

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 28.

Editor: T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

“The Angels of the Tenements”

Some Little Waifs Call the Good Missionaries who Come to Take Them to Mont-Lawn—Happy July Days at Our Children's Home.

COULD our readers witness with their own eyes and ears the joys which are awakened in the crowded, sweltering tenements by the tidings of an outing to Mont-Lawn, they would feel amply re-

And then their gratitude and anxiety to know how and why they come to be there, and who has provided such a beautiful country home, are expressed at every turn. The teachers tell them of the good friends who have co-operated with us and who



A LITTLE CARE-TAKER.
 And all the in-
 es they have
 e in this hu-
 rian work.
 hever the
 ssaries go.
 e inments
 gge a host
 ear, ragged.
 ping chil-
 enly clamor-
 "Let me go!"
 "a e me!"
 r times a
 long to
 bli, pushes
 r forward.
 it: "Please
 ny little
 r" (or sis-
 perhaps a
 anate—for
 itie crea-
 et suffering
 ant are oft-
 y unselfish
 wing). A
 forenoon
 e among
 poor little
 s would
 k of anyone
 chusias tic
 ater of the
 es. Air work
 t. At Lawn.
 Their children
 e journey up
 e dson, with
 ing pano-
 n of mer-
 en, ferry
 i-boats, its
 scenery, its
 ns, invigo-
 breezes, is
 self a wonder. The tenement child's whole area of activity has been a nar-
 w, stifling, foul-smelling court, and the alley which leads to it. For such a child
 e journey is almost like the liberation of a little soul. After reaching Nyack and
 r taken on board the Home wagonette, wonders continue to unfold, and the
 ousters want the driver to stop for them to gather every flower on the wayside



GATHERING IN SLUM CHILDREN FOR OUR FRESH-AIR WORK AT MONT-LAWN.

A WEE GUEST.

have remember-
 ed them in pray-
 ers and gifts.
 The prayers of
 the Mont-Lawn
 waifs bear many
 a blessing into
 distant homes.

An outing at
 Mont-Lawn in-
 cludes transporta-
 tion both ways
 under caretak-
 ers, medical ex-
 amination, food,
 shelter, clothing
 and all attend-
 ance while at the
 Home. Only
 three dollars
 covers the en-
 tire cost of a ten
 days' visit for
 each child. Sure-
 ly this amount
 could hardly ac-
 complish more
 good expended
 in any other
 way. The food
 at the home is
 simple and
 wholesome, and
 it is all real
 dainties to our
 children. At
 Mont-Lawn, too,
 they are taught
 mannerly ways
 and to thank our
 Heavenly Fath-
 er for his gifts.
 They are pro-
 vided with all
 the sweet, rich

milk they can drink, oatmeal, rice, hominy, bread and butter for breakfast and supper;
 and for dinner good, strengthening meat-roast, baked or stewed with potatoes and
 other vegetables, and fresh fruit grown at Mont-Lawn—all plain, simple foods, but
 the best and most wholesome that can be prepared for hungry, growing children.

(Continued on page 571.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



SELF-SLAUGHTER.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Do thyself no harm. on the Text: Acts 16: 28,



HERE is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and, according to the Roman law, a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be undugoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be undugoned for three or four years, and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment. The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not much confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural. Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's axe on the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosed prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

In olden times, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Caesar, took his own life, and three times after his wounds had been dressed, tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Lycurgus a suicide. Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of poison, and one night his servant heard the ex-Emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill that he was resuscitated. Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infidelity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, misanthropy, are considered sufficient causes for a speeding from this life by paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Otello's dagger, by water, by leap from the obtundent of a bridge, by fire arms. More cases of *felo de se* in the last two years than any two years of the world's existence, and more in the last month than in any twelve months. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubts as to whether there was really any thing wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived, have committed self destruction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is

very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels towards the insane you may know from the way he treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which he hushed tempests either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. Great for science and great for God. He was an elder in St. John's Presbyterian Church. He came of the best Highland blood, and was a descendant of Donald Roy, a man eminent for piety and the rare gift of second sight. His attainments, climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stone-mason, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spellbound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in *The Old Red Sandstone*. That man did more than any other being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he struck his tuning-fork on the rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled *Footprints of the Creator* and *The Testimony of the Rocks*, proclaimed the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he toiled day and night, through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith, who at the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "O, for a Closer Walk with God," "What Various Hindrances We Meet," "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood"—William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life, and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at that very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke; and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope broke. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as memorable:

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm. "Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan his work in vain; God is his own interpreter, And He will make it plain."

