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IN MEMORIAM.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

—Cooper.

FRANCIS C. WAID, the author of the *Souvenirs*, is no more. Suddenly, “in the twinkling of an eye,” while in his fifty-ninth year, he was called to his long home, and the busy hand that penned the thoughts of his active mind is forever at rest. He died as he had lived—energetic and industrious in all his undertakings—his characteristic activity continuing until his last breath.

When sixteen years of age he commenced to keep a record of the events of his life, in the form of a diary, and this he zealously carried on till almost the last moment of his life, the amount of his writing being remarkable for one who of necessity was at all times busy with many other things. His *Souvenirs* are simply gleanings from his records, and present but a mere modicum of the bulk of his literary labors.

In 1886 he began the publication of these “notes by the wayside,” under the title of “*Souvenir*,” in 1890 he issued his second *Souvenir*, and in 1892 his “*Third*” and “*Twin*” *Souvenirs*, each combining family history with the biography of his own life, essays, treatises and other kindred subjects, all replete with apt allusions and gems of the loftiest thought.

In perusing Mr. Waid’s book, the reader can not but be interested in his peculiar attention to detail; his incessant care to have truths recorded in intelligible simplicity; his modesty of expression, in every sentence disclosing his humanity and an unvarying consideration for his fellow creatures. He was not loth to court criticism, and never turned a deaf ear to the

counsels of friends. For rhetorical embellishment he cared little, and to any of the graces of what might be termed fine writing he made no pretensions; he thought more of the *matter* than of the *manner*, and yet his writings abound in the most salutary, practical lessons, applicable to men of every profession, and of every grade or condition of life. Of all the passions that agitate the human mind, there is, perhaps, no one more grateful in itself, or more useful to man, than sympathy; and in contemplating its benign influence, Mr. Waid perceived both the propriety and the excellency of the divine aphorism: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." His *Souvenirs*, which he published at a very considerable outlay, he distributed far and wide, "without money and without price."

Mr. Waid's death occurred about eight o'clock on the morning of February 20, 1892, while he was occupied in a kneeling position in preparing a package of his last *Souvenirs*, which he intended to convey to Meadville. He was confronted with the Grim Reaper at the old homestead of his father, Ira C. Waid, and in the very room in which his twin brother, Franklin P., had died nearly thirty-eight years before. No languishing or painful sickness prostrated him, but while he was yet busy in the beneficent work of his later life, Death summoned him without a moment's warning, and his soul fled from its earthly companion which now, in the beautiful Blooming Valley Cemetery, peacefully awaits the Resurrection Morn.

The memory of his dearly beloved wife, Eliza, the mother of his three sons, always remained with him, and materially influenced the bent of his later life, as is evidenced in his writings. She was dear to all, and especially so to him who with her shared equally the joys and sorrows of life for so many years. She was an extreme sufferer for a long time prior to her death, but fully believing God's precious promises, she endured her afflictions as "seeing Him who is invisible." When on July 4, 1888, she passed from things temporal to things eternal, on the most faithful and loving of

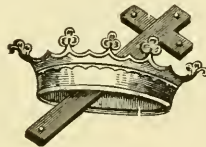
wives, the most devoted of mothers, a true Christian woman, kind-hearted, noble and amiable, fell the mantle of a blessed immortality.

The heart of Mr. Waid was highly sensitive to the religious impressions which were inculcated upon his mind from infancy by God-fearing parents, and in early life he became a follower of the lowly Nazarene. In later years he gave largely of his means for Christian and charitable purposes, and he will ever be remembered by those whom he aided in dark and desolate days. As a farmer he was successful, always closely adhering to the paths of industry and frugality. As a man he was quiet and unobtrusive, and few had more warm friends than he.

Francis C. Waid is not dead. The tenement of clay in which the real man lived has returned to dust, and his spirit has gone to its Giver, but his influence still remains. The good seed he sowed with so liberal a hand is yet developing, and has become a "harvest that grows the more with reaping." His Souvenirs remain, enduring monuments to his unceasing, unselfish, patient labors in the noble work of doing good.

Chicago, Ill., 1892.

G. A. B.





*H. L. Cushman from
Aunt Jessie
Waid,*

TWIN SOUVENIR

OF

FRANCIS C. WAID,

COMPRISING HIS

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD

p. 1-151

SOUVENIRS.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY

OF HIS

TWIN BROTHER

FRANKLIN P. WAID.

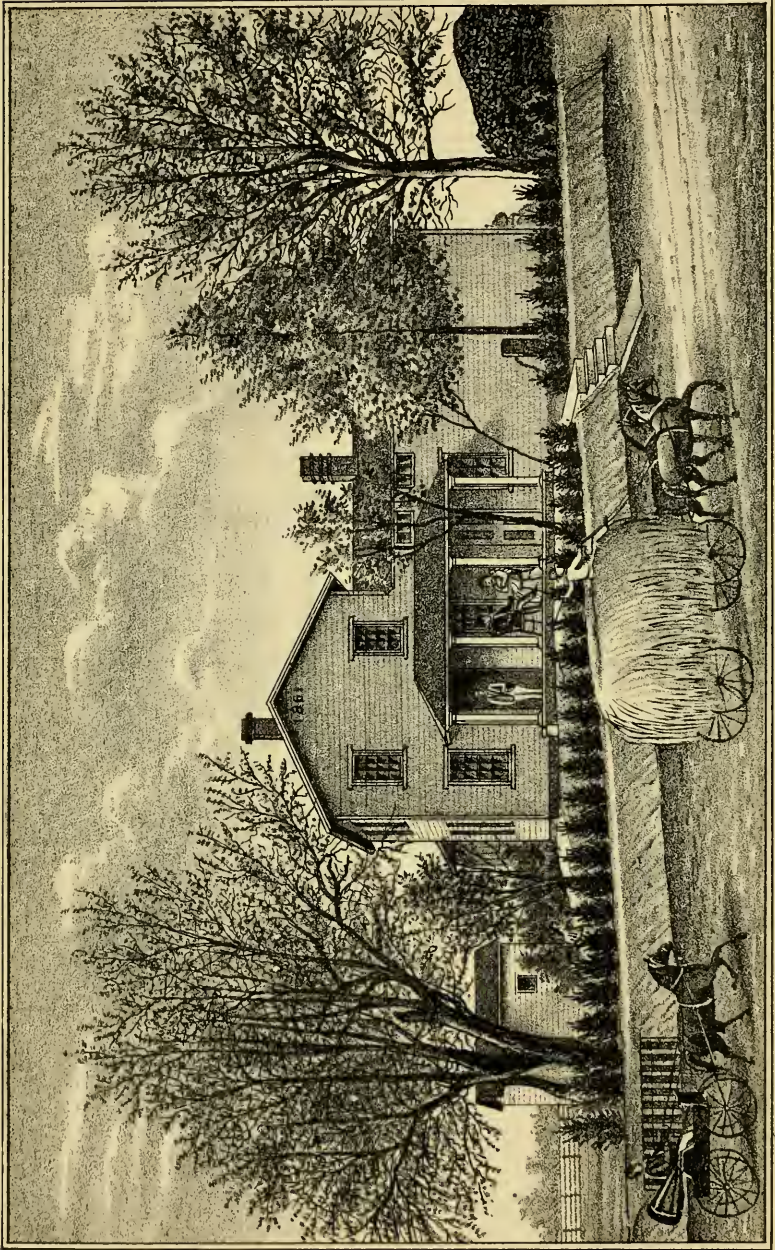
CHICAGO, ILL.:

