

Diary of
William Plumer Jacobs

Presbyterian College Library
Clinton, South Carolina



WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS

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DIARY
of
William Plumer Jacobs

Edited by
THORNWELL JACOBS



OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Oglethorpe University, Georgia, U. S. A.

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Published September, 1937

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

073578

I N T R O D U C T I O N

Many readers of this volume will doubtless consider it to be the story of the most inspiring village pastorate in the history of the world. It is a record covering sixty years, set down day by day, pigmented with every color of the spectrum, and vocal with every tone of feeling. It is utterly real; yet strangely ethereal. It reveals a human soul in constant, intimate contact with God, and the results thereof.

It is the story of a little boy in a great city who fell in love with all good things and who resolved to center his whole life upon obtaining them, and who did so.

It is the story of a youth to whom a church, and an orphanage, and a college, and a library, and a printing office meant so much in the great city of Charleston, that he transplanted them to "a wide place in the road" which was Clinton of 1865.

It is the story of an aged man whose faith, and love, and courage were sufficient to conquer sickness, and blindness, and deafness, and years, and death.

And it is the story of a man who loved little children, not only for their own sake, but also because they represent the future of all that is worth while on this earth.

THORNWELL JACOBS

CHAPTER ONE

1858—Age 15

January first, 1858. Today is the New Year. Today we must make our resolves for the year and if God will aid me I will study and read my Bible more, and try to be better. Let this be a bright year to us. God has spared us and let us make use of our opportunities.

January fourth. Holyday ended today and I returned and had my lessons for tomorrow appointed after which I went into the library and stayed for a while. I am almost the only one who goes in there.

January fifth. Today I did what we seldom do and that is that I recited to every professor. Presly went to the store today and it has thrown him into exstastics. It was very rainy. We are having a spell of bad weather. I continued reading today in "The Book and Its Story." It is all about the Bible and was written at the request of the London Home and Foreign Bible Society. I commenced brushing up my stenography today. It is a beautiful science and everyone ought to know it.

January sixth. After getting my lessons for tomorrow I brushed up my lessons for Hebrew and commenced reading the Hebrew Bible. I finished reading The Book and Its Story.

January seventh. We have but few lessons for tomorrow, wherefore, after college, I went into the library and sat there reading and writing for about an hour and a half.

January twelfth. My breast pains me so and I have occasionally sharp touches of pain in my lungs. I have a bad cold and sore-throat but the two last I am constantly afflicted with and know not when I will get over them. The first I have only in the winter time.

January thirteenth. As it is Wednesday at night I went to my society and we had a very interesting debate. I took part in it. I find that these debates do me a great deal of good for now I find that both my thoughts and my tongue flow faster. And before going I learned all my lessons. It is a dreadful hard thing to get my mind upon my books. I study now Homer, Horace (Odes), geometry, trigonometry and modern history.

January sixteenth. I broke my spectacles today and I got them soon mended, however, at Hayden's. At ten at night I had to go to the dancing school for the young ladies. I decidedly don't like it. It is against my grit and every Saturday I feel all in fidgets. And now this is the end of the week. Tomorrow is Sunday and am I prepared for it as I should be? O that I were always so!

January twentieth. At night I went to my society and although I feel reluctant to go yet I know that it does me a great deal of good. I have got into the art of debating and now I always say something; I will improve sometime or other though now I do sometimes make awkward blunders.

Friday, January twenty-ninth. After college I went in the library and I had a good, long chat with Mister Miles, the librarian. He is a fine man and I like him.

Thursday, February fourth. Tonight was prayer meeting night. It rained and father thought it best for me not to go. My heart reproaches me sorely tonight and let me make confession to my journal. It was not with any feeling of regret that I relinquished going! Oh, when will I love the prayer meeting better. I do wish I did!

Friday, February fifth. The library was shut up and I could not go in after college. So I came home immediately and worked upon my printing press. I have got the treadles and cylinder finished.

Monday, February eighth. O let me always remember this night. Tonight I applied for admission to the Church and was received as a member. I applied the 26th of last October but I was received only as a seeker and I thank God that I was received only as a seeker; for now I am sure of myself and know my own heart. Thank God I am enabled to receive him to my heart. O that Presly would find the way I have! Father joined just my age.

Wednesday, February tenth. Tonight I had to speak at my society. I am monthly orator. I could not give up my society. It is so improving. In after life I want to remember the hall of the Chrestomathic Society. I wonder why I am writing this Journal? Let's see! Eureka! I expect some one to read it hereafter! Who is this someone? Eureka! Why, myself, of course, or perhaps! Eureka! *My wife!* (If I ever get one).

Thursday, February eleventh. I have never yet been late to college. Today, father had his name put on the door. We have

been here nearly five years. . . I went to *our* prayer meeting at night. O I do wish I loved prayer meeting more for itself's sake.

Saturday, February thirteenth.

PHONOGRAPHY

*Come down, Apollo, from your heights
No longer are you God of writing,
You only could by words invite,
Ben Pitman is by pages writing.
You wrote a sentence in an hour;
Pitman in a half a minute.
Yes, he's a mighty writing power
You ought to see how he can spin it.
SOUND writing is a noble art;
And 'tis sound writing in the bargain;
You've only heard a little part
'Bout the new sciences now a dawning.
Writing by steam is dreadful slow work,
Nor is any better your writing by lightning.
But just look a here at this writing by ink,
Its speed I declare is dreadfully frightening.*

Wednesday, February seventeenth. I got all my lessons before dinner and after it I went to the post office and as usual I went in at Courtenay's and had a conversation with his books. Oh, I do love books. . . At night I went to a meeting of our society and as usual debated.

Thursday, February eighteenth. I got out to prayer meeting at night and the services were extremely interesting. We prayed for a revival but it seems as if we shall never get it.

Wednesday, February twenty-fourth. As it was very damp and rainy at night, I did not go to my society. I was very sorry but it was all for the best for that night they had some uproarious mirth which would ill have suited me.

Thursday, February twenty-fifth. At night I went to the united prayer meeting (for the youth in schools and colleges). The exercises were deeply interesting and to me doubly so. They prayed for me. O my God, today I gave myself up, soul and body to Thy service. Ordain me, I pray Thee, to go and preach Thy holy and everlasting gospel to Thy dying heathen. I am willing, Lord, if Thou art.

Friday, February twenty-sixth. There is not such a spirit of insubordination in our college as is being manifested all around

us; and this some of the students greatly deplore, and have made several attempts to raise a row; but it was 'no go.'

Sunday, February twenty-eighth. I have come out and joined the Church and I belong to the Lord's Army. O Lord give me, I pray Thee, the armor I shall need.

Tuesday, March second. Hardly anything worthy of record has happened today. I go now in the library every day. Mr. Miles, the librarian, is such a learned man and so ready to help anyone. I went in the library after college and read some in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

Wednesday, March third. At night I went to my society. I debated. I like this debating as it helps my style a good deal. The next question for debate is "Whether Great Britain or the United States exercises the greatest influence over the world." Of course I think the United States does though I know that England does. I love the noble debating club of the Psi Sigma Phi.

Saturday, March sixth. I have to go down for the young ladies at the dancing school. I do most heartily wish that nobody had ever heard of dancing.

Tuesday, March ninth. In the afternoon I got a pair of shoes from O. Daly for \$1.00. I also bought some minor things. At night I commenced hearing Lavinia read. She is another of my scholars. We have some sixty subscribers to our magazine. At night I read one hundred lines of Homer in review. This is a wonderful feat for such a lazy boy as me.

Thursday, March eleventh. For the last four days I have been regularly called upon in history and classics. I wonder what kind of marks I get. Edgerton says he is coming in our class next March on purpose to take first honor! Though I have done horrid this term I want to stay just to show that I am some game. I have just come from prayer and Dr. Smyth addressed us very prettily. O, I wish I loved prayer meeting more. I hope I shall soon be able to say that there is nothing sweeter to my soul than to be a door-keeper in the house of God.

Monday, March fifteenth. Today is my birthday. I am sixteen years old today and I weigh 93 pounds and am five feet, three inches tall and in the Fresh-Sophomore year at college. Mr. McCrady returned this morning and I must own that he came very unexpectedly and made us recite as equally so. Ripley has broken my spectacles and I am, in a truly pretty fix. I must have them tomorrow.

Tuesday, March sixteenth. This morning I went down to Hayden's and got my spectacles mended, and tonight I have to go out with two of the young ladies. I wrote some today for our magazine. We intend calling it the "Southern Guardian" and what a wonder, we have got fifty subscribers.

"He that is humble ever shall have God to be his guide."

Wednesday, March seventeenth. At night I went to my society and took off all cares from my mind.

*Hoot away despair;
Never yield to sorrow;
A cloudy sky may wear
A sunny face tomorrow.*

Friday, March nineteenth. Oh, how pleasant it is to spend the hours of twilight in thought and meditation.

Saturday, March twentieth. I went into the museum today and looked around a good deal. I believe I will study its wonders; how wonderful. It is beautifully arranged and labelled certainly by an experienced hand.

Sunday, March twenty-eighth. Even father says he never saw such a revival before. It is wonderful. Surely God is in this place.

Wednesday, March thirty-first. Well, I am glad that I am to remain at college. I got my report today and I am glad to say that I (contrary to expectation) have a better one than last year. My general average is 89.

Thursday, April first. Oh, ought we not to thank God that he has permitted us to see these things. Charleston has never witnessed such a revival.

Tuesday, April thirteenth. Let this day be the second great day of my life. I have seen and heard the great American orator, Everett.

Saturday, April seventeenth. In the morning I went with Ripley to the museum and we spent two hours there. We saw some strange wonders of the deeps; the balloon fish is a very curious thing. God is good and I feel it every time I enter this temple of science. In the afternoon I went down to ye Courier office to get a paper. I succeeded after much trouble. There is only one of the young ladies going to dancing now. I do wish she would stop. Father came home at night and he asked me what was the news? I studied my regular phonography lesson.

Tuesday, April twentieth. I studied my phonography and

read two or three pieces. O, phonography is a noble study.

Friday, April twenty-third. After college I went down to Mr. Woodruff and we had a long, sociable chat. I began to tell him something about phonography and he was writing so I thought I had better leave. Imagine my surprise when he stopped me and read off all I had been saying. O, Mr. Woodruff is a brick and I like him. At night I went to hear Mr. Girardeau. I liked him very well. His text was from Jer. 2:19. I tried to write down his sermon in short hand. We changed our room today. Mr. Woodruff is a brick.

Saturday, April twenty-fourth. Phonography takes up all my thoughts and I can hardly write or talk of anything else. I learned all my lessons. Mr. Porcher's branch is right hard. At night I studied Horace and did a good many et ceteras.

Sunday, April twenty-fifth. Father is going to learn phonography and I am so glad. I love it.

Wednesday, April twenty-eighth. It is now exactly half past ten. Presly isn't home yet and I have just come from my society and we had tall times initiating members. I have got pretty well in the art of short hand writing. I have to study awful hard now and I cannot study it seems.

Wednesday, May fifth. God has taught us again that in the midst of life we are in death. A companion has been called into eternity by the falling of the platform at Magnolia. Dreadful thought. Why he, not I? At nine-thirty, for we had no college today, I went down to Mr. Woodruff's room to read phonography. At night I went to my society and I practiced myself in attempting to report. Query for next time: "Was Aaron Burr a traitor?"

Saturday, May eighth. I went down to Mr. Woodruff's and stayed a while today. Hereafter I will omit mentioning I went down to see him.

Monday, May tenth. I am ashamed of myself. I have acted a lie and nobody knows it.

Saturday, May fifteenth. I was gone out all this morning for father, collecting and doing other little things but I found time to crawl in at Mister Woodruff's and there I got Glover to learn phonography; he has commenced with Mr. Woodruff.

Sunday, May sixteenth. My eyes pained me dreadfully.

Monday, May seventeenth. My eyes are getting worse.

Thursday, May twentieth. Towards night it rained and thun-

dered dreadfully. It is now just one month twenty days since I began the study of phonography and I can now write it with ease.

Friday, May twenty-first. This morning after college I went down to Mr. Woodruff's but he was not in and so I just waited a little while down there.

Saturday, May twenty-second. This morning I again went down to Mr. Woodruff's and I got from him a specimen of the Book of Psalms and I hope father will get me one when they come. I must have one.

Wednesday, May twenty-fourth. Today, another day of my life is gone; I have found out how to save an hour by studying an hour immediately after breakfast and thus saving myself from talking nonsense at college. At night I went to the regular weekly meeting of the Chrestomathic Society. We had a glowing debate.

Sunday, June sixth. This morning I felt too worldly. I could not get my thought off from the flesh and the things of the flesh. But in the afternoon I felt much more like praising God and Oh! how sweet it is to sing eternal praises to the Lord Most high. Oh! how sweet an assemblage we had at night. And the hymns we sing. Oh! it seems as if my whole heart joins in the Chorus! Praise ye the Lord.

Monday, June seventh. I intend hereafter setting down on a slate all that I should do through the day. Today was my first trial and I think I have done well as my slate shows every letter scratched off. What a delightful occupation is the Minister's and what a responsibility is his. He most certainly must get out of "self" and into Christ. By God's grace I will be a minister of the gospel.

Thursday, June tenth. I believe if I ever have time and ground that I will raise blackberries and see what can be made of them. I wish to go to our dear prayer meeting tonight.

Monday, June twenty-eighth. What shall I say and what shall I do! My eyes are sore, my legs are sore, my back is sore and we are all over sore. I was out in the broiling sun five hours today. Mister Keitt spoke but I did not hear him as I was so tired I hardly knew what I did. Well, I can say, parading has completely used me up and I am heartily sick and tired of this "fine fun." I have lost a day. Nothing entirely and completely nothing, have I done today. I might have done better.

Monday, July sixth. The first sound that reached my ears

this morning was the roaring of the cannon, mingled with the fife and drum. Together with Ripley pushing Presly and Presly's holiday hurraing. Well, again I dozed. But before long, O, the noise, the shouting and screaming, the songs and choruses. And this is the Fourth of July.

Sunday, July eleventh. Dr. Smyth gave me a beautiful sermon but I was so inattentive. O! I am afraid I am growing callous. I really am getting worse and worse daily.

Thursday, July fifteenth. I cannot think what is going to become of me at college. Few in my class like me, and why! Because I try as much as possible to obey father's wishes and the rules of the college.

Friday, July sixteenth. After college today I went down to Mr. Woodruff's and we had a real old fashioned talk with him about phonography. Should anyone wish to know my opinion of phonography I can say that I would rather know it than have \$100 in cash.

Sunday, July twenty-fifth. At night Sara, Ripley, Presly and I began reciting verses from the Bible and to see who could keep up longest. Ripley and Presly broke right down but Sara and I kept up for an hour, but I got tired and stopped.

Sunday, August eighth. This morning father preached at our church and of course I liked him as well as any other minister I ever heard. In the afternoon as usual, I went up to the mission school to my class. C. P. gave me some trouble. Mustard is a nice little boy. Allen White tried to do as I wanted him to and gave me much pleasure.

Tuesday, August tenth. This morning I went to the college library and there I met Mr. Lamond. He loaned me "Excerpta Chronologica" or "Chronology of the Kings of Judah and Israel" to copy. I got a fine blank book from father and commenced copying.

Friday, August thirteenth. The Yellow Fever is in town and father says I must be careful. Mr. Lamond says that once he could wipe his pen on his head but he can't now. He thinks a great many good blacksmiths are spoilt every year by robust boys being sent to college. Frenchmen like he take up for France to the detriment of England, U. S. and Germany. I got from Mr. Woodruff the Declaration of Independence in shorthand. I read some in Disraeli.

Monday, August sixteenth. Father has got holyday from the

church and he went off to Alexandria to see our aunts. I hope he will bring cousin Lizzie along back with him.

Friday, August twentieth. I spent part of the day at Mr. Lamond's at the library. Today a lady came here and I took the money for she came to pay a bill. It is the first money I have ever taken in that way. All the afternoon and at night I listened to Presly reading and brushed some of father's books.

Thursday, August twenty-sixth. Davies Brown is no more. Yellow Fever is the cause. But do not weep, but for thyself, that thou art left behind.

Friday, August twenty-seventh. I spent a greater part of the morning in the library, studying Greek and Hebrew and reading Irving's Traveller. I confess that I could easily have obtained better reading. After dinner I wrote a letter to Aunt Abby, giving her all the news. After that I paid a visit to Mr. Miles to borrow and return the college library key. At night I read some in the Princeton Review.

Saturday, August twenty-eighth. In the morning I was over to college in the museum, studying the maker's handywork. This museum is second to none in the United States and fourth to none in the world.

Monday, August thirtieth. I do not know how I could have got along these holydays without the college library. I will, Deo volente, go in there every holyday.

Tuesday, August thirty-first. This morning as usual I went to the library and had a fine time of it. I studied some Latin and read part of "Selden's Table Talk." In the afternoon I read "Life of Dr. Alexander" in the Princeton Review. O that I were better than I am. I fear, yes, sometimes I shudder when I think of my sins. Dr. Alexander was a good man.

Wednesday, September first. What could a man of a literary turn do without reading. If you would banish him to a St. Helena, give him his library, his pen and all the new books that came out and he is perfectly content. So I find it. I begin to love my books. I am a philo - - no a bibliophile! O!

Friday, September third. I fixed today a case for my collection of curious coins. I begin in a slight degree to like numismatics. There is a piece in the paper about coins that stirred me up to do what I could in the collecting way.

Sunday, September twelfth. In the afternoon and at night it rained so hard that I could not go out so Presly, Sara and I

got to talking, after which we read and explained verses in the Bible to each other. It was interesting.

Monday, September thirteenth. In college this morning I read and talked. Mr. Lamond was giving us details of his school days and made us all come to the conclusion that those times must have been glorious times. In the afternoon I wrote a letter to Aunt Abbie. Writing is a bore. The Yellow Fever seems to be all the talk today—103 deaths this week. Presly is better. I hear that Maum Linda is dead.

Wednesday, September fifteenth. I began my dictionary of the sciences today by writing a piece on phonetics. Father says that the rain is probably caused by the many icebergs in the Atlantic at present. . . . Since writing the above, he has thrown up the doctrine of the icebergs.

Monday, September twentieth. I saw the comet today. I cannot see it well with my spectacles but it is very beautiful and large with father's spy glasses. It is larger than any other comet I have ever seen. "What is a comet" is something I would like to know.

Tuesday, September twenty-first. I had a long talk this morning about coins, history, chronology and prophecy with Mr. Lemaunts. He said that a coin which I have called the Washington cent was issued with the likeness of W. upon it but the people were so troubled with the monarchical idea it carried with it that Washington immediately recalled it. They are very scarce now and each one is worth \$2.00. I have a Roman cent of Domitian.

Tuesday, September twenty-eighth. I formerly wrote upon a book in which I designed to write a diary, the line "Nulla dies sine linea." Since then I have found out how difficult it was to write a line a day. From which I conclude that we should always live so that upon each day of our existence, the recording angel might write something in our favor. And then at night we should examine ourselves in order that by so doing we might know whether or no we would be obliged to write with the Roman Caesar "I have lost a day."

Wednesday, September twenty-ninth. What further proof need we that man and woman were made to be man and wife. If the Bible itself is not proof, then the innate feeling which every human heart has for some dear partner of its happiness and sorrow. Let others revile woman and let them debase her as they think fit yet who will not say what a wide influence she wields. Woman possesses traits of character which man is ignorant of.

Then let her have possession of our hearts and homes. We have just seen the comet. It is very large and beautiful and is in the west. I have never seen such a wonderful thing. Its tail is over twenty feet long. Father says we won't see another such for twenty years. It is strange, awful and grand.

Friday, October first. I commenced German today. Somehow I cannot tell my mind has been directed to the study of coins. But what are coins but the memorial of past ages; what a monument of the instability of human work. The Pantheon, the Roman Circus, the temples of Greece—the fabric of men's handiwork have long since perished and yet the coins, their most insignificant of all their creations are the only monuments left to tell of the pride, the best of their works.

Monday, October fourth. Profanity is, I think, to be deprecated above all things but yet this day was I forced to listen for an hour to a conversation, every word of which was either obscene or profane and yet the speaker mentioned it as a disgrace to this city that none of the obscenities had yet reached it. God grant that they never may. Today I took my first lesson in German from Mr. Sachtleben, he is a fine gentleman.

Friday, October eleventh. The college library is a large building on the college campus. It is darkly colored and has about ten thousand books, most of which were donated by Mr. Frampton. The books are arranged in alcoves numbered with the letters of the alphabet. It is very pleasant and comfortable, and has a beautiful aspect inside although the collection of books is not very valuable. There are two large globes, the one of the heavens and the other of the earth, five feet in diameter.

Tuesday, October twelfth. The Orphan Asylum is one of the pet institutions of Charleston. It is a very large and beautiful house on Calhoun Street. The building is very spacious and lofty and the city bell is placed in the steeple from which place the city can be seen to the best advantage. The children are well attended to and are well taught until they are of a suitable age to be apprenticed; provision is made for a college education for those who are far advanced. There is a well executed statue of Pitt now disfigured and a beautiful bronze statue of Washington.

Thursday, October fourteenth. 'Tis not enough that we should exercise moderation in drinking, in clothing but also in eating. This I have found out and I have determined to exercise moderation in everything.

Friday, October twenty-second. We (that is Presly and I)

have started a mimic museum containing a library of about one hundred books on languages, sciences, et cetera and which is by far the best part; second a collection of 130 coins of very many nations, the ancient department being represented by a single coin; third, a collection of ten worthless manuscripts; fourth, botany, a good herbarium; fifth, conchology; sixth, mineralogy; seventh, a menagerie of insects; eighth, relics, and ninth, autographs; all of which are valueless.

Monday, October twenty-fifth. I went to Louis to have a pair of shoes made for me and father, of course pays. I have a good and kind father.

Monday, November first. Father gave me today Adler's German Dictionary. I have such a good father.

Monday, November fifteenth. Today father gave me the desk that formerly belonged to dear mother. While you were here, mother, I did not love you as I ought but I love your memory and will ever love it.

Wednesday, November seventeenth. I went this afternoon up to Hoffs to have a pair of pants made for me and at night I went to the Chrestomathic Society of which I am an officer. If I could wish, or if I had Aladdin's lamp, one desire of mine would be to see Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The four greatest divisions of the globe. These are all my desires at present. I too would know what others know. I would see what others have seen. I would compare one nation with another and learn wisdom by experience.

Friday, November nineteenth. O how I long to know what I shall be or shall do in life. I hope God willing and all things taken into consideration to be a minister of God's holy word. When O, when shall I settle down in life and try how bitter and aye, how sweet, too, are its waters.

Monday, November twenty-second. "God is a very, very present help in every time of trouble." I believe this as firmly as that I am now at this moment writing. Let infidels say what they will about the infinite Jehovah mixing in the affairs of puny mortals, yet I feel that the God of hosts has often mingled in my affairs, yet he has brought me from many difficulties and dangers, safe in body and mind and has answered many of my prayers. Blessed be God I know this; but how weak am I, so I thank and bless him for his kindness to me.

Thursday, November twenty-fifth. Ferdie came today after more than two years absence. If they had told me the moon had

broken in half I would have hardly been more surprised; in fact I was very much surprised, so much so that I wouldn't believe Ferdie had come until I saw him and not then 'till I could possibly doubt no longer. Ferdie is well traveled now and I hope he has come back for good though he says he has not.

Wednesday, December first. I am not very highly esteemed at college though I do not know why. Surely I do not pretend too much and I know all I pretend to. I never cheat and it cannot be because I do not swear and steal and drink for others do not who are well esteemed.

Tuesday, December seventh. This morning I got up sooner than I have for a long time, and I felt the good effects of it all day long. In the afternoon I took my regular German lesson from Mr. Sachtleben. Arf!

Wednesday, December eighth. How little am I thought of. How everything I do is ridiculed. I will suffer it no longer, I will be independent! Let others scorn me. I will scorn them! Amen.

Friday, December tenth. Today I went as usual to Mr. Sachtleben but he begged to be excused and I excused him according to his wish.

Saturday, December eleventh.

*O, I will dwell on a coral isle,
With one I love the best;
And there our time we would beguile,
And be too fully blest.
We'd walk along the sea-girt shore,
Or seek the banyans shade;
And of the world we'd think no more,
No more of it afraid.
But all our talk would be of love,
Such as the angels feel;
And in its very depths we'd rove
Its hidden depths reveal.
We'd talk of heaven and talk of God
And oft his love we'd see
How Jesus on this earth had had
A sacrifice to be.*

Monday, December thirteenth.

*O what an influence vast,
A single word may have,*

*But when the lips has past
Its end no power can save.
'Tis like the unerring ball
Sent by a practiced hand,
Which one can ne'er recall
Till it has reached its end.*

Christmas is near at hand.

Wednesday, December fifteenth. I wish something would happen, something to excite all my nerves and make me feel all over like a new man. This world is full of all the same things.

Monday, December twentieth. I have come to the conclusion that slavery at best is a diabolical practice from reading Captain Cunot's description of it.

Friday, December thirty-first. O that I could always live as though this day were my last but I cannot. And now on this the last day of this year let me pause and cast a scrutinizing glance over all my past life. I have spent another year and with it I trust have improved myself accordingly. But have I lived a Christian year. Have I drawn one year nearer to God? As this year has come to an end so also will my life finally draw to a close.

COMET

*How many terrors does the comet make;
Whilom a world upon its tail we see,
A world, a town, a continent, a lake
Borne through the void by this great mystery
Or else we see it come with furious speed
And strike full butt against some mundane sphere;
Smash it to shivers, like a broken reed,
And off again upon its wild career.
Some see in it a Caesar's victory car;
And bringing with it, pestilence and death;
And pope and bishop joined in earnest prayer
To drive away its pestilential breath.
But in this mighty terror we but see
The grand creation of our father God.
Then let our prayer to Him forever be,
And see in nature but His truthful word.*

"INFLUENZY"

*O, I would speak to thee a while
 And ask why so much pain,
 O monster, mimic, demon vile,
 Why make me so insane?
 Why do I sneeze and snort and blow?
 Why rub with cloth my nose?
 Why do the tears unwilling flow?
 Why looks my nose like rose?
 O, stop and listen to my tale
 Pass me not by unheeded
 For fear this single nose should fail
 More noses, fair are needed.
 Then give me two or give me more
 Or give me half a dozen score,
 O, never would I then repine,
 Apollo grant it, God divine.*

TO KATY J . . .

*You've asked me but to write a line
 With memories fraught;
 A verse wherein I should combine
 Remembering thought;
 And if I cannot put it in verse
 To try and see.
 I'll write this line though very terse,
 "Remember me."*

WILLIE J.

CHAPTER TWO

1859—Age 16

Saturday, January first. Today is the beginning of another year. O how earnestly do I pray and how strongly do I desire that I may live as becometh a man and a Christian. I will not despond if I have not equalled my expectations in all things. I will not despair but will still press on for the bright prize which lies before me. O my God, help me I pray Thee this year to live as I ought and if its close will not find me in the land of the living, Oh, grant that I may employ my remaining time to Thy glory and my own good; and do, if it shall please Thee, so ordain that on the last day of the departing year I can look back on my actions in the dying year with unmingled pleasure and satisfaction. So help me God. For this year I will attempt to keep a neater and better journal and try to record with an impartial hand.

Monday, January third. How vast and expansive is the world of thought. It stretches out before me like a vast plain, covered with flowers and luscious fruit, that he who will may come and pluck at pleasure. I seem too to see an iron gate, the gate which bars all not worthy of admission. I see, too, a stern watch-dog of truth for this garden contains only true, sublime and beautiful thoughts and I hope that I may obtain admittance within the walls and may walk and pluck at random the sweet fruits which grow therein which never fail.

Tuesday, January eleventh. I intend studying six languages, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Hebrew. I have almost perfected myself in English and am now engaged with Latin, Greek and German. As soon as I finish German I will try my hand at French and as soon as I am perfect in Greek I will begin the mellifluous Hebrew.

Thursday, January thirteenth. Tonight there is a meeting of the two societies at college; once only have I been to this union meeting and I would like to go again but I cannot as it takes place on our prayer meeting night.

Saturday, January fifteenth. As I was coming from the Post Office today I had an opportunity of seeing a great many beautiful pictures at the Institute hall. O! I do love to look at

pictures; it shows a greatness of soul and a sublimity of thought, existing even in this corrupted stage of the world. The painter is always an enthusiast. He must be or he is no artist. He must have greatness within before he can bring it out upon canvas.

Sunday, January sixteenth. Principles are everything in life, a man without fixed principles and who does not adhere bravely to those principles does not deserve life; he is not only of no use to the world but is of positive harm for by his example, if his example is of any weight to others, he may and probably will harm many, many of those who are his boon companions, many who are his friends, and he will bring tears of sorrow to the eyes of those who care for his soul and his character and he will cause them to cry out frequently, it were better that he had never been born. God grant that this may never be my fate. I will try to live by fixed principles.

Thursday, January twentieth. Last night was so beautiful a night that even now I seem to see it as I did when I and Johnny Caldwell were walking up to the college together. Orion flamed over our heads in deadly combat with the Bull; while Sirius gleamed near us with unwonted lustre. Luna bright and full as the day when the evening stars sang together, shone over the eastern horizon driving before her the double ringed Saturn with his seven moons. Here and there a fleecy cloud, floating slowly along resembled a distant milky way while all around was as quiet as the day when Adam and Eve, the father and mother of all living sat alone in Paradise. O it was a lovely sight, a sight worthy of its creator and to me only needed the moonlight field and the glassy lake to hold me in quiet rapture.

Saturday, January twenty-second. The days, the weeks, the years pass and we take no note of them. What a solemn thought. This day will never, never return again. We hourly lose our time and we never find it again; we spend our years for less than they are worth and take no care whether our bargain be good or whether it be bad. We cast it away when we know we can never hoard it again. Every day is one day nearer our end. Alas all this is too true, too true. What a strange thing is my soul; I cannot understand it. It is even to me strange and mysterious. I seem to have two natures yet I know not wherein they differ. O God, this knowledge is too wonderful for me. I cannot attain unto it.

Monday, January twenty-fourth. Perhaps in future days when looking o'er the scribblings of my college hours I might wish to know the routine of my daily life. I rise out of my bed, say at six or six-thirty and having dressed, etc. I read my Bible

and begin my daily life, I review my college lessons and by the very farthest am at college by half past nine; at that hour chapel bell rings and I undergo the drudgery of three hours regular recitation. We are out by twelve-thirty and after talking a little while I set off for home and after reading the newspaper and writing my journal I begin my studying which lasts until five (about). After supper if I have no engagement, I read, study and spend the time, promiscuously employing myself and thus do the days roll on, tomorrow but the reflection of today and so will it be until graduation relieves me and I become the master and have others under me.

Tuesday, January twenty-fifth. I still think there is nothing pleasant in city life but oh, how unspeakably pleasant and beautiful is country life.

Wednesday, January twenty-sixth. I am just out of bed for I have been sick for three days with pneumonia and I have come off second best. I feel as if I had been sick for a year but I don't know whether I be well yet for I have not seen the Doctor and I have arisen from my bed without leave or license. What a curious sensation is sickness, utter helplessness and prostration of the body and yet a strength of soul; indeed the soul grows stronger as the body grows weaker.

Sunday, January thirtieth. Let me picture this room as it is. Sarah sits near the fire with a book in her hand and ever and anon she applies her eyes more closely to her book but alas it is not to read but only to suppress a long drawn sigh. Ripley sits near her, a picture, rather an imitation of the picture of Melancholy, his own countenance a reflection of Sarah's only that a close observer could see a look of merriment in his eye. And I, at heart sad, yet overpowered with irrepressible desire for laughter at Sarah's long-drawn sighs and Ripley's good imitation (unknown to her) for Ferdie is going to Kansas.

Wednesday, February second. The races, the races! I am going up to the race-course, are you? "Yes." Such is the conversation I hear all around me; everybody is full of the races, the horses, betting and gambling and I care for none of them. The races, what good is there in making two or more poor horses run themselves to death? Why, on earth don't they get two steamcars and set them a running? "No sport." O, no sport, eh! Put you on behind. "Dangerous." O, it is not dangerous to the horses and their riders to run at such a rate. "None of my look-out." Go heartless wretch and learn Philanthropy. "Well, but I can win money." Yes and lose it too and that is

your lookout. "What's money to me?" It would be a great deal to the starving and dying poor. "I can do as I please with my money." It is wrong to use it for gambling. "I made my own money." God gave it to you and God can take it from you again. "Mind your own business." 'Tis no use arguing with such breath-wasters.

Thursday, February third. Last night there was a meeting of our society and I was present as usual. I am beginning to think a little now on my future career in life. I am fast approaching the close of my college life and it is time that I should begin to think of it. Two more years and I am out and then I do not know but that I will study at home a year, and then enter Columbia Seminary and study three years there; and may God grant that I may well fulfill the duties of the sacred office I am to enter.

Friday, February fourth. Yesterday afternoon I took a walk with cousin Kate McKnight, a very pleasant walk it was. We went around to see Mr. Mikell's splendid residence and we were very much pleased with it. Cousin advised me to be a minister and to have a country church and I told her that she had found out my wish. May it be so.

Saturday, February fifth. I begin to see a new purpose now in life. I see that life is not all a dream that

"Life is real; life is earnest"

I see too that we all live for some purpose, that we live not to be benefitted by the world but to benefit the world. We must live as examples to others.

Saturday, February twelfth. Today I wrote a letter to Ben Pitman for his Phonographic Phrasebook. Phonography is a beautiful science.

Sunday, February thirteenth. Today was our communion service and I loved them so much. They were all so sweet of heaven, all of them had my heart in them. Mr. Wills preached for us and I liked his sermon greatly.

Monday, February fourteenth. I was just thinking today where would be our class two years hence. Echo only answered where. I declare now: we boys ought to appoint an historian of our class who should portray the different characters of each one who has ever been in the class giving a pen and ink likeness of the first and second honor men, of the greatest fool and the greatest wit, the standing and grand average of the class at the end of the terms, with the jokes perpetrated by each member of said class.

Thursday, February seventeenth. I have just received a letter from Mr. Woodruff all in Phonography and Oh, who can feel the thrill of pride and pleasure that thrilled through my soul on receiving it. I fell almost into exstasies. Mr. Woodruff praises me up a great deal for my knowledge of Phonography.

Tuesday, February twenty-second. Sunday night saw an old room mate of mine whom I have not seen for two years, Carson Finley. He was with Presly and myself up at Mr. Goulding's and we were agreed all round that those times (though we knew it not) were fine times. All the information I could get from him about our old school mates is this: Clifford Joy is about town doing nothing and Joe Yates is studying for an M.D., and Joe Anger is at Wofford College and I at Charleston College, both trying for a D.D. Clarence Palmer is at The Citadel and little Harry Street is yet at the Public School. I do not know what Presly will be but Carsy is to be a merchant and Aston Coffin is at some college in Switzerland. I do not know what Johnnie Heriot (I beg his pardon Mr. J. Heriot) is about now. And these are all, thank God, they are living yet. May they benefit the world.

Monday, February twenty-eighth. I received "The Phonographic Phrasebook" from Pitman on Friday and I was very much pleased with it. His introduction is admirable. This book contains only good phrases. His Reporter's Companion contains 3800 phrases besides a great amount of practicing matter. He also made me a present of the Book of Psalms.

Tuesday, March first. "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." This is the word of the Lord. O Lord help me to seek great things not for myself but for Thee. Help me to lay all my laurels, all my learning at thy feet and help me to look up to Thee as my friend and law giver.

Friday, March fourth. I spoke today in the chapel for the first time. Everybody says I was terribly scared but of course I was not. The idea; I who have spoken four times before an audience of two thousand to be afraid of thirty boys! Not I! I was sick and feeling very badly the whole day and if I was pale, blame it on my headache.

Sunday, March sixth. Those words are still sounding in my ears. "Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not." It has always been one of my dreams to be distinguished. I have always been seeking great things for myself. To be honored, loved and respected by all has always been my greatest ambition and is it wrong to wish to strive for these? Are these great things? Will

striving for them be seeking great things for myself? The answer I fear is yes, though I would not have it so. "Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not" and the divine command must be obeyed. I will not seek great things for myself; I will seek them for God. I will strive to lay all my laurels at Jesus feet and say to him "Lord, they are Thine." I will not be an indifferent preacher, a medium man. I will strive and try not to gain great things for myself but to gain them for God.

Wednesday, March ninth. I have just learned that our church has called Mr. Wells to take joint charge of our church. I do hope he will accept the call for if he does, I understand that he will be Bible class teacher. I have now an indifferent teacher but with Mr. Wills I will be "tres content."

Friday, March eleventh. Today my heart was rendered glad by the prettiest letter imaginable from Mr. Woodruff and a phonographic package from Mr. B. Pitman. Really I am of some importance in the world, the brother of the inventor of phonography writing to me. I have just been looking over my last year's journal and I found there the praises of phonography and almost in the same breath the praises of our pure and undefiled religion.

Monday, March fourteenth. Last night I went to hear my father preach before the Young Men's Christian Association and I can say I liked it better than any sermon I ever heard. I was perfectly carried away with and I liked it better and believe it to be better than any sermon I ever heard father preach. His text was "Remember thou art my first born, etc. . . unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Tuesday, March fifteenth. Today is my birthday and as birthdays come but once a year I thought it worth noting. I weigh now one hundred and six pounds and am five feet six inches tall which I believe is pretty good for me. I am within a day or two of being a junior in college and since last year I am sure of my improvement.

Saturday, March nineteenth. Saturday I wrote and sent another letter to Mr. Pitman, writing for his history of shorthand which I hope he has. I also sent a letter to Mr. Woodruff for which in due time I expect an answer. I write generally to Mr. Woodruff once a month. Phonography has placed me in a curious position. All the senior year we only take down lectures. I will obtain mine verbatim and consequently they will be borrowed by those in my own class even by him whom all expect to take first honor from me. Thus phonography has enabled me to be

more than usually generous and God grant that it may make good use of the opportunity which I have.

Saturday, March twenty-sixth. Last night I went round to see Robert Mustard. I spent a very pleasing evening with him and his mother. He gave me my first lesson in chess and by ten o'clock I was deep in the mysteries of King and Queen, Knight and Rook, Pawn and Bishop but I was reluctantly compelled by the lateness of the hour to return home. I do like chess. It is something new to do for a change.

Sunday, March twenty-seventh. At night I followed father's company to St. Peter's Church to hear Mr. Girardeau preach before the Y. M. C. A. The sermon, it was universally agreed, was a fine one but terrible part was that he preached one hour and a quarter and let out just as it began to pour down and all but I came home in an omnibus.

Monday, March twenty-eighth. Today I met Mr. Brandt who was my stock boss while I was at Browning and Leman's dry goods store as an under clerk. What a change has come over things since then. Then I was nearing my fourteenth birthday, now I approach my eighteenth. I am really getting old without knowing it. Eighteen! Eighteen! I was declared with all my class to be the junior class of Charleston College.

Wednesday, March thirtieth. Lavinia told me this morning that a gentleman was at the door wishing to see me. When I went down who should I see but my old friend and phonographic correspondent Mr. Woodruff. We talked phonography and phonetics to each other for a quarter of an hour when he had to go. He is going to order a copy of Pitman's New Phonographic Testament for me for I need some Sunday reading. I am second in my class.

Thursday, March thirty-first. Yesterday I received from Mr. Pitman his glorious work, the History of Shorthand. My pleasure and surprise on receiving it is unfanciable. I was so delighted that for a long time I couldn't raise courage to break the wrapper for fear of its not being that which yet I hoped it was. I will not attempt a criticism of this work not perhaps on account of its uncriticizeableness but because I hold this to be a self evident fact, that we ought not to criticize that which we love, for finding out its faults may lessen our admiration of its beauties and truths; but I affirm that phonography defies criticism. I ordered a Manners from Pitman today.

Friday, April first. Today, a year ago, the love of phonography was born within me; in fact today is my phonographic

birthday. Last year on April first as I was in Smith and Whilden's book store Lindsay showed me Pitman's Manual of Phonography. Aunt Abbie bought it for me. I began then to study it with interest and I love it just as much now.

Saturday, April ninth. If I had only as much learning and piety as Dr. Wills and Dr. Smythe appear to have I could count myself a happy man but is it not permitted to me to strive after wisdom as they have and to pray for God's blessing as they have done and possibly I too may arrive at Grace through Jesus. O Lord! Thou knowest how unworthy I am; Thou knowest all my short comings and Thou art able to do what Thou wilt. Then O God, father almighty, purify me, I pray. Cleanse me and I shall be clean. Amen.

Sunday, April seventeenth. Can it be our Father God has called me to preach his glad tidings of great joy to the world and where shall I go? To whom shall I speak the good news? East, west, north, south, wherever God calls me only let my Captain and my compass be with me, and 'tis all the same to me.

Monday, April eighteenth. College reopened today to the joy of some and grief of others. I am both glad and sorry; glad for some "of the spice of life" variety and yet sorry because I cannot spend the time my own way. The books we study this term are Olmsted's Astronomy, Juvenal, Whately's Logic, Rhetoric, Agassiz's Zoology and Sophocles, Oedipus Tyrannus.

Thursday, April twenty-first. What I have to say today chiefly concerns chess. Last night before and after the meeting of our society I had my chess match with Billy Glover. The match was to consist of five games but we only played three that being considered sufficient to decide and it did effectually decide but that did not keep me from telling my tale although I got awfully beaten in every one. This morning I played a game with Robert Kelly and we did have a tough fight. I never fought so good in my life and my valor was rewarded with success, I bore away the laurels. I like Mr. Holmes' lectures more and more every day. I anxiously await the coming of his next lecture on next Wednesday.

Tuesday, April twenty-sixth. I love college far more now than I ever did before. Last term I was wishing to leave, now though the studies are much harder I would rather work my way through than leave. Our order for recitation is as follows:

Monday-Tuesday		
1st hour	Middleton	Logic
2nd hour	Hawkesworth	Juvenal
3rd hour	Gibbes	Astronomy
Wednesday		
1st hour	Holmes	Zoology
2nd hour	Porcher	Rhetoric
3rd hour	Gibbes	Astronomy
Thursday		
1st hour	Middleton	Logic
2nd hour	Porcher	Rhetoric
3rd hour	Holmes	Zoology
Friday		
1st hour	Middleton	Logic
2nd hour	Hawkesworth	Sophocles
3rd hour	Chapel exercises	

Wednesday, April twenty-seventh. Tonight as usual there will be a meeting of the Chrestomathic Society and I don't think it would do much harm to append to the notice "all the members are respectfully invited to attend." Nearly two years ago I joined the society and oh! the fun that the fellows had out of me with the "greasy goat and the greasy water!" 'Tis really a sight to see and a sensation to feel but I am going to do my share tonight in drowning some "fresh."

Saturday, April thirtieth. I can't help thinking sometimes of the long ago when I was so happy, so free. When I played in the greenwood and revelled in the pleasures of friendship.

Wednesday, May fourth. I received yesterday a very pleasant and flattering letter from Mr. Woodruff; in fact his praises are enough to make a modest man faint. I did not know until he told me it that I had so much perseverance and energy in me and to tell the truth I have some suspicions of the truth of it. Of course Mr. Woodruff's letter was in shorthand, phonographic shorthand—as if a phonographer would dare to write to me in anything else. I answered his today.

Tuesday, May tenth. Tonight Mr. Gibbes has summoned our class to attend college at half past six o'clock to see the planets at his observatory and with his telescope. Jupiter, Saturn and the Moon are among some of the objects which are to attract our attention. Our lessons in Zoology and Astronomy are among those which interest me most, although both are very difficult. Chess has lately taken hold of me and Oh! what an iron grasp

it has. I do wish I could break away from it; it does waste entirely too much time. It is too entrancing, too captivating and such a pleasant game and after all what use is it of? I can think of no benefit or harm it actually confers. "Time well spent" is a world of happiness in itself and I do wish I could enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that my time is well spent.

Wednesday, May eleventh. Last night though not very clear was yet clear enough for us to make our observations through Mr. Gibbes' telescope. Jupiter first engaged our attention and we saw him with his four moons and belts. The earth turned around so fast that Jupiter ran away every minute or two and we had to bring him back again by turning up the telescope. O Saturn was a sight to see although he only had one moon visible. His ring was engaging. Castor, the finest double star and a quadruple star in the "big dipper" were both new to me. But the moon "where will the flowing numbers end that speak its praise," Mount Plato and Erastosthenes were both visible. The sun just rising on the light-capped spots, seemed like light, rising in darkness. The shadows of the mountains were very distinct and valleys, mountains, plains and seas were visible. This is my first sight of these objects, so close.

Tuesday, May seventeenth. Phonography and Chess on the same page. I did not mean to.

Friday, May twentieth. I confidently believe that our class is the best class in college and that I would rather be in it than in any other there. We ought to have a history of our class, beginning "The junior class of 1859 embraces the following roll of names: John D. Caldwell, E. Everett Edgerton, William P. Jacobs, Robert S. Kelly, Macmillan King, Mitchell King, Stiles R. Mellichamp, E. M. Seabrook, Henry Sparnick, Willis Wilkerson, the following names have at times been connected with this society of young men: W. Edings Ravenel, Moses Martin.

Saturday, May twenty-first. I was elected the quarterly orator before the Chrestomathic Society last Wednesday night and I cannot for the life of me think of what the subject was for debate. Next Wednesday night and I am one of the debaters. I declare! I do not know what is the matter with me today. I am sleepy, lazy, dreamy. I feel like—like—doing nothing and like sitting back in my chair and dreaming. Oh, dear! what can the matter be with Mr. Woodruff that he does not write.

Tuesday, May twenty-fourth. I learned today my marks on Professor Gibbes. They are 10-9-9-9 so that my average this far on his branch is 9.3 about. If I can keep this or elevate it

a little I will become very much pleased. I begin to *love* intellectual Philosophy.

Monday, May thirtieth. Quite a series of chess events has happened of late in our community. In the first place some of us boys have formed a chess club called the "Morphy Chess Club" and we intend inviting him to come and honor us with his presence. I suppose of course that he won't. In the second place we intend having tournaments every month or two to try the skill of the members. Of course to award prizes to the best. And in the third and last place, Presly and I intend printing and editing a monthly Chess Magazine which of course will improve us greatly? This afternoon I attend the first meeting of the society. May it prosper and make it worthy of its illustrious name. Health to the Morphy Chess Club!

Tuesday, May thirty-first. I have begun to get right interested in our studies at college and now that I play Chess so much that I have made it a rule never to touch board or men until I have studied or read four hours daily. I think that four hours is as much as my health will permit.

Thursday, June second. I intend in conjunction with Presly forming the nucleus of a magazine which will we hope outdo any attempt ever made by us as yet. Its main object will be chess though not its whole object. I do not know whether it is worth the trouble, however. Although I may some day be connected with some paper and I would not like to be ignorant, entirely ignorant of typesetting and so forth.

Friday, June tenth. Today was my debut on the college stage, that is, with an original composition and I must say that it did not give me very great pleasure for though I have partially committed it to memory, yet I was in a pretty fix for I had lost my speech the night before and it is now forever consigned to forgetfulness. If I was to judge the effect of my speech by the number of congratulations I obtained, my effort was eminently successful. But college congratulations from such sources are generally ironical!

Wednesday, June fifteenth. "Montes parturiunt, mus nascitur." I did not join the others of the class in their proposed rebellion and alas, what a persecuted mortal I expect to be for two years to come. Nevertheless, God almighty knows that I aimed to do right, far from following my inclination I opposed it.

Thursday, June sixteenth. Well, I declare, what new notion will get hold of me. I am editor of a Chess Monthly, to be printed by Harper and Calvo. Moses went down with me last Tues-

day to see about having it printed and we found out that we could have it printed for five dollars. The first number will be issued on the first of July.

Friday, June seventeenth. Rebellion seems to be the order of the day. The students have just got safely through one awful rebellion and now they wish to plunge headlong into the foaming waters of contention. What on earth is the matter with the students. They must have something in them. And the way of the rebellion is this! The college cadets wish holiday to go on a maroon on this Friday coming and consequently they wish to take holyday on that day but the professors have refused to give it to them and so rather than give up the maroon they intend taking holyday! Foolish boys! I wonder if they know what they are about. Really though they cannot be so silly as to think of such a foolish and impolite contrivance.

Sunday, June twenty-sixth. I am now sitting in my room, listening to the splashing rain which is hurrying from heaven to earth and trying to think of the great God who made it all. There! see how vivid that streak of lightning was and how piercing the echoing and all of the thunder and now the rain begins to fall faster and faster and the clouds grow still darker while the grand artillery of heaven makes its discharges frequent and more frequent still. And who made all this? Who but the triune God, the great and glorious maker and governor of the universe, the mysterious "I am that I am." And can it be the same Jehovah that fashioned the powers of the "Infinite," was He who so loved finite and evanescent man that He gave His only begotten and well loved son that he might die for us, that he might be offered up, a sacrifice to satisfy the demands of justice? The same, the very same! Ought we not to love Him with fear and trembling?

Monday, June twenty-seventh. Monday is fourth of July and the students have prevailed on me to parade with them, and on that day I am going to follow behind the drum and make a joyful noise with my rifle to the music of a military step. How ought our hearts to glow with pride as we witness the celebration of the great day of liberty and how ought our spirits to flow evenly as we think of the glorious land of liberty; the land of the majestic goddess.

Tuesday, June twenty-ninth. Yesterday afternoon I went down with Ottolengine Moses, my brother Editor and obtained the proof sheet of the *Philidorian*. You can't guess how much elated we were at seeing our names in print. It really seemed

like a new order of things. I used to think that it would be a very easy thing to conduct a newspaper but lately I have slightly changed our opinion. It is not quite as easy a thing as we had thought it would be. It requires a great deal of skill to conduct a paper of any sort right well. Though I must say that it is easy to think about conducting one.

Wednesday, June twenty-ninth. Mr. Holmes has not returned yet and it is very likely that he will not return very soon. Mr. Hawkesworth, wonder of wonders! was sick today. The first time he has been absent from college for twenty-nine years. Some-thing is going to happen.

Thursday, June thirtieth. In about a month there will be no more of our family in Charleston. They will all be away. Father, cousin Kate, Presly and I will be in Edisto. Aunt Abby, Ripley and Minnie in Sumpter. Uncle Wheelock in Maine; Uncle Edward in England or France and Ferdy in Kansas so that our house will be left desolate. Ripley and Aunt Abby left for Sumpter this morning. I will remain in Charleston for a while yet. I begin to feel an oppressive sensation about my chest. My nerves are getting loose but very sharp; my heart beats with sudden jerks and my hands tremble. And why? *Examinations approach! Awful words!* The coming examination is the hardest of the whole course and if I pass it I may count myself as through.

Sunday, July third. Last night I attended an extra meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of which I am an active member. I pray God that He may prosper all the doings of this association and may they never fall into disrepute.

Monday, July fourth. I was up this morning at three o'clock "armed and equipped according to law" to go among the military and show my pretty (?) face to the admiring multitudes. Well, it was about six o'clock before we arrived safe and sound. ("Tutus corpore et mente") at the appointed rendezvous. I must say I was tired when after our parading exertions I arrived again at home, i. e. the college green; and still more tired when after our salutes (including, of course, powdered faces and hands) I arrived broken down at my own domicile; but cannot coffee easily cure such complaints?

Wednesday, July sixth. The *Philidorian* is beginning to get its share of flattery. Just after closing my journal yesterday I received a very flattering letter from the Chess Editor of the *Courier*; just see what the *Courier* says of us in this morning's issue. "At the same time we take pleasure in noticing another

advocate for public favor in a neat little monthly called the PHILIDORIAN, handsomely printed by Messrs. Harper and Calvo in this city, who so well understand the job and edited by two of our most promising aspirants to Chess fame. We venture to assert from the taste and care which characterizes its pages that it must soon grow in favor. Admirably adapted to the scope of the little ones, it combines as well the advantages of solid matter which can but be interesting and entertaining to those of a more mature age." And some more of that same sort. Father has just given me a bill and says if I collect it I may have it.

Saturday, July ninth. I have become deeply interested in professor Gager's expedition in his great balloon "the Atlantic." It must be a glorious thing to mount up in a balloon and look down upon the toiling man below and to laugh at his wonders. Yes I would like to go up in a splendid one, to feel free as the wind, to fly on the wings of the wind. The Atlantic travelled 1,100 miles in 19 hours. What a glorious speed! I prophesy, notwithstanding all doubters, that there will be regular balloon voyages between the old and new world across the continents and even round the globe. It can be done and will be. Now the circumnavigation of the globe takes three years; a balloon such as The Atlantic can accomplish it in three weeks.

Monday, July eleventh. I succeeded on Saturday in collecting the bill due me from Mr. Pelot but it soon dwindled down considerably . . . I promised in my last letter to Mr. Woodruff to get up a southern Phonographic Institute on a similar plan to the one in England and Cincinnati and to publish a Phonographic Institute. Of course he will take it as a good joke though I did not intend it as such. I am just about to write to Ben Pitman.

Monday, July eighteenth. I have just received a letter from Mr. Henry, a great New York Chess player who desired to know our terms. I sent a copy of the *Philidorian* to him and I hope that he will subscribe. We intend printing some Chess diagrams.

Friday, July twenty-ninth. The second number (perhaps it is the last) is out and is favorably noticed in the *Mercury* and *Courier*.

Saturday, July thirtieth. Nearly all yesterday I was trying my best to sell the *Philidorian* but have not succeeded extra well.

Friday, August nineteenth. I had almost forgotten to record as usual my report for last term with which I am greatly dissatisfied, it being in grand average far less than I expected and con-

fidently believed I deserved. I do not now know my position in the class.

	Term	Oral	Written
Logic	7.6	9	
Inv. Phil.	8.1		7
Classics	9	9	9
Astronomy	8.5	9.5	9
Rhetoric	8.3	8	9

My grand average was only 8.4 which is very bad for me. It is emphatically the worst report I have ever received. Last night a party of us boys went in bathing but I was so scary of sharks that I did not go out far and came out soon. This cowardice is a positive inconvenience.

Sunday, August twenty-first. I do wish I was a better boy, God knows. I wish that God was my God that Jesus was my saviour and that I was His son, that I dwelt in the bosom of Him whose "love sticketh closer than a brother's." O God be my God. O Lord show me Thy way, teach me to walk under the shadows of Thy wing. Perhaps it might afford me interest hereafter to remember the manner in which I spend the Sabbath. I rise at six and read until eleven when I go to church and read again until eight when we have service again. There is none in the afternoon. We have one weekday exercise. Wednesday night lecture. The congregation is very fair, both morning and night. I like father's sermons.

Sunday, August twenty-eighth. I listened to father both morning and night, though I was anything but attentive. I am afraid that God was not in all my thoughts. Father preaches well, I like his preaching. I love it. It is plain, clear, to the point and I will be well, very well contented if I could but write as he does. I hope someday to be a minster but oh, how unfit I am.

Wednesday, August thirty-first. (Edisto Island). This afternoon I spent a very pleasant fifteen minutes on horseback. I am no rider, I have never ridden but I want to learn to ride and drive. I will need to know some of these days and I had best be learning now.

Sunday, September fourth. This morning I partook of the communion at the church. Oh what an impressive scene it was. Mr. Lee spoke so pathetically "Standing" as he says "here on the brink of death, as it were on the border of life and death" he most earnestly pressed on all to come now to Jesus. "Never" said he "may I see you more. O listen to an old man's words and make your peace with God."

Wednesday, September fourteenth. I think that I begin to feel myself at home when I am on horseback. I forgot to mention one fact about my ride last Monday. The horse began to caper at a great rate and I could not imagine what could be the matter when on turning around I found a little black boy hanging on his tail! After driving him off I was compelled to make the woods echo with a horse-laugh. Expect to go rowing to-night.

Sunday, September eighteenth. I love, too, to hear father's sermons and I only wish that he had a country parsonage and church. I do hope that if God shall make of me a minister; that he will place me to work in some quiet country place where the people are all as sociable and friendly as they are in this place. Surely, then, my lines would have fallen to me in pleasant places. I do most ardently desire to become a minister and to labor to do God's service but O, Lord, thou knowest me that I am the most unworthy of all Thy servants.

Sunday September twenty-fifth. I was kept at home all day by indisposition and improved the opportunity I had in moralizing on my own condition. I concluded that it was high time that, God willing, the chief aim and end of my life should be to be of service and glory to my maker, to love Him and do His bidding. I concluded to be a man, free, active, unselfish as a generous youth, bold, zealous, honest, unflinching as a man. I will be a servant and adorer of my maker; always relying on Him to the uttermost.

Thursday, September twenty-ninth. (Charleston). I would like to live in a city where there are a plenty of public edifices, museums, libraries, galleries of art and antiquities. It is in that direction all my city tastes tend. In the country I am a different man. There I love company and out-door exercise. Raised in the city I would certainly become a minister-antiquary; in the country I would certainly degenerate into a farmer-naturalist. Bred up in both city and country I would be a curious admixture of odds and ends, loving the ministry and nature. I trust however, that I will be educated in the city and settled in the country.

Friday, September thirtieth. This evening father called me into his room and you couldn't guess what he asked me. "Willie" said he, "Willie how would you like a mother?" I was dumb-founded. And so father is going to get married to Miss Carrie Lee! Well! Now I do declare! I will love her and honor her, I know.

Saturday, October eighth. I will graduate at college when I am just nineteen. For six months I will read and recruit and in September 1861 I will enter Columbia Seminary where I will graduate in 1864 at the age of 22. I hope to be a minister by 1865 and then I will—no matter what.

Thursday, October thirteenth. Last night I did something worthy of record. I delivered the quarterly oration before the Chrestomathic Society. It was greatly applauded and if I may believe appearances, it was very much liked. But I have not forgotten that appearances are often deceitful. I was the first quarterly orator of our class. I was also the first monthly orator from the class. I have been in college now two and a half years and have never got an unexcused failure or even an excused failure from any cause but absence. I have also been two and a half years in my society without even once being fined.

Friday, October twenty-first. Last year it seemed to me that I was not much liked but I begin to think that this was not the case. I have, as the saying is "found my level" and that level is just where I would wish it to be.

Thursday, October twenty-seventh. Today is Thanksgiving day and of course we had a holyday which I occupied in studying and writing.

Sunday, October thirtieth. I have chosen for my year-text "As a man thinketh, so is he." I long to preach.

Monday, October thirty-first. It seems that father's tastes have been inherited by me more than by any of his other children. Father has expressed his desire that I should become his representative. God grant that I may be a worthy representative and help me to do my best.

Tuesday, November first. Father arrived in Charleston today with mother and a very nice mother she is. I am sure I will love her, yes, for I do love her now with all my heart. She looks just like father's proper wife. Oh, may she love me as truly as I do now love her. As soon as she had taken possession of her room father called me in and said, "Willie, is this mother or Miss Carrie Lee?" What could I answer but "Mother." Yes, she shall love me and I her. I have to go to college tomorrow although I do think that I ought not to. Why? Because I don't want to. Our lesson, too, is all about stars and constellations when a far brighter star has just entered my hemisphere and it requires all my observation.

Wednesday, November second. Mother has received some

very beautiful wedding presents and I am sure she deserves them but what have I to give? Alas, not a cent have I. All that I can give is my love, unworthy as it is, dear mother, I give it to you, for I cannot withhold it from you.

Monday, November seventh. I saw through father's telescope 12 spots on the sun, 6 large ones each attended by a small one, in a row along the southern hemisphere, the line they formed being concave toward the north. I also see by the daily *Courier* that a new planet has been added to the solar system by name Mnemosyne.

Tuesday, November eighth. I received a letter from my phonographic friend, Mr. Woodruff, the other day and I feel very much pleased at the fresh prospects which are opening up before him. He gave me an account of my future school house. He is very fond of Mr. Thornwell and affirms that he would be willing almost to turn Presbyterian for his sake. He offered me a position as reporter to the legislature, if I would accept it. Of course I would if I could but I feel my inability to fill the obligations that office would place on me. Besides I expect to go to Edisto this winter.

Tuesday, November fifteenth. I received a visit from Mr. Woodruff this morning, who, of course I am always glad to see. He came to make me an offer which I will very gladly receive into consideration. Dr. Gibbes of the *South Carolinian* offered me fifty dollars and expenses for three weeks, reporting for him in Columbia at the Senate house. I very gladly accept it. Here then is one opening for me to procure a little money for future use. Fifty dollars is no small sum to me and at ordinary school teaching such as I expected to undertake would have required three months to amass. And even then, it would be very hard work.

Saturday, November twenty-sixth. Away, away, on the wings of the wind, I am hurrying over hill, over dale, speeding as fast as steam can carry me to Columbia. Ridgeville dined, looked around, counted three pigs and a cow, Orangeburg saw a carriage, a lady and a gentleman, a very pretty wee-bit of a town, all the fences are painted white. Branchville, three and a half o'clock, felt hungry and dined, don't know whether it was chicken or pig I was eating, called it beef. Columbia, raining, rained all day, lodged at the City Hotel. Came to the conclusion that Columbia is a muddy place. Introduced all around.

Sunday, November twenty-seventh. A more minute examination of Columbia leads me to the conclusion that it is lovely

in the spring. Last night Mr. Woodruff, introduced me to the *Carolinian* office. State market, the various hotels, the bank, the post office, the Liberty pole, Mr. Peter Glass etc. Senators Cannon, Burdett, etc. I have a very nice room, one bed, table, chair, trunk and two standing up places but very nice and tidy. I spent Sunday differently from home; I have to stay in my room all day to avoid low society. I attended Dr. Thornwell's church today and a very able discourse was delivered by Dr. Howe. It is very rainy, the regular session weather.

Thursday, December first. I do begin to feel a little more confident that I did first. Indeed I do not feel like throwing up my commission now as I did on Monday. In fact my reports must be good as they have been copied entire by the *Charleston Courier* and *Mercury*. I expect to make twenty five dollars by this trip of mine. Lately I have become extensively acquainted.

Friday, December second. This morning I went to the Seminary with Mr. Alexander a young student of said Seminary. And I was very glad that I went for I saw four students with whom I am now acquainted. Buist, Banks, Law and who do you think? George Petrie, whom I have not seen for four years.

Sunday, December fourth. I have had a very, very pleasant day. I went round to Dr. Thornwell's church and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Leland. While at church I met Dr. Thornwell's pupils of the Seminary, Tom Law and George Petrie who invited me to come round and dine with them. I did so with pleasure. Tom explained everything at the Seminary. After dinner I went to hear the good, old Dr. Thornwell preach a beautiful sermon on the authenticity of the Christian Bible. I spent the evening at home. Mr. Woodruff's is a noisy family.

Tuesday, December sixth. After all my work was done I went to the Telegraph office. This is the first time I ever went into a Telegraph office and of course I became acquainted as quickly as possible with all the what's and why's. The operator says that we can transmit messages as fast as we can write. I thought it took much longer. I didn't get home till midnight.

Wednesday, December seventh. We had some grandiloquent speeches on Disunion in the Senate today. I do wish that the Senate would adjourn, sine die on the 20th.

Thursday, December eighth. That was a most violent debate yesterday in the Senate on the subject of Harper's Ferry. I do believe that I was awfully a secessionist but now I am a strong unionist. I would not see one quill plucked from the

wing of that proud bird which is emblazoned over our Senate Hall. I do not believe that the people of the North are half so bad as the papers make them appear. I do love the whole, yes the whole union.

Friday, December ninth. I heard a glorious speech from Mr. Hampton, on the slave trade. He was much opposed to it and argued the cause of the constitution and the South so nobly that I love him for it.

Sunday, December eleventh. I am now sitting near Mr. Woodruff's fire with the whole family around me. In church I sit with the Seminary students.

Friday, December twenty-third. I left Columbia yesterday morning at five o'clock and had with Mr. Woodruff's aid to carry my trunk to the depot.

Sunday, December twenty-fifth. Merry Christmas to all, but none to me. I attended Dr. Smyth's church and he preached an anti-Christmas sermon, saying that it was an occasion on which we should rather weep than rejoice because today the Lord of all was born to a life of misery imposed by us upon him. But it seems otherwise to me. I rejoice because on this day, Jesus was born for sinners, for me. Is it not a fit subject for rejoicing that the Great God died for me and now I live.

Thursday, December twenty-sixth. But very soon the time will come when I must bid farewell to the classic walls of Charleston College. And whither then shall I turn? I had almost forgotten to mention that I have begun to take singing lessons in the School of Sacred Music of the Y. M. C. A.

Saturday, December thirty-first. And now I have come to the end of the year. Tonight, 1860 is born in the grave of '59. This year of my life has been a very changeable year to me and I might say to all of us. During this year I have been twice away from home for some length of time. I have gained more experience and confidence, more worldly wisdom. Have I grown wiser in heavenly things? Let me diligently inquire into my heart and ask. Am I better now than I was one year ago? Oh, that I might say "yes." I must say I fear not. Lord, grant me my prayer for the coming year.

PRAYER FOR 1860

O Lord God unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, look kindly down on a wayward child who knows not how to pray. Bless me, even me also, Oh, my father. Give me a new heart,

and renew a right spirit within. Strengthen me in good works. Lead me through all the temptations which may surround me in the coming year and help me in all the dispensations of Thy providence to exclaim, Thy will be done. Oh, bless me with the opportunities of Thy Holy Spirit. Oh, Father, be a father and saviour unto me. Prosper my worldly affairs as far as seemeth good in Thy sight and so far, prosper all the secret desires of my heart. This and far more would I ask through Jesus Christ whom may I always love. Amen.

January nineteenth. I am resolved:

1. To live by fixed principles which are founded on the holy scriptures.
2. To read my Bible and pray every morning and evening.
3. Always to be subordinate to superiors and to honor, obey and love my father and never do anything which he would disapprove.
4. Never to do anything of which I may be afterward ashamed.
5. Never to be ashamed to do right, and to hold to the truth.
6. Always to come out on the Lord's side and to oppose the Devil.
7. Never to be idle and to be always punctual to my promises or duties.
8. Never to do anything of the rectitude of which I am doubtful.
9. To be obliging, liberal, kind, humble and patient of evil in sight of God and all men.
10. Always to be diligent and to employ my time well.
11. To live with an eye single to God's glory and my own good.
12. To celebrate the day of the Lord with works suitable to the day.
13. Above all things to curb my temper; and to try to attain a mildness of manner even to him who injured me, bodily or in worldly goods.
14. To care for opinions and desires only so far as I can do so without endangering my principles.
15. To be honest and to have a good name with my fellow-men, remembering that as I act well or evil, the word of God may rise or fall into disrepute.
16. Never to buy what I cannot pay for or what is useless to me and always to pay my debts to a scrupulous degree.

17. To be careful of everything I borrow and to return it in the same condition in which I received it.
18. To return good for evil.
19. To be exact in the performance of my duties.
20. Always to think before I speak and never to strike a blow unless where necessary or in self defense.
21. To be at peace with all the world and have all the world at peace with me.
22. To remember that life is but a span and that one moment may hurl me into eternity; that because of this I should so live that at death I may look back on a life well spent in the service of Him who died for me.

W. P. JACOBS.

Reports received at each examination by W. P. Jacobs.

Freshman Class

1.—No. 1	July 31, 1854.			
	Term	Oral	Written	
Classics	9	9	9	
Geometry	8.9	10	—	
Algebra	8.8	—	9.5	
History	6	8	8.6	
				General Average 8.9

2.—No. 2	March 26th, 1858			
	Term	Oral	Written	
Classics	9	9	9	
Geometry	8.6	10	—	
Algebra	8.9	—	10	
History	6.6	8	9	
				General Average 8.9

Sophomore Class

3.—No. 1	July 31, 1858.			
	Term	Oral	Written	
Classics	9	9	9	
Algebra	9.3	—	9.5	
Trigonometry	9.1	—	10	
Etymology	6.7	9	8	
				General Average 8.8

4.—No. 2	March 25th, 1859.			
	Term	Oral	Written	
Classics	9	9	9	
Algebra	8.7	—	10	
Trigonometry	9.3	—	10	
Conic Sections	9	9	—	
Etymology	8.6	7	—	
				General Average 8.8

Junior Class

5.—No. 1	July 29th, 1859.		
Logic	7.6	9	—
Mental Phil.	8.1	—	9
Classics	9	9	9
Astronomy	8.5	9.5	9
Rhetoric	8.3	8	7

MYSELF

This year has been to me a most memorable year. I have in it changed greatly, morally, intellectually and socially. In all three my progress has been very marked. Morally indeed I am entirely different from my former self. I have settled firmly and forever many great principles which before I had not. My former practices only my habits have now become principles. But religiously I fear that my heart-knowledge is not as it should be. I have grown in knowledge, have I grown in grace? My intellectual nature has become more settled. I have become more intellectual than I ever was before. My perceptive and argumentative faculties have become more developed. My imagination, taste, and original suggestion has been strengthened but my mind is not objective but in a small degree. On the contrary it is eminently subjective. My power of extempore address has been greatly improved and my mind has lost to a great extent that gloomy aspect it once wore. My understanding has been improved but I fear I cannot say that of my memory and general knowledge. Lastly, in a social point of view, I was not once what now I am. My tongue was not that of a ready conversationalist and to save my life I could not interest a lady. It is not so now. I have lost all this bashfulness, rather shamefacedness and have become as ready a talker as most although there is a great, very great room for improvement, still I must as father says, get some more brass. I stand in a fair way to get it.

TO MY BOOKS

*Dearest friends, in all my sorrows
 True companions, welcome ever!
 Ye who with the changing morrows
 Tho' disastrous, leave me never;
 When I feel in doleful humour
 Ye are ever by to cheer me.
 When I'm vexed with nervous rumor,
 Loved companions, ye are near me.
 When my soul is filled with gladness
 Or when sorrows round me hover;*

*When my heart is clothed in sadness
Or when joys my sorrows cover;
When the world is cold and bitter,
When companions all deceive me;
Ye, I find companions fitter,
Ye are friends who never leave me.
Yes, ye tell me, tho' I tarry
For a moment, clothed in sorrow,
In the grave my grief I'll bury
In the resurrection's morrow.*

CHAPTER THREE

1860—Age 17

Sunday, January first. The first day of the New Year is upon us. Father reminded me today that Mr. Orm of Milledgeville wished to engage me as a reporter for the next session of the Georgia legislature, promising to pay me \$200 for six weeks. I think that I will go at the risk of six weeks from my college course. I received a note from Mr. Woodruff, saying that he was now in Charleston and intended to work for the *Courier*. I called on him but he was not in. I afterwards procured this Journal which I intend to keep much better than I have hitherto.

Wednesday, January fourth. I attended yesterday a meeting of the School of Sacred Music under the professorship of Professor Robinson. I expect some of these days to be able to sing and if I do I will be a tenor-vocalist. Cousin Kate is very anxious for me to learn to sing soon. As soon as I got home I found Presley there. He and Ripley came over in the Steamer Edisto. They seemed to be highly pleased with their trip. I suppose I will be as well pleased with mine next April for father had told me I can go then.

Thursday, January twelfth. These are very strange times we live in. Nothing very particularly strange has happened of late but I have no doubt that the time is not far distant when strange things will happen. At present I feel very strange. I feel oppressed. I know not how, with something, I know not what. Were I prophet I might predict. By the by somehow I know not how, I have dropped a spot of ink on the outside border of my journal, covering precisely two months from the 6th of May to the 6th of July. Can that portend anything? I am not superstitious otherwise, I might surmise all sorts of fearful things.

Friday, January thirteenth. One of my Virginia relatives is spending a few days with us, namely Cousin Adeline Osborn.

Thursday, January nineteenth. I received a long friendly letter from Tom Law. He will be in the Seminary when I enter and I hope that we will be good friends all through life.

Tuesday, January twenty-fourth. Johnny Caldwell and I had a long talk today on our plans and prospects for the future.

We both hoped that we both might get our congregations to love us, that we might live in the country and be near each other. That we both might get pretty wives and loving wives; and a whole pile of other wishes. Johnny and I are great friends and I think we ever will be until death shall part us. Richard Johnson visited me last night.

Friday, March ninth. Today I will quote a page from my notebook, headed "Gnothi Seauton" of "Willie Jacobs as others see him." A mixture of the various opinions I hear, expressed *de mihi*. "Hypocritical, deceitful, fighting character, so easily teased"—Miss Mary Mikell. "Conceited"—Miss Laura Adams. "Hard hearted, good boy"—Miss Anna Mikell. "Telltale"—Miss Nettie Spear. "Queer Genius"—Mr. Woodruff. "Nice boy"—Ripley. "Fine fellow—Mighty impudent"—Jimmie Robertson. "So undecided"—Cousin Kate. "Wouldn't do wrong unless by accident"—father.

Saturday, March tenth. Busy as I am with my college preparations I have still some little time to think of other matters. Miss Mary Mikell is a real nice young lady and if I have a single friend in this house, she is that one. To remember her, needs no memento for me; but I have one nevertheless. She gave me this verse (tho ignorant of its contents) and to preserve it I know no better place than my journal:

*Do you on me bestow a single thought?
When you are absent am I not forgot?*

Ah, Miss Mary, I would give you this if you would take it.

*"The miser never loved his buried pelf
As much as I, dear girl, do love yourself."*

Somebody has remarked that I am a very 'sensitive' young man.

Monday, March twelfth. During the coming holydays if they are holydays to me, I intend writing either a course of lectures on "Phonetics and Phonography" or a course of letters on "Astronomy." I would like to do both but I have very little chance of that.

Thursday, March fifteenth. I am eighteen years of age to-day! It seems not long since I penned almost this same sentence. Yes, how short the time since I was seventeen. Have I improved any? Is my body, heart, head and soul forward of last year? "Not to advance is to retreat!" Have I advanced? Have I retreated? I know I have advanced in other respects but these other respects are those of least importance. I see that my article "Will you read your Bible" has appeared in the *South-*

ern Presbyterian. Would that it might influence one soul to say "Yes, I will read my Bible." I intend as soon as time permits, to inflict more upon the editors generally.

Friday, April sixth. Thinking, earnestly thinking of the far future—of the time when God willing it should be my duty to work for the salvation of man, when I could feel all of peace and confidence in Him, I lay in bed last night, thinking of one I often think of and asking strange questions of my soul.

Sunday, April eighth. (Edisto Island) Grandfather wears a gown in the pulpit and it suits him so well that I felt like liking it.

Sunday, April fifteenth. And now let me mention a practice of grandfather's which I like. Every Sunday afternoon he calls his family and his servants about him and goes through the regular service and preaches a sermon or reads a printed one, thus employing that part of the day.

Monday, April sixteenth. This morning I bade Edisto a sad farewell and our train moved slowly to the boat, and now the boat moves, I cast "One long, last lingering look behind"—and the salt straits of the boundless deep lay betwixt me and that isle of calm repose. Now I may ask in earnestness 'Shall I ever see it again?' Yes I may ask it seriously, shall I ever again plant my foot upon its shore? Why so much doubt? I live in Charleston and it is a short run to Edisto and is it indeed a short run? No, father has received a call to some church in Alabama and he will go there, I think.

Wednesday, April eighteenth. My last term report was as follows:

	Term	Oral	Written
Moral Philosophy	8.5	8	—
Mental Philosophy	8.3	9	—
Classics	9	9	9
Mechanics	8.7	—	9
Lectures	—	9	8.5
Astronomy	9	9	—

Monday, April twenty-third. The long looked for, earnestly expected Convention of Delegates to nominate a president is in session here at last. They began at the Institute Hall at twelve o'clock. One of the Maine delegates, Mr. Leyman and his wife are staying at our house. I went down to various hotels and found them crowded with delegates, speechifying and talking at a great rate. I must get an opportunity to attend one day if possible just to say I attended the Democratic Convention at its Charleston session. Mr. Woodruff wants me to report for the

Courier but I would prefer to stay at college, engaged in a brown study.

Wednesday, April twenty-fifth. Oh, what a glorious thing it is to do one's duty, although the apparent Bonum would seem to attach to the other side. Now an application: I always study all of our recitations and the whole of each one but many in the class study only the pieces they expect to get and they can guess precisely and they let the rest of the recitation take care of itself. Of course they seem to know more than I but thank God, I do my duty! My library is daily increasing and contains now quite a respectable array of books. I want to get a good library for I think that absolutely necessary to a good minister.

Friday, April twenty-seventh. Never say die is my word! Ticket in hand, I sallied out to attend the Democratic Convention. Once there, once in, I was safe, without fear of being turned out. While there I made the following notes: In the Ins. Hall, waiting most earnestly for the convention to come, surrounded on all sides by grave, seedy and expectant seniors, reading newspapers, talking, speechifying with their hats on. In the opposite gallery is quite a number of ladies, all very expectant. "Bam, bam, bam, 'meeting will please come to order'."

Saturday, April twenty-eighth. Coming from the convention was far more difficult than getting to the convention—for as soon as Mr. Cushing declared the house adjourned the crowd in the galleries immediately made a rush for the door, over chairs, benches, every impediment. We stand at length at the head of the stairs—how to get to the bottom?

Tuesday, May first. Yesterday I obtained the ticket from Uncle Ned, took long strides to the hall. I hurried into the gallery in time to hear several speeches and to see Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, Texas, Florida, Arkansas and Delaware withdraw from the convention. Several speeches were made which elicited tremendous applause. The southern delegation intend to make a southern convention and withdraw from the northern platform. Hurrah for the south! Hurrah for South Carolina.

Wednesday, May second. Passing up the street I asked the news of everybody and found that the Democratic Constitutional Convention is being held at the Theatre. I must take the first opportunity to attend.

Thursday, May third. I intended to pay another visit to the Squatter Convention this afternoon but they have come to the conclusion that they would not come to a conclusion and so have

concluded to adjourn without concluding. I went down to the hall yesterday afternoon and saw them cast five ballots, the last stood Douglas 151½, Guthrie 66½ and others scattering. Of course the other convention will now proceed to nominate a candidate and they must get a strong man.

Friday, May fourth. As both conventions have adjourned, one to Baltimore, the other to Richmond, I will have no opportunity of going again. In future days I can say how that I pressed in among others to this Democratic Convention. I saw the grave and revered heads of the people, political fathers, in grave convention assembled, to deliberate on the tottering affairs of the nation. I partook of the terrible contentions and confusion which universally prevailed and I saw this great republic tottering to its foundation stone. I have preserved as a memorial of it, a ticket, one issued to allow admittance to the galleries before they were finally thrown open. It is signed by D. A. Smalley and C. L. Vallandigham, and now the battle is over for the present, let a lull ensue.

Saturday, May fifth. I have determined and with a firm reliance on God, I will accomplish. I will not seek great things for myself. I will lay all my laurels at Jesus' feet. Then, this be my resolve: to work through life, to work steadily, faithfully, trustingly and with my whole soul forgetting the world and the things of the world, knowing only Jesus and Him crucified. God help me, so that this be not merely a string of idle words.

Sunday, May sixth. I read today that the Pope has an idea of establishing his spiritual humbug over on this continent. Let him come! Let his cardinals and bishops and other stuff come over here! Let them take up their abode among us! This is my resolve. I'll beard the lion in his den. I'll use every sinew in my body as a rope to strangle his idolatry. I hate not him but his abominable heresy and I'll fight against it and speak against it and write against it as long as one drop of blood remains unconsumed in my veins, as long as my tongue stands sentinel in my mouth, as long as this head can put two ideas together, and these hands can touch pen to paper. Let him come! Let him establish his throne! But it must be established over me. (In later years the author wrote at the bottom of this page "*He didn't come!*" —Editor)

Tuesday, May eighth. Father left home a week ago for the purpose of going to Selma, Alabama, where he had received a call. If he comes back on Thursday with his mind made up to go, the school term will close immediately and I will be left all alone in Charleston. I know that my eight months stay will

completely tire me of Charleston. Oh, it will seem so strange here without a home, with such associations. Oh, the happy, happy recollections that come crowding in upon me of the pleasant times I have spent here. Of the many delightful hours in conversation with the girls. Oh, how can I break up all of these almost hallowed associations for the purpose of staying to complete my education but I *must!*

Friday, May eleventh. Father has returned from Alabama and I think that he has made up his mind to leave Charleston. He seems to be so delighted with the church and the people and suppose he should go! . . . I made today an attempt to speak in chapel; as usual I broke down.

Sunday, May twentieth. How hard it is to feel! I find it the most difficult thing to do. I can talk and write but oh, how difficult it is to feel that we have a real Saviour—a living not a dead Savior—who loves to do all we ask.

Thursday, May twenty-fourth. I have made up my mind that as soon as I have leisure, I will undertake to write sketches of some of my many adventures. It would be worth the while if it were only to improve in composition. First however, I must finish my incompleting "Lectures on Phonography" and "Letters on Astronomy." Tho they are not worth finishing, yet I must persevere.

Monday, June fourth. Lo, father is going. He has publicly announced it to the world and I must confess that I am glad of it. I hate mystery! I love everything to be open. Enough! My next composition is to be upon a very curious subject "Why do we Die?" I'll try to make it plain. I hate mysteries.

Tuesday, June nineteenth. I received this morning a letter from Tom Law. I was very glad to hear from him and will answer his letter soon. He confessed his faults. I am of a good intention. Perhaps long days hence I may publish "Forty years of familiar letters with Rev. Thomas Law, D.D."

Saturday, June thirtieth. I love to confide, to trust in God. I love everything—life seems so fresh. God grant that my life may be devoted to Him.

Tuesday, July tenth. I called yesterday on Mr. Alfred Taylor to request information in respect to my being able to go out as a missionary under the auspices of the Sunday School Union. It is a grave matter, fraught with solemnity. I am not yet positively engaged but I should be. What can I be expected to do? Strange feelings fill my heart; strange fears. Am I fitted for it? No, but with God's grace I hope to be. I will pray for aid and enlightenment.

Tuesday, July seventeenth.

*Time is flying,
Cease your sighing,
Be preparing,
Nothing caring,
For the troubles of the earth.
Tempus fugit,
Puer mugit,
You're a man,
Do what you can
To make your time your trouble worth.*

In short why cry because examination is near; with the courage of a man, all your weary work begin; when you've done all that you can, you a noble place will win.

Monday, July thirtieth. We are all packing up very diligently, I to go to Edisto; father and Cousin Kate to Alabama and Presly to Mrs. Webb's. Father intends going with cousin Kate to Edisto Island and will stay there a week or two and with mother will go out to Alabama. I will not get out until I graduate in March. Presly will enter The Citadel in January.

Tuesday, July thirty-first. I received my quarterly report yesterday from college. I subjoin it with the reflection that comment is unnecessary.

Departments	Term	Written	Oral
Political Economy	8.2	8	9
Latin Classics	9	9	9
Natural Philosophy	8.8	9.5	9.5
Belles Lettres	—	9	8
Geology	8	—	9
Grand Average			8.77

precisely equal even to a tenth with my average last term but four tenths ahead of my average the term before.

Wednesday, August first. What is more pleasant to receive than a letter? Tom Law wrote me yesterday and I must say that his letters are always welcome; so full of news, so full of everything that is calculated to please and gratify me. Tom and I must remain as we have begun, good friends.

Friday, August third. While reading De Quincy's *Suspiria de Profundis* yesterday I came across a remark of his to the effect that children have the power of painting images in the midnight darkness. I can bear witness to the truth, the terrible truth of this remark. Many is the hour that my poor head and heart have been tormented by horrid sights. I dared not open my eyes for fear of seeing horrible, bloody, snaky heads, peering

at me, fiery, flickering eyes, slimy serpents nor yet did I dare to close my eyes. The images painted on the darkness did not desert the retina but peered and gnashed and grinned on me still. I could easily command them to appear but the most excruciating terror could not command them away.

Saturday, September first. (Edisto Island) I wish I was a painter. I would like to portray the scene before me. The wild wind whistles among the hill tops, whirling in furious clouds the drifting sands. There! see how the sand is falling like snow. Already is yonder grove white as snow. But the ear as well as the eye is pleased. I love the whistling wind. I love the low murmur of the wind-stirred pines. I love the loud solemn moaning as it passes through the palmettos but beyond description is the solemn sound of the sea, the loud roaring voice of many waters. The sea! The sea! The bright, the blue, the ever free. I love its sound as it dashes proudly, sullenly on to its confines, rolling high on land and then contemptuously spurning the ground from it. I love in the night watches to listen to its eternal cadence, the anthem of infinity. To pass on to another subject. How sad it is to break up home associations. When I return to Charleston I will have no home. I must board as a stranger in an old familiar place. How sad! I will be passing away. But a little while and I shall know it no more. But this earth is nothing more than a short abiding place. We must die to make way for others but there is room for all in heaven. Father goes to Fairview today. Parting, oh parting, parting is pain. God bless thee my father! thou hast always trusted in Him. He will aid thee now. Thou hast taught me where to gain consolation. Thou hast always loved and aided me. Oh, how can I repay Thee for all thy kindness! I will not try. I would rather be in thy debt. Gratitude, Oh, how sweet to be grateful to Thee. God bless Thee, my father. God bless Thee.

Friday, September twenty-eighth. I am thinking of father. I know how he is toiling to support us and I almost feel as if I were doing wrong to sit here at my ease. I must do something and yet when I say so I feel that my hands are tied, yes bound down to my side and what can I do? This I will. I will at least do my duty to my studies; I will strive to become a workman who needeth not to be ashamed and I will do more. I will have frequent intercession with God for my father. I will attempt to become God's by Christ's aid. Nor yet can I remain passive. I will try to be a dutiful son and make frequent communication with home. And I must work, must attempt to do something towards my support if I can. I will, Oh, I must. How can I stand this! Is there no way for me to work? I will inquire. I will

pray to God and He will throw remunerative work into my hands. I have no way left and why should I, poor mortal, be tossing about in anguish when a God is waiting to help me. "Oh, my God, thou hast frequently answered my prayer in smaller things. Oh, help me now in greater! Oh, I pray, enable me to do some work. Oh, God, give me something to do. Lord, Thou hast told us to come to Thee! Wilt Thou not then help me now? Show me where I may find work and help me to do it. Oh, answer me for Jesus Christ's sake!"

Saturday, October twenty-seventh. I am nearly nineteen. Ten years will make it twenty-nine — thirty-nine — forty-nine—fifty-nine. Say I do arrive at fifty-nine which is far more than I ever will do, say I arrive at fifty-nine, I must die then. Let me work then. Let me work then, the night is near, at hand. Day is added unto day! Year to year. But death cometh.

Wednesday, November seventh. Lincoln we heard is elected. The South is free. The banner of independence is streaming in front of the Post Office and when it went up the assembled multitude gave one universal shout. The Post Office Master, the Harbour Master, the Customs House Officer and others holding offices under the Federal Government have resigned and were surrounded by a crowd of fully three thousand citizens. The whole country is in an uproar! There will be a grand torchlight procession in honor of the resigned tonight, and more speeches will be in order. These are momentous times upon which we have fallen. There is nothing but secession everywhere.

Monday, November twelfth. This Monday the sun rose fair and beautiful. Intense excitement prevailed among the students for it is known that the star of South Carolina would be unfurled upon the campus. The time arrived for the ceremony and in solemn silence the flag was brought forth. Intense excitement prevailed, the order was given and the lone star guiding the Palmetto rose majestically. One universal shout went up.

Friday, November sixteenth. Joining the crowd I followed my nose to the corner of Hayne and Meeting to see the Liberty Pole erected. It is some eighty or ninety feet tall with a gilded ball on the summit. Scarce had I reached the arena and secured a standing place before the cannon of the LaFayette Artillery boomed on the air amid the cracking of glass and the banner was unfurled amid the huzzas of the multitude, bearing a palmetto sprinkled with fifteen stars and the legend "Animis Opibusque parati"—the gift of the ladies of Charleston. After a prayer, the audience of five thousand was addressed by Theo. Barker amid immense applause. Suddenly one universal shout went up and the

banner of the *Mercury* office, the first one in the city, spread together with a real palmetto were received and placed at the mast head. Dr. Robertson, Mr. Hammond and others spoke amid enthusiastic cheering and delightful music from the band. At one o'clock the crowd retired peaceably to their homes and I muddled (not muddled) went with them. Hurrah for noble South Carolina. She has begun a good work. May she ever prosper.

Wednesday, November twenty-first. Below is an extract taken from the "Lincolnton Courier" N. C. of February 8th, 1845:

MELANCHOLY—It is with deep regret we have learned the death of Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, wife, child and nurse, in York village, S. C. all on Friday night the 31st ult. of pneumonia (affection of the lungs). Mr. Jacobs went to York from Baltimore, Md. to take charge of the Female Academy about two years since, during which time he was also Pastor of the Presbyterian Church and in each situation carried with him the love and respect of the whole community. He has left four infant children to buffet the cold world alone, while he has risen with their sainted mother, we trust, to a glorious immortality. The church has lost one of its most eloquent ministers and society two of its brightest ornaments. Jan. 31st, 1845.

Sorry as I am for the truth of it, yet I am overjoyed that it is not as terrible as was supposed. If my father had died—oh, let me banish the terrible thought. From the notice I collect that "Mother died on Jan. 31st, 1845 of pneumonia, when I was but three years old. That at the same time her child (a little sister but a few months old) and a nurse were all hurried suddenly home. That father had moved to Yorkville four years before (in 1841) and had charge then of a female seminary and the Presbyterian Church. That mother died leaving Sam, Ferdie, Willie and Presly to buffet the world.

Thursday, November 29th. This morning I was astonished by having my name called and was still more astonished on hearing that there was a telegraphic dispatch waiting for me to open it. It was from Dr. R. W. Gibbes of Columbia and was worded thus: "Come up immediately and report for me." What was left for me to do but to resolve and act. I bothered myself no little bit in procuring holyday and bought me a reporting portfolio, got a ticket on the R. R. and in a very short time I was in the car. I have many indistinct recollections of waking up several times during the night trip to Columbia. Once I turned my eyes out the window and found myself at Orangeburg. "Separate State Action" blazed in mighty capitals from the depot while

far in the distance shrouded in moonlight and resting in balmy security in the forest was the female seminary. How many happy girlish hearts are there! Hundreds of times I changed my unpleasant posture and I must own I was glad when I reached Columbia at five thirty in the morning. A cold, damp ride and I was set down at my old place, the City Hotel. After a miserable breakfast I startled my friends at the Carolina office by the apparition of my pretty face and after that I visited Dr. Gibbes, found him better, accepted his offer for \$20.00 per week and at ten I was at the *Carolinian* Office again. From there to the State House. It is a mean building with very crowded rooms for the members, a few stocked committee rooms and nothing more. Friday night I spent with Henry Sparnick at the Congaree House. We had a long chat. Mr. Woodruff dropt in and amused us until midnight. This morning I changed my lodgings to Shiver's Assembly House where I was kindly met by a young reporter of Baltimore, N.E. Foard. We took rooms together. He is a young man of 23 and of wide experience. He is reporting for the *Carolinian's* rival, the *Guardian*. We frequently have long political discussions together. He is a man of extraordinary experience, of unflinching perseverance, a fine literary turn, a fine mind. I am reporting this year in the House of Representatives which is a decided promotion. I do not find it so difficult as I apprehended it would be. This is a most important session. In the House we have four reporters: Woodruff of the *Courier*, Dill of the *Mercury*, Foard of the *Guardian* and Jacobs of the *Carolinian*.

Monday, December third. An amusing incident happened today to me. The reporting corps were by the fire today talking about reporters when I misunderstood Mr. Dill of the *Mercury* with whom I was unacquainted to say that Mr. Dill of the *Mercury* was the most superior reporter in Carolina. I blurted out, "No! I think Mr. Woodruff a better reporter." "Than whom?" said Mr. Dill. "Than Mr. Dill of the *Mercury*," I replied. "Why that is my name", he answered. My embarrassment may be better imagined than described. Foard with his usual tact, got me out of the scrape.

Wednesday, December sixth. I have visited the new State House, have explored it completely and think it beautiful. I subjoin a plate of it as it will be when finished. It has now reached the third story and is rapidly progressing upwards. Two portraits adorn its front and the Corinthian columns are already in their places. . . . There are two factions busy. One at whose head stands R. B. Rhett is aiming to convert Carolina into a monarchy—the other would hurry it into an absolute democracy. The monarchial party hold the supremacy in the House

of Representatives, while strange to tell, the conservative party, the Senate, have a majority in favor of democracy but it is highly probable that in the convention the monarchists are the most powerful. I am in favor of a medium plan, a republic. I would lament indeed to see South Carolina changed into a monarchy. I would grieve to see it become a pure democracy. Let it remain as it is—a conservative republic, bounded on one hand by an absolute democracy—on the other by a limited monarchy and I think that South Carolina would thus ever stand free and independent.

Sunday, December ninth. We are all just now much afflicted with “small pox” fear. There have been dozens of cases reported and I would like to leave but duty bids me cling to my post. But now, I feel the excellency of being able to put my trust in a protecting God. I can look with less fear upon death than can others who have not taken Jesus as their all.

Sunday, December sixteenth. The small pox is spreading rapidly and has already become a source of fear to all. It is whispered on all sides that the Convention will adjourn tomorrow to meet in Charleston. If they should do this we may expect that the legislature will follow their leader.

Monday, December seventeenth. After some minor and unimportant proceedings the Convention for fear of small pox resolved to adjourn to Charleston. I then proceeded to the House of Representatives and after some less important proceedings we learned that the Senate had, consequent upon the determination of the Convention, determined also to adjourn. Late at night wearied, tired out and worn down we at last reached home, intending to leave for Charleston at four in the morning. “L’homme propose mais dieu dispose.” The morning came but it did not open our eyes. We cannot depend upon the protestations of landlords.

Wednesday, December nineteenth. On Wednesday nothing of very much importance was done but ever memorable will be the 20th day of December. At one o’clock Mr. Inglis introduced the ordinance of Secession. “An ordinance to dissolve the Union between the state of South Carolina and other states united with her under the compact entitled “The Constitution of this United States of America. We, the people of the state of South Carolina in convention assembled do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained that the ordinance adopted by us in convention, the 23rd day of May in the year of our Lord 1788 whereby the Constitution of the U. S. of America was ratified and also all acts or parts of acts of the General Assembly of

this state ratifying amendments of this said Constitution are hereby repealed and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other states under the name of the United States of America be hereby dissolved." At seven minutes after one the vote was taken on the ordinance. As name by name fell on the ear of the silent assembly the brief sound was echoed back without any exception in that whole body—aye! Scarcely had the President announced the vote unanimous before the people assembled without, sent up one universal shout of triumph and men and children ran from street to street, heralding the glad tidings. All the stores were closed, bands of soldiers were immediately parading and crowds were gathered everywhere to hear and tell the news. The *Mercury* extras were seized with an eagerness unparalleled in the annals of the Charleston press. At five thirty the convention again met and proceeded in a body to the Secession (Institute) Hall to ratify the ordinance. At the foot of the stairs they were joined by the Senate and House of Representatives and the three bodies took their seats from which months ago their representatives had seceded. An old gray headed man was brought forward to supplicate the throne of grace and Dr. Bachman poured out his whole soul in it. The President then read the ordinance and when he finished it, the whole audience rose and gave tremendous applause. One by one the delegates went up and signed the ordinance and when the last name was added, President Jamison said "I do therefore declare South Carolina to be a separate, independent commonwealth," every man, woman and child leaped up, hats flew high in air and cheer after cheer echoed and re-echoed from floor to roof, from side to side, until exhausted it fell down in one long, loud cadence of rejoicing. It was the noblest moment of my life. Even now while I write, my blood thrills with excitement at the thought. The same scene was re-enacted in the street. Gen. Martin by the light of a street lamp read the ordinance to the crowd when it was met with similar enthusiasm. Thus ended the glorious 20th of December.

Monday, December thirty-first. In this year I entered the senior class. In this year my heart has been sorely tried by a useless love. In this year I have been thrown more upon my own resources. Thrice I have been absent from the city, twice on pleasure, once on business. In this year, our family has been in a measure broken up. I have had a new sister given to me and I have found the priceless gem of a mother's love. Many, many new friends have been made known to me and one, a classmate, a loved classmate has passed into eternity. Nor has the year been without its bearing upon my country's history. I have been a wit-

ness to many of the scenes of its dying struggle. I saw the convention whose disunited sentiments has brought this trouble upon us who threw to the dogs the United States of America. I saw the convention, even more I reported in the convention whose united sentiment framed the doctrine that freed my native state. I saw that document ratified. Before this I had seen the flag of Liberty raised aloft and christened by the gathered multitudes. These things and more than these have I beheld.

Tuesday, February eighteenth.

AT MY DESK

*How many musings and reflections rise
When seated in my leathern cushioned chair!
My velvet covered desk before my eyes!
There have I worked most abstruse problems out,
Which othrewhere defied my strongest thought.
And there when troubled much with care and doubt,
Most manfully oppressive fears have fought.
'Tis there I syllable the words of love
To those dear ones I love in distant climes:
'Tis there, my soul in poesy I move;
Where round me floats a mystic cloud of rhymes.
'Tis there, things unattempted yet, I try
In prose or verse; tis there I best succeed.
'Tis there my wants I know and learn to cry
For grace to aid me in those things I need.
Ah! there's a sympathy twixt it and me
And there if anywhere I feel at home.
Within its influence may I always be!
Beyond its influence may I never roam.*

A WISH

*May all thy days with peace be crowned;
May all thy life in joy abound;
And Oh, to Thee, may bliss rebound.*

DYING

*Slowly and surely the day is declining,
Calmly and gently and nothing repining
To heaven from earth her sail takes its flight
As sweetly as even sinks down into night.*

ALBUM

*Fairest page! I would not blot thee
With my own unworthy name
If I a better way could see
Miss Mary's memory to claim.*

*On thy fair bosom then, I write—
Page of spotless purity,
May she in future years requite
These lines with but a thought of me.*

TO MISS LIZZIE MCL WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE IN HER
ALBUM

*You have asked me, Miss Lizzie, how could I refuse
To write in your Album a line.
If I don't suit your fancy, tear out if you choose
This miserable scribble of mine.
When these days are numbered with those that are past
And you've no remembrance of me,
Let your memory turn, tho' the leaf is the last,
To the place where my name used to be.*

DR. GIBBES

*Students of Charleston College, hail!—
Forgive my mixed up measure,
For while I'm telling you my tale
I'm at the Doctor's pleasure.
(Let x velocity required)
The Doctor makes me hurry,
The hour is not one half expired,
I'm in an awful flurry.
(A body when projected down)
I'm fearful lest I be so,
(Falls in T time to the ground)
I hope he won't treat me so.
(Describe a space we call it e)
I wish that I was nowhere
Within a mile of where I be.
(A minus m on T^2)
What shall I tell the Dr. next)
Chalk makes my fingers tingle,
(Divide by T and call it x)
And now I'll stop my jingle.
(See Olmstead N. Philos)
page 41 Ex. I*

CHAPTER FOUR

1861—Age 18

Tuesday, January first. The first day of the first year of a new decade! Burning with new hope and I trust with higher aspirations, I enter upon it. What a year of mighty events it may be to me! I will throw myself upon my God and beg him to lead me on the way—the straight and narrow way that leads to Heaven. I have selected for my yearly verse

“For in Thee, O Lord, do I hope.
Thou wilt hear, O Lord, my God.” Ps. 38:15.

Friday, January fourth. The position assigned to me is the position of Reporter in the Senate. They pay me \$20.00 per week. I am highly gratified at the prospect of again being able to make some money although it will disarrange my college duties somewhat. College exercises were commenced today and only two of my class appeared and claimed their seats.

Saturday, January fifth. I was informed that the whole of the Senoir class has signed the memorial to the Trustees. This is right! I hope that our “pure patriotism” (?) will be properly appreciated. The best argument in the whole petition is to the effect that we do not feel like studying.

Sunday, January sixth. On Monday morning I went to college, determined on obeying my better nature’s promptings and ask for a holyday during the third hour. It was with a trembling hand that I asked for admittance to the President’s room. I laid before him my urgent request when “he opened his mouth and thus he spake”—“Mr. Jacobs, the faculty have decided on allowing the senior class to be absent for a few days until more can be done.” I did not walk down stairs. I ran down stairs. I hallo’d it out to my classmates and they accepted it thankfully. Of course nothing was left for me to do but to take my portfolio under my arm and go down to Hibernian Hall. My seat, there, is directly under the President’s desk.

Wednesday, January ninth. I was awaked out of my sleep this morning by the booming of cannon but I thought it was nothing more than the cleaning of cannon. But when I went down town I was thunderstruck by the news that the first battle

of the Revolution had been fought. The Star of the West with 250 men on board, re-enforcement for Major Anderson had attempted to enter the harbor. The firing was from the cannon on Morris Island. Not more than a dozen shots were fired before the "Star of the West" ignominiously turned tail and vanished.

Monday, January fourteenth. If college does not assemble soon, I am willing for the Legislature to sit as long as it feels like it. I get paid \$20.00 per week and I would have no objection to continuing at this business for months to come. The work is very light.

Thursday, January seventeenth. I am in the seat of war. A witness of all the great deeds that are transpiring. I never have to work at night. Am situated in a pleasant family, and have everything to make me comfortable. It is true I am very anxious to return home but even that wish I expect will shortly be gratified.

Saturday, January nineteenth. All outward fears have subsided. The citizens have almost forgotten that our enemies' cannons are pointed at them, tho Fort Sumter still stares them in the face. The secession of Georgia was received with great joy, with the firing of cannon etc. We are now sure of a Southern Confederacy. The Southern Congress will meet in Montgomery, Alabama on the 4th of February. I would like very much to attend its sittings. I am still engaged in the Senate.

Wednesday, January thirtieth. I attended at night the last meeting of the Chrestomathic Society, the last I shall ever attend. I was acting President. I feel sad at the thought that my school days are over but it is even so. Four years nearer death! Oh, Father, purify Thou me. I am totally unworthy of thy love, of being allowed to serve Thee. Oh! purify me! Let me enter upon it with fear and trembling. This morning (Friday) I went again to College today and rapped at Mr. Middleton's door. A voice replied "Come in." It was the man himself. He told me that the Trustees had refused to give us our diplomas. Furthermore that we would be expected to return to college and recite, that those who refused to come would be deprived of their diplomas. This, of course, would not be submitted to by our class, and the whole matter ended by Mr. Middleton requesting me to call again tomorrow between ten and eleven o'clock to hear the final decision of the faculty. I do not know what to do under the circumstances. I will call tomorrow and by that time I may be able to mature my plans. I have procured an Index Rerum and intend filling it on the author's plan. I am very sick and am totally unfit for study. I expect to die shortly.

Saturday, February second. Who can remember their first reading lesson? Who can remember when they learned their alphabet? I have only some slight recollection of a primer with pretty pictures in it, of a goodly number of spankings and a sight of peevishness. I must have been about six years old at the time. How wonderful that I should have learned so much in twelve years.

Thursday, February seventh. Today we received the following communication which deserves to be engrossed on parchment: Messrs.

John W. Caldwell, Jr.
E. E. Edgerton
Wm. P. Jacobs
McMillan King
Mitchell King, Jr.

L. R. Mellichamp
Henry Sparnick
E. M. Seabrook
Willis Wilkinson

Gentlemen:

In consequence of the engrossing engagements of many of the Trustees of the College of Charleston, the meeting of a quorum of the board could not be procured until Wednesday last. They then met, your memorial was laid before them, and a letter in reference to it from the President of the Faculty, containing their views on the subject. The board after much discussion and deliberation Resolved: That while the board keenly sympathize with the patriotic and gallant spirit which prompts the Senior Class of the College, to engage in the military service of the state, yet they are of opinion that the public exigencies do not require such a departure from academic discipline and, therefore, they earnestly counsel the said class to resume and complete their collegiate course. I am

Very respectfully, Gentlemen
N.

Of course this document deserves preservation, therefore I have put it on file. On the same day I received a letter from mother, saying that it was very likely that father would leave Alabama. I don't understand.

Sunday, February tenth. On Saturday the news reached us that the Southern Congress had adopted a Constitution, that we were now members of The Confederate States of North America. "Old Secession" sent forth from his bellowing mouth seven fiery salutes. The Congress also elected a President and Vice-President. Hon. Jeff Davis of Mississippi President; Hon. A. H. Stephens of Georgia, Vice-President.

Monday, February eleventh. During the present time, nothing of any importance is transpiring; I read a little. I write a

little. I study a little but as I expect these things to be the subject of my life, they afford no scope for displaying my talent. I think I had better, during these dull days, make my journal a journal of my thoughts and opinions.

Wednesday, February twentieth. I attended this evening a meeting of the Chrestomathic Society, and took part in the interesting debate. This may perhaps be nearly the last time that I will ever enter into those walls. On the opposite page I paste my ticket of admission to the Charleston Convention. It was given to me on the day of the passage of the ordinance of Secession. The doorkeeper admit etc. was written by E. Dill, our other reporter and he procured Jamison's signature for me. I will keep it as an autograph of the President's signature.

Tuesday, February twenty-sixth. It is thought that Fort Sumter will be attacked next week. I hope and trust that the attack will be successful. The floating battery was launched yesterday evening and it is said to be very successful. I did not see it however, for I was not sure that it had been launched. This morning I visited Middleton. He told us that the examination would take place on Friday, and be concluded on Friday.

Thursday, February twenty-eighth. On Friday, John Caldwell, Edgerton, (E. C.) and I were the only ones who appeared to claim the examination. Stiles Mellichamp is sick. Henry Sparnick is away and also E. Seabrook, Mc and Mitchel King. We assembled at nine A.M., and were under examination until three P.M. We again assembled at five and finished a few moments after six. Now I begin to feel a little of the gloom which they say students feel on leaving college. I have had a happy life of it but it was all delusive happiness. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Ah, No! Better know the ill, if it can be remedied and if knowing can produce any good. Perhaps, indeed, if I had known the hollowness of the pursuits of life, my mind might have become chastened by a more devoted attachment to the things of God. God aid me in my future career. May he clear away the mists that cover my spiritual and mental horizon and allow me to know the height and depth of the riches of the knowledge of Christ. And can I pass by without notice the youths I have so long associated with. No! I cannot. Let me name them at length that in future days I may recall them:

Everett C. Edgerton
William P. Jacobs
Mitchell King
McMillan King

Stiles Mellichamp
Henry Sparnick
E. M. Seabrook
Willis D. Wilkinson

John W. Caldwell

May they live in peace and be happy. Sad is memory! Sad the thought that I have ended my college life.

*For in Thee, Oh Lord, do I hope.
Thou wilt hear, O Lord, my God!*

Tuesday, March twelfth. And is this my last day in Charleston? Poor soul I did not know I would regret it. Farewell all! Farewell—a long and sad farewell!

*Farewell
to
Charleston!*

For in Thee, do I hope. Thou wilt hear, Oh Lord, my God!

Friday, March fifteenth. At three I was again aboard the cars and travelled through a most unpleasant looking country until about eight P.M., when I arrived at Marion. Father and mother were at the depot to receive me and glad was I to have found them. I enjoyed the ride home. I arrived late at night on my nineteenth birthday.

Monday, March eighteenth. We received today a letter from Ferdie. Thanks to God! Thanks to God he has again returned to the fold of Christ! He says that he now “knows that His redeemer lives.” Thanks to God! Ferdie is now recorder of deeds for a man named Miller at Marysville, P. O. Marshall Co. Kansas.

Sunday, March twenty-fourth. The congregation is the wealthiest in the vicinity but the church! It is a rude looking barn seated out in an open space. The sermon was a great deal better than the church. To be sure, God dwelleth not in houses but that does not render less offensive to Him the miserly spirit which should dedicate to His worship dwellings which the dedicators would scorn to dwell in. We should not build palaces for ourselves and stables for God.

Tuesday, March twenty-sixth. Oh, I forgot a very important part of my life, namely to play with the baby.

*The baby, dear creature is a bright little thing;
Her eyes, they twinkle merrily;
And a dimplet on her chin.
She laugheth just as cheerily
As a grown up girl, I ween.*

*Dark are her eyes of laughter,
And white are those little hands.
May the winds of love oft waft her
Smooth and gently o'er life's sands.*

My muse refuses to say more because of the lameness of my feet. In a quiet poetic mood I will try another verse in another metre.

*Laugh away, smile away, coo away, birdie.
Talk to mamma, pet, a sweet little wordie.
And mamma from carpet to ceiling will dance you!
Or on a gay pony she lightly will prance you!*

Pshaw! that too is shocking. It seems that I can't get the sentiment to suit the metre. The principle of aptness, etc. But here another goes:

*'Bright little birdie, why sparkles your eye?'
'Because my dear mother, I'm not going to cry!'
'But dear little dumpling, why dimples your chin?'
'Because, my dear mammy, I'm wicked as sin!'*

I had better stop now.

Friday, March twenty-ninth. I received a delightful epistle today from John Caldwell. He sends me my diploma and tells me that the faculty have awarded me the second honor which I hope is not so. I did not expect to get even second honor but Mr. Middleton promised me that there would be no appointments given and it seems that he has broken his promise, but let it be so. I am, therefore, an A.B. and have ended

Finally
and
Forever
my
College
Life

Friday, April twelfth. On Saturday when I reached church I was thunderstruck by hearing that Fort Sumter was attacked. Oh, that I had been there. Our first service over we had a recess of fifty minutes, during which I distinctly heard the firing of cannon at Greensboro, eleven miles distant. I guessed at the time, what the salute was fired for and was not astonished when father brought the glorious news from Marion in the evening that Fort Sumter had surrendered. The bombardment began at twenty minutes to four in the morning of Thursday and lasted until one o'clock on Saturday. During the whole time four vessels of war were detained by the storm and the protecting care of God from entering. Not a man of our troops was injured. This is marvelous in our eyes. We have not yet heard the whole affair and we are not a little anxious to hear it. Oh, that I was in Charleston. I have never witnessed a battle (Save that of the "Star of the West") and I only heard that. The war is begun.

May the Lord crown our arms with victory—bloodless victories!

