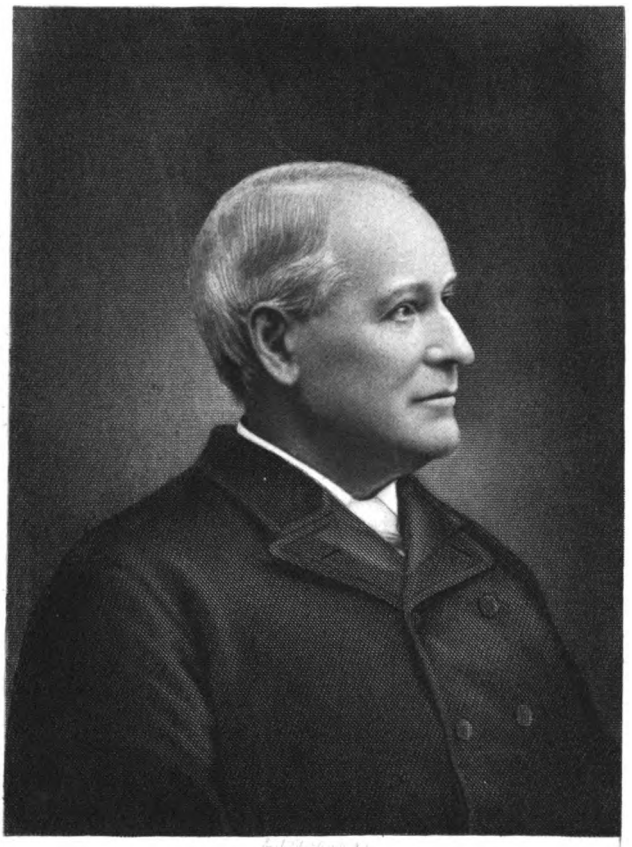
Theodore Snyder Speer

PETER CARTER



Peter Carter

PETER CARTER

1825–1900

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION

It is often said that one of the peculiar trials of those who have passed the allotted three score and ten is that by outliving many of the dearest friends of their earlier years they have outlived much of their happiness. I cannot subscribe to this common opinion; for I find that, as I draw near to four score, one of my sweetest joys is in living over again, by the magic of memory, the happy hours I have spent with the friends who have gone on before to "Our Father's House" on high. Among all those who have departed, no one has a warmer chimney-corner place in my heart than the man who wrote the following autobiography.

My acquaintance with Peter Carter began just fifty years ago, when I came over from Trenton, N. J., to New York to have my first "wee" book ("Stray Arrows")

published by Robert Carter & Brothers. Two years afterward, when I brought my young wife to the Irving House on our bridal trip, Mr. Peter Carter—whose book-store was in the same building—made the first call upon us, and his hearty, ringing voice gave us our first congratulations in New York. Then commenced a friendship which deepened into a love like that between David and Jonathan, "passing the love of women." Soon afterward I came to reside in New York as a pastor; and my most frequent place of resort was the book-store where the three brothers Robert, Walter and Peter were always ready to suspend their business for a little and have a cordial chat. In 1890, when the noble firm of Robert Carter & Brothers, which had published several of my volumes, closed its long and honorable career, I used to pay frequent visits to Peter at his new post in the American Tract Society.

What a wonderful magnetism there was in his manner! What a welcome in his bright eyes and cordial grasp of his hand! The eager words poured out of his loving

heart faster than his tongue could utter them. He was about the swiftest talker that I have ever known. And one of the remarkable traits in his well-rounded character was that his intense impulsiveness never outran his good judgment, and never betrayed him into any indiscretions of speech or of conduct. Rapidly as his engine went, he never lost control of the throttle-valve or the brakes. This sobriety of judgment was the result not only of an immense natural common sense, but of the abiding grace of God in his heart. The Holy Spirit, who dwelt within him, seemed to be ever giving him the words he should utter, and to lead him into the ways of wisdom and of all truth.

I have no space in this brief introduction to speak of all the times and the places in which I held sweet fellowship with my dear Brother Carter. One of them was the rooms of our National Temperance Society and Publication House, where we were both managers, and where he did an enormous amount of gratuitous labor as chairman of the Publication Committee. Another spot was

Lake Mohonk, where we feasted our eyes on the flowers in the garden and on the "general assembly" of the surrounding mountains. But the place to see him at his best was in his own happy home. The sight of him there, with his wife and some of his children and his half-dozen grandchildren grouped around him, "plucking his kiss and sharing his smiles," was a picture beyond anything that Robert Burns ever drew. To that home, when it was shadowed by the departure of his fond, faithful and devoted wife, I went to speak my words of sympathy and consolation. The last time I ever visited Bloomfield was to look on his placid face, on which the dove of Christ's promised peace was visibly brooding, and to pronounce my tribute of undying love at his funeral service.

I write these lines in the room always occupied by my venerated and sainted mother. Here she used to pen those many letters in which she often addressed him as "My darling Peter." On the wall before me hangs her portrait; and beside it is the

picture of Bunyan's "Mercy at the gate," which was a favorite with him, and which, on his dying bed, he directed to be sent to me. These walls have often echoed to his cheering voice, and even here still I am, as the Apostle said, exceedingly "filled with his company."

During my long and busy life I have been permitted to know intimately many great men and good men. Some of them were ministers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. One of the half-dozen choicest spirits in the Christian laity was the unselfish, leal-hearted and truly consecrated man whose autobiography fills, in such fresh and entertaining style, the following pages. He was gifted with fine natural abilities; but his crowning glory was his "genius for godliness." I firmly believe in the recognition of friends in heaven, and one of its expected joys will be to behold the "spiritual body" of my well-beloved brother Peter Carter.

Theodore L. Cuyler.

Brooklyn, New York, November 19, 1901.

PETER CARTER

1825–1840

I WAS born in Earlston, Berwickshire, Scotland, on the 19th of July, 1825. My first associations, it will thus be seen, were of the pastoral and poetic kind, born as I was amid scenery of exceeding beauty in the very garden of Scotland and in a region rendered still more interesting by the genius of Scotland's greatest novelist, Sir Walter Scott. Dryburgh Abbey, Melrose Abbey, and Abbotsford (Scott's residence) were all within half a dozen miles or less of Earlston.

I have very little recollection of the early years of my life, having left Scotland in the spring of 1832, when I was not seven years

old. The removal to America being the first occurrence of any importance in my remembrance, all behind that seems blank.

My father was a weaver—a trade that occupied a great many men in those early days before the invention of steam looms. We had a little house one end of which held six looms, and in the other dwelt the family. I was the tenth child of a family of eleven who all lived to grow up to be men and women—six sons and five daughters. My father was a godly man who sought to bring up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But he had little worldly wisdom. My mother, on the other hand, was one of the best of managers. Even as a child, I used to think that we never could get on at all but for my mother's sagacity, economy and wisdom. She instilled into her children a horror of debt which served them many a good turn in their future career.

She was a most loving mother, a very handsome woman, and intensely beloved by her children. She had never been twenty miles from where she was born, and so the

thought of going to far-away America was a dreaded one. But her son Robert started for America in 1831, and he wrote long and frequent letters home.

One amusing circumstance occurred in connection with these letters. He wrote that he had applied for a situation as teacher, with a fair prospect of getting the position; the only thing that was likely to prevent his success was the fact of his being a foreigner. My mother threw the letter down with great disgust, exclaiming:

"A pretty set of people to call my son a foreigner!"

Her idea of a foreigner was an Italian or a Spaniard—some one who could not speak English.

Early in the year 1832 preparations were begun for emigration to America. It was no little affair, in those days of six weeks' voyages in a sailing ship, to remove twelve people who knew nothing of traveling. We had to carry our own provisions with us. To add to the difficulty, it was a cholera year, and we anticipated a six weeks' quarantine

at New York, in addition to the six weeks' voyage, making twelve weeks for which we had to lay in supplies. America, too, was looked upon as a place in which nothing could be bought, and so all we were likely to want for a long time to come was carefully provided.

As the time drew near, large quantities of provisions were laid in and a great amount of oat-cake baked for the voyage.

The last day arrived; the next morning, at an early hour, we were all to leave Earlston for a new and unknown home. I asked my mother if I might go out and play with some little boys that I knew. She consented, knowing it would be the last time I could do so. We played several little simple games in the field, or haugh, as it was called, just behind our house. Beyond this field was the little river Leader. At this point it was dammed up by what was called a cluse, on the top of which was a plank about eighteen inches wide, by which foot-passengers used to cross, as the nearest bridge was a considerable distance away. Some of us boys ven-

tured out on this plank, and among others myself.

Whether I was more careless or less sure-footed than my playmates I cannot say, but, anyway, I fell into the deep water. My companions were all little like myself, and no man was within hailing distance. Whether I got hold of one of the upright beams that formed part of the dam I do not know, but in some way, guided by my Heavenly Father's unseen hand, I came to the surface and the little boys helped me out. I was a sad spectacle, dripping with water from head to foot.

I think even now I can recall my mother's surprised expression as she said: "Why, Peter, where have you been?" I told her that I had been in the river.

She stripped me of my wet clothing and put me to bed. I was soon fast asleep. I awoke about three in the morning. There around the fire were the various articles of my clothing, all carefully dried and ironed by my mother's loving hands.

My mother and the younger children journeyed in a cart; the older ones walked

the thirty miles to Edinburgh. There we spent several days with friends.

One morning we all embarked on a canal-boat for Glasgow. My only recollections of that voyage are the fact that the smoke-pipe had to be let down whenever we passed under a bridge, and that among the passengers was a benevolent old lady who had an inexhaustible stock of "parliaments," or, as we would call them here, ginger-snaps, which she dealt out with a generous hand to us youngsters. That good woman was a stranger whom we had never seen before and never saw again, and who has, no doubt, long since gone to her reward, but the memory of her kindness remains after the lapse of more than half a century.

In Glasgow we stayed just one night. Early the next morning we started in a little steamboat down the Clyde to Greenock, where we embarked on the good ship *Francis,* Captain Griffith, for New York.

There were no cabin passengers and only a small number of steerage passengers — not the great crowd of modern days. I can

recall little of the voyage except that all the cooking was done on deck, in an iron fireplace which the families used alternately. The first on hand in the morning was the first to have the use of it.

My sister Agnes was an enterprising woman who was always sure to have the first turn. My brothers James and Walter occupied the same berth with me, and we were very sick the first three days and never left our bed.

In exactly six weeks from the day we left Glasgow, we cast anchor in the bay of New York. My mother greatly admired the pleasant little homes that she saw on Staten Island as we passed up the bay.

My father went ashore, on a lighter, or smaller boat, to find my brother Robert and prepare for our coming. He was gone much longer than my mother expected, and so, getting a little anxious to be once more on land, after six weeks of water, she determined to go ashore with the whole family. My sister Margaret, who had spent some time in Edinburgh, thought she could find the store of

Mr. Grant Thorburn, who knew the address and whereabouts of my brother.

We landed on a pier near the Battery — probably at the foot of Rector Street. The first thing I remember seeing was a cooper's shop, where a boy—an apprentice—was working with his master. I thought when I grew bigger I would turn to be a cooper, for from my earliest years I had a love for working in wood.

Our stuff was left on the ship, but we, thirteen strong—for we had two cousins with us—marched ashore, and, Columbus-like, stepped for the first time on the soil of the New World. We walked up Broadway, my mother holding my little sister Isabella, not quite four, with one hand and me with the other.

On the way we met several colored people. I had never seen a black face before, and thought they were imps of Satan, for I had always imagined that the devil was black. As each one passed us, I would hide my face in the folds of my mother's gown, exclaiming:

"Ah, there is anither ane!" How little did I think that a portion of each Sabbath for more than half my entire life was to be spent by me in their instruction!

Grant Thorburn was a florist, and at that time occupied a Quaker meeting-house in Liberty Street as his repository of seeds, flowers, plants, and goldfish. I particularly remember the latter. Mr. Thorburn, a little man full of life and energy, greeted us with great cordiality and told us where to go.

We were quartered with a Mr. Peter Pirnie for the night. The next morning I was up bright and early; going down-stairs, I was asked by a young woman where the others were. I replied:

"They are a' snorin' and sneepin'."

I went out into the street—so says my sister who saw me—and meeting a little negro girl, I said to her:

"Go home, child, and tell your mother to wash your face."

That night we embarked in a tow-boat for Albany. We went this way because it was cheaper, and also because we had a

great many barrels of potatoes and oatmeal and other things that were bulky. Not being detained at Quarantine, we had more than six weeks' provisions on hand.

The journey to Albany occupied two nights and the intervening day, and we arrived there on a Saturday morning in May, 1832.

We were met by several farmers with their wagons from West Charlton, Saratoga County, New York, who took us and all our belongings up to that quiet and healthful region.

We were hospitably received, and entertained over the Sabbath by Mr. William Bunyan and his neighbor, Mr. James Davidson. At supper that evening I was given mush and milk. In the ship I had been offered some kernels of dried Indian corn to eat, and the taste proved unpleasant. This tasted a little like it, and I did not think I could eat it. The momentary hesitation was noticed, and I was offered a piece of apple-pie as an inducement to eat the mush. Now I had never seen or tasted

apple-pie, but, as the old divines put it, I had an "intuitive sense" that it must be good, so I went at the mush and milk, and it was soon disposed of, and when it came to the apple-pie I was satisfied that it was an ample compensation for eating the mush.

On Monday morning we were carried in a wagon to the little house that had been secured for us in West Charlton. At parting, Mr. Bunyan's son William presented me with a little stone-boat that I had been secretly coveting. I can see it now, standing up on end in the back of the wagon, and many a loving look I gave it as I rode along.

When settled in our new home I was sent to the district school.

On Saturdays we went fishing in the creek, with worms on a crooked pin, but with very little success.

The winter of 1832 was a very cold one, and our house was poorly built, and the stove gave very little heat compared with its size and the quantity of wood it consumed. In fact, the house was so cold that our bread was frozen solid almost like a

stone, and the only way we could cut it was with an ax.

One day Mr. Gilchrist came in and said:

"How are you all, Mrs. Carter?"

"Oh, sir, we are just starving," was my mother's reply.

"Starving!" he exclaimed. "Why, that must not be; this is a land of plenty, and we cannot allow any one to starve here."

"Oh, but, sir, we are starving with cold," explained my mother, and he laughed very heartily at the misunderstanding of words.

The winter of 1833 we spent in the house of a Mrs. Gibbon, she and her son occupying one part and we the remainder. A good-sized creek ran about twenty yards from the front door. Every morning, we boys, after dressing, went to this creek, and cutting a hole in the ice with an ax, washed ourselves in the water underneath.