J. H. BEERS & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1892.

*“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed
be the name of the Lord.”*

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RESIDENCE OF F. C. WAID (BUILT 1861), APRIL 15, 1886.

HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF
FRANCIS C. WAID,
WITH
FAMILY BIOGRAPHIES.

ALSO

Essay on Farm Economy, Treatise on Money Lending,
and Address to the Youth,

AND

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHAS. R. SLOCUM.

ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO, ILL.:
WARNER, BEERS & CO., PUBLISHERS.
1886.

*“Let your light so shine before men that they
may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in
Heaven.”*

PREFACE.

In presenting this volume "without money and without price" to his kinsmen and friends, especially the *youth*, Mr. Francis C. Waid does so with an expression of his untold kindness toward the receiver of the book, and with a desire that the compliment be accepted in the same spirit which he intends shall accompany it—a spirit of philanthropy, goodwill, sympathy and fraternity.

In this simple act, that of a farmer in the common walks of life, Mr. Waid entertains but one solicitude—a desire to DO GOOD, particularly to the "youth of our land." His parents' uniform kindness and the teachings of the Bible have made it a pleasure for him to seek, in this way, to benefit his fellow being as far as lies within his reach. He takes pleasure in earning a dollar, but more in honoring the Lord with it, in *doing good*.

This volume contains some excellent steel-plate family portraits; in addition to which Mr. Waid has had taken, at considerable expense, views of (1) the farm home of Ira C. Waid (built in 1845), present residence of Guinnip P. Waid (this view shows Mr. Waid's parents sitting on the porch, with Guinnip P. and Anna M. Waid represented, figuratively, on the portico); (2) the old home, on the Goodrich farm, where Franklin I. Waid now lives (showing him and his wife and two little daughters on the stoop, and the old sweep draw-well in the foreground, as it used to be, where thousands, men and beasts, have slaked their thirst); and (3) Mr. Waid's own residence, built in 1861 (here Fred F. is represented standing in the parlor doorway, with Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Waid sitting on the portico, while little Ida is gathering pears that have fallen from one of the pear trees, special mention of which is made in Mr. Waid's biography).

These views were photographed April 15, 1886, but the artist has with his pencil transformed the scene of Mr. Waid's own residence and the farm home of Ira C. Waid from early spring to early fall. A lithographed copy of each view will be found in this book.

Mr. Waid has also had views taken of the Waid lot in Blooming Valley Cemetery, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "Pilgrims' Home," State Road, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, Blooming Valley, all of which appear in this volume.

Pecuniary considerations have in no way warped or circumscribed such commendable generosity on Mr. Waid's part. Indeed he has already substantially exhibited his innate liberality in a similar manner, as witness his patronage to the History of Crawford County, published about a year ago. In that work he caused to be inserted portraits of his father, mother, himself and wife; his brothers, Robert L. and George N.; his sons, Franklin L. and wife, Guinnip P. and wife, and Fred F., as well as that of his brother-in-law, George W. Cutshall; and it is due to the memory, love and respect Mr. Waid bears toward his parents and kindred that such remembrances of them are placed on record in the History of Crawford County, and in this volume.

As an evidence of Mr. Waid's abundant generosity in all these acts of disinterestedness, we are permitted to here state that the outlay for his work ordered for the History of Crawford County, together with the cost of publishing this book, is two thousand dollars. Six hundred copies of this edition have been printed, three hundred being bound in cloth for immediate distribution.

As a man faithful to a fault (as we ourselves have found him) in the performance of his business transactions, Francis C. Waid not only knows how to meet his obligations, with a copious and prompt hand, but also, in the collection of his dues, teaches other golden rules, the observance of which has made him so remarkably successful. In this he took a leaf out of the book of William Penn, remembering the friendly and

successful way in which that philanthropist gained the goodwill of the Indians.

Mr. Waid never sought office in all the fifty-three years he has lived, and he does not yet feel sorry, nor does he complain thereat, for, as he says, we are all creatures of choice; so, when in his youth he sought an occupation for life, he preferred to be a farmer to being an office holder, and he has been happy and contented with his choice ever since.

The aid of the law, whereby to obtain his rights, Mr. Waid never called in; and with this consciousness and the general results he is satisfied. True, he admits he has sometimes suffered loss through not availing himself of the power of the law in self defense, but he finds it hard to commence a system or method for which he has a natural antipathy. Like Francis Murphy, the Temperance Champion, he has a large amount of charity for others, never forgetting, in all his acts, that Penn founded, for perpetuity, his colony, not by using coercion or violence, but by adopting the principles of truth, justice and brotherly love.

While it is true Mr. Waid's life has in a measure been made better by the noble example of others, yet he wishes to say that from his youth he has endeavored, to the best of his ability, to follow the teachings of Him who taught as man never taught—"Looking beyond the watchmen the shadow of things to come." The perfect man who explains the law of Liberty; the only Pattern whom we should all try to imitate.

