A HIGHWAY IN THE WILDERNESS.

By: MRS. A. H. STEARNS.

1899.
Press of MacGowan & Cooke,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

DEDICATED
TO
THE GLORY OF HIM WHOSE I AM
AND
WHOM I SERVE.

MRS. A. H. STEARNS

INTRODUCTION

Almira H. Grinnell, the author, was born at Plainfield, Vermont, April 12, 1823. At four years of age she was left motherless. A life of unusual vissisitude followed. Her own words in conversation one day, picture it. "Sickness and sorrow, tears and pain, mercies and love intermingled."

She was married to Lewis H. Stearns, of Massachusetts at the age of nineteen, which proved a union of unusual happiness.

At the beginning of the war, her husband, consecrated to God and Freedom, offered his services, and under the auspices of a society in New York, he was sent to Port Royal, South Carolina, commissioned to provide arrangements for the relief of the negro refugees who were gathering there in multitudes.

She freely laid upon the alter of her country her choicest treasures--her husband, and her first born--nobly assuming the double responsibility of the care of her younger son, and little daughter, who afterward came south with her. Later she planned to join her husband at Port Royal, but the same steamer upon which she would have sailed brought the sad tidings of her widowhood. Ere the news reached her, he had been resting many days in "the silence of that grave in the sands of Port Royal."

Few days were left for weeping, for soon came news of her son, wounded in battle and languishing in a hospital just off Long Island whither he had been brought with a shipload of other mothers' wounded boys. Hither her sorrowful feet hastened to minister with mother love, not only to her own boy, but to those who shared his lot. Alone in the night watches, in that tent by the sobbing sea, with the wail of the wild wind, she kept vigil with busy hand, and heart sustained by the assurance, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him."

When the days of warfare were over and long, lonely years stretched before her, where better could she serve than among the people for whom her husband laid down his life. Hence her response to the call mentioned in the following chapter.

This little book will speak for her far better than any words of ours. How shall we e'en with the tenderest and most loving touches portray her

life among us, with whom years of closest association have brought only sweetest, holiest memories. Beholding her soul-moulded face we have oft repeated softly, "Faith, touching all things with hues of heaven."

Her room has been the place of prevailing prayer, the place where we have come, one at a time, and in little companies, to make our requests known unto God, to ask and receive with fulness of joy, the place where she has dealt out bread to the hungry, clothing to the needy and sympathy to the weary." Her words have ever been as choice silver to listening ears.

Only the angels who have kept the record may reveal the power of the life whose paeon is, "Now thanks be unto that God who always leads us forth to triumph with the Anointed One, and who diffuses by us the fragrance of the knowledge of Him in every place."

THE TEACHERS

CHAPTER I

A CALL

> Now the Lord had said--"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee."

It was near midnight when the train rolled into the depot from New York city, on its way to the South land. A few friends, just a few, were in waiting at the depot in Elizabeth, N. J., on that starless night in November, 1869, when a lady with her only daughter, a child of twelve summers, stepped on board, intent on mission work among the Freedmen, and the child said: "Mamma, the people there will despise us and treat us ill, and the way is as dark as this night, and we cannot see the way, and who will care whether we perish or not?" But the answer came, "God cares, my child, He has ordered a resting place for your dear father away on the Atlantic, and a voice is calling mightily from the silence of that grave in the sands of Port Royal, 'Courage, soul, arise and take up the work I would have done,--There are souls to be sought and found: gems from the mountains to grace the diadem of a God', And then, what can come to us, child, to compare with this greatest grief? All others will be of minor importance, and we will joy in the by and by because of the baptism that has brought the proud spirit to the lowly work for the lowly, for the meek yet Holy Christ." And the train sped on through the darkness.

The morning revealed few passengers. One, evidently a lady of culture and means, was kind, passed her magazine to the other for inspection, and then began a conversation with various interrogations until the story was out. Here was a woman on her way South to teach the "niggers". She ceased her attentions, recalled her magazine and spoke no more, and even when addressed by the other paid no heed. The ostracism had begun. The facts went through "our car" and the mother and child were left to themselves as completely as though alone adrift at sea. Were they alone? Ah, a voice is silently speaking the words--a still small voice--yet mightier than the sea waves, "Fear not, for I am with thee,--Be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

Forty-eight hours were consumed on the way, seven hundred miles, delays

with the roughest of roads, for war had devastated all the land. One day was spent in passing through Virginia where desolation reigned. "All that is left" was stamped on everything. Not a man, woman or child, not an animal of any kind to be seen for hours. By and by we passed a lone grave-yard of Confederate dead. How the sight made out hearts ache. Poor empty hands of Virginia! Poor hearts rent for a cause that was lost. It seemed that the wild winds were passing on and on. Unearthly moans trying to tell the story. Not far away on a hillside were graves and graves multiplied, over which floated the stars and stripes. When shall the nations learn war no more? Compassionate Heaven, pity a sincursed world where brothers kill each other. Alas, alas, when shall the Prince of Peace reign.

On leaving the car at Morristown, Tennessee, where should the wanderers go? Which way turn? What roof would shelter the lone seeking ones? The postmaster, Mr. Joseph Brown, was sought and found, and when the question was asked, "where shall we find a boarding place?" it is not easy to tell what light and joy came from the answer of good Mrs. Brown: "We board the teachers." Yes, they boarded the teachers; what a refuge the Lord had provided; what a home and rest for the weary! No matter what happened outside, what trials by the way, what insults on the street, as soon as we were safely inside those ample brick walls, with what relief we said: "This is safety." "This is home." Let the record be made that in twenty-eight years there has been no variation; true as the needle to the pole the Brown family have faced the storm without flinching, stood by school and teachers with a tenacity rock-bound, which no cyclone of opposition moved.

They came south from Long Island at the close of the war and found a home in Morristown, where they still remain. Mr. Brown is an Ultra-radical, which he never disguises under any circumstances. He seemed to feel it his duty, like a preacher of righteousness, to assail every opposite opinion at every opportunity, but the best people soon learned to respect his integrity and bear with his ultraism as they became acquainted with his kindness of heart. Once a petition was circulated through the town with the intent of removing him from the post office to fill the position with one of the opposite party. When it was presented to one of the strongest Democrats, he said, "no sir, when my boy died, I went from one to another to get his body carried to the grave and none could help me, but at last I asked Mr. Brown

and he said, 'yes, I will bring my team from the plow and come at once.' No sir, bring none of your petitions to me. Mr. Brown is a good, honest man and I respect him, though we do not agree politically. If you are in trouble go to him and you will get help."

It was natural for opposition to be stirred to its depths at his position and outspoken manner as he soon proved. Among other things a handsome United States flag which he had flung to the breeze one day when there was political speaking, was taken down and spirited away when all had left the building for dinner. So soon after the war, the sight of it was an offense to southern eyes. Poor things, they had given their lives for one of another pattern. It was three years later that the truth of the burial of the flag in an old frog pond came out, by the shouting aloud on the street one night: "I took Joe Brown's flag down and helped to bury it too deep in the mud for resurrection." "I can tell him where it is." It was not the man who did the shouting but the contents of a cup he had drained, which had affected his brain, and prompted him to tell of himself and others.

The other members of the family were far more conservative, and highly respected for their good works. There could not well be a sweeter, purer soul than Aunt Bettie Crowell, a sister of Mrs. Brown, who lived a whole life of self-sacrifice for the good of others, and one sweet day passed to the beautiful beyond as quietly as she had lived her more than three score years and ten. Dear Aunt Bettie Crowell of blessed memory!

