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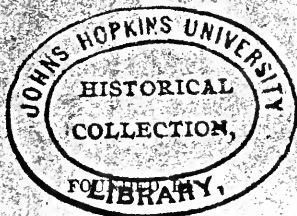
# HISTORY

OF THE

## Communion Church Institute,

OF

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,



REV. A. TOOMER PORTER,

A. D. MDCCCLXVII.

*SECOND EDITION, BROUGHT DOWN TO OCTOBER 1, 1875.*

NEW YORK:

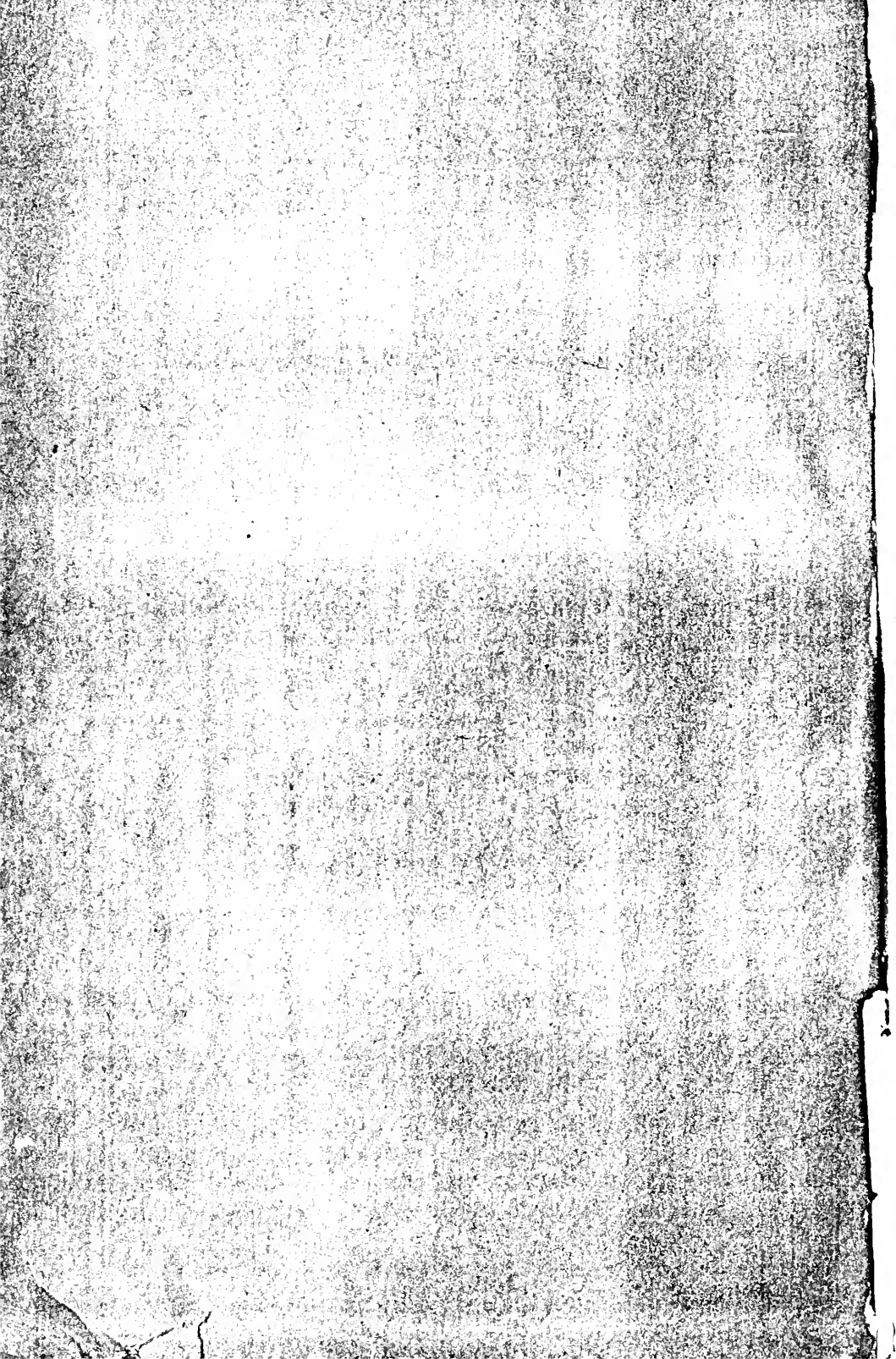
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1876.

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HISTORY

OF THE

Holy Communion Church Institute,

OF

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FOUNDED BY

REV. A. TOOMER PORTER,

A. D. MDCCCLXVII.

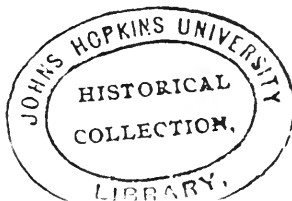
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TO  
MY MANY HELPERS,  
THIS  
RECORD OF A WORK OF FAITH AND LOVE IS RESPECTFULLY, AFFECTIONATELY, AND  
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY A. TOOMER PORTER,  
RECTOR OF  
THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,  
AND RECTOR OF THE

Holy Communion Church Institute,  
FOUNDED IN 1867.

ALL-SAINTS' DAY, *November 1, 1874.*

“Dwell in the land and be doing good. Verily thou shalt be fed.”

“Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.”



HISTORY  
OF THE  
HOLY COMMUNION CHURCH INSTITUTE,  
OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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CHAPTER I.

ON that fearful night of February 17, 1865, when Columbia, the fair capital of South Carolina, was enveloped in flames, amid those fierce and fiery billows which swept over the devoted city, I found myself with my little family. Helpless, almost hopeless, not knowing what terrible fate awaited us, in this frightful extremity God raised me up a devoted friend in the person of Lieutenant John A. McQueen, of the Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, which was the escort of General O. O. Howard. During the entire stay of the Federal Army in the now blackened and ruined city, this devoted officer never forsook us, giving all the protection he possibly could; and it was only when the last company of United States soldiers had departed that he took his leave.

On parting with him, as he mounted his horse, I placed in his hands a letter, addressed by me to General Wade Hampton, or any other Confederate into whose custody he might fall. I charged him to retain this on his person, as, in the chances of war, he might find it useful. The story is a long one, and will be repeated elsewhere at some future time. Suffice it to say, that ten days after, near Camden, South Carolina, Lieutenant McQueen was wounded in a skirmish, and my letter was the means of saving his life. Hearing of the casualty, I resolved to seek the disabled officer; and, after a journey of over two

hundred miles by rail and wagon, and on foot, I found him. Procuring a buggy and a horse, I took him to Raleigh, North Carolina, where General Joseph E. Johnston sent him through the lines without exchange or parole, in consideration of his noble and humane conduct in Columbia and Camden.

After the cessation of hostilities, the Right Reverend Thomas F. Davis, D. D., Bishop of South Carolina, sent me to New York in April, 1866, to endeavor to collect a fund sufficiently large to rebuild our Theological Seminary buildings, and restore our library, which had been burned during the war. At the same time, I was charged to raise money for the purpose of establishing a school for the children of the freedmen, which was to be under the direction of the Protestant Episcopal Church. For the first-named object I collected a little over five thousand dollars; and, for the second, a sufficient amount to purchase, in Charleston, the old Marine Hospital building, which I fitted up nicely for a school. The commission for colored people of the Protestant Episcopal Church have paid the teachers from that time to the present; while about eighteen hundred colored children have attended this school. Here I would state that my success in collecting funds for this undertaking was owing, in a great measure, to the interest evinced in me by General Howard, an interest which arose from my kindness to his lieutenant, for whose sake I had traveled over eleven hundred miles in order to reach and befriend him when stricken down. By General Howard I was introduced to Mr. Johnson, then President of the United States, to whose liberality I was indebted for a check for one thousand dollars, paid out of his own private fund, for the purchase of the school-house for colored children.

All this, however, was, in the providence of God, only preparing the way for me to enter upon a much greater work than he had appointed for me to do. In order that my readers may fully understand, not only the nature and results of my vast undertaking, but the circumstances which led to the same, it will be necessary for me to retrace my steps, and open a sad page in my personal history.

On the 25th of October, 1864, the angel of death visited my family circle, and bore to the arms of his heavenly Father,

whose pleasure it was to call him, my eldest child, a lovely boy of eleven years of age. Beautiful in person, remarkably lovely in disposition and character, this precious child was one of those spiritualized children whom we see occasionally. But the Father had need of him; and, after enduring seventy-two hours the agonies of that dread disease, yellow fever, he closed his eyes forever on the things of this world, to open them in that life which is immortal.

Then, indeed, did a shadow so dark, so deep, fall upon our pathway, that we could scarcely see to grope our way to clasp the Father's hand which we knew was extended to us from behind the cloud, in loving and tender mercy. For three long years—years full of unceasing regret for the precious child gone from us—I went heavily all the day, and night after night watered my couch with my tears. Hearts that have experienced a similar bereavement can understand how it was that, at this time, life was simply a duty, all pleasure in it having gone.

It has been my custom to spend the anniversary of my child's death at his grave in the cemetery, about two miles from the city of Charleston. On the 25th of October, 1867, I repaired, as usual, to the grave to weep there, little dreaming that I was on the eve of establishing a great institution, which, under God, was to change the destiny of many hundreds. On this occasion I was more than usually afflicted; and, when in the depths of sorrow, graciously our heavenly Father put forth his hand, and mercifully led me into green pastures and beside still waters.

In the midst of that graveyard, surrounded by those quiet sleepers, I reflected on the present condition of my beloved boy. He had passed through the gates of light, and was enjoying those things for which I was only hoping; knowing, where I was only believing. I thought of the time when, perhaps, the Father may send him to be one of those who shall lead my spirit through the unknown country. Had he lived and grown to manhood, and become a successful minister of the gospel, at best he could have only worn the crown, and this he already had without the conflict. Calmed and comforted by these precious truths, brought us by our dear Lord,

my thoughts then reached out to the boys—the young school-mates and companions of my precious child. While he was a dweller in paradise, sharing in its glories, and partaking of its gifts, they, for the most part, were orphaned by the war, thoroughly impoverished, and growing up perfectly destitute of educational advantages. Their parents had formerly sent them to the city, or abroad, to be educated; or employed tutors at home; for, owing to the sparseness of the white population, there were no large public nor private schools in the country places convenient to the plantations. These children, as a general thing, represented the best blood of our land. What a sad change from their former condition! How pitiable to see them ignorant, uncultured, running wild in the woods! Then my thoughts reverted to the breaking up of our schools in 1861, by which so many of the Southern youth sustained the loss of education, and had grown up with minds almost entirely uncultured. It seemed to me that boys, whose parents were among the *élite* of the land, suffered a terrible fall when they were plunged into an abyss of ignorance; for, the greater the height from which they fell, the lower the depths into which they were plunged. Standing, as we were, amid the utter wreck of fortune, I felt that we must not, if the evil could be prevented, suffer the additional calamity of ignorance. Who, who would come to the rescue of these boys? The answer came, it seemed to me from Heaven: "Something must be done, and done at once, and you must do it." I do it? I have no way; from day to day I can scarcely procure the means with which to sustain my family. The voice seemed ringing in my ears: "Take up your work and do it."

Gradually the light seemed to break upon me, showing me, although then dimly, the way. I remembered that I had at my command a large building, which I had erected before the war as a Sunday-school and an Industrial School-house. This I could use for a schoolroom. Then I owned a house, the last piece of property I held of my patrimony, all the rest having been swept away by the terrible whirlwind of war. This building I was renting at six hundred dollars per annum. I determined to give a month's notice to the tenants; and this

house I could devote to an orphanage. Thus, from thought to thought, my duty became plain, and the way growing clearer. As the sun went down, throwing gleams of glory on that little grave, I knelt on the mound, and asked of God that, if the thought and desire were from him, I might be endowed with the wisdom, the zeal, the continuity of purpose to carry out the enterprise; and that the hearts of his people might be open to me, and that they would not listen coldly, I prayed, when I pleaded the cause of the impoverished orphan; or let it ail pass away as a morning cloud, or the fantasies of a fleeting dream.

Devoting my life afresh to our blessed Saviour, I arose from my knees with a lightened heart; and, from that time to this, although never a day has passed that my thoughts have not dwelt upon my absent dear one, I have never been permitted to grieve for him. Out from among those quiet sleepers once more I went. I left that precious little grave; but I carried with me the glorious resolve, the holy purpose with which I had been inspired while kneeling there, and which inspiration, let me say, has never deserted me, even amid weariness, sickness, and discouragement.

O reader, what a lesson you can gather from this experience! When your heavenly Father chastens you, do not give up in despair; but ask, "Lord, what is it? What wilt thou have thy servant to do?" Look about you; see what your work is; then, be up and do it. Do not suffer sorrow to so manacle your hands that you cannot put them out to the needy.

I returned to the city that night; wrote a circular, and the next day had it printed. It was addressed to the clergy of the State, to whom it was forwarded. I sent one to every section; and, where there were no clergymen, to prominent citizens, asking them to let me know what destitute orphans, half-orphans, and others whose parents were living, but who, for lack of means, could not attend any school, were in their neighborhood.

It was soon noised abroad that I was about to establish an Orphan Home. Even my friends thought me deranged. "It cannot be done," was the universal cry. Friend after friend cheered me by prophesying failure. It seemed to them as

chimerical as the attempt would be single-handed to build a cathedral in the Desert of Sahara. They had not felt the power of that inspiration of God's spirit which came upon me at that grave. The more they opposed and even condemned me, the more earnest and steadfast I became in my purpose. Soon I was flooded with applications from the country for the admission of boys, chiefly from the low country, bordering on the sea, from the sea-island cotton plantations, and from the rice-growing region.

One among many letters was very touching, and came from a widow. She wrote that, "Sunday as it was, she felt compelled to write to me. She had just returned from church, where she had heard my circular read by the rector; that up to that moment she felt the cloud which overhung her was impenetrable; that if God had not forgotten her, she was at least forsaken. By that circular the clouds had been riven, and a ray of light had come from the Throne of Grace into her darkened heart. She had a fine boy, about fifteen years old; that his father, before he died, had taken him through Cæsar; but now his education had been stopped, and there was no earthly hope for him. My circular, however, had changed all this, and she was going to send me her boy, whether I could take him or not." In due time he came; and, to anticipate a little, he was fitted for college. He went to Trinity College, Hartford; graduated creditably; studied law, and was admitted to practice; but, giving up all for Christ, he is now a candidate for holy orders in a prominent theological seminary, and will (D. V.) be admitted in about a year.

After carefully selecting my number, giving the preference to the oldest boys, knowing that they had the least time to spare, I consented to take thirty-three, the largest number the house could accommodate. Having settled this, I looked around first for a principal, and Mr. John Gadsden, of Summerville, South Carolina, son of the Rev. Mr. Philip Gadsden, and nephew of the late Bishop of South Carolina, was engaged. Then teachers, in all eight, were contracted with. A matron was found in Mrs. John Bryan, the widow of a dear friend, and my former warden. Up to this time I had not one dollar, nor did I know where to procure one. When I look back to this



period, I can only say that God must have supernaturally nerved me to the work. My circular suggested that I wished first the children of our own Church, then those of other denominations of Christians.

The quartermaster of the United States Army, then stationed at the Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina, had brought letters of introduction to me, in consequence of which I had extended to him certain civilities. Hearing of my undertaking, he informed me that he had ordered some iron bedsteads, belonging to the army, to be sold; that he would buy them in, and send them to me. I accepted his offer, and he sent me one hundred of them, and these, with some repairs, I have used ever since. This was the first gift to the enterprise. Here and there I gathered a little furniture, bedding, and crockery; and asked credit of certain grocers, butchers, and bakers, assuring them that I would not owe more than the house in which the children were to live was worth; and, if I failed, would close up, sell the building, and pay them. On these terms the credit was granted. On the 9th of December, 1867, the day-school was opened by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Davis. There was a large attendance of children and adults in the church, to whom I delivered a written address. Thus we began in the house of God. Soon we had nearly three hundred boys and over one hundred girls in the school.

I would here state that this enterprise was not for my support. I do not instruct save in those studies which are of a religious nature. Nor is my labor for pecuniary reward: it is a labor of faith and love; and the richest offerings that I receive are the smiles of my heavenly Father, and the grateful thanks of the hearts I have been permitted by God to gladden.

I charged fifty cents a month for each child received into the day-school; but such, then, was the poverty of the people, that very few could pay even this small amount. I distributed over eight hundred dollars' worth of school-books among the children, for which I never received one hundred dollars in return. I was forgiven the debt, for a part of them, by a generous publisher in New York, and a part I paid for.