In the spring of 1834 my father rented the Red House place, a farm of about one hundred acres, for many years afterward occupied by Mr. James Bell.

That spring my brother Robert married

Miss Jane Thomson, and in the summer came up to see us with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Thomson. They were a very handsome couple. I remember sister Jane reading, "The Old Oaken Bucket," which I had never heard before. We all loved the new sister at first sight, and loved her the more as we knew her better.

With my brother Walter I was sent to Jersey Hill school, in the town of Galway. I can scarcely imagine a poorer system of education than that which was afforded by the district school. There was a different teacher every winter, and we generally managed to forget in the summer nearly all we had learned during the previous winter.

Among my school-fellows were William G. Holmes, afterward my brother-in-law, and Richard L. Paul.

Another school-fellow was Sandy Ross. A friend of ours, a lady who was clever with her needle, took an old coat and made it over to fit me. It looked very nice, but of course it had been well worn before it came to be mine and had lost much of the strength

it had originally possessed. I put it on to wear to school. At the noon recess the scholars went into the neighboring field, where there was quite a stretch of excellent ice.

Two processions of sliders were speedily formed, one set going east and another west. I was gliding speedily one way while Sandy Ross was sliding rapidly the other, and as he passed me he seized one of my coat tails, and the frail garment was torn up to the collar. I don't think I went to school that afternoon, but, very much disconcerted, went home with my coat apparently ruined after its first day's wear. My sister Margaret took it in hand and soon restored it whole as before. As I left for school next morning, she exhorted me: "Now be careful to beware of Sandy Ross."

We were two miles from the nearest church, so my father started a little Sabbath school in the district school-house on Jersey Hill. There was quite an attendance from the neighborhood — among others, of course, was Richard Paul. In addition to Bible study, the scholars committed to mem-

ory that excellent compend of divine truth, the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, called by my father the "Carritch" (or Catechism). One Sabbath afternoon my father said to Richard:

"Richard, my man, hae ye brought your carritch wi' ye the day?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply; "I came on foot." I think he understood what my father meant, but could not withhold this answer.

The succeeding summer there was some reason why my father could not take charge of the school, and it was taken up by one of the most godly women I ever knew—Polly Clisbe.

She was always armed with religious tracts, which she loaned among the scholars in lieu of library books, which were beyond her means.

One Sabbath afternoon an amusing incident occurred in that old school-house. As the good woman, Miss Clisbe, knelt at the old chair in the middle of the room, a great black cat walked in at the open door and de-

liberately sprang upon her back and sat there during the continuance of the prayer, to the great amusement of us boys, who were far more interested in the cat than we were in the good woman's petitions at the throne of grace.

About this time the illness of one of my sisters called my mother to New York. How I missed her! It seemed to me as if I could not live without her. One day I was standing by the mantelpiece, looking the very picture of despair, when one of my sisters said: "Why, Peter, what is the matter with you?"

My reply, accompanied by a burst of tears, was: "My mother has gone to New York."

I used to be somewhat ashamed of the story as it was told of me then, but I glory in it now.

One morning, just before rising, I remember dreaming that my mother was dead. I awoke in a fright and threw on my clothes and ran down-stairs. She was not there, though I passed from room to room. I went out in a terrible anxiety, but was re-

lieved by meeting her on the path coming from the barn with a pail of milk. Nobody ever had a better or a lovelier or a wiser mother than I had.

On the Sabbath my father spent a good deal of time reading in his own room, sallying out now and then to see that we were all properly employed.

Once we had a gentleman named Peter Black spending the Sabbath with us. Every one in the room but he had a book, though conversation had for some time taken the place of reading. Mr. Black, hearing my father's step and knowing his object, cast about for a book. There was nothing within his reach but a Farmer's Almanac. As my father came in he looked round him, and knowing the books we each had, turned to Mr. Black and said a little suspiciously:

"Peter, what have you got?"

Peter promptly replied, "I hardly know what it is, but there are *good things in it.*"

I remember my father putting his hand on my head one day, and as he did so saying:

"Ah, Peter, I would like to be your age, that I might live to see, as you may, the wonderful things that are coming in the world."

He had great faith in discoveries that were soon to be made. And how truly great these wonders have been! The self-igniting matches now in every house; then only the steel, the flint, and the tinder. Then it cost eighteen and three-quarter cents for every letter between New York and Saratoga County. Ocean steamboats, the telegraph, the telephone, the mowing machine and the reaper, the photograph, the electric light, and all the other stupendous wonders of the last fifty years had not yet come.

The winter of 1835 was famous for its great depth of snow. It was more than five feet deep all over the ground, and ten or fifteen in some places. All travel on the roads was suspended for nearly six weeks. We cut a canal in the snow to the barn, and another from the barn to where the cattle could be watered.

In the previous August my brother Wal-

ter and I, like many other boys, had greatly desired to have a dog, but dogs were scarce in Galway. We heard of one that we could get five or six miles away, and so Walter went for him. We made a little place for him to sleep, and fed him well, and did everything we could think of for his comfort. But the next morning the ungrateful dog went off and did not return.

But to come back to the great snow. We had been some weeks without seeing any one outside of our own family. One night during this forced seclusion we were seated around the stove, on the top of which a pan of baked apples were simmering in their juicy richness and spurting deliciousness. By and by my father said: "Boys, there is some one at the door."

Walter said: "Why, father, no one *could* be at the door in this terrible night of cold and drifting snow."

So the reading was resumed. Pretty soon my father said again: "Boys, there *is* some one at the door."

Brother Walter rose, went to the door,

and opened it cautiously, that an avalanche of snow might not be precipitated into the room.

But the moment the door was opened, in sprang the dog that had so ungratefully left us six months before. He was both hungry and weary, but his hunger was soon appeased by the best the house afforded, while a bed was made for the weary traveler not far from the stove. He never left us again, but was a comfort and delight to us for many years.

About 1837, my father bought a little farm of fifty acres on Jersey Hill, to which we immediately removed, the Red House farm having only been hired.

In July of 1837, I think it was, Walter and I, who worked the farm, finding hardly enough to occupy us, took the job of cutting and curing and carrying in Miss Clisbe's hay. There were thirteen acres of it, and we got a dollar an acre for doing it. I think this was the first money either of us ever earned.

Miss Clisbe had an aged father who was confined to his bed. Knowing how difficult

it would be to satisfy him about the hay-cutting, she endeavored to conceal from him that it was being done. But one morning, as she got him up to make his bed and he was looking out of the window, he put his hand over his eyes and said: "Polly, some one must have cut the hay in that field, for I can see the stone wall on the far side. I could not see it if the hay was not cut."

So of course she had to tell him what had been done. His only remark was: "Tell the boys to count the loads of hay, otherwise they will not know when the barn is full."

I had a great ambition for a steeple-crown hat, worn much more by boys then than now, and my father said that I, with my sister Margaret to help me, might take some butter and potatoes to sell in Schenectady. There was a calf we had been fattening that he said he would give me to sell, and then I could take the money and buy the hat.

The morning arrived, and the potatoes, in bags, were put in front of the seat, the butter in a pail under the seat. The calf's legs were carefully tied, and she was gently

laid on her side on some new-mown hay behind the seat. My sister and I took our places and were about to drive off when the calf gave a strong pull and snapped the cord that bound her feet, and springing from the wagon, bounded off like a deer. My father said he thought she had earned her freedom, and we allowed her to grow up into a cow, but my hat was bought notwithstanding.

In August of that year my eldest brother, Thomas, came to Galway to spend the month, and brought with him Dickens' "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," which was then first published. It was a goodly octavo, in large print, and well illustrated by "Phiz."

My father always insisted that we should rest half an hour or more every day after dinner. So we two boys lay on the floor, with "Pickwick" between us, and read that most amusing of books. It bridged over the harvest season, and took all the tiredness out of the hard work and a good deal of the heat out of the hottest days. If ever a book

proved a boon to two boys, that book did. We had just read it through when we finished the harvest.

About this time my brother Walter and I read "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and were greatly exercised over the tyranny and oppression of Russia and Austria. A favorite subject of consideration with us was the deliverance of Poland. We had just finished pulling flax, and it was piled up in the barn for threshing.

In those days this was done in a peculiar way. A large stone was placed on the barn floor; then a handful of flax was taken and struck violently on the stone, causing the bolls in which were the seeds to drop on the floor. Then the flax was laid away to be cared for afterward.

Walter had a large stone, and I had another, and every time we struck the stone we imagined we were dealing a blow for the deliverance of Poland. I have no doubt this added much intensity to the blows.

I doubt if any two brothers ever worked more lovingly together than we did.

About the year 1836, a man named Miller, illiterate, but possessed of a strong will, wrote a book to prove that the second coming of Christ would be in 1843. A great many people in Galway bought the book, and some became firm believers in the argument.

My father, I remember, had a copy, though I do not think he believed in it. We boys read it, of course. Some people thought that they could see the figure three on the blades of the wheat plant.

My brother Walter, when he went to Schenectady to market, always started early in the morning, often long before daylight, and it was my rather dreary business to hold the lantern that he might see to harness the horses. I remember starting out from the house one morning with the lantern, on my way to the barn (Walter had gone before me a few minutes), when I saw a prodigious light that seemed to illuminate the whole heavens. Now, thought I, this is what Miller predicted, only a little while in advance; but after my first surprise I found it was only the moon rising.

The next year — 1838 — my nephew Thomas Kirkwood was born in our house. I had been absent for a day on some distant errand. Returning in the evening, I came into the sitting-room, and was about to sit down on the lounge when some one exclaimed: "Don't, or you 'll crush the baby."

I became devoted to the little fellow, and he was equally fond of me. A great love for children seems to be strongly intrenched within me, so that even at threescore I still love all children with whom I come in contact, whether white or black, whether of my own blood or of others. I often think of our Lord's words, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when we remember that more than half of the human race die under five years of age, we realize the power and the force of these words of the Blessed Master.

I remember a winter — about 1838 — when the snow was so deep that we could not get to school. This grieved my father very much, for he was anxious that his sons should have all the education that was attainable under our circumstances, so he started out with us

one morning to see that we got to school; but very soon he could go no farther, and turned toward home. We boys went on to the top of the hill, but when we tried to go down we found it impossible, and had to turn round too. The next day we got through to school.

One afternoon I was turning the grindstone in the wood-shed, while brother Walter was holding the scythe to grind it. Glancing up, I saw standing in the doorway a tall man whom I had never seen before. Looking at me, he said:

"Young man, you ought to come to New York and sell books; that would be better work for you than turning a grindstone."

After saying this he went off. That was the first time any such words had ever been said to me. I learned afterward that the speaker was William Gowans, the well-known dealer in old books in New York. The words sank into my heart, though I said nothing about them to any one. I little thought at that time how soon they were to be acted on, and that in two short years I was to begin

my long career of nearly half a century as a bookseller.

The summer of 1840 I worked for my brother-in-law, Mr. John Black, six months at six dollars per month. This money purchased a horse which we named Dick. He was a beautiful bay, and a very serviceable animal.

1840–1857

IN the end of October, 1840, a call came from my brother Robert for me to come to New York City and enter his service in the book-store at the corner of Canal and Mercer streets.

It was a serious question for a boy of fifteen to answer. It was peculiarly serious to a boy, who had never been away from home longer than a week at a time, to break up and go away among comparative strangers. But by those who knew better than I did, it was thought best that I should go.

Mr. Smeallie, a neighboring farmer and a personal friend, was going to New York

in the middle of November, and I was to be placed in his care and keeping. The great trial was the leaving of my mother, of whom I was extremely fond. My father I loved too, but not with the intense affection that I did my mother. Perhaps, in saying this, I do not take into consideration the fact that my mother survived my father twenty years, and that we have various pictures of her which keep her features in remembrance, while we have none of my father. No doubt these things all have their influence in the retrospect.

The day at length arrived. We left home about four o'clock in the morning, that we might arrive early at Schenectady, fourteen miles distant. It was an intensely cold morning, so after riding awhile we would get out and walk to warm up a little. While it was yet early we reached Schenectady, where Mr. Smeallie expected consignments of butter from various directions. Some of these failed to come, and so he was obliged to stay at Schenectady till the following day.

I was placed in the care of David Clark,

another farmer who was journeying with us. About three P.M. we took the cars for Albany. Soon after leaving Schenectady, we were drawn up an inclined plane by a stationary engine, thence proceeding on this upper level, as it were, till near Albany, where we were let down by another inclined plane into that ancient Dutch city. Here we were transferred to the steamboat *Swallow,* which, sailing at five P.M., reached New York early the next morning.

Mr. Clark was to take me to the house of a Mrs. Boyd, who was a sister of Mr. Smeallie's and lived in White Street; where, after breakfast, I was to be called for by one of my brothers, three of whom were in New York.

Mr. Clark did not know the precise number of Mrs. Boyd's house; so while he was trying to find it, I stood at the corner of Broadway and White Street.

How vividly that scene comes back to me! A little way off, but within reading distance, was a theater board on which was placarded the name of the play

DON GIOVANNI.

Mr. Clark found the house, and we were soon seated at Mrs. Boyd's hospitable board, eating breakfast.

After breakfast my eldest brother, Thomas, called for me, and took me to No. 58 Canal Street. Here began my life in my brother's family, where I remained sixteen years and four months, till March 25, 1857, when I was married.

The recollection of these years is exceedingly pleasant. My dear sister-in-law was both sister and mother to me through all that time. Every year I grew more and more fond of her, and every year I had fresh evidence of her kindness to me. I was truly brought up in the fear of the Lord. Sometimes I thought the discipline a little strict, but now, in the retrospect, I remember that strictness with profound gratitude.

And the dear children, how fond I became of every one of them, and how much they added to my happiness! My brother Robert, too, treated me like an eldest son. I was hedged in with good influences, kept from temptation, and had continually put before me the better way—the way of life.

I arrived in New York on November 18, 1840. The following Sabbath I went with my brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Russell, to Dr. Marselus's church (Dutch Reformed), on the corner of Bleecker and Amos (now West Tenth) streets.

But the next Sabbath following that, I entered the Sabbath school of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Grand and Crosby streets, in which Sabbath school I was scholar, teacher, librarian, or superintendent nearly forty-nine years.