Of one thing Mr. Waid is satisfied, and it is this: that the course he has at all times pursued has brought him no enemies, but has rather strengthened and enlarged his circle of friends. One of his many mottoes is: "PROSPERITY MAKES FRIENDS, ADVERSITY TRIES THEM." He claims he had friends before he found prosperity, and these friends he has endeavored to keep, by having always in view the saying of the wise man: "*He who would have friends must show himself friendly.*"

"Human models are good," says Mr. Waid, "but the Divine model is better. I am glad we have both. I have sought in life to make peace and keep it, the result of which,

to me, has been so grand. I want everybody to know it. 'In the making of many books there is no end.' It has been truthfully said that *I love a book, a newspaper and a friend*; and why should I not cast in the 'widow's mite' toward book-making, and so practically manifest what I appreciate, by trying to make that which I love—a book—for the good of others, as I have found a book useful to me?"

And Mr. Waid hopes that the reader, before donning the garb of a censor will reflect that the contents of this little volume are for the most part the presentment of the thoughts of one more accustomed to the plow than the pen; and to remember that it is much easier to be critical than to be correct. Yet, in the words of Congreve:

"There are some critics so with spleen diseased,
They scarce can come inclining to be pleased."

In bidding farewell for a season, we can not conclude without adding that in all our business relations we have found but one Francis C. Waid, whose light we are confident will ever shine for the guidance of those who may read his writings, and whose history and essays contained in this little volume, now launched for weal or for woe, will be accepted as an earnest that

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Francis O. Waid



Eliza C. Waid



FRANCIS C. WAID.

AS a living example of what patient purpose, resolute working, earnest piety, generous impulses, noble-mindedness, steadfast integrity and a life of rectitude can accomplish, the gentleman whose name heads this biography stands prominent among the worthy citizens of his native county. The life of Francis C. Waid bears testimony, in language not to be misunderstood, to what it is possible for man, with willing heart and hands, to accomplish; how, from the bottom rung of the ladder, upward, to work out for himself an honorable competency, a solid reputation and a good name. And not by these attributes alone has his name become familiar as household words; for his many charities to the poor and needy, his liberal donations to the church and all deserving objects, his well-known warmth of hospitality and unstinting bounteousness in compensations and deserving rewards (for his measure is ever full, even to redundancy) have endeared him to the hearts of his kinsmen and friends, and have placed his name among the foremost in the land as an exemplar worthy of imitation.

Mr. Waid was born in Woodcock Township, Crawford Co., Penn., April 23, 1833. Pember Waid, his grandfather, was born January 21, 1774, in Lyme, Litchfield Co., Conn., and was there married to Anna Lord, daughter of Samuel Lord, born May 22, 1776, and died February 2,

1844. Pember Waid died February 15, 1852. They are both interred in the Blooming Valley Cemetery, Woodcock Township, Crawford County. They were the parents of the following children; Erastus S., born May 24, 1800, married Elvira Simmons (have two sons: Lisander, now living on a farm near Jamestown, N. Y., and Walter, residing near Centerville, Crawford County); Ira C., born August 15, 1801, died January 27, 1871; Mary A., born February 26, 1803 (she was visited by Mr. Waid on New Year's day, 1885, and found "quite well," her daughter Clarissa living with her; she resides in Jamestown, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.; she married Philander Simmons, a farmer by occupation, raised a family of ten children—six boys and four girls—all of whom are now living, except Ira, who served his country three years, died October 11, 1867, of illness contracted in the army; Philander Simmons moved to Jamestown in 1855, and there died December 13, 1882; Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Waid attended the funeral, the snow lying three and a half feet deep on the ground, and still falling); Martha L., born May 18, 1804, died June 22, 1833 (she married Lathrop Allen, whose eldest son, Henry O., painted, March 25, 1862, the portraits of Francis C. Waid, his wife and his parents); Eliza C., born January 11, 1806, married G. Phillips (she is a widow and lives on a farm near Townville, this county, with Pember Phillips, her youngest son; her husband died May 4, 1853, and is interred at Townville); Samuel L., born June 11, 1808, removed to Michigan after middle life, and there died about 1862; George W., born January 21, 1810, died December 4, 1861; Phœbe W., born September 24, 1811, married Cyrus Goodwill, who died May 16, 1855, aged forty-five years, one month, eleven days, and is interred in Blooming Valley (she is living at present with her youngest son,

Albert Goodwill, in Warren County, Penn.: Mr. Waid had the pleasure, in company with his two eldest sons, of calling on his Aunt Phoebe, the end of November, 1884, and found her well and sitting in a rocking chair that is over one hundred years old, once owned by her uncle, Samuel Lord); Clarissa U., born January 26, 1813, died June 16, 1853 (she married George Roudebush; they lived and died in Blooming Valley; George Roudebush died November 15, 1865, aged fifty-two years, eleven months, nineteen days; he was postmaster a long time; he was a manufacturer of window sash; Ralph Roudebush, their eldest son, now lives where they did); Henry A., born January 25, 1816, removed to the West in early life, served his country in the war of the Rebellion, and died in Illinois about 1863; Andrew G., a carpenter and joiner by trade, having worked several years with George Roudebush, Blooming Valley, born May 11, 1818 (living in Dexter, Mich.), and Horace F., born July 12, 1820, lives in Blooming Valley, this county (he served his country during the late war of the Rebellion).

Pember Waid was a ship-carpenter, a vocation he followed chiefly until he came to this county, where, after constructing canal-boats here for a short period, he withdrew from active life. After the death of his wife he continued to live on the farm, renting it, and generally making his home with the occupant until the close of his life. Francis C. Waid has heard Pember Waid say he saw the British troops when they burned the American shipping at Pettibaug (now Essex), Conn. Ira C., the second son in this family and father of Francis C., was born in Litchfield County, Conn., and came with Jared Shattuck, driving a four-horse team from Connecticut to Meadville, in the fall of 1816. They were six weeks on the road. The family came in the spring of

1817. He worked three years and six months for Mr. Shattuck after coming to Meadville. In the summer of 1817 he helped to haul brick to build Allegheny College. He and Jeremiah Smith, during the winter of 1825-26, helped to stock Mr. Canaday's mills, situated on Conewango Creek, nine miles below Jamestown, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., and Francis C. has heard his father say that Jeremiah Smith and he put forty logs into the Conewango in one day, the trees being taken right from the stump.