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS.

"Out of the shadow of night
The world moves into light,
It is day break everywhere."

The Colored people were individually on a watch tower, each anxious to be the first to cry, "Behold the teacher cometh," and surely never was one hailed with more glad acclaim. They had had a taste of books the year before under the direction of Mrs. Hanford, of Ithaca, N.Y., whose courage was

that of a soldier, and when passing the not unusual initiatory of the firing of the school building (which was seen and extinguished by a white neighbor) and when threatened with indignities she wrote to Governor Brownlow asking for protection from mob violence. He replied, "Will send militia sufficient to keep the peace at once." The best men of the place were stirred at the prospect of armed soldiers patroling the streets again, and they promptly called a meeting of the citizens and passed resolutions to the effect that the teacher should be protected. Two men were fined twenty-five dollars each, the citizens promptly paid it, so that matter ended and the school work went on quietly again to its close.

The people were now more eager than ever for books and poured into town ready for the beginning. As the new teacher neared the school house she was greeted with the sound of song, which made the place ring, and ran out of the doors and windows and along the street, while a woman's voice, strong and clear, sang the solo:

"Good news, good news, that the Pil-i-grim brought,
That the Father and the Lover are a-comin',
That the lovin' Father is a-comin' in the mornin'
To take-a them chilen all home."

Then the whole company swelled the chorus:

"Shout chilen, we all shall be free,
Shout chilen, we all shall be free,
Shout chilen, we all shall be free,
When the Lord will ipear."

The school house was a small church built by some kind Presbyterian friends of Orange, N. J., and would, by crowding, hold one hundred and fifty persons. The school was made up of about two-thirds of that number. The house was for economy built in a steep hill, and while the one side was close to the street and on a level with it, the other was set up on stilts so that a horse or cow could walk beneath with ease.

About two blocks beyond it was a school where young men were prepared for college. They must pass the colored school three or four times a day, as it was directly on their way to town, and it was amusing, and sometimes quite annoying that they should press their faces to the windows with all sorts of hideous contortions of countenance and with howlings and cries; getting under the house and beating on the floor with sticks, and such other doings as "Young America" could well devise. The home friends sent down

thirty yards of calico for curtains which shut out the eyes for a while, but alas, one cold night they were stolen, not even a sample remained. The president of the white school, Rev. Mr. Wilson, undertook the case by walking home with his students and otherwise watching over them until he had reduced the disorderly faction to order, and peace was again restored.

Mr. Wilson must not be passed by without prominent notice. A scholar, a broad-souled christian of Bible type, a gentleman by birth, education and principle, with influence in church and state, and with purity of character and purpose, he made his mark in every line of life. In every way he could he stood by the teacher, spoke words of comfort and cheer, fought a winning fight for the school, and a part of the fight was with his own school. His words are stored to-day in the memory of those who heard.

Among the first pupils in the school was Thomas Trotter, six feet five, and well proportioned. Dark, with eagle eye, straight as an Indian and sixty-three years old. He took to letters, learned rapidly to read, but soon had an offer to go south and earn money. He went and was lost in the cotton fields. One does not see his likeness more than once in a life time.

About the same time Fannie Jimison started in; of the same age as Trotter, wearing glasses and gray locks, which few colored people do. They do not age like white people. At fifty you would judge them back to thirty. Fannie took hold of the book-work as if it were a washing and she held it fast, too, saying, "I must learn my Bible," and when school closed she held up her Bible and read, "If the Son make you free, ye are free indeed." There were tears shed over her education, but it ended there. She had made great sacrifice to be in school, now she must help make the home living, which she still does, though that was twenty years ago.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE DICK

"He giveth grace to the lowly."

Uncle Dick was a character of which product he had an ample supply. He walked into Sunday School one morning with an air of humility becoming

one who serves the Christ of Nazareth, yet there was something about him which reminded one of the famous Nicodemus who "obeyed, though born to command." He carried with him the weight of great age. His step was slow and firm, yet rather feeble, and it had a meaning in it. Seating himself on a chair he listened intently. Soon he began to shrug one shoulder, then he changed the motion to the other, by and by it was both shoulders which were lifted up when some sound reached him of Gospel news that suited his case: finally he bent himself upon his knees, leaning well down, and then how the big tears began to fall, splash, splash, upon the porous wood of the floor, which drank them up readily, but still more fell. Down, down they fell, until the place was drenched with the largest drops that ever fell from the eyes of an ordinary mortal. Was Uncle Dick an ordinary mortal? He was more than one hundred years old, of strong and massive build and a physique which impressed the beholder as remarkable. He wished greatly to learn to read, but his mind and head were filled with the memories of more than five score years, and when told that a letter was "s" he said, "true it is." "Well, can't you say "s"? "Yes Missus." "Well, call it by name, it's name is "s." "Yes Missus, good name, I done said it. It don't say Uncle Dick to me. I'd rather read the Bible than all them little spikes and crooks." It was of no use. It was too late, but his spirit-touched soul could plainly read his title clear "to Mansions in the sky."

One day when interrogated, he gave a short history of himself which brought out the following incident: "O, I was so tired of being a slave, so I took a chance and run off to get away from drivin's, whippin's and screechin's, but you see I did not get far enough. They cotched me in the morning. My two young masters it was. I took another boy with me when I went, so that was bad for me. They took me to a tree, threw my arms around it and tied me there hard, then they went off to breakfast. Arter a while they came back with a jug o' whiskey, some papers to read, and plenty of whips, Missus, plenty. They tied me with my arms out, so, and my face in the dirt. I couldn't look up to God. Then, Missus, they whipped me eene-most to death. When one got tired the other took it up; then they took a drink and read papers, then whipped me more and more "till my flesh lay around the field like shucks. That took all the forenoon.

They went home to dinner for a awful while to poor Dick, but come back

and talked, and talked and talked, and said that what I had done must be a sample to others. I gave up then and shut my eyes and thought my time had come and thought I died, but they woke me up with the salt and water on my back--where I had a back before, Missus. Then they untied and left me.

I went off in a die spell again, but Missus, listen now, I sorter woke up and hear something like wings movin', and thought, is this heaven? I listened some more and there was a voice, not like an earthly voice, but like the holy music, and it whisper and say: 'You shan't die, Dick Bewly, you'll live until these boys are dead and buried, 'till old Master is under ground; you shall be free, Dick Bewly, and all the slaves shall be free, and your eyes shall see it, and you shall be as old as you want to be, and then live forever with your God.' I was not suffering any more; I jumped to my feet, like a deer, I flew and never touched the ground 'till I got into the cabin. De gashes got well and I too happy, not feel like a slave again. Fore de Lawd, I wasn't sorry for de lickin', 'cause of the Heaven talk out there, and then I so happy ever since, and I doan' have to die till I's all ready. Now Missus, it was all true. I cried and cried for joy. Jes' look at my people with de books and Sunday School.

"The tears are so big, Uncle Dick." "O, yes, Missus, they are a heap bigger dan de sorrer ones, 'cause de glad is bigger dan de sorrer, dat's why." "Uncle Dick were you never married?" "No Missus, slavery too bad for dat. Dick live alone and die alone. Doan' want no kin folks to be slaves, none about me no how," with an emphasis.