To return to my arrival in the city. I think my personal appearance was a disappointment. I was fat and ruddy and vigorous, but prodigiously verdant; just the boy to be imposed on, or to make some irreparable blunder. So, failing to see what use could be made of me in the store, I was sent to the rooms of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, then at City Hall Place, where, under the Hon. Walter Lowrie, Rev. John C. Lowrie, and Rev. Daniel Wells, the treasurer, I built fires, swept out the rooms, dusted off the pamphlets, and ran errands.

I was principally under the direction of Mr. Wells, and he was very kind to me. But I missed my mother.

In those days, the gas-house for the supply of light to New York City was on the corner of Canal and Centre streets. When I left the Mission Rooms at night, I used to cry as far as the gas-house; then, as I turned into Canal Street, I mopped up my face and came into No. 58, my brother's house, as smiling as a basket of chips.

There was an old woman who kept a fruit and candy stand in Centre Street, near the Tombs, who had unusually large sticks of candy for a cent; and, country boy as I was, it was a great temptation to invest that amount of cash. But as my capital of ready money did not exceed a dollar, I found that I could not afford such a daily expenditure, and so peremptorily shut down on it.

I was only a few weeks at the Mission House — I do not now remember how many — when I was taken into the store. This I interpreted to mean that in some way my personal appearance had improved.

Here my work was not unlike what I had been doing at the Mission House — taking off the shutters, sweeping out the store, and running errands.

Not very long after I came to New York there was committed a terrible murder. Mr. Adams, a printer, was on his way to our store in Canal Street when he called in at the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway to collect a bill. Some high words followed between him and Mr. Colt, the occupant of the office, and the latter murdered Mr. Adams.

I remember the sensation produced by the discovery of the murder. It was published in an extra of the morning papers. After reading it, I started for Church Street to get a scuttle full of charcoal with which to kindle the fire next morning. As I went along, boy-like, I was swinging the scuttle back and forth, and in passing an outside slanting cellar door, which was just balanced on its hinges, I must have struck it, for suddenly it fell shut with a loud noise. A little child who was sitting on the upper steps was thrown to the basement below.

Of course I thought that the child was killed, and that I was the murderer and would be hung, as Colt was likely to be. I can still remember the agony of that moment. I rushed down-stairs, where the mother was trying to comfort the child, who, curiously, was very little hurt. But the mother was not in the most amiable mood toward me as the cause of the trouble.

Among other duties at the store, I delivered the "Missionary Chronicle," the organ of the Board of Foreign Missions, which in those days was published in my brother's store. This I found very hard work, not being acquainted with the streets. And oh, how hard the pavements were on my poor feet, and how tired I was when I got home at night! After tea, I was no sooner seated by the side of the basement fire than I tumbled off to sleep.

My brother was also agent for the "Princeton Review," and it was part of my work to deliver it at the residences of the city subscribers. It was a quarterly, and with the April number the bills were presented for the year's subscription. One of the subscribers

was a wealthy Irish gentleman who lived in College Place, near Barclay Street. He had somehow overlooked the matter, and was owing for five years—fifteen dollars. When the servant came to the door I asked for the gentleman. She said he was in, so I laid the bill on the top of the magazine and directed her to give it to him. She kindly asked me to sit down in the parlor while she went up-stairs to the room where he was.

Soon I heard him coming down-stairs with the step of an angry man.

"What do you mean by this bill?" he said. "Did n't I tell you long ago to discontinue it?"

Like a thoughtless boy as I was, I said: "Sir, one of the rules of the publication is never to discontinue a subscription till all ar-rearages are paid."

I had no sooner uttered these words than I saw what a sad blunder I had made.

"What!" he angrily replied. "Did you think I would not pay you?"

For almost the only time in my life my Scotch wit helped me out of a bad scrape, for I promptly replied:

"My dear sir, do you suppose we would have kept on sending it if we thought you would not pay us?"

Solomon says, "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" and, truly, this reply put the man in the best of humor, and he not only paid the fifteen dollars, but continued taking the publication.

On New Year's Day the only call I made that year — 1841 — was on Mrs. Thomson, in Houston Street, near Broadway.

She understood boys, and knew what immense receptive capacity their stomachs had, so she gave me a great heaped plate of raisins and nuts and other goodies, while, covered up underneath, the best of all, was a bright new half-dollar, which, in my rather depleted financial condition, was a most acceptable gift.

She always treated me with the kindness of a mother. In fact, I used sometimes to wonder at the undeserved kindness that I received from her and Mr. Thomson, her husband.

When I left Galway in November, 1840, I expected to get home again the next sum-

mer. But my brother Robert, going to Europe in 1841, left only my brother James and myself in the store, so that neither of us could be spared.

But in the summer of 1842 I was permitted to go. I remember that the thought of once more seeing my mother and father took possession of my whole being, and I anxiously counted the days till the meeting-time should come.

When the night arrived I took passage, for economy's sake, in the opposition steamboat *Columbia*—Captain Fury—for Albany. Early the next morning I awoke and, getting out on the upper deck, walked to and fro to work off my impatience. It was a lovely morning, and as we glided over the smooth water in the narrow channel near Albany, I wondered if any other person on board that boat was as happy as I was.

When I reached Schenectady there was nobody to meet me. I do not now remember the reason why. The farmers from Galway had certain inns in Schenectady where they regularly put up.

I went from one to another, but found no teams that I recognized or remembered. Finally I found General Stimson with a rough box-wagon, in which he had brought down a load, and he kindly offered to take me with him.

There was no seat in the wagon, only a bare board laid across the box, on which we both sat. He drove very slowly, so that we were a long time on the way. I alighted at the end of the somewhat retired road that led to my father's house, and walked the rest of the way, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, with my satchel in my hand. What a welcome I received!—each one seeming more glad than the other to see me.

I had a vacation of two weeks, and they were happy days, but they passed entirely too fast. The various neighbors and friends and school-fellows were visited, many tea-drinkings held, and good wishes expressed.

This was the last time I ever saw my father. His last words to me as we parted were: "Peter, remember your soul."

Some of my pleasantest memories are as-

sociated with the Rev. Dr. McElroy, for nearly fifty years the beloved pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in New York. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. Differing from him as I did in politics, on temperance, on slavery, and on many other subjects, we were yet the fastest of friends. I loved few men as I did him, and the love was amply and heartily returned.

He had the most distinct utterance of any public speaker I ever listened to, and was a most earnest man. He preached without notes; in fact, he committed his sermons to memory without writing them. He had a very loving heart, and was always doing kind things. His house was a resort of unsuccessful ministers, and many took advantage of his kindness and imposed themselves on him for protracted periods.

His sermons were condensed, earnest, and practical. The church was so full during a large part of his ministry that it was very difficult for a new-comer to get a pew.

About this time I was introduced to a debating society that met in a hall in Wooster

Street. This proved a great source of enjoyment as well as of profit to me. Here I met James L. Boorman, John Crerar, Robert Menzies, James Pott, W. L. Felt, and, above all, Frank E. Butler. What I owe to him no language can express. He was the most perfect specimen of a Christian gentleman that I ever met. An affection grew up between us that reminded many of David and Jonathan. His influence over me was very great, and it was always an influence for good. We made many trips together to Galway, to Washington, and various other places.

Of a delightful trip made with him to the White Mountains in August, 1852, perhaps a more particular mention might be made.

We started one Saturday on the New Haven Railroad, and reached Windsor Locks, a station between Hartford and Springfield, about nine o'clock that night. We spent the Sabbath most delightfully at a Connecticut town called Suffield, which was Mr. Butler's native place. Of course Mr. Butler's old friends were all very glad to see him, and

they were glad to see me too for his sake. I remember two maiden ladies named Gay, with whom we took tea.

On Monday morning we proceeded by wagon to Springfield, where we took the cars to St. Johnsbury, Vermont. We arrived about nine P. M., after a terrible rain-storm.

The station was some distance from the town proper, and we were carried thither in an omnibus. On the way the wheels of one side ran into a gully that had been washed out by the violent rain, and we were upset. I fell on a very fat man, and so came down softly. No one was hurt. The next day we proceeded by stage to Crawfords, and thence to Franconia. We were away two weeks.

On our way home we came down the Vermont Central Railway. In the cars Mr. Butler made the acquaintance of some young ladies and their father, and it so happened that when we arrived at Bennington we put up at the same hotel.

I was very tired and so went early to bed, but Mr. Butler spent the evening very pleasantly with the young ladies in the parlor.

At that time they did not know our names, nor we theirs, nor anything about each other. Subsequently they proved to have been great friends of my wife before her marriage. Then the ladies had found out who we were. The eldest, on being asked by my wife years afterward what she thought then of the two young men, very frankly replied that she concluded Mr. Butler was a young minister, but the other one—myself—she judged was a *little fast,* and thought that while Mr. Butler was talking with them in the parlor, I was probably downstairs playing billiards. Moral: Let us be careful how we judge of others!

During the summer of 1853 I went with Mr. James Callender up to the Catskill Mountain House. We arrived late on a Saturday night. Every room in the house was full, and at that time there was no other public house there. However, with a score of others, we were given a cot apiece in the parlor.

In the morning of Sabbath there was a preaching service in the hotel at ten o'clock. After it was over we came out on a great,

broad piazza and saw a very novel and interesting sight.

The hotel stands on the top of an almost perpendicular ascent of nearly two thousand feet. All the valley below us was filled with clouds, and a violent storm of thunder and lightning and rain was raging down there, while where we were was a clear sky and the sun shining. It was curious to look down at a storm, instead of up, as we are accustomed to do.

In the summer of 1854 I met Thomas and Samuel T. Carter at Schenectady, by appointment, and took them to Lake George. We had a lovely time together at the Hotel William Henry, rowing on the lake and reading Macaulay's "Essays" on the hotel piazza. After a stay of some days, we embarked on the steamer *Minnehaha* for the foot of the lake.

It was a morning of dense fog as we left the pier, so that when we got into the middle of the lake we could not see either shore, although the lake at Caldwell is very narrow. But as we went on, the fog rose in

sections like the rolling up of curtains, and piece after piece of the shore became visible. I think I hardly ever saw anything so curious.

While my brother Robert was absent in Europe, the business was left in my care. I applied myself, perhaps, too closely to it, and began to feel very tired. I thought a run up into New England would do me good, so I took a steamer of the Stonington line for Boston. I spent the next day in seeing the sights of that interesting city, and in the afternoon went by steamer to Portland, coming back by train. For some reason, I changed my car at Lynn. I had just taken my seat when a sad sight presented itself. A young man, who was evidently bereft of his reason, was behaving very badly. Two ladies, who, I afterward learned, were his mother and sister, sat in the seat behind him, helpless and appalled. Going forward to where he was, I asked his permission to sit beside him. It is a peculiarity of some insane persons that they will do what strangers ask them to do, while they will pay no atten-

tion to the wishes of relatives and friends. He invited me to sit with him, ceased at once all those outrageous things he had just been doing, and conversed with me almost like a rational man. When the train reached Boston, the mother thanked me for what I had done for her son, and told me that she was a Mrs. ——, a somewhat famous writer of books for the young at that time. About half a dozen years after this, the mother came into our publishing-house with a manuscript which she wished us to publish, and left it with us for examination. As she was leaving, I followed her to the door and inquired about her son. She remembered the incident gratefully, and said that he lived only a fortnight after that sad scene in the train.

I was elected a member of the New York Bible Society, where I met many interesting young men who are now leaders in the respective professions — Mr. William Allen Butler, Mr. John E. Parsons, Mr. De Forest, and many others.

I had a wish to be secretary, but I never

made the wish known, and no one seems to have thought of me in that connection. But in the last year of my service, the secretary had to leave the city, and I was asked to prepare the annual report, which I had great pleasure in doing. I read it from the pulpit of the Collegiate Reformed Church, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. The Rev. Dr. Duryea had just come to that church, and made a most admirable address on the occasion.

When we were in Canal Street in 1843, I remember that one forenoon Rev. Dr. Cunningham, of Edinburgh, Scotland, walked in. Tall, with a good deal of a stoop, well dressed, with a large watch-ribbon adorned with seals hanging from his fob, he made a goodly appearance. My brother was in, and in a moment recognized him. He was a perfect gentleman of the old school; we were all delighted with him. In our church, Robert L. Stewart and my brother Robert raised thirty-five hundred dollars for the aid of the Free Church of Scotland.

A little later the Rev. Dr. Burns came.

He was a man of great eloquence. But of all the eloquent Scotchmen that I ever heard, Rev. Dr. Duff, the famous East India missionary from Scotland, was by far the most eloquent. I remember his description of a sunrise in the Himalaya Mountains as one of the finest pieces of word-painting I ever heard. And he was as good as he was eloquent; a more devoted man of God never lived in any country.

My friend Frank Butler said to me, one day in the year 1849, that there was a prayer-meeting being held in the old Pearl Street Church (Presbyterian), near Broadway, at six o'clock in the morning, and urged me to attend. I agreed to do this, rather more for Frank's sake than for any personal interest in the meetings themselves. They proved, however, very interesting, perhaps rendered more so by the early hour at which they were held.

At one of these meetings I was asked to lead in prayer. This I declined, not only because I had never prayed in public, but also and chiefly because I was not a pro-

fessing Christian. This invitation followed me for many days. Why should I be different from the other earnest souls who attended that meeting? Why was I not on the Lord's side? Why should I not do as my father had urged me to do—"remember my soul"?

I found no rest nor peace till I gave myself to the Lord Jesus. I went to see Dr. McElroy in reference to making a public profession of Christ. He was then living in Broome Street, near Broadway, and the church was in Grand Street, at the corner of Crosby. He received me with very great kindness. That interview I shall never forget while I remember anything. I came away profoundly impressed with the thought of what a grand man he was.

With my brother Walter I was taken into partnership with my brother Robert in 1848; at the same time we removed the store from 58 Canal Street to 285 Broadway, under the Irving House and directly opposite Stewart's great dry-goods store.

In April, 1850, I sailed in the Cunard

steamer *Europa*—Captain Leitch—for Liverpool. I had not been very well, and it was thought the trip would do me good, and it did. I was gone just ten weeks. I heard several of the great preachers, such as James Hamilton and Henry Melville and Baptist W. Noel, all of London. Spurgeon was as yet only a boy. Also I heard Dr. Guthrie, one Sabbath morning, in Edinburgh, on City Missions, and the afternoon of the same day I heard Dr. Candlish. His text was: "And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation." (Exodus i, 6.)

While in Edinburgh I was the guest of Patrick Ritchie, Esq., of 18 Buccleugh Place, in the old town. I spent a week beneath his hospitable roof, and was treated with great kindness. Mr. Ritchie introduced me to his friend, Mr. Collie, a printer and a devoted antiquarian. He despised the new town, but reverenced every close and wynd and antiquated house in the old.