June 12, 1825, Ira C. Waid married Elizabeth P. Morehead, of Farmington, Hartford Co., Conn., daughter of Robert and Sarah (Clark) Morehead, who were parents of eight children, viz.: Temperance, born December 20, 1796, died March 11, 1869, at the residence of R. L. Waid, Mead Township, Crawford County, and is interred in Blooming Valley Cemetery (she married James A. Ferguson, who was born December 25, 1795, died April 22, 1858, and by him had the following named children: Robert A., born May 28, 1827; Thomas M., born November 23, 1829, died November 13, 1865, and is interred in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville; Sarah E., born May 26, 1837, died April 24, 1859, also interred in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville; Robert A. Ferguson still lives on the small farm of two acres, part of the farm bought by his grandfather, Robert Morehead, on which his parents lived and on which Robert A. makes an excellent living; he is a carpenter and joiner, having learned his trade of his uncle, Joseph Finney, with whom he worked for several years, but he has since followed farming); Lydia, born November 1, 1798, died December 24, 1798; John, born December 24, 1799, died February 15, 1883, and is interred at Townville, Penn.; Robert, born March 12, 1802, now resides on the old homestead in Vernon Township, this county, four miles west of Mead-

ville on the State road, enjoying good health in his eighty-fifth year; Thomas, born February 11, 1808, died September 23, 1829; William C., born March 6, 1810, died April 29, 1857 (he owned a farm half a mile south of Blooming Valley; raised a family of eight children (three boys and five girls), all of whom are now living; his widow is now residing with her youngest son, Charles, near Steuben Corners, Crawford Co., Penn.; in his lifetime he did more days' work on the farm of Ira C. Waid than any person outside of the members of the family, and many hours in youth and manhood did he labor on the farm with Francis C. Waid, with whom dear recollections of those days are ever present); Elizabeth P. (mother of Francis C.), born August 26, 1804, died January 7, 1882, and Sarah, born August 7, 1813, died December 10, 1870, and is buried in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville, where she had erected a beautiful little monument bearing this inscription: "To my husband, Joseph Finney, born November 18, 1811, died December 6, 1853." (He was the second interred in Greendale Cemetery.)

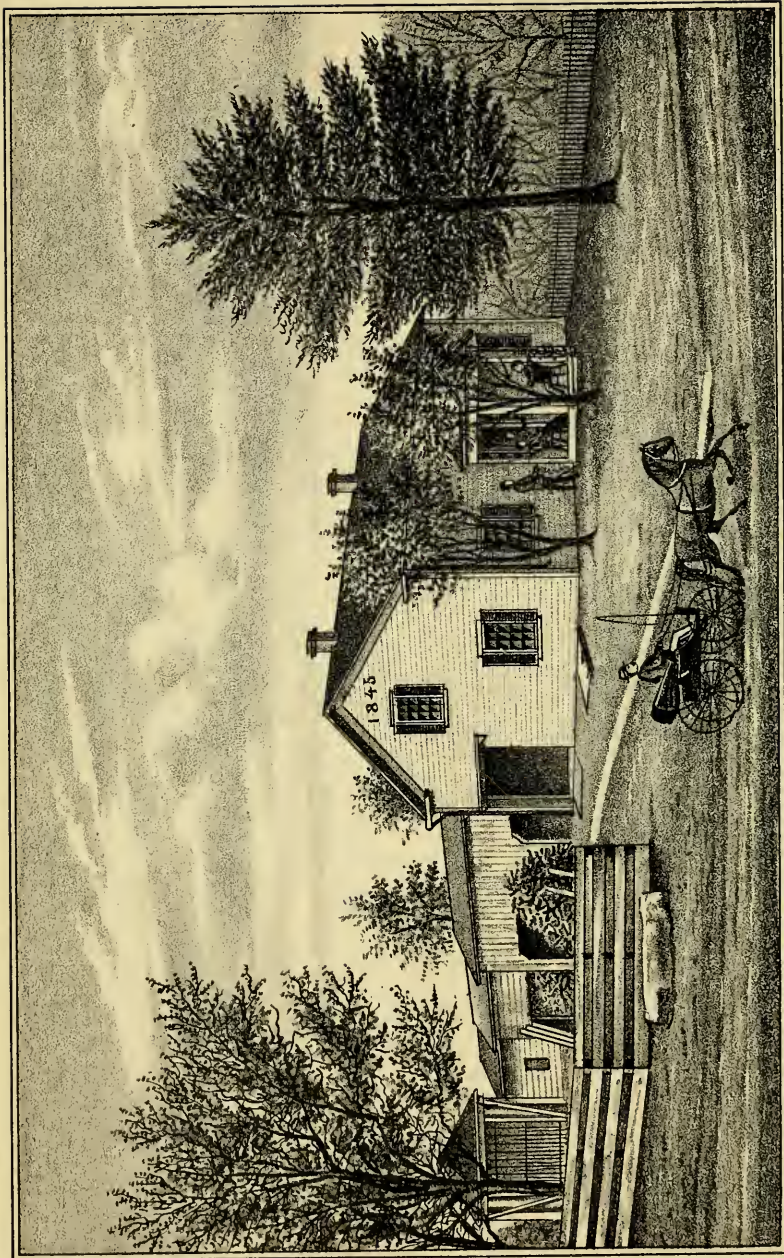
Robert Morehead was a native of Ireland, born December 25, 1767, died November 12, 1851, and is interred at Meadville by the side of his wife in the old graveyard; he was twice married; he came to America in 1787 and worked at his trade, that of a weaver, for several years in Philadelphia, New York and Newburg, N. Y. He afterward went to Farmington, Conn., and there married Sarah Clark, born March 12, 1771, died July 23, 1825. The record of the Clark family dates her lineage back to the landing of the "Mayflower."

To Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Waid were born four children: Robert L. (deceased), George N., Franklin P. (deceased) and Francis C. Robert L. Waid was born May 1, 1826,

died June 17, 1880; married Almeda A. Wheeler, born January 5, 1836, and by her had the following named children: Orlando, born August 27, 1853; Nick P., born June 11, 1856, and Ira C., born July 31, 1860, died December 24, 1860.