In a few weeks Uncle Dick was missing from his accustomed place. Where is he? "I can tell you," said a young man. "You know that Mr. Murph Bewly, who is a relative of the family who owned him, has been taking care of him and is mighty good to him. Well, the old man begged with such pathos for Mr. Bewly to take him out to the farm so he could do something, that he took him." He was just as happy as he wished to be and accomplished much, and the last year of his life he planted and tended nearly an acre of corn besides half an acre of tobacco, all by himself, but when the autumn came and the trees were dropping beautiful colors for a covering, they made a grave one day for Uncle Dick to wait in until the trumpet shall wake him to meet his Lord. He had fallen asleep the night before in his cabin with none but angels near. A fitting transit for such a life. He was one hundred and ten

years old.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS.

"In the day time also He led them with a cloud and all the night with a light of fire."

The school went on early and late, often seven and eight hours per day and from two to three at night, with interest crowded full. There was hardly a day that was not broken by some special incident. One day a black girl rushed into the school room saying: "Teacher, teacher, there is a white woman up here who cannot write, and she sent me to you for the form of an order." The teacher unsuspecting, and full of present care wrote hurriedly a form, using one name that the girl mentioned or something like it. Handing it to the girl she said, "I never wrote an order in my life before, but this is a form." She took it and fled. After the work of the day was over, in the quiet of her room the teacher thought of the incident, when it flashed through her mind that some plot might have been laid for her, and the thought was ominous. She sprang to her feet, asked for one of the name given, sought the lady and told her story, received the reproof she seemed to need, and went back a wiser woman. A young man spread the tidings: That 'nigger' teacher tried to get money from Mrs. Neal, by forging an order on a dry goods house in town." There was a little truth to make it out of, to be sure, but O, the things told that had not the least foundation, such as when maligners followed the teacher and her daughter to a town twenty miles below Morristown, where they had gone to attend a religious meeting, stopped at the same house, ate at the same table, and recited to the family the most dreadful stories of which the victims had no knowledge whatever. They were not turned out of doors, however, but had a chance to speak for themselves. What a fearful contrast is here. Coming from the warm heart of a warm church at home, to be despised, ostracised, insulted, hated.

It was not at all strange that the southern people should feel just as

they did, nor should the people of the North forget that if they had been born south and had had the same education, they would have felt just as these people did, would have done the very same things under the same circumstances. Yet there were tears and tears, bitter, lonely, silent, uncomplaining tears, drenching the path to the church of the Negro school, many and many a day. O Heaven, thy Christ was abundant in mercy, and it is true that He healeth the broken hearts and bindeth up their wounds.

The hardest part was to have the child ill-treated, called hard names, sneered and spit at. Once at least was she made a target for pieces of bread and cheese, all this while quietly passing along the street without noticing any one. And in all these first years she was never known to complain, scarce ever speak of indignities, or exhibit the least impatience, either in school or out of it. She had accepted the situation of a young missionary of the cross, and had her papers duly signed and sealed by the Board, then in New York, and had expected nothing better. Then there was that grave low in the ground at Port Royal, speaking from its silent depths with resistless power, which both mother and daughter heard: "Not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," and the years rolled on bearing backward the history to be recorded in the archives of eternity.

Yet there was much to cheer, much to encourage. The rapid progress of the pupils, their every kindness and effort to please, their application to books and the real results of study were all a source of gladness. And indeed, the pleasure overbalanced the pain. There were features of the work which made one feel like claiming discipleship with the Lord of Galilee, and like Uncle Dick's, the glad tears were bigger than the sorrow ones.

One day a gentleman rode up to the door, jumped from his horse and entered the house saying: "I have come to see what you are doing and how you do it." He brought a kind face and all were glad to see him. What shall we do, was asked. "Just go on as usual," he said, which was done, while he looked around, spoke low to the older pupils, and finally called for the grammar class. The book was handed to him and he examined the class as long as he pleased, then with true politeness went on his way. Going directly to Professor Wilson's school he told of his introduction to the Negro school, spoke well of the work and ended by saying: "I don't believe

there is another grammar class in the county that will stand such an examination with such credit." He did not give his name, and no one knew who he was or whence he came; but what encouragement that simple incident brought with it, and what a heart-felt blessing follows him today. "Kind words can never die." O, how true.

As the years passed, so fully crowded with work, eager pupils thronged and stimulated each other to study and good works. Only a few can be mentioned in this little narrative.

Mattie Carmicael was the first convert to Christianity. A large, strong, muscular frame, a face wearing light in it always, but beyond that a smile worthy the Christian that she was. Nothing could move her from what she considered her profession demanded; strict in all her conduct, in small as well as larger things, quiet ever, unless her voice of song wished to praise. She was the soloist mentioned in a previous chapter. Kind, yes kindness itself. The writer said to her once: "Mat, when I come to my last sickness I want you to take care of me. Your strength, kindness and prayers will be just the help for me." With one of her rare smiles, she said quietly: "Well, I will." But O, the sadness of the record. Seventeen years ago they heaped her grave where the broad oak trees shadowed it, and her white soul went upward. Her place is still unfilled on earth but the angels know her up there. Does her dark face hinder her progress or her happiness now?

Levi Edwards, another pupil of the school, went home earlier, the first year of the second teacher. He was a good student and died happy. A little boy was buried the same year who sang Sunday School songs and called the young teacher while breath lasted, saying: "Miss Hattie, Miss Hattie, Miss Hattie," then singing,

> "Marchin'on, marchin' on, glad as birds on the wing,
> Come the bright ranks of angels from near and from far,"

and then again, Miss Hattie, Miss Hattie, Miss Hattie," until the little soul left the body, borne up by the angels he summoned in his song.

Among the patrons of the school at that time were Mack Fulton and Drew Newbern. From the very first, twenty-six years ago, Fulton has not failed to keep one of the family in school. Now his baby boy is in the fourth grade, and he and his wife in the night school. During the time mentioned,

they have laid away two daughters to await the resurrection, when He comes. Newbern and his wife are in the night school. What a pleasure it would be to mention scores (all through the eleven years of school in this little church, whose names and faces flood the courts of memory) but it is impossible to tell even of the wonderful advancement made, of the number who went out as teachers, of one class who individually learned every lesson in the First and Second Readers as they went along; not one time did they need to go back, but always forward.

There was one man who came from South Carolina, worked at the hotel on Main Street and attended school. H. learned rapidly the First, Second and Third Readers. One day he said: "Teacher, I can read. I have studied night and day. I burn my lamp all the nights, studied as long as I could see with these two eyes, then went to sleep a few minutes at a time, and then studied more. Last night I picked up a paper and could read it. Well, sir, I yelled and hollered and screamed 'till all the folks came running to see me, and I yelled more yet. Then they said: 'What's the matter here? 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I can read! I can read! I can read!' Then they got mad and threw me out the window." "Were you hurt?" was asked. "No, I sleep in the cellar any way, or it is near the ground where I sleep." He was not a Christian, so there was no praise in his noise. The next day he left town and no one knew where he went.

Circumstances of this kind were not uncommon, nor were rare; the almost every day occasions of saying very unkind things to the teachers as they passed along the street. Sometimes hooting and shouting out anathemas; but there is joy in the memory that never did the assailed lift their eyes from the ground, so they did not, do not to this day know who the assailants were, nor ever will, unless the day of the Lord reveals it. They had their reasons and not one bitter thought was stirred, so there could be none to drag through the years to the grave. Only sad were the thoughts and often sweet in the sound of other words: "Lo, I am with you alway." O, what companionship!

CHAPTER V.

TENNESSEE.