Thursday, April twenty-fifth. Last evening as I was leisurely approaching Marion, I was suddenly startled by hearing a hearty hurrah! I dismounted as quickly as I could and hurrying into Main Street found that the citizens were bidding farewell to the Marion Light Infantry who were going off to the war. The Judson girls, numbering about eighty were assembled in the city hall and they struck up the "Marseilles Hymn" just as I reached there. It was grand, it was thrilling. Who could not fight after such a farewell!

Saturday, April twenty-seventh. There are two remarkable coincidences that on April 12th the battle of Fort Sumter was begun and on the same day 85 years before the British made their attack on Charleston; that on April 19th the first blood in this revolution and that on the same day 86 years before the first blood of the revolution was shed at Lexington.

Friday, May third. I will copy from the family Bible the records of father's first marriage, etc. "Ferdinand Jacobs, son of Presley and Elizabeth Jacobs was born at Alexandria, D. C. on August 10th, 1808. Mary Elizabeth Redbrook, daughter of John and Elizabeth Redbrook near Wilmington, N. C. July 3rd, 1813. F. Jacobs and M. E. Jacobs were married in Prince Edward County, Va. by the Rev. William L. Plumer on September 17th, 1835. Mary Elizabeth wife of Ferdinand Jacobs died in Yorkville, S. C., February 1st, 1845."

Monday, May twenty-seventh. Perseverance Week.
In this week I will try to carry out these resolutions:

Resolved: That I will study hard.
That I will exercise much.
That I will pray much.

Monday, June tenth. The arms of the Confederate States are still gloriously triumphant. They have been victorious in several recent skirmishes in Virginia. Surely the Lord of Hosts is with us.

Thursday, June thirteenth. I have just read some accounts of horrible outrages on women, a young girl of 15 years in the presence of her father by the hellhounds of Lincoln. Is it wrong to pray for God's vengeance on these worse than fiends? Oh, Lord, God deliver us. Is it or is it not my duty to go to this war? If I could rightly understand whether my duty tells me to continue my study for the ministry or be urged by cowardice into the army.

Wednesday, June nineteenth. I purpose raising a fine supply of blackberries and seeing if I cannot in some manner improve the breed. I pray God above all other earthly comforts to grant me a sweet wife, an affectionate charge and a good garden. With her I think that I could lead a peaceful and contented life and rest in God for all things else.

Saturday, July sixth. About a week ago when I happened to arrive home at midnight, I noticed in the east a streak of light beginning in the horizon and well defined almost to the zenith. What was it? Was it the zodiacal light or was it in reality the ring around the earth which was lately spoken of as discovered by the U. S. expedition to Japan. Of this latter visitant I may speak again as I have not yet seen it. (On the evening referred to the earth was passing through the tail of a comet.—Editor).

Sunday, July seventh. The great comet is now visible just under the constellation of the Great Bear; four stars of the dipper may be seen in the picture. What thoughts that bright streak of light brings over me, thoughts of the immensity of space—strange thoughts on the inhabitants of those other worlds—remembrances of the fact that it is not only on earth that there is life and motion—startling thoughts on the unsearchable greatness of God and of our ineffable littleness; of Christ's great condescension. The nucleus of this comet is very bright, brighter than a star of the first magnitude—silvery light—its tail is as straight as an arrow and gradually growing wider and less bright in its extent of twenty or thirty degrees. What comet is it? About this time in 1858 I saw a comet, brighter indeed than this but not so long. What mysterious travelers are these! How naturally superstitious thoughts cluster around them!

Friday, July twelfth. The comet is waning in the distance. It seems that the appearance which I mentioned the other night as having been the zodiacal light was in reality this comet. It was then according to Dr. Gibbes, eighty degrees in length, its head was in the horizon.

Saturday, July thirteenth. I wish very much to work but the wish is not father to the deed. I am proposing to myself a grammar of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Syriac languages combined.

Wednesday, July twenty-fourth. On Tuesday evening I rode into town to gather the news and heard that the great battle had at last been fought. The enemy, 35,000 strong with Gen. Scott at their head, attacked 15,000 southerners and after a terrible attack succeeded in almost breaking their lines when President Davis appeared on the field and having formed the army into a

V broke the enemy's lines and completely routing them, pursuing them into Alexandria, taking four batteries one numbering 40 cannon, besides a large quantity of ammunition, baggage, arms and prisoners. The enemy's loss in killed is 10,000, ours about 600. This battle will almost decide the conflict. We ought to be very grateful to God for it.

Thursday, August eighth. I received on Monday, the following from Dr. Smyth: "This will testify that Mr. William P. Jacobs is a most acceptable member of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston under the care of the Education Society and believed to be a most worthy and divinely directed candidate for the sacred office of the ministry." How very little he knows about me!

Wednesday, September eleventh. Early in the morning, after breakfast on johnny cake and coffee, I gave the parting kiss and hurried off past this glen and that rill, Panther and Bogue Chitto into Marion, down to the depot. After much difficulty in regard to my baggage I succeeded in getting all right. But I must prelude by saying that three companies of gallant soldiers were on board bound for the scene of war.

Thursday, September twelfth. At about three in the morning I am up again and find myself landed in Montgomery. After riding up to Dr. Petrie's I walked down to the landing and bade goodbye to the soldiers and after losing my way I suddenly turned a corner and found myself in front of Dr. Petrie's. I spent twelve hours here, twelve pleasant hours. George Petrie is beloved by his parents and sisters (of whom he has two) and no wonder for who can help loving him? I attended Dr. Petrie's lecture in the evening when he took the opportunity to pray for me. I do thank him for it. At night we again set out on our journey and a pleasant journey it was. Overcome by last night's labours I easily slept on this one and knew nothing except changing cars at West Point until daybreak when I found myself about sixty miles from Atlanta and moving rapidly toward it. Entering Atlanta we could see that it was a busy city but to my eyes not as pretty as Montgomery. Passing on by Stone Mountain with its blue sides and fallen tower, its graceful and steep ascent and its many varied positions, toward evening I entered Augusta. We took supper at the Augusta House. Happening to have an Alabama bill, I gave it for my supper.

Wednesday, August twenty-first. I have got into my head three new literary projects, First, to versify some of the historical scriptures. Second, to write a series of articles on the evidences of Christianity as evident in the sciences. Third, to write

a book on authorship. I would immediately set about some of these if I only had a comfortable writing apparatus but I have not even a table to write on. In fact every line I have written for the past six months has been written in a standing posture.

Thursday, August twenty-second. To see the moon rise—don't think my friend that I am moonstruck, but to see the moon rise as I saw it last night is worth the pains it takes to write about. I love to muse, as yestereen, I did, watching the fireflies as they sped along, wondering at their strange nature, counting the stars, or fashioning the shrill voice of the katydid into a concert of unknown tongues. I love to be suddenly startled by seeing the big, round moon lifting its yellow, loving disk above the dark forest, climbing one by one from branch to branch, gilding each fluttering leaf and converting the shining sand into a glittering sheet of water. Call me foolish but I confess a truth when I say that I love moonlight. I love the moon and well can see how she could be adored by the fire worshippers. I love moonlight—I love its soft mellow tints, its gentle rays, each speaking tales of love and peace and heavenly goodness. I love moonlight and Him who gave it.

Saturday, September fourteenth. I reached Columbia at daybreak in company with George Petrie and two of the brethren. I rode up to the Seminary which I expect to describe hereafter. Several of the brethren came in during the day, among others was good old friend Tom Law. It is the habit here to call all the students brothers. Of course I found this rather difficult but yet not altogether impossible. Those I love most I find it hardest to brother. I immediately selected a room opposite George Petrie's but a room situated toward the north. I take meals about three squares from the Seminary at Mrs. Moses'. Tho I am in such new scenes I cannot now and then help feeling a little homesick. The feeling, however, is pleasant indeed.

Sunday, September fifteenth. On Monday morning at twelve P.M. we were called on by the faculty to make selections of rooms and I took no 13, Law Hall. There are four brethren in my class. Brothers Gouger, Arbuthnot and Richards. Brother Gouger and myself have concluded that it will be wise in us to room together and we have two rooms assigned us, one we will use for our study and one for a sleeping apartment. In the evening Mr. Cohen called us up, received our names and furnished us with Nordheimer's Hebrew Grammar, telling us that he hoped to pay strict attention to our necessities.

Tuesday, September seventeenth. On Tuesday morning, we

were called up for examination and were examined on piety and a call to the ministry. Little enough could I give to satisfy them. But still I was received and my name enrolled. Brother Arbuthnot is to stand an examination in January in Greek when he also will receive enrollment. After prayers in the evening Brother Otts arose and proposed that the students of this place subject themselves to drilling every afternoon, electing a captain; etc. The proposition was agreed to and Brothers Otts, Law and Arbuthnot appointed to draft rules for our organization.

Friday, September twentieth. I love to meet with those I love so much. Saturday morning before daybreak I was up and traveled down to the depot where I met father and mother and cousin Kate and Minnie and little Mary States Lee. May the blessing of God rest on them. Father was looking well and so was mother and all. Mother—but I can't express my feelings—they are too deep for utterance. They will be in Laurens today by twelve and I can write to them whenever I feel like it.

Monday, September twenty-third. I wish that I might always feel spiritual. Alas! my spirituality is as faint, as weak as any weak thing that can be found. I trust in the Lord's goodness to be strengthened. Dr. Allen preached yesterday in the morning on "Justification by Faith" and in the evening on "The Sinner's State before God." He was very interesting.

Tuesday, September twenty-fourth. Yesterday I went again to the depot and succeeded in seeing and bringing home with me some old friends who talk when I want them to and at other times keep as silent as you please—friends who never forsake me, unless at my own instance—who are ever ready to console me, enspirit me, revive me, who remain with me when others despise me and love me when others hate me—my books. Just now I have ceased unpacking my friends and Brother Gouger is sitting before me, packing tobacco into his pipe. We have been discussing congregations, churches and the ladies—pain and death!

Monday, September thirtieth. I fear I have offended Brother Hunter. He visited my room yesterday and began some long yarn when I gravely said "Brother H, it is my rule on the Sabbath always to entertain visitors with a chapter of the New Testament." "Read on" said he, whereupon I took up the Testament and read part of a chapter when he rose and said "I guess I'd better go to my room and read some in my own Testament." He accordingly left. Since then I have not been troubled with his visits.

Tuesday, October first. Brother Todd tells me that he is from Laurensville and that I will find any number of places near there wherein to show forth the talent that I have within me.

Thursday, October third. Our class now consists of John Arbuthnot, Louisiana; John Ditmaro, Florida; Henry Fay, Alabama; James Gouger, North Carolina; Wm. P. Jacobs, South Carolina; Luther McKinnon, North Carolina and Charles Richards, Alabama.

Friday, October fourth. I received a letter from mother yesterday in which she says that Presly has made up his mind to join the army. May God help him and preserve him.

Wednesday, October ninth. I have proposed to my classmates that we print a series of tracts for the army. I do not know how my proposition will be received.

Saturday, October twelfth. I also intend writing a book on some consoling topic of religion to leave for my posterity. I want it to be small and yet my whole life to be spent in elaborating it so that every word will be worth printing and every sentence a gem, and yet I wish it so fixed that if I die next year it will be ready for publication. I want to leave something to posterity so that even in my death I may be useful to my fellowmen. I hope that this will not turn out to be a mere idle chimæra of my imagination.*

Friday, October twenty-fifth. Gouger and myself have some glorious debates on the subjects of Geology and the Bible—and the Hebrew verb. Of course I have the right side but Gouger is a stubborn fellow and will persist in his hatred of Geology and Hebrew. I am again sadly in want of a little cash, have written to Dr. Gibbes to secure a place as reporter at the approaching session of the General Assembly. I trust that God, in His good providence will aid me in this. How much we have to rely on God, even in regard to the least thing.

Saturday, October twenty-sixth. My day's exercises now consist in getting up at six immediately after which I read the Bible in Latin, Greek and German. Read some in Hall's Meditations. Prayers at seven, breakfast at seven-thirty. Write this journal—review Hebrew. Recitations at nine, ten and sometimes at eleven. Study one recitation before dinner and read. Dinner at one. Recitations and reading until five. Prayers.

*This wish has been abundantly fulfilled in the present volume.—Ed.

Drill immediately thereafter, followed by supper. After supper if not in chapel or visiting I generally sit down to do nothing but think or debate with some of the brethren till bedtime.

Wednesday, October thirtieth. Last night the Junior Class made their first exhibition on the stage in the chapel and were criticized most unmercifully last night. My matter, my manner, my pronunciation, my position were all put under the microscope of criticism and found wanting. Not a word of praise did I get which is enough to take down a man's vanity, tho George Petrie consoled me by saying he liked my speech better than any other. Though this I suppose was meant to cheer my spirits a little. I will try to do better next time.

Friday, November first. Some of my troubles have begun already. Dr. Smyth is not coming up to Presbytery and I have no letter of character to present to them. I have inquired of a dozen people and find that unless I can get Dr. Thornwell to introduce me to the Presbytery I am in a bad case.

Saturday, November second. Today after patiently waiting all the morning and part of the evening in Presbytery, Dr. Howe proposed that the candidate be received and I was summoned up to the front seat. Dr. Pickens Smith examined me on personal piety and a call to the ministry and I trust God enabled me to answer correctly. Dr. Leland and Mr. Mullally cross-examined me. Dr. Leland then conducted my college examination. He gave me the first five verses of Luke's Gospel and the first paragraph of I Cicero against Cataline. He also asked me such questions as "What is Natural Philosophy?" "What is Astronomy?" "Is Chemistry a useful science?" "What is a satellite?" "What is the Solar System?" On motion of Dr. Howe my examination was sustained and I was received as a candidate. I am much rejoiced at the consummation of it.

Sunday, November third. Today at the request of Brother Otts I went up to Tekoa, a mission station on the Charlotte road to preach. Just after breakfast I hurried over to the depot and got on some cars which were about to leave. I found soon, however, that I had not got on the passenger train but on one carrying up soldiers. I knew, however, when I reached Tekoa by Killian's millpond and though the cars were at full speed I had had no intention of going up to Charlotte so I jumped off "flying squirrel" fashion and down I came full length. I jumped up however and found that my neck was not broken and went over to the church. I conducted the Sunday School and got on very successfully until the very close when the choir leader who was singing "Old Hundred" gave out and I was obliged to sing alone

the last two lines though I had never sung a line unaided before in my life. I believe I changed the time completely before I got to the end. I was very cold in the pulpit—chilled, chattering, but, though my sermon was written I managed to get considerably warmed up on “Jesus wept. And the Jews said, Behold, how he loved Him!” After service however I felt very cold and exhausted and I walked over to Mr. Killian’s and he gave me a glass of blackberry wine which relieved me. I thank God that He enabled me to do as well as I did. There were two or three out of the twenty present who seemed to listen with a great deal of attention. I managed to get home *tutus mente et corpore*.

Tuesday, November fifth. Yesterday evening, I again became a member of the legislature. I met Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Reardon who have come up to report for the *Charleston Courier and Mercury*.

Tuesday, November twelfth. Troops are continually passing here, pouring on to the seat of war. It seems as though a large battle was going to be fought in Virginia, very shortly. No news has been received from Virginia for three days.

Thursday, November fourteenth. I finished for the first time in my life, reading the New Testament in the original Greek. I will be very glad when I finish the Old Testament in the original Hebrew. I have just had some labels printed for my book with the mottoes “Be sober, be diligent. *Versati manu, Nox venit.*”

Friday, November twenty-second. I received yesterday this telegram “Mr. Jacobs, short hand reporter, Theological Seminary. Can I engage you to report Senate proceedings of coming legislature for *Mercury* and if so at what rate? Answer immediately. R. B. Rhett, Jr.” Now Dr. Gibbes will give me only twelve dollars per week and the *Mercury* would give me twenty—quite a difference. I immediately telegraphed “Dr. Gibbes has engaged me.” This is the second application for my services I have had since I applied to Dr. Gibbes. I am very sorry I made the engagement with him but it is done and I abide by it.

Sunday, November twenty-fourth. On Saturday night Dr. Adger sent a message to me to go around to his home and at 7:45 P.M., I was there. He then offered me \$50.00 for the session of the General Assembly (Southern Presbyterian, Augusta.—Editor) which I accepted on the condition that I could get excused from the legislature.

Saturday, December seventh. (Augusta) Dr. Adger is

making Dr. Palmer act parliamentarily and yet very much not so. He made a little speech the other day in which he suggested that it would be of much service to the reporter if he would call out the names of each member as he rose. Dr. Palmer, though he has no right to know that there is a reporter in the house, has on one or two occasions turned to me and said, "that is Dr.—Mr. Jacobs." I ought to feel flattered. Judge Shepherd said to me yesterday "the gentleman who last spoke was Judge Shepherd. It is well to know these little things." I assured him that I knew his title and would give it to him. Mr. J. D. R., M.D., said to me "Take a good look at me, Mr. Jacobs, I intend to make a speech some day and I want you to know me. You'll remember it?" "Yes, sir," a little better than you think. There is a great deal of human nature in men.

Thursday, December twelfth. Mr. Frierson of Tennessee came to me today and asked me to give him some of my phonographic reports. I gave him a book full of Convention and Assembly reports and he made me write in it "William P. Jacobs to the Tennessee Historical Society." Is not that enough to make me foolish? He thanked me for the book and said that it would be of a great deal of importance and value to them. We heard today of the terrible fire that has swept through Charleston. The old and venerable Circular church has lowered its venerable head, the proud Cathedral, Babylon the great has fallen, the Institute Hall, the hotbed of secession is swept away. All alike are lost forever. This is the greatest fire that ever occurred in Charleston, seven millions of dollars in one day have been lost forever.

Saturday, December fourteenth. It is a great pleasure to me to meet up with hundreds almost always saying, "I knew your father, he and I were great friends at college," or wherever else it may be that they met. I am greatly gratified at such manifestations of respect for my father.

Sunday, December fifteenth. Dr. Palmer is beautiful. Dr. Thornwell is strong. Dr. Palmer is polished. Dr. Thornwell, wonderfully earnest. Dr. Palmer is refined in thought. Dr. Thornwell is broad, deep, clear.

Thursday, December twenty-sixth. (Laurens, S. C.—Editor). This village is situated in a valley—very pretty situation that—but as the town is built it cannot be helped—so we must make the most of it. The courthouse is a new and very pretty building—the largest in town. There are four churches—the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, and Methodist. There were formerly two hotels which were burnt down and one of the two is

being built up again. The Post Office is a board shanty, jewelry shop, half letterboxes. I must not omit to mention the Laurensville Railroad, one of the most accommodating roads in the country which will stop for you to get out and talk a quarter of an hour with a friend and get on again so that you be not left behind. Opposite is a view of Laurensville Female College, the house on the left is our house and that on the right is at present inhabited by a Mr. Harris.

Sunday, December twenty-ninth. I would imagine that there are about five or six hundred people in the village and the population is slowly increasing.

Monday, December thirtieth. The college reopened today and occasionally I hear the bell calling to recitations. I hope that the girls may enjoy their college days at least as much as I did.

Tuesday, December thirty-first. And thus have I again arrived at the termination of another year—a year fraught with even richer experiences to me than the last—a year wonderful in changes to myself and our family. This year has closed forever to me my college life and has made me an Artium Bachelor. In this year I have gained rich experience in life, have passed through one of the most eventful periods in the history of the country. I have seen stars fall one by one from the flag of the once glorious United States. A new nation has arisen upon the earth, the Confederate States of America and I am a citizen of it, proud indeed of the honor. A bloody year to our land has this been. The first echoes of the mighty struggle has sounded in my ears on the 8th of January. News of thrilling interest has continually flown on lightning wings along the wire at Sumter—at Bethel, Springfield, Belmont, Port Royal, Manassas, Leesburg and Drainsville, the hosts of contending nations have met and fought and bled and southern arms have won the field by God's strong aid. But not less important to me also has been this year. I have stood since the first day of January last on the ever sounding banks of the Atlantic and watched its proud waters lash a new Republic's shores. I have sped over the wide prairies of Alabama, and have floated down its majestic river. I have stood too in sight of the wondrous mountain at Lithonia and have gazed down the ever rolling waters of the Savannah. But in another aspect my life has been marked by this year. In it I have begun my life-long studies, things new and strange, and have met minds of other men and learned to know them. Happy the thought that I have made some friends this year. I have been received as a candidate for the Gospel Ministry and have

preached my first sermon besides doing other first things; not least important I have written by first book and had it printed. I have done much in the publishing line and I have attended and reported the first Presbyterian General Assembly. Many other things could I mention which God has done for me but are not these enough? And now the year is gone. Have I profited from my year's experience? To me a solemn question is this. A year is gone, a year nearer to that home from which no traveler returns. Oh, Lord, so teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.

Farewell to 1861.

CHAPTER FIVE

1862—Age 19

Mother gave me an account a week or two ago of some strange phenomena in the experience of aunt Dorothea Lee which the above narration calls to my mind. When about 15 years old she was unfortunately injured accidentally in the back but seemed to take no special notice of the injury at the time. At night, however, she roused up her sisters and gravely informed them that the judgement day was at hand and bade them say their prayers. This created such an uproar that the family was brought together and then began a series of the most wonderful nightly entertainments on the part of the afflicted. Around the room there was a ledge about three feet from the floor which it seemed impossible for a cat to stand. She would mount that however and run rapidly round and round the room, without once tripping. Then she would imagine herself a racehorse and dash furiously up and down four flights of stairs and at such a rapid pace that other members of the family who would attempt to prevent her could scarcely mount one flight before she would be at the top. At other times she would give vent to strains of almost heavenly music or quote long pieces of poetry which not only the family but even she herself was utterly unacquainted with. She would at times imagine herself travelling in polar or tropical countries and would give most accurate and thrilling accounts of the scenes before her imagination, though otherwise she was perfectly unacquainted with the subject. But the most remarkable of her somnambulistic traits was this—that she could read the finest print in such darkness, that others could not distinguish faces;—and even Latin and French she would read and accurately pronounce, tho totally ignorant of the language. She was placed under the medical care of Dr. Moultrie and finally recovered after about six months;—at this date she is about forty-two or three and though somewhat nervous is otherwise in good health and dislikes extremely for anyone to mention the subject in her presence.

On the twelfth I received the sad intelligence that Presly was very ill and that he would be sent up to the Confederate Hospital here. I met him however, at the Charleston R. R. depot

and carried him on up home to Laurensville. I was entertained on the way by a Mr. Clark who had brought P. up from Pocatigo and who gave me some Munchausen like accounts of the low country. He was a very kind, good fellow and when he parted company from me at Froglevel, I was quite sorry. When we reached Laurensville, I found father waiting at the depot and we got up home at once in Dr. Simpson's carriage. I do love home.

The great victory of the enemy at Donaldson, the ignominious surrender of Nashville and the evacuation of Columbia for a while had a depressing effect upon the people and humbled them as a nation before God on the fast day appointed by Jeff Davis, on the 28th day of February. On that day Dr. Thornwell delivered one of the most stirring patriotic addresses I have ever heard. He tried to rouse the people up to a right patriotic spirit and make them feel the greatness of the crisis that has fallen upon them. He bade them remember Thermopylae, Marathon and Salamis and gave a soul stirring description of heroic Greece. He most terribly rebuked the "mean, despicable, low, detestible, contemptible wretches who could make their country's loss their gain," and bade every man to take his gun and if he had no gun, his pistol and if he hadn't that, his hatchet, his hoe "anything that will kill" and go and defend their wives, their daughters and their sisters. This speech and the ladies of this town have had the effect of breaking up the college and stirring up the seminary to an unusual degree. We have requested the faculty to give us their opinion of our duty in the present crisis. The governor has called for five more regiments and will probably have to draft for them. Of course, though I cannot otherwise reconcile it with my duty, if I am in danger of being drafted, I will volunteer.

March twelfth. The whole seminary for the past week, has been in a perfect Babel of Confusion—there has been no studying. The faculty instead of giving us an answer to our request, after two long sessions, resolved not to advise us. We took this to be a constructive advice to leave. Dr. Thornwell and Dr. Adger were openly in favor of our taking that course, and several of the students prepared to leave at once. Bro. Watson has left to take charge of a regiment as chaplain. Others of the brethren go this evening. Last evening, however, the faculty advised all the students to remain and as I understood it they stand a draft which Senator Chesnut, one of the governor's council says is no disgrace! I doubt it. The faculty will publicly state their opinion this evening.

March fifteenth. I received from Dr. Cain today a certificate stating that I have Amaurosis of the eyes. Dr. Fain will sign it and among the list of diseases exempting persons from draft is Amaurosis. So that I need give myself no uneasiness about the draft. I only wish that I was liable to a draft so that I might volunteer for I think that every available man should be in arms.

April twenty-fifth. In looking back over this term I think that I have made considerable progress: I have gained a pretty good knowledge of Hebrew and some of Chaldee and Syriac (though very slight). I have read through the New Testament both in Greek and Latin. I have got a critical knowledge of much of the four gospels and the first epistle to Timothy. I have read many of the Psalms and the book of Joshua (in my private study) in Hebrew. I have written four sermons, have gained much knowledge of our church government and of Theology. Have got a more comprehensive view of the plan of salvation. I have read several German books—have written a good deal for the press (principally reports). I have got a better and more enlarged view of the history narrated in the Bible and have read much besides picking up a good many wayside hints and getting many peculiarities rubbed off by intercourse with the brethren. I trust, too, that I have learned something of practical experimental piety. On the whole I feel somewhat satisfied with what I have done, when I take into consideration the many hindrances I have met, arising from the distracted state of the country; ill health, inability to study at night on account of weak eyes and other peculiar sins and troubles some of which I trust God has enabled me to overcome.

April twenty-seventh. I heard several days ago from Dr. Howe a very interesting incident in regard to the war. On the 21st of last July Dr. Palmer of New Orleans came down from the pulpit and told his congregation that he had been all day long oppressed with a sensation that there had been going on in Virginia a great battle. He could not account for the feeling but he had it nevertheless and so he requested the people of the congregation to join in prayer for the country. The effect was electric. They did so. And the next day came the news of the battle of Manassas. On the 6th of April last he descended the pulpit stairs, said the same words and made the same request. The effect was wonderful. The next day came the news of the battle at Corinth.

May second. After some deliberation I resolved to see what has been called a living miracle, the greatest wonder of the world.

This miracle is a little blind, grinning negro of eleven or twelve years of age, an idiot in reality and appearance and yet who has the most remarkable power over the piano. Tom, for that is his name, heard his young mistress playing on that instrument and having crept into the house through a window, startled the whole house by discoursing sweet music. Tom is a perfect idiot but his faculties of music and imitation have been wonderfully cultivated. It would be wonderful for a blind man to play as well as he does but for a blind idiotic negro to do so well is marvelous indeed. Music is his existence. He is happy only in music. He lives and breathes music. Even while speaking his fingers are running over imaginary keys and he plays over his sentences. He puts his whole soul into the piano and thunders out his musical sentences with earnestness and expression. He played such pieces as the Carnival of Venice, Norma, the Anvil Chorus and other simpler pieces such as the Georgia Breakdown. A very remarkable feature in his ability to use the piano was also shown us. He turned his back to the piano and played Yankee Doodle. He then sat down and played "The girl I left Behind Me," with one hand, some other piece with the other hand and sang Dixie all at the same time. Then, leaving the piano his exhibitor would touch various keys but Tom would instantly tell which were white and which black. Tom also favored us with several speeches and songs to display his power of imitation. But the grandest piece of the evening was the last, a piece of Tom's own arrangement, entitled the Battle of Manassas. It thrilled me through and through. I listened with intense interest to the Southerners with fife and drum playing "The girl I left behind me" far off in the distance gradually growing louder and louder as it approached;—the march of the grand Union Army from Washington, playing Dixie, the preparation for battle. Suddenly a cannon's roar startled us. Cannon after cannon rose high above the southern band playing the Marsellaise hymn and intermingled with Dixie. Cannon after cannon mingled with peal after peal of musketry; the sharp crack of rifles. Suddenly above the roar of artillery rose the shrill whistle of the steam car, imitating the puffing and blowing of the engine, bringing in Kirby Smith's division. Then rout and confusion seized the northern hordes. Horse trampled on man and man on fellowmen. The scene was thrilling and the heart could not but swell with emotion. Tom made the instrument speak. Could I help being delighted and entertained? And yet at times the saddening thought of the poor fellow's idiocy would cross my mind. Perhaps not many days hence, his eyes may be opened and his mind unbarred and he may tune his harp around the everlasting throne of God. If envy could find a place in heaven,

we might then, envy poor Tom his lot. Music is his God or rather his God is music. Then will he know and reverence the God of music. Tom is to me, indeed a puzzle. The phrenologists say that their art fails them in explaining Tom for they cannot find in him any music bumps.

May seventeenth. Cousin Charlie McKnight lost his arm in the battle of Williamsburg. I feel for Kate.

May eighteenth. Early this morning, being Sunday, at father's request I got Brother Riley's horse to fulfill father's appointment at Bethany, 10½ miles distant. The day being very cloudy I found the ride there very pleasant though quite fatiguing. After riding five miles I stopped to inquire the way and was told by an old lady that Bethany was yet ten miles off. That I knew could not be so and was gratified a mile farther on, to find it but five miles off. Inquiring my way as I went, thinking over my sermon, communing with God and my own soul, wondering at the vicissitudes of life, watching the pretty birds that kept continually flitting about me, the sparrows and partridges and plenty of similar game, I passed time pleasantly enough until I reached church. There I became acquainted with the elders and Elder Byrd bade me take my own way. One old gentleman, an elder from Duncan's Creek suggested that as it was raining I should be short. I must confess that I trembled a little as I ascended the pulpit stairs and that on several occasions my wits forsook me and fled. Once or twice I felt my courage oozing out at the tips of my fingers. The congregation was very large, considering the weather and I got considerably warmed up on my subject: "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" When I concluded old Mr. Saxon cordially invited me to dine with him and I accepted his invitation. On reaching his house young Mrs. Saxon extended the welcome and I did justice to her good dinner. I had occasion to speak about their souls' condition to two negroes, one of whom seemed deeply touched by the morning's discourse, the other was a member of the church. As it had now cleared off I bade Mr. and Mrs. Saxon goodbye and thanked them for their kindness. My ride home was not so pleasant as I was continually in danger of losing the way and both I and my horse were nearly exhausted. Nevertheless I had many pleasant thoughts. Thus was preached my second sermon. May God give me grace to preach with power and with the Spirit. I reached home (Laurens, S. C. where his father was the president of the Laurensville Female College—Editor) in the evening almost tired down and found pleasant company there waiting me.

May twenty-fifth. My plan of study at present is about as follows: I begin every morning at eight o'clock and after an invocation of God's blessing, I read a couple of chapters in the Latin and Greek testaments, a chapter in Hebrew. I then study the Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac grammar and read some in Cicero's Tusculan disputations in Latin and Schiller's Maid of Orleans in German. After this I study on one day Sir William Hamilton's Metaphysics and on the next the exposition of the Confession of Faith. In both these studies I am deeply interested. I generally close my morning studies by reading church history and studying on a sermon. I then return thanks to God for His assistance, during the day and proceed to any general reading I may have on hand.

June eleventh. My days pass slowly and peacefully along, disturbed by thoughts of my poor suffering land. Would that I could join in my country's army yet let me not repine for it is God who has made me what I am and even though he slay me or what is as bad, though He should make me totally blind, yet I trust that He will enable me not to repine and still to trust in Him. I know of but one remedy for my blindness and that will cost me five to seven hundred dollars. It is this: as soon as I finish my seminary course, I will do my very best to go to Europe and have my eyes treated at Paris or at London and of course then to continue my travels through Europe. I think the greatness of the risk justifies me in doing this. I received yesterday a letter from Presley. He had fallen back from Fredericksburg to Richmond. He fainted on the way and was left in the road and was fortunately picked up sometime afterwards by two old schoolmates of his in the first Regiment L. C. V. His health had been quite good until then. To prepare for that projected trip to Europe mentioned above I ought to be learning the art-science of word painting. I believe that I can give a general description of scenery but set me to describing a town and you set a poor hand to work. I can talk of "turrets rising in the distance," of the "silver threads of water wound around the hills" of "bald peaks jutted out from the backbone of the world" but when I am told to particularise and describe the river, the mountains, or the city, I am somewhat in the predicament of Yankee Doodle of whom it is affirmed. "He said he couldn't see the town, there were so many houses." Laurensville, for instance, I could scarcely get into a poetical or historical narrative though perhaps I might get it written down to be put up for sale as follows: Village at Laurens, S. C. population 8-900. R. R. communication with Newberry. Thirty miles by turnpike to Union, 35 to Spartanburg, 75 to Columbia, etc. Situation in a valley, location healthy, on Little River (quite a little river). Public buildings,

a very neat courthouse and a handsome Female College, jail and churches, about a hundred houses in the place; perhaps a few more; from 12 to 15 stores. Daily mail. Good water. Provisions abundant. How tame that would sound in a book of travels! I might have spoken of it as a lovely country village, situated in a picturesque valley on the banks of a meandering stream, whose purling fills with sweet music its voiceless streets. Of the air scented with perfume from its many gardens, of its courteous men, of its fair women and beautiful sprightly girls. Oh, I might tell of a thousand things, did time suffice and were I able.

July first. As I strolled down the village, I noticed an unusually large number of persons in the streets and then I remembered that it was ordered that all conscripts should enroll themselves on the first of July at the courthouse of their district. I sauntered toward the courthouse and found at least four hundred men assembled, most of them pleading exemption. But so sheepish did many of them appear that I at once conjectured that they were veritable unavoidable conscripts. There was a perfect jam about the desk of the enrolling officer and the study of the eager interested anxious faces was exceedingly interesting. I am among the exempts though I would most earnestly that I was not . . . We have just heard that Presly is safe.

July thirteenth. About eight o'clock Mr. Holmes sent a vehicle over for me. I mounted and was soon on the way to Clinton. On the way I resolved not to preach the sermon I had prepared but to preach the very first one I ever wrote on "Jesus Wept" etc. On reaching the door, I found the congregation already assembled and after various introductions I succeeded in beseeching a Mr. Rose to raise the tunes for me. He at last complied and did finely. I preached with earnestness and I trust that I succeeded in overcoming the feeling of "Is not this great Babylon that I have built" which often afflicts the minister. I lost sight of self and caught sight of Christ. Invariably will the minister find this to be the case. 1—Lose yourself. 2—Find Christ. Both are coordinates, one of the other. The negroes were very earnest and attentive and many of the whites, nay most of the whites were also. I trust some good was accomplished and I hope no evil. I took dinner at Mr. Phinney's and a good dinner it was . . . I started home immediately after dinner and feeling sleepy I gave the reins to the boy. After a short doze I roused myself with the sensation that we were at a halt. Sure enough we were at a standstill. The boy was asleep, the reins in the bottom of the buggy and the horse quietly grazing by the wayside. "Why Billy" said I "this will never do!" He started up suddenly and soon we were again on the way. I watched

him closely for a while but as he seemed to be wide awake I again began to doze. Suddenly I felt a severe jar, the buggy was down in a gully and both traces had been unloosened and the horse was about to walk off. The negro had gone to sleep again. After that I kept my eyes open and we reached home in safety. I met Mr. Adams again and he says that I must come down to Shady Grove next Sunday and he will have a buggy to meet me.

July fifteenth. Cousin Kate P. McK. left us this morning for Virginia. I am sure that I for one will miss her a great deal. I really feel brotherly love for her and no wonder for she has ever been as an older sister to me.

July twenty-third. The house in which I was had been owned during the revolution by John Boland, a tory and along the road in front, Tarleton passed on his way to Cowpens and in the negro quarters just opposite he had pitched his camp. Six miles away he had fought the battle of Bush River. Tarleton's headquarters were for a while in John Boland's house and the family were well pleased with the honor. When Tarleton was about to leave, he called on the family to thank them for their kindness and turning to John Boland, Jr. a youth of sixteen he invited him to join him. "No! Col. Tarleton!" screamed out old Mrs. Boland. "Don't ye tek John wi' you or you'll get whooped!" "How?" asked the Colonel. "Whoi the whigs came along and tuk him oncet and they got whooped and then the Tawries tuk him and they got whooped. Don't ye tek him or ye'll get whooped too!" "Fall into ranks, Johnny" ordered Tarleton. "I'll take my chance, too." Johnny fell into ranks and came back shortly after with the tale that Col. Tarleton had got pretty badly "whooped" at Cowpens. John Boland took out a "protection" from the British but that only gave them a good pretext for preying on his property which they did pretty freely.

August second. The sad news reached us today of the death of Dr. James H. Thornwell. He died suddenly on the first at Charlotte, N. C. of typhoid pneumonia. When I confess that my eyes were filled with tears and my heart was depressed with sorrow I only confess what many others will be compelled to throughout the land. The greatest man in the Southern Confederacy is dead! The last time I saw him was when I bade him goodbye just before the seminary closed. "Goodbye, Brother Jacobs. May God bless you and take care of you" were his last words to me. I will prize them as the blessing of the greatest man I ever knew. What a cause of regret to the world is this noble man's death. He was nature's nobleman. A more talented and yet more humble man I never heard of. A more genial com-

panion and a sincerer Christian could hardly exist. Dr. Thornwell is fit for heaven and now he is sitting down conversing with his great companions—Luther, Calvin, Knox—with Paul and Peter. Nay more, with the holy and ever beloved idol of his heart—Jesus, the mediator of the Covenant. May God put it into the heart of a skillful writer to narrate his life and edit his immortal works. What a grand first fruits of Southern Christian literature it will be.

August twenty-ninth. I have gotten into a stern fit of the blues at the prospect of my early departure for the seminary under such inauspicious circumstances. How can I leave father and mother or good dear "Aunt Becky." How can I say good-bye even to Lula or dear little Mamie. The little moist drops will wash the corners of my eyes, and if I try to whistle my whistle sticks to neither treble or base but flutters mournfully about. Even my hands thrust themselves nervously into my pockets. I had a mournfully prospective dream last night, which appeased my anxiety to return no little. How changed will be everything there; how very changed! The bare thought is sufficient to sadden. The lively, merry Cozby and Banks and Otts are gone. Poor, doleful, witty Brother Cleveland with his songs and tales gone. Green, McKinnon, Law gone, gone, all gone. Only one or two left and they doubtfully left. All the rest, alas me! gone, gone forever. I'll shut the page. I do not love sad pictures or sorrowing scenes. I do not love to dwell on that which only grieves but I cannot bear the thought of eight solitary months. God grant that I may be happily disappointed in my unpleasant forebodings.

August thirtieth. I have just come across the following amusing Latin doggerel.

In Pintaris
In Oaknonis
In Mudelis
In Clanonis

which may be thus translated:

In my search after knowledge, these truths I've made mine:
Though in oak is found none, yet much tar is in pine.
And strange to declare, tho long eels live in mud
Yet clay they despise and won't live near a clod.

I am much perplexed now as to my future life in Columbia. I have just come to the conclusion to obtain such provisions as I can carry with me to Columbia and there set up boarding on my own account. I have consulted with father and David Todd on the subject and both so recommend. So will I do, if

God will. I have not money enough to throw away.

I have been scouring the country for the past two days searching for provisions but have failed, miserably failed. I have but one or two more places to try and then farewell to all my endeavors.

Mrs. Dr. Simpson in the goodness of her dear soul, sent me over a ham and other things to live on during the next session of the Seminary. I bade them all at home goodbye with tears in my eyes. Dear, dear folks at home.

Back to the Seminary

I have steamed full tilt right into Columbia. I have bothered my five wits half out about my luggage which goes as high up as No. 6. I have at last paid seventy five cents to a drayman and walked through the hot sun to the Seminary. But stop, one bright spot in the world of vexation and trouble. A glimpse and a bow from Miss Susie. A smile in the turmoil and my heart is mirthful in my sadness. I went to Brother Porter's room and found him the sole occupant of forty eight rooms. I selected dear good George Petrie's room and slept therein at night and had it prepared for my reception in the morning. I worked hard, unpacked my books and trunks and have lived three full weeks in as many days. I whistled and sang to drive away the blues which however have come gradually stealing over me. The more they came the more banged I away, unpacking my boxes. At last one little tiny something fell on my hand. I looked at it with amazement. It was a drop of salt water. That must never, never be. Away I worked with redoubled vigor, but the blue devils danced around me like mad. I threw down my duds and took up a pitcher and ran to the well. I determined to wash my face and thus drown my tears. Alas! alas me! It was to no purpose. I've got the blues! Like a vice have they seized me and I wince under their grasp. I have been down town a dozen times, have met with lots and cords of old acquaintances, among them Charlie and Allie Webb but even that has not cured me. No—this solitary seminary with only two students is too much even for my merry spirits. I wish I had got another glimpse of Miss Susie and another smile from her that would have done some good but that is denied me. There! Brother Porter has bid me goodbye until tomorrow evening. He is gone off to preach. I am left indeed and most mournfully "all alone in my glory." I will go down to see Charlie and Allie tonight. "That" says Brother P. "will kill some time"—Heaven forgive me. Never mind. Old Dr. Adger shook hands with me most cordially and

bade me welcome. And good old Dr. Howe—and Dr. Leland, Woodrow, Porter, Lawson, all have bade me welcome. I met Dr. Wier of Shady Grove memory just now. That was a little consolation. They didn't know me at Townsend and North's. Averill invited me to see him. He sold me some salt. My pen refused to work. It is no go. The sun is down. The Seminary won't open and I've got the blues. I will withdraw my thoughts tomorrow from self, write home, read, study, go to church, do anything to drive off the blues.

Brother Arbuthnot and Mr. Boggs got over on Monday and have both moved over to our floor. We will now have a much more lively time. Dr. Howe paid me a friendly visit and expressed his hope that the exercises of the seminary would be resumed. He was very cordial in his greeting. Brother Porter and myself have started a club and are getting on very handsomely. The times are rather hard but we succeed at any rate in living. Brother Arbuthnot has signified his desire to join it and Brother Chandler already has . . . It was reserved for me to enjoy on Wednesday night the crowning pleasure of the week. On that evening Dr. Palmer delivered a eulogy of the life and labors of Dr. Thornwell in the Presbyterian Church house to a house that it would not be very hyperbolic to style—jammed—and the audience hung on his impassioned words, with breathless attention. His own frame quivered with emotion, and the heart chords of his audience thrilled to his masterly touch. Not a word was lost of that grand eulogy of one great man upon another and while he spoke I felt continually—how awful is the loss. In glowing words he led the youthful Thornwell from his native college and sat him amid judges and chancellors in a President's chair. He drew an outline of his character—his filling in showed the hand of a master-artist, his simple style of reading—as any other man would read—was completely lost sight of in the grandeur of his periods and the overwhelming majesty of his expression. Deep, silent, grand flowed on the monarch river and men felt while he spoke. And when he spoke of the death of the immortal man—of his comparative silence—of his stupor and the few words that escaped his lips—we wept. He told how in his last moments smiles of unspeakable beauty played around and over his countenance and only single ejaculations of “wonderful—amazing—expanse—expanse—expanse,” told of the glorious foretaste of immortality he was enjoying. And his closing words led us up through the shining gates of heaven and showed us the seraphic Thornwell in immortal converse with Beza and Calvin and Luther, with the thousands of thousands that sit about the throne so that even a gladdening smile came

over every countenance, their murmurs of discontent were hushed and for a moment we were persuaded to rejoice that our Thornwell was in Heaven.

I saw at the *Carolinian* office a few days ago one of the iron vests worn by the enemy. It was taken from an officer who had been killed. It was of solid iron.

Since writing the above our year's work has begun in earnest and we recite now to Dr. Adger, Dr. Palmer, Dr. Howe, Dr. Leland and Dr. Woodrow. All our professors suit me precisely and I begin for the first time in many a day to feel like a student. My homesickness is wearing off, though in the air around me, even now fair faces float. I do love home and I have been making arrangements with Brother Todd who is himself at last with us, to go up and preach for him on some occasion so that I can go on home and surprise all the dear home-folks. Our club is now fairly under way. I have been elected treasurer and I feel the responsibility of the undertaking.

A New Life Given

Yesterday about this time (October 28th) I was engaged in very severe exercise and immediately standing by the fire, I began to feel a gradual dizziness creeping over me. I leaned my head against the mantle—Here follows a blank in my existence of which I cannot give the slightest account. I fell and in my fall a heavy table was pushed far away from me and my head must have struck the gas pipe with some force for on recovering I found it still vibrating with some force. I found myself lying upon the floor—stunned almost a second time by the strange thoughts that thronged in upon me. I have not the slightest recollection of where I was or how I came there. I imagined that there had been a terrible earthquake and that I had been dashed down with stunning effect. I, after some effort, rose uninjured and then the truth flashed across me, that I had fainted. It was almost a miracle that I did not fall in the fire but God watched over me. It was almost a miracle that I did not break my neck by the fall but God watched over me. It is not then my imperative duty to render up myself anew to Him?

November thirty-first. I was also quite astonished this morning, to be informed by Presbytery which is now in session that I must attend tomorrow and have part of my examination gone over. Of course, I did as I was bid—I came home and prepared myself as well as I could on Hebrew and read over my Latin exercises and critical exercise. When I went to the Presbytery, they called me up and I read the pieces and they ap-

proved them with much cordiality. I was then examined by Dr. Howe on some passages of Canticles and I thought that the Presbytery was also pleased with my examination. They also sustained the examination. My other two pieces were assigned me by Dr. Howe. My sermon is to be on all or part of Hebrew IV, 15-16 and my lecture on all of Hebrew XII, 18-29. Both are sublime passages to which, alas! my feeble pen will fail to do justice. God help me and sustain me in preparing them.

But one pleasure, mother gave me. She told me she had heard from Presly and that he and Ferdie had met in Virginia and had been together a whole day before they knew each other. Then Ferdie is still alive. Thank God, I am indeed glad that they have met.

This grand battle of Fredericksburg seems to have set everybody to predicting peace, yet I can't see the end of this unfortunate war. The railroads are getting rickety-rackety. Accidents are occurring every day. I did feel a little skittish or rather a good deal of the nervous. Every day before I started for a week there was an accident on one of the two roads.

The railroad was rickety but God brought me safely to Columbia to see the closing year. 1862 is passed away. Its deeds are registered in Heaven. Its voice is gone forth. The words are spoken. One year less between my soul and eternity! Have I lost the year? I hope not, God knoweth. If I have done evil, may its memory be blotted out and its injurious effects cease forever, and if I have done well?

CHAPTER SIX

1863—Age 20

I love to look deep into an expressive eye. Miss Julia L. has such an eye. Miss Carrie L. has such an eye. I am an admirer of natural beauty everywhere.

I will call nothing mine but God, no man master but God, no man father but God, no place home but Heaven, remembering that "all is momentary that delights us, all in momentary that afflicts." All that is not eternal is nothing.

Tuesday night. I was the preacher in the seminary chapel. I preached fluently and without notes, much to my gratification. Dr. Howe criticizes me for too much vim. Dr. Adger for unpleasantly accenting the first word of every sentence and for too much nervousness. Dr. Woodrow for hyperbole. These faults are very grave and I will try to correct them, though I can't but think that my "hyperbole" as quoted by Dr. Woodrow was literally and exactly true.

March fifteenth. This Sabbath is my twenty-first birthday. It has brought in my manhood; it has clothed me with the virile toga, Behold! young man, the duties it has brought with it. You are to put off boyish things and henceforth be a man. You are to put off worldly things and henceforth be a Christian. You are to put on the gospel armor and henceforth act the part of a consistent minister of the gospel. You are no longer to shirk duty under the assumed name of "youth." You are a man! You cannot shirk it. You cannot evade it. It presses home upon your heart. It strikes down into your soul. It demands the vigorous use of your intellect. It lays claim upon your body. Man! what wilt thou do? Preach a sermon unto yourself. Choose you this day whom you will serve. God or self. Speak and then act.

1. I give myself wholly to God.
2. I give myself wholly to the work of the Ministry.
3. I utterly repudiate self, sin and Satan.
4. I live for the good of the world.
5. I live for God's cause on earth.
6. I live for the world to come.

On Thursday morning, April 2nd, I was aboard the train, hurrying on through brake and brier to Charleston. No little disturbed was I as to my licensure for I felt my total unpreparedness. I read over a good many notes and pored over the Confession of Faith to my heart's content, until I drew near to Charleston. Each leaf, each tree seemed to speak to me of days gone by and I fancied I could hear the same old bird notes that I used to love and as Charleston hove in sight, my heart leaped within me. Each tall heaven-pointing spire, rising above the rest, brought back a thousand tender recollections. The old rumbling omnibus in which I rode, jolted me perhaps a hundred times before in those happy times of peace. I drew up before Mr. Lockwood's and cousin Becky came out to meet me with a kiss. That evening I walked on the battery with Arbuthnot; the same old breezes came bustling in. The same waves dashed over the parapet, but how changed everything else. Great earthworks were thrown up on the eastern corner, through the portholes of which were pointed the ominous mouths of forty-two pounders. A new fort (Ripley) had risen out of the waters—a hundred tents were strewing all the green and the busy forms of soldiers were seen everywhere. Suddenly the tattoo beat. The men hurried to obey the call, companies wheeled into line. Battalion touched battalion. The band struck up. The clinking of bayonets, the glittering of swords and the words of command were mingled—a thousand men drawn up in battle order graced the grounds.

After a long walk I discovered that the Presbytery had changed its place of session. In the lecture room of the Central Church. I read my pieces of trial. I was examined by Dr. Smythe on church history and Dr. Leland on Theology and my examination was concluded. At the close of the day's exercises I was licensed. Dr. Cunningham presiding. The responsibility of a Christian preacher is thrown upon my shoulders and that responsibility I must bear unflinchingly. I do solemnly appeal to God in this hour of trial for his divine assistance and I know that he will grant it. He never leaves his servants forsaken. He is with me always, even to the end of the world.

Abstract of the Minutes of the Charleston Presbytery.

Charleston Prebytery met in Zion Church April 2nd and remained in session only part of two days. There were in attendance nine ministers and four clerks. Rev. H. B. Cunningham, D.D. was chosen moderator and Rev. John Douglas made temporary clerk.

William Plumer Jacobs was licensed to preach the gospel on the third of April, 1863. It was resolved when Presbytery ad-

journ, it adjourn to meet in the Summerville Church on the first Thursday of October next at seven o'clock P.M.

John Douglas, Stated Clerk.

I explored sadly the vast burnt district in the city and found it indeed a mournful spectacle: seas of gaunt chimneys, tottering walls and mournful pillars. St. Fuibar's is a sad spectacle. The ruins of the Circular Church, sadder still.

I am very sorry to see that Towny Mikell, Laurrie Lee, William Baynard, Joe Westcoat, Bob Seabrook and several others of my old Edisto friends have been taken prisoners by the enemy. How little they thought as we used to ride out together along Edisto's vine covered roads, or the ocean's marge, that in a few years on their own grounds, they would have fallen into the hands of a ruthless foe. God protect them.

At Salem—Fairfield District. Sabbath morning we rode to the church and became acquainted with Mr. Lauderdale. He introduced me to Mr. Aiken and Mr. Aiken escorted me to the pulpit. I preached to the whites on "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth"—which I was told afterwards was conveniently appropriate. Then I gave them a precollection talk. The collection was taken up and I again ascended the pulpit and preached to the negroes on 1 Tim. 1:15. Called on old father Hare to lead in the last prayer and he gave it in the Methodist singing style. He sang a hymn in it and suddenly changing his voice, he added, by way of postscript "This Lord, is the humble prayer and your respectful servant. . Amen." The afternoon I spent in my room, resting. At night I held a service for the negroes in Mrs. Means' passage. I had a very delightful time and preached on "My father, if the Prophet" etc. 2 Kings V 13. They seemed to be very attentive and the Lord assisted me. I then had a delightful season of interchange of thought with the family. I kissed all the babies and went to bed at eleven-thirty P.M. Early in the morning I was up and just as I was driving off, Mrs. McPheeters sent in the sermon she had borrowed. Thus ends my first day's work after licensure. The Lord assisted me wonderfully and gave me foretaste of the "comfort, strength and usefulness" he has laid up in store for me. On the train I met a Baptist preacher, Mr. Campbell, and a Methodist, Mr. McElhenny. "We three, brothers be, in one cause." Mr. McE. is blind. I met him first at Zion. As we were detained five hours I sat down and read Alexander's Thoughts on Preaching to him. He also read some in his Bible with raised type.

I received yesterday a letter from Mr. J. A. Mars, extend-

ing me an invitation to preach at Gilder's Creek. They wish me to preach regularly for them. This is my first offer for my services. I thank God for this token of His loving kindness. I will, I believe, make an appointment for the second Sabbath in May. My appointment for Gilder's Creek has been made for the fourth Sabbath in May. The first Sabbath I may go to Pendleton for Dr. Adger.

General Assembly, May seventh. The great, the noble, the good Gen. T. J. Jackson is dead. Our arms won a glorious victory in Virginia on the Rappahannock on Sunday, the fourth but he has not lived to reap his reward. Our hearts are bleeding but all that we can do is silently to bend our heads in shame and grief and say nothing. He was our idol. We worshipped him and God has removed our idol from us. I heard Dr. Leyburn preach on the Sabbath from "The Lord is a sun and shield" etc. Pretty good sermon. Jackson was killed by the 18th NCV by accident. He died of the combined effects of his wounds and pneumonia.

May nineteenth. At home. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." The long and tedious ride to Laurens was soon forgotten when once I had crossed over from the cars to the college and shaken hands with the dear ones at home. Little Mamie, as soon as she caught sight of me, threw up her arms in an exstasy of delight crying out "Brother Willie, Brother Willie." Father looked pleased. Mother smiled one of her pleasantest smiles and Minnie was out in a minute to get a kiss. Walked over the way, kissed all around and sat down for a little chat, came home and found work cut out for me on the Sabbath already. Sabbath morning, mother, father, Miss Kate C. and myself went toward Bethany, where I preached on "There remaineth, therefore, a rest." Pride deeply humbled. Felt so ashamed that I couldn't speak to anyone and came home, weak, listless, headachy, tired.

Mrs. R. speaks as though the two churches Gilder's and Shady Grove would unite and tender me a call as soon as I graduate. I don't know whether to accept it or not. I leave all in the hands of God. Got to the R. R. on Monday at Martin's two hours before the train and read part of Thornwell on Truth. The rain came down in torrents; the cars leaked miserably.

I received a letter last night (June 2nd) from Mr. Jas. A. Maer inviting me to supply Gilder's Creek. They offer me \$50 for five Sabbaths, that is for one Sabbath for five months. I have just written, accepting the offer. I expect to supply Shady

Grove also. I don't know what they will give me for six months service. This is my first regular charge.

When I reached home, my soul leaped for joy on perusing a letter from Presly in which he says he has given himself to Jesus. All that I could do was to laugh and cry by turns. Thanks, thanks, thanks. May God's name be praised. Here is the end of tears and supplications. God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Oh, joy, joy!

Oh, my God! that ever Thou didst cause me to write what this day must be recorded. My brother, my only brother has been snatched away by death. God of Mercy how can I endure chastisings! Lord, Thy stroke has fallen upon me like the strokes that Thou alone canst give. He fell at Gettysburg July 2nd. He fell fighting gallantly with his face to the foe. I cannot realize it. I cannot believe it. I thought he would be spared to see me again, and I longed to embrace in my arms one who had been so lately made to me a double brother—a natural and a spiritual. The stroke is heavier than I can bear. What a bereaving year this has been to me. One brother dead, another worse than dead. Of the four I alone am left. Presley, Presley would to God I could have died for thee, my brother. Why hast thou departed and left me alone to weep? Dead! dead! Oh my God, Thou art terrible in Thy chastenings. I cannot write. All I can do is to cry, My God! My God!

After service on Sunday I went over to Mr. Mars. I met there an old man Jenkins, 70 years old, a carpenter, who had seen General Washington and was a first cousin of General Jenkins. From this man's lips I took down this scrap of a revolutionary song—

(Scene: Battle of King's Mountain)

“And then our guns ceased firing
 They all surrendered up their guns—
 And oh! to hear the dismal cries
 Their doleful looks and watery eyes,
 The tories we all gathered up
 And set a guard of men around.
 The women, they came flocking round,
 Says one, ‘My dear, to see you here!
 Had you but taken my advice,
 But oh, alas! and I'm undone
 Our children's fatherless at home,
 With hearts like lead
 Without a bed.”
 Tories whipped and ceased firing.

To know what they desired.
 Of fighting they were tired.
 The wounded men would you surprise,
 Would make your heart relent, man,
 And put them in a pen, man,
 With arms to keep them in, man,
 To see if husbands could be found
 Does fill my heart with grief, man.
 You never had been here, man,
 Headlong to win, I am run
 Crying for bread
 Or clothes to keep them warm, man.
Cetera desunt.

We received a letter from Captain Griffith and another from Lieut. Mears of Co. E. 14th Regiment SCV, giving us accounts of Presley. He was shot through both thighs and did not survive more than an hour. The Lieut. of the Ambulances went up to him and he said to him "Lieutenant, I am gone." "He was distinguished" says Griffith "throughout the Regiment for his bravery and soldierly conduct." I will not spare myself to write and tear open these wounds afresh.

Columbia, September thirtieth. My God. To Thee I here give myself again. Let Thy law be my law. Let me be called by Thy name. Use me as the carpenter uses his tools. Do with me just as seems good to Thee. Educate precisely as Thou wouldst have me. But, Oh, my God, use me. Do not let me rust. Ten thousand times rather let me wear out. Make me faithful. Make me useful and save me. For Christ Jesus' sake. Amen.

Poor old Dr. Leland has lost his mind. Yesterday (19th October) at three o'clock he persisted in believing that it was prayer time and to humour him we went into prayers and such prayers! They were the merest gibberish: e. g. he prayed that our consciences would be delivered. Another petition ran thus the only other that I could catch. "Let us burn in spirit. Let not the lover burn in the spirit. Women, Arminian. Make us spurt, squirt, sturt." It was extremely ludicrous and yet how sad. I cannot but shed tears for the poor old man.

The good people of Shady Grove, Gilder's and Duncan Cr. want me to preach for them next summer and board me at Dr. Wier's. I hope to be able to gratify them.

I received a letter from father today in which he hints to me that the people at Clinton are going to try for my services.

What a quandary this will place me in. I would like to go but how can I leave Shady Grove? Here begins my series of trials. I scarcely know what to do. God direct me.

And now as I sit this evening the last of the year in Laurensville, by father, by his fireside, what glancings of heaven-born but broken resolutions. It is a year—"The Year of Resolves."

Survey then the past.—I have attained my majority. I have received two calls and answered one. I have studied, have increased my library—I have gained friends. Have written many sermons, reported the General Assembly. Have preached near a hundred sermons and traveled for the cause over two thousand miles. Here too, have been broken hopes. "Let the dead bury its dead." Altogether, however, not an unsatisfactory year. God grant that I may never do as little in any future year but may press onward — onward — onward. The next year, shall I divine its secrets? Let them rest. God only knoweth. I aspire not to his secrets. Heavenly Father—pardon all the errors that I have this year committed. Let my crimes and faults as beacon lights be placed high on the dangerous rocks along my voyage of life, to warn me in the future. Forgive all those who have harmed me in any wise. Help all whom I have injured to forgive me and make me worthy of their love and confidence. Encourage me in the future. Bless all that I have done well in the past. Blot out all the evil of my course. For Jesus' Sake—Amen.

1864—Age 21

Mrs. Fraser gave me a beautiful Bible for my birthday present. . . . Shady Grove, Clinton and Duncan's Creek have made out calls for me. I am to ask for a dismissal from my Presbytery to go to South Carolina where the call will be presented.

Before the day at 4 P. M. I left for Columbia. The cars ran well until within three miles of Helena when crash—jump—leap—squash we were off the track in a mud puddle. Leaving that car behind we got in another and soon reached Newberry and got to Columbia in good time. My ordination is to take place on the tricentennial anniversary of John Calvin's death.

May twenty-seventh. A few days more and I bid a final farewell to the Seminary forever. How old man grows and yet he knows it not. He adds minute to minute and hour to hour. He lays himself down at three score and ten and knows not how he has attained to such an age. A few days more of packing up and study and on Friday, April 29th I was off again for Clinton. Sat-

urday morning found that Mr. Phinney had fixed me up a very nice bookcase. I unpacked my books and arranged them on their shelves, went over to see Mrs. Owens, found Mrs. Gregory there and well. Rode out on Sabbath to Duncan's Creek, preached there and a very much better congregation than I was expecting assembled. I am much encouraged in regard to this church. I trust that God will prosper me in it. I have a very nice room at Mrs. Phinney's and I think that I will be very comfortable there. On Monday I returned to Columbia—my last return for many a long day.

And then came the partings—a tear was in Dr. Howe's eye as he bade me farewell. "May the divine blessing go with you brother Jacobs" said Woodrow. "Remember always when you come to Columbia that my house is your home!" But how can I part with my dear friends—Mr. Fraser and Gerrie. I cannot. Let the curtain drop over the last prayer, the last word, the last tear, the last kiss—I feel too sad to write of them. I go but I go with this motto: "Glory to God in the Highest!"

The Beginnings of Life at Clinton

My study room is now fixed up—books unpacked and shelved. Everything arranged. I have given myself holyday this week—tomorrow I begin in earnest. The duties begin—God give me strength. I have taken charge of my parish and I'm trying to get through my first round of visiting, have paid eight visits already. I find it hard to work uninterruptedly but I am preparing for a really glorious time at my books. God, I trust will prosper me. I am studying Theology topically, have taken up "predestination." I am trying to fit myself for a perfect fulfillment of all the arduous duties of life, no matter where I am called.

I have just received a pair of socks, a very neat present from Mrs. Phinney. I am getting very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Phinney. Mrs. Owens also I like very much. With Mrs. Tobin, I have renewed acquaintance and am well pleased: I should say delighted. Mrs. Dunlap I think I will like. I hope soon to know most of my people. Mrs. Beney—Mrs. Gregory and Dr. Ingoldby's families are here as refugees. I think I will be highly pleased with them. Mrs. Shingler and English are staying in the same house. On the next page I have drawn off a rough sketch of Clinton village.

Sabbath (May 22nd) was for me a busy day. In the morning I organized our Sabbath School and eighty scholars signed their names to the book. My Bible class numbers 27. It will be a very fine class I think. I hope that soon I will be able to get it to meet during the week. I am very anxious to have our lecture room fixed up, but alas! like everything else it must be postponed till

this cruel war is over. I then preached to whites and afterwards to the negroes.

The 27th (the tricentennial anniversary of Calvin's death at Noyon) arrived and with it began the solemnities of Friday and of my ordination.

William P. Jacobs, a licentiate has been received by the Presbytery of South Carolina and installed over the churches of Clinton and Shady Grove, S. C.—Newspaper clipping.

On Saturday I passed through the trying ordeal. O God, let me be burning with zeal for Thee. Holmes delivered the charge to me, he was kind but earnest. Riley to the people. He spoke well and feelingly about paying the preacher. On Sabbath five new names were added to the church of such as shall be saved. I administered for the first time the sacraments, both baptism and the Lord's supper. Oh, what trying thoughts oppressed me. How I almost gloried in my despair. How I feared and yet exulted. Monday bright and early I ventured to Columbia to purchase books for my Sabbath School and they now lie beside me.

Abstract of the Minutes of the Presbytery of South Carolina, Fairview Church, Greenville district, April 15th, 16th and 18th, 1864.

William P. Jacobs, licentiate, his dismissal from the Presbytery of Charleston having been presented, was received under the care of this Presbytery and calls having been presented for his pastoral labors from the churches of Clinton, Duncan's Creek and Shady Grove, and by him accepted. Presbytery resolved to proceed to examine him and to hear his trial discourses during the present sessions which having been sustained, it was resolved that when this Presbytery adjourn to meet at Clinton church on Saturday, the 28th of May for the purpose of ordaining and installing W. P. Jacobs; that Brother Ferdinand Jacobs preside, preach the sermon, etc.; Rev. R. H. Reid his alternate; Rev. Z. L. Holmes, deliver the charge to the pastor and Rev. J. S. Wilbanks his alternate; Rev. J. R. Riley, deliver the charge to the congregation and Rev. John McLees his alternate.

I ought to be happy— There is so much to make me happy if I would but be. My deepest trouble is that Clinton is so small. Indeed it is but a village of three years growth. It would have been the size of Laurens by this time had not the war interfered. I trust that a closed war will wonderfully improve it. If I only had a neat parsonage and a nice wife I would be perfectly happy as far as I can foresee.

Rumours from Virginia seem to foreshadow—Peace! On last Sabbath, fourth of June, our Sunday School was organized

to my extreme satisfaction. 118 teachers and scholars now on the roll. I must send to Columbia for more books. I am growing more and more in love with my church and people. Indeed, many of them deserve love. Just see what they have done for me. I have received a new suit of clothes and a brand new Palmetto hat in two days. I love my people. I have made arrangements to preach here three Sabbaths in a month, the extra being the night of the third Sabbath. I have also made arrangements to preach on the first Sabbath at Shady Grove. I will also preach the night of the second Sabbath at Clinton. I have just returned from a visit to Laurensville, where the dear girls of the Senior class were graduating. They made excellent speeches especially Eliza English, Lou Gregg, Emma Watts and Emma Zimmerman. At night I also attended the concert and walked home at night with a friend. Memento: August nineteenth. I could not believe it as she leaned so gently and affectionately upon my arm. Iacovie cave! Cave! Ne in pericula cures.

I feel almost as though I had done nothing. While I have received but 7, my neighbors at the Hurricane seem to be having a large revival. Surely my sins are ruining these churches and yet I am puffed up in my own conceit. I feel that the Lord is getting ready to humble me. I have been striking ten, eleven, twelve and the next stroke must be one! I feel almost ready to give up. I am foolish, lazy, ignorant, conceited, proud. Oh God, give me light. Help me or I fail. Why have I undertaken this work? I cannot go forward. I dare not go backward. Lord save or I perish.

Last Sunday (14th August) I received one lady into the church at Clinton; the one who had been shot by her brother-in-law some days ago. I preached in the morning on "Industry" Amos 6:1 and I happened in the course of it to tirade the citizens for taking no action relative to the soldiers coming here. Tuesday evening they met and organized "Clinton Soldiers Relief Association". My negro congregation was larger than ever last Sunday. I think my two, white and black, numbered 500 or over. My efforts to instruct them seem to be appreciated. I started a weekly prayer meeting Tuesday but I had to do all the praying myself. My Sabbath School (white) numbers 115. Average No. present 100! (of which Bible class generally 30 or 40.)

I have received some excellent and acceptable presents recently. Inter alias: A suit of clothes and hat from Mrs. Phinney, two coats and vest from Mrs. Ray, a fine pair of gloves from Mrs. Tobin and from Mrs. Phinney, a \$50.00 bill from Mrs. McDowell saying "I subscribed \$10.00 to your salary but that was

before I knew you." God bless these dear people. I have been on a grand round of visitations and preachifications—to Laurens where Cousin Charlie McKnight is—to Bro. Riley's where I met Mrs. Rev. Peck—to Mr. Holmes—to Rocky Spring where I joined and where I preached eight times and to Mrs. Dillard's where I made several pleasant acquaintances. N.B. August 18th, 1864 got acquainted with a young lady described as follows: She is handsome—a member of the Presbyterian Church, an elder's daughter; a teacher in Sunday School—a true Christian, possesses a good English education, speaks good English, sweet voice, member of Bible Class, fine housekeeper and acquainted with all details of domestic economy; visits sick, is anxious to improve and become better, is innocent, somewhat temperous but tries to curb it—sings only enough to raise tunes in church—plays on piano but only by ear, studies her Bible, loves to go to church, good family, etc. etc. etc. Will she do? Ask Holmes, Riley, Mrs. H. and Mrs. Phinney and if they say "yes" ask Miss M. Mary Jane Dillard, was born October 7th, 1843.

September eighth. The Baptists are in arms against me and have been inventing some horrid lies. They say that I ridiculed their immersion, called it a circus and had Mrs. Martin's fan shook in my face while at the pool and received a challenge afterwards from said lady to duelling controversially. Of course all is false. Yet it seems that Jacobs has multitudinous enemies and must pay the penalty of imprudence.

September fifteenth. The Lord has certainly been with me and that in a marvelous manner. We have just held our protracted meeting at Clinton and forty souls have been added to the church. Besides this there are yet between twenty and thirty inquiring the way of salvation, some of whom I doubt not will be added to us. Oh, how grateful I am to the prayer hearing God. See how he answers prayer. I prayed before the meeting just this way and in these words "Oh Lord, add three souls to my church. Father be merciful, give me ten. Oh, Lord! Thou art able to do a great thing as easily as a small. I pray for forty. Oh, God, in Thy great mercy add forty souls to this church." and the Lord answered my prayer to the letter—the first day three were added, the second day, I had ten and before the meeting closed, we received precisely forty not one less or more. Is not this a remarkable answer to prayer? Surely I need never doubt again.

Some of those we received were very valuable members, Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Joe Vance, Mrs. Langston, Mrs. Rooke, Mrs. Ludy Little, Mrs. McKelvy. This is the greatest revival that ever has

occurred in Clinton. I trust that God has been truly on our side and that to bless us.

September twenty-third. At our meeting I met M—. Riley gives a very fine account of her and a most excellent recommendation. He thinks I will succeed if I try. Still my prayer is "Deus Dirigit." Oh! I want so much to be a true, noble minded Christian. I am a theoretical Christian. I want to be practical. My love and faith are worse than weak and yet I do love and do believe.

I have just returned (October 4th) from the meeting of Presbytery at Cross Hill— Liberty Springs Church. I took my seat in Presbytery for the first time but was of no manner of consequence, save that I acted as clerk for the space of half hour.

Got a present of fifty testaments from Dr. Woodrow. Tuesday started for Clinton, found the Laurens train at Newberry also Mr. Butter's buggy—chose the later. Butter started to go the 23 miles at the same time. Our buggy beat by one half an hour. Here I am once more in Clinton resting after my glorious fatigue.

Tuesday I went up to see Miss Mary D. but was sadly disappointed. The day before she had been thrown from a buggy and her shoulder injured. She was consequently unable to see company.

November tenth. I married my first couple tonight. Dr. Craig to Lizzie Owens. I got through the ceremony far better than I expected for which dei gratias. Dr. Craig was pleased—first fee \$50.00. No wife to give it to. Everybody says that Mary D. is just the girl. Methinks I will go to see her again. Understand that the broken neck is better. Everybody has found me out. Evidently I must do something. Tonight I became really proud of little Clinton. It has done considerably better than I thought. The girls looked prettier than I thought they could. The elite of the town were out. Mem: try to elevate the manners of the elite. Supper good and in good taste, reminded me of ante-war suppers, save in the matter of silver. No great display. But these things are trifles beneath the notice of great minds. Nevertheless straws show which way the wind blows.

November eighteenth. I ordained an elder for the first time today.

Sherman has burnt Atlanta, etc. etc. and is pressing into the heart of Georgia, point of destination probably Savannah.

I was foiled in another attempt to visit Mary D. I fear that I will have to give it up. No! Never! Last evening (November twenty-fourth) the choir assembled as usual in Mr. Phinney's parlor. There were at least thirty out and the singing was good. Have succeeded in borrowing a melodeon from Rush Blakely for the use of the church. I have also succeeded in getting up a subscription to get fifty copies of the child's paper for the Sabbath School. The Southern Presbyterian is also now taken by thirty families in my congregation.

Last Sunday I preached what was styled a raking sermon on Family Religion. There is much talk of it. It pleased and yet I was afraid that I would excite passion: which demonstrates that people like to hear faults mentioned provided that you don't harness the faults on them. Monday, I paid a trip to Laurens. Poor Ripley started this day for the war. I must pray for him with all my might. I was foiled in yet another trip to see Mary D. What shall I do? Succumb? No, Never! Wednesday (November 30th) I spent at Mrs. McDowell's. I like her family as well as any in my congregation.

I have at last succeeded in drafting an accurate map of the city of Clinton. Its public improvements: a railroad, school, two churches, two blacksmith shops, a bar-room (!) steam mill, cigar manufacturing, etc. There used to be very many other public improvements here but ever since I have been here many of them have stopped. The war is playing havoc with Clinton. I trust, however, that the return of peace will also bring a return of improvements.

I went to see her whom Strallon calls "My Mary." Three long hours were spent in her society alone, beside several odd quarters. Sallie is a lovely girl "Her bright smile haunts me still". Of course, though, I love "My Mary" best. Several favorable indications but nothing definite as yet. Holmes says "Try." Riley says "Try." Mrs. H. says "Try." Mrs. Phinney says "Try." My own heart beats out "Try! Try! Whatever you do—Try." Suppose I do. I saw a pretty picture there that I wanted to steal so badly but I could not summon resolution! I am still on the fence. The Lord guide me and if so be it his will, prosper me in this matter. I can do nothing without his "Yea!"

Er'e I close my journal my glib pen would linger a little about the close of this year, while rapidly it surveys the past. What has the year been occupied in? Well, then, turning to my book I find that I have changed my Presbyterial membership, have been ordained over Clinton and Shady Grove, and Duncan's Creek, have had my first marriage, baptism, ordina-

tion, and communion services, have scribbled a little for newspapers, have paid over 250 pastoral visits, preached one hundred fifty sermons, etc., traveled over two thousand miles for the cause of Christ, written fifty sermons, conversed one hundred fifty times with inquirers, received nearly one hundred members into the church, baptised eighty adults and twenty-two children, preached four funerals, celebrated two marriages, collected \$2,000 for religious purposes, organized and conducted a prosperous Sabbath School, been instrumental in organizing Clinton Soldiers Relief Association, distributed about fifty testaments to soldiers, taken my seat in Presbytery and Synod, have read about one hundred books, etc. My personal property has been slightly increased but that is a minor matter. And may I not here mention "My Mary" No! wait a little. This much has God helped me to do. Oh! thanks, thanks, but what for the future? Father, remember thy promises and make the years to come even more abundant in labours and improvement. Oh, grant that I may have spent this year "looking unto Jesus."

Thus endeth 1864.

CHAPTER SEVEN

1865—Age 22

January eighth. On yesterday evening as preparatory to our approaching communion, I summoned all the children to the church had 30 or 40 there and catechised them on the Shorter Catechism. They did their teachers credit. I do love the little children. Indeed I think that they are getting very much attached to me. Clinton Church held (January 8th) today its first winter communion. Brother Riley was with me. I baptised three children and received three negroes in the church. Oh, God, bless this church. Congregation very large. Colored people very attentive and fill the church. About sixty to seventy white and one hundred forty negroes communed. Riley agrees with me in toto, in my admiration of My Mary. I go thither I trust on Friday and then? Hey!

Friday, January thirteenth has passed. Early on that day I escaped from Clinton and went through roads innumerable to "Coldwater." I met her whom I call "Mary". We talked long. Oh! I know not what to write, for first the golden bow of hope and then the black thunder-colored alternate rise. I confess that suspense is dreadful. But, thank God, I have confided the whole affair into the keeping of Him that is higher than I and I will abide by his decision. If my hopes are blasted then Jacobs, I pity you. If realized—I know not whether to say that I hope most or despair most. God guide and help me if it be thy holy will.

My journal makes entirely too many revelations. It is a regular history of all my love-scrapes. Suppose Mary says "No" when I ask her? Off, thought! I cannot endure you. I have had chicken-love a plenty in days bygone but this is the first time in my life that I have ever fallen a victim to manly love. What a strange emotion is this? Was Shakespeare right when he said that "men have died and worms have eaten them but not for love?" I never loved any girl in my life as I love Mary Dillard. Indeed I never before knew what love was. Mary is everything that I could wish, in health, form, features, behavior, name, family, domesticity, etc. There is absolutely nothing more that I desire. In piety, education, manners, etc. she satisfies me entirely.

Indeed she comes nearer my ideal of the girl I want than any I ever met with before. My love for her now is held in abeyance, because I know not whether it is returned but if she gives me the word of welcome, then, Mary Dillard you will have one heart to love you better than you were ever loved before.

Ever memorable be the 26th of January 1865 when I could write as Cæsar to the Roman Senate "Veni, Vidi, Vici!" In the words of the Revolutionary hero "We have met the enemy and they are ours." On! Selim! On! With rapidity I traveled over the intervening ten miles and to my delight and joy found her whose picture now lies before me "at home." Nor was it long ere my own dear Mary came forward to greet me. On! On! we talked till the hour of noon was struck and the evening shadows fled across the land. On common subjects we conversed until five thirty P. M. when, draw the curtain over the scene that followed. Sufficient be it for inquisitive ears that Miss Mary is henceforth "My Mary." Need I also write of the meeting a second enemy in the morning, over whom I gained another victory. God has thus blessed me more than I could have hoped. He has gratified my most earnest wishes. Indeed I feel that he has made the whole thing to come out just as it has. I trust him, I love him the more for it. And then, Mary! She is so good, so everything that I want. My greatest wonder is that she ever did say "Yes". But she did and I believe that she will stick to her promise. Oh, God, consummate this union and pour out thy blessing upon it.

Strange to say I have not the faintest conception of what I said except this single sentence: "Miss Mary, I love you very much." On Saturday I went to Laurensville and preached a very poor sermon. Father and Mother were informed in regard to my engagement and I am glad to say approve of it. The glorious tidings came today of possible peace. It is announced that England and France and Mexico have agreed to recognize the Confederacy, that Lincoln is treating for peace, an armistice of thirty days declared. The almighty Father grant that it may be so. Oh, what joy, if peace is declared. But I forbear the thought lest I be disappointed. Heavenly Father, give us peace.

One day excites our hopes. The next dispels them. Yesterday's rumours have brought bitter disappointments today.

February second. My last visit was equally satisfactory with the previous. I found Mary at Mrs. P's. My feelings are now completely in her power. She knows me and Oh, what a noble girl she is! She is Solomon's "prudent woman," par excellence. I returned home to find Lou Foster in a dying condition.

God grant that she may live. If she dies, she will be the first of my converts to go heavenward.

I received a delightful note this morning (February 24th) full of love from one that is dearer to me than all others, and a few hours afterwards was urging my way through the rain to Coldwater and had to pass through cold water to get there for Duncan's Creek was flooded. When I reached Mary's home, she soon came down to meet me, but her flushed face and beating pulse told me that she was not well. Nor was she and yet in spite of all, she resolutely refused my urgent request to retire. Her love for me conquered even her sickness. The next morning she was no better and yet she refused to do what I asked. Oh, Mary, Mary, how often I have told you that my love exceeded yours, and yet I know that your love is intense and devoted, I sometimes think far surpassing mine. Sallie said to Mary a few days ago "Mary, if I were in Willie's company as much as you are I would love him more than you do." She could not for I verily believe that Mary loves me with all her whole heart. I am deeply anxious in regard to her. I fear that she may be sick for a long time and I unable to see her. I pray most earnestly that this be not the case but I dread it. My God, keep me from more harassing thoughts than these. Mrs. D. says she has exerted herself lately making up thread for a new dress. Mrs. Phinney thinks "the wedding's at hand". To show you how reports spread, dear Journal, consider this: Sometime ago, Mrs. Dillard sent to Jno. Blakely's to have five trays made. The servant added "and make them soon for the young Missus and Mr. Jacobs are going to get married." A darkey brought said report to Ed McCreery's and so to Lizzie Craig and so to Clinton. "The plot thickens." I left Mary at four P. M. on Saturday. I would have waited till Sabbath but saw that my stay was injuring her. The rain was descending in torrents, and the wind was blowing. I reached Rocky Spring at sundown and I was four miles from Clinton, the clouds, rain etc. had darkened the night so rapidly that I could not see even the horse I rode on. It was a novel sensation, trusting entirely to the instinct of the brute going one knew not how fast or whither. My thoughts were all of Mary.

On Tuesday afternoon at four P. M. I was on my way to Laurens. All were delighted to see me. A pleasant talk with Kate, father, mother, Fisher and Brother Holmes. The latter brought me news of Mary. She is very sick. Frank met me in the evening. I wrote out to my Mary by him. Further questionings so excited my fears that I felt urged to go and inquire for myself. I could not see her but left her better bearing a note from myself as a souvenir. We kept up quite a correspondence. I have tried to

get the dear girl to fix on the 6th of April. Will she? Oh, God, grant her a speedy recovery. My soul almost idolizes her. Heaven forefend me from idolatry. Mary, I know loves me with all the fulness of a woman's love. Noble girl! It would almost ruin me; it would kill me to lose her. The news from Columbia is that it is burnt, at least 1260 houses. The Seminary and the Presbyterian Church, thank God, were spared. Alas, for Carolina! The city is starving. I have at last prevailed on Clinton to send provisions to Columbia.

Last evening again with Mary. She is improving slowly. She is now able to sit up in bed. I was permitted to have a long talk with her last night. We discussed the 6th but finally settled on the 20th. And so in six weeks more I will be among the happiest of men. Deo volente et favente. I have approached this point with much and anxious prayer and know that the smiles of heaven are with me in it. Instead of becoming accustomed to "love" I find that every day increases my affection for my darling Mary. Oh, God, thanks for much happiness. Increase it, Father.

On the morning of the 13th I completed my preparations and evening found me with Mary. Every day increases my admiration of her character. She is a noble girl and just the ideal that I have long cherished. Oh, how unspeakably thankful I am that Mary and not C— proved to be my allotted one. God was good to me. Something has turned up that has shown me beyond a doubt that I was saved by the merciful hand of a kind and heavenly father. Mary was nearly well and looking as good as ever. She loves me devotedly. Nor is there anything gross or sensual about her love. It is pure. She loves me for myself only. We are arranging for the 20th of April. I will bring her home to Mr. Phinney's and perhaps will afterward make arrangements to go to housekeeping. I will consult with her. Mary's character grows on me every day. It is so pure, so Christian, so prudent and yet withal so defined—certain—determinate. I know that we will live happily together. When I am with her I am ever wishing myself there. When I am away, I feel lost. Thanks heavenly Father, for this precious treasure!

Tonight I am to be married. I can hardly express the feeling with which I enter this holy relation. The times are unpropitious but that deters me not a moment. I am only too thankful that I am blessed with the gift of a true, open hearted, virtuous woman's love. I do not deserve the gift but God who has given her to me will, I trust, make me worthy of her. I have prayed his blessing most fervently upon this union. I pray for it, again

and ever. I would have his love to be the chief link between us, so that heaven shall be evermore desirable. When I think of Mary's love, of her sacrifice of herself, of her gentle woman's nature, of her Christian deportment, of her prudence, her modest worth, I feel unfailingly thankful to God for his unspeakable goodness to me. I pray for Christ's sake that I may never once give expression either to a word or look that may cause her to regret her choice. I will be kind to Mary. She shall have, nay she has now, my full and hearty love. I will think more of her than of father, mother or sister, more than of all others besides. No earthly object shall be superior or is now in my affections to her. It may be that God shall not allot to us a life of sorrow and of pain. If hers be the lot to suffer, God give me the power to be to her kind, sympathetic and affectionate. If mine, I know the tender care will bestowed upon me. I am going to Laurensville this morning with Brother John Arbuthnot. He attends me to the hanging. This evening, to Coldwater!

I have been married a week and a week of such happiness it has never been my lot before to enjoy. I feel like Brother W. "I wish I had been born married." It was on the night of the 20th of April, the night that we received official intelligence of General Lee's capture that Mary and I united our lots for life. Father performed the ceremony. Arbuthnot, Todd, Jim Sloan and John were my attendants. Sallie, Mag Pitts, Lucy Byrd and Annie were hers. I must confess that I was a little worried but both of us went up to the stake like heroes and now Mary belongs to me and I belong to her. The next day we spent with Mary's mother. Saturday, we were in Clinton—Sunday T—— preached for me. Tuesday we went to Laurens, receiving many visitors. All the week has been spent by others in a high state of political anxiety. An armistice has been agreed upon, nobody knows for what. The army is disbanding, Lincoln and Seward have both been assassinated and peace is being discussed. God grant that it may come. The war, however, has not been the principal theme of my thoughts. Mary and I are trying to make arrangements to go to housekeeping and I am hoping to secure Wm. B. Bell's house in this place. It is rather small but is much better than none. Mary is a gem of a girl. My love for her ought of course daily to increase but also does my admiration for her character. I think she will make a model "preacher's wife." Surely God is good to me. Every day I thank him for his gift. I hope to become worthy of her, though now very unworthy. She is my wife. I will be kind and gentle to her. Woman's sufferings are many and her trials great. I ought to remember this constantly and try, therefore, to be kind, affectionate and sympathetic. She

is my wife and I will give her my love and confidence. I know that my interests will be very dear to her and that she would be careful not to injure me even by a word.

The war, it is said, is virtually over and the south restored to the union. I am dumb. It is God's doings and we richly deserve what his hand has placed upon us. Henceforth we are no longer freemen, we are at the mercy of our Yankee lords and masters. God help us.

On returning sick and weary to Clinton I found that the Yankees had been to Laurens C. H.; stole principally horses and watches. I was very anxious about Mary. She was up at her mother's. I expected her to come on Tuesday but she not arriving, I went up to Mrs. Dillard's and stayed there till Monday, paid a visit to Sallie and another to Eliza. On our way to Eliza's we drove right into a squad of Yankees. They were very polite, bearing a flag of truce on their way from Stonemaw to Vaughn. On returning to Clinton I found Arbuthnot here. George Porter also paid me a visit and I found their company really delightful. I am once more settled down to studies but not very effectually as yet. I am all the while busying my thoughts about her whom I love, thinking of and talking to her. We have at last determined to begin life seriously and today finds me at my books. I have some little work this week but nothing to brag about. I find in Mary, not only all but more than my fancy painted her. I do not think that I could have made a better selection anywhere. I am, I confess, desperately in love with her.

We have at last succeeded in renting the Bell house. It is very much out of repair but I am every day engaged in having it a little improved. This page is written in it. Mary has gone home to superintend the removal of her effects. By the end of the week, the house will have its inhabitants. My study is the only part of the house that is at all arranged. My books have been brought round and I feel at home in it already. God grant his heavenly blessing on our abode here and make this a holy place unto himself. Ours must be in the strictest sense of the term, a happy Christian family. I will be content with nothing less. Oh, God, receive this dedication unto thee and make thy name illustrious here. Bless our home and let sincerest love through all our lives and actions manifest itself.

May twenty-seventh. Four months ago I was made one of the happiest of men by the affirmative reply to a question. Today, my dear, dear Mary is seated near me, busily engaged in my study, at the parsonage. We have begun to keep house. Mary's part of the work is being admirably done. I wish I could

say as much for myself. I have a noble house-keeper of whom Solomon admirably wrote "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her". I used to be told that married people got along easier than those who are single. I believe it "to be about to be" verified in my case for I never felt so well satisfied as I do at the present. I believe that I will at once become more manly, more respected, will be looked upon as a citizen and will so increase my usefulness. At any rate I feel happier and more satisfied.

I want my family to be an exemplary one and I will try in every way to make it such a model for Christianity—morality—punctuality—regularity—industry, etc. Mary is of the same opinion and of course it depends upon us, whether it shall be so or not. She is a jewel of a wife. I wonder how I ever succeeded in entrapping her. She sees to everything herself and in her domestic arrangements is a pattern of order and cleanliness. What two greater qualifications could be desired? I sit here and look at her sweet face and industrious fingers and thank God for such a treasure. It is sweet, a delightful thing to be blessed with such a partner for life. The blessings of heaven rest upon thee, Mary.

We are at last settled. Home is the sweetest place on earth. I would rather be there than anywhere else and with Mary than with anybody else. I feel now like a Pastor. My people are very kind and good to me and I feel already more attached to them. I hope that in the providence of God, I may be enabled to stay here all my life, if the people and place improve and it still appears that I may be useful. The state of the country is very discouraging but with heart within and God o'erhead I hope still for kinder days and sunnier skies. Mary makes my home happy for me. She is a good, good wife, better than I ever expected to get, far better than I ever deserved. We have been visiting together some and I indeed appreciate her company and society. I love her company and feel happy only when I know that she is near.

I intend hereafter preaching regularly every first and third Sabbath afternoons at Clinton until the days shorten and then I will preach at night when the moon gives light. Since my marriage and settlement I have become a great deal more interested in my charge.

My days are rapidly advancing. They fly before I think them near. The months are winged. The weeks are shorter than the days were formerly. Why is this? Why—happiness and business make the days and weeks and months roll rapidly by. I

make an appointment far in the future and before I know it I am fulfilling it. Thus are minutes winged instead of leaden and doubly; Mary and Duty are the prime causes.

Clinton is reviving. The war has, thank God, ceased. I have become reconciled to the change, have taken the oath and intend striving to do my duty as a faithful citizen of the United States. The stores are opening rapidly. We will soon be again busily immersed in speculation.

Clinton is improving. It has now the following public buildings, etc.:

Stores—Drygoods—Phinney and West, Hayne Williams, Huett.

Groceries—Copeland and Bearden—Wm. Rose.

Assorted—Craig and Tobin—Mess Bailey.

Buggy Factory—W. D. Johnson.

Wagon Factory—Robert Huett.

Harness Factory—Richard Huett.

Blacksmithies—Johnson, Huett, Young's.

Carpenter Shops—George Davidson.

Steam, Saw, Grist and Flour Mill—Joseph Crews.

Shoe-shops—D. T. Compton, George Simpson — (Col) Nelson Todd.

Schools—Male School—Rev. Theo Hunter.

Female School—Mrs. R. Dunlap.

Churches—Presbyterian—Methodist.

Hotel—Joel T. Foster.

Masonic Lodge—No. 44.

Physicians: Dr. Tom Harris—Dr. W. H. Henry, Dr. Richard Dunlap.

Millinery—Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Huett.

Tailoring—Mr. Butler.

Not to mention a Railroad which unfortunately is not in running operation.

The negroes, though free, are still behaving tolerably well about here. They attend church and behave pretty well. The year has ended! And what a year it has been to me! It has brought change. My marriage—what a word—a world of happiness.

CHAPTER EIGHT

1866—Age 23

February at its high-noon and nothing written in my journal yet. Nor is there yet much to write; for a week I spent in moving and three weeks in bed and three weeks more in making myself comfortable in my new habitation. My plans for this year are first to preach, second to teach Phonography, third to farm on a small scale and fourth to attempt a small Printing Office in Clinton. For the community I propose, first the improvement and endowment of the Clinton Male Academy, second a public library. For the Church, first, an improved scheme of benevolence, second the Presbyterian in every family, third the erection of a colored church. For my wife, first, love, second, comfort. Father has moved to Washington to take charge of a Female Seminary.

I have become an editor, on May second I began the *True Witness*—four months it has been in existence, it has done some good, it has enlarged Public Spirit—it is making me more ubiquitous—but it has not paid me well. I have helped along the Clinton Male Academy. Bro. Hunter came, took charge of it, failed, still the building was improved and his failure resulted in the firmer establishment of the Academy. I am Chairman of the Board of Trustees. We are trying to build a colored church. We take up a semi-monthly collection. Collected only \$13.25. We are trying to pale in the church. All the stock is not yet subscribed. Perhaps we will get it. I have got the “Ladies Benevolent Association” on foot again. They speak of me as President. I have been offered A. M. by Charleston College. I think of going to get it. God has blessed my family. On April 11th, a dear little cherub was added to our fold. God bless our little “Florence Lee.” Her grandparents (mine) have never seen her. She is pretty and good.

My churches have passed through a trying ordeal; the clouds are black and heavy. Oh, Saviour steer us safely through the storm. Clinton is an incorporated town once more. Jas. A. Dean Intendant. The council is doing good. Our railroad is reviving. For six months it has been utterly dead, but daily do we now behold the locomotive’s welcome view. Not in the Union—Negro riots—poor crops, War in Europe, Atlantic Cable, these are the

most important world items. The cholera, trichina and rinderpest.

October ninth. A month of incidents has just elapsed, during which we held a communion meeting at Clinton. God be praised for His goodness in allowing us to receive to communion, thirty whites and colored. The whole town was stirred up and never before was witnessed such manifestations of His mercy. Immediately after the close of the meeting Mary, the baby and self started on an overland trip to Washington, Ga., to see father.

I have established a Printing Office in Clinton and am editor of a miserable little sheet called the *True Witness*. I have published a little catechism and also a little song-book for my Sunday School. This little paper I have originated just to do Clinton good and for no other purpose. I have got Ripley over here and he is associated with me.

On my return from Washington, I found the people exceedingly anxious to recommence the protracted meeting. We did so, and Oh, the wonders of God's grace! Forty more have professed conversion! and of these many gray-haired men. It was truly affecting. And then on Thursday night all of the new converts sat down at the Lord's table. Heaven came down to earth and dwelt among us. I failed to go to Synod this year, cause, without the means. Thus God has brought me to the end of 1866.

1867—Age 24

March. I received the degree of A. M. From my Alma Mater, the College of Charletson.

April. Presbytery met in my church. Mr. Price was moderator. We had a delightful time. In many things, I was kindly treated by my brethren of the Presbytery far more than I deserve.

May. I have determined to change the *True Witness* into an agricultural paper.

June. My little farm of 10 acres is progressing finely. My garden is said to be the best in Clinton.

July. The *Farm and Garden* is received very favorably.

August. Sick nearly all the month.

October. Synod met at Laurens. All my old associates there: Law, Boggs, Mack and the professors of the Seminary.

November.

December. A death and a marriage. Sallie was married by myself to Bob Richardson and dear mother, Mary's mother, whom I loved next to my own sainted mother, passed away from this life unto eternal life.

1868—Age 25

March. The world politically is turned upside down. I would like to leave America, if possible. Received a call to Albany, Ga. After some hesitation declined. I cannot leave my people.

April. Attended Presbytery at Greenwood, meeting with much kind treatment from several of the citizens. Greenwood is a handsome little town of seven hundred inhabitants.

July. I have undertaken a great job for such a little body, no less than the erection of a house on a lot that I bought, from Darling Henry. Captain Jones doubled the size of my lot by giving me two acres back of it. I hope when my house is built to be able to live more comfortably than now.

1869—Age 26

I write from home—my own home—the home of my dear wife and children—for God has blessed me with another child—little Eugene Ferdinand, now four months old. I write from home, for I have built a house, have dedicated it to God and here I am in my study, surrounded with books and papers. Ought I not to be contented and happy? My family is full—father and mother—son and daughter—Ripley and Minnie. Yes little Sissie, now a young lady of nineteen is with me and will probably stay all the year. I have just (February 9th) brought her from Columbia, where I spent an exceedingly pleasant day in Dr. Adger's house. I shall visit Dr. Plumer and Dr. Woodrow. I have also George May—my little farmer and Sallie Dillard, my little help and companion. God help me to be just to them.

The *Farm and Garden* has entered upon its fourth volume—prosperously. I am becoming encouraged about it and am determined to give it a high stand if I can. My churches—Clinton Church has recently been beautifully fitted up—new pews, curtains, lamps, carpet. It is as neat as a pin. I still preach at Bethany and Shady Grove, but my principal labor is in Clinton. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Preaching every Sab-

bath night. Session meeting once a month. Preaching and Sabbath School and Bible Class every second and fourth Sabbath. I am about to begin preaching to the negroes once a month in the afternoon.

May twenty-fourth. I have been hard at work at Clinton now for over five years and have become greatly encouraged. Our S. S. Anniversary on the 8th was a great success—We gave prizes to 35 children for attendance, two for bringing in over 12 scholars (one of them to little Lillie Harris who was killed by a tree. She was of a Methodist family but I preached her funeral) and six for repeating the shorter Catechism. The school has over a hundred scholars. The teachers presented me with a silver cup.

June twenty-sixth. I have just returned from Morning service where I conducted a flourishing school of one hundred. Oh! it is a beautiful sight and these dear children how precious they are to my soul! I count no labor too much to do in their behalf.

August seventeenth. The little town of Clinton is improving rapidly. In social life, there has been a great change for the better. There has been less dancing (though some) and more rational enjoyment than has been ours since Clinton was founded. In building there has been much improvement. My house was the first built, then Mess Bailey's and Bill Johnson's, then the improvements in the church, then Mr. Phinney's house and bridge, now Charlie Franklin is putting up a dwelling—R. Blakely is about fitting up a rough old store, so as to make it entirely new and Mrs. Green speaks of putting up a dwelling and tannery. My church, moreover, thinks of engaging me, next year, for all my time.

September first. My church has at last raised the salary and next year will engage my whole services. I thank God for this. It will have a good effect I hope, upon my studies making me a better minister. It certainly is a great encouragement, as it is an evident sign of progress in my church. The Methodists at Clinton are enjoying quite a revival. God bless and help them. Ripley left today for Davidson College. He is preparing for the ministry, the only candidate that this church has ever sent forth.

October twenty-sixth. I received a message today from Mr. Bailey, asking me to come to see him. Mrs. Bailey was very ill. He took me one side and asked me if I would receive them into the

church. I consented and then upon her bed of sickness I baptized Mrs. Bailey. I also baptized Mr. Bailey and his whole house. This is the first time I ever received one thus and I believe it is the first time that I ever baptized a whole family. Father, Mother, and three children at once.

December fifteenth. I preached my last sermon at Shady Grove church today. Henceforth I devote my time entirely to the Clinton church. For this I have long prayed and God has at last granted my petition. May he now make me a faithful pastor, with this thought ever before me, to serve him supremely.

I have been laboring lately to organize a Clinton Library Association. I want it to begin operations as soon as we can raise ten subscribers. My endeavors shall be to make Clinton a good and interesting place.

On reviewing mentally the past year I found that I had accomplished nothing but on looking to my notes, I find that I have paid more pastoral visits, delivered more sermons, prepared more sermons, collected more money and married more couples than in any previous year in my ministry.

1870—Age 27

I have been lately very busy in my study and am more devoted than ever to these precious companions of mine, these silent friends that never refuse when I ask their counsel or instruction.

I am gratified with the improved condition of our Sunday School. *It is the church.* I accomplish as much by it as by the sanctuary. Lord, Jesus, let thy showers fall on it also. I think our negro church will be built this fall. We have bought a lot just out of the town and hope to build this fall. When I get it through my next effort shall be a church library, or at any rate, a library association for Clinton. And after I get it under way I think we can build up the "Clinton Presbyterian Academy!"

I find myself improving rapidly in the languages since I began paying more particular attention to them, a month ago. My determination is to read through every Latin and Greek Classic on which I can lay my hands. Harper's Grammar and Latin texts are the ones I intend using. I desire them as full of notes as possible.

June thirtieth. During the past thirty days my studies have been Greek Testament, Matt. 6, Luke 18.

English Version, Josh 11—2 Kings 8

Hebrew 2, Sam 21—1 Kings 16

Chaldee, Dan 7:7—28 Ezra 4-6

Latin, Cicero de Officiis, Libri 2 and 3 1-13

Syriac 1, 2 and 3 John

*German, Adler's Lesebuch 10 pp. and Psalms, Spitta
200 pp.*

French, 12 and 14 chapters in Bible.

Have read also a little in Herodotus (301-15) Have read most of the Episcopal Prayer Book, John's Gospel, Life of Dr J. A. Alexander Vol. 2, Lambe on Diet (200) Graham's Synopsis of Phonography, Debates in General Assemblies, "Vashti" by Augusta J. Evans, Book 3, Young's Christ in History, Ellis' researches in Madagascar, besides a good many magazines, papers and scraps of books. Sic for canis Latin and katse-German.

July first. Yesterday after prayermeeting I succeeded in inducing the ladies to organize a "Sewing Society" for the benevolent operations of the church. May God grant it prosperity and success. Mrs. S. A. Phinney, president. Mrs. Mary Jacobs, secretary. Mrs. J. T. Craig, treasurer.

July ninth. Dear Lord, grant I implore thee, that my wages may be paid this month. I deserve not a cent. Most unprofitable servant have I been but I entreat, give me souls for my hire. My heart is gone after those unconverted in yearning and pleading. Lord save them and give them as jewels to thy Son, Jesus, Amen.

July twenty-eighth. Oh, Lord, thou hast paid me immensely more than I deserve, for I deserve nothing. Oh, grant me yet more than this for I am hungry for souls. Father I prayed for ten with earnest peradventure and thou hast given me six. Where are the other four?

August seventh. I have just returned from a three days preaching expedition at Shady Grove. We received four members.

August twentieth. Last night we witnessed a beautiful ex-

hibition of the Aurora Borealis. It was displayed in parallel streaks of light, sometimes quite brilliant and exactly perpendicular to the horizon. These streaks were very variable, sometimes very bright, then suddenly fading away altogether. The display lasted about half an hour. The streaks reached even to the polar star and covered some fifty or seventy-five degrees along the horizon. This is the third display I have ever witnessed and by far the finest of them all. How wonderful are God's works. The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. At the Ball night before last, no member of the church, save children of an elder in the Clinton Church, danced.

August twenty-second. I see by the Presbyterian that Father has received the title of D. D. I am glad. Saturday night we had another beautiful display of the Aurora. None last night.

I hear my little Florence singing all over the yard "Jesus Christ save me." Oh Savior, she understands not her prayer, but I pray thee, hear it.

August twenty-eighth. Lord Jesus, thou art a prayer-hearing God. But alas, I am weak in my faith. Thou art more ready to hear than I to ask. One month ago I plead with thee for the balance of my hire. I only asked for ten souls. Lord, today thou hast paid the uttermost farthing. Dear Lord, dare I ask more? Only five—dear Savior—canst thou not spare me this many ere this year is ended? Dear Savior, it is much to ask, yet giving will not make thee the poorer, Lord, I wait on thee, thou answerer of prayer.

September third. Poor little Clinton! What is to be done for her. We are distressed and harassed on every side. The present political disturbance is greatly against us. I wish that we had peace. Can I do nothing for the advancement of Clinton? I think I will succeed in getting the mission chapel built this month. My next determination is to put up a Library building and organize a Library Society if I can get room to stand on and then, Ho, for a good school. God grant it. What we need is more public spirited men and I am not half enough so.

Every man must live for something. I have hardly any plan before me in life. Is not this the cause of my disquiet and unrest? Oh, my soul, what means this sadness?

August nineteenth. These are stormy times, wherein we dwell. Last night after the sweet pleasures of the Holy Sabbath we were startled by rumors of an attack on Clinton by the negroes, 200 of whom had gathered at the mill, entered Joe Crew's ar-

mory and armed themselves. The whites assembled at West's store to the number of 75 and having armed themselves, awaited the attack. The poor women were scared half to death and many of them assembled at Mrs. Phinney's for protection. By God's good providence a collision has been thus far averted. But the races are in a highly excited state and I fear that evil will yet result from it.

August twenty-first. We have had a time of it. The whole cause of the fracas was the collision of a party of white and colored men near Clinton on Saturday night. The negroes fired on the white men. Their fire was returned and four were wounded. The negroes immediately assembled at the mill with three day's rations. A difficulty had also occurred at Chappel's. But Sheriff Paysinger with a company of one hundred men captured sixty negroes, these without bloodshed. The whites immediately began to assemble at Clinton and by eleven o'clock yesterday over a thousand men had assembled on the public square whereat the negroes became very much alarmed and agreed to go home and behave themselves. By night, however, a hundred men had again collected, the whites having dispersed. But they were notified by the guard of fifty whites who had been left in town that they would all be arrested unless they dispersed immediately and they immediately began to scatter. So ends the affair, I trust. They have threatened to make a San Domingo of South Carolina, but no San Domingo here!

September twenty-seventh. It is with pain and sorrow that I write it. Dr. Henry is no more. Clinton has lost its best elder and I have lost my best friend. Oh, God, pity the widow and the fatherless.

Our railroad has stopped. Clinton is again under the weather. The darkest hour is just before dawn. Arise, O Day-star, with healing in thy beams.

October twenty-first. Alas! My poor country! Our troubles are increasing. The election was held on the 19th and the negroes cheated us out of it. This excited the whites and on Thursday morning a fisticuff between a white man and a constabulary brought on a general row in which two negroes were killed. The passions of the whites were then aroused. The whole district flew to arms. All the guns belonging to the negro militia were siezed, Joe Crew's office was torn to pieces, his papers were all destroyed, his furniture wrecked. Then began the reign of violence. Yesterday morning two dead men, one the radical probate judge was found dead at Milam's Trestle; and Wade Perrin, a colored member of the House of Representatives was found dead

at Martin's depot. Two negroes were also killed in the Rocky Spring neighborhood. Last night it was reported that negroes assembled at Kem's quarters and a party of men went down to drive them off. Oh, wretched country—how terrible is this condition! Violence! Anarchy! Civil War! I know not what to think much less what to do. The end is not yet. I fear this is but the beginning. Our whole land is thoroughly demoralized.

Soldiers have been marching up and down our district arresting with most glaring injustice peaceable citizens and dragging them to Columbia. All this harrasses the good and demoralizes the doubtful. God have mercy. Our country is in a deplorable condition. I feel as if we were cut off from the activities and sympathies of the world.

1871—Age 28

God has brought me by his grace to the beginning of 1871. I find myself standing upon its threshold and casting my eye forward to the work to be done, or the crown to be won and worn. Surrounded by an uncommonly demoralized state of affairs, I call upon myself to arm myself in his strength and gird my loins to make this year one of unprecedented toil. I lift my eyes heavenward.

But if at the end of the year affairs are no better than they are today, if the church is as much demoralized, the country as isolated and the spirit of the people as much broken, I would like to go to another field. But may God alone rule. Today, then, I have opened a new book. Oh, God, help me to turn over a new leaf in my life. Especially make me more faithful in private exhortation and in prayer and in study.

A little village consecrated to God and friendship is the pleasantest place in the world to dwell in but ours is so overrun with drunkenness and revelry and so oppressed by the fact of our R. R.'s sleep that unless God comes to our rescue, our pleasure will be at an end and I must needs remove to some other habitation. Oh, Lord, come to our rescue.

My time flies very rapidly. I am busy always. And yet I seem to accomplish nothing. I feel as if a better day was dawning for us. The country is becoming much more quiet and a great many negroes are leaving the country and those that remain are behaving themselves. The R. R. however, seems to be dead. It will probably remain in its dormant state for sometime. But, Oh, Lord, how long, for this also is to the injury of thy cause.

I rejoice to hear that Emma Copeland, Della Finley and Lessie Burgess have all made a resolution to dance no more. God help them to keep it, for the dancings here are gotten up in opposition to the church and are mere drunken frolics.

January seventh. Yesterday morning I called on Rev. Mr. M'Kittrick. He lives only three miles from Clinton and much nearer indeed than I thought. He has quite an interesting family. They are thinking of getting him at Rock Spring. As I was going into his door, his dog bit at me and tore my pants.

January ninth. Rose early, built fire, attended to horse and other stock. Read Greek testament Heb. 8-9, Cor. 1-5, John 9:1-10, Latin first Eclogue in Virgil, 3pp. in German. Wrote up Session book, note book and Journal. Read fifty pages in Osborne's Palestine. Visited Miss Sallie's School. Hired freedmen for next year. After dinner read twenty four pages phonographic correspondence. Rode up to George P. Copeland's and had a pleasant chat with Miss Mary and Louise Bell. Interviewed Brother M'Kittrick. After supper read the Home Journal, thirty-five pages phonographic correspondence, two of Bacon's Essays in Phonography, family worship. Retired.

January twelfth. I greatly feel the need of new books to assist me in my studies but I am so much in debt that I see no probability of my being able to buy any shortly. I believe I will try the people to see if we can get up money enough to purchase a melodeon for our Sunday School.

January seventeenth. Today rode out to Duckett Copeland's—carried Florence with me. The scenery as Florence says, consists of trees, road, rail fences, negro houses and old fields. There is but very little attractive scenery within ten miles of Clinton.

I am sadly disheartened by this day's work. I feel almost like giving up. At the evening meeting of the session, we arraigned four of our members on the charge of profanity. Some remarks I made on the subject of praying have made Mr. Bell think of resigning his eldership.

February seventh. The Ladies' Society, in consequence of my efforts to keep it alive, met at Mrs. Phinney's yesterday evening. I am rejoiced to say that it was a successful meeting. May they still be able to keep agoing and do much good. They have not a large fund but have succeeded in getting together a fund of \$20.00 more or less.

Ripley has made up his mind to go to the Seminary in September. It will certainly be to my joy. I would be glad to know that my church had sent out a minister.

February tenth. I conducted prayer meeting this evening, subject of my address "The Uses of Trouble." After prayer meeting Emma Owens came over and I gave her her first lesson in Latin. I have offered to give her a lesson or two every week so as to help the dear girl all I can. May God reward all such work I do by giving a friend to my children, should they ever become orphans.

February fifteenth. Our country is certainly a prey for the wicked eagles. Sixteen men were killed last week in Union County. They were all negroes, taken out of jail and hanged by the Ku Klux. God help our wretched land.

Tuesday evening I called on Mrs. Bailey and got bitten by her dog; not seriously. Mrs. B. seemed more troubled than I about it.

The first flowers of the season have come and are envased on my study table. The year is in its youth and so am I. Let me, like the year, be fruitful.

I have been gardening a little. I received several new varieties of strawberry plants from the patent office which I am trying.

March eighth. At four o'clock this afternoon another responsibility was placed upon my shoulders. A little boy, nameless but not friendless found his way, through much tribulation, into this strange world.

*You little waif
Whose tiny bark, long tossed on unknown seas
Is stranded here at last by some sweet breeze,
May this thy grief
That forth in sickly lamentations breaks
Meet soon with gentler winds and softer cheeks.
Rest little one
Upon thy mother's bosom, pure and white;
Clutch it with little nails that glisten bright;
It is thy throne.
No king in royal robe delighted more
Than thou dost in its boundless luscious store.
God bless thee, child!
And may thy Mother, who in pain did give
Thee life, aye, a full thousand fold receive,
Thou undefiled!
Full recompense of love for all her woe,
Which, little debtor, thou to her dost owe.*

Dear Lord, bless this little one and may he be a child after thine own heart.