He gave me a sword that had lain one hundred years—from 1745 to 1845—in Culloden Moss; also a little fragment of a

table that belonged to John Knox, and a small piece of the flag-staff of the pretender Charles Edward, from which he unfurled his banner on landing in Scotland in 1745.

A good lady in Edinburgh — Mrs. Duncan — gave me a little newspaper, the "Caledonian Mercury," published in Edinburgh the only day that that city was held by the pretender — and, of course, highly eulogistic of his virtues.

The day I spent at Hawthornden and Roslyn with Mr. Collie was one long to be remembered; the sunshine was brilliant, and the places themselves were full of interest.

There was one man in Edinburgh whom I was more anxious to see than any other man in Great Britain. That was Professor John Wilson, or Christopher North, as he was familiarly called. I had no letter of introduction to him, but decided to do what I never did before or since to any other man — to introduce myself to him. It was an impertinent thing to do, but I was always glad I did it.

If I had been Longfellow or Washington Irving, he could not have received me with

more consideration or courtesy. I think he understood the intense interest of the boy to see one of whom he had heard so much.

Though almost fifty years have come and gone since that day, I can still recall that grand head, those sparkling eyes (even the broad linen collar seemed a suitable accompaniment), and other characteristics which marked that gifted man.

A week was spent in my native village, Earlston, in the house of my uncle, Mr. James Carter, an elder in the United Presbyterian Church, a very old man, and of varied general intelligence, particularly in practical religion, but very narrow in his views ecclesiastically.

The "Antiburghers," as they were called, had not long before this joined another body of Presbyterians called the "Relief." One day my uncle said to me: "Peter, it was a sad day for our church when we joined that loose body—the Relief."

My father was a very liberal man in his religious views, and loved a good sermon, even when it came from one who could not pronounce his shibboleth.

The first preacher in all that country was the minister of the Established Church (Presbyterian), the Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Earlston. One Sabbath afternoon, my father's church being closed, he thought he would embrace the opportunity to hear Mr. Gordon; but knowing how differently his brother, my uncle, would feel, determined to go to Mr. Gordon's church by a little path which led behind the house, that he might escape his observation. But he had gone hardly fifty yards when he met my uncle. The latter at once divined the object of his walk, and said to him in his severest tone (my father's name was Thomas): "Ah, Tam, if your faither saw ye gaen to the kirk, what would he say?"

But my father went on, nevertheless, and enjoyed the sermon prodigiously. My uncle was a very dear old man, notwithstanding his austerity; and when he died, a year or so afterward, he left me his snuff-box, which I still keep among my most cherished possessions.

During my stay in Earlston I procured a horse and rode over to Kelso on horseback.

It was the most beautiful ride I ever enjoyed, in spite of the drawback of a very poor horse. The day was sunshine itself, and the country and the road were lovely beyond all description. The hedges were in full bloom (it was now May), and the red and white blossoms filled the air with their delicious fragrance. It was truly a fairy scene.

The whole country is under the highest possible cultivation, and the soil is perhaps the most fertile in Great Britain.

At Kelso I called on the local bookseller —a Mr. Robertson. After a little conversation, he said that Rev. Horatius Bonar, subsequently the great hymn-writer, was upstairs, and asked me if I would not like to go up and see him. I said I should be very glad to do so, and was speedily introduced. After a few words of talk I told him I had made a great discovery that morning. He asked me what it was, and I replied, "The site of the garden of Eden. I am sure it was between Earlston and Kelso."

I had an uncle and an aunt living in Sprouston, two miles from Kelso, and so, after a

pleasant call, I proceeded to their house. It was just dinner-time, and all the dinner they had was Scotch broth. I had a bowl of this soup and a piece of bread. Being very hungry, it tasted excellent to me. In fact, I had a wonderfully good dinner; I have rarely enjoyed one more.

I went over to Dublin, and spent a day there. I enjoyed a ride in a jaunting-car with a very clever-tongued Irishman for a driver, who, during our trip through Phœnix Park and other places, got off some very good things, greatly to my amusement.

I went to Paris, and spent from Saturday morning till Monday night. I greatly enjoyed that bright and picturesque city, which at that time, as I remember it, seemed filled with flowers. I also visited Versailles and its picture-galleries. I was favored with a most excellent and indefatigable guide, who took me to see everything my limited time would permit.

I came back in the steamship *City of Glasgow,* sailing from Glasgow. A full account of this ten weeks' trip will be found in

a little book I published after my return, called "Crumbs from the Land of Cakes."

In 1851 the illustrious Magyar chief, Louis Kossuth, landed on our shores. The whole city seemed to receive him with open arms. One universal, unbounded burst of enthusiasm and welcome sprang from every tongue to the statesman, soldier, and patriot of the age. He arrived on a Saturday, and on the following Monday, in company with my brother Robert, Rev. Drs. Krebs and Lillie, I went up to his room in the Irving House, directly over our store, and was introduced by Mr. Howard, mine host of the Irving, to the Hungarian chief.

He received us with the utmost ease and urbanity, and we all left him, delighted with the interview.

On December 19, 1851, I heard him in Tripler Hall, Broadway, near Astor Place. This address was to the bar of New York. The audience was immense and most enthusiastic. At times the interest was worked up to such a pitch of excitement that the whole audience, to a man, arose to their feet, and

joined in a series of loud cheers accompanied with the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from every part of the room. I never was so interested in any address before, and never felt better satisfied with the expenditure of two dollars—the price of the ticket of admittance.

To see the slight figure of this wonderful man, with his fine eye and noble forehead, was full of interest to me. He learned the English language, while in prison, from the study of the English Bible and Shakespeare, his only companions in captivity. Thus he drew his knowledge of our language from fountains of "English undefiled."

Another interesting meeting about this time was at Metropolitan Hall, on the site of Tripler Hall and near Astor Place, held February 25, 1852. A large audience assembled to hear the discourse of William Cullen Byrant on the life and genius of the late James Fenimore Cooper. Daniel Webster presided, and on being introduced to the audience, made a few remarks on the object of the meeting, which was to raise a

monument or colossal statue to Cooper's memory. Washington Irving made a short speech, after which Mr. Webster introduced the orator of the evening. The oration was characterized by a great deal of discrimination and good sense in its criticisms of his various works. Of the "Spy," Mr. Cooper's most popular novel, Mr. Bryant said that it had been translated into all the written languages of Europe, and that the last he had heard of its progress eastward was that it had been issued in the Persian language at Ispahan.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, also spoke; also G. P. R. James, the English novelist, and others.

Soon after my return from Europe, I was invited by some friends to join them in forming a Young Men's Christian Association in New York City. The first meeting I attended was in the house of Mr. Woodford, who had been a bookseller, but had retired from business. He lived in Eleventh Street. We had a most harmonious meeting. One of the most interested of those present was

a Mr. George H. Petrie, who had been in London that year, and had seen a good deal of the workings of the Young Men's Christian Associations there. We adjourned to meet in the lecture-room of the Mercer Street Church (now the Church of the Strangers).

At this meeting, Mr. Jesse W. Benedict was chosen the presiding officer. I had never seen that gentleman before, but was attracted to him at once. His genial manner, open countenance, wise ways, and good sense were speedily apparent. He presided over all the preparatory meetings, and I have rarely seen so accomplished a presiding officer. I found that his decisions always met my approval. There was a strong effort made to secure him as the first president of the association, but to this he would not consent. For a year or two I was one of the managers, but after that time resigned the position.

The New York Crystal Palace, in which a sort of World's Fair was held, stood in Bryant Park, between Fortieth and Forty-

second streets and Sixth Avenue. In the fall of the year, a grand literary festival was held in it, to which were invited authors, publishers, printers, paper-makers, and many other classes of people interested in literature.

The entertainment consisted almost wholly of fruit, of which there was the most abundant supply, and of the finest kind. Flowers, too, adorned the building in lavish abundance. Many men eminent in literature were present, but the one man whom of all literary men in America I most desired to see, was Washington Irving. I purposely sat where I could see him to great advantage, and spent most of the evening looking at that most interesting and attractive face. I was so far from him that he had no consciousness of my staring at him, and I wonderfully enjoyed this opportunity of seeing him so well.

Thus far, for the first forty years of my father's life, it has seemed best to follow his manuscript without rearrangement or ampli-

fication. But this stringing together of recollections, which, with its charm of simplicity, presents so admirable a picture of these earlier years, seems inadequate as a representation of the last thirty years of his life, when his interests broadened and he became engaged in so many public activities; and so, while preserving carefully all that he tells us of these years, I have ventured to rearrange his manuscript, and to supplement it here and there by other material. It is not to be wondered at that his own account of these years is relatively more meager than that of the earlier period. He was modest almost to a fault about speaking of himself; and, besides, these later years, at the time of writing, were so fresh in his mind that it scarcely seemed necessary to chronicle them on paper. It was on the earlier years that his mind preferred to dwell.

In the year 1855 there came into his life the personality which was to be its inspiration during all subsequent time. This is his account of it:

My intimacy with Frank Butler took me often to the house of his brother, Mr. Henry V. Butler, with whom he lived. Mrs. Butler had never heard Mr. John B. Gough, and expressed to me a strong desire to hear him. One afternoon in November, 1855, I heard that he was to speak that evening in the Academy of Music. So on my way home I stopped at Mrs. Butler's, and told her about it. She introduced me to her friend, Miss Harrington, who was taking tea with her. She thought she, too, would like to hear Mr. Gough. Then Miss Harrington said she would like to take a young friend with her, and asked me if she might do so. I said, "Certainly; the more, the better." Then she asked me to go with her to the young lady's house in Madison Avenue. On the way, she said that the house we were going to was that of Mr. Jesse W. Benedict. I said that that was quite impossible, as I knew Mr. Benedict, and that he was too young a man to have a grown daughter. But she insisted on it that he had.

We arrived at the house, and I was in-

troduced to the young lady. I saw her father and found that Miss Harrington was right. Miss Benedict consented to go with us to hear Mr. Gough, so we all went together— Miss Harrington, Mrs. Butler, Miss Benedict, and myself. Gough was at his best, and the house was crowded. I got seats for the ladies, but had to stand myself. I took charge of the young lady's muff, a neat fur one, and thought to myself I would like to marry the owner of that muff.

I called on Miss Benedict on New Year's Day. I stayed an hour, and it was the pleasantest call of the day. After that the calls became more frequent. The Benedicts spent the summer, as they long had been accustomed to do, at Gregory's Hotel, Lake Mahopac. I spent two days with them early in the summer, and was invited back.

In August, my brother and his family had been at Sharon Springs and were returning. I met them by arrangement at Peekskill, New York, and took the two boys, Thomas and Samuel Carter, with me to the lake. We went by stage across from Peekskill to Ma-

hopac. There we spent a week. The house was very full, but a room was got for me, and a room in an adjoining cottage for the boys. They took their meals at the hotel. The first evening Samuel went early to bed, and Thomas sat talking on the hotel piazza with the Benedict family. When ten o'clock arrived, I went down the street with him to the cottage where, with his brother, he was to sleep. As we walked along, he said: "What a nice wife Miss Benedict would make for you, Uncle Peter."

I thought the same thing myself, though I did not say so, and I also thought what a wise and discerning lad Thomas Carter was. My reply was that "she was only a child," etc. However, from that time onward I had an increasing respect for Thomas Carter's opinion.

In October of that year — 1856 — I became engaged to her, and the next spring, March 25, 1857, we were married in Dr. Adams's church, at half-past nine o'clock A.M. Mr. and Mrs. Benedict stood near their daughter, while Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carter stood

near me. These were all who stood up with us. Although the time and place of our marriage had been kept as strict a secret as such things can be kept, still perhaps a hundred people were in the church. Mary was dressed in a brown silk dress, with hat and shoes to match.

After the wedding we went to Philadelphia, and stayed at the Girard House, which then was, perhaps, the best hotel in that city. While in Philadelphia we called on Mr. William S. Martien, the proprietor of the Presbyterian newspaper, and were kindly received by him and by his son, Mr. Alfred Martien. The latter had been married a little before this time, and I had been one of the groomsmen.

We next proceeded to Washington, where we stayed at Willard's Hotel, a great contrast to the pretty little house we had been staying at in Philadelphia, and we often wished ourselves back in that city. We took tea with Mr. and Mrs. William Ballantyne. Mrs. Ballantyne gave us some good advice, which has proved of great use to us both.

One point was, "Never let the sun go down on your wrath;" that, no matter how we might differ, nor what subject of contention should arise, always to make an apology and be reconciled before going to sleep.

In April, 1857, they set up housekeeping at No. 90 West Twenty-sixth Street. Of the finding of the house, their settling in it, and the early years of their married life, he writes as follows:

On Thanksgiving Day, 1856, my brother and his wife and family, with myself, started out for a walk in the afternoon. We walked up Fifth Avenue for some distance, then turning round, we walked back to Twenty-sixth Street. Here we turned down toward the North River. Between Sixth and Seventh avenues, on the south side of Twenty-sixth Street, we saw a neat little brick house (No. 90) for sale.

My brother said: "That would just suit you, Peter."

I thought it beyond my means, but determined to inquire the price. It was owned

by a Mr. Mali, and his asking price—and lowest price, too—was seven thousand dollars. For this sum I bought it. Mr. Benedict furnished it for us in a neat and substantial way. So excellent was the furniture, and so well has my dear little wife taken care of it, that many articles of that original furniture are yet in use and in good order.

Into this house we went within a week after our return from our wedding trip—April 10, 1857. Our servant was a bright little German girl named Mary Kenner. Her place was supplied in July by Janet, a very slow and very long-faced-looking young woman, whose chief peculiarity was that of constantly wearing a green sunbonnet.

She stayed till December, and was then succeeded by Mary Ann McDowell, who did everything in the best possible way; a tall, neat, tidy, good-natured young woman, who spent ten years in all with us,—till she was married,—and no housekeeper ever had a better or more faithful helper.

For fourteen years that bright little brick house was our home, and a very happy

home it was. It was the birthplace of six of our children.

On the 2d of July, 1857, Mary and I, with Robert Carter, Jr., went up to West Charlton, Saratoga County, New York, and visited my mother, who was then residing in the white cottage at the brookside, at what is called Bowlsby's Corners.

In the last week of August, we went up to Bridgeport, Connecticut, and spent two weeks with Mary's grandfather and grandmother Coleman, on Golden Hill. The weather was most delightful, and everything possible was done for our comfort and pleasure. Dear Kate Benedict, Mary's sister, was with us too.