The parents of Francis C., his deceased brothers, as well as his grandparents, Pember and Anna (Lord) Waid, and other relatives not here mentioned, are interred in the Blooming Valley Cemetery, and August 13, 1884, Mr. Waid, assisted by Sherman & Root, of Cambridgeboro, Crawford County, and Moses Masiker and son, as well as his own sons, Guinnip P. and Fred F., erected to their memory a plain Quincy gray granite monument brought from Massachusetts. It is known as the "Waid Monument." On the west side of it are the names of Mr. Waid's grandparents, and his father and mother, all born in Connecticut; on the south side is his father's family record; on the north side his own family record, and on the east side the following inscription: "In memory of my father, mother and kindred, this monument is erected by F. C. Waid." The height of the monument is nine feet, and it cost \$400. At the graves of Anna and Pember Waid, also that of Mr. Waid's twin brother, Ira C. Waid had suitable tombstones erected, and after his death his widow had one placed at his grave, all of which are extant. R. L. Waid's resting place is near these, and is marked by a monument which was erected at a cost of \$175.

Franklin P., twin brother of Francis C., died May 28, 1854, aged twenty-one years, one month and five days, cut off in the very bloom of youth, torn from the companionship of his brother who had accompanied him into the world, and who was his every-day associate through childhood, boyhood and youth. Before his death he re-



FARM HOME OF IRA C. WAID BUILT IN 1845. PRESENT RES. OF GUINNIP P. WAID. APRIL 15, 1886.

quested the following verse to be inscribed on his tombstone, where it appears:

“Behold, young man, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must you be;
So prepare for Death and follow me.”

This tombstone cost only \$25, but at that time it was regarded as quite an expensive one, and, it may be safely said, was one of the best (if not the best) in the cemetery. Many people thought it strange, and so expressed themselves, that Ira C. Waid should erect so costly a tombstone. They said among themselves: “No one in this community has done the like.” But the good people did not consider that, whilst Mr. I. C. Waid was a very plain man, as regarded his own person, not only in dress (as disclosed in his portrait), but also in manner and mode of doing business, for others and to the memory of others he was gracious, not seeking to out-do his neighbor, and never exceeding his means.

It was characteristic of Ira C. Waid to do well whatever he undertook, and to succeed remarkably well in accomplishing his object. Yet he was no extremist, more such a man as David speaks of, when he says: *I have not exercised myself in matters too high for me.* He always seemed to keep within his means, although they were limited, like those of other farmers in his day; indeed F. C. Waid says “I do not remember of my father ever becoming so encumbered in business affairs as not to be able to control them.” He was not a very venturesome man, nor inclined to speculation, but possessed more caution than most ordinary men in his business relations. It is said, “The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.” The cautious man may not accept when this opportunity

comes, and the venturesome man may have made his choice too soon.

“While I may be wanting,” says F. C. Waid, “in many of the good qualities of my parents, it is a consolation for me to know I am credited with inheriting this trait of my father, who was a very industrious man. ‘*To earn a dollar before I use it,*’ was his motto. Not only the farm but the buildings speak of how well he did things in his day. Not only this community, but the world at large is the better for such men having lived in it, to set such an example for us who wish to follow the good and right way.

“When I look at my father’s past history,” continues Mr. Waid, “to seek some good quality or rule of action by which I wish to be benefited, I can find it. I think of the many long years my parents toiled and labored to make a comfortable home for their family, and how well we enjoyed the blessings of a Christian home. I repeat the words of David—*Blessed is the memory of the just.* While they have gone to their reward we are left to fill our mission in life: and we gather much from the lives of the good who have gone before us. My father treated his children all alike, there was no partiality shown, he being most particular to do just as much for one child as for another. Indeed I used to think he was too particular, but I don’t now; I think more of his memory because he did so. Equality and justice were among the things he properly considered and weighed well before acting. His children were not only brought up in this way until they arrived at twenty-one, but the same rule was observed to the close of his life. His gifts to his children were alike or equal in value every time.”

Ira C. Waid was kind-hearted and generous, not only among his kindred but every one, and especially the

poor. *He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again* (Prov. xix: 17). He was kind to the poor in sickness and in the darkest hours of life, and his willing heart and hand have often helped to supply their wants.

Life is but a fleeting show, and submit we must, with becoming reverence, to the bereavements that teach us, as a lesson, how transitory we are, and how soon we must decay. At the demise of that noble-hearted young man, Franklin P. Waid, a singular instance of the fulfillment, to the hour and minute, of a presentiment or prevision occurred. He was prostrated with typhoid fever which confined him to the house and his bed seven weeks to a day, and the day before he died he said, addressing the members of the family, as they all stood near his bedside: "This is the last day I will be with you;" and then, intimating that they might not believe it, added: "It is so; I will die to-morrow at noon." Next morning, early, he called his father to his bedside and said: "Father, this is the last day I will be with you; I will die at 12 o'clock to-day." And this he repeated hour after hour till his spirit fled to the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," precisely as the old family clock struck the hour of twelve. The loss of his brother has been to Mr. Waid one that no lapse of time can ever restore, and the memory of him, and the many happy days spent in each other's companionship, no prosperity, no adversity can ever efface.

"In my youth," writes Mr. Waid, "at the age of about sixteen, I began writing down the little transactions and common events of my life, together with such notable things as claimed my attention in our community. At the age of seventeen I was so interested in my undertaking, and so undesirous to lose what I had written, that I

bought quite a large book, 8x10, containing about 400 pages. In this book, in the year 1851, I began writing, keeping a kind of journal, personal and otherwise. I thought it a hard task at first, and it was only with reluctance that I could persuade myself to continue, but I thought of the old saying, 'No real excellence without labor.' I pursued it, and, instead of disliking, I loved it.

