady, who spoke a great deal about her daughter Mary (well understood), and her son whose name I cannot just

now recollect. We retired about 10 o'clock, and had the longest night that I ever passed in all the days of my life. We waited with the greatest impatience, for hours, yet no daylight appeared until at last a faint glimmering light began to dawn and ~~when day broke~~, we found that it was raining. Imagine, if you can, my feelings upon this occasion,- away from home, across a wide and furious stream, the roads very muddy. Alas! How was I to return, without even an umbrella? These thoughts pressed heavily on my mind; yet with a spirit of contempt I looked upon the scene. The forenoon was spent very happily in conversation, reading, etc. In the afternoon, we (Mr. Baum and I) left our friends, Messrs. Delp and Arnold, they each being kind enough to lend us their umbrellas, which were of great service. However, it had ceased raining, but the roads were like one bed of mortar. Onward I strove, bidding defiance to mud and storm, as I walked and walked in a strange road. I crossed the bridge over the Schuylkill, called Paulding's bridge, about 2 miles below Phoenixville. It is built in the same manner for a description of which see a former part of this book. Then, travelling on through the mud, passing some very fine country residences which I cannot now describe from the fact that the weather was so bad and my anxiety for getting home so great that I did not stop to make observation, I hastened on. I passed through Shannonville vulgarly called Hogtown for the reason that its appearance corresponds very strikingly with its contemptible name. There are several extensive copper mines through this place, and many of the hands employed in mining and at the furnaces, are residents of this village. The country is very hilly, and water power is abundantly furnished by the numerous streams coursing their way in silent majesty through the fertile ~~dales~~ and valleys, giving unsurpassed beauty to the scenery around. At last I reached again the long-looked-for object, the Perkiomen bridge, which is built of wood, about a mile above its mouth where it flows into the Schuylkill. Then, after travelling

Another mile through mud and mire, I arrived at home, after travelling about 7 miles, while the nearest distance between the two points is scarcely a mile. Such are some of the disadvantages of living amidst the beautiful scenery surrounding large streams. The effects of my walk were a bad cold.

THE GENERAL FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

This part of the country is very hilly, as it seems to be a characteristic along all large streams. The soil is very fertile and produces large crops of corn and wheat. Rye is not much raised. This is one of the wealthiest parts of Montgomery County, containing many very large farms which seem to be well cultivated. Some are chiefly devoted to dairy purposes. Agriculture in a district like this is also a very lucrative business, as all the wants of the farmer can be easily supplied by the extensive mercantile business that is carried on both by railroad and canal, through which he finds an easy and rapid mode of transporting all his produce ~~needed~~ not needed for home consumption, to market, without half the inconvenience attending such transportation in districts where such conveyances are unknown, and with less expense.

The mineral wealth of this part of the country is extensive. Iron abounds, but not in sufficient quantity to ensure successful mining operations. Nickel is found in various parts. This is a substance of which German silver is made. Copper is abundant, and is mined in large quantities at different places. On the east bank of the Perkiomen there are several large furnaces which employ a number of hands. The people in general are liberal, intelligent, and sensible, yet we found a few of those narrow-minded, bigoted, miserly beings who are only bent on money, - who without mercy would take the last copper from a poor man's pocket. These, with the contaminating influence of the tow-path, are a sore ~~mixture~~ blight on the otherwise good character of the place. Churches of various denominations

abound, such as Dunker, Quaker, Mennonite, etc., yet, like all other places, it has its full amount of immorality and wickedness.

Thursday, December 20th. 1855. Yet, my friends, another sketch ere I return to the home of my childhood, and as the time for my intended return is fast approaching, my mind is very much excited and a feeling of pleasure radiates my whole frame, and leads my mind to wander amid the wild visions of fancy, building air castles high as Babel's Tower, which in a moment vanish again, and are lost amidst the sterner duties of life.