On the 21st of March, 1868, the first boy came to the Home. He was an orphan, the son of highly-respectable parents; but

the poor child gave every evidence of the wild life he had been leading. I shall never forget the first shock I received on seeing him: the degeneracy was even greater than I had imagined possible. That boy remained with us four years; he was two years at Union College, Schenectady, New York; is now a medical student in Albany, and a devout communicant of the Church.

The thirty-three boys soon came in to the Home. When the first five had arrived, taking them into my study, I said: "Now, boys, you have come here as my sons; you are to be my guests. No one expects to make any money. You are here to study and to take advantage of this great opportunity. Your spiritual mother, the Church, has opened her arms to shelter you; she proposes to lead you in the way of life." I remember how shocked I was, when, a pure boy, I had left my mother's home and care for a boarding-school, to see and read, upon the walls of the premises of one of the most prominent and respectable schools in Charleston, indecent figures drawn and words written. Telling the boys of this, I charged them never to allow an improper figure to appear on these premises; that I would not attend to this, but they must manage it themselves. I remarked: "The boy who writes or draws anything improper on the walls needs cleaning, and, although you cannot make him clean within, you can typically. You can take him to the pump and wash him well, and, when I hear that you have done so, I will dismiss the boy." In all these seven years, I have never seen a word written, nor figure drawn, on the premises. A laughable incident took place in connection with this. About two years ago, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, the poet, visited the institution, and addressed the boys in a most noble speech, after which I told him and his party how successful I had been in preventing the boys from disgracing the walls with improper figures or words. Turning to my young charges, I said, "Now, boys, have you ever ducked any one yet?" I was somewhat confounded by the general laugh which arose, and the emphatic declaration, "Yes!" they had ducked three, but as the offenders had promised so faithfully never to repeat the offense, evinced so much sorrow, and begged so hard that I might not be told of their misdeed, as they would have to leave

if I knew of it, they had put them on trial without telling me, and these boys had been as good as their word: There was a general laugh at my expense, but with such a record I was willing. I have never repeated the order since I first told the five boys; it has been handed from one year to the next, and is one of the unwritten traditions of the institution.

Now begins a series of the most wonderful providences. I would impress upon my readers to note how the presence of God has been with us through all the years of the life of this institution, how he has used one means and another, at times making us realize that it was his hand guiding us, and his voice counseling us; and if my experience, given in these pages, can only strengthen one fainting heart, and encourage it in energy, patience, endurance, and faith, this narrative shall not have been written in vain. If I can make only one heart realize that our Father is not far off, but nigh, that his hand is stretched out still and his ear is open to our prayers, then I shall have comforted some soul, and helped some one to cling closer to God; and this will be my exceeding great reward.

Up to this point I had been in receipt of little or no money. The tuition fees were only nominal. The common schools of the city were not organized, and my school was filled with free scholars; it was the largest, indeed the only large one, in the place. I raised in Charleston, through all the first year, only three hundred and thirty dollars for this great work. My expenses were increasing, salaries and bills were unpaid, and matters looked desperate. But my courage did not fail, nor did my resolution falter. Faith in God and the belief that he had placed within my hands this work sustained me. How much I bore from doubting and dissuading friends, whose want of sympathy became want of confidence in my success, only God knows; how many earnest prayers went up to Heaven, how many sleepless nights and waking hours of anxiety were passed, are recorded only above. The world did not know of my struggles, my anxieties. I maintained a confident exterior, never suffering a thought of failure to enter into my mind.

In March, 1868, obtaining a leave of absence from my vestrty, after the boys had all arrived and matters were organized, I went to the city of Baltimore. I was received with open heart

and arms into the family of the Rev. Dr. Mahan, the Rector of St. Paul's Church. I told my story at St. Paul's, and, when its rector handed me the collection, it amounted to nearly eight hundred dollars. This sum was soon on its way to the South, and unspeakable was the joy which it carried there. In the congregation of St. Paul's, Baltimore, was a gentleman, Mr. Wilkins Glenn, who was owner and editor of the *Baltimore Gazette*. He came to me for my plans and statistics; expressed much delight at this work, regarding it as the best effort of which he had heard from the South. He devoted many columns, day after day, in the *Gazette*, to me and my work, and proposed to form an association to assist me in carrying out my purposes. I passed five weeks in Baltimore, preaching in Emmanuel Church and St. Luke's, obtaining about one thousand dollars from the two churches. Day after day I went from house to house through snow—for we had five snow-storms during my stay in the city—through rain and cold, trudging the wet streets from nine o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night.

Dear brother or sister, you who have had this trying work to do, let me tell you that many a time I have gone in between the outer and inner doors of the houses, and knelt and prayed for grace and will to pull the bell; imploring God for strength to overcome this shrinking feeling, this repugnance of the flesh and spirit. Now and then my courage has failed me, and I have gone off choked and weeping. I tried to take the ground that I was no beggar, but an ambassador for Christ, doing his work and coming to the Lord's children to place before them an opportunity of laying up treasure in heaven. I acknowledge that the position sometimes brought me scoffs; but, to the honor of Baltimore, I will say that I was received with affectionate consideration and generous assistance.

I procured in Baltimore and Washington—chiefly in the latter place, from Ascension Church, then under Dr. Pinkney, now Assistant Bishop of Maryland—sufficient money to pay all my past dues and to carry me on to June. In that month my supplies became exhausted; and, when in that unfortunate extremity, a telegram reached me from Mr. Glenn, requesting me to return to Baltimore immediately, and by the next train I left Charleston. I found that Mr. Glenn had been to New York, and suc-

ceeded in interesting Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, Mr. William Appleton, Mr. I. S. Thayer, Mr. Charles O'Connor, Mr. William B. Duncan, and others, who had consented to assist in placing me on a more firm footing. Mr. Glenn called a meeting of influential gentlemen in Baltimore, and then and there they organized a society, with Mr. Saul G. Wyman as its president, and they pledged me six hundred dollars a month for three years. I returned to my home with a feeling of happiness animating my heart, and strengthened to proceed with my work. By the faithful fulfillment of this pledge I was enabled to get through the first year, having had over five hundred children in the day-school and thirty-three living in the Home, whom I had, for the most part, clothed as well as fed. During that year nine of the boys were confirmed and became communicants.

## CHAPTER II.

OCTOBER 1, 1868, began my second year. The school opened with as many pupils as usual, and the same thirty-three boys were in the Home. A few more day-scholars paid their tuition, which was raised to one dollar per month. A few in the Home also paid a trifling sum. On the 1st of January, 1869, I refused to take the girls again, and declined in one day one hundred and ten. This was a hard struggle, but I found my means too limited to manage both; therefore, with great reluctance, I gave up, for the time, this precious charge.

Mr. Glenn kept up faithfully his monthly remittance of six hundred dollars a month, which was, of course, a great assistance, but it was not enough. Therefore, I went to New York in November, 1868. Now my past introduction through General Howard availed me much, and I was able to collect about three thousand dollars. While in New York an advertisement from a Charleston paper was sent to me, of the proposed sale of a building immediately in the rear of the Church of the Holy Communion. I knew that if this work was to be continued, that building would be essential to me, for over two hundred applicants were waiting on me to consent to take them into a house which held thirty-three. Seeing that the terms were one-third cash, and the balance in three years, I made known my wants to God, and telegraphed to a friend to buy the house if the price did not exceed five thousand dollars. I had not a cent with which to meet the payment, but the house was purchased, and I was informed that, as soon as the papers were made out, I would have to pay seventeen hundred dollars; the house cost five thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. When I ascertained how much I had to pay on my purchase, I sought my very dear friend Mr. John D. Wolfe, and told him all my plans. His name calls up in the memory of hundreds the image of one whose ear was ever open to every story of work for the glory



of God and the good of men—a man who, as he lived on, ripened more and more for the inheritance of the saints. Full of love and generosity, he scattered of his abundance throughout the land; and, though dead, he yet liveth in the institutions he founded and fostered. Never seeming to weary, however many appeals were made to him—and their name was legion—he was full of humanity. After patiently hearing my story, he remarked, “You are as bad as the bishops—a sort of stand-and-deliver man.” Then, turning to his desk, he filled up a check for one thousand dollars, saying, as he handed it to me, “If you are good for anything, you can pick up the other seven hundred dollars.” This amount was raised in time, and, at the expiration of the three years, the house was paid for.

During this year nothing of consequence happened save that I received into the house just purchased thirty-one more boys. When I began this work, I was determined that I would allow no *espionage*—that I would throw the boys on their honor entirely. I told them, from the first, that the key of their dormitories was on the inside; that they need never go out of second-story windows, by means of ladders, at night; that no one was watching them; that if they went out after hours, they must leave the house by the front-door, remembering always, as they crossed the threshold, that God and their conscience knew they were violating a trust, and, if they could do this, sooner or later I would find them out, and they should leave the institution immediately. All the boys who have left have given me their assurance that never, while inmates of the Home, did they absent themselves after hours without permission. This is another unwritten tradition of the institution; and a boy who, under such circumstances, would leave the Home at night, would be compelled, by the pressure of the public opinion of the boys, to leave altogether. Is not the boy here laying a foundation of truth and high-minded honor on which the man will rear a noble structure? Will not these boys make valuable men? For, as the poet tells us—

“As the twig is bent the tree’s inclined.”

An incident occurred this year which illustrates the tone of the institution. Tickets of admission to the theatre had been

presented to two of the larger boys. The principal permitted them to go, and waited up for them until their return. When they came, both were seriously under the influence of liquor. This was Friday night. On Monday, after the usual daily service, Mr. Gadsden came into the vestry-room and said that he had a disagreeable fact to lay before me. Hearing all the particulars, I told him to leave the matter to me. During the day I staid about the premises, treating these young men as though I was not cognizant of their misdemeanor. The next day, after morning prayer, while I was still in the vestry-room, they came in, and under great embarrassment opened their case to me. They stated that they had gone into the saloon adjoining the theatre, and, as it was a very cold night, each had taken a drink. Being unaccustomed to the use of ardent spirits, they had been overcome by the potion. They said they did not feel that at their age—one was nineteen and the other twenty—they had done so very great a wrong in taking the drink; the wrong was in going into a bar-room at all. It was a breach of confidence; in this they had transgressed, and feared they had lost my respect. They were willing, they said, to submit to any punishment I was prepared to inflict. Perceiving that they were deeply moved, I asked them if this was of their own volition. They replied, "Entirely." I asked if this would ever again occur. "Never," they replied, "while under your charge." "Then," said I, "young men, your offense is as freely forgiven as it is fully and honestly confessed; we will never refer to it again." I saw the big tears roll down their cheeks, and, as they pressed my hand, their hearts were too full for words. At that moment everything was gained, and these two young men were patterns in the school until they left. I learned at that time the full value of our heavenly Father's forgiveness to a truly penitent sinner. Since then, one of these young men, now a respectable citizen, called to see me, and remarked that this occurrence was the turning-point of his life; my course with himself and his young friend conquered them, and they would have died sooner than have offended again. It had made a lasting impression on their minds and hearts, and had a most happy influence on the institution. During this year fourteen youths were confirmed and became communicants.

The society in Baltimore was prompt in its monthly payments; and with about fifteen hundred dollars collected at home, and amounts which came from various parties at the North, I got through the year, owing but little at this time. Although I was fitting boys for college, I had no idea of doing more with them than prepare them to go out into business; but one of the many striking incidents of Divine Providence now occurred which has led to great results. I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Huntington, Professor of Greek, in Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, asking if I had any boys ready for college; if so, I must send him four. Their tuition and room-rent would be remitted, and he, through a brotherhood, would provide one hundred dollars each for their support. The finger of God appeared to be pointing the way; therefore, I sent them on in September, Mr. William P. Clyde, of New York, passing them free on his line of steamers.

During this year the difficulty with which I had to contend at home was a constant prophesying of failure. I was no longer accused of insanity; now it was only rashness. The opinion was freely expressed that a work so gigantic must prove a failure. Those who have engaged in large undertakings know how discouraging such prognostications are. When you are struggling, as if for your very life, amid the rough billows of endeavor, needing some word of human sympathy, some kindly voice to cheer you on, these "miserable comforters" are not calculated to strengthen you. I can well understand the feeling which prompted Mohammed to reply to the question of his second and more beautiful wife, "Do you not love me better than you did Kadijah?" "No, by Allah!" exclaimed Mohammed; "she believed in me when none else would." Ah! my friends, even this Arab knew how precious a thing it is to be believed in. Perhaps our people were not to blame. They were under that most discouraging cloud, poverty; they had seen their hopes blasted and their plans frustrated. Measuring this vast enterprise by my visible means, they honestly believed that the undertaking would prove a failure. But, while they walked by sight, I walked by faith, trustingly following where my Lord and my God led me.

Thus closed our second year.

## CHAPTER III.

Two incidents worthy of note occurred during the second year of the life of this institution. They both convey a valuable lesson, which I trust my readers will lay to heart and profit by. I had preached in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, on a certain Sunday, in behalf of this work. On the following Thursday the Rev. Dr. Randolph brought me six hundred and five dollars as the result of my appeal. Handing me the amount, he said: "My brother, you will, of course, be thankful for these six hundred dollars; but here is a check for one hundred dollars which might have been one thousand without inconvenience to the giver." Thus he ran through the different contributions of various parties. When he came to the five dollars he said: "This is the most precious of all; it is the gift of a washer-woman." When he remonstrated with her, saying that she could not afford such a sum, she remarked that "it was the Lord's, not hers, and that she freely gave it." She then told her pastor the following story: "As I preached she became interested and said to herself that she would give to me all that was in the 'Lord's box.' It seems that she had a box which she called the 'Lord's box,' in which she was in the habit of depositing a certain percentage of all she made by her daily labors. As I continued to preach, she added to her vow an offering of all she made in the next three days. On Thursday morning she counted up her gains, and found that she had made three dollars. On looking into the 'Lord's box' she found two dollars; so, adding the two sums, she brought them as her offering to the cause of the widow and the orphan." I asked to be permitted to call on this woman, but the rector said that she would be hurt if she thought I knew this history. Therefore, I could only ask God's blessing on her, and commend her in my prayers. Reader, have you ever done like this? Is this the manner of your faith and love? What sacrifices have you ever made in

bringing gifts to the Lord's treasury? Will you not let the example of this humble woman, whose name is written in heaven in letters of light, and who will shine among the redeemed, stimulate you to emulate her self-sacrificing charity? This circumstance convinced me that theologians may war upon words, but while such hearts are attuned with love the Holy Ghost still abides in the Church, and the Church is safe.

A second circumstance occurred in a different sphere of life. I preached in Grace Church, Newark, N. J., during the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Hodges. I was staying with a friend, who, the next morning, came into his study, where I was sitting. The tears were coursing down his cheeks, and, taking my hand in his, he said: "I thank you for coming here; you have helped to form the character of my child." Of course I was much surprised, and asked an explanation. He said: "It is my custom, when my daughters arrive at the age of seventeen, to give them a watch, and, when they are eighteen, to present them with a chain and trinkets. My daughter arrived at the latter age last week; and I told her to go to Tiffany's and select a chain and such trinkets as she wished. Last night, when you preached, my daughter was much affected; and begged me, instead of giving her the chain and trinkets, please give the amount to you. I told her no; they were all excited with sympathy. I feared that it was an impulse which she might regret; to sleep on it, and see how she felt the next day." The next morning, it seems, just before my friend came in to me, his daughter had taken him into the drawing-room, and, throwing her arms around his neck, said, with tears: "O father, give Mr. Porter all the money, and please make it a great deal more!" He cautioned her that he would not give her the chain and trinkets again that year; but she persisted, and he did give me the amount and a great deal more. Here, reader, is another example, perchance in your own sphere of life—the first sacrifice laid at the foot of the Cross. How many, for Christ's sake, have you laid there? That young lady is now a happy wife; and well may her husband rejoice in the possession of so great a treasure. May God grant them his blessing now and forevermore!