"But the land whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven; a land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

Let not the reader sit in judgment on Tennessee character which has been only hinted at. There is, in its best, very much to admire, which is always a stepping stone to love.. If a Tennesseean does not like you, he rather you would know it; if he does like you, he does not care who knows it, and this makes you sure of your friends. Kind, generous, given to wholesale hospitality, charitable, magnanimous in dealing with offenders, religious on all orthodox lines, lovers of the church, and Tennessee in all her morals and politics, proud of her mountains, which is well. Indeed, a Tennesseean could not be what he is but for the glory of these mountains and streams. What would the Swiss be without their mountains? You could as well bind the sunbeams to stop half way to earth as make a slave of such a birthright. They can be slain, but never conquered. They die free. Bayard Taylor, who traveled the world over, said: "For variety of scenery, the Hudson excels all other rivers." Strange declaration from one accepted as authority in such matters. Surely he had never seen our own Tennessee with its wonderful flow to the gulf. There are places within a few miles of Morristown, that in grandeur and beauty make one forget the Palisades, West Point, or even Sleepy Hollow, were not the latter immortalized by the pen of Irving, and West Point by the scenes of the Revolution. True, the Hudson is adorned by palaces and mansions, the sleeping place of heroes, and every art of man; but the Tennessee is nature's own, adorned by the God of beauty, which appeals again and again to the best in one's soul; sets him to praising, then to worship and the singing of a new song. In some of her Autumn moods one sits on her bank and weeps, overwhelmed by her glorious self and surroundings. Let the wide famed land of Italy boast her skies of azure, her sunshine and her song, but the heavens cannot be brighter, the blue more pure, or the constellations more clearly defined than in the peerless Tennessee.

The time has come to say goodbye to the little church with its eleven years of history. Eleven years packed full, in which thousands of beings took prominent part. Where are they all today? Where? The Eternal keeps record, for the years have fled to God.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW ERA.

"Verily I say unto you, they have their reward."

In the year 1880, the Holston Conference of the M. E. Church, which had been a mixed Conference, met at Greeneville, Tennessee, and decided to separate the Colored from the White preachers, and form another Conference for the Colored, and as there were not enough numberically of the latter, five White men volunteered to make the quota. One of these was the Rev. W. G. Graves, who was appointed Presiding Elder of the Morristown District of the East Tennessee Conference. Having the interest of the Colored people at heart, he saw the need of a higher than an ordinary school, and so looked around him for a suitable location. Finding the property, known as the "Reagan High School," for sale, he at once entered upon negotiations for it, and soon closed a bargain by the payment of five hundred dollars, of which amount Bishop Warren paid one half.

The Colored people were wide awake at this time, doing what they found to do. Uncle Henry Walker, a progressive man, went from house to house collecting funds, and helped to raise a part of the money needed. Perhaps there were others who contributed of their small means. They did what they could.

There was in the purchase about two acres of ground and a building suitable for school needs, as it had been used by the Rev. Mr. Wilson for the education of boys and young men for some years. It was built and used by the White Baptist Church of Morristown for a place of worship, and it is said that many souls were won to Christ within its walls. During the war it became a hospital and sometimes a slave market as occasion required. Before the States seceded from the Union, meetings were held in different

sections of the state to discuss the question of Secession. The last gathering of this kind held in the state prior to the Rebellion took place in this building. Hon. A. G. Watkins advocated the rights of the state to secede from the Federal Union and the Hon. Wm. McFarland spoke against it. Singular to state, Mr. Watkins afterward became a strong Union man and a successful minister in the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Altogether, the building is decidedly historic, and if its walls could tell the story it would read stranger than a Dickens' romance. A bullet hole through the south wall has left a memento of the days of terror that sets one to dreaming of all it might mean.

As soon as the place was ready for occupancy, Mr. Graves sent a message to the school in session at the little church, saying: "Will you come down to the Reagan building?" The response was given by immediately taking possession of the place, and the inauguration of the new series had begun.

Next was required a suitable man to place at the head of the work. Mr. Graves, whose interest never flagged, found in the Holston Conference, Rev. Judson S. Hill, who at once engaged in the work, moving his family from Elizabethton to Morristown. The first year, 1881, Mr. Hill and the writer were the only teachers, and there were enrolled one hundred and ninety pupils. The two were exceedingly busy.

The first object of this school, from the very beginning in 1868, was the recognition of God in the elevation of mankind. Not one year, since that date, has passed without a decided revival and many conversions. The first year there was a powerful display of Divine grace. There was one feature peculiar to that time only, which reminded of effects in the South under the preaching of the great Whitefield in the long ago. The subjects fell while under conviction, and lay seemingly senseless, but after awhile they would rise with a strong clear evidence of the new birth. Some of them continue to this day, and some have fallen asleep. Others have gone beyond our knowledge, but the angels keep the record.

Truly it has been said: "The foundations were laid in God," and the growth has been under His immediate care, and over and over has the truth of His word been demonstrated in our midst: "Ye are of more value than

many sparrows." A work so owned and blessed by the great Jehovah needs no other argument to convince any sober thinking mind, that this work must be done; that the Christian church would be fearfully culpable to overlook or refrain from taking strong and determinate action for these lowly ones at our door. Did Christ die for them? Then do those who fight against these, fight against God? or standing off say: "I am holier than thou." Let the angel of justice write up the history which is rapidly passing into the archives of eternity.

Elder Graves, from the first, took the deepest interest in the work for the Freedmen. He was "thinking God's thoughts after Him", and humanity called him to minister at her alters, and, rising to the demands of the hour, he became the champion of the poor and weak, with a response in his heart continually: "Here am I, send me." He served from the first as president of the Board of Trustees of the school, always ready at a call for deliberations concerning its best good. Often was he found in the school room with an eye of intelligent inspection of the work, rejoicing in the steady advancement made, and looking forward with prophetic vision to the better farther on.

Each year at the closing and graduation of the classes, Elder Graves was always present with an interest not easily expressed, and at his last appearance in May, 1895, he spoke of his own advanced age and the possibility that we should see his face no more. Nor shall we in any of the gatherings any more. He, like his Lord, endured the cross, despising the shame, constantly bearing His image and the victor's palm branch earned in many a hard fought battle. He lingered with us until he saw Jesus part the veil which hides the Holy of Holies from this outer world, and heard Him say: "Come, thou blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom." Well may the poet sing: "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of heaven."

We will not detain thee, faithful soldier; go to thy rest and to the higher work of heaven. Look on the face of thy loved Lord and catch the eternal glow of His smile, and when we come, we will join thy enraptured worship at His feet.

CHAPTER VII.

INCIDENTS.

"And He led them on safely so that they feared not."

The first work for the Freedmen here was introduced and supported by the Presbyterian Church, New School, with headquarters in New York City. Soon after, the two churches were consolidated and the head removed to Pittsburg, Pa., where good work was wrought out for the poor until they found themselves crippled by so many schools, and decided to make them parochial, requesting the teacher in Morristown to remove to Knoxville. But the first camping ground held strong inducements for remaining, and the ole first tent bore the scars of some decided victories, and the name of the Great General who led straight up to them.

Then the Friends held sway for a while under the leadership of Yardly Warner, a brave, good man, who has passed beyond the stars; all honor to his memory. After him, there was a short session of schools supported by county funds, and now, at the beginning of the work by Father Graves, it passed into the hands of the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, later, Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society.

The year 1882 marked the introduction of a teacher, who came in September, to assist the President, while the writer kept the host in one of the small rooms. It was made up of several grades and conditions, and kept one busy every moment, from early to late. By "sun-up" they began to file in and were never in a hurry to leave, " 'cause mammy wants me to learn heaps."