On Sunday night for the first time in many months, we had more colored people than whites at church. M'Kittrick preached for me.

Today is the sixth anniversary of my wedding. Dear Lord, pour out thy richest blessing on my dear Mary. She has been a good wife to me. The first quarrel is yet in the distant future. I love her today more than ever I did.

April twenty-second. I love to gather the little children of my church around me, that I may get their hearts. Last night Beulah, Garnie Phinney, Ella Henry and Alice Davidson were with us. They are all good little children but full of life and mischief. They will be grown some day and that day not far hence. The three first seem much attached to me but Alice is rather afraid of me. I must win her affections. So only can I win her to love those things that I love.

I had a good time preaching on Sunday night to about thirty whites and sixty blacks.

On Monday, May fifteenth having made all previous arrangements I left Mary in tears and with Florence in the buggy and Rip as a driver, I started for Newberry. One mile this side of Martin's our axle broke, but we borrowed another buggy and arrived safely at Newberry. Ripley returned with the buggy and Florence and myself entered the train. Florence was very badly frightened at the engine but I succeeded in pacifying her. Silas Johnson was with me and he proved an exceedingly agreeable traveling companion. Our party was increased at Alston by Brother Law and Mr. Anderson. At Columbia we all went to the Columbia Hotel and were roused at one-thirty at night, took the Columbia and Atlanta and Augusta road to Augusta. The train passes some two miles through the very heart of Augusta. I noted especially the Augusta Presbyterian Church where I did so much reporting in 1861. The train passes by the Augusta factory, a very large, fine building and the most prosperous factory of the sort in the south. At Union Point I had the pleasure of meeting Minnie, Mamie and Bessie. Mamie and Bess are grown very much, almost out of my recollection. I gave Florence over to their care and sped on to Atlanta. We spent several hours at Atlanta. There was but little daylight to spare but Mrs. Johnstone and myself walked up one of the principal streets, past Eastman's B. College. The portion of the town we saw was not very handsomely built, tho there were some fine buildings. We were shown through the magnificent hotel, the Kimball House. The

chandelier in the Hall first attracted our attention by its brilliancy and magnificence. We mounted up to the top floor in the steam elevator and then walked down. The whole building was finely carpeted. The parlors were superbly fitted up. The hotel supplied with all possible appliances for comfort. From Atlanta to Chattanooga I took a sleeping car and had a glorious night's rest. The scenery from Chattanooga to Huntsville is very beautiful. The various glimpses of the Tennessee river, the palisaded banks, the mountains rising in the distance, the shimmering dew on leaf and flower, all combined to put us into raptures. On the train I met, beside Brother Vedder, with whom I traveled from Atlanta, Dr. J. L. and J. R. and J. S. Wilson, Dr. Woodrow, Dr. Peck and Dr. Arnold Miller.

On the summit of Lookout Mountain, near the Summit House. Petrie, Law and Hutton, standing near me. Ten thousand square miles of God's earth, and spread out at my feet. A pale blue tint covers everything but just below the city of Chattanooga in appearance a little scattered village struggles through it. The Tennessee winds around the base of the mounds and bounds back from it. I'm 3000 feet in the air. Only think of the Himalayas, ten times higher. Wonderful are God's works! A few miles, part in the carriage, mostly on foot, brought us to the rock city. "Here we stand with towers of rock rising on every side. Glorious! Together we sang the doxology, 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.' My God is a rock. This on May 20th. In the cave masses of rock covering us over. How cool! "Under the shadows of a great rock in a thirsty land." From this point we climbed to Chickamauga Cliff, passing Bragg's headquarters and the college and the falls which we had no time to examine. Chickamauga Cliff—350 feet of sheer precipice. Chattanooga, seven miles to the left. Mountains veil the far horizon. Glorious, glorious, glorious. These are thy glorious works parent of good. Awfully sublime! Grand beyond description! It is the finest view I ever saw in my life. Missionary Ridge is over against us where the battle was fought. As we returned I leaped carelessly a chasm about two feet wide and found afterwards it was 200 feet deep. We entered a cave by a passageway many feet high but barely wide enough for a man to pass for some thirty or forty feet. It suggested to me "the straight and narrow way." We returned to Summit House. Have just finished a very fine dinner. The mist is all lifted and I can now see peaks in seven states—Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia and Kentucky. After dinner we rode up to Lookout Point and there we had several magnificent views. Our whole party was photographed on the very tip end of the point.

We could have stayed much longer but time pressed and we had to tear ourselves away and return to Chattanooga after a most charming day spent amid the grandeurs of God's work. George P. and I walked over a part of the rapidly building city and examined the new and splendid hotel.

Father was in Florida when I reached Athens and did not get back till Wednesday. He is going to move to Tallahassee, Florida to take charge of the church in that city. I am heartily glad of it.

On Friday, the Ladies Society met. They still keep pegging away.

I trust that Clinton will gradually improve. It is sadly at a standstill as a town. Although as a church I am glad to note, by the minutes of Presbytery that it stands fourth on the list as regards members received, ninth in total of communicants (and we omit our negro members; counting them we would be third); first in number of infants baptized; third in amount actually paid the pastor and eighth in average per capita of money given. This is doing well for a church that stood at the bottom of the list seven years ago. May God still bless and prosper us. I sometimes have thought that I ought to be in a less retired field. This was sinful ambition and pride. I now think that if God thinks me fit for a larger field, let him put me there. I will stay here till I clearly hear him saying, "Come up higher." There is sufficient room here to employ my highest powers.

June twentieth. Willie Rook has come up to take charge of the *Farm and Garden*.

June twenty-first. Oh, how beautiful is the bright green of this early morning. I wonder if all men love to look at God's trees as much as I do.

I believe that God has a purpose in locating me in Clinton and I am determined to work it out. This little church may yet be an earnest, prosperous, live church. Laurens County may yet be a center of Presbyterian influence. Oh, that I had strength for the work before me. I live for labor. It may be that an impetus may be given to things in this locality during the next year. This is a fine center for work. I am in hope that it will grow to be a considerable place yet. God grant it. If so, I will never expect to leave it, but to labor here till I die.

I have just been comparing notes with Mr. Bowman and we find that there are in Laurens County

15 *Baptist*
 12 *Presbyterian*
 4 *Associate Ref. Presbyterian*
 1 *Episcopalian church.*

Making a total of 54 churches for white people in Laurens County. There are, I suppose, some fifteen or twenty established by the colored people.

Clinton is evidently passing through days of dullness. No improvement is to be seen in anything, the streets are deserted; the stores have no customers; families speak of moving away. I feel convinced that all or nearly all of those I love the best will be gone, another year. Is it my duty still to remain when in all probability it will become impossible to support my family here another year? I leave this matter entirely up to thee, my heavenly Father. My wish is to remain here. God has prospered my work. My church has been built up but now it all looks as if it were going to ruin.

I got a letter from Joe Crews last night, telling me that as I am a young man I may live to see the L. R. R. built.

September fourth. The young people have succeeded in getting up a Singing school to be taught by Messrs. Fike and Compton. I am very glad of this. Any display of life re-kindles the flame of hope in my heart. R. Blakely has a new clerk, a young man, named Crane Jones. I must invite him up and get him to feeling at home at my house. I preached last night to forty whites and fifty blacks.

New improvements. A fence around the Methodist Church, work on my house, new steps to Copeland store and the lodge, a new kitchen at Charlie Franklin's.

September fifth. The people of Laurens say they are going to build a railroad from Laurensville to Augusta and throw away ours altogether. If so, goodbye Clinton. It is not altogether certain however, that talking about a thing accomplishes it. I still live in hope although Clinton is surely and rapidly wearing away. We need something to revive us and I do not know any help for it save the L. R. R.

The sweetest, most touching thing I had said of myself while there and one that thrilled my heart was this. Miss Anna Leland says that one of the girls came in from preaching and said to her, throwing her arms around her, "Oh! Miss Anna, don't you love Mr. Jacobs." It does not please me to be told that I am a great preacher for I know it is false, but to be told that I am loved, goes

right to my heart. They made a great fuss about me there but it was all chaff but the saying of this sweet little girl.

We are to have a Baptist Church in Clinton. There! Listen to it. It is our own sweet Sabbath bell.

Mr. Phinny has just returned from New York and informs me that he has purchased the chair and table for the church and also the material for the cushions. Beside this he succeeded in begging money to buy for the Sunday school a small cabinet organ. So that all my propositions in this line need now be thrown aside. Phinney is a real jewel.

The merchants are opening their new goods. Mess Bailey made me a present of a new hat.

The last Phoenix contains a proclamation from Grant charging Laurens County with insubordination and Ku Kluxism and threatening us with martial law. "Oh! Lord, how long!" "Darkness and clouds are round about him but justice and truth are the habitations of his throne." The great city of Chicago is in ashes. My soul pities them. "How are thy palaces come to desolation as in a moment."

"Choose all my changes for me." It is a quaint way of putting it but I earnestly plead that if God wishes me to remain here or to go hence that in either case he would make my way unmistakably clear.

None of my plans for the advancement of our little Clinton have as yet taken shape. How can I work with the railroad in the condition in which it is? A good many seem to think that we never will have a railroad more. Surely with a track laid there seems to be nothing to prevent. We must have it. We must have more than one and if not the old one, then the new one at any rate. Oh, Clinton! Clinton! How I have loved thee and toiled for thee. The *Farm and Garden* is on foot once more. I am determined to make it a good thing. This will be the means of helping our little town somewhat. A good school, a good church library, a mission to the negroes. Why may I not have them all? Lord send help.

I am still unsettled as to my staying or moving. I have left it all in my Father's hands. If he thinks best for me to stay, I will stay. If he says go, I will go. I am much attached to this church. God bless it and make it prosperous. There are some things about it that encourage me greatly. others that make me very despondent. So many of my members are doing badly.

*In thee, Oh, Lord, I trust
My shield, art thou, my stay.
Man boasts;—his strength is dust,*

*But thou art life alway.
 In thee, Oh Lord, I live;
 I have no stay but Thee;
 My solace in deep grief,
 Thy hand, it raiseth me.
 Oh stay, by me, my Lord,
 Each hour, my strength renew;
 Defend me with thy sword;
 Me with thyself imbue;
 Thank God, he knows my name!
 Thank God, he hears my prayer!
 Now let my tongue cry, Shame!
 Up man! In God's strength, dare!*

November tenth. I do not think it is right for me to feel as I do about leaving Clinton. I know I can be useful here. I feel that there is work to do. I believe I can make a support. God will help me if I do my duty. I am determined, therefore, that I will not leave. For fifty years to come if God spares my life so long and the people will bear with me, I will be here.

I have concluded to decline the call to Good Hope, Ala. I think God will approve my decision. I feel now as though I were to be permanently located here. God help me to work for the up-building of my church and the community. I have several plans afoot.

The population of our little town has gradually grown less. There will shortly be eight or ten vacant houses. I am in hope, however, that when the R. R. revives there will be a great influx of population and of business here and that I trust of the right sort. My stay in this place is guaranteed for another year. At the end of that I trust we will see our way clear to go on with vigor.

I have a project in my head which like many other projects is I fear to be finally unsuccessful. *I propose the establishment of an orphan asylum* under the care of South Carolina Synod, the same to be placed here and to be taken care of by the Presbyterians of South Carolina. If I were a man of faith and energy I could easily carry it into effect but as I am only a little man, with hardly zeal enough for my daily vocation, were I to undertake it, it would be a signal failure.

They who generally sigh for a larger field of labor, do not properly take care of the little field they already have. Make your field larger and more attractive, my dear sir, study more, visit more, work more, pray more. You are in great want, but action, energy, faith, and perseverance are the main things you need. I

have declined the call to the Good Hope Church. For thee, dear dying Clinton, let me now labor with untiring exertion.

Last night (November twenty-ninth) we had a merry party in our little parlor. Jim Copeland, Dunlap Phinney, Crane Jones, Rush Blakely, Sallie and Emma Owens, Lizzie and Essie Copeland and Eula Blakely. There was a good deal of sport and a considerable amount of talking. God bless these young folks.

I have been thinking much on the orphans' home scheme. Would to God that I had more energy. My chariot wheels are in the ruts and a lazy mule is my only Bucephalus. Would God that I had strength. Now! Now! Now! Why wait for the coming good time. Patience, soul! Work now. Now lay the foundations.

I was informed that a certain church had their eyes on me in case their own pastor left them. It made me feel very much as though I had been told that a certain wife had her eye on me in case her husband died. I do not like to be told such things.

Our library society still progresses. We have now fifteen subscribers. We expect surely to make up the twenty. We counted up yesterday and found that our town numbers exactly 176 white citizens of all ages and sizes and sexes. We have now much better prospect of a railroad. Perhaps we will have a town yet and if a town, then a church.

Pleasant news—Dr. Boozer, a Presbyterian family, has rented Mr. Copeland's house and is moving in. B. S. Jones also, which will give us a teacher and scholar. Hayne Williams also, which will give us eight scholars and W. D. Watts which will give us four scholars. All of which is by way of comfort and good news.

December thirtieth. The year nears its grave. This evening is probably the last time in 1871 that shall find me writing this journal. Let me take a retrospect of it and see what landmarks. In labors I have been less abundant than in the previous year. Pastoral visits 370. Sermons preached 229. Prepared 65. Miles travelled in God's service 2,000. Pastoral conversations 145, but more abundant in the years before. In honors, I have been to the assembly for the first time, Moderator of Presbytery for first time and honored of God in the glorious revivals of last summer. In money matters, a little nearer out of debt than I was one year ago. As to progress in my church I cannot say very much. I do not think Clinton has retrograded very much during the year. It has gained in liberality and has lost a little in membership. The town has been at a dead standstill with premonitory symptoms of galloping consumption.

CHAPTER NINE

1872—Age 29

They are still talking about our Railroad. The Charleston and Columbia railroad has actually purchased it and now the question is will Laurens County raise \$50,000 to help along the job.

I received propositions from Friendship Church to supply them, once a month, on a salary of \$200.00. I stated the case yesterday to the Session and they proposed that I accept the call promising me the same salary for the three sabbaths of each month that they heretofore gave for four. This is exceedingly kind in them. I intend accepting so that my salary will now be \$900.00 instead of \$700.00.

January sixteenth. Last night we had a meeting and organized the "Clinton Library Society". I was elected president. I trust that we will succeed in carrying it through to entire success.

January nineteenth. Have had a visit from Major Leland in reference to the Laurens Railroad. We are greatly in hope of permanent success. Dr. Boozer has moved to Clinton. He is a praying Presbyterian and will strengthen us.

The congregation held a meeting and unanimously gave me leave to preach at Friendship. This is very kind of them and is a step in advance. On next sabbath will thank them for it.

The news today is that work is to begin at once on the L. R. Thank God.

March seventh. Last night at the meeting of the Library Society we made arrangements for a public lecture to the people of Clinton in behalf of our Library Society. Admission ten cents. Orators of the day Drs. J. T. Craig and Rev. W. P. Jacobs. We hope to raise a little money for our society and perhaps do good beside. The idea was broached that we have a Male College (high school) in Clinton. I trust this idea will crystalize yet.

March twelfth. *Our Monthly* will hereafter be a distinctly religious periodical. I have made the change for two reasons. First, I hope thereby to do some good. Second, I wish to keep up my printing office and this is the only kind of journal that my conscience will allow me to keep up. I will put my name on the

cover, will endeavor to gain the cooperation of my brethren and will labor to increase its subscription to five hundred copies and will then wait further developments. I do not go into it with the hope of making money for there is no money in it. I do it from my love for doing good and speaking through the press. Lord, bless my undertaking.

March fifteenth. Thirty years old today. Realize it, I cannot. How time flies and how little have I accomplished—nothing absolutely. I have made for myself no name. I have done still less for God, nothing as I ought. No, let me not talk in this strain. I can never become great. I have not the talent for a leader. I must abide here in faith and patience and fill the little place that God has bidden me occupy. The smallest screw is of vast consequence in a great and complicated piece of machinery. How do I know but that I am such a screw. I once thought that I would become great—goodbye forever to such folly. I now trust that, in quiet, God may allow me to do in this retired place much toward building up this little village in grace and in the knowledge of God. In some mysterious way He brought me to Clinton, has bound me to it and I will bide his time in patience. Was a little inconsequential village ever raised into notoriety and importance through the talents and labors of one man? *Hic labor, hoc opus est.* But is it not a noble thing to do? May not he say with just pride *Exegi monumentum aere perennius*, who by his own God-blessed efforts builds up a church, establishes a fountain of Christian life, reclaims a village and raises it to a standard of liberal enlightenment. I cannot do much but cannot I set others to work, not all in one day but gradually, until at last Clinton becomes a center of refinement and true life. God help me!

An event, small and yet important has occurred in my life. I wrote an article for the *Christian Weekly* and received pay for it. This is the first paid-for article that I ever wrote. It gives me a lift. It encourages me.

March thirty-first. Confusion! Confusion and trouble! Six or seven of our best young men and Bob Williams, one of our deacons were this morning arrested by the military on the charge of murder. Of course the charges are as false as they can be, but innocence is no protection against hated and tyrannical government. They selected Sunday morning for their outrages as they did on the former occasion. Oh, God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself.

April seventh. Well, such a time as we have had! Our country is ruined. Our best men have been snatched away to a foreign jail. A system of most cruel persecution has been in-

augurated. We are in the hands of the enemy. They have determined on our destruction. I have been trying to comfort the poor women and children that are left behind.

My ways of thinking are so very different now from what they were when I first began to preach that I find it impossible to rewrite a sermon. I make a new one out and out when I make the attempt.

April nineteenth. On last Monday at the earnest request of some members of my flock I went down to Columbia to see our prisoners, spending my time with Ripley at the Seminary. To the great surprise of them all I visited the jail early next morning. They were exceedingly glad to see me. I was with them at the preliminary examination which was a complete and shameful farce. I hoped to see a little justice, but saw only the wicked spreading himself like a green bay tree. Wednesday evening on bidding them farewell I was almost overwhelmed by the touching instances of affection they displayed for me. I believe it is the policy of the government to crush us thoroughly. God help our poor land. We will betake ourselves more earnestly to prayer than ever. Oh, God, help these innocent men.

I understand from Mr. Tom Crews that there is yet hope of the Laurens railroad.

April twenty-fifth. I have been very busy the past two days working in behalf of our prisoners. On day before yesterday I had to go to Laurens to consult with Col. William Simpson, took dinner at Bob Richardson's, and of course after dinner I had to go up and see our girls—Emma and Janie Copeland, Emma Owens, Lizzie Young and Eula Blakely, and of course I had to kiss them all. Yesterday I was busy as could be taking down the testimony of witnesses, recording over thirty. Last night we had a touching little prayer meeting in behalf of our prisoners. We had just heard that they had been handcuffed and taken to Charleston, this additional cruelty being put upon them by the authorities probably on account of Sam West's escape. At our meeting there was not a dry eye in the house. My text, "I was sick and in prison and ye came unto me."

May second. Heard the glad news that our men are bailed. Day is breaking. At prayer meeting last Thursday night I read a letter in response to one from our church from the prisoners. It was the most touching letter I ever read, breathing such trust, such forgiveness and such humility. There was not a dry eye in the house when I had finished.

May fifth. We were greatly rejoiced last night by seeing

our prisoners, the most of them, the balance will soon be up. They are bailed until August. Thank God.

Our Monthly is getting much more into favor since it has become a religious monthly and really I enjoy editing it, a great deal more than I once did. I wish I had begun it in its present form and style when I began *The Witness*. It would by this time have become a power in our community. But I had to live and learn.

I am in hopes that an avenue of usefulness is opening before me in the county such as God designs me to fill. I am thinking as I write of the part I am taking in our Conferences, Conventions and Presbyteries. *Our Monthly*, I trust, will also become a means of disseminating many energetic thoughts among the people. I begin to live it and think of it as a pulpit. Then, if I could lay hold upon the schools and make them what they ought to be and if he would bless me in founding an orphans' home, my heart would leap, yea, shout for joy. One indomitable, energetic spirit might accomplish wonders, and perhaps right here and now is the very field which God designs for me to fill. I see where grand purposes might be wrought out and vast work done and the more I think of it, the more the work grows in my vision. Oh, God, send light, send help!

Oh, my soul, throw down all other aspirations. Content thyself, here. "Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not." Content thyself to spend and be spent in Clinton for the divine glory and if in thine humble lot, thou art faithful, even here shall the Lord crown thy years with fatness. Lord, then, give me, I pray thee, this desire of my heart, that my pathway may be illumined and that I may see it abiding among these plains and hills even until thou shalt bid me "come up higher."

I am glad to record that our Post Office is soon to be re-opened and Clinton is to be blest with daily communication with the world. Political matters are brightening. There is hope yet.

My plans are:

- 1.—*The division of S. C. Presbytery.*
- 2.—*The establishment of a Synodical Orphans' home.*
- 3.—*The founding of a Presbyterian Male High School.*

With these things before me, may I not by perseverance begin to promote them. Am I in earnest? Then why do I not throw myself into the field and with energy fight this matter clean through.

June thirteenth. The picnic comes off today. The young people, nearly all of them members of the church, got up their ball last night. Oh, my Father, help me to be patient, but I did

not think they would treat me so. I am not going to the picnic today. All know that it was I who got it up and if they choose to cast contempt on me, by thus dancing as it were in my very teeth, I must show them that I do not look upon the matter with indifference. Perhaps this is the beginning of the end. Perhaps my Master sees that I needed some strong mover to make us begin the work of leaving and has given me this hurt. I will pray over it.

June sixteenth. It was very hard work for me to keep my resolutions. I went to my study and there betook myself to prayer. Presently Kit Young came in. I talked with him, told him why I could not go. I loved the souls of my people too much to let the occasion go by unimproved. He left, very much troubled. Then came Rush Blakely and Bill McKelvy; then Bob Davis. They urged me to join them. I told them why I could not and I think convinced them that I had done right. Then I had a time of self-examination and prayer. Then Kit came over again with a great basket full of the fat things of the picnic, then Miss Callie Davis and Cousin Nannie Young had a time with us at night. Mrs. Gussie McClintock and Florence Cheek from Laurens, Emma Owens and Rush Blakely came over to see us. Today I preached to about a hundred. They thought I was going to handle the dancers heavily. They do not know me. I preached on a subject appropriate to the occasion but I do not think that any one could say that I even remotely touched their feelings, although I feel that from their rapt attention I did reach their hearts. Well, thank God for this much. The leaven works. In Him I trust. I did consecrate this morning's work to Him. I believe through Jesus that the leaven will work and the bread will be good.

A very delicate office is now on me. It is to confer with a meeting of the young people this afternoon at the church. Oh, my dear, Lord, show me what to say! How exceedingly wise ought a pastor to be. "As wise as a serpent"; and yet let me never forget that other part, "as harmless as a dove." Lord, my Lord, send me help.

They came. There were fifty or sixty young men and ladies out and we had a touching time. Many eyes were moistened and I trust good was accomplished. Many think that yesterday, Saturday's work did more to break up dancing than any two day's work that was ever done in Clinton. We will see. The whole affair has the more deeply interested me in these people.

My hand is in. I published an article recently about our orphans' home. I intend to preach shortly to my people about it. I intend carrying it to the District meeting and to Presbytery and to Synod.

June eighteenth. In two days our railroad will be resold to the highest bidder. It is hoped that it will be purchased by the S. C. R. R. Possibly by the W. M. R. R. In either case we will have a railroad that will be a railroad.

Five dollars on my salary came in very opportunely. I am going to look for mercies and encouragements this year. I am determined to press forward. On! On! On! If one dollar is offered to me for the Home of the Fatherless, this month, or one child is tendered to me, I will take it as God's call to this work and if I enter upon it, then my lot is fixed for life in Clinton.

Oh, my God, help me about the Orphans' Asylum and show me what to do. The great reasons for my not undertaking it are: 1—my exceeding littleness. 2—the great expense. The reasons why I ought to undertake it are: 1—the great need of it. 2—God's willingness to help those who try to serve Him.

I have almost come to the conclusion that it is my duty to go ahead in the matter of the Orphans' Asylum. I wait for the first dollar to be given me, towards it. It will require five thousand dollars to buy a lot and to build such a house as is needed. But my Father owns all the kingdoms of the earth. He is able to supply richly all the needs of his little ones. He is especially the helper of the fatherless. I have been reading *Muller's Life of Christ*, but I cannot say that I agree altogether with him in some of his points. I do not believe that it is either lack of faith or a sin for believing Christians to own houses and stocks. What would become of the world if all of us were opposed to holding property? Who could have houses to rent to us if nobody owned any? But at the same time, I accept two of his propositions: 1—We are God's children; 2—God answers the prayer of faith. I own a house, I receive a salary and it is right in me to do so but my house, my salary are the Lord's. I use them in His service. I could not serve Him unless I did own them.

I am thinking of getting a ledger to present to the Orphans' Asylum. Oh, my God, show me my duty in this great matter.

I see that (by the minutes of Presbytery just published) the Clinton Church stands fourth in number of members received last year, twelfth in total membership, sixth in number of children in Sunday School, second in funds for education, first in number of children baptized, fourth (with Friendship) in salary, ninth in total amount contributed, seventh in average per capita and was the only one which filled up every blank in the statistical report. Pretty good for the church that eight years ago stood about at the bottom of the list of the 56 churches in nearly everything.

Oh, my Father, guide and help me and give us a railroad and peace, Lord. Oh, Lord, send peace in our time. I pray for the prosperity of my little town.

I have just been thrilled by the intelligence—Oh, God, grant that it may be true—that all the Ku Klux prosecutions in this state will be stopped. But I will not clap my hands just yet.

What does the Lord mean! He has sent me an invitation to go to Virginia to labor as a S. S. missionary. Salary \$1,000, horse and buggy, traveling expenses. I must consider it prayerfully. Our railroad is again at sea. The last sale appears to have been a fraudulent one and it will be resold. No contradiction as yet of the happy rumors of the 15th.

God is encouraging me in many things to abide in Clinton.* If our railroad works out right and old Greely is elected, I for one will feel as if Clinton were the best place for me to live and that I could here leave a more indelible record and do more good than anywhere else. I see where all our evils are working out good.

This is the last day of July. On reviewing my month's work in the light of the resolutions formed, I find that I have had my mind settled (thank God) that it is my duty to remain in Clinton, without reference to railroads, politics, or anything else.

I feel it to be my duty to give up the Orphans' home till God shall deem me more ripe in Christian experience and better qualified to undertake it.

Well it is done. The Clinton High School Association is organized. We have property to begin on worth a thousand dollars. We have \$300.00 subscribed to improve the building and it is under the control of Presbyterians.

At the Session meeting in the afternoon, it was actually proposed by Mr. Bell to establish an Orphans' Home in Clinton! A Presbyterian Orphans' Home! I was greatly astonished. Oh, God, whither art thou leading me? They appointed a committee to draw up a plan by which it might be carried out.

Mr. Phinney has gone to New York. It was arranged for him to make an effort to raise funds for the Orphans' Home. If he gets anything we will at once break ground. If he fails, no more will be said about it.

Today we have heard that our sister-in-law, Irene Dillard is very low. Mary has gone up to see her. May God take care of her and protect her while she is gone.

*Clinton, S. C.—Our Monthly gives a sketch of the history of the Clinton Presbyterian church. In 1854 Rev. Z. L. Holmes began to preach in the outskirts of a new town. A building was erected and the church organized on July 28th, 1855 with thirty members. Two elders and two deacons were elected. In 1864 Mr. Holmes resigned, and Rev. W. P. Jacobs was elected the first pastor. A Presbyterian Sunday School, weekly prayer meeting and Sunday night services were established. The church at one time had two hundred colored members but the political excitements from 1866 to 1871 estranged them and though they have never formally withdrawn, they do not manifest any great interest in the church. (Observer).

September fifteenth. Yesterday we had an election which resulted in the choice of Dr. Boozer and Mr. West, elders; Rush Blakely, Kit Young and Mess Bailey, deacons. God grant that they may be found faithful. I sent off an order yesterday for new printing material.

September sixteenth. Trouble already—Rush Blakely drunk. Mr. Green mad as possible, because he was not elected elder. The whole town stirred up, small congregations.—Lord send help!

Oh God! Thou leadest me! Is it thy will? Shall I write it? Then so be it—Thy home for fatherless children shall be founded, Dear Lord, use me.

October sixth. I received by the mail last night a letter from Vedder, asking me whether I would consent to remove to the low country and take charge of the Summerville field as Evangelist in Charleston Presbytery. It has stirred me up again. I do pray God most earnestly to direct my steps. What wilt thou have me to do, Lord? Is it thy will that I should go or stay?

October eighth. Yesterday I drew up a plan for our Orphans' Home to be known as *The Thornwell Orphanage* in memory of dear, good Dr. Thornwell. I am in great hope that the plan will be adopted and will succeed. I see that it is a nail to fasten me to Clinton if I undertake it. It will be something to be proud of, will be a great advantage to our church, to our little town; will make Clinton a point of Presbyterian centrality and will give our people something to do. God speed the blessed work.

In thinking over the work that I have done here, there is one pleasant thought, that is, I have taught these people the meaning of the word *Pastor*. Is not that something?

October twentieth. I feel very much discouraged by Mr. Green's non-attendance, but I can't help it. If things do not work better I shall leave, if Mr. Green refuses to give to the salary.

In the meeting of Session this afternoon the subject of the Orphans' Home came up. It was fully discussed and finally referred to a meeting to be held at my house tonight. I will be still and hear what God hath decided for me to do. Whatever He does is best. I just wait on Him. My text last night was "I will follow thee wheresoever thou goest." Surely I can practice my own preaching.

Well, the thing is done. Last night the meeting came off at my house and it was unanimously agreed to go to work to build the Orphans' Home at Clinton to be known as "*The Thornwell Orphanage*." Oh, my God, give me courage to face the thousand

and one disappointments that I must meet in carrying out this resolve. Help me to work not for self, but for thy honor and glory. Oh, my God, prosper this work. Grant that it may succeed, and that there may arise light to us. Dear Lord, O please, for Jesus' sake, relieve the disturbed state of our country and give us our railroad. Restore the peace and harmony of our church and help us to work with our whole heart for this blessed cause. Father! Father! Father! I have ventured my all, my present, my future, all reputation, all honor, all advancement. Lord, it is for thy sake. Prosper me, my God, or if I go down, still prosper the work. Bless the work and bless my dear wife so that we may strive together for this holy purpose. And now for work—writing—printing—reading—speaking. Courage heart!

Are not my hands full? Pastor of two churches, editor of *Our Monthly*, superintendent of two Sunday Schools, president of a high School Association and a Library Society, and now of this Orphanage, not to mention the Chaplaincy of the Grange and the Lodge. I must resign Friendship and have that much less to do so that I may concentrate more. I forgot too, that I am chairman of at least half a dozen Presbyterial and Sessional Committees. Is there not danger of letting some of these irons burn? It was once printed of me when I was a boy, "He did the work of two men and did it well." Shoulder now these responsibilities and work faithfully in the good cause. I could not possibly get through the work I have to do if I did not have this little printing office.

October twenty-ninth. I have been gone for several days. On last Friday morning the constables came down and arrested a dozen of our peaceful citizens and took them off to jail. Like the chills, this is so common, we have got used to it. While the arresting was going on we held a meeting in full sight of them and elected N. J. Holmes and Miss Ida as our teachers for another year.

I talked much about our Orphanage and received the first gift to it from an orphan, little Willie Anderson. God prosper the good work. I go to Laurens tomorrow night to go to work for this matter.

Our arrested men are all out of jail, bound over till November court. God shield them.

This morning our school corporation met. We had a full meeting and a harmonious one. We agreed on rates of tuition and to go to work at once on the building. I heard this morning that George P. Copeland offered \$50.00 annually to our orphanage. Thank God. I also hear that the Williams place can be

bought for \$3,000. It must be bought and that at once, for our orphanage. Thus God prospers us. Thank him! Thank him!

November fifth. Florence came up a little while ago with a silver fifty cent piece which she has been saving a long while. She wants it bestowed upon the Orphanage.

Nichols Holmes called to see me and informed me that he accepts the position of Principal of the High School. We are going to work at once upon the building. Oh, may God prosper this undertaking! Dr. Boozer has just called with the subscription list for our school. He is getting on finely.

November ninth. I must begin shortly to stir around to get our Library Society subscriptions up for another year. This institution, I am determined, shall become a power in our community. I want it some day to have a local habitation as well as a name.

By the way, I forgot to record the fact of world history that Grant is overwhelmingly elected. God means it for good and I believe it will result in good to us.

November seventeenth. On Monday morning, Nov. 13th, I left home in company with Phinney for the meeting of Synod. We reached Newberry in good time and had a full car-load before we reached Columbia. That night Synod was opened with 100 delegates present. We had an interesting session. Dr. Girardeau was present. On Friday morning I got an opportunity to help on the orphanage. I spoke before the Synod and they passed a resolution of commendation. I took dinner with Dr. Plumer on Friday. Spent nearly all my spare time with Ripley at the Seminary. I had a considerable quantity of conversation about the Orphanage. My return home was in the cold, dreadful cold. We have now some hope that the prosecution before the U. S. Court will be stopped. Oh, may God grant it.

November twentieth. Here is a notice of the Orphanage, all in German. Several papers have noticed it, among others the Central Presbyterian, the S. W. Presbyterian, the Phoenix, the Carolinian, Laurensville Herald, etc., etc. It may take five years but I believe we will finally accomplish it. The prospect, I trust, are brightening. The north preaches the Gospel of Peace toward the South. There is hope that our cases will be again postponed in court and, if so, then the next step will be a railroad, a telegraph, a bank, a cotton market and a weekly paper. Clinton is bound to be a town yet. We are taking steps forward and our motto shall be called *Nullum Gradus Retrorsum*. I love Clinton and have made up my mind here to live and die. These people need

me and I need them. Oh, that I could be more faithful to them as a pastor.

Today we observed the Assembly's day of Thanksgiving, humiliation and prayer. It becomes me, therefore, to pause and take a view of my condition. Personally I have great cause for thankfulness and especially for what God has enabled me to venture on this year. I have a dear, good wife that each year binds closer to me; three children, healthy and happy; a pleasant home for them, that is comfortable, my own and paid for, a good library and a monthly paper that brings me a great store of fresh reading. My church—well much about it saddens my heart. It is losing members rapidly from emigration, it is small and scattered but oh, how great the improvement, since first I took it, in true Christian life. I have taught it the meaning of the word Pastor. I have trained it to benevolence, have brought up its children in the sabbath school and have maintained a prayer meeting. Some things that I have proposed have failed—our teacher's meeting, singing class, Bible class, etc. but this principally because of our thin population. This very year we have set on foot our library society and made arrangements for a High School, all of which will probably be effectuated. Then we have resolved on the Orphanage and though it may take years to accomplish it, yet we have the inside track and a determined heart is much every way. For all these things I am profoundly grateful but Oh, my God, I pray for Jesus' sake, come to my rescue. I must, I will have thy help. Deny it not, Oh, blessed Jesus! How can I succeed in accomplishing the least thing unless thou help. My Lord, the Ark is thine. Save it or wreck it as befits thy glory. It is thy business, Lord, and if I go down in trying to do thy work, all the responsibility is thine. Help or destroy; only let my Lord Jesus be honored.

Sad news. Mrs. Hunter is dead. She has gone up to testify concerning me to the Father.

The Epizootic has reached Clinton. It seems we can share in the world's maladies if we share not in its properties.

What a shame. I have to confess it, but it is true, a member of my church was present. I spoke to her and did not recognize her. Thank God, that Jesus knows all his saints, every one. The horse disease is troubling me considerably. I can't visit in the country.

Things are not working right in Clinton. The people are too slow and lazy. Our school building is not being repaired. Our teachers will soon be here. The chapel is in a bad fix and we can't get it repaired. There is no life nor energy in the place. Rush Blakely has bought on the hill and will probably build a

nice house. Dr. Irby has bought the Briggs house and will probably build the old house into a good new one. There is some railroad talk and they have actually acquitted a case in the Ku Klux court in Columbia. All of which is favorable. On the other hand, there is a considerable inclination on the part of the young men to move west.

I am now convinced that it will take a long time and great patience before our Orphanage is erected. But if it takes years it shall be done, God helping.

December nineteenth. Ten days ago just as I had finished preaching to an attentive night audience, I received information that I was wanted as a witness in Columbia in the pending trials. Early Monday morning, I hastened to Columbia in company with Mr. Phinney and others. I made arrangements to lodge with Ripley at the Seminary and I must say that I had a pleasant time as far as the Seminary life went. I was confined very busily the entire week going to court, going to the hotel, to the Clinton headquarters; but our men were not brought to trial until Friday morning. In the meantime I was occupied in several ways. I visited Woodruff in his room. He is now clerk of the Senate. I visited the menagerie now called the legislature. It was a variously spotted affair, sure enough. I read through Bickerstett's grand poem, "*Yesterday, Today and Forever.*" I read the book of Revelation in Greek. Got acquainted with many of the students, among them John Hull, Dabney, Hammond, Grafton, Hemphill, Thornwell, etc. all great names. I was also busy in getting up an act of incorporation for our church and Orphanage. On Friday, George Davidson, Dr. Craig, Elihu Young, Charlie Franklin and Buford were brought to trial. The jury, of whom J. Duncan Allen, formerly Senator from Barnwell is foreman, is made up of nine white men and three negroes. Judge Bond is on the bench, Corbin and Earle are prosecuting attorneys. The witnesses against our boys are the most outrageous villains that ever went unhung. A very strong display is made in behalf of our men. The best men of the district were summoned to testify as to the state of the country. But what will all this avail to help a prejudiced case. I was exceedingly busy all the while, noting down evidence.

Sunday came. I spent sabbath morning at the Presbyterian Church where I heard Dr. J. R. Wilson. In the afternoon I found a few of our scattered sheep and we held a touching prayer meeting in one of the rooms of the Central Hotel. At night I heard young Brother Grafton in the Methodist Church.

Monday the trials continued. I was writing sixteen hours that day. This broke me down and I left for home Tuesday

morning. At Newberry I was so fortunate as to get in with Dr. Simpson and Mr. Todd and so made my way home. I had hardly reached home before Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Franklin called in to inquire about their husbands. Poor women. Blessed little consolation I could give them. I could only point to the good Lord, who helps all his children.

Just heard from Columbia that the jury are six against and six for conviction. Oh, My Lord, send help, I beseech.

Dr. Irby is going to move into the Briggs house. Dr. Boozer into the Rose house, Dr. Copeland into the Copeland house and Jim Pearson into his house. Nickels Holmes will board at Phinney's. So our little town still gathers a few. God bless it. Crews told me that the railroad would be built. I am sure it will, if he undertakes it. The year is passed and we are no nearer to it than we were a year ago. It is wonderful to me that Clinton stands as well as it does.

December twenty-second. My heart is glad this morning. Day is breaking. God has shown himself a prayer hearing God. Our prisoners are all home. The trial resulted in a mistrial. The jury stood eleven for acquittal, one against. It is the general feeling that the days of peace are at hand. Oh, for a thankful heart! Oh, for a well-tuned voice. Great is God—Good is our Lord. I thank Him! I thank Him. He is our God and there is no unrighteousness in Him.

My little church is diminishing and I fear will continue to do so unless something is done for the revival of the town. There is room for work to be done here.

Last night Mr. Bell received \$6.60 from a lady in Monterey, Ill., for the Orphanage. God bless the donor. So little by little the money is coming in. In five years there will be enough on hand to enable us to begin.

How the years roll round. I spend my thirtieth Christmas tomorrow. My life's work seems to have centered itself in this little town. Oh, for more faith. Oh, for the blessing of God. Oh, for peace in our times.

December twenty-sixth. Christmas has come and gone and with it Christmas greetings. I have renewed my youth in the gayety of my babies. A beautiful mantle of deep snow shrouds the earth.

I have labored in Clinton within a few months of nine years. I have diligently and industriously struggled to bring it up to a proper standard of devotion to Jesus. I have failed. Nowhere do I see fruit of my labors. All is going to ruin. I close this year with a wail. The ground is slipping beneath my feet. My hopes

are like this ice that for five days has sheathed the earth in glistening armor. It takes all my faith and courage to stand up on it. Where is my God? Mayhap he sees that I am laboring for myself, rather than for Him and therefore will not help me. Oh, my Lord Jesus, search my heart and recall me unto myself. I am very weak, O Lord.

I received a letter from New York containing \$5.00 for the Orphanage which I take as an omen to go forward and fear nothing. It came at a time of great depression.

The Library Society has been organized. Steps have been taken to get under way the Clinton High School. Then our grand idea of getting up an Orphanage here, has been born. This is progress, but the progress has been very slow indeed, so slow that it hardly deserves the name of progress. I ought to have mentioned *Our Monthly*. It has taken a firmer footing than ever and is, I trust, on the road to success.

The coming year shall find me no whit less laborious than the year past. If the work prospers not, I shall still work. God knows. He will remember and reward.

1873—Age 31

Fraught with manifold uncertainties is the year 1873. Such portion of it as God giveth to me, I will give back to Him.

Our little town is improving slowly. We are to have every house filled up. Dr. Boozer has moved over to Rose's. N. Pyles has bought out Harris. Dr. Irby is going into the Holland house. Blakely is going to marry and fire up generally. Jim Pearson is going to move in. The following will be a list of the families according to religion:

Presbyterian: Mrs. Jones, W. P. Jacobs, R. S. Phinney, L. L. West, A. M. Copeland, J. T. Foster, Dolly Williams, Mrs. Patton, Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Owens, R. R. Blakely, R. N. S. Young, Dr. Boozer, L. H. Little, E. T. Copeland, R. R. Williams, W. B. Bell, M. S. Bailey, J. S. Craig, P. Mountjoy, N. Pyles, E. H. Bourne, C. E. Franklin, N. A. Green, G. R. Davidson, G. C. Young, T. D. Newman, T. Y. Harris, Dr. W. C. Irby.

Methodist: Mrs. Butler, Jim Pearson, T. Sloan, W. A. McKelvy, A. Clark, C. M. Ferguson, W. J. Leak, N. S. Harris.

Baptist: W. A. Rose, Mrs. Garrett.

Jew: A. Caspary.

I am in hope that our little church and community is going to take a fresh start and do better than ever. The Orphanage will be built yet.

January fourteenth. The Clinton High School opened yesterday its first session, with forty-one scholars, an excellent beginning. It will run up to fifty today. I think we are going to have a full school. There is going to be some work done by the children of Clinton this year. So much for the first wave of success. The thing must be pushed on and on to its ultimatum until we have a beautiful school building and a successful school. Oh, that God would grant us as great success with the Orphanage, only more so.

January fifteenth. It is difficult to row against wind and tide, yet such is my mission. Oh, my Lord, Jesus, send help.

A conversation with George Copeland. He thinks the trials are over.

January twenty-first. Last night we had a meeting of the Board of Visitors of the Thornwell Orphanage and agreed to purchase R. H. Williams' place or rather one hundred forty acres of it for which we are to give \$1500.00. It will cost us hard work to raise this amount. It is really a beautiful location and now with all thankfulness do I acknowledge God's favor to us in this respect. He has opened a great door, He has selected the prettiest place in Clinton; He has made a way for us to pay for it if we use proper endeavors. Oh, God, help us. Oh, Father, make us more prayerful, more earnest. Oh, give us faith.

Mrs. Riley's little boy, three years old, Bickett, gave me a gold dollar for the home. *Per Contra*, Craig says, "It is a scheme to get some folks into office." Dorroh says it is a "*Chimaera*." Pearson says, "not one cent will I give." I find it difficult to write two sermons, visit twenty families, conduct five religious meetings, attend the school once a week, edit *Our Monthly*, write twenty-five letters, work for the Orphanage, spend one day in the school, labor for the Library Society and do the necessary amount of reading, all in one week.

February fifth. On Monday night we organized the Board of Visitors of the Orphanage. We hope to be able to get possession of the Orphanage tract at once and this will have to be paid for first and foremost. It will take at least \$1500.00. After this, \$5,000 to build with must be raised.

Here is a list of the organized bodies now in existence in Clinton, besides schools and churches and Prayer meeting. The choir, weekly; The Grange, monthly; The Library Society, monthly; The Masonic Lodge, monthly; The High School Association, quarterly; The Board of Visitors of the Orphanage, monthly; The Society of Earnest Workers, semi-monthly; The Session meets semi-monthly.

March fourth. Last night the young folks met at my house to sing and we had a real pleasant time of it. Several dollars received from Newberry for the Orphanage. Thank God for every cent He trusts me with. Oh, for the day when it will be furnished and the little orphans shall be collected from everywhere to be fed and clothed.

The prospects now are that there will be no trials at this term of court. If so we will have a pleasant meeting of Presbytery.

In life's journal I have come to the end of March and with it to the 9th anniversary of my coming to Clinton. Nine years ago, a young theologian, I set my foot in this town as its prospective pastor. Since then, much has been accomplished by God's blessing in this village. The town is almost thoroughly Presbyterianized. I believe I will set down here just what has been accomplished, that can never be undone. This, too, in the face of exceptional and disastrous difficulties—a tremendous war, to start with—a complete financial collapse—a fearful political revolution, the Ku Klux (so called) persecution, still continuing, and the death of the railroad.

1st—The church has risen in members from 60 (w and c) to 150 (w and c).

2nd—Instead of 8, there are 96 baptized infants on the roll.

3rd—Instead of \$100.00, the salary is \$800.00.

4th—Instead of an annual contribution of 0 to benevolent causes, it is now three to four hundred dollars.

5th—Where there was none, a sabbath school of 76 scholars, 12 teachers, and 4 officers kept up for nine years.

6th—A library of 800 volumes collected.

7th—A prayer meeting originated and kept up for nine years.

8th—Instead of services twice a month, it is now twice every sabbath.

9th—Weekly contributions.

10th—Great improvement in behavior and congregational singing.

11th—Great improvement in the church building and grounds.

12th—The orphanage projected.

13th—Five praying elders where there were none.

14th—Over a thousand sermons preached. Besides this:

1—*Our Monthly*

2—*The Library Society*

3—*The Clinton High School*

I do not set this down in the way of boasting but to encourage myself to future duties. I feel sometimes very much discouraged, but I still will push on. God has enabled me to do this much to show that there is work even for the weak, feeble churches and that country pastors, to whom He has called to obscure positions, and who should, therefore, stay there may cause their light to shine. Is it not my duty to remain here, despite all hindrances and discouragements so as to prove to the world this very thing? Of late I have become negligent of my duty, but in closing up this book and in beginning another, I trust that I may begin a life of more energy and self sacrifice, that the week may find me at work and each new week find the work pushed on. I trust that the mottos at the beginning of this book have not been mere breath; that I have pushed on and worked for God. As I began so I end, "*Dirige vias meas, Domino Jesus.*"

From the workings of Brother B's church (*in Charleston—Editor*) and from my conversation with him, I feel that my own church is doing wrong in neglecting the poor to the extent that it now does. We ought to assist the few poor that we have and who find it difficult to get along.

Monday and Tuesday I spent in visiting the college where I recalled thoughts of my younger days, the Orphan Asylum, where I stirred up thoughts for future days.

Clinton—I have here, my little home, which in time, I can make a real gem. I have my church wherein I love to preach, these dear people and a population that I can build up to noble endeavors. I will be patient and persevere. When the Orphanage is built and the work has progressed in establishing thoroughly our High School; when the Library Society increases its endowment and the railroad is built, I would not live anywhere else. All the fault is in me. If I would visit more, work more, and preach better sermons, this would be an admirable place for me.

I am going to adopt a different plan in my work. I intend visiting more from house to house and less from store to store.

June twelfth. I heard yesterday that Dr. Buist is trying to throw cold water on The Orphanage, but God is on our side and that is a great deal better than Dr. Buist.

June twenty-second. How soon I shall be cast down, I know not, but I feel like recounting here the mercies of God, although His mercies are more than I can count. First, I shall thank God for sending us \$60.00 for the Orphanage last week, \$42.00 of which was collected by Miss Lizzie Beasley who sent us \$37.00 on a former occasion. Oh, for many such workers, God bless and

keep them. Second, I prayed yesterday as we had no gift for many days to send us a little by last night's mail. I got my mail, but no gift, and I said: God has failed me. But this morning at church a registered letter with \$42.00 in it was handed me and my soul was glad. It came by last night's mail. Third, my sabbath school numbered eighty-four today, larger than it has been for two years. Fourth, our service was attended by about one hundred and very attentive. Some were there who have been long absent. The contribution was larger than for months. Fifth, I gave my last piece of money to the Lord today, saying, "If the Lord thinks I need money he will give it." As I stepped out of church, five dollars was handed me. My soul is amazed at God's love and goodness.

June twenty-seventh. God sent us \$15.00 for the Orphanage by last night's mail. Oh, how good he is, thus to continually remember us. Oh, my Father, please send us something before the month ends—enough at least to run our account over the \$100.00 that we desire to get every month.

July second. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. I prayed to him that as we only had \$98.95 to report for June, to please send us \$1.05 to make it up to a hundred, as we never wish to report less than \$100.00. Saturday's mail brought us nothing and so we were sorely disappointed but see God's goodness. Yesterday I went down to get the book to prepare the receipts for acknowledgements, when to my joy I found that Mr. Phinney had rendered in \$85.00 and that Mr. Bell had received by last night's mail \$46.00, thus running up our receipts for June to \$230.00 thus making a larger acknowledgement than ever before. I will distrust the Lord no longer. We have not a cent down for July but our receipts will overrun \$100.00 for I am going to pray for that amount. I am going to pray more earnestly for the salvation of souls and he will grant me them also. I know it. I believe it. I am sure of it.

July ninth. Last night Mr. Glenn came down from Friendship. A hurried meeting of the Session and thirteen of the Deacons were called. Mr. Glenn asked for a permit for me to preach at Friendship. An earnest discussion followed. Many kind words were said but finally the session agreed that I could not go. We had asked for the Lord's guidance and God, I believe was in it. It was strange to me to see such earnest arguments as to my stay, coming from men whom three years ago, I had to take such pains to persuade to let me stay and preach in Clinton all my time.

Every day of late has brought gifts for the Orphanage. God

is blessing and will bless us. Oh, Father, if I have been found faithful in that which is least, thou wilt make me ruler over many cities. Therefore, Oh, Lord Jesus, make me more and more faithful. Strengthen my poor heart. Give me vast courage, give me a great heart. Cheer me—raise me—strengthen me—help me. What I cry for is the success of the Orphanage. God of the Fatherless prosper it.

July eleventh. This morning about seven o'clock God put into my care another son. Oh, may I be faithful as a parent. Here is my great trouble. I am not fit to be a father. Every day I fail. Oh, God, send help to me, thy servant.

July seventeenth. Last night very few ladies out but quite a fine turn-out of men. Brother Wells was there and seemed interested in Jonah. It was a hard question to discuss—this matter of the whale, but I did the best I could.

I delivered a third lecture on Phonography at the High School yesterday. Next Monday I will take a class regularly and also begin to lecture on Moral Philosophy. I do a great deal of gratuitous labor here, but I do it with an eye to my great work of elevating this people. My plan of an Orphanage is not only for the good it will do the orphans, but also to bring out and exercise the better qualities of the heart. The Library and the school I want to educate the one adults, the other, youth. *Our Monthly* is to give the people of Clinton and all of Laurens a more earnest attachment to these institutions, especially the religious. From the pulpit I preach the gospel. In the S. S., I teach the gospel and so on and so on.

But the most delightful feature of the day was the Young men's prayer-meeting at six o'clock. Beside Ripley and myself, there were present Sam West, William Bell, Mess Bailey, Rush Blakely, William D. Watts, Crane Jones, A. M. Copeland, Kit Young and Nick Holmes. George McCrary was absent in Union. I have heard all of these young men pray—Rush, Mr. Bell and Dock pleased me specially this evening. Oh, may God water this vine of his own planting. It is a grand thing for our church.

July twenty-fifth. Last night we had a pleasant prayer meeting, about twenty-five present. Our prayer meetings have now become fixed institutions. I can remember when for a year at a time we would not have over twelve, now we seldom have under twenty-five. When the railroad begins to run, I expect this will double, that is, if we have anything of a railroad.

July twenty-seventh. Yesterday I drew from the bank all of my funds with the intention of paying for the land on Monday.

(*About four months thereafter the bank failed—Editor*). I pray God to bring this business to a satisfactory termination. I prayed to God that our receipts for July might run over a hundred dollars. Up to last night the amount was \$105.85. This is a full and complete answer to my prayer. Shall I ever doubt my God again.

July twenty-ninth. At last it is done. Yesterday, after three or four hours, hemming and hawing we secured the Williams tract for the Orphanage, paying the sum of \$1,575. \$1200.00 of this was our own; \$375.00 was borrowed. We hope, however, to raise money to pay it back at once. I thank God that this much is accomplished. I will be still more thankful when the whole indebtedness is fully met, and oh! how much more thankful when the building is erected, dedicated and occupied.

I have received a great pleasure from God in having Father and Mother with me. It brings up my youth. It gives me a taste of new happiness. It renews the fountain of love. Father is hale and hearty, in fact seems as young as he was ten years ago. May his precious life be spared at least twenty years longer, for I look for him to live only about so long. (*Twenty years later he died at the age of 86.—Editor*).

August ninth. We had a painful and distressing accident yesterday. Joe Bailey, while working at his father's mill, had his left arm wrenched off at the shoulder, and his right ankle fearfully mangled. It pains and grieves us all beyond expression as much for the parents as for the poor lad himself. I fear he will die, and if he lives, he will be maimed and crippled for life.

August tenth. Poor Joe! I feel deep sympathy and pity for him, but God I trust will make him one of his chosen little ones. I trust that this affliction will work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I expect to visit him every day until he is out of danger.

August twenty-sixth. By slowly toiling this church will be built up. Was at the Y. M. P. M. but though few, it was full of the spirit. I also visited Brother Wells and Joe Bailey.

Mr. Phinney has made the church more comfortable by putting rests under every pew for the feet. He did it at his own expense. I received a gift from Father of his Mineralogical Cabinet. I prize it highly and at the earliest possible, will arrange it carefully.

Small congregations and weak preaching today. Ordained Rush Blakely, Deacon.

Mary and I have concluded to offer our house and ourselves to the Thornwell Orphanage. God only knows where this will

lead to. This makes the way clear to opening the Orphanage immediately. I am anxious for the building of the Orphanage. Oh, my God, speed the day.

I am laboring among the colored people, sowing seed that I hope to see someday grow into good harvests. The colored prayer meeting is doing well. They had thirty out last Tuesday night. At four P. M. we held our young men's prayer meeting. Eight were present. George Davidson joined. If he joins, then every young man, indeed every male member in the church should. I preached last night to a large crowd, about one hundred.

I am here to show that even the weakest and feeblest church under the most untoward circumstances may be built up into a pillar of strength. Clinton is one of the smallest among the thousands of Judah. It was weak and poor in numbers when I came here. Without a praying member or a prayer meeting, or a collection for charitable purposes, contented with two services a month, with no sabbath school, in fact with only a name to live, it has yet grown in strength in the face of a long war and the Ku Klux persecution and the decline of the business and population of the town and the death of the railroad and the panic. Verily God has blessed the efforts that have been used here for his cause. My future as a pastor depends greatly on the prosperity of my people. I have labored and am laboring for their temporal as well as their spiritual advancement.

I have and am and will labor for my people, physically and intellectually as well as spiritually. I am called to it. Others may not be. My mission is to make others work for the good of humanity and I will strive to do it. This is the reason of my interest in the educational enterprises—newspaper—schools and libraries that I have on foot. Oh, God, I feel that thou dost approve my motives and I care more for thy approval than for the censure of my brethren.

December second. Last night we held our regular Orphanage meeting and made progress. After earnest discussion, it was resolved to build a house forty by sixty, of concrete. Mr. Phinney was appointed chairman of the building committee. The cornerstone is to be laid on the 28th of next May with grand honors. Oh, my Father in heaven, send success to this good undertaking. Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

I had a pleasant ride with Mr. Bailey up to Rocky Spring last night to marry a couple. Mr. Bailey talks of putting up a good storehouse next year. With the orphanage and Boozer's house this makes three houses very probable to be erected in our little town. Mr. Bailey and I have cahooted to add \$1200.00 to the improvement of our school building. I am determined to

stand by our school and build it up, although Craig worries me.

The bank in which we deposited for the Orphanage is broken but we lost nothing. This looks like a direct interposition of Providence in our behalf.

December seventeenth. Yesterday we held our congregational meeting and organized the corporation of the church, under the charter I drew up for the church at the last meeting of the Legislature. Rush Blakely was elected first president of the corporation, W. B. Bell, first treasurer.

December twenty-ninth. Yesterday morning our Committee to superintend the erection of the Orphanage met and organized and proceeded to work. Mr. Phinney was elected Superintendent of the building at a salary of \$300.00. It was also determined to buy a horse and wagon to haul up material for the building, the same to be sold afterward, unless needed on the farm. We also laid off the site. Thank God for this much. We will now do our best to raise \$3000.

In looking back over the year I find that some things have been accomplished for the good of our town. Our High School has been opened and passed through its first years successfully. The Good Templars have been organized and made a decided impression upon our town. The Library Society has passed through its second year successfully. The young men's Prayer Meeting has been organized and increased in numbers. The Clinton Debating Club has been organized and is doing good. The Ladies Society of Earnest Workers have been organized and have raised \$76.00 for the Orphanage. The friends of the Orphanage have sent in \$1600.00 for it; a tract of land of 130 acres purchased and a beginning made toward its erection. The Church charter has been adopted and the corporation organized. *Our Monthly* has been successfully published through the entire year. The colored mission has been established and organized, a chapel prepared for it and its first salary (a mere pittance) paid. Our Sunday School has been reorganized, its lessons improved, its library increased. Sixteen members have been added to the church. During the year I have made 413 pastoral visits, more than in any year of my life before, preached sixty times, more than I ever did in my life before, travelled fifteen hundred miles, baptized fifteen adults and fifteen infants and attended fifteen funerals—married twelve couples. God has blessed my labors, the church stands firmer than it ever did and the prospects are that we will go on, improving, during the year to be.

CHAPTER TEN

1874—Age 32

Everything that I prayed for God's grace to help me in, one year ago, everything that I then set my resolution to do has by God's grace been accomplished. Now I shall venture again on thee, Oh, my Father, and I will beseech thy most gracious help to all my endeavors.

January fifth. Last night we had a good meeting of the Board of Visitors of the Orphanage. We have selected a location, staked it off and directed the purchase of an ox-team for hauling rock. We think we can get enough hauled up to begin building soon. The great job is begun. Kit Young hauled the first load of rock.

January twenty-first. The establishment of Mrs. Winn's School here, in opposition to the High School pains me very much. I am sorry that we cannot have a united town.

We got our yoke of oxen on Saturday night and will now go right on with the work. Oh, father, help my poor church.

January twenty-eighth. The advance guard of the Grand Army has arrived. Forty-one Irish, English and Scotch immigrants arrived last night. This is the beginning of the end and a grand event in the history of Clinton. The stream has started this way. Now is the time of our deliverance at hand. Half of them will turn out to be worthless but the other half will make good citizens. They are mostly Catholic. They must be protestantized. It has been my good fortune to have protestantized two Catholic emigrants, the only two that ever came here. Some thirty or more of them will be in my bounds. I must show them kindness and seek to win their hearts. We have engaged two of them to work on the Orphanage, one a teamster and the other a mason. Other emigrants have been ordered and are on the way.

I received \$2.00 from Dr. Dorrah for the Orphanage yesterday and it made me glad. Oh, my Father, help this precious work of mine, my life work, the one thing in which my heart delights. I do believe our railroad will be built yet. The leaven works.

We are now at work sure enough on the Orphanage. We have begun to haul up material. Every day I go up to note prog-

ress. We have funds enough to carry us on tolerably well for four months. Then we will have to get several thousands of dollars. Oh, my heavenly Father, help thy poor servant in this great undertaking. My church has pledged me \$800.00 during the coming year which is an improvement over the \$750.00 of last year. Our High School is doing finely. Everybody seems pleased with our new teachers, even more so than last year. "Our Monthly" for February is getting on very well.

February twentieth. Last night for the first time in my life, I married two couples at one time, Jno. Blackwell and Janie Copeland, Callie Copeland and Lizzie Young. Three of them are members of my church. I married them in our church and a large number were present to witness the spectacle. May God bless the couples and give them a happy life. Our town is getting ready for the laying of the cornerstone by repairing its old fences and fixing up generally. The work on the Orphanage is progressing slowly.

Our High School is doing well. Three good teachers and fifty scholars. Miss Winn also has a good school.

February twenty-fifth. I walked out yesterday to the place where we are going to build the Orphanage as I do almost every day. Tim has hauled 125 large foundation rock, which is about one-fourth of what is needed for the foundation. It will take Tim about one month more to split out all of the balance of the rock that will be needed. Mr. Bailey's house progresses.

February twenty-sixth. Blessed and rich God, give us what we need of money. Our faith must not give out. But must it not be accomplished with work? I feel as if Clinton ought to do more and until it does more, we cannot expect God's blessing.

February twenty-eighth. We met the other day and hauled up nearly all the rock that was needed for the foundation—all that were split. Oh, God, send help to our beloved institution.

Last night we had an earnest and rather disorderly meeting of our Board of Visitors. At its close Brother Phinney took me one side to tell me not to be so earnest in advocating my views or I would ruin my usefulness as a minister. Lord help me to learn even from those who teach out of contrariness. The Board voted to sell the oxen for half price and buy a mule this with about \$130.00 in the treasury. I was and am bitterly opposed to so squandering money and I was in dreadful earnest to put a stop to anything like extravagance. But my brethren of the Board have carried it against me in nearly every measure I advocate.

Right here I want to set down my gratitude to God for his goodness in sending us fifty dollars from one source. At the beginning of the month I had prayed earnestly for \$100.00. We ran up easily to fifty and then came to a dead halt for three weeks. I was greatly discouraged and ready to faint. I had put much stress upon my prayer and it seemed ready to fail. I went down to make up the returns for the month and by the very last mail and at the very last moment came this \$50.00 and so the hundred and over was in hand. This is God's doings and it is marvelous in my eyes. Oh, my father, I pray thee greatly increase my faith that I may plead for much. I have asked for \$200.00 during March.

March tenth. I am again deeply interested in Astronomy, but what profits it for I am unable to buy the books I need to prosecute my studies therein. I feel much hampered by the want of a hundred or two dollars for books.

On page one twenty-nine of this journal is recorded my prayer for \$200.00 for the Orphanage during March and today, March 30th, the treasurer entered the two hundredth dollar upon his books. Lord, I do feel grateful for thy answer to my prayer and now this day, because I feel it needful to thy success of our cause, I plead for \$300.00 during the month of April, my blessed Lord, I am unworthy but Oh, give it to us. And this shall satisfy my heart, that we are right in endeavoring to build a house forty by sixty.

The weather has turned off to be unfit for ploughing and whenever this happens, we do our best to get a job of hauling done for the Orphanage. It will be a day full of grand satisfaction to me, when the last nail is struck and the building finished, ready for opening. God grant that it may go prosperously on to completion. I love my dear little town and the orphanage will endear it to me a thousand fold. I revised my easy question-book today and hope that I have made it better every way. This is the only little book that I have ever published. Two editions have been exhausted.

April first. April comes in with a lap-full of flowers and showers. Ripley came up from Columbia, yesterday quite unexpectedly to pay us a little visit. We raised a shelter on the Orphanage ground for our workmen and I was the first sheltered under it from a shower of rain.

April fifth. Brother Ripley is with me preaching during my communion. Our workmen hammering away at the stone makes our Orphanage ground look more lively. Oh, blessed Father, send me funds to complete the work I love.

Steps are being taken towards rebuilding the Laurens railroad, set on foot by three of my members. God prosper it. Today we broke ground for the Orphanage towards laying the foundation.

May ninth. We have just closed the exercises of our tenth anniversary. Ten years ago God permitted me to organize the Sunday School on the day on which I took charge of the church. Ten long years have I been with these dear people I do love. I have grown to loving them and yet my heart is sad. I do not feel as if I was deeply wedded to them now. I do not see my influence growing. In my heart I feel as if something was needed. They show me a few tokens of affection. They never praise me. They do not seem to be much interested in me. This is when I probe it to the bottom, the true cause of my discouragement.

May thirteenth. I am having some work done on my house. It is being painted by Mr. Scott who kindly gives his work. I have just returned from the Orphanage farm; the work is going on as well as we are able. I am carrying on a little work in the way of farming and the farm is doing splendidly. It is a good farm.

May fifteenth. The work on the foundation of the orphanage was finished yesterday and the erection of its walls began today. \$49.00 received last night. Thank God.

May twenty-fourth. The hopes for the railroad are bright and buoyant, but I will not allow myself even to hope for fear of disappointment. We now propose to give the contract for building the Orphanage to Mr. Bell. He offers to complete it for six thousand dollars.

At last the cornerstone of the Orphanage was laid. Today, the 28th of May, saw a great day in the history of our town. At an early time the town was filled with carriages, buggies and people. The Good Templars were out in force. The Masonic Fraternity, presided over by Col. Ball numbered over a hundred. The ceremonies occupied but a short time. Then the stone was put in place. Among other things it contains my photograph. Then came the dinner. It was much more successful than I had anticipated. The proceeds (gross) will amount to at least \$300.00, about \$50.00 more received from kind friends on the ground. One thing only makes me sad and that is that this good cause had opponents and enemies who did all they could but how ineffectually, to injure our good name and our receipts. And members of my own church, one or two only, but among these some that I loved were of this opposition. I feel sorry that one of my friends was into it, but on the other hand how many showed true colors today. God bless and reward them.

May twenty-ninth. Last night we met in extra session and agreed to give Mr. Bell the contract for building the Orphanage for \$6,000. This is the best contract we have ever made and one that fills me with a restful spirit as I contemplate it.

The twenty-eighth was the tenth anniversary of my ordination as Pastor of the Clinton Church. I feel very grateful to God that he honored it with such a ceremony.

It is now nearly three years since I first thought of the Orphanage. What hath God wrought!

Last night we met and ratified the contract with Mr. Bell. Now, O my heart, Holy Father, in mercy help us. Send us what is needful to build this house. May he be with us.

I ought here to record that a war is being carried on by the bar-keepers against my church. Their daily occupation is to go round from one part of the town to the other, cursing the Presbyterians. They are doing their best to cause a breach, and thank God, they will succeed. I have long hoped and looked for the time when a line, clear and distinct, should be drawn between the Presbyterians and the world. These bar-keepers are bringing it about, their secret wrath being kindled by our zeal in the cause of Temperance.

Mr. Phinney is arranging a library case for our S. S. Library in the Lecture room to which we are going to move our Sunday School. We now have one thousand volumes in our Sunday School Library. It is the largest Sunday School Library in the Presbytery.

I have at last set my heart on a plan, the complete fulfillment of which I desire to commemorate my twentieth anniversary at Clinton. It is nothing more nor less than the establishment of a Male College at Clinton. The thing can be done and although I state it in this cool way, as though it were a mere bagatelle, yet when Clinton College is a final fact, as it will be in ten years from now, if God spares me and prospers me, this cool way of speaking will be justified. It will take a vast outlay of time and money but it can be done and, God willing, it shall be done. For the present I can only digest plans, for all my efforts at money raising must go to the Orphanage. Nor do I expect to do much toward even broaching the subject of the college until the Orphanage is built.

I have been thus explicit because I have hereby resolved to establish a college in the town of Clinton; as well as other institutions. I do it for the glory of God and to show that a poor country pastor, living in the least of villages can, if he will, do great things, for God. For this cause I remain in Clinton, and

to this end will I labor. So help me God and keep me steadfast to this purpose.

The opposition tried to get up a dancing party last night and signally failed. Thank God.

All my efforts to build up a colored church have come to a dead failure. I intend giving up the attempt finally and leave the field clear to the northern church. My members have all gone over to the Northern Presbyterian Church. I have been laboring faithfully but unsuccessfully. The labor, preaching three times a day is greater than I can bear and I shall encourage the new organization to my utmost.

Brother McKittrick is dead. His daughter Minnie, will be taken under the care of the Orphanage.

The work on the Orphanage has stopped for the present as Mr. Bell's hands have all run away.

September twenty-sixth. I had a very pleasant evening last Thursday at the High School. Our young folks dramatized for us "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." The thing was very well received and executed. Quite a good audience rewarded them for their trouble. They cleared \$42.00 which was donated to the Orphanage. We have received this month, thus far \$135.00. Thank God. Mr. Bell's hands have returned and the work progresses slowly on the Orphanage. They have just completed the walls of the first story.

I have selected long since for my guide and hope the words on the title page of this Journal. I feel sure that with God's blessing that if I patiently labor and patiently wait, my work for the Orphanage shall see the sun. Yes, and all the other work that I do for God's glory. Keep at it, keep at it. Never give up. Be found trying, die trying. These are the words that shall animate me in carrying out those plans that are for the good for which I labor. Oh, Lord, hold me.

November tenth. Mary still continues too unwell for me to do any work, either indoors or out. I am laboring faithfully, tho, nursing her, taking care of the children and attending to domestic economies. I am improving my front yard, adding to its floral beauty. Have also been getting my orchard into shape and setting out trees in my backyard. I spend a little time every day attending to decorations and I do it so as to train my children to love these things and to set a good example to my parishioners. The north wall of the Orphanage is built up clear to the top, thank God. O blessed Savior, send money enough and as we need it to pay for this structure. Send it speedily, Dear Lord, what is \$3500.00 to thee and that is all we want for the present necessity.

December second. I have just returned from a flying visit to Cokesbury. Went over Monday, returned via Laurens Tuesday (yesterday). I went to spy out the land for Father. He is thinking of taking charge of the institution known as the Masonic Female College. Improvements progressing in Clinton. Mr. Bell is to put up a store (of brick); Mr. Riddle, a good carpenter, has moved into town. I am sorry we are going to lose Mrs. Owens and Mrs. Compton. The Orphanage walls are nearly done.

December sixth. My soul is greatly rejoiced and magnifies the Lord. We received last night a donation of a railroad bond for \$500.00 from Mrs. Kitty Williams of Greenville, S. C. Blessed be the name of the dear God. Oh, how rejoiced am I for this proof of God's love to the Orphanage. We propose to keep it as the beginning of our endowment fund. We learned also that the railroad will now be surely built.

I feel happier in my work, with advancing prospects of usefulness. A good deal of hope exists that work will begin on our railroad. If so, then we will take a new lease on life. I see every day the necessity of a live railroad to make my town and church live. Oh God, give me a courageous heart and help me to do the things that I ought to do this month for Jesus. Wrote a sermon this morning, took Mary out riding this afternoon and expect to ride out five miles to marry a couple this evening.

December twelfth. I am still sadly hindered from my work by Mary's sickness. Poor, dear wife, she is having a hard, hard time of it. I do not know but what it makes me love her better, though.

December fifteenth. The prospects for the railroad are daily brightening. I have been so sadly disappointed annually on this subject for five years that I fear to have hope. We may never get our railroad but I must confess that everything is auspicious now. It is certain that the railroad, if built, will tend wonderfully to brighten up our little town. In fact the hope of it is doing so already. The influence on my church will be correspondingly felt and then if I am the man for the place, our church and town will become a strong-hold of Presbyterianism in these parts.

1875

January second. The New Year came in with the ground all snow-covered. I began my year's work and trust that this year will be an effective one. I was quite unwell, though, and couldn't do much. Mary is improving, too, and that gives me a courageous heart.

January fifth. We held also a meeting of the Board of Visitors of the Orphanage. Resolved to open the institution on October first if possible. I think it will be opened on that day.

January fifteenth. Father leaves Florida next week for South Carolina. He and I and Ripley will all belong to the same Presbytery. I am glad at this. My church has paid me about \$600.00 of my salary. I must now go down and try to straighten out the balance. Clinton has fine prospects ahead of it. The work on our railroad has begun.

January twenty-fifth. We had quite a misfortune to happen to the Orphanage on Saturday. Part of the front wall had to be taken down. It was put up by the contractor with sand instead of mortar. I regret it greatly both on their account and ours.

January twenty-sixth. It is ten years ago today since our betrothal, Mary and I. All that time a good God has watched over us. We are nearer together than we ever were before.

January twenty-eighth. I received a letter yesterday telling me that Brother Ferdie was dead! I have not seen him since I was seventeen years old, but this news moved me strongly. Mr. Bell is getting along finely with his work in replacing the condemned wall in the Orphanage.

Father is at Cokesbury. I got a letter from him yesterday. I must go over to see him next week. It seems to me as if I had scarcely time to think. My hands are just as full as they can be. Yesterday, the last stone was laid in the walls of the Thornwell Orphanage and the workmen called off.

I wrote an article some time ago for the A. T. Society, N. Y., and received a few days since \$5.00 for it. I like that.

March seventh. I have a thought on the anvil. Why could we not have a college in Clinton in which the sexes could be educated together after the plan of some of the northern institutions. Let it grow out of our High School. I also propose that this shall be my food for thought for the coming year. The work on the Orphanage has re-commenced. The roof will probably be on during this month.

About Our Monthly. I began about two years ago with absolutely no capital, not one cent to print. By borrowing and paying back I have been able to keep up *Our Monthly* for these years, improving it constantly. I have succeeded in getting up our office, worth about \$350.00 out of the proceeds of it. I think now is the time to push and I am therefore determined not to back down but do better. If I can get a lad to print, I will hereafter write a greater portion of *Our Monthly* myself. Will print

my sermons (not as sermons but as articles). I propose also to buy a thoroughly good press and to secure if possible the Presbyterian and other printing. With the railroad I think there will be much work to do here. I am thus inclined, not to make money but to get it in order that I may educate my children and travel in Europe. I feel very sure that the Clinton Church will never be able to do this for me and yet the Orphanage binds me forevermore to Clinton. As I intend to make *Our Monthly* wholly religious, it also will be a pulpit. My heavenly Father, I feel that I can ask thy blessing on this plan.

March twenty-first. Yesterday I engaged Ike Bourne to work in the printing office. I intend trying my uttermost to carry out my plans of the 12th instant.

The lions of Clinton are not many. We show visitors the Orphanage, our Cemetery and church, Mr. Phinney's bees, the steam mills and the High School. The first brush of paint was laid on the Orphanage today. And so the month ends. I am not satisfied with my work this month, but then I never am satisfied with any month's work.

May second. This morning I had eighty at Sunday School and a collection of \$1.50. About one hundred at church. Collection \$3.33. I feel that my people are doing better. The children have collected \$10.82 for the Sunday School Library. Not very much but the times are very hard. I got out *Our Monthly* for May yesterday. I begin to see and often learn that it is doing good. But ought I not to spend more time studying. I do much work but I am inclined to think too little study.

Monday, in company with sister, Mr. Terrell and Miss Mamie Allen, I visited Washington city and the day was thoroughly occupied in sight seeing. I visited the Capitol, the Patent Office, where I met Cousin John Jacobs, the government Printing Office where I met Uncle Augustus, the Treasury building, the Smithsonian and the Agricultural Department. All of these I have described in a series of letters to *Our Monthly* and so omit here. That night I spent a pleasant evening with Aunt Caroline and Cousin Bettie.

Beside the Orphanage we have several buildings to be put up this fall and several new stores to be opened. I am glad to record that we had ninety-one present at Sabbath School this morning. This is larger than we have had present at one time since 1865, eleven years. The School numbers 110, a larger number than for years back, in fact since our first year. And then we enrolled numbers who were really not "learners"; forty were in the Bible class, for instance. I am greatly encouraged about Clinton and about the church, if God would only revive us.

I am filled with hope for the Orphanage. The Union Church, Charleston, agree to furnish one room, Aveleigh a second and Clinton a third. We think we will get all the rooms furnished. The plan of giving a room to each church works. When we get underway I think we can get many churches to undertake the support of a child each. Then I am encouraged about the town. Four new brick store buildings will be built this fall. There were only three buildings in Clinton when I came, of more substantial material than wood, there are only five now. I think that will be doubled this year, especially if the Masons build as they propose.

July third. Under consideration, the establishment of a Boys' High School to be eventually worked up into a college. This is a grand idea and will require time.

Oh Lord, this past is forever gone from me. It is now and ever shall be beneath thy scrutiny. Lord, look not too closely at it. Its flimsiness, its idleness, its selfishness, Thou knowest but Oh, God, publish it not in the heights of heaven. If there be good in it, thine is the glory. If evil, mine the fault and the suffering rests upon my Savior. Lord, I close these months today. How many more I shall be allowanced, I know not. Thou knowest. Measure my strength according to their number and give me to do each day according to each day's full ability. So shall thy name be honored and the weight of my Savior's sorrows lightened. Lord I am thine—Fresh days shall bring fresh consecration. I am thine now. My soul's impassioned longing is to be thine forever! And forever and forever.

Our meeting of the Orphanage Board was encouraging and much business was done. We elected Mrs. Thornwell matron and it is my earnest hope that she may accept the position. We will need great grace to enable us to accomplish what is before us in the establishment of the Orphanage.

July nineteenth. I preached today Emma McCrary's funeral. It was well attended and I think I did good. The services were solemn and affecting. Many tears were shed. We elected Mrs. McBride Matron and accepted three orphan children for the Orphanage. I have just returned from an exceedingly interesting trip to Laurensville. I had the pleasure of seeing the young people of that city out in force in the college chapel where certain charades were acted. I also had the presidency of the college offered to me which I of course declined. My talent lies not in that direction. My work is to do my Father's will here.

July thirtieth. There is a strong and organized opposition against my church on the point of the Infidel sentiment of the

town. If there were not so much lukewarmness among Christians and so much enmity to Christ among the unconcerned, it would amount to nothing, still the meeting of our brotherhood this morning convinces me that there is life enough in the church to meet and defeat it. What we have aimed to do is to overwhelm the town with a Christian influence. We claim the town as ours not to the exclusion of other Christians but to the exclusion of the world and the devil. This is opposed by the world and the devil. My own church is arousing to duty. That I clearly see.

August ninth. On the ninth I drove down to Kinards and met father on the Laurens railroad. The next day was his sixty-seventh birthday. On the 11th with Mess Bailey I drove out to Mr. Joseph Abrams, an old bed-ridden man, seventy-three years of age and received him into the church. For the next afternoon I drove with father to Laurens where we had a delightful conference of the Elders and Deacons of the church in our county. It is proposed to recall father to the college. I hope it will be done and that I will have father near me once more. Ever since the war the college has been in a deplorable condition but I believe father can revive it. We returned home on the 14th and father preached to a slim audience for me at night.

August twenty-seventh. I received a letter yesterday from Mr. W. S. Lee and from it I am now sure of him as our teacher for the coming year. He is a successful teacher and I believe will build up a first class school for us. It is a matter for great rejoicing to me that he is secured.

September second. The difficulties about the railroad is settled and we may now look for the cars by October twenty-first.

September fifth. We are disappointed in getting Mrs. Philson to take charge of the Orphanage. O Lord, instruct me whither to turn for help. Thou alone knowest and thou canst help.

The talk of the week was the attempted assassination of Joe Crews. Was there ever a man so hated in Laurens County as he! He has been its terror. Now that he lies at the point of death there are none who wish his recovery. Yet after visiting him I could not repress a feeling of sympathy even for him. My brethren are very anxious for me to take charge of the Orphanage. I will do so. Perhaps this is the best. It seems to be God's will. It will give me several pangs of heart to give up my pleasant little home every corner of which is consecrated—my flowers and trees, planted by my own hands, and go to this self-sacrificing work in a public institution. But the will and hand of God is in it. I have no choice but to do it.

At last we are fully committed. My life changes after October first. Our shell of selfishness will have to be broken. I accept, but to give up this quiet little home will be a great burden—a sore trial. Oh, Lord, I have been too selfish. Make me henceforth to take sweet comfort in the work that I will have in hand. Fit me for it. And Lord, if it is to be the outward work of this poor life, bless me and it. Grant that it may not drag heavily on my hands. Make it a success and a joy. I propose this if the Lord will:

1—To take twelve children; no more

2—To pay our debt

3—To make an effort to raise \$25,000 endowment.

4—After \$10,000 is raised, to take one child for each \$1,000 contributed till we reach twenty-five children. After that I have no further plans.

I am sadly discouraged. Lord, give me strength. One of my friends told me the other day that I am the hardest discouraged of anybody he knew. Alas, I am always discouraged. But I talk and act the other way. That is the only way to do anything. I am very weak but it would not do to let others find it out.

October. Here am I in the Orphanage. My little household has grown considerably. The Orphanage is opened. My study is beautifully arranged. Mary's sewing room is near by. The house is pretty well furnished. Ten little orphan children are here. Several more have applied. A little money is needed for little things—a great deal for great things. As to the day of opening, my mind is all in a whirl about that for I was very much unwell. We had several hundred present, a good and successful dinner, an afterday exercise, a dramatic exhibition at night. Sabbath father preached a splendid morning sermon for me, and Brother James H. Thornwell, a good night sermon. We had good audiences, a pleasant communion, a fine sabbath school. And now the work before us begins to show itself. We have a debt of nearly \$2,000 to pay. We have salaries to pay and children to feed. It is a great work and it must be done. Oh, my Lord, help me. We have engaged Miss Emma Witherspoon as our teacher. We have made arrangements for cook, etc. In a week from now we will have everything in perfect trim. I shall go to work at the Printing Office immediately and try to make *Our Monthly* a considerable success. And so I am in the Orphanage. I can hardly realize it. It seems all a dream.

October eighth. We are getting well organized for work at last. Our school is in running order; the Printing Office is on its legs; the pantry is on its first bottom. I would gladly welcome a few more orphan children, if provisions would hold out.

October thirteenth. It looks as if God had done it on purpose to cheer me. Here is a letter from Miss Kitty Williams informing me of the donation of \$1,000 to an endowment fund for the Orphanage. Gratefully I accept it. I rejoice in this new manifestation of God's love. \$1,000! Our proceeds now are as follows:

One tract of land	\$ 1,600.00
Increase of same in value.....	700.00
Dwelling	5,200.00
Endowment	1,500.00
Furniture	500.00
Out buildings and improvements ...	350.00
	<hr/>
	\$10,050.00
By indebtedness	1,900.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 8,150.00

We have over \$10,000 worth of property and nearly \$2,000 worth of debt. And this debt will, I think, be fully paid by Christmas.

Oh, Lord, help us to pay off Mr. Bell by Christmas!

October twentieth. I ought to have given a list of the dear children gathered into the Orphanage. Our first family—girls, Mattie Clark, Flora Pitts, Ella Entriken, Fannie and Annie Agnew. Boys—Walter Entriken, Jimmie and Dannie Boozer, Alfred and Johnnie Agnew. Oh, Lord, help send in money to pay our indebtedness, to enable us to build and to assist us in supporting these children. I am pleased with my work in the Orphanage. I propose now to give up Bethany and to devote myself wholly to Clinton and its duties.

Oh, my heavenly Father, grant me the satisfaction of seeing this house and land, etc., paid for before the first of January. Dear Lord, grant this for Jesus' sake. It is greatly needed in the proper work of the Orphanage and thou hast always given me what was needed. Hear my prayer for Jesus' sake.

Twenty-ninth. I have just been very greatly encouraged by receiving a very nice donation of tools for the boys to work with—from James E. Adger and Company simply because I asked them. May God bless them and raise us up many such friends.

November first. On the first instant Ripley and myself left in private conveyance for Yorkville. The sixty mile ride was a pleasant enough one. We stopped over night with an old man named Burgess on the banks of Broad River and the next afternoon drove into Yorkville.

Father organized this church and was its first pastor. I visited Mr. Adiker, whose wife knew my mother and used to fondle me.

On my return I found that no work was going on on the Orphanage premises. Mr. Bell gone to the fair and the fences unbuilt.

We have \$1500.00 of debt to pay. We have \$25,000 endowment to raise. We have twelve children to support. I can do none of this without the divine help. Oh my Lord, for Christ's sake, help me.

December seventh. We had a very unsatisfactory meeting of the Board. Oh! my Lord, help me. These children must be fed and cared for. And unless thou dost help we are lost. Oh! give me strength.

What with the discipline of the Orphanage—its necessary work—its support and endowment—my church, my sabbath school—studies and preparation—*Our Monthly*—job work in addition—the new start for the Library Society—the preparation for opening the High School—multifarious correspondence—rejoicing over the railroad—stirring up public spirit about this and that, I am half crazy. Oh Lord, give me strength. And now a new idea. A young Men's Christian Association for Clinton. Shall I do it?

Fourteenth. I rejoice to write down that yesterday the Laurens train ran up into the heart of the town of Clinton.

The Orphanage. I am making every effort to make it self-supporting. I have dismissed all servants. I shall try to carry on a small farm. The school work shall be mainly in the afternoon. The girls must be taught sewing, ironing, housework and cooking. The boys must learn to farm, to print, to carpenter and to make shoes. I shall try to make the school a success. Oh for ideas!

Miss Emma Witherspoon who is our teacher in the Orphanage is a grand-daughter of the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

I am reading with great interest Palmer's life of Thornwell. The name that I have given to this Orphanage is a sufficient testimony to the esteem of my soul for this great man. I thank God that he was both instructor and friend. Dr. Palmer was my tutor for two years. I say tutor for I was his sole pupil in the Senior class. I loved him truly and enjoy much this work of his which shall be a choice treasure in my library. I have just completed Thornwell's third volume.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

1876—Age 34

Yesterday, Courtney Wilson was received into the Orphanage. I will make a printer out of him.

January twelfth. Mr. Scott came in last night loaded down with provisions for the Orphanage as the result of his begging expedition. This success on his part is in direct answer to prayer, I do believe. I prayed the Lord to assist me in getting a faithful assistant. I also prayed to him to make the contributions with a special reference to the provision department and telling him that I would look upon this as a direct proof of his interposition to answer prayer. It looks as if God intended to answer prayer for my help.

January thirteenth. Uncle States has come to town and will open the High School next Monday. He is a considerable acquisition to this place as the people will soon discover. He is going to be my right hand man, I see.

February eighth. Today, Miss Lee and Miss Lowry both arrived on the train. They are our teachers in the High School. I am truly glad that the High School is now thoroughly organized again. Its fourth year has opened propitiously and I am very glad. I am grateful too for a message just received from the second church, Charleston, that they will take charge of one of our children. Oh! how easy to get up the support of our Orphanage, if we were free from debt. Enough has been received since October first to have carried us through the year had it not been for our debt. But thank God, each month diminishes that. Oh my precious helper—come to me and lift this burden and it shall be my last debt. In my own private business I am truly glad to say that I am slowly freeing myself from incumbrance. I believe that another year will see me safely through. I have had my heart turned toward the Library Society. It must be strengthened and brought to a higher point of usefulness. I propose to make it my hobby after a while, build for it, make a reading room and create it into a means of elevating and refining our little village. Dear Lord show me how and help me.

February fourteenth. I have ordered a neat little job press,

with which I propose to do much toward the support of the Orphanage. I really love the printing business. I always have loved it. When only fourteen years old I used to correct type. How glad I would have been had I been presented at that early age with types and press. It would have made me a much better printer. As it is, I never had a minute's instruction in a printing office in my life. I wish I had passed a year in some good office as press-man.

We are still in debt as deep as ever. We will not be able, I fear, to extricate ourselves from it, this year. This week, we have received nothing for the Orphanage. Oh, God, for Jesus' sake, help us. This is a great matter to me. Thou canst lift this burden with a touch. Help me. Oh, Lord help me. My own precious master, help me.

I am determined to go to work for the establishment in this town of a library. It must be—it shall be. I am determined to have a really first class library with a good brick building and reading rooms—librarian, etc. So help me God and keep me steadfast and ever in my senses to keep and observe the same.

February twenty-fifth. Today we finished building the garden of the Thornwell Orphanage. With the aid of the boys of the Orphanage—all the work has been done, saving \$60.00 off the contract price. I consider this a proof of what may be done by the help of these boys for the advancement and adornment of the Orphanage. I thank God and take courage.

March sixteenth. Yesterday I passed my thirty-fourth birthday. Father is just twice my age. I may see my 69th but that is as God wills it, not as I will.

On my hands constantly, a church of one hundred members—a Sunday school of 250—a prayer meeting—*Our Monthly* printing office—this orphanage, and there is more still, but here are the grand things I will do. The Clinton Public Library—The Clinton College.

I propose the following plan for the establishment of our college: that the Orphanage, as soon as it escapes this grinding debt call on the citizens to unite with us, that we furnish the land and hold the title and that we erect with the aid of the town, a building to which our advanced pupils shall be admitted. But the thousands of dollars must first be got to put the Orphanage on a thoroughly substantial basis. I think a thousand dollars to free us from debt, \$1200 to run us a year and our invested fund of \$15,000 is enough for our present establishment, but we do need \$1,000 for completion of our building and fencing. Unless

the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Oh, Lord, help.

I solemnly promise Almighty God that if he will relieve the Orphanage speedily from debt, I will take it as his voice, restricting me in all matters connected with it to have no debt in the future—and I solemnly promise him to resist every effort on the part of any to force debt on it. God helped me in preaching today. I grieve over my utter unfaithfulness. Glorious God, help and have mercy. Use me for thy works, O Lord.

April eleventh. I have just returned from a pleasant trip to the sessions of Presbytery at Anderson. I did my very best to spend a pleasant week and did it. I tripped into Cokesbury also. Rather, Ripley and myself ran the Presbytery as Moderator and Clerk.

Florence is ten years old today. She is growing into a smart, pretty child. May God give her a new heart.

April twenty-first. Mrs. Thornwell, the wife of Rev. J. H. Thornwell, D.D. came up on the train yesterday to spend a few days with us. She is an excellent lady and I am glad she takes such interest in the Orphanage. It is very pleasant to have her with us.

At the recent meeting of Presbytery at Anderson, the rare spectacle was seen of a father and his two sons elected as officers—all ministers, Rev. F. Jacobs, D.D., Moderator; Rev. J. R. Jacobs, Temporary Clerk, and Rev. W. P. Jacobs, Stated Clerk.

April twenty-third. Yesterday I had a delightful trip to Newberry. The railroad gave us an excursion free of charge and about one hundred fifty ladies and children embraced the opportunity.

I wrote sometime ago my determination to establish a Presbyterian Collegiate Institute in the town of Clinton. To this thing, I am more and more determined.

My plan for the future is not yet fully determined. Probably it will be as follows: First of all, I cannot work at it directly until the debt on the Orphanage is paid and some other work done toward its endowment. I can get neither the time nor the funds to carry on the work until that is done. But secondly I shall try to lead the members of the church to see the importance of a denominational school or rather to develop the already growing sentiment in that direction. I shall do nothing to cement a false union of opposing parties in the town except for the temporary

purposes of supporting Mr. Lee. Thirdly I shall try to lay the cornerstone of the Clinton College before May 28th, 1885.

A note from Mr. Holderby tells me that the Tuskegee Orphanage will have to succumb. They are trying to carry too heavy a load. This convinces me more than ever that our duty is to restrict our number to one dozen until our institution is endowed. That number I am very sure can be supported.

May twenty-third. I call on God for help and he hears me. I greatly needed \$6.00 to pay freight but knew not whence it would come. Today I received a check for that amount. So my dear Lord still helps the Orphanage.

Four years ago, I first resolved to plan for the Orphanage. What hath God wrought? Twelve years ago, I was ordained pastor. *Infidelis ego!*

Muller's great success in his orphan work has led many to think that Muller's plan, as they call it, is the best plan for the institution to be supported. If this orphanage were the child of the Synod perhaps it would be but it is not. It is as yet merely mine—true notwithstanding all our paraphernalia, and I want it to endure when I am gone. My purpose has been to place it beyond the contingency of failure. I have only this point of hesitation about our endowment: "Shall we press it now?"

June tenth. God showed us a token of his goodness last night. There was no meat in the house for breakfast. I received notice that "There is a box of clothing at the depot." It may contain a little meat. Let us try it first. I had just received \$2.75 for subscription for *Our Monthly*, ten minutes before, all the money there was in the house. With this I paid the freight on the box which was even \$2.75 and on opening the box took out two hams! I had just prayed for help. Thank God.

June fourteenth. Oh God, help the Thornwell Orphanage out of debt! Help me! Give us day by day our daily bread. Give me wisdom. Give me energy.

June seventeenth. I do wish talk would build fences. I need one around the orphanage farm and lack elbow grease and money to carry it out. I can do nothing this winter and yet a cow is greatly needed, and a fence around our farm.

July third. Yesterday I had a busy day and Saturday also. Sabbath School 112 present, collection \$3.41. This is the very best collection ever taken up in my Sunday School.

I rejoice that at last things I proposed years and years ago

are beginning to be accomplished. And so I can hope on. Our Prayer meeting, our Sabbath School, our regular services on every Sabbath, our weekly collections, quarterly communions, our orphanage, were things once dimly hoped for—now thoroughly established. The Brotherhood will soon be so, too. And who can tell that but a Presbyterian High School will also be given, as I thank God for his help.

I must do more for our Library Society. I have set on foot three public libraries in this town. The Society's Library with 150 volumes, the Orphanage Library with 200 and the Sunday School Library with nearly 1100. I found no books here when I came and now these are getting to be a reading people.

July twentieth. My darling little Minnie West is dead! Oh God, what can I say! I loved her so! Dear Savior, take good care of her and let me see her again some day. Precious darling Minnie, how can I give you up! Tears come whenever I think of Minnie. I did love the little child so. Dear little thing, how sweetly she used to tell me she loved me. Oh Minnie! Minnie! how can I give you up. God pity and help her poor parents.

I must write through this page for when I turn to it and see Minnie's name on it, it blinds me. Oh God, how I did love that child. Had she been my own, I could have loved her no better. Sweet blessed little one, the sunset land seems nearer now that you are there.

August. I have just finished reading Francke's life and have been encouraged by certain facts in regard to his Orphan House at Halle. It was founded in 1695, one hundred and eighty years ago. And now it is a large and flourishing institution. Its success greatly encourages me. What may not this institution of mine be, one hundred years from now?

Miss Pattie Thornwell, Dr. Thornwell's daughter, will teach for us next year in the Orphanage. I am glad.

I want Clinton to be a manifest illustration of the power of faith and work.

To God's glory I set it down. We owed Miss Emma W. a balance on her salary. I knew not where to go to get it. I had not one cent and yet little by little it came in, the last cent coming in just in time to foot the bill exactly, and not one cent more or less. And this in direct answer to prayer. Oh my holy Savior, give me courage. Help me to work. Help me to pray.

There are 84 Presbyterians in the village of Clinton against 22 Jews, Baptists, Methodists and Lutherans. There are 35 out of 46 Presbyterian families. My church numbers for the first time 110 members. I desire to see it number 200 at any rate and then I think it will be able to conduct its affairs with efficiency.

I had a settlement some days ago with Mr. Bell by which I see that his charges against us still reach \$600.00. I do pray my God to enable us to cancel this.

September ninth. Another death! Miss Elizabeth Patton is no more. What will little Cleo do?

September fourteenth. This morning I went down to the train and found it in waiting for General Wade Hampton. I was introduced to him. Col. Aiken and Col. Simpson were also on board. Hampton made the ladies who had come out to see him quite a pretty little speech. After which we all went on together at Newberry. At Newberry a grand demonstration was made in favor of Hampton, four or five thousand present. I went up with Bailey to hear Hampton speak but we returned in about an hour to the depot taking the woods on the way home in order to eat a water-melon.

September twenty-fifth. I left New York yesterday morning after receiving a very kind promise from Brother Dickson to support a child in the Orphanage. Nothing particular in the way of variety on the road, except my ride on the Steamer Adelaide down the Chesapeake from Baltimore to Norfolk. The grandest thing I ever saw was the moonlight scene on the bay, nearly equalled by the bay dawn. The thrill and tremor of the boat, shaken by steam and sea, the dense black cloud under the half moon, the passing veil, shrouded in misty night, the glitter and sheen and roll of the waves, the flaming light house close by, the distant ocean liner and the lights along shore. Oh, it was grand!

October eighth. Improved things by putting up a wardrobe in the girl's room and getting a cow.

November eighth. Thank God! Laurens County is redeemed. Once more we live in a free country. Laurens County has gone Democratic by a thousand majority. Oh, my dear Lord, I give thee thanks. And now I wait impatiently to hear from the State and the Union. No election for years past or years to come equals this. Thank God! Thank God! The good news is today that Tilden is elected President and Hampton, Governor. Thank God! Oh, glorious day for South Carolina. Rejoice, Oh my soul! The news is confirmed that South Carolina is redeemed. Oh, my

God, I give thee thanks. Now help thy poor servant to work from the depth of my heart.

November twenty-third. We still owe Mr. Bell \$290.00. Oh my heavenly Father help me. Pay this sum for me. It seems small but it is heavy. Pay it, Father and lift the burden from us. Thou canst do it so easily. Oh, I am so grateful that we are nearing the end of this long burden of debt. Help me, Oh God, even to the end.

December twenty-sixth. We tried to give our orphan children yesterday a pleasant Christmas and succeeded. We had a Christmas tree for them. They were carried away with delight.

The debt of the Orphanage has been reduced from about \$2000 to less than \$300.00. Fourteen children have been trained in it for a whole year.

CHAPTER TWELVE

1877—Age 35

Eighteen seventy seven comes in in a furious snow storm. For eight days the frost-bitten ground has been safely hidden under a volley of sleet; yesterday it began to melt but at midnight the tears of the old year changed to New Year snow, whirling, driving everywhere. White, everywhere. Now that the New Year begins, I am determined to seek to make it a fruitful year. I want to be more prayerful and studious than ever. I have selected for our school motto: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." And I have enough to thank God for. Our orphanage is better provided with provisions than it ever was. We have, besides, money in the treasury and only \$340.00 of debt to meet. I do thank God and rejoice in his Holy name.

WHAT WE DO AT THE ORPHANAGE

Extracts from A Diary Kept by the Children During the
Years 1877—1880

During the first few years of the Orphanage the children also kept a diary. From it the following excerpts are taken. The spelling and punctuation are those of the authors. (Editor.)

THE BEGINNING

This is the 27th day of December, 1876. The Orphanage was opened nearly fifteen months ago. There are just twenty-one of us in all in the Orphanage. Their names are:

The President: Rev. W. P. Jacobs

The Matron: Mrs. Mary Jacobs

The Teacher: Miss Pattie Thornwell

The Girls: Julia Fripp, Fannie Agnew, Flora Pitts, Cleo Patton, Nora Fripp, Florence Jacobs, Ella Entriken, Mary Smith, Lula Darnall, Anna Agnew, Letha McCants. *The boys:* Alfred Agnew, D. Boozer, Courtney Wilson, Johnnie Agnew, Ferdie, States, and Dillard Jacobs.

In this book our children will have to do a good deal of writing. All of us will put in a word now and then.

1876

Monday morning at six o'clock every child in the Thornwell Orphanage was up and calling out "Christmas gift." And we all ran into Miss Pattie's room to get the stockings and they were filled with candy, apples and raisins. When we had finished eating what we wanted it was daylight. I thought dinner time would never come but it came at last. Then after dinner it was a long time before night came. Then we had the Christmas tree—*Julia Fripp.*

February sixteenth—Last night at ten o'clock God gave me a fifth child, a little lad that I pray may grow to be a good and useful boy and a noble man. We will name him Thornwell in that he is the first and only child born in the Thornwell Orphanage.

March third—I am very grateful to God because he is enabling me to straighten out my business so that I am getting even with the world. I feel very sure that I will be completely out of debt by the end of this year, a situation I have not been in since I came to Clinton. I am glad.

March fifth—I was much encouraged by our services last sabbath. Our Sunday School was really encouraging. Singing beautiful. Colection \$7.10. Answer to all questions, good. Behavior good. I was much encouraged too by our morning congregation. Night not as good as usual. I want to get everything ready now for Presbytery and for our Sunday School anniversary. Lord, help me.

March seventh—I feel greatly encouraged about our Orphanage. I received last night \$121 by mail. This is a proof that the Lord means good for our institution. O Lord, send light and help and that continually.

March eleventh—Last night I received \$50.00 for the Orphanage. Thank God.

1877

New Year 1877—I resolve to use no bad language.—*R. C. W.*

I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord, I resolve to study hard—*Fannie Agnew.*

Johnnie most of the time has dirty hands. Christmas, Mr. Jacobs gave him a cake of soap. All the boys laughed and said he had better give Courtney a cake of soap as his hands were rusty. Johnnie keeps his soap in his trunk and cuts off a little piece every time he uses it—*Fannie Agnew.*

The Printing Office—We work in the printing office four hours every day. Sometimes I think our time will never get out. You have to be careful when you set type or you will pie it faster than you set it. I have been working in the printing office one year last Christmas. We have to work one minute extra for every type Mr. Jacobs finds on the floor when we stop work.—*D. T. Boozer, Feb. 19.*

The Little Boy—We have the prettiest little boy that you ever saw, I think he is although I have not seen much of him yet. I have had him twice. The first time I took him he cried but the last time he was asleep all the time. His name is Thornwell. Poor little Dillard is not the baby any longer. I hope Thornwell will grow up fast and get to laughing so we can nurse him—*Flora Pitts, Feb. 19.*

February 23—The Orphanage School—I have been going to school at the Orphanage over a year and am learning fast. The first teacher was Miss Emma Witherspoon, she taught the first year. I liked to go to school to her. Our teacher now is Miss Pattie Thornwell. She has not been here very long and I think we are all learning very fast for I am sure that she is a good teacher. School takes in at two o'clock and lets out at five. We are study the catechism and recite it every day. Some of us have been

Today I had good audiences and some comfort in preaching. Our young ladies have taken hold of the singing in real dead earnest. We are having it very greatly improved. I believe God intends good for my church, yet Lord help me and keep me in my work for the Orphanage. Our contributions for the endowment have now ceased. We have received \$161.86. I will make no further effort in that direction for a year. But I will write for the Christian Observer and through it, seek to raise the necessary funds to build our kitchen and finish our third story. \$500.00 will do both. This is to be our summer's work. I am determined to make our Orphanage a complete establishment, God willing. I want 24 orphan inmates. That is enough for this one house.

through it two or three times. We each have a nice desk, two can sit at a desk. We have to bound all the states and territories in the United States every Friday. I think we ought to learn fast when so much pains is being taken to teach us.—*Flora Pitts.*

February 23—Clinton. Clinton is a small village in the northwestern part of South Carolina. It has a railroad. The train runs three times a week. It has two churches one is a Presbyterian and the other one is a Methodist. It has three schools and eleven stores. There are streets running up and down and crossways. We live on main street; it runs from north to south. We have three grogshops, one drug store and one confectionary. People are building houses. Cinton will be a city some day. —*Florence L. Jacobs.*

The Dining Room—Is furnished by the Newberry Presbyterian Church. There are two tables one is a long one and the other is a short one and twenty four chairs. We have had two bells the first one we had lasted a long time, a whole year. We all love the dining room because there is where we eat.—*March 9th—Florence Jacobs.*

My Children—I have more children than anybody else in Clinton. Five of them are my own and fifteen, the good Lord has sent under my care. I won't say much about my own, for it would be vanity to praise them and I don't like to blame them. But about these dear orphan children, I will say a word or two. I don't know which one of them is the best. Lethe is the youngest; I think she will grow after a while, although she is a little old woman now. She is a good child. I'll say that for her because she can't read this. Annie, Nonnie, Ella, Cleo—four good children, each one with an apron full of little faults that they are trying to kill out. I am afraid Nonnie isn't trying as hard as she ought to kill hers. God has given her a good mind and she ought to use it for his glory. Lula is the only other little girl. She can be good when she tries. She must try very hard. Julia, Fannie, Flora, Minnie. These are our elder sisters. They are our jewels. I really don't know what we would do without them. They are all trying to be good, to love God and to do right. May God bless them all. We love them very much.

We have four boys. Courtney gets mad sometimes and sometimes he gets lazy. but he is trying to break up all his bad habits. He is a bright boy but bright boys very often go to the bad. Courtney must watch himself and God will help him to make a man of himself yet. D. is a good hearted boy. He had a good many faults when he first came to the Orphanage but he is trying to get rid of them. We all like D. He must learn to fear no kind of duty, to be faithful in everythng. I think he is learning this. He is our oldest boy and ought to be our most trusted one. Johnnie is little and too crickety. We will have to sober him down. Johnnie will come out alright, though. He is studying hard. He must study harder. Well, these boys do worry us a good deal, but we will have a good cry

I am glad that some of the young ladies have determined to go to work to get up a mite society for the purpose of raising funds to be expended in the congregation.

Mr. Scott is now hard at work for the Orphanage. He has sent us two fine boxes of provisions lately and some money. I praise and bless God.

The Orphanage now stands as follows:

ASSETS

Farm, 100 acres	\$1,500	
Building lots 25	1,000	
Dwelling and Buildings	5,800	
Furniture and bedding	1,200	
Library and books	200	
Endowment	1,500	
Funds for same	275	
Cash on hand	50	\$11,525
Indebtedness		150

We have had a hard, hard pull to get rid of our debt but it is nearly paid now. We are now able to go on with our endowment and to push our buildings on to completion. Thank God! Thank God!

when any of them leave us. March 28th, 1877.—*Papa*.

Catechism—We all have to study the catechism and it is hard to learn. Some of us will get a prize for repeating it at the Anniversary. Nearly all have been through—*Flora Pitts*. May 8th, 1877.

The Mite Society: We had a mite society at the Orphanage the last Friday night in April. I think that every body that was here enjoyed it. We Orphan children sang one piece and then all the children went down stairs to play, we had a nice time playing with the girls, we played Johnnie O. Broun and Shaker dance and Courting in the dark and Steal partners and several other plays. There was a box at the door which they come in and everybody put in their mits \$3.25. May 9th—*D. T. Booser*.

August twentieth, 1877—We have three more new children Mollie and Tommie Clatworthy and my little sister Minnie. I have come home from spending two pleasant weeks with Ma but I wanted to see Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs. Mr. Jacobs told us if we didn't write in this book he would take it out of here but he can't take it out now.—*Flora Pitts*.

August twenty-fourth—The workmen are hammering and sawing up stairs. Pa moved the printing office up there today and they are working to get the other rooms done then the boys will move up then Pa will divide the girls and put us in the room where Miss Pattie stays now, then Ma will move into the room where the boys stay now and put Miss Pattie in Ma's room. I will be one of the ones that stays in Miss Pattie's room and O! won't that be nice.—*Florence*.

October second, 1877—This is holiday and oh how we did beg for it; Miss Pattie said we couldn't have holiday if it was left to her, just whatever Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs said, so we set in to begging Mrs. Jacobs, just whatever Mr. Jacobs says, we begged awhile and he kept on laughing. We all thought we would have holiday when it was left to him and sure enough we have it but why did we all want holiday? Because two years

March twenty-sixth—I am much troubled about father's affairs. His move to Atlanta is a complete failure. How glad I am now that I so strongly urged against it. I sent him all the money I had and have written to him to come on to me and I will do all I can to get him a situation again. I was pleased with my Sunday School congregation yesterday. Miss Pattie is a good worker in my congregation by her influence among the young people. She has taken charge of the singing in both Sunday School and church and has developed it considerably. The organ has been put directly in front of the pulpit and the back seats are now deserted by the young people. They have all come to the front.

ago yesterday we first met in the Orphanage. We have improved very much since then and I hope we will continue to improve as much. We have begun our third year. One of the children are now at home, Minnie McKittrick is at home sick, we all will be glad to see her back again. I wish she was here to begin the New Year with us and to enjoy this begged for holiday. Mrs. Jacobs says we had better beg for school instead of holiday.—*Flora Pitts.*

I haven't been at the Orphanage but a few weeks. I like it very much. Today is the second day of October, 1877.—*Minnie Pitts.*

We have holiday today but we ought to had it yesterday because it was the anniversary day. It has been two years since the Orphanage opened. It opened the first day of October. And Mr. Jacobs was gone to Greenville and Miss Pattie and Mrs. Jacobs would not give us holiday and when Mr. Jacobs came back he gave us a holiday. It was Miss Pattie's birthday and we all asked her how old she was but she wouldn't tell us.—*Nonie Fripp.* October 2, 1877.

Mr. Jacobs went to Presbytery last Tuesday morning before daylight. We all missed him very much. Mr. Jacobs came back the first day of October. He brought us all some candy.—*Anna Agnew.*

My Cook Week—This is my cook week but I don't like to cook very much. Flora, Ella and myself are in the cook room this week but neither of us like it very much. It will be out tonight so I think I must stop.—*Cleo Patton.*

Our morning and evening worship. It affords me great pleasure to attend our morning and evening worship. After breakfast the bell rings for worship and we all hasten to the schoolroom, seated at our desks with our Bible and Hymnbooks open while Miss Pattie is seated at the Melodian and Mr. Jacobs at his desk. First we recite a psalm by heart, next the creed or commandments, then we repeat the Lord's prayer after that we sing, read a chapter, have prayer and all dismissed. After supper have reading and prayer.—*Minnie.*

October nineteenth, 1877—"Our Teacher"—I don't think any scholar ever had a better teacher than we have. I do love her better I believe every day. She makes us all study hard and if we don't know our lessons she keeps us in but we love her all the better for we know it is her duty. We miss her a great deal when she is not here. She is so kind who could keep from loving her? I hope she will always be our teacher.—*Flora Pitts.*

I resolve to study hard and be kind to all.—*Nonie Fripp.*

October twentieth, 1877—Sunday evening at the Orphanage. We are engaged for one or two hours every Sunday evening in the school room studying our lesson for Sunday School. For the next Sunday morning. Miss Pattie is always in there with us, she hears the lessons and catechism. After we have studied our lessons she sings with us for a long time and teaches us a great many new hymns. She takes a great deal of pains to teach us to sing in time and sing right. I hope that we all will try to

April fourteenth—It is becoming clearer to my mind that our present plan of having both girls and boys associated in one orphanage is not best. We need a boy's house separate from the girls.