In 1856, the year before his marriage, my father became interested in the "Colored Sunday School" known as "Salem Chapel," in which he was to continue for thirty-five years, until November, 1890, and which thus became such an integral part of his life-work that no account can be complete without an extended reference to it.

It was characteristic of the man that what he laid his hand to he did with his might, and gave his whole heart to. The Sunday School was quite as vital a part of his existence as his own home life or his professional business activity. We, his children, grew up into the school, beginning as little visitors seated on chairs on the platform beside him, passing into assistants, and eventually being intrusted with a class. It seemed quite as natural for us to go there as to do any other act in life, and I fancy that all the rest of us, as I certainly did, naturally supposed that participation in a "Colored School" was a normal and regular function of human activity. We did not realize then, as we do now, that this was a full proof of the whole-hearted sincerity of a man who could thus gently, and almost unintentionally, make his interests our own. The recollection of that work forms one of the most delightful chapters of his autobiography.

In the early autumn of 1856, Mr. William A. Morrison, afterwards a missionary to

China, being about to leave the city to enter the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, asked me to take a class, of which he had been the teacher, in a little colored mission Sabbath School, till such time as a permanent teacher might be procured.

I gave a rather unwilling consent, as I had already been many years, in the morning of the Lord's Day, engaged in the Sabbath School of our own church. But as the colored one met in the afternoon, this was not an insurmountable objection. The school met at that time on the third floor of a building in Wooster Street, near Houston. A few weeks after I joined the school, the superintendent, Mr. Thomas Lane, was called upon to go out west on business, and I was urged to take his place. This I was very unwilling to do, but finally consented. The school at that time consisted of six teachers and about thirty scholars.

Not long after we removed to the basement of a church in Sullivan Street, near Spring Street. In 1858, the average attendance of scholars was fifty-five. We were

subsequently for a time in Prince Street, for a little while on Seventh Avenue, and for a still shorter time in Sixteenth Street. Here the school fell off very much in attendance, and we were glad to return to the down-town region.

We occupied a public-school building, 51 Laurens Street, for two years. In 1868, we came to the building in Spring Street, where we still are, and hired the fourth floor; and in May, 1877, took possession of the second floor, which we still continue to occupy.

Some very interesting persons have labored with me in this work, who are now promoted to a higher service in the presence of the Master himself.

The first one was Rev. William Morrison, whose place I came to fill when I first entered the school. He labored faithfully as a missionary of the cross, in the great empire of China, till the Lord called him to share with him in glory.

Rev. I. W. Cochran, while pursuing his college course in the New York University, was one of the most devoted teachers.

He led our singing, and was my frequent companion in visiting the scholars. The ladies have always been our warmest friends, and most successful laborers, too. How well I remember one cold winter morning, while it was hardly yet light, accompanying Miss —— to the Jefferson Market court-house, where one of her boys was to be sentenced for some trifling misconduct.

She had visited him in his cell the day before, and found out the state of the case, and believed him to be innocent. As we sat there, amid the fumes of tobacco and rum, we saw many a blear-eyed, white youth discharged; while without looking into the case we were interested in at all, our client was fined ten dollars, or ten days' imprisonment. The fine Miss —— paid at once, and the boy was free.

While I was on a visit, with one of the teachers, one Sabbath afternoon, to a sick scholar, I noticed a very pretty Bible on the chair by the sick woman's bedside.

I said, "What a nice Bible you have."

"Yes," she said; "that was given to me

by my teacher, Miss ——." Then the mother told me what Miss —— had done for her when she was left a widow, in providing her with suitable clothing and many other things in her time of need. For many years this dear teacher has been enjoying her reward in her Saviour's presence. How pleasant to her must have been the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

My daughter May, who with her husband, Dr. Dodd, is a missionary of the American Board in Asia Minor, for many years had a class of girls. Among these was one little girl of twelve, named Louise Webster, to whom she was much attached. On leaving, she committed her to Miss ——, one of our most faithful teachers. Very soon after this, Louise became paralyzed in the lower half of her body. Her mind was as clear as ever, but of course she was totally helpless.

Her devoted teacher visited her every Sabbath while the little darling lived. In

this condition she lingered for more than a year. One of the greatest delights of this little, helpless sufferer was receiving letters from my daughter, her former teacher, away off in distant Turkey. These valued letters were kept under her pillow and read and re-read. Replies to them she dictated to her brother, who wrote them out and despatched them to the far-away missionary home. As the summer of 1888 came on, increased weakness was plainly observed. Loving friends provided a mechanical chair, in which she could be wheeled out into the open air.

But the Master's call was heard, and she was ready to obey. Day by day she grew weaker, and the wheeled chair was exchanged for her little bed. Her greatest earthly desire now was to get one more letter from her beloved teacher and friend.

"I am afraid I will not get another letter from Mrs. Dodd," she said to her mother one day. "Mr. Carter's family are away in the country, and they will not think to send us any letter that may come for me."

Her mother comforted her by telling her she was sure the Lord would keep her alive till the letter came, as she was so anxious to get it. And so it was. The longed for letter came—a letter the dear Lord put it into the heart of the far-away missionary to write just at that critical time.

Oh, how many times the contents of these written pages were read over and over, and what a comfort they proved to the dear, dying girl; for, as she often said, "I do love Mrs. Dodd so." Two weeks after it arrived, she "entered into the joy of her Lord."

In 1884, visiting with the infant-class teacher, who was my daughter Nellie, in the homes of her scholars, we entered an attic tenement. The mother said, "You don't remember me, Mr. Carter?"

I acknowledged frankly that I did not.

"Don't you remember Rachel Manuel?" she continued.

"Certainly," I said; "I remember Rachel Manuel, a scholar in our school nearly thirty years ago."

But how difficult it seemed to realize that that stout, middle-aged, matronly-looking woman before me could ever have been the slender little girl that so long ago came to this school as an infant-class scholar.

One Sabbath afternoon, a well-dressed, nice-looking young colored man came into the school, leading by the hand two little children who wanted to join the infant class. After they were placed there, the father turned to me and said, "You don't remember me, Mr. Carter?" I had to say that I did not.

"Don't you remember George Williams, the worst boy in all the school twenty years ago?" (I have purposely changed the name.)

I said I did remember him well, for many a time I had had a sad heart on his account.

"Well, I am George Williams," he said.

Oh, how glad I was to see him reappear in so respectable a guise, bringing his children with him.

One of our most faithful teachers was and

is Miss M——. She had done a great deal of visiting among the poor colored people. In one of her rounds she found a little girl with terribly bowed limbs—so bad that she would inevitably grow up to be a cripple. Miss M—— is acquainted with many clever surgeons, men of eminence in the medical profession in New York. She went to one of these and described the case, and asked him if it could be cured. He said it could be, but that the child would have to go to a hospital.

Then Miss M—— described the case to a wealthy and benevolent lady, who said at once that she had a bed in St. Luke's Hospital, which she would put at her disposal for the use of this child. Miss M—— got a carriage and took the little "girlie," as she called her, to the hospital. First one leg was operated on, and then the other after an interval of six weeks, and both successfully.

When she was discharged from the hospital, Miss M—— sent her protégée for a several weeks' stay at a sanitarium at the

seashore. This is a sample of many kind things done by the Salem teachers for their needy and suffering scholars.

My most faithful helper in all this work has been my nephew, Mr. Robert Carter, Jr., who has done a great deal of visiting and a great deal of other work for the dear school, through more than a quarter of a century in which he has been connected with it.

One of the most important results of Mission Sabbath School work is the bringing of the upper and lower classes of this great city together. Those who leave their comfortable homes to visit the poor and the needy learn the better to appreciate by contrast the Lord's bounty to themselves.

We have had some very interesting characters in the school. Mrs. Rodgers, a scholar, an elderly woman, died many years ago of a painful disease. Her sufferings were very great and continued till she was almost a skeleton. One day one of the teachers called to see her, and she said to him:

"If it 's the Lord's will to make me bet-

ter, I can say Amen; and if it is his will to take me to himself, I can say Amen."

"But," said the teacher, "if it is the Lord's will to continue you as you are, how will you feel then?"

After a pause she said, "Well, I think I can say Amen to that, too."

Another notable character was John Berry, an old man and very poor, but always bright and cheerful. When the Lord began to take the frail tabernacle down, it was a great privilege to visit his sick-chamber. In the cheery look and confident expectation of the heavenly inheritance, one forgot the wretchedness of the room and the poverty of the man, and could only think of him as a prince in disguise waiting for a kingdom.

On one occasion, pointing to his feet, which were greatly swollen, he said: "See how these are swollen; but it is little matter, for I will leave them behind me—they will not be wanted over there."

His teacher called on him one day after a severe storm. The rain made its way

through the decayed roof and was dropping on his bed. After pointing this out, he said, "Jesus is preparing a mansion for me which the rain will not come through."

Nor is the comic side wanting to the picture. At one of our little Christmas festivals, a speaker who was addressing the children said, "My young friends, I want you to tell me who is the Good Shepherd?"

They looked up eagerly, as much as to say, "That is easily answered," and shouted with united voice:

"Mr. Carter."

Of course the speaker explained to them that the Good Shepherd was he "who gave his life for the sheep," and that he trusted Mr. Carter was a good under-shepherd.

One morning a colored man came into my store. He was one of the kind who shuffle their feet along the floor and have a sort of hang-dog look. Coming up to me, he said, "Mister, do you jine people here?"

I did not understand his meaning, and told him so.

He replied, "Me and Emma 's gwine to

be jined to-night, and we thought we would rather have you jine us than anybody else."

But I had to decline the well-meant invitation.

The day of the funeral of Mr. William E. Dodge, I had just returned from that solemn service when a poorly dressed colored woman came in at the back door on Spring Street. I stepped forward to ascertain what she wanted, when she said in a low voice, but with great distinctness:

"Won't you say a word over my baby?"

I at once perceived her meaning, and replied that I was very busy, but that if she would send me word when everything was ready, I would go at once and do so.

In about half an hour, a colored boy stood at the door. I knew instantly what was wanted, so I put on my hat and followed the lad a little way eastward down Spring Street. We soon entered a narrow alley and ascended an outside wooden stairway to a very poor room on the third floor. I think this was the poorest room I ever was in. There was no carpet on the floor, and only two

chairs, on one of which the little coffin rested, and the other was evidently intended for me. There was no clock, no pictures, not even a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, so uniformly found in the homes of the colored people. There stood the father and the mother, both in tears, and perhaps ten other colored people. I read a portion of Scripture from a Bible I had brought with me, said a few earnest words to the living, offered prayer, and the little service was over. I have rarely witnessed a more touching sight. This was only one of several funerals at which I officiated in the absence of any minister of the Gospel.

One of the secrets of my father's long and healthy life is undoubtedly to be found in the restfulness of his summers. To be sure, he was a very busy man up to within a year or two of his death, and did not feel able, as a rule, to take a long, continuous vacation. Instead, however, he passed all summer within easy distance of New York, and it was his custom to take a day's holi-

day every two or three days, going to New York in between.

The early summers of his married life were spent at various places—several at Lake Mahopac and one at Princeton. Then followed eight summers spent at Stockbridge, succeeded by an even longer period at Lake Mahopac.

Concerning Stockbridge, his "Recollections" contain nothing, but one of his children writes as follows:

The memory of the eight summers spent in Stockbridge, though always delightful, had become rather dim after thirty years' absence. It was, therefore, a great pleasure to revisit Stockbridge recently, and to revive many of the old associations and renew the old friendships, and a still greater pleasure to find the memory of my father and mother so fragrant and vivid in the hearts of so many of the people after such a lapse of time.

Early in our first summer at Stockbridge —1863—father became deeply interested

in the church at Curtisville, which could be reached by an easy walk over the fields from both Mr. Palmer's and Mr. Dresser's, where we spent our earliest summers.

The memory of his words in the Sunday School and at the weekly prayer-meeting are still fondly treasured by many of the older people, and have often proved a help and an inspiration. It was very sweet, in attending service at the old church during this last visit, to have one and another stop and shake my hand, and tell me of some kind word or deed said or done by my father.

We always had the use of a gentle horse, and many delightful drives were taken through the beautiful scenery of that wonderfully beautiful country. Father and my uncle Walter used to spend alternate weeks in the city during the summer months, and I remember how mother used to drive to the station to meet father on Saturday, taking her three little girls with her. We were so small that she thought it unsafe to leave us alone on the back seat, so two sat beside her, and the third on the floor in front of

her. Then, after a lovely week spent almost entirely out of doors, father would return to the city on the Monday morning, to stay till Saturday, when he would again be met, and so on through the whole summer.

The last two summers were spent at the home of Mr. Henry Carter, of East Street, and of course are most clear in my memory. Though the Stockbridge church would then have been more convenient, we continued our connection with the church at Curtisville. Mr. Henry Carter's son said to me last summer, "Your father said he continued to attend there because he thought he could be more useful in the smaller church"—a key-note to my father's whole life, the desire for usefulness.

To the younger members of the family, Lake Mahopac is synonymous with summer. We entered annually into paradise with great regularity, leaving the city on the 15th of June, with no return, not even for a day, until the 15th of September. There the old Smith cottage, and what became known as

"Carter's Cove," received us. And there never will be again such sunshine and such June flowers, and such wild strawberries, and such country perfumes as those first days of each summer brought to us—when we helped unpack the stores of groceries from Park & Tilford's, and got the cushions for the boat out of the mysterious closet under the stairs. But the summer came to mean more to us than merely the country; it meant—we realize it gratefully now—the opportunity of getting to know our father as a companion and comrade. He was interested in all that we did. The brightest spot, the one great event of the days when he went to New York, was the row down in the late afternoon to the station, to bring him home in the good boat *Douglas;* and the days when he "stayed up" were always festivals. He took long tramps with us, and long rows on the lake; he passed long evenings in the house reading to us, and long afternoons on the piazza with us. That was the "summer session" of our "Life University," when we grew to know best the

best man we shall ever know. His life was full of "Lake Mahopac," and he wrote frequently of it. I quote a few passages from these letters:

For two years we have been able to secure for each summer a furnished, old-fashioned, roomy, comfortable country house, with a first- and second-story piazza, and a skirting of fine trees between us and the public highway. It is situated on a bay or cove of the lake, very near the water. From the way in which the sun glints through the trees, the household have given it the name of "Blink Bonnie." The Sabbaths are particularly delightful. In the morning we attend the Presbyterian church, two miles distant. In the afternoon the younger members of the family gather in the children of the vicinity, who are so far removed from church, and have a little Sabbath School in our own house. In the evening the Christian people in a neighboring boarding-house join with us as a Bible class in the study of the Sunday School lesson for the day, and very

delightful these familiar studies have been to us, and we trust profitable, too.