To anticipate a little. An incident occurred in October,

1874, in the same church, which I will relate here in this connection. I preached to a full congregation, and heard many expressions of pleasure. Kind and gratifying as such evidences of good-will are, when unaccompanied by substantial help, they avail but little, for they will not feed one hundred hungry boys. The rector gave me his check for fifty dollars; his wife gave me a marriage fee of ten more; a Presbyterian lady gave me fifty; and a lady from Georgia, who was present, sent me twenty. Save these sums, not one dollar came from that congregation. In the evening, however, when I was leaving the rector's house, a colored servant-girl, who had come from the South with her former employers, followed me to the door, and slipped into my hand a parcel, which I saw was money. I said to her, "Oh, I do not look for any aid from you." She replied, "May I not be permitted to do my little for your cause?" Of course, I did not rebuff her; and, on examining the parcel, I found that it contained a five-dollar bill, rolled around a paper, on which were written the following words of one of our hymns:

" We give Thee but Thine own,  
 Whate'er the gift may be;  
 All that we have is Thine alone,  
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

" May we Thy bounties thus  
 As stewards true receive;  
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
 To Thee our first-fruits give."

I was moved to tears by this offering. Of all that congregation only this humble servant was found to show her faith by her works. Despise not thy brother and sister of low degree; Christ's jewels may be among them.



## CHAPTER IV.

I WILL here give my testimony as to the uniform kindness, consideration, and affection, with which I was treated from my first visit by my Northern friends. Men and women, of every political association and of every grade of society, vied with each other in paying me attention. If there was any bitterness of feeling toward the South, I have not met with it. It is true, I never felt that the civil war was a personal contest. I entertain no bitter feelings myself. The little coal of Christian charity in my own heart, I carried to place beside the coal I might find elsewhere; and I did find many such coals; so that a blaze of real love has burst forth, and to-day I have a sincere affection for many friends at the North, who have given me ample proof that this feeling is reciprocal. My work, under God, in addition to the good it has done at home, has been the means of bringing together many hearts which had been estranged; and for this I thank God, feeling that I am doing the mission of an ambassador of the Gospel of Peace in so holy a work. I met with a few persons whose hearts were not the sanctuaries of love and charity, by whom I was received coldly, sometimes rudely; but such cases were exceptional.

I would here give a few words of encouragement to any brother who may have a similar work to do. Appealing for aid is the hardest, and most unpleasant task that a bishop or priest of the Church of God has to perform. Hard, indeed, it is for them to leave their study, diocese, and parish, to say nothing of their family, and day by day trudge through the streets, from morning until night, often gathering nothing, laying plans only to find them come to naught—sometimes meeting with chilling rebuffs, and sometimes with rudeness and insult. Far harder is this than to give a check, which, however liberal the Christianity of our day, is seldom so large as to cause serious inconvenience to the donor. On the other hand, the cases of

Christian courtesy and warm-hearted sympathy are frequent, and these obliterate all painful memories, causing us to remember only the lights and none of the shadows of the picture. To cheer us we have, too, the certainty that an overruling Providence is with us; for often, when our best-laid plans fail, help comes in some unexpected way, from sources we had done nothing to reach, and from which we had no right to expect anything. Thus God would teach us that not by our zeal nor our wisdom does he build, but by his own might and by his own counsel.

We have come now to the third year of our life as an institution. I should have noted that, at the close of the first year, my matron, Mrs. Bryan, obtained a more eligible place in an institution under a distinguished oculist in Baltimore; and Miss Septima S. Seabrook, the accomplished daughter of ex-Governor Whitemarsh B. Seabrook, took charge of the Home, where she has resided ever since. It would be ungracious in me not to express in this record my profound appreciation of her most distinguished merits. A true-born woman, a lady by birth, education, and association, with a heart full of tender sympathy, she exercises a most wonderful influence over her charges. I really do not know how we could have brought our institution up to its present high grade of moral and social excellence, but for her example. In fact, we have had a very remarkable combination. The principal, descended from that grand old Revolutionary stock, has inherited all the fine traits of his honored ancestry. A Christian gentleman and a scholar, his place could not be filled. He is invaluable to me; yet I live in yearly dread of his leaving the institution to enter upon wider fields of usefulness. In our teachers we have had a corps who have done credit to themselves and have greatly benefited the school. Our dear doctor who, in rain and sunshine, cold and heat, never wearies in his daily visits, has contributed by his presence to inspire a manly, courteous demeanor in those who are often his patients. Those who know how impressible the young are, and how apt to catch the tone of their associations, can readily understand what a great benefit it is to the institution to have the presence of ladies and gentlemen of culture, courtesy, and refinement.

During the month of September, 1869, we had made arrangements to receive over seventy boys into the Home. Finding that our kitchen was too small, our dining-room also, and that we were cramped for sleeping-room, I determined, although not yet out of debt on the purchase-money of the house, to begin to enlarge and improve it.

This I did at a cost of five thousand dollars; and in a couple of years, by special efforts at home and abroad, I raised the money, and paid for the improvements; so that now we have accommodations for one hundred boys in the Home.

Supposing that I could still rely upon the systematic aid from Baltimore, I made my arrangements accordingly. About the last of September, a week before the fall opening of the institution, I received a letter from Mr. Glenn, of Baltimore, saying that circumstances would prevent his further aiding me. This was a staggering blow. I was collecting a little more money at home. I had requested all who had children in the institution to give me a conscientious statement of the most they could contribute toward the support of those children. But, really, I was almost penniless. No one, save my wife, knew of the unpleasant tidings. We opened the school as usual: I confess that I had a trembling and fearful heart; but had not God been gracious to me? I knew that his resources had not failed; that the cattle upon a thousand hills were his; therefore, my faith did not desert me.

Going to Baltimore as soon as I conveniently could, I laid the matter before some of the members of the association. They at once assured me that, whatever others did, they would continue their assistance. Gathering a little help, I then came on to New York, where I met with a generous response, receiving enough money to carry me through a few months. The most essential aid, however, came from Mr. William P. Clyde, who donated a supply of groceries sufficient to last seven months. His liberality did not end here; he passed my boys on his steamers to New York, on their way to Hartford, and back again to Charleston.

This year I sent a young man to Trinity College, Hartford, who graduated, and is now a student of theology—one of the candidates for the holy ministry from the Diocese of South

Carolina. Sixteen youths were confirmed, and became communicants.

In the month of February, when I had reached a very low ebb, I received a summons to Baltimore. Here comes in another signal providence. Mr. Caleb Dorsey had died, leaving about thirty thousand dollars to be distributed through the South. One of the trustees was ex-Governor Ligon, of Maryland. This gentleman had known me when I was a very little boy in New Haven, at which place my mother resided for several years with her family, after my father's death. Governor Ligon remembered those days of his college-life; and, hearing that I was engaged in this work, sent for me, and, after learning all the particulars, gave me a check from the Dorsey estate for three thousand dollars, which relieved me from the distress caused by the withdrawal of the regular monthly aid from Baltimore, and assisted in paying for the addition to the Home.

By this time some of my boys began to pass out into life, fitted to support themselves; having had a pretty good drilling in arithmetic, writing, reading, and spelling, with some knowledge in grammar, history, and geography; and, I trust, possessing that which is of so much higher importance, the groundwork of a religious and moral life. Since then, over sixty have found places in counting-houses and on farms, and I have had the testimony of their employers that they are a credit to their teachers and their training. Indeed, a passage through this institution is now a passport to business success, owing to the high tone of the establishment.

Such a work as this necessarily has its shadows as well as its lights; and as a faithful chronicler I must set down both. This year I met with a great trial in a false accusation brought against me. There are always people to be found eager to impute wrong motives to good deeds, and ready to call light darkness. Finding that they had proved false prophets, the carpers and cavilers now accused me of making money out of this work, for which I was spending and being spent, giving to it not only my time and my energies, but my private means also, sometimes not knowing from what quarter more was to come. Kind friends brought to my notice this cruel slander. He, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid, knows

that my hands are clean in this work, even as my motives are pure. My books are open for the inspection of any who wish to see them. I desire to hide nothing from the world of this my great work; and I know that I can hide nothing from my heavenly Father, who has so graciously sustained and cheered me in my undertaking. While an over-sensitive nature was sorely wounded at the grossness of the charge, yet I kept on the even tenor of my way, and lived down the libel, as a true man can always do. As human nature is the same everywhere, I record this for the encouragement of any brother who may have to undergo a like experience.

Mr. Charles O'Connor had, for three years, been a regular contributor to this work. I had never seen him, but, being in New York in the fall of the year, I called on him, introduced by the Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, M. C., to whom, as much as to any one, this institution is indebted; for he was one of the largest and most constant contributors in the incipency of this work. Mr. O'Connor is a Roman Catholic, and I feared that he might not understand I was a Protestant, and that the boys were under the influence of the Episcopal Church. Therefore, I brought this fact to his notice, as I did not desire any one to contribute under a delusion. His answer was characteristic. "Why, sir," he said, "I am aware of that fact; but you are saving a class of representative people, a class that no section of this Union can afford to lose. We, at the North, are as much interested as you of the South in their preservation; and, as a great political movement, I gladly contribute, and wish I could do much more for you."

During this year I sent to Albany, N. Y., and engaged a young man, a graduate of the State Normal School, as one of my teachers, and he has been with me four years. My purpose was twofold. Owing to the war, our young men at home had not received the advantages of a systematic education, and were therefore not qualified to teach. It is a grave error to suppose that any and all, never mind what their previous mental training has been, are qualified to become instructors of the young. The child who is placed in the hands of incompetent teachers, has a wrong done to him from the effects of which he rarely recovers. Precious time is taken from him which can never be returned,

and he goes mourning all his days, because of these well-meaning, but, alas! sad educational bunglers. I have dwelt somewhat on this matter, being interested both in the young and in education. I desire to impress upon the youth of the South, male and female, that, if they expect to resort to teaching, it is their duty to train themselves for the work. The disastrous termination of the late war has thrown upon the South too many "prentice-hands" in this important business—a business which, to be really successful, must be carried on by master-workmen. Believing this, I obtained a trained mathematical teacher, and the result has been all that I anticipated. Another object was to show my numerous and generous friends at the North, that a Northern teacher, going to the South as a gentleman, could teach and be honorably treated by the children of the best people of our land. The trial has been a success, and the fact is duly appreciated at the North.

During this year we had a class of eighteen for confirmation and communion. Thus we closed our third year, having had more than eighty boys in the Home, and over two hundred in the day-school.



## CHAPTER V.

IN October, 1870, we began our fourth year, with over ninety boys in the Home, and the usual number of day-scholars. I went to Baltimore in November, but met with little success in collecting money—the people had begun to complain of dull times; only Mr. S. G. Wyman continued to assist me. This sudden shutting up of purses was unaccountable to me; I did not then understand it, but now I do. Providence was pointing me to a wider field, and to a broader work for me to do. Failing to procure the needed assistance in Baltimore, I came to New York. Even in this opulent city I found the task of collecting money a very difficult one. I was told that it was a bad time to undertake it, but, let me say, I have never yet been able to find a good time for that purpose. Excuses for not giving seem to rise naturally to the lips of some persons. “There are so many calls,” they tell you—an answer which is given to all applicants, and thus none are helped. I remember, on one occasion, taking a letter to a certain party from his rector. He excused himself by telling me how much he had recently given. Thirty thousand to this object, five thousand to another, four thousand to a third, and so on. He estimated his liberality at about forty thousand dollars. I deprecated his giving me any reasons; I was quite willing to believe them good. He insisted, however, on enlightening me on the subject of his gifts, when his conscience seemed to smite him, and he began to tell the conditions on which each sum was to be given. Such were the conditions, in each case, that I knew enough to know that his bank-account would not be much lessened by this forty thousand dollars promised. I learned afterward that he really did give away about five thousand dollars. I left his home meditating on the self-deception of poor human nature, and how prone it is to cheat itself into believing that it has done what it knows it ought to do.

After a long and vigorous effort, I succeeded in gathering money enough to carry me on until April, Mr. Clyde still furnishing me with groceries, and passing my college-boys on in his steamers.

I have never but once asked permission of any of the clergy of New York City to plead my cause in their pulpits; and none, save the following, ever invited me to do so: The Rev. Dr. Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, by whose invitation I preached at Trinity; the Rev. Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's, by whose invitation I preached in the afternoon; the Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rector of Christ Church, by whose invitation I preached in that church at night; and the Rev. Dr. Washburn, by whose invitation I preached at Calvary, in the morning. The Rev. Dr. Morgan did me the kindness to write an appeal in the *Church Journal*, and the *Churchman*; but my brethren of the clergy have not been very great helpers to me in this work. Much of my aid has come from the merchants. Going from store to store, and from counting-house to counting-house, thus have I passed many anxious, weary days and months; none but the Master knowing how much real suffering of mind and body was endured. Considerable help has come to me from my Presbyterian, Congregational, and Unitarian friends. I record this with gratitude.

During this visit another very remarkable event occurred. The aid to my boys at Trinity College having been withdrawn, I thought I had sent my last boy to college; for the load of carrying the school, and then to be responsible for their college expenses, was getting to be too burdensome for my strength. I was dining with my friend Mr. Howard Potter, at whose house the Rev. E. N. Potter, D. D., President of Union College, Schenectady, happened to be spending the day. He had befriended me when he was rector of the Church at Bethlehem, Pa.; having sent me, unsolicited, five hundred dollars and a box of valuable clothing. He asked me "if I had any boys ready for college?" I replied that I had five; but I had no hope of sending them, as my resources at Trinity were cut off. He told me to send them to him, and they should be no expense to me save for their clothing. I afterward learned that he proposed to feed them at his own expense and at his own table. Here

was indeed a glorious opening; for he promised to take five annually. It can readily be perceived what an impulse this gave to me and to the institution; and what an invaluable benefactor Dr. Potter has been to the State and to the Church. I sent him five boys, and since then, up to this date (October, 1874), fifteen have been at Union College, Schenectady. Two are now at Albany, N. Y., studying medicine; one, who has led his class in the engineering-school, graduates in March next; one more youth will come up in January, 1875; one in March, 1875; and six (D. V.) next September, 1875. Miss C. L. Wolfe, the daughter of Mr. John D. Wolfe, most generously donated to Union College fifty thousand dollars, to be invested; and on the interest of that fund my boys are boarded, being no expense to me save for their clothing. My fervent prayer is that God will bless Dr. Potter; and that he will also bless the generous benefactress for her noble munificence, which is doing so much to aid in lifting up the long prostrate State of South Carolina. Some of these youths are looking forward to the ministry. Indeed, I have at this time six candidates for holy orders, and postulants for admission to be candidates—all graduates of the Holy Communion Institute.

During the summer of this year (1870), I enlarged the school-house by adding four rooms, 20 × 20 feet, well ventilated, and built of brick. I had no money; but these rooms were a necessity to my work, and I trusted the goodness of God to assist me in paying for them. I have managed to pay two thousand dollars on this building, but one thousand is still due, and if this should meet the eye of any one charitably disposed to relieve me, it would indeed be a great cause of gratitude to have it paid. I leave the matter with God, by whom this work has been begun, continued, and, when ended, I humbly pray that it may be his blessed will, and not by the folly or mismanagement of myself, nor of any one who has charge of it in the future. This Orphanage and School has had a visible effect upon the welfare of the parish. I have been compelled to enlarge the church to accommodate the congregation and the scholars. When we began in 1867, we had but seventy-four pews in the church; now we have one hundred and thirty-eight.

I must mention one or two incidents showing the providence

of God over this enterprise; they are only illustrative. Should I mention all the ways by which God has led me, this record would be extended to undue limits. I owed a bill for necessary kitchen utensils and other matters, to the amount of two hundred and forty-nine dollars and fifty cents, which had been due for a length of time, much to my annoyance. I was aware that the parties to whom I was indebted had but little capital; and they had been very considerate in not pressing me. Indeed, this has been singularly true of all those to whom I owed money; cheerfully waiting my own time, thus they have helped me considerably. Being in daily expectation of a demand for the amount, and not having been able to save it, I made this a subject of earnest prayer. I was writing a sermon one Saturday afternoon, when the thought came suddenly into my mind that it was time to pay this bill, and perhaps, if I went to the post-office, I might find letters for me containing money. I became so impressed with the idea that I would be thus fortunate that, putting down my pen, I went to the office. We had no street-cars then, and of course I could not afford to keep a horse or conveyance, and therefore I walked a mile and a half for my letters. I found quite a number in the office, and the first was from "James Saul," dated Philadelphia. I had then never heard of this gentleman; since, I have known him well, as the Rev. James Saul, for whom I entertain high esteem. This letter stated that one of my circulars had been sent to him by a friend in New York, a year before; that it had lain on his desk quite long enough; and now he inclosed a check for one hundred dollars, to help on my work, if still in existence. The next letter was from the Rev. Dr. Pinkney, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C. He wrote that he had one hundred and fifty dollars over what he needed, for some certain object, for which he asked an offering, and he did not know any work he would rather help than mine. Here was just the amount I needed, with fifty cents over. The bill was paid in a few moments. I gave thanks to God, and was cheered and encouraged by this manifestation of his care.