But this is not the theme of my writing which it was my intention to give you when I commenced to write; yet it stands so prominent in my mind that I cannot refrain from giving vent to it. Yesterday I received a note from one of my scholars written by her grandfather, very respectfully addressing me as "Friend Funk", requesting me to give notice in my school of a meeting to be called that evening at the Green Tree schoolhouse, where Rhoda Lamb and her husband were to preach. They are members of the Society of Friends, and hold their meetings only in the schoolhouse because there are some narrow-minded Dunkers who would not allow them to use their meeting house, although it stands just ~~across~~ opposite the schoolhouse. I sometimes think there must be very little Christianity, - true Christianity, - about a man who professes to be interested in the promulgation of the Gospel, and pray and preach that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and then act in direct opposition to his professed principle and close his doors to all intercourse with other Christians, and not even permit ~~any~~ one of another denomination to preach the precious truth of the Gospel in their church. This shows, I think, a want of that liberality of mind which so highly distinguished every act of that ever blessed Saviour whose footsteps they profess to follow.

But I am again digressing from my subject. As the meeting

was published and everything prepared to hear the great lady and her companion speak, we were ready at an early hour to go to the house, which we already found nearly full, although the weather was cloudy, and looked much for snow. We entered and sat down and waited some time. The people still continued to come in crowds until the house was thronged.* The young, the gay, with the more sober and grave, were assembled there in the same crowd, and members of every denomination and class were there, all waiting and looking with anxious eyes to get a first view of the speakers as soon as they came. At last two ladies entered, dressed in the well-known plain, yet neat and appropriate Quaker costume. In a moment the house was silent, when soon the husband also came in with the same solemn grandeur with which the females preceded him. They then took their seats at the teacher's desk, and the lady, divesting herself of her furs and bonnet, silence again reigned through the house. Each one was anxious to hear, yet all was silent, while the speakers were as anxiously waiting for the movement of the Good Spirit which was to direct ~~them~~ their hearts and their tongues in their solemn duties. At last, as if by a very sudden emotion, Rhoda Lamb arose, not though as if addressing the meeting, but merely as speaking by inspiration. She poured forth in a loud, man-like voice, a tide of Gospel eloquence, which, although distinguished for simplicity and truth, might have done credit to one of much higher pretensions. She addressed the assembly as children, and called forth the necessity of guarding ourselves against the many evils and dangers which surround us in our very outset in the service of Christ, particularly against the evils which have their origin in that little unruly member, the tongue, being very careful to intersperse through her remarks, the great necessity of the spiritual regeneration of man, baptism by fire and spirit, communion spiritually, etc., declaring that no outward form, and no invention of man could ever have the least effect on our souls or prove in any way beneficial to the regeneration

of our hearts or our eternal salvation. Her husband then rose and spoke at some length on the evils arising from the use of tobacco and rum, being not taken by his audience as a sermon, but merely as a commonplace lecture, and withal not being very eloquent, his ~~remarks~~ remarks made little impression, although they did neither lack truth nor fitness..

After his remarks were closed, his lady being again moved by the Spirit, knelt and offered a very long and eloquent and appropriate prayer. Then, giving a valedictory, the congregation was ~~dismissed~~ dismissed, and thus ended the great novelty of hearing a lady preach, and we returned to our homes, many no doubt being wiser and better man and women - perhaps.

January 16, 1856. Descend once more, my muse, and inspire the fond lay which I would now indulge. Long, old book, hast thou lain ~~xxxxxx~~ neglected in my desk, but now again after a season of rest and relaxation, return to me once more and I will fill out thy blank pages that others may see the scenes through which I have passed since last I marked upon the fair pages these unseemingly sketches. How varied and wonderful are the changes of time: how manifold the thoughts that rush through the mind in the space of time. And when I look back through the short lapse of a few weeks only, who can tell the many changes, the many scenes that have flitted across my memory! Not yet a month ago I sat in this seat in this house, an unhappy and restless man. I gazed upon the sprightly forms and sparkling countenances of some two scores of children which gathered around me to receive instruction at my hand, and came up here from day to day and looked upon me as teacher, - their preceptor. I felt an awful responsibility resting upon me. Yet I felt not for them, for the thought pressed heavily upon my mind that in six and thirty hours I was again to stand amid the happy scenes which surrounded my childhood home again to meet those whom the sacred ties of love and friendship bound