It is again our privilege to spend a few months in this sweet spot, with one of the most charming of New York's myriad lakes for an outlook. As I sit writing here on the second-story piazza, with the lovely water stretching out before me, I am reminded of the exclamations of two good and great men, now both gone to their rest, who, viewing Loch Lomond, the "queen of Scottish lakes," as Dr. James Hamilton aptly called it, exclaimed, "The eye is not satisfied with seeing," and the other, "If earth is so beautiful, what must heaven be!" We have just had three days and nights of almost incessant rain, before the close of which period it seemed as if everything was so wet that it never could again be dried. But to-day the rain is over, and all is resplendent in freshness and beauty. The variegated patches of sunshine and shadow on the wooded hills and tree-covered islands are wonderfully beautiful.

Of course our sunsets are often gorgeous in purple and gold, and they are always beautiful. These exquisite displays of coloring, ever varying and never repeated, are one of the evidences of omnipotence and skill of our Father who made them all. We are lulled to sleep nightly by the music of the plashing water, as the tiny waves break on our little dock. Our boat, the *Douglas*, with its Scotch flag, the St. Andrew's Cross, gets little rest except on the Lord's day.

Here we are again at our old quarters, and lovely as this great goblet of crystal water always has been in my eyes, it seems lovelier this summer than ever before. The drought that prevailed during June and the early part of July was followed by abundant and refreshing rains, so that the country, even in these warm dog-days, has all the freshness of spring.

On this particular afternoon, as I sit in an old-fashioned rocker (which, had this been New England, we would have said had

come over in the *Mayflower*), on our second-story piazza, looking over the high hedge of evergreens that protects us from the gaze and the dust of the passers-by, over the expanse of beautiful water that stretches out before me in all its loveliness, I feel that there are few places like Lake Mahopac. Or, turning to the land side, to have the eye delighted with the beauty of the simple daisy or the gorgeous goldenrod, and other flowers that deck the field; or upward to the heaven above us, with its beautiful blue, and its white clouds of ever-varying shape and of surpassing beauty—one cannot but realize what a beautiful world this is, after all.

This morning we packed up the *Douglas* (our boat) with a folding rocking-chair, a folding table, camp-stool, a pot, some pans, half a peck of potatoes, a basket full of corn on the ear, a plate of cold meat sliced, bread, butter, milk, coffee, sugar, salt, and two goodly apple-pies, and rowed over to Blackberry Island, where, under a sweet-scented canopy of hemlock, clear from all underbrush, we built a fire, and soon the

fun of cooking, in all its varied operations, was begun.

A large table-cloth was spread upon the dry ground, and the edibles, piping hot, were placed before us. It need scarcely be added that we did not fail to do them ample justice. It was a meal of a somewhat primitive character in its appointments, every surplus or unnecessary article being dispensed with. Hence it was very little trouble, and afforded, from its novelty and very simplicity, a great deal of pleasure. In fact, it contained in itself many of the delights of camping out, without either its drawbacks or its trouble. . . .

On Sabbath afternoon, the Blink Bonnie Sabbath School meets in our parlor, consisting of the children just around us who are too far from the church school to attend it. Though perhaps one of the very smallest schools in the country, its membership rarely exceeding twenty, yet it is very much beloved, and we cannot but hope that some good has been accomplished by it. At any rate, precious seed has been sown, and we

leave the results with Him who alone can crown any effort with success. It consists of three classes, taught by three young ladies, and has been maintained for three successive summers.

These sweet summer days of quiet and rest are almost gone. We must soon return to our city home and the more serious avocations of the winter, for which these days are the needed preparation. Rest and work are alike pleasant and profitable in their proper place, and happy are those who enjoy them in their just proportion.

Already the bright and beautiful tints of the vines upon the stone walls, the sumac with its brilliant bobs nodding to us in the breeze as we pass, and the exquisite golden-rod putting on its gorgeous hues, all remind us that the autumn is coming, and that the quiet and rest and loveliness of Blink Bonnie must be exchanged for the noise and turmoil, the work and warfare of the great city.

The work and the warfare of the great city were indeed his. In sharp contrast to the restful quiet of those summers were his active winters. He was a very busy man, and yet, though he accomplished more than most men, I never knew him to disturb the peace of the home circle by bringing into it an atmosphere of rush and hurry. In his daily calendar there was a time for all things; and even in the busiest days, we children always had our hour when he read aloud to us.

He was diligent and successful in the business in which circumstances had placed him. In 1848 his brother, Mr. Robert Carter, took him into partnership in the publishing business, under the firm name of "Robert Carter & Brothers"; and for more than two score years till 1890—when, on the death of Mr. Robert Carter, the firm was dissolved—it was a prior lien on his time and strength. To him publishing and distributing books was a career rather than merely a means of livelihood, and he interpreted in the widest sense the responsibility of the publisher for his publication. It was

this conscientious regard concerning the contents of the books which made him anxious for a personal acquaintance with his authors, and out of this grew up many of his most delightful and most permanent friendships.

In reference to this, my father writes:

When I was in Edinburgh in May, 1850, a young man named Shepherd, in Johnston & Hunter's book-shop, or store as we say, said to me as he took a book from a shelf: "There is a book that is producing a profound impression on thoughtful readers—'The Method of Divine Government,' by Dr. McCosh."

I bought the book and brought it with me to America. We printed it at once, and have sold ten thousand copies.

One day, many years ago, a Brooklyn pastor, Rev. M. W. Jacobus, came in with a commentary on Matthew, in manuscript. He said:

"I am not sure about the sale, so I will pay for the stereotyping of it."

We have sold over forty thousand copies of that one volume, and of the series of four volumes of which this was one, one hundred and fifteen thousand copies have been put in circulation.

Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, of Philadelphia, published at his own expense through Lippincott in 1856, a little volume of children's sermons called "Rills from the Fountain of Life." In 1859 he transferred the plates to us, and we have published sixteen other volumes of his children's sermons, which have had an aggregate sale of over one hundred thousand copies, and volumes from the series have been published in no less than seventeen different languages. Our relations with him were of the most loving sort, and he always corresponded with me individually instead of with the firm.

In 1860 a lady in Vermont sent us the manuscript of a little story called "Win and Wear," of which we have sold eighty-five hundred copies. Other volumes followed, and of the different volumes we have published an aggregate of considerably over one

hundred thousand copies. She described boys so well, that my brother and I concluded that all her children must have been boys. But afterwards a manuscript came in which a little girl was as vividly described. Then we concluded she must have had *one* girl. Subsequently we learned that she *never had any children.*

Our relations as publishers of Miss Warner's books and those of her sister, Miss Anna, have always been of the most cordial kind. The same may be said also of Dr. Dickson, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Bickersteth, Dr. Cuyler, and many others.

In my father's case, critical discernment in picking out the good among the many manuscripts offered him for publication, went side by side with a constructive ability to produce what he justly admired in others. Of his own writings he speaks as follows:

I had long a great desire to write a book that would interest children. About 1860 I wrote a little story called "Bertie

Lee." When it was completed I showed it to my friend Frank Butler. He read it carefully; when he returned it to me he said I ought *not* to publish it, for he was sure I could write a better story than it was. In obedience to this suggestion, I kept it till 1862, when I put it to press. It was very cordially received, and seventy-five hundred copies of it have been sold in this country. It was reprinted in Edinburgh, where eight thousand copies were sold.

Before this,—in 1857,—after returning from a short trip abroad, I published a little book called "Crumbs from the Land o' Cakes." Only five hundred copies were printed from type, a large part of which were given away. It has long been out of print.

My next book for children was "Donald Fraser," published in 1867, of which thirty-five hundred copies have been sold. It was also reprinted in Great Britain. My third and last book for children was "Little Effie's Home," printed in 1869, of which nearly two thousand copies have been sold here. It was also reprinted in Great Britain.

At the request of my father-in-law, Mr. Jesse W. Benedict, I prepared a little memoir of my sister-in-law Kate, with the title of "Memorial of Kate B. Freeman." It was printed for private circulation only, five hundred copies from type.

In 1853, I compiled a selection from the Scottish poets, called "Scotia's Bards," which was illustrated. Of this three thousand copies have been sold. Twelve years after its publication, at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, the morning newspapers printed the stanzas of a poem which had been a special favorite of his. The first line of these verses was:

"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

At the President's dictation, these lines had been taken down, and were subsequently recognized as the production of a Scottish poet named Knox.

On reading all this at the breakfast-table, I said to myself: "Don't I wish I had put that poem in 'Scotia's Bards'! I would have so liked to have had my judgment the

same as Mr. Lincoln's." That afternoon I was reading the "Evening Post," and among the first paragraphs that caught my eye was this: "The beautiful poem that was such a favorite with Mr. Lincoln, as well as a sketch of its author, will be found complete in a volume entitled 'Scotia's Bards,' published by the Carters." Any one can easily imagine both the surprise and the delight this gave me.

It was wonderful to see how accurately Mr. Lincoln had remembered the precise words of the poem. In the original there were two verses not in Mr. Lincoln's copy. These he may never have heard, or else may have forgotten them.

But, though the publishing business was my father's first care, his interest was by no means limited to it; and aside from the Scotch Church and the Colored Sunday School, he was an active worker in connection with the National Temperance Society, the New York Juvenile Asylum, and the New York University. In all these associa-

tions, his work was accompanied by the formation of friendships with his fellow-laborers, and it is characteristic of the man that in the account which he gives of this part of his life-work, we hear very much about these friendships, and very little about his own accomplishment.

He was connected with the National Temperance Society from its organization in 1864, and from the beginning was chairman of the publication committee until his resignation in September, 1895. Of his work and his friends in this connection, he writes:

It has involved a great deal of hard work, but much, very much has been accomplished. Public attention has been drawn to this towering evil, through this instrumentality, in a way it never was before.

To stimulate the writing of temperance stories, the society almost at the beginning offered a prize for the best story, and another for the second best. Rev. Peter Stryker, Mr. Pardee, and myself were the committee to decide on the merits of these

stories. Very few manuscripts were sent in, and those that were, were of moderate ability. I remember the meeting in our little parlor in Twenty-sixth Street. We could come to only one conclusion, and that was that none of them was worthy of a prize. Now, after a quarter of a century is passed, we have at every meeting of the publication committee more good material presented than we can possibly undertake. Some of the cleverest pens in America are enlisted in this noble cause. Books for the young have been issued in large numbers; books of argument, covering the legal, the medical, the political, and the social aspect of the subject, have been published. Millions of tracts, many of them addressed to the children, have been put into circulation. Illuminated cards, pledges, envelope tracts, badges, and everything that the printing-press can produce bearing on this important subject have been widely scattered. The various papers issued by the society have a large circulation — one of them, "The Banner," more than one hundred thousand monthly.

For many years until his death, Mr. William E. Dodge was the president, and one of the most delightful things connected with this work to me is the recollection of my associations with him.

I became exceedingly fond of the man. My seat was always near him, and I used to love to wait on him — to hand him things, or to help him on with his overcoat. I loved him, not because he was rich or prominent, but because he was one of the loveliest specimens of Christian gentleman that I ever met.

Another great and good man looms up before me as I write in the same connection — Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, a friend of more than forty years' standing, — a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who, I think, has accomplished more in the work of the Master than any other man of that denomination; always on the right side of every question, the champion of liberty for the slave, and for liberty to the poor drunkard bound by still stronger bonds.

Lovable, genial, friendly to everybody

and every one's friend, he has led a life alike of the highest purpose and the highest accomplishment. I have loved him with my whole heart. Some years ago, as he was about to sail for Europe, he came to bid me good-by. Shaking hands, he said, "I leave a larger part of my heart with you than with any other man in America."

His dear aged mother, not long since gone to her rest, was a warm friend of mine. Many a sweet note have I had from her, always beginning with "Darling Peter." These grand compliments are some of the pleasant things that memory recalls.

General Clinton B. Fisk, a sort of Havelock of the War of the Rebellion, was one of our most agreeable members,—a man of large benevolence, whose loving heart shone out in his beaming face.

The New York Juvenile held a very large place in my father's heart. Here again, as was the case with the Colored School, he communicated his interest to all his children, and the periodic pilgrimages to the Juvenile

Asylum are among our most treasured recollections. He writes thus of his work as a director:

About 1864, when we were at 285 Broadway, one day Mr. Apollos R. Wetmore came into the store, and told my brothers and myself about the New York Juvenile Asylum, of which he was president. He detailed with great pathos the starting out of a company of children to be placed in Western homes. Then, without waiting for our enthusiasm to cool, he said, "Now I want you to give me fifty dollars," and we did it at once.

Ten years afterwards, or in 1874, I was selected one of the directors of this institution. I had not been many months in the board when the secretary resigned and I was elected to that office, which position I continue to fill to the present time. No benevolent work with which I have ever been connected has given me so much pleasure as my work as a director of the Juvenile Asylum has done, and I doubt if any other of my benevolent work has been more

fruitful of blessed results than this one has been.

Three successive years I prepared the annual report of the board. By virtue of my position on the visiting committee, it has been my pleasant duty once in about every six weeks to visit the institution at One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street, and usually to address the children assembled in the chapel. I became very fond of Mr. Wetmore, the president, and, being secretary, I was naturally thrown more with him than the other directors were.

The fondness, I think, was mutual. At any rate, he was very kind to me. He was a large man, with a very large heart. His whole soul seemed enlisted in the work of doing good to others. Like his blessed Master, he literally went about doing good. He was practically the founder of the asylum, and its president for a quarter of a century. He was also among the most active in the founding of the Woman's Hospital, the Home for Fallen Girls, the City Tract Society, and the Hospital for the Ruptured and

Crippled. His wife was dead and he lived with a married daughter. One evening, with his usual vivacity, he spent with the family, and in the morning when they went to his room he was not, for God had taken him.

My father's position as a member of the council of New York University was peculiarly pleasant to him because of the opportunity which it offered for association with the Rev. Dr. John Hall, at that time chancellor. As a member of the Committee of Higher Degrees, he was brought into contact with the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. In 1890 he resigned from the council.

No recital of my father's life would be at all adequate which left out of account his devoted service in the old Scotch Presbyterian Church in Fourteenth Street. He was elected an elder April 11, 1877,—an office which he accepted with great reluctance. He was ordained on April 24.