The first of January, 1883, Dr. Hill went east to raise money to build the Dormitory, which was in process of erection. When he first made the contract for a building to cost three thousand dollars, he had not ready twenty-five cents of the amount, but the great need was prompting him, and his fervent trust in God drew him on. While he was seeking for means the building was going up, and he was able to meet every payment as it became due. The house should have been named the "Faith Home," for in no other way was it built. And now, again, when the work has enlarged itself until

it cries to heaven for wider borders, faith alone is our resource. We have a proverb: "To learn to live by faith, come to this work in Morristown."

While Dr. Hill was away, the two teachers held the school until the following March, when he returned to his duties here. The Spring of 1883 was marked by the small-pox epidemic, which proved fatal to many. Before any one knew the nature of the disease, it had spread through town, carrying death and desolation in its dreadful train. Young Doctor Nelson was sent to our school by the Sanitary Board with orders to vaccinate every child. Then confusion reigned. Some ran one way and some another. Some went screaming home to "Mammy." "She don't 'low us to be done that a-way," and in the panic some escaped. Though several colored people were victims of the scourge, not one of the pupils was touched by it. The school was closed at once, the town quarantined, and for weeks desolation and sorrow reigned supreme. A famine seemed imminent. No provisions being brought in by the farmers, a very plain diet became necessary. In some families it was too plain for comfort. Morristown will not soon forget the baptism. Some of the best were laid away, to be seen no more until the last trump shall sound to wake them.

During the school year of 1883-4, Dr. Hill with his family were in the Boarding Hall, presiding and teaching as each had need of special attention.

The Boarding Hall was not opened in the fall of 1885 until the middle of October, and one teacher and the writer stayed there alone for some weeks. One day, two strangers came up the street to the school house, a white and a black man. The first sat down under the locust tree where he could see well what was going on. The other entered the school room, making himself very troublesome in various ways, and no amount of coaxing or persuading could induce him to leave. He was doubtless playing crazy by teaching the classes in a ridiculous way, saying: "I came from D. C." When the school went out for recess, he followed, but kept up his pranks. During recess, one of the teachers went down to the Boarding Hall, unlocked the door and went in. Unbeknown to her, he started rapidly after her, but instead of turning into the kitchen, where she was, he went directly to the outside door on the boys' side, and was found examining the lock and fastenings and taking notice of the window near the door which opened into the hall. He was spoken to sharply and ordered out with a threat of sending

for the police. He forgot to be crazy and left the house and grounds. He and the white man held secret council not far away, but they were watched. That night the teachers committed themselves to God for safety, put out the light, and went to bed as usual. 'bout midnight, there was a sound of some one working at the lock of the outside door. Both heard it distinctly and silently prayed for protection, though neither spoke one word to the other. After a time the sound ceased, and sweet sleep came to the listeners upstairs. In the morning they exchanged experiences and found each other further confirmed in the belief of Divine care than ever before; but a neighbor's house was entered and a pistol shot by a brave woman sent the would-be burglars flying. After this the teachers had a friend stay in the building at night. Two nights later, a large house, not far away, was burned while the family were absent. Two weeks afterward the owner of the house found a man wearing some of his stolen clothing. He was arrested and sentenced to the penitentiary. It was the white man who sat under the locust tree.

In 1890, there were more students than ever. The Hall was full, and still they came. A house was hired and furnished, and eight boys occupied it. Then a room was rented at a neighbor's (Owen Hypsher) and three were stored there. They all boarded in the Hall. It was in the spring of 1891 that these boys from Hypshers', as they came in for supper, saw a light on the side of the school house, which is farthest from the Hall, and said, "Someone is smoking," and passed on. But another soon came into the dining hall, went quietly to the matron, Miss Blancher, and whispered, "The school house in on fire." She quietly rose from the table, sent part of the boys for buckets and bade them bring water, and part for the long ladder which was under the house, while she and the other boys repaired to the scene. All this was done with almost military precision. At the same time, the girls were told to stay just where they were inside the building, which they did.

By this time the fire was well under way, with a breadth of ten feet perhaps, (it was kindled near the ground) and the flames were roaring as high as the eaves of the house; but with prompt action it was soon subdued. The boys worked as calmly as though they were cutting wood, or doing any ordinary work. There was not one cry of fire, and a very few words spoken.

One of the teachers was in her room, and knew nothing of it until it was nearly over, when a girl sought her, saying: "The school house is on fire!" She looked at the girl in a questioning way, but did not move. "Won't you run over there? Aren't you scared?" "No, was the answer, "there is not as much as a nail in the whole place that has not been covered with prayers!"

In just two weeks from that night another attempt was made to make it too warm for us. The first was in the early evening just after the last supper bell had rung, now it was near midnight. As some town boys were silently passing around to the east side of the school building, they found a man stooping down and very busy with something on the ground. It was so dark they could not see what he was doing. In an instant he rose up and the next there was a flash and a report. He had fired at the boys and singed one's face with powder, so close was he, and made a bullet hole through the coat of another and then fled up the hill; while the boys, scared enough, ran the other direction to the Dormitory with their report. On going to the place with a light, a newspaper was found saturated with kerosene and a bottle near by which had held it. A large quantity was also dripping from the building. It had been dashed all over the end of the building as high as the top of the window blinds, but the match had not been applied.

A meeting was called to confer about ways and means for protection. The boys were arranged into bands of four each; one four to patrol the grounds until midnight, and the other four from that time until daylight; because, we said "an enemy hath done this." It was too evident to be disputed. Miss Blancher sat up and kept a fire, for it was cold, until the first band came in; preparing hot coffee and waking the next to go out, and seeing that all were as warm as could well be.

Dr. Hill was away in the interest of the school, and still Miss Blancher presided as matron. As a last resort, she sought Mayor Dickson, asking for protection, as we were within city limits. He said: "I have heard nothing before of the fires. Just go on with your guards as you have been doing until the city council meets, then we will take charge of the matter and you need have no more trouble about it." It was done as he said. We never knew what influence was brought to bear upon the case, or who our enemies were, but we had strange thoughts about it. We want right here to

make a record of the acts of Mayor Dickson. He seemed to wish for fairness and true justice, and his gentlemanly conduct toward us is, and will be, remembered with gratitude.

This narrative seems simple enough in the telling, but only those who were participants can guess at the mental and nervous strain of the whole proceeding, and it is doubtful whether all have entirely recovered from the earthquake-like shocks. Yet we were never left alone, particularly after the second attempt to burn us. There was a precious calm and solace. The message came to us in an almost marvelous way. It came when the morning star was shining over us and at the birth of a new day and the loveliest singing of birds came like the prelude of the "new heaven and the new earth," toward which we diligently journey, and the voice was this: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WORKERS.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.
When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned."

Rev. Judson S. Hill, D. D., a native of Trenton, N. J., was early called to the ministry of the M. E. Church, and was soon after sent to the Holston Conference in Tennessee by Bishop Simpson. His first appointment was at Chattanooga, then Cleveland, and afterward Elizabethton, where he was found of the Lord and Elder Graves for this work at Morristown.

The first purchase here, in 1881, was for about two acres of ground and the school building. Soon, by his efforts, fifteen acres were added, and following that, the Dormitory was built, having twenty-two rooms. Then the Home was attempted for which he collected the first money and interested the ladies of the New Jersey Conference.

Dr. Hill stood the storm of poverty and prejudice undaunted. The work went forward and upward. The curriculum was placed on a higher grade, and the people flocked to the cramped room and crowded school. Under his administration, the property of the Board has grown, from five hundred dollars

to twenty-five thousand dollars, and the school brings into the town at least ten thousand dollars per year.