It proved a source of pleasure to me then, and has been a great satisfaction as well as profit ever since. On Saturday, April 22, 1854, the day before my marriage, I found I had written the book through, except the last page, and had only perhaps improved the spare moments that would have otherwise been lost. I want others to profit from a wise improvement of their time. It is the little things after all that make a useful life. I bought Noah Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, March 30, 1852, and I find written, in connection with my name, my motto of life as expressed then and there. It is: 'BE INDUSTRIOUS AND ACTIVE IN LIFE—BETTER WEAR OUT THAN RUST.' He who said, *To him who walketh uprightly I will withhold no good thing*, means or implies action, and that, too, in the right direction. How important it is for the young man setting out in life to take the right path. Solomon says: *In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path.* David said: *Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He will bring it to pass.* So there is something in holding communion with the Lord. Some may wonder at so many thoughts like these, but that which I love best I expect to love longest, and I want others to seek the Truth which will make us free and good. David's discrimination between the godly and the ungodly, so beautifully and simply established in the first Psalm, has had much to do with my choosing and keeping the way of the righteous."

Mr. Waid often meditates with sincere gratitude on the blessings imparted to him in his childhood by the example and teachings of his Christian, God-fearing parents. To them he feels indebted for the maxims inculcated on him, that in after life led him to seize the precious moment when it was so ordained he should, to use his own words, "choose a way of his own." At the age of seventeen Mr. Waid, ever bearing in mind the injunction of his parents to love and fear the Lord, came to appreciate that the most important thing in life was not only obedience to his father and mother, but also a recognition of the Scriptural advice as given by St. Matthew: *But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.* Mr. Waid sought this at the State Road Church on the evening of the 10th of January, 1851, during a revival meeting conducted by the Rev. S. K. Paden, and other ministers. It was a notable time, long to be remembered in this community, where many sought the Lord and found peace and pardon: young and old here bowed before the Lord, seeking salvation. It was here Pember Waid learned the way of life, and continued therein faithfully serving his Master until He bade him come up higher. This meeting continued several weeks, and some to-day, who embraced it then, are teaching the Gospel; and Mr. Waid desires to impress on every one, particularly the youth of our land, that he finds this same seeking after righteousness helps him wonderfully to solve the problem of life: and he confidently affirms that he owes all his success to a proper regard for the Apostle's injunction and his parents' lessons in OBEDIENCE. INDUSTRY and ECONOMY.

In his seventeenth year, when his twin brother and he chose the good way, their parents presented each of them

with a Bible. George N. Waid has Franklin's Bible, and Francis C. still possesses his own, but has found it necessary, after twenty-two years of wear and tear, to have it rebound, and, of all books, he contends, that one is still his choice. "The truth set forth there," says he, "is grander than any scene in nature. How I love to contemplate it. I have had the pleasure of looking on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson River, and several times in my life of surveying the grandeur of Niagara Falls, with other scenes and wonders in nature, and it was only when I viewed them in the light of inspiration that I received the greatest amount of pleasure. I would 'look through nature up to nature's God.'"

The early days of Mr. Waid were spent in assisting his father about the farm, and attending the common schools. He and his twin brother went a little over a mile and a half to school, which exercise Mr. Waid opines had something to do with his being such an excellent walker in after life; he is, to-day, still credited with being a good pedestrian, and recognized as one of note, often preferring "footing it" to riding. (He has two school-cards, one given to his twin brother, the other to himself, both bearing this date: "June 18, 1838; Lucinda Glenn, teacher.") From this he went direct to Allegheny College for two terms (the fall of 1851 and the spring of 1852). C. R. Slocum and he roomed at the house of Mr. George Lord's father's cousin, who still lives on the State Road town hill, at the watering-place, and, when they attended the college in the fall of 1851, they boarded themselves. The kindness shown to them there has never been forgotten, neither has the chain of friendship, formed between these two old schoolmates in childhood, youth and manhood, ever been broken. C. R. Slocum now (1886) resides at Mosiertown, Crawford County, with his wife and

daughter, Maud; in company with Mr. and Mrs. A. Whipple; they visited Mr. Waid and family August 21, 1855. In the spring of 1852 Mr. Waid boarded with his uncle, Joseph Finney; "one of the best uncles he ever had." (His wife was Mr. Waid's mother's youngest sister.)

Mr. Finney was a carpenter and joiner, one of Meadville's most expert workmen. He gave employment to several men, and erected many buildings in his day, both in town and country. In 1845 he built Ira C. Waid's house, where F. C. Waid's son, Guinnip P., now lives. When Francis C. Waid and his twin brother, Franklin P., were boys, Mr. Finney, while he was building the house spoken of, made each of them a hand-sled of common ash flooring, and one of these sleds remained in existence till worn out, not very long ago, by Mr. Waid's youngest son, Fred F. There were six children in Joseph Finney's family, only one of whom is now living—Joseph R., a dentist in Pittsburgh, Penn. The eldest son, David Finney, who learned his father's trade, built, in 1861, the house Francis C. Waid now lives in; also, in 1869, George N. Waid's house.

At that time (the fall of 1851 and spring of 1852) there was no academy at Meadville or Sægertown, but being acquainted with S. S. Sears*, who graduated in 1852 from Allegheny College, Mr. Waid was induced by him to accompany him to Waterford, Erie County, where he (Mr. Sears) had received an appointment as teacher; and so Mr. Waid became one of his pupils during the fall term of 1852, in company with C. R. Slocum and E. T. Wheeler, boarding with Matthew Smith, a farmer. In the fall of 1853 Mr. Waid attended, one term, the academy at Meadville, taught by Samuel P. Bates and Thomas Thiekstun, C. R. Slocum and he boarding, during that term, with Mr. Henderson. These four terms comprised

*Mr. Sears was the first Superintendent of Crawford County schools, and one of the teachers Mr. Waid loved best.

his entire education, outside of what he obtained in the common schools.

Mr. Waid relates with characteristic pride how that the first dollar he ever earned was got by picking strawberries along with his twin brother, and selling them at 5 cents per quart, with the proceeds of which they had the privilege of buying their own clothes, and still had some "spending money left." At the age of fifteen he made his first trip from home, assisting Charles Hodge and Bowers in driving cattle from Crawford County to Heard's Corners, four miles from Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., and on his return he had his first ride on a railway train, from Albany to Schenectady (sixteen miles). Mr. Waid has, since then, ridden many thousands of miles, but no journey has ever given him so much pleasure as that short trip on the cars. He also sailed on the lake steamer "Bunker Hill," from Buffalo to Erie (the lake was rough, but he did not get seasick, though glad when they came into port), footing it, thence, home, thinking as he plodded on his way, he had seen part of the world in earnest.