close to me. The afternoon passed slowly away until at last the lengthened shadows of the sun and her long golden beams told of the approaching night. The school was dismissed with a short address, and on leaving, each one kindly bid me good-night as usual, at the same time wishing me a happy ~~XXXX~~ Christmas, and then went to their homes happy and rejoicing in the expectation of spending vacation in play and innocent liberty. I returned and went to my boarding house, apprehensive of having a rainy day for my return to my native home as the appearing of the weather foretokened too well a storm.

I took a hearty supper to avoid suspicion of the feelings which so heavily pressed upon my mind. I tried to be cheerful and thoughtless as usual, made up my report of the school, gave it to the charge of Mr. Hendricks, and retired, but long hours elapsed ere I closed my eyes. Mid the intensity of feeling a thousand thoughts ~~expressed~~ crowded upon my mind. I thought of the happy scenes that surrounded my native home, - parents and friends I should meet there, and the love I retained for one whom my bosom held dear. This amid the gloominess of the night, kept my mind in a very unsettled state for a long time. After, ~~XXXXXXXX~~ however, indulging in a few hours in the sweet repose of nature's restorer, balmy sleep, I woke again long ere the first grey beams of morn streaked the orient sky. My apprehensions in regard to the weather were all too well founded. Rain was falling fast. My heart almost sank down discouraged, for midst rain and muddy walks I was that day to return from a stranger's home. Long I waited until at last a faint streak of light came in at my window, and after waiting long, it grew light and the family arose (I being one of the first). Getting ready and taking ^{a good} breakfast for the last time, I took my valise and umbrella and amid rain and mud started for home. I walked 2 miles, crossed the Schuylkill into Chester County, met my friend, Mr. Delp, and then proceeded to Valley Forge where we

took the cars on the Reading railroad for Bridgeport. Of Valley Forge I can say nothing more at present than I have already said in a former part of this book. The cars were crowded and we had to stand, for this was a season of rejoicing to many a toil-worn mind that looked forward with feelings of the most intense anxiety to the happy moment when they should meet their friends at home. O that sweet word! What feelings inspired my mind as the thoughts of this dear little word ever came up before me! As I stood there in the cars, filled to excess with many hard-working and honest laborers, and cast a look upon them, I thought how many of these humble men (for the most of them seemed to be foreigners returning from their labors to spend the holiday in the city) are returning as I am, to the loved scenes of a dear spot which they call home, and how must their hearts swell with emotion when they think that a few hours hence they will meet the loved ones of home. For, whether it be a palace or a hut, the ^{and} stately mansion of honor ~~xx~~ wealth, or a rude cave in the mountain, desert or wilderness, there is no place like home. After reaching Bridgeport the rain ~~xxxxxx~~ had ceased, and we walked over the bridge across the Schuylkill to Norristown. The road was very muddy and sloppy.

Bridgeport is a place of considerable importance and improving very fast, though rather a mean-looking place. However the weather and a cursory view may have failed to discover its beauties. Of its trade, people, etc. I can say nothing. Norristown is the County Town of Montgomery County, a place of considerable importance, and noted for its extensive cotton and woolen factories, iron works, furnaces and machine shops employing many hands, etc., ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ It also contains a very fine courthouse and jail, and other public buildings, churches, etc., as well as numerous elegant private dwellings. Norristown and Bridgeport are connected by a bridge similar to