While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare that the man who, in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust; it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep; it is treason to a natural law, and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime, I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the

headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bethshan. Here is the man who chased little David—seven feet in stature chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him, and when that servant declined, then the giant plants the hilt of his sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires—the coward, the suicide! Here is Abithophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend, David, in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut out of a disgraceful life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech, practically a suicide. He is with an army, bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in his cracked skull he commands his armor-bearer: "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post-mortem photograph in the Book of Samuel.

But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and this day when we uncover a statue of George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ on the part of some of his pretended apostles—a betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man by his own hand hung up for the execration of all ages, Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of their earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to commit suicide if any man ever had, what with his destroyed property and his body all aflame with insufferable carbuncles and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it, a pestiferous wife and four garrulous people pelting him with comfortable talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in triumph: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have hurled themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back, the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections: There has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages and I challenge the universe. There never has been a case of self-destruction while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected him.

You say it is a business trouble or you say it is electrical currents or it is this or it is that or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity, which practically says: "If you don't like this life get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it." Infidelity has always been apologetic for self-immolation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter.

A man in London heard Mr. Owen deliver his infidel lecture on socialism, and went home, sat down, and wrote these words: "Jesus Christ is one of the weak-

est characters in history, and the Bible the greatest possible deception," and shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from natural bed. Where, then, can be crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ordinary channel?" And having written the essay he loaned it to a friend, the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne were apologetic for self-immolation, fidelity puts up no bar to people rushing from this world into the next. They tell us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world; you will land either in an oblivious now or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for suicide, and aims the pistol with which man blows his brains out, and mixes strychnine for the last swallow. If fidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people in this country it does not make any difference how you go out of this world you will land as the Potomac would be so full of corpses the boats would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of the suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rattle of a street-car.

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict when in a case of irresponsibility they say: "While this man was demented he took his life;" in the other case "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of free retribution, he committed self-slaughter."

Have nothing to do with an infidel so cruel, so debasing. Come out of that company into the company of those who believe the Bible. Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals he taught, and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Isaac Newton, the largest philosopher of his time—what did he say? "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." David Livingstone, at the pronouncement of whose name every scientist the world over bows his head; David Brewster, saying: "Our religion has been a great light to the world, a very great light all my days." Pres. Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he died: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savages, conquered by this heaven-sent religion when they find him dead they find his name.

Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, pointed by President Lincoln, while on the witness stand. "Chief Justice, please to state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There is a time in my life when I doubted the verity of the Scriptures, and I resolved as a lawyer and judge I would try the matter as I would try anything in the court, taking evidence for and against. It was a long and serious and profound debate, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I always use in secular matters, I have come to the conclusion that the Bible is a supernatural revelation that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to obey its teachings." "Judge, that will do, go back again to your pillow of dust of the banks of the Ohio." Next I put up the witness stand a President of the United States—John Quincy Adams. "President Adams, what have you to say about the Bible and Christianity?" The President replies: "I have for many years made a practice to read through the Bible every year. My custom is to read four chapters every morning immediately rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to its origin, to its history or to its morality, it is a valuable and inexhaustible mine of wisdom and virtue." "Chancellor, what do you think of the Bible?" A man replies: "No other book ever addressed itself to my mind so authoritatively and so pathetically to my judgment and moral sense of mankind."

ung men of America, come out of the
e of infidels—mostly made up of
cks and imbeciles—into the company
ntellectual giants, and turn your back
n infidelity which destroys body and

h! Infidelity, stand up and take thy
eence! In the presence of God, an-
and men, stand up, thou monster!
lip blasted with blasphemy, thy
k scarred with uncleanness, thy
foul with the corruption of the
Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard

the nations, leper of
enturies! Stand up,
monster, infidel-
Part man, part
her, part reptile,
dragon, stand up
ake thy sentence!
T hands red with the
d in which thou
wished, thy feet
son with the hu-
gore through
h thou hast waded,
up and take thy
eence! Down with
to the pit, and sup-
e sobs and groans
se thou hast de-
ed, and let thy mu-
e the everlasting
ere of those whom
hast damned! I
d the forehead of
reality with all the
res of self-immolation for the last
ery on the part of those who had
the reason.