Of his relation to the Scotch Church, one of his daughters writes:

In speaking of my father's connection with the Scotch Church, it revives all my memories of church life at home, for we were all six received into that church on confession of faith. I suppose there was hardly a more regular attendant at all the services, both on Sabbath and through the week, than my father; our family filled two pews, and there was rarely a vacancy. Church attendance was never enforced, but made so much a matter of course that none of us ever thought of staying at home unless actually ill.

I can remember very well my father's great reluctance to accept the office of the eldership. Dr. Sutphen made many calls on him, and talked the matter over in all its aspects. My father had a deep sense of the dignity and requirements of the office, and his own humility led him sincerely to believe that he was unfit for the position. When he finally consented, it was with great shrinking, and largely at the earnest request of my mother, and after she had promised to help him in making the necessary calls of sympathy and kindness. This very hesitancy

made him all the more efficient, because he felt to the full the claim that the office made upon him, and the shrinking was all at the thought, never afterwards in the act. Both Dr. Sutphen and Dr. Hamilton found in him an ardent colaborer—one who was always eager and enthusiastic in forwarding anything that was for the good of the church. Exceedingly conservative both by birth and education, yet he was always willing to enter into any new movement. Even when not wholly convinced as to the wisdom of some plan, he was slow to say anything against it unless it was to him a matter of principle.

He had a deep personal affection for the pastors of the Scotch Church. When Dr. Hamilton came to us, a young man from Belfast, Ireland, my father's heart went out to him immediately, and in spite of the disparity of years, they continued the warmest friends to the day of his death. I remember so well the delight with which he, with another member of the church, collected a sum of money to be presented to Dr. Ham-

ilton on the occasion of his marriage. He prepared a letter which was sent to each member of the congregation, every line of which spoke of his love for Dr. Hamilton and his deep interest in the church.

The young ladies' Bible class connected with the church Sunday School, which he conducted for many years, and of which all of his daughters were members at some time, was another source of great interest and delight to him. I am sure no class ever had a more sincerely devoted teacher, and he quickly won the love and respect of all his scholars.

Great as was his usefulness in all these ways, and large as was the honor paid him, always against his will, it is in his own home, in private life, that those who knew him best love most to think of him. Most of all, he loved little children, and he had a wonderful way with them.

There was a strangely soothing effect in the crooning melody by which he put little children to sleep. He tells himself of the discovery of this:

When our first child was born, we named her for my dear mother — Nannie.

One evening, when Nannie was about a week old, coming home from business I found the nurse trying in vain to put the little darling to sleep. I took her in my arms, and with that soothing melody of mine, so well known to the children, of "Whee-whee, whee," etc., sent her to the land of Nod.

I was pronounced at once a most remarkable nurse, a reputation I have hardly outgrown to this present day.

A little child, six years old, who had often heard Mr. Carter in the Sunday School, saw him pass the house one day, and called to her mother: "Mama, there is the man with the good face who always prays for the little children." During the last years of his life, his best friend was his little grandchild Wallace; and it was a beautiful sight to see the white-haired, kindly-faced old gentleman taking his morning stroll, with the wee little lad walking gracefully beside him.

My father had a peculiar gift in writing letters, especially letters to children. They were generally written on small sheets of paper and placed in little envelopes. Some of the letters to his grandchildren are as follows:

To Thomas Guthrie Speers, July 23, 1891, on sailing for Europe:

MASTER THOMAS GUTHRIE SPEERS.

My Dear Little Grandson:

I love you a big heap, and am longing to see you again with those great big eyes of yours. The house seems so still without you and William, that we need some one very much to make a noise and do some mischief. I suppose you cannot do a great deal of mischief, but probably your brother William can. I have not anybody to toss up now when I get home from my business. So come away in the big *Sip* as fast as you can. I will try and be on hand to meet you when you come. I am afraid you will have forgotten your American Bampa when you come, but we will soon get acquainted again and be as good friends as ever we were. I

am sorry for your grandfather Speers, and your aunt Emily, and all the others, that you have to come away and leave them, but it cannot be helped.

Some other day perhaps you can go back and see them again when you get to be a big boy. Give my love to them all.

Your Loving Grandfather,

PETER CARTER.

To the same, March 22, 1892, with a copy of the Bible:

I want to give you the best book in all the world, as a token of my love for you, and so that when you grow to be a man, and your grandfather has gone to another world, you may have something to remember him by, as well as a sure guide through this world to the world to come.

There are a great many good books in the world, but none of them as good as this one.

This is God's book, given by him to men, so it is all true and without error from beginning to end. All the best men in the world have loved the Bible. The great and the good man whose name you bear loved the Bible, and I hope you will love it, too.

Learn a great deal of it by heart, and then no one can ever take it away from you.

To Peter Carter Speers, May 31, 1895, on sailing for Europe:

My Dear Carter:

I love you a very great, big heap, and I am so sorry that next Sabbath day I will not see you because you will be on the big *Sip*—the *Germanic*—out on the great *big sea,* out of sight of land. But I will remember the many sweet kisses that you gave me on the deck of the *Germanic* on Wednesday, at half-past nine o'clock in the forenoon.

I hope you will be a good boy—just the same dear, good boy that you have always been, ready to do everything that mother or grandfather wants done.

I am glad you had such a lovely day to go to sea in, and I hope you will have good weather all the way over to Belfast.

Do not give all your kisses away, but keep a few to give me when you come back to America.

Your Loving Grandfather,
PETER CARTER.

To Thomas Guthrie Speers, June 12, 1895, in Europe:

My Dear Guthrie:

I love you *five* dollars, I love you *fifty* dollars, I love you *five hundred* dollars and more. I miss you and your brothers very much, every day, and particularly on Sabbath day. I have not been at your home since you went away, and I doubt if I shall see it till you come back. I am longing to hear from you all.

How is the *pony?* and the cart and the dog (if there is one), and the chickens and the cows and the pigs, and all the other animals?

Does Jamie have as many smiles in Ireland as he did in America, and does Carter have as much to say as he had here, and is William as active and stirring as he used to be in Belleville Avenue? I know that you are the same dear boy that you always were. Won't I be glad to see you back again! We are now waiting a little impatiently for your mother's first letter, giving an account of the voyage in the *big Sip.*

We expect to get it either to-night or to-morrow.

Joe and Peter are both well, and so is Angie Crowell.

And now, my dear boy, good-by. Give my love to everybody in the house, and do not forget your loving grandfather,

PETER CARTER.

To William Ewing Speers, June 12, 1895:

My Dear William:

No. 26 Belleville Avenue is one of the quietest houses in Bloomfield, N. J. When you take eight people out of a house all at once, it makes a great difference in the amount of noise in that house.

Then, outside the house it is very different, too. There are no bicycles lying around, no boys lying on the grass kicking up their heels, no rocking-chairs in the shade of the trees, no tiny baby carriage just adapted to dear little Wallace. But instead, there is your solemn grandfather, sitting on a red cushion, reading the Life of Abraham Lincoln, Vol. II, page 260, and Uncle Douglas reading the "Evening Sun," while you are away in Massachusetts, eating grapes in Martha's Vineyard.

But I love you, all the same—a very big

heap, and will be very glad to see you back again, when you have eaten all the grapes.

Your Very Loving Grandfather,
PETER CARTER.

To Thomas Guthrie Speers, Aug. 16, 1898:

My Dear Guthrie:

The house seems so quiet without you all. The room next to mine had two beds in it, but no boy in either bed, and then at breakfast there was *no* demand for the sugar. Every one seemed to have all the sugar he needed. At prayers I had to read all the passages, as there were no boys to read the closing verses.

When you went away yesterday, you expected to be away *twenty-one days;* and now one of these days is gone, and you will only be away *twenty now,* and when you get this letter you will only have nineteen days to be away.

When you see Martha in her vineyard, give my kind regards to her, and ask her if Mary and Lazarus are pretty well.

When bathing, be careful and do not go

where the water is so deep that it will go over your head.

Your Loving Grandfather,
PETER CARTER.

To Wallace Carter Speers, August 15, 1898:

My Dear Little Wallace:

I love you a big heap, and I shall miss you two big heaps. What shall I do to-morrow morning when I have no boy to carry down-stairs? I am afraid I could hardly carry Uncle Douglas down-stairs. I used to do that long ago, but then he was a little boy, smaller than you.

This morning, when I was in the railway station, I saw a little carriage just like yours, and it made me think of you. So I went over to where it was, and looked at the direction, and then I found it *was* yours.

You must not forget me while you are away.

I am very sure I will not forget you.

I send you some kisses.

Do not fall into the sea, and do not neglect your *oatmeal.*

Your Very Loving Grandfather,
PETER CARTER.

Those who would remember my father only as a public character at the height of his power and activity, and in the enjoyment of such success as was his portion, might well pass over the last five or ten years of his life; for they were years of sorrow and bereavement, years of physical weakness, when the shadows over his path grew more and more. Yet any who would really know the strength and beauty of his character must study especially these years; for it was during them that the sweetness of his disposition and the unconquerable sincerity of his faith celebrated their triumph in the face of real and manifold temptation to bitterness and disheartenment.

The death of his brother, Mr. Robert Carter, in itself a great bereavement to him, was followed by the winding up of the affairs of the firm of Robert Carter & Brother, for no provision had been made for carrying on this time-honored business house. The beginning of the period of trial in 1890 is best described in his own words:

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 23, 24, 25, and 26, 1890, beginning each day at ten A.M. and continuing till after five, was sold at public auction, by Bangs & Co., the whole stock of Robert Carter & Brothers, consisting of books, bound and unbound, stereotype plates, etc. I had to be present and stand beside the auctioneer all the time of the sale, and explain things that needed explanation. It was very trying and very tiring work. The stock was, as might have been expected, greatly sacrificed, nevertheless I was very glad to have it over.

The last year and a little more has been a period in which I have been called upon to give up many things, such as:

1 The death and parting from my dear brother, with whom I had been associated for half a century.

2 Giving up a lifelong business, at which I have wrought, between child and man, for fifty years.

3 Giving up my colored Sabbath school,

"Salem Chapel," of which I had been superintendent for thirty-four years.

4 Giving up dear May, my baby girl, to the work of the Lord as a foreign missionary; this I have done, I think, cheerfully and lovingly. [This refers to her return after a three months' visit.]

5 Giving up our pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel Hamilton, who has been with us seventeen years.

And yet, as I look back on all these things, I realize how good the dear Master has been to me through it all, in keeping me in health, and in giving me so many mercies to be mixed with it all.

In November, 1890, he became associated with the American Tract Society, and continued thus until May, 1899, the year before his death.

My father was a true Scotchman in that he disliked change; and these latter years were full of changes. Besides those already mentioned, there was the giving up of the old home at 330 West Twenty-eighth Street,

where he had lived since the spring of 1872. But largely for the purpose of lightening the burden of housekeeping for my mother, he thought best to move to Bloomfield, New Jersey, where two of his daughters were living. The installation in the new home is referred to as follows:

Three large vans and a four-horse truck carried all our goods and chattels from the one house to the other on Thursday, May 19, arriving at Bloomfield about five P.M., while the rain was pouring straight down. The house had been scrubbed from top to bottom, and all the carpets put down. Eight men, with furniture in their hands and mud on their boots, marched in and out of that dainty house for *two hours,* till it was a sight sickening to behold.

But the next day the weather proved more favorable, and with the aid of two efficient women, the mud disappeared and so did chaos. It was painful to break my ties with the Scotch Presbyterian Church and its Sabbath school. With both I had been un-

interruptedly connected for fifty-one and a half years. It was hard also to leave a house where we had lived twenty-one years, and where both of our sons were born. And it was a great change to leave a city where we had spent half a century. But the goodness and mercy that have followed us all our lives will follow us into Bloomfield also. It seemed duty for us to make the change, and no doubt there will be Christian work for us to do in Bloomfield as well as in New York. The little house seems to be everything that could be desired—just adapted in every particular to a little family like ours. We have great reason for loving gratitude to our dear Lord for giving us so sweet and so suitable a home.

The brightest spots in these years were the annual autumnal visits to Lake Mohonk, which began in 1891.

The first visit is described as follows:

TUESDAY, September 29, 1891.

My dear wife and I started for Lake Mohonk, a place we had long desired to see.

We reached there about five P.M. The ride of about six miles up the hill to it was charming. We were given a good room, and soon felt wonderfully at home. Every morning we had worship in the parlor, conducted by Mr. Smiley. One evening he asked me to lead in prayer, which I did. One Saturday evening I met Mr. Smiley in the hall, and he stopped me and said, "Mr. Carter, we have no minister for to-morrow. If I read a sermon, will you offer a prayer?" I promptly replied, "Certainly; I will do anything I can with pleasure." "You do not happen to have a sermon with you?" he continued. "Yes," I said; "I have a sermon with me."

He said he would see me later in the evening. About half-past eight, as I was sitting with my wife in the large parlor among other friends, Mr. Smiley came in and sat down beside me, saying as he did so: "Mr. Carter, I wish you would take the whole service to-morrow — the hymns, the Scripture reading, the prayers, and the sermon." I consented to do this, and he went away. After

he had gone my repentings began, and I thought of the critical audience I was to speak to, and I confess I was sorry I had consented. When I went to sleep that night, I dreamed that I was to preach in our own church in Fourteenth Street; and also, previous to the Sabbath, I was to conduct a week-evening meeting in the lecture-room. I had got as far as this in my dream, and was laying off my talk with all the vigor I possessed, when the audience went out one after another till I was left alone. Then I awoke, not very much encouraged for my Sabbath work.

Early on the Sabbath morning I had a light breakfast, and went out into one of the numerous little summer houses that abound on every hand. There I went carefully over my sermon, which had been written three or four years before for the church at Mahopac. I carefully committed the heads of the discourse to memory. Then selecting my chapter and hymns, I was ready as far as I could be so in advance.

The parlor was nearly full, and all were

exceedingly attentive. I did not need to refer to the manuscript nor to the list of heads, and got through with a great deal more comfort to myself than I had expected.

After it was over, many came up and thanked me for what I had said, adding many complimentary words that I need not put down here.

On Monday evening I went to the office for my bill, as I was to leave at 8:30 next (Tuesday) morning. The bill was a very reasonable one, and at the bottom of it was deducted, "For Sabbath service, $10.00." I said, "Mr. Smiley, I cannot accept this $10.00; I am not a clergyman, and my conscience would not allow me to do so." He replied, "Well, we always pay this for the Sabbath service."