The friends who had predicted my failure were now silent spectators of my work, and began to have some expectation that it would probably go on. During the spring of 1871, I was

compelled to come to the North, where I obtained a little help. I also collected about three thousand dollars at home this year; but we closed up and opened in October, 1870, with the incubus on us of eighteen hundred dollars due for current expenses.

A large class were confirmed this year.

## CHAPTER VI.

AND so we began our fourth year, with over ninety boys in the Home, and the day-school as full as usual. In November, I came on again to New York. I found that my work was becoming more difficult. None but our poor missionary bishops, who have had this trying work to do, know of the labor, the anxieties, the disappointments, of such a task. I do not believe that anything short of the most powerful convictions of duty, and the strengthening power of the Holy Spirit, can enable a gentleman to undertake this work. It is astonishing how appeals to the pocket show the state of the heart; how they bring out bad breeding and want of courtesy in some, and kindness and Christian sympathy in others. Sometimes you are helped grudgingly and of necessity, as it were; sometimes with a manner which makes the gift more galling than a refusal; and sometimes with so much cheerfulness and alacrity, that you are made to feel that the favor is all on the side of the giver, and not on that of the receiver. Cases like the following, I trust, are rare. I give it to show what has sometimes to be endured in a work of this kind:

A distinguished presbyter had given me a strong letter of recommendation and introduction to Mr. ——. I was told that this gentleman was immensely rich, not generous, but that my introduction would certainly bring some aid. Thus armed, I called. I was kept waiting in a cheerless anteroom for nearly a half-hour, before the master of the house appeared. As the old gentleman came in, he said: "Well, sir, I have received your card; what is it?" I handed him the Rev. Dr. ———'s letter of introduction, which taking very ungraciously, he read a sentence or two, glanced at the signature, and said: "Yes, this is the signature of Dr. ———;" then, crumpling up the unread

letter, and forcing it into the envelope, he thrust it at me, saying, "There are so many impostors going about, I cannot attend to it." Utterly unprepared for so gross an insult, and feeling that I had done nothing to call it forth, I was naturally exceedingly indignant. Fortunately for me, I had read that morning the book of the prophet Nehemiah; and there it is recorded that, when Nehemiah stood before the king, he asked him why he was of such sad countenance; and, ere he answered, he sent up a prayer for wisdom. At this moment, the story of Nehemiah flashed through my brain; restraining myself until I was perfectly cool, I then said: "Sir, if my personal appearance and my manners do not indicate the gentleman, then I am unfortunate enough not to indicate my social position. Knowing how often, in this great city of New York, you are liable to be deceived, I fortified myself with that letter, as much for your protection as my own. But, sir, the indignity offered me does not touch me as much as your friend who has introduced me; and I feel that I must vindicate him. Again, sir, I would do you some good; and I have a message to you. It is an apostolic injunction to be courteous, which is reckoned a Christian virtue. Now, sir, you can be that, even if you cannot be generous. But, sir, for myself, socially, my position is as good as yours. I am a clergyman of the Church of which you are a member. For nearly twenty years I have been rector of an important parish; for three terms a member of the General Convention and of the Board of Missions; a Trustee of the General Theological Seminary of the University of the South; a member of the Standing Committee of our diocese; and I am pushing on to fifty years of age; so that my position in the Church is made. Perhaps the next appeal to you may be made by some young man as well introduced as myself, with superior advantages to mine, with even a better work, if that be possible. His position, however, is not yet made. He is young, sensitive, and diffident; he is met by you as I have been; he bows himself out of your presence, awed, crushed, humiliated; and he says, 'If this is what I am to meet with, I give up the work;' and at your door will be laid, at the great day, this work for Christ and his Church destroyed. To save you from this, I must give you our Master's mind on this subject." Thus I preached an earnest sermon to

this poor old man, who meekly stood and received it; for I was gentle and kind, but firm and decided. Much talk followed, in which he said, "You Southerners are so highstrung and impulsive." I told him that my experience had taught me that a gentleman was always highstrung, whether from the North or South, the East or West; he could not be a gentleman if he was not. We parted; and a week after he sent to his friend a check for one hundred dollars, to be given to me; which I greatly wished to return, but the good Dr. — would not permit me to do so. I had been very bold before that old man; but so keenly had I felt his indignity, that I was glad to seek an obscure street to hide the traces of feeling which I knew must be visible. This, I am glad to say, is an exceptional case, and it is here narrated not in malice, but to encourage a fellow-laborer to continue his work despite insult and contumely. The Master sees it all, and he will recompense you.

During this year I collected about five thousand dollars; visiting the North again in the spring; and closing the year with a back debt of sixteen hundred dollars. I had, however, managed to pay off what was due on the house purchased and added to. Therefore, I organized a Board of Trustees, composed of Mr. George A. Trenholm, Mr. John Hanckel, Mr. Theodore D. Wagner, Mr. F. A. Mitchell, Mr. C. S. Gadsden, Mr. Hutson Lee, Mr. Evan Edwards, and had the institution incorporated, and then deeded to them and to the Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion this property to be held in trust forever.

In June we lost our first inmate. William Cornish, son of the Rev. J. H. Cornish, of Aiken, South Carolina, died after a very short illness. He had been confirmed, and was a communicant; and his death was a sore affliction to his family. Thus far, we have never lost another; we have had some cases of serious sickness; but God has been gracious to us, and out of three hundred inmates, in seven years, there has been but one death.

The yellow fever broke out in Charleston, about the middle of August, 1871, and prevented our opening the Home until November. I was taken sick at the bedside of a man lying ill with the fever, and was myself quite sick. I had been com-



pelled to give my note to two parties, one for ninety-eight dollars, and the other for one hundred and ninety-nine dollars, for articles furnished the Home. The General Convention was to sit in Baltimore, and I was anxious to be present at its opening. I arose from a sick bed and left Charleston, without being able to provide for my notes. When I reached Baltimore, I found that the attention of the Church was taken up with the General Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, the missionary bishops, the Indians, the Chinese, the Africans; and there was no place for me to come in with my wants for the white people of the South. I kept my needs to myself, making them known only to God. The holy communion was celebrated every morning, at St. Paul's Church, at seven o'clock, which services I was glad to attend, and bring to Him, who there draws so near to to us, the burden of my soul. Tuesday, at two o'clock, my note of ninety-eight dollars was due in Charleston. Thursday, at two o'clock, the note of one hundred and ninety-nine dollars would fall due. On Tuesday morning, as I was leaving St. Paul's Church, at about eight o'clock, Miss M—— G—— met me at the door, and, placing an envelope in my hand, said that a lady had requested her to hand the same to me. On opening the envelope, I found that it contained a one-hundred-dollar bill. I immediately went over to the Mount Vernon Hotel and telegraphed to a friend in Charleston to pay my note, and draw on me for the money. It is needless to say that I returned thanks to God for his wonderful goodness. On Thursday I was seated in the pew of the South Carolina delegation; twelve o'clock had passed, and at two o'clock that note was due. I confess that I began to feel anxious; nevertheless the conviction was strong that God would bring it all right. A little after twelve o'clock, one of the ushers came up to the pew and told me that a lady wished to see me at the door. A woman again! Blessed woman! What headway would religion and charity have made without the aid of woman? Significant fact that it was to a woman Christ first showed himself after his resurrection! Even as many women followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering to him as he trod his weary way to Calvary, so do many women now minister unto their Lord by their works of love and acts of charity. While man, the money-get-

ter and the money-holder of the world, gives of his abundance, woman, often a pensioner herself on man's bounty, gives of her penury. Blessed be all women who bring their gifts to lay on the altar of the Lord—from the rich woman, who bestows, like the Jewish woman of old, her "bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold," down to the poor widow, who parts with her two mites—her little all!

I went to the vestibule, where I was met by Mrs. S. G. W——, who tendered me an invitation to dinner, at the same time handing me an envelope. She said that its contents were for my work. On returning to my seat, and opening the envelope, I found that it contained a check for two hundred dollars. I telegraphed to Charleston to pay the note due that day, and thus saved my credit. Now is it not true that

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

I had not told my wants to a single human being. None but God knew my distress. I do not pretend to enter here into an argument as to God's special providences. I will merely state that I believe in the doctrine as firmly as I do in the atonement. My God is my Father—not an absent, but a present Father—more watchful, more loving, than the tenderest human parent; and everything which concerns me is of interest to him. Believing this, strengthened as I have been by so many evidences of his care, I have gone on in this great work fearlessly and happily, asking nothing but that his will may be done by me and through me, willing to go on, willing to labor, willing to suffer anxiety, and even reproach, if thereby my Father's will may be accomplished, and willing to cease my labors when that which he sent me to do is done.

I received no other aid in Baltimore. While in the Convention, the news came of the burning of Chicago—this was in 1871. I knew that this would cause me great difficulty in raising money in New York. I was compelled to raise money, however; therefore I came to New York. The difficulty was quite equal to what I anticipated. My best friends said that it was useless to try, but to try I was obliged. Going hither and thither, day and night, walking until foot-sore and heart-weary,

I gathered a little here and there, and I was enabled, by the end of November, to return home, comparatively easy for the winter.

In the spring of this year, 1872, being compelled to visit the North again, I stopped for the first time in Philadelphia, where I met some kind friends and collected nearly one thousand dollars. Thence I came to New York, where I succeeded in collecting a little. Then I paid my first visit to Boston, where I met a hearty welcome and collected about fifteen hundred dollars. Returning to Charleston, I closed the school at the end of the fifth year, after a successful examination, and with a large class for confirmation. Six of my boys came on this year to Union College, and one went, in September, to Trinity College, Hartford.

## CHAPTER VII.

WE began our sixth year with a full school, and over ninety boys in the Home. The parents, by my request, handed me a statement of how much they could pay for their children. Those who can, pay from one dollar a month up to twenty for tuition, board, fuel, lights, and doctors' bills; but very many are not able to pay anything.

In the fall I visited New York, finding it still more difficult to collect. That my kind friends did not weary of me is wonderful; but the deep well-spring of their sympathy never seems exhausted, and, even when they cannot give me material aid, they always can and do give me kind and cheering words, never turning away from me the light of their countenance. How inexpressibly precious is this tender interest, this loving Christian sympathy, I well know; and I thank God that he has permitted so much of it to fall, like the sunshine, upon my path, cheering, comforting, and strengthening me.

The beginning of troublous times was being felt; and, just as I was preparing to visit Boston again, there came that terrible fire. This, of course, prevented my going; therefore, I turned my face westward, and visited Pittsburg and Cincinnati, in both of which places I met with kind friends and a liberal response. I then proceeded to Louisville, Ky.; but my success there did not encourage me ever to try that field again. I arrived at home about the 23d of December. We managed to get through that year; but I had the drag-weight of a heavy back indebtedness to carry; and, now that I look back to this period, I wonder how I bore up under the burden.

During this year there was a turn in the tide. Mr. W. C. Bryant came to see us, and we were also visited by Mr. J. C. Hoadley, of Lawrence, Mass. Being an accomplished scholar, he gave the boys a thorough examination. Satisfied of the

thoroughness of the institution, he offered to give me one thousand dollars toward the beginning of an endowment fund, provided I would raise nine thousand dollars in the State; for, as he very justly said, the work was too valuable to depend only on my life. It seemed to me impossible to raise that amount in Charleston, as the people were then giving me six thousand toward the current expenses.

I had, in my youth, passed nearly four years in a counting-house, where God, in his providence, was training me for the work I was to do. Thinking over various plans, I at length fell upon the following, and had some bonds printed as follows:

ENDOWMENT FUND  
FOR THE  
ORPHAN HOME AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOL  
OF THE  
CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, THAT *bound to the*  
*Rector and Board of Trustees of the Orphan Home and Parochial School*  
*of the Church of the Holy Communion, their successors and assignees, in the*  
*sum of One Thousand Dollars, to be paid in five years, in five annual in-*  
*stallments, as per coupons attached, with seven per cent. interest. This*  
*bond to be surrendered when all the coupons are paid.*

Witness hand and seal, this day of }  
[L. S.] , eighteen hundred and seventy- }

[COUPONS.]

*January 1, 1879.*

Due Two Hundred and Fourteen Dollars.

NAME.

\$214.00.

*January 1, 1878.*

Due Two Hundred and Twenty-eight Dollars.

NAME.

\$228.00.

*January 1, 1877.*

Due Two Hundred and Forty-two Dollars.

NAME.

\$242.00.

*January 1, 1876.*

Due Two Hundred and Fifty-six Dollars.

NAME.

\$256.00.

*January 1, 1875.*

Due Two Hundred and Seventy Dollars.

NAME.

\$270.00.

I likewise drew up bonds for five hundred dollars, put as above :

|                             |       |          |
|-----------------------------|-------|----------|
| Coupons due January 1, 1879 | ..... | \$107 00 |
| “ “ “ 1, 1878               | ..... | 114 00   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1877               | ..... | 121 00   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1876               | ..... | 128 00   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1875               | ..... | 135 00   |

Also bonds for two hundred dollars, as above :

|                             |       |         |
|-----------------------------|-------|---------|
| Coupons due January 1, 1879 | ..... | \$42 80 |
| “ “ “ 1, 1878               | ..... | 45 60   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1877               | ..... | 48 40   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1876               | ..... | 51 20   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1875               | ..... | 54 00   |

Also bonds for one hundred dollars, as above, payable in five years :

|                             |       |         |
|-----------------------------|-------|---------|
| Coupons due January 1, 1879 | ..... | \$21 40 |
| “ “ “ 1, 1878               | ..... | 22 80   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1877               | ..... | 24 20   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1876               | ..... | 25 60   |
| “ “ “ 1, 1875               | ..... | 27 00   |

Thus every one who would sign one of these bonds with the coupons could see exactly how much, each year, he or she would give for this work. The plan was approved of by business-men, and earnestly commended in the daily papers, the full schedule being published, and advocated by the bishop of the diocese. In ten days' time my fellow-citizens signed eleven thousand dollars' worth of these bonds, in testimony of their appreciation of this work. Mr. Hoadley gave us the one thousand dollars, and also signed one of the one-thousand-dollar bonds, and ever since he has proved a steadfast friend to the institution.

Although this was a prospective benefit, it did not relieve present necessities; therefore I was compelled to come North again. I stopped in Philadelphia for the second time, but found it almost impossible to obtain any help. In my hour of greatest need, our heavenly Father prepared for me a most wonderful relief. I was staying with the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, Rector of St. Mark's. He asked me on Saturday to preach for

him on Sunday ; but I had already accepted an invitation from the rector of the church at Chestnut Hill, the Rev. Mr. Harris. Dr. Hoffman urged that I would have a much larger congregation at St. Mark's, but I felt it my duty to fulfill my engagement. Accordingly, I went to Chestnut Hill, and on Sunday we had a pouring rain. There were not more than fifty persons in the church, and I did not mention my work. After the service, two ladies came to the chancel, desiring to speak to me. One was a former resident of Charleston, the other a resident of Baltimore. The latter said to me that she had become greatly interested in my work through Mrs. H——, of Boston, who has established a school in Wilmington, North Carolina; and through Mr. William Cullen Bryant, who had visited my school, and who was much interested in it. She desired me to call on her, which I did on the following day. I found that she had come up from Philadelphia only to spend the Sunday. She had lost suddenly her only child, who had been drowned in her sight, and the origin of my work having touched her heart with sympathy, she determined to help me. She gave me her signature to five thousand dollars of the endowment bonds, and also gave me letters of introduction to parties through whom I raised over three thousand dollars in money. Had I not met with this lady, I should have returned home with little or no money. I certainly would not have had her five thousand dollars in bonds, and possibly my work would have ended there. Some people may call this a chance meeting; I, however, am grateful to recognize the hand of God—that God who crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

This spring I did very little in New York. I visited Albany with letters from Mrs. B——, where, at an old ancestral mansion, I was most hospitably and generously entertained. I then proceeded to Boston, where my letters were of great avail—collecting in all about thirty-five hundred dollars on these letters of introduction. I returned home in the spring, and closed the school with a lighter heart than I had had for years, and with the prospect of opening under brighter auspices than ever before.



## CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY preparation was made for our October opening, 1873, being the sixth year of the life of the institution. Ninety-six boys had been accepted, and all promised well, when that terrible panic swept over the whole country, like a tornado, reaching me on the 26th of September. Indeed, all charitable enterprises, I presume, have felt it most severely. It so happened that I had selected for my text for the sermon of the ensuing Sunday the words of the affrighted apostles, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" The sermon lay on my desk half written, when I received a notice from a certain bank-president that a note in his bank, given for money used in the enlargement of the church, was that day due, and must be paid in full. I went to the bank and found its president inexorable. Up to ten minutes of two o'clock he kept me in a state of anxiety, and then gave me only until Monday to pay the note. I afterward arranged the paper, but with great difficulty; and this excitement was the beginning of a long and serious illness. On my way from the bank I met the butcher, a colored man; to whom I then owed five hundred dollars on account of back supplies to the Home. Expressing much regret, he said, unless I could pay him some of this back debt, that he could no longer supply me with meat for my boys. Here was another shock. What was I to do? On Wednesday, October 1st, my boys, ninety-six in number, were expected from the country. Eight teachers had been engaged, one being on his way from New York. Here I was with a great institution on my hands, with no money, provisions, nor credit, and our country trembling on the verge of ruin. I could not finish my sermon; the text had become a direct personal question, and my poor weak heart of unbelief was very like to that of the apostles in the storm. The winds blew, and the waves ran high and filled the ship, and

we were about to sink. Oh, what a calamity!—first, to those who had learned now to look to this institution as the only and sure hope for their children. To me, what a sorrow! To see a work crumbling to pieces which had cost so much labor, so many trials and disappointments; a work on which had been bestowed so much love, so many thoughts, was indeed a heart-breaking grief. That night, at ten o'clock, I went into the church and locked the door. In the solemn and hushed darkness, alone with God, I poured out my soul in prayer. I asked that help might come to me, if it was my Father's will. I knew that man's extremity was God's opportunity; therefore I implored him now, in this time of need, not to forsake me. Or, if it was his will that the work was now to cease, that at least I might be able to feel, as well as to say, "Thy will be done." I remained in the church until two o'clock that night, and left, feeling strengthened and comforted. I went home and finished my sermon before morning.

The next day, after divine service, I called the Board of Trustees together, and laid before them my exact condition. I told them my judgment said I must stop; my heart said I must go on; but how? They all agreed that the work had been too signally blessed for them to advise me to give up yet. We determined to go as a committee of the whole Board of Trustees, the next day, and ask the butcher, the baker, and the grocer to credit us for three months; and if, at the expiration of that time, we saw no prospect of relief, then we would close the school, and conclude that our work was done. We knelt and asked God's blessing, and so adjourned, to meet the next day. Troubled as all these gentlemen were, not knowing what a day would bring forth, yet they were willing to leave their business to go with me on this mission.

On Monday morning I went to the Home. As I stood in the quadrangle, looking at the church, the school-house, and the two homes (my own house, called Davis Hall, after Bishop Davis, late of the Diocese of South Carolina, and the other building, bought and owned by the trustees, called Howe Hall, after our present bishop), I wondered whether it was possible that this great work had come to an end—that these halls would no longer ring with the merry voices of its happy inmates, these

grounds would know my boys no more. Had I labored only for this? Had I prayed, battled, struggled, only for this? Thus I stood, with a heart full to overflowing, and the tears, which could not be restrained, flowing down my cheeks. I sorrowed for myself, for the parents, for the boys. How many hearts— hearts that had suffered so much already—would this blow reach! To fully depict my feelings on that Monday morning, as I looked sad and sorrowing upon the scene around me, would be impossible.

But, as if by magic, there came a rift in the clouds, and the sunshine poured through and the blue skies appeared. First came one dray driving into the inclosure, then another, and another, until seven arrived, all packed with barrels and boxes. Astonished, I walked up to them. There was my name on every package, "Orphan Home, Charleston, S. C.," standing out in bold letters. Perfectly awe-struck, I stood looking at the seven drays, while I seemed to hear a voice from heaven: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" I asked one of the draymen where they came from—where was the bill? His answer was: "From the steamship Georgia, which arrived last night. I was told to bring them to you; there is no drayage to be paid by you. I am only to leave them in your hands." I seemed to hear a voice saying unto me, "Stop, if you dare!" I locked up the groceries, and then went into the church, and, kneeling at the spot where I spent Saturday night, I asked our heavenly Father to forgive me for my want of faith, while I thanked him for his merciful goodness. I then went to George Shrewsbury, the colored butcher, and told him that we had intended coming to him, as a committee, to ask his credit; but I had no use for the committee: God had decided the question, the work was to go on; three months' supplies of groceries were then in the store-room of the Home; that he was a Christian man, and would recognize the finger of God; that he must not be afraid of me; that I would pay him the five hundred dollars, and all else I might owe him, in time; that was all I asked. He said he could not resist the will of God, and, as long as he could furnish his stall with meat, I should have it for my institution, if he did not let any one else have a pound. I have paid him the five hundred dollars, and all I owed for an-

other year, and up to the 1st of November, 1874. I went to the baker, who told me the same. I then communicated the joyful news to my trustees, and this was the only cheerful thing, in that sad city, on these sorrowful days. Suspecting who the generous donor was, I wrote to the gentleman, and so did the Board of Trustees. We passed resolutions and engrossed and framed them, and sent them to him; but we received no reply to our letters. In June, 1874, being in New York, I went to his counting-house, and told him that I knew we were indebted to him for the supply of groceries; but, before he answered, that I wished to tell him that, under God, he had saved the institution; that had these supplies not come at that time, credit would, no doubt, have been refused me, and I would have been compelled to telegraph to the boys in the country not to come, and would have advertised in the papers the next day that the school would not reopen. I might have recommenced at some future day, but even a temporary cessation would have shaken the confidence of every one in the permanent success of this work to so great an extent, that, however hard I struggled, I could never have regained my former position. My friend was affected by my statement, and said: "Well, I had cornered him; that he was thankful the articles sent had done so much good. During the height of the panic he had remembered my needs, and had ordered these supplies sent, thinking they would come in time." That man—God bless him!—is William P. Clyde, the tried, firm friend of all these years, who, in June, at this time just referred to, turned to his confidential clerk and ordered two more months' supplies to be shipped at once. His kindly acts ended not here. He, with Mr. Quintard, carries my boys who are at Northern colleges to the North and back again to the South, free of charge, thus greatly aiding me in my work. Oh, that we had more such men! They are the salt which savors the world. May the blessing of God be with him and his, in time and in eternity!

## CHAPTER IX.

As it may be supposed, the School and Home were punctually opened on the 1st of October, 1873; and thus began our seventh year. A strong and earnest effort being made on my behalf, the City Council donated me three thousand dollars; paying me two hundred and fifty per month. This was another wonderful manifestation of God's goodness; and, but for this help, I do not see how I could have gone on. During these first six years my buildings and expenses had always exceeded my receipts, and each year I was accumulating a back debt. I had ample sums owing me to meet my indebtedness; but I had been unable to collect them, simply from the fact that, in consequence of the failure of crops, high taxes, and bad government, our people in the country had been getting poorer and poorer, and it was out of their power to pay. I gathered here and there a little; panic year as it was, I collected during the year six thousand dollars. I also obtained nine thousand dollars in Charleston, which proves that we are trying to take care of the work at home. Let it be borne in mind that we commenced with nothing; collected the first year three hundred and thirty-three dollars at home, and in the seventh year nine thousand.

And now, after all this struggle, after all this anxiety, after all this labor, traveling many hundred miles, writing hundreds of letters, often at my desk long after midnight, sometimes until two or three o'clock in the morning, my overtaxed nervous system gave way. We got up a Christmas-tree and a dinner for the poor children of the Sunday and Industrial Schools of the parish; and on the 26th of December, 1873, after it was all over, I broke down. Then began a long, severe, and continued illness, and, as soon as I was able to be moved, I was sent to Florida, where I remained two weeks, and returned home only to have a second attack, more severe than the first. I was then

sent to Aiken, South Carolina, where in about ten days I recuperated sufficiently to return to Charleston and resume my parish-work. During my absence, our efficient principal, teachers, and matron continued their labors.

Through all this year we had not lowered our flag, but kept up to the fullest capacity of the institution.

On the last day of May I left Charleston for New York, intending to remain only a few weeks. After I had left, my family physician wrote to the bishop and my vestry, that, in his opinion, it would be at the risk of my life if I returned. The vestry passed resolutions asking me to remain away six months, if necessary; and the bishop promised to take charge of my church for one month during my absence. My brethren of the clergy also agreed to give me what help they could. After much persuasion, I consented, promising to devote myself to the interests of the school and parish during my absence. My vestry have been faithful, and, when they could not procure clerical aid, have had lay reading; so that during my absence the church has not been closed one Sunday.

Of my long visit North, how can I speak too fully? In New York, Boston, New Haven, Newport, Lenox, and Stockbridge, friend after friend has been raised up to me, by whose kindness I have been able to close up the school-home at the end of the seventh year, and to begin the eighth year on the 1st of October, 1874, with all my debts for past current expenses paid; free of debt, save the one thousand dollars still due on the school-house; with this year's outfit of such of my boys at college as needed assistance, and with the coal provided and paid for all this coming year. For this, as for all his mercies, God's holy name be praised! With a happy and hopeful heart, under brighter auspices than ever, I begin the eighth year of the institution. I also had about four thousand dollars in endowment bonds taken; thus helping me in the future, and placing the work on a more permanent basis.

I have, for the most part, avoided giving the names of the benefactors of this institution, and where I have trespassed I may be forgiven, for such deeds as I have recorded deserve to be known. One duty, however, I cannot omit, and that is to testify to the earnest desire I have everywhere met for the restoration

of fraternal feeling between the North and South. I wish that it was possible for every man and woman of the South to have the experience that I have had at the North. I have heard the views of those who differ from us, and have given my own with perfect frankness, never concealing my war record, or feeling that my Northern friends expected me to make an apology for the course I pursued during hostilities. I believe that I have been the means of informing many as to the real condition of the South, and thus inducing a kindly feeling.

It may be proper for me to state that all opposition, misunderstanding, and misconception of me and my work have long since ceased at home, and a hearty sympathy and God-speed meets me on every hand. This, sooner or later, comes to those who labor in a good cause.

I will here mention another of those peculiar providences which have attended this work. During the last summer, I preached at St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, and after service I was sent for by a lady, who introduced herself as Mrs. —, of Washington, D. C. She said that she was on her way to New Britain, but, being fatigued when she reached the New Haven depot the previous night, she concluded to remain. She had gone to Trinity Church, but was compelled to leave, having been overcome by some fresh paint about the edifice. Seeing the steeples of St. Thomas's, she had strolled into the church, and was glad that she had, as she had heard my appeal. She signed one of my endowment bonds of one thousand dollars, and invited me to make her house my home when in Washington, promising her aid in interesting friends when I was ready to do the same work for the girls. Some may call this accident; I am grateful to believe it Providence.

When in Boston, I was taken by a friend to Taunton, where I preached. Although I received but little money, my good brother, the Rev. Mr. Learoyd, gave me a letter to the Rev. Justin Field, of Lenox, Mass., to which place I went, meeting with the most cordial and hospitable reception. Kindness after kindness was extended to me by the pleasant people from Boston and New York who summer there; and I look back to that visit as one of the pleasantest I have ever made.

While in Lenox, a lady gave me a letter to her brother in

Newport, at which place I also met with a kindly welcome. While there, it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance and secure the friendship of Mr. Daniel Le Roy, of New York, brother-in-law of the Hon. Daniel Webster, and that of his amiable wife, who is a sister of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State. Accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy, I became an inmate of their hospitable home during the sitting of the Convention, and, after its adjournment, the recipient of the most affectionate hospitality. Under their roof, at the request of my friends, this narrative is written. Not the least of my many privileges has been the securing of the friendship of this most charming family.



## CHAPTER X.

I WILL now give the grand results of this work, begun seven years ago at the grave of my dear, dead child.

There have been thirteen hundred children in the day-school.

There have been three hundred in the Orphans' Home, the representatives, before the war, of fifteen millions of dollars, bearing the most honored names of the representative people of South Carolina, now reduced almost to poverty.

Eighteen young men have been and some now are at Northern colleges. Several have been at the college in Charleston. Many of them are now engaged in mercantile pursuits, and others are at planting. I have had the universal testimony of the excellence of character of every one of them. The Professor of Greek at Union College assured me that my boys came to him better prepared than the generality of applicants for admission.

Six young men are candidates for the holy ministry in the Episcopal Church, and one is a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry. Nearly one hundred have been confirmed and become communicants.

Now, when it is remembered what most of these would have been but for this work, I think all will agree with me that the results are marvelous; and the work has but just begun. Who can tell the good which those who have already passed through this school and Home may be the cause of, or who can prophesy all that may yet be accomplished? I have bought and paid for a Home which cost ten thousand dollars, and has accommodations for one hundred pupils, with all the necessary bedding and furniture, plain but substantial; a large brick school-house, which cost seven thousand five hundred dollars before the war, and an addition of four large rooms 20×20, built since the war,

at a cost of three thousand dollars, for which I owe one thousand dollars.

I have in endowment bonds, drawing seven per cent. interest, the sum of twenty-four thousand dollars. I am entirely out of debt for current expenses; the expenses of the month of October, in the eighth year, paid; the coal for the year all furnished and paid for; but at this date (November 20, 1874), not a cent to carry on the work with, and the promise of one hundred boys to live in the Home, and about two hundred day-scholars.

To God be all the praise for this wonderful work. I have been his humble agent; but he has supplied the means and given the blessing. While I have power I pray for grace to do his will; and when he calls me away, I trust other and abler hands may take up this work and carry it on to perfection.

It may be asked, "Is there still such need of this work?" I will answer this question by giving a few of the letters I have received this year:

*"October 4, 1874.*

"REV. A. T. PORTER—

"MY DEAR SIR: Will you be kind enough to let me know whether it will be agreeable for you for R—— to return to school? I have felt some delicacy about it, as I have not yet had it in my power to remit you the twenty dollars, now some time due. I am sorry that it has not been attended to before; but circumstances over which I have had no control have prevented. As soon as I can possibly collect the money, it will give me great pleasure to send it to you.

"Yours very respectfully and truly,

"\_\_\_\_\_."

This twenty dollars was all that was promised for the year before, for board, washing, tuition, and medical attendance, for a year. R—— is a fine boy, a half-orphan. It is needless to say that I told him to come.

"October 5, 1874.

"Rev. Mr. PORTER—

"DEAR SIR: I was very much pleased with the progress my little son made at your school last year. The method and religious influence were the principal features to me." (He was a day-scholar.) "I had hoped to put him back as a boarder this winter; but my husband says that he cannot afford it, as his only source of supply is our plantation, and it did not do as well as usual last year. Being left in debt, he will have to plant on borrowed money this year. He thinks the little he could give would be no inducement to you to take him; but I concluded to write plainly, and beg you to help us in some measure. We can pay a small amount in provisions or wood. . . . N—— is a good boy, and very much attached to his school. He has a good voice, and is anxious to join your choir. . . .

"Please give me an early answer.

"I remain, with high esteem,

"Mrs. ——."

I took him.

"September 30, 1874.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I received, through Mr. Gadsden, some time ago, a favorable reply from you relative to admitting my two sons into your school, for which you will please accept my most grateful thanks. I now write to say that I could not possibly get them ready before the first of November, as I am entirely dependent upon the assistance of friends for their clothing, some of whom are very far from me. Our post-office is fifteen miles from us; and, as we have no horse, it is frequently three weeks ere we receive replies to our letters.

"Very respectfully,

"Mrs. ——."

This lady is a widow.

"October 1, 1874.

"Mr. PORTER—

"DEAR SIR: I feel the want of an education, and have not the means of getting one. Knowing your kindness to all in

need, I take the liberty of writing to ask your help. I would like to qualify myself for something else than the plough. I tried working this summer, but failed in doing anything. I have made very little cotton, and have been sick, off and on, all the summer. I do not feel able to make my living in that way. My father is not able to do anything for me, and I must try and do something for myself. In the early part of the year I did hope to make enough to enable me to go back to school this coming year; but I have been sadly disappointed. If you can assist me, please let me know.

“I remain, very respectfully,

“\_\_\_\_\_.”

Let me say, that the spirit which animated the writer of this letter is one which pervades universally the boys and girls of South Carolina. Our better class have always appreciated the privileges of education; and our young people feel it to be nothing short of a calamity to be deprived of educational advantages. Who could refuse to help them in their laudable ambition? This youth had been with me two years: I took him again.

“August 17, 1874.

“Rev. A. T. PORTER—

“DEAR SIR: I feel deeply grateful for the advantages given my son during the last term, and beg that you will again receive him into the Home on the same liberal terms” (gratuitously). “I trust, reverend sir, that you will not think I wish to take advantage of so great a favor; my appeal is from actual necessity. My circumstances are so poor, that I can scarcely provide food and clothing for the other children remaining with me. Only God, who is the rewarder of the good, knows the deep obligation I feel under to you for taking the care of one from me; and still, in my extreme poverty and anxiety for a younger son, would beg that you take him also.