Phoenix and Quinceyville, for a description of which see a former part of this book. Arriving at the hotel, and ~~engaging~~ engaging our passage to Barntsville, we met Mr. Weber, one of our old classmates, and then went to take some refreshments, enjoying the luxury of a bowl of oysters which was to be our dinner, and about 12 o'clock the coach stood ready at the door, and we were ready to start. But such a getting in line I think is seldom met with save on particular occasions. The cars had arrived with a number of passengers, and they were in a rush to get in. The rain was again beginning to fall, and quite a number of ladies had already been waiting for some time at the hotel. Of course these took their places first. Then came the ladies from the cars, and their husbands of course wanted to go along, and thus they crowded in until the stage was filled. What then, thought we? Shall we be left half way between the place of our destination? Our minds were set on taking supper under our parental roofs, and then should we, after stemming storm and tide, within a few hours of home be left because the stage was crowded, after performing the severest part of our journey and at the very moment when we looked forward with the most intense pleasure for the happiness we were to enjoy in meeting our friends? These thoughts pressed heavily on our minds and inspired us with the most desperate feelings, and with a sudden rush we sprang forward, my friends on the box with the driver, and I, in with the ladies, squeezed myself into a seat, determined not to stay behind, let consequences be what they may. There were 3 more and a severe contest ensued between 2 of them as to which should go, the one declaring that he must go because his daughter was already in, and he could not stay behind, while the other was urged on by important business. At last, suiting the action to the word, the father jumped in and the contest ended, and the stage started with 13 passengers and the driver, with 2 horses, on a rainy day and with muddy roads. So you may think our passage was anything but agreeable while we were packed and wedged into

a low, dark, unchaste vehicle, amidst umbrellas and carpet bags so that we could not shift our position a single inch, and scarcely had we room for our feet, and if we were in a stage coach, the words would still have been applicable which the pedestrian so often repeats, that "Jordan is a hard road to travel".

Our progress of course was slow, and the roads were rough, and our passage would have been quite intolerable and perhaps might have called forth the most loathsome anathemas against both stage and driver had it not been for the presence of 3 charming young ladies who were, like we, returning from Norristown (where they were at school) to spend the holidays at home in Buckingham township. Their sweet smiling faces and musical voices, in addition to their merry talk, were quite a solace to the weary mind in that dark and intolerable old stage coach. However, I fared much better than my friends, Messrs. Delp and Weber, who were on the box, with the driver, and nothing to protect them from the rain except umbrellas. Yet, regardless of these, Mr. Weber had a long dispute with the driver in regard to the people's line running between Norristown and the Trap, in which the driver, Mr. Price, sent forth the most polluting, degrading oaths that ever polluted the lips of man,- oaths and curses that might harrow the feelings of the most hardened, at which humanity might shudder,- yea, the earth itself might tremble at such horrible language.

But, proceeding slowly, we at ~~last~~ last reached Montgomery Square, where some of the passengers got out and others entered, and Mr. Delp came inside. These new ones proved to be teachers from Lehigh, and in quest of the same objects as ourselves, returning home to Buckingham to spend the holidays. We considered ourselves then as no mean circle, 4 teachers and 3 pupils (the young ladies), and we had an interesting conversation, and our journey became more pleasant. Time passed more rapidly from our hands, and when we left the stage at Barntsville where we arrived about 3½ o'clock, we were not a little ~~xxx~~