April sixteenth—Mr. Scott came in from a short tour for the orphanage, bringing in a barrel of flour just as we needed it.

April twenty-fourth—We have come to the pinch. Oh, Lord, send help. How can we feed all these children without thy constant aid. It is a source of great anxiety to me, to be able to provide for these children. We are coming to the edge. Oh, my dear Lord, send help speedily. Show me what things to do for Jesus' sake.

sing the best we can, and behave while she is singing and teaching us, too.—*Julia M. Fripp.*

November first, 1877—The Orphanage is a stone building, situated in the town of Clinton. It was opened two years ago with ten children. It now has eighteen. The Orphanage is a nice rock building. It is painted nicely. It has two horses and two cows one was presented by the Sumter Church and we call her Sumter. She is a prettie cow. The other one is Mae. We have a good many chickens too. Our teacher is a good one and I love her very much. She teaches music, too, we have a nice school room. We have some hogs. I love to stay at the Orphanage.—*Florence Jacobs.*

November twelfth—We killed the first hog that was ever raised on the Orphanage plantation today, weighed two hundred pounds.—*Florence L. Jacobs.*

December tenth, 1877—Thanksgiving Day—Was a happy day at the Orphanage. We had holiday for the first time. Some of us went to church and heard a very good sermon. Julia, Florence, Mollie and myself went and gathered flowers. A nice turkey dinner was ready by the time we got home which we all enjoyed, after dinner some of us went to ride while others stayed to cook the candy for that was the next thing to come. We all gathered around the table and began to pull the candy. Some who were in a hurry, put in their hands just a little too soon and it felt somewhat warm. Thus ended the happy day.—*Flora Pitts.*

Mrs. Lee thinks Mrs. Jacobs must have a heavy load on her shoulders to carry this granite house and twenty three children beides. It must be a load if that is where she carries it but I believe she has a better place than that to bear the burden. Strength is given her from on high. "As thy day, thy strength shall be."—December 1th, 1877.

The Christmas Tree—We had such a good time last Tuesday night. We was standing at the door waiting a long time before we could get in. There was a great many people came to see it. We looked through the window and saw the little candles. They looked so pretty. When we went in it looked so pretty. The first thing taken down was a penwiper it was for Mrs. Jacobs. I got a great many presents and I think we all got as many as we could carry upstairs. When I go upstairs I was so tired I had a lap full. I think we all got a great many presents at least I did. We had such a good time that night so I think I must stop.—*Ella Entrekin.*

January tenth, Christmas—I am glad when Christmas comes because I get so many nice things. Christmas eve night we hang up our stockings for Old Santa Claus to fill and next morning we jump up and run to see what Santa has brought us calling out Christmas gift, to all. Christmas comes only once a year.—*Cleo Patton.*

April twenty-seventh—Last night we had a new society organized, a delightful little sociable entitled "The United Society." Everybody gave a penny, the object being to raise funds to paint the church. I had much enjoyment at it, and felt more interest from it, in our young people. God help them. Our orphan children behaved well and I was gratified at their evident cordial reception by everybody.

April twenty-eighth—Why do not the people ever think to say one word of encouragement to their pastor?

May seventh—I am exceedingly unwell today, hardly able to hold a pen which may account for my dull, gloomy feelings. I am very much troubled for the Orphanage. We have no money. Oh Lord, send aid and help me at once. Yet if we perish it is the Lord, let him do as seemeth unto him, good.

May tenth—My heart was gratified and encouraged last night by the reception by mail of a check for \$100.00 for the Orphanage. God has gloriously answered my cries for help. A week ago we had nothing. Now we have \$150.00 in the treasury. I thank God and rejoice with joy unspeakable. God is strangely helping our orphanage. My sincere joy is that this has come at a time of want when I am about to leave for two or three weeks. During my absence I feel that all is safe. May the dear Lord comfort and encourage me more and more and give me the money I need to fully meet all my plans for the completion of the building. I shall set this \$100.00 to the building fund. Our young folks are all busy today, making preparations for our S. S. anniversary tomorrow.

May thirteenth—Yesterday our children had a delightful time. Our 13th anniversary was celebrated with more comfort and eclat than ever. Over three hundred persons were out. 126 children marched in the procession. Fifty or sixty prizes were given. The church was decorated very prettily, more so than on any former occasion. The behavior was excellent. Our reports were exceedingly favorable. I enjoyed myself much and am getting more and more interested in my little fold. God help and prosper it.

1878

January first—It is a great pleasure to us all to have dear good Mrs. Thornwell with us. She feels just like a mother to us all. May God spare her useful and valuable life many, many years to come.

I have been much gratified with my visit at the Thornwell Orphanage. I think it wonderful to see so many children agree so well, all so willing to work and to learn. I do not think any other person could manage the institution as well as Mr. Jacobs has done. He certainly lives by faith and

May seventeenth—I bought this book today in a bookstore on Prytania Street, New Orleans, La. I am a long ways from home. Sitting here in room No. 188, St. Charles Hotel, I open this journal. Thou, O God, only knowest where it will be closed. I left home last Monday morning in the Orphanage wagon with Mr. Scott who in the kindness of his soul drove for me to Newberry. (Twenty-one miles—Editor.) On the G. and C. R. R. I met Mrs. Waldrop and Miss Codie W. and other kind friends. My first night I spent at Seneca City. I surveyed the city by the light of the youngest moon I ever saw, the thinnest hair-line of a crescent. Mr. Towers of Anderson was with me. My host at the Seneca City Hotel gave me a good bed. Early in the morning I took the Air Line railway. The route to Atlanta was picturesque, the cuts deep, the hills high, the streams rapid, the towns all new, the farms infrequent. I reached Atlanta at ten forty and found Father, Mamie and Bessie waiting for me, took dinner with them and enjoyed it hugely. From this point on, the members of the Assembly increased in number. Dr. Wilson joined me at Opelika. I had a delightful sleep on the cars. Opelika is not much on ice-cream but it is quite a city nevertheless. Didn't see any of the country till I opened my eyes twelve miles on this side of Mobile—I mean the other side from here. I was interested in the immense swamps, the streams and rivers in great numbers. The view of Mobile was not a good one. From Mobile to New Orleans the road was so new as not to be monotonous, the growth of magnolia, bay, yucca, dwarf palmetto and the water flowers—lilies, even the dreary pines and the miles on miles of marsh grass was not altogether uninteresting.

May eighteenth—At the Assembly today I made the acquaintance of Dr. Hoge and pretty much all the distingués. I do not feel as little as I ought among these dignitaries.

May nineteenth—Oh, the burdens of iniquity. This Saturday night's waik has shown me the vileness of corruption that burns out the light of the great city. Drunkenness, brazen women, concert halls to lure the unwary to hell—lotteries, dens of gambling. These crowd upon each other. No wonder that when the beloved master beheld the city he wept over it.

works. The Matron and Teacher both deserve much credit in their departments. May it ever prosper and be a great blessing to the Orphans, a sincere friend.—NWT.

The Lock—It is a lock with a twine string tied to it but now it has a piece of black braid in it. It is to put around our necks when we do not speak correctly. All of the children have had it except four. Some of the children have it most all the time. Some of them get it at night. We do not put it in the morning. We all do not like to see it.—Mollie.

A postal from Mary, today was like sweet water to a thirsty soul. God reward the precious, blessed woman. Mr. Shaw handed me a dollar for the Orphanage from a little girl in Baton Rouge.

May twentieth—This morning I went to Dr. Palmer's S. S. It is not so good an institution as mine at Clinton. The only points it excels in are such as money could readily supply. I think mine more efficient, as well behaved, sing better and more interesting and nearly as large.

May twenty-first—Today has been an exceedingly busy one with me. I was in the Assembly until four. I rushed home to dinner at five with my little friend Lizzie Mitchel and with all the Assembly and its host of friends I went on board the magnificent steamer Robert E. Lee. This majestic boat is a three or four decker, splendidly appointed. It first steamed down below the point and then turning, steamed up the river nine miles to Carrolton. We had a full view of the greater part of the river front of New Orleans, about ten out of its sixteen miles. The town shows a very heavy amount of shipping, mainly river boats, although in one place I noticed a perfect forest of masts. One magnificent ocean steamer. The river did not appear to be over a half mile wide. I was disappointed in that particular. I got a good idea of the levee (pro levvy) system, noticed distinctly that the river was higher than its shores!

May twenty-fourth—I am troubled, tho about Ferdie. He has typhoid fever and if it were at all possible I ought to go home. God bless and ease the lad.

May twenty-eighth—There are three funny things about this town, the waters all run through the drains away from the river, the dead are all buried above ground and the cisterns are great vessels outside of the houses. The verandas of this city and awnings are a wonderful feature. One might walk half a mile on Canal Street on a rainy day without getting wet.

May thirtieth—I had a pleasant sojourn of a day in Atlanta at father's. I went with him through the main portions of the

February fifth, 1878—I will praise thee, O Lord with my whole heart.

The Cow—Mr. Scott came Saturday with a cow. We call her Bell Means. Bell was her name when we got her and we call her Means after the lady that gave her. Mr. Scott had some trouble getting her home. He could not get her across the river. He and a negro carried it across and had to push the cow into the water. She started down the stream for a while, then she swam across. He left her with a negro who hurt his eye so he could not bring her and Mr. Scott had to go after her. He had to saw off her horns. She killed a cow and horned a cow but she is a good milk

city. I admired very much its active bustling appearance, the quiet beauty of the residence streets and the elegance of the buildings and houses. I was perfectly carried away with the display of zeal in building up the town. There was a great deal too much to be seen in a day. I called on Rev. Dr Martin and Leftwich, visited the ice-manufactory, but couldn't get in.

June second—The leafy month of June comes in with delightful breath of flowers. I shall earnestly labor this month for the kingdom. My work shall be to pave the way for our July meeting. I want to record to the glory of God that the four letters I wrote one month ago in great agony of soul, to kind friends pleading for aid, have been answered by one hundred and eighty five dollars. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

June thirteenth—I have written begging letters that I hope and pray and believe will finish our attic. My heart is bent on getting that off of our hands. I sincerely pray God for his help in this arduous undertaking. I must plan, too, for a completion of our building by adding piazza and kitchen.

June seventeenth—Preaching the gospel is a grand work. I am surprised that people come to hear such sermons as I give them. Yet I have large and increasing audiences.

June twenty-third—Our garden and farm is doing excellently this year. If the rains hold out, we will make a fine corn crop. Our oats were poor. Wheat good. I am encouraged as to its prospects.

July third—Father will probably take charge of the Laurensville College. My trip to Laurens in his interest was completely successful.

July eighth—Mrs. Craig died last night. A pure minded, noble Christian woman is gone. One more in the heavenly branch of the Clinton church. I conducted service at her house last night. Ring on, sweet sabbath bell.

July tenth—I have today been thinking over the past. Thirteen years ago, I came to the town of Clinton. I see great

cow and we hope she will do good service to the Orphanage.—*Florice Jacobs.*

Friday the fifteenth of February—was the birthday of the pet of the household. Through much tribulation and sickness he succeeded in reaching his first birthday. He is a bright and sweet baby and has many cunning and affectionate little ways. Minnie is the apple of his eye and the joy of his heart. They are devoted to each other. I believe I come in for a small share of his love and notice. I fear he will not talk soon for we all understand his signs too well. Thornwell is a great walker. I wonder if

changes since then, and many improvements. The thorough organizing of the church has been a work of time but it has been made more sure every year until now, it is a compact, well ordered church. The school has greatly advanced, the Orphanage notably. But I am not satisfied, until I get a Male College in the town of Clinton. There is one at Newberry, I know. Only twenty miles off, but we may do better here, if we had pluck and perseverance.

July eleventh—Mother and Minnie came today. They are quarantined for the present with Uncle States. Soon will be with me.

July fifteenth—Father arrived last night, he is looking well. Mr. Scott arrived and tells me that he has got 9000 feet of lumber donated and two cars to bring it free. I do thank thee, Oh, my heavenly Father!

July twenty-second—Ripley is with me and father. Our school having ended, all our children are scattering off on their vacation trips. Miss Pattie, Courtney Wilson and D. Boozer left today. Our meeting is interesting. Ripley is preaching for me and doing excellently.

July twenty-ninth—Our lumber has arrived and we have the workmen engaged.

August fourth—Mary, all my children and most of the orphan children are away. Father and Mother are with me. The carpenters make it lively enough for us.

August eight—I have finished preaching at Rocky Springs and now propose to occupy the next few days in getting straightened out, writing up all my letters and entering on the campaign for the Orphanage. I received last night \$6.00 for an article recently written for the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*. They have never refused any article I ever sent them.

August fourteenth—Very little aid of late, has been received by the Orphanage. There is now nothing in the sustenance treas-

he takes after the person he is named for. I confess that little fellow has a strong hold on my affections. Is it because he is a baby or the name? I think a little of both. Thornwell is a blue eyed boy with golden hair and rosy cheeks.—February 18th, 1878.

The Mule—We have got a mule at the Orphanage before they bought her they tried her we halled the sills of the kitchen with her and when we got through halling them we halled some wood and then that evening I plowed her and we liked the way she worked and we bought her. We give \$80.00 for her. We got her from Mr. Butler Furgerson. We have had her little over a week. She won't kick or run away either. But she don't like the

ury. What are we to do? Oh, Lord, I look to thee unless thy grace bring help, we will sink and perish. Hear me, Oh, my Father, for these children's sake. My dear wife thinks that she must soon leave the Orphanage. This troubles. Her comfort and health must be considered. Nobly and faithfully has she stood by me to help me, these two years past. God give her grace and strength for such time as it is best for her to remain here.

August thirtieth—I have just returned from a four days trip to New Harmony Church, where I have been assisting Ripley. I preached seven times for him in four days. We received four new members. I came back to find our work advancing very slowly. We have moved the Printing office up to the third story and here I expect to do a great deal of my work in the writing line.

September second—Today I found myself deserted. The Camp meeting at Hopewell had drawn away my entire congregation. Ought I not to withstand these camp-meetings? With my present views of duty they seem more dangerous even than our ordinary dancing parties. I see the evil effects in my own flock for weeks after the camp. They are destroying the sabbath.

September fifteenth—I have had one experience within the past few days which will, I hope, help me to remember the words

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how and when and where.

I will at least try to keep my lips shut when know tale-bearers are about.

September seventeenth—But we do sadly need a kitchen and piazza and an assistant for Mary. These are our most pressing needs. Mary has too much to do. We have either too

steam mill much. She is a dove color and has a black streak down her back. She is not a very large mule. I like her very much. Feb 26—*D. T. Booser.*

Old Fan's Departure—Old Fan was a very good old horse. She used to belong to the Orphanage but she was sold for five dollars. She left the Orphanage last Tuesday week. I was sorry to see her leave and some of the children went out and told her goodbye. She had a very sore leg and often would get down and couldn't get up by herself.

The New Sewing Machine—It was given to the Orphanage by Mrs. Black-

many children or too little help. But the question is—who to get and how to pay her.

October sixth—I begin to believe that it is now my duty to get ready to leave the Orphanage. It presses me sorely to discharge my duties faithfully in both institutions. It is still harder on my wife. She has been compelled to give up all attention to the flock. I need a guide from on high. Lord, shape my ways.

October eighth—Last night at our educational meeting we either destroyed all hope for Clinton College or sowed seed to germinate centuries hence. I have kept this matter a long time in my mind. I see that it will indeed be 1789 and may be 1979 before the cornerstone is laid. I plead thine aid, Oh Lord. I am ready to sink. Help me, my dear Savior, and provide for these children.

October twelfth—By the last mail the Lord heard my prayers and sent me \$37.50. God be praised.

October fourteenth—Today my Sunday School agreed to undertake the support of Mr. Tse Kyin-Tsang. He is our missionary. So then my Sunday School has a missionary of its own. Did I ever think I would live to see my church supporting a native foreign missionary?

October twenty-first—Last Wednesday Mr. Scott took me to Newberry and by three o'clock I was taking dinner with Mr. C. Boucknight in Columbia. Synod was to meet me at eight P. M. I had a good opportunity to speak for the Orphanage, my few remarks were very kindly met—and several handed me gifts. One brother with tears in his eyes said "Take this dollar, my children may be there some day." It was his last dollar. I had pleasant visit to Dr. Woodrow's where I dined and Dr. Plumer's where I supped. It is now very probable that we will organize our long talked of new Presbytery next year. It is probably my fault that it was not organized before. I visited the Seminary where I met Lowry. Yesterday a five hour's ride brought me

wood, a very kind lady from Greenville City. It is the Graver and Baker Machine, runs easy and is very plain. Has but few attachments. I like to sew on it very much. It uses two spools of thread at once, one under and one on top so we can sew a long time before the thread gives out. I think it suits the children because it is plain. It has four drawers and is in a case which is very convenient. We send many thanks to the good lady for her kindness to the Orphanage.—*Minnie M.*

The Mite Society—The Mite Society met at the Orphanage last Friday night and we all had a nice time. We played Shaker dance, steal partners, Hog drovers and several other plays. Mr. Jacobs showed the Magic Lan-

home, where I found all very glad to see me. And Mr. Briggs is dead! What is this life?

October twenty-third—The session meets Sunday afternoon. The Board of visitors on the 7th and the Deacons on the third Monday night of each month. I pray God for his spirit in all these meetings.

October twenty-seventh—Last night an answer to special prayer to God for encouragement to believe in Him and his promises, I received \$21.00 for the building fund, Mr. Bell \$13.00 and Mr. Scott secured \$25.00 worth of provisions. Oh, how can I ever doubt the Lord. I will pray to Him for \$250.00 for this building fund. I feel sure we will get it all before Saturday, two weeks, or at least \$100.00, enough for our piazza. I feel as if the Lord were going to put it into our power to secure that. Then, our list of subscribers for remodeling the pulpit is nearly completed. We are to get up a new carpet, too, for the church. The Lord is sending life into us.

November sixth—This dear little church is certainly growing more liberal. I think our congregation will raise for home purposes nearly \$400.00 beside my salary of \$700.00 and the Orphanage \$150.00. Our Foreign aid will reach \$100.00. Yesterday I was pleased with the Sunday School. We now have the Infant School, taught by my wife in the church. She has three teachers under her. We hope soon to have two preaching stations in the bounds of the congregation. I thank the Lord for so much done for him!

November seventh—At last the idea has been struck in our High School work. Mr. Lee, at my suggestion has agreed to add to and improve our present school building, to occupy the upper portion with his family and to add to the building if necessary. The result will be, I think, to establish the School upon a firm basis and to make it an improving affair. I shall consider this as the successful achievement of my labors to establish a boarding school and shall fight it out on this line for the

tern and I think we all enjoyed it. The Orphan children sang two pieces, Katydid and Goodnight.—*Cleo Patton*. March 12th, 1878.

March eighteenth—I will tell you something about Thornwell. One thing he can do is to walk by himself and that is the best thing I know about him. He loves to swing. I know that he loves Minnie, and I don't like that because he does not love me. I had rather for him to love me than Minnie. Thornwell gets a great many falls and he cries so loud that it sounds like he is hurt so bad. Thornwell fell out of the piazza and bumped his head. Minnie holds Thornwell most all the time nearly and I don't get to hold him a bit. I think Minnie ought to let me hold Thornwell some.—*Lou Darnell*.

rest of the campaign. My next effort will be to get the present property linked to Presbyterianism and in that I will succeed.

November twenty-fourth—Brother Chichester spent several days with me. He brought a note containing \$40.00 from old Dr. Plumer for the furnishing of the reception room in our Orphanage. We will try to do it nicely and will make it a real pleasure to the Columbians who visit me. He also gave me a five from his wife for our building fund. God reward him.

December first—Sabbath morning father preached for me and baptized our little "Thornwell." A good congregation.

December sixth—I will record here today's work to show how my time is filled. First, there was a chapter in English, one in Greek, one in Hebrew, then a private admonition with each of three of the boys and a conference with Mary about them then some reading, breakfast, worship, directions to the five boys about the work, then I consulted four or five authors on "the garden of Eden" then I wrote a full sermon, in the middle of which I stopped to go down with the farmer and prize the wagon out of the mire, after that I prepared 200 reports for the mails. Then some newspaper reading. After dinner, Harper's Magazine—then Mrs. Ferguson's funeral services—then a visit to Mr. Lee, a session of the farm committee—after that prayer meeting and an hour with the mail. So the days fly.

December eighth—Lord, help me, especially I pray thee help me to pay off this debt to Kit Young.

December ninth—Our children have got up ten mottoes in the Sunday School room. Miss Pattie has nearly enough for the carpet. Mr. Scott has subscribed \$45.00 for the pulpit and just now everything is abiaze for the cemetery. My salary alone is neglected but I am determined if they will not pay me, they shall pay liberally to everything else.

December eleventh—Received Mulier's Life of Trust and began reading it.

March twenty-third—*Thornwell Jacobs*—Thornwell is a great boy so he is and everybody loves him that has seen him and knows anything a bout him and if they don't they oughto I don't know how any body can help loving him he is so sweet I believe he is one of the pretties and sweetest babys I have ever seen he is a year and a month and three days old, he was born on the fifteenth of February in the year 1877 he came in this world at ten o'clock that night he was a year and a month old when he began to walk he is as fat as a butter ball and sweet as candy I will tell you some of his tricks he will walk to the tabble pull off the tabble cover and then he will laugh about it and one day I was washing the dishes and he came to the tabble where I was and brought with him one of his little

December fifteenth—I think it is wrong for us to owe a cent and I am determined to attempt to pay off that debt at once. It must not grow any larger. I do hope that it will be our last debt and if I can watch the business it shall not grow. Another thing troubles me. My dear wife has been troubled and low spirited and in bad health for weeks. I think she needs a little change. I pray the Lord to arrange it so that I can take her to Charleston next April, if it be His will.

December eighteenth—I have been reading very carefully Muller's Life of Trust. It is a good and valuable book. But I think he errs in generalizing his theory too far. I do not believe that the Lord's mind is that everybody should trust solely to Him. Why has He given us faculties if we are not to use them. In our work, the Lord has blessed those efforts that have been the result of prayer. He has blessed our prayerful labors. He has not blessed our prayerless labors. Thus He has taught us that praying and working go together. Muller's experience shows that the Lord can work without means. Mine will be to show that the Lord always blesses work and prayer if combined and proceeding on scriptural principles. These principles as far as I am able to decide them are:

First—untiring activity. This not beyond but up to our ability.

Second—fervent prayer. This not formal or at stated times, but constant.

Third—Scrupulous honesty. Not such an honesty as makes a fair balance sheet but that kind which attempts to do for the cause far more than the cause does for its promoter.

Fourth—Self-sacrifice.

Fifth—Humility. This is as hard as any part of it. Men love praise. It is very hard to consent to hide ourselves behind others.

Sixth—Close and devout attention to the work. I think the church and orphanage both often suffer because I neglect them.

brothers tin horses and the first thing I knew it was in my water and then I washed it good and gave it to Minnie to wipe and then I gave it to him again and he did same again an again until he went a way and he loves to look at the chickens and duks and cows two we cant hardly keep him in the house. he has three little pearl teeth he gets a great meny falls but he gets over them very quick and is laughing again I can't tell all of his funnie wayes We have to keep every door that goes out in the yard shut. He has a sore finger he has been sick a great deal. When he was about too monthes old he had the hooping cough and not long after

These are, as far as my experience has yet gone, the scriptural principles on which the Lord's work ought to proceed. I am grateful to record, however, that there is a constant growth in my experience and that it seems to me, the Lord by his providences, is constantly showing me the plain path to tread.

December twenty-second—God wonderfully provides for us when we actually need it. We needed a pump but could spare very little money—Batchley and Co., knock off two thirds of the price. We needed badly a sewing machine and Mrs. Blackwood of Greenville is going to send us one. We need a bell very much. We need a cow. Lord, thou knowest we need these things. Give them to us if it be thy will.

December twenty-seventh—We have tried to give the orphan children a delightful Christmas and our success was commensurate with our highest wishes. First there were the wonderful stockings full to the brim. Then there was the big Christmas dinner and after that, at night the beautiful Christmas tree, followed by a romp and the next morning two funny grab games in each of which they got a present and at night of that day—the Mite Society for the children.

December twenty-ninth—Today I am cast down in spirit for the sins of this people. The fruits of years of card playing begin to ripen into more and more pronounced forms of gambling, such as betting, raffling, wheels of fortune and the like. May God give me strength to battle against these giant evils.

that he had the pneumonia he has had a bad time in his life so far and he is devoted to Minnie Pitts. I believe he can talk we asked him if he wanted to go to the swing and he said yes so we thought I could tell as much more if I had time and as I have not I will close.—*Nonie E. Fripp.*

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

1878—Age 36

January fifteenth—Yesterday we elected “the prohibition” ticket in Clinton. I sincerely thank God for this and pray that we may be able to rule intemperance out of the place.

January nineteenth—I have succeeded in nearly getting “Liberia,” a “colored” cottage built in the woods. We also received from Moses Cole and Co. a nice lot of evergreens which we put out in our front yard and which in a few years will be a thing of beauty.

January twenty-sixth—We received two new lads tonight, Darby and Sam Fulton. I hope they will prove to be good boys.

January twenty-seventh—I heard last night that Mr. Scott is trying to buy us a cow.

February fourth—Mrs. Thornwell has left us. We greatly enjoyed her visit. Mr. Scott came in bringing a cow as a gift from Mrs. Sam Means to the Orphanage. God bless her. The reception room is now very prettily furnished. Mr. Bell thinks the money might have been spent better but would it have been honestly spent?

February tenth—Look back to December 22nd and read the prayer thus recorded. In answer God gives us a better bell than we then hoped for and two cows!

March sixth—I have felt for some time greatly saddened at the prospects before the church. We have removed Mr. _____ from the eldership, we have summoned _____ and _____ and must suspend them. We have suspended _____. We ought to suspend _____ and _____. We have just dismissed three members. These men are all presuming that the church must have their money and we must show them the contrary. Lord, help me in my trying and delicate position.

April twelfth, 1878—Thornwell Jacobs. Thornwell is a smart baby and a pretty one too I think every one loves him I know I do I know that he is the sweetest baby I ever saw. He has a great deal sense he has got four teeth when he was cutting them he had two spasms it frightened us very much and the doctor came and cut his gums could not look at him he was well in two or three days he is sick at present has a hot fever and I hope he will be well soon. Mrs. Jacobs taught him to sing and when you tell him to sing he saves ta ta ta he sounds so sweet. he can walk now but I am afraid that if he gets sick so much that he will fall back in walking

March seventh—Our kitchen is done. The workmen are dismissed. Now, I pray the Lord for funds to put up our piazza before the heat of summer sets in. Still I will wait on him if it takes years.

March eleventh—When I look back over the way the Lord has led me, especially in the prosperity he has given the Orphanage, I feel as if I could not praise Him enough. If He has found me bent on folly at any time, He has so blocked my way that I could not go there and step by step has given me wisdom to work out what was for the best. I have seen this so often that some of my friends may have attributed to vacillation what really arose from seeking to know the Lord's will. When once I really believed that a plan was of the Lord, I was firm enough therein. I give a diagram of the lower rooms of the Orphanage, according to our present arrangement. The dotted line represents the piazza as I want to build it this summer.

March twentieth—Thirteen years ago tonight I was married. I thank God for these years and for the dear, helpful, good woman that for these years has helped to lighten my burden.

March twenty-fifth—God seems to be pointing me to the fact that for the church's good I must be an inmate of the institution no longer than a new home can be built.

March twenty-seventh—Sabbath next I preach our anniversary sermon. I have been here fourteen years.

March twenty-eighth—Today our Sunday School will run up to 175, notwithstanding the measles in town, 127 present. I also had an audience of over a hundred in church.

May second—Yesterday evening we had a successful meeting of our Brotherhood. I think it did good, having resulted in this at least, that Mr. Green agreed to serve as elder and we will proceed to elect another elder at the congregational meeting to be held on the afternoon of the anniversary. The aggregate of all gifts to the orphanage in April was \$235.00.

The reason that he is sick so much we feed him too much. The boyes has got some marbles and Thornwell likes to play with them he hadley ever get to tho. Mrs. Jacobs bought him a pair of shoes with heels he did look I can't name all of the funnie things he does so I will close about Thornwell.—*Minnie Pitts.*

Ficing the church up for Presbytery. Miss Pattie and some of us children went around the church to fix it up for Presbytery. We went on Tuesday to wash the window glasses. Miss Emma Watts and Nannie Phinney came round there to help us we had a hard time washing the window glasses they were the dirtiest windows I ever did see. We swept so funnie at first we laughed at him and he would not walk but in a few

May twenty-first—We have come to the verge of need and there is nothing coming in. Lord send us this day our daily bread. I have written six letters asking aid but the dear Lord can send it before any human help can avail.

May twenty-second—Oh I thank thee, blessed father, that to strengthen my faith thou hast done this very thing. Last night the bill of goods came in, and we had nothing in the treasury. But by the same mail came over \$30.00 from a most unexpected source, being more than the special sum needed and as I believe in answer to an earnest prayer of mine, yesterday to this effect "Lord, I have no reason to hope for a cent by this mail as our supplies have been very few of late. I have written letters that, by thy aid, will, I trust bring relief in a few days but thou canst gloriously strengthen my faith by sending in a supply for this evening's need before my letters could possibly be answered." And He did it.

May twenty-seventh—Yesterday morning we had 161 present in Sunday School—the largest attendance I have had.

May twenty-eighth—Today, fourteen years ago I was ordained to preach the gospel. As I look back over these years, I sadly feel my negligence of duty, my incompetence, my idleness and carelessness in the great work that God gave unto my keeping. Yet I feel that these fourteen years have not been unfruitful. My marriage, my five precious children, the growth of my church from nothing to a self supporting, active church, the establishment and growth of our Sunday School with its brightening prospects, the prayer meetings, men led to lead in prayer and public speaking, the powerful work of God in my hands in the Orphanage, these years at the printing press, the Clinton High School and library society, the establishment of the colored church, my meetings for the press, labors in church courts, conventions and the like, all these things come before me and comfort and encourage me. I know I could have done much more, especially as a preparer of better sermons, and better and more pastoral visiting. I pray God that I may not weary in well-

minutes I took him and he walked by him self. The other evening Minnie and I took him over to Mrs. Jacobs old house to see the flowers and every cow he came to he would say mu mu mu as we were coming home we crossed a bridge and he heard his shoes and walked back again. He likes to stay out does and look at the coves and pick up stickes he can't talk but he can make signs and if you don't go the right way he will pull till he makes you. He looks so sweet telling goodnite and kissing the children the whole church over it was mighty hard to get the church clean. Miss Pattie washed the lamps very clean and nice. Mr. Tribble fixed the doors. Mr. Scott and Mr. Tribble painted the blinds for Presbytery. The blinds

doing, but may rather gain courage, again to undertake great things for my blessed Lord.

June sixth—I long for the day to come when having a quiet, pleasant house built, here on the Orphanage place, I may with less interruptions and with more helpers, live a quiet family life with my children growing up around me, my church prosperous and time to write books. All this and heaven too!

June sixteenth—Yesterday I spent in Laurens in a pleasant visit to father.

June twenty-first—We have now nearly enough money to warrant us in beginning the work on the front piazza of the Orphanage.

June twenty-fourth—But oh the dearth of conversions! God is blessing my other efforts. Blessed Master, what does it all amount to if souls are not saved? Lord, convert this people. I pray for multitudes of precious, perishing souls. Lord, revive thy work.

July third—Wonderfully is God sustaining us. Glory be to His holy name. Not a cent of debt except G. C. Y's note for \$100.00 and cash enough in hand to pay that.

July seventh—Blessed work today for which I thank the Lord. Five united with the church, among them my own child Florence. Lord make her truly thine. Four of our orphans also joined and Henry Vance. Thank God! To me a pleasant day. My soul was in it. Dear Lord, give me more. This is but a taste. Lord, send me souls.

July seventeenth—I took Mary and the children up to Father's yesterday and propose to spend a day of quietness for each day of the next fourteen; in fact almost too much so. There are only thirteen of us at home.

August sixth—But alas, our return home was saddened by finding Mr. Green's house smouldering in ashes. Poor Mr. Green. He was with us! All he could say was, "I am ruined!"

makes the church look so much better than it did before. Wednesday we round there again and we swept the church over again. Julia and Florence went over to Mr. Jacobs house and got some flowers for the church. Julia had a hard time cleaning the spittoons. The boys came round there and cleaned the yard off. the church looked very pretty when we got through with it. *Fannie Agnew*—April the 25th.

The Little Chickens—Feeding the chickens is my business. I have to feed them twice a day. I like it very well. We have six hens with chickens and one with ducks and six setting. When they come off I will have

August thirteenth—I went to see Mrs. Albright yesterday and got her to move her membership back to the Clinton Church. Oh, God, give me courage to speak to these perishing souls that are without. Members! members! I do love this work of mine. I love my church and wish to draw them nearer still to myself and myself nearer to the Lord. My soul struggles with the Lord for the support of these precious orphans.

August twenty-fifth—On my return home, I found our piazza complete and the workmen gone. It adds greatly to the comfort of the house. Mr. Scott has also returned and brought \$75.00 in money and much provisions to come. Also lumber enough for our laundry and fence promised. I rejoice over this. Mr. Scott's services are invaluable.

August thirtieth—I know it will not do to give way. Discouragement is the bane of old age. May the good Lord keep me fresh, vigorous and determined.

September fourth—God has given me a very pleasant field of labor. There is, however, one thing that troubles me and that is, the future education of my children. May I not trust the Lord who has done so much for me hitherto to provide still further until my life is ended and oh, then, if he will but give me a mansion where He is.

September fifth—I find my health somewhat improved and the whole family in the same condition. But Oh! isn't this yellow fever in the west, awful?

September twelfth—Last night, Mary and I took tea at elder Copeland's. I was so glad to find so warm a welcome with a sweet kiss from both Lizzie and Jessie. I love these children.

September sixteenth—Our collection yesterday for the yellow fever sufferers was \$15.00. It ought to be \$50.00. Yet it is the largest single collection ever taken up in the church.

September twentieth—Today I rode to Laurens and preached for father. We have been enjoying a visit from John Dillard for the past few days. I am sorry to say Mary is sick again.

so many to feed that it will take me a long time to feed them. I like to have little pet chickens but I can't have them here. *Ella Entekin* Apr. 25.

Our Bell—When the world was made there were places all over the whole earth where there were beds of iron, tin and copper. This metal stayed there for century after century. Without anyone knowing it. But at last it was found out. The people used it for armor and other things. So they began to dig in the earth to find these metals and after a while they united them together and formed them in rings and striking it with a piece of iron they found that it would make a ringing sound. They called them

October first—Three years ago we entered the Orphanage. Each year the Lord has blessed us more and more.

October fourth—We are in great pecuniary straits. I call upon the Master to send aid but no aid comes. Lord, let not my sins and faithlessness keep back from these children thy loving kindness.

October twenty-ninth—I returned last night from a trip to Synod at Spartanburg. The ride with Brother Green was very cold both there and back. My stay at Mr. Judd's in company with Dr. and Bro. Nall was, however, exceedingly pleasant. The great event of the Synod was the erection of the Presbytery of Enoree. Notes of this movement have been set down in this book from time to time. Although I was one of the originators of the plan, and have thought much about it, yet I have had little to do with its success. Although I believe I could by a few words have prevented it. I sincerely believe it to be for the interests of the Master, expecting to be prominent and active in every good work in it. I am elected Stated Clerk of the new Presbytery. But my heart is in all the works it has on hand.

October thirtieth—On my return, I find Mary much better and all the children well.

November eighteenth—Oh, how thankful to record that for fifteen years I am for the first time out of debt, the only balances against me, being of those who will be in debt to me before next year closes. I am grateful to God that the consummation, long and devoutly to be wished seems at last here and that I will soon be able to lay aside the shackles and get ready to give myself a trip to Europe and my boys a first class education. Lord, I rejoice in thee for this. How good, God has been to me thus far in prospering my way. I have had many hindrances but he seems to be smoothing the way before me, now that the burden of souls, yea and of bodies, too, begins to grow heavy upon me. I can truly say I do not covet riches for their own sake but I desire a competence and—books—that I may serve the Lord better than

bells and made them better and better an of different sizes. After a while some men in Ohio in the city of Cincinnati united together and formed a company called Blymyer and Co. They collected large quantities of these metals and made bells of a great many different sizes. They put in a furnace and melted it and made a bell weighing about a hundred pounds and gave half to the Thornwell Orphanage and the ladies of Greenville paid the rest. And it now calls the children to dinner and tells them when to stop work.—R. C. Wilson.

Bathing—I love to bathe. We boys go down to the washhold every Saturday and we go to the Washhold some evening after school and if we don't get back in time we will get a demerit. Tommie and I haveter get back

I do. While I rejoice in God's goodness in this matter I will not forget to thank him for my dear wife's improving health which is a very, very great matter to me.

December eleventh—I do so rejoice at the improvement of Mary's health. The Lord has shown his kindness to me in this.

December sixteenth—Today Kit Young called round and offered to give up his note for \$110.00 if I would pay him \$100.00. As this was a good offer and a good opportunity for the Orphanage to make \$10.00 I concluded to use \$100.00 I had for the children's gift fund and to meet this debt. So the Orphanage had paid off its last dollar of the old indebtedness. No man has any paper against us, thank God!

December twenty-fifth—We are all now exceedingly anxious to carry our village for temperance. It is going to be a hard task. We have a hundred votes, about equally divided—the whites for temperance and the negroes nearly all against it.

December thirty-first—Nine P. M. In three more hours the year will have ended. Sleep has settled down upon the family. Ferdie and I are alone, burning the student's oil and so I have drawn out this book to close up its pages. Tomorrow a new year and a new book will be opened. I must look back over the year and see what it has amounted to.

That blessed woman! I do not know how I could have done without her. She is a treasure. Her health very greatly distresses me and it is my constant and daily prayer to my dear Lord Jesus, that he would spare her precious and useful life to me and mine. Two more hours and the year ends. Its 365 days have been cut off of my life. I am a year nearer eternity. Tonight I feel that the love of Christ is a precious and glorious gift to me. I love thee O my Master. I wonder that thou couldst accept such a poor gift as my wild heart, so often false to thee and to itself—but this I know, the Lord died for me. It is a glorious thought. I know not how soon he may call me to leave everything behind but this I know, that if He will only make sure to bestow on me eternal life and to see his blessed

before any of the boys because we have to feed and milk—*Johnnie*.

Fishing, May twenty-ninth—All of the boys went to fishing yesterday evening. We first went to the washhold, a place near one of the heads of bush river where we went in a washing. Johnnie and I did not stay long we went on down the river and when the other boys caught up with us we had a small string of fish. Then we went on down the creek for a little distance when we came to a large Mulberry tree. We set to work and gathered our hats full which we brought to the girls. We gave the fish to Mr. Jacobs.—*RCW*.

person, I would not hesitate one moment to say with Paul, "To depart and be with Christ is far better." It is only when I am drawn away by a fear lest I shall not have everlasting life that death seems terrible. If I could but hold with irresistible faith that glorious proposition that Christ hath brought immortality to light, I would be contrite and would glorify God with thanksgiving. It is more than faith I want. I crave to know. I am not satisfied with saying "I believe" "I am persuaded" I want to say "I know;" to say it most intensely and profoundly. *I know.* Oh, my God, grant me this knowledge.

And now, blessed Lord, I close the year and this book together. All its secrets that are unrecorded here, thou knowest. It is my pain and my joy that thou knowest. Blot out, Oh Lord the errors and the short-comings. And grant large success to all good labors. Oh, blessed father, crown my life's work with success. This year crushes me with its failures. Oh, lift me up, Lord, lift my life higher—higher. I would be wholly consecrated to thee, that I might show thy people a life hid with Christ in God. Lord I leave it all—all—all with thee. Where another month will find me I know not, but Oh, let no times, no seasons separate me from Thee, or dim my love, my own Lord Jesus, or blunt my zeal in thy causes. Grant to me to love Thee better, to work harder for Thee, every year and when thy work for me in this life is done, as it is now done in this year, Oh, give to me proof of my longing hope that I shall live forever and with Thee! No better thing than this can I conceive. I crave, my soul cries out for it. I long, I pant after, yea yearn more than hart for water-brook. Lord, bless me and mine forever. Amen.

One more has been added to our number his name is Frank Cripps. He is very lively and we have a great deal of fun. He, Ferdie and the calf are very great friends.—*Flora Pitts.*

The New Piazza—A piazza has been built in front of the Orphanage, Alexander the great and Solomon of the wise built it. The honorable Charlie Park helped to put on the tin and dress some of the plank. A man by the name of Mr. Keene took the contract of the tin.—*Ferdie Jacobs.* August 25th, 1878. The piazza improves the front of the house very much.

The Wise Hen—The Orphanage has a hen that is very smart. She will come in the pantry to lay so as to save the trouble of bringing the eggs in the house. She loves to go in the school-room whether she goes in to see how the room looks or to study we do not know as we have never heard her say anything about it. She is very fond of the cookroom. She is a white hen and is very large and fat. I hope she will live long and be wise.—*Julia M. Fripp.*

October eighth, 1878—Mrs. Jacobs birthday was on the 7th day of October. It was her 35th birthday, nearly all of the children gave her a present. Yesterday was the first day she had been down to breakfast for two weeks. She has been sick. When she came down her plate was full of presents, we all like for Mrs. Jacobs birthday to come so that we can give her presents.—*Cleo Patton.*

October eleventh, 1878—Ferdie's birthday was on the 6th of October and

1879

January fourth—Mrs. Owens came yesterday to ask for the admission of Bobbie Craig to the Orphanage. Is it not strange, the ways of Providence, that there should be one applying for help to us whose father so ridiculed the institution? God's ways are wonderful.

January seventh—Since yesterday our plans and purposes are materially altered. The Board of Visitors met last night and I presented my dear wife's resignation as matron. She and I will remain in the Orphanage for this year. During that time every effort will be put forth to erect an additional building for our special accommodation and for the aid of a few more children. It is the beginning of a great enlargement of the work and will bind me yet closer to the work, to which the Lord has called me. We also admitted Bobbie Craig. It seems so strange that this little boy whose father was once so rich, now looks to the Lord alone for support through this Orphanage that his father esteemed so lightly.

January eleventh—Mary still continues very sick. O God spare her precious life to me and restore her strength fully.

January sixteenth—I sit down to write with a bursting, breaking heart. Oh my God, help me. Mary, darling, Mary my own sweet precious wife, how can I bear this separation? Gone! so quickly, so unexpected. I shall—well heart beat on, but every beat is a sledge hammer striking pain. She died at eleven thirty five today. Her last look was into my eyes and then her precious soul went out in glory. I know she is with my Savior. She loves him so. He would not forsake her in this hour. No! No! No! but Oh, my Lord, what shall I do? Help me, Oh, my God. I am failing, falling, falling. Half the world is gone out to me. Wherever I look some token of My Mary's love strikes me. Oh, my God, forsake me not in this hour. The evil that I greatly feared is come upon me.

It was love that cut short the expiring breath from her dear lips—at the recognition of our tears about her bed. Oh,

Mrs. Jacobs' birthday was on the seventh of October. Ferdie was sick but he got a great many presents. He got a nice knife and a nice hat. He was ten years old.—*Annie*.

October eleventh, 1878—We children at the Orphanage get a great many hickory nuts. We have six large trees in the yard. We had more last year than we could eat. The girls do not get any walnuts but the boys go off and get them and in the winter when they open their boxes they give the girls some. We gather hickory nuts every day as fast as they drop. All of the children like hickorynuts.—*Nonie Fripp*.

October eleventh, 1878—*Hickorynuts*—It is the time to gather hickory-

Mary, Mary, Mary how can I give thee up. Oh, my life, my love, I had thee fourteen years and yet I would give everything for one short hour's converse with thee. Pity me, pity me, O my friends. Help me, oh, my God. She lies now in our reception room so sweet and still in death. She will never speak to me any more.

Four days have passed since she was buried—they have contained the bitterest experiences of my life. But today I feel that the agony of death is past. I have suffered that which none but God will ever know. Her end was like the falling of a babe to sleep, so peaceful, not a gasp or struggle for breath—the heart and lungs just stopped their work, not even a sigh was heaved but she left off her hold on life and fell back to cling forever to her Savior's side. I feel the greatest comfort too in the thought that she died perfectly conscious. That look into my eye, the last fond look, I never will forget, as long as life lasts, and in eternity I will talk with her about it. I feel drawn closer to heaven than ever I was before. I can say "I love the Lord!" Yes, tho He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

January twenty-first—I walked down over the farm today but I could not think in any way but this:

Oh to be nearer, nearer
Close in to my Savior's side;
Leaning my head on his bosom,
Awaiting the ebb of the tide.

I have never felt such a still and quiet rest on the Master before

nuts. We have not gathered many hickorynuts this year. The boys of the Orphanage have hickorynuts every since last year until this year. The hickorynuts have not begun to drop fast and that is the reason we have not got many. Some of the children go out nearly every evening to gather hickory nuts. It is a great many hickorynuts in the woods at the Orphanage.—*Darby Fulton.*

October eleventh, 1878—The Orphanage—The Orphanage has improved. It has a piazza and is going to have a laundry room built. Mr. Scott returned from a visit to the country about a week ago. Tonight we are going to have a Mite Society. Mr. John Dillard came here yesterday and Miss Lalla Rook came yesterday, too, to see Mrs. Jacobs.—*Frank Cripps.*

October twelfth—Scott the Calf—Poor little Scott has been at the Orphanage a long time doing well and growing fast. When he first came to the Orphanage he was a little calf and Tommie would go to hunt him every evening and sometimes could not find Scott. Frank came to the Orphanage. He and Ferdie took that business and they kept it up a long time till the calf went down on the wash hole and he was gone nearly two weeks and just got back yesterday and we were all glad to see him.—*Minnie Pitts.*

Plowing—Tommie and I were plowing all this week and D plows the horse and Tommie and I plow the mule. D plows every day. Tommie and I take day about. I like to plow very well Mr. Jacobs gives us ten cents

in all my life. I feel that what I have suffered as it has brought to Mary eternal happiness, has wrought in me more faith and a deeper trustfulness in my dear Lord. The Board met last night and elected Mrs. Sallie Lee, Matron. I sincerely hope that she may accept. They passed some very kind and touching resolutions about Mary. Sometimes a wave of sorrow comes over me, striking me down to the earth but I now have learned to think of Mary, not as dead, but as living. I shall see her again in the presence of my Savior and hers and in the better country. Until then, I will bide near Thee, O Lord.

January twenty-third—A week ago today! I find my exterior perfectly calm, but I have lost the zeal for the things of this world that once so filled me. I long to be more useful in Christ's kingdom to do more and better work for Him. Oh, what a sweet precious wife I have lost!

January twenty-fifth—The breezes have blown gently for the Orphanage for a long, long time. But now there comes a furious counterblast from the Abbeville Press and Banner, charging us with all manner of deceit and fraud. It would trouble me sadly if it were true. Blessed Master, I lay this work at thy feet. Destroy me or this work if so be thy will. It is thine. I am thine. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I am sometimes as full of sorrow as I can hold when I think of my dear, precious dead wife, Lord, help me to bear this.

I received a check for \$50.00 from Harrodsburg, Ky., last night. I bless God for this sign of His encouraging help.

January twenty-fifth—I was enabled today to conduct my Sunday School and to preach a very, very poor sermon which was almost extempore; text: Isa. 40:1. My dear wife seemed to rise before my eyes always. Yet I trust that in my bitter sorrow the Lord will help me and strengthen me for good. I

every acre we plow. Tommie and I plow with the mot plow and D plows with the other kind—*Johnnie E. Agnew.*

Weeks—There are seven days in a week and twenty four Hours in a day and four weeks in a moth and between twenty eight and thirty days and thirty one. One month has twenty eight and all of the other months thirty an thirty one.—*Darby Fulton.*

Potato Kilns—This week all of us boys had to get potatoes. D plowed and we picked them up. Then after that Charlie made two potato kilns and then made a house over them to protect them from the cold and bad weather. They will keep all winter and we can have them to eat.—*Frank Cripps.*

Mr. Scott went up town last Saturday morning and bought a bucket-full of apples, they were very nice. Mrs. Jacobs gave us all three apples a piece. They were not very large ones but they were might good.—*Fannie Agnew.*

have now set to work once more and will set out on the journey of life with a determination that I shall be not alone but He is with me. I went out to Huntsville in the afternoon and there had quite a good audience. I will continue to preach there this year. At night, not so good a congregation.

January twenty-eight—Yesterday I carried mother back to Laurens. She has been with me ever since Mary's release. I do not know what I could have done without her and yet I must do without one who for fourteen years has sat and walked and slept by my side. Oh the burden! the burden. Lord, I know this sorrow is remediless. Help me to bear it. Sweet, dear, precious wife—mine no longer, what would I not give for just a few short words from you. Her very last words to me were in answer to my question "Mary do you still put your trust in Jesus?" "Yes, yes" she said, "He is all I have to trust in, now." Oh, sweet blessed wife, sainted and safe. God keep thee. But my poor life, what shall I do?

January twenty-ninth—Yesterday I began my work for the Master—alas, that my zeal is born of sorrow. I find it my pleasure now, for the first time since I became a Pastor, to visit my flock. Sometimes I have feared that God took my Mary away from me because I loved her better than I loved His church. And, strange contradiction, in the next minute, I fear that he took her because I did not sufficiently lighten her burdens. I pray God to sanctify this great sorrow to my soul. I cannot realize everything. I never could. Is Mary gone? I look for her sweet face to look in through the door. I think surely she will come in soon. Every night I dream of her. O God help me.

January thirtieth—It is very, very hard to get over this terrible burden. It is not that I am inconvenienced by it for Miss Pattie is doing her best and that best is noble, to carry on the work but Oh, the light that is gone out! Mary darling, I love you

Mr. Scott's Return—Mr. Scott came in from his journey last Saturday night. He brought back two little pigs, four chickens, four pairs of shoes and some other things.—*James F. Jacobs.*

November twenty-sixth—Mrs Mamie Lee and Miss Carrie Pyles spent the night with Miss Fattie They laughed a great deal. I think they enjoyed themselves for they were very merry. Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McCrary were here too. I think that his wife is very pretty. He is a good looking gentleman. We had to sing for them. We sang Birdie's Ball. The ninety and nine and some other pieces.—*Florence Jacobs.*

The Chickenhouse—We have got a chickenhouse. Charlie and Uncle Alex built it in two days. It is two storys high and has a staircase to go to the second storie for the chickens. There are two long rows and one short one of hens nests. The bell is on the top of the chicken house. Mr. Scott is coming some time this week and I am very glad to hear it for I have not

so. I stretch out my hands to you, but you cannot touch them. I call to you but you do not answer. Father Almighty, my sweet wife is in thy keeping. I know she is safe with thee; but, Father, I miss her so.

February—In my trouble, Florence, my precious little daughter is a great comfort to me. She comes as near as a daughter could do to taking her mother's place. I love her even as I love my own soul.

Oh, if I had but one half hour's talk with my darling wife. I think of her every moment in the day. I dream of her all night. Oh, my Father, my soul is cast down within me and there is no help. Irreparable. Irrevocable. Oh, my God, pity thy poor worm. Lord, Lord, Lord, pity me, for my soul is sore troubled.

February fourth—I work on. I pray on. But Oh, the burden. It grows heavier and heavier. Oh, my God, help me or I perish. I walk in darkness and see no light. It is a sin, it is cowardice to long so to be in heaven with Mary. Oh, my Lord, give me strength.

February seventh—The papers, especially in Abbeville County, are after me and the Orphanage, because we have tried to get the people to contribute to its support. I am very uncertain as to the best course to pursue. I think I shall be compelled to reply and yet of all things in the world, I despise a newspaper controversy. The *Press and Banner* accuses me of fraud, etc. The *Ninety-Six Guardian* of incompetency. I know not why the blessed Master has allowed this avalanche to descend upon me just at this particular time when my heart is smarting under a heavy sorrow but I know that he can make even the wrath of man to praise him. May he give me wisdom in this trying hour that I may not err. I shall, to the best of my ability, write out a short reply in as gentle a way as I can for the *Ninety-Six* paper. As to the *Press and Banner* I know not what to do for

seen him in a good while.—*John Frank Cripps*, April 23rd, 1879.

The Laundry Room—*April twenty-third, 1879*—The Orphanage has had a house built. It is called the laundry it has and up stairs and a down stairs. The up stairs is made for a work shop. It had got a batheing house for the girls. They use it for a doll house now. It has got six windows in it. Ellie James, Edd Haris and Bill Leak built it.—*Darby Muldro Fulton*.

The Anniversary—Was on the tenth of May. it was at the church we went around to the church on Friday and decorated it with garlands of cedar an mottoes. There were four mottoes. He leadeth me, May 10th, 1864. To the work, Thy kingdom come and All praise to Jesus, it was over the pulpit. We had speeches from Mr. L. A. McCord, Mr. John Young, Mr. W. E. Owens in the morning and from Henry Nance, Willie Bailey, Herbert James, Willie Harris and Mace Copeland.—*Florence*.

their attack is so evidently malicious and done behind my back, they not having sent me a copy of their paper. Now, blessed Master, come thou to mine aid. Without Thee, I can do nothing. Thou knowest, Lord, that I am innocent in the thing that they lay to my charge. Still, Lord, this is thy work. If it is to go down, well Master, it is thy will, so be it. But Oh, my God, I pray Thee let not the wrath of thine enemies prevail. Thou knowest, Lord, that it is for thy sake I am persecuted and that they speak all these things falsely against me on thy matters. Lord, be it even so. Thy will, not mine, my Master. Now, Lord, calm thou my mind for this day's work.

February twelfth—I have replied to the articles against me in the Abbeville papers. I shall not take any further notice of anything they may say, except to state the facts as they are, without any personalities. I have drawn great encouragement from the Scripture in this time of discouragement. I believe the Master is sending sorrow upon sorrow on me to drive me nearer the truth and to show me the glory of his Word. It looks as tho the burden upon me was heavy enough—sleepless nights from neuralgia, the stinging falsehoods of enemies and my sweet wife snatched from my loving arms. Oh, my Master, pity and help me. Keep me from giving up in despair. Oh, my portion forever, my strength faileth. It is a time of bitterness in my soul. Lord, pursue not thy worm to death. Lord, help me or I perish.

February thirteenth—Yesterday we had rain all day and I spent a day in indoor work. The morning was one of unutterable longing to see my dear, dear wife. The Lord will, I know, strengthen me but Oh, the burden.

February fourteenth—It is exceedingly hard to get into real-down-right work. I fear I am allowing my heart breaking grief to go beyond moderation. My Master, help me. Oh, how can I bear this life-long separation from one that I loved better than I love life itself. It is irretrievable. Lord, help me to bear it.

Yesterday was my birthday. I had a very nice time. I got two presents. Florence gave me one and Thornwell gave me the other.—July the 9th, 1879
—*Carrie Freer*.

About Thornwell—Thornwell is a dear little white headed boy with grey eyes. I believe every child in the Orphanage loves him. I know I love him dearly. I believe he loves me. I love to sleep up stairs. Wish he calls me. He sounds so sweet he has got such a kind Father. I think I must stop now—*Clelia Freer*—When my Mother and Father forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

We have one less in our family. God has seen fit to take from the midst of us one of our little boys. He has taken our little Frank up to his heavenly home where he will have no more trouble nor pain. He had the con-

February fifteenth—My little Thornwell is two years old today. Poor little fellow, had it not been for him, his mother would have been alive today. May he make noble use of the life purchased at such a price.

A letter from Ripley tells me that he is going to Texas.

February seventeenth—May the Master give me a brave heart and enable me faithfully to do my life's work. My dear friends have written letters of sympathy and consolation. Aye, and they do comfort but it is not such comfort as makes this world bright and fair or brings back the sunlight. It cheers me with thoughts of eternity but, oh, how desolate life is without my darling! Oh, my master, keep me from such thoughts as this. It drives me mad. Separated until eternity! I shall never see her sweet face again, her loving smile and tender look. Lord, Lord, help me. Give me strength to bear and give me courage to do.

February eighteenth—I have forgotten all this while that I have my children to live for. I ask the Lord to draw my affections closer to them. They are a precious heritage to me. Mary and I are united in them.

February twenty-third—Mr. Scott returned last night and brought \$40.00 with him. He has raised on this trip \$115.00 in money besides other funds and necessaries.

February twenty-sixth—I received last night a letter from Rev. Dr. Goulding who about 1856 was my teacher for a while. I never had happier days than those I spent in his school in North Georgia. Alas, me! He wrote to comfort me. He has passed through the same fierce affliction. May God bless him and the many, many dear friends who have remembered me in my low estate.

March twelfth—I have just come across an old letter of Mary's ending in the words: "God bless and keep you darling husband till you get home.!" Oh, my beloved wife, how can I

jection of the brain. He was sick only three days. We all loved him very dearly.—*Florence Jacobs*, September 23rd, 1879.

October thirtieth, 1879.—To night is prayer meeting night and all have gone to prayer meeting except a few of us. Carrie was in study hour tonight. She has got well and I am glad to say Mr. Jacobs is expecting some new scholars soon now we are ready for them there is 25 now in the Orphanage with dear little Thornwell he is such a sweet little boy—*Clelia Freer*.

Mr. Scott's return. He returned last Saturday and we were very glad to see him. He is always greeted with a "hearty welcome." "Charley, his

bear this separation? Oh, my Master keep thee safely, sweet, till I get home to thee. Mary, Mary, if I only loved the Lord as I love thee!

March fifteenth—Today I am 37 years old. With my children I went to Laurens and spent the day with Mother. I left them all to stay a few days, brought father home to preach for me tomorrow.

March sixteenth—I had a hundred at the Sabbath School and a large congregation. Father preached. The sorrow still gnaws away at my heart. Mary, darling, is hardly ever out of my mind. She was a sweet, good wife as true as steel to me and to her principles. Oh, if I only knew that I would know her again and that we would love each other in heaven! I believe it, but faith is not knowledge. It seems like a long and terrible dream. Surely, I say to myself, Mary will come back to me! No! No! she and I are separated while I live. And will death restore her to me? I crave it as the choicest joy that ever came to me.

It is now over two months that Mary went to Heaven. What a sweet, beautiful character hers was. A hundred times a day, I find myself thinking of her and recalling words, tones of her voice and actions. I did not know how tenderly I loved her. Dear, precious Mary, you are with our Savior. It is very, very selfish in me to long for you so and to wish you back so earnestly. But precious one, tho gone, I love you and think of you and dream of you. I would often and often recall things that you did long past, sometimes I fear you thought that I did not appreciate you but dear, precious wife, if you could only know my heart you would see plainly enough that you were everything to me. It seems a long, long time, Mary, to have to wait until I see you again. There is a whole life time to come in first. Dear Lord, help me to be patient and fill me with a loving trust in thee. I know my darling is safe and happy with thee, and that is enough.

March thirty-first—I was reading over some of my old

horse has a bad sore in his shoulder. Mr. Scott is a very pleasant gentleman he can laugh at all most nothing—*Florence*—Nov. 6.

Monday Mr. Jacobs set us planting out tatoe slips. I did not like it. *Ben.*

My Old Home—For four years I have been one of the inmates of the Thornwell Orphanage and although I will leave in a few days I will always love my dear old home and the kind and loving friends who have left their happy homes for us. For three years Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs have taken the care of this house upon their shoulders. They both have been a mother and father to us all. At the end of three years our heavenly Father called her to join his angels choir and to receive the reward he had promised to them that love him. Dear teachers you may not have your reward in this life but you know you will receive one in heaven—*Julia Fripp.*

journals of '72 yesterday in which I was ever questioning "Ought I to leave Clinton?" God has settled that question for me. I never ask it now.

Last week I had Elek and Charlie busy and have put up quite a nice poultry house for the Orphanage. Now, for the furnishing of the laundry and then clear the way for the Boys' Home. Blessed Master, help me in this. I pray thee. It is a great event and must needs be done for his glory. And then, why, we must go on then to the school and chapel room. Lord, thou hast called me to stand alone in this world. Help me to love thy church and thy cause with the added love that I felt for my darling.

April twenty-fourth— I see by the assembly minutes that only two Presbyterian Sabbath Schools in this state are larger than mine and both of these are in the city of Charleston.

April twenty-sixth—Today in looking over our seeds which my darling Mary provided for us to the last, put up last year, I came across a package of melon seed that this dear, sweet mother had put up for the States. She had written beside States' name on the envelope. "Where are the reapers, Oh, who shall come.". The envelope was pinned with a black pin. My heart bleeds as I think of her, but Oh, Mary, you are with our dear Savior. Bright happy spirit, I love you.

May twelfth—On Saturday last we had our 15th anniversary. It was a complete success in many respects. The church was decorated simply and beautifully. There were no failures on the part of any of our young performers. Everything went off well. The only draw-back was the crowd. There were too many people out.

May twenty-eight—On Tuesday week I left home, taking Florence with me for a trip to Charleston. I was delighted with my sojourn there, being received with open arms.

June—The sweet face of my darling wife is ever before me

1880

It is very cold weather and most all the children has had colds. It was just one year ago today since Mrs. Jacobs died. It seems like three or four years to us all. I hope our colds will get better—*Minnie Pitts*.

February twenty-third, 1880.—Thornwell was three years old on the 15th day of this month. He went to Mrs. Lee and Miss Pattie, telling them he was three years old. He is getting so he can talk very plainly. Foolishness is done up in the heart of a child but the rod of correction will bring it out.—*Florence*.

while I write. She is never out of my thoughts. I long to be with her. She will not return to me but I will go to her.

June third—Oh, Mary, my blessed one, I will never get over this unutterable longing to see you. My, Lord, my Lord, give me courage.

June fifth—The trouble with me is that I want to work up to high pressure gauge all the time and I find that a wearing business. I have always thought that the city pastor had more to do than the village pastor. Perhaps! I think there is work enough everywhere to be done. The trouble is to get willing to do it. I really believe that I have as much to do in Clinton as I ought to do. Results are not so great in the city. It takes more labor to bring about an equal amount of apparent success. And the amount of prayer is the issue.

June eleventh—We moved up yesterday to our new home in the third story. I like it very much. It is a source of pleasure to have my children all directly under my eye. I feel as if my dear wife would approve and rejoice over the new arrangements if she only knew it.

July fifth—This makes thirty families connected with my church now residing in the village of Clinton. When I took charge of the church there were only five.

August first—Mr. Scott has been very busy oiling and varnishing. He is making all of our old furniture look new. It costs the Orphanage nothing. Mr. Scott does all his work gratuitously.

August sixteenth—Mamie and Bessie have been with me and helped me greatly on *Our Monthly*.

August eighteenth—Our library society this year maintains a very sleepy existence, only five members.

August twenty-fourth—Father is back from his Virginia trip much refreshed. In the meantime I have greatly enjoyed the visits of my three sisters.

Be the motto what it may
Always speak the truth
If at work or if at play
Always speak the truth

Never from this rule depart
Always speak the truth
Grave it deeply on your heart
Always speak the truth

States Jacobs, Clinton, S. C. Feb. 26

August thirty-first—Summer ends today. Lord send me now the harvest. Oh, how much I miss my precious wife. Every time I kneel to pray the first prayer that I catch myself beginning to utter is the one that to Mary two thousand times I have uttered, "Lord bless my darling wife". I try and try to overcome this for the oft-repeated words end in a gush of pain. Master, help me. Shall I never lose this sense of utter loneliness, of unutterable longing?

September fifth—I have been very much interested in Astronomical studies, all my life. And am now trying to make arrangements for a telescope.

September seventh—Such things as this have happened to me over and over again these many years. Last week at each of the three mails, I did not receive a single cent for the Orphanage. It is true that we did not need the money and so this did not dismay me, but on Monday morning my mind was greatly exercised with the longing for a future life and Satan suggested a hundred doubts. My soul was darkened. Then I prayed the Lord for a clearer light, asking him to give me ocular proof. I thought of what he said to Ahaz and then I asked that the sign should be that at each mail this week I should receive one letter containing aid for the Orphanage. Now it often happens thus: I will get eight and ten letters with money, one mail and nothing for several mails thereafter, but this week, tho I received letters, many, yet at each mail I received just one money letter. What a good God is mine. Lord, hundreds of times thou hast given me the things I asked.

September eighth—A black day in our calendar. My pet and little friend, Frank Cripps was suddenly translated out of the world. Poor little fellow! I loved this strange lad and will miss him sorely. He was a good boy and for his peace, there is no fear. He was a child of the covenant. For the first time death has entered the Orphanage. What meanest thou, Oh, Lord?

September eleventh—Last night, way into the small hours

March fourth, 1880—We have a nother little girl came to the orphanage and she is a little girl and we were very glad to see her. She is a very nice little girl her name is Lizzie Witherspoon—*States Jacobs*, Clinton, S. C.

July the tenth—I am going to leave the Orphanage this morning, for five years I have been here. I do not know how to express my thanks to the kind friends that have taken care of me so long. I have learned how to do all kinds of work in school and out and best of all I have learned to love my savior. I hope I may prove my thankfulness by my actions. Worst of all, I hate to tell Mr. Jacobs goodbye. He is so kind to me and I will always love him wherever I go. I feel sad to leave; but I think it best. With mucn love to all in this house, I am one of the children—*Flora Pitts*.

of the morning I had some delightful thoughts of Jesus.

October eleventh—The Orphanage is again in stride. Dear Master Help me!

October twenty-first—We ought to have a male college in Clinton. There is no good reason why we should not have it! It would take at least \$2500. Would it not pay to spend that much money in getting a male college started? Can Clinton do it? That is the question.

November sixteenth—Ten months ago today! Oh, Father what have I borne, how could I have stood this save for thy help! Precious Mary, thy memory is fresh—thy love is ever with me. Hourly I think of thee, darling. Earnestly do I long to see thee!

December seventeenth—I have succeeded in having erected a neat memorial of my darling wife in the cemetery. I am glad. I only wish I was able to erect a memorial of her in the heart of Clinton, viz: a neat and pretty library room for our village young men. Oh, God, help me. I may not be able to help these young men of myself but canst thou not help me to do this? Lord, open the way, I pray thee. How I long for the advancement of my people in every good thing. And yet I am hindered only by the paltry trifle of money. Lord send me aid in some manner.

1880

January sixteenth—One year ago today at this very hour I gave the last kiss to my darling Mary. Since then I have walked alone in the sorrow of my heart, feeling that one was gone out of my life, carrying its light and beauty with her. Oh my Mary, how I long for you yet. My soul cries for her night and day but I find her not. Mary, I stretch out my hands to you but you see them not. Lord help me to be patient and bear this burden. Keep back these tears. Nay, Lord, let them flow, for they purify.

There was a little boy came to the Orphanage his name is John Henry Brown there was also a nother little boy came to the Orphanage his name was Chester Witherspoon. Mr. Scott is sick. Some of the boys hafter stay with hem every evening. I hope he will soon get well.—*B. H. Adams.*

Christmas—Christmas has come and gone and we have had one of the best Christmases that ever was. On Christmas eve we all got our stockings ready and put them on the piano as usual, then we waited for Santa Claus. The next morning we were up by five o'clock and found that Santa Claus had been very liberal and had given us our full share of the contents of his bag. Christmas day seemed as tho it was the longest day in the year. But the hour for the opening of the Christmas tree came at last. Then—well it would take pages to tell all that we saw. A Baltimore lady had remembered that it was Christmas and sent each one of the children a

Enable me to devote myself wholly to thy work, to love it and labor for it, to put my best efforts in it, to grow daily more diligent, more hopeful, more prayerful and at length, Lord, give me to meet my darling in the heavens.

January seventeenth—There are thirty five Presbyterian families residing in Clinton and five just out of town limits. There are sixty families on my visiting role. We are strong and yet there is a strong Baptist element here, not large but vigorous. It is proposed to rebuild the Methodist and to build a Baptist church here. I am by no means a bigot but my feeling is that we need neither. Of course, tho, I would be expected to say so, at least to think so.

February twenty-second—The Monthly was got out today. The best news that has ever come to Clinton reached it last night. Two weeks ago I drew up a bill and a petition to the Legislature to prohibit the sale or manufacture of liquor in this town. This was received by Mr. Bell and forwarded. Letters were written by several of us to leading representatives and senators asking them to pass the bill and now the news comes that it is ready for the governor's signature. I sincerely thank God for that. Who would have thought fifteen or twenty years ago that this community would have come to the fore-front as a temperance community. It was then a whiskey community. The very citizens that have championed this measure were themselves to a great extent, whiskey sellers. Thank God! Thank God!

Miss Pattie is getting on very well with her subscription to paint our Sunday School building. We need from forty to fifty dollars. About thirty eight is in hand.

February twenty-fifth—I met Gov. Simpson yesterday and he told me that our bill to prohibit the sale of liquor in Clinton was signed, sealed and delivered. I feel like shouting: Three cheers for Clinton and the Presbyterian church.

beautifully bound book. After the Christmas tree we played, and enjoyed ourselves in that way. Mrs. Fripp, Julia and Pinckney spent the day and night with us. We had plenty of oranges, nuts and candies sent in. On Tuesday night the thermometer fell to 6 above zero and we had a snow storm. Christmas and New Year have both gone and we have commenced a new year. Let us all turn over a new leaf and try to do the best we can asking God to help us.—*Florence*, January 6th, 1881. Our motto for this year is "Cease to do evil, learn to do well."

1881

Mr. Holmes has come and he works in the farm and goes up to the college to resight his lesson he is cutting down trees today and I hafter stay in today on spelling.—*States*—me.

February twenty-eighth—Last night I paid a pleasant visit to father. I think father will soon move to James Isalnd. He is called to the pastorate of that church. I will be glad of it for he does want to preach so badly.

Miss Pattie has raised enough money for the painting of our Sunday School room. It was done wholly by subscription.

March eighth—One of the greatest burdens I have to bear is the reviling of the Orphanage and its work by brother ministers. I thank God that they speak falsely. His favor is better than that of men.

March twenty-third—We had our Deacon's court meeting last night. I am sorry to say that the prospect for a salary is very slim for this year. I pray God to give me wisdom to do this work whether I am well or poorly paid for it.

May Thirtieth—Friday night was the anniversary (16th) of my ordination, and the 6th of the laying of the cornerstone of the Orphanage. We celebrated it delightfully by a picnic on the "picnic place" of the Orphanage, down in the woods. We had quite an enjoyable day. At night Miss Patty gave a Mite Society and realized enough to finish paying for the paint on the church.

June first—I perceive by today's paper that the General Assembly has honored me with the appointment of "Assembly Reporter". It was wholly unexpected and I am not sure but what I ought to add, undesired—but I shall accept it and to the best of my ability discharge its duties. The pay is fair, \$100.00 and traveling expenses. And if I am able properly to arrange for its publication, I am sure I can do better for the church than is now being done. It will not be for the pay that I shall do this but that I may get better acquainted with the donations and have a longer leave to operate on. There will, of course, be complaints about the work, but this I must bear, toughening my hide for that particular purpose. I am grateful to Dr. Woodrow for his kindness in nominating me and shall consult him about the best way of making the reports valuable.

June seventh—It is now nearly time to begin building "Faith Cottage". I am preparing already to order all the material that is necessary. But Oh, my blessed father, how can I enter upon this undertaking without thy help. I look to thee. Lead and aid me, Lord. This thou canst and wilt do. Oh, forsake not thy servant now.

June thirteenth—We are gratified and pleased by another

visit from Mrs. Dr. Thornwell. She came up yesterday and will spend four or five days with us.

Atlanta—Sunday.

This morning I went to the Central Church Sunday School. I noticed some things to commend, viz—good responsive reading, considerable interest in the lesson and many really old persons, besides much good and effective teaching I am going over to Chattanooga this afternoon. I regret greatly the necessity and wish the R. R. authorities would delay our train till tomorrow, but as it will give me the opportunity of hearing a sermon tonight, I will not greatly object. I know it is not best to use any part of God's day for travel—but the reasons to my mind for going are stronger than those for staying. Here am I in a strange city, at a great hotel. If I don't go this evening, I must turn back tomorrow. And we have already had all the morning services and will have the night services in Chattanooga. I believe the Master would say, "go". He is not a hard taskmaster and would not require me to stay behind subject to all the inconveniences that would arise.

6 P. M. All my sophistries would not do. Conscience was argued down and argued itself up and so here I am.

July Seventh—Faith Cottage fund is now \$980.24. Lord, this week please make it \$1000.

July twenty-eight—Today was the 25th anniversary of our church. In the morning of it our first work was a Session meeting to receive three more to the Communion, three precious new converts—all dear friends of mine. Then came the memorial services, including the history of the church, which was well received. After that busy preparations for and finally the laying of the cornerstone of Faith Cottage and service again at night. It was a good day, and God blessed us in it. May He still continue to be with us and bless us. Today's work brought the membership of the church to exactly one hundred and fifty. This is very gratifying. Our 15th anniversary brought it exactly to one hundred. Will it take ten years more to make it two hundred? I pray God, not. This meeting and the circumstance of the day have bound me yet closer to the village and the church of Clinton. May the dear Lord bind me closer still. The meeting goes on today.

July Thirty-first—I received the minutes of the Assembly last night and I am glad to note that in the whole Synod of South Carolina only one church received more members than ours did last year and there is only one larger Sunday School. I think this is a profound cause for gratitude.

August ninth—I have just received an insulting communication from Rev. J. L. Martin, reiterating his charge that the Orphanage is a humbug and a swindle. I am of course greatly pained by it but God has so greatly blessed my labors of late that it was needful that I should be taken down a bit lest I should glory above measure. Just see what God has done for you this past twelve months.

First, he has added thirty members to your church.

Second, Among these your own son.

Third, He has supported the Orphanage nobly, putting more funds in your hands than ever before for the care of the children.

Fourth, He has given you \$1000 for Faith Cottage and \$500 additional for the endowment.

Fifth, He has blessed and enlarged the Sabbath School, crowning your efforts to give it a home with great success.

Sixth, He is now prospering the plans for the building of your mission chapel.

Seventh, He has enabled you to buy a new press for "*Our Monthly*" and has enlarged its sphere of usefulness.

Eighth, He has honored you by your election of Reporter to the General Assembly.

And now perhaps He would like to add his blessings by giving you this thorn in your side; for it is written "Woe unto you, when all men speak well of you!" Heavenly Father, help me to be patient under this cursing of Shimei and reckon it also to me for good.

September twenty-second—Monday afternoon, the 11th was a bright day in the annals of Clinton, inasmuch as it gave to this city the beginning of a college. Prof. Lee was directed to organize the first of his college classes, and steps were taken looking to the improvement of our college buildings and in time to the erection of another. We propose to get up a regular college charter and to start with the intention of educating our young people to the best we can do. There is no intention of nursing opposition to any other college. While we want a college good enough for anybody's children, it is especially for our own that our little college is set on foot. May God speed the work.

October Twentieth—God is blessing our various plans for work. Faith Cottage is slowly growing, Clinton College is working its way right into the hearts of the people. May God the ever loving, keep us in memory.

October Twenty-second—I need thee, O Lord, to keep me in heart. Give me grace to trust in thee with my whole soul and to do well the work that Thou hast given me to do. The Lord has enabled me to carry out every one of the plans I agreed to ask for last October and to do even better in every particular. The number of children may now be 25; \$500 was raised for the endowment; \$1075 for the Boy's House. I have put in a good job-press and the college has been started.

November Twentieth—I have been much disappointed in not getting to Synod but it was caused by the L. R. R. which failed to run and so to carry me. It was no fault of mine.

December seventeenth—I had a delightful visit to Charleston and James Island. Florence and myself and Etta Lee went down on the 6th and were gone ten days. Most of our time was spent with father and they made the occasion a delightful one, one that was full of youthful pleasure.

I returned to find a great pile of letters waiting for me.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

AGE THIRTY-SEVEN—1881

What a solemn thing it is to start out on a new year of labor. So do I pray to my Lord to guide the frail bark of my life steadily to the desired end. Two years ago this month He turned down a delightful leaf of my life and bade me walk alone. Precious wife! As the years drag on, I miss her more and more. There is hardly a night that I do not dream of her. It is almost impossible for me to keep her from my prayers.

January sixth—A poor little outcast orphan girl with pleading eyes, forlorn face and frost bitten feet was brought to the Orphanage today. She was twelve years old, did not know one letter and had never been to church. She had been and was literally an outcast. God pity the child.

January twelfth—The glorious news comes to us that Laurens C. H. has gone dry! That sweeps whiskey out of Laurens County.

January fifteenth—I sold my house today and will endeavor in the course of this summer to do still better work in having a good, nice dwelling built, and everything in better order. I have bought the lot, corner of Centennial and Broad and hope to put up a handsome dwelling.

January twentieth—For a week we have received hardly anything for the Orphanage. Dear Master, forsake us not. We have now put \$115.00 on our college building. We must make it \$500.00 this year. The work on Faith Cottage is moving on slowly but satisfactorily.

January twenty-third—God blessed our Orphanage by sending us \$75.00 on Friday and Saturday. Ripley was married on the 20th. God bless the lad.

January twenty-seventh—I have been considering the best method of building for our college and I am convinced that we should have a college sure enough. Indeed and in truth it must be a college. And to that end, there must be a college building. In the course of a short while I will propose a ten thousand dollar building to start on.

February eleventh—Last night \$32.00 for the Orphanage

for which I praise God. I am now endeavoring to select a plan for my own house, which I trust will be successfully carried out. I long to have a neat pretty house of my own, one that will suit my family and all my future years. I also wish a comfortable little farm from which a partial support may be drawn, and then I think I will be prepared to do a little literary work for the Master's service.

February twenty-second—I write for the first time in this journal in this new room in Faith Cottage. Leaving my room in the girls' home gives me a pang, although I am delightfully situated here. I begin to realize to what an extent I have had my time frittered away by living in the sitting room of the large family and endeavoring to do my work. I shall now endeavor to get back to the life of a zealous and prayerful student that I once lived. Oh, God, bless me in this house.

February twenty-fifth—My quarters in Faith Cottage enable me to do much more efficient work than hitherto for the church and all other institutions. I am delighted to record a donation of one hundred dollars for Faith Cottage which will finish up the whole of it and leave me with a little cash in hand for which I gratefully thank God. This week has brought us \$160.00.

March fifteenth—I am 39 years old today.

March twenty-eighth—I rejoice at the blessing that God has permitted me to extend my labors since our 25th anniversary; Rockbridge chapel begun; Faith Cottage begun and finished; Clinton College organized and work on it begun. Lord, still further help in this work.

March twenty-ninth—But, oh what anxious toil if all this is to stand! What pastoral visiting, what conversations, what study, what ministerial labor! Oh, my Master, help me lest I fail.

April nineteenth—Last night I think the first steps were taken toward organizing Clinton College. I submitted a plan to my Board of Deacons which seemed to meet with hearty concurrence. We meet on May 19th to discuss it and I would not be surprised to see it an accomplished fact within, well say, three years from now, the 20th anniversary of my ministry in Clinton and in time for my boys to enter. As yet, I have not a good name for it. I want it to be an institution to do more for my church than even this Orphanage has done and the Orphan-

age is a wonderful help. I know I cannot carry out this work without the hearty cooperation of the members of my church and the blessing of my Almighty Father. I pray him to put it in the heart of my people cordially to cooperate with me in this great undertaking.

April twentieth—Sixteen years ago, my darling Mary and myself were united in marriage. Sweet wife, how I long for thee!

May eighth—Tonight I am with father on James Island, near the great Sea. On Sunday I preached twice for father, going to private houses as the church was closed for repairs.

May eighteenth—I have begun work on my house but for some reason I do not take the pleasure in it that I would if it were for some suitable purpose connected with the Orphanage.

June—Last night I was able to praise my God for an exceedingly generous donation to our endowment fund. Mrs. Cyrus McCormick of Chicago, Ill., sent us *one thousand dollars*. This is a delightful beginning to this journal. I have now a strong hope of reaching five thousand dollars shortly as the total of our endowment for this gift brings it up to \$4,325, a sum which will support from its interest, four orphans.

June fourteenth—The Baptists are to organize a church today. They occupy my house of worship. I hope they will do good even to our church.

June twenty-first—It will be necessary for me to work harder than I ever did before to secure the foundations of my church. The movements to establish two new churches at Clinton unsettles the members. It almost creates a panic. But God in his mercy will in the course of a year or two bring us out brighter than ever. Now, our church succeeds because it is the only church. Hereafter it must succeed because it is the best church. I am determined to throw my efforts around the college and Orphanage. They are to be the bulwarks of Presbyterianism here, in giving me a Sunday School, prayer meeting and congregation.

June twenty-eighth—A magnificent comet is flaming out in the north with a tail some twenty degrees long.*

June Thirtieth—I am getting on very nicely with the build-

*As a little child of four years of age my earliest memory is that of being lifted in the arms of some of the older children so that I might view this beautiful comet.—*Editor*.

ing of my house. The frame is up. I think I will be able to finish it by dint of close economy.

July fifth—Out Baptist brethren are coming in with a rush of waters but God will help me for all that. But why will not God bless the Baptists too? He will if they are nearer to him in heart and in life than we are, tho we be nearer to him in the form of church life. But I believe it to be for God's highest glory that his Presbyterian work here should prosper. And if we do our duty, he will more than bless us. Ought we to fear when there are in Clinton 130 Presbyterians and only 25 Methodists and Baptists combined.

July ninth—I was pained and shocked today by hearing of the death of Eliza, Mary's oldest sister.

July seventeenth—On last sabbath I was at Old Fields at Eliza's funeral.

July nineteenth—I have today sent to the printer the-draft for 500 circulars which I wish to have sent to as many persons asking for money for the building of our Orphanage academy for which \$5000.00 will possibly be needed.

July twenty-fifth—Mr. Bell and myself went out to Rockbirdge chapel. I preached the first time in the new building to a fine congregation, from the text: "Let all the Angels of God worship Him".

My field here is becoming very much complicated with the Methodists and Baptists.

August Fourteenth—This morning 115 at S.S., 100 at church. My people seem to stand by their church. Find some encouragement and hope that the efforts to crystalize opposition to the Presbyterian church will not succeed. I am truly sorry that the Methodists and Baptists are so determined to storm this Presbyterian citadel.

September twenty-first—Mr. Scott has returned from his trip for the Orphanage and is bringing good supplies of provisions, money, etc.

The President is dead.

September twenty-seventh—Money comes in slowly for the Orphan's Seminary, much more so than I would wish. But as I sit at the window of Faith Cottage and look out this evening I take courage. God has prospered this work and He will prosper it. Faith Cottage was built so very easily. The Seminary will

be far harder to erect and maintain. Give me courage, O Lord.

October—The violent onslaught of worldliness in the ways of “promiscuous causes” that I cannot reach, because my session all approve of it and the determination of the Baptists to flood Clinton, all give me intense anxiety.

October fourteenth—A funeral, a Ball and a Prayer meeting, all the same day and all maintained and kept up by the Clinton Presbyterian Church. Lord pity! The dancing school flourishes. The prayermeeting languishes.

November—I have spent the last six or seven days away from home, attending the meeting of the Synod in Columbia. They honored me by putting me in the Moderator’s chair.

Mrs. Lee resigned her position as Matron and we are now hunting a new one. Dear Lord send us a faithful and efficient woman. Our fund for the Orphans’ Seminary reaches \$330.00 My hope is that by the opening of Spring we will be able to begin operations.

Our Presbyterian denomination in ten years 1871-1881 has increased from 87,000 to 122,000. A gain of 35,000, nearly 45 percent.

November seventeenth—Much work to do, Lord, keep me in a frame of mind to do it. We are in great straits for aid in the Orphanage. I pray the Lord not to forget us.

November twenty-first—We are enjoying a visit from Mrs. Thornwell and her daughter, Mrs. Anderson. We have \$350.00 for the Orphans’ Seminary.

November twenty-fifth—We are much behind in getting out our circulars. We lack stamps to get them off.

November twenty-eighth—I had a fine day yesterday. And the Sunday School, one hundred and forty were actually present, and the exercises moved on well—so well that Dr. Shands gave us \$5.00 to help the school, he was so pleased with it.

My heart is sorely puzzled about the Orphanage. We need supplies. We need a matron. We need aid for the building. Lord, help!

December—The topic now is “steeple”. The Baptists have raised theirs to the height of 68 feet. Ours will go to 75.

December seventh—Last night our ladies gave an inert-

tainment for the steeple. It was a success. \$88.00 was raised. I received while there \$25.00 for the Orphans' Seminary. I was also greatly strained on the question of our college. These Baptists are the cause of it. I see, they want a finger in the pie. But the college will be built without their help and encouragement. So help me God and keep me steadfast. Oh, Master, wilt thou call me to the wars, all the days of my life. Help, me, Oh, God. Give me \$100,000 for the Orphanage, that I may set myself free to work for others works thou has set for me.

December eighteenth—Yesterday was a day of mercies. Our Sunday School is now fully recovered from the Methodist attack and bracing up for what the Baptists may do against us. At Sunday School 140 and very full congregations, both morning and night. I was encouraged.

December twentieth—My work goes on, on my house. I am digging a well and building a chimney.

December twenty-eight—Christmas is over. To our children it has been a gala time. I worked hard with Miss Pattie and Mr. Scott to give them as good a Christmas as usual and I think it was much enjoyed. And now I am exceedingly busy working to clear up the year's business: mail, printing office, etc. Yesterday I sent off 65 letters! This is the largest mail I ever sent off of letters written at one time. God has wonderfully blessed our last lot of circulars and brought us in five hundred dollars for the support.

1882—Age 39

January—Thank God for the New Year. I enter upon it with eyes forward. The past, especially the past year has not been altogether a loss. Oh, I thank God, No! During the year, I have worked hard and done much. I have carried on my church work, occupied Faith Cottage, dedicated Rock Bridge—improved our Sunday School Institute, started the ball for church improvement and received twenty members, raised \$5,000 for the Orphans, built my own house, moderated synod, Clerk of Presbytery, edited Our Monthly and I don't know what all else. Indeed the year has been fruitful and I am full of thanksgiving to God. Already the year has begun. The sabbath preaching is over, the first session, Deacons Court and Orphanage Board meetings have all been held, the first essential step taken to begin the building of the Orphans' Seminary, the first prayer meeting or prayer held, our New Matron, Miss Annie Starr has

begun her official duties, my salary is all arranged for the year '82 and the start to pay is made. I thank God and press on.

January sixth—We have resolved to go to work on the Seminary building.

January eight—My Sunday School was full today, 173 present. In addition, the Congregation was large and encouraging and yet this Mr. Broaddus' first "opposition sermon". Lord, I leave all in thy hands, only help me to be faithful and to do my whole duty. I am indeed thankful to God for sending such a good matron to us as Miss Annie Starr. It is none other than the Lord's guiding hand. He is surely with our work and I adore him for it. Prospects are brighter for our college. We will soon have a senior class.

January twentieth—I have been very busy with my pen for several weeks, writing one hundred letters every week. This means blessings from the Father of our Orphanage. The workmen also have been engaged on my house, so occupying for some time. It will soon be completed. My plans are to get it done by the end of the summer so that I can live in it; to complete so as to be able to occupy it the Orphans' Seminary; and to arrange for a refectory—including Dining Hall, store room and kitchen; to open out all four of these establishments before 1883 is done. Oh, Lord, help me in this work. Great things are to be accomplished. By thy strong right hand it may be done. Lord show me the way. Lead me into it and bless me in the doing of it.

January twenty-second—The work is not ruined yet with all my ignorance and weakness. I thank God for that but I am a man of forty years of age, hope for as much in the next twenty as the Master has given me in the past twenty. Yet will I seek for it, labor for it, pray for it and trust God that the next twenty years will bring a rich harvest.

January twenty-eight—Busy all day, getting out Our Monthly. We had an awful scare about Bessie Long. Thought she had disappeared but found her hid away with a fit of blues on. Poor child. She is to be pitied but I trust won't do so again.

January twenty-ninth—This morning God was good to me and gave me a good and pleasant day. At Sunday School 150 persons were present. At the church services the room was full and it was difficult to get a seat.

February fifth—We have agreed now, touching the

Orphans' Seminary. Its location is fixed, the style of building is agreed upon—rock is being hauled and there is nothing to do but press on the work to completion. May the Master give us his help, therein.

February twelfth—Our Sunday School yesterday was a full one, 170 scholars and teachers out and a splendid morning congregation. Broaddus preached at the same hour with our service. Today we staked off the ground for the Orphans' Seminary.

February sixteenth—I will soon be forty. I suppose I may reasonably count on several years yet in which to serve God. I want to fill out a pastorate to fifty years. That will require thirty two more years. I have finished my 18th. Lord make me in labors more abundant, even to the end. Thirty two years more would put me only 72 years of age and to the year 1914.

March thirteenth—I had a very fine congregation, both morning and night and just a splendid Sunday School of 180 persons present. Thus far the preaching by Mr. Broaddus seems only to increase my congregations.

March fifteenth—I am forty years old today. The only sadness about it is that the shadows henceforth are to lengthen. Nevertheless I am prepared to make the last half of my life green and vigorous . . . Just twenty years ago I wrote "Twenty years hence my name may be forgotten upon earth." I look forward with no such fears now. I may reach 60. I may reach 80. That is all with God, but this I am purposed, that whether my name be forgotten or not, God's glory shall be advanced by the next twenty years of my life.

March nineteenth—I had 184 at Sunday School today and a church that was full to overflowing. I have a splendid field of labor. How well repaid for my choice of years ago to die in "poor little Clinton".

March twentieth—My congregation last night was a memorable one as it filled the house to overflowing.

April sixth—I think it is now an ascertained fact that our church is to be entirely renovated and put together in new style. The dear old bell will have to go up higher. Indeed the church will be so changed that we will not know it. Lord, help and bless me in this work of beautifying and repairing thy sanctuary. I shall trust and trust and so the work will be done.

April fourteenth—We have built the concrete walls of the Seminary to the level of the sills.

April twenty-fourth—A dozen or more of my members were at the new Baptist Church, which was opened for the first time today. They also organized their Sabbath School. There are now three Sabbath Schools in Clinton and yet I am glad that my school was as full as the house could hold, 161 present. The school is really better than it was before.

May eight—I was busy as could be with our new pulpit. I thank God the work is done.

May fourteenth—Saturday, the anniversary exercises took place. The program was a great success. Five or six hundred persons present. In the afternoon of the same day, the cornerstone of the Orphans' Seminary was laid. There were many delightful occurrences in our church in the way of rehearsals, etc. Also we were helped on Sunday. There were 200 persons at Sunday School and a full congregation.

May eighteenth—Last night the Baptists made a dead set to get possession of our college. They failed in the first assault and are now renewing their preparations for an attack. I never knew it possible for such impertinent, bigoted people to exist in a Christian country as this. Broaddus and two or three like him with whom he is surrounded. Lord, help me to keep my temper.

June twenty-sixth—My services today encouraged me greatly. At church I had fully two hundred and we had two hundred at Sunday School. Minnie and John Wren have arrived and are for the summer occupying my house.

July twenty-second—The Baptists dedicate their church today. I do not preach this morning, so that all may be together in the service.

July thirty-first—Today, Nannie Vance, sweet child, gave herself to Christ. My heart is glad. I had prayed for her so fervently.

August twentieth—Our college has at last received its charter and is now legally authorized to confer degrees and to do anything else that a college is empowered to do. Before we can become a first class institution, we are necessarily compelled to get up some new buildings. Lord help and bless my various efforts for the honor of thy holy name. We need thy glorious

power at our back. Lord, all this work is built on prayer and thy strong arm. Stand by me that I perish not.

August twenty-fifth—My trip to Presbytery was a pleasant one, but short. Went up to Piedmont on Thursday and came down on Saturday. We had a delightful and successful meeting, fully and carefully dispatching our business. I was elected corresponding member on behalf of the Southern Presbyterian Historical Society. That reminds me that I hope some day to get up a full history of the Presbyterian Church of Laurens County.

September—The equinoctial gale sweeps over us today. No services anywhere in town "much water there." Perhaps a good, quiet, rainy sabbath will do the people good.

September twenty-third—I have to record with a thankful heart today that on last evening, as the sun went down the last stone was laid in the walls of the Orphans' Seminary and so six months arduous work drew to a close. Oh, Lord, with a heart full of eternal gratitude I thank you for this. But Master, two thousand dollars are yet to be raised. Oh, give me this sum. To me this is much. To thee it is nothing. Now, Lord, open the hearts of the people in behalf of this work and help me more than ever before.

September twenty-third—I have at last got a man for Faith Cottage. Mr. Jim Whaley takes charge and it is my hope and prayer that he will prove a good and useful helper in this work.

October eight—We have summed up our receipts for the past year and find that for all purposes God has placed in my hands for the Orphanage \$6000.00 and for the church \$2000.00. Thus there has been \$8000.00 spent for the furtherance of his Presbyterian work in Clinton, last year. This is the best year we have ever had.

October fifteenth—We bade farewell to Miss Annie Starr this week and at the close of the week received Mrs. Boyd. We now have the Orphanage manned once more in full by good and efficient officers. I am thankful to God and pray that his blessing may rest upon the Orphanage. We now have a family of forty-three. The work continues to progress. Possibly God meant for me at no very far future day to devote myself wholly to this institution. Of that I cannot say. Indeed I would feel it the greatest trial of my life to give up my church unless indeed I could preach regularly in the Seminary chapel. I have no wish to leave my church but the thought sometimes comes to

me that the church might want to leave me. This indifference to my support is an indication of it to my mind. Although I must say that last year the salary was better paid than for years but then the church was better able to pay it. I do not complain of the amount for I know that more than half of my time or at least half, is given to the Orphanage.

November—Begins with a chill wind, pressure of business and some heavy discouragements. Lord, thou hast also given me blessings. Help me to see them.

November seventeenth—I have moved to my own home and matters are gradually getting into the new groove. I think it will work well after a few more months of trial. I have my study a long ways off from my house. But after all, it may be best, Lord make it a blessing to my children.

December twenty-fifth—My congregation yesterday voted me a larger salary, promising to pay me hereafter \$800.00 instead of \$600.00. This will enable me to live much more comfortably for which I give thanks to God and the brethren.

I have done over much routine work. I have had too much war with the Baptists. Still, on the whole, the year has been a bright one and given me continual occasion for thanksgiving.

1883—Age 40-41

Looking forward into the new year, I have need of grace. The years with me now move on swift as an arrow and life tends downward to the grave. But thank God, there is a future after the door is opened into the black earth. For that future, I am living and working.

January tenth—Church, Orphanage and College — these three.

March twenty-first—I have recently enjoyed pastoral visiting very much and always would do so were it not for overcoming the inertia of the start.

Eternal labor is the price of success—I have enough in my church alone to keep me busy, let alone this orphanage. Lord, help me to succeed.

April—Presbytery has adjourned. It was a good meeting. God has blessed our work for the year past. I was privileged to introduce Sam Fulton to Presbytery and he was received as

a candidate for the ministry. I also baptized Willie Lee Holmes, son of A. R. and Mollie Clatworthy Holmes, the first child of one of our orphan graduates. He was baptized in the closing prayer of Presbytery.

April twenty-first—I have had visits this week from father and also from John and Minnie Wren. We have succeeded in getting some beautiful views of the Orphanage made. I will have them sold in sets—Oh, that God would help me to erect a first rate college building in this town.

May—For the period between my 20th and 25th years I have fixed on two considerable undertakings beside some smaller ones. First, the erection of a handsome edifice for the instruction of young men, let us call it "Makemie College" in honor of the founder of Presbyterianism in this Union, who organized the first Presbyterian Church of America in 1684. Possibly we could get aid from abroad with such an idea as this. Second, the increase of the endowment of the Orphanage to \$25,000 and possibly the erection of buildings to enable us to take one hundred children. Lord, help me to do all this, I pray for thy holy name's sake.

June seventeenth—Our new church building is progressing very nicely and it will be very greatly improved. The Chapel of the Seminary will also be finished this week and we begin putting in the pews. Our hope is to be ready for the Commencement which will take place in two weeks—our first—and it will do more to give it the eclat of a college than all we have hitherto done. I shall then make a desperate attempt to get up a college building, one that will be cheap but thoroughly built—put up of concrete, three stories. We have three graduates at this commencement, Florence among the number. We hope to have Col. Ball to deliver the Commencement address. Just two years ago (see first page of this journal) I set down seven resolutions as among my plans for the time ending now, and Lo, what hath God wrought. First, Rockbridge chapel is completed (enough to occupy) and dedicated. Second, the large school building (much larger than I then proposed) for the orphans is nearly completed and the total inmates increased to nearly fifty. Third, the college has been organized. We are about to have its first commencement. The hall has not yet been built. Fourth, my own dwelling is erected and I am in it. Fifth, I trust I am nearer to my people than ever before. Sixth, I have not only infused the spirit of church embellishment but the new building is far advanced to completion. Seventh, my church roll

stands at 170 instead of 150 proposed. O Lord, I give thee thanks. Help me to go forward.

Oh, that God would increase my church membership to 200. Blessed Master, help me.

July—We have at last got through a hard worked, busy week. It was great labor to get the Seminary ready for Commencement. On Thursday we had a great gathering. Col. Ball delivered the address and the first diplomas were given, the first of all to my own daughter.*

July twenty-ninth—On Saturday the Orphans' Seminary was dedicated. The same day 28 years ago our church was organized. It is also the third anniversary of the cornerstone laying of Faith Cottage. Lord, bless this work.

October—Our birth day is passed. Gov. Hugh S. Thompson came up last evening. We met him with a hearty welcome. The Seminary Hall was handsomely decorated with wreaths and garlands and the words "Welcome to our Governor" over the stage. We had a full and appreciative audience. Gov. Thompson gave us a splendid speech. He was very complimentary to me. I never expected when years ago this work was started, to receive the plaudits of a Governor on the platform of the Orphans' Seminary. I was ashamed and hung my head and then plucked up courage and retaliated by praising the Governor.

October twenty-ninth—Mr. Broaddus leaves Clinton.

November third—A bright and beautiful day. At 12 M. I knocked off work on the Orphans' Seminary, discharging all hands. Henceforth all work done there will be charged as repairs. The building is a very pretty one. Oh how gratified I am to my dear Lord for the \$5,000 He has put into my hands wherewith to build it. It gives to the Orphanage and to Presbyterianism in Clinton, a tone that nothing else could. How I wish that I could now start our college building. We might as well strike out in dead earnest for it. But there is \$400.00 worth of work to be done on the interior of our church before it is done. Lord, help me! Oh, how many ten thousand times have I uttered that prayer: Oh, Lord, help me.

November twenty-fifth—It is now my purpose and plan to make a new start with the college building. I propose that the cornerstone shall be laid on May 28th, 1884, the 20th anniver-

*"Billy" Ball, who later became one of South Carolina's most distinguished authors and editors, was present as a little boy, with his father on this occasion—*Editor*.

sary of my pastorate, for a nice college building to cost not less, when completed, than \$5,000 and which will be an ornament to our town. I hope to get the outside up and sash in for \$2,000, the walls to be built of concrete and to be two stories high with a third story of brick or wood. I intend trying to get money enough to buy an additional one half acre of land to put it on this winter and to get the rock hauled next summer and if possible, some part of the work begun. My plan will require me personally to get us this subscription list and it will also demand the invention of some plan by which we can arouse the enthusiastic interest of our people in it, at least to the extent of exciting the people to hold a meeting each month to push it.

December—The above and other plans of less consequence in addition to what comes on me daily must be attended to. God help me to receive not less this month than \$300 for the support fund, \$200 for the endowment, \$150 for the furnishing and \$100 for the building besides \$100 in the office! \$850. It seems a large sum but we have received it in previous Decembers and I do not see how we are to get on without it.

December tenth—Thus far in December which hitherto has been our harvest-month, we have received almost nothing for the Orphanage. I am greatly distressed about it. Up to this date we have for all causes hardly received \$150, if that, and we are in sore straits. Lord, thou didst send us \$1000 each December for years past and now, O Lord, our burdens and responsibilities are heavier and thou sendest us nothing! Lord, Lord, send us help, speedily! We need thy aid in a great measure.

December twenty-seventh—God has permitted us to have a delightful and a blessed Christmas. The children had a beautiful Christmas tree and good behavior. On Christmas night I received \$125 in the letters and in addition \$400 (!) for a special work. I do not yet know what we shall use it for but I want it to go either to the endowment fund or to some special building work. I had prayed for \$300 last week and again for \$600 this week. I have received both. Our receipts for this month have already over-run \$1000 besides at least \$200 in provisions. Oh, God, out of my whole soul I thank thee. The night-mare of debt has cleared away and now we are ready for new things.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

1884—Age 42

January ninth—I hope to make a special effort soon to enlist sympathy for our new college movement. I do believe that “grit” will build the college yet. I have put my hand to it and I will not draw back.

January fourteenth—My fear for the future is that Presbyterians will move away from Clinton, Baptists are moving in. In three years we have gained three families, Baptists ten, and Methodists four. If this goes on a few months longer, this will be a Baptist town. In three years four Presbyterians, one Baptist, and no Methodist families have moved away. Dear Lord, in mercy, care for thy little flock here and spare us from the curse that we likely deserve.

January fifteenth—Five years ago today! Oh, Mary how often have I thought of you these five years!

January twenty-first—The Y. M. P. M. of the Baptist Church now becomes a union prayer-meeting and will be held at the Orphans’ chapel. All these things are help to our cause. I rejoice to see the bitterness dying out. I trust that God will yet bless us with a revival.

January thirty-first—We completed and invested yesterday our 6th thousand for the endowment of the Orphanage. I have also succeeded in getting the other churches to put their prayer-meetings on Thursday night for our mutual protection. Once successfully carried into execution, it will be an incentive to all the churches to preserve that night from intrusion and to prevent prayer-meetings from dying out by using our mutual work as a leverage. It is altogether a new plan for small villages but I think time will prove its advantages. A big fire last night and I am dreadfully tired in consequence.

February twenty-eight—We need greatly a teacher at the Orphanage in Miss Pattie’s place. She leaves us soon and we have no teacher in view. We have elected two and both have declined.

February twenty-ninth—Tonight—the jug-breaking. I was sick, too sick to enjoy it but the children seemed to be having

a good time anyway. I rejoice at the financial success. \$76 gained for the church.

March fourteenth—I have now undertaken to raise \$1200 for a good brick building, to include kitchen, laundry and water tank, the water to be raised to it by wind mill power. It will be attached to the "Home of Peace".

March twenty-third—I have had a day of rain and pain. Only 109 at Sunday School, scarce over a hundred at morning service. Lord, how many things distress me. I feel today as if I should resign, if only I had my way. Everywhere I meet with disappointment.

April—At our meeting last Monday night we agreed to build the college. I now start out to do a twenty year's work for the institution. I found the other day a plan that suits me exactly. It is that of the Science Hall, Vanderbilt University. By diminishing the size but keeping the same proportions, we will be able to erect a very suitable house for our work. I long for its erection before my boys are to be educated at college so that we may have two good professors at work within two years at furthest. I think that the college can pay it if it gets fifty college pupils. But we must endow it to the amount of \$10,000 and then it is literally safe. God grant me speed in it.

April twenty-fourth—We are very busy, practicing for the anniversary. Florence has the music in charge and she is doing nobly. I am much pleased with her efforts.

April twenty-ninth—I have been passing through the deep waters of sorrow, these past few days. Lord, help me. Thou knowest at which door there is escape. Open it for me, my savior.

May fourth—We have never been as low in funds at this season of the year before. This also burdens me. Oh, that I could place all my sorrow on my Savior and feel that in him I can truly live and that he only is my all. Lord, help me.

June eleventh—I feel that the great work for me for the next ten years is in Clinton College.

July—At last we are through with our Commencement, the second, Clinton College, is becoming an acknowledged institution—God grant it success. The chief graduate was Sam Fulton, one of our orphan boys. He goes to the seminary this fall. My prayers go with him.

Lord, this is my twentieth year in Clinton, give me one soul for each year.

July sixth—Oh, put it into my power to speak with many of the unconverted during the next few weeks and grant that they may all be brought in. There is a constant drift of members away from us. I have five members at Laurens C. H. three at Spartanburg, etc. Lord save these scattered sheep.

July fourteenth—The Baptists have opened fire upon us and are trying to draw us into a controversy in the *Laurensville Herald*. I am not sure that I will pay any attention to their bark. I am too busy with God's work to spend time in disputes about questions to no profit.

July eighteenth—Mrs. Boyd has left us. She has been a faithful worker. Mrs. Liddell, our new teacher has arrived. Mrs. Simonton, the matron, will come soon. We will be fully officered again in a few days.

August—Out of the 20 souls, I asked the Lord for, the result of the summer meeting, 17 have been welcomed. Surely there will be three more as the offspring of this same meeting. I have been laboring at Rockbridge five years. Now, Lord, give me five souls there, one for each year.

August—We begin to build the Beehive next Monday week.

August tenth—*Laus Deo*. Last night, I received twelve hundred dollars from Mrs. McCormick to build a new house! I will use it to put up a "McCormick Memorial Cottage" for larger orphan boys and will build it between the Orphanage and the College. It will be a connecting link between them. For three years I have three buildings projected. This, my 20th year will be my most fruitful. I rejoice and thank God for it. Oh, that a harvest of souls might crown my work. I have already received eighteen since April 1st and my church numbers 200 members. I praise God. But Oh, Lord, I am not yet satisfied.

August twelfth—I was delighted yesterday with the reception of the whole family of Mr. Jno. Davis. His wife was a member of the Baptist church but comes to us. We have received seven at Rockbridge, 24 in the church in less than a month.

August thirtieth—I received today \$300 more from Mrs. McCormick, making \$1500 which she sends for the "McCormick House for Orphan boys".

September ninth—I have been privileged of God to attend a delightful meeting at Cross Hill. I preached twice daily. We received 15 to the church. My heart was very much touched during the meeting. I felt a deep interest in the people.

September fifteenth—Yesterday I received one member (from the Baptist church) I also had Sammie Fulton, one of my orphan boys and the first to graduate from our college to preach for me. There are a third of our preachers who would not preach as acceptably as Sammie did last night. I thank God.

September twenty-third—Today we finished work on the walls of the "Bee-hive." I will need to raise \$500 more for the building which it will take some months to do.

October—I am greiving over the fact that this "evolution" question is to disturb the harmony of the church in the Synod. May the Lord keep down hard feelings and every disturbance.

October tenth—I am tired and worn out today, have already formed a habit of idleness that may hurt me. I need some books to read. I have a large number of books very suitable for general reading. My books are mainly theological. I would like some good scientific books . . . I was out last night at a very pleasant and interesting service at the Methodist church. Brother Boyd mentioned that he had received 21 to the Clinton M. E. Church this year. There have been 11 additions to the Baptist and 33 to ours—a total of 65 in the town. My church was equal to both the others combined. I ought to be encouraged.

I need to preach, visit, pray and study more effectually.

November third—The property for the Orphanage is:

1—Farm and grounds not less than	\$3,250
2—The Home of Peace and furniture	6,000
3—The Faith Cottage and furniture	2,000
4—The Orphan's Seminary, furniture	6,000
5—The new laundry	1,000
6—The old laundry etc.	300
7—The endowment	6,000
8—Cash for McCormick house	1,500

Grand total \$25,550

Here is proof of the favor which God has bestowed upon this work. I rejoice in him above measure.

November twelfth—No receipts for the Orphanage this

week. Lord do not forget these dear children. Lend a kind ear to their cries.

I have been building a pit for flowers, something good and substantial. It is to be large enough to do us for many a year to come. Have had a well dug for the college.

November sixteenth—We are having smoky days, a lurid sun and dust by the dozens and also in quantities.

November thirtieth—Yesterday I discharged the carpenter on the Bee-hive. The house still lacks the plastering of the second story and a little finishing work. The entire cost of the building will be about \$900, and the finishing \$200 more. There will be a piazza to build that will cost me about \$75. Then the laundry will be moved for a work shop to some convenient point in the yard.

December—The machinery for the windmill, etc. is arriving. I want to get it put up and start everything in operation as soon as possible.

I have had a delightful visit from A. Page Brown, Esq. of New York. He comes here, sent by Mrs. Cyrus McCormick to see for himself. He brought the plans for the McCormick house. They will give us a great deal of work and cost not less than \$3000. I will make out my calculations and then write Mrs. McCormick about them.

December twenty-fifth—Christmas! How the little folks have enjoyed it. The people of God have lifted up their hands to bless the little ones. Three years and a half ago I began to write in this book. In that time, many have been the changes. I have grown older but thank God in most of my work I have succeeded. I have built my own house, the Orphans' Seminary; Rockbridge Chapel, the Bee-hive and done something toward the College and the McCormick house. My church has grown in number and the building has been remodeled. The whole work, the Lord gave me to do has prospered and almost without hindrance and I am very glad. Oh, God, I do thank thee.

So I have begun to make an effort to prove:

THAT A LITTLE VILLAGE CHURCH MAY BECOME A
TOWER OF STRENGTH.

These to pray for:

Nannie Vance*
Mase Copeland*

J. W. Copeland*
Rhett Copeland*

R. H. McCrary*	Emmett Little
J. H. Phinney*	W. D. Owens*
Addison Young	William Young*
Putsey Bailey*	Willie Bailey*
L. H. Davidson*	Maggie Adair*
Walton Little*	Gus Davidson*
Bluf Henry*	Florence Watts*
Mattie Davidson*	Sallie West*
George P. Copeland*	J. P. Blackwell
J. H. Davis*	D. D. Little*
Effie Watts*	Carrie Boozer*
Fannie Briggs*	El. Briggs*
Lee Ferguson*	Guy Copeland*
Henry Young*	Mary Hunter*
Johnnie Hunter*	Thomas B. Craig*
* <i>Answered</i>	Nannie Young*

1885—Age 43

I have kept a journal since 1857, sometimes with greater, sometimes with less zeal. I keep it for my own comfort. I am very fond of looking back into the past that I may see the way the Lord has led me. It gives me also the feeling that my past is not a dead, forgotten thing. I still live in the years gone by and from these years draw lessons that help me in the present.