“Believe me to be, very gratefully and respectfully,

“\_\_\_\_\_.”

*“August 4, 1874.*

“To Rev. A. T. PORTER—

“MY DEAR SIR: Your kind letter of July 16th I have delayed answering. Alas! I find I am totally unable to do that which you propose, my resources being confined entirely to a small cotton-crop; and the caterpillars having made their appearance on the neighboring plantations, it is more than probable that great destruction is ahead of us islanders. Many who had large possessions are now homeless; and ladies, delicately brought up, are cooking and washing here in my neighborhood. The only prospect for my seven boys is emigration and a life of hardship. With many thanks for what you have done for my sons, for which may God reward you,

“I am, with much respect, yours truly,  
“———.”

I have two of these seven boys now at college, and two at the Home.

*“July 24, 1874.*

“Rev. Mr. PORTER—

“DEAR SIR: Unless you can add to the great benefits you have already conferred, by obtaining the means to pay all expenses, clothing, etc, he will not be able to go. Had I anything to sell, I would part with it most gladly, to obtain the means to fit him out; but all our silverware went long ago; and I am not exaggerating when I tell you that we can scarcely get necessary clothing and food. —— has every desire to help his brothers, and has not only been assisting them since he has been in business, but he has helped us also.” (This is a son who was four years in the Home.) “The gentleman who employed him has failed; and, though he is making every effort to obtain employment of any kind, as yet he has no prospect. Sincerely hoping that you will soon be restored to health, and that God will spare you many years to carry on the great and good work you are engaged in,

“I remain respectfully and truly yours,  
“———.”

"September 28, 1874.

"Rev. A. T. PORTER—

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: Some time ago I applied for — to be admitted into your Home. I write now without the knowledge of his parents; but knowing their wishes, yet inability to send him, I ask you to take into consideration his case as a beneficiary. Mr. and Mrs. — were among the richest of our low-country families. Since the war, they have been poorer every year. Their eldest son, a noble, pious young man, and their two eldest daughters, all communicants, have grown up, after the war, with next to no education, being too independent, perhaps too proud, to ask for gratuitous education. Yet, during this period, Mrs. — took — by the hand and began his education, which awhile was carried on by you.

"Mrs. — is now breaking in health under the long-continued and unaccustomed work to which she submits. She scarcely has a servant about her, generally doing her cooking, washing, and ironing. In regard to church-work, she has not her superior anywhere. I know you are willing to extend help to such as these; but so many are in like distress, that your ability fails; but, if you can, please let me know what hope there is for —. He is twelve years old.

"Yours in the Church of Christ,

"——."

The above is from a pastor pleading for his sheep. Of course, the boy is at the Home.

Are these letters enough to answer the question, "Is there still need for such help?" They are taken indiscriminately from a pile of over one hundred of the same sort, all telling the same sad tale. The following, too, is a type of its kind. I am receiving letters continually from those who were once under my charge, and who are now in the business-walks of life. The subjoined is from a young man of twenty; he had been with me four years, having come at fourteen and left at eighteen. Two years had passed after leaving the Home when this letter was received:

“FLORIDA, *May 10, 1874.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR: I have, for some time past, been trying to form a Sunday-school and Bible-class. I have succeeded in organizing one, but find it is about to prove a failure for the want of books; therefore, I thought I would write and see if you could help me by sending me some books. There are twelve members of the Bible-class, and nine members of the primary. I would like to get some question-books on the New Testament, and any kind of books you think would be best for children from eight to twelve years old; and some singing-books, like those we used in the Sunday-school in Charleston. I would not trouble you, knowing that you have so many things to attend to, if we could raise the money; but everybody is so poor out here, that I cannot raise money enough to buy books. We have no preaching at all at the village, and I think that, by having a Sunday-school, I may be able to do some good.

“I expect, when thinking of *your boys*, you sometimes think of me, and wonder where I am, and what I am doing for a living. I am out here in Florida, planting cotton, and trying to make an honest living.

“I hope the Home is still prospering; for I know that you have labored very, very hard to keep it up. I feel that I owe you and Mr. Gadsden a debt which can never be repaid. It makes me shudder to think what I might have been if you had not taken me into the Home, and, by teaching and example, showed me how to live so that I would not be afraid to die.

“I would like to get some prayer-books, too, as I wish to teach the catechism and have the prayer-book for my guide in general. I have to study very hard, as I have no commentary, or any book that explains the Bible.

“If you cannot send the books, will you not write to me any way, and give me some general advice that you think a young man may need? I am afraid I have taxed your patience too long already, so I will close, tendering my respects to Mrs. Porter and the rest of your dear family. Remember me also to Mr. Gadsden, of whom I often think.

“I remain one of your scattered flock, humble servant, and friend,  
D. H. B.”

Such a letter well repays for many anxieties and labors. Here was good seed sown on good soil ; how satisfactory the result !

This record is written at the request of friends. Not that there are not greater works than this, more worthy to be recorded ; but this has been so marvelously the work of love, springing up in the most devastated of the waste places, and so soon accomplishing good results, that it was thought that the Church had a right to the story.



## CHAPTER XI.

THE ninth year of the Home and School began on the 1st of October, 1874, with ninety-six boys in the Home and over two hundred in the day-school. Mr. Chaloner, of Albany, New York, who has been with us for three years as assistant to the principal, returned to his post. Mr. Banister, of Huntsville, Alabama, and Mr. McPheeters, of St. Louis, Missouri, were elected by the Trustees as teachers. Mr. Gadsden, the principal, took the helm with the same female teachers, namely, the Misses Wynne, Clark, Rhett, and Mitchell, and Miss Seabrook presiding as matron, with her wonted energy, zeal, and love for the work. All promised well, when it was rumored that the dreaded scourge, yellow fever, had visited our devoted city. Only those who live in a community subject to the ravages of this dreadful pestilence can imagine the panic its visitation produces in all who, being strangers to the climate, are liable to the disease. The affairs of the Institution continued in successful operation for over a month; then the pressure became so strong, that Mr. Gadsden was forced to disband the Home; but he still kept up the day-school. None of our boys had contracted the disease; and a hard frost, which kills the fever, coming quite early in the season, the city was pronounced healthy. The pupils all came back from the country, and the regular work was resumed. I returned to my post early in December, and began my winter's labors in the parish and school. My mind was comparatively at ease, for I had succeeded in paying off a large part of my past indebtedness, although the refitting of the establishment, during the summer, for our next term had cost considerable money, which had to be made up during the year. Of the ninety-six boys in the Home, sixty could pay nothing, and the residue paid from one dollar to

twenty per month. A fortunate combination of circumstances enabled me to procure a renewal of the appropriation of three thousand dollars from the City Council; and with this and the dues from the scholars, and a small interest from the endowment fund, we went on from month to month, hoping, trusting, praying that God's blessing would continue with us. During all this year we had but two severe cases of illness in the Home. Both of the boys recovered, and are again with us. God has been very gracious to us; there has been but one death in the Institution in eight years.

In the month of February we received from three gentlemen in New York, Mr. J. M. D., Mr. H. F. S., and Mr. I. M. F., a handsome present of knives, forks, spoons, table-linen, sheeting, towels, and blankets, a sufficient quantity to last us two years without replenishing. Thus did God continue to evince his graciousness, cheering and encouraging us.

I will here mention a pleasing incident as illustrative of the inner life of the Institution. During Lent, Mr. Gadsden was called upon by some of the leading boys and requested to attend a meeting of the pupils then in session. They stated that they had formed themselves into an association to put down all profanity and evil speaking among themselves, and wished his countenance and suggestions. As this was entirely spontaneous on the part of the boys, of course it was the more gratifying to us as an evidence that the seed we were sowing was springing up and bearing fruit.

During the month of February I must have felt the pressure of our needs very great, for I find the following entry in my day-book of the 27th of February: "Received a letter from Mrs. ———, of New York, very cold and unsympathetic. O Lord God, the silver and the gold are thine! Thou knowest how anxious my poor heart is; thou knowest how I depend only on thee; thou knowest all our need; thou knowest what we are doing; give us each day our daily bread! O Lord God, make my work thine, make me thine, and may many deacons, priests, and bishops be raised up out of this work for Christ's sake!"

On the 30th of March I was particularly low-spirited; my little pamphlet had been published, but it seemed to have fallen

unheeded among the people. I was disappointed and sad ; but on the 4th, I was visited by Mrs. F——, the widow of an esteemed clergyman. She stated that she had just read my pamphlet, and supposed that she was behind many others in bringing her offering. It was fifty dollars—a very large contribution for her limited means. On the 5th I received a letter from Mr. S. L., of Brooklyn, saying he had just read my pamphlet, and if I would send him one of my endowment bonds for two hundred dollars he would gladly sign it. These two cases came as a reproof to me. I felt the rebuke as though it said, “O thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt?”

In March, one of my young men at Union College graduated at the head of his class in the Scientific Department, and was appointed a tutor in mathematics in the same college.

We had the pleasure during the winter of seeing a number of friends, both clerical and lay, from the North ; all of whom, on visiting the Home, expressed great gratification at the manner in which it is conducted.

## CHAPTER XII.

On the 8th of March the Institution met with a great loss in the death of George Shrewsbury, the colored butcher, who had been a warm, firm friend of mine, and of my work from its very beginning. George Shrewsbury, having been mentioned before, I will therefore devote a short space to some events connected with him, which, although not directly a part of the history of this work, are yet incidentally associated with it, and will, I am sure, be of interest to many of my readers.

George Shrewsbury belonged to that respectable class of free colored citizens who were so numerous in the city of Charleston before the war, and who have always commanded the respect and esteem of the white population. He was a man of some wealth prior to the war. For several years he had been a member of the Methodist Church; but, like many of the colored members of that denomination, he seemed to prefer that his children should be baptized by an Episcopal clergyman. I had performed that rite for several of his children, and had officiated at the funerals in his family; so that many years ago a kindly feeling had grown up between us.

On Sunday, the 10th of February, 1865, I informed the congregation of the Church of the Holy Communion that I was about to leave the city, and that the church would be closed on the following Sunday, I knew not for what length of time. General Hardee, who was then in command of Charleston, and was a member of this congregation, had informed me that the city would be evacuated on Tuesday, and, unless prepared to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, it would be well for me to leave the next day. As I had no intention of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States Government so long as South Carolina continued to be a part of the Southern Confederacy, I determined to take my departure,

and so informed the congregation. Shrewsbury, hearing this, came to my house in the afternoon, and said, if I was afraid that my servants would leave me, although his family had never acted in a menial capacity, he would guarantee that I should be waited on by some of them, if I would only remain in the city; and that so long as he had any meat at his stall, in the market, I should share it. I declined all his kindness, feeling that I owed a duty to my fellow-citizens on a wider field than I could find in the narrow sphere of Charleston after it should fall into the hands of the Federal forces.

Time rolled on; the Confederate armies surrendered, and the South gave up its hope of establishing a separate government. I returned to Charleston on the 3d of June, 1865, after an absence of four months, having taken at Orangeburg, a town on the line of the South Carolina Railroad, the oath of allegiance to the United States Government.

It is needless here to describe the state of things which existed in Charleston in June, 1865; for that is a period in our history which, as a people, we would fain forget. Suffice it to say, I was afraid to call on any of the few families of my congregation who had remained in the city, lest they should feel it their duty to share with me of their penury, for most of them were living on rations furnished by the United States Government. I found my own house stripped of furniture, officials of the Freedmen's Bureau having made themselves comfortable at the expense of the citizens generally. I had not a cent. I would have had nothing to eat but for the old black woman who I had left in charge of my premises; she had been my father's cook thirty-five years before the war, and had not served us for many years. This old servant furnished me with supper and breakfast, after which I visited the market, and there met my friend George Shrewsbury, who was delighted to see me. I soon asked him if he knew the Lord's Prayer. He thought it a strange question, when I knew that he had been a Christian for many years. I told him I feared I had never known before what it meant. I had for many years said, "Give us this day our daily bread;" but I was sure I had relied more upon the bank-account than upon the bountiful Giver of all things. I said, "Shrewsbury, I have not a cent, and literally I do not

know where my dinner is to come from; but I find in the Scriptures this command and promise, 'Dwell in the land and be doing good, and verily thou shalt be fed.' Now," I said, "I mean to do all the good God gives me the grace to accomplish. He knows I cannot do any good unless I am fed, so I shall leave the whole matter in his hands." So saying, with a cheerfulness more apparent than real, I left my colored friend. The old cook had provided for me in my absence, and had a good dinner waiting my return. After that meal, while sitting on my piazza, George Shrewsbury rode to my door, and, with many apologies, offered me a roll of money that he held in his hand; it was one hundred dollars. He said he had proposed buying some cattle with it, but he had not been at rest since I had been in the market. To think that a gentleman in my position should have no money, was an idea he could not take in. I declined the loan, as I had no security to offer; he insisted, saying he would think I regarded it as a liberty on his part, and was offended with him. Of course, I could not let him go away with such thoughts, so I said, "I will give you my note for it." "I do not want your note, sir," he said; "you know you owe it, and I know it. If you can ever pay, I am sure you will; if you do not, it will make no difference. I shall only be too glad to have added to your comfort." I confess the tears, which had long ceased to flow, came coursing down my cheeks; first, that I should be in a position to need such help, and next that it should have come from such a source. Money was then worth in Charleston anything the most extortionate chose to ask. I could not gather this little sum to return him for nearly eighteen months. When I called to pay the last five dollars, I said, "I now consider I owe you one hundred still on the interest account; I will pay it off as I can." He replied, "If you ever say interest to me again, I will think you have been angry with me all this while. No, sir, no interest. I am abundantly paid in knowing it helped you in the time of need; and whenever you wish it again, it is at your disposal." After I had opened this Orphans' Home, he became my butcher, and I handed to him in eight years over twenty thousand dollars. Not that I think this remunerated him, for no amount could possibly repay that debt; the time and way the loan was bestowed made me his debtor

forever. It was a gratification, however, to be able to do something to show my appreciation of his high, gentlemanly, and Christian act. When I began to raise the endowment fund for the Home, George Shrewsbury was among the first to come forward and ask for a five-hundred-dollar bond, which he, a colored man, signed, to assist in founding an educational institution for the training of the sons of the old white citizens of South Carolina. This little incident tells a tale of the relations existing between the two races in this State, which may be new to many of my readers. There are, doubtless, hundreds of such instances, if they could see the light. George Shrewsbury died on the 8th of March, 1874, honored and respected by both white and colored citizens. He was one of the City Council, representing the Conservatives in that board. I acted as one of his pall-bearers, and assisted in bearing his body to the grave.

## CHAPTER XIII.

To return to our story. In March, 1874, I was very much pressed for money to pay for some groceries; the bill amounted to three hundred and twenty-four dollars, and was due on the 17th of March. On the 8th I received a letter from Miss W——, from New York, inclosing a check for two hundred dollars. I had made no appeal to her, and when the note came around, on the 17th, the money was all in hand to pay it, having come in from different sources. A valued friend in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, sent me a list of names of parties to whom he desired that I would send a copy of this history. I sent them to all the parties named, but have never heard from any of them. I mention this to show how often I fail where I try to awaken an interest in this work; while I still am carried on, as it were, by an unseen power. To God be all the praise.

On Easter Sunday, eight of the inmates of the Home were confirmed, and came forward to the holy communion.

On the 29th of March, the mattress-maker, a colored man, came to me for one hundred dollars which I owed him. He is poor, and needed his money. I did not have a dollar in bank; but I gave him a check for one hundred dollars, telling him it was after bank-hours, but I would see that it was paid the next day. I had determined to meet the check by putting my note in bank, unless some better way was found. I had asked very fervently for help, and felt sure that it would be afforded me. That night the choir-boys had assembled at my house to spend the evening, when a valued friend, Mr. F. W., of New York, called to see me. He has been on the Home Commission for Colored People for several years. The next day he visited the Holy Communion Institute, and the school, in Franklin Street, for colored children. When we parted, he handed me a check for one hundred dollars for the Institute. I went to the bank



and deposited the one hundred dollars before my check had been handed in. These coincidences are but chance to some minds; but I think God they help to strengthen my faith in the providence of a personal present Father.