sorry to leave the good company we had fallen into. However we had to part for we had arrived at our destination and must hasten to meet our friends. We alighted, entered the hotel, and left them to pursue their journey in peace, doubting whether we would ever meet again. The hotel, by the way, was filled with Irish and Dutch (the hands working on the Reading railroad) who were not able to work on account of the rain. They were drinking rum like Turks. We also took a drink, warmed, (for we were nearly frozen), and then with umbrellas over us and with baggage in hand, went forth on foot through mud and rain, for home, the distance being about 3 miles, and the country very hilly. You may imagine it was anything but agreeable, but our object was almost in sight; our destination in view; and our fancy dazzled by fond realization - joy - and we pressed on, over hill and dale, over rough road and smooth. I drank a pure horn and smoked a Dixie, which made me feel just about as wretched as necessary, and as we travelled along singing the weary pilgrim's favorite song "Jordan is a hard road to travel" a voice ~~xxxx~~ from some unseen place calmly responded "Yes Sir", which almost might have transported us to the realm of ghosts and apparitions were we inclined to believe in such fables stories. But we hastened on, being fully aware that it only came from the interior of an old shed near by. And as we ascended the last hill which was to place us in such a position that we could almost see our native homes, the rain commenced to fall faster and faster, and darkness drew her sable curtain over us and shrouded us in the gloomy terrors of night when we were about a mile from home. O thought! Cannot I be permitted to approach my home with the light of heaven shining around me so that I can cast my eager vision once more on the loved scenes of home, beholding them in all their beauty? But as it was, we still onward trudged through mud and water, woods and fields and meadows, when at last a light appeared through the night. It was

the first glimpse of home, and with renewed effort we pressed forward and with a spirit of enthusiasm dashed over the fence and pushed through the familiar old gate at the head of the lane, which stood half opened, stepped under the overshed of the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ milk-house where we hastily grabbed a couple of apples, drew a long breath, and then, while the rain was falling in torrents, glided quietly to the door, unseen and unheard by any one, and - ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ what then were my feelings! Words cannot describe them; language cannot tell; I stood once more under cover of my paternal roof, after passing through such a variety of scenes and circumstances, tired, weary, hungry, wet, and covered with mud almost. I, in a feeling of excitement, gave a hearty knock; In a few moments ^{more} the door swung ~~open~~ back and I once more stood in the fond embrace of home, surrounded by all the loved ones of childhood, to enjoy again for a season the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ society of those whom all the ^{sacred} ties of consanguinity rendered dear. Thus, having arrived at my destination, permit my pen to rest a while; then again I may tell you more. Home is indeed a ~~xx~~ pleasant place.

The next day, which was Sunday, I took my friend, ~~xxxxxx~~ Abram Delp who had accompanied me on my weary journey home, and who remained over night with me in my parental home, to his home in Plumstead township, a distance of 9 miles. This trip was made in a buggy, and while the roads were very muddy, and travelling was slow, yet it was a great deal better than walking. After arriving at his home, I spent a part of the day visiting with his people.

Between Christmas and New Year there was an unusual fall of snow, so much in fact that it supplied good sleighing ~~and~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~, so the good people who attended church at the Green Tree Dunkard meeting house could drive on sleighs and enjoy the merry jingle of the bells which added much pleasure to the drives.

February 6th., 1856. After spending a very happy time

over the holidays with the loved ones at the old home, the time came when I again had to bid them adieu and return to my school. My visit had refreshed my ~~xxxxx~~ spirit, and though my heart throbbed as I again said good-bye, I had the sweet pleasure of carrying with me many happy memories, and as I pondered over these the burden of heaviness of leaving the dear ones did not seem quite so heavy. I have now been very close to my business, since my return, consequently made no other excursions about which to write, having, in fact, scarcely time to write my experiences fully, for I have endeavored to do my duty to my school besides studying some and attending to other duties. The weather has been extremely cold during the last 6 weeks, and the earth has been arrayed in her glorious white robes, and the fast tread of horses, the jingling bells and merry voices, together with smiling faces and sparkling eyes, tell to all there is pleasure in having a regular old-fashioned winter once again in these days of fame and hurry and progress. Nothing of interest beyond the common occurrences of everyday life having come to pass, I will bring this sketch up to the present time, and thus amidst the severe cold of winter lay aside my pen and rest for a while until something worthy of my attention shall again offer, and then I will commence another book, for ~~my~~ my story is ended, and my sketch comes up to the present time, and my book is just filled, and its fair pages all scribbled over, and my stock of knowledge exhausted.