January sixteenth—I look out of my study today and see what God has enabled me to do for these orphans. One by one these buildings have grown up from nothing until they have reached a proportion to command the attention of the church at large. I rejoice that as I look into my own heart I can truly say that I have not sought these things to make a name for myself. I know that men praise me but I feel ashamed when I hear it. My interest is in the work itself and my gratification is to see the work progress and to know that the Lord has privileged me to do it. This is my reward.

I have ambitions. I do so long for a few months travel and to be so ahead that I can conscientiously take the time. If this is right and best for me, I am absolutely sure that it will be given to me of the good hand of God and if it is not best for me and for the work, I do not want it.

January twenty-seventh—This day Rev. Z. L. Holmes died. He was a good, true friend of mine, the founder of this church.

February—On Monday last I took Florence and Miss Mamie

Simonton to Charleston. We had a three day stay at James Island. Father is doing well, preaching regularly at 77.

March—This is the first March I ever saw in which the earth showed no signs of coming summer, not a swelling bud, not a blossom.

March twenty-third—The church will be finished this week or early next week. The Bee Hive is now completed entirely. It cost exactly \$1,000 to build the house and piazza and \$450 to furnish it. I still need \$150 to finish paying for it. Dear Lord, help me. I am getting in lumber for the McCormick House and College. As soon as the weather gets warmer we will start in for a long pull on these two houses. I am about to order lumber for the new printing office and I have arranged my plans—my new typewriter has arrived. It is a pretty thing. It will relieve me wonderfully in sermon-writing and copy for the papers. I have already become pretty efficient with it.

April seventeenth—Oh, how busy I have been today. Fifty letters written. My correspondence box emptied for the first time in months! The door of the temple at Janus is shut. Peace.

April nineteenth—I am to be as busy as I can be for the next three weeks with the preparations for the 21st anniversary. I am to prepare speeches for eight or nine boys and will then prepare the boys to speak them.

May—Only \$11 in the treasury of the Orphanage. May the dear Lord supply our great need.

May tenth—After a week or two of hard work our anniversary, the 25th, was celebrated. The part that we could control was about all I could ask. The boys spoke well. The singing was excellent. The attendance was 12 to 1500. The weather was cool. The behavior was very noisy and as usual few could hear. I fear we will have to give up these anniversaries. They have succeeded too successfully. Lord show me how to use them for the honor of thy holy name. It can be done and I pray God that it may be done. A great gathering of people ought certainly to be utilized.

May eighteenth—I have just had a delightful visit from my brother and sister (Henry and Mamie Sperry) and from father. I have enjoyed their visit greatly. Father preached for me yesterday morning. I had a very fine Sunday School and excellent audience.

On June the 4th I hunted up the boat landing and jumped aboard the "Mt. Vernon", over 200 of our delegates were on board, the first glimpse of Washington—the tall needle like monument—555 feet high and the great white dome of the capitol. So we sped down the river, past Fort Washington, till we landed at Mt. Vernon. Beautiful and beautifully kept, everything in perfect order, but Washington seemed to be with me, even though I had reverently passed his grave and knew that he was dead. What memories of the past! This tree was from the grave of Napoleon. This tree Washington planted with his own hands. On this bed he passed away. This \$1,000 spinet was his gift to his niece. In this room he entertained the great men of his time, here LaFayette slept on that famous visit when he brought with him the key of the Bastille and here it is. We hasten back to Washington, I, via Alexandria and at night our conference opens with speeches from Judge McArthur, Gov. Anderson of Ky. and Gov. Hoyt of Pa. June the fifth, the day I can hardly describe, so varied the scenes. First I stood at the basis of the mighty shaft and tried to believe it was as high as they said, then I sought to do my duty as a member of the conference. But I must confess I have far more interest in the sights of this wonderfully beautiful city. On every side of the Willard House, along Pennsylvania Avenue, along F. St. N. W. where I have been out and toward the monument I found beautiful lawns, magnificent buildings, splendid trees and foilage, all just like fairyland. I felt as did the Queen of Sheba "there was no more heart left in me". At one thirty today occurred the star proceeding of our Convention. We formed in procession and marched to the White House where a reception was tendered us by President Cleveland. In through the beautiful grounds to the front portico of the Mansion, thence through green rooms and blue rooms and other colored rooms to the "East Room" where we all stood in a semi-circle, the door was thrown back and in stepped Cleveland. He was just like his photos, large, healthy looking, well-fed, good humored—decent. There was a warm pressure of the hand as my name was announced, he looked me in the eye and all was over . . . I have found that it was good to keep the Sabbath in the Lord's way. In all my travels, Sunday has never failed to be my best and most satisfactory day.

Back to the hall in the evening, where I found bitter attacks on the orphan institutions the order of the day. I never was more surprised. Perhaps the Orphan asylums are as they describe—indeed my own experience among their "pets" shows that they are very defective. I have had a feeling whenever

I visited them, that none of them equalled our Orphanage in the real good that was being done—I was gratified to be able to pitch in medias res and tell them of the southern institution that abominated their pet theory of “placing children” of “finding them in” and “finding them out”. My soul is stirred within me, when I think of it and I am mad with myself that I did not say a great deal more about the matter.

Work is being done on the college again, just after commencement. My heart is greatly in this college plan. I hope for its success, above all things. There is no Presbyterian College in South Carolina and no reason why ours should become the Presbyterian College of the State. The grounds of the Orphanage now all look very bright, green and beautiful. No picture is so lovely as these bright green mornings, after the rains. It is a grand hope that Jesus gives us of a resurrection. That granted, and life is indeed a treasure. Lord, give us thy glory therein.

July—During the past week I sent off my little boys to Charleston on a month’s furlough, well pleased that I can give them the trip. We are getting on swimmingly with the College and McCormick house, the only unpleasant premonition is the emptiness of the treasury! Lord, replenish it for us.

July twenty-fifth—The college walls have risen five feet within a week. It has attracted a good deal of attention and the prospect is that it will be a great success. Oh, Lord, give us the money, to push this grand enterprise, through, that it may be the means of educating thousands. I look forward to the development of the institution into something commensurate with the name it bears. “Clinton Presbyterian College of South Carolina.”

The children are all back with me and dearer to me than ever. O God bless my children. I give them every one to thee. Do with them as seemeth good in thy sight. Oh how eagerly I long for some of my boys to enter the ministry.

August twenty-sixth—Last night our ladies gave a pleasant social at the church. A greater part of the young people were out, the Methodists and Baptists of course, were not there. We never see them now any more than if there were none in town. The Methodist pastor has just been chosen to lead the movement for a Baptist School in the place of Williams. The two denominations are a unit against us. Well, thank God, The Master is not

against us and I look to him to enable us to make the Presbyterian church and its institutions all that it should be.

September eleventh—We have met with a sad calamity. This evening just as we had put the last touch of plaster on the college walls, the two pillars in front gave way and the whole of the center front wall fell with a crash. In an instant our rejoicing turned into mourning. I have one great cause for thanks. Dangerous as was the fall, no one was hurt. I could hardly sleep last night, so troubled was I about the disaster! It is a sad calamity but I rejoice to say that it is not a monied loss to the Association for our people came nobly to the rescue and \$250 was subscribed to replace the battered walls and the half of that will be enough, so financially we came out of the distress better than ever. Still it is a great loss of time to us as it will be three weeks before the damage can be repaired. Dear Lord, I do thank thee that there was no loss of life but that not one of all our workmen received even a scratch from it. Grant, Master, that the house may be carried through with equal safety to the end.

September twentieth— During the past week we succeeded in getting two of the stone pillars from the old court house at Laurensville to uphold the base of our college. The pillars are filled with ancient memories of the past history of this country, and around them cluster the legal lore, wise laws of learned lawyers, and between them has passed many a poor culprit who left hope behind. This week the work of restoration will begin. Oh, Lord, prosper the work.

September twenty-seventh—Miss Laura and Miss Lottie Prince have arrived to take charge of the College Art and Music work.

October—I rejoice in the reception of a thousand dollars for the completion of the McCormick House. The Lord put it into her heart to give it in answer to prayer. Blessed be his name. This assures the completion of this house and will make it a very pretty thing, too. I rejoice and thank God.

October thirteenth—Last night we took what I trust will prove to be a great step forward in the management of our college. We elected four professors with President Smith of Reidville at the head. My department will be a weekly lecture to the college on Bible themes. The Lord is wonderfully opening before us the great program I have been working for these years. The Presbyterian College of Clinton, S. C. is to be fixed as a

fact. There is a vast stretch before us and we are a feeble folk but it can and it will be accomplished. Lord, help me in it.

I arranged a plan by which the Orphanage will henceforth have two scholarships in the college. It ought to be four so that each year we could enter one deserving boy in that institution, Lord, grant success . . . I have now laid pretty much the foundation of all the work I expect to do in life. But every department of it is to be pressed on to a high fulfillment of plans. I have to make a college out of our college, a noble charity out of the orphanage—a splendid church out of my church, a better paper out of Our Monthly and to be a leader in Presbyterian labors.

October twenty-third—I am getting much interested in the languages again. It is an evidense of the over-shadowing presence of our new college. I read a little every day in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and German. Today I refreshed my memory in Chaldee, Syriac and Spanish and Dutch. I am studying Anglo-Saxon Hope to get down to see Father in the course of four or five weeks. I have to go over to Greenwood to marry a couple on Monday. I wonder how Woodrow will come out at Synod!

October thirtieth—A very pleasant little jaunt to Greenwood where I tied Edgar Owens to Miss Mary Bailey for life. I was the guest of Cad Waller whose little daughter Daisy and I became chums. There is the prospect of a Railroad to Clinton and Mr. Bailey is half way persuaded to give us a bank. If which should be so, hurrah for Clinton! I had a long and pleasant chat with "Bill Arp" on the way home, a good old elder in the Rome, Ga., church.

October thirty-first—This day, the walls of the McCormick Home were finished and thus another step taken in our journey. Thank God.

November—I have hope that Mr. Bailey will erect a bank in Clinton. If he does, it will be because of my urging. With a college and a bank and a prospective railroad the prospects for the future of our village brighten and Clinton is getting to be alright.

November twenty-fifth—The ladies gave a festival on Tuesday for the college, reaping \$104.00. One cake sold for \$60.00. So ends the year.

1886—Age 43-44

January fifteenth—Lectures! First it was Dr. Millard and then the blizzard with the thermometer at zero, coldest weather since 1835, they say—We have been literally locked up with ice for a week, just a week today. Not a lick of work done on the houses. Winter in real dead earnest. And not only no sign of abatement but every prospect of getting worse. The ground is snow covered and the clouds look like snow and the wind blows.

January eighteenth—My labors for the orphanage cover so much of my time that I am beginning to believe that the time is approaching when another will have to take charge of the church.

February seventeenth—On the 15th of February I had the first rock hauled for the new Printing Office. I hope to build it during July and August. All the material will be collected before hand. I intend that Our Monthly shall pay the bill without the issuing of a single circular. It will be the property of the Orphanage.

March—It is most definitely arranged that the new college building will be opened on the 15th of March, which will be my 44th birthday. Its formal dedication will take place, I trust, about October 1st, which will be the 11th anniversary of the opening of the orphanage. I am thankful that I have been enabled to bring the college so near to completion. It will be a well organized body with six lectures in all and I trust large possibilities. The house is quite a good one and not at all out of keeping with our purposes. We are satisfied with it. I now pray God to enable me to organize it rightly and make it all that it ought to be. My own children are all getting their education there. Thus it means that every one of them will be a college graduate. As I look back over my old resolves and plans for the glory of God and see how he has wrought through me, I can thank him from the depth of my soul. I have great reason to rejoice and be glad in him for He has not forsaken me.

I am truly grateful to God for enabling me to realize what for years past—fifteen or twenty of them, has been a dream of my life, that Clinton is to have a college—a real active, living, wide-awake college! A Presbyterian college. I do thank God and now resolve in his strength and grace to make of myself and of my work for him, a nobler story than heretofore.

March fifteenth—This day by the goodness of God, I was enabled to set in order the Presbyterian College of Clinton, S. C. At nine-thirty A.M., in the presence of more than eighty or more students and six teachers, I offered the first prayer ever offered in the house and solemnly gave it to the Lord. At three P.M., we met in the college chapel, the pupils of the Orphanage being present and I addressed the assembly as to the “manner of the Kingdom.” We also had addresses from Mr. Smith and Barnes. After this I succeeded in persuading the Association to resolve to raise one thousand dollars to complete the house and trust it will be done.

March eighteenth—Oh how glad I am that I am thus enabled to have my boys educated in a college in Clinton. My plans were far behind my realization. Oh, how earnestly I am praying that He would put it into Mrs. McCormick’s heart to give us \$750.00 more for the McCormick Home and into the hearts of the Clinton people to give us \$1,000 for the completion of the college. It is hard to realize how great a change the two buildings will make.

March twenty-seventh—My prayer of the 18th inst. has been answered. The Lord has put it into the heart of Mrs. McCormick to give us \$800.00 for the McCormick Home and now we are hastening on to its completion. I rejoice. This gift is a very rift in the clouds. What a burden it has taken from me. It insures two other things, viz. the fourth scholarship in the college and the erection of my Printing Office. And so the Lord is opening hearts and helping me. Lord send light. Oh, for a revival. I have felt recently, as with a flood of light, the beauty and sweetness of Christ’s character and the reality of his work on earth. Never was there a life like his. Oh to see him and to meet him. To do this, I could die! Aye, I would cheerfully lay it all down to go and be with Jesus. And yet as cheerfully do I live with the joy in my heart that I am doing his work and that He is with me, helping me in it. I feel that all is working together for good for him and me. Now, Lord, get my people to give \$1,000.

April eleventh—I have just got back from Presbytery. The meeting was held at Laurensville. I must say that the people entertained us grandly. I was the guest of Col. Ball and the kindness shown me won me completely . . . 1 new church—1 new licentiate. That licentiate was my boy Sam Fulton. His examination was thoroughly satisfactory. He is to preach for me today, will spend the summer with us.

May—A few days ago a poor old broken down Presbyterian came to see me, stayed all night, and on leaving I gave him the last five dollar bill I had, to pay his way to Charleston. I said to the Lord as I gave it, "Lord, I give this to the poor man for thy sake. Repay me if thou seest I need it." It was money I had begun to lay by to take a trip away from home with. The Lord has done it. I have received a gift of \$300.00 from Mrs. McCormick asking me to take a trip to London with it. I am going! Blessed be God for his goodness and for thus putting it into my power to visit the various institutions in England and the North that I wish to see . . . Lord, help me to arrange all my plans for the very best and give me great success in my undertaking. It does seem as if everything was to happen this year and the Lord has arranged even my disappointments to work out for me great success. The college finished and occupied. The McCormick House complete. My Printing office to follow suit. A trip to Europe and all in one year.

Oh, Lord, in some way, that I cannot yet see, open up the way for the building of the Printing Office. I think He will do this! Yes, He will do it. Even as I write, He suggests a feasible plan. Sam Fulton came up last night and will preach near Clinton this summer. He will give my people a sermon every night till my return . . . My own son, States, thinks that he will study for the ministry. Oh, that God would keep him in that mind and enable him to love the Lord more and more and to serve him with Godly fear.

July—All my meetings have been successful. I have also received a purse of \$75.00 from members of my church to aid me in the trip. We have been busy with college commencement, have arranged to complete the building.

To Europe—On Monday morning bright and early we pulled out of Clinton, behind Bally. Yesterday was a day of great lamentation, many handshakings and this morning we left the big Orphanage house-hold, all overflowing with tears . . . At Laurens, Fair and Todd came down to see us off . . . And then the new road to Spartanburg . . . We found the through train for Washington behind time, had enough daylight to carry us into Charlotte. At Charlottesville we had a distant view of the dome of the University . . . Later we were at the Capitol. I showed Florence the most of the building. We sat for a half hour with both the Senate and the House, business was not brisk and the Senators were sleepy. There was no dignity about the crowd . . . I have seen the whole passenger list prostrated with

sickness. I can brag, as I did not miss a single meal . . . There have been adventures—the stormy night which was almost a night of terror, the three days without a sail in sight—the fog and the fog-horn, the answer through the dense night, the Leviathan spouting in the north, the thrill of excitement when the engine suddenly paused this afternoon. Tonight the sails are out, the engine at work, the sick recovered. Oh, let us give thanks to God . . . I have the pleasantest room-mate in Mr. Frank Barnett. We will travel together.

The nineteenth—I had yesterday one of the most singular experiences of my life and that was preaching on ship-board . . . Another experience was the trip I took down below. The tremendous machinery, the eight coal furnaces in full blast, the solitary workmen impressed me greatly.

I crept all along the great shaft that turns the propeller, close to the end as far as I could go. On that foot thick steel rod depends our safety, under God.

I have preached the only sermon that has been preached in the saloon during this passage.

Our first introduction was now made to the little English compartment cars. They are cozy and nice. I like them.

We bought tickets to Edinboro and return for 4 s. and were off—third class but as good as Laurens Railway first class.

The whole country is a product of art—no woods in our sense of the word—even the underbrush seemed “left so on purpose”. But there is a great deal of beauty in the scene. I was reminded of a lion with his face washed and his hair all nicely combed out, and his mane parted in the middle, but a lion still.

Our walk down High St. and Canon gate, past John Knox house was one to be remembered. Oh, the aching of heart that the street full of ragged children gave me. Their storming after the police who were arresting drunken women.

Edinboro is beautiful but there is misery in it. Every man we meet is a Presbyterian. But there is dirt and poverty here.

Well built stone hedges—well trimmed hawthorn hedges, even along streams or through little patches of woods. Nature has been thoroughly trained.

Chester Cathedral—old, weatherbeaten, venerable, honored structure! My first Cathedral and I shall never forget its long

cloistered halls, its grand doorway, the memorial of ancient days, the battered and worn casements, the chained Bible—the massive power and yet wondrous elegance of the stone-work that seemed to spring heaven-ward, not the pestiferous book-agent at the door.

Three hours were spent in Stratford-on-Avon. We visited the house where Shakespeare was born, and wrote our names in the register; the rough floor of stone below and board plank above is broken; the old fireplace is the size of a small room. I sat in the old stone chimney seat where Shakespeare, the boy sat. Caught no inspiration.

One despairs after having seen Oxford.

Spurgeon, this morning, attacked Evolution but Parker seemed to think it a part of an understood plan. I am delighted with his sermon although it was very difficult to follow him. Thus has this day been a complete success.

In all my tramp I have not seen a watermelon or a peach or a banana or a sweet potato or an ice cream saloon or a mule or a donkey. And while I recognize all I see, there are multitudes of things I don't see. I have not seen rice or hominy since I left home. If this absence of the things I love is to go on for a month or so, I'll get homesick.

I like the little English maidens. They are quite pretty. The people as a general thing look just like our own home people, speak a little quaintly, but more like South Carolinians than do the Yankees.

The Stockwell Orphanage out on Clebham Road. I was kindly welcomed and showed over the institution. It is far larger than I thought and I am delighted with it. The buildings are grand in their way, everything is perfect order and very neat. The children looked healthy and were to start on their month's vacation (I am always getting in just in the nick of time). Spurgeon has fine playgrounds for his children. They attend the Tabernacle preaching—are a good lot of children—don't fight (?) I like his cottage arrangement. He keeps the children till 14, and then the girls stay two years longer to help in domestic work. I don't like that or his dormitory plan but the work is splendidly done from his point of view, i. e. the English.

My heart aches for these little street children.

We get our meals at a cost of twelve to thirty cents, beds

at fifty cents (we are rather choice in matters of bedding and are well pleased with the location.)

Yesterday morning, I visited the British Museum. It is simply immense in its treasures.

The Egyptian relics are certain evidence that the ancient Egyptians were a negroid race. They have thick lips and negroid configuration. I never had a thing demonstrated to me so clearly before.

We next, after a light lunch, went to the Zoological Gardens and here I did want the children of the Orphanage very badly.

In Holland I find plenty of beans, the regular old snap. I saw none in England.

I have seen numbers of Rubens' and Van Dyke's pictures here (they were citizens of Antwerp) and I don't admire them. Well! yes! Even so.

The home people would not believe in the size of the fields—wheat, oats, potatoes, turnips, beans—all about the same size and all about a quarter of an acre, easy forty feet wide and 250 long. Some a little bigger and others about one fourth as big. Actually there were hundreds of wheat fields about the size of our orphanage strawberry field but oh how they did yield. The country is finely tilled and beautifully. The ground did not seem very rich but they make every foot of it bring something.

August eighteen-eighty-six—Yesterday in the musee at Antwerp I saw a beautiful sentiment in a picture of the attempt to throw Christ over the precipice at Nazareth. His body hung over nothing but underneath the foot that should have fallen were three cherubs. Underneath God's children are God's arms!

We dropped into Cologne about two o'clock and were right on the great Cathedral in a few minutes and into this wonderful, wonderful building—begun about 1245, the spire finished about 1880 but a great number of workmen still at work and a great deal more to be done yet. I was struck dumb with delight at its 50 or 60 splendid pillars springing out of the floor and seeming to uphold the sky, the roof was so far away; there was a service going on, the rich organ peeling out its sweet notes around the aisles. There are countless carved images—figures—gargoyles within and without. The exterior is a great forest of ornamentation. The doors are as rich in splendor as an army with banners. Up and up and up, higher and higher as the eye climbs

toward heaven on the spire there is no failure in the wealth and splendor of design. These 600 years of building have told.

At any rate, there isn't a particle of covering on our beds but a German mattress, as I live! I've heard of this thing but lo, I see it. I approach the hour of bedtime with fear. These Germans have arranged to smother us.

Picture the scene. It is typical, the river near half a mile wide on each side, rough precipitous hills rising upward three hundred feet, cultivated in a most extraordinary manner to the very summit, little patches guarded by gradings from slipping into the river, the rows of vegetation (vines) running right up hill and all too steep for a horse by any manner of means to stand on it. (I don't see how a man can) Along the base on each side run the railways, piercing the hills through tunnels in scores of places, the archway entrances being handsome Norman Gothic structures and the river itself for scores and scores of miles being faced with stone curbs. Now in some little cove of land between the river and the hill crowd together on a strip of land a half mile long by 100 yards wide at its widest, a hundred stone or brick buildings or stores, with great high roofs and one, two, three sets of little domes, one above the other. In the center or at an end, put a beautiful old church its great roof swelling far above the rest of the tall spire of stone or slate rising one, two hundred feet. Near by, say on the very crest of a great hill, just to the town's left, the ruins of some great old castle with its round tower and crumbling walls—and you have what I saw fifty times today. The little villages seem to run in pairs one on the right, the other on the left of the Rhine and the twin railroads are always there.

Well, we had a grand table d'hote dinner in the cabin which was one window with but slight divisions on all its sides and so as we ate the beautiful banks of the Rhine slid by—village, castle and mountain. Of course I noticed the points of peculiar interest to me; the sieben Gebrige, Ehrenbreitstein (what a splendid old fortress it is) Coblenz with its bridge of boats—Lorelei rock—Bingen and its Mouse tower, the two enemies—brothers and so on and so on.—I too am henceforth enthusiastic over the beautiful, populous, antique, wonderful Rhine.

Heidleberg. Here we were to stay all night. But the whole town was ablaze with banners and decorations. Every street was gay with the bunting. King Wilhelm Frederick, Crown Prince was in town. Moreover it was the 500th anniversary

of Heidleberg University and rooms had gone up to ten dollars a night and so we had to do what we were going to do and get away.

We thought the ascent of the Alps unutterably grand as we came in from Italy but language fails me to describe the miles on miles that followed. Every combination to thrill the heart of an enthusiast over nature was there. The snow covered mountains, tremendous cliffs—waterfalls till it was weariness to count them. Beautiful lakes—(Zug and Lucerne) quaint high perched villages—sharp eeries for the eagle—cliffs and crags and boulders, plains strewn with mighty masses of brecchia, foaming torrents, the quaintly dressed people, the oft recurring tunnels—so that we would rush out of a mountain to hang for a few minutes in dizzy space and right into the darkness of night again. I never can forget this day's experience! I have walked where God has wrought his miracles of power and I have seen the stupendous works of man, made in the image of God.

Now it is hard to believe it but it is true that these villages were not more than a quarter to a half mile apart and every one with its church built in 1380 more or less. Some places like Vevey, Montreux, have magnificent modern hotels and other good buildings but the balance looked as if they hadn't changed a particle since Calvin's time.

The road wound in coils and spirals upward and downward with great peaks a mile high on every hand. Some of the roughest, grandest, most thoroughly tilled country I ever dreamed of. Conical mountains, mountains that looked like big inkstands, big turnips, the half of a beet a mile high and jagged mountains and all other sorts. As for the road—well, I finally got perfectly used to being scared and found myself nonchalantly standing at the edge of a precipice one half a mile deep with a mile or so of jutting crag above and all sorts of dismal piles of cavernous rocks about me and the mountain streams tearing along as if they were five hours behind time and had to make it all up in the next ten minutes. At one place there was not enough mountain face to dig away to make the road so they had to cut a tunnel. At another place the road gave out entirely and they picked together some scraps to make it up with. The whole thing was simply tremendous.

We climbed up to Calvin's church, a fine one, sat in his chair, rejoiced to find the building free from the taint of image wor-

ship, far more so than St. Paul or Westminster, in which were some incomprehensible things.

I went out this afternoon to find the Scotch church but missed it and got into a Catholic church instead. As I was in, I took a seat to find out what French Catholics were like. Presently an old lady came up and requested the donation of one and a half sous for the chair I was in. I handed it over. There was a great parlance going on in front and people coming and going out and policemen in cocked hats promenading and people bobbing about, kneeling here and there, making imaginary crosses, getting through as soon as possible and putting out to the streets to join the frolic. The stores were mostly closed and a great big jollification was going on. I couldn't spend Sunday this way so I concluded to go home and read the *Interior*, etc. sent me yesterday. How thankful I am that I will spend no more Sundays in this way. I could have a splendid Sunday in any American city but my pleasure here is to be alone. I find that the Catholic Church I was in this evening was the one from which the tocsin for the massacre on St. Bartholomew's was sounded. No wonder my spirit was stirred within me.

Poor women, how they do work in Paris—Sundays and all days. The women are only men in France . . . I still don't feel quite right. There was entirely too much scenery. And it was very cold—I'm cold yet. Crossing the English channel is not at all funny. I don't want to recross it tomorrow even for another summer in Europe.

We had an exciting night, Monday night. Few slept and again the engines stopped, fortunately not for long or it would have been bad. A whale spouted yesterday and porpoise. But only 143 miles nearer New York. The passage is sure to be a long one. God grant that we may all reach safely our desired haven. The Captain says that there are 440 passengers and 110 crew. We are a village about the size of Clinton afloat here upon the sea. I calculate that the ship weighs about 30 million pounds. It cost \$300,000. As much would buy out our town (There we rolled so). All sails are set and the wind is but a few points off our course.

Last night one set of the passengers were having a dance in the forecastle. Another was having a regular spree in the smoking room. A fog was on the sea and there was a constant blowing of the great danger signal. So like the warnings of the pulpit but—on with the dance.

I have to speak this afternoon in the steerage. My theme is Christ and him crucified. I took part in this morning's service. A gentleman thanked me afterwards for my prayer.

In the evening all of the Presbyterian ministers on board went out on the bows of the ship and held an open air meeting for the steerage passengers. Bro. Thorn of Canada presided. I preached. We had about 100 or more seated about us on the floor. The Roman Catholic passengers got up an opposition hullabaloo, shouting, laughing, singing, knocking, and hand-clapping but we carried our meeting through. The strain on my voice was very considerable. I was asked to preach tonight and was arranged to do so, permission being given us to use the Saloon, if no one opposed. But Canon C—— who is "the crank aboard," did oppose and so there was no service. It was a mean little thing to do and a disgrace to the Clergymen. Let not his church be held accountable.

New York. I was at once brought to realize a great difference between the American and the foreigner. The first sight that greeted my eyes was a darkey. The next was a great fruit store and plenty of bananas. And the streets were muddy. And oh, what an immensity of telegraph wires. And the wonderful variety of architecture along Broadyay, so unlike the sameness of the European city. I reached Alexandria and met Florence and also the earthquake there! And, ever since, the earthquake and its horror filled my mind. The distressing news from Charleston filled my mind with terrible forboding. At Spartanburg we met another quiver of the earth. I went to Tom Law's, took tea with him and spent the evening at his house. I was sorry to hear of the trouble in his church. He will be a very great loss to our Presbytery if he leaves us. I have also heard that Mr. Fair has left Laurens. What a pity. I wonder what is to become of our little Presbytery. At Laurens all the talk is of the earthquake but I was delighted to know that all was safe in Clinton. But, oh, poor Charleston! It grieves me beyond measure to hear of their distress. How welcome was the sight of "Bally" and the mule (Kit —*Editor*). How familiar was each old cabin along the road. How delightful the home-coming. And thus ended the long journey.

September seventh—Almost every night for a week there are earth-quake tremors.

September eleventh—Yesterday was a day of busy work for me. My heart was made sad by the funeral services of Mrs. Comp-

ton. In the evening I fitted up for a lecture on Europe, using about twenty four lantern views and I talked for over an hour. I never made as long a speech and hope not to do so again. There was perfect order in the hall. I could not see the people, tho!

September nineteenth—I asked the Lord for twenty souls if He could see it right to give them. He has given me twenty and two more by letter and four others have returned to Little River. Blessed be God!

September twenty-second—Our college opened with over seventy pupils. The Lord is good to give me such success in this great enterprise. We are not to rest in it, till it is packed all along the line to completion. I have a greater and heavier work to do for the College, than even in the Orphanage. The Lord is with us and that is enough.

October—Eleven years ago this day, first this Orphanage was opened. As the time passes the Lord blesses. This last year has been crowded full of mercies. How shall I thank thee as I should, Oh, Lord!

October third—I long to have my work so systematized that I can get to authorship. For that reason I am bringing myself to occupy both an office and a study.

October fourth—Received Gertrude Griffin from Greensboro, Ga. today.

October twenty-seventh—I don't like the memory of our Synodical meeting. It was large, but evolution and Woodrow were the only themes. I did make a speech on Foreign Missions which was very highly appreciated and one on Home Missions, too. But Girardeau and Mack had lifted the black flag. It is a sad pity to have such men in the church of Jesus with the spirit of hate that they manifest.

November third—I had several annoyances yesterday. The Lord is determined to keep me humble. Our supplies are running very low. It has been a long while since we have been so near the bottom of things. I must hasten the circulars. Lord send and help us. We still have shocks of earth-quakes. The severest I have felt was the one I passed through at General Prince's dinner table. But hardly a day has passed since the 31st of August that we have not had a tremor. We are getting so used to them we hardly think to mention them unless an unusually perceptible shake occurs.

December—I have been very busy. We had on hand the dedication of the McCormick home. That is done. It was opened this December first. I have about finished the wood work of the new office and if it were not for the snow and the measles we would be in condition to move in soon . . . Mr. Smith is now in the McCormick Home. Faith cottage is occupied only by the printing office. Mrs. Liddell is to move in on the 18th but she has the measles and we are sure not to get in by that time which is next Saturday.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

1887—Age 45

Some miserable thief broke in my study last night and stole three large sets of commentaries. Did anybody ever hear of such rascality! The Lord forgive him . . . All the latter part of this winter I spent in a visit to father and mother . . . Preached twice for father on Sunday to audiences of twenty and twenty-four respectively. I wonder how any one can get up the divine afflatus with that kind of a flock.

I do believe that I do as much visiting and more study than most pastors notwithstanding the heavy pressure that cometh daily upon me. With it all I am happy and contented. Who could be otherwise with so many things to cheer and encourage. May God be praised for his rich grace and goodness and may He ever direct me, enabling me to do his will and to say "Lord, whither thou leadest I will follow." And then to think—after all this, eternal life.

March fifteenth—I am forty five years old today. This I resolve on, to keep near the cross. My plans and purposes for this life are many but not one shall come between me and my dear Savior. Oh, how I long to know more about the other life. To win that, I can do anything for Jesus. My hope is this—God grant that some day my home may be there.

March twenty-seventh—This week, in answer to prayer, directly—the Lord sent me \$130.00. I only asked for \$100.00. This was as much as I had received in three weeks before. He is a good Lord and does not forget his children. My heart is full of a real trust in God. I know He is good, and for me He is a stronghold.

April twelfth—I was unanimously elected to the Assembly at St. Louis. While there was a heavy contest for alternates.

April thirteenth—We are stuck in the mud with our college work. Only hard praying will get us out.

April fifteenth—Daughter came to me today with the news of her engagement to Will Bailey. Am I growing old? Am I soon to have a daughter married!

April twentieth—I asked the Lord on the first day of this

week, to direct me by one act of Providence as to whether a certain matter I had committed to him would be cared for by him, and whether I must trust that his disposition of it would be for my good, the good of his work committed to me and of all concerned. I asked him to give his answer, "yes" by sending me this week some special sum of money at each time and in such way as that my mind would be surely convinced. On Monday, Tuesday, no such evidence came. This day the 20th is also the 22nd anniversary of my marriage. It is the very day that I expected the business to be settled. This evening I received three letters, enclosing \$20.00, \$20.00, \$20.22 respectively. This and no more. I consider it a wonderful and exact answer to my prayer, and hence whatever the course of events may be as to the business I put under his care I shall say Deus, lux mea, Salvator meus Dirige mihi vias . . . Clinton has a weekly paper, the *Enterprise*. I rejoice at it.

May—Brother Sam Fulton, full ready for the ministry, is with me for a few days. I am glad. He has not yet chosen his location but will probably go to Japan.

Organic union has been the one all absorbing topic at this Assembly. It is going to convulse our whole church and I fear rend it with violence and passion. Palmer and others are bitter in their opposition to it and proclaim their purpose to tear the church in pieces rather than to submit to it. This is not the spirit of God. My own views are that if the Northern church will yield to a plan for a separate African Assembly and will clearly assert the unpolitical character of the church I can conscientiously unite with them, but in the meanwhile so great are the obstacles in the way when the question comes up in the Presbytery I will vote against it, believing that more effective work can be done by two Presbyterian denominations than by one. Lord, save thy church from disaster.

June tenth—What a harvest I can make of this summer if I work as I ought. The study—the souls gathered—the added help to our orphanage. God give me strength to begin a new life. I know that though white hairs mingle with my beard, that the Master has yet thirty five years of service for me. I want to work till I am 80 and then if I live, to live working still—till heaven is near at hand. I have been preaching 23 years. I am not half done what God has for me, so I hope at least. Lord, help, bless, be with me and guide every step I take. I want nothing but to glorify him and to press on his work. Easy, precious, delightful task—to work for God.

Well, Ferdie graduates this month. So my second child has graduated and gone out into the world. How quickly is time passing. Eternity will soon be here. Glorious hopes are in its bosom. What brightness they give to life. The realizing of those hopes will be happiness enough to pay for all the fears and anxieties of time.

August—I am resting. I hope to go down tomorrow to Trenton to the assistance of Bro. Morris at a meeting at High-view.

September—Ferdie has opened out a shop in Clinton. He is in a place where he will need guidance. May the Lord help him and give him a hundred fold success.

September twenty-sixth—Our college has opened splendidly. We have 90 already and the possibility is for a still greater increase of patronage. I am sure that we will have over a hundred this year. In the Orphanage and College there are now nearly 150 young people. This is a large number for me to be responsible for. I have a noble field for work. How often I recall the talk with Dr. Girardeau in 1873 when he tried to convince me that I should seek a broader field of labor than poor little Clinton and my reply that their souls were as much worth saving as any, anywhere. Blessed be my Master who has rewarded me and is doing for me more abundantly than I dared to ask. And there are yet things before us—what I cannot say, but there is growth for my little church in every department.

October twenty-third—Tom Leitch, the revivalist a la Sam Jones is carrying the town before him. Oh, Lord, keep him from doing harm—enable him to do good. What a glorious Lord God is ours. During the past 23 days He has sent in \$1,000 which lifts the Orphanage clear of debt and places our feet on the solid rock. I rejoice and am glad in him. He will help me in all my needs.

November—I have been revolving for months my purpose which I will certainly carry into effect, some day of devoting myself wholly to the Orphanage, preaching in the Orphanage Seminary, where I hope to organize a "Church of the Fatherless," but at present I am waiting for the Lord to develop it.

I am enjoying a visit from Captain Wren and Mrs. Wren, my sister.

November twenty-second—I have been very busy all this month answering letters received for the Orphanage. I love

this work. It is intensely practical but the Master seems to have appointed me to do it. I would rather be engaged upon literary work—work which would require more freedom from interruption than I get now, when so many people want to see me on all sorts of things and so many odds and ends of jobs have to be attended to. But I must begin. The years are speeding by. I am reading a good deal, mainly travels and lighter theology and history. It rests me to read such and gives me bright, fresh ideas for Sunday work.

The year ended with a big Christmas for the Orphanage. I was busy! Busy was no word for it. There was a whole week of crowding. During the month not less than \$1800.00 was received in cash and \$500.00 in articles of one kind and another. I have not gotten it all put in order and will not for a while. "He led me."

1888—Age 46

This year will find me busy on Memorial Hall. It is going to take me all the year. It may take a full year to complete it. We lay the cornerstone on the first of the 25th year of my pastorate. It will be my Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped us. I want also to complete the college this year, that it may finish my 25th year with joy.

January twenty-sixth—There are now eighty white families in Clinton, fifty of them in my church and the rest in the Methodist and Baptist churches. Mine is almost double both of them put together. Work is going on on our new railroad* and another year will, we hope, give us close connection with the North and West.

February sixth—Yesterday was a bad day but I had 170 at S. School. I learn that our Baptist friends had 30 that same day! At last it is as I fondly hoped—the "old" pastor is once more the center of Sabbath attraction. Lord give me grace to study hard to do thy work well—to be faithful in that which is least—as well as most.

February twenty-third—Bro. Bell is a very ill man. I much fear we will lose him. Sam Fulton leaves us in the fall for Japan. God has placed great honor upon our Orphanage and church by calling us to give our first fruits to him for his work among the heathen. My own son's determination to study for the ministry encourages me greatly. God be praised for his goodness. Oh, that they all would go and do likewise.

*The Georgia, Carolina and Northern, now the Seaboard Air Line.

March twelfth—W. P. Bell is dead. A true friend is gone. The Orphanage has lost its treasurer, the church its trustee, elder, treasurer.

March fifteenth—Forty six!

March twenty-seventh—My day's work now consists in rising at six twenty, the Bible in Latin, Hebrew and Greek, breakfast, worship with the orphans, then correspondence, receiving visitors, editorial work, sermonizing, more reading, work till dinner, then two hours more of toil, then three of visiting. Now what I lack is in not having some positive course of study. I read a great deal but it is of such things as I can get hold of. It is not hard study. I am also doing a vast amount of writing concerning the orphan work etc. I am doing no solid book work. I propose, hereafter, to devote two hours after dinner to this latter and put in one or two hours of heavy reading, somewhere daily. I do enjoy my work. I have been greatly blessed in it.

April fifteenth—All day to Piedmont and the busiest of busiest Presbyterians. I was entertained at Brother Penny's who with Mrs. Penny and the eight little pennies made my stay pleasant. We had much happiness, but the most important to me was Ferdie's reception as a candidate. Then Sam Fulton's ordination to the Foreign Missionary work. And Nickels Holmes' licensure. All three were from Clinton Church! God be praised for this seal of his love. We also are to lose Brother Heath. It is God's ordering and will be for the best. I have been thinking of Professor Wm. Kennedy as his successor.

April twentieth—Again the Master has sorely afflicted me. Rush Blakely, my dear friend, is no more. I can hardly believe it. It grieves me to the quick. And worst of all, one of his foolish sprees—delirious—exhaustion ended him. My heart grieves as I think of this ending to one whom I loved tenderly and for whom there has been an increasing tenderness. I loved him. Oh, how useful he might have been, had he only conquered his giant. He was in no sense a drunkard. I can't account for his act on any other ground than that of temporary insanity. I preached his funeral to an immense audience filling all the church from the text "Lord, Jesus, receive my spirit!"

April twenty-ninth—God has blessed me wonderfully in turning the thought of so many of my young people to the gospel ministry. Nickels Holmes, just licensed, was first a member of my church. Dent Brannen, Sam Fulton just ordained for Japan, Clarke Jennings, Ed Milner, my own son Ferdie; all these within

the year past and now I hear that Sam Byrd, Darby Fulton, Willie Jennings, all have the same under advisement. Oh, God direct them and enable me to advise them aright. How earnestly I have desired to make the Orphanage a great medium of importance to the ministry and the college its co-worker. The Lord is giving me my desires. Who could doubt such a God!

May fifth—I am much exercised about the College and look in vain for a President. Oh, God, send us the right man. We want a man!

May seventh—My soul was on fire today as I handled the subject of Foreign Missions. A good man said: "It is the best sermon you ever preached!" My heart yearns for the day of the Lord to come in our time. Oh, for the rich treasure of our Savior's presence. We had 192 at Sunday School, a large congregation at church. What an opening for usefulness.

May—It is nine years and more since Mary's death. The gray hairs are beginning to show. I do not know my future. I have always felt that there would be a unity and a purpose to my life. I have never expected to die. I do not feel now that I will die. This is only, I take it, an evidence of exuberant vitality in spite of my invalid ways. I only wish it were a presage that I am to see the Lord Jesus in the flesh. I have felt also that my unique life is a happy, contented one. I love my work, my people, my surroundings. God has dealt well with me. My only great trial has been Mary's death. Other things have been annoyances, very serious ones some time, but that death is the only black shadow that has fallen across my way. How I do love that sainted woman. She was my joy—my comfort—and now my only despair.

May twelfth—It was one of our best anniversaries—marred only by the rain in the midafternoon. But even that was a blessing in having broken up a game of baseball that would have spoiled our evening audience.

May nineteenth—I have been much worried about our College lately. The teachers certainly have not the spirit of faith. They tell us expressly that they are working for money and unless they can get the money they will not serve us. That lot had better arrange to leave. Oh, Lord, send consecrated men and women here. I have served the people of Clinton for twenty five years without demanding a guaranteed salary and all has worked well.

May twenty-ninth—Another milestone in the history of the

orphanage has passed. Yesterday the cornerstone of Memorial Hall was laid. Dr. Brackett gave us a fine talk. We have now set in to building with all our might.

June third—Oh what a break in the steady course of Christian morals was the ball the other night. On the down-grade again.

June nineteenth—I heard a few kind words about my sermon yesterday. They were needed to cheer me under other trials. Will Bailey says: "If this were any other town than Clinton they would think they had the best preacher in the state." Mr. McCrary said: "Clinton will be mighty hard to satisfy when you are gone." Kind words these, but the fact remains that possibly there is not a man in the state who receives as few personal kindnesses from his people as I do. I do not care for these things but I do feel that the absence of them implies a lack of interest in me personally. I have longed to fill out twenty five years of faithful pastoral service. I am in my twenty fifth now. My time is not by any means overwhelmingly full. I must work or die but if the Master sees that I have done all as Pastor of this church that I can do I am willing to resign to some one else. I shall thereafter feed my orphan flock and do such general outside work as I can. To say that I want this and to say it truly, would take more grace than I have and I cannot say it; but I am willing to yield my will to that of the eternal God. He knows what is best, both for me and for his church better than I do.

July eighth—I am in my 25th year of pastoral work. My ambitions are that it should be signalized ere its close.

First, with the increase of my church to a net gain of 225 members.

Second, with the completion of the college building.

Third, with the erection and completion of Memorial Hall.

Fourth, with the issue of my first bound volume.

And then I propose to set out with twenty-five more years of good hard work.

July thirtieth—I hope to begin work on the college this week. I hope to have the house entirely furnished in time for school and, if so, how happy we will all be. It will be happiness enough for Clinton to have given the Southern Presbyterian Church its orphanage and its college. For the State of South Carolina, Columbia and Clinton will be its centers of education.

August twelfth—We now have our college faculty all ar-

ranged for the ensuing year. Prof. Kennedy, Col. Kemper, Mr. Martin, all accept. Oh, God, bless our work and make it a great success. . . . Father preaches for me this morning. It is his first sermon after the passing of his 80th birthday.

August thirtieth—I have greatly enjoyed the visit of my aged father and mother to me. God bless their advancing years with the riches of his presence. How I love the Lord for all his goodness to me. I glory in him.

September fourteenth—Florence and Will Bailey were married on Wednesday night. Time! It flies. Senesco. Lord bless these dear children of mine.

September seventeenth—My church is 11th in membership, second in number of members received, third in size of S. S., and 27th in salary in our Synod. It is in some respects the most interesting field in the state.

This day, I rose in a heavy rain and read the word, then breakfast and worship, letters written, proofs corrected, articles for *OUR MONTHLY*. Got Ferdie off for Princeton, N. J.; then a visitor; next, three hour session of the faculty; dinner; the sick children all visited; the workmen start on two buildings; then a visit to our dying Brother Milner, then to Mr. Jones, then to Mrs. Vance and Florence; then to the session meeting, then to see Hale Shands who is very ill; then to the College and Memorial Hall; Supper; with the children to the Baptist Church; after that a call at the McCormick House; and at ten P. M., answered a summons to see Mr. Little's dying child; numberless other things. That is a sample of my day's work and I am still entertaining a house full of guests and enjoying my vacation!

September thirtieth—The past three days have been spent at Presbytery. We were busy but I cannot say that I am satisfied with the work. The most important matter was the election of N. J. Holmes to the position of evangelist. My church thus gives to Enoree both its home and foreign missionary! The Master is honoring me with fruit in his kingdom.

October—Last year I received over nine thousand dollars for the orphans. Oh God make it ten thousand this year! . . . Bro. Kennedy has moved his family into the college building.

October fifteenth—I have completed the press work on my history of the orphanage and will shortly send two hundred fifty copies to the binder.

November—Clinton seems prosperous this week — cotton everywhere. Five new buildings in progress. A new newspaper started. Yesterday was a delightful day and fine congregations. The Orphanage is in dire straits and sore distress and no income. Lord send help to thy children, for Jesus sake.

November eleventh—We are in very great straits and unless God speedily rescues these orphans we will be at the end of our rope. Lord come.

November twenty-third—On the 22nd day, 11th month 1888th yr. we finished off the walls of Memorial Hall. I thank God.

November twenty-sixth—Dear Bro. Milner has passed away and was buried this day.

November twenty-seventh—Gifts come in very slowly. We are \$800.00 behind last year in our receipts.

December seventh—Within three days more than \$400.00 has been received. Blessed be God for His goodness.

1889—Age 47

I enter upon this year which closes the 25th of my pastorate, with an earnest prayer for the help of God. First, to keep me young, fresh, active, interested, faithful, prayerful, zealous. Second, to crown this year with a harvest of precious souls. Third, if it be his holy will, to show me great mercy to the orphanage and college. Fourth, to show me what new things to begin.

March eight—Alas! Mrs. Jennings was buried yesterday. Another member with God! Mackie comes to the orphanage.

March ninth—A visit from Sam Byrd. He too has concluded to study for the ministry. Blessed be God. All our Senior class now go to the Seminary.

March twenty-eight—I have been reading Drummond's books on Natural Law in the Spiritual World. Oh, God, be my environment. Dwell in me, Lord and teach me that I may know of the doctrine that it is thine. Lord, Lord, I long to be so fully alive that I may touch thee.

April—Oh, blessed Master. I come to thee, in this hour of my distress of soul. Thou knowest the doubts that overwhelm me, the anxieties that distress me. Lord, I long for thy word

to give me light. I have suffered these two months in secret fear and open pain. Master, deal gently with me. I am thy child and in anxiety of heart I beseech thee, comfort me, Oh, Lord. Show me where and how I can get relief and what I ought to do. Lord, shall I cease this preaching? Thou knowest that it is like the pang of parting, to close my voice and no longer speak of Thee, Master, but it presses on me that such is my duty. What shall I do, Lord. I am puzzled beyond measure. Lead my mind into the light. Lord, above all things I want to know that I am pleasing Thee and that Thou dwellest in me. I want to be surrounded by Thee and I want to be in Thee. I want a sweet, calm peace in Thee, a trustful rest in Thee and oh my blessed Lord, above all things I want to know that my Redeemer liveth. Thou hast led me through fear, darkness (not light) but great bitterness and agony. My Master, bring me out into the light, that I may be with Thee and abide in Thee. There is nothing but thyself, Oh Lord that can give me solid comfort. Hear me for my Savior's sake.

April sixteenth—

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head. Amen!

I was so grateful to be able to give my second son, States, to the ministry. The Lord be praised! Lord make him a useful minister! I earnestly dedicate all my boys to the service of God in His church! Lord, claim them all.

*April twenty-seventh—*Nothing written in this journal for a number of days. I still walk under the shadow of physical suffering and anxiety but know that God is good and that he forgets me not. I have earnestly prayed to him for health and restoration to my pulpit. I wonder if I may take the verse on which my eye lit as I picked up my Bible as a message from Him—"I have seen thy tears—I have heard thy prayers—I will heal thee." Oh, that it may so prove.

*May sixteenth—*On Sunday I was privileged to conduct the Sunday School for the first time in three months.

*May nineteenth—*Alas, I am suffering sorely from my throat again and away from home and helpless. Oh, Lord, in my extremity I come to thee. Master help thy poor child. Thou art my light, thou only Lord, keep me in thy hand and forget me not.

*May twenty-third—*I am back home again, busily at work.

I intend now to stick at it, taking plenty of exercise, looking after my spiritual and physical condition, studying the nature of and using all remedies to cure or alleviate my throat affection. It is very probable that I will be compelled to surrender my preaching. Still I thank God that I have been enabled to do 25 years of good work for him.

May thirtieth—I have had a great amount of work to do, getting moved into Memorial Hall. We got in on the night of 'he 27th and on the 28th Bro. Thornwell delivered his dedicatory address. The day was made glad by a telegram from Mrs. McCormick offering us \$3,000 to build another cottage! It was a message from God, an answer to prayer and it indicates to me length of days yet to come in the Master's service. I also received the first donation (from Pearl Gatherers) to the Georgia home. God be praised for all his mercies.

June tenth—Yesterday—splendid congregations, the largest S. S. assembly ever held in one room—211 present.

June sixteenth—Things that used to annoy me a great deal now disturb me but little. I am growing callous or have I learned that "all is momentary that afflicts us." The miserable effort to injure our college by the Ball-loving members of my own and other churches which has stirred up the town and which has all its arrows aimed at me has given me no sort of concern, except a godly sorrow for the sinners. We had a splendid congregation yesterday. Ferdie is giving us some good sermons. He is a young man of great promise and I know no one I could wish for as an associate in my ministerial work better to my notion than himself.

June twenty-eight—We had a big commencement week. Everything passed off galore! It was quite a success and I feel that Clinton College—the child of my dreams—will yet be a grand institution. We have made a break in giving degrees to Rev. McPheeters and Law—and I behold myself likewise D. D. by Erskine College—Rev. William Plumer Jacobs, D. D.—ahem! It does seem as if the Lord meant to celebrate my 25th anniversary by resting me, doctoring me, and otherwise advancing my work. I don't percieve that I am a bit wiser or bigger than I was before.

June thirtieth—Having received no money for three days I made a special prayer for help. The same day I prayed, Mr. Cornelson (who had received no circular) wrote, enclosing me one hundred dollars which I received last night. This is another

one of the ten thousand "accidents" that are happening in my experience.

July eight—Father and Mother are spending a few weeks with me. God bless their old age with care and comfort.

July twentieth—Our large clock is now up and is striking away at the hours. It is a very great improvement and is intended to regulate all our affairs. The bell can be heard all over the town.

July twenty-six—Father left me today to go to James Island. God bless that dear old man and spare him to us for many years.

July twenty-seven—I preached this morning a forty minute sermon without trouble, adopting a conversational style. I thank God that there is now the probability that I can fully resume my work. I cannot go back to Rockbridge, however.

August—Three months ago I asked the Lord to assure me of eternal life by doing four wonderful things for me. First, to restore my health and this He has done so far that I seem to myself to be whole and well. Second, to free the college of debt and this also he has done by removing every cent of indebtedness and having a little balance in the treasury. Third, by doing some wonderful thing for the orphanage. His reply was to give me \$1000 endowment, \$350 for the clock and \$3000 for the Harriet Home, to give Our Monthly its largest receipts and the whole orphanage work \$14,000! Fourth, to bless my church in some special way and since then He has led five of my young men (one my own son) into the ministry. (and he hasn't done yet) It seems to me that I have the clearest right to believe—First, that God hears my prayers. Second, that He has in store for me eternal life, and greater privileges and blessings than these can no one ask. As the mercies of this year, they are beyond measure. My heart magnifies her Lord and makes her boast in Him.

August six—Lord, keep me from getting into unprofitable newspaper controversy. But help me to do my part toward composing the unhappy differences in our synod over the evolution controversy. Is it too great for thee?

September fifth—The dream of many years is about to be realized, and Clinton is to have a new Railroad. God has been very, very good to me. I am still studying whether or not it is my duty to give up my pastoral charge. I made up my mind that if, without my asking, the Lord should send \$10,000 to endow the Orphanage for the president's salary, I would take it as

the Lord's way of saying to me: Confine yourself to the institutional work. But, oh my Lord, restore my health. I think one thing only will restore it and that is a more active and less anxious life. My anxieties all come from the church. I will go straight on and do my duty to the very best of my ability, in every field the Master gives me.

September eighteenth—Another week in bed. The Master is teaching me as well as helping me. I feel grateful for this illness, although it has brought me a great disappointment, a failure to get to Presbytery for the first time in 25 years.

Ferdie preaches for me for the last time today as he goes to the Seminary tomorrow. I am now to assume fully my pastoral labors. A few months will enable me to judge whether I am able to do it or not. Lord, help me. Today our hearts are broken by the sad tidings of Willie Jennings' death. He was to have entered college today as a student for the ministry. Oh, God, what meaneth this? Today college opened splendidly, about 80 enrolled. A large number of boarders in! More young men than ever before. Thank God for his blessing on the Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

September twenty-second—How grateful I am that God has enabled me to establish the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. Nor will I rest till it is established. It must have four endowed professorships.

September thirtieth—The town is excited over the grading of the new Railroad which is rapidly progressing. There is a probability also of our getting the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens to this point. If so, we will have to rise to the majesty of our city-hood and work like everything to keep Clinton right.

October eleventh—Just at present I am pushed worse all round than ever I was before. Lord send help and light.

October eighteenth—Our efforts have set the N. C. Presbyterians to work. They are about to found an orphanage. It is to be seen whether they will run into the dangers that many institutions do.

November—Oh, my God come to the relief of our orphans. Master, we are 800 and 1000 dollars behind! Thou canst save and thou alone!

November sixteenth—I am casting about to see what work the Master has in store for the next year for me. He has taught me not to rely too surely on the future. He can cut me down

at any time, but his will seems to be that I should work each day with all my might without either knowing or caring for the future.

November nineteenth—I am getting much discouraged. I begin to think that I ought to resign my preaching work. I have an intense love for it and would preach every evening if I were not pastor but the church is doing very poorly now. I have lost twenty members by death and removal in a year past. Have lost several to other denominations and have gained only nine or ten. My work is discouraging among the Clinton people. I have fine congregations. Sunday School, prayer meetings but they are not the Clinton People. I am about to organize a church at Rockbridge and believe that it will be done before spring. That will take off twenty members. Moreover my throat has never been healed up fully. I have renewals of the attack every few weeks.

December thirtieth—Yesterday occurred another marked event in the history of our church: viz: the organization out of it of Rockbridge Church, seventeen members having been dismissed to organize it. Among these were one elder and one deacon. This closes another chapter. God bless the organization. The only other organization perfected from mine is the Sloan's Chapel (colored) to which over a hundred members were dismissed. This will reduce the membership of my church to under 200. I pray God speedily to revive us again.

December thirty-first—It has been a year of honors and mercies and sufferings. I have never felt as near the grave in all the years past. I have never thought and studied so much about eternity. Some things have disquieted me. I have had trouble enough to make me feel that there is not to be pleasure in any work or for any man in this world and yet God has been very merciful to me.

1890—Age 48

January first—How strange it sounds to write down 1890. For the fifth time I have changed the decade number and very soon shall reach my semi-centennial—how young I feel to be nearly fifty. Thank God for this youthful feeling.

January second—I received today unsolicited the first two gifts for the Theological Institute! There is an appropriate suggestion here. The Lord means me to begin that work next and so I will. I have also a plan, following that for which I have

in hand \$120 for a Library building. It is at interest and can wait. It is possible that the Georgia Home may suddenly develop.

January third—The Lord has decided something for me. First, He has decided that Theological Building is to be put up, for on the first day of the New Year He brought me two gifts for that special object. Second, He has begun to help me with the Library fund. Two hundred and fifty dollars are now invested for that object. Third, a letter today suggests a possible \$2,000 for a library building. I humbly hope the Lord is so directing it.

January sixth—I am lonesome. Today passed into eternity Prof. W. S. Lee, dear Uncle States. Two days ago he was alive and well and in his study. Now he is with God. At three twenty today, after two days of silent watching about the unconscious sufferer I called for a testament and read the glorious 17th of John. I knelt and prayed that the arm of the Lord Jesus would be about the poor suffering one and bear him into the glory of the redeemed. There happened a wonderful thing! He who had been as good as dead for three days, roused up, showed every sign of recognition and then dropped asleep to wake no more on earth. God has given me a witness of the glory beyond. Henceforth, Oh, Master, give me a new zeal for thee. Help me to live a new life and at least give me that eternal reward.

January eighteenth—I do thank God for his many mercies to me and so many answers to prayer. I often look over this journal and find where I have written my prayers and a little later on find the record of the prayer answered. I had forgotten the prayer but the King had not forgotten to answer.

January twenty-first—I will need more money than the \$3,000 Mrs. McCormick gave to finish it—possibly two or three hundred. But it will come. The Lord is good and He provides things in a wonderful way.

January twenty-ninth—It rains this evening, just the sort of eve to give a fellow the blues. I'll go and get a good book.

February fourth—My poor throat is still giving me a great deal of trouble, but I feel that my general health is improving. At any rate I can work with pleasure and enjoy it. I want to live, if God will, to a green old age, but I can truly say that if I could take the step across the chasm into the land of glory, peace and God, I would not hesitate to do it. For me to live is Christ, to die is gain;—to depart and be with Christ is far better, but I love the work here and the dear ones, and I long to leave behind me a rounded, complete and finished life—with work for

God crowning the years—clear to the end. Grant this, if it be thy holy will, Oh my God.

February fifteenth—Dr. Boozer is very ill. Lord spare his useful life.

February sixteenth—Our earnest prayer for Dr. Boozer's recovery seems to be availing.

February twenty-fourth—There is now much hope for Dr. Boozer's recovery. God be praised.

February twenty-fifth—Dr. Boozer still seems to be on the road to recovery to the astonishment of us all. It is the general feeling that he was saved by prayer and not by the skill of his physician.

March tenth—Cold, snow, grippe, etc. Miss Mary Riley has taken charge of the domestic work at the hall. We are much pleased with her and thank God for sending her to us.

March fifteenth—I am 48 years old today. Well, it matters little how fast we drift onward so we drift toward God. I think more of heaven as I pass nearer the landing. I crossed to the unknown world four years ago. There were storms and tempests on the way. We had a goodly company and much to cheer us but we were wondering what manner of country it was we were about to enter. I rejoice that it is a good country to which I am hastening. But I am here still. I mean to do some better work in the incoming year—Lord, send thou the very best thing that I need to help me. Only ever let me remember Thee. Give me, each day, some token of thy presence.

April fourth—I have been laid up with the grippe for two weeks and am still very weak. But I thank God I am able to be at work again, tho very feeble. One Sunday Ferdie preached for me and another Mr. Beattie of Columbia.

April fifth—Oh that He would give me a \$2,000 gift for the Library building. I know he can help by few as well as many. Lord send help speedily. I am praying for \$500 for the finishing of the Harriet Home. I cannot ask Mrs. McCormick for it. She has done so much for us that we ought to be satisfied.

April tenth—I have proposed in my heart to labor for the next ten years for the erection in Clinton of a Presbyterian Church building that will be an honor to the town and a blessing. It must be of granite and contain the audience room, Sunday School room and ladies parlors, library room and reading room and must be heated by furnace and lit by electricity or gas. It

must be a \$20,000 house when completed with stained glass windows, pipe organ and iron ceiling, slate roof. For the Orphanage I hope during the next ten years to build the Technological Institute, The Georgia Home, the Nursery, the library and to make large additions to the Printing Office and the Seminary. But I leave the guidance wholly in thy hands, Oh Lord.

April eleventh—I have an easy time now with letter writing. Gertrude helps me on the typewriter wonderfully.

April twenty-six—Ferdie was licensed to preach the gospel! God bless the lad and make him a noble preacher of the word.

May nineteenth—The Orphanage property now, at a liberal estimate is as follows:

Home of Peace and furniture	\$5,000
Bee Hive	2,000
Memorial Hall and furniture	5,000
Faith Cottage	2,500
Seminary	6,000
McCormick Home	4,000
Harriet Home and furniture	3,500
Printing Office	1,000
Scottsville	500
Seed House	150
Point Comfort	200
Barns, etc.	350
Value of land and fencing	5,000
Endowment	12,000
Cash on hand	1,000
	<hr/>
Total	\$48,700

This is below the value. That is what the Master has done for us but it is much less than He intends to do for us.

May twenty-eighth—This was a good day. We dedicated the Harriet Home and set it apart to its great work. We received \$500 from Mr. and Mrs. McCormick to furnish it. We received \$100 from Mrs. Harriet McCormick for repairs on the McCormick House. We received \$200 for support and furnishing fund. God be praised for his great goodness.

June fourth—I am grateful that God is crowning our efforts in the cause of education. Ferdie is getting on nicely in his plans to build Alumni Hall. He thinks he will get \$4000. God help the lad and give him success, and favor in the sight of all the people. And keep him encouraged.

June fifteenth—Yesterday was a sad day. Jessie Richardson was buried at Laurens. I rode up to the funeral.

June twenty-ninth—Commencement is over. We have been just as busy as bees. It began on Friday night with Mrs. A. Ferguson's exhibition. Sunday, Lowry Wilson preached the baccalaureate. Monday night Mrs. Milner's musical was given. Tuesday morning and night the Society held forth. W. C. Benet of Abbeville gave a fine address. On Wednesday we had the graduating exercises. States came out with a diploma and received a prize for essay writing. On Wednesday night we had the address by Col. Henderson and Thursday night the Orphanage exhibition.

Clinton now numbers over one thousand inhabitants. The town is growing rapidly.

June thirtieth—Thus, Lord, hast thou brought me, after a year and a half further of pilgrimage, to the end of this book. I glory in the sorrows, trials and burdens of these 18 months as well as their rewards. Thou didst cause me to see great and sore travail but thou hast also greatly comforted me. I have seen thy work here prosper and I have come through much darkness into much light. Oh, Lord, help me, I pray and bless me and give me grace as thou seest I have need. Help me more and more to do thy will. Help me to be a better man, to have more courage for my work, to labor with all my might. Thou art gracious in many things, thou wilt be more gracious yet. Give me strength, Lord, it is my prayer. Give me a happy heart and full of great joys in laboring. In this will I have glory continually. Amen. With praise be to God.

July first—Our little folks moved today into the Harriet Home. We will soon have Faith Cottage neatly trimmed up and everything ready for Mrs. Wardlaw when she steps in.

Very probably, before the ending of this book the two new railways will both have reached Clinton. Lord, give me grace to keep silent on this disgusting quarrel over the Theological Seminary.

In the evening we reached Charleston and went immediately to the Waverly House where I had my first introduction to the electric light in my room. Didn't blow it out.

Here am I out in this great wide ocean. I have put my trust in Captain Pennington and these beautiful engines and the compass and the chart; I am going to a place they call New York. It is all water between and I know not the way. Men are carry-

ing me. My life is in their hands. Oh, Lord, give me supreme trust in thee. My health, my plans, may heaven help me to trust all to thee. "Surely" a brother said to me the other day, "yours has been a glorious lot!" It has, Lord, I own it, and thou madest it so. Lord I want to live longer and serve thee many years to come. I solemnly vow to thee every year thou givest me on earth. Oh dear Lord show me what to do.

July twenty-third—I am at Grand Union Hotel, corner 4th Avenue and 42nd Street., New York City. Yesterday was a delightful day. Our steamer ran close in along the coast. We passed Long Branch, Ocean Grove, Asbury Park and I was astonished at the amount of money invested in these places. For apparently about thirty miles, there was one continuous city of hotels and boarding houses; all looking perfectly new and all very large and in the latest styles of art. With my glass I could see the children on the shore playing leap-frog; the bathers; the crowds coming and going.

After locating we sauntered down Fourth Avenue and then down 23rd St. to the Eden Museum. Well, it was worth seeing. We did the wax works, even down to the last fragment of the chamber of horrors. The gladiators and the victims thrown to the lions impressed me more than all unless it was some of the horrid Indian tableaux.

July twenty-fourth—My trip to the animals was very satisfactory. The lions were asleep but the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the seals, the elephants were superb specimens of their kind and interested me more than anything else. A careless nurse came very near feeding the white bear on a baby right before my eyes.

I am continually amazed at the exactness, finish and advancement of Egyptian art in the time of Moses. The coffins and mummy cases required a vast amount of very careful work. I was much interested in the Assyrian and Babylonian brick and the fineness of the writing on them. It almost required an eye-glass to decipher the cuniform letters. The pieces of sculpture and the paintings were very pleasant. I must confess my taste is with the moderns. I prefer Rosa Bonheur to Rubens and Leonardo di Vinci. In fact Murillo is my only favorite among the old masters.

We next entered the 6th Avenue elevated and were soon at South Ferry, had a delightful water trip to Bay Ridge and thence by rail through the sweet, dear country of Manhattan Beacon.

We ran over to Brighton and West Brighton—"Coney Island" proper. My first exclamation was "Vanity Fair!" How could it be otherwise for even Vanity Fair wasn't a circumstance to Coney Island. The gay (but muddy streets) the gayer people, the still gayer buildings, the shows, the merry-go-round of all varieties, the big elephant, the chops and sausage houses, the ice-cream spreads, the whole mass of jugglery was a craze beyond description. After an ice-cream at the Manhattan Hotel where thousands were eating at the same time, we were next booked for the fire works. The siege of Vera Cruz, was the scene. I must say it was just the grandest thing I ever saw in my life. The whole opened with scenes on the plaza of Vera Cruz, the acrobats, dancers, bull fights, parades of the inhabitants; then the first gun of the conflict, the consternation of the inhabitants; then the rush of the American troops, the preparation for war; and then came the bombardment. Cannon bellowed; there was the incessant rattle of musketry, the explosion of ammunition, the burning of the city, the surrender. It was a vivid, realistic picture. The fireworks were magnificent, a gem of beauty and beyond anything I had ever seen. We had a delightful return trip. There was music, singing and moonlight. The bay reflected the lights of the city, the electric lights above Brooklyn Bridge; the lofty lights on the statue of liberty, and the whole horizon, a mass of innumerable stars, was a scene to be remembered. We reached home and bed by eleven P. M., not at all tired and after the most delightful day that I have ever spent. We expected it to be a failure because of the rain but our dear Lord provided better things for us.

Just after breakfast we started down town to hunt up a preaching place. We went first to the University Place Presbyterian Church. Found a little handful, about 15 little children at the Sunday School, and that was all the Sunday School I have found today. The pastor was in Alaska and the church closed. We went thence to the First Presbyterian Church nearby, found a congregation of 30, a good sermon from a Dr. Ellison and the last service for three months. Other churches, passed, were closed, fast and tight. After driving we went down Broadway. Every door was closed but multitudes were on the streets. They were not church-goers. Being anxious to see what was done for the newsboys I went to the lodging house on Chalmers and Chatham St., a very good building, a nice chapel and the streets filled with children, but no service for the summer! We then walked out into the Mott, Bleeker and other Streets. Such a mess. A whole street of Chinese dressed a la Chinese, a la American, a la everything and beyond the Polish Jews and Bohemians and

streets filled up to the brim with men, women and children. These people haven't closed up for the summer! Vice, wickedness, immorality. God help them.

Finding no services we made our way up to the Y.M.C.A. "23rd St."

One thought has forced itself on me, that the Pastors have circumscribed spheres of labor, do not go outside of it, and when the three or four hundred who are their care leave the city, their houses are empty and they go too; while hundreds of thousands of practical heathen surge past their closed doors. Surely there is some better way than this and by the grace of God I am determined to count every man, woman and child in Clinton as under my care unless I know him to be a Methodist or Baptist. The strangers who go to no church I will care for, so help me, Oh, my Father.

Then I took the 8th Avenue cars up as far as 155th St. In 1886, a year ago, there was very little building beyond 105th St., but now the whole country is filled with great numbers of houses, huge and costly. In places, there were blocks with no houses above 135th St. but the streets were all paved, street car lines complete, the excavators at work. In a year or two, New York will have reached the El. Railway Terminal on 155th St. as a compact unbroken mass of buildings from the battery.

The truth is that I have been so long tied to my Orphan work that I do not know how to get away from it. I have learned some incidental lessons, too, while on this trip that I hope will do me good forever; one of them is that I am the Lord's and the Lord is mine, and I will give every hour of my life to him till I die.

At West Point we left the cars and climbed up the Hill with the precipitous slope on one side and the heavy stone parapet, with 30 inch coping on the other. Our walk among the buildings of the West Point Military Academy was a rapid one. It is a lovely place; the buildings are many, and all in varied style and excellent taste. I walked up to "Flirtation Walk" and took a seat and looked north over one of the loveliest prospects my eyes ever beheld. It has often been photographed but no photograph could ever do justice to the lovely tints that go to make up the picture.

I went to Niagara Falls city warned against sharpers, and expected to be a lamb in the midst of wolves. Per contra, nowhere have I met with more kindness, even from hackmen and

restaurants. I fast made my way down to the new suspension bridge and took the falls in slowly, getting nearer and nearer. I was not disappointed. The great mass of water pouring down into the abyss seemed to be a solemn fearful story of the end of life. Going down the inclined railway, I clothed in queer rigging on the deck of the Maid of the Mist and took the circuit of the falls. Here the roar and the mist and spray and the lovely rainbows dazed one's conception especially as the water of the Horseshoe or Canadian falls surrounded me on three sides. Adjectives only can describe the grand emotions at this exhibition of the terrific force of the application of the law of gravity to a river falling bodily 168 feet.

I know not how much longer the Lord intends me to work but my earnest prayer is that He may give me many days in which to serve him. But his will, not mine, be done. I can truly say that there is no earthly prospect that I should set for moment over against the promised glory. My desire for health and life is that I may do God's will and advance his cause. Sometimes I feel as if the promise of eternal life were too good to be true, too wonderful, too soul-thrilling; and I am cast down with fears that I may not inherit it, but I feel sure of one thing that my fears are born of an intense yearning that the promise of the blessed book may be realized in my case. Lord, give me surcease of these useless fears and best of all, give me proof as thou hast in the past, that thou carest for me. What a happy life I have lived! I have had my thorn in the flesh of late, literally, but, blessed God, Thy grace is sufficient for me. Well! Two more days in New York and then the boundless sea! Then Charleston. And then home. Home never seemed so sweet before!

I am paying this morning for yesterday. My throat is very sore but I am in the hands of one who careth for me. His will is for my good. These aches and pains and ulcers admonish me. I must both care for the body, draw nearer to God and scheme for the thorough functioning of the Orphanage.

I have always dreaded lingering illness. I have longed to live out a full and rounded life. I have not concerned myself to be highly esteemed among men if only the Lord's work will be done. But I have dreaded pains and suffering of the kind that has afflicted me for so many months more than aught else. Oh, Lord, deliver thy servant that trusteth in thee.

August twentieth—This day the Georgia, Carolina and Northern Railway enters the town of Clinton. God grant that this also may be for his glory and for the good of his cause, here.

“Perfect through suffering.” For eighteen months I have had to bear and be patient and fear. Is it the Lord’s way? Master, lead me out into the light. I rejoice that I have two boys preaching the gospel. Wilt thou not take the other boys also? I give them all to thee.

August twenty-six—The greatest difficulties I have had in this orphanage work is in trying to manage the teachers; well, that is, one teacher, whom we have employed for eight years but who has been a thorn in our side, a most terrible tonguey woman. I am trying to break her of it but I have failed and I put her in the hands of God.

I have already forgotten that I ever went to New York. To tell the truth while I learned much on that trip and am very glad I went, I did not enjoy it at the time. A man cannot enjoy anything much when he is sick.

Clinton is growing rapidly in the matter of new buildings. Five or six are going up in sight of the orphanage.

I am very anxious about my church and its work. I have a rule now to average one visit a day, the year round to new families. There are seventy families on our roll. This gives me about five rounds per year which I think is about all that the cause demands except in case of sickness. To my country members I do not go quite as often. I am much pleased with Cleland, our new professor.

September twenty-first—We had a five days meeting with nine additions in all. Dr. Shepperson and Mr. Wardlaw each preached three times and I once. Six of the added were orphans.

We have now a very large family. It takes a barrel of flour every three days. The college has opened tolerably well.

September twenty-eight—Eight of my members are now studying for the ministry. Lord, God, I give thee thanks.

I am at home, feeling better than for months past. Oh, how grateful to God I am. Blessed be his holy name. I am also in hope that my church work will move on better. If I can get a complete restoration to health I will feel like working and where I feel like it, few people can beat me working if I do say it myself. Well, that is vanity.

October—I enter the 16th year of our orphans work. Oh, God, make it a good year. Give me the Technical School, the printing office enlarged and the Library as soon as thou canst and make light the burden of caring for this great household.

This day, through trains from Greenwood and Monroe met at Clinton. The college location is settled. Mr. Copeland and Mr. Young together will give us a handsome tract of sixteen acres. I rejoice.

October fifteenth—I have been looking over my old journals. Some things that used to encourage me greatly were very small favors; as that I received \$14.50 in April 1880 for the support fund. We must have twice that daily now or we come to want.

October nineteenth—Today we received into the orphanage, Aeoline Price, daughter of our first teacher. When will there cease to be orphans in the South?

October twenty-six—I returned last evening from a very pleasant trip to Yorkville Synod. With quite a party we took the freight on the G. C. and N. to Chester passing for the first time over the new road. We there fell in with the great body of Synod, reaching Yorkville by five. I was located delightfully at Judge Witherspoon's. After a seven o'clock dinner, we hastened to the church, heard a memorial of Dr. John Wilson from H. C. De Bose whom I nominated Moderator; the first I ever nominated, and he was unanimously elected moderator. My report on Evangelistic work was lengthily debated. Girardeau, Richards, McCoy and Cozby fought it and was lost by 42 to 51. Girardeau then immediately turned around and made a substitute motion which meant the same thing. At the next Synod, to which all was postponed, I shall propose a substitute for Girardeau's motion and shall carry it too.

We "Settled the Woodrow case" again. I, as usual, would not cast a vote. I am determined to have nothing to do with the case in which grievous wrong is being done on both sides and there is no disposition to right that wrong. It looks like presumption in me. So be it.

I spent one evening in hunting up the sights of Yorkville connected with my infant days. I found the house where I was born, the one in which father taught school, the one in which he boarded when first he went to Yorkville, the Bratton house in which my mother died, the court house where father preached when first he began his work, the little old church which was built first—where I was baptised by God-fearing Bishop and the house (Mrs. Simvil's) where I spent a year after mother's death. It is surprising that so many of these old houses remain. They interest me deeply. I was told by Bro. English that mine is the first name appearing on the Baptismal record of the Yorkville church and that those early records are in father's handwriting.

November fifth—I don't like to be driven by my work—I like to love it.

December fourteenth—What a glorious work the blessed Lord has given me to do. These dear people in the Orphanage—one hundred souls to care for—this church of 200 members; this college of a hundred students; this Sabbath School with 250 teachers and pupils; this Monthly with a thousand readers. Lord help me to be faithful.

December fifteenth—Yesterday I had very good congregations and the Lord gave me help in my preaching. I am delighted with my studies in the life of the Lord Jesus. I see him walking before me. I preach of him with tremendous love. What a glorious life was his. It thrills me.

December seventeenth—I have received \$1400. My earnest prayer is for \$3000 this month. Indeed without that sum I fear we will have hard times. I want to begin the month of January with \$1500 at least.

December twentieth—Up to this date I have received only \$1,528. We are far behind. Yet this, thank God, is \$500 ahead of what we received last year to this date. The Lord can give me the \$3000 yet that I prayed for. I have received a letter from Mrs. McCormick announcing the gift of twenty acres of land probably worth \$50 per acre in the town of McCormick.

December twenty-first—Last night's mail brought over fifty letters, enclosing \$200 for the orphans. I praise thy name Oh God. I have prayed for \$3000 this month. The Lord could make it \$30,000 if He so willed. States preached for me this morning. God help the lad.

December twenty-eight—Dear old Brother Phinney went home after preaching and fell dead entering his room. My heart is sore thinking of it. His hand was my first welcome to Clinton. Every elder and every deacon has slipped away to the eternal city of those that bade me come here. McClintock, Phinney, Copeland, Henry Foster. They are all gone. And now I am to go forward. I begin to see old age in the near future. I am yet strong, in feeling young, and able to do and think as never before. God be with and help me.

December thirtieth—The Lord has answered my prayers. The three thousand dollars I prayed for and that seemed so far away, a month ago have been received. This is the Lord's doings and I am both glad and grateful.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Age 49—1891

The years go by. I enter upon this one with the loving hope in my Almighty Father that makes all years good. The last ten years have put up our college, established our Orphanage, greatly increased its apparatus and changed the church from 100 to 225 members. What a decade for Clinton—bright, prosperous, happy Clinton.

January thirty-first—The total since Oct. 1st for the support fund is over \$6,100 leaving it a certainty, D.V., that we shall get our \$10,000. Thus God has done this and not I. I often wonder how it happens.

February—Ferdie has been elected Professor of the Biblical Department in our college and will accept. It touches me to think that one of my boys will take the work and will enter upon it with zeal. God grant that this may be the beginning of a great day for the college and that in process of time it may become an institution of which South Carolina Presbyterians may justly be proud. I think that Ferdie has greater power in certain lines than I ever had. God be praised for his success. And may he become ever more so.

There are now in Clinton 57 Presbyterian families, 29 Baptist families, 12 Methodist families, 1 Episcopalian. From which it would appear that notwithstanding the great immigration of Baptists to this place, the Presbyterians still outnumber both the others combined. I find that there are more children in the orphanage between the ages of 7 and 17 than there are in all other fifty families of the congregation put together.

Alas! for the sorrows of this month. Here at its close, our President Kennedy is dead. We have hard, hard sufferings to endure and we sorely miss him.

February twenty-eight—For three days there was confusion on confusion. We have got things straightened and at work again. Cleland acts as president; Frierson, Ferdie and Sam Boyd are professors. God strengthen and comfort us. We need his help.

March fifteenth—Yes, today is the 15th day of March and I am 49 years old. There was a time when this would have seemed to me like being "old enough to die." and yet I am looking for-

ward. God may summon me this year or He may leave me still till a green old age—till hale 80. Be it so, or not, I am His and He is mine. What is to be the record of the year, the year just inside of 50, the year that is to fill out my half century?

I will do as little as possible for myself this year and as much as possible for the good of others. This morning I had about 225 at church; at Sunday School there were 196. I preached vigorously but not fluently. On next sabbath I preach my 27th anniversary sermon; on the next sabbath after we have the communion.

March thirty-first—I have been studying for two years the mystery of prayer. Two years ago it was my own life that seemed endangered and then how eagerly I studied things about the hereafter. It was a problem over which I thought—this problem of eternal life and the real presence of God with believers. I can truly say that I gained much light but there was much yet to learn. For three weeks also I have been incessant in prayer for the life of the two girls, Lula and Maggie. All was going against them, and me, and I had an idea half formed that I was not to be heard. I plead by every thought I could conceive that God would hear me. And God did hear me. On the 26th the tide began to turn. But that day suddenly our little Ida was cut down. The work was quickly done. I hardly had time to cry "Lord spare my child." But the Lord had meant that child's death to be a great lesson that I needed. She did not die, she was translated. For while I sat by her, her little pale face lit up with the radiance of heaven "The angels have come into this room," she said. I turned to see them. "They are passing over to the side of my bed, there by you. Oh, they are so beautiful, so beautiful and they have come for me." How can I describe the sweet peace that rested on the child's face. It was seraphic. Moreover it impressed me so utterly with the assurance of the reality of her vision that I was astonished at the dullness of my vision. The Master sent his shining ones to carry the little orphan home—his own little child. So the Lord has given me at last what I have long been seeking for. I have not found in it my heart to weep for little Ida; though my tears have run in streams as I have recalled the scene. Nothing in all my life has so touched me. Henceforth death will be shorn of much of its terror. The angels of God have stood by me and lifted almost out of my arms their little treasure.*

*"THE GATES AJAR"

BY DR. W. P. JACOBS

Some of those who read these lines may have a little book written by me, about the orphans, entitled, "The Lord's Care." It falls to my lot

April twenty-third—Bethel Presbytery is fighting our college but we still live. In fact as long as the Lord is with us, I am not very anxious as to who may happen to be against us.

May—We have laid the foundation of the Library and have begun work above ground. I am very anxious to have the house completed, by the first of September.

May seventeenth—This day the first Sunday train ran into this town. So now I must fight the devil more zealously than ever.

June—We have elected Cleland, President of the College and Spencer a teacher therein. Work on Alumni Hall and Nellie Scott Library progresses.

July ninth—I feel like shouting. For the first time in nine months my correspondence is clear and I owe no man anything in the shape of a letter. I am getting off today, though, 2000 circulars which will give me in all probability about 200 letters to answer in the next thirty days. God, grant it, for so the orphans are to be fed.

July eighteenth—I have fully settled my plans for a building for the Technological School. It will be the largest building on the place and will cost not less than \$5,000 and possibly \$6,000. I do not think it can be furnished complete for less than 3 or 4 thousand.

July twenty-six—I am sitting in the Phoenix Hotel, Bishopville, Sumter Co., looking out on level fields and a few frame buildings in the foreground. It is God's holy Sabbath. This noon I preached to the Bishopville Presbyterians in the town-hall. But it was not for that, I came here. States is ill with Typhoid fever and I am summoned to be near him. His case

today to add another page to that book. You may think when you have read it that I had better have left it unwritten, but I am led to it by a force that I cannot resist. I beg you to read it, remembering that the pen that writes it is driven by a bruised and sorrowful heart, and that hand is itself very weary with days and nights of anxiety. It is a sad record I have to pen—it is one that has already been washed with tears, and my soul is very sorrowful while I write. Bear with me then.

This is no romance. It is the truth. I have often read such stories as this and doubted them. My name goes to this article for all it is worth.

For nearly two months we have had a sore epidemic of *la grippe* and pneumonia at the Thornwell Orphanage. One after another, the children would be taken down with it. They were our care. O, how we love those children. Do not think that because they are orphans that they have no one to love them. Unwearied vigilance night and day, brave self-sacrifice week after week, has characterized matrons, teachers, older children, and our beloved, good physician. So when a child could lie for weeks between

is not, by any means, a very bad one, but it is slow and so is the disease but I long to put my children in God's hands. They belong to him. I trust them to Him, even while I pray most earnestly for their recovery. I learned when little Ida died that there were worse things than death. Nevertheless, Almighty Father, give my boy a long and useful life.

I spent yesterday in States' sick room—how kind and good these dear people are. Dr. Dennis and Mr. Bramlett could not be more so, if they had tried to. God bless them.

August ninth—I heard of Aunt Caroline's death last night, 84. Father is now the oldest in the family. Yesterday we finished off the walls of the College Dormitory.

August twenty-fourth—Perroneau Hunter is dead. So snap the cords that wound out from my earlier days. Thank God, my dear old father still lives.

September eleventh—Well, Ferdie married last night and I have a new daughter today. God bless their union. The wedding was a brilliant affair,—church was packed to the ceiling with people. Everybody was there and they said the ceremony was beautiful. Ahem! Poor father. God give him health once more.

life and death, there were heavy hearts and weary eyes and prayers upon prayers. For my own part (permit a personal word to make more clear the close of this story), for two weeks past, I have been almost unceasing night and day supplicating for two dear children, whose life even now is hanging by a thread.

God has answered my prayers so often, so graciously doing the very thing that I needed most, that I wondered why He seemed to refuse when I prayed for the the life of my darlings. I have thought upon it until thinking becomes a burden. I have wondered if, after all, God did not mean to teach me by these refusals that I had too little faith in the invisible world compared with what I should have;—yet possibly I may have more than you, reader. Last night I lay long awake amid prayers and anxiety trying to persuade myself that there were greater evils than death; and that even should He take away my children, I ought to say more than ever, "Thy will be done." I ought to believe that for them, at least, it was a grand and glorious thing. We all talk that way; it is quite another thing to act upon it.

But the Master has taught me the lesson at last. This day, while busy in my study, a message came, "Come at once to the Harriet Home, little Ida is very sick.

Ida was a little girl of only ten summers. She had been very ill with long weeks of illness, but had recovered and we all thought that she was safely well. So this new stroke falling on our hearts while sorely troubled for others, seemed more than we could bear.

Be patient, reader, I must tell you the story in my own way. When I reached Ida, the physician and matron met me with a face that could be read. The sudden congestion was doing its work terribly quickly. The child was dying. But the doctor gave me a word of caution. "She is perfectly conscious. She knows and talks." And so I found it. Stooping over her, she motioned to me. She asked "if her mother could be sent

September thirteenth—Father has been so sick for six weeks that I have been unable to attend to any visiting but I have determined to give two hours every afternoon to pastoral visiting while he remains with me. If he gets well enough, I will go on with him to Nashville. God grant that he may.

September twentieth—This week past has been one of anxiety about father, now however partly relieved. Dear little sister Bessie has been with me and it is a great joy to see the dear girl once more. Dear child! It is a long while since I saw her last. Elliott is winning her way into our affections. We all love her.

September twenty-six—On this day the last stone was put into the walls of the library for which God be praised. And on this day the carpenter force was discharged from Alumni Hall. For this too I give thanks. States has returned to the Seminary and father is sitting up. Oh, Lord, help.

September twenty-seventh—We had 217 at Sunday School this day. This is the largest attendance the school has ever had! My morning audience was as large as the house could hold. Blessed be God. For the first time in the history of the school we have averaged 200 for the month.

November fifteenth—On the 12th next I started out for a quick run to Atlanta which I reached a 12:30 that night. Stopped at the Markham and the next day was down at Decatur. Spoke and presented the Orphanage to the Synod. They were rejoicing over the fine attendance. I was all day with "Bill Arp"—met his son and daughter and had a very agreeable day with him.

for, and if she could get here *before* tomorrow." We comforted her as best we could, when presently her matron left her side weeping. I saw that something unusual was occurring and hastily took her vacated seat. Then this little girl, with a very bright, sweet smile, from which every trace of pain was gone, said to me: "Mr. Jacobs, the angels have come into the room." I looked astonished at the child, at first scarce understanding what she meant. At first it occurred to me that her mind was wandering, and that this meant death, but the intent look I fastened on her face was responded to with one of keen intelligence. Her mind was not wandering.

"Do you not see them," she asked; "they're passing across the bed; there are two of them," she explained. Then I saw heaven light up in the child's face. She lay looking into thin air with a loving, longing gaze, whispering, "They're so beautiful! Oh, so beautiful!"

I could say nothing, for when turning to me again, she said: "They're standing just by you;" it seemed a place so solemn, so near the gate of heaven, that I hardly dared breathe. But my eyes were fixed on her, nor could I move them, for the child's face shone with a smile of such sweet expectation. Her lips moved. She was so weak that I could not catch the sound. I put my ear close to her, and she whispered: "They have come for me."

December third—I earnestly prayed God a few months ago that the result of my year's work, as it is the 50th of my life, would be the addition of fifty members. Blessed be his holy name, the prayer has been answered and more than fifty have been granted me. This is another special and peculiar answer to prayer. This is the first year in my ministry that I have received so many. But God has answered so many of my prayers that I know not how to remember even special and solitary instances.

Among the results of our meeting is the fixed purpose on the part of Cornwell Jennings to study for the ministry. He will be the fourth student from the Orphanage.

December twenty-third—I start down to Newberry in an hour or so to unite Laura Whaley to Yancy Miller in marriage. I sit here in the gloaming and remember the past. Those were sad days that first surrounded me when first Laura and Lucy came to the Orphanage. Mary was taken up to heaven shortly afterward. I have never seen her since, but it is the joy of my life to believe that some of these days, we will meet again. I have been very deeply impressed by Ida's death last spring. Often it has seemed to me that I have been among the angels, as I did that day. They are certainly near us but what visions they have of the present is more than I can say. It is a glorious thing to believe that only a thin wall separates us from the inner glory.

Thrice notably has God answered my prayers. First, in enabling me to carry out every one of my plans for 1891. Second, in the assurance of eternal life, this perceiving little Ida. Third, in the granting me 52 souls this year, one for every year of my life and two over. God, thou canst do even greater things, yet! So Lord, give me courage to pray and wait and work. I trust.

Then she slept, with the lingering smile still upon her, and her calm little face stamped with the mark of her first interview with the angels. And that smile, noticed by all, she is wearing still, in death.

Dear reader, I know that you will say, that this can be explained on scientific grounds, and all that. But had you been where I have for the last few weeks supping with sorrow, if you had turned with a cry to God for light upon that dread unknown whither so many loved ones have gone but yesterday, or the day before, you would have known what this means. In nearly thirty years of pastoral experience, I have helped to close many eyes, and more than once felt that something unusual was occurring, but never aught like this.

Take it, kind reader, for what it may be worth to you. You may deem it unwise in me to rehearse the story, but at least you will shed a tear over the orphan's grave, remembering also to help the living. Each day we rise in fear and trembling, lest the blow should fall again. We need your prayers.

Every single desire set down at the opening of this year has been given me. My sermons have been more practical and I often hear from them. Second, the Library building has been completed and in addition a cottage for Mr. Watts. We have also made a good start on the Technical School. Third, the Sunday School Institute has been enlarged and improved and that to better advantage, than I planned. Fourth, Alumni Hall is built and occupied. Fifth. I have written much. Sixth, the Lord has added 52 souls to my charge. Blessed be God for 1891.

1892—Age 50

January—I have work before me for this year,—the failure of the crops throughout the South and the unrest everywhere will make it hard times for the orphans. But I will work on, trusting in the Only Lord.

Oh, God, be gracious to me this year. This is my 50th year of life. I end my half century on the 15th of March. Make me very fruitful in good words and preaching.

January sixteenth—I have been laid up with the grippe for nearly all the week, doing very little work. This day—at this very hour, 13 years ago, died my precious Mary. She is not forgotten but the memory of her love and gentleness continues with me still.

Ferdie has nearly succeeded in paying for Alumni Hall. Oh, for some big money to be given to our institutions.

February—Ferdie is getting along nicely in his college work. He is raising a good deal of money. I pray God that it may be good work and well done. The Dormitory is now entirely paid for. Total additional property gains for the College since he took charge, about \$6000 besides nearly \$2000 of notes. The old property is worth about \$10,000.

March first—Here I am on the first day of March, sitting in the country room of the Lakeview Hotel in this little city of Leesburg, Florida. Little thought I, one week ago today, that I would be here. But the hand of death was laid suddenly on my sister's husband and here I am (detained for the day and night) on my way to help her. The trip has (shall I so call it) a singular incident connected with it. A few weeks since I received a letter from Mrs. McCormick sending me a gift of \$100, asking me to lay down my work for a little while and go away from home. I put the money aside and wondered how I should use it.

Then I wrote to her, telling her I was very busy and had no time for such a journey just then. God had provided the means, in a way I could have surmised and then drove me away, no doubt with ulterior objects in view, that may be for the greatest good, both of my sister and myself. He only knoweth.

March fifteenth— I am this day fifty years of age. I cease today to climb the hill of life and start down the declivity. I have passed the "dead line". It is sweet for me to pause here and make a few reflections and resolutions. I am not going to look backward today. Often have I done that in the past, measuring step by step the work the Master sent me. I look forward and press on. I do not know how long I am to live. If it be till four score or even four score and ten, every day of it will be spent in thy service, Oh God. I am determined to know no rest till the end come. Every year I will begin new studies and undertake new works. I may die this day but if I do not die till I am 90 this I set to my seal, that I shall busy myself about my Father's work, while I have my being. I may be, in time, laid aside for this or that sort of duty, God only knows, yet will I find some sort. So help me God and keep me steadfast! I find myself in fairly good condition, physically today. The next ten years, I will choose to make better ten than those just behind me. Gray hairs are coming fast. Let them come. I will not care. But I must let in no sigh, no whining, no yielding. Yet I look forward to a goal. To live eternally with Christ is the unutterable longing in my soul! There is no desire that I have that is for a moment comparable with that. It is everything with me and as the years fly past, the longing grows stronger and stronger. Oh God,—all powerful! In thine own good time grant me eternal life in thy presence where there are pleasures forever. Today on the 15th of March we opened the Nellie Scott Library, and also threw out the foundation dirt from the Technical School. I received some pleasant souvenirs of my 50th birthday. Why should a man be counted old at 50? For my part, I feel that I can do better work than ever. I notice that my imagination is not so brilliant, and that I am not as fond of using illustrations as I once was but I prefer to hammer away at a given point till I get it sharpened for use. Neither am I afraid "of that which is high". My plans increase and enlarge in number. There are broad views to be taken of things and I love to take them. I find myself desirous of impressing my views upon larger masses of men. Once I was content with bringing my little church to think with me. Still, I love this little town. I am delighted to see it grow and to know that I

have given it two such institutions as the College and the Orphanage. God has enabled me to prove that a faithful worker in a village may make his little field a tower of strength to all the state. Moreover, the faithful win honor. I have no talent. I have only faithfulness and common sense.

March twenty-six—It was one year ago this day that the angels brushed past me, to bear away in their arms our little Ida. Yesterday they came to the Orphanage again. Perhaps they will be here all the while. Where would you expect them to come, more than to an Orphanage where Jesus is? Little Ava* was gathering chips at the woodpile. She rushed after one and the ax that she had not noticed struck her a fearful blow in the head. It was surely an angel's hand that caught back the little one. Within a thousandth part of a hairsbreadth came death but our God would teach us that their spirits are nearer always than we think. These are strange coincidences. Surely there is a lesson in them and I think I have read it aright. The child lives. Blessed be our God.

March twenty-ninth—I have another wonderful story to relate. Last evening I was greatly troubled over our receipts for the support fund. We are 130 dollars behind our receipts of March of last year and but a few dollars received since ten days ago. Last night I carried my trouble to God and I prayed in this way, "Lord, men say that there is no use to ask special things of thee and set a special time; they would discourage even thine own elect from prayer. Lord, give me a hundred dollars tomorrow and make our receipts for this March equal to those of last March. I do not ask this, Lord, to test the power of prayer. God grant it and my poor faith will be made stronger. Refuse it and it will be alright, my master. But Oh Lord, for thy poor children's sake, refuse it not." The first letter received this morning contained a one hundred dollar bill! Another wonderful coincidence. Not so, my Master. There is no chance in this life. It is all law and order.

April first—Mighty good news begins this month. Gus Smythe pledging \$2000 for another cottage. And if we wish we may begin at once! Blessed be the name of the Most High. Moreover, we have completed the foundation of the Technical School and the first stone above the ground is in place. Moreover Cyrus McCormick will give the Harriet Home a piano. God's name is to be praised!

April twenty-first—I have just returned from a hurried trip to Asheville, N. C. where I met Mrs. McCormick. I was much

* Now an unusually successful missionary in China.

pleased with the dear old lady. She was quite sick. God spare her precious life and keep her in health. My stay was at the Battery Park Hotel where everything is in handsome style at \$5.00 a day. But my expenses were all paid. I made a quick trip.

May eight—At 10 P. M. Saturday night I married Oswald Richardson to Emma Duncan.

May sixteenth—Yesterday I had 226 at Sabbath School, the largest I ever had.

May twenty-third—Last Saturday night I was summoned to Greenwood to bury my dear friend, Mrs. Ellen Bailey, a good true woman. I got home at 2 A. M. This morning I preached at Greenwood Sunday morning. I noticed that Greenwood is greatly improved since I rode over it last.

May twenty-eighth—This day, twenty-eight years ago, I took charge of the Clinton, Duncan's Creek and Shady Grove Churches. This day 18 years ago, we laid the foundation stone of the first building of our Orphanage. In all these years, amid trials not a few, the blessed Master has been with me. He has helped me—but I have been sorely wounded. Will I ever get over the loss of my darling on the 16th of January 1879? But that shall be to my joy some day. How much I will have to tell Mary when I see her next and what wonderful things she will have to tell me! Well, the years are going swiftly by. As I look back I feel that all my success has been from God. I wonder at the way in which He has led me. Clinton like Bethlehem was one of the least among "the thousands of Judah" and my father's house was but small among them but the Lord gave me favor in the sight of his people and has blessed our little village by giving us a good name and one to be honored. But I am going to look forward—not backward. Hard as the times are, this is my "building year." I will have two houses to get forward before another May 28th, D. V. both must be completed and occupied.

And if it be his will, I have a personal ambition that a child or grand-child of mine may succeed to work when I am gone and succeed in the work. But, oh, I would rather my name be utterly blotted out, than that such a thing should happen to the dishonor of God or the discredit of the work.

June—I am going to do my best toward living a kind and tender-hearted sympathy for everybody. God make my advancing years evermore full of sympathy than the past.

June nineteenth—We have finished another commencement week. The speeches were not brilliant. Dillard was among the graduates. His marks were good. Oh! That God would put it into his heart to go into the ministry.

Ferdie has completed the woodwork of the Professor's Cottage at the College. We hope very soon to have it all paid for. We begin on the new cottage for the Orphans.

July twenty-ninth—Several days ago I was offering special prayers for some large gift for our Technical School in view of the great need of money to put on the roof. To my great delight and surprise, I received \$1,000 for the endowment shortly after. I then went to the Lord and told Him how grateful I was and asked if He could not as easily help me with the roofing of the building. By last mail he sent me \$200. Oh how I rejoice in Him. He has answered my prayer. And He will, by this earnest of it, show me that I need not fear but may go forward and complete the building. Bless the Lord, Oh my soul and feorget not all his benefits.

5 P. M. Since writing the above I have received \$100 for the Technical School. Also other favors. God, my father, thou art very good and with all my heart I thank thee. I can now venture to order the roof material.

August—We are entirely out of money and my earnest prayer is that the Lord will send help.

September—Father and Mother and Minnie are still with me and will be, I think till nearer winter. Jim Little is very low. May Almighty God spare his life that he may become more useful.

October—We begin this day the 18th year of our Orphanage life. Last year was the very best we ever had. Over \$10,000 for the support and \$5,000 for buildings—over \$2,000 for endowment—in all over \$17,000. I thank God and pray him for yet greater things. He is my life and my joy.

October ninth—I want to get a great deal done in the three months that remain in this year arranging my plans for the best. God help me. I can do nothing without him. Oh that He would send me \$500 at once for the Technical building.

October fourteenth—God is very good. The very next entry after the actual prayer is this—God has sent me ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, twice what I asked for, enough to finish the

Technical building! Oh blessed Father, how shall I ever thank him enough for all his goodness! Mrs. Jane R. Dowie was the instrument He used. Lord raise up other friends, I pray for this work.

October sixteenth—I have just begun a series of lectures on the life of Moses; I want to make them about 20 in number and as interesting as possible.

October twenty-first—Instead of going to my own Synod I took a buggy to Laurens and thence via Spartanburg—Charlotte to Statesville, N. C. where I entered into my rest at J. W. Copeland's. Next morning I was one of the Synod of N. C. Went on an excursion to Barium Springs. It fell to my lot to deliver the dedicatory address for the new orphan houses. Whether my address was satisfactory to myself is exceedingly doubtful but it seemed to touch the hearts of the brethren. A great many of them came up with the warmest kind of praise.*

I had a good day on Sunday—fine audience and was encouraged in my preaching. Blessed be God. I am now preaching a series of sermons on the life of Moses,—at night. His is a splendid character and there is so much of the vivid, the pathetic, the surprising, that I will have no trouble whatever in making my sermons exciting and interesting. The series will occupy about 20 winter sabbath evenings. I had 225 at Sunday School.

October twenty-seventh—When a whole Synod votes me such thanks as this, I ought to feel grateful.

“The Synod of North Carolina, having heard the instructive and inspiring addresses of Rev. W. P. Jacobs, D. D. on the occasion of the dedication of the two newly erected cottages for the Synod's orphan home, hereby tenders to him its thanks with the assurance that it is our sincere conviction that his address will prove of incalculable benefit to our promising and beloved institution.”

November nineteenth—Hampered in body with throat aches and wrist aches and side-aches; but thank my God for his mercies in having sent us relief from distresses. And best of all Clinton has stepped out nobly. Mr. Scott has received aid to the sum of about a hundred dollars from Clinton merchants. Methodists and Baptists have done about as well as the Presbyterians. This year gifts to the Orphanage from Clinton will foot

*The dedicatory oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. W. P. Jacobs, which for unction, tenderness and power, excelled anything we have heard for a long time. The Doctor seemed to touch every heart, men wept.—*News Item.*

up fully three hundred—possibly four hundred dollars. My heart thanks God for this as an evidence of mercies yet in store for us.

Oh, how grateful I ought to be to my God for growth. I am not yet an “old man” but I have passed the “dead line”. May God grant that I may bring forth fruit in old age. My throat and lungs give me some anxitey, but my trust is in the blessed Master that He will care for me and make me a great success even down to the end.

November twenty-third—On this twenty-third day of November 1892 I have determined, God helping me, to do that for which I have long been planning, viz. to open up a Mission training institute in connection with the Orphanage and College work here. I propose to place this school on a good basis from the very beginning and by Sept. next to begin operations. I have this day written to Dr. Houston for suggestions and now I lay the matter before thee, Almighty God, pleading for thy guidance. Long have I desired to do something especially for the salvation of the heathen. This opens the way. I cannot go myself but I thank thee, Oh my God, that I may be the means under heaven of turning a few of the outcasts, by the hands of others, to thy feet, Oh Lord.

December fifth—Yesterday I had splendid congregations at all the services. All the house could hold. My congregations have been excellent for months. Oh, Lord, send a revival.

December thirty-first—Well, Lord, here I am at the end of 1892. Thou hast given me the right hand to lean upon this year. As a little child I cling to thee. Oh, how gratefully.

1893—Age 51

January first. The day is dark. It is God’s day. I am so hoarse that I cannot preach. There will be enforced rest for me. But my two sons, States and Ferdie will divide the services between them. I bless God for my two boys. I have two others, both dedicated to the King. May He claim them both.

January twenty-fourth. On Friday night, the last night of Dr. Guerrant’s services and before anyone had expressed a purpose to become a Christian, I suddenly remembered my prayer of last year to God, to give me 50 souls in commemoration of my 50th anniversary. Then it occurred to me to say “Why not again, now! Is it too much to ask? Is the Lord’s arm shortened, that it cannot save.” I remembered that 24 had thus far

been joined with us, this year and so I said to God—"Lord, give me another 26 to be added to these." Was it an accident that at the meeting of the session, yesterday morning, just twenty six were received on profession of faith? Oh Abraham, thou mightest have saved all Sodom, hadst thou but done one more "peradventure."

January twenty-seventh. How wonderful are God's dealings with my church in the past year. We received our sixtieth member yesterday and I think there will be more next year. For two successive years this little church is to be at the head of the roll for members received in our synod. My pastorate is bringing forth "fruit in old age." Then how glad to be able to say that no other church in our whole southern assembly has so many candidates for the ministry as mine! Blessed be my master. It is hard to realize that this is the little mission church of 30 years ago. Work and the blessing of God and perseverance toward a prescribed end has done it. But mainly—the blessing of God. I want every day to thank Him. He has made my life a marvelous success, along the line I chose. And I feel that He will be with me in all things till Jesus comes.

March fifteenth.— We formed the *Southern Presbyterian Company* last night. The paper with all its belongings will be moved to Clinton. It does look as if God was going to bless our little town and make it a tower of strength even as I asked him to do years ago. I shall trust Him for even greater things, though it does look as if I ought to say "enough Lord! But I remember Him who said "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." All my heart's desires has God given, except a very few. The Orphanage with its more than 100 pupils. The college, thoroughly equipped and organized. The Mission Training School under way. The *Southern Presbyterian* to be moved here. All of these things I longed for.

March twenty-first. My dear daughter's youngest child, little Mary Dillard was taken from us this day. The sorrow is intense at parting with her but the babe has a grandmother now some fourteen years in heaven that will take good care of her till we all get there together.

April. This is Saturday, the first of April. On this bright, beautiful morning I write my first words in the new Technical building in my bright cheerful office. I have been permitted by the good providence of God to complete this building at a cost of \$5000. I am now beginning to labor for its furnishing.

Oh, Lord, how earnestly I pray that all this work may be safely accomplished. Be with me, Oh, my Master. Keep me from sin. Help me to study well and prayerfully and faithfully. Help me to devote much of my time to writing and let this room become for me a spot where I become imbued with the spirit of the author. Make me more and more anxious to improve in these things every day I live. Lord, help me to raise also all the thousands of dollars needed to direct and help forward this work.

April twenty-fourth. We are sorely pressed now, financially, some of our improvements will have to be discontinued. We need money, wherewith to buy our necessary food. Lord send help to these children.

May. I was very busy all of last week, attending Presbytery at Laurens. It was particularly interesting to me as during its progress, Ferdie was ordained to the gospel ministry. The same week, States was examined and will shortly be ordained Pastor at Edgefield Church by S. C. Presbytery. Both my boys will take their first seat in Synod in their old home, Clinton. God be with them. I have two other sons that I have given thee. O Lord. Cornwell Jennings, one of my orphan boys was also received. So two of my orphan boys are now in process of manufacture as preachers of the gospel.

May seventeenth—I am learnig to ride the bicycle. Have had several falls but am persisting.

May twenty-seventh. A lame wrist makes it almost impossible to write. I was riding on a safety bicycle when I did it, but I am learning to ride all the same.

June. How rapidly life is slipping away. I have much to do yet to solidify the work. But I do thank God that I have accomplished so much. Who would ever have dreamed in the wildest flight of imagination that my church people would own the *Southern Presbyterian*.

July ninth—Well I have become a bicyclist. I have ventured on the streets. But I do not confess to be hyper-graceful.

July sixteenth. I rejoice that the world's fair is to be closed on Sunday. I can go now. I would not have done so with a good conscience, otherwise. In fact I could not have agreed to it at all.

August thirteenth—My dear father and mother are with me and will be all summer. They are now making my house their sum-

mer home. They go to Florida this winter, I expect. God has given me the care of them, I expect, in the place of my own children.

Our big gasoline engine is now set in place. I will be off for Chicago on the 17th and will not be able to get it going. But Mr. Mallard will know how to take hold and get it into working order.

Chicago—The crowd was simply immense. It was the biggest crowd I ever expect to see again. 165,681 paid admissions, besides 30,000 free passes. Possibly over 200,000 in all. It was human heads as far as the eye could reach. I am simply overwhelmed by the massiveness of the multitude. What will it be in God's great day?

September—While I was in the city of Chicago my little grandson William Plumer Jacobs, Jr. was born. God bless the lad.*

Miss Ella Bell, Maggie Burleyson, Janie Duckett have met here to form the first class in the training school. I am encouraged to go forward.

I have a realizing sense of this awful fact that when God would sweeten a man's life and lift him up to a higher plane, he does it by some fresh baptism of blood. This morning I can say with the Master, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death."

September seventeenth—All last night I spent from dark till sunrise in an agony of prayer. Oh, my God if I have done from my infancy till now, one thing against another, I know not when it was. My Master, I come to thee. My soul is poured out within me. Surely it was Satan himself that continued to make my good evil spoken of and to set at naught all my past. But Oh, my God, who didst deliver thy servant Job, I flee to thee. Help me, Master for my heart is broken. I know that a thousand times since my dealings with these children I have had occasion to do that which only a father may do for them but thou knowest I have been to them a father and that I would have my arm torn from its socket sooner than I would harm a hair on their heads. Oh, Master, save me from this hour for it is Gethsemane with me.

September eighteenth—I thank God for the experiences of Saturday. It was the first time in my life that I ever spent a whole day in prayer. Very, very often have I spent the half of it so. Besides this I learned a very salutary and important series of lessons.

September twentieth—Among the evils of a settlement like

* At present, 1937, President of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

ours at the Thornwell Orphanage—it is one that for 18 years has distressed me—is that of gossip, tattling and backbiting. We have so many ladies here. All are not godly, and unsanctified human nature is a hot bed where weeds prolific grow. I have been thinking of the best way to prevent this evil and I have determined that persistent kindness to all, absolute refusal to allow gossip to be brought to me with immediate endeavor to reconcile parties, and living a godly life myself are very good terminatives.

To comfort me, the Lord has just sent a young man to consult me about entering the ministry—three in a month.

September twenty-third—It seems that Mrs. W— is at the bottom of the evil words that wounded me so. I do thank God that I can look back over my life here at this Orphanage and can truly say that I have done no child aught but good. But now, even my good is evil spoken of.

September twenty-fourth—Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. The innocent heart should trust in God so strongly that it can truly say “I will not fear what man can do unto me!”