The day Mr. Waid informed his parents that he was about to get married, his mother said to him, "Well! if you do so, my son, you will have to work for a living." Shakespeare says there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything;" and the following homily from the pen of Mr. Waid himself, in reference to his love for labor, will testify that he fully endorses the aphorism "there is good in everything." "If I have to say it for myself," says Mr. Waid, "(and there is truth enough in it to bear me out), over thirty years of my life have been spent in the solution of that problem, and I am not yet tired, for—**I LOVE LABOR.** I know it is a saying few utter, but I am one of those few, and to-day I thank my mother for

so much advice given in so few words. That knitting represented in her portrait means something. I am truly glad the days and years of my life have passed so joyously on the farm. It is written in the good Book: *The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.* (Prov. x: 22.) How true it is!"

Mr. Waid was married on his twenty-first birthday, April 23, 1854, which, falling on a Sunday, he claims caused no interruption to daily labor. The partner of his choice, Miss Eliza C. Masiker, is a daughter of Jacob and Clarissa (Wood) Masiker, early settlers of Randolph Township, Crawford County, and who came from Hinsdale, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

Jacob Masiker was born July 4, 1799; died January 30, 1860, and is interred in Blooming Valley Cemetery. He was twice married: on first occasion, October 30, 1825, to Hannah Loncor, and by her he had one son—Asa—born February 8, 1824, died February 2, 1863, at Spring Creek, Warren Co., Penn., where he resided. Mr. Masiker's second wife was Clarissa Wood, born August 12, 1798, died April 24, 1865, in Cattaraugus County, N. Y., the place of her nativity, and the children by this union were Willis, born November 17, 1827, now residing at Lansing, Iowa; Matilda J., born September 12, 1829; Eliza C., born April 13, 1832; Avery W., born April 15, 1834; Moses, born April 18, 1836 (he was a soldier in the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, was in several battles, and was wounded in the right elbow, whereby he has almost lost the use of that arm ever since; he owns sixty acres of the old homestead in Randolph Township, Crawford County, and there resides); James H., born June 23, 1838 (was a soldier in the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and was fatally wounded at the battle of *Game's Mills* June 27, 1862.

dying the following morning); and George K., born February 7, 1841 (being in Iowa during the war of the Rebellion, he enlisted in a regiment there, and died in hospital at Little Rock, Ark.).

Jacob Masiker had but two daughters, and Mr. Waid says he has often thought, and has had time enough since his marriage (now thirty-two years), to think how fortunate he and Mr. Cutshall were in finding them when they did. These words of Solomon proved literally true: *Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.* (Prov. xviii: 22.) They had found "*a good thing*," even if the girls failed somewhat in their expectations.

In Mr. Waid's youth, being so much in the company of his twin brother, it became a common expression with him to say "Frank and I," but it has almost become as frequent for him to express himself thus: "George and I," referring to George W. Cutshall, they having spent so much of their time together in labor on each of their farms and elsewhere, as well as in visiting at home. They have traveled thousands of miles in each other's company and, as Mr. Cutshall says, "have crossed many a wooden bridge and some iron bridges, together, safely." In the Bible it is written by the wisest man: *Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.*

G. W. Cutshall was Mr. Waid's father's friend, and he was also a true friend of Mr. Waid in their youth, before either was married, and the relationship which they have sustained toward each other since is one in which true friendship has existed and is now fully realized and appreciated by both parties.

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis C. Waid have been born three children, viz.: Franklin I. (born January 5, 1855, married March 15, 1877, to Maggie E. Moore, born May

14. 1859, and their children were as follows: Ida May, born December 25, 1878, in Mead Township, Crawford Co., Penn., died October 13, 1881; Ina Bell, born January 28, 1882, in Woodcock Township, Crawford Co., Penn.; Elma Irena, born June 14, 1884, also in Woodcock Township); Guinnip P. (born September 22, 1859, married March 31, 1883, to Anna M. Slocum, who was born November 6, 1862, in Indiana County, Penn.); and Fred F. (born March 6, 1868). Boys seem to predominate in the Waid family, for the children of Ira C. Waid and those of R. L. Waid were all boys, and Francis C. has made no change to the seeming rule, but, as the family record shows, George N. has outstripped his parents and both of his brothers in raising a family. Franklin L., after marriage, lived with his father-in-law, having charge of the farm, which he worked for about three years; then in 1880-81 he worked on C. A. Buell's farm. In 1882 he took charge of part of his father's farm. In 1883 he went to Knoxville, east Tennessee, where he found a place as superintendent of Col. William H. Easley's farm of over 1,600 acres at Muddy Creek Station, Loudon County, on the east Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad. Here he remained about one year. In October of 1883 his parents visited him, and they then had the happiness of seeing, as the Colonel remarked, "the sunny South, even Knoxville, the garden of the world."

Mr. Waid supplies the following short and suggestive account of something he saw on Col. Easley's farm: "One morning the Colonel called for me at the residence of my son, Franklin, and took me a horseback ride over his farm. After looking over a portion of his large farm we came to his cornfield of 100 acres, and as we rode into the corn, which was planted about four feet apart each way, the height of the stalks and ears surprised me. I

I had seen corn in the West, but this was east Tennessee. Though sitting on a large horse I had to reach up as far as possible to touch the ears of corn, which beat anything in this line I had ever seen. My son had cut one of the tall stalks of corn and laid by to show us when we came how tall corn grew in Tennessee. The stalk measured sixteen feet four inches, and had two ears; one ear I have now, which I brought home. In company with George N. Waid and G. W. Cutshall, I again went to east Tennessee, December 14, 1883, with the intention of buying a certain farm for my son, but did not purchase, not being suited. The farm was near Greeneville, Greene Co., east Tennessee, known as the College Farm, owned by Mr. Williams. We visited, near Greeneville, the family burial place of ex-President Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States. His three sons are interred here."

In 1884 Franklin I. was in the employment of George Bush, of Warren County, Penn. After eight years spent in farm life in different localities, including one year on Col. Easiley's farm in Tennessee, he has settled down to the life of an agriculturist on the farm his father bought of A. S. Goodrich, in January, 1885, moving on it April 1, that year, and is now doing what his father has long tried to bring about. The satisfaction of the latter can be better imagined than described.