y friends, if ever your life, through its
asions and its molestations, should
se to be unbearable, and you are tempt-
ed to quit it by your own behest, do not
sider yourself as worse than others.
Christ himself was tempted to cast him-
self from the roof of the temple, but as he
reted, so resist ye. Christ came to
eal all wounds. In your trouble I
cribe life instead of death. People
have had it worse than you will ever
ad it, have gone songfully on their way.
Remember that God keeps the chronology
our life with as much precision as he
keeps the chronology of nations, your
ere as well as your cradle. Why was it
at midnight, just at midnight, the de-
sting angel struck the blow that set the
lemites free from bondage? The four
red and thirty years were up at twelve
o'clock that night. The four hundred and
y years were not up at eleven, and one
o'clock would have been tardy and too late.
T four hundred and thirty years were up
elve o'clock, and the destroying angel
st the blow, and Israel was free. And
G knows just the hour when it is time to
e you up from earthly bondage. By
race, make not the worst of things,
he best of them. If you must take
pills do not chew them. Your ever-
g rewards will accord with your
erty perturbations, just as Caius gave
Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy
ad been a chain of iron. For the
ng you may have the same grace that
given the Italian martyr, Algerius,
down in the darkest of dungeons,
d his letters from "the delectable or-
d of the Leonine prison." And re-
ber that this brief life is surrounded
y rim, a very thin but very important
and close up to that rim is a great
ity, and you had better keep out of it
God breaks that rim and separates
from that. To get rid of the sorrows
f, do not rush into greater sorrows.
To get rid of a swarm of summer insects,
e not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.
ere is a sorrowless world, and it is so
ant that the noonday sun is only the
st doorstep, and the aurora that lights
ar northern heavens, confounding as-
mers as to what it can be, is the way-
t the banners of the procession come
ke the conquerors home from church
ant to church triumphant, and you
nd have ten thousand reasons for wan-
ng to go there, but we will never get there
r by self-immolation or impenitency.
ur sins slain by Christ who came to
at thing, we want to go in at just the
divinely arranged, and from a couch
ely spread, and then the clang of the
ebral gates behind us will be over-
red by the clang of the opening of
hoid pearl before us. O God! What-
ev others may choose, give me a Chris-
ian's life, a Christian's death, a Chris-
ian's burial, a Christian's immortality!

MANHEIM'S FEAST OF ROSES.

A Unique and Beautiful Memorial Service—The Payment of "One Red Rose"
a Year as a Church Rental—Baron Stiegel's Generous Gift.

THE Feast of Roses, celebrated Sun- day, June 12, 1898, at Zion Lu-
theran Church, Manheim. place, with the brick projecting into the
adjoining room. Imp- e- ments
followed, and excellent ten-



MISS ANNIE L. BOYS,
GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER OF
BARON STIEGEL.



MRS. R. K. BOYS,
GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER OF
BARON STIEGEL.



MR. JOHN C. STIEGEL,
FOUNDER OF THE "FEAST
OF ROSES."



DR. J. H. SERLING,
GREAT GRAND-SON OF
BARON STIEGEL.



MRS. E. M. LUTHER,
THE OLDEST LIVING
DESCENDANT.

Pa. marks the recurrence of a
most unique and interesting
memorial service. Previous to 1770, the
land on which the church stands was
given to the Lutherans of Manheim by
Baron Henry William Stiegel, "for the
sum of five shillings, to make the deed
lawful, and the annual rental of 'one red
rose' in the month of June forever."

In fulfillment of this contract, the Feast
of Roses is annually celebrated in Man-
heim on the second Sunday in June, when
rental is paid, and the people
bring to the church many
roses as tribute to the
dead Baron's memory.

The late celebra-
tion, beginning
with Sunday
School exer-
cises, covered
an entire day
of rejoicing.
The mem-
orial sermon,
by R. S. G.
Heibelower
and follow-
ed by prayer
led by Rev.
S. C. Enck,
preceded the
historical ad-
dresses which
came from Prof.
M. D. Learned
and members of
the Lancaster His-
torical Society. A
poem, "Baron Stiegel's
Coming Home," was eloquent-
ly recited by Mrs. Binkley, wife of the
author. The song service consisted of
a noble organ voluntary, Prof. Her's an-
them, "The Queen of Flowers," and many
beautiful Gospel hymns rendered by
choir and congregation. Then came the
payment of the rose by the pastor, its ac-
ceptance by the heirs, benediction by Rev.
T. S. Minker, and lastly contributions of
roses by the congregation until the stand
placed for their reception, and looking
like a mighty rose-tree, was indeed a
beautiful monument to the long-dead ben-
efactor of Zion Church, the mysterious
and eccentric German who had combined
with his strange feudal ideas and prac-
tices so much Christian kindness.