October fifth—I am comforted by the receipt of one hundred dollars sent by one person in direct answer to prayer offered on the 28th or 29th. I think it was so because on that day I made a special plea that God would send me that sum, \$100 was in my mind, as a proof of his love to me and to comfort me. The money was sent shortly after the prayer was offered, from N. Y. from a gentleman from whom I had no right to expect it as he gave recently and whose gifts have always been peculiarly associated with our times of distress. I cannot think but that the hand of God is in it. The peculiar part of it is that I do not know why the donor sent it, or how he knows of our distress. I will trust thee, Lord, at all times.

I am going to ask that the money from the legacy of Mrs. Fairchild be turned into the “Fairchild Infirmary.” It is absolutely needed.

Father preaches for me today and I am therefore comparatively free.

November—Mrs. W— is very ill.

November fifteenth—Poor Mrs. W—. I left her very ill and trials many at the Orphanage all coming on me because there is not enough grace in the hearts of some of my officers.

On the 25th of this month our Matron, Mrs. W— died, after

ten weeks sickness with all its trials and worries to me and all its pain. Today I bury Mr. Green, the last link to my official corps of 30 years since, snapped.

December—I have been very much pleased with the work in the office. It has been a pleasure to see Dillard work, the way he has. He has taken hold with vim. Christmas tomorrow. I have always loved Christmas but it costs me much money. Still it helps the cause and I am very glad.

December twenty-six—My upper room is very quiet. It is a room of prayer and faith. I do more prayer here than in my former study. Now, Lord, help thy child.

1894—Age 52

This year fills out my 30th year as a gospel minister. I am growing older and yet not old. I have 20 more years of work in me. But I love God and I hope for eternal life.

January fourteenth. All of our railway bonds have defaulted payment of interest. Evidently the Lord is teaching us not to trust the Orphans' dollars to such sabbath breaking concerns.

Among the events of the month was our securing a Cottrell and Babcock press for the Tech School. We have not yet used it but it is well built and looks to be all right. Another event was the coming of Professor Savastano and his stereopticon. Well I had a time with the professor trying to get things all straightened out for him. He had an "explosion," of gas that came near ending his work. Then there was the licensure in the orphans' chapel of Darby Fulton and Will Owings. I have been privileged already to send out three young preachers from the Orphanage and six more from the church.

February. Sometimes I am astonished at the amount one can do by steady, straight forward labor. A little at it, every day, builds a pyramid at last. My office work, I close daily at 12 noon. I then am at home till three thirty. I visit to tea time and read till bed time, unless I have a circle or a prayer meeting or something of that kind.

February tenth. Our heavenly father has decided that we are to build the infirmary. He has sent me two gifts of one hundred dollars each, within the last week. It is clear to me that this means "arise and build". I am glad for I wanted to celebrate the 20th anniversary of our first cornerstone day with yet another.

March twelfth. On yesterday morning at S. S. with 250 pupils and teachers around me I was stunned by a telegram handed me, by whom I know not, telling me that on sabbath morning, at twelve thirty A. M. my dear old father was suddenly summoned to his glorious reward. I am so sorry to part with him. No man on earth is as dear to me as he is and yet, I would not call him back. His work on earth is ended and now he has gone to his exceedingly great reward. Dear old father, how tenderly I loved you. It is very hard to think that I shall see you and speak with you no more on earth. My heart yearns to you. Alas! Little thought I when we parted in Atlanta after that evening meal that we were to meet no more this side of the eternal throne. But I shall meet you there my father. The wheels of time's chariot fly swiftly. I am already on the down grade and the way will seem very short when it is all over. Lord, help me to live that I may know how to die.

March fifteenth. I went to Atlanta on Monday, met Bessie, and Father's remains there and on Tuesday he was buried in my square in the Cemetery. Dr. Bean officiated. It has caused me great sorrow of heart to bid him good-bye. It has been a great joy to me to know that my dear old father was still alive and I feel older from this on. No one knows till it has been tried what the death of a father is. Dear father, we will meet again. Till then, farewell. I am this day 52 years old. I have long since turned my face toward the sunset and because the day is shortening, the work must be driven.

March nineteenth—I have enjoyed Sister's visit and Bessie Lee's very much and am sorry that they go home today. I am pressed day by day with "labors more abundant." I conduct 365 services with the orphans yearly. Also 204 prayer meetings, 50 official meetings. I preach 104 times. I conduct sabbath school 52 times. I meet the training class a hundred times a year and have meetings with faculty, committees, orphan-officials, synod, presbyteries. I visit 300 times a year outside of the orphanage and 1200 times a year inside of it. It does not wear and weigh upon me to do this nor to write the thousands of letters nor the articles for the press nor to do all the innumerable little things. I love the work. I love to be busy. God give me health and strength sufficient for me and spare me till the future of the institution is assured. We have been very busy in our shops and on the farm. The destructive freeze on the 26th was a fearful loss to the beauty of this summer. The trees were shorn of their foliage. The fruit all killed. We are in

distress about it. But God is good and there is something for all of us to do.

April. This far into April we have had an exciting time. Tillmans' war on Darlington and Florence County broke up last Sunday's quiet and kept us reading the news. We had a fine exhibition of the Aurora on last Friday night. What a wonderful world we live in. And what a wonderful universe it is about us.

April twenty-seventh—Prof. Savastano is here working up our photo gallery. Dillard has concluded to learn the business and will also have charge of that part of our Tech School. I am delighted with the aid the lad gives me. May God grant that his life may be noble and that if he is to be my assistant he may become a consecrated young man with the whole soul given to the Lord's work.

We have about as much of a town in the Orphanage as all Clinton was, thirty years ago. We hope for good things yet for the little village. God prosper it and grant his highest success to our plans.

May—During this month we will have the anniversary on the 12th and we will lay the cornerstone of the infirmary on the 28th. We will also elect a President for our college Vice, J. I. Cleland, resigned. The Lord direct us to the right man! It is a matter of grave importance for the present and for the future interests of the institution.

May twenty-eighth. This is a historic day for me. Thirty years ago I was ordained Pastor of the Clinton Church on the 300th anniversary of John Calvin's death. Annually since May 28th, 1874, when the cornerstone of the first building was laid, the day has been observed. Today we all set up the cornerstone of the infirmary, which, like that of Memorial Hall in 1888, of the Library in 1891, of the Tech School in 1892, marks a new departure in the work of the Orphanage, rounding it out to something of completeness.

I hardly feel like praying for an endowment for fear that I, not to say, we, lack the financial ability to care for large sums but I would rejoice greatly if there were such an endowment as would enable us to support the institution easily and give me more time for quiet work. But God knows what is best and I feel sure that all things work together for good.

May thirty-first. I believe in God. It is my joy to be able to say that from the heart. I believe in a God very present, very

near, very close. I believe He loves me. I believe that He will direct all my ways for me. I thank him for his special present-abiding mercies. Oh, that I had his strength in my heart, that I might live very near and very close to him without fear all my days. Oh, how I thank him for having kept me from great sins all my days. Lord, it is hard to keep from little sins, very, very little sins, that go to make up the aggregate of one's daily life. Dear Master I am thine. I trust thee. Lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies. I heard a man say the other day he had not an enemy in the world. I wonder why it is that I have so many. Is it because I have done a kindness to so many? Or because the Lord would keep me humble? I often think that all Babylon would come tumbling about my ears if I allowed one high and haughty thought to get into my heart. My only, my hourly cry is Lord, keep near me.

June twelfth—Commencement is in full blast. It is the best and best attended commencement for a long while. Rev. E. C. Murray is our new president. I am grateful to God for sending us so good a man. Goodbye, Cleland. You have been a sore thorn in my side but I forgive you. I thank God that I can say in all my dealings with you, I have acted like the Christian you ought to be—a Christian gentleman. God send us peace—full peace, glad peace, and a growing prosperous college.

We, i.e. Dillard, and I, have sent out the minutes of Presbytery. We will get out Our Monthly next week. I will begin my circular work also. We are engaged in the home stretch for vacation.

June thirtieth—I spent last night, all night, tossing with anxious thought. How good God is and yet how little I know of him. I am sick, today. But my confidence in God is greater and I have comfort in believing that He is very near me. I will trust and not be afraid. Lord, give to thy servant to live and serve thee till His work is done.

July sixth—I have received this message from God today. "Fear not! 'Tis God's own voice that speaks to thee this word." It came in a very singular and prayerful way. It was a little message in time of deep despair. And it saved the day.

July fourteenth—Again broken down! Oh, that I had courage to trust wholly in the dear Lord and to believe that all that he does for or with me is just the very best and right thing to be done. Lord, help thy poor child, I pray.

July sixteenth—Dillard passed his twenty first birthday

last week. Thornwell is now my only "child", and he has graduated from college.

July twenty ninth—Sam Fulton has translated my little Easy Question Book, and Lessons about Jesus, into Japanese and is teaching them to the little ones. What a joy to feel that I am doing work beyond the ocean.

August—My God, deal gently with thy servant, during this coming year and enable thy servant to deal truly with thee! Do I believe that God hears prayer? Lord, I believe. So I enter this new year with trust. Thou wilt be a good Lord to me and wilt help me with thy glorious love to know and to believe.

August second—Yesterday was a good day for me and these dear children. The mail brought in a \$2,000 check, the payment of Mrs. Clarissa Fairchild's legacy—the same to be devoted to the infirmary. That lifted from me wholly and entirely the anxiety I had for the building. I am now able to push it right on to completion. God put it into the heart of the administrator to send it to me long before it was done, just so that we might be relieved. In several other things the dear Master has answered my prayers and I wish to thank him with all my heart. My way is clear now. And I will trust him for everything.

I always think with sincerest self-sacrifice of this work, here. I can truly say that I have gained greatly in certain ways from my relation to the Orphanage, even from a worldly standpoint but the institution is costing me more than \$300 annual allowance I draw from it. If I were to close my house and only ask board and lodging from the institution I would immediately diminish my expenses by four to six hundred dollars. I glory in the fact that my work is almost given.

August tenth—This is my dear old father's birthday. He has been in heaven these six months. Had he lived he would have been eighty-six this day.

But I will not consider my health, good or ill but simply go on and serve God the whole of my life. I am 52 years old. I can live to 90 if I am careful to do my best work and to keep at it. Let me not concern myself with anything but

First, to be holy;
 Second, to be useful;
 Third, to be wise;
 I aim after these three.

August twelfth—I am sorry to say, Thornwell has typhoid fever, and it will be impossible for me to get off on my pleasure trip as I expected.

I want to thank God for his infinite goodness in having answered my prayer for \$600 during the month. He gave it to me and even more than I asked for. I asked it especially at a time when it seemed impossible to expect it. I asked it as a proof of his tender love. The strangest thing is that I should have needed such proof. But so it ever is with those who truly love. Is it not a glorious thing to say—"God loved me."

September eleventh—It is very good indeed of my dear Lord to accept Thornwell as a candidate for the ministry. My heart is full. I have been grateful beyond expression that my children have grown up in the faith. To train them without a mother's tender care is no easy task especially when such other so great cares have rested on me. God be praised for his goodness to me in this thing. It is in answer to prayer.

September sixteenth—I spent last week delightfully at Presbytery at Glenn Springs. It was one of the most delightful Presbyteries I ever attended. I am delighted to record the reception of Thornwell also as a student for the ministry. I have now given three of my boys to the ministry. None of them have cost the church a dime for their college course and none received free tuition in college. God be praised for his goodness.

September twenty-fourth—On last Monday I left for Nashville, reaching the city on Tuesday morning. Henry met me and took me to his delightful home. I had three delightful days in the city in the bosom of my loved ones. I rode all over the city both morning and evening. Visited the Monroe Harding Orphanage, the County Asylum for the poor and the insane, the Fisk, the Vanderbilt and the Tennessee Universities, the pumping station and reservoir, the various churches. On Tuesday night I helped Mr. Charles Little and Bessie over the great burden of getting married. On the whole I had a gladsome time and enjoyed the thing well.

September twenty-seventh. I married Lou Jones and George Copeland last night—a nice little affair.

October—We closed our Orphanage year on last night. The receipts from all sources were, in round figures:

Printing Office	\$ 961.00
Endowment	175.00

Buildings, etc.	3,790.00
Support	11,787.00
Tech Mfg.	782.00
	<hr/>
Total	\$17,495.00

The Lord trusted me with the management of that much money. Lord have I been faithful? If so, Master, may I look for more this year?

Ah, Lord, I have tried to do my best. I am sure, I might have been more careful, more economical, but at least I can say this, that I have helped these orphans, robbing myself. My heart is sorely grieved for their sakes. Oh, that they were good and noble and that they repaid thee for all thy care of them.

October fourteenth—Mother sent to me 300 books from father's library, a few days ago. I have put them in my office library. I have a nice little library of about 2000 books. I still cherish all my fondness for books. God has given me many tastes to be gratified and opportunity for gratifying them.

October nineteenth. I prayed "weary and anxious and tired." "Lord, why canst thou not do great things for me. Send me a large gift. Lift this load from my tired shoulders. Lord, I am sick and tired." "Before thy call, will I answer." Yesterday evening brought one letter after four days of waiting. In it one large gift of five hundred dollars. Oh, my father I thank thee for money. But I thank thee that thou hearest me when I call upon thee. Help me yet, Oh, Lord.

October twenty-seventh. I have had a very pleasant ride to Greenville, attending synod. I was honored with the privilege of speaking at the Home Missions Meeting and Mr. Gower's funeral, and on several minor occasions. I stayed with Mrs. Alice Ferguson and had a pleasant time. Nothing special done. Bro. Murray brought up the college and tried to get it "adopted" but failed. I think it best to leave that matter alone. We had better trust in the Lord than in the Synod of South Carolina.

November. And it is the 9th of the month. And I am again in room 50, Markham House Atlanta. Tomorrow the planet Mercury at eleven A. M. makes transit of the sun's disc. As for me, my transit is only from Clinton to Columbus, Miss.

I weighed just now, 124—3 pounds less than my maximum but it has been a long while since I weighed my maximum. I am afraid I am "swunk" as Bessie Lee said of the dried apple.

I am now going to Columbus to dedicate States' Church for him.

One thousand miles travel to preach one sermon—well! I was delighted to see how much States is loved and appreciated here. I succeeded in getting up early enough to go to Sunday School. There were 106 present but it was a rainy day. I spoke to the children and also preached to the best of my ability. The church is a very nice, large brick building, cost \$15,000. I would be perfectly satisfied with as good one at Clinton. I dined with Will Lee and took dinner with George Boozer. I am to take dinner with some more kin folks. The people all seem kind and cordial and say such good things about my boy.

November thirteenth—Yesterday was an ovation. Everywhere it was handshaking and congratulations. God grant that States may be able to fill the expectations of this people. They seem to love me for his sake.

November seventeenth—The Lord is trying our faith and teaching us to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him." Our receipts are fallen far short of our necessities. And our prayer is—Lord send us help with a strong hand and with an outstretched arm. I trust him. It is all certain that He will forsake his children never. It looks as if our receipts for the month would be only half of what they were at this date last year.

December thirtieth—On this day I record the fulfillment of another earnest prayer. At the beginning of the month I prayed that God would give me \$3000 during December. He has done so and today I wrote down the sum \$3010 in my ledger. God surely is near, helping me with my work. I felt that I must have that sum or I could not go away on my pilgrimage with a satisfied mind. But I ought not to have doubted. And now I must pray my master to arrange things that I may leave \$2000 in the treasury. I would have better asked for \$3000 but I fear I have not the faith to ask it. I know the Master can surely, easily give it but it may not be best or right. Indeed I know it will cost \$2500 to support the orphans while I am away. But I can trust the Master to set in motion all hearts so that a thousand or so can be raised while I am away! And, now, Lord, direct thy servant in his preparations. Speed me on the way I am going. Prevent any untoward circumstances while I am going or from interfering with my departure. Give me a safe journey and care for all things while I am away.

He has given me the \$2000 surplus for December that I asked for.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

1895—Age 53

April twenty-fifth—Well, I am back home and never so glad to be here. Twelve days since I landed in our beautiful little city after a delightful trip of 800 miles from New York and 15000 around the rest of the world. I have already lectured and preached some half dozen times about my journey. Last night I used the lantern to our audience that packed the seminary, so there wasn't standing room.*

May twenty-fifth—Financially the Orphanage is in sore straights. We need immediate help. Lord, send relief and do it speedily.

July tenth—In this disagreeable and distressing affair with Mrs. F— I thank God that my conscience is absolutely clear. The poor woman glares at me like a maniac and would ruin me if she could. Indeed with her poisoned tongue she tried to do her worst. But, thank God, I have clean hands. Since my infancy till now I can truly say that God in his goodness has kept me from any wicked thing. I comfort myself with that. Even Jesus was called "gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." If the Lord endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, so also can I. It is very hard to have your good evil spoken of, your best motives misconstrued, all your efforts to be kind met with gall and your name cursed and reviled. Still I have received good at the hands of the Lord and shall I not also receive evil? I place myself in his keeping. I trust myself in Him—And I pray that as He has done great things in the past so may He yet use me for his honor and glory. I am his. I believe and trust in Him.

July seventeenth—How my heart yearns and longs for sympathy is more than I can tell. It is sometimes a terrible loneliness that assails me and the feeling that I must journey on to the End with none so close to me that I can unbosom myself to them.

July twenty-ninth—I have been full of thoughts of my poor lost darling for weeks past. I cannot forget. The love I bore her is as strong today as ever and my continual cry is Oh, Lord, let me see her sweet face again. But betwixt us is the gulf of death.

*The story of this trip to the Mediterranean is told in his little volume "To Jerusalem and the Regions Beyond."

August—States is with me. Gave me a very fine sermon last night. All who heard him were pleased.

October—We lost Mrs. Green by death. She left in her will \$1000 in legacies to the Orphanage, the college and the church, etc.

October—I went over to Catawba Junction on the 23rd and had a ten mile wheel ride to Rock Hill to Synod. We offered the college to Synod and were refused. Very fickle is the favor of princes and Synod.

November fifteenth—We had a delightful trip to the Atlanta Exposition. Miss Addie Sloan, Cleo and Mollie were under my care. We dropped out into the streets of Atlanta, into the howling mob of hackmen about night and were literally embraced by the darky coachman and lifted into the selected coach. Our hostess, Mrs. Miles, 79 Walton, received us with a bright smile and made us glad that we got there. That night we went out to hear Moody. Sam Jones was also present. I was on the platform, was called on for prayer. I liked Moody's talk for talk is was—no sermon. In fact it was a very plain, simple talk. The next day we gave wholly to the Exposition. The show was about one tenth that of Chicago. The one tenth was first class, however, and well worth seeing. The fireworks at night were particularly good.

Mrs. Green has willed \$700 to our church building. This will be a great help and most delightedly will we accept it. I must now preach the doctrine "Arise and build". We must have a new church building.

December seventh—I received by Saturday's mail the delightful intelligence that Mrs. McCormick intends to give us the \$5000 necessary to build and furnish a new cottage to be called Edith Home. God is thus forbidding me to cease my efforts for his children but to go on building till the good work is complete. I accept the work. He will open up some suitable way for the support of the orphans and to make the institution a grand success. I do heartily adore him for what He has already done. I now plead with him to make this great work thoroughly successful in its interior management.

December eleventh. I want to get my people enthused with the purpose to build a new church. There is some hope of our getting it done. Lord help me.

We have organized our Cotton Mills. I am elected a director. My purpose to accept it for three purposes:

First—To have an influence in locating the same.

Second—To have a word as to religious and school privileges for operatives.

Third—To have my say as to regulations in regard to moral character of the operatives.

These were not the things in the minds of those who elected me. God speed the work.

1896—Age 54

“*BE DILIGENT*”

My schemes for this year:

First, To begin the work of building a \$15,000 church.

Second, To erect the Edith Home.

Third, To repair Home of Peace, move the stables and establish the farm work.

Fourth, To encourage the College.

Fifth, a revival in my church based on earnest pastoral labors.

April—I have had some severe trials also and the month has told on me, but the Lord has greatly cheered me. Our new building the Edith Home is getting on nicely and Mrs. Lees has given us \$2500 to remodel and furnish the Home of Peace. I never asked God for anything but what he gave it to me.

June seventeenth—Today Sallie Richardson died, my departed wife's only surviving sister. Tonight I made Molly Mason my daughter by adoption, the relation to be sustained to me personally. God spare her to me and make her a comfort and a blessing.

September—The necessities for next year will be yet greater than for this. We will need \$14,000 for the support fund, we will need \$1,000 for the Repair fund. We ought to have \$5,000 for Artesian Well, water works and laundry. We need \$500 for the library. We ought to have an increase in endowment. Indeed we may confidently look to God and believe He will do these things for us. He is good and greatly to be praised for what he has already done. Lord, keep me from such alarms

that try my soul. Keep us from contagious diseases. Keep us, above all from sin.

October first—Twenty one years ago this day we opened the orphanage. We will celebrate the day with speeches, receptions and the dedication of the Lees Home to the good work. As I look back I can see how wonderfully God has helped me both to plan and execute. I have trusted in him and he has surely been with me. Today I wish to glorify him for all He has done. His name be abundantly praised and to him be all the glory. I have set down the value of our property.

177 acres of land	\$5,000
Industrial School	1,000
Library, Home and books	3,000
Lees Home and furniture	7,000
Bee Hive	1,500
Memorial Hall	5,000
Faith Cottage	2,000
Seminary	6,000
McCormick Home	5,000
Harriet Home	5,000
Augustine Home	2,500
Infirmary	4,000
Academy	2,000
Edith Home	5,000
Technical School	10,000
Farmer's Cottage and stock	1,000
Out Buildings and stock	1,500
Endowment	17,000
Lands	1,500
	<hr/>
	\$85,000

There are legacies due us of about \$5,000 more.

November twenty-ninth—I have been so expressly busy since my return from Columbus, Miss. that I have had no opportunity to narrate my delightful experience connected with my son's wedding. States and Laura came back with us and we enjoyed their society amazingly. Laura is a lovely girl. States has made quite an addition to our family. I had two nights and part of one day in Atlanta, stopping at the Kimball House where they certainly take things free and easy.

1897—Age 55

March seventh—We have been very successful in our organized church work during March and the month preceding. I have received 48 members thus far into the year and I think by God's grace I will make it 50. The church will pay me a better salary this year. We set out to raise a thousand and we will get nearly that sum. We have also employed Thornwell to work in the factory population. I have succeeded in raising \$100 for that work. The K. D. and the L. A. S. have both resolved to raise \$60 each to support children and the L. A. S. have raised \$500 for the new church building and will make it a thousand before they are through.

March twenty-third—I have had the pleasure of welcoming Dill back home with a splendid record as head of his class in the Medical College of Nashville. I am still worried about the *So. Presbyterian*. I don't see how Dr. Bean is going to carry on its present load of debt but it must not be sold away from Clinton. I have just issued my book of travels from the press.

March—My church numbers 300 members.

March seventeenth—We have elected Spencer President of the College. He has accepted. We hope to get along as nicely as possible with the college next year.

March twenty-fifth—I have succeeded in getting up Thornwell's salary for his summer's work. All is subscribed and nearly all is paid. At any rate it is so safe that there will be no trouble about it. My plan is the organization of a factory church. I would not think this best were it not for the location of my church building, so far from the factory.

May—I have a very blustery sabbath today. Time is passing. It will be a long time to look back to—but next Saturday opens thirty three years of my ministry in Clinton. I am glad God has enabled me to do so much. I have proved my proposition, so long ago announced, that God can make a little village church a tower of strength and a light house to all that are around.

May fifteenth—We will celebrate today the organization of a Sunday School at the Cotton mill. Thornwell will be its originator so far as actual organization goes. The cotton mill is to be enlarged and the population of fully one hundred and fifty people will be there. The chapel will probably remain only a while under control of my session as the purpose is, if possible,

to organize a church there but we could not get more than seven members at present.

May twentieth—My darling wife died on the fifteenth of January 1879 and yet here, more than eighteen years later, my heart has been overflowing with bitter sorrow because of her loss—and an unutterable longing fills me to see her again. Lord, who teachest us of the things of eternity, thou hast promised reunion and sad and long as the waiting is, I will trust.

May—Thornwell is getting along nicely with organizing the second Presbyterian church.

July twelfth—All of June and July were just as busy months as possible. I had no time to write for I was making history. The public side of my life is given so fully to Our Monthly that I feel less necessity of journalism. I am sunk in the official. It is for the best but my secret thoughts and trials are my real life. But these are now more or less suppressed. The Church, the Orphanage, the College and the *Monthly* occupy me. I find Clinton outgrowing me. I cannot keep up with its 2000 inhabitants. I cannot know them. All the churches are full and more or less growthy. The Cotton mill chapel is a fact and services held there every Sabbath. So that in three places and, in the winter, four, Presbyterian services are conducted every Sunday. I am to be at home all summer and very busy. Years are whitening my head and my beard is already white and yet I am only 55. God give me strength for my work.

July twenty-seventh—I have mother and Charles and Bessie with me. States and Laura are with Florence. We have a very small family at the Orphanage. I am exceedingly anxious to get a good financial report for October. I begin a protracted meeting tomorrow in my church. The church is cold and but little interest apparent. I work hard enough but I don't feel enough. The trouble I think is in myself. Lord send help and light. I am getting into routine that is about a rut, I think. I believe what I need most is better physical health. I am well, but very weak. And awful lazy.

August tenth—Since this month began I have been conducting from two to five services each day. Yesterday and Monday was spent at Rockbridge. I rode out on my wheel at ten after a morning in my office, preached twice, received two members. In the evening I preached again at the Cotton Mill chapel where Thornwell is conducting services. We had a real good time of it. We rode out in the moonlight on our wheels.

I am puzzled to know what arrangements to make for my office next year. I have no foreman as yet. Dillard has made a splendid foreman.

August fourteenth—States and Laura left yesterday. And the same day Ferd and States purchased the mortgage on the *Southern Presbyterian*. They have thus secured the paper to Clinton. Ferd will be editor-in-chief. They acted well about it.

September—Thornwell is gone and Dillard. The Cotton Mill has fallen on Mr. B. C. Bell's shoulders.

September ninth—I had today a visit from two Mormon elders, quite young elders, who were propagating their gospel in Clinton. The Lord deliver us.

My son, Ferd gets the *So. Presbyterian* in January. States was the first Clintonian to get the degree of Ph. D. Dill will be the first to get the M. D. Thornwell the first to get the A. M. from Princeton; and I was the first to get a D. D. Pioneers.

Oh, Lord, help me, keep me in the way of peace. Preserve me in the right way. See that no harm assails me. Help me to keep to the straight, plain path of duty.

September twelfth—I often think of my gray hairs and increasing years with regret. I have the physical vigor and vitality of a young man but the anxieties, the appearances and the expectations of an old one. I have need to draw in myself and to comport my actions and my efforts with my years.

I ought not to work so hard for others. I get no gratitude for it. Other people live selfishly. I ought to live more for God and less either for myself or others. I don't mean that I should not work with all my heart for the church and orphans; but I ought not to be everybody's door-mat. Office work is consuming me. Lord, teach me how to serve thee better, according to the lives that please thee.

October second—I had a very pleasant and agreeable meeting of the Presbytery at Union. My stay was with Clark Jennings. My boy, Sam Fulton, was in from Japan and became moderator. But, alas, for the "holiness craze". Still, only kindness ruled. I came back in four hours by way of Spartanburg and Augusta. The committee was appointed to organize the Cotton Mill chapel. Adams and two Jacobs. Very good.

October eighteenth—Yesterday was certainly a busy Sunday. I conducted the Sunday School of 230 and preached, then

at three P.M. was out at the chapel at the Mill, spoke to the Sunday School and preached at my church at five o'clock and again at the Orphans' chapel at seven thirty. How little I thought when I reached this town of Clinton in April '64 that I would see the following Presbyterian work established as the result:

First, The First church with 300 members.

Second, Rockbridge church with 30.

Third, Sloan's Chapel, colored with 50—60.

Fourth, The Second Church, Clinton.

Fifth, The Orphanage with its \$100,000 of property, 160 family, and its preaching and its students.

Sixth, The Presbyterian College of S. C. with \$20,000 property, 6 professors and 60 students.

Seventh, The Mission Training College For Home and Foreign Missions.

Eighth, The *Southern Presbyterian*.

Ninth, *Our Monthly*. God be praised for all this.

November—My trip to Synod filled me with a purpose to work for my church more, and to fight manfully to make it all it should be. But on my return, the pendulum has swung the other way and I am allowed to give my whole time to the Orphanage. The cry of my soul is for guidance of God in the right way. God answered my prayers almost to the letter for the money needed for the past month. He gave me a little more than I asked. I go to Georgia Synod on Wednesday.

November thirteenth—On Wednesday night I married Rev. George H. Cornelson to Miss Emma Bailey. It was a very handsome affair. The church was beautifully decorated. I left the reception at Mr. Bailey's and took the train for Rome, Ga.

I spent four hours in Atlanta, consulted a specialist who gave me no encouragement about my hearing. That fellow had sense. Others would have experimented with me, sized my pile, taken it, and made life miserable for me.

November twenty-third—I am very anxious for the future. Why can I not learn to trust and not be afraid?

1898—Age 56

I now hold 17 services of one kind or another every week—visit much, write a great deal, read also, and answer many letters. But the Lord set me to do this and I am thankful.

Monday twentieth—An awful event has just occurred in our church in the sudden death under strange circumstances of one of my best friends and a dear young elder, Mr. R. H. McCrary. He was found dead in his bed. He left insurance of \$50,000, all but \$10,000 of which will be required in the settlement of his estate. He anticipated that he would die suddenly.

March twenty-fifth—I have just returned from Atlanta. Our first conference of Orphanage workers was a great success. I am honored with the presidency for the ensuing year. I stayed with Mrs. J. D. Turner.

May eighth—We had our 34th S. S. anniversary yesterday. It was a success outwardly but it was not, in the highest and best sense. Its work was admirable but though we had not announced the anniversary and in fact had kept it almost a secret, the town was full of people, baseball games on foot and there was plenty of liquor brought from Laurens, and even the policeman himself got drunk and had to be put in the guard house! I am determined to break up all this outside matter if I have to give up the occasion altogether. News of Dewey's great victory at Manila is still all the talk. The war has already made itself felt in Clinton.

July—I also attended a reception of President McKinley's. He was sitting in his office when we went in. Rose and shook hands hurriedly and saw us out of the door as soon as possible. He forgot to lay his pen down when he rose to welcome us. One lady in our party went in, gorgeously arrayed. Evidently she went for the President to see her.

September—Mr. Scott gave us a mule yesterday.

October—In closing up my annual report I note the Lord has answered my earnest prayer that the receipts for support of our orphans should not fall behind last year. He sent me \$70.00 more. In all I received \$15,277, beside \$3,000 for other work. So our receipts were about \$18,000. This is nothing like as good as our annus mirabilis when the Lord gave me \$25,000 but I am sure that in course of time we will have a full share of his mercies. My youngest child is now a licensed preacher. I thank God for my noble children.

December thirty-first—I do so much writing of one sort and another that I hardly ever reach this journal. I write so much of the current story of my life which is now almost absorbed in my public work that the private and personal gets but little showing. But it is well at the year's end to pause and take stock with myself. Three weeks of just enough grippe to keep me "at home" has prevented me from all but Orphanage work. I have simply done no visiting for six weeks and am about to begin the year 1899 utterly unfit for it. Perhaps it is this, the gloomy weather—the loss of friends by death and such like that keeps me from feeling the elation that I should have, for the year's beginning. The current of my home life is moving on placidly. Thornwell is at home. Florence and Ferd, God be praised, are settled near me. I had hoped to have kept Dill but higher hopes have hurled him to Nashville. Thornwell leaves soon for Princeton's last semester and then he will pass out of my life. At home I will have Mollie and Cleo only, and my own volume of happy family history will be closed. I began it on the 20th of April 1865. It ends thirty-three years thereafter—just the third of a century. Perhaps I have acted unwisely not to have found another partner but I asked the Lord's guidance and he gave it me.

I am older. I am nearing the 57th mile-post but there is good work in me yet and I intend to put myself squarely to it for 99. My plans are about as follows:

First. I will labor sedulously for the new church building.

Second. I will remodel the charter of the College.

Third. I will paint and make comfortable my own house.

Fourth. I will stay out of doors more.

Fifth. I will visit more than I do now.

Sixth. I intend making an appendix of the Orphanage on Enoree River.

Seventh. I will try to add \$1,000 more to endowment funds.

Eighth. I shall petition God:

1.—For a revival,

2.—For a blessing on the college,

3.—For the new church,

4.—For greater strength to do His will,

5.—For an endowment for the Orphanage,

6.—For souls for my hive.

So, Oh Lord accept this year and guide me.

1899—Age 57

January—I begin this new year with a heart full of plans and resolutions. The years are going by and I am growing older. The grey hairs are upon me here and there and full well I know it but those only drive me to greater endeavor, that I may redeem the time. I am fully purposed this year—first of all to be a better pastor and to work harder at my sermons. Next to work for the endowment of the Orphanage. Next to take more interest in the town of Clinton socially and sociologically, next to adorn *Our Monthly* with gems of beauty. Next to be a better President for the Orphanage and do my work for it in a more satisfactory manner. I have many little plans and schemes that I trust to involve from day to day but the special years work shall be “the new church building.” Oh, Lord, help and guide me and do good things through me.

February fourth—I pray God for \$1,000 for the support for February. I also pray for some special gift that will make me feel that He is present with me and hears my prayers.*

* (Telegram received at Clinton, S. C., Feb. 15, 1899)

To: Wm. P. Jacobs
Clinton, S. C.

Will celebrate my husband's birthday by adding Virginia Home, named for my daughter. N. F. McCormick.

Rev. William P. Jacobs

Chicago, March 1, 1899.

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

What you say in regard to the superior usefulness of two smaller cottages rather than one larger one seems to me to have weight. I mentioned to you my wish to make two cottages—one for my elder daughter, Virginia, to be called the Virginia Home, and one for my youngest daughter, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, to be called the Anita Home; and I have decided, in view of what you say, to make my gift two houses, at a cost of \$3,000 each, and \$500 each for the furnishing of each of them.

My son, Stanley, thinks that you ought to have variety in the architectural design of your various houses, and he has therefore offered to contribute the cost of new drawings for these houses. Will you please, therefore, send to him at 329 Wabash Avenue, a plan of what you desire. You suggest using the plan of the Infirmary. If you will send the drawings to him, with any improvements you can suggest, he will thank you.

Assuring you of my continued interest in your institution, which I sincerely feel is doing a great deal of good, I remain.

Very sincerely yours,

N. F. McCormick.

P. S. I can send you the whole amount, if you wish, or I can send it in

February sixth—A letter received today paves the way for a Six thousand dollar donation for the erection of cottages. Mrs. McCormick is to be the donor. This will add to the weight of responsibility and leads me to consider very, very seriously what my duties are with reference to the double work I hold of Pastor and President. The donation is the response to prayer for some new and helpful proof of the divine presence. The prayer was made on the fourth or rather recorded on that day. It was made on the first and on that day the answer was started. On the sixth I received it. God is doing wonderful things for me this year.

February eighteenth—The death of professor S. T. Martin is a sore trial to us all.

February twenty-third—The Orphanage has already grown beyond the plans of my earlier years. First I limited the children to 30 and then 50. Now I have fixed 200 as my limit. Still the Lord may have ordered otherwise and I obey.

March third—I am trying to arrange for Thornwell to help in the Orphanage work. I need him especially in the teaching and management of the school. I want to indoctrinate him into the method of carrying on the work also. Today I am busy getting up plans for the work on the new buildings. My hope is to get Riverside, Anita, and Virginia all complete this summer. We will have \$7,520 to spend. With that we will accomplish very good things. As to the College, I am grateful to say it is not in debt. There is a hope of making something out of it, only when the present faculty leaves. I want Thornwell to be the head of that institution and to control it. He has the right ideas about it. If I can secure him in the College and Ferd in the *Presbyterian* we will have a good time together. Ferd is doing well with the paper.

April—George Cornelson preaches for me tomorrow. Thornwell has accepted a call to Martinsville, Va. He will have a pleasant field. All my boys are now at work. I am alone but God has blessed me in my children.

May—We are undertaking now to paint and repair the old church building. The new will not be built in my time. The Cornerstone of the Virginia Home, just laid. The work is not at all getting on to my satisfaction. I am grateful for Thornwell's successful life.

installments of \$1000; and the first installment I am sending under another cover.

(By pen.) By the doctors' advice I will probably leave for California Saturday.

June—As to the new church building, I have about given up for the present. If we get it by the opening of the century I will be glad. I am trying to take good care of myself and hope to show the effect of a sound mind on a frail body.

June eighth—Last month I asked the Lord for \$1200.00. He gave me \$1226. I have again to thank God for having in a very peculiar manner answered my prayers and each prayer so that it seemed to me the direct result was their answer. I had asked \$888.00. He gave me reserving the answer to the last moment \$913.00. The circumstances were such that this could not have been accidental. God's hand was in it and no other. I am satisfied.

July eighteenth—I went down on Friday to Shady Grove to lay in the grave my old friend Hughie Bonds. So are snapped the ties of early life. Gus Mason I dined with. My thoughts went away back yonder into the sixties when I used to preach at Shady. On Saturday I went over to Abbeville. There I met my dear girl Fannie Agnew Nance and spent the night with Courtney Wilson. I preached in both the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. Today I rode up to Rocky Spring, dined with Robert Bell, preached funeral sermon of Jim Workman. Again old times swept over me, for my darling Mary first came into my life in Old Rocky, away back yonder in 64. And Oh, these 20 years since she left me. I am sore still for the loss of her. There has not been a day in 20 years that I have not longed for her. Please God I shall see her and oh, how gloriously beautiful that sweet, tired face will look.

July twenty-seventh—So Ingersol is dead! Well death is a great teacher!

July—I am distressed that I have been able to do so little church work of late. I have no business being pastor. I love the work and the people but "my strength faileth."

September twenty—The town of Clinton is being flooded with "holiness" doctrine by Rev. N. J. Holmes. This man was the first man I ever tried to lead to Christ and that I ever spoke to on the subject of religion. He was for years my warm personal friend. His father founded my church, was nine years its pastor and led me to become its pastor, introduced me to the noble woman that became my wife. It is hard to think that his son is here, trying to undo all his father's work and to damage it sorely. He is having big crowds of white and black and many that ought to know better are trying to take it in. God pity the man and preserve the cause.

October first—I had a glorious sabbath yesterday, 16 additions. I had prayed the Lord for fifty this year. This makes just fifty, but I ask for more.

October—I had two more additions to the church on Sunday.

October twenty-first—I have had much to encourage me lately in my work and am very grateful. I do not think the Holmes meeting will hurt my church. It is true that I am necessarily compelled to preach “doctrines” harder than ever before but that is a very good thing, I think.

November third—I made the quickest trip of my life yesterday—a regular flier. I left home via S. A. L. at 1:30 A.M. took breakfast in Atlanta, was in attendance on Synod of Georgia, Marietta at 9:30 and spent the whole day there (delightfully) took train after tea for home and very well tired, slept in my own little bed at 2:38 A.M., 25 hours and 28 minutes. That beat the record for me. 415 miles to spend the day away from home.

November eleventh—I am working away on the subscription list for the new church building. About \$5100 in sight up to this date. There are over a hundred persons that up to this time, ought to subscribe who as yet have not done so.

It has been decided that we will build the new church and the 28th May has been fixed as the day of the laying of the cornerstone. We are getting on comfortably with the subscription. I am now quite hopeful. The Committee has not been fully organized but will be shortly. I am encouraged to believe that the Lord will aid me in this work for his honor and glory and that as I lay down my pastoral charge I will leave my people in a handsome edifice of their own.

Church life is vigorous now. God be praised. I thank him.

December—I am working. And Praying.

December twelfth—I asked the Lord at the opening of this year in mercy to grant me 50 souls in proof of his love to me and this dear church. I have thus far received 78 since January first. This is, therefore, by far the most fruitful year of my ministry. My heart is made glad. I am sure also that there will be others yet. He gave me also the desire of my heart in the buildings at the orphanage—the endowment increases and in other ways has shown his mercy toward me. I want to thank him for his goodness and to pray that in Him I may find the blessing he gives to those who trust him.

This has been a very successful year also in the college in the great increase of students. Also the Second Church is looking up. There was an addition of 9 to its membership last year with the promise of yet others. Ferd is also doing fairly well with his paper. Then our new church building is under way and we are sure to accomplish something before the year is out—or the Century at least. We will build of stone—that also is fully determined. I am so grateful and so thankful that God is still with us. He has assuredly enabled me to prove that a little village church may be made a lighthouse to all that are about, if the pastor is humble and true.

1900—Age 58

January Thirtieth—Tomorrow, the last day of January, we will throw out the first spade full of dirt for our new church. God grant that there be no stopping till the work is done. I am arranging to print 2500 copies of *Our Monthly* hereafter. What a magnificent improvement this is over the years gone. In 1872 there were fewer whites in Clinton than there are now inmates in the Orphanage! Holland reports 68 additions to the Second Church in two months! God be praised that he ever had me to establish that church.

March Sixth—God has wonderfully blessed our meeting. There were seventy-seven additions. Every child in the Thornwell Orphanage at all able rationally to receive Christ has been converted. In my congregation there were not left a dozen out of the Redeemer's fold. The meeting has been a most wonderful evidence of the divine power. Dr. Guerrant has done a wonderful work. The success of the little Second Church under Brother Holland is even more remarkable. Since Dec. 1st, one hundred persons have joined the church. I do not understand his secret. The word has been marvelously blessed in the preaching this year. One hundred in the Second and one hundred and fifty in the First Church, a total of 250 will be reported to Presbytery.

February 12, 1900

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

I send you \$100 herewith to be used on my dear husband's birthday, February 15, for the advancement of the occupants of McCormick Cottage, the method or manner of the outlay to be determined by your own wise mind, only requesting that it be something to help on their spiritual life. For when they go from the sheltering fold of dear Thornwell Orphanage, and from under your own, your loving hand, how great the temptations that assail them.

With many loving wishes

I am ever yours faithfully

Nettie F. McCormick.

I have in my heart just now to push the building of the new church. I am going to propose Mr. M. S. Bailey as the Building Director and give him the plans with full power to complete the house.

March Thirtieth—Notwithstanding the pleasant absence from home and neglect of work and notwithstanding the heavy increase that I had in our receipts for the past four months I find that already we are beyond \$1000 for this month. I will hope for a little increase, the exact prayer I have offered was for \$1000 anyway and to \$1200 if the Lord would give it. He has sent me \$1050 for support, \$62 for machinery, \$50.00 for furniture, making a total of \$1162 and one day yet to hear from. (Before Saturday ended, I had received the \$1200.00.)

April Eighteenth—I have to work fast if I keep up with the hurrying days. It is night now almost as soon as it is morning. My eye must go everywhere and everywhere my busy hand. There is a great multitude of things to do and plan for. And over and over again everything seems to have reached its end in certain directions. Just at present, it is hard to predict the future of the "*Southern Presbyterian*." I fear Ferd will give it up. Perhaps it is best for him. He has been in the tread-mill for over two years now. But if he does Clinton, perhaps South Carolina, will lose the paper. I hope and pray that some way may be opened. As to the college while it is in better fix than usual, the truth remains that the faculty needs to be very much remodelled. It seems to me that we are in danger here, till we find someone to lead this movement whose heart is fully set on glorifying God in the College to the end of doing for Him and not self.

April Twenty-first—I am not to live always (God may spare me some years longer to enjoy the fruit of my labors) so I must be busy planning and working up methods for those who are to come hereafter. While grieving that my ten year's dream of a church building is not to materialize, I rejoice that there are better things than a church building and that I shall see the many mansions, someday.

April Twenty-third—Yesterday was a gloriously beautiful spring day. The glory of the Lord was upon everything. I was pleased to see 308 in Sunday School, about 400 at the morning service and full afternoon and night congregations. God be praised for His mercies.

Lord ever be mindful of us and help thy children. When I am gone, raise up one like-minded to do thy work that it may go on forever!

May First—Last night ended the dream in my time of a new church building and with it the plan I have long worked for of a united church, laboring for town, Orphanage, College, and building up one strong organization. It now appears that this is not to be and that the little jealousies that exist between the church and its institution will necessitate a church, separate from the village organizations. I have long been the one welding tool to hold these together. My plan for an enlarged church building on the present site was a part of this scheme. Lord, help me to do just exactly right. I see clearly that a strong party in the church with all respect to me will not follow my wishes in the matter, and this makes it my duty to step down and out.

I am glad to report that Ferd has bought the *Southern Presbyterian*.

May Thirty-first—The eclipse on the 28th was a total and magnificent success.

We have decided to call on the Congregation to settle the location of our new church building. Well, after a while the prayer will be answered.

June—In opening this month I confess to great depression of spirits. Not only am I conscious of the inroads of disease making me old before my time and the checkmating of some of my plans, formed carefully and vainly pressed, but the disappointment that I feel in those I trusted and leaned upon are forcible reminders of the absence of perfect happiness from this sublunary state. It is singularly forced in upon me that complete self sacrifice engenders a spirit of hardness that makes one care only for the object and nothing for personal peace. I have about reached the stage in which I am absorbed in my work caring only that the work succeed and not fretting whether I enjoy myself in aught save the work itself.

I have been away in Nashville to see my poor old dying mother, at least my mother for these forty-two years. She died on the 17th of June and is to be buried today in this town of Clinton. So ends a long, lovely, useful life, Dear old mother—how much you loved me. I was not your own child but you never seemed to know the difference. You are in the presence now of the King of glory and of all you love. We shall meet again, mother, in the best of all countries. Till then, farewell.

The congregation, while deciding not to move the location of the church, decided not to move in building the church. After ten years of effort to secure this end, I find myself further off

from it than ever, and the church in worse condition, than it ever was. I am now taking steps to sever my connection with the church. I am thoroughly convinced that they need a new pastor. They will no longer follow my lead and this step will be necessary.

June twenty-third—Three days ago I asked the Lord to cheer me with some large gift for endowment and to put it *then* in some one's heart to give it. Today I received the gift from a new source of \$500.00 for the endowment! On the first day of June I asked for \$900.00 this month for the support fund. I have already received it!

July Tenth—Last eve I spent with my three inch telescope, interviewing the moon, Jupiter and Saturn. Saturn is now very far away but her rings are a conspicuous object. The occultation of Saturn happened today but it occurs in the daylight and hence we can make nothing of it.

God has already given me all I asked for July and more. It is wonderful how this blessed Lord remembers. He keeps me under the shadow of his wing. My prayers are utterly worthless as literary productions. I just go to God and say "Lord, give me \$1067.00 for this month." And he gives me \$1167.00. That is all there is of it. I always fix my request for more than I need and I always have given me more than I ask. I rejoice in the Lord. I glory in his holy name. I received \$10.04 today. I received \$86.25 yesterday. So it comes in sums great and small.

August Eighth—To quit or not to quit, that is the question.

Lord Jesus, help me to decide this case. Dear Master I put it in strong hands. I want to do what thou hast set me to do. I want to spend and be spent in service. O teach me the way and enable me to walk therein. I ask not my own way but thine. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

October Twenty-second—My blessed Lord seems at length to be smiling. Yesterday was a splendid day. He helped me in the three sermons preached and in the conduct of the Sunday School. Every service had at least 300 present. Then the Congregation met and it was agreed unanimously to go ahead with the building of the church! The obstacles now seem all to be getting out of the way and the prospect is for brighter times ahead. I have a severe trial in Mr. Scott's purpose to leave us. He has served faithfully for 25 years in his way; unfortunately the service has been mixed with a foolish jealousy that led him to speak harsh things especially of me, and his words are so keen and sharp that it has been a great trial, but there could not have

been found a man more prompt or ready to do as bid. I have grown attached to him with all his faults and will hate to see him leave.

November—It really looks as if our officers proposed to build the new church. At any rate we have appointed a Committee to ask for bids for the erection of the walls and to put on the roof. And we have about \$6000 as far as planned, but I do not think a contractor could do the thing for that money. Still we are moving. That is something to thank God for. Last month I asked the Lord for \$1400.00. He gave me \$1430.

November Twentieth—A very hurried trip—shall I call it a wild goose chase—down to Palatka to find that the Synod of Florida had postponed its meeting. I had travelled 1000 miles for nothing. So after three hours spent in the little city of Palatka I made my way back to Savannah and reached it a few minutes before midnight. I put up at the Pulaski house and slept till 8 A. M. Then I enjoyed a delightful Sabbath. I heard, in the First Church, a sermon from Rev. C. M. Sheldon. He is the author of "In His Steps." I also heard him again in the Independent Church at night and I took tea with him at Bro. J. Y. Fair's at night. I spoke to the Sunday Schools of both these churches and also had a delightful visit and talk to the Female Orphan Asylum, founded by George Whitfield. Savannah is certainly a beautiful city, though what I saw of it, was confined principally to Bay, Bull and Broughton Sts., perhaps a day or two of rides over the city would be enjoyable in the days to come. I left Savannah at 1 A.M., and reached home twelve hours later, being six hours in Columbia where I visited the Seminary. I was away from home exactly three days. This is certainly a quick trip and would have taken Ferdinand de Soto about a year. But times are now changed and we with them.

December—The century is soon to end. It is possible that the Lord may let me live a quarter of the 20th century. If so I look for one end—to make my mark on that century in the little round of my Clinton life. I am now nearly through with my

135 Rush Street, Chicago
December 20, 1900

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

I think of you so often during the year that it is not difficult to think of you a great deal at Christmas time. I want to send you herewith \$60 each, for Hedwig, Anna and Carl,—\$180. This belongs to 1901. I hope that each of them is doing well in the branches of study they have taken up. Do they grow in habits of careful study? I am glad when they do their domestic work well. I am glad to hear through the "*Monthly*" that all is going so well with all the dear children.

59th year and will soon enter my 60th but if I live to see my 90th I propose to make even that year count in the kingdom of my God. I want to do something for my master as long as I have my being. This is the sum of my ambition.

December—My people surprised me last night with the first social party they ever had at my house. I was so glad and grateful for this little kindness. I hope to take heart from it. Now I want the “new church” building contract given out.

I often think of your two fine sons, each in a career of great usefulness, taught by you in the great lesson of doing for others. I pray for all good to come to yourself as well as to your family these holiday times. You are doing incalculable good and I pray for blessings on you.

Ever yours faithfully,

Nettie F. McCormick.

P. S. I fear if I wait to have the typewriter copy this, it may not get off promptly, but it ought to be copied.

Give my kindest and most cordial regards to your sons.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

1901—Age 59

The new day.

The new year.

The new century.

The first word I uttered in public service this year was Jesus. May that word be the guiding thought of this year for me.

At midnight I prayed God for his presence and the gift of eternal life. At cockcrow and at day-break I prayed for the same.

I am living in a new age. Since last night I seem to have closed up the lid of a mighty volume. I am saying farewell to the years gone. This is Year 1 of the Twentieth Century.

February second—The Lord has been teaching me of late not to brag. What folly this is—"my faith," "my prayers." Bosh! "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I am here to do the Lord's work in every way, not in mine; to do his work, not mine; I am the clay. He is the potter. And He will do with me as seems good in His sight.

February twelfth—The spring days are almost here. It is a reminder of how swiftly the years go by. If annihilation were surely at the end of all this, what an awful night-mare life would be. Its glory lies in the eternal hope. And the hope shall some

135 Rush Street, Chicago
February 5, 1901

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

I am thinking of placing in your Orphanage a little girl from Mississippi, Virginia Hazeltine Harper, who has been under the care of Mrs. Carrier, wife of our Professor in Hebrew of McCormick Theo. Sem., of Chicago. She is twelve years of age, of perfect health and of unusual mental ability. Her mother, a widow, is at present traveling in Alabama for the "Christian Observer." The child has been for three months in Chicago under Mrs. Carrier's care. On placing her in the public schools much ahead of the work which she had already accomplished, in seven days she took the highest rank in the seventh grade room. She has an uncommon mental ability, writing both prose and poetry with great smoothness. Her character is one of unusual development, perfectly obedient, an absolutely good child, pure in heart and life, with strength to refuse to do ill.

Please write me whether you can receive her, by my paying \$60 per year. The matter of safe transportation is a subsequent question—an easy one—as to protection, etc.

Sincerely yours,
Nettie F. McCormick.

day be glad for creation. That is the lesson of the spring time.

February twentieth—We gave Mr. Scott the contract for erecting the walls of the new church building yesterday. May God speed him. He is to get it done for \$5,000 complete.

March fifth—On this day, the first stones were laid in the foundation of the new church. I thank thee and bless thee, O, God! How good, dear Master, thou hast been to me all the days that I have lived upon the earth. Now, for work.

March fifteenth—Today—59! I am in the last year of mid-life as men count it but really I am a boy yet. God of mercy make this my best year yet—a year of happiness, usefulness and unselfishness. The big job of this year will be the erection of the new church building. My efforts and prayers for many long years have turned in this direction and now we are at work upon it. I rejoice and am happy in the thought of it and now until this new building is completed, it is clearly my duty to remain in the pastorate. I am in love with church work and happier in the discharge of my duties, than for a long while past.

March twenty-ninth—On this day, Friday, March 29th, just 37 years after I put my trunk off at the Clinton depot, we put in the first mortar into the building of the new church.

135 Rush Street, Chicago
March 2, 1901

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

Our little girl is setting out on Monday at twelve o'clock, under the care of the conductor of the Sleeping car, having a berth to herself as far as Atlanta, where *our agent*, Mr. Haynes, will meet her, will put her on the train, and she will arrive at your town Tuesday at 5:22 P. M. as per the enclosed schedule, where I hope you can meet her at the train. I trust she will arrive without accident, as I feel we have taken every precaution for her care. I believe she will not meet with any unpleasant thing on her journey.

Perhaps you have already decided where you will have her domicile. I hope the mother will kindly see that Augusta's nieces, the Anderson children, are friendly toward Virginia Harper, and will do a little to keep her from being lonely, although in English studies Virginia is more advanced than Hedwig or Anna.

We all feel grateful to you for the interest you take in this little girl. She will be a most congenial member of your family; and I trust the teacher will carefully consider her studies.

We think of you very often, as the source of all the children's welfare and happiness, and blessing. You have the reward in your own lovely family of good and worthy sons. We remember them with interest and pleasure.

Ever yours faithfully,

Nettie F. McCormick,

P. S.: I enclose check for \$60 from March 1, 1901 to March 1, 1902.

April twentieth—On the 20th of *April* 1865, 37 years ago, Mary and I were married. Dear Lord how sore my heart has been—how often even now my eyes fill with tears when she rises before me. Oh, Mary, dearest, God is keeping thee, that we may abide together forever in the glorious years.

I have just returned from Presbytery at Lockhart where I was delightfully entertained by Mr. J. C. Cary. I had the pleasure of introducing the names of four of my orphanage boys as candidates for the ministry.

May second—Yesterday I took my first ride in an automobile.

May twenty-ninth—The cornerstone of our new church building was laid with befitting ceremonies. We all enjoyed it greatly. I married Bernice Simpson and Harlee Branch just before going around to the exercises.

June thirteenth—The years are going by and I am growing older. Often the longing comes into my heart to live life over again. The days have swept by me till now even my children are bearded and their brows are furrowed. I am nearing my 60th birthday. For years the same catarrhal trouble that made me deaf in one ear, in my youth time has roared and raged incessantly with its ringing bells and beating drums, through my head. Admonitions are plentiful that my youth is gone, my vigorous manhood well-spent and the day of the ascension not far away. But, oh how busy I am! Two hundred children call me father and look to me for guidance. I need strength from the sources of all strength—and indeed he will not fail me.

That is the reason I keep working and planning. God is with me and for His sake and because of His presence I shall work for Him till I die. I have a feverish desire to do much, very much. Humbly trusting Him I shall press on, and on, and on. My craving is for eternal life. I do not know how it is to come. I have no proof but the divine word and the divine presence that I shall live again. But I hang my life on that hook. It bears me up. It is strong.

I am planning to get Thornwell as my assistant here. He must help me in both Church and Orphanage work. I want eventually to have him bear the heaviest part of the work. If he comes he will have come as I did—for life.

July—Poor and rich (in years and faith) Miss Ibbey Fulton in her 94th year is passing away. She is the last of the original

members of the Clinton Church to remain on the roll. And her name will soon pass away.

August—The Mary Jacobs Memorial School! Well, thanks to Mrs. McCormick, it is to be built.* She sent me a check for one thousand dollars on condition I could raise the \$500.00 I asked for beside. So we are going right ahead. On June 14th I prayed (see date) for \$1000.00 from some source for this cause. On July 14th I received it. Well, God is good and this is a wonderful way that he has. Of course it was all an “accident!” Bah! How can so many accidents happen? I have had thousands of these “accidents” in my experience. Somehow or other they make me very happy when I think about them and think of the Almighty love that grants our accidents.

August—It fills me with a strange longing to know more of God and to see Him better. I see God now (1) In the tender love he implants in me for Him and for His word. (2) In the wonderful providences that have led me on. (3) In the glorious answers to prayer He has given me. (4) In the consciousness that “He is and that He is the rewarder of those who seek him. But all this only makes me long to have a clear vision of His own glorious self entering into every thought of my life. But—that is reserved for the other life and the time and regions beyond. I will wait patiently till then.

August fifteenth—One of the misfortunes of my life is the tendency to low-spirits under every reverse and also when bodily affliction presses me sorely. I am nearing the end of my 60th year and will soon reach my 60th birthday. I have left youth far behind me. In sight is the weakness of advancing age. I want to try to remember that there is “no fool like an old fool”

135 Rush Street, Chicago
June 22, 1901

*Dear Mr. Jacobs:

Your letter made me quite sad, because you were sad when you wrote it. You need some additional room and you do not see your way clear to get it.

Now I will help you a little in this. If you can get from any state in the Union, \$500—I will give you \$1,000 for the object you have in mind—you stating more clearly what that need is. You are a person so great in the field of your choice; so fine in judgment and in organization, so large in heart, as well as in conception of plans for the orphans that you should have the fullest facilities to do with. I have often thought of you as unique and without a peer in the wise training of youth.

These are busy days for you. Park College has its exercises this week, and other schools I know. There was a fine conference and school for Bible Study and meeting of all the teachers from the mountain coves and primaries, at Tusculum, Tenn. this last week or two.

Ever yours,
N. F. McCormick.

and so to deport myself that these ripening years may be my best. Among things to avoid must be the tendencies of age to moroseness, selfishness, cynical ideas and doubt of man which is of course the forerunner of doubt of God. I want to live on—but God grant that my next 20 years, if I live so long, may be full of rich joys of heaven. Dear Lord, I will need \$2000.00 for this new building. Please help me to get it. Give me that extra \$500.00 from some source or other.

August twentieth—Mr. Scott has spent \$5100.00 on the building. He took the contract for less than that sum. It will take \$2000.00 more to build the walls. We have spent every dollar of the money received. We still have a little subscribed. Up to date we have collected and paid out \$5600.00. Well, I am weak enough and tired enough to believe that the Lord will help us out, someday. Otherwise we have to stop work.

September—On Saturday last I sent in my request for a release from the pastorate or a co-pastor. If the latter is agreed to it must be Thornwell.

September seventeenth—Thornwell is here and I think it is now settled that he will come about the first of January and make arrangements to work with me in the Orphanage and Church work. I am glad the matter is settled. The Lord bless the "lad" and grant to him grace and enable him to be a mighty helper to me in all my work here. My health, for two months past, has been much impaired. I have a suspicion that the Lord did this on purpose to force me to come to a decision about Thornwell. I have at last heartily agreed to the plans proposed. His work will be arduous enough. There will be more than enough for him to do. I thank God and take courage.

September twenty-first—The Board fixed the matter yesterday. It is not my doings. It is of the Lord. Had I had my choice I would have perhaps withdrawn from church work but the Lord has declared that Thornwell must be my successor. So may it please Him ever to order my ways and at last to open the eternal doors, that I may behold His face.

September twenty-fifth—More to distress me. Mr. ——— has ordered all work on church building stopped. The hands are scattered. There is no more chance for us this year, but to see rotting scaffolds, wasting sandpiles, walls decaying and ruin to the enterprise. "Jacobs' folly" rises up in big letters before me. I am sick and tired. I am going to take the thing to the Lord and leave it there.

October first—Twenty-six years ago this day by God's grace, I opened the Orphanage with eight little children, my dear wife as matron, in an unfinished house. I was sick that day. Today also. For I was compelled to forego my trip to Presbytery.

Last night we completed the election of Thornwell as Vice-President and we began work again on the church but Lord, for how long? Oh, grant to the finish.

October twelfth—We are very far behind in the receipts for the orphanage and it troubles me some because I am too nervous to do the kind of work I ought to do. I feel that my trouble is with me to stay—and that my health will probably require me to stay out of harness for some time to come. The church has given Thornwell an invitation to act as my assistant. He has accepted and will be here before very long.

November thirtieth—It was my prayer that our Lord would during November give me if he saw fit, at least as much this November as I received last November, but better still, if He would give me as much this month as He did last month. Last night I received to the dollar as much as I received last November—\$1572.00 and by this A.M.'s mail when I close my book, within seventy-five cents of the splendid receipts of last month, namely \$1769, a marvelous "coincidence" surely. The wonderful thing is how it is the regular "coincidence" for my blessed Master to give me each month the sum I ask for. I should ask for a \$4500

On a ranch, Cimarron, New Mexico

December 18, 1901

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

I am thinking so much about you this month and fearing you have not fully recovered—can we ever fully recover lost ground? This is a deep question, and I cannot answer it. I can only just go on.

I think with great regard of your great self sacrifice—your unwearied labors for those orphans, sent you by their kind heavenly Father—kind in providing for them such a loving earthly father as you are. It always seems to me that I have never met your equal in combining great qualities of soul with great executive abilities. Your spiritual nature and your high mental endowment keep pace with each other—a rare possession seldom seen in one person. I read that tragedy is love's self sacrifice. Your history illustrates that fact. For these orphan's sake you should cast on others the physical care of the great plant, you have reared. There are deeper cares that others cannot shoulder.

I send you herewith a Christmas token \$250 not knowing whether any want remains not supplied in the Mary Jacobs Building, but wishing it applied there if any such need remains. Then I would like the Anderson orphans to have \$5 each, but I don't know whether they should themselves have it to spend, or whether their teacher should help them judge how to lay it out. Let the lady judge who comes nearest to them in care of them.

Augusta Nelson is in Sweden with her father.

Wishing you Merry Christmas, dear Dr. Jacobs.

Ever yours,

Nettie F. McCormick.

sum for December. It is a big amount but he can give it and make me glad. He can give me even more than that.

1902—Age 60

Has come. God has it in His hand for me for good or ill. I trust him wholly, fully. Oh, that some day I might see his face. He is to me the ideal of all that is glorious, wonderful, intelligent and loving! I long for a higher, deeper, wider knowledge of Him.

January first—Today is hallowed to me by the dedication of the Mary Jacobs Academy. Twenty-three years ago this month that loving one—my best—entered the kingdom. I am here still. God may or may not grant me length of days, however it be, it is well. At their end I and my darling shall meet again.

Clinton is to be on a boom this year, two cotton mills, two churches and plenty of other things buliding. And this is the little town I came to 37 years ago.

January twenty-first—Notwithstanding the fact that from July 18th to January 1st I did no pastoral visiting, I find to my surprise that my salary is paid in full for the first time (On January 1st) perhaps for twenty years. Well, it encourages me. My church is always faithful and financially speaking, I am "passing rich" on one hundred fifty pounds a year.

Though an invalid to all intents and purposes, I confess to being a right hard worker. One of my good matrons says that she cannot conceive of me in any other position than that of lecturing or writing. The home folks say I am always reading. Well, God has been very good to me. He keeps me busy and happy. Work has become a second nature and I love it.

January thirtieth—I never lie down to rest now but that two thoughts come to me with great power. One is the shortening years that I must spend on earth. The other is an intense longing while I am here to break through that wall that stands betwixt this world and the next. There surely is an indubitable way, somewhere, some means by which the soul and its creator may deal with each other. If the ether bears a wireless message across the ocean so that the two who converse, though invisible, are yet really in touch, there should be, there must be an equally palpable though as yet undiscovered avenue of approach to God. Perhaps at present a charged wire would not be more deadly to the body than would a breaking away of the midwall of partition to the

soul. But that such a way will yet be safely opened to the children of men I doubt not. Till that way is made manifest what folly to seek, as some do, to communicate with departed spirits. We surely could find out God before we find these frail things called men. Oh! to know God! to know God!

February third—One of the things that torments me is the multitude of daily accidents that cost money. I have today paid out \$20.40 for a damaged pump. It is my bane, this breakage and loss under the hands of 280 people.

I have been thinking much today of the darling wife taken from me twenty-three long years ago! Surely in that time I ought to have forgotten. Yet day and night she is present with me. I have tried time and again to fill her place in my heart! It has been in vain. I could not love! She always comes in between. The only love I have ever had that was a true love was of one because—she was so like Mary! It was because I saw Mary's ways in her that I loved her. I have a warm heart. It burns with a steady flame and it warms up toward many but when I think of my poor, sweet darling, gone away from me—my tears flow like water as they are doing even now—and my soul cries after her. Surely God will give us to be together in that better land. It has been my light and my happiness for all these years gone by. I have learned to love life—to be strong and fearless and to walk in the path I have had spread out before me. But the craving for her I loved above every other is an insatiable one. I want to see Jesus first, then Mary, and mother, and father.

It looks today as if God was going to give me the money I asked for on the first. He always does. It is very, very wonderful.

February eighteenth—We are at a dead stand-still about our new church building. The question is now, are we broke? Or shall we move on? What must we do? It is with our blessed Master to touch the hearts of these people. Lord, help me. In two years time I will have completed my fortieth year in the pastorate of the Clinton Church. It will be a good time to stop. But that also is in thy hands, O Lord. I am physically strong yet and well able to do much of the work outside of the pastoral visiting. I get so lazy in the afternoons. But the time has come when I must work or quit.

February twenty-eighth—The winter months end today with a bright April day. A thunder storm last night. We have had the first steady, cold winter we have had in this climate in

a generation. The ground was frozen every morning for 90 days (about). We have a big controversy on hand with Davidson College. The wonderful thing has come to pass, that God is making the little town of Clinton the Presbyterian center! May He have all the praise.

The Lord answered a prayer for me yesterday that I had forgotten that I offered it. Three weeks ago I asked that before February ended he would make the cash in hand \$1000 as we needed that to pay for the land we are about to buy. Yesterday He sent me the little balance of sixty-five dollars needed to fill out the amount. How good God is!

March fourth—I am approaching my 60th birthday. It shocks me to think I am moving so rapidly on the limit. I propose, unless I have an entire break-down in health, that I will work till the end comes. I want to be able to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Orphanage in 1925.

March eighth—I am sore beset today with the thought of the loneliness of life for a man as old as I am. Once I knew what it was to be truly, tenderly devotedly loved. The darling wife still is with me in my hours of memory—but the impossible gulf of death lies between us. I feel it more and more and with an unutterable longing I cling to her. Her sweet and dutiful life made 14 happy years but since these 23 years have passed without her, I certainly have a desolate home in one sense. The old man will cling to the idol of his youth. I have plenty who love me—but it is the love that puts some other object first. The soul will long for the first place.

March tenth—Clinton organizes a second cotton mill tomorrow.

March fifteenth—I ought not to let my 60th birthday pass without a note in this journal. How do I feel about it—

“Louden thy cry to God, to men,

And so fulfill thy trust.

Soon thou must lie, mouth stopped, sans breath,

And silent in the dust.”

My plans are as tho I were to live a hundred years. My preparations are as though I had reached the last year of my life. The spirit of immortal youth is as strong in me as ever. It seems impossible that I should die. I look with amazement at myself in the glass and I wonder if it be truly this image of an old fellow that I see there! Sometimes I think that this sentiment is born of the

cherished conviction that I shall never die but that even now—I am living in eternity—the God of life in me. So my 60th birthday shall be as was my 50th, my 40th, my 30th—a looking steadily forward. I have no time to look back. There is work, a great amount of it, right ahead.

March twenty-eighth—On my return from Greenwood yesterday I found a letter announcing that Mrs. Lees had left the Orphanage a legacy of \$10,000. This is great, good news and fills us all with grateful thanks. It is true that it may be several years before the money is received but eventually it will come and a mighty blessing may it be to us all.

I have had a delightful trip to the Connie Maxwell—took dinner with Jameson. Spoke an hour to his orphans, visited four or five of his cottages. I spent the night at Mrs. David Aiken's, and also made a speech for the Sunday School children at the Convention, a rather poor one.

March twenty-ninth—I have just heard that Miss Speed of Silver Lane, Conn. has left all her property to her aged sister and after her death \$2000.00 and share in the balance of estate which may be \$1,000.00 more, comes to the Orphanage. How very, very good the Almighty Father has been to us this month.

A week ago, it seemed impossible for my prayer for aid to be answered. I felt in my heart that for His own reasons the Almighty Father would not give me what I needed. But—see what God hath wrought. He has given me the money I asked for and many other things beside. These two legacies also come to fill my heart with joy.

I am getting to realize richly and joyously that God is very near to me. I have had trials of the flesh. I have been “under*"

*Rev. W. P. Jacobs
Clinton, S. C.

135 Rush Street, Chicago
March 27, 1902

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

Mrs. McCormick is confined to her room today, and, not feeling well enough to write herself, has handed me the enclosed check for One Hundred dollars with instructions that it be forwarded to you at once for a trip for yourself. Mrs. McCormick feels that you have been carrying a very heavy burden for a long time and that in justice, both to you and the work itself, you should get away for a time where you can have a complete change and rest and wishes you to use this check for that purpose.

It is most gratifying to Mrs. McCormick to receive such a good report in every way of all three of the children: Anna, Hedvig and Carl.

Very truly yours,

T. B. Gordon, Secretary.

P. S. Your letter will please Miss Augusta Nelson, the children's aunt, and we will send it on to her.

the weather" since last July but I am not afraid. God hears my prayers. I am not asking for long life. He knows I want it for His sake and for the furtherance of the good things for which he has bidden me work. But that is for him to decide. No part of my unconditioned prayer is a plea for length of days. I leave that with sincerest joy in His hands. I am sure He will give it me if it is for the best.

April—My cry, this month is for \$1100.00 and I am going to hope and trust that my dear Lord will give it me. Of course he will give me that money.

April Fourteenth—So Wade Hampton is dead. This country will hold him in everlasting remembrance.

April Seventeenth—Dillard is here, helping us all to bright days, while his short vacation lasts. God bless him.

April Twenty-sixth—The good master has again answered my prayer. On the first day of the month, I asked for \$1100.00 which was more than last year. I have received \$1117 and still have two more days.

The prayers that God answers for me are innumerable. I am asking him for large sums of money as he thinks best. I am asking him to take care of us, of what we already have. I am asking for health, sufficient for my daily work. I am asking for help in my new church building. I am asking him for souls. I am asking him that I may not think of self nor care for self. I am asking him to guide me always—show me what to do.—how to do it. I am asking him to keep these children from sin, from

135 Rush Street, Chicago

March 29, 1902

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

This little enclosure is a poor tribute to render you on your birthday, but the love and respect that goes with it is worth something.

This letter I could wish might have gone to you on the real festal day, but I have not been well, and am not strong now—or able to write much—but I must send my grateful regard for your kindness to me and mine all these years, in an unchallenging faithfulness to a friendship—formed so long ago. My daughters, all of them, have learned to honor your name. They are all strong, sweet women, and useful in their places.

Can you not use this enclosure to go away entirely from the Orphanage for a time? You should. I think you can never get stronger there. That I believe. Do go away somewhere. The piney air of Camden, S. C., I suppose would not be change enough. Where would you like to go? If you would like to go on the sea I will gladly add to the enclosed sum, to enable you to do that. Do consult your tastes in this matter. It is time I put my pen away.

Ever your friend faithful,

Nettie F. McCormick.

physical and moral danger, from dishonor. I am asking him to give me a calm and patient exterior—and the same within. Of the moneys I ask for I am asking for thousands for the endowment, for thousands for the support, for such buildings as I need. I am asking him for happiness here in serving him, for long life if he wills it and for eternal life beginning now. I could not count up the prayers—nor yet the answers. I think God answers all my prayers. I do not recall any just now that in some way he hasn't answered. The answers come with the regularity of the sunrising. It is a great joy to pray to God.

May Third—The Lord gave me all—more than all I asked for last month. In addition came the news of those two fine legacies. I had just asked him to give me \$1200.00 this month; a sum I must have and which I humbly pray that he would grant though it be much beyond the amount received last year, when a letter was received from Mr. Phlegar telling me of the amazing prospect of a gift for our endowment of Twenty-five thousand dollars! I am just struck dumb with surprise and cannot credit the thing. Well, if these things are all realized, it means about \$40,000 added to our endowment fund, this year! But I will not let my heart bank too strongly on all this because it seems too good to be true.

May Twelfth—The railways have offered a free trip to Charleston to our little people!

May Twenty-third—Thornwell writes me from Jackson that I have been elected by our Assembly to represent them in the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance. I think it very probable that I will accept and go. It will give me an opportunity to renew my acquaintance in London and Liverpool. I will have Thornwell here at that time. He can attend to orphanage matters and carry on my work while I am away.

June—Then came that splendid excursion with 160 children to Charleston. I could not say too much of that and hence I have written it up fully in the current issue of *Our Monthly*. It was a princely affair and I am just as proud of Charleston as I can be. Mary Feebeck and Julia Wittman stayed with me at Smythe's. How I did enjoy it.

We are just through with the college commencement. We had a splendid meeting of the Board. The only unwise thing done showed the lack of faith of the Presbyterian members. I felt sorry for them. They don't know what a great and grand and wise God ours is.

June seventeenth—That marvelous gift of \$25,000 has materialized and will be soon here. I am fully of thanksgiving. The unknown friend has added to his kindness by investing the amount (at a cost of \$174.31 additional) and has already sent bonds to Judge Phlegar. I am sure God's goodness will make us all grateful for all days to come. Judge Phlegar writes that he is on the track of a \$1000.00 gift which will be ours soon. We have received since October first, already, \$4200 plus \$25,000 equalling \$29,200. We also have Mrs. Lee's legacy of \$10,000 to count in, and which will assuredly come to us in due course of time. God is dealing very richly with us and makes glad the heart.

July—The dear Lord heard all my prayers for last month. I must needs ask him for \$1200.00 for the hot July. I cannot do with less. But the report of our big donation will reduce sympathy. It is a question whether humanly speaking, we shall get what we need. But there is no relief for it. We must ask for this whole sum. He who sent us \$25,000 last month can surely send us one thousand this month.

July fifth—What a grand report our endowment will make this year—\$30,000! As much as we have received in all the thirty years before. That \$25,000 came on the anniversary of my purpose to found the Orphanage just thirty years ago.

July fourteenth—I went out with a party of children to the river a week ago. We stayed till Saturday when we were summoned home by the death of my little grandchild, William Jacobs Bailey. Poor Florence, her heart is broken. She doted on the child. We buried the little fellow yesterday. Oh, God, comfort the mother. As for the rest of us, we know that it will be hard to bear but heaven isn't such a bad place for a babe, after all.

July nineteenth—God is dealing very kindly and graciously with me, having given me \$1470 up to this date. It is probable that I will reach \$1600 this month which shows that our Lord can help in the summer time as well as in the winter.

July thirty-first—I made an urgent prayer for help, a veritable cry—on July first. We had gotten way behind. I felt that we must have \$1200 even to get through. God gave us more than that from donations only, while we also received our \$400.00 from endowment income. The total was \$1674.00. It was simply wonderful. We never had a July like that before.

August second—My prayer is for \$1000.00 during this month of August.

August twenty-third—Up to date I received \$850.00 for the support. I am still \$150.00 behind the sum I asked of the Master. It looks to the eye of sense that we will fail this time.

August thirtieth—Thornwell comes today to share my burdens with me. He will have his hands full for I intend giving him much to do and will use him on all occasions.

August thirty-first—The Blessed Lord God has heard my prayers and has given me \$1030 for this month of August. I am glad and gratefully thank him for his goodness to me. I am going to ask him for \$800 anyway for September.

September thirtieth—The Lord did better than I asked and not quite as well as I wanted. I received \$918.00. We have had a glorious year: \$18,696 for the support,
30,176 for endowment,
1,781 for building,

\$50,653 Glorious!

and besides a \$10,000 legacy (not yet received). Including that He has given me \$1,000 for every year and fraction that I have lived to date!

October—I ask for \$1770 this month.*

October—The month has ended. I asked for \$1770. I received \$1880! I thank thee, O father.

November—My prayer is for \$1800.00 this month. I ask for it because I feel sure I must have it.

November seventh—Only \$385 received to this date; but the dear Lord can answer this prayer yet.

Paul Smiths, N. Y.
October 2, 1902

*Dear Dr. Jacobs:

Could it be that my thought went out to meet your letter last night, while your thought was coming by this morning's mail, for I thought of the orphans when I could not sleep, in the night, and wondered how the school year was opening with you. I was thinking in the night that I would ask you what was the most pressing need with you in the care of the orphans. I have \$1000.00 I thought I would like to do good with, and I was wondering what use Dr. Jacobs would put it to. In your letter today, you say you must do something. What is that something? It is, indeed, a problem. You see, Dr. Jacobs, you are now renowned, both as a great educator, and also as an able organizer of orphanage homes. People feel that you weave more of home, and less of the institution into your Orphanage than any other man, perhaps in the country. I am so glad your son is with you. Remember us to him.

Your friend,
N. F. McCormick.

November tenth—My ante-breakfast reading today; (usual allowance): three pages Greek Testament; one page Hebrew Bible; five pp. Cicero (Cn. Pomp. oratio) five pp. Spanish reader. Yesterday 300 at S.S.,—a fine morning and afternoon congregations. Thornwell preaches every night now and has a service at Second church in the afternoon.

November thirtieth—I received the \$1800.00 for which I made request and \$67.00 over. God is good.

The wonderful way in which God has cared for this Orphanage in the steady monthly answers to my prayers is something wonderful. It leads me to lean on him more and more as my years go by with the feeling that my work is of less value and that God is relieving my increasing years with tokens of his marvelous goodness. My days are drawing nearer to the setting sun, but I am earnestly desirous of making my last days my best days. I have sad realisation of the decline of human love for the aging. But I thank God for increasing evidence of his goodness. Oh to see him in his glory!

December thirteenth—Heavenly Father, grant me thy blessing. Help me to complete the church building, to endow the Orphanage, to strengthen and endow the college. Give me comfort physically and spiritually. How I long for the felt presence of the living God in all my work!

December thirty-first—It was with great hesitation that I wrote down my prayer on the twelfth of this month for \$4,000. The Lord gave me a hundred dollars more than that.

1903—Age 61

January twelfth—We had poor weather for service yesterday A.M. Thornwell's service was full at four P.M. and so was mine at night; at the chapel. We are pulling ourselves together for a good year's work. We have got the Second church service started and are now working for a chapel at the Lydia Mills. Our own church building, however, is in the way of everything. On Friday the last slates were put in place and the building is safe, Thank God!

January—My church did a grand job in raising and paying \$1200.00 cash for the new roof for the church.

February twenty-first—Once in a while I have to go down to the "City of the Sea" and enjoy a renewal of my early years there. I have just returned from such a little three nights and

two days of old Charleston. The weather was sharp and windy but the Argyle is a grand hotel, everything is new and I enjoyed its cuisine. I spent a morning in the Memminger School with Prof. Cates. Yet another three hours at the Orphans' House. I entered the old college Library for the first time in forty years and found the same old musty books. Two thirds of them needed rebinding. I wandered through the subterranean dens of the college where once I kept grim company with books. I found my way into Flynn church and sat where I first sat fifty years ago as a little Sunday School scholar. The old Cemetery was open and I visited Sam's grave and my second mother's. Twice I visited the Battery and faced the cutting winter winds of old ocean. I trod many famous streets and squares and even took a wonderful trip to the moon on one of Edison's latest inventions. Twice I called on Dr. Sprunt and dined with him. The new was mingled with the old for I met a half dozen of our Orphanage boys, now grown to be men. And returned to find John Simpson ready for his burial.

March Fifth—A word with thee, dear old Journal, as I sit here in the "Tech" in my office—locked in I am. I have been looking back over all the 61 years the Lord has had me in hand and especially as I remember the days when I was buoyant with youth, eager for life's battles and planning great things. And now in this very month, I am to have my 61st birthday. I cannot realise that I am growing old. But I can truly say I have fought a good fight. I have missed my darling wife of the long ago more than my pen can write. Not a day passes that I have not thought of my darling. I have a mighty longing for her, that I fondly hope will be realized when the golden gates swing open. In sweet memory of her and in joy for the past I am going on with this fight clear down to the end. I find my time occupied well and pleasantly. It is true that I am not successful in church work as formerly. I am not the pastor that I used to be. I can preach well, but my deafness and other ailments are a sad hindrance. I have been over and over again pondering the duty of giving my beloved church into other hands. I am pleading with God to be allowed to fill out my forty years of service in it. I wanted so to make it fifty. But I have so little encouragement of souls saved, so few come to the prayer meetings. There's so little love for me personally on the part of the church—this latter due doubtless to my exclusive devotion to Orphanage work—that it seems almost my duty, however painful it may be, to let the church select a pastor that would bless them with a higher ideal of what a church ought to be. It will be a fearful sacrifice to make, but it is surely coming. God

will take care of me and will lighten the blow. There is plenty of work for me to do yet but it must be work that I can do better than that of the Commanding officer. But whatever He decides it will be right and good and best for me and His church! God be praised that I have faith to believe this and to say in heartfelt earnestness, Lead Thou me on.

March twelfth—The college work is, I think, in an encouraging position, notwithstanding all that has been said and done about it to the contrary. We have a good faculty, a first class set of students. But better still, there is some financial encouragement before us. We are about to get into such shape before the Synod that we can claim to be a Synodical institution and moreover we are about to get hold of \$1500.00 for a professor's residence, which I feel sure will shortly be built.

March sixteenth—I reached the golden age of 61 yesterday. Shall I ask the Lord for thirty more years of service? I feel today as if I were equal to it. But is it not better to say "Thy will be done"? My present hope is, God willing, to celebrate not only my 40th but my 50th anniversary of the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Clinton.

April fourth—I asked the Lord for \$1100.00 last month, I received it. Some of it came after I had got tired waiting for it and had closed up my books for the month. I had forgotten this sentence "Wait on the Lord."

April fifth—I am full of happiness in the thought that God is the sustainer of this work. I trust in Him absolutely without fear and almost without anxiety.

On the morning of the 19th I earnestly prayed God to send me through Mrs. McCormick \$500 more for the Gorton Cottage. At the same hour she mailed a check to me for \$500 for that purpose. I had not written to her for a month.

April twenty-fifth—The Orphanage grounds are beautiful in their green foliage costumes. It is to me a place as near heaven as I ever get—these woodland paths, God-given cottages and merry hearted children. There are angels here but I have not seen them.

May first—Today I had the front steps of the church set up at my own expense. I thank God for the privilege.

May ninth—Today is our 39th Sunday School Anniversary. Thornwell conducts. He was not an entity till the 14th anniversary. Gov. Heyward is our chief spokesman today.

I am 61 but I do not feel any weaker than I did 20 years ago. I am far from being as enthusiastic—excitable—romantic—but I have attained to stability, persistence, calmness and still have plenty of courage. I am sure God has plenty of work yet for me to do.

Los Angeles.

Well, I'm here— at Los Angeles. I have crossed the continent.

My soul is crushed within me. I had a restless, feverish night with an ulcerated throat but rose determined to take pains to have a good day. I reached Emanuel Church at ten and put myself at the tail end of more than a hundred people eager for the mail. My turn brought one letter. It was from Thornwell and it brought the awful tidings of the fearful death of Anna Anderson, sweet, gentle, loving Anna. My heart is well nigh broken. It has ruined my trip, has sickened me and I turn my feet home tonight. I can neither think nor care for anything. As I had nearly a whole day of agony before me after receiving my berth in the sleeper I boarded the train for Santa Monica by the ocean. But I could not think nor see. I thought a vision of the great Pacific might give me easier thoughts but there was only one cry in my soul—Oh my God! What have I done that this should have come upon me? I wrote to Mrs. McCormick. Also recalled my purpose to see Miss McCormick. It is now 6 o'clock. I have forgotten so much as to take bread. Well, it matters not. I want nothing. Poor sweet Anna, would God I could die for thee, my child.

I have been sick at heart, sick and sore of body since yesterday. Even the children grow quiet and wonder why that old man has tears running down his cheeks. Had I known what was happening at home one week ago this day, when I was so gay in Memphis, I would have turned back upon my tracks.

June first—I reached home on Saturday night. I was too overcome by sorrow to take up my work on the Sabbath. This

135 Rush Street, Chicago
June 2, 1903

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

You have been much in my thoughts all these sad days, and I have feared that the terrible tragedy at the Orphanage might weigh too heavily upon your already tired and weary heart. I wrote immediately a letter, addressing it simply to the Orphanage, expressing our thanks and appreciation of the tenderness and loving kindness shown on all sides toward our dear girl who is no more! Everyone has been so kind. As I knew you were away, I did not address this letter to you.

I hoped this would shorten your journey, and when I received your letter from Los Angeles, I replied by telegraph immediately, addressing you

morning I began my duties again. I wrote for many hours to-day. And the dear Lord gave my \$1000.00 as I asked him—and more! Blessed be his holy name. A mercy even in dear Anna's death! She died instantly. Oh! I thank God for that. My prayer for June for the support—\$1200.00.

June twelfth—I cannot express myself as highly gratified by the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College. We were not improved by the addition of a few wild "youth" to the body. There is something intolerable to the average young Presbyterian divine in a meeting that has no "burning question" in it. As such questions are usually from the author of evil they are blocks in the way of progress. The only part of the proceedings to which I look back with real pleasure was the conferring of a degree of D.D. on Sam Fulton. So the Orphanage is honored in its boys.

June seventeenth—My people have done nobly. The \$2000.00 debt has been raised and money paid. God bless these dear people.

June twenty-second—Thank God, the note for \$2000.00 is cancelled and I burned it up in front of the pulpit yesterday.

June twenty-third—The Lord has answered my prayer for June already.

July sixteenth—This Riverside is a great old place. I enjoy the absolute rest it gives. The River is always fresh and ready. It is in good shape for bathing—I enjoy it. The boys go

care of the General Assembly, and I also sent a telegram to our commissioner, asking him to hunt you up, and beg you not to return home. I regret that I could not do more. The telegram to you was returned to me undelivered, and I asked that it might be sent by post to Clinton.

I am deeply sorry that you should have returned. It is as you said; you could help nothing by returning. It is a deep sorrow that one in the morning of life, should be thus cut off, and we all feel it deeply, but there is not blame to be attached to anyone, and I wish you could know how truly we feel this to be so. We must receive it as one of those inexplicable providences! Because several were within the area of danger, and yet not one was harmed, except Anna. This it is that makes us feel awed and submissive. It moves us deeply that you have loved and sorrowed for Anna, but we deplore the heart-broken manner in which you received the news of this distressing event. We felt deeply the fact as you do, that Anna will not again walk in these pleasant paths with us.

If you are at home, I should think in order to rest your mind and heart you had better go to the Summer Conference at Northfield, where there is so much of joy and real happiness. What do you think about this last proposition?

Miss Nelson is feeling deeply the loss of her niece, as is Emil also, feeling the loss of his sister. (By pen)—I am going to write thanking Thornwell for his very comforting letter.

Ever yours sincerely,
N. F. McCormick.

fishing. We all go boating this eve. It will be a heavy pull up stream. Our days pass as quickly as possible.

September third—My prayer this month is for \$1000.00 for the support fund.

September twenty-third—My heavenly father has answered my prayer for \$1000.00 this month and more to follow—for there is yet a week before the end and I have already received the thousand (I received \$1200.00.)

October—I wonder if it would be possible for the dear Lord to give me \$1800.00 this month.

October thirty-first—I want to thank God for his goodness in showing me that it is possible to give me \$1800.00. I asked for and received \$98.00 besides, and that, over and above all receipts from endowment, this year set apart to a different purpose.

November first—Master, I do so want \$1900.00 this month. That will be far beyond the receipts of November of last year. For at least \$400.00 of this month's receipts must go to the Building fund. All in fact that came from the Endowment Fund.

God is good to us all and he never fails to do the right thing at the right time.

November twenty-ninth—Well, the dear Lord is giving me the \$1900.00, I so longed for but had no hope of getting. He also answered marvelously a little prayer for a check for a certain purpose from a certain individual and the check came (100) with a special delivery stamp on it to make sure that I would get it. The prayer was offered and the letter written simultaneously. We are at work—hard at work on the new church building.

November thirtieth—I close up this wonderful month with \$2162.00 in donations for the Orphanage. Thank God. I love the Lord because he hath heard my prayer.

Chicago
November 24, 1903

Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs
Dear Dr. Jacobs:

I want the boys in McCormick Hall to have some needed industrial or scientific equipment, and I send this little Thanksgiving token. Is a piano beneficial to them?

My little grandson Gordon's address is 321 Huron Street, Chicago. I should be grateful if you have the time and strength for a very brief note to him.

I think of you here through many days and nights of care, and occupation, and always lovingly, and with great interest in your work.

Ever yours faithfully,
N. F. McCormick.

December—Thornwell is getting on nicely with the Georgia Home. We hope to have a good house started by April or May next.

December fifteenth—We are enjoying a good visit from Dillard.

I used to be worried because I was growing older. I have nothing to do with that. I am now worrying to make good speed with the work I have to do. What becomes of it after I leave the earth is not my concern. I ask God to attend to that. The greatest mistake I can make would be to feel that this is my work and is eternally to be considered as mine. I must leave it some day. I will leave it in the hands of Almighty God. In fact I will not even plan for the future. I am planning for the present and the work I have to do.

December thirty-first—Well, anyway, I thank God with all my heart. I received only \$4000.00 for the support fund; \$626 for endowment. The Lord sent me according as he saw I needed and I give him grateful thanks. But this means for me no vacation in February. I have failed to get my full hoped for amount but He has given me more up to date than last season by \$300.00.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

We print today a very gratifying letter from the Rev. William P. Jacobs, D.D., President of the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, S. C., congratulating the News and Courier upon having completed its first century.

READ THE NEWS AND COURIER 53 YEARS

Thornwell Orphanage
Clinton, S. C.
December 28th

To the Editor of the News and Courier: I feel impelled this morning to write you a note of rejoicing on the approaching completion of your 100th year. What a grand paper the News and Courier is and what a grand place it has filled in the history of our noble old State! I began reading it as an eight-year-old child, away back in 1850. Ten years later I began writing for it and to it sent the first communication that I ever penned for the papers. I have been reading it ever since, as man and boy, for these 53 years past. That which first led me to read it was, singularly enough, the account of the funeral obsequies of John C. Calhoun, *quorum minima pars fui*—that is, I was one of the little rabble that followed the procession along the sidewalk. I remember 36 years later, the absolute delight with which I laid hold of a copy of your paper in Milan, Italy. It was home, youth, love, joy, everything combined. No man knows what a copy of the paper means to a Charleston boy 5,000 miles from home, till he has tried it. Well, God speed you! May you live a millennium.

Yours faithfully,
W. P. Jacobs

CHAPTER TWENTY

1904—Age 61

January twelfth—It is a glorious idea—immortality! God grant that mine may begin with a vision of the face of my adored Savior. I am thanking God every day for his mercies toward me. They are great!

January sixteenth—Just 25 years ago, this day, my darling wife was taken from me. She reminded me of it this early morning in a dream. I have never forgotten her. I never will, nor can I. I hope to spend an eternity, enjoying her love and presence. Heaven has more of love in it than earth, sweeter, purer, holier, happier love than we ever dreamed of here. I believe in God. That is my argument against all sceptical theories of non-immortality. God is. God loves. Therefore, I will live and love forevermore.

February ninth—Terrors fill land and sea. The awful fire at Baltimore, sweeping away 200 millions of property is a danger to us all and seems to threaten distress to all the south. Then the War Between Japan and Russia is a menace to cotton mills as well as a threat to Christian progress. In the orphanage we have our trials, also. They are always here. Poor children, how my heart bleeds for them. I grieve for their sins and am anxious about their support. What could we do were it not for the infinite Father? Lord, keep me from making mistakes. Help me to do the right always and save me from doing harm while trying to do good. It is a mighty arm on which I lean.

February fourteenth—I have decided to do the preaching work at the Clinton Cotton Mills *myself*. That settles the matter of an evangelist in Clinton. It does look like a shame that with five Presbyterian preachers in Clinton, we can do nothing for these mill folk. Lord, here am I, send me!

February seventeenth—I spend three hours daily in my study, reading. Yesterday I was busy with Abbott's Austria, Darwin's Descent of Man, Cicero de Officiis and some German extracts.

February twenty-ninth—The only two members of the second church took letters of dismissal. There are about two dozen non-resident members but I don't know where they are. I am puzzled over the proposition of what to do now. The church ought never to have been organized and though we could prob-

ably collect a dozen members together in a week, it is the problem to be solved "Is this the best thing to be done? I doubt it.

March—We are very much behind last year in our receipts. Up to date we are nearly \$700.00 less in hand than in 1903. Indeed, unless the Lord comes to our rescue we will soon be in a bad way. I pray this month for \$1200.00 as the least we can ask for. And God is good and I trust him to give it.

I have just been listing my church members. I find I have:

Church Resident	206	
Orphanage Resident	100	(only pupils)
Church non Resident	17	
Orphanage	42	(non Resident)

365

One for every day in the year.

March fifteenth—How fast these birthdays come around. Sixty second. Well, I'm not ashamed of them. My personal ambitions do not lie along the line of beauty, youth and joyousness. I love my God. I love my fellows. I love my work. What more could I ask? So let the years jog on. I fill them with prayers, with plans and with work. My happiness has been in seeing the work prosper. My pleasure is in loving intercourse with my people—in reading—in doing new things and in recalling the jobs I have planned for this sixty-third year of my life, the further development of all the work, the Lord has given me. It would be unwise of me to venture into new experiments. As the new church building is to be occupied I will have to remodel many things connected with it. The Sunday School will be changed into a Bible college. Its very name will be dropped save in Presbyterian reports. I propose changing its character and lining up with the idea—"the church at work and at study." The division between church and school I wish to obliterate.

My only trips this year will be short ones—to Nashville, to Charleston, to St. Louis, and to Presbyteries. I will try to celebrate well my 40th anniversary. I am determined to enjoy Riverside to the full for my health's sake. Thornwell must raise the money for the Georgia Home. He and I together for the new water works and machinery. Well, dear Lord, thou has been with me a long time. I have never trusted thee in vain. Thou art mine still. I am thine, still. That is happiness and reward enough. My ambition now is some day to see Jesus.

How I have gloried in him! I long for a touch of his hand and a word from his lips.

March twentieth—I love to preach as much as I ever did—the true object of preaching being the saving of men's souls and their spiritual elevation, I believe I realize far more than I ever did. I trust that the good Lord will ever keep this zeal in me. The only thing I dread is the decay of my preaching powers. To prevent this, I am taking more thought and to write more sermons than for years past. I am also throwing myself into my pastoral work, more vigorously. For years I have allowed the Orphanage to absorb my best endeavors, but at present and God grant it may ever be so, henceforth, I am devoting my heart's most earnest struggle to the preservation of the church and the spread of gospel truth. And I hear many kind things said of my preaching. I was a little concerned about my sermon yesterday for fear that it would be wholly uninteresting to the great number of children present but Elliott tells me that at table today she remarked "Father preached a splendid sermon today." When little ten year old grandson William answered "He surely did, mother!" We never can tell just where our arrows will reach.

March twenty-second—It is a regular daily business with me to spend two hours at the new church building, worrying over details and correcting anything that may go amiss. The Deacon's Court decided last night to borrow additional monies and to complete the building at once and get it ready for the Synod meeting. I had hoped to complete the building without more borrowing but I do not see how we can do otherwise. The church up to date has raised about \$13,000 in cash and other donations and that I am glad to say is a great big thing for this little flock to do. We have also borrowed \$1,000 and I think will need to borrow \$2000.00 more. This debt will bind me to the pastorate until it is paid. Well, I'm glad for I dearly love this people and I am going to work among them so heartily that I will get them back to loving me.

March twenty-fifth—Yesterday at the unearthly hour of two o'clock I was startled by my alarm clock into semi consciousness, literally rolled out of bed, in some way managed to bedeck myself with needed ornaments, groped through the dark to the S. A. L. depot, there found Thornwell waiting, and off we put to Greenwood. We had the electric lights there to guide us over to the P.R. and W.C. R.R.—stretched off on a bench and bumped leisurely down to McCormick where we were turned loose in a

gentle drizzle-drazzle. After a "sumptuous" breakfast at a little hotel with a fancy name we paid special attention to our Orphanage possessions, deciding to sell one lot, to erect four cabins for rent to negroes, and to offer certain other lots for sale. We now have \$4000.00 worth of property there.

March twenty-ninth—I did not hope for it, although I did ask for it, that this month's receipts for the Orphanage should exceed those of last March. I am grateful to say that my prayer has been answered. I am now conducting the last protracted meeting we will ever have in the old church building.

As I turn back to read the first sentence written for this month, and then write down on this last day God's good gift of \$1244.68 for the month, a reverence for the dear Father comes into my heart; He is the hearer of prayer. I glorify his name and rejoice that for many hundreds of times he has done this very wonderful thing for me. I am praying and working with all my heart. God has given me great things to do and to be glad for—even if I am 62 years of age. I have lived longer than I used to think possible and all my days have been days in which to praise and glorify God.

April—I am in need of not a cent less than \$1600.00 for the month of April. My prayer is for \$1200.00 at the lowest and may our dear Lord give anything above that that his treasury will afford.

April fourth—The meeting closed with the communion yesterday. Between three and four hundred communed. The house was full to overflowing. During the meeting I received fourteen into the church. How good God is and how ready to help those that trust him. The church roll calls for 408 members but about 60 of these are absentees. The communion service was probably the last that we will hold in the old church building.

April eleventh—Up to date we have spent \$14,025 on our new church building and have raised by subscription \$14,250.00. We will need for carpet \$400.00; for pews \$825.00; for chairs \$125.00; for art glass windows \$750.00; for finishing the building \$1,000.00. This latter we will borrow. The others we will try to pay during the ensuing year. This \$3100.00 will complete everything and will make the church cost us, including furnaces to be bought in the fall \$18,000.00.

April twelfth—This four months of grippe is an admonition. While I love to preach and love my church as well as I

ever did since I first began, I begin to see how essential it must soon be to the progress of the cause that a better man than I should lead the hosts of Zion here. It will be a desperate trial for me to give up work as pastor, but I must begin resolutely to face that idea. Very, very often during the years gone, I have studied my duty as to changing my field of labor—but now the question will be as to the surrender of all pastoral work outside of the Orphanage. I complete my 40th year of pastoral work next month. Forty years was the limit I had set to myself. Now that I have reached it, the question comes up. Is not fifty a rounder period than forty? In the meantime the dear Lord is keeping me in the pastorate. As God wills, I am his “een down to old age” and he is mine forever and ever.

April nineteenth—I have been thinking hard about the ways of the home life today. The need of some changes in our Clinton work is very evident. I fear Thornwell will have to take charge of the college or it will go under. It is true the Lord may have some better thing in store that I know not of, but judging by present outlook, Thornwell can make the College into a great success.

April twenty-third—My prayer for \$1200 is answered. But I asked the Lord to give me more and he is doing it.

We are promised stormy times at the approaching meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College. All the Presbyterians have appointed trustees but several, by whom instigated I know not, have conditioned their future interest in us on the removal from our charter of the clause fixing Clinton as the location. I will try my best to save the interest of the Presbyterians and to prevent any alteration of the charter. I will agree to the change, provided the Presbyterian representation is reduced to one each or I will agree to put on record all contributions that are “movable” apart from those that are fixed—say, by having funds intended to be used at the option of Presbytery, held and dispersed by the Treasurer of Presbytery. But I will under no circumstances agree to plant this tree in a box on wheels. Clinton’s it is and in Clinton it must remain.

The trouble at present is complicated with the resignation of our Chancellor, President and two professors. All for lack of funds. No salary. Verily we are quarreling over a weakling. Perhaps, however, out of our dire troubles there will come better times for the college. Lord, take this matter in thy hand. Open a way that I know not. Give good heart to us all and a brighter outlook and good success. Help, Lord.

Well, the blessed Master has done all I asked him to—He has given me up to this Wednesday night 27th April, \$1660.00. I told him that I needed \$1600.00. I prayed him to give me everything above that that his treasury would afford! Well, he is doing it. In addition, from endowment interest, I have set apart \$145.00 to pay the Gorton Cottage debt.

I am not wholly satisfied with the outlook in either church, orphanage or college at present. Perhaps least of all am I satisfied with my advancing years. Nevertheless I have learned in these 62 years past that disorders of every kind coming into the life of a child of God are his best friends. They give him incentive to duty. They help him to do wiser and better work. They are his schoolmasters to lead him to Christ. How gladly and truly I can say, "It is well." Let me thank God for my children,—now all happily married and well situated. All busy for the Master. Not perhaps in just the way I would have chosen, but still the Lord has chosen for them.

May fourth—I have consented to nominate Thornwell for the Presidency of the college. I am very dubious as to this, whether this is best for him, or for the college. It is doubtful whether he can make the college a success, it is being hammered at so by other parties. It is doubtful whether he will give his whole heart to it, enough to make it so. My own earnest wish is that Thornwell might be able to find just the thing he ought to do and then to do it. I have always felt that his taking the position he has had in the Orphanage is premature. My own relationship to the institution may continue a long while, yet. I am 62 to be sure, but I began my ministry early, at 22, and I ought to be good for ten or fifteen years longer of hard work. I may be able to make my work a 60 year period. In that case Thornwell's position must be a very unpleasant one. And he would degenerate into a follower instead of a leader. Still, I

135 Rush Street, Chicago
April 27, 1904

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

There is a wish on Emil's part to have Hedvig and Carl come to Chicago, and all live together in a little flat. Emil being the breadwinner, Hedvig keeping house, and Carl going to High School. What is your thoughtful opinion of this, Dr. Jacobs? This is by no means a settled plan, but simply the desire of Emil.

(This is by pen.)

For myself I fear a cessation of mental growth, if this plan is carried out.

I will be glad to know you are better.

Ever yours,
N. F. McCormick.

have put the matter into the Lord's hands. If this presidency suits him, the Lord will guide him into it. If it is the wrong thing, may God keep him out of it.

May seventh—We have had a great anniversary. The fortieth. With all that the youth were too busy to decorate the church, a few loving hands made it beautiful. The day, dawning in a drapery of clouds, turned to sunshine in midday. At ten A. M. the long procession 250 perhaps, had travelled from the Seminary to the church. Forty prizes were given. Burwell made a good speech. There were songs by Orphanage and church chorus, by orphanage and church children. There were speeches by college boys. At eleven thirty a special excursion of over 500 Columbia and Newberry people came in. The Columbians camped on the Orphanage grounds. The Newberrians proceeded to the college campus. The Orphanage was at its best. The baseball was a (none of my business. Guests came to and fro—scores—hundreds—thousands. There was an impromptu "Musical" in the T. O. Seminary. And late at night I wrote my Sunday morning's sermon.

May tenth—I did some good preaching Sunday, in my own estimation. All three services I got through with satisfaction. It is well to have a good opinion of yourself. I didn't hear anybody speak enthusiastically about the services—or otherwise. But being somewhat deaf, it may have escaped me.

May seventeenth—I had hoped to get into the building on the 29th of May—my 40th anniversary—but it is not probable that we will get in before the Sunday following. And another, our commencement speaker, will preach the first sermon in the new building. I am satisfied with anything the Lord chooses for me in the matter. In comparing my present sermon efforts, for I still write a new one every week, I notice a falling off in vocal power and in oratorical presentation. I am less imaginative in expression, less forceful in delivery and less full in matter. My sermons seem to attract more through higher qualities of spiritual fervor than formerly and indeed I am willing to have it so. I have felt strongly the fact that my church needs a development that I am not giving it. We ought to reach more outsiders. I am not the success that I used to be. I hold my resignation ready, now, to be handed in, just whenever it strikes me that it ought to be accepted. I am doing good work yet—only it is not good enough.

My plans, in regard to the college, are now matured. When the overtures come up from our dissatisfied Presbyterians and

it appears that an effort to maintain the charter as it is now, will not give satisfaction, I am going to introduce a resolution providing against all change except by unanimous consent of the eight contracting bodies. This failing, I shall then endeavor to secure the transfer of the college to a body of 15 directors to be appointed by Synod, eight of them to be residents of the town of Clinton. I am determined not to surrender local management. I would rather have a small college in Clinton than a university elsewhere, not that I object to having a university, if other parties will found it. It is Clinton that I am seeking to benefit and not Columbia. Is the motive wrong? No. It is the only possible motive to a true patriot.

May twenty-seventh—I do not now have much time for journalism, although I still enjoy it and especially I love to look back over the way I have come. Now that I am 62 years old I do not have the zeal, nor yet the impatience of former days. I do not plan as much. I feel that time is a more slippery commodity. A year now is not much longer than a month used to be.

Grand Avenue church where I attended the General Assembly in 1887, just after my return from Europe. I remember that "organic" union was the big subject then. We were not ready then. But I trust that the very near future will see the gathering into one of the Presbyterian clans. There is now only as far as I can see, the negro question, in the way. And God is removing that.

I was also very much interested in the moving photographs. Really we have now the preservation of voice features and even the very actions, passing before us, of dead men. Ours is an age of wonders. May it not be that the millennial age will yet be able to unlatch the doors of the spiritual world, and converse with the invisible spirits may cease to be a mysterious longing and become a reality. Now we see through a glass dimly but then face to face.

Yesterday I preached my 40th anniversary sermon! I laid in the hands of my dear people my resignation to be held till such time as they get ready to accept it. Forty years is a long time to be pastor of one church.

Yesterday Hon. B. R. Tillman spoke to us at the C. C. commencement. His address was very galling in some respects for he poured "the oil of praise" on my devoted head. I will organize the Clinton College Association next week and that will end this stage of the drama.

June twelfth—Dear Lord, in tender pity direct thy servant. Help me to do right—to think right—to be right. And me, my father. Give me wisdom. I need it sorely. I am beset on every side. My longing is to glorify thee, and not myself. Lord, leave me not but keep my hand in thine.

June fourteenth—Yesterday was a very unsuccessful day. I got through an immensity of business. We reorganized last night, the Clinton College Association and have arranged to “save the things that remain” after the expulsion for it amounted to that pure and simple, of the local membership of the Board. The C. C. A. now holds the 20 acres of College property.

June twentieth—I am sure that Thornwell has made a mistake by coming to help me so early in his career. He ought not to give up preaching for he is called thereto—and he is too good a preacher to be ruined through inaction. My people are opposed to going into the new church before the first sabbath of July. Then they want me to preach the first sermon in it. I am willing. But it a poor ambition to gratify.

June twenty-second—We had our first prayer meeting in the new church this day. There were just 12 present. We met in the Ladies Class room. I read the 84th psalm. Harper Boyd, G. C. Young and Y. R. Scruggs assisted with the prayers. We have our new carpet down, ready for the pews and the sashes are all in. On first July we hope to have the first communion and July second the first baptisms.

July third—I preached this day my first sermon in the church—preached three fourths of an hour on “Thou shalt call his walls Salvation and his gates Praise. Is. 60:18. I received two new communicants and conducted communion. The church was “level full”. Everything moved off fairly well. We had chairs. Next week it is hoped that the pews will arrive. Well, I thank God for such good success. We are in the new church at last and it is going to be a success. The acoustics are fine, better than in the old building. I am grateful for that.

July twenty-fourth—I have been getting on wonderfully with the receipts and up to date have received \$1600.00. This was what I asked for of the blessed Master, this month. I feel sure that He will make it \$1700.00.

I have received the \$1700.00 that I asked of the Lord. I do believe He will make it \$1800.00. My heart rejoices in God.

July thirty-first—I wrote a sermon, conducted Sunday

School, preached to about 275 and held a Deacon's Court Meeting, married a couple and am now getting ready a sermon for this afternoon at the 2nd church. Oh, how I love to work. I am like a "horse, smelling the battle from afar" as the hour draws nigh for me to stand before the people.

August eleventh—Riverside on the Enoree. We had a delightful row yesterday afternoon down to the bridge, then a walk over to "Horseshoe Falls" and a row back in the sunset hours. The river was full and we had a good team of boys to pull us. This place of ours on the river is certainly a very fine one and we are enjoying it greatly. The hills, ravines and streamlets, the valleys and waterfalls, the wild woods and varied vegetation, are all matters of ever-changing interest. I am glad I bought it.

August fourteenth—I have received \$630 of the \$1000.00, I asked of the Lord! I also "found" \$200.00 in bills in the pages of an old pamphlet that somebody sent me! It will go to water works. I have now about \$700.00 in hand for the well etc. I have big things before me for this winter. Since the Democrats have nominated Henry Gassaway Davis for Vice-President (age 82) I am taking courage. I am in the fight yet.

August twenty-first—Oh God, give me grace and strength for the work thou hast put into my hands. Help me to preach! Thou hast given me great duties, help me to be faithful. Keep me from growing old in Thy service. I want to be a man of might with natural force unabated, till my work is ended.

I received the One thousand dollars I asked the Lord for!

My old time Methodist Evangelist, Leitch, is carrying on a meeting here. He is very long winded but quite interesting. I have heard several of his sermons. I trust that he will do us all good.