Dr. Hill organized the first white M. E. Church in Morristown, and was its pastor for three years. He has stayed by the Colored Conference, and out of the five white men who first joined it to help them, he alone remains. He has been Statistical Secretary, and Secretary since the Conference was organized. Also Reserve Delegate to the General Conference in 1888 and 1892, and Delegate in 1896. In 1894 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Central Tennessee University of Nashville.

His true little wife has grown taller in standing straight up by the side of her husband. In times of trial, when his life has been threatened, though she suffered more than he, she prayed, trusted and believed, and has kept the faith through it all. When Dr. Hill is away she is counsellor in his place. All honor to Mrs. Judson S. Hill.

From the beginning of this particular work, Dr. Hill was anxious for a Home for girls, and in 1867 invited Mrs. F. S. Hoyt, of Cincinnati, to visit us with that idea in view. She came and talked to the school, making an impression that set the tears to flowing. Through her influence and at the suggestion of Dr. Hill, the following year the Woman's Home Missionary Society sent a teacher of dress cutting, fitting and sewing and to do missionary work. She labored earnestly for four years, visiting from house to house the sick and the afflicted, reading the Bible and praying with the sick and dying. She had her sewing room in the Dormitory where the school and others were taught.

One mother, who had a large family, said: "Since Mary went to the sewing school she does the mending for us all, and can do it so much better than I can."

Later, Mrs. Anna Kent and the ladies of the New Jersey Conference, with Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk, President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, nobly undertook the work at the solicitation of Dr. Hill, through whose influence the Freedman's Aid Society gave the ground for the erection of a building on the western slope of one of these picturesque hills.

As a result of their unwearying consecrated zeal the Home, costing seven thousand, five hundred dollars to erect and furnish, is literally a light-house set on a hill, for a lamp is lighted there which can never be

extinguished.

We must digress here to speak of that man of God, General Clinton B. Fisk. We can never forget the one visit to us of that hero of prohibition of precious memory. Passing through Morristown with his wife, on his way to Harriman, they stopped here, took a carriage and drove to our place, though it was after dark, and sat a few moments in the reception room. Every utterance of his is treasured, and when he took the hand of one in farewell, and said with an earnestness all his own. "God bless you," it made an impression which remains today, lingering with benediction and bearing fruit. Soon after this he was translated. Higher and holier now, does he forget the work for the lowly here?

As the school grew and expanded, "Lengthening its stakes and strengthening its borders," more teachers were added to the band.

In the fall of 1893, six of the teachers rented a small cottage near the residence of Dr. Hill, which they fitted up as best they could and settled in it for the year's work. All went well until the following February, when a young man named Mitchell, who was passing from town at a late hour one night, discovered the roof of the cottage to be on fire. He hurried to awake the inmates and then worked with judgment and will to save the effects; but in fifteen minutes a part of the roof had fallen in. It was a pine structure and went like a pile of kindling. The things which were saved were so injured by mud and falling sparks that they presented a sorry appearance. Many things were lost which could not be replaced, because they were gifts of dear friends. A gold watch, gold glasses and various pieces of bric-a-brac, were among them. Miss Ernsberger, of the Home, invited the teachers there, which privilege they gladly accepted; but as she soon broke down with overwork, they set up a dining hall in the Dormitory, keeping their sleeping rooms at the Home until the close of school in the following May.

The Mitchell referred to above was not a christian. He had for months been the subject of special prayers, but he seemed to think it brave to repel all religious influence. After the fire the teachers gave him a handsome Bible, of which he was very proud and took encouragement from it. Once he said: "I shall be in the pulpit with that Bible yet." But he still resisted the Holy Spirit. He was not ready for consecration. About

this time his health failed and he went down rapidly. He was often told that if he would seek the Lord, he would get well, but he would say, "I cannot do myself justice now." He finally left school too weak to walk and went home to West Tennessee, where he still went down until he sought and found the Lord, then he wrote: "He is the fairest of ten thousand to my soul." Afterward he wrote of being well and preparing to preach the Gospel, but this was not to be on earth, for soon he obeyed the summons: "Come up higher." His mother and father thought best not to heed his last request: "Bury my precious Bible with me." For what was there now more sacred to them than this book, the gift of the teachers to their heaven-called boy.

We are glad to add here that in 1894 "Hill Crest Cottage" was fitted up by a friend of the work and workers, and is a blessing untold in many ways. The King's Daughters gather there each week, and Sabbath School classes meet the teachers to prepare for the Lord's day service. Seekers are called there to be prayed for and opportunity for many lines of christian work is afforded. Among these, daily prayers for the good man, whose heart the Lord had touched to prepare this happy teacher's home for all this blessed work.

There is not time or space to write the history of the different workers of the last fifteen years. In looking backward over the line and succession one who had known them well could but exclaim: "What remarkable women!

What wonderful things God has done for this work in Morristown! It is probable that no school on this continent of its size has been carried on with so little money. As we contemplate the thousands who have been educated in books, and who have found the Saviour and gone out as lights to their people, the number who have become successful, respected teachers of their race; we are astonished, amazed, awed. We have come to the mount of God, even Horeb. We have seen the fire in the bush of thorns that is not consumed. We have heard the voice of God from the mountains of Midian and the deep dark wilderness of Kadesh. We have listened in silence and fear to the thundering of Sinai, and walked amid the rough, narrow, and lonely defiles of Galilee with the Man of sorrows.

Yet we name our walls Salvation and our gates Praise, for we have been permitted to follow with the three to the Mount of Transfiguration and look

upon the glory of our Christ and catch a gleam of that which is promised ere long to be revealed in us. Yea, have proved the sometimes hourly nearness of the still small voice.

We doubt if a happier band of mortals can be found anywhere. There has not been one sorrow or trial too many. They have been to us like the streams that water the garden of the Lord, and are to us the assurances of discipleship.

CHAPTER IX.

ANDREW FULTON.

"Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God."

Andrew Fulton was not his true name. His parents were slaves and his father's name was Reuben Riggs. He was born in 1835, and when four years of age his mother brought him in her arms to hear his first sermon in this same school-room, then the white Baptist Church. She leaned against a certain column holding him in her arms during the service. The slaves were allowed to worship here and many were baptized in the old Bethel spring belonging to the place, Fulton's mother being among them. When the Union army first entered Tennessee, through Cumberland Gap, in 1862, his father ran away and reached the line safely. He was first the servant of an officer and later enlisted as a soldier, and finally died in a hospital.

His mother was no ordinary woman, but decidedly belonged to the three t's, true, tried, and trusty; very much looked up to by her race, and very much cared for by the family who owned her.

When her old mistress heard that the Federals were coming, she said: "I's rather die than see a Yankee." Poor soul, she took her bed and died in a few days. Then the slaves must be sold, and when young Fulton was six years old there was a certain Buckner, who was getting up a gang for the south, who came to Morristown to buy, and naturally bid on these mentioned. When it seemed that the boy was about to be bought by Buckner, his mother, with loud cries, flew to her young master, and throwing her arms around his neck, said, "John, will you let Buckner have Andrew?" He answered: "No,

Rena, not if it costs me all I am worth." Then the bidding became fierce between John and Buckner, until John shook his fist at the bidder, saying: "You shall not have that boy if you bid a million of dollars for him." When his opponent quickly said "eleven Hundred" John said as quickly "eleven hundred and sixty-six," at the same time touching the auctioneer on the arm, who immediately said: "Gone to Mr. John McBride for eleven hundred and sixty-six dollars." The first bidder shouted: "Fair play, gentlemen, no rascality here!" but the boy was whisked off to safe quarters.