My story is now brought down to the 16th of May, Whit-Monday. The day before, we had enjoyed a glorious service at the Church of the Holy Communion; the congregation was large, the school was full, the music was devotional and unusually fine, and we had a good sermon from the chaplain of the University of the South. On Whit-Monday, children from the different Sunday-schools of the Episcopal congregations of the city met at the Church of the Holy Communion, to practise for their anniversary celebration in that church, to be held the next day. I had been with them and practised all the tunes, and had returned to my home. While quietly sitting with my family, I was seized with a hæmorrhage from my lungs; this was a great shock, for it was so entirely unexpected. I had been feeling overworked for some weeks, but did not dream of this calamity. None but those who have been similarly stricken down can imagine the severity of this blow. Coming, as it did, in the very midst of my work, everything going on well save the finances being considerably in arrears, with several months still ahead of me before the session could close, and I apparently the main-stay, stricken down helpless, matters indeed looked desperate. I have often been asked by the friends of the work, "Have you never doubted its success in any time of your need?" and I have always been able to say, "No, never." Firmly convinced that the work was from God, I have always felt assured it would be carried on by him, through every difficulty. Now that his hand was laid heavily upon me, and I was forbidden even to speak, I felt that, in some way and by some means, God would sustain the work. Perhaps I was removed to teach me and my parish, and all connected with the enterprise, that this was not man's work, but God's; and that each and all should feel honored and privileged to be permitted to carry it on. The blow to me personally was a severe one; but I had no doubt God would make it conduce to his glory and to the good of the work, and I think I can show in the next chapter that I was not mistaken.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE sudden and severe attack of sickness which had fallen upon me awakened a lively interest in the community which has experienced the benefit of this great undertaking, and aroused the friends of the institution to renewed efforts in its behalf. I was sent to Aiken to recruit my strength, and I remained there until the 9th of June, when I returned to Charleston to join the Washington Light Infantry, a military company of which I had been the chaplain for many years, and which was about leaving the city to take part in the Centennial Celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill. The excitement was too much for me, and, a second hæmorrhage ensuing, I was forced to forego the Northern trip, and I returned to Aiken. The school, meanwhile, and the Home were maintained up to their wonted standard under the principal, teachers, and matron. My helplessness drew out the sympathy of many friends at the North, and I received sundry letters of condolence, each of them containing some contribution to assist me in carrying on the work. Among the letters were the following:

"NEW YORK, *June 5, 1875.*

"MY DEAR MR. PORTER: I need not tell you how profoundly I feel for you and the cause you represent. Both you and it have my deepest sympathy and warmest admiration. But you know in whose hands both you and your work are, and to him and his grace I commend you, in perfect confidence that your heart will be kept in the peace which is promised those whose minds are stayed on him. I will send you, in a few days, what I can collect for you.

Ever truly yours,

"H. P."

It was almost worth while being sick to receive such a letter from such a source. Two letters followed this one, containing the sum of nine hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Another letter, dated June 3, from near Boston, was as follows :

“MY DEAR SIR: I hope that this will find you in improving health. Inclosed is a check for one hundred dollars, which please to accept for your undertaking. I am sorry it is not for one thousand dollars. May God bless you, my dear sir, if not in the way that you would like at this time, then in that which will be the best at last.

Yours very truly,

“A. A. L.”

“NEAR BOSTON, *June 17, 1875.*

“MY DEAR SIR: I am sorry to hear that you have not recovered your strength so as to come here; but it would have been at great risk under any circumstances. The excitement would have been too great. You can hardly estimate it without seeing the expression of feeling in Boston to-day. Your friends will tell you about it. The revulsion of feeling is complete, and it goes to prove what I told you a year ago, namely, that our people only need to know the trouble to range themselves on the side that is oppressed, and against the oppressors. What you have done to bring this about may well be a constant and lasting comfort and satisfaction to you; and it will come at the right time, when you most need cheering up.

“May God bless you in sickness and in health.

“Yours very truly,

A. A. L.”

My sickness had moved a warm friend in Boston to write an appeal in behalf of my work in the *Boston Advertiser*; the following two letters were among the results :

“To the Hon. A. A. L. (God bless him !)

“DEAR FRIEND: Please send the inclosed (almost nothing) to our dear, loving, self-sacrificing brother, the Rev. A. T. Porter, of Charleston.

Your loving friend,

“E. M. W.”

(Contents, ten dollars.)

This was from the well-known missionary in Boston, who is the embodiment of a self-sacrificing spirit; and he judged me by his own standard.

BOSTON, *June 26.*

"DEAR MR. M.: Be kind enough to use the inclosed fifty dollars in aid of Mr. Porter's school. I remember your introducing me to him in the gallery of the Music Hall, where he had been much moved by the singing of a national hymn, and it is a great pleasure to be able to share a little, at least, in his labors. With great regard, I am faithfully yours,

"S. E."

The Rev. Mr. Heffernan, of Paterson, chanced to be my guest the night that I was taken ill, and on his return to New York he wrote an appeal in the Church papers, which brought me the following kind letter:

"RADNOR, DELAWARE COUNTY, PA., *June 15, 1875.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: Having read your pamphlet giving an account of your work for the youth of our Church in the South, and having seen an appeal in the *Churchman* from a friend of yours in your behalf, I inclose you a small amount (one hundred dollars) for the object. I inclose also one hundred dollars for your own use. I do not send this latter hundred dollars for the school. It comes out of a fund appropriated to the ministry due that object; I do not wish it appropriated to any other. I have but little for the poor, being myself in the ministry; but if you have any sons of clergymen in your care, I will be glad to send a little for them. Truly yours,

"B. R. P."

I have six sons of the clergy now in the Home, and have had three or four before, and I wrote to him accordingly.

My heart was greatly cheered by receiving the following letter:

"LONDON, *August 23, 1875.*

"MY DEAR SIR: I have a very pleasant recollection not only of meeting you at the home of our mutual friend, Mr. R. M. M., at Newport, but also of the very interesting account which you gave at the church at Newport of the work you had undertaken, and of its progress. I do not doubt that great good will come from it; and my prayer is that you may be long spared to

superintend and develop the good work. I inclose a check for two hundred and fifty dollars as a further contribution to its support, and remain,

Very truly yours,

“I. S. M.”

The following kind letter from Newport is illustrative of the feeling drawn out by my distress, and for which I feel deeply grateful. I cannot publish all the letters received; but to the kind friends who wrote I have sent my warm acknowledgments.

“NEWPORT, *August 5, 1875.*”

“MY DEAR MR. PORTER: I am truly sorry to hear of your ill health, and trust that your restoration may continue under the beneficial effect of Aiken air. You do me no more than justice in counting upon my poor aid in your noble and beautiful work.

“I am disappointed at not seeing you this summer, as we had hoped, but will hope and trust that it is only a pleasure deferred. So far from counting you a ‘nuisance,’ as you say, I shall always be happy to hear from you; and hold it a privilege to help in your good work to the best of my ability.

“With sincere and earnest hope for your speedy and permanent recovery, I am, dear Mr. Porter,

“Very truly and respectfully yours, I. C., JR.”

This letter contained a check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

The following letter is another of those striking instances of a providential care, the record of which will be given as we proceed:

“PROVIDENCE, R. I., *September 24.*”

“REV. MR. PORTER—

“DEAR SIR: Please find inclosed a check for one hundred dollars for the Institution of the Holy Communion. Although an Episcopalian, and trying to keep pretty well informed on what is done in the Church, I heard of your work for the first time about two months since, through your Report.

“On starting on a little excursion with my friend Miss B——h, a Baptist, she said to me, ‘I have a pamphlet which I wish you to read; it was handed me by my cousin, Miss B——n,

a Unitarian, for me to read and give to another lady; but I thought it so wonderful and interesting that I decided to take it with me, and see if I could not induce people to aid so excellent an object.'

"I read it and shared her enthusiasm, and we took it to Lake Mohawk, a charming, quiet watering-place near the Hudson River. Here we took pains to have it read by one and another; and as a number of wealthy people seemed much interested in it, and asked many questions about it, I hope, ere this, you have had more than one contribution as the result. Rev. William Leonard, of Brooklyn, told us that he was acquainted with you, and highly commended your efforts; finally, he gathered a little circle about him and read your pamphlet aloud. If you could send me two copies, or direct me where to get them, I should be greatly obliged.

"I heard, with very great regret, that your health was much impaired. I hope that it is now restored, and that you may long be spared to labor in the noble cause for which you have done so much. I never heard of a work more evidently of God, nor one which was so eminently and wonderfully blessed of him. May he still continue his favors, granting all needed spiritual and temporal blessings.

"Respectfully yours, in the bonds of Christ,

"Miss E. W."

To anticipate a little: this letter was forwarded to me at Newport, where I had gone about the 1st of October. I was, at the time of its receipt, very sick with an attack of fever, and as soon as I could I answered the letter. Miss W——, finding I was so near, sent the pamphlet to my reverend brethren in Providence, and to the Right Rev. Bishop Clark, who extended an invitation to me to visit Providence, which I did; being the recipient of a great deal of kindness from clergy and laity, and receiving in Providence nearly thirteen hundred dollars as an offering to my work, besides making many friends, for whom I have conceived a warm attachment. This all came through a five-dollar bill. The wife of the Rev. Mr. T——, who had once resided in Charleston, had sent me, from Sweden, her annual contribution of five dollars. She had remitted this sum through

her sister, Miss B——n, the lady who had been the means of placing the pamphlets in the hands of the two ladies who carried it to Lake Mohawk. When Miss B——n sent the money she was not aware that I was a clergyman, or what the five dollars was for. I acknowledged the receipt of it, and sent her the pamphlet which interested so many persons at Lake Mohawk—among others, a gentleman of Philadelphia, who subsequently gave me two hundred and fifty dollars.

It is my delight and comfort, my strength and support, to trace the hand of God in all this. We have gone over a great deal of ground, we have accomplished a great work, but there is a vast field to be occupied by us yet. There are many, very many difficulties to be overcome before this undertaking is placed on a permanent basis; and we need the superintending and providing hand of God as much to-day as we did at the beginning, eight years ago. But for my abiding faith that he will sustain and carry on the work, and make it accomplish the purpose whereunto he has ordained it, in my present uncertain health, in the financial depression of the times, in the extreme poverty of our people at home, I feel that I should faint and grow weary, instead of struggling on, as we are doing this year, with a large school, and the Home more crowded with boys than it has ever been.

## CHAPTER XV.

DURING this year death has made sad inroads among those who have rendered me assistance in my work. Mr. Wm. H. Aspinwall, of New York, Mr. Albert Fearing, of Boston, Mr. Robert H. Ives, of Providence, Mr. Edward King, of Newport, and Mr. James M. Bebee, of Boston, all of whom largely contributed to the furtherance of this undertaking, have passed away. Ever ready to encourage me by their help, their death I feel sadly; but they each died in faith, and now enjoy a more satisfying happiness than any that this world of care and sorrow can bestow. Death does not destroy man's individuality, nor does it efface the memory of the past. It seems to me that the dead in Christ, as they look back upon their earthly life, must recall with satisfaction every act of faith and love done in Christ's name; and how earnest must be the wish that they had improved all the opportunities which God's providence had given to them whereby their fellow-men would have been benefited and their Saviour glorified. Oh, that we all could keep in mind that time when our opportunities will cease—that night in which no man can work—and so live while here that, when in that other world, we shall have nothing to regret. Few men who have passed out of this world did all the good they might have done while here. They lived with their opportunities unimproved. Then came the end; life was over, labor was over; they could not, if they would, have taken up any good work and done it heartily for Christ's sake. Ah, how many will look back when they have reached the end of life's journey, and, as the long procession of neglected opportunities passes before their fading vision, will utter their regrets in those saddest of words, "Too late! too late!" God has promised that he will not forget our work, and labors that proceedeth of love. May this promise so stimulate



all of us to good works, that we may have nothing to regret when we pass to our reward. I trust that some may be baptized for the dead, and many may be raised up as friends of this Institution, to take the place of those who can no longer render it assistance.

It may be of interest to the many benefactors of this enterprise to read some of the letters received by me, from time to time, from young men who have passed from beyond our control into the wider fields of life. From these letters, a very good idea can be formed of the internal working of the Institution, and the kind of influence which is exerted, the impressions that are made, and the style of men we are helping to prepare for the Church and the world.

I give first a letter from one who has appeared before in this book.

“SANDY FORD, FLORIDA, *April 25, 1875.*”

“REV. A. T. PORTER—

“DEAR FATHER AND FRIEND: After so long a silence, I write to you again. My health has been very poor since the 1st of last February. I am suffering with a lung-disease, and was confined to my room for nine weeks. Although it seems very hard to bear, I try not to murmur, and I pray the Lord that he will always give me strength to endure the suffering he sees fit to inflict; but oh! it is so hard to feel and say from the bottom of my heart, ‘Thy will be done.’

“I am a great deal better now, and am able to be out more. As soon as my health will permit, I am going to try and reorganize my Sunday-school.

“I attended church on Christmas day in Tallahassee, and I really enjoyed the service.

“I heard that you had published the history of the Home; will you please send me a copy? I should like so much to see it; also any Church papers you think would interest me. I am living, as you know, in the backwoods, and see and hear very little of my Church. Tell me all about the school, and your family. I remain, with much love,

“Your affectionate son and friend,

“D. H. B.”

“SUMMERSVILLE, *August 26, 1875.*

“DEAR MR. PORTER: I am very glad to hear that your health is improving, and I hope and pray that it will soon be entirely restored, and you may be able to continue your noble work. You do not know how grateful I am for all your kindness. I feel that I owe myself to you and Mr. Gadsden, for you have done everything for me. You have given me an education, which, but for you, I would have been deprived of; and, above all, you have instilled into me the principles and doctrines of religion, which are so generally neglected at most schools.

“You have no idea how sad I felt when I left the Home; it seemed as if I was about to leave my own home forever, when I went out of the old school-house where I had spent so many pleasant and useful days. I only hope that I may be able at some day to make a return for all you have done for me.

“Believe me, yours truly,

“E. L. H.”

“SUMMERSVILLE, *July 15, 1875.*

“DEAR MR. PORTER: I have just been saying to my mother, that I owed you so much that I did not know how to express my thanks. I know, however, you will excuse me for not being able to tell you the deep gratitude I feel for your many kindnesses to me in every respect, and for your help and encouragement to do what was right, and for your free forgiveness for all my shortcomings. I feel ten times more prepared to start life now than when I went to you two years ago, in the church, to ask you to take me without compensation; and I shall always remember how you said, ‘Certainly, my son, come.’ With the kindest regards to your family, I am,

“Yours very affectionately,

“W. R.”

“SCHENECTADY, *July 23, 1875.*

“DEAR MR. PORTER: I write to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and check, for which I am obliged.

“I was sorry to see that you were rather dejected. When a man of your energy and pluck talks so soberly, it makes one feel twice as fearful as when ordinary men do so. I sincerely hope

you are only overcome by the duration of your unfortunate sickness. To say the truth, though I do not wonder at it, even if you were well, the work you have undertaken and the responsibility would be perfectly overpowering to most men. Don't you think it too much? You will, at any rate, feel the consciousness of having earned the gratitude of many a young man. I am sure, if human nature *is* capable of the emotion, your share will be larger than most men. The effects of your deeds will not be visible now, perhaps; the men have yet a long journey before them ere they can give any evidence of it. Expression of feeling, even, is unnatural in most; they cannot speak of real emotions without effort; at least it is so with me. Not that they do not experience them—I believe they do; but they are loath to speak of them without giving tangible proof. Trust to it, if you should see the time when our people are prosperous—and I hope you will—these young men will do well, and rally round that old Home more steadily than ever did graduates before. Now, life is a terrible struggle; most can with difficulty maintain a footing, and you will not hear much from them; but there is a time when effects will be seen. There is no man, I do believe, who has experienced the advantages of education at that Institute, who will not be glad to aid with all his power. For myself, I can only say I feel so; my actions I shall leave to be my evidence. My time of probation and dependence has been long—I am ashamed of its length; but I intend it to have good results. I dare say some have thought me—I dare say you think me—inclined to make myself easy at the expense of others. I trust that I have made every cent and year tell for my eventual benefit. Still, let my actions stand as evidence. For yourself, I can, I am sure, say that I am aware of my indebtedness. To what I now have I must add all I shall ever have, and then acknowledge I gained it through you. Whether I shall ever repay it, time and my actions alone can tell. Whether there is anything in me, remains to be proved. I hope that you will one day have an opportunity of proving me.

“I will close now, with sincerest wishes for your continued and speedy recovery.

“I remain, as ever, yours sincerely,

“B. R. II.”