September fifteenth—When I am well and willing I feel the usual insatiable desire to preach, to visit the flock, to order church work and to do all that needs to be done at the Orphanage as well. When I feel the "wings of time" rudely fanning my cheeks, I think to myself "it is time to lay some of my burdens down." But which? The man that has his hands on the reins is never willing to surrender to others. Several things, however, have of late happened in the church that lead me to realize that I am regarded with less devotion than formerly. I am sure that there are several things that are causing this:

first, my long continuance here. The present Clinton Church found me in charge. They have no feeling of responsibility for me. Second—my age. I am a good preacher and men hear me but I have not the play of imagination nor the wild eloquence of former days. Third, people have got used to me. They want something fresh and new. I cannot stir them to endeavor. They think "Oh, it is only the Doctor. It does not matter." Fourth, my increasing deafness keeps me on one side. They whisper to keep me from hearing. It also affects my voice. Fifth, my "authority" is against the tenderness of family intercourse. "It is no longer Jim and Dick and Tom." Sixth, my lack of home facilities—neither wife nor child makes it home, no gathering place for my flock. Alas, my sorrow! Seventh, over half of my time is taken up with the Orphanage. Now these all are obstacles that I cannot remove. They are physical and not moral difficulties. And the result is the lack of growth and progress in the church. I often say I ought to withdraw. But then I do not want to do so. I have the feeling that here I will have but a few more years at most to work. Our new church building has temporarily relieved the difficulty. But the relief is only temporary.

September twenty-fifth—I will have to get \$225.00 before next Friday, to secure my \$1200.00 for this month. I have received above \$19,000 in donations, exclusive of endowment. I have received notice of a college meeting to be held here during Synod. It is undoubtedly preliminary to a move for removal. I am not going to oppose the removal. Clinton College will arise from the dust of this P. C. of S. C. My plan to defeat the present move will be simply to fix the consent of all the Presbyterians as necessary to removal. If I fail in this, which is very probable, I will know just what to look for. I have not acted wisely in the charter-getting business of the college very evidently. The last charter (1902) was a miserable mistake and I am reaping the benefit of it. It is now too late to remedy the matter. But it is not too late for me to work for the continuance of Clinton College of old time success.

September thirtieth—I closed the month with the exact sum given that I asked of the Lord but I didn't ask enough by \$700.00. We are that much behind.

October seventeenth—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees to day I was again defeated in my last effort to save the P. C. of S. C. to Clinton. So now I am quietly dropped out of the whole scheme. My interest is now to relay the foundation of

Clinton College and to prepare it for its future career. Perhaps I may yet live to see it brought to the point I contemplated from the very first—a college for youth of both sexes, including the manual training idea. At any rate I will not agree to serve as a member of the P. C. of S. C. under its new charter.

October twenty-second—Synod has come and gone. It was a great body—genial, splendid, but alas, it voted to give away the Seminary to Georgia. I voted, prayed, talked against it—all in vain. The vote was 96 to 52. I was with the 52. I here record my protest. It was a wrong, a silly thing to do. And the Synod will regret it but once and that is always. The brethren gave us a splendid meeting at the Orphans' chapel. Our children entertained the "fathers and brethren" with fun of their own. A fine collection resulted. At a meeting of the Presbytery I was elected a member of the Board of Trustees. I opposed my own election but I have accepted. And I am going to serve. And moreover I shall take hold of it with a grip. Dr. Neville is to come to us as President. He is a sensible man. I am going to throw around all my best influence and shall try to work for his success. I do hope I can get him to agree to my plans. If not, I will work his.

November sixth—The terror of fire aroused us yesterday morning just after midnight. Our beautiful Memorial Hall was in flames. After 36 hours, it is still burning. Well, the Lord gives. The Lord has taken away. Our loss is heavy, certainly about \$6000.00. While the roof was falling in, Joe Bailey handed me \$50.00 and the next A. M. Will brought me \$200.00. All day long the gifts of provisions came in. The people opened their doors and offered five hundred homes for meals. We will rebuild. I was fearfully busy and fearfully tired at night.

November thirteenth—It is wonderful, nevertheless it is true that in one week from the date of the fire, in addition to \$14000.00 in cash and \$500.00 in provisions, I have received \$4000.00 for the rebuilding fund. So, here I thank God, out of my whole heart.

My little church has raised \$1000.00 this month. We gave \$500.00 to the Orphanage, \$250.00 to the furnace and \$280.00 to the carpet beside sundry other little collections. I am proud of the works.

November twenty-fifth—After a delightful Thanksgiving Day—in which the children enjoyed themselves greatly and in the midst of their romps, our beautiful Seminary building—in

which was our sacred chapel, our beautiful spot of sweet worship—was found on fire. A great crowd gathered but there was no hope of saving it. It burned to the ground. So in one month two of our best buildings have been taken from us.

This evening a telegram from Mrs. McC. offering \$2500.00 if others would give a like sum. I wish she had said \$5000.00. God bless her.

November thirtieth—This month ends. It has been a most marvelous month. We have had two terrible fires, we have laid the foundation of the Kistler Cooking School. We have changed our household life. We have received \$9,500 for the building and \$4000 for support.

December—Well, it was a bitter pill to swallow but the Master is moving the rubbish out of the way, alright. I now see before me a very, very hard year's work. I have a great deal to do. Indeed I have. Lord, help and guide thy servant and bring me out into a plain path because of my enemies. I trust Thee and fear not.

December twelfth—We are anxious to get to work on the Georgia Cottage in the spring. How busy we will be.

My church work is a saddening experience. I feel the utter indifference to me personally. I fear I have no "hold" on them. I want to visit more and see what effect that will have. I fear that the time has come for me to give place to others. I have the feeling that these fires are paving the way for me to devote my time to the Orphanage, especially that chapel. The fires are changing the whole system of Orphanage life.

135 Rush Street, Chicago
November 25, 1904

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

I have just seen with sorrow a note of your great calamity—the burning of your dining hall!

I must enclose herewith Two Thousand dollars with which to start the building of a new dining Hall. Please use it for this.

I have only a moment to write. I feel for you from the depths of my heart—you—so good—so faithful in all this great work for the Orphans, to have such a sorrow and burden to bear!

I have just returned from the funeral of my only brother—most dear to me.

With deepest sympathy,
Ever your friend
N. F. McCormick.

P. S. Check for \$2,000 enclosed.

1905—Age 62

I ended the old year with bright prospects for which I humbly thank God. Since October first I have received for the building fund	\$13,500
For the endowment fund	1,000
For the support fund	9,500

Making a total for the three months of \$24,000 which is more than all of last year's receipts. Neither does the above include \$2000.00 received for the Georgia Fund and \$1000.00 interest on endowment.

God gave me all I asked for in December both for the building and the support fund. And I do not hesitate to ask Him for \$2500.00 for this month of January.

January fifteenth—Mrs. McCormick has given us the \$500.00 promised, making \$2500.00 as her gift. The bad weather has been very hard on us. I am still distressed about Thornwell's leaving us. But I am more and more convinced that it is for the best. I pray for his highest good.

February nineteenth—Thornwell left us last week and I am alone once more in the work. God be with and bless my son and make him great in Israel. My heart is bowed before the Lord in prayer for him.

A great amount of work will be got through with this year. I thank God for His help in the matter. God is good and kind and deals kindly with me. I remember that He has said "With long life will I satisfy him and shew him My salvation." All the work the Master has laid on me is getting into better shape. Dr. Neville has taken hold of the college and the new professor's residence is about finished. Oh, for a revival in the church.

February twenty-sixth—Two little children were received into the church today. Two old people left it—one for Laurens (dear old Dr. Boozer) and the other (Mrs. Little) for the kingdom of heaven. I had three hundred at Sunday School and four hundred at church. I have just been reading an article from a Dr. who advises chloroforming and doing away with everybody above sixty years of age—they being worthless to the world. I followed that with the reading of another article on the setting aside of all preachers beyond sixty. All this hits me hard. For my own part I have been drawing near to the point when I must settle the question of my own duty. It appears to me that the time has come or at least is very near when

I must devote my attention to the Orphanage. The opportunity of securing a support of the Orphanage is now here. Thornwell's salary is at my service if I choose to accept it. The new auditorium for the Orphanage is a fixed fact and will be ready next year. In another year the Orphanage will be too large to be accommodated in the church and sabbath school rooms. And I have at least come to believe that the church is ready for a change of pastors. I believe that the church will grow effectually under a new man and that the cause of Christ will prosper by the establishment of a church at the orphanage.

March fifteenth—I am 63 years old this day.

March nineteenth—Work progressed splendidly last week on all the buildings now under way. We will get the roof of the "new" Seminary on this week. And the floors laid in the tower. I think that we will about finish off the Eldridge Fowler Cottage this week. We are clearing away the rubbish of the old building (Sem) just as fast as possible. If we have good weather, we will complete it this week and will lay off and begin work on the new chapel. Dr. Long's gift of rock is coming in with a rush. It is a noble offering. The Tate carload of marble for Georgia Home has arrived. We will begin on the Georgia Home shortly. I will arrange to lay cornerstone of Chapel on the 2th of May. Of Georgia Home during commencement, possibly.

March twenty-seventh—I pray God to give me wisdom. I need it. So many are the questions to be solved and so many the duties involved but, Lord, show me the way. Give me guidance. Oh, how earnestly I cry for light on all my dark places. Keep me from making mistakes.

April twenty-second—The result of the week's work on the three buildings is good but building now is costing too much. The Eldridge Fowler Cottage will cost \$3300.00. The restored Memorial Hall—now Seminary building, will cost as much. It originally cost only \$3600 and the walls certainly were worth \$1500.00. I cannot say what the chapel will cost us but it looks as if it would cost \$12,000 which is way beyond us financially. Still, when the dear Lord gives us these buildings complete, what a glorious outlook there will be for these orphans. In the meanwhile the furnishing of Gorton Cottage and of Eldridge Fowler and of the Seminary and of the chapel and the repairs of the Musgrove cottage and the installing of the machinery at Musgrove Mill all have to be provided and moreover \$10,000 additional insurance. Oh, Lord, send help!

April ninth—We have about finished off the Fowler Cottage. By the end of this week it will be occupied and by the end of the month we will be in the renovated Seminary.

April twenty-third—The congregation gave the old church building to the college association. . . . Our new clock was put up and is striking the hours today.

April thirtieth—How different the way of getting about is now from what it was when first I knew Clinton, and how we rush. Yesterday I left home at twelve A. M., moderated a meeting of Presbytery at Cross Hill, examined, ordained and installed Bradley as Pastor and was back home at 2:20. Railroads certainly get a move on us.

April thirtieth—We had to bring in chairs to seat the crowd at church this morning. Attendance at Sunday School 318.

May seventh—This morning we had our first service in the auditorium of the new Seminary building. Tonight I preach there for the first time. This morning I received by letter seven members of Brother Neville's family.

May twenty-eighth—I was ordained to the ministry 41 years ago this day. . . . We also reshingled the roof of Faith Cottage. Sundry other small matters were attended to.

May thirty-first—By God's goodness we succeeded in raising the \$1,000 I asked for in May but we close the month today with only \$16.00 in the treasury. My prayer, earnest and urgent is for \$1300.00 next month. We have never been in so tight a place at this season of the year before. All of our surplus is gone. God pity these dear children. I have felt all the week more than my usual anxiety for the supply of the family needs. Well, God is good and he can do great things and He will do it. Lord, hand some special blessing to the Orphanage during the month of June.

June third—I am not going to fight for retention of the college. If the Board can do such a wickedness as to overthrow the fruits of my labors, simply because they have the power, I am sorry for them.

June ninth—I have found out that the Presbyterian Church is ungrateful after the manner of other republics. Our college is to be taken from us by the Board of Trustees, that we ourselves provided for. It is a shameful thing and one that makes me hang my head. I resigned my presidency of the Board after all these 25 years of service and received in return not one word

of kind commendation, not one syllable of regret, not one expression of encouragement but as pay for all my services, only the throwing open of the sale of the college to the highest bidder What will I do? I have already decided that. The College association will take steps to continue Clinton College. We will claim for it the history of the past. Our session will open in 1907. It will be our 27th year. We will find a man equal to the task of reorganization. Forever our dependence is on the Lord.

June tenth—I am the more and more convinced that I am he'pless to undertake the mighty work to be done here. The church should have had a pastor (another beside myself) a year or two ago. My resignation must go in before the next meeting of Presbytery and be acted upon. I must give all my time to the Thornwell Orphanage.

June eleventh—I preached today on "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

June twenty-fifth—Our Board was better represented than last year. They called me to take the pastoral oversight of the Orphanage. Salary \$600.00 . . . I see the papers are full of College matters. I haven't a doubt but that the college will go. Such is the gratitude of the church.

July twenty-second—My trust is in the Lord. He is doing, He always has done the thing for me that was best. I trust Him out of a full heart. Well, this also is decided—that if the college is moved to Chester or Anderson or anywhere else, it will leave Clinton College behind. Lord, keep thou thy hand upon this move and guide for the best.

July thirtieth—A wonderful thing has happened. Clinton has actually subscribed \$10,000 for the college. It will probably be increased to \$15,000 and it may go, some write, to \$25,000. I earnestly hope so. This looks as if Clinton was going to keep the college! Still there is no telling what prejudices may do. Clinton (et ego me ipse) has some cordial enemies. Still it is easy to see what we can do if it is determined that Clinton College shall continue. . . . Today I preached the semi-centennial of the Clinton Church. A good congregation.

August sixth—I had a week at the River—enjoyed it. Bessie Feebeck was Matron.

August twelfth—I suppose it was only because I was blind—I ought to have seen and known how it would be but the meet-

ing of the Executive Committee of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina has revealed it—that I am no longer “*persona grata*” in college matters. Whether the college is moved or not does not depend on my wishes or my efforts one way or another. In fact, I am disposed to think that there is a fixed purpose on the part of Drs. McPheeters, Adams and Byrd to find some point in my harness through which they may shoot their arrows and that in some way I am personally disagreeable to them. I do not wish to injure the college or to antagonize these gentlemen, but whether I speak or keep silent, it will be construed against me. I have, therefore, withdrawn from the college Board of Trustees. And, moreover, I will have nothing further to say on the whole subject. I have been wounded and defeated by those whom I loved best. My zeal for the college has been construed as antagonism. Hence, so far as the college is concerned, exit Jacobs.

August twentieth—I have placed all my college troubles in thy hands, Oh, Lord. My heart is perfectly at rest in thee. It was a great disappointment when the “*Presbyterian*” was moved from Clinton. Perhaps the result will be an Orphanage weekly which will, after all, be the only Presbyterian weekly in South Carolina. Lord, show me the best thing to do about this. And so if the college goes, may God bless it and give it good success, but the result will be Clinton College with possibly a new building and the old college recitation hall a part of the Orphanage property. I am not worrying any now. God is good. He will do the best thing. I trust Him.

The college will be bid for by Yorkville, Chester, Bennettsville, Sumter and possibly Anderson. So much rancor has been developed here that the Board will doubtless move it anyway. Clinton is a house divided against itself. Our leaders are new men and we old friends are set aside severely. It is my policy to sit still. I am for peace, but when I speak they are for war. So I won't speak. The very close future seems to reveal me as doing the resigning act. I must give the church a new pastor. My life henceforth narrows to the Orphanage and my family. I will not resign in a storm. I want everything to be peaceful and full of good will when I step down and out.

September—God gave me all I asked for in August. I dare ask Him for \$1500.00 in September. Lord send it, if it be thy will. I think we might as well stop saying “if the college is moved.” It is now “when the college is moved.” If Columbia decides to bid for it or Anderson to one or the other it will go.

And Anderson is going to bid. My resignation from the church now would also drop me from the college association—that would put me so that I can do nothing for the college in any way. We had a meeting of the college association on Wednesday at which we made a bid of our present property, to the Board of Trustees, in order to secure the location of the college here. I have put all my matters in God's hands and am asking Him to direct me as He would.

September seventeenth—The Clinton people have, with great enthusiasm subscribed \$20,000 to secure the college in addition to \$20,000 of other property. But Bennettsville has raised \$20,000 more. I will wait and see.

September twenty-fourth—This week settles the fate of the college. I am not grieving over the matter. Chester and Sumter are both making desperate efforts to get the college. Well, we have a college anyway and that is some consideration.

September thirtieth—Well, thank God, the college matter is settled and settled right. Clinton rose up in her strength and resolved that she would have the college. Thirty or more of us went down to Columbia on Thursday. The Board met at eight in the Seminary Chapel. Each of the five towns competing for the cause were heard. Rev. Mr. Parrott spoke for the Clinton delegation. He certainly fired up. The old chapel heard more applause than it ever heard before. The whole meeting was a grand one. Bennettsville, Yorkville, Sumter and Chester were all competing for the prize. All the next day the Board was in session. At seven P. M. Clinton won out, and the vote was made unanimous. I thank God. There was a regular love feast. All of us made up with each other. And now the one great idea is to make the college a most worthy and noble institution. I left Columbia at one A. M. and reached home at five A. M., tired and sleepy. The town has covered itself with glory. My college is now the State's college. I trusted everything to God. God bless and prosper the college! Clinton is having great times over her success. I have just made up my accounts and find that the Lord gave me \$150.00 more than I asked Him for for the current month, a better month of September than we ever had before.

We are putting on the roof of our new chapel. We are to purchase the old college recitation hall for our School edifice. Good.

October tenth—Our Board of Trustees—the Clinton College Association—is no more. We have transferred every right,

moral, legal, spiritual, theoretical, practical and general to the College Board of Trustees in all property of all kinds belonging to the college and I do hope they are through with us. And may God prosper the college and keep it here, forevermore. Certainly He is willing and if His hand takes hold of things here as I humble trust He is, He will straighten out this tangle. I am in no connection legally with the college in anyway. And my only business now is to pray for it.

Now, dear Lord, help me to do the right thing, to keep near to Thee and to follow Thy guidance and all will yet be right.

November—Beside 200 orphans we had about 150 at church today. Two people came up to tell me what a splendid sermon it was. I often have these kind words, but they are usually from Brother Scruggs and Sister Bean.

November nineteenth—I had a fine audience this morning, possibly four hundred out. There were 305 at Sabbath School, several new pupils. Every Sabbath morning somebody tells me "I enjoyed your sermon so much." Yesterday eve, Ferd called around with his automobile and wheeled us (Cleo, Cyrus, Mrs. Clark and myself) through nine miles in thirty minutes. In the ancient days this is one of the things I did not dream would ever come to Clinton.

November thirtieth—The Lord's name is to be praised. This morning I had \$1500.00 in hand for the support fund. I was saying to myself for once is my boasting vain. Alas, the Lord is rebuking the vain glory of His servant. When my mail came in, it helped me wonderfully. There was a single check for \$400.00 and others that broght me nearly to \$2300.00. Then there was a tap on the door. A young man asked to see me privately and handed me \$300.00. I had received my \$2500.00. More than that. I had \$175.00 returned to another fund that I had borrowed from to make out my \$1500.00. I turned over to the treasurer \$2675.00. In a single day I had received \$1175 as against \$1500.00 for 29 days preceding. How wonderfully God has helped. He was always shown himself to be marvelous in mercies. I rejoice in Him.

But this is not all. I had asked the dear Lord that he would have the McCall legacy which goes to our permonent fund, paid also. It came in promptly. It is with this sum that we will be able, if it is so determined, to purchase the old college building. So with this last day of November, I am glad of heart.

December—Dear Master, we never yet have received \$5000 in any one month for our support fund yet. But that sum, dear Lord, would pay us through this month and give us \$3000.00 in the treasury and that would mean two weeks of rest for me in February. May I ask it?

December tenth—We lost Bro. Prather, our farmer, yesterday. He was a good man and a true and devoted friend of mine and ever ready to help me in all I wanted him to. I shall miss him. We bury him today. His family will be in fairly good condition.

Up to today the dear Master has sent me \$2,000, an average of \$200 a day. I am glad and grateful.

December seventeenth—I was certainly very much surprised when my deacons met and agreed to ask the congregation to raise my salary to \$1,000 and to pay it promptly each month. And the congregation agreed to do so. Well! This for a little while means that I must work harder. I do not think I was earning the \$750.00 they were paying me. How shall I ever earn the thousand?

Up to date \$4300.00 for support. May our dear Lord make it \$5000.00.

December thirty-first—The wonderful thing has happened. God gave me, more than the \$5000.00. I thought so impossible on the first of this month. \$5696 were received for the support. I also received from Christiansburg \$672 for their scholarship and \$500 from an unknown Florida friend. I am made very glad and grateful. So my year has been crowned with success. God is good. I know He is present with me. I give Him my wholesouled thanks and service. His name be praised forever and ever. The whole year has been one of struggles and successes. We began it blue over our burned buildings. Two have been rebuilt and occupied, two others are almost finished. The college was on sale. We have paid down the cash to retain it. Our Monthly was under hack. I have straightened out the difficulty. Our children were crying for water. Our Katherine well came marvelously. Thornwell left me. But the Lord made it clear that this was best. I was gravely in doubt about my church duty. The people made it clear by increasing my salary. The Orphanage funds were far behind. The Lord has brought them up on the run. Our endowment has been increased, and our grounds and buildings, by getting control of the old college. It is all most wonderful!

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

1906—Age 63

I am asking for \$2500.00 for this month with a balance in treasury of \$2,000.

January twenty-ninth—I still lack a hundred dollars of the \$2500.00 I asked for this month. But I have asked and I trust.

January thirty-first—Well the Lord has dealt bountifully with me. He gave me the \$2500.00 I pleaded for. We closed the month with \$4300.00 in the treasury. It is a most mysterious thing He is doing in and through and for me. My heart is glad in Him. The year is a year of mercy and a year of marvels.

February thirteenth—I am in Columbia on my way to Nassau. Daughter Elliott is with me. Rooms 57-59. She is out tonight enjoying tea with the Caldwell's. I am just up from the hotel table. Memory is busy with the Columbia of '64. What a contrast. Now it is an electric city. Its growth like that of all our Piedmont country is upward and onward. One sky scraper. The State house and that sky scraper dominate the city.

February fourteenth—It is one of the singular coincidences that couldn't happen once in a thousand times, that here at the Florida, St. Augustine, Elliott and I have the same numbers 57-59 that we had at the Columbia the first part of last night.

February twenty-fourth—While I was away at Jacksonville and beyond, the good Master sent us \$10,000—the Lees legacy paid in full. It is hard to realize that this great sum has come into our hands. We have also received notice of a legacy of Miss Annie Robinson, soon to be paid that will amount to \$4,500. I find the Chapel walls complete—floor laid and ceiling painted. The work goes on nicely. We received about \$1200.00 for the support in cash and \$300.00 in supplies—mostly guano. I thank God for his goodness.

March third—Out in an automobile twice this week. How we moderns fly.

March fifth—We had a meeting of the Session yesterday evening and at that meeting I announced to the brethren the necessity, in case the Schools are divided, that the orphanage children should be organized into a church of their own. It

pained me somewhat but gave me the idea that this would be the outcome of the deliberations. They postponed further discussion for one month. In the meantime it seems clear to me that the next step will be my resignation and along with that a request to Presbytery from the Orphan pupils for a separate church. My resignation will be accepted and the end will come. Well, my Saviour is in the lead. Of course it will be painful but I am sure it will be best. Even so, Lord, for it seems good in thy sight. I have been led by a way that I knew not, but He is making plain the path for my feet.

March eighteenth—When the time comes to give up this church, how hard it will be! I can only give one reason for withdrawing—my earnest hope that they will find somebody that will build up the church and make it a better church.

Lo, for these many years, it has been talk, talk, talk about "resigning the church." I think I must have written of my purpose to do so a thousand times. Why have I not done it? Oh, how I hate to sever that bond. In the meanwhile all the peradventures have come to pass. I have severed my connection with the college, have succeeded in the various suggested church plans. Clinton first, Clinton second, Lydia and last of all Thornwell Orphanage. I have raised the money necessary to provide my support. Have changed charters to bring it all about and am even told by my children that the church is ready to accept my resignation. Really, I have but one reason for holding on and that is the impression that it will be a distress to this people to have me withdraw. My first duty is to them. I love them best. If they do not cling to me, I am gladly ready to withdraw. But in the meantime they have increased my salary and built a new church and given thousands to the college, have, in fact done everything I ever asked them to do. But the church is disintegrating. It needs a change.

March twenty-fourth—The Lord has lovingly given me all that I asked Him in this month. He lacked of giving me what I asked last month by \$150.00. He will put that to my credit, also before this week is out.

March twenty-eighth—We are in the midst of a delightful meeting with splendid congregations—3 to 400 at every service. We are listening to Mr. Lees' preaching and Wardlaw's singing, with beautiful delight. There will be additions of course. God has already given me all I asked for from him for this current month. I always ask for more than for the corresponding month of the preceding year. The Lord gave me all I asked for, this

month, and more than enough to make up for last month's small lack.

April—Lord give me \$1250.00 for the Orphans this month. What a glorious meeting we have had. I asked God to give me 64 souls. He has already given me 55 and I believe I will receive more than I asked for—which was one for each year I have lived. Gus McLees did the preaching. Wardlaw the singing. We are happy over the results. I look for other additions today. I am glad over the thought of the splendid report I will make to Presbyery. Over \$10,000 and 75 souls. This is our year's gift to our Lord Jesus.

We have had a glorious day of it. Eleven more were received, making 66, two more than I asked and some precious souls still on the outside! God save them. Over 300 persons communed today. All the new converts were received publicly. I baptised 35. Our people's hearts were full. The collection for Synodical missions, I fear is under \$75.00. I wanted a hundred and a hundred we ought to have.

And now I am glad, so glad. It has made it possible for me, however, to see clearly that I can do nothing else than resign and that because:

1. Of the feeling that the Orphanage has usurped pastor and church and sabbath school and ought to be separated.
2. Because I have done and am doing so little pastoral work and am growing less fitted for it.
3. Because of my unceasing deafness and hoarseness.
4. Because of the love for me on the part of my people, caused by my absorption in business.
5. Because I lack the entire backing of my session—caused by the college trouble.
6. Because the time has come. Another could do better. So, on next sabbath my resignation will be handed in.

Dr. Neville showed me a day or two since the splendid plans for the newest college buildings. They will be very handsome. I expect to live to be proud of them.

April eighth—Dr. Boozer, my dear old friend, died suddenly and was buried Tuesday.

April thirteenth—Thornwell came in from Atlanta today.

He tells me that he is elected to head the Georgia University movement. It is well. I trust he will accept. I am a little in hope that Dillard will move to Clinton. All my children will then be in good shape. Thornwell will move to Atlanta if he accepts the offer.

April twentieth—This is the 41st anniversary of my marriage. Oh, Mary dear, I love thee.

April twenty-first—I had a long talk with Mr. Bailey yesterday. He urges that I should not resign the church now or ever. He seems to think that it would ruin the church for me to do it.

May twelfth—The celebrated Lieutenant Hobson of Merri-mac fame was at church today and seemed to think that my sermon did him good. He was one of some 500 or more present. We had a fine anniversary congregation. We had a Sunday School of 352.

May twentieth—Only \$700.00 to date. Lord, make it \$18-00.00.

June—I ended May with \$1160 in the treasury of the support fund against \$16.00 last year. This is very good. I thank God. Moreover God gave me the \$1200.00 I asked him for. I am asking for \$1300.00 this month. I feel sure he will answer this prayer also—nevertheless His will be done.

June fifth—The cornerstone of the new college building was laid today. My part of the program was to “pronounce the benediction.”

June sixth—College 26th commencement this morning. As the *News and Courier* has it: “Dr. Jacobs sat on the stage.” Well, that is better than having the stage sit on him.

June seventeenth—Dr. Richard Orme Flinn did some splendid preaching for us today.

July first—I received my prayer for June—above \$1300.00. Now I ask the Master for somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1800.00 for July.

July seventh—Ferd preached a splendid sermon for me this morning and the people were very much pleased with it. I enjoyed it myself.

One of the trying things now in the way of any work I want to do is the “lengthening shadows.” Alas! But in looking over

a list of Presidents I find that they were elected to their high offices when they were older than I am! That certainly ought to make me realize that there is work for me to do yet. Seven or eight were presidents after they passed my age. On the whole I don't propose to give up yet. I am now seeing the fruit of my labors but I want to be planting seed as well as gathering fruit and God helping me I will! I have been two years in filling in this book with the incidents of my life. A long time, that. Even life ends! Cycles pass by. Eternity dawns. Thank God!

July fifteenth—We are only up to \$700.00 of the \$1700.00 that I hoped to get this month—tho I have received \$600.00 that I might have placed to this support fund and have placed to others. But I am not wholly without hope yet. God is rich and he can do great things in a very short while. I am humbly praying that He would not forget us.

The great 1300 pound bell in Carolina Memorial will ring for the first time this afternoon. It has been hung for some time but I was not willing that it should be used until I had paid for it. Dr. Neville will preach. I went down to the new college building on Saturday. They are putting up the great building, one that will be an honor to the little city and will reflect credit upon the institution. Work seems to be going on well. What superb advances the good cause has made since I first came here—but Clinton has grown beyond me. I have not kept pace with the town. Perhaps I lacked courage. No. I had that. What I lack is physical ability to do all that my heart longs to do for the good of the cause.

July thirty-first—Receipts for this month were \$1326 for support and \$500.00 to be used as I wish. Besides I received about \$150.00 for the building fund. I have placed that \$500.00 to permanent work, tho, as I asked the Lord for \$1700.00 and got the above answer. It looks very much as if He intended it for the support fund.

“We are sure not a single member of the Conference will feel aggrieved when we say that a gentle old man with a sweet voice and a sweeter spirit, a warm heart and a clear head, towered above his brethren but did not know it himself—that man was Dr. Jacobs. He is regarded as the father and the rest as his children. Everybody defers to his wisdom and confides in his judgement on any question that comes before the body. For more than thirty years he has been a leading spirit in the orphanage work of the South, and his heart is just as fresh and the note he strikes as clear and true as when the sun was rising on his life. He is showing the world how gracefully a Christian can grow old.—*Charity and Children.*”

States is here. I will see to it, that I get a sermon out of him next Sunday.

August twenty-sixth—I am now nearing an important epoch in my church work. Either on next Sabbath or Sabbath following (the weather will decide which) I am going to tell the people: First—that the debt must be paid. Second—that they must sustain the pastor better—or else I lay down the work.

Well, the dear Lord listened to my prayer and granted me within a few dollars of the \$1500.00 I asked for. It is simply wonderful the way He does it. And best of all we are now \$500 better off, than we were this time last year.

I have made up this year's report. It is about as follows in round numbers:

Support Fund	\$23,000
Endowment Fund	14,000
Endowment Fund Interest	3,500
Building Fund	500
Shops	400
Printing Office	1,400
Shoe Department	200
Farm (cotton)	300
	\$43,300

which is a fine showing for this year and does me good.

October—I had Thornwell here on Monday, Oct. 1st on which day we “dedicated” the Georgia home. We are fitting it up this week and we hope to get moved in on Monday next. Everything is busy today with preparations.

October ninth—Sunday was a good day in the church. On Saturday I sent out rally day invitations and on Sunday filled up the church with people—351 at Sunday School. 500 at church services. I was still better pleased that we succeeded in more than doubling the night congregation. We had fully 250 out. On Monday night the Deacons resolved to set to work to pay the church debt. God grant us good success.

October twenty-seventh—I had this morning the largest number actually present at Sabbath School that we have ever had—371. This was very near the 400 mark. It seems impossible. The congregation however must have run well beyond that, possibly near to 500. My sermon was far from being a perfect one but, me judice, it was among my best and for that

I am grateful for God helped me. I had four other ministers at church. Sometimes I wonder at the way the Lord has led me in my work for Him. He has kept me humble by showing me how easily all my work could fall to pieces. He has kept me grateful by not letting it perish. And best of all he has shown me that it was His work and that He will care for it after my poor weak hand is taken away from it.

November first—I asked the Lord to give me \$1660 during October. He gave me \$1708. I bless his holy name. And even so I look for a blessing during this month of November.

Our endowment fund has reached \$85,000. Now, if the dear Lord will put it into somebody's heart to bring that up to \$100,000 during the current year, giving us an increase of \$5500.00 (at least) what a glorious help it would be! We have several thousand in sight from three expected legacies, reaching up to \$90,000. And if the Trustees decline to sell us the old college hall as I guess they will, we will add Mr. McCall's \$5000.00 to the endowment. I am greedy after money for the orphans but am not caring for it myself. If I had set my heart to make money, I could have been a rich man today but thank God, I can truly say I have enough and am satisfied. I must raise \$25,000 for the support fund during the 32nd year of the Home.

November twentieth—In the bitterest sorrows of my life I have learned to lean upon thee, Oh God! I know that God is and I trust Him. Sometimes I stand before this stone wall when there is no thoroughfare. But the very walls give way, that my blessed Lord will do the right thing and what is right he knows.

November thirtieth—Well, the dear Lord did wonderfully for me. Though the wheels seemed to drag very heavily for a little while, it has all come right at last. God sent me \$2880 during November. My faith was well founded. I am praying for \$6000.00 during December. It would be a wonderful thing if God granted it. I received \$5600.00 last December and we have 24 more children now than then. It seems almost essential that we should have it.

December fifth—Yesterday, papers were passed between the Orphanage and the College releasing to us the old College building with the attachments. I have felt that the college is making a very foolish surrender in doing this but that it would be ungracious in us to refuse to make the trade. We regain control of three pieces of land and the building is worth the money we pay for it. I propose occupying it with our collegiate department.

December fifteenth—I am both distressed and rejoiced. I am distressed because we are \$300.00 behind last year in our receipts for the support fund. I am rejoiced by the receipt of \$5000.00 for the erection of the James Monroe Silliman Cottage. We have to begin on it just as soon as possible. I will have it completely finished in October next. It will add \$2000.00 to annual expenses, etc. But God is able to give us a full return of blessings. Now, help me, Lord. I am earnestly praying for God to give us funds for the increase of our endowment. I have had no interest funds that I could use for the support this year. It all goes, however, to a very necessary expense account. We are making arrangements to purchase 500 more acres at Musgrove. This will give us a farm of 1200 acres. It will be a part of our endowment fund. We expect a total yield, eventually, of about \$1200.00 income from the place.

December twenty-third—I had a good congregation and preached a very good sermon, I guess. At least it reached the people. Up to date I have received \$4000.00 which is two thirds of what I asked for. But I had received almost this much by this time last December, hence it is doubtful whether I get \$6000 as I hoped and prayed for. Still God does right always.

December twenty-ninth—I want to thank God out of my whole heart for his most gracious answer to my prayer. He has sent me up to this moment \$6175 for support fund. I prayed for \$6000.00 most earnestly. He has answered me with a large and liberal hand. Oh, how good God is. He certainly was good to me. I glory in His name. He will do all things right and best. I also received \$700.00 on the endowment and 100 on the Georgia Cottage fund, \$200.00 on other funds. In all \$12,000 came into my hands during December. I understand that the college received a gift of \$3,000.

1907—Age 64

January fifteenth—We had a great time last night. Not knowing that there was a plot against me, I accepted Ferd's invitation to take an automobile ride out to Musgrove Mills. I had a bad cold, but the ride was a pleasant one. I found our works there and all in fair condition. It was a comfortable all round ride. On my return, I beheld that my piazza was lit up with Chinese lanterns. The house was full of people. The Ladies Aid Society was giving me a great reception to do honor to the fact that the church debt is fully, wholly and entirely paid! The Lord has taken me at my word and is certainly making it wrong

for me to resign just now. Thank God the whole burden is lifted. During the evening the gentlemen of the church presented me with a pocketbook with \$50.00 in it to be used in my trip to Havana and Kingston. The whole eve was a delightful one and I am feeling good over it. My God is dealing bountifully with me, this day.

Oh, how good God is to me. I have built for his glory, though to my own happiness. How wonderfully he has fulfilled my desire, that God will give to the humble minded a throne of usefulness. God has made this little village a power in the land and the end is not yet. Oh, for a man like-minded with myself.

February third—I had about 500 at church this morning, the auditorium was crowded and 100 were seated in the S. S. room. I really wonder that I am able to get together such crowds. It is true that I had a number of Baptists out and there was no preacher in that church. Well, however it be, I thank God that, on the verge of 65 years of age, I am still able to draw men to Jesus. I love God and rejoice that I am privileged to tell of his goodness to the children of men.

March—During February I received \$1260.00. I had asked for \$1300.00. There was a little shortage but I am expecting March to even things up right and to make me square again with last year's status and that is my prayer.

God is near to me today. I realize that He is not only above in Lordship, below me for protection, around me in providence, but also within me in fellowship.

March nineteenth—Brother J. B. Parrott, my nearest neighbor and dear friend—dead! Dead and buried. He taken, though ten years younger than I and I left! But his going is a serious admonition! Lord, help me to use the rest of my days for thy honor and glory! I live—yet not I. Thou livest in me. Even so let it be my Lord.

March twenty-fourth—We have now been at work for a week on the college building and are painting and renovating it and will make it a very satisfactory and substantial building. It will certainly, with the ground it stands on, be worth \$10,000 when we get through with it. The Orphanage is worth now about a quarter of a million dollars. That sounds pretty big but "Thou shalt see greater things than these." By God's grace we dedicated our church today. The total cost including everything was \$21,000. There remains \$34.00 in the treasury. The day was ideal. The congregation crowded the church and school

room. Cornelson's sermon was good. And God has given me today, the last one of my "conditions" on which I based my purpose to remain as a Pastor.

First—The church debt was paid.

Second—The money for a mill pastor, secured.

Third—A church membership raised to 400.

Fourth—Four hundred actually present at Sunday School. There were 416 at S. S. today.

March thirtieth—At the outset of this month I prayed earnestly to God to give me \$2,000, which I thought I must have for the month's needs. I gratefully acknowledge his goodness in having sent me \$2150 which is \$800.00 more than I received in March 1906. At least, we will not be behind last year and I earnestly hope we will be several hundred dollars better off. The *News and Courier* had a very fine write up of the dedication service by Fronde Kennedy. I appreciate her work very much.

April fourteenth—I had fine congregations today and as on last sabbath I was "full of work." I had kind words spoken about my preaching. My preaching seems to suit Clinton, and very, very often I am asked to speak elsewhere. And yet not more than once or twice have I been asked to deliver commencement discourses or lectures. I have comforted myself with the idea that it is not in me to talk merely for talk's sake. I am too much disposed to regard the platform as a place to lead up to God. Like Paul, I want to tell of Jesus every chance I get.

The curious part of this is that I am the founder of a college; and yet college people do not favor me—no—not even the people who run the college that I have founded! Well, it is all right—and especially is it all right if God will use that college for His own glory. It may never give me credit for what I did for it (till after I am gone) but even now I pray for its prosperity that it may become a mighty instrument for the uplifting of the banners of God.

Forty-two years ago I married one of the angels of God and one day I shall see her. My heart longs for her.

June sixth—The college commencement was a very fine affair. The great thing was the dedication of the new administration building and the location of two new structures—the dormitory and the refectory. I had the pleasure of making a speech. It seems to have been very acceptable to the college people. We

will have the McCall building ready for use this week or next. Also we will finish the building of the walls of the Silliman Cottage.

June ninth—I reached Dr. Neville's residence yesterday, just in time to see him die! Alas! A great man in Israel has fallen. He had severe trials in his work here, and I fear was not happy in it, and that makes his death bad, indeed. Though the college has given me some distresses the last three years, yet I felt nothing but kindness for the Doctor and I grieve sorely that he has so quickly gone out of its history. May God guide them to a good and satisfactory choice for a successor.

June twenty-second—Well, we had a great commencement. The Governor presided at our Board Meeting and we did good work. He spoke to a thousand people at night. On Wednesday we had electric lights for the first time and our chapel was the only building that has been lit, up to this date. "Everybody" says it was the best exhibition we ever had. But the hall looked fine and the lights set it off, if indeed we did have five minutes in the dark.

June thirtieth—God is doing wonderful things through Brother J. C. Shive for our college. He has already raised a subscription in three months of \$36,000. I am both surprised and delighted. There is, I hope, a great future before the college. The most surprising of all gifts however is \$7000 from Laurens, for Laurens Dormitory. How our God brings blessings of trials! And he is teaching me and oh how glad I am that it is so—that he can take care of his work without my help. I have to thank Him for having sent me what I asked for for our June support. I am expecting great things of him.

Brother Shive came round to see me yesterday to describe the wonderful work the Lord is doing through him for the college. Then he commented on me and urged on me the duty of diminishing my work; that two men's work was always too much for one man—and is now too much for me. Well, I have resolved on a test and here it is, Lord. If I can faithfully perform the pastoral visiting and at the same time be instrumental in welcoming twenty members to the church within the next three months I will know it is not my duty to resign.

July fourth—Riverside—I expect a crowd out from town today and will go in with them. Dillard will be with them. He has come to Clinton to make his home and I am very happy over it. The weather out here today is almost cold, though it is the fourth of July. Our Orphan treasury is empty.

July seventeenth—I love Him because he heard my prayers. I ought also to thank Him more than I have for having kept me pure from my infancy to this day, fitting me for the charge of so many girls and women as are under my protection. Never once have I broken his law of purity nor have I ever taken his name in vain—nor have I once been under the influence of liquor—nor once have I taken that which was not mine, since I learned the right I have never bet or played a game of cards. I thank God for all this.

July twenty-first—I reached home Friday to find that the work under Mr. Scott's direction had not gone forward as I hoped. Saturday was a very warm day and I could not do the visiting I had expected to do. I found Thornwell here. He has just published a book that lays its scenes at the Orphanage. I am pleased with it on the whole.

August—My house was struck by lightning today. Electric lights and telephone burned out.

August tenth—Ninety-nine years ago my dear old father, now a saint in glory, came into this world.

August eleventh—The brethren have been urging me to withdraw my resignation. I expected it but conditions require relief. I feel sure that it must go further. My heart says consent, my judgment says no. I have just come from the Session and deacon's Court.—A unanimous refusal to consider my resignation. Now what?

August twenty-sixth—With the opening up of the new session, my soul fills up with a mighty yearning to do great things for God. I am set—fully set—on making my 66th year a year that counts. I am happy over the progress made hitherto but it isn't enough. I want to enlarge and to solidify and strengthen the work. When I see what God has done through me, in College, Orphanage, Church, Publication, Mission work I feel very humble.

September—Well, the Lord gave me \$2,000. I hoped He would, though I didn't dare ask it! It is just simply wonderful.

September twenty-eighth—Well, the Board has elected Dr. Adams, President. I have felt sore at his treatment of me for these three years past but I shall accept him as a co-worker, and pray for good success in keeping from any hard thoughts, even. I have no fear of any unkind words.

October first—The 32nd anniversary of the opening of the

Thornwell Orphanage. I wonder if I shall be here to celebrate the 50th. That is in Thy hands, O Lord.

October sixth—This past week has been a very trying one at the Infirmary. We now have seven cases of scarlet fever. I am glad that they are still confined to two of the cottages. And I earnestly pray that the evil may go no further. But we are helpless in our Father's hands. Everything had begun so beautifully on the place—with the new school year—then came this calamity. In addition we are a thousand dollars in arrears in our treasury. But I am trusting God and will do my level best to relieve every calamity and these also.

October thirteenth—As usual, I had a very fine congregation, there being over 500 present. I thought I preached a very good sermon and I earnestly pray that God may use it to do some soul good, but as far as I can judge, the people didn't think it was good as I did. I certainly have a church from which a mighty influence goes out—with so many young students whose minds I am impressing for good or ill.

October twenty-seventh—The Lord has very graciously given me the \$2,000 I asked for this month. Indeed, it will be, I think that He will also give me the \$300.00 I lacked last month. I am very glad. I have with me Rev. Yosif Benjamin, a Persian licentiate who preaches today—Oh, for courage and strength to do all the work my God has given me to do.

November second—I have just returned from a delightful meeting of Synod at Anderson. Everybody made it good for me. Scores of people pressed around me and urged on me an introduction. I was certainly made to feel that I had the hearts of the people.

November twenty-second—I am not afraid. I am trusting God. Funds low. None coming in. A great panic in the land. Little cotton made and none selling. What shall I do but trust the Lord? There are only eight days more and I have received but \$1600.00 . . . On the first day of this month I asked the Lord for \$3,000. He has wonderfully answered my prayer. I felt sure that if a \$400.00 gift I have been receiving in November for some years past, came in, I would get that \$3,000. I leaned on that up to the last mail. But it never came and I expected to be that much short, but blessed Lord, thou gavest me to my surprise, \$2,980 for the support and \$160.00 for the furnishing fund (Silliman cottage). So I am glad in God and I do rejoice that He is, in His wonderful way, answering my

prayers. The work goes on. God, thou givest me money. Oh, give me wisdom also, that I may do just what is right and what I ought to do.

December twenty-ninth—I am ending up today a year of service in the pulpit. Next year (I pray) will be a better one. I cannot realize that in less than three months I will be 66. But I have no fear. I know that God is my guide. He will care for me so far as physical comfort goes. I have but very little property, but that little, God will make enough for me. I have very much physical vigor left, though I have but one eye, and half an ear.

1908—Age 65

January first—I am planning to celebrate the semi-centennial of my union with the church in Charleston in February. Also to celebrate in some suitable way, the Centennial of Father's birth in August next.

January fourth—The death of Mrs. Rosa Clarke, a warm personal friend, and a zealous and faithful matron, distresses us all greatly. The funeral services were held in our memorial chapel and were touching in the extreme.

January twenty-sixth—We have been carrying on the meeting for just eight days. Dr. Flynn came Tuesday night. He is a spiritual preacher, calm in manner, but exceedingly in earnest. He is leading us all to a higher spiritual life. Sixteen of the pupils of the Orphanage united with us this morning. The congregations have been fine throughout the meeting.

January thirtieth—Well, the dear Lord gave us a good meeting. Dr. Flynn did his best, preaching ten days. From first to last the congregations were full. Last night the house was crowded. Twenty four were added to the church—from college, orphanage, graded school . . . In my study of my own heart after the revival, I have found that there is a deep and abiding love for my Lord Jesus, passing my every power of expression. Indeed I cling more and more to Him as our "life from the dead." I do not preach much about the Holy Spirit for I believe that the Holy Spirit puts it in my heart to make my glorious Saviour, the Sun in the heavens of my preaching. I feel that I do more than know about Jesus—I know Him! What a wealth of happiness there is in the very thought of it!

February—Our heavenly father gave me within a few dol-

lars of the amount that I asked for for February. I asked for \$3,000. He gave me \$2950, which is \$600.00 more than last year. Now dear Lord, give me, please, \$2,000 for February or as near it as possible. If I receive this sum in February, it will lighten the load wonderfully. Still, dear Master, these are thy children, and I am thy servant. Do the good thing for me.

February eleventh—I certainly had a delightful trip to Chicora College, Greenville. The occasion was to deliver an address before the united student body of Furman University, Greenville Female College, and Chicora College. Many, indeed, were the kind words spoken and very gratifying the attention. I preached also in the morning in Palm Church (3rd) of which Dr. Byrd was acting pastor. All of the people came up to give me thanks for the sermon. It makes one feel good to get away from home, occasionally. I preached for forty five minutes before the students. Chicora is a noble school and right well is the work going on.

February fifteenth—I have had a busy morning doing nothing—not least of my experiences the visit to my old college where I found the Greek and Latin Room just where it was fifty years ago! What a place Charleston is for traditions. The Museum is growing nobly. I spent a half hour among the tombs at the old Second church cemetery where Bro. Sam and my step-mother are buried. Father and “old” Dr. Smyth were born in 1808—a hundred years ago—within ten days of each other. I call him old but he died at just the age I am today and will not call myself “old”. Alas, other people do! . . . All of Sunday I was as busy as possible. Of course I had to enjoy the society of dear old friend Gus, and his interesting wife who was a granddaughter of Langdon Cheves, and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett (his daughter) were exceedingly interesting. In the morning I preached at the second church to a large congregation. Met Bob Seabrook—Josh Lockwood and Mary Mikell (Robertson) and a dozen other friends of my childhood—and there were abundant kind words. Also, I spoke at four at the Second Church S. S. and rushed off at four-thirty to the First Church S. S. and after all these, to the Y. M. C. A. at all of which I tried to help the cause.

February twentieth—The first Episcopal service will be held in town at the A. R. P. church next sabbath afternoon.

February twenty-fourth—I had a fine congregation this A. M., 361 at S. S.—450-500 at church. Received three by letter and

one (Fernando Rios of Cuba) on examination. The church is on rising ground.

March—I enter upon the month with thanksgiving. God gave me within a few dollars of the \$2,000 I asked for and fully six hundred more than last month. I am praying for \$2,500.00 for March. It will be a very hard task to secure that goodly sum but I trust and pray . Lord guide and help me . . . My heart is interested in preaching and church work, more than ever. Moreover God is blessing the work. I had nearly four hundred at Sabbath school today. My prayer meeting is greatly improved. The church is developing financially. They are now paying me a salary of \$1,000 and everything seems to be doing better. But I am now sixty six within fifteen days. And men of my age are dying all around me.

March fifteenth—We had this morning in the Orphans' chapel the largest gathering for religious worship that was ever held in Clinton. All the churches were closed and after sabbath school we all gathered into one. There were about 1100 persons seated. Dr. A. C. Dixon of Chicago preached an excellent sermon. The meeting is to continue through the week . . . This is my 66th birthday. It makes me very serious when I think how swiftly I approach the time of old age. I do not fear death. My certain trust is in the unfailing right hand of my dear Lord. I do not know about the eternal life but I believe! And to my Lord Jesus be the glory. I am not, however, planning or preparing for death. Per contra for a vigorous, useful active life. I shall fight clean down to the end against every physical ailment, and shall scheme that every day shall be one of vigor and activity. I just decline to be anything else than a blessing to the world. It is very true that I must lay aside some of the work I do but it shall be mine to see that others who take it up, move off on right lines and do it better than I.

March twenty-ninth—I had a splendid congregation today. Two additional members. Over 400 actually present at Sunday School. Interesting services. A new class organized. Several new books added to the library. I am hoping for a straight forward and progressive movement. When I realize that I have been here 44 years and note what fine progress is being made, I cannot help ask myself the question—what is old age? I *am* a young man yet.

April—My prayer, O Lord, is for \$2,000 this month. Thou canst give it but I admit that the panic, the crisis, my poor faith, everything is against our getting.

April eleventh—I received another “anonymous” letter last eve from “an officer of the Presbyterian Church,” from the same hand as before, asking me to take my orphan children over to their chapel and to let the congregation alone as they were being crowded out. I hardly think I will do anything just at present about it. Although I suspect the authorship I don’t think it worth while noticing; for that very reason.

April twelfth—A splendid congregation today. 5-600 present. Over 400 at Sunday School. Eight babies baptized.

April nineteenth—Easter Sunday—we had a church full of people today. I preached a sermon to please God today. I don’t know whether I pleased God or not but my heart was full.

April twenty-fifth—These are fearful times, financially. I do not see any prospect for betterment until the cotton-mills begin to sell their out-put. At present they are in a distressed condition.

May twenty-seventh—In one week we have had five funeral services. Today it was a young man from the country. Yesterday it was Rev. Clark Jennings’ brother from Reedville to be laid by the side of his mother and three brothers. Oh! the precious dead!

It hurts me to think that for more than a year I have received no large gift for the Orphanage.

May thirty-first—Today I will preach my 44th anniversary sermon . . . I earnestly prayed and labored for \$1500.00 and I got just exactly that. I wish I had faith to believe that I could get \$2000 in June but I fear my faith is not sufficient. I will pray for \$2,000 but confidently expect \$1500.00. I am sitting daily to Mr. Montell for my portrait. I pity the fellows who have to go through that experience often.

June twenty-sixth—God is dealing kindly with me and is giving me the \$2000. It is simply wonderful. I had no hope of getting this sum. It has just come streaming in.

June twenty-eighth—I thank God for the \$2000 in June for the Orphanage. He hath heard my prayer. Last season the June receipts were \$1,346. To my heavenly father I give praise for the successes of this month.

July—I have had some very heavy bills to pay for five cars of coal but I am praying for \$2,000 in July and if I get it my expectation is to enter August in good shape.

July thirteenth—Just as a sample of the way I “rest” this summer, I give this day’s work. Rose at six A. M. and read the SS in Greek to 7 A. M. when I went to the Assembly Hall and concluded the morning service for the orphans. I breakfasted on an egg, a biscuit and a cup of coffee. Studied to 10, went to church and conducted Sunday School, held a session meeting, examined and received a member, preached on “There is one God”. Dined at one thirty, simply, and studied to 2:45, when I walked a mile to the Second church, opened the Sabbath school with prayer. At 3:45 I preached a half hour sermon, walked back to the orphans chapel and preached there at five. At 6 P. M. I visited a family of orphans, studied my sermon for the night, supped on light-bread and cold tea and preached at the first church at 8:30. Our electric lights were on for the first time. That does well for a 66 year old boy.

July twenty-sixth—The dear Lord has sent me the amount I asked for this month and I have good reason to be grateful.

July twenty-eighth—On Sunday last I preached in all three of the Presbyterian churches in Clinton.

August sixteenth—On my return from the River I find States and Laura here and have enjoyed their visit very much. States is now a D.D.

August sixteenth—In looking over some of my old journals today, I have been constrained to confess that my river of life has flowed through narrow channels and shallow but I also realize that I have worked up to the measure of my ability. In my latter day experience I am realizing that though I am far more capable of doing good pulpit work, than once, yet that my voice is too familiar and the people listen through duty and not through desire. It is true that we are having some fearfully hot weather and that may account for a sluggish and indifferent congregation but I realize that they are not enthusiastic and that they gladly hear others. “I must decrease” is also self evident. Nevertheless, I shall try so to live that each day will add something to the sum of human happiness and that some soul may glorify God because he sent me into the world.

September—The last week of August was one of great anxiety. It was the week of the great storm. The freshet at Riverside was fearfully destructive. My beautiful little boat and boat house are gone. Worse than that, our mill property at Musgrove is a wreck. The county bridge is gone. Even the main bed is changed. The Orphanage loss is fully \$1200.00. Worse

still, our beautiful river banks are devastated. Thousands of trees along the banks are prostrate, threatening sickness. I went out to Riverside on Friday and I find all safe at the cottage and the well is a success. I am very glad of that. Of course the river is still there.

September twentieth—Oh! how I do love the church. It is a joy to prepare sermons and to preach sermons. It is a joy to study out and work toward the solution of parish problems. I love the people. I love the work. But in pastoral work I am a failure. My mind is stronger than my body. The things I would, I do not.

September thirtieth—Well, I close the month with a psalm of praise. God gave me every cent I asked for and more.

October fourth—I had 425 at S. S. and about 500 at church. I also conducted the communion. At two I spoke to the Mission Band in the College Chapel—and at four P.M. in Carolina Memorial.

October sixth—Tonight I give my first lecture with the stereopticon—topic, Japan, 52 views. I take a pleasure in it because I will have good lights—electric. Dear old Clinton! The little city is putting on airs at last.

October tenth—I have put in a great deal of work on the Museum lately and am getting it right nicely arranged. It is far ahead of what it was over a year ago, in systematic arrangement. In that time we have added only about 150 new specimens but the display of old specimens is much improved.

October eighteenth—Allie Quarles, who left Clinton 23 years ago is with us on a short visit.

October thirty-first—The Lord gave me the money that I asked from him for November and I praise his name. I went round to the Clinton mills and started their great engine with prayer. This is the fourth time I have done this for them.

November first—I am asking the Lord for \$3,000 for this month. May he grant it to me.

November eighth—I am dreadfully behind financially and am worried physically and disgruntled by silly orders of weak-minded town officials, but I had a splendid congregation and God helped me preach so that I had fervor and energy and success. What a fine church that is anyway. I have much to make my heart glad.

November twenty-ninth—Well, the dear Master has granted my prayer. He has given me \$3100.00 and I have yet one more mail to hear from. He is on my side, of what shall I be afraid?

November thirtieth—God gave me \$3300.00 this month. I am glad and my heart rejoices.

December seventh—I preached yesterday three times. My morning audience crowded the church and overflowed into the audience room of the Sunday School. . . . I prayed God to give me \$6200 this month but today I received nothing. Oh, Lord forsake us not and give me wisdom to do just the right thing to secure the necessary funds.

1909—Age 66

Lord Jesus, be with thy servant this 1909. Make this for me a year of thy right hand. Trustfully I place my hand in thine. I am growing old, but I am also growing strong. My eyes are dim but they pierce the veil of sense and see Thee as Redeemer and friend. My poor ears will not hear the soft words of loving comrades, but they hear thy still small voice. Thou art saying to me—"gird thee for the work"—and blessed Jesus, here am I, ready to run "in the way of thy commandments."

January sixteenth—Thirty years ago this day my darling Mary was translated. I am sure that she has waited for my coming and that she and I will be together for all eternity.

January twenty-seventh—God, in His infinite goodness has answered His servant's prayer and has given me the \$3,000 I prayed for for this month. It fills my heart with joy, and comforts me to know that He surely answereth prayer. This morning there did not seem to be the least hope of raising this money.

February first—The services yesterday were all poorly attended, owing to the very severe cold, thermometer down to fourteen degrees. The night service had only fifty out. But I preached three times, conducted two other services and two sessional meetings, receiving four members.

February seventh—This morning I had 5-600 at morning service—received two members, baptized one little child—had freedom in delivery. Well pleased with myself (ahem!) The church looked prosperous. I have arranged for Dr. Black's meet-

ing. It will be March 7th. I will prelude it with several days service. Why should I be crazy about resignation when the church is in such good condition? I am doing regular pastoral visiting.

February eleventh—I received \$1800.00 from the Pelham legacy and have it already bearing 5% interest. I lack only \$1,000 of having \$100,000. When I reflect upon the anxiety of the earlier days of my ministry and compare it with the greatness of the present, there is a sweet content in the thought that my God has been with me. He has made even my enemies to be at peace with me.

February—I never was more encouraged in church work, than at present. We will certainly reach 500 in membership soon. I am planning then to divide the orphans into a mission of their own, under the care of the first church.

March eighth—My brother-in-law, Jim Dillard, last survivor of my darling's brothers and sisters, died last night and was buried this afternoon. So break the links, one by one. The last is gone.

March fourteenth—I have just received Robert Hardy's "Seven Days"—only seven days to live. I am asking, what shall I do effectively for the Lord in the next seven years. Tomorrow is my 67th birthday. I have been wanting to be an active pastor in my church until my 50th pastoral years ends—May 28th, 1914, five years more. But in the meanwhile I am getting ready to retire at any moment.

March thirty-first—God, in infinite loving kindness, answered my prayers. I asked for \$1550. He gave me \$1600 and in such a way as to enable me to see clearly that His hand was in it and to know that He answered my prayer.

April eleventh—My dear daughter Florence's birthday—these forty three years ago. God bless thee and keep thee many years to come.

April twenty-fourth—Our children gave an entertainment for the Confederate Monument on last Friday night and raised \$50.00 for the same. The town was enthusiastic over it and it certainly was good.

May sixth—Sitting here in 82 Argyle Hotel, Charleston, my meditations are of the olden time. Of course this city has changed greatly since then, but what a number of the old time leading buildings of '48 are still here. At least a score of ancient

churches and literally thousands of other buildings. But the people are of the sort that say "You knew my father, or grandfather" or "I met you at Clinton?" As for those that say I knew you at Carroll's school or Old Flynn's Church; or at College—Alas, where are they? One man said to me "I hope you will live five years longer." When I replied "I hope to live twenty-five," he laughed. Well, God's sons and daughters never die . . . I love the sea. I love the sky. I love the thought of eternity. Perhaps my love for children springs from the thought that their young lives belong to God's future. I never tire of looking at the boundless horizon. Thomas wanted to know why the ocean humped up in the middle and was surprised to find that he had discovered that the world was round.

March seventh—Today has been a "memory" verse. My trip carried me to old familiar scenes heavy with memories. I must needs walk the Battery. Soon I will be a memory. But the great pleasure place of Charleston, the spot, green with live oaks, with myrtles, with palmettos, and rich in monuments and trophies, is to grow greater and greater. Once Oyster Point; then Oyster Point gardens, now the Battery—, when the vast projected improvements are completed, it will be a perennial blessing, a hundred years hence, far more beautiful and greater than today. I visited the Charleston College and library—scenes of my boyhood days and chatted with the College youths I found about the buildings . . . On the whole, I am well pleased with this trip to the city. It is a success in every respect. I will preach the preparatory sermon tonight at the old Second Church, the Centennial communion being on Sunday. After which we will take the night train to Columbia.

May eleventh—This day, May 11th, 1909 was an epoch in the history of the Thornwell Orphanage. The teachers and pupils were organized into a church. The services were held on Tuesday night, Dr. Law presiding. One hundred and sixty three members were enrolled. The name of Thornwell Memorial was selected. So, another of my long cherished plans has been carried out. The First Church retains 300 members. For the present, no change will be made in hours of worship, until our sabbath school is organized. The church school will be fearfully depleted and they will have to work. It will take wisdom now to guide this ship aright.

May twenty-eighth—Forty-five years ago, this day, I was ordained to the gospel ministry and made pastor over the three little churches of Clinton, Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek, 73

souls in all! The churches organized out of the Clinton Church alone are Clinton First, 333 members; Thornwell Memorial, 163; Rockbridge 23; Clinton Second 12; and Sloan's Chapel, (colored) about 25. They are all well located and eventually will grow. I propose giving five more years of good work to the Clinton First Church, if God will, before I lay down the pastorate. I would prefer making the change now to the Thornwell Memorial but whatever is for the good of the cause, I will obediently do.

June third—I have just had a call from the Committee appointed to raise funds for the support of a Foreign Missionary, to tell me that they have succeeded! I thank God for that. To this end have I preached for many years, and now my heart is glad! How wonderfully God has blessed my plans for His honor and glory. One by one, He answers my prayers, giving me good success in my various efforts for this church. Specially for the past few years have the trees of faith and patience budded and borne fruit. My anxiety now is for wisdom and grace to plan aright. When I first came to this town, determining to make it my home it was in my heart to show that a country pastor in a little village church could make it a tower of strength and could have all the honor that God thought best for him. This purpose is the key to my life and I believe that I have shown it to be true. I am satisfied. God has dealt bountifully with me and I am glad.

June tenth—There was a congregational meeting of the Thornwell Memorial Church this evening at which Mr. Scruggs and Mr. Scott were elected elders and Mr. Kilgore and Mr. Brissenden were made deacons. I was elected Pastor and a subscription of \$250.00 raised for pastoral support and a call given to me to become Pastor. They appointed a committee to visit the Board of Trustees and ask for a salary to be made up by them. sufficient for my support. None of this was worked up by me but it comes as a surprise. I simply put the matter in God's hands and I ask His guidance. The officers elect will be ordained next Sunday.

June fifteenth—The Board of Trustees met yesterday and made excellent arrangements for a President's salary which I gratefully appreciate and that most heartily. They want me to have a \$1200.00 salary. The Orphan's church has modified its call in such a way that I can serve them as heretofore, or for what part of my time as can be arranged for by the First Church. I am still just following the divine lead and He is leading me into a safe place.

June thirtieth—I married Mattie Hipp and Brother G. W. Cunningham, Ph.D., in our chapel (Thornwell Memorial) today. This is the first event of the kind and the first wedding of any member of the Thornwell Church.

July ninth—I see I have been reelected Chaplain of the South Carolina Press Association. I am glad, also they have adopted a rule to change officers after two more terms of office. This will soon let me out.

July eleventh—My sermon today was a John Calvin Memorial discourse. All the world is at it. Why not I? A fine congregation for the good old summer time. A congregational meeting decided by a divided vote to authorize the pastoral relation betwixt myself and the Thornwell Memorial. Ferd called to urge me to let it pass and take no action.

July twenty-third—Two items of mighty fine news came to me by yesterday's mail. One was that Will and Mr. Bailey agree to meet Mrs. Baker's salary as deaconess at the Clinton Mills. This makes our payments to Pastor and deaconess amount for that mill to \$355 and the church \$120.00. The other item was that Thornwell had sold the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine and will go back into the ministry. I hope this is true and I say—thank God.

July twenty-fourth—Well, I made the statement this morning to the Sabbath School of the division of the school after September first. Also, I made the statement I outlined a few pages back in regard to my pastoral work. The die is cast. The church has the matter now in its own hands. My prayer is that the Lord would direct the whole matter to a just and happy issue. My natural man is willing to lay down the double work to take up only the Orphanage work. My spiritual man bids me to look on. Lead, O Lord, I follow.

August sixth—Sitting here by the window of my little room in Riverside Cottage my minds fills up with many plans for the future, bearing upon all departments of the great work the dear Lord has committed to my keeping. I am altogether unwilling to believe that I am old or that there is to be any termination to my usefulness and so I am pressing right on to larger endeavor. I have carried out so many of my proposals that I have gotten firmly persuaded with David "The Lord is on my side!" And in his strength I shall go on to four score years and ten, which would give me a life time still before me.

August eighth—A fine congregation and a fairly satisfac-

tory sermon this morning. I am now nearly through with my vacation and on the first Sabbath of September will begin my three daily services and two sabbath schools. I am much pleased also with our Mission work. With a foreign and a home missionary, both, to think of my church makes me glad. I earnestly pray that the Second Church may develop into a good organization. Clinton now has four Presbyterian churches. This counts the A. R. P. folks in—but they are alright.

September seventh—Just four weeks ago this day, I was knocked down in the street, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, and run over by a surrey with four people in it. With a broken shoulder, a lacerated side, a bleeding throat and a dozen minor wounds, lying on the pavement of a strange city, one would look for no comfort, yet comfort there was. Strangers surrounded the ambulance and got me to the Emergency hospital in an unconscious condition. There I spent two wretched days and nights but one morning, opening my eyes, I found Dillard standing by my side. It was as though I had seen an angel from heaven. His practiced eye soon saw my needs and got me into good shape and into a private room and gave me perfect attendance. Nurses, orderlies, doctors all made the days and nights more comfortable. I spent eight days in the hospital and was then brought home. Florence and Mollie had reached Washington the next day after Dillard, and O, how sweet their ministrations were. Nobody ever had better children than God has given me. They brought me safe home. Home! Home! Day by day, with loving care far beyond my dreams my dear children and the noble people of Clinton have watched over me, nursed me, fed me, ministered to me, sent me loving messages. My children from far and near and friends I never heard of have sent the tenderest of messages. I have had the pleasure of seeing my dear brother and sisters Henry and Mamie Sperry, Charles and Bessie Little and all their children. So I have been brought to this day with an arm fast bound to my side. I am sitting on my front piazza and in the early morning for the first time, I will go over the morning prayer. I will go over to Florence's to dinner. I feel the thrill of returning health. Thank God, I have not murmured nor complained. The dear Lord has been with me. With more pains than in all my lifetime before, I have yet felt how good and merciful He is. It was worth it all to have such showers of blessings. My broken collar bone still pains me and I write with difficulty but I am getting to my work again.

September eighth—On Sunday last I went over to the Thornwell Memorial to be present at the organization of the Orphan-

age Sabbath School. Our first church Sunday School was also reorganized on the same day. The combined schools made a showing of 450 pupils, the largest ever.

September sixteenth—As to Dillard, my doctor, he is an angel of mercy. My children have been with me daily. Florence hovered over me all this week of misery. And the dear Clinton people have shown me great love. For four weeks every moment brought pains. A cough racked me terribly. A sneeze was like knives sawing through me. But, still, I had a good time—a happy time because of the outpouring of love and the tender mercy of God.

September twenty-first—Thornwell writes that he is in Atlanta working for the Agnes Scott Endowment.

September twenty-fourth—I am distressed greatly at the poor opening of the college, the worst ever My cold still hangs on, but thanks to tenderest care at home and Dillard's devotion, I am improving steadily. This afternoon I am to be installed pastor of the Thornwell Memorial Church. This is the last link of the chain, devised so long ago by me, the idea being complete separation between the First Church and the Orphanage—with a view to loosing me from the pastorate of the former. My accident in Washington has hindered my resignation, showing as it did the tenderness of the people for me. But I am now so sorely afflicted with deafness, which has been greatly increased by the accident, that I feel incompetent to do pastoral work and unless there is improvement, my duty to resign will be so clear, that there will be absolutely no alternative. I am patient under the stroke, for though I may live many years and may have this great burden to bear, yet I am looking forward to much good work here, and perfect hearing in the land of everlasting light. Dillard tells me that he will take off the bandages, next Tuesday.

September thirtieth—God gave us the magnificent sum of \$2250. I had asked for only \$2,000! Last year, we closed September 30th, \$832 in debt. We close today with \$1025 in the treasury! It is best to trust in a prayer-hearing God.

October third—On Sunday I conducted the morning worship at the Orphans' Assembly room; I preached at 11 A. M. and conducted the communion; at four I again conducted the communion; I attended both Sabbath Schools; I moderated three meetings of session and received ten members and conducted the baptism service. I am proud of my day's work.

October ninth—Elliott came with her buggy and we made seven visits to as many families of the congregation.

October fourteenth—I'm a perfect fake so far as pastoral visiting goes. I cannot hear the people unless they speak up, moreover I have to do all the talking—and still further I find all this a great drawback to me. The church just must give me an assistant or accept my resignation. I have succeeded in getting an assistant at the Orphanage and that ought to be argument enough to the church that I need help. I want to live and be at work for at least ten years more if not twenty and to do this I must not overdo the matter . . . I am praying now

a—for \$2200 for this month's support,

b—for success for Bennett in securing the Florida cottage,

c—for a farmer (just the right one, Lord),

d—for a large gift to the endowment,

e—for some one to give \$2,000 for this Farmer's Lodge.

This is a great deal to ask for but dear Master, I see no way out unless thou wilt do this thing for me.

October sixteenth—On this late Saturday eve I just want to thank God for all He has done for me from my youth up. I am growing old. I am blind, with cataract in one eye and with a very near sighted mate to it. I am deaf in one ear and nearly so in the other. I am a constant sufferer with catarrh and now have only one serviceable arm. Moreover, I am forever grunting and groaning about my excessive labors. But God has led me on. He hasn't thrown me aside as drift wood. I am pastor of two city churches. I am busy pushing on this great Orphanage. My journals will show a thousand anxieties about each new project, but every one has come about as I planned. I have been blessed beyond measure. It is wonderful, the career of this poor man. Perhaps if I had prayed more for myself, my health would have been better but I would not have received so great blessing in my work. So let me be content—and never murmur. Thank God for what He has put me to do! Thank God for the thousands of answered prayers.

October twenty-seventh—Now turn back to the 14th and hear the prayers offered then:

a—up to date God has given me \$2350 for support. It will surely go \$150 more.

b—Bennett is getting right along with the Florida cottage—the Presbyteries have endorsed it.

c—I am on the track of a farmer.

d—Unexpectedly I have partly answered this prayer myself. But I expect more, from whom I cannot say.

e—Mrs. Hollingsworth writes offering to give \$2,000 to finish the Farmer's cottage for boys.

Glory to God in the Highest! He hears prayers.

November thirteenth—I am seated on the S. A. L. train between Atlanta and Birmingham, on my way to Cedartown, Ga. Thornwell met me at the Atlanta depot last night. He had brought his two children, John and Fred with him. John is a fine little fellow. Fred has had a hard life of it so far. I enjoyed the few hours chat with Thornwell. I had, after the chat, a very bad night of it. As for Atlanta, it is a great and growing city, but its streets are dangerous. I thank God I live in Clinton.

November fourteenth—The Board voted me \$100 per month salary last June to begin first of July. I am taking this and placing it to the President's salary and pension fund. I will place the interest to the principal till it reaches \$10,000 and will then resign the church and retire on a pension! Which will be the interest of that fund—amounting to \$50.00 to \$60.00 a month and will be enough.

November twenty-eighth—At the Thornwell 280 pupils; at the Clinton Second 118 pupils in Sabbath School, totaling 580. That seems something like.

November twenty-ninth—Thornwell is working hard for Agnes Scott to raise that great sum. They are having a "whirl wind" campaign and I see by the papers that they expect to get the whole thing accomplished by tonight or tomorrow night. It is a great thing that he is doing. I am earnestly praying success for him.

November thirtieth—What a different thing travelling these days is over what it used to be. Here I am comfortably seated in my brother-in-law's home in Nashville. I went to sleep in Atlanta. I woke up in the suburbs of Nashville and got dressed just in time to get out of the car. The motion was pleasant, the sleep was refreshing. I enjoyed it greatly. Nashville was all in a fog when I reached it. Sarah's wedding is to take place tonight. This is my third marriage ceremony in this city and in every case I was assisted by someone else.

December—I have "united in the holy bonds" over a thousand couples. But last night I had to add some special touches, "as usual". I received many compliments for "the beautiful

ceremony." I am used to that and judge by the newspaper reports that it was "impressive", but they say that of all. I found this A. M. that it was 11 o'clock (eastern time) when I rose from the breakfast table. Awful. I spent the day with Charles and Bessie Little. It was literally *the day*. I had risen late and one of my attendants at my marriage 44 years ago came to see me and, at Bessie's, Herbert and Sid Brooks paid me a visit. I have seen a good deal of my kine but not much of Nashville. This city is even smokier than ever.

December third—Well, I am in Atlanta. I had a real nice time of it, travelling in a comfortable sleeper last night and finding myself in Thornwell's hands here in Atlanta. I took a delightful ride over the city this morning but how these people keep from being killed every day is more than I understand. The ride away out on Peachtree and the new addition on that side of the city were highly interesting. Beautiful homes and well kept lawns abounded, and what splendid streets!

December twenty fifth—A poor old fellow came in just now and asked for help. I gave him a dollar. He whispered in my ear, "You are a Christian". He was judging by that dollar.

December thirtieth—I am closing up the year of receipts with \$1,000 more for December of last year. I am grateful to God, above measure. And yet people say God does not answer prayer. Well, he does not answer prayer for prolongation of life as a rule, though He has, for some good reason, I doubt not, done so in my case, but there is an explanation of that, I think in the fact that life may be the worst thing for us.

December thirty-first—Thank God! My prayers are heard. I received \$6,550 during December. We will begin January with a goodly sum in the treasury.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

1910—Age 67

January seventh—I am much pleased to see by this day's *Georgian* that Thornwell has become an editor of the Presbyterian of the South. He will have his heart's desire of a home in Atlanta. I pray for his success and that through him the good cause may go straight on. I have this day been comforted and strengthened by the thought that God is with me and will not let me suffer any evil more than I can bear. He is ever by my side and I believe in him and love him.

January fourteenth—I am not well these days but I am glad of heart. My life has been ever under divine protection. Oh, it is a great thing to know God and I know him.

January sixteenth—Last week brought our receipts for the Orphanage up to \$2,000. The month is half gone. This month has been a discouraging one in many respects, but if we count discouragements—let us trust the harder. Dr. and Mrs. Fulton leave us today for Japan. They have been with us over a year. We shall miss them greatly.

January twenty-ninth—I am thinking of P. E. Bishop's saying in a Los Angeles sermon a few days since that when the minister is thirty they idolize him; at forty they criticize him; at fifty they ostracize him, and at sixty they oslerize him. In two years I'll be 70. I wonder if I was dead eight years ago and did not know it.

February tenth—When I think of what Presbyterianism is doing here, I am satisfied. Here is a list of visible results:

1. The First Church with a \$25,000 building, with fine lots for a parsonage and extensive work, with a Sexton's Home and a Cemetery.

2. The Presbyterian College with a noble Central building, three brick and four frame residences—thirty acres of land and a small endowment—totaling \$100,000.

3. The Thornwell Orphanage with \$300,000 worth of property and on it the Thornwell Memorial Church with 175 members.

4. The Second Church, Rev. J. F. Jacobs pastor, a good Sabbath School and \$1,000 building.

5. The Lydia Chapel, Rev. J. B. Branch, preacher.

And I might add

6. The A. R. Presbyterian Church with Rev. Mr. Hooten, pastor, and with two hundred members.

February seventeenth—The Lord marvelously answered one of my prayers yesterday, bringing to us a gift of \$300.00 not only from the man I asked him to move and for the very sum I asked, but at the very time of the prayer. Incidentally, this answer to prayer will bring the answer to yet another for it will result in giving me this month three sums of money for which I petitioned our bountiful Benefactor.

February eighteenth—I feel that the future has little promise of better health in store. I am always more or less ailing but I am going to try, nevertheless. I have set my heart to be vigorous, to take more exercise, to visit freely, not to force myself beyond measure, but to do everything else that comes my way. I will write new sermons, study hard, read much and keep everybody about me busy. At present, I am enjoying every day I live. I have enjoyed even the rest my accident gave me and I have enjoyed the days I had the grippe. Of course, there were exceptions, but I mean the general drift was that way. Our little city of Clinton is developing rapidly. Ten new brick stores and many dwellings are to go up this summer. The town has been surveyed for sewerage and that will go in. We have noble water and electric light works and fine telephone system; the wires of this latter have just given way to cables. There is talk of a trolley to Greenville. The C. C. and O. may come this way. How little I dreamed in the old time when I was fighting to the death for Clinton that it could ever become so handsome a place. We now have opened many new streets and improved old ones. There are many to work for Clinton. Three weekly newspapers; a weekly leaflet; two Monthlies; two bulletins tell its praises. I brought the first case of type to Clinton in 1866 and now I have in hand Our Monthly, the Thornwell Messenger, the Clinton Presbyterian News, the Orphan Work! Oh, God, I give thee thanks for thy goodness to me. I am happy in thy love for me for it is great. And, Lord, I can truly say "I love thee, Lord for that thou hast heard my prayer and my supplication. Oh, that it may be mine to behold thy face forever!"

March sixth—I certainly have had a strenuous day today.

I conducted the morning worship, attended both Sabbath Schools, had three meetings of session (business) and two baptismal services, preached three times and administered the communion at the Thornwell Memorial. This was the first day for our noble organ. It is a fine one. We had a crowded church.

March seventeenth—I had a very pleasant all-day visit from Mr. Kesler of the Thomasville Orphanage and we spent it studying the Thornwell Orphanage. It is really wonderful when I study it to think of the way in which the Lord has led me in this orphanage work—I especially note it when I think of the influence I have had in moulding the policies of other homes. And that is the source of a great deal of gratification to me. I see, too, that my own work is not complete; that there is very much more work for me.

March twentieth—A noble day of good work. Again I note a fine congregation. If I gave all my time to church work I would soon have a Sunday School of 200; a night congregation of 300; and a prayer meeting of 100. Our morning congregation is now about 500 and fills the church. I feel ease in preaching. I have something to say. The people listen to me. And I leave the rest to God.

March twenty-third—I look with surprise at newspaper paragraphs that make quite a display of Thornwell Orphanage advancements, when to me it seems that we ought to hope for greater things. One in Georgia urges the Methodists to try to do for their home as I do here. I place our assets as follows:

Land (home place)	\$55,000
Buildings	145,000
Endowment	103,000
	<hr/>
	\$303,000

But I am very anxious to do better. When we took out the first charter for the institution we placed our expectations at a half million. It is a long way to it, yet, but I am grateful for what God has enabled us to do and what He has done for us. Every year adds to the value of our grounds and our plant, e. g. we bought the original site for \$1500.00. It is now worth \$50,000. Some years ago we paid \$1800 for 40 acres. It is now salable at \$5000. None of the buildings could now be put up for less than twice what they cost us. Prices are soaring. And prospects are favorable for present conditions to stay where they are.

March twenty-seventh—Easter. That was a word I never heard in the Old Second Church, Charleston, in my boyhood days.

It was noticed only to be sure not to preach a sermon on the resurrection. Now, however? Well, this morning I preached to a church with every seat full and the aisles full of chairs—"That deceiver said while he was yet alive. After three days I will rise again." We had 600 present. There were 199 at Sunday School. I have had much to be grateful for, this past month or two in fine congregations. But I have done next to no visiting.

March thirty-first—I close up the month today, having received \$2,000 against \$1600.00 last March. This was the sum I asked the Lord God and that he gave. I did not expect it.

April sixth—The only distress of my visit to Spartanburg was to find how deeply in debt the College is and how serious its condition. The college is being involved seriously. It may be my duty yet to come to the front to save it.

April tenth—On the 12th day of June, being commencement day—the 35th of the Thornwell Orphanage I will be 25,000 days old. Doubtless I will hear of it on that day. May it be for good to me and the world that I have lived in it. Twenty-five thousand days! How quickly they have passed! I have lived long upon the earth. Lord, crown the work!

April sixteenth—I am still much worried about the college. There is, however, in existence a charter of the "Clinton College Association". We do not own a dollar of property but we are the lineal successor of the old Clinton College association founded in 1872 and this association can easily enough be revived. I am still president of the body. I will call a meeting in July.

April seventeenth—My prayer today is that God would spare my life to see that the work started here is made safe. God save our college!

April twenty-first—Ferd and Dill (Jacobs and Co.) had a notable gathering of their 32 traveling men and others yesterday. In the eve they came to the Orphanage on a visit and after taking in the institution, met at the Chapel and took up a Collection of \$83.35 which they presented to the Orphanage, and it was a God-send for we needed it very much.

April twenty-fourth—The very constant and regular attendance at my morning services makes me feel that either these people like my preaching or else they are just simply good church goers. The church is now in fine tith for doing good work and I am pressing the cause forward to the best of my ability, giving them varied services and with much encouragement.

May first—At the session meeting this afternoon I put it up to the session to decide as to my future relations to the church. They had much to say. That they have respect, even love for me, I am sure, but I do not yet see whether they would be willing to have me resign or whether it would be desirable. They say, if I left it with the church they would unanimously refuse the resignation but I fear that this would be their love to me for what I have done and not through zeal for what I am doing. If certain contingencies do not occur I will certainly not have more than one year longer. I specified these in the last church leaflet. They are—an average attendance of 200 at S. S.—200 at night service, 50 at prayermeeting and 27 added to the church. That is the least I will be contented with. Likewise the deacons must pay the church debt, even if I get all this. I must feel that the Lord approves or I can go no further.

May ninth—We have had a very fine visit from Mrs. Hollingsworth who gave us the new cottage and her daughter, Mrs. Fuller Jones. Mrs. Hollingsworth is Gov. Ansel's mother in law. They stayed four days with us. I took Mrs. Fuller and the sophomore class and Molly and Etta out to Riverside and had a very agreeable day indeed.

May fifteenth—I preached this morning to a very large congregation. Many chairs were brought in. The occasion was usual, but the people happened to turn out. I had a tremendous topic, "The infinity and eternity of God." The occasion was the coming of Halley's comet. The expressions of appreciation by many people came near turning my head but though with a cracking headache, God heard my prayer for an easy delivery.

May twentieth—I am encouraged to keep up my work at Clinton first, till I have completed my semi-centennial. I wish I could be of some service to the college but I am down and out from that. The present faculty would never be willing for me to have any hand in directing the affairs. Still I do a great deal from the outside.

May twenty-first—Halley's comet is a fake. Instead of spreading its tail over 120 degrees of the heavens, it seems to have left its tail at home.

May twenty-seventh—This is one day in which I have not received a single dollar for the orphans. It is the first in many a long day. I cannot recall another just like it in all the three hundred and sixty-five. Today our expenses have been very heavy. But I lean on the Lord and trust in him. These are his

children, not mine. It is with Him to say just how many little children he will care for. With now two months of meagre supplies, I am yet trusting in Him and may he do what is right and good and best. I am sending now for six more children. I always do this when supplies are short.

May twenty-eighth—Forty-six years ago this day the Lord set me over this Clinton church as its pastor. Mine has been a quiet work in the Lord's vineyard. Nevertheless, He has given me great occasion for thanksgiving and has given me good success in the work. Noteworthy in my life-work has been: First, the spiritual in the development of the first church, the Thornwell Memorial, Lydia Mills, Clinton Mills, Rockbridge churches and chapels. Second, the educational, in the growth of the Thornwell Orphanage and Presbyterian College. Third, the founding of Our Monthly, the Thornwell Messenger etc. And there have been many sidelines of work. Perhaps my greatest achievement has been the lifting of the church Orphanage out of the sphere of mere charity and in making it entirely educational. For all this past I thank God. I am not done yet. I dedicate all my future to God and will still plan and advance.

May twenty-ninth—Today was another model Sabbath. I preached to a crowded church, more than 500 present. There were 269 at the Thornwell Memorial School and 232 at the first church Sunday School, 501 total. This is the best attendance yet. Broke the record today. Now if we could just hold to this and do even better.

June sixteenth—We enjoyed Dr. Ogden and Dr. Flynn greatly. They are both fine. But on the other side, we are still behind in our receipts and worst of all, excessively anxious over the appearance of four or five pellagra cases among the little children. These are being cared for. I locate the causes given by good men as follows:

First, insufficient variety of diet. This I will proceed to remedy at once.*

Second, too much use of western cornmeal. All the corn stuffs I will cut out entirely until I can erect a good corn mill of our own and grind South Carolina corn.

Third, condition of open ditches in that section of ground. Remedy sewerage.

*This suggestion was made by his son, Dr. J. D. Jacobs, and is believed to be the first instance of the successful use of this now universally accepted therapy.

I have taken all this up vigorously and am getting at it with all my might. For health is above everything else.

July third—The Lord gave me all I asked of Him in June but, alas, our expenses were so much greater than I expected that I am on the very verge of debt; or worse off by \$700.00 than we were a year ago. Our expenses are too great. I am trying to cut them down but do not see how I can do it. Well, I was praying the Lord for \$2,000 for each of the months of July and August and it seems to me that these gifts must come or we perish.

July twentieth—Think of it, on the fourth of July with the admission of Arizona and New Mexico our republic numbered 48 states and there is no more room for any more unless we take in outlying districts or get Canada to join us. When I was born, there was room for three more states on this side of the Mississippi—and only three organized on the other side.

July twenty-sixth—The dear Lord has given me \$2750 for the orphans up to date! A thousands dollars more than last or any other July. I praise His name . . . My time at Riverside is spent in quiet reading, writing, resting, planning. I greatly enjoy it. I don't have to move unless I want to . . . I only received \$8.00 today.

July thirtieth—I closed up the books today with the marvelous summary of \$3015 against \$1805 of last July! I do thank God. He has saved us. I will be pleased if I can get \$2,000 for August.

August tenth—Today is the anniversary of my bad accident a year ago and today we received a proposition from Mr. John J. Eagan to give \$5,000 to the President's endowment fund on condition that \$25,000 total is reached by Dec. 31st, 1910. I thank God. I believe it will be raised and if so it will settle the matter of my salary as long as I live and open a way for me to relieve the first Church of the incubus of a semi-pastor as soon as they wish it.

August twenty-seventh—Finished up Riverside for the season. It makes me feel home sick to think that after tonight all will be silent—the houses closed—the river running on and on but no children's voices ringing along its bank. Eleven years of Riverside and not an accident. Thank God!

August twenty-eighth— I preached to a good audience, a sermon, thought out of an old one but a better one than the old.

September fifteenth—I find that the inefficiency and unwillingness to cooperate on the part of matrons is one of the greatest difficulties in our orphanage work. It is so hard to get a set of matrons that fully and dearly love the work and feel that they are an integral part of it. The "three sisters," all officers, are a mistake. Any one of them would be a success standing alone. I'll never be caught giving that sort of a hold again unless I know all parties and know that they love the work. Fortunately there is only one set of three here to contend with. And all the rest stand alone. Rebellious and cynical workers are always hard to deal with, too.

September twenty-fifth—Dear Master, give me the \$12,000 or more that I need for the support of the Orphanage during October, November and December. It is a great sum but I need it. Dear Master, bring us in that \$15,000 needed for the endowment, in order to secure Mr. Egan's gift. Even so, O Lord. Help me in the securing of souls as here in the church. Grant this O Lord. The church is cold. I leave it in thy hands, O Lord, to help me to know about an assistant in my church work. My heart loves the church and is inclined to fill out the 50 years of service, but I can not do it without help. Lord, lead me and the people to do the right thing. Hear me Master and help me. I am glad and trustful even though life is ebbing away.

September twenty-sixth—My health is not good now and has not been for a long while. I thank God I can belittle my own ailments but they are growing beyond my control, I fear. My throat gave me great trouble in 1888-89, some thirty years ago. That was when my doctors thought I would never preach more and that I ought to give up my church work and devote myself to the Orphanage. I recovered my health, thanks to God, and these 21 years have I been preaching since. Now, however, it is different. I have no youthful vigor to restore my health and I ought not to do so much preaching. I may be able to do the work at the Thornwell Memorial but it seems to me that I am really robbing the First Church. I wanted to continue serving them till 1914, my 50th anniversary, but that is only a sentiment. If I give up the church I want to cut loose entirely and not have any co-pastor. It is not good for the church to serve two masters. If my health improves I could serve the church to my fiftieth year of service but my fear is that as I increase in years my physical difficulties will increase. I ought to give up on January first, but Oh, how it hurts!

October—I was able to close up September and found to

my surprise and delight that the Lord had given me all I asked for and ten dollars more. I asked for \$2222. He gave me \$2232. for which I most gratefully thank Him. My heart is glad when I think of how grandly He serves me. Why did I fix that singular sum—just because I asked Him to give me a living proof that His answer to my prayer was a living proof of his presence and not an accident.

October—Certainly it is up hill work, all this way—in every department. We are making no progress whatever with the proposed endowment. I am worried by it but God has it in hand and I trust.

October ninth—I am not taking any steps toward resignation and none either towards doing my duty as a Pastor. But what ought I to do? Now for twenty years I have been facing a great fear, lest I should stay too long among these dear people. Yet, I had a packed house on Sunday and 200 both at S. S. and the night service. The only "lion in my way" is that pastoral visiting. I just cannot pull myself out to my duty in the afternoon. It is absolutely essential that I get out of it and if I do no pastoral work, how can I be a pastor? On Sunday I received plenty of compliments on my preaching, enough to turn a young man's head. I am not dead yet as a preacher. I love the work as all old men do but I am anxious to do more than "love to preach." I want to drive the truth home to the conviction of sin in erring souls. I want to save men.

October sixteenth—A fine congregation. Thornwell interested the people much. They gave him an ovation.

October twenty-third—There was Presbyterian preaching today in the First, the Second, the Thornwell Memorial and the A. R. Presbyterian Churches, and in Lydia Presbyterian chapel.

October twenty-seventh—According to the order of the Board—the treasurer paid the President (that's me) the splendid sum of One Thousand Dollars for salary for 1910 and the President placed the same to the endowment fund and with it is building a cottage home (No. 2) Centennial which will be occupied by Rev. M. O. A. Sowers. That's a new way of letting me spend a thousand dollars of the interest of the Endowment to further what I may consider to be the best advantage of all parties. This lets loose the former carpenter's lodge for rent. . . I am getting a great many compliments on my preaching these days but what I want is *souls*.

November eighteenth—We are getting *nothing* for the en-

dowment. I fear we are going to fail in securing that \$5,000. It looks so, now. Well, Bennett is certainly working hard. If the scheme fails, it will be an awful misfortune, but it will also be the Lord's will. We are making slow progress with the scheme of endowment anyway. We have \$107,000, however, of the \$250,000 we are hoping and praying for. There are \$3,000 more in sight by January.

November twenty-fifth—Great news! Mrs. McCormick writes that she will give the \$20,000 to complete the endowment of the Professorship guaranteed by Eagan's gift of \$5,000. This is in direct answer to prayer. She conditions the gift on my use of it as long as I live. It is a real pension and is not dependent on my service. I do thank God with all my heart. As twelve hundred dollars is enough for me, I will now have to face the problem of service to the church. I must give it up. As soon as Mrs. McCormick's gift is received, I will feel honor-bound to ask for a co-pastor and if that is refused, to resign. Indeed, I told my heavenly Father that I would take such a gift, given in such a way, as his orders to me to do this very thing. My own judgment is that resignation would do better than a co-pastorate. I should then give my whole time to the Orphanage. I am getting too old to hold longer the control of such a great work. I am constrained to wonder at the way in which God has brought to pass every plan for the work, as I had schemed it out many years ago. And now what? I am at the end of all the plans I laid by which I could give up the pastorate of the First Church. It must now be a question with the First Church itself. So far as I am concerned, the pathway is clear. I cannot conscientiously promise to do work and take pay for it that I am physically unable to do. And yet here was my Sunday's work: conducted the morning worship, Assembly Hall, preached morning, afternoon and evening. I attended both sabbath schools and spoke at each. I married two couples, at home. I conducted the regular meeting of session. I read much, reviewed my sermon and prepared one of them. That is more than most young ministers do. My morning sermon was effective, as was shown by a large night audience "and hit a rainin.'"

November thirtieth—The Lord is very, very good. I told the dear Lord that I must have \$3200.00 this month so he gave me \$4,000. I am very happy over this success. I am hoping and praying every day for his blessing on all work here. It is a great thing to pray. God is listening and I do think that he just loves for us to pray. He certainly has answered our prayers this month.

December first—Dear Lord, send me please \$6500.00 this month.

December third—Mrs. McCormick's check for \$20,000 arrived today and I have immediately written, thanking her and have invested \$6,000 of it in Clinton city 6 per cent bonds. The conditions specify that I must receive the interest on this money as long as I live, making it really a pension for my old age and after that it passes to the President's salary fund. How tenderly I thank God for this. I judge it to be the climax of his plans for my good.

December sixth—Over \$30,000 has been received on the President's fund but of course I will not take the interest on all that money. My salary will be one hundred dollars a month.

December eleventh—Last night I received a letter from Mrs. McCormick, asking to bestow another gift, that will reach to \$2500.00 possibly. She wants to give all that was given by other parties to Gorton College. She is a great woman! If that amount's received, I will use it to build a cottage for Bennett—as superintendent. God bless Mrs. McCormick.

December twentieth—Fifty years ago this day I, being a lad of 18 summers, reported the ordinance of Secession for the *Charleston Mercury*. How time flies! The *Columbia State* enrolled me among the worthies in its secession edition. I have become history.

December twenty-fifth—My faith is not impervious to doubt nor my hope to distress. I am up against limitations. As a bird beats against its cage so I complain against this old worn out body. Not that it does not serve me a good time but it ought to do better. The soul within me is that of a sprightly lad of sixty eight summers. I am determined to live till eighty but how eyes and ears will serve me till then I cannot see. God is good. He will stand by me. I believe.

December thirtieth—Two weeks in bed. Nearly blind—so far as books and writing go. But with a full heart of love to Almighty God. I have not sent out one printed line from the Orphanage for forty days. At the beginning of the month I asked for \$2700.00. And God will give me it all, to the last dollar, and perhaps not a dollar over. But I have received in small gifts a thousand dollars for the endowment and promise of \$500.00 more. Oh, how good God is. I praise Him. May He be with and bless us ever. I am writing this without being able to see it.

December thirty-first—I have closed the month with \$2750 receipts. I thank the Lord and close that month. He has heard my prayer and He hath given ear to the voice of my supplication! Good is the Lord.

1911—Age 68

This first day of the New Year has been an ugly one. My congregations were good, though. The communion was a good one. No additions. At the session meeting, I asked for a co-pastor or that I might be retired. I also expressed my willingness to serve in any capacity or none and asked a meeting of session to consider it; when I was not present. This is right. I cannot do my whole duty, therefore it should be on some one else. I am happier for it. Forty-seven years! I thank God that I have served so long and done so much. I will write a resignation in toto, so that the church may see that I am earnest.

January third—In looking over my receipts for December, I find that God gave me \$6,488, twelve dollars off of the \$6,500, I asked from him, but another gift or two charged elsewhere fully made this up. I am wonderfully grateful and again realize that God meant this month of December to comfort me in every way for (1) He gave me the exact large sum I asked for for the support fund, evidencing His presence. (2) He provided an endowment fund for me and the same so stated as to be also a pension fund so that however I may be disabled, I will be cared for. (3) He has relieved the necessity of pushing the building of the Florida Cottage, by giving us a noble gift wherewith to erect a Superintendent's house. (4) He has added \$2,000 to the General endowment fund and so set loose other funds by increasing our interest receipts by at least four hundred dollars. (5) He has enabled us to improve the work at Phlegar and Musgrove farm so as to increase our receipts, there also, and also to diminish our losses. (6) He has given me grace to put my affairs as to the pastorate in the hands of the church. But oh, the best of all of it is the realization of the power of prayer and the quickening of faith in a present and personal God.

February ninth—Last week I was praying that God would give me fifty souls a year for my hire. On Sunday eleven joined Thornwell Memorial. If no more join I will report to Presbytery Clinton First 16; Thornwell 44; total 66. Before they call I will answer.

March fifth—I will try to find some way to do work without eyes or ears. But it will be a fight. I believe in fighting

to the end. And, more, I will make every day a good day for somebody . . . I have just seen Dr. Parker and he has sentenced me. The trouble in my eye as in the other is cataract. Well, God's will be done. And yet I pray Him to do the best thing for me. He knows what it is. After a while possibly my sight may be restored by an operation. In the meantime I will give much time to God's word—until I can read no more. I will preach as never before and I will trust myself wholly into the hands of the dear Lord. It will be a year at least before I can have the operation. It comforts me to think that some good and skilled physician even such a one as the dear Lord himself, may yet help me by His wonderful skill. In God will I trust. To Him be praise.

March seventeenth—I commit to record here the inevitable fact that I had entered my 70th year. I was 69 years of age on the 15th. I thank God that I am still alive. I don't mean barely living but really alive. Fifty years ago I graduated from Charleston College. I hope that I will be able to stand my examination when I am to enter the University above.

March twentieth—I have just received from my cousin Mrs. Mary Emily Pruitt of Thomaston, Ga. the following family tree of my grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Chew Jacobs:

First American generation: John Chew of Hogg Island, Va. came in ship *Charitie*, settled first at Jamestown in 1622, was burgess from Hogg Island 1623 to 1629 and burgess from York Co. 1634 to 1652. His son, Samuel Chew born in Va. in 1625 married Annie Ayers, daughter of William Ayers, was high sheriff of A. A. Co. and died in 1677. Will of Col. Sam Ayers has following heirs: wife, Annie; sons: Sam, Joseph, Nathaniel, William, Benjamin, John, Caleb; daughters: Sarah and Ann. One brother, Joseph. Gen. 2: Samuel Chew of Herrington A. A. Co. Md., son of John Chew and wife Sarah.

Gen. 3. Joseph Chew, A. A. Co. Md. son of Samuel Chew and his wife, Anne Ayers.

Gen. 4. Joseph Chew, Jr. of Prince George Co. Md. son of Joseph Chew and his wife Mrs. Elizabeth Houslap Battie, daughter of Henry Houslap.

Gen. 5. Chew, thought to be Roger or John. Oldest male issue of Joseph Chew, Jr. as entailed property descended through him to Roger Chew of Alexandria.

Gen. 6. John Chew of Alexandria and afterward of London, Va. grandson of Joseph Chew, Jr. and his wife, Mary. Bro-

ther of Roger Chew of Alexandria and Elizabeth Chew (who married Richard Wightman, married Margaret Reader or Ready in 1777.

Gen. 7. Elizabeth Chew, daughter of John Chew and his wife, Margaret, born June 11th, 1778 married Pressley Jacobs 1799 and mother of Lemuel, Ferdinand, Augustus, Cornelius, Margaret, Elizabeth, Caroline, Elmira, Emily.

I am indeed gratified to find the above record as it furnishes a hitherto sealed page of history. My Jacobs ancestry is very weak in records. My grandfather mentioned in Gen. 7, died in 1852 when I was only ten years of age. He was a member of the Alexandria-Washington Lodge No. 22, A. F. M. and was a fellow with George Washington. He fought as a non commissioned officer in the war of 1812 in the battle of White House. He and his wife were both fine singers and sang in the choir for many years. Father said that the tradition was that the family was Welch and was originally named James, that our ancestor was elected a professor in a University in Holland, thought to be Leyden and there Latinized his name (Jacobus). The head of the house, later on, emigrated to America about 1645, that they were always brave, intelligent people; two fine young men of the family (named shortened to Jacobs) perished before Quebec and there is an old couplet in the family:

"My father's father and three of his sons
Fell in the battle of Germantown."

Another legend places the tragedy at Monmouth. Family records were destroyed, according to one legend, to save Father's Uncle Thomas (16 years of age) from conscription by the British. Grandfather, at that time, was only 6 years old. What I want to find out is the name of father's great grandfather and whether the family legends are true.*

March thirty-first—Closed up the month with \$200.00 more than I asked of the Lord. I am asking him for \$1750 the ensuing month which is \$250.00 more than I received last month.

April thirteenth—Just fifty years ago the Civil War began. Times have very much changed since then but the Civil War has not ended. How old it must make me seem to the boys and girls when I tell them that I remember those days.

*Records discovered later indicate that the father of Pressley, or Presley, Jacobs was named Thomas, as was also his grandfather. (Ed.)

April nineteenth—A telephone call reached me at Chester as I was about to take the train to Charlotte, telling me of Irene Dillard's sudden death. I was stunned for the while. I went to the Carolina house and took a room till midnight and reached home at 2 A.M. So, all my wife's sisters and brothers and their partners are gone. I only am left. Mary and I were married 46 years ago tomorrow. We will bury Irene on that anniversary.

April twenty-third—As it has been a good while since I had made receipt of any large gifts I asked the Lord on Tuesday last, to give to the support one hundred dollars or more, in one gift, before Saturday and in such way as He thought best. He sent me on Friday twenty barrels of flour worth one hundred dollars or over—the most acceptable gift and in the most acceptable way in which He could have sent it. I asked Him to do this to evidence His loving care over the orphans. Under all the circumstances, I am sure that was a miracle. I do not know who the donor was. It is God's gift pure and simple.

May twelfth—On Tuesday, 8:45, I went with Bennett to Columbia, on the 50th anniversary of my entrance, to Columbia Seminary to attend the commencement.

May fifteenth—I found out to my surprise, last night, that my night audiences which are about 225 as a rule, are larger than Methodist, Baptist and A. R. P. all combined, and yet I thought I was about dead. But there being several thousand white people in Clinton, mine is nothing.

May twenty-seventh—The ladies gave me a delightful reception at my own house on last eve to commemorate the 47th anniversary of my ordination as pastor of the First Church. Many were present.

May twenty-eighth—Forty-seven years ago this day I was ordained to the ministry and made pastor of this church. Today I preached 2 Tim: 4.1 and gave my views of the good things to be accomplished by increase of force and asked for a co-pastor.

June—The past twelve months, to June the first, have been wonderful in their good work for the Orphanage. We have received for

The Support Fund	\$31,000
The Endowment Fund	31,000
The building Fund	2,200
The Interest Fund	6,600
The Mechanical Fund	2,500

making a total of \$73,300

and which is very far ahead of the receipts of any year up to date. I thank God for such a twelve month's showing. I asked God for \$1600.00 for last month. I received \$1615. A mar-veious coincidence. I am praying for \$2,000 for June.

June fourth—It is now the 31st College commencement. Dr. Alexander White preached for me today. We had 243 at First Church S. S. and 273 at Thornwell Memorial S. S. Over five hundred scholars in our Presbyterian Church in Clinton is getting to be "good". Oh, Lord give me souls. Dear Master, without souls saved, what will it all amount to?

June thirtieth—Col. W. J. Bryan of Nebraska stopped here for half an hour. I rode with him over the Orphanage. I was decidedly pleased with him.

July second—I have, at last, led, I trust, by the same kind hand that has guided me ever, been enabled by His grace to lay down the pastorate of my beloved charge, the First Presbyterian Church of Clinton. The session met. I told them my physical condition, my inability to discharge the duties of the pastorate and handed them my resignation. I need not say that this is a bitter trial. I have loved the church most tenderly. I have given it my soul. But I realize that my working days as a pastor are over and that I must yield to the inevitable. The congregation is called to meet and accept it—two weeks from today. I will have the rest quickly done, and before the first of August the tie will be severed. Even as I began my ministry so I end it here with "Doxa en hupsistois Theo!"

Of course I still remain pastor of the Thornwell Memorial. It will prosper more, now that it is not overshadowed both in my zeal and love.

July fifth—How beautiful the world is! As I think of my poor eyes and their waning sight my sustaining hope is God, I feel happy that I have had the courage to give up this pastorate of the First Church. I am happy because it was right for me to do it—and yet what regrets come to me as I think of the long life-time of service ended. It means to me as nothing else could—the coming end. A few more years and then I shall know even as also I am known.

July eighth—I am back home, improved somewhat in symptoms, but feeling like an old wreck, yet with a soul within me that is that of the gay bark, all sails set and skimming along the salt sea. In truth I am wanting to do all things and yet am able to do nothing.

July fourteenth—I wrote my resignation sermon yesterday. It is a simple talk on the church and its future hope. I realize that it is the hand of God that has led me to this turn and that I am safe in His house. I shall try henceforth not to have a heart throb, though the love I bear for the dear old church is unutterably deep. If I go on as at present, it will be to loss and failure. I pray God that He will guide the people on next Sunday to do exactly right. And to keep me from heart-burnings.

July sixteenth—Well, so far as their vote can make it, I am no longer pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. My forty-seven years are ended. I do not think I resigned any too soon. Though I humbly hope no harm has been done. The resignation was unanimously accepted. I had hoped up to the last minute that they would have voted me a co-pastor, though in my letter of resignation I did not ask for it. I had urged that before the session in vain. But the volume is closed. I am no longer in the lead in church matters. I have laid the foundation and others will build thereon. How earnestly I pray, Oh, Lord, God, that the good work may go right on and that my successor may do nobly. Oh, God, select him, bless him, crown him with success. My own future narrows, now, but the work I have in hand is a good, great work.

July nineteenth—As pastor of Thornwell Memorial, I have the charge of three hundred souls! Beside these many outsiders attend—sometimes even “hundreds”. This little church is unique in its perfection but also in its lack of independence. I feel sure it will be greatly benefitted by my charge. As editor of *Our Monthly*, to which I propose devoting my time and talents, I have an audience of three thousand and can be of service to the church at large. And then there is the Thornwell Orphanage. A letter just received says “you are doing the greatest work in the Southern Presbyterian Church.” Good! I need not despair. I have enough to do.

I am out here at Riverside and find myself greatly improved over last week and the week before. I really feel like working and, as if to tell me I ought to be up and at it, I have a letter from J. J. Eagan (who gave \$5,000 to my salary fund) offering to head a subscription to raise a \$125,000 endowment fund for the Orphanage general scholarship fund! He has not fixed the figures, but I know it will at least equal his other donation.

June twenty-third—Today I preached my last sermon, as pastor, to my dear old church. Also I presided at the last meet-

ing (925th) of the session which as moderator, I shall officially direct. A committee has been selected to secure a new pastor.

July twenty-eighth—Presbytery met this morning and broke the bonds. I am no more the pastor of the dear old church that I have loved so long and well. I was marvelously surprised that the church unanimously agreed to my resignation. If it had known that I felt this, hoping even to the last that some one would object, possibly it would have been different. I have been driven to this step. I have not gone willingly. Everybody without exception seemed to think that I ought to resign. It is done! Forty-seven years! God give me many years of good work yet in which to serve Him.

June thirtieth—It hurts to have to go on preaching as I am doing to a people that I loved so devotedly but whose love now is roaming after someone else. But I pray most earnestly for their success.

August—Today at Riverside came the news of little Eva Adair. I go in to minister at her grave tomorrow.

August second—Last night after a sweet hour of song on the piazza, stars and clouds fighting for the sky, the pines all pointing their fingers upward, the showers drove me to my room and this was what happened:

THORNWELL

I'm dreaming of "Thornwell" tonight, boys,
Of that dear old home of my youth.
I'm singing the songs that I sang, then,
When life was all beauty and truth.

Oh Thornwell,
Dear old Thornwell,
It was there that I first learned to live.

Wherever I go, I can see them:
The chapel, the school room, the home.
I wonder who now are the playmates,
Who over our playgrounds, roam.

Oh Thornwell,
Dear old Thornwell,
It was there that I first learned to play.

My dreaming is sweet with delight, boys,
My eyes, they grow moister with tears.
For Riverside days are upon me—
The wagon rolls in with its cheers.

Oh Thornwell,
Dear old Thornwell,
It was there that I first learned to dream.

I wander by dear Enoree, boys,
 I float on its waters again;
 I clamber "the big rock" once more, boys,
 With Patrick and Charlie and Ben.

Oh Thornwell,
 Dear old Thornwell,
 It was there that I first learned to swim.

And don't you remember those nights, boys,
 When on the piazza we sang;
 The dark had come down, then the moonlight,
 Each minute we wished an hour long.

Oh Thornwell,
 Dear old Thornwell,
 It was there I first learned to sing.

Those tunes, can I ever forget them?
 The good days on dear Enoree.
 Those Riverside days how I loved them;
 For they brought my heart's music to me.

Oh Thornwell,
 Dear old Thornwell,
 It was there that I first learned to love.

August twenty-seventh—I preached my farewell sermon to-day—Eph. 3:14-19. It was a very hard task to do. I then walked down out of the pulpit and out of the back door. No one on earth knows how much it hurts and yet I am glad. The long expected has come at last. So comes also the entrance within the veil.

September third—Today began the new year in the Thornwell Memorial. It is hard for me but it is well.

September sixth—I went to the First Church prayer service and to my joy found there were 75 present. My resignation has been a blessing to the church.

September seventh—I went to the Orphanage prayer meeting. There were 300 present. Ought I not to be satisfied?

September eleventh—What an over-weening ambition was mine! I wanted to control college, church, orphanage, press, but the Lord has called me down. Really, it wasn't the honor of the thing, I wanted, it was the privilege of building. Much credit is given me but I preferred the directing and let others get the credit. As in the college, so now in the church, I am seeing that these can do better without than with me. I hope that in course of time when I am translated from the Orphanage work, that it also will become a more perfect machine for God's glory.

September sixteenth—Last Wednesday I conducted prayer meeting for the First Church people. There were one hundred present! Two of the ladies are phoning up a congregation on every Wednesday night. The church seems to be enjoying it's hunt for a pastor. God helping me, I am going to make a great success of the Thornwell Orphanage. It is, as it were, my last stand for the Master. I am to give it, henceforth all that is in me.

September nineteenth—There is really no reason why I should get ready to die, yet. Though, as to that, I do not need to get ready. I have been ready for forty years past.