While the family still stood there, sobbing, yet half for joy, having all been bought back into the same white family which had owned them, there came by a kindly looking man, who said to them very quietly: "Don't cry, Uncle Sam will be along very soon." The young master called John had been taken care of by Fulton's mother from an infant, and she knew she could appeal to him. What a big heart he had, and how grand he seemed in the position he took for that poor mother; and there were many slave holders of the same type. We can but cry, the Lord reward them. At the close of the war, Fulton's mother married a Fulton, and thus his name.

He took the family to Virginia, where the boy stayed about two months, then he grew homesick and came back with his sister. At the age of thirteen, he entered school down in the little church, not knowing one letter from another. But to use a figure of speech, he went flying, keeping his eyes open over books when he should have been sleeping. He literally jumped the second and fourth readers and so on at that rate. By this time his mother had returned to Morristown with her husband, who soon after was killed by a bullet from an enemy, and then the boy must help his mother.

The part of the year in which he worked, was much longer than the school part, but the study went on by lamp light. At an early age he was converted while leaning against the same old column where his mother had leaned with him in her arms.

When the new school was opened, he was a married man, having chosen a worthy girl from Knoxville. He entered the ranks all the same, but was obliged to work for his family, and so was actually not more than eighteen months in school until he graduated. For several years he taught in different places with success, and in 1886 became a teacher in Morristown Normal Academy. Aggressive, earnestly seeking more of God, he is bound to

still go up with the Lord's help. May he turn many to righteousness and shine as the stars.

CHAPTER X.

A GROUP OF STUDENTS.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

There have been many who have lived and died worthily among us. The recording angel will present all such names to the Judge in the great day. Nor have we been exempt as a school from those who have taken and kept the downward way, and are lost to sight. But the number is far in the minority, and the fact that there are such is one of the strongest reasons why every effort should be made to save them.

Among the staunch veterans of our work we would mention Rev. Owen Hypsher, who came here to educate his two boys in 1880. Their mother had died some months before, and now he must, as far as possible, fill her place as well as his own. He became a member of the Holston Conference, and buying a home near these grounds, settled down as our close neighbor. His acceptable work among the churches went on steadily until 1882, when he married for his second wife, Carrie Goode, whose name and character were well united. Soon after, he and his wife entered school as pupils, and sat side by side with the two boys, though the latter were in advance of the parents, and could help them at home with their studies. Hypsher's balance wheel was a full share of good judgment. This, with his integrity, thorough conversion, and a hard leaning on his religious convictions, made him a prime factor in the midst of school and church.

Once, during a severe, protracted illness of the writer, he called a prayer meeting for eight in the morning in the Chapel to pray for her recovery. The room was filled and the following night there was a change for the better. The morning meeting went on and the "better" went on until the patient was able to go out, and soon joined the song of the grand old

prophet:

"They shall mount up on wings as eagles,
"They shall run and not weary,
"Walk and not faint."

It was surprising how Hypsher took hold of the books in an understanding of them. But there was a call in his soul, a "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," so he left the books and with The Book in his hand went out to seek for lost souls.

Five years ago he was made Presiding Elder, a position which he has filled with credit. Though the people are very poor under the pressure of hard times, he manages some way to get along with a large family and consequent expenses. From the twenty-third of October, to the twelfth of December, 1895, he had traveled two hundred and seventy miles, and received twenty-six dollars, paying six dollars of that for car fare. His two boys grew up to manhood respected by all. Clifton, the younger, was brilliant, remarkably so. He graduated here at the age of sixteen; then studied a year at Nashville, and afterwards traveled with his brother in the south the greater part of two years, but he developed pulmonary trouble; came home feeble and died suddenly at the age of nineteen. He left a clear evidence of his acceptance with heaven, and said to Mrs. Hypsher: "You have been a good mother to me, now I am going to my own dear mother, and tell father (he was away at the time) I die a Christian."

"So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

The father of Mrs. Hypsher, Mr. Goode, an old gentleman past sixty, accompanies his bright-faced little grandchildren to school each day, and sits with them to learn to read and write.

There has been a long line of preachers, stretching through the years, associated with this work. It is impossible to name the half of them. Guthrie, Gillespie, Branner, Breedlove, Thompson, Bruce, Marley, and scores of others. Yes, and Burwell, who said in his last testimony in Chapel: "Remember if I fall in the street, as I may, I fall in the arms of Jesus." It was in his own home in Alabama, that he put on the new garment of heaven.

Not very long ago there was a little girl who, although eight or nine years old, had not been near enough to school to get its advantages until

her parents moved within a few yards of Morristown Academy. They were poor, and though it was winter, and half an inch of snow on the ground, yet her feet were bare.

One day she said to her father: "Listen to me, pappy; over there at that school-house they get edications, and I want edications; and if you can't get me shoes I shall jes' go barefeet to that school-house." "Well, Azzie," said her father, "I'll get you shoes as soon as I can." "But I can't wait. You'll see," said the child.

True to her word, the next Monday here came Azzie to school leaving the print of her little bare feet all the way in the snow. She had such a glad face, which clearly said: "What is a little snow! I am here, and its nice and warm here, too. Now for my edication," and she went about it with a will. The chart furnished her first lessons, and she soon conquered those. Then she went home and attacked her father once more. "Pappy, the children what gets edications at that school has books to get it out of. Now I must have a book--a first reader." "Oh, read on the chart, Azzie, that will do," said her father. "No, it won't pappy, it takes a book next. I knows the chart."

The father was making the acquaintance of his child. So Azalee came back a conqueror with a book, slate and shoes. She made good use of these until the spring closed the school for the summer vacation.

The next fall found the child in her place in another class, in an advanced book, though she was not well--"had coughed all summer," the mother said.

One day there was a heavy fall of snow for Tennessee, yet Azalee started with her class to climb the hill leading to the Industrial Home, where the girls were taught sewing. She was gently requested not to go, but "I must," she said so decidedly that her teacher said no more. On the way her strength failed. She fell and could not rise. She was carried home by strong arms and put in bed, from which she was borne to her last cold bed in the cemetery far up on the hill. Consumption was not long in finishing frail Azalee. It was hard for her to give up school, and "I must go" was ringing in the mother's ears for many days. Toward the last of her illness she talked in her quaint way of the other home, where the "Heaven organ" would make her music.

She had a favorite brother to whom she talked most earnestly. "Now Frank," she would say, "go to church every Sunday. Do you hear? I mean it! And don't you sit back and laugh with the bad boys, but you walk right up into the amen corner and say your prayers, and get ready to die and meet me up there. Do you hear? I mean it!

Poor Frank was killed on the railroad not many months after, and "Pappy" went suddenly last fall. All are missed, but in the school room none more cherished than the bright, original Christian Azalee.

As interesting, yet different, is the story of Mrs. Read, a remarkable woman, with a desire to learn from books which burned into her soul. She was the mother of six children of school age when she first came into the school room, and it was a touching sight to see her coming up the slope with her flock of graded sizes around her. She had a pleasing quiet dignity which was very winning. She seldom spoke unless addressed, and there was an evidence of strong good sense in all she said; no slang, no ordinary cheap sentences; she had copied from the best. One thing was noticeable, she never missed a lesson of any kind. True, they were primary, but as much to her as Greek to an advanced student. Her grade was ten in everything, deportment as well as books, a thing that has not occurred often in seventeen years. Her life-path has been marked by tears and heart-aches, such as an intemperate husband can bring to pass. This last, no doubt, did its work for the poor woman. Dying of consumption, she looked out calmly upon the future when her eight children would be motherless, saying, "God will take care of them. May my poor husband come to Him."