Henrich Wilhelm Stiegel, born, it is
said, in Manheim, Germany, arrived in
Philadelphia in 1750, young, highly edu-
cated, bearing the title of Baron, and
bringing with him about \$200,000 to in-
vest in the wonderful New World. He
married Elizabeth Huber, and purchased
from his father-in-law one of the largest
furnace properties in the United States,
upon which he erected a new furnace
which he called "Elizabeth," from which
the township received its name. The
first stove product of his factory were the
curious jamb-stoves, without pipe or oven,
and were walled into the kitchen fire-

plate wood-stoves resulted, and
people came from far and near
to see them. Stiegel was now one of
the greatest iron-masters in Pennsylva-
nia. The Elizabeth furnace supplied
many people with work, and the Baron
with much money. Seventy-five men were
employed; twenty-five tenant houses stood
near by; the furnace lands covered 900
acres. Near the site of the furnace stands
a spacious sand-stone house which the
Baron occupied during his monthly visits,
and which is still called "The Man-
sion," a title which the simplic-
ity of surrounding neighbors
gave it when imposing
houses were rare. A
number of servants
were kept at the
mansion to minis-
ter to the wants of
the Baron and his
friends.

superior quality of glass, many pieces of
which are in existence, and are much
sought after by relic hunters. In 1769, he
built a tower, or castle, seventy-five feet
high, on a hill five miles from Elizabeth
Furnace, and when he visited the castle
or Elizabeth, his coming was announced
in thundering tones from the tower by a
signal gun. The hill still bears the name
"Thurmberg (Tower Hill). He retain-
ed a strange fear that some one might
seek his life, consequently never traveled
without postillions and a pack of hounds
running ahead of the
coach - and - four in
which he journeyed,
and the tower was
built not only as a
place of entertain-
ment for friends, but
as a place of safety
against supposed en-
emies. At Manheim,
when his approach
was heralded, work-
men gathered in the
cupola of the chateau
and played sweet
strains of music, the
people flocked to the
house, and Stiegel
entered the town
amid these, the shouts
of the inhabitants
and the barking of
dogs. To factory
hands, wood chop-
pers and charcoal burners, his coming
meant payday: to all it meant a good
time. He treated his men exceedingly
well; for those who were musically in-
clined, he bought instruments and hired
teachers. He took great interest in their
spiritual welfare, gathering them and
others into the chapel of his house and
preaching to them whenever opportunity
offered.

His first wife died in 1758, leaving him
two little children, Barbara and Elizabeth,
and he married another Elizabeth—
Miss Holtz, of Philadelphia. Their only
son, Jacob, settled in Virginia soon after
his father's death, and his descendants
now reside in Harrisonburg. His second
wife died in 1782, having lived long enough
to suffer many reverses with him, and in
1783 the gifted, generous, and eccentric
Baron passed to his long rest in the midst
of extreme poverty. The poor workmen
for whom the Baron had provided musi-



1. OLD CHURCH AT MANHEIM. 2. ROSE-COVERED ALTAR IN THE NEW CHURCH.

In 1760, he became owner of a half in-
terest in Charming Forge, near Womels-
dorf, Berks County. In 1762, he pur-
chased the land upon which Manheim
now stands, laid out the town, gave the
present name to it, built himself a hand-
some mansion, and in 1768 erected a
great glass factory on Stiegel and Char-
lotte streets, brought skilled workmen
from Europe, and produced, at this, the
only glass factory then in America, a very

cal instruments and instruction, remem-
bered, when rich friends forgot him, and
paid him to teach their children, and
those who had listened to his preaching
in the chapel at the Marston, came to
hear him now. In various ways he sought
to eke out a living until the end came in
1783, when he died at Charming Forge.
The church which he helped to found, liv-
ing and vigorous, pays to his memory its
loving debt and tribute of "one red rose."