October—Isaac Copeland today told me that they had raised \$2,000 salary for my successor in the First Church pulpit. I have long grieved over giving the church only half of my week day work and yet drawing all my salary. My salary was \$1,000. I feel, since getting Isaac's information that I was giving the church all it paid me for. So I am tres content; and moreover, am not distressed lest I cannot earn my present salary.

October fifth—A note from Thornwell tells me that an arrangement has been made for three cars to take 200 orphans over to Atlanta on a trip to attend a great Presbyterian rally, appointed for the third sabbath in December. It will cost us all a good deal of hard work for us to get them there and back safely.

October fourteenth—I am short five matrons. I have never been in this condition before. There are temporary matrons in charge but their restlessness does not presage good for their children. I little thought when Synod was invited to meet here, which it does on Tuesday, that I would no longer be pastor of the Clinton church. Certainly it lightens my labor in connection with it greatly. Synod will meet here again ten years hence and I, where will I be?

October seventeenth—Dr. Tom Law and his dear wife are with us. Tom and I have chummed it since way back yonder in '58, and have kept up a desultory correspondence ever since. John McSween is to be here, too. Thomas and John, two of the disciples.

October seventeenth—At its session tonight, the Synod elected me Moderator. I did not even hear the nomination and I felt that it would be impossible for me to serve. A deaf man as Moderator! So I gratefully thanked the brethren and resigned the office promptly.

October eighteenth—We had a fine old time on the college business yesterday—speeches—speeches—speeches. The wonderful part is that I was so honored with these speeches.

October twenty-fifth—I am now enjoying an ideal pastorate. This little church is compact, self-supporting, trustful, and obedient. It is large, yet easily visited, easily disciplined, easily directed. I miss the dear old First Church for its self-reliant, self-governing power, but as a joy to the preacher, commend me to the church of the fatherless.

October twenty-sixth—We are getting our children ready to take at least 200 of them to Atlanta to the great Presbyterian rally. Like the Charleston excursion, they will spend two nights in the city. I want to take over as many as possible. . . Oh, how much easier my life is these days and yet I preach as much as ever. Besides three preaching services a week, I conduct the "Matins" daily, in all, 500 services a year, visiting three to five cottages daily, making at least 1000 visits a year; have private conversations with all delinquent children. And all of the above is not my real work. That work is to raise \$30,000 a year for support and all the correspondence connected with it, to edit OUR MONTHLY and to write a multitude of newspaper articles whereby to spread news of the Thornwell Orphanage to every man with a heart and a pocket-book in close proximity. I thank God for giving me health and strength to do this work.

November fourth—Everything now is getting busy for the excursion, next Saturday. It will be a great time for the children. We will take 250 over, leaving only about 50 at home.

November fifth—I took dinner yesterday with J. W. Copeland, commemorating the 89th birthday of Mr. George Copeland, the oldest S. S. Scholar in Laurens County. Mr. Copeland was an elderly man when I came to Clinton. He is still hale and I pray God that he may get well into his nineties before the angel calls him. I am almost 70, but I enjoy life (in my way). I love God's world and I take great delight in all that is about me. I need only physical powers. I still love and think and have sweet peace and joy. Above all I grow into a clearer vision of the eternal presence—and the eternal hope. I notice that I no longer worry myself about the number at church and sabbath school and prayer service. Thank God, there is no need I should.

November sixth—These journal notes of mine have been extended over a period of more than fifty years. They were written solely for myself, though it is possible that my children

may some day get hold of them. They are not for publication. Indeed, if my biography is ever written it will be a brief one, and extracts from these journals would detract from a well written record. I have been reading over some of my old journals today and am struck with their vast amount of repetition but it is worth explaining even to myself, that my idea in writing has been to enable me to see the way by which the Lord has led me upward. He has guided me as surely as ever man was guided by the Almighty. I have had to fight bravely for every success I have achieved and even yet, I am illustrating that apostolic expression "and having done all—stand? I don't purpose ever to give up. I am by nature easily discouraged and yet I know how, even through discouragements, to hold on. Many are my hindrances, but I am of the opinion that even one's limitations are not necessarily occasions for discouragement.

November seventh—Everything is on the move for the excursion under Thornwell's direction to Atlanta on Saturday. Thornwell is certainly reaching outward and upward. His plan is for a grand rally of 10,000 Presbyterians on Sunday morning. Two hundred of the orphans will go over on the same train Saturday, returning Monday. They will take part in the exercises both there and at the Central church . . . I have been reading over my journal of 30 years ago when I was "fighting" the Methodists and Baptists and grieving over their inroads upon Clinton. How simple! "How foolish was I and ignorant." Why could I not have trusted the Almighty and by that mark why cannot I trust Him now? Things are not well with our finances but I can trust Him in spite of the failure of cotton mills to pay dividends and of low prices for cotton; and high prices for all other goods. The great number of automobiles in the country—evidence either the wealth or the recklessness of our people. Which it is, I do not know but I feel sure God will not forget the orphans. I am earnestly praying for a plentiful support—for money for improvements and for funds for the endowment.

November eighteenth—Bennett has just returned from the Synod of Florida and reports that they have decided to accept Miss Conkey's gift and to open an orphanage of their own. This is a serious blow to us—at least to the extent of \$2,000 a year. But a \$30,000 endowment would replace that loss. God is ruling. One cannot complain if the orphans are helped. We will keep up our correspondence with the Florida Presbyterians, not that we will get much Florida money but we will get Florida oranges. Our plan for money raising does not require ecclesiastical endorsement but Christian love. Dear Lord, thou hast brought

this Orphanage to its present condition of good success. It is a greater plant, and a better, than I ever planned for. It is not complete. If thou dost give me health and strength and thy presence it shall be made perfect. With thee as God and guide it can be sustained with ease. Give me wisdom. I want to do the best thing. Give me the needed equipment and endowment for three hundred children and the needed endowment and the good intelligence to lead our orphans on the straight path to the eternal city. Thou hast wonderfully gratified my ambitions. Now, dear Lord, as my day is, so give me strength and opportunity and enterprise. Oh, that thou wouldst be with me, over me, in me, before me. Answer my prayers for good. Give me, best of all, to be obedient to thy law, to enjoy thy love, and to share thy life forever. Amen.

November twenty-first—I am now praying that our dear Lord will help us in at least three directions, besides the special support fund, viz. the Florida Cottage and Bennett's efforts; the Infirmary, for good plans and good successful building, the annex or a new house; the Science Hall for which I am hoping for a \$2,000 gift. One or all these may the dear Lord give us in 1912.

December thirteenth—Glorious old Bible! The older I am the dearer is that precious word.

December seventeenth—Rev. C. E. Hodgkin, elected to be my successor, was here today. All the churches closed to hear him

675 Rush Street, Chicago

Dear Dr. Jacobs:

December 15, 1911

Will you accept the enclosed Christmas token for a journey to some place of rest and retirement for yourself?

I send it with the request that you will isolate this little check from all others, in order that when you can leave Clinton this amount of ready money may be in hand—without any peradventure, otherwise you may forget it is for yourself—your all is given for the Orphans.

Your splendid son and daughter-in-law are so filial in their concern lest you wear yourself out by overwork for the dear Orphan children. We feel great attachment to those dear young people. Their beautiful character and great charm have won our admiration and affection. We know too from whence they, (I mean your son), have got their lovely natural traits—it is from the dear, self-denying father Jacobs.

I am glad to read the publications you so kindly send me—so well edited. I can discover your writing all through. The children of our families are well, as I hope also is the dear child of Mr. William States Jacobs.

Ever sincerely yours,
N. F. McCormick.

(At end of letter): This is one among the hundreds that come to you that expects no answer. We understand each other so that no answer is desired.

except the Thornwell Memorial and the A. R. Presbyterian. He is an exceedingly pleasant gentleman. My deafness would not let me hear him. He has not yet signified his acceptance.

December thirty-first—This month's receipts were just what I prayed for, \$7,691. The four months of the current year even up with the same period of last year; with nearly \$200.00 to the advantage of this season, for our support. Our endowment receipts, however, were very small; only \$1500.00 against \$30,000 last year but there is a good reason. And now, I must work. But that belongs to 1912.

Dear Lord, bless me, even me. This year brought me sore trials. There were two deaths in my orphanage household; there was a sore bereavement in the giving up of my church; but there were mercies; and not least—grace, mercy and peace.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

1912—Age 69

January—Threatened as I am with loss of sight and hearing and without teeth, with which properly to masticate my food and that, too, at the threshold of my seventy-first year when most men lay their burdens down, it would seem as if I should be ready to turn over my tasks to younger hands. And, yet, at all these calamities I laugh. This soul of mine is just about as young as ever; nor can it understand what has happened to its poor encasement that it wabbles so and does such poor service. Indeed, I am like an eagle with a broken wing but yet an eagle still. Beyond doubt I am nearing the western boundary of life but I not only do not realize it, I feel as if I had a right to plan and work as much as ever.

January second—I have just seen two bright, sprightly, healthy children go romping by, ten years old. One or other of them may see 1980. If they are still living in Clinton with its street cars, daily press, automobiles and aeroplanes, may they be able to point out to visitors the Thornwell College for Orphans, a great, rich and godly home for orphans, and may its 105th anniversary be the noblest yet.

I have received the first issue of Thornwell's new monthly paper "THE WESTMINSTER". It seems that he inherits my newspaper traits. Here's for good success to his venture.

January seventh—This is the first sabbath in the New Year. We woke up to find the whole earth covered with a beautiful coverlet of snow, the first in five years . . . I begin a series of sermons on Moses—the greatest of the ancients. It will last through the year.

January thirteenth—I dined with Mr. I. Copeland today in a violent snow storm. I enjoyed the day. Snow eight inches deep.

January fourteenth—The Thornwell Memorial was the only church open in Clinton today. The thermometer at eight degrees and the snow covered earth was too much for the people but I am glad for my little church. We had some forty outsiders. I had "freedom" in preaching. A letter from Mrs. Lesh intimates that she is preparing to give the orphans a new cottage. I thank

God. I hope that He will keep her in that mind and that we may build this summer.

January sixteenth—Last night at 12 o'clock, Mollie came into my room and told me that the Home of Peace was on fire. I was glad that it was in God's hands for good or ill. I was glad that the building was insured for \$7,000, enough to cover its loss. And I was still more glad when on reaching the grounds a few minutes later, I found that our Clinton fire company was at hand and presently, though the thermometer was at six degrees and everything cased in ice, yet water was to be had and the fire was put out with not more than \$500.00 damage. It was a cause of gratitude that no child was hurt.

January twenty-fifth—Much to my pleasure, our receipts for the month, to date, summed up \$3002.35. I have received all I asked the Lord for and there are still five more days.

January thirty-first—I have just buried Mrs. Ann Pearson. She was the only survivor with one exception, of the Presbyterian Church of Clinton, that called me to its pastorate, 47 years ago. I asked the Lord for \$3,000 during this month of January. He gave me \$3250.00. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."

February first—My prayer is that the dear Lord would give me \$2,000 for the support fund this month.

February fourth—The great canvass for the \$200,000 fund for our college is "on". This is the biggest thing our synod has ever undertaken. I earnestly pray that God would make it a success. They are asking \$10,000 from Clinton. God grant that it may succeed in securing that sum. Rev. Frank D. Jones of Charlotte is to be my successor in the First Church. Oh, Lord, give him a wonderful portion of thy spirit and quiet success in the good work. He and I must work together.

February thirteenth—In my fear lest there should be a great forgetting of the orphans on the part of the people, I took up my 1901 annual report—ten years ago. I found that the three synods had increased from 40,000 to 53,000 members. Our receipts for support increased from \$16,000 to \$32,000. Our child supporters in S. C. increased from 3 to 143; in Ga. from 30 to 93. Our endowment had increased from \$27,000 to \$139,000. The new buildings in those ten years are: The Mary Jacobs School, the Supervisor's Home, Gordon, Fowler, Silliman, Hollingsworth and Georgia Homes, the Tech Annex, Conservatory, the McCall Building, the Carolina Memorial in place of the Semi-

nary, the sewerage, water supply, bath room and fire protection and quite a number of smaller improvements such as Mr. Scott's building, the Silo and machinery, electric lighting throughout the grounds, alumni cottage at Musgrove etc. On the whole, I ought to be much encouraged.

February twenty-fourth—I asked the good Lord to give me at least \$2,000 for this month. He has already given me within a few dollars of it.

February was a great success in money getting for the orphans. We received \$200.00 more than I asked for and closed the month with \$200.00 more in the treasury than last February. For all which I thank God most gratefully.

March third—And today Bro. Frank Dudley Jones came with his family to take charge of his work in "my" old church. Lord give him great success.

March fourth—Yesterday I went round to the First Church and heard Bro. Jones's sermon to his people. The dear old church—may God prosper the new pastor and give wonderful success and great honor to the dear brethren. I am glad my ordeal is over. Yesterday eve we had a sweet communion season at the Thornwell Memorial. My field of labor is now equal to my strength. I am happy in it.

March seventh—I recall that some years back I proposed an endowment of \$10,000 for our college and called on the whole U. S. to foot the bill. But now, we are aiming at a \$100,000 endowment and Clinton is making an effort to raise \$10,000 of it. Moreover, it looks as if we would succeed.

March fifteenth—Certainly this is just about the worst rain we have had for many a long year. At 7 when the bell rang and to my surprise, it was the Thornwell Memorial bell, it was pouring down furiously—we reached the church however, and then when I saw the crowd and the pastors—all of them—of the city assembled, and many people, it struck me that this was my 70th birthday. How the dear people all reached the place is a mystery—they must have swum. Bennett conducted the services beautifully. Ellison Simpson poured a loving cup of praise on my head and presented it to me in behalf of the children. They sang beautifully and there were lovely flowers from everywhere. All made me, most unworthy, very happy. It was all unexpected. Fronde Kennedy's poem was beautifully sung to "Old Lang Syne" by all the people. The lights went out. When I began to speak, the lights came back again. Florence gave me

a great dinner. All my children and grandchildren were there. And we were all very happy together. Well, I might as well face it. I am 70. Moreover, I can't help it. Even the scriptural limit gives me nearly ten years more. Be that as it may, I am just going right on. I will take no advantage of my years to drift, idle—above all things to snivel. If it is to be ten years or twenty—it will mean work.

March thirty-first—I had the privilege of preaching to my old congregation for Brother Jones this A.M. I was surprised and delighted to see a great many new faces; and very large congregation. Bro. Jones is moving right on. He is making good and my heart is glad.

April sixth—One of the surprises of the week was Thornwell's success, thus far, in reviving Oglethorpe University. What I have done for South Carolina, he is doing for Georgia.

April eleventh—Today is my daughter, Florence Bailey's 46th birthday. She looks as young and spry as the women of war-times looked at 30.

April fourteenth—A sweetly beautiful sabbath day, full of the glory of the spring time. The trees are all in full dress of richest green. Flowers are everywhere. As to the services, they were well attended, morning and afternoon. Bro. Jones preached for me in the afternoon and he gave us a fine sermon. The children listened well. Oh, how joyous and holy these sabbath days.

April twentieth—Today is the 47th anniversary of my marriage. My heart weeps no longer for Mary. She will wait for me. Oh wasn't that beautiful when Mrs. Isadore Strauss clung to her husband, refusing to be saved as he could not be, when the Titanic went down last Sunday morning. And the grandeur of the scene was unspeakable, the band playing, to the very last, "Nearer my God to thee!" Sixteen hundred men went down with the ship. Captain Smith was swept overboard with the last lurch of the great vessel. He rose near a boat—the men in it cried "there's the Captain, pull him in." "No fellows, I follow my ship." And so he sank. Grand! The whole nation is swept with a wave of sorrow for these brave men.

May twenty-third—I note with pleasure that States has been chosen delegate to the General Council of churches: Thornwell has won in his plans for a Pan-Presbyterian Pentecost in Atlanta. Ferd is having a great time with the ad people in Dal-

las. Dill is in New York and I am loafing in Charleston at Mrs. McCormick's expense.

This afternoon I took a walk in and about old haunts. The old college! Rough windows, rough brick pavements in the basements. It was that way 50 years ago. I took a walk from the college round to the old home, corner King and Vanderhorst. The front door is all bricked up. Bottles and drug store displays fill our front dining room windows. I judge our cozy dining hall is a lumber room now. Eheu! the dear old days come back no more.

May twenty-fifth—Home again and busy. All day I have spent struggling to understand the pellagra situation. We certainly have a bad time with it.

May twenty-sixth—Forty eight years ago I was ordained and installed Pastor of the Clinton, Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek churches. Today, I am to assist in installing my successor—Rev. Frank Dudley Jones. May our God give him great success—a most fruitful ministry and a fine increase of membership. With the service this morning at which my old church was turned over to Bro. Jones, my connection with it is forever closed. I gave the charge to the people out of a full heart. Bro. Jones of the church, Bro. Douglas of the College and I of the Orphanage must work together. I might add also, J. F. Jacobs of the Religious Bureau for he is certainly doing a great work for Presbyterian Journalism.

June second—Forty years ago (July 7th) I organized the Clinton High School Association out of which the Presbyterian College of S. C. has grown. I will attend the 32nd commencement of the College this week. Murchison preaches the sermon today. It is a beautiful day. The college will build a new and noble dormitory this year. I am glad and thankful.

July fourth—I am rejoicing along with the state, in Woodrow Wilson's nomination to the presidency. I knew him as a boy and admired his father very much indeed. He was a devoted friend of father and mother.

July fifth—This is one of Riverside's rainy days. I am due to be at home this eve, but every prospect is for a rise in the creek. Our Riverside farm is the muddiest of red land when it rains, and so it does look as if on such days we were aboard ship. But it rests one so to feel that you have nothing to do.

July fourteenth—Just fifty years ago this day I preached my first sermon in Clinton. Moreover it was the first sermon

I had ever written. I was twenty years old but not licensed. Today I preach it over to a little audience in the Thornwell Memorial. I have never preached it since June 13th, 1862. "Jesus wept, And the Jews said, 'behold, how He loved Him'."

July twenty-fourth—The river was full yesterday and a little dangerous to be caught in the Musgrove mill shoals. For about a minute I thought our boat was going to swamp as we rolled over on the rocks, but the girls behaved beautifully and all went off alright.

July twenty-fifth—The receipts are awfully short this month. I attribute it to the divided interests of our people. The fearfully disgusting political campaign has brought all of the worst element of the state into prominence and is giving occasion for serious alarm to those who really love their country—but one must not despair. Even this abounding zeal of the ignorant and evil minded is educative. One might even dread this underworld of passion were it not for the letting in of the light. South Carolina is a God-fearing state and that is its salvation . . . Riverside days are delightful. It means to me ample rest from exciting cares and interests—doing only what I feel like doing—and leaving the rest out. I sit in my little room by its lone window and catch vision of the pines and the clouds, the green earth and the blue sky, Love and God.

August second—Perfectly delightful weather after the rain but I must leave Riverside for home this evening.

August fourth—I preached for the first Church people this morning. The pastor is absent. My afternoon sermon was a memorial discourse. Dr. James Henley Thornwell, who died fifty years ago this week.

August tenth—I am at Riverside for a week's stay. In fact I do not expect to go in before next Thursday. I came out quite unwell but am much improved already. This is really to be the last holiday I will take. I will come here again each week till the close of the season but there is some hard work to be done before school begins.

August eleventh—If I do not err, this is only the second time that I have spent the Sabbath at Riverside Cottage since it was founded in 1900—13 years ago. I preached to the little people in the new dining hall, dedicating it to the comforts of both body and mind . . . If I were selecting the most wonderful of modern (past fifty years) inventions I would certainly put them as follows: Wireless telegraphy; the telephone; electric

lights and motor power; the fountain pen; the typewriter; the phonograph and the aeroplane—though the latter is hardly arrived as yet. The bicycle and the automobile must surely come in along with it. e. g. one of our children was taken quite ill yesterday. In ten minutes a phone message brought out an automobile and in thirty minutes she was at the infirmary and phoned back “alright.” Modern surgery is as wonderful as any of these.

August eighteenth—My sabbath crowds are small through the summer but I try to preach good sermons. I do love our little church.

August twenty-third—Is any life worth living that leaves no memorial, both blessing and continuing to bless.

September first—It is forty years since I decided to work for the establishment of the Thornwell Orphanage. I am looking forward, God sparing me, to ten more years of good service.

Elijah had his course suddenly cut short—but he went up in power as well as glory. And a similar end awaits every man who is thoroughly willing to serve God to the uttermost.

September sixth—I ought surely to be given a place on the lecture bureau. I am taking my officers in sections and divisions, telling them all I know. I am really getting the institution to move off on greased wheels. Thank God. A happy old age! Somebody wanted me to have that. I have it. I am not content with that. I must have a thoroughly busy and useful old age. Down to my last moment. I want to be found with my hands on the plow.

September twenty-first—They all laugh at me at home for persistently taking lodgings at the Argyle when I visit Charleston or for even coming to Charleston at all when there is the great Atlanta so much more easily reached and so live and growthy. But why not? I feel at home here, even if I do have a different room at every visit (this time it is 98). I have a very pretty view of the Charleston hotel from its window and of St. Michael's squarely in front. A heavy cloud is hanging over the city and it does look as if I were going to find it a wet trip to Edisto. I was early on the battery this morning, though I didn't reach the city till about twelve, last night. There is a weird sensation that the sea always gives me, that carries me away from mundane things altogether. I look out on the restless waters. My eyes look further and further toward the skyline, I begin to realize the meaning of the words “the boundless

deep." The earth is miles away and its whole surface becomes a waste of fathomless rolling waves, filled with strange creatures, a world of its own, in which no man dare dwell, and presently I am lost to the things about me and am looking for the spirit of God that moved upon the face of the waters.

Well, this morning I visited all my old haunts. I always do that when I come to the city. And it is a real pleasure to see how little changes there are in it all—that is the joy of Charleston anyway—it is improving and growing, but it is not tearing down the old . . . The preceding was written in Charleston this morning. I am now in Townsend Mikell's delightful home on top Edisto. He calls his place Sunnyside. It is situated on an island about two acres in extent, water entirely surrounding it . . . For twenty-five cents I had more pleasure than I ever got out of that sum before for I sat and sat and thought and thought as I took sweet note of the lovely water views about us. I thank God for having given me a heart to love Him and to enjoy this beautiful world. The planet Mars, they say, has neither mountains nor oceans, but is a level plain with water mains, with desert views of yellow sand as the only national scenery, except for the fresh water lakes at the poles. If no mountains, then probably aluminum is their only metal and their pipes are all of terra cotta. I like our world very much better. Certainly I have learned something of the geography of our sea-coast today. Take it all in all, this is about the most peculiar location for a home that I have ever had the pleasure of visiting. A little isle with scattered trees; palmetto, live oak, magnolia, a causeway and bridge leading out from the house to the shore, a deep salt inlet surrounding it on all sides, full of fish and crabs and oysters, and all this inside of Edisto island which latter is surrounded by wide arms of the sea to which large steamboats come and go. I remember the good old days I spent here, fifty two years ago. Townsend Mikell was my friend then and as for his sister, Mary, if she had been an angel from heaven, I could not have loved her more. We three are still alone but the others that were our dearest ones then are gone within the veil.

September twenty-second—This morning Mrs. Mikell, at my urgent request, took me down to Eding's Bay. I spent the summer of '59 and '60 in the lovely summer retreat called "Edingsville" and I know those were the halcyon days of my early life. Edingsville then had two churches and forty or fifty families—resident there the whole summer through. But now! There is not a stick of timber on the islet. Where stood the Presbyterian Church and parsonage so dear to my young manhood, now rolled

the waves of the throbbing sea. Ever, a requiem for the sweet Auburn is being sung by solemn-voiced waves of the infinite ocean. I climbed the only sand hill on the islet. From its crest, where a few palmettoes sigh to the sea-breeze, I caught vision of the great deep. How gladly I would have spent the whole day there! Edings Bay is gone. Nothing remains of it—not even the ground itself, save a little thin islet, of a few acres extent, its only inhabitants being millions and millions of fiddlers. If we had had time I would have gladly put in an hour or two collecting for our Museum.

September twenty-ninth—My heart has been surcharged with prayer this whole day long. I am crying after God that He would bless me—that He would bless the Orphanage and all His work here. And, oh, I am so grateful for the past and longing for a heaven-bright future.

October—Lord, give me this month, enough for the month and in addition, enough to cancel last month's indebtedness. It will take \$3,000. I have a most encouraging letter, promising a \$10,000 Infirmary. Oh, God speed the promise to fulfillment.

October sixth—The time is coming when this institution will have a hundred buildings, a thousand children, a million dollar endowment, and a God-given president to do all that.

November sixth—I went out yesterday evening on a walk and my steps took me over to the college campus. I found the new dormitory being rushed along to completion. The front entry is massive and beautiful. It makes me rejoice that Bro. Douglas has such splendid courage. He is moving things. He has a score of other improvements in view. And that makes me very happy indeed.

November ninth—The teachers and our sophomore class were yesterday's Riverside party. The day was a beautiful one—a little cool—just enough to make us kindle the first fire in our new dining hall. Enoree was raging. It was a great swollen flood and the current exceedingly swift but we took three parties of girls up the river and enjoyed it hugely. We had a delightful dinner. Leaving at five P.M., the sun left us a few minutes later. Venus and Jupiter, about three degrees apart, hung over the west and made night beautiful. It was a joyous day—a day of youth time. How I do love Enoree and Riverside!

November twenty-eighth—I had a reunion of my children and grandchildren at my home today. I am happy in my children. God bless them. I wish my three absent boys and their

households could have been with me. Snow covered the earth this morning but it is nearly all gone this evening. The day's receipts for the Orphanage came very near the \$500.00 mark. I am exceedingly anxious to close up the month without debt but I fear we cannot do it. Our Thanksgiving service was in the Thornwell Memorial. Jones preached. I was so deaf today that I could hear nothing.

December tenth—I earnestly hope that the second Centennial of Dr. Thornwell's birth, Dec. 9th, 2012 will be observed under even more delightful circumstances. But none of us will be there to see.

December twentieth—This is the 52nd anniversary of the ordinance of Secession. The war is over. There is no longer North or South. A Virginian will enter the Presidential chair.

December twenty-second—A telegram today brings the distressing intelligence of Judge Phlegar's death. I have never seen him but I loved him for his works' sake. Next to Mrs. McCormick he has done more for the Orphanage than any one else. He has been the means of turning into the Orphanage about \$35,000 to \$40,000. His own gifts were large and constant. He was planning a new scholarship very recently which we may now lose. What a distress. His gifts to the support were \$500 or more annually. And his death may mean the cessation of the Sunday School memorial gift. Today is a dark day. The clouds hang heavy but God is nigh.

December twenty-seventh—A delightful Christmas occasion, taking it all in all. Up to today I have received \$6,820.00. This lacks a good deal of the \$7,500.00 I asked for but I am hoping for more before the month ends. I have also received six hundred from Christianburg for the endowment, which is their last large gift, I fear. But we ought to rejoice. Their gifts have paid for the Musgrove farms and that brings us in about \$500.00 income a year and is a rock ribbed investment.

December thirtieth—Christmas is producing its usual harvest of trials. My greatest is the carelessness of matrons in obedience to rules.

I look back over the year with a glad heart. I am grateful to God for having given me a whole year without one sick day.

1913—Age 70

Oh my soul, sit still and ponder
 On the visions of the Word.
 Fear not, Faint not, shout with wonder
 At the glorious grace of God.

January eleventh—A letter today from Miss Mary M. Phlegar brought a check for endowing a cot in the Infirmary of Fifteen hundred dollars. I gratefully thank God. Another from Mr. B. M. Hagan of Christianburg tells me that Judge Phlegar left the Orphanage \$2500.00 in his will which will be paid soon. He also assures me that the Christianburg School will keep up its superb annual gift to the endowment fund.

January twenty-fifth—Today we buried our dear old brother, George P. Copeland, 90 years of age. He was a trustee of our church—sole surviving member of the official board. Au revoir Uncle George.

January twenty-ninth—My poor little sister, Minnie Wren died today in Nashville. She had been very sick in Miami and was hastened to Nashville only to die. She has been dependent on my care, more even than on her other brothers, but in her death it has fallen to Mamie to care for her.

February sixteenth—I have been quite unwell for several days past, but I am encouraged today by a lovely sabbath after several days of frost, notwithstanding a tussel with grippe. I preached so that many seemed to enjoy the discourse. I also enjoyed the thought of the text immensely—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love". God seemed very near. I have spent much of this day with my books. I can, indeed, call the Sabbath a delight, "the holy of the Lord." My heart fills up on God's day with a well-spring of joy and I get near to my Savior.

February twentieth—I went over to my office this morning to find that only one letter had come by the morning's mail but on opening it, to my surprise and delight, it contained a check from Mrs. McCormick for \$5,000, the interest only to be used and that for the annual repair of her seven cottages. The gift was undoubtedly in answer to prayer. This gift helps me to be relieved of one of the anxieties for the future, that these houses have always caused me. My heart goes out in thankfulness to God for having touched the heart of our noble, generous friend. The ink was hardly dry upon the above paragraph, when my evening mail brought in a check from Mrs. J. H. Lesh for the Infirmary of \$2500. I thank thee, O Father, not only for this

most gracious gift but that the coming of both these gifts were in answer to the special prayer offered last Sunday night. My heart is full to overflowing and indeed my hands will soon be full also.

March seventeenth—This is perhaps my last trip here. I like Miami very much indeed. My first trip here was to pass through on my way to Cuba. Later on I made a trip here to see Minnie. Then I came with Elliott to go to Nassau. A little later, while Cleo was here. This is my sixth trip and I specially came this time to see Key West and the Florida Keys. If I ever come again it will be for a tour southward. However, that can be more easily made from Charleston . . . One of our pleasures here has been to go to the Seawall. Old Ocean is a great comforter.

March twenty-seventh—The troublous floods in the northwest now attracts the attention of the whole country and silences the pitiful appeals of our fatherless children.

March thirtieth—I preached this morning with difficulty. Brother Hooten preaches this afternoon. I am almost perfectly deaf and very hoarse, but I am happy for God is with me. The week has been a trying one but I am having everything straightened out and hope to begin a good week tomorrow and a good month Tuesday. My prayer is gratified. God has given me the \$2,000 I prayed for for March and with all my heart I am praying for \$2,000 for April.

Dear Lord, be gracious unto me. I need comfort for I am passing through physical trials and anxiety. I was young and now I am old but never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor His seed begging bread.

April thirteenth—How beautiful the world is and how happy I am that I am alive and am still able to work. I dread the days of darkness, when I can no longer work, but am hoping for those

Rev. William P. Jacobs
Clinton, South Carolina
Thornwell Orphanage
Dear Mr. Jacobs:

675 Rush Street, Chicago
March 1, 1913

Rev. D. McDowell Douglas presented your letter to Mrs. McCormick and made his appeal for help to complete the \$200,000.00 Endowment Fund. Mrs. McCormick has agreed to contribute \$5,000.00, as you will see by the copy of the enclosed letter. Mrs. McCormick wanted you to know the terms upon which this contribution was made, and I felt that it was better for you to have an exact copy, rather than to attempt to give you the information in letter form.

Yours very truly,
T. B. Gorton, Secretary.

good times, when, with all my loved ones, I will be forever happy and forever young.

April fourteenth—There came the unfortunate news of the lawsuit for the \$5,000 worth of property left to us by Mrs. Sherard at Greenwood and last of all, not a dollar or a letter by this evening's mail. The day, too, is cold and threatening frost to-night. But God is good and He never brings a distress but He adds some great blessing.

April fifteenth—I have in my Library some 3,000 books. These have become in part a history of myself. I have lived in the books and they have been absorbed in me. For the most part they are good and useful books and I am desirous that in some suitable way they should be kept together and made a monument to my memory—old dry books are a very suitable memorial of an old dried up man. I want my children to see to this. There are quite a number that are valuable. There is the only complete set of *Our Monthly* in existence. My short-hand Library is perhaps the best in the South. I have complete files of the Minutes of the Assembly and of *Enoree Presbytery*. I have a complete set of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*. My theological library contains the current orthodox views. I have about 20 volumes of my own mother's and five to six hundred of my father's. Some books from Dr. Thornwell's library. On the whole, the collection is unique and it ought not to be scattered. A hundred years hence it would be an object lesson. My hope is that the Thornwell Orphanage may have a great Library building some day and that one room may be set apart as a Memorial Room of the founder of the Orphanage and that my books may be a part of the furnishing of that room. This is only a little of my folly but even wise men are foolish at times.

April nineteenth—Ferd called round in his automobile and took us on a 20 mile ride. We started out to Riverside but it was threatening rain so we failed to make it.

April twentieth—Forty-eight years since my marriage. Those blissful thirteen years but the sorrowful thirty-five! I miss my darling yet . . . In reading over the annals of ancient Assyria I find that the Egibi family were the great bankers of that day. Now Egibi is just the Assyrian way of writing Jacobs. A venerable and active family they were and are—and good at finance! . . . I am amazed to find that I am booked to open the great Quadrilateral Assembly in Atlanta, May 15th, with prayer.

April twenty-fifth—I have just told the brethren out at the Decatur Orphanage good-bye and I have ridden in and through

and out to Ansley Park, 15 Maddox Drive, to Dillard's home—about fifteen miles . . . Every trip I have made to Atlanta shows me vast improvements. Over 2,000 buildings a year is the pro rata. The Oglethorpe University site is to be 12 miles from the center of the city, as far as Laurens is from Clinton! Atlanta is a city in the country, owing to the many unusable gullies and ravines and hills, but it is for that very reason a very beautiful city . . . A delightful forty mile per hour, in a Pullman car brought me home. Oh, how sweet home is. Cyrus was at the station with his car and in five minutes I was home. Dear old Clinton, you are dearer to me than all Atlanta.

April twenty-seventh—Today I preached at the first church. Scores shook hands with me. It was painful, yet pleasant. My mail last night brought me \$7500.00 for the Lesh Infirmary. The whole sum has now been paid in and work must go right on.

When the Panama Canal was first undertaken, I said to myself, I will never live to see it finished and now the opening is very close at hand! What may not God yet permit me to see. I have surely seen many things accomplished that I never dreamed possible in my life.

May fifteenth—I came over last evening with Mollie to this thriving, bustling city of Atlanta and am with my dear son, Dill. States came in from Texas to Clinton and spent the morning with me, before I left. I was delighted to see "the great Dr. Jacobs" (There is 220 lbs. of him). He tells me of his little son's advancement which makes me glad. Dill met us at the train and brought us up to his home. Louise was with him. After a good sleep last night and a delightful breakfast this morning, Thornwell called and took me down to the *Constitution* office to be photographed. I was in at the opening of our General Assembly at 11 A. M. and was made to go up into the pulpit and offer an invocation. I greatly enjoyed the communion with the Assembly. Dillard met me after service and took me to lunch with him, and to "a movie", and a little later Kate Upchurch called and took me to ride in her automobile from which I find myself just returned at four P. M. How kind they all are to the old man. God bless them.

May sixteenth—Last night I was on the platform at the great auditorium gathering—a magnificent expression of Presbyterian unity. My only duty was the opening invocation. It was a mighty audience. We didn't get to bed till one A. M. In the after part of the morning I went down to the Assembly and met scores of my friends—so many that they confused me. Thence

I went to Thornwell's Reception given at the Capital City Club to the Religious Press. It was a fine dinner.

May twenty-fourth—The work on the buildings is moving forward slowly. Money for the support isn't coming in at all. And I have a headache.

May twenty-eighth—No funds are coming in but expenses are.

May thirty-first—Yesterday I took a day off going out to Riverside with the printer boys and some of the seniors. Ferd came out at five-thirty and took me in his automobile. We whirled along through Laurens to Clinton, 23 miles, in one and a half hours, reaching home before the others who left in the carriage and had only eight miles to come. The Automobile is making a great change in travelling conditions. We begin to realize that this is a new age and not the one in which I passed 65 years.

June twenty-third—What are my future plans for the Orphanage?

1—\$100,000 scholarship fund.

2—A perfect Infirmary system.

3—A noble Museum and Curator.

4—A well equipped College building including professor, observatory, laboratory, business department.

5—A model farm.

6—A beautiful, well laid off campus with paved sidewalks.

7—A Musgrove Industrial farm for troublesome boys.

8—Five hundred orphans.

9—A systematized and well organized method of government.

10—A \$50,000 annual income.

But why am I making this look into the future? It is just a notice to myself that I mean to "die in the harness". I am not going to retire, ever, from the Orphanage work—but I am willing for someone to have a partnership with me in this cause, someone who will assume the support of the home and the direction of its order. I am willing for the Synodical Board to place on my "Assistant" whatever duties and responsibilities they wish in which case that part of the work will not rest on me. How-

ever, when I die, there will be a cataclysm anyway in Orphanage affairs and I need not provide a Solomon to succeed me as David did. For after all Solomon was something of a failure.

May twenty-eighth—I begin my Riverside trips next Tuesday. Dillard is here and we are enjoying his society.

July second—Out at Riverside on a lovely July day, enjoying the green earth, the wide spaces, the quiet, the sweet, dust-free morning air and the odor of an appetising breakfast and even the waiting for it—I feel that I can do as I please; and that is the sum and substance of Riverside! Yesterday 74 people died of the heat in Chicago, and I guess the balance wondered how people away down in South Carolina survived.

July thirteenth—I preached this morning on the front piazza to about 30 young people, on the 115th Psalm. It was a sweet and thoughtful service. I am happy in the thought that this has been a well-spent sabbath. Our children have had a salutary lesson. I will talk to them again this evening in the gloaming.

July fourteenth—On Saturday, Ferdinand came in his father's automobile and took us into town, where I put in a steady morning's work, getting through with banking matters and I visited the two new buildings. Work was going on very well. Florence brought me back in the afternoon in her automobile—a half hour's ride—four times as fast as our carriage.

July fifteenth—It is the sweet, fresh air of the morning and the early morning walks that help some. Then the delightful breakfast with its perfect coffee, that strengthens for the day. And after that, the amazing fact that I sit and read and write for hour after hour without one single interruption. All this brightens life at Riverside. In the evening comes the moonlight and the melody of child-voices, singing their songs; Oh, sweet days at Riverside.

July eighteenth—I appreciate, I trust, the plan to make the new Science Hall at the college a memorial of me but I feel humbled by it as well. It seems to me that monuments ought not to be built to the living. May the plan to erect this noble building meet with the blessing of the Almighty.

July nineteenth—Will and Florence called yesterday and took us in their automobile to Laurens. We left home at six-thirty and were back home after 26 miles of it at nine P. M.

July twentieth—Two poor sermons preached today. Went around in Ferd's automobile to his home to baptize my little

grand child, Thornwell's only daughter. Came back in Florence's automobile.

July twenty-second—Riverside. My grandson, Ferdinand (and a splendid young man he is) came around at three o'clock with his father's automobile and brought Mollie, Cassie Oliver and Nanne Jacques (a part of my family) in thirty minutes to Riverside. I was more impressed than ever with the value of this splendid means of locomotion—a private railroad on a private road.

August twelfth—It is beautiful at the Orphanage. It is quiet and free of anxiety at the River. Which shall I prefer? Alas, my deaf ears make it quiet enough at home, but there is a strain to hear what is said to me that is harder to hear than noise. We are fearfully behind in our finances. Only \$400.00 received to date. It ought to have been \$1200, if we are to be spared from debt.

August thirteenth—Much to my amazement, George Flanagan brought Allen Langston here to be married. I married them in the dining room—the first marriage at Riverside and that of two of our Orphanage pupils. Well, George has shown that he has initiative.

August seventeenth—I wonder if any living man is as happy in his work as I am. I dearly love it. I thank God daily for having permitted me to do what I have done as His steward and ambassador. My life is now in the late evening, but I am happy as a boy in the recall of the joys of yesterday.

August twenty-second—Well, I am very glad to say that we struck water last night and the test gives us thirty gallons per hour. The water is good and will be cold and clear. The well is 106 feet deep, of which forty feet is through soil and soft rock, and piped for that distance, and 66 feet is through hard granite. The long hoped for is accomplished. Thank God. The well we have been using for five years will be filled up and a cold storage room made of the top of it.

August twenty-ninth—I have slipped off from our Company, Sara Harvin and Mattie (Hipp) Cunningham, to thank God just for a little moment for His guidance. I am not feeling well but there is a reason for it. Nor am I delighted with Orphanage conditions—but I have learned to thank God.

August thirty-first—Today ends the fiscal year of the Thornwell Orphanage. Moreover, it begins the 39th school year. I

tremble as I think of the rapid flight of time. I had hoped long ere this to have had some visible demonstration to living men of the eternal life. Faith is weakening for multitudes—not in the living Christians, thank God, but in those who never were alive in Christ. Whether or not the graves shall give up their dead in my time, I know not, but God is assuredly preparing to give this world one awakening. The signs are plentiful of some coming revelation. As for myself, I am rejoicing in my work. I am very happy in all that I am doing and will press forward to do greater things yet.

“Let thine eyes look right on,
And thine eyelids straight before thee.”

Thank God at the rising of the sun,
Thank Him in the heat of the noon-tide;
And in the cool of the evening, say thou: “I love
the Lord,”
For He hath heard my prayer;
He hath given ear
To the voice of my supplication.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE ORPHANS?

Among the orphanages that have occasion to be proud of the children who are reared in their particular orphanage, none have occasion to be more proud of their alumni than the Thonwell Orphanage. Dr. Jacobs is a genius in orphanage work, and we dare say that his equal hasn't been born. Great men have wrought wonders in establishing orphanages, and able men have taken up the thread and carried the work on to a glorious success but Brother Jacobs not only founded his orphanage but has been the leading spirit in carrying it to its zenith of glory in his day. We do not wish to discourage our brethren to the south of us, but one thing we can assure them; they will never find another man as capable as the one they now have. When he is gone another will take his place but the best he can do will be to hold his ground and maintain the high state of efficiency established by his predecessor. He will lack the wisdom and long years of experience so necessary in this work. Well may the new man congratulate himself if he can prevent the work from going backward while he is getting experience. You who have felt the responsibility and trials in rearing four or five children to be useful men and women, have a slight conception of the responsibility resting upon the shoulders of the man who is responsible for several hundred children. Very few men are capable of assuming this responsibility. They have to be born for this work. Bro. Jacobs is a veteran in orphanage work and his methods are watched by every superintendent who is seeking sound information. Under Brother Jacobs' inspiration and training one boy out of ten becomes a minister of the gospel. Then, too, he raises his own faculty and equips them for the world while they are in the orphanages as inmates. Fourteen workers out of thirty-two are their old children. Out of twelve teachers, seven are old pupils. Out of seven foremen, four were reared in the orphanage and two matrons and a secretary were also trained there. Thus it will be seen that about half of the workers of the Thornwell Orphanage were once inmates of the orphanage, but were especially trained for the work and have a thorough knowledge of the workings of the orphanage. Considering

September thirteenth—Yesterday was the 25th anniversary of Florence's marriage. I dined with her. After dinner, Ferd, Elliot, Florence came by in Ferd's automobile and we rode over to Greenwood and back, 62 miles—the longest ride I have ever taken in an automobile.

September fifteenth—I am reading now Roark's Psychology, Hunter's Biology and Dryer's High School Physical Geography—all at one time. I have just finished Abbott's life of Cortes and Dr. Funk's Widow's Mite (both of these second readings.)

September twenty-seventh—I closed up the accounts of the Thomas M. Jones Science Hall today with a total of \$2,222 paid in full. It is a neat little structure and will certainly give us the hope of a museum within the next two years, if my life is spared for that long and I keep my eye sight . . . My congregation this afternoon reached 400, all young people. About 75 college boys were out. I certainly ought to be a happy man. I expect to have good congregations all the winter through and my theme shall be Christ! Christ! Christ!

October fifth—A perfectly beautiful day. I am praying today for God's richest blessing on the Thornwell Memorial. We elected and ordained to the deaconship in our church, three new deacons. We now have five elders and five deacons. Dear church, scion from the church of my first love and only service, I love you for my master's sake. I have nearly completed the 50th year of my work! God willing, I shall preach a memorial service on the 28th of May 1914—my fiftieth year.

October eighth—Up to date \$800.00. We must have \$3,000 this month. We really need 3500.00. I spent yesterday one hour with God, three hours in office work, two in Museum work, two in building supervision, one in orphanage supervision, two in editorial work, eleven hours in all. And I was sick all the while.

October eleventh—I find that the more I do, the more for me is there to be done. One might consider that I have done enough and now that I am as deaf as a post and nearly blind in one eye and very near sighted in the other, I might decide to lay down the work but I am very grateful to say that the motto on the title page of this book is my motto for my life. My cry is rather for the leading hand of God to give me a chance to keep busier than that He should give me rest in His love. I may live many years yet. Oh, Lord, how I would hate to have it said of

these facts it is a modest statement to say that this work pays at the Thornwell Orphanage. This ought to answer the question: "What becomes of the children trained in the orphanage?" *Our Fatherless Ones.*

me "he outlived his usefulness". I have now as always in the past tried to keep busy by keeping other people busy. But so do all others who accomplish anything. If I build a home I do not have to put each brick in place with my own hands. I succeed by giving some others the brick laying while I tell them where to place the bricks.

October twelfth—What a fearful loss is the loss of hearing. But thank God I can see—it is my joy to hear the authors of old time from the printed page. I will soon know more of those whom I have never known, than of those I am with daily.

October eighteenth—The world is frightening with its progress. This week's news, the *Volturno* burned in mid-Atlantic. Twelve steamers called to the rescue by wireless! The *Zeppe-land LII* exploding in mid-air and 28 men killed.

October twentieth—I leave for Synod tomorrow, not having any good excuse except that of physical infirmity—so deaf that I won't be able to hear a word but I persist in going, even if I am only an old stump. And, dear Lord, go with me!

October thirtieth—I have had more annoyances with recalcitrant matrons and teachers this season than ever before in the history of the orphanage. I do hope things will smooth down but—who can tell the ways of a woman. . . . How good God is and how ready ever to help his little ones. It frightens me to think that I must get between \$10,000 and \$11,000 during November and December.

November fifth—My deafness is now about complete but God is with me.

November sixth—November is usually a very good month for receipts but up to date we have had but little for support, nothing for the stock-room, nothing for the museum, nothing for the library, nothing for the endowment. "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage. He will strengthen thy heart."

December second—Dillard dropped in to dinner with us today from Atlanta—(pretty long drop) . What joy it gives me to see my boys. He left today for Spartanburg.

Dear old Dr. W. P. Jacobs, the faithful and beloved president of Thornwell Orphanage, the man who is known from one end of the country to the other as being the 'stepfather' of so many children, is in attendance upon the Synod. Dr. Jacobs is one of the most distinguished men in the South Carolina Synod, and he is looked up to with great admiration and love by all people. He was readily noticeable as was said by one of his friends in the Synod, 'wearing his telephone on his head,' this as a result of the serious accident that happened to him at Washington two years ago. Dr.

December sixth—I am praying, trusting, working. That is God's plan for the building of the Orphanage.

December thirteenth—I am perfectly deaf. I feel that this is the result of the accident at Washington. With my ear-phone, I make out a little of what people are saying. Lord, as I can't hear any side of the case, help me to be considerate of both sides of any case.

December sixteenth—How different the Clinton of today is from the Clinton I knew in 1863. Then it was an unincorporated hamlet. Now it is a city. I look out of my study window and see children at play and massive buildings and busy life. I am glad God has permitted me to live to this time and to see so much. I have just returned from a walk about the Orphanage. What a fine "institution" it has become. I hope and pray for good success in carrying out the plans we have agreed on.

December seventeenth—Today found me in a close place with more drafts out in the bank than I had cash in the bank. I had to hustle, as I never have overdrawn an account yet. . . Our receipts are \$600 behind last year and prospects very slim. The outlook for the Orphanage is very slim and that notwithstanding an immense amount of printing and circulars. I am seriously concerned.

December twenty-fifth—It still looks as if December would leave us \$500. at least, short of last year but I am still hoping and trusting.

December twenty-sixth—We are still short of last year and have only four days more and those are always thin days. But I am still hoping and trusting.

December thirtieth—The receipts have wonderfully improved the past few days. I am greatly encouraged. I am leaning hard upon God.

December thirty-first—A little but beautiful snow-shower on this last day of 1913. God has blessed me and given me what I asked for—\$7100.00. It surprises me beyond my expectation. A week ago I had less than \$5500.00. In addition, I have received \$1100.00 for the endowment fund. I am closing the year with a paeon to Almighty God! Taking it all in all, 1913 has been a marvelous year; in building; in receipts, in health, in blessings. Florida cottage, Science Hall, Lesh Infrmary. Praise be to God for His great goodness.

Jacobs is the founder and president of Thornwell Orphanage, founder of the Presbyterian College, and pastor of the Clinton Church for 47 years. He is a great man and is greatly beloved."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

1914—Age 71

January sixteenth—I went to Charleston Tuesday, getting in to Room 90, Argyle, by ten-thirty, making a real nice trip. But the next day, Wednesday, was cold. Still I walked down Meeting Street to the Battery, spending a half hour then on the deep blue sea. I also walked up as far as my old college and the old King Street home, where Aimar's drug store still holds forth, then down to the second church, and into the graveyard to my brother's and mother's grave. I found a blizzard on the streets.

I missed the best of the trip, though, the roaming about the city, because of the cold.

January twenty-eighth—Up to this date I have received almost the amount I asked the Lord for during January. We are having a good week with the building and a bad one with the matrons. My 18th resignation since September first, today.

January twenty-ninth—By God's good mercy, we have received, up to this date, \$3,033 for the support fund and this was what I asked of the Master. Moreover, this afternoon Mrs. Lesh very graciously offers the \$2,000 necessary to complete the Lesh Infirmary. God be praised.

January thirtieth—Our January has been just such weather as to make me happy. I love life. I love the summer weather. I love God's wonderful creations in the way of flowers and all other strange and beautiful things. I thank God that I am alive and I pray that His goodness may be my portion.

February eighteenth—Yesterday, Mollie and I came over to Atlanta. Dillard met us at the train and brought us out to his house which is eight miles from Union Station, just the distance of Riverside from my home. And yet his business is all in the heart of Atlanta! After breakfast we walked out to the site of Oglethorpe University (God prosper it), but did not get as far as Silver Lake. The grounds are ample and beautiful and the estimated value is \$100,000 for its 75 acres, just half of the size of T. O. farm. All these Atlanta people are enthused with the Atlanta spirit and filled with the speculative spirit of Atlanta real estate. The city is aiming to be a half million city in the life time of the present generation. My interest in the city revolves about my two sons, about the dear friends that support the

Thornwell Orphanage, and the future hope of the Oglethorpe University.

March third—It was as I feared— a sheer fall of a \$1000 in February. I am earnestly praying for \$3000 receipts in March. I ought to have \$4000 but I can get on with \$3000. I shall give the next 6 months to real work—am still sick.

March twenty-second—A heavy snow on the twenty-second of March!

March twenty-sixth—I am trusting the Lord with all my heart. Trials always bring me to my Master. I am afraid that I am always more distressed over the sins of others than my own.

March thirty-first—I closed up the receipts today with \$3425. This is a mighty fine March receipts. It recoups somewhat our February losses. Thank God.

April fifth—God is blessing the support fund. Over \$600. We have gotten into the maelstrom of resignations. The important thing is to find matrons and teachers who love the Orphanage and stand by it.

April eighth—Thirteen of us organized Enoree Presbytery in 1878. We have organized 37 churches—in addition to the 30 we began with, trebled our church membership from 1840 to 5520, and doubled our ministerial membership. So God has prospered us. I now am set off with Laurens county to form S. C. Presbytery.

April twentieth—Forty-eight years ago, on the twentieth of April at 7:30 P.M. I was married to the dearest, sweetest woman that ever lived. Hardly fourteen years later, she was taken from me. Oh, Mary, Mary, darling, I love you yet and my prayer is that God would give us to each other again in His own good day.

April twenty-second—Trusting and waiting and praying. Lord help me. Guide, keep, Save.

April twenty-seventh—Eternity is not far from me or any of these about me.

May tenth—I went around as a spectator to the 50th anniversary of the first church Sabbath School this morning. I imagined myself a returned spirit to see the things that shall be.

May thirty-first—I preached this morning at the first Church, my 50th Anniversary sermon. "God forbid that I should glory" on Gal. 6:14. Ferd was much pleased with the sermon.

Said it was "the greatest sermon he had ever heard." I appreciate my son's valuation but as for me,—it was a sad time, but the sorrow was all my own in my inability to do what I would. I am a war-horse chained by his leg to the post of the stable door . . . Well dear Lord, here I am. You have a mighty poor old servant, but he is yours for anything you want of him. I will work till Jesus comes and then I'll follow home. . . Dillard and Thornwell both came over from Atlanta to hear my sermon. I also had a very large congregation. My own boys were all there, enthusiastic in their praise for my sermon. Ferd and Dill averred that it was the best sermon they had ever heard, which was mighty kind of them. Well, I would have hated it if they had thought it the worst, for I wanted to leave the good people with a good taste in their mouths. . . . And now, Lord, what next? I am ready to go on to my 60th, my 70th year of service. I don't want to stop till I reach the place, where it says—"No thoroughfare." . . . *Dirige vias meas, domine Jesu.*

June fifth—Trusting in God and moving right on. The Master will do all things right, and bring us out into a broad place. I am expecting Him to give me help every time that I ask Him for it.

June twenty-second—It is a good thing to trust in the Lord and to do it fearlessly. Take this great endowment puzzle for instance, that the Board has placed on me. I am in my turn, laying the matter on my Lord. How He intends to raise it, I know not, but the task, too great for me, is but a trifle to Him. So, I will trust and wait—and not be afraid. Help Lord, Thou knowest what to do.

June twenty-seventh—"Thou art a good God that heareth prayer." My prayer for the funds needed for this month has been heard,—and answered. Why should I fear when I have such a God!

June twenty-eighth—I came *very near* fainting in the pulpit this morning, then a rush of blood to my head,—but I didn't and forced my way through to the end. The past week was one of great anxiety and continuous work, owing to the conditions at the Orphanage.

July tenth—I will have to leave the joys of Riverside today, as I am to have a visit from States and Laura, and their only son. It will be a great pleasure to see them, and to let them tell of the great West.

July twelfth—This coming week will be a busy one, as I will go to Riverside on Monday and will stay for 10 days. Dillard, Thornwell and States will all be here, within the next ten or 12 days.

July twenty-third—We had a delightful evening yesterday. Ferd, Ellicott, Clara, Thornwell, all came out and spent the evening with us. As both Dill and States are coming to town this week, I will go in tomorrow and will not be out here again. We had a beautiful view of the planet Venus last night.

July twenty-sixth—The boys are all in and I am happy. I preached twice today.

July twenty-ninth—The Master has heard my prayer and is giving me the money I need for July. We are not discouraged. All my children have been up to see their old father. States and Thornwell are here now. Dillard has just left.

August first—The prospect of a fearful war in Europe has closed the hearts of the people towards the orphans. August begins dreadfully. Nothing coming into the treasury. A number of our investments are failing to pay interest, which is the worst yet. But these are bright days too. We closed July with \$1600 in the treasury against \$400 last year! Thank God. The Lesh Infirmary is being finished off and the plumbers will get away next week. Things are not moving well in our shop. Nothing doing but salary drawing.

August fourth—The failure of receipts is something terrible. We didn't get a single \$10 gift in the thirty or more that made up the small amount in our hands.

August thirteenth—We had a great company of my children yesterday—States, Laura and little States; Elliott and Thomas; Florence; and their brother and sister, and little Edgar. They dined with us and enjoyed the day.

August fifteenth—I had a dream tonight while they were singing sweetly on the piazza. I dreamed that I woke up in another world. I was alone. It was very beautiful but I saw no one. Then I felt a presence by me. "O," said I, "the very one I was longing for—how did you know, my Lord, that I wanted you above all others." "And why", He asked, "did you want me?" "Because you saved my soul." "I thought," He answered, "that you were a great theologian and could split doctrinal hairs. Where did you learn it all?" "I am a child," I answered "and know nothing. I have studied the Holy Scriptures all my

life and have only heard four little short words." "And what are they?" He asked. "The first was the shortest of all—G-o-d, and yet with all my searching I have not found Him out to perfection." "True," He answered, "and never will, but what is the next?" "*Life.*" I have sought it above everything else"—And you have found it," He interrupted, "It is I." O how I clung to Him at that. "And the next?" "*Love!*" and He quickly answered, "And finding that you found all the rest." At that, I paused to think, whether I had truly found this wonderful basic thing of Love. "But," He said "was there not yet another word?" I replied, "Yes, and it was the longest and hardest of all. It was *Serve!*" "A good word and well found. Was that all?" "Alas, my Master," I said, "That was all my lesson." "No," said He, "there is yet one more word, it is just as short and beautiful as the others." Thereupon, He took me by the hand, and led me unto my eternal home, saying—"He giveth to his beloved,—*Rest.*" Was not that a singular and beautiful dream?

August seventeenth—I had a strange little dream last night, the result probably of a gift of a limb and flowers of the wild sensitive plant. The leaves were folded tightly, the flowers were withered. I dreamed I was suddenly and safely transferred to the level floor of one of those deep "craters" in the moon. I found that there was some air and moisture there for I stood on the edge of a vast plain and as far as I could see for many miles the plains were a great mass of flowers, all colors, mainly purple, and each flower on a stalk some 18 inches high. A sweet soft melody was coming from them, much to my amazement. I was standing among the flowers, and stooping down, I plucked one and pinned it on my coat, but that act ended the melody and wild shrieks arose in ever increasing volume. The whole wide field of beauty was in a perfect paroxysm of excitement. Presently a pellet of stone struck me and then another and another. I noticed then that each flower was provided with tendrils and that with these, they were hurling the bits of stone at me. Then the whole air was filled with missiles and I was driven out upon the bare waste of the mountain side, while the shrieks subsided into a hiss and after a little while all was calm and the melody began again Here is the answer to the question! Do flowers feel?

August twentieth—Cassie is a treasure. She is saving me an immense amount of work by way of getting the Infirmary ready for opening. She will be one of my best workers. States left us yesterday. Laura is still here. I have enjoyed States' visit very much.

August twenty-second—That awful war in Europe is hard on the orphans. Only \$1,100 to date. I thank God that our country isn't in it.

August twenty-fifth—In spite of all our trials, God is still with us. We are just trusting. We had a pleasant little day of it today with Laura, Elliott. Heavy showers.

September first—Notwithstanding the war, the receipts for August were a few dollars in excess of August 1913. For that I thank God. Moreover we will have a little in the treasury against a deficit last year.

September fourth—Thornwell delivered the address at the opening of the Lesh Infirmary this afternoon and I at the opening of the schools, this afternoon.

September ninth—A check for \$50 from Tom O'Reilly, one of the old Orphanage boys; the election of Nelson Harris, (another one of them) to the Legislature, and the beautiful weather, has made this a good day.

September tenth—A delightful letter from Marie Anneberg. She is on her way home from Japan.

September nineteenth—Only \$800 received up to date instead of \$1800 which we ought to have. The Orphanage is in a desperate fix. I am receiving no more children at present, not even to fill vacancies as they occur. I am receiving only \$10 to \$25 a day. The price of everything is increasing. The World-war is playing havoc with our orphans.

October eleventh—Every sermon, with me, is a work of art; I try to have a full picture in mind before each discourse, both of its method and its purpose. I expect it to make an impression and am always dissatisfied and surprised when it does not.

October seventeenth—As nobody ever tells me that I preached good sermons, I really don't know what other folks thought of them, but I have an idea that I preached two good sermons today. At least I had fine congregations.

October twenty-first—I am grateful to God that our nation is in no way responsible for and has no hand in that terrible European conflict. There is so much utter heartlessness about it that one cannot but regard it as an evidence of the diabolism of militarism. Oh Lord, let there be no more war to the end of the world.

November seventh—I have had courage given to me, in spite of these hard times, to pray to our God, not only for the support

of the orphans, but also for some large gift to make glad my heart and to increase my faith. Lord, hear my prayers and rejoice my soul and bless the orphans.

November eighth—We have another scare on hand. Bennett writes from the Synod of Georgia that some lady has left \$10,000 to the Synod for the founding of an Orphans' Home. If they fail to found the Home the money is to come to Thornwell. If the Synod decides to found the home it will take away our right arm of support. Georgia gives now a full third of our support—above \$10,000 a year, and with this sum she can care for at least 100 orphans. As for us—we will lose that \$10,000 annually and that will mean that we must cut down our number to 200.

December first—I closed up November out of debt and having raised \$3400. This is a direct answer to prayer, a prayer by which I was to have direct revelation of God's presence with me. It surprises me beyond my hopes But God can do anything He will, while my business is just to set still and see the salvation of God. . . . Our last catalog shows our roll of child supporters as follows: South Carolina, 151; Georgia, 99; Florida, 26; other states, 34; Total, 310. Total enrollment of children, 330. Georgia is the only state that supported all of it's children. From Georgia we received fully \$9,000, nearly one-third of our total receipts.

December fifth—Black clouds were a heavy all day coat to God's skies while beneath the clouds a cold light wind chilled to the bone. But it was a sweet day in the house of God. My evening sermon held the congregation closely. The Session's meeting was a good one; two additions and an infant. Holy communion season, under the lamp-light touched all hearts. Forty additions to our church since April. God is surely blessing the dear church.

1915—Age 72

January first—At one time I had no hope of seeing this day and this year—1915. I never thought that such great world events would have come in my time. I am glad to God that I am alive and my heart fills up with grateful emotions as I realize that the Lord God is dealing with me.

January sixth—What amazing times these are in which we are living. As my daily papers are brought in I read with deepest interest the astounding news from Europe. The wonderful

world conflagration is the one great topic. We are ourselves historic because of the place in the age that we occupy, and daily the question is—"What next?"

January twenty-third—I reached home last night from Atlanta. Dillard met me at the train at 8:30 P.M. and in Mrs. McIntyre's auto I was taken out to Dill's home. At the station Marie Annaburg and Bessie Dunwoody greeted me lovingly. Next morning—10 o'clock I went down to the N. Avenue Church where I met scores of friends. I was on the platform, donned in cap and gown, listening to the exercises and closing it with a benediction. I also, after lunch with the ladies, went out to the corner store ceremonial. I did not attend the meeting of the Board of Trustees, but rejoiced to know that Thornwell was elected President of the University. On Friday morning I visited Grady Hospital and met Cassie and all the rest of our Orphanage girls. I am at home again and may go to Columbia next week, and to Tampa, Fla., the week following. I am very tired, however and far from the fix I ought to be in to go travelling.

February seventh—Tomorrow is Mrs. McCormick's birthday (80th) I sent her a telegram of good wishes.

March second—Brother Jones is holding a meeting this week with Dr. Lyons in the pulpit. I expect to attend every morning. I grieve that I can not hear his sermons.

March sixth—This has been one of the bad days. Very little money received. Now anxiety about some of the Orphanage investments. I worry too much about money matters,—but I am exceedingly desirous of having all my matters absolutely straight when I have to bid goodbye to this little world. Also, I dread the blame of having made any bad investments. But I trust God in every thing and place all our business in His hands.

March eighth—We are having bright beautiful days. The sun was up this A. M., when we went to prayer.

March ninth—I get very sore at heart at times for that is my temperament, but I don't allow it to show in my face, but in the heart it surely is and that will explain these Journals:—a word will send a storm to my heart and a sudden thought, born of some pre-meditated calamity will come like a blow upon my head. I have crossed multitudes of bridges before I ever came to them. I am likely to cross more, I fear. I dread things that hurt my loved ones even more than those that threaten my self. Everything is today as sweet and calm as this lovely weather.

I ought to have my heart full of happiness, and yet I will allow little things to worry me.

March sixteenth—I had a birthday yesterday. It was my 73rd. Evidently the years do pass swiftly by. I am glad I am still alive. For my children's sake I want to pass my 80th year. It will encourage my children. They will see that life is possible even with a very poor, infirm body; and that life is worth-while in old age. My friends sent me in many flowers and sweets. I am very glad that the flowers came. They are appropriate to my springtime birthday. I dined with Florence. Ferd and Thornwell were both there. Last night Ferd gave an "exposition" at his new office. I attended and enjoyed it.

March twenty-eighth—I enjoyed preaching today. I spoke with my old time vigor and to large congregations.

March thirty-first—March has been a great success as well as February. Our God sent us \$3400 this month, even more than in February. He sent me exactly what I asked for. I am emboldened to ask for \$2500 in April. The ground was white with snow this morning. A very late snow.

April fourth—I have had a sad-at-heart day all because I have parted with a dear old friend. All the light in my left eye has faded out, the one covered with a cataract. But thank God, I can still see with my right eye. I can still use it for reading and writing and that is a great and wonderful comfort. How long it will last me and whether the other can be given back to me fills me with anxiety but I will wait for God's time, fully assured that when He has shut me off from hope and happiness, here, He will give me a great and wide door into his kingdom. But today brought me pleasure too. I preached well, with a good strong, clear voice, two good sermons. I received three members into the church, so beginning the year well. Oh, Lord, help thou me.

April eighth—A visit from Dill made me very glad.

April fifteenth—Presbytery has met and adjourned. I preached the opening sermon by Brother Jones' request. During Presbytery I had a visit from Brother Ansel, which I enjoyed greatly. I am still fighting the grip.

April twentieth—Just fifty years ago this day I was married to Mary Jane Dillard! O how I loved her. And now the years that have passed, filled as they have been with struggles and successes, almost terrify me. I look forward, but the sun is riding

low and the horizon is full of dust. Yet, beyond the sun is the welcome into a finer day, and thus return to love and trust, immeasurable.

May tenth—The horror of the destruction of the Lusitania and drowning of 1500 men, women and children passengers, by the Germans is filling all minds and all hearts and is the topic of all conversation . . . Mrs. Roach writes that Miss Pattie Thornwell remembered the Orphanage in her will . . . Today was memorial day. I was invited to offer the prayers and benedictions. Clinton seems to be doing me honor, this season.

May nineteenth—I am more and more dependent upon my children for the pleasures of life. Ferd and Florence, and Dillard are a wonderful comfort to me. States and Thornwell are a joy to me, but I see them seldom. They passed through last night on their way to the Assembly.

May thirtieth—I thank thee O Lord, in that thou hast made our support fund to outsum the preceding year by \$2500. We received thru thy graciousness, \$34,800. I beseech thee, help us to reach next year's \$35,000, and to use these funds more wisely and economically and with better results. And Lord grant great things for our Investment Fund. This year thou gavest us nearly \$5000. Let next year give us very much more, and give us good success in our receipts and investments. This is a money-prayer, O Lord, but out of thy great goodness give us good physical and spiritual blessings, also. So let thy great hand guide us, doing for us even better than we have asked and thine shall be all the praise and ours the happiness.

June first—This afternoon, I attended the dedication services of the Wm. P. Jacobs Science Hall and Library,—at present one of the finest buildings in the city. I feel the honor. I am much interested in the event, tho I heard none of the flattering speeches. My one thought was "What hath God wrought!" He has made the college to glorify His name and even to glorify me somewhat. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him!" When I thought of the splendid buildings grouped on the campus and compared it with the trifling early days of the college—I rejoiced. I remember, tho, how I fought for it and at last was fought against, but "alls well that ends well."

June third—I give an hour a day to work in the Museum. There are five or six thousand specimens and it requires very considerable study to keep even a hemi-demi-semi arrangement in order. As I study and work over those old dead fossils I won-

der who will take care of them when I am gone. It is a question,—will we be ever able to provide a curator.

June ninth—Good news is the legacy of \$5000 building from Mrs. Kennedy of Atlanta.

July fourteenth—We buried Mollie, yesterday, at 6 in the evening. A lovely evening. God smiled upon her,—a beautiful service, men and women mourned. All have been good to me.

July fifteenth—My children did everything for Mollie and myself that could be done. Oh how they petted and loved me. Ferd, Elliott, Clara, Florence, Dillard were angels of mercy.

July twenty-fifth—I have been rushing here and there to find some solid proof of the everlasting life. In all the philosophies, I have found nothing to satisfy. So I have decided to rest my hopes on the simple promises of God's word, especially as uttered by our Lord Jesus,—and this brings me peace and rest.

July twenty-sixth—I preached earnestly yesterday morning on the temptations of Jesus. States gave the children a talk in the afternoon on "Polyanna."

August eleventh—This morning, Thornwell took his breakfast with us. Mrs. Link called shortly after breakfast, and we enjoyed an auto ride to the new Oglethorpe building. I am delighted with its plan and its construction. Certainly the new

"We believe we represent the sentiment of all our readers who in mind and heart join with the people of Clinton in a feeling of gratitude for the life of the greatest man in Laurens county, Dr. W. P. Jacobs, President of the Thornwell Orphanage. For exactly a half century he has labored for his Master and for the helpless little ones.

Last Monday 300 orphans and others joined together to pay tribute to the Pastor Emeritus of the Clinton Presbyterian church, founder of Clinton College and the Thornwell Orphanage and "father of Clinton," who had reached his seventy-second birthday. In this triple capacity, to say nothing of the hundreds of other good things he has done, success has crowned his efforts in every particular. The magnificent church, college and orphanage buildings speak silently of his great achievements while the thousands of children, men and women, who are or have been the happy recipients of his love and tender care, are living noble monuments to the great man who has made them what they are.

He has been the pioneer of great undertakings and yet as the years glided by he has kept abreast with modern times. In all these years he has been strong enough to battle against great conflicts and impediments, yet tender enough to be easily reached by the smallest child in that great institution.

The Herald joins with thousands of others who sincerely and prayerfully wish for Dr. Jacobs many more years of a life that is every day filled with blessings from on high and crowned with the lives of a multitude of others who are better and happier because he has lived."—*Laurensville Herald*.

university is beginning well. After going thru it, we visited Silver Lake, which, in the opinion of its students, will be a decided acquisition.

August twelfth—Yesterday afternoon, Mary Feebeck, Kate Upchurch, Louise Happoldt came up to see me and I greatly enjoyed their visit. It recalled the old times. Between their visit and the heavy rains, I had no time to get out into town. My plan is to take dinner with Thornwell today and then to get home.

August twenty-ninth—All of the churches closed this morning, and accepted the invitation to attend the opening service at the beautiful new Methodist church. Strange to say, mine was the only church not closed, and I was the only minister there! Mr. Scott spoke for my children. The Methodists have certainly a very handsome and every way satisfactory church, but I still think the 1st Presbyterian church the best and handsomest in the city.

September sixth—Yesterday, we admitted eight to union with the church. God is giving me souls for him.

September fifteenth—The good news reached us today, that yesterday's election placed South Carolina in the Prohibition column.

September sixteenth—Our college opened formally this morning. It is getting to be a great institution. My old journals show how I worked and prayed for it in times gone by, and God has prospered it.

September seventeenth—We are about to leave Charleston, Cassie and I, for Edisto Island. We have "done" Charleston, today. We visited the Battery, the Charleston Library, College, Museum. We took in my old church, Aimar's drug store, Citadel square, drug stores and ice cream parlors—and I visited my brother Sam's grave in the old 2nd church yard. It does one good to revisit the old city, which I try to do every year. But I must say that it is always with a little lowering of the physical thermometer. Charleston is improving. Dr. Sprunt is the only Charlestonian I have met. But I could have met many, had I been willing. Dislike to make people talk loud, keeps me from visiting; and in addition, I can not be a mummy. The deaf man must talk and he always talks too much . . . We, (Cassie and I) took the train for Edisto at 3:10. Ed Lee kindly put me on the train. The boat ride down to Edisto was just fine . . . I preached Jer. 31:3, a grand text. If the congregation liked the sermon it was more than I did. The truth is I lost the thread of my dis-

course,—and thundered. This is the only time I have ever preached on Edisto,—and it may be the last. The trip is a right hard one to take.

September twenty-first—Edisto is separated by wide spaces of salt water from the main, in some places as much as 8 or 10 miles. It is wonderfully fertile, and is protected by a sand bank from the inroads of the sea, but the sand bank, which was once Edings bay, is rapidly being swept away, and in fifty years Edisto, itself, will be receiving the hammering blows of old ocean.

October fifth—This is the fortieth anniversary of the opening of the Orphanage. All these years, O Lord, thy hand hath led me. I am still trusting in thee, with my whole heart. On the 1st, Gov. Ansel was with us, according to the appointment and order of the Board. He stayed with me. Fortunately I heard nothing of the “bouquets” that were thrown at me, by one of South Carolina’s most popular governors. It is a great privilege to be allowed to work for God, for forty years, among the orphans but I have not lost my head because of it . . . Thornwell is running against a snag. Somewhere in our church there are bitter enemies of my family, who under the pretense of sanctified Presbyterianism would crush out the church itself if thereby they could crush out me and my family. The fact that I go right straight on is only an aggravation of their animosity. It seems to be the plan now of these parties to outlaw Oglethorpe University. The same attempt was made to boycott Clinton College; the Orphanage; and the Southern Presbyterian when Ferd had it. “No weapon framed against Thee shall prosper!” God knows that we are not working for self but for the good of the church and the church outlives and out-pasts, in spite of all malice and evil. Oglethorpe will prosper, just as Clinton has prospered. Some day, Thornwell will be classed among the great men of the church.

October seventh—A Doctor Wilson of North Carolina is sneering at our article by Thornwell entitled “The Presbyterianism of Oglethorpe,” and insinuating that it is a farce, and that, until it is proven, the church should shut out the Institution from its pulpits. The jealousy and spite of a multitude of our ministers is beyond comprehension! Unfortunately for such people, the horse is gone, it is too late to lock the stable doors.

October ninth—The college boys are out in force at my services today. My sermons were on hackneyed topics, if gospel topics ever will be hackneyed. Previous prayer will make even a poor sermon, effective. What a privilege it is to preach the

gospel “even down to old age.” I preach to a loving crowd of young people.

October thirteenth—I have just been reading Bro. Douglass’s estimate of the order of the College property. He puts it at \$300,000, but there is a debt of \$30,000 on that.

October fourteenth—Our endowment fund has now reached the goodly sum of \$175,000. We are travelling steadily onward to the good goal of \$250,000. Indeed, there are pending legacies that would even now reach that sum, but they are not due as yet. We are getting, even now, well up to a valuation of a half million for all our holdings. I knew God would do this for us, and there shall yet be “greater things than these.” How often I have gloried in living and working for others. I really believed that I was not caring for myself, but how my eyes have been opened by God’s dealings with me.

October twenty-second—My days are passing by very rapidly,—but I am happy and contented.

October thirtieth—I asked the Lord for \$3,000 this month. He sent me \$3014.

November fourth—Unless the Lord comes to our help and that quickly, we will be over head and ears in debt. Lord, we are opening the doors, to more and more of thy little orphan children. It does not look wise, but they are needing food and shelter . . . The people are finding out the Orphanage,—how well it deals with the fatherless! And they are crowding their orphans in upon us.

November nineteenth—Yesterday I was about town all day making a few little purchases and having Dr. Lokey to look after my eyes. The city is a very busy scene of life; and as lively as a frightened ant-hill. I was up in both Dill’s and Thornwell’s offices. Dill’s is now in the Candler building.

December sixth—I have the feeling today, that God is going to bless the Orphanage. How I do not know but in some good way, I am sure. In fact he has blessed us today.

December seventh—How quickly the Lord blesses those who trust in Him. He sent me one thousand dollars this morning, the legacy of Miss Pattie Thornwell (Hayne) for the endowment.

December fifteenth—I have just been reading Prof. Wilmer’s philosophy of religion—a book crammed full of big round words,—but it is a pleasure to see how thoroughly he agrees with

my idea of the continued immanence of God in everything, and of evolution, as only the result of the divine will, operating everywhere. He always asserted the omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence of God, but he believed in him potentially and not as actually seeing, willingly doing everything. It is God the real; not God the ideal, that I believe in.

December twentieth—I always recall on this 20th December an experience in the St. Andrew's Hall, on the same date in 1860, when South Carolina left the union. I'm glad she got back, long ago, tho I am proud of her courage and her leadership in those dread days. We were making history.

1916—Age 73

January first—I am not going to begin this new year with a spasm of tears over my weakness and infirmities. I am thanking God this day, for His answer to my prayers.

January tenth—I have just been urging my heavenly Father, to make some very helpful addition to our Endowment Fund, before the Board meets next June. My thanks go to Him for \$13,500 received this far. He could easily make it \$25,000. Twice before we have had famous years. I am eagerly hoping to run up our receipts to \$200,000 for the fund this year. I am growing old and I am anxious in my time to have our Orphanage endowed to the full sum of \$250,000. If we had this, we would have a good foundation for our beloved Institution.

January seventeenth—"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in" millionaires.

January twentieth—The frequent suicides described in our papers, lead me to wonder at the lack of tenacity in such a multitude of people. I have so many infirmities but they would never drive me to take my own life.

January twenty-fourth—My eyes are in bad shape again. I fear I am threatened with another attack of eye-strain. I have been sick for three months and yet have been reading and writing for two hours a day. I must rest my eyes for a few days, but how to do it, I don't know. My lost hearing drives me to my eyes in companionship. Indeed I am in a strait, but God is good.

February seventh—Thornwell is on thorns about this attack on him by Sweets, Alexander and Company. Well, the attack was an awfully mean one, and most uncalled for . . . "South Carolina was the first state to secede from the Union and Wm. Plumer Jacobs, then a student of Charleston College (but now

Rev. Dr. Jacobs, President of Thornwell Orphanage of Clinton) reported that fact to the *Charleston Mercury*." I clipped this from the *Afro-American Presbyterian*. We go far to get glory and in this case it is the very heart of Africa.

February ninth—Nine years ago, I found that I was suffering from a cataract in one eye. Five years ago, I discovered that the other was also affected. As yet, I am able to see, but my second eye is growing milky,—and I am now facing the fear of blindness. Eye no. 1 is not changing any. Whether it is ready for operation or not, I do not know, but I will soon, for I am going over for an examination.

February tenth—I have all our business in fine condition. Neither I nor the Orphanage is due a penny to any living soul.

February thirteenth—I am asking God, that this very month of February He would give me some gift for the endowment.

February seventeenth—I am growing fearfully lazy. Owing to the condition of my eyes, I have to cut out all afternoon work. I do my work before 12 noon and after 7 p.m. In the afternoon I read just a little, I exercise some, I walk about the Orphanage grounds, I yawn, I take a nap, I think—think—think. I ought to be ashamed of myself. At present it looks as if I would be as good as blind within a few months.

February twentieth—I received on yesterday the notice of one legacy for \$300, the payment of one for \$21 and the notice of another for \$1000. This is the first time that this has happened in all the history of the Orphanage,—all of it was for the endowment. I was distressed and anxious, and I asked God to relieve me in just this convincing way, and He did it. I am justified in believing in the presence of God with me.

February twenty-first—Yesterday I preached morning and afternoon at my own church; I conducted the 7 a.m., service. I delivered an address to the Y. P. S. C. E., 1st church at 6:30. I also attended and took part in the preaching service at 8 o'clock. Five services in all. I am surely getting stronger. My voice was strong and clear. I felt well and I slept well last night.

March seventeenth—The young people make quite a fuss over my 74th stathmos on the journey of life. I was in hope it would have passed quietly.

March twenty-second—Atlanta. Yesterday I went down to see Dr. Lokey and he gave me the information I wanted. He thinks I can have the operation performed, if I so desire it,

now,—but he thinks my good eye will last me some time yet. I then went in to Dill's office. Thornwell called in and he has given me a long talk about Oglethorpe matters. Today I am in Macon, after a slow ride from Atlanta. I am staying with Mr. G. T. Kennett, who supports a child in this Orphanage and is a mighty good friend.

March thirtieth—In my early days, my motto was “plan, push, perform.” Now that I am bowed down under the weight of three score years and ten, as the Thomasville paper has it, the only thing I can do it to *keep things moving*.

April fifth—Cyrus Bailey, my grandson, marries tonight in Augusta. God bless and prosper him.

April eleventh—Today Florence passed her 50th birthday with me. It is astonishing to me that she has been in my life all these years,—50. I thank thee, O God for this mercy. I am going up to Rocky Springs, to the meeting of Presbytery in my car, this evening. So pass we on to new things.

April fourteenth—The *Houston Post* gives States a half page write up. His church is the first Southern Presbyterian church to pass a 2000 enrollment and to record an addition this year of over 500 admissions. He stands at the head of the roll. My sons are distinguishing themselves. None of my grandsons are entering the ministry. I am not projecting myself beyond the present generation.

April twenty-first—the last three days have been very busy ones. Cyrus and Marion came back from their wedding trip on Tuesday A.M. Florence gave them a magnificent reception. It must have cost a good deal of money, and I could not help thinking that all of that money would have helped this cause mightily. Then I remembered that Florence was one of the few in Clinton that did not forget the orphans, and that this was the one event in a life-time. Our Savior said of Mary's wasteful extravagances, “Let her alone.” Dill and Thornwell came in in time for Ferdinand's wedding, last night;—which was another “grand event.”

April twenty-fourth—Up to this date, I have received \$2340 for support. I am earnestly hoping and *trusting* God for a good week. To trust is to believe, without *doubting*. One may hope and pray and yet not *trust*. That constitutes this main idea of believing.

April thirtieth—The month on the whole has been a good one. I have received \$2600 against \$1900, last April. A small legacy also has been received for the endowment.

May sixth—*Charity and Children* brings out an interesting truth in the editorial: "What is Success? Well, we can give you a living example of success, by our way of thinking. Take for instance Rev. W. P. Jacobs of the Thornwell Orphanage who has given nearly 50 years of his consecrated life in loving service for the orphans. Not only that, he has given three brilliant sons to the ministry. What more could be asked or expected of a man. Dr. Jacobs is one of the most real successes we know anything about."

May thirteenth—Last night the girls gave a reception to the seniors. Ferd came around to talk "railroad". We also discussed "Dr. Sweets" attack on Thornwell. We both agreed that it did Thornwell no harm.

June first—Cassie came over with me yesterday to this little city of Atlanta. Mr. Bailey had a bad accident, by which he broke his shoulder and is now in the Grady Hospital. I came especially to see him. I am out at Dillard's . . . Mr. MacIntyre called for me this a.m., and took me down to the University and showed me thru the building. It is a grand structure and will cost certainly \$125,000. They are doing an immense amount of grading for the future buildings. Thornwell's ideas are big. He is conquering difficulties. May God give him good success.

June seventh—At the commencement, today, I received the honorary degree of LL.D. I appreciate it greatly and more from our college, here, than from any other. I am heartily proud of it. Still I fear, that my first vaccination won't take. Just look at the string: Rev. William P. Jacobs, A.B., A.M., D.D., LL.D. Rather overbalanced. But with all these honors, I am hunting money to feed my orphans. When I decided to take up this Orphanage work, I felt that I was deliberately surrendering all literary aspirations. Who ever heard of an Orphanage Superintendent that was a D.D. much less an LL.D. But God has given me the silly baubles and honors that count for nothing in the Kingdom of Heaven; and He has added many things that were worth while. And He will help me get more. He has already brought me to the mountain-top of my desires.

June ninth—Bennett has returned from Jefferson with very favorable news in regard to the probability of the Georgia Orphanage. He thinks that we are almost sure to get the money

and that it will be used for the Sara S. Turner building, which can be our administration building. It will not be long now, before we know.

June tenth—Thornwell preaches for me tomorrow.

June twelfth—Thornwell gave us a really great sermon yesterday.

June twenty-fourth—Only \$1,541 up to this night. I thank God for this sum, for now that we are in the midst of a threatened war with Mexico, there is no telling what trials are before us. But we have already passed thru one war,—with Spain,—and survived. I need more faith.

June thirtieth—We closed up June with a debt of \$1000 against a credit of \$1000 for last year's June. This is a bad outlook for the incoming year but we are in the hands of our heavenly father, and He is in all probability arranging some great mercy for us.

July fifth—I am far from well, I have had a bitter attack of sickness,—my blindness too is increasing. I am writing this with my nose almost rubbing out the lines, and a blue haze over everything.

July seventh—I am growing too old either to be of service "at the river" or to enjoy it properly. I am too short of breath to venture to climb up the hill to the cottage, to take long walks, to go in bathing with the children, or to enjoy the rough ways.

July eighth—My eyesight is so bad now, that I cannot read much and hence nine-tenths of my pleasure in Riverside is gone. I have done a very bad morning's work in the office today. I will write tomorrow to find out what the Lord has decided about the Turner building. If we lose it, we eventually lose Georgia. If we gain it, it will mean Georgia's \$10,000 still continued to the Thornwell Orphanage, and also a Turner building.

July fifteenth—I must utterly drop all mourning and complaining. My poor eyes and ears must not season my writing. I notice that while I have a far finer institution than in 1896—20 years ago, I am far less proud of it I am now on the last lap of my life's journey. Let me make it *the great success* Hindrances; ill health; a poor memory; the great war; the present storm; unsettled politics.

July twentieth—Receipts are very low, indeed, the worst July, ever. Moreover, I have been sick for five days or more,

and in addition, storms and cyclones have visited the state, and huge waves and dreadful clouds. Prospects are dark, indeed. But I am trusting and waiting.

July twenty-first—Ferd, Elliott, William and Clara Young came out last evening. We enjoyed their visit greatly. They stayed to tea, but left shortly afterward. I am looking for Sara Harvin and my cousin Edna Jerman next week. Thornwell sent me a copy of his production "The Oglethorpe Story," (bound) I have read it with interest.

August first—I heard today that Mr. George W. Cornelson had willed \$5000 to the Orphanage. It is good news to us. Though his death I felt as a heavy loss.

August fifth—I received Mr. Cornelson's \$5000 bequest today. This puts our endowment up to \$189,000. Thank thee, O God. I am praying for our God to bless us in receiving a full sum of \$200,000 before June 1, 1917. A delightful visit from Dr. Dill. God bless the lad!

August eighth—Edna Jerman's birthday. We observed it. If father were alive, he would be 108.

September eighth—I am now preparing for my trial with Dr. Lokey. I dread it—and yet it may be a very simple matter. Still one has a right to be anxious about a really serious matter. I am losing sight in my right eye, very rapidly. It is the left eye that is to be operated on.

September eleventh—I preached to the 1st Church people this morning. They had a splendid congregation.

September twelfth—Our 41st Annual report will be an excellent one. Total receipts for all departments above \$60,000! Twenty five thousand was for permanent work.

September seventeenth—Yesterday we had a delightful picnic dinner, for my family and Ferd's and also Florence was with us at Riverside. It saddens me, when I think of all the good days I had there. It ought to gladden. The car brought us home in a half hour. Today, I preached twice, attended sabbath school, conducted the morning service, made two pastoral calls, one on a sick and dying girl, and one to baptise an infant. I thank God that I still have a little sight and a little hearing.

September twentieth—I am preparing to go to Atlanta on the 22nd. I expect to have the operation on my eye at that time. May God restore my sight.

October tenth—After 18 days' absence, I am back home, very weak and very sore, but very grateful. Dr. Lokey was in charge of me both for the preparation of my eyes for the operation and afterwards in the ten days I spent in the Grady Hospital. Dillard very kindly entertained me. Dr. Lokey and Dr. Cannon were my doctors. Bess Feebeck, Mary Feebeck and Cassie were my nurses. For four nights Mary Feebeck sat by my bedside and kept me from touching my eyes. For three nights Cassie slept in a cot in my room to listen to me lest I call for help and all day long she watched over me. Florence came over to be with me during my operation and till I returned home. *Twenty-one* of my old Orphanage boys and girls came to see me. I am home at last but will have to go back, early in November for the final operation which the doctors hope will restore my sight.

October eleventh—I hope to have a happy Thanksgiving and a good Christmas with no debts and one good eye. Then I will thank God.

October nineteenth—I can write very little in these days because of my eyes. Books I do not read at all. I can skim the headlines of the papers. Otherwise I grieve over what I can't do. Dill is with us.

October twenty-third—Yesterday I conducted the morning services, attended Sabbath School, visited the sick, preached morning, noon and night. Pretty good for a blind man. I go to the Synod of Georgia in three weeks and also go to Atlanta for my second operation.

October twenty-sixth—I really feel as if I had done something heroic. Yesterday Florence came round in her auto-car and took me over rough roads, and against a northwind (38 miles) to Spartanburg. After a visit to Will Glenn, Sara Harvin and little Francis, I went round to the First Church and married William Plumer and Edna Shockly. Compliments on the ceremony were the most and finest I ever had.

October twenty-ninth—I find that I can not see now to read at all but I can preach and I did it twice today.

November first—I am writing this fairly well on the lines, but I cannot read. What a distress it is to one. But I am sticking to my work. During October we received \$2700 but are still \$1900 in arrears against \$1200 last year. I am counting the days now till I go to Atlanta.

November third—I have received \$500 up to today which starts us well. Notwithstanding my poor eyes and poor ears, I am toiling on, to the best of my power.

November seventh—Of course it is a dreadful deprivation not to be able to read in this lovely weather and not even to be able to enjoy a walk or a ride. I do walk and ride, but I see nothing, not even the houses. But hope sustains me and I trust in God.

November tenth—Out for Riverside this evening. Up to date \$1500. My entries in this journal are brief.

November fourteenth—Nearly blind. I go to Dalton on Friday to the Synod of Georgia and to see Dr. Lokey Saturday.*

November twentieth—Cassie and I left home last Thursday and reached Atlanta an hour late. We were met at the Terminal and were soon visiting peacefully in Dillard's country cottage, near Oglethorpe. Friday morning we took the train for Dalton, where we both were most kindly treated. . . . I found to my joy, that the Turner Legacy goes to the Orphanage and best of all, the Georgia Synod stands by us. My speech to the Synod was the last thing on "docket." We had an enjoyable hour, around the dinner table with Dr. Frank Sims' family We dined with Thornwell today and I baptized my little granddaughter, little Maude. This note was written in this Journal, by Cassie Oliver, it is the first line that has ever been written in by any other hand than my own, since I first began keeping it, in 1858.

November twenty-sixth—This day being Sunday the 26th is the sixth day since the operation was performed. In these six days I have been in perfect darkness, but most carefully waited on by my dear Cassie Oliver. My eyes have given much trouble but Dr. Lokey reports progress each morning. I am sitting up in bed this morning, blind-folded, impatient and worrying about the length of time that still remains before release from captivity.

December ninth—I am now very comfortably able to sit up in my room at Grady Hospital. My eye is steadily improving and I hope some time next week to be able to give it a trial. Cassie has kept me in communication with Clinton, and I know pretty much everything that is going on there. My own days have passed very quietly, the improvement having been slow and continuous. My thoughts however have burned within me. I have prepared sermons, speeches, and editorials, by the bushel.

*This is the last entry in his own handwriting.

December twentieth—Fifty-six years ago today I was seated in St. Andrews Hall, Charleston at the reporters desk and there I reported the ordinance of secession of the State of South Carolina. For four years and four months I lived in the state of Confederacy at which later date exactly I entered the state of matrimony. I also became again a citizen of the United States. Today I am in a state of misery, because I am progressing so slowly toward my recovery. I ought to be the happiest man in the world with the dear loved ones all about me, trying to make life comfortable. I am still with Thornwell. Florence and Cassie are constantly with me—Dillard comes in to see me every day. All these things cheer me up but I have time to think of my trials and distresses and too often forget my text for this occasion. "I will trust in the Lord, and not be afraid."

December twenty-fourth—This is the Christmas Sabbath. It is the first of its kind I have spent away from Thornwell Orphanage.

December thirtieth—Bennett writes the good news that we have received \$10,000 for the month of December. I received a Christmas gift from Mrs. McCormick to help me with the expenses. My own children have helped me marvelously well. My eye seems to be slowly improving. The doctor seems to think I will have a good one after a while. So ends this year, mid scenes and surroundings the like of which I never had before.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

1917—Age 74

January tenth—Yesterday afternoon was distinguished by a long ride to Oglethorpe. At five o'clock Thornwell and Cassie brought up Genie Calvo from the train. She has begun to give us the Orphanage news from behind the scenes. This morning we went down to Dr. Lokey's office and found we can get home for a short furlough in ten or twelve days. Although it is nearly eight weeks since the operation was performed Cassie is still watching over me by day and by night and giving me my meals by way of spoon. I don't want ever to forget her faithfulness and devotion to my needs.

January twelfth—Among the good things I have heard from home since the first of January is that splendid sum of \$10,000 raised during December. But I do not know but that I have had still better news in the admission of 25 children into the church. This means a lot of future ministers, elders, deacons and missionaries to keep the blue flag moving onwards. I have been absent from my pulpit for eight Sundays.

January eighteenth—Cassie and I are expecting to get over early next week. After getting through with some necessary business which will not require a day's work, I will come back for the finishing touches on my eyes. . . . This will be the longest absence I have ever made from Clinton, not even excepting two European tours. I am still attending to a good deal of business in Clinton, but under very unusual difficulties. We are planning to spend Sunday with Dillard and go home Monday. No man has had more love shown him, or better care taken of him than I have had the while. Drs. Ogden, Flynn, Lyons have all called on me, while the President of Oglethorpe University and head of Dillard Jacobs Agency came in to cheer me every day. As for Cassie's care of me I haven't room enough to praise it.

January twenty-first—The operation on my eye was completed on the 20th of November exactly two calendar months ago. . . . For the first time in my life since I was an infant I have lost nine consecutive Sabbaths from church but Cassie has read one of John's beautiful chapters to me every day. The next lines in this diary will be written *at home*.

January thirtieth—In our room at Thornwell's. We hope to see Dr. Lokey this afternoon.

February fourth—Just 49 days ago to the hour I woke up with my eye all gone wrong. I have had 49 days of disappointment since then, but I am angry with myself for having grieved for a single hour. I have been splendidly nursed, by my dear girl Cassie, to whom I owe so much for my comfort. Thornwell and Dillard have made my stay in Atlanta almost a pleasure trip. For this 7th Sunday from my accident I will try to keep record of what I can see or not see, with my eye. Today I can see only light and motions, and the motion only when it is between me and the window or light. I can make out no form. Dr. Lokey however, expresses himself pleased with the conditions.

February sixth—The great topic of conversation is the break with Germany. I most sincerely hope nothing will come of it. I for one do not care to kill any Germans. I like the German people and am fond of their language.

February eleventh—I leave this snug corner at Thornwell's with reluctance but I will be back here sometime in March, dependent on Cassie's report to Dr. Lokey from time to time. With her good eyes I will try to be of use in supervising the Orphanage.

February eighteenth—With reference to my eyes I can be certain of only a very few things, in the way of improvement. I see motion and light much plainer than I did a week ago. I can now see the motion of one finger only. I can see the size and shape of my hand before my eye, when held between my eyes and the light. The dark spot in my eye is about the same size, but seems continually changing its shape. The eye gets impressions from the other eye of general surroundings, and retains them longer than last week.

March first—One of the pleasures of last week was a visit from Dillard. The great pleasure of the present month is the breaking up of winter and the coming of spring. With the aid of my faithful helpers I'm getting into my work very comfortably. Notwithstanding I am doing practically without sight. My main eye trouble is the constant companionship in the left corner of a black cloud, that is very variable in size and unknown in character. Sometimes it covers only small parts of the eye, though occasionally it swells out to large proportions. It is either the blood from the hemorrhage or a picture of the inflammation.

But the work has to go on whether I have pleasure in it or not, I shall try to get pleasure out of it and be as happy as I can.

March fourth—Though in a very desperate condition as far as my eye is concerned I am living quite quietly and contented, sleeping well all night and working well all day.

March eleventh—I began taking the morning prayer service last Wednesday . . . Spring is coming on fast now.

March sixteenth—Yesterday in passing along the highway of life I reached my seventy-fifth mile stone. In my boyhood I never dreamed or planned to travel so far by, at least, twenty-five miles.

March twenty-first—I built my house in 1883. I have added to it some slight improvements to the number of seventeen kinds. I am putting on a new roof now, and we are half through. . . It is more than possible that a big American Army will be landed in France. I am seeing strange things in this little world and may see yet stranger as I tarry awhile.

March twenty-fourth—Cassie and I will go over to Atlanta on the 9th to see Dr. Lokey and to enjoy two or three days with Dill and Thornwell.

March twenty-fifth—I was able to conduct the morning service and to preach twice today.

March twenty-ninth—This March is proving to be the best March the Orphanage has ever had. We have already received about \$5500 in cash and it will run up a hundred or two more before the month is out . . . If there has been any improvement in my sight I have not noticed it. Both eyes are a shocking bad set. I am sorry that in their old age they have got tired and quit. I always did hate a quitter.

April first—Cassie Oliver has been writing my journal for me for six months past. I have a slight hope that before I reach the close of this book I may be able to go back and read over all that she has written for me. It is a blessed thing that through all the weakness and night that I have had a helping hand, not only in private matters like this journal, not only in my office work, and in my walks and rides, but in her watchful care and helpful administration to my eyes and my health, for all these days and nights. This is the one hundred and thirtieth day since the operation.

April second—The income from endowment has passed \$10,000. Our Monthly account is in good shape too. And we

are due to receive \$9500 for the building fund. It looks to me as if the Lord is trying to comfort me so as to encourage me to bear the trials that I am passing through . . . I also began to learn to read with my fingers. I hope it won't be long, however, before I can dispense with this latter.

April fifth—Today's news puts us into war with Germany. What the future has to say on this subject remains to be told. . . We have agreed to put in a linotype machine in the Printing Office and will probably also arrange for a book bindery. A great problem before me at the present time is what to do about the German war. It is a very much bigger thing than the Spanish war. We will have to wait and see.

April fifteenth—Last Friday was a distinguished day in Clinton. To begin with, it was Friday the 13th. Thirteen Clemson boys came down to play with P. C. boys. The only score was made in the 13th inning. P. C. won the game and there was great jollification. Thomas Jacobs seems to have been the hero of the occasion. . . If Uncle Sam can give seven billion dollars for war tools we can certainly look to our Master for the little sum our orphans need.

April twentieth—Just 52 years ago tonight at this very hour Rev. W. P. Jacobs and Miss Mary Jane Dillard were united in marriage by Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs at Coldwater. The only ones of our eight attendants I recall were Jim Sloan, Jim Dillard, John Dillard and John Arbuthurst afterward D.D. Two of Mary's attendants were my sister Minnie and her sister Sallie. Of all present on that occasion including the minister and his wife and my wife's relatives I am the only survivor . . . Today was "America Day" in England and "Old Glory" was glorified where once it was hated. It actually floated over Westminster Hall and over the tower of London. There was likewise a grand patriotic procession in Clinton and the flag floated everywhere.

April twenty-eighth—Mr. Turner has sent in checks and notes to amount of \$9500 for Sara Turner Cottage. We proceed immediately to work.

May tenth—*Memorial Day*. I took dinner with veterans (Confederate) on Ferd's lawn. There are still a few of us left. On 20th of December 1860 I was present in the convention in the State of South Carolina as a reporter. On that day the ordinance of Secession passed. Of all that were there on that occasion from President to door-keeper, as far as I know, I am the only one that is alive. I was the youngest in the Hall then, except two or three messenger boys, most of whom died in the war.

May sixteenth—I am getting all the war news but can't say I like any of it. I heard enough of war in my early days to last me always. I cannot feel that war is a good thing for our country.

May twenty-first—Well, our country is deep in the great war. We will be overwhelmed with debt and will lose several million of our finest young men. I wish I could feel patriotic in this crisis. Perhaps it is altogether necessary but I feel dreadfully opposed to it. Our year's receipts up to June first will be \$40,000 for the support fund, \$11,000 interest fund, \$10,000 building fund, \$8,000 endowment fund, \$2,000 Press fund, a total of \$73,000. It has been a good year in receipts. But we have managed to use it all.

May twenty-sixth—On Wednesday I had a visit from Dillard, and on Thursday a visit from Dr. States. Both of the boys looked like they were enjoying life greatly.

May twenty-eighth—43 years ago the corner-stone of the Home of Peace was laid. I have lived to see that simple ceremonial which made me, before the common people, "a visionary," become a prelude of the life of a great institution which is growing still and if it keeps true to its principles will continue to grow for many hundreds of years to come . . . Thornwell was disappointed by the decision of the General Assembly not to accept Oglethorpe under its care but he views the matter optimistically. History repeats itself for I was feeling precisely the same way twenty years ago when Synod refused three times to accept our college.

June—I have promised to preach at the Baptist Church today as they have no minister now. My plan for this new year are just those of the good soldier who is ordered to go forward at double quick. But I cannot arrange them all thoroughly until after the meeting of the Board next week.

July first—I do not know whether I had a good congregation this morning or not nor whether those present were attentive. The light is fading fast but I have a better light than the dear, old sun.

July second—The press is really the modern pulpit. The minister who neglects it will wake up some day to find that the world has rolled and left him behind.

July ninth—On Saturday night I had a visit from Dillard. He and Dr. Young were summoned to my bedroom about 2 A.M. On Sunday morning I ordained and installed two elders and

three deacons. I was sick all the rest of the day. Last night I had another bad night. Am up again but am not at work. We will complete the Mary Jacobs School this week, and will undertake the roofing of the Academy immediately.

July eighteenth—I was out at Riverside last Friday when I received the news that Dillard was in town to see his patient and I, being the patient, was eight miles away. I hastened in as fast as the car would bring me and was put to bed by my indignant son, who announced that I was exceedingly ill. I certainly have had a shockingly bad cold but otherwise felt pretty well. I have spent the last five days in bed from which I have come to sneak out, bringing my shocking bad cold along with me. I have been concocting the first chapters of my book.

July twentieth—I had a visit today from Cleo, my old-time housekeeper. Her sorrows seem ended in a happy marriage. During my illness I have been very lovingly cared for by my dear nurse, Cassie and my dear daughter, Florence. Cassie has been watching over me for three hundred days. No one ever had better care shown him. Ferd and Will have just gotten back from New York and report that there is a prospect of termination of the war.

July twenty-sixth—I am beginning to climb up out of the black pit into which I fell about two weeks ago. I certainly have been down in the depths and had it not been for Cassie's loving care I would have been there still. Little things have seemed like mountains piled on me, but I am getting my feet out of the miry clay. I hope to be well again by the time Cassie has to leave me. Every day has had some wretched hours but there have been some bright ones also. I will not be able to preach before the first Sunday of next month. I am doing my best to be patient. I hope that God will hear my prayers and will show His mercy toward me. I was more anxious to die than live but now my mind is clearing and work is much easier.

August second—Cassie leaves tomorrow for her vacation and in her departure I lose my secretary, my nurse, and I might say my doctor, my chauffeur, my organist, not to mention my friend and companion. I am also losing both my eyes and ears temporarily. I might well be dismayed were it not for the fact that she will come back happier and stronger.

August fifteenth—I tried to preach twice during the month but with very poor success, myself being judge. The disagreeable part consisted in my utter unfitness to do any thing. Every

night I have had to call for help. And though out of bed all day I have been in much physical discomfort.

During the past six or eight days I have written 'a booklet which I intend printing. Whether it will do good I cannot say but I intend to try it. The subject is "The Immortality of the Soul". There will be only about seventy-five small pages but I will have it printed by a good publisher and will hope for the best. I don't expect to make anything out of it but I want to help somebody.

September second—Since the 15th of August, on which date Cassie took me over to Atlanta, I have written nothing in this book. We spent four or five delightful days with Thornwell and Dillard. I have had the pleasure of seeing the city, especially the burnt district which is being rebuilt.

Owing to health conditions I made only three short trips to Riverside. Our eighteenth year closed satisfactorily. Good matrons and happy children.

I now have a session of six members all of whom will lead in prayer when called on. I got to work today in fine style, delivering lectures to the ladies and to the college.

September ninth—The past week has been a right busy one. I spoke to the matrons Monday morning. Home of Peace girls Tuesday evening. To the college that morning. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. We have taken the census and find very few vacancies. Our deacons' court meets today. I find myself equal to two services. Next week will be equally busy.

I have been happy in the work however, and feel that I am steadily but slowly improving except that my left eye has about gone out of business. I hope my right eye will hold out some longer, although it is a miserable apology for sight. I am wholly dependent upon Cassie for news of the outside world.

DIARY ENTRIES BY CASSIE OLIVER

September fifteenth—The above is the last dictation Doctor gave before his death. I am writing what I remember of his last week of work on earth. Truly the greatest man I ever knew has gone to his rest for he has been a father to this little orphan girl for eighteen years.

Sunday—Good morning greetings—worship—breakfast. The morning service was the seventh anniversary of Thornwell Memorial Church and S. S. Had a very interesting time. Doctor

charged the teachers concerning the work and responsibility of teaching the Bible; offered a special prayer. Dinner. Afterwards, some reading. Three thirty P.M., Session met in Doctor's study (I was always present to aid Doctor). All were present, pastor, elders, Thos. Scott, A. O. Sowers, S. K. Kilgore, W. W. Harris, W. P. Jacobs, Jr., and George Flanagan. Very little business. Arrangements for communion. Before closing Doctor remarked that this was the first session he ever had, all of whom led in public prayer and he was so proud of it. Four P.M., we had the communion service, which Doctor loved. Supper. Talks, music, goodnights. All this time Doctor was fairly well; complained some of indigestion, cough, and cold.

Tuesday—Eight P.M., a talk to the Home of Peace girls while in study hour. He placed before them his ideal of a perfect girl. He said that he had always loved women and had placed them the highest on earth. He remarked that he loved the study room of the Home of Peace best of all the places on earth because there he had gathered the first little orphan children in his arms, and there he had looked for the last time on the face of his beloved wife who had been the helper and inspiration of all he had done, even in all these years.

Wednesday—Worship, busy office hours, walk around the campus, dinner about two o'clock; walked up town to barber shop for a hair cut. Came back by M. S. Bailey's store and both weighed, doctor 112 lbs. and I 107. Went in parlor and had ice cream. Came back home, opened mail. Miss Florence came over every day before dinner or late in the afternoon. He loved to have her around. Wednesday night prayer-meeting. Reading Job, 2nd chapter, and expounding the book of Job to us.

Thursday—Usual office work, walk and rides. He wrote a letter to Mrs. N. F. McCormick thanking her for refurnishing the McCormick Home and all her kindnesses to him. He signed his own name as usual to her letters.

Friday—At half past four I took him in the car to visit. We went first to his son, Ferd's house. They were not at home. So we went around to see Edna and William. We had such a pleasant visit. He talked to them about his "honeymoon," as he so often talked of her in the last year.

Saturday—Had a very busy morning in the office as Saturday always was. Doctor complained a little of his back hurting him and feeling tired. Three o'clock we started to Riverside. Doctor, Mr. Branch, Genie, Alma, Mary and I, a good car full. The car rode so roughly Mr. Odion who has been laying

the side walks in Clinton found that Doctor's car did not have shock absorbers. So he had them put on. This is the last personal gift. Then on out to Riverside. How Doctor did love Riverside!

Sunday—Good morning—worship and breakfast. Then the Sunday reading. He was very much interested in all that I read. I always selected the numbers of the hymns for him, found his text and the Bible chapter which he had Mr. Branch to read. On the way to church he told me he wanted the Pastor's Aid Society of Thornwell Memorial Church to put up a slab of some kind on the front of the church, having the name of church, pastor, time of Sunday service, and prayer meeting, and "All are Welcome." A duet by William and Edna which was very pretty. Text I Corinthians, third chapter, sixteenth verse. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you." Song, "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide." Doctor felt tired and took a nap sitting in a rocking chair on front porch. Had dinner, wrote in journal, and had papers read to him until three P. M. Then had first regular meeting of Deacons. A rain came up and he did not think we could have afternoon service. About four fifteen we went over to church. The room was very dark as the lights were not on so early. The songs were "O That will be Glory for Me," "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown" and "The King's Business." The children sang unusually well and Doctor loved this. The sermon was to the boys, especially. The shipwreck of Paul on Island of Melita. Text: Psalm 107, verse 24. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. We walked home. Doctor felt tired and did not go for his usual Sunday afternoon walk. He went into the sitting room and started to reading in his "raised letter Bible" which he had learned to read in with comfort.

At supper he said he felt tired and would hear some music and go to bed. We had several pieces, then he began to talk—he said he was "blue" about his eye sight, feared he would be blind, told us he had prayed to God to take him before he became totally blind, also said he had asked God to take him while he was working. He was not satisfied with the sermons he had preached that day, saying all his life he had felt "blue" after preaching with just a few exceptions. We had already told him he had given us two splendid sermons. Then he began to talk of the future of the Orphanage. Only one dream he had had that was not realized and he was going to write Mr. M. S. Bailey the very next day, ask him to buy the old Methodist church and

name it the "Bailey Memorial" for his wife and have it for the Second Presbyterian Church. We then talked about his new book, asked him to put all his poems in book form, but he said no, he wanted to be remembered as a philosopher and philanthropist, and that Thornwell would collect his poems in a book some time. Gene and Marion came in and Doctor forgot his troubles in teasing them about Latin. After they had gone he told us he had his talk ready for the Graded School on Monday and wanted me to take him up in the car just before ten. He then asked for the time. I said ten of nine, bed time for him, but I played three more pieces on the "music box"—"My Task", "Beautiful City" and "The Holy City", one of his favorite records. He asked me to repeat the words after the music had stopped. Then goodnight and to bed, saying he was feeling very well and thought he would sleep all night. Soon he was asleep.

I was awakened by hearing "Cassie—Cassie". As I turned on the light I saw it was twenty minutes to five. Doctor was sitting up in bed. He put his hand to his head and said he had an awful headache. He drank the medicine but could not drink the water I gave him, but fell back in my arms, unconscious. I called the girls and told them to call Dr. Young, Dr. Hayes, Miss Florence and the family. Miss Florence reached us first. Soon both doctors and the family were with us. Still we could not believe he was going so soon. The doctors could not do a thing. We all had to stand by with hands folded and let our dear "Doctor" and Father die. Twenty minutes to six o'clock Monday morning, September 10th, 1917.

"Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The inspiration, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
And what it cannot find, creates."

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