The western wooded hill is fast becoming the city of the dead, where many of the best are being borne to its silent shade. Birds of the early spring time, prepare your songs; violets, lift up your purple heads, for those who find their last low bed, where the evening shadows linger.

We cannot pass this way without speaking of Henry Hudson, who came to us from Knoxville, stayed one year and found the Saviour within the walls of the same old Chapel where so many have found him before. Vivid in the memory of all who were present that memorable night is the picture of the stalwart young man, who rose with an air of unfaltering determination, and went forward for prayer before any call for seekers had been made, at the

singing of the first hymn, "We are calling for Volunteers."

In the spring, he went to the Clinton coal mines to earn money with which to return in the fall, but he took cold, and consumption set its seal upon him. When he found there was no hope of recovery, he begged to be put on the train and sent to Morristown, to die in sight of the school house and grounds, for, said he, "My Lord met me there." He reached Morristown in a dying condition. The young men of his class took care of him for five days, when he passed into the holier care of heaven, and then they made his grave.

Thomas Cox was one of the bright Christians of the school, who made marked sacrifices for an education, with commendable progress, became a teacher and thus a benefactor to his race. His sickness was characterized throughout by a cheerful, hopeful spirit, and a trust unshaken. His last words to two of the teachers were: "I may get well, but if not, I am ready to go, and I will watch for the teachers at the beautiful gate."

It is now more than six years since Samuel Gordon came, a stranger, to the school room. His coming was so quiet; the usual letter of interrogation and announcement had not preceded him. He had hired a cabin of one room near the school building, furnished himself a cot and a few cooking utensils and a little something to cook, and then went to work in earnest with the books. He seemed to have the elements of faithfulness and truth as a birthright, but that year the Lord met him in the cabin and said to him: "I have redeemed thee." He was a happy boy and from that time his course has been remarkable for a quiet, consistent exhibition of the best type of Christianity.

In the spring, he said, "I must leave here and go to work." Close questioning revealed that after he had paid his rent and bought what few furnishings were needed, he had but three dollars and twenty-five cents left on which to live; from the first of December up to this time (March 20th), this amount had supplied his need. His food had been corn-bread and one hog's-jowl, the gift of Rev. Owen Hypsher, who little knew at the time that it made his only variation in diet for the space of three months. O, how that man wanted an education! Of course, we said "stay."

As soon as he was fitted, he taught school for a few months in the summer, coming back in the fall. But the close application to study and the

teaching immediately after were too much for him, and two years ago he did not seem well, but went right on, uncomplaining, through the term, then taught again through the summer, and came back in the fall of 1894, tired out. It was his senior year, however, and, though often in pain, he must study; which he did, graduating honorably.

Year after year he has been a staff to lean upon in all the Dormitory work, taking care of broken windows and locks, ever on the alert to keep buildings in repair and grounds in order, without need of suggestion. Was a physician wanted in the night, "Gordon will go for him." Was it necessary for some one to take care of the premises, "Gordon would stay all the vacation by himself." We had depended upon him in everything until he had come to be called the backbone of the place, and when congratulated would say, "I am only too glad to be useful."

We had hoped and expected that as study was over he would be better. His school was engaged and waiting for him, but he found himself unable to teach, so Dr. Hill took him to his home and cared for him through the last summer, supplying a physical and all need. When school opened in September he wished to come back to his old home in the Hall, which he did, hoping against hope, to rally and go to Africa to tell his people there that Christ died for them.

For a time he seemed better, but as the winter came on he grew worse until the Doctor said there is no chance for him to get well.

One morning in December, just as the school had assembled for devotional exercises and was singing the beautiful song, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," the angels came and on their golden pinions bore away his spirit to the beautiful home above. His last words were: "I am ready any minute." So severe had been his suffering that it was almost a relief to see him calm in death and to know that he was where no sorrow, sickness, pain or death can come. Truly, in this case, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Gordon has begun to live!

The brilliant Clifton and faithful Gordon, Henry Hudson, and Thomas Cox of sacred memory, rest side by side on the western hill. Sleep there in peace, ye redeemed ones. The trump of God will waken you in time for the first resurrection, and on such the second death hath no power.

CHAPTER XI.

SUMMARY.

"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

For the eleven years of school in the little church, there is no record of the yearly revival or of the teachers who went out; but in the written history of the past seventeen years, we report two thousand five hundred students who have gone out as teachers, and with the exception of five or six, all were believers, and many of them began their christian lives in our old Chapel. We also report eleven hundred and twenty-five conversions. Most of these, as we have followed up their history, have been true to their trust and continue to walk in the right way. About ten percent have kept the faith, put on their robes, and gone home.

Among the students who are in school today fitting themselves for further usefulness are twenty-nine teachers, who have already taught three thousand two hundred pupils, and they are all christians who copy their Alma Mater in opening their schools with prayer and teaching the Bible with other books.

We report, also, about one hundred preachers of different denominations who have opened the books within these walls and gone out better prepared to lead others to Christ. How insignificant this may all appear to the outside world, "this short and simple annals of the poor!" Let not the people sit in judgment upon us. The books are not yet open. Wait, kind reader, for a better light. The sun of eternity has not yet risen. Wait for the ingathering of the sheaves. Wait till the harvest is shouted home.

These pages bear no strung pearls of rhetoric, nor happy vein of oratory, but a simple unvarnished glimpse of the history of twenty-nine years of close observation of the work for the poor race called negroes. It is but an outline. It is, after all, an unwritten history, and only the urgent request of others could have prompted this much. The story, if writtne out in detail, would fill many large volumes of interesting matter, as

each day bears some record of marked event. Our old ship has been tempest tossed amid the surging waves, but has, nevertheless, kept her headlight burning, and pointing steadily to the Haven. Loved forms have slipped away from our gaze into the darkness to be here no more; but they have kindled their beacon light upon the shore immortal to beckon us on. We reach for a vanished hand to find empty air. We listen for a hushed voice and hear the strife of tongues, and sterner things than death have seized upon the heart strings with wrenching grasp. But the sound of sweetest melody comes floating over all this from the shore of better promise, and our glad souls seek to put on new clean robes of patience and love, and wait for the full fruition of immortality.

O, if these pages could but touch some heart or move some feet this way to come over and help us, if some winning tone could reach some ear to hear the need of this people, all this should not, would not be in vain. While the trumpet sounds long and waxes louder, Israel would press forward to hear what the Lord should speak concerning this work.

Fifty times in one year did Dr. Hill write out negatives to as many applicants for admission to the Boarding Hall. There was no more room. In one of his tours east, he began to raise the money for the new building, which is to contain one hundred rooms. The first story was finished and corner stone laid and much of the material was on hand to complete the structure, but the fearful depression in finances all over the country struck the work with paralysis, and the fine stone foundation fifteen feet high still stood waiting.

More than sixty moons have waxed and waned since the foundation of the building on the hill was laid, and no man had come or sent to help the finishing. The walls became to us like the Jews' wailing place outside of the old city of Zion, and like them, we cried, "O, that I knew where I might find him," that he would bring the help so much needed at this place.

Then did the experience of the Psalmist become ours. "In my distress I cried unto the Lord and he heard me." The walls have now been reared. The roof crowns the structure, but again the sound of the hammer has ceased, for purses are closed and there is none as yet to say, "Here am I. I will give of the store intrusted to me by the Giver of all good gifts, that this

house which is builded in Thy name may fulfill Thy promise."

In the Figurative language of Isaiah:

"Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.

THE END.