"MIDDLETOWN, CONN., BERKELEY DIVINITY SCHOOL, }  
 "September 24, 1875. }

"MY DEAR MR. PORTER: . . . My absence has had little or no effect upon my advancement, and I am now in the middle class. The work is rather hard, but very agreeable, while each day's progress only increases my interest in it. However, what I want to know is about your health. Do pay me a visit, if you can; I am anxious to see you and talk with you. I feel strengthened in my spiritual life both by your example and precept. . . . I wish to talk this over with you, too. I know that you think it injudicious, and so it was, probably; but when I tell you all, you may think differently. This, you know, is one of the few cases in which I have acted without knowing your wishes. I feel, however, that you will still trust and love me, and remember that now, as always, your wishes are my laws. This comes to pass from two reasons: first, all that you have done for me thus demanding gratitude; while the second is the great affection I have for you personally, above and beyond your kindness. You have been to me a father, and I love you truly, and always will try to prove myself your son. If I am anything, you are the source, through Christ; and if, in the future, I am faithful to the Church, it will still be due to him who made himself my father that night in the Church of the Holy Communion, near the holy altar of God. . . .

"I am your affectionate son in Christ, P. H. W."

"BLUFTON, BEAUFORT DISTRICT, September 1, 1875.

"MY DEAR SIR: I was exceedingly grieved to learn from your letter that you had been so near the point of death. I have always thought that surely God would not take you away from your great service to his suffering children, who owe so much to your exertions in their behalf. But on my own account your loss would make for me a blank in life. It is but natural that I regard you as something more than an ordinary friend; and I hope that you are the more inclined to believe me, when you know that I but seldom make a confession of my feelings. I am thankful, then, that you are spared longer, both to carry on your good work, and because we cannot afford to lose one to whom we are attached by so many obligations. I trust that

you will live to see the ripening of some of the seed you have sown; and, from what I know of your nature, I think it will in some part reward your labors, and that it will add to your happiness to realize that your life has not been a vain one. . . .

“I remain, respectfully and truly yours, C. J. C.”

“SEWANEE, EAST TENNESSEE,

“UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, *November 29, 1875.*”

“DEAR MR. PORTER: I received your last affectionate letter a few days since. . . . I do truly feel for you the love of a son. The more I appreciate the blessings I enjoy, the more I realize that you have been to me as a beneficent father. It is my earnest prayer that you may find, even on earth, that all your labors have not been in vain. I can well imagine the satisfaction you feel to see some of your old students entering upon the work of preaching Christ’s gospel, which you have so much at heart. Oh, that they may prove worthy ministers, working zealously ever after your example! . . . I have such an affection for the old Home, that I am always drawn toward it. I am sure I will ever give my feeble assistance toward its advancement. I am only sorry that so much time must necessarily pass before I will be able to help any. May God give yourself and Mr. Gadsden, and all its benefactors, the strength to keep it up until it is self-sustaining. . . .

“I am, dear sir, with sincere attachment for you and yours,  
“Your son in Christ, I. H. LA R.”

“UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, *November 24, 1875.*”

“MY DEAR MR. PORTER: Since your last visit here, I have acquired a sort of feeling of responsibility with regard to our boys here, and so write to keep you informed as to their progress. I am much interested in the eventual result of the whole experiment of this system of scholarship for Southern students, and puzzle my brain continually in looking beyond the present into the future. I have taken your idea as to the magnitude and importance of our position here as a body, and believe that it can be made of widespread benefit outside of the mere individuals. . . . There ought to be some definite and well-defined code by which all individuals should regulate their actions. . . . I want

to see the whole number here act in unison ; and those who do not come up to the mark, ought to be made to feel it. There is going to be competition soon for these scholarships as the number of applicants increase, and I do not object to it either. . . . Upon this whole subject of discipline I desire that your boys should relieve the faculty altogether, so far as they are concerned. They must establish among themselves a standard, to which each one must bring himself, or leave. . . . It will be of immense advantage to each one ; it will continue and confirm the habit of thought and feeling which I know you have tried to instill, and which I fully appreciate. . . . Wishing you a pleasant Thanksgiving,

Yours sincerely,

“ B. R. H.”

“ PHILADELPHIA, *November 2, 1875.*

“ DEAR MR. PORTER : How can I thank you for your kindness? Not in words, but in the future I hope to do so in deeds.

“I am very pleasantly situated. The college (dentistry) is an excellent one ; everything goes on like clock-work. I find the Northerners very kindly disposed toward the South. . . .

“I never imagined I would miss the old Home so much, especially the choir and service ; it does indeed seem like an old home. I shall never forget the privileges I enjoyed in being a chorister. . . . My deepest thanks to you, my kind benefactor.

“ I am your most grateful pupil,

“ R. C. Y.”

These are only a few out of a large number of letters, the writers breathing the same sentiments of affection for me, gratitude for what has been done for them, and resolve to do credit to their friends. It may well be imagined that these letters are very grateful to my heart, coming, as they do, from young men whose lives correspond with the sentiments they express.

There have been, in all, twenty-nine young men at Northern colleges, through my instrumentality ; two have gone to the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee ; one to the College of Dentistry, at Philadelphia. With regard to the young men at Union College, I received the following letter from the Rev. E. N. Potter, D. D., president of the college :

“SCHENECTADY, *September 15, 1875.*

“REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: I am very desirous of communicating to you my high appreciation of the great work in which you are engaged, and in which I am glad to be allowed to share. It is a subject upon which you may well congratulate yourself, that the small beginning, made but a few years since, should have developed into an institution whose influence and usefulness have spread over so many States. The young gentlemen whom you have sent to us here, I am glad to say, distinguished for scholarship, high-toned Christian character, and honorable behavior. The Faculty, without exception, attest their excellence, and desire the continuance of applicants such as are now coming to us from the Southern States, and especially from your school.

“The needs of your school, as I am aware, are very large and pressing, and I am doing most willingly what I can to assist you. You may always count upon my coöperation; and I trust that every friend of mine and of Union College, and, in truth, of national union, will aid, in every possible way, the patriotic and most important educational and Christian work which you are so successfully carrying forward, and the weight of which must rest heavily upon you. I am amazed at the economy, and yet thoroughness, with which the work is done. Your scholars compare favorably in preparation, as well as in good health and good mien, with those prepared at our best Northern schools. Believe me, faithfully yours,

“E. N. POTTER.”

I will give only one more letter. If my readers will turn to the tenth page of this book, they will see a reference to a lad sent to me by his widowed mother. The letter following is from this youth, now grown to manhood. On the 15th of October, 1875, he was ordained deacon by the Rt. Rev. W. B. W. Howe, D. D., at the Church of the Holy Communion. I was at that time quite sick at Newport. He is now my assistant at the Church of the Holy Communion:

“CHARLESTON, *October 16, 1875.*

“MY DEAR FATHER: On yesterday I was ordained in the dear old church; but oh, how I missed you! God only knows

how my heart longed to have you near, at that solemn period of my life ; but, blessed be my heavenly Father, he has spared you to see me in the ranks of the ministry. How often have I wished for this day, and that you could see the boy not looking back and 'unstable as water,' but pressing forward in the Master's work. I do feel my responsibility ; but my trust is in One who is able and willing to support me. I preach to-morrow, at St. Philip's in the mornng, and at St. Stephen's in the afternoon. I desired very much that my first sermon should be in the Holy Communion ; but Mr. K. did not invite me until too late.

"I have received a letter conveying another message from Dr. L., but I will not ask for a transfer until I get a reply from you. Do you not need me at the Holy Communion? Cast pay out of the question. . . . It will be pay enough for me to be near you and with you. Your health is bad, and you ought not to do so much work ; and by using me while I am preparing for further work, you might relieve yourself much. As you know, I intended to go to Washington ; but I will neither refuse nor accept until I hear from you. I know the pecuniary position of your parish, and would beg, yes, plead with you, if I can assist you in any way, to put money out of the question. You know what you have done for me ; but, what has been and is as dear as life to me, you have loved me as a father, and life would be happy under any circumstances if you are near.

"I have written the above not without consideration, but mean all I say. Write at once to

"Your ever-loving son,

"JOSIAH B. PERRY."

Is all this evidence sufficient to convince those who have helped me, that they have not thrown away their benefactions ? There is an abundance of the same material still to be moulded and trained. Will this simple story stimulate those who read it to continue to help us ?



## CHAPTER XVI.

I HAVE been the means of sending thirty-one students to college since this work began.

The cost of the Institution last year was seventeen thousand and five dollars and two cents. Of this amount I collected ten thousand five hundred and three dollars and eighty-five cents in South Carolina; the balance of six thousand five hundred and one dollars and seventeen cents came to me from the North.

I visited Newport, Taunton, Boston, North Adams, Providence, Hartford, Albany, Troy, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, meeting with great kindness from many persons, a few rebuffs now and then to keep me humble; but I returned to Charleston having paid off every dollar of debt that we had incurred during these eight years, for which I give thanks to God for his unspeakable goodness.

I had, during the year, fed one hundred and eight boys at the Home; had assisted the students at college, and those who are studying theology, to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars, and had two hundred boys in the day-school. All of this was done with the amount before stated.

I begin the ninth year without a dollar in hand, but with an abiding trust that God, who called me to this work, and who has so signally blessed, will continue his loving-kindness to us, and raise up friends according to our need. Oh, that some one could hear my plea, and endow this Institution with one hundred thousand dollars! Then this good work would go on forever, and I would be released from this charge, in order that I might do for the girls what I have done for the boys.

I will conclude this account, bringing it down to the 1st of October, 1875, with a few letters of appeal for the admission of pupils for this current year, trusting that they may be the means of touching some hearts, and inducing many to send us help in our time of need. Let it be remembered that, while we are

rearing these boys for time, we are striving also to fit them for eternity. We are aiming not only to train them to be useful and honest citizens in this world, but we are trying to prepare them for the glorious city of God. We do not magnify the importance of this work, when we say that it is an undertaking which no good man would willingly let die.

*“August 15, 1875.*

“DEAR SIR: Your postal-card came duly to hand. Of course, it is my earnest desire to continue my son at your valuable Institute. I appreciate too highly the benefit he has derived so far, to entertain any intention of removing him from its influence, if it is in my power to retain the place.

“I am sorry to have to repeat the old story of debts, failure, and inadequate means; but, in spite of every effort that we of this section can make, and honestly do make, our progress downward is rapid, and each year finds us less able to meet our liabilities. I will do my utmost, I assure you; but I cannot pledge myself for more than five dollars per month. Should I be able to do better, I certainly will. I have another son over twelve years of age, who I would like much to place under your care, in January, if I could possibly arrange to do so; but, as I have to depend so much upon your indulgence, I scarcely like to make application for him, as others who could afford you more assistance in your noble work would have a prior claim.

“I cannot refrain from making an appeal for my brother's orphans. My sister has already written, applying for S—— to return. She had hopes to send her next son, a lad of fourteen years, but as she could promise nothing for his support, she did not feel justified in doing anything in the matter. My brother has recently died, leaving his family, seven in number, destitute and without any resources. If you can afford any help in educating these boys, the charity would be keenly appreciated.

“Yours, with great respect,

“ \_\_\_\_\_ ”

*“August 10, 1875.*

“MY DEAR SIR: I would like my son S—— to return to your school next October; but how can I ask you to take him

back, without being able to promise one dollar toward his support! We are very poor, and have to struggle for bread, and clothes of the plainest kind. I have seven fatherless children to support. I would shrink under the responsibility, were it not for the promise of our dear and loving God, who has said that he will be a Friend to the widow and a Father to the fatherless.

“I have another son, a boy of thirteen years, who is anxious to go to you. I fear that, as much as you would like to take him, it is more than your limited means would allow.

“I hope, dear sir, that your health continues to improve, and that it may be the will of Divine Providence to spare you to your family, and to us all.

“I remain, with high esteem and gratitude,  
“ \_\_\_\_\_”

“ADAMS RUN, *August 10.*

“MR. PORTER—

“DEAR SIR: I truly hope you have quite recovered your health, and that God may spare you many more years, and permit you to carry on the great work you have begun and kept up so well to the present time. It is indeed a great work, and I thank you sincerely for the benefit that I have received from it. I would like very much to return for this coming session. My father is unable to pay anything; indeed, the drought has injured the crops so much, that he will not make near enough provisions to last him the year out; but I am aware of the value of an education, and, being unable to obtain one in any other way than through your kindness, I thought I would write, and ask you to take me back another year.

“I remain, yours truly,  
“ \_\_\_\_\_”

“WADMALAW, *August 19, 1875.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR: I write to inform you that, on account of the severe drought, our provision-crops are almost a total failure, and the cotton-crops, from the same cause, must be so short that for the next year the question of bread will be a serious one with many of us; so that, though extremely anxious

to give my sons an education, I will not be able to do anything for them.

“ With the hope that God may preserve your very useful life and restore you to perfect health, permit me to subscribe myself, as I feel toward you for your many acts of kindness to my four boys,

Your sincere friend,

“ \_\_\_\_\_ ”

These are but specimens of a great number of letters before me, most of them telling the same sad tale.

A greater number of boys are paying this year than have ever done so before, from one dollar per month to twenty, which is the largest amount that any one pays.

Our work is ever widening in its influence, and only needs the fostering care of its friends, with the continued favor of God, to be one of the permanent blessings in the State and in the Church: a real outgrowth of the circumstances incident to the late disastrous war—the one bright spot in a weary desert—the means, under God, of reknitting, in the gentle offices of Christian love and benevolence, the people who were severed from each other, and greatly embittered the one toward the other.

May it continue to be the shelter of the orphan and destitute; the home to which many hearts will continue to turn; the link which binds together that which was broken; the living witness of the providence of God; a striking proof that God hears and answers prayer.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Now, what do I want of you, my readers ?

1. Then, I ask of you your sympathy and interest ; that you will give me your prayers that I may be fitted for the great work which has been committed to me and my co-laborers ; that my faith, and love, and zeal, and wisdom may be increased ; that God's blessing may continue to rest upon this work, and that it may go on prospering ; that many souls may be born unto God in this Institution ; and that of its graduates many may go out to fit themselves for the preaching of the gospel of God's dear Son.

2. Pray that the example of this work may spread, and that others may be raised up to do just such works—for there is no place where they are not needed ; and the greater the number, the greater the blessing which flows into the Church and the world.

3. I ask you to consider whether you cannot spare something from your income to help on this work, not only now, but so long as it needs help—which will not be one day after it can be supported at home. And I ask you not to delay your gift ; good intentions sometimes fail from procrastination. Of the worthiness of the work you must be assured, or else my pen has written in vain.

4. I ask you to help me by taking some of my endowment bonds, or giving something toward the endowment, so that I can begin to do a like work for the girls, who need it as much as the boys. Many of these we have lost already. This much-needed work I would have undertaken before, but I had not faith nor strength sufficient. We do not want it said of South Carolina, “ Her boys are ignorant, but her girls will never know it.” We want our boys to be educated, and we want our girls to know and appreciate it. Oh, how many who read this can, of their abundance, spare something for a cause which appeals so touchingly to the tender heart of humanity !

5. Will you not remember this work when making your

will, and thus live on in the young men, who will be doing good service to the Church and the State through you, when you have gone to your reward?

It has been asked, "Why do you want an endowment? Do you expect this class to need such aid forever?"

I answer:

1. The fate of this work seems to hang on my life, which may be cut short at any moment.

2. Certainly, for a generation, this will be needed. The poverty among this class is too widespread and too great to be removed immediately. Let it be borne in mind that *all*—all save honor—has been lost; and in losing, this class have lost, we may say, forever. They may struggle up, by slow degrees, to a more comfortable position; but there is no earthly power that can ever restore them what has been swept away.

3. My time is taken from my parish and other duties of the ministry, in going about to solicit aid.

4. Persons will weary of giving continual aid to this one object. As it is, one after another drops out of the charitable circle, and there is great difficulty in supplying their place; and this will increase as time goes on.

Lastly, I wish to get as many scholarships called by the names of the donors as I can, at the North. This will be another means of reknitting the sections and helping to keep them together. A scholarship of two thousand dollars will educate and support a boy; and five thousand will educate and support three boys.

Reader, will not a blessing come to you if you lend your aid in bringing to perfection that which God has so signally blessed? Is it not a privilege to be a co-laborer with God?

Commending this simple story to your hearts; committing it to the God of all grace; giving glory to him for the wonders he has wrought; praying that his Holy Spirit may rest upon us and all our helpers, I close this history up to date, October 1, 1875; offering all my prayers through the mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God, be all honor and glory, love and dominion, now and forever. Amen.