Then an idea occurred to me that pointed out the way to solve the difficulty. I said, "Mr. Smiley, I am trying to raise five thousand dollars for a dispensary at Cesarea, in Asia Minor. If you will allow me, I will apply this $10.00 to that." He cordially agreed, and so the matter was settled.

This reference to the Talas dispensary suggests another piece of the silver lining of these clouded years.

I have had a great deal of interest and pleasure during 1891 and 1892, in seeking to raise five thousand dollars for a dispensary in Talas, for my son-in-law, Rev. W. S. Dodd, M.D. It has been a new and curious experience to me. The first contribution made was from a poor widow, who gave a dollar. This I looked upon as a very favorable beginning. A good Methodist young woman read the "Appeal" of Dr. Dodd, and from her friends she raised, by small sums of from ten to twenty-five cents, seven dollars and a half, which she paid over to me. A poor, but godly woman, who has long been foremost in every good word and work, though she has nothing but what she *earns,* brought me *fifty dollars,* and insisted on my taking it; and I *had* to take it, for she was Scotch and her determination could not be changed.

The whole five thousand dollars was

raised, and a little more; but, like most other buildings, it cost more than was expected, and when it was finished there was a debt of two hundred and fifty dollars, which was generously paid by Mr. Samuel Inslee.

Rev. J. L. Fowle, one of Dr. Dodd's fellow-missionaries at Talas, who had been on a brief visit to the United States, on his return to Talas writes me as follows, under the date January 30, 1894:

"It was a surprise and a delight to me to see how the doctor's dispensary had developed during my absence. Whenever I see that building, or think of its blessings to the suffering here, I always think gladly and thankfully of you and your efforts in its behalf. In no small sense it is, under God, *your* contribution for the uplifting of Turkey. And its evangelizing influence is very marked. I know of no place in all our field where such an influence for God and truth is exerted on the Turks."

Another of the pleasures of these years was his participation in the General Assembly

of the Presbyterian Church at Saratoga, in May, 1894.

On his birthday in 1894, my father reflects as follows:

This is my birthday; sixty-nine years ago to-day I first saw light, and surely they have been years of goodness and mercy. I look back over them with wonder, and I hope with gratitude. I was, as a boy, very susceptible to temptation, and I was only preserved from evil by being hedged in, first in my father's house and afterwards in my brother's house.

Then, in marrying, my dear Lord gave me a good wife, who has done much to assist me in the Christian life.

They have been days of sunshine and shadow, but there has been a very great preponderance of sunshine. Then, few have enjoyed such uninterrupted good health as I have, and this has enabled me to take a sunny view of events, and to look pretty constantly on the bright side of things.

The six children that the dear Lord has

continued to us are all occupying spheres of usefulness and doing good in the world. The three he has taken to himself are safe beyond all peradventure. The daughters have all married Christian men, and are bringing up their families in the fear of the Lord. The grandchildren bid fair to be even more useful men and women than their parents have been. They have been much prayed for. It has always been my habit, when the thing was possible, to take apart each child on his birthday and pray with him, and it has also been our habit, both in the closet and at the family altar, to remember the children and the grandchildren daily at the throne of grace. Oh, what a privilege prayer is! How could we ever get on without it? And yet how little we avail ourselves of it, compared with what we might. Lord, teach us to pray!

Yet the good wife and his good health were soon both to be taken from him.

In April, 1894, he suffered from an attack of what seems to have been pseudo-angina

pectoris. This is his own graphic account of it:

On April 11, 1894, I took the Greenwood Lake train for Bloomfield, in order to call at Mrs. Speers' (Nellie). I stayed about half an hour, and then started for home in Oakland Avenue. It was snowing, and the snow was about a foot deep. Snow has a very exhilarating effect upon me, and I began to run. But very soon I was taken with a pain across my chest, and I had to stop. Standing still, it would go away. So by standing for three minutes and walking for half a minute, after much delay I reached home.

I did not know what was the matter, and thought little of it. The next morning, as I was preparing to go to New York, the pain came back, and for nearly half an hour I was in intense agony. The doctor was sent for, but could do little to relieve me. Of course I did not think of going to New York that day.

The next day I started for the station, but before I got a third of the way the pain came

again and I turned back home. The doctor was again sent for. He said it was angina pectoris, and that I would hardly live more than two or three weeks.

This rather astounding statement somehow did not startle me, being enabled to bear it without disturbing my equanimity. Whether this was grace or Scotch stubbornness, I do not know; but one thing is certain, after three years I am living still.

But during these three years this thorn in the flesh has kept with me. As they say in Scotland, I have had to "ca' canny" (*i. e.*, drive slow). Long walks have no longer been possible. In fact, walking on the street is almost impossible, and active physical exercise of every sort has been interdicted. It has hardly interfered with my work at the office, except that I have found it necessary to come home earlier than formerly in the afternoon. Aside from this, my health never was better.

During these months in 1894 it seemed almost certain that my mother would outlive

my father; and they both, and all of us, fully expected this. Yet, it was the will of God that my father should live on for nearly six years, while my mother was appointed unto death in the coming year. It was at this time, in November, 1894, that the beautiful letter to his wife and children was written, which was found among his papers after his death. My father's own account of my mother's last illness and death is given in his "Recollections" with such a grand simplicity, that I cannot forbear quoting it:

About the 1st of May, 1895, my dear little wife showed signs of increasing trouble of the heart. She came one day to New York alone, and had very great difficulty in reaching the house of the woman she wanted to see on business.

Happily, at the house of this lady she found one of her Bloomfield neighbors, who was kind enough to take her to the ferry, and offered to take her home. But this Mrs. Carter declined. I came into the ferry-boat where she was, and so was able to take her

home. The summer was largely spent by her on the piazza. Her friends were very kind. The freshness and sweetness of the young bride seemed to come back to her as she sat there and received all who came to see her — and many came. She suffered little, and she enjoyed much these numerous visits. It did her good, and did good to all who came.

When I got home in the afternoon, she had an attentive ear for all that had occurred to me while I had been away. She missed the house of God very much, but otherwise her summer was a very happy one. Many wondered that one so feeble could be so happy. But her work was almost done here, and in Beulah Land she enjoyed the first fruits of the coming glory.

In September she became very anxious to see Lake Mohonk once more. The doctor thought it would be quite safe for her to attempt the journey. We arranged to have the kind and competent nurse who was with her accompany us in the journey and care for her there. Two daughters went with

us as far as Jersey City, helping us to make all the changes, and everything was done to make the journey as easy as possible. She stood it much better than we had expected, and arrived at that blessed place of rest not nearly so fatigued as we had anticipated. We were provided with a room for her and the nurse very near the dining-rooms. We telegraphed to New York for a wheeled (invalid) chair, which arrived the following evening.

The proprietor was unremitting in his attentions to the dear invalid, and the guests vied with each other in showing her kindness. And so the two weeks sped away, and she greatly enjoyed the change.

The homeward journey was made with much comfort. Every one who knew her wondered at her patience and her cheerfulness; and truly they were marvelous. She was only a few times down-stairs after going home.

Then came the days of semi-consciousness, out of which she came at intervals.

The Sabbath before she died, she was particularly bright in the afternoon, and knew

us all. Finally, on Saturday morning, November 16, 1895, she gently left us, while unconscious, to be with the Lord.

It is now fifteen months since she left us, and I think I miss her more than I did at first. Sometimes an almost overpowering longing comes over me to see her again.

These last words sum up the closing years of his life. Its burden was the "longing to see *her* again." This was always in his thoughts, though he spoke of it only at rare intervals. During these years his intellectual powers were preserved almost intact, and at intervals, when conversing with some lifelong friend, the old fire and enthusiasm would burst out again, and the quaint Scotch power of description, so thoroughly his, would show itself; but above all, the sweetness and gentleness of his spirit became more and more prominent, until all felt it to be a benediction to come into his presence. As his burdens and responsibilities were lightened, his time was always filled up by reading, of which he grew more and more

fond, especially of history and biography. The entries in his journal during these years refer almost constantly to my mother; they are especially beautiful at the anniversaries of her death, but they are too sacred to be repeated here. Enough to say that the final entry in the book was made on the last anniversary of her death, November 16, 1899, four months before his own, which occurred March 19, 1900, and concerning which one of his daughters writes:

On Sunday, the 11th of March, father was feeling very bright and well. After the morning service he had a ladies' Bible class, whose attendance was larger than usual that day. This was a great pleasure to him, as he spent every week a good deal of time preparing the lesson. The day was also made a happy one for him because his youngest son, with his wife, was visiting him. In the evening he again attended service. The sermon by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Curtis, was one that specially appealed to him. Friends remarked after service that father

showed much of his former vigor and enthusiasm as he rushed up to the pulpit to shake hands with Mr. Curtis, and to thank him for his inspiring words. Father's step as he came into the house was so quick and decided, that I knew at once he was laboring under some excitement. I almost anticipated his first words to me: "Oh, I am so sorry you could not be out to-night. I wish you could have heard that sermon, it was such a treat."

I accompanied him to his room, and when I bade him good night he seemed as well as usual. An hour later he called me, and I knew at once that he was in great pain. It was a severe attack of his heart trouble. The remedies used, however, soon gave him relief. But this was the beginning of the end. He lingered just a week—a week without apparent suffering, a week of peculiar sanctified joy. His sick-room was transformed into a bit of Beulah Land, for all who entered knew that he was on the border of the heavenly country. Fearing any sudden shock, we had not told him how ill he was. But one

day he appeared distressed by the expression of my face, and asked, "What is the matter, dear?" Then I told him what the doctor had said—that he might be in heaven very soon. His face was fairly radiant as he exclaimed, letting his head fall back upon the pillows: "Oh, I am so glad!" After that he talked much of mother and the dear little ones who had gone before. He talked as one would talk who had been long homesick and now eagerly anticipated the home-coming, the welcomes, the reunions. He slept little, but while in a drowsy condition he was always repeating in a whisper portions of Scripture or words of prayer. Often we caught the expressions "dear Lord Jesus" or "precious Jesus," as though he loved to dwell on the thought of that name. On that last Sabbath evening, when his mind was clouded, he wandered only into words of prayer. At one time he thought he was in his accustomed place in prayer-meeting, and we could hear him say slowly but distinctly, "Blot out all our transgressions and remember our iniquities no more." Then again he was con-

ducting family worship, and without mistake he repeated the Lord's Prayer to its close. After this he fell asleep like a tired child, to wake up in that beautiful heavenly country where there are no more partings, and where they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.

But this little book is to be the story of a life, not of a death. If any man ever fought the battle of life joyfully and cheerfully, it was he; and as we look back—those of us who knew him best—we find it impossible to associate permanently any gloom or real sadness with the recollection of him. It was no mere love of phrase that made him say repeatedly that "goodness and mercy had followed him all the days of his life." His was indeed a happy life, because it was filled with love and actuated by selfless devotion to everything that seemed to him to be "of God."

All his life long he was surrounded by those who loved him, and at his death the tributes to him were as numerous as they

were spontaneous. I wish there were space to record some of them, and I cannot refrain from quoting briefly from four, which are especially interesting because, although written by four very different men, their content is wonderfully similar.

A nephew writes as follows:

"I think he was a remarkable man in many ways, even in his looks. I often used to meet him at the station, in those summers that he spent at our house, and sometimes there would be a big crowd, but it was never any trouble to pick out Uncle Peter. I never did see any man that looked just like him. I have often said you would pick him out of a crowd of a thousand people. There was something about his bright, cheery face that seemed to draw the attention of every one, and he always had a pleasant word for all with whom he came in contact."

A friend says of him:

" . . . He was a great, loving-hearted man, I think as splendid a specimen of Christian enthusiasm as I have ever known. How he

fairly bubbled out with genuine zeal and good-fellowship, like some wonderful spring which contains within itself both refreshment and motive power. How he threw his heart into everything, whether it was communion with friends, or work for the Master. Surely he was a *hearty* man, if there ever was one; and because he was, he was one of the usefulest, friendliest men that ever lived. . . . I don't remember, with all our former intimacy, his ever having spoken one single unpleasant, not to say unkind word. He had positive characteristics enough of temper and disposition, but love controlled and subjected them all; and honor, that priceless possession which so attractively seasons character, and keeps it, where more than ordinarily good, from becoming vapid, was his in abundance.

"He was always fine-looking, but with age his countenance grew in beauty, and the sunshine it radiated seemed brighter and more pervasive than ever."

The Rev. Dr. Hamilton speaks of him in these words:

"I never knew a more lovable man. Few

have ever filled the treasured name 'friend' as full of highest, tenderest, holiest meaning as he. So gracious was he, so warm-hearted, so sensitive, so generous in judgment! Time and distance, infirmity and frailty, could set no bounds to his friendship. A friend, indeed, of whom Jesus says, 'Our friend,'—his friend and ours.

"Mr. Carter was called to be a saint. He was not only, as most of us profess to be, a Christ's man, but he was, what so few of us attain to, one in whom Christ was. A sweet radiance was often in his face, like the mirth of a child. So pure and true was he that no one dared to say or do a mean thing in his presence; yet so loving was he that he made all sorts of people love him. The apostle John says, 'Whoso dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.' Judged by that test, Mr. Carter's religion was of the highest type. He loved all God's creatures. More especially he loved his fellow-men, and the poorer, the weaker, the more degraded they were, the more he loved them."

The Rev. Dr. George Alexander says:

"He had the gifts of his race. The greatest and the best of them was the capacity for loving and enjoying. He loved God supremely, and loved all things beautiful and true and good, because they came from God and revealed the heart of God. He loved Nature with passionate intensity. I remember hearing him, in my childhood, describe his first visit to Niagara Falls and to the Mammoth Cave. How his face glowed and his form dilated as he told how the Almighty seemed to utter his voice in the thunders of the cataract, and to shroud himself in the thick darkness of the great cavern. Everything in earth and air and sky appealed to him, because he saw in all the finger-marks of the Creator.

"He loved literature, though his education was only that of a district school, and the great publishing house to which he gave his best years, and he developed a literary taste which is well illustrated by his choice collection entitled 'Scotia's Bards.' His own literary productions, notable in quality of thought and feeling, are marked by that

beauty and power of expression which was one of his inherited gifts.

"Still more, he loved the children of men. The love that made his domestic life rich and beautiful was not confined to the circle of home and kindred. It went out, as we have already heard, with peculiar tenderness and helpfulness toward the lowly and distressed. He was never so happy as when going about doing good, and realizing the truth of the Saviour's words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

"He loved God with all his heart, because God is love. He loved the Bible because it is God's word. He loved the sanctuary because it is God's house. He loved true Christians of every name, because they are the children of God."