The snow which fell between Christmas and New Year lasted a long time so that for 11 Sundays there was good sleighing. This was quite extraordinary and the people made full use of the fine sleighing and everywhere the merry jingle of the bells could be heard on the clear frosty air. Happiness reigned supreme in the hearts of the young people as was betokened by their merry laughter and

sparkling eyes and smiling countenances as they sped along behind prancing steeds across the glistening/ crystals of winter's snow. The joy and transport was betimes rapturous, for all around nature was draped in ^{its} ~~the~~ most beautiful, spotless ~~white~~ garment of white.

My school closed about April first. The 12th. Sunday there was no more sleighing, and I came to my home in Bucks County. A few days later I returned to Freeland Seminary where I took another quarter of instruction to perfect myself as teacher in the common schools. This was in the Spring of 1856. From early June until October 1st. I spent my time at home, helping my parents with the harvest and other work on the farm. During the winter of 1856-7 I taught the Chestnut Ridge school for the second time, and in ~~the~~ spring, on April 1st. I left school, and shortly afterwards went to spend 2 weeks visiting relatives in Lincoln County, Canada, from which place I proceeded on my journey to Chicago where I had secured a position in the lumber business.

I had been teaching school in the public schools of my native (and an adjoining) county ~~for~~ for three winters, when the Lord opened for me another line of business which I should accept, though in some respects the way that had opened to me was not altogether agreeable to my sincere convictions. But the opportunities on the side of my new vocation overbalanced my previous plans and convictions, and followed in the way that I felt God was leading me, and I gave up my former vocation as teacher of public schools and farmer, and came to Chicago on the 11th. day of April, 1857, and immediately ~~commenced~~ assumed my position as clerk and general workman in a large and prosperous lumber establishment.

The ruling motive in making this change in my life work, no doubt was money or a position in which money could be accumulated, and the Lord in His Almighty Wisdom, knew that with the other preparations

I would surely also need money to accomplish my ends. This was one of the peculiarities I did not at that time understand, but I saw it plainly in later years.

Soon after my arrival in Chicago, I made the acquaintance of a young man by the name of Lord. He was a devoted Christian, a member of the Presbyterian Church, a Sunday School teacher, and in every way a worthy, good young fellow. He invited me to go with him to his Sunday School, which invitation I gladly accepted. It was a mission Sunday School, and I at once likewise became a teacher. Here I made the acquaintance of D. L. Moody, who was also a teacher, and for some time we were co-workers as teachers in the mission Sunday School. This intimacy and acquaintanceship with Moody and others in the same line of work, were a great help to me in my future work, and I recognize it as the Lord's work. From the time I first arrived in Chicago, I attended the Third Presbyterian Church, then located on Union Street, between Washington and Randolph Streets, and also was a scholar in their Sunday School.

During the winter of 1857-8 the Presbyterian Church had a ~~long~~ long period of continued meetings in their Church. I was at that time attending commercial college, and availed myself of ~~attending~~ the benefit of attending these meetings in the evening, also to some extent a morning prayer meeting, and between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock we had a noon-day prayer meeting for about 3/4 ~~hour~~ of an hour. This meeting was held in the Metropolitan Hall which accommodated 5000 people standing, and was usually a good meeting, with short addresses sometimes not over 3 minutes in length, and exercised a great influence over the people. After the close of the meetings at the Church a meeting was held to see how many of those who had manifested a desire to enter upon a Christian life, might wish to become members of the Church. I thought it all over and concluded in my own mind

mind that if I desired to have a Church, and I did desire that, I could do nothing more than become a Presbyterian, and signified my intention of joining. But, like with Balaam, the angel of the Lord stood in the way. I studied the creed of the Church I was to accept and confess to, and I found in that creed Predestination, Infant Baptism, Oaths, War, etc. etc., and I said "No".