"Life is a battle." Then who would not rejoice with Mr. and Mrs. Waid, in their having their children situated in so good a county as Crawford, and so near the old home? Guinnip P. is living on the old homestead, where his paternal grandparents lived, and is doing what his father was wont to do before him—working 100 acres of the farm on shares. He began work on the farm immediately after marriage.

Fred F. is a rising young man whose commendable disposition endears him to all who know him, and, like his father, loves his book, and does his part manfully on the farm. During the summer of 1884 Fred wanted a little piece of ground on which to plant potatoes and beans and to till for himself, and his interest in the crops being half, he said, as they were not very good, he would take \$5. His father paid the money and thought nothing more of it. But in a few days Mr. Waid went to the bank, and Mr. Dick, the banker, asked him if he had a boy by the name of Fred. Mr. Waid said "Yes." "Well," returned Mr. Dick, "he has left \$10 here and taken a certificate." This was a surprise to Mr. Waid, and he began to think his son had commenced younger than he did himself in that line of business. The other \$5 Fred had earned little by little.

Fred F. attended school during the fall of 1885 in Blooming Valley, and during the summer, besides helping to do the farm work at home, he assisted his father in putting in some crops on the Goodrich farm, of which he gets a share. But as farm life has its labor, so it has its rest, and should have its pleasure, and Mr. Waid and Fred sought the latter in this way, July 15, 1885, the day Prospect Park, Niagara Falls, was opened free to the world. They visited the grand scene with its imposing ceremonies. Then, August 13, following, they took a trip to Cleveland, Ohio, and from there to Put-in Bay, stopping at Kelley's Island, visiting Perry's Cave, the Vineyards and some other points of interest, and, truly, they enjoyed their trip remarkably well. It was at Kelley's Island that the following incident occurred, an account of which is here given in Mr. Waid's own words: "I had been enjoying my visit to the island so well that I came near missing the boat, for she was just moving off from the

wharf as I was running to catch her. A gentleman (whose name I did not learn), who was standing on the deck and observed me approaching, interceded with the captain to wait a few minutes for me, which the latter acceded to, so I got aboard all right, and I have ever afterward been thankful to the captain and that unknown gentleman."

On Monday morning following his wedding, Mr. Waid at once commenced an engagement on the farm with his father, at \$15 per month, working eight months in the year, for about four years, and teaching school the remaining four months.

Mr. Waid then began farming on his own account, renting part of the farm at first, and later working it on shares. He taught, in all, eight district schools, and thereby became well acquainted with many children who grew to manhood and womanhood, and many also who have long since passed away. All these schools were in Crawford County, and the first school he ever taught was the first school established in Blooming Valley, then (1851-52) part of Woodcock Township. This school-house stands east of the Advent Church, and is now used as a dwelling-house, while the present school building, large and beautiful in appearance, is located on a rise of ground more central, a little south of Main Street or State road.

In 1858 Mr. Waid's father, knowing his son's desire to become the possessor of a little home, sold him fifty acres of land once owned by Pember Waid, and where Francis C. now lives, for \$1,300, and this land was paid for in the following manner: Ira C. Waid gave George N. Waid, who was then living in Lee County, Iowa, the sum of \$500 to help him buy a piece of land, and also sold R. L. Waid thirteen and a half acres known as the Goodwill

Lot—crediting F. C. Waid with \$500 on his purchase, which gave him a good start with what he had earned and laid by. He (Francis C.) paid the balance more easily than he expected. “James Chase and wife,” says Mr. Waid, “while visiting at my father’s place, made a remark in my hearing from which I tried to profit. He said ‘a young man who had his health and could get good wages and the farmer get high prices for everything he had to sell, either in Meadville or Titusville (this was soon after the oil excitement, when times were good in this section), was to be *pitied* if he did not save something more than he spent.’ This was seed sown on good ground, and I then began to produce more in order that I might have more to sell. I have but little faith in the old maxim which young men so often repeat—‘The world owes me a living.’ Better go to work to earn something before you ask for pay.”

After George N. Waid came home from the army, and had recovered his health sufficiently to work a little on the farm, he and Francis C. carried on the labor on their father’s farm until 1865. On September 9. that year, the latter bought George N. Waid’s entire interest in his father’s estate, paying \$1,500, which greatly assisted George N. in buying the property he now owns. At the death of his parents, Francis C. Waid became the owner of two-thirds of the old homestead (at that time the farm comprised 160 acres). R. L. Waid’s eldest son, Orlando, is now living on what was his father’s share of the old farm. Nick P., R. L. Waid’s second son, lives on thirty-five acres of land lately bought in Richmond Township, Crawford County. In the purchase of this farm, Nick P. was assisted by his uncle, Francis C. Waid, as the latter has endeavored, when asked to give advice, to try to assist his nephews in business as he would his own

sons, his desire being to prove to them their true friend; so during the summer of 1884 Mr. Waid assisted Orlando in business.

The following is a copy of the last will and testament of Ira C. Waid (father of Francis C.):

I, Ira C. Waid, of Woodcock Township, in the County of Crawford and State of Pennsylvania, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this my last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by me at any time heretofore made.

And first I direct that my body be decently interred, and that my funeral be conducted in a manner corresponding with my estate and situation in life. As to such estate as it hath pleased God to intrust me with, I dispose of the same as follows:

Item. I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Elizabeth P. Waid, all my household goods, furniture, money, and personal estate of every kind or nature whatsoever for her to use and enjoy the same as she may think proper for and during her natural life, and whatsoever there may be left of the same at her decease to be disposed of as herein-after directed. I also give, devise and bequeath to her, my said wife, the use, improvement, *occupancy* and income of my homestead farm on which my dwelling is situate, in Woodcock Township, containing about fifty-seven acres of land, more or less, with the appurtenances; and also the use, improvements and occupancy of all my real estate wheresoever the same may be situate, of which I may die possessed, with the appurtenances. To have and to hold the said several messuages of land above mentioned for and during her natural life, and at her decease the same to be disposed of by me as follows:

Item. I give, devise and bequeath to my son, R. L. Waid, his heirs and assigns forever, the reversion or remainder of fifty-five acres of land in Woodcock Township, to be taken off and from the north side of the 105 acres which I purchased from John Reynolds, Esq., by deed dated February 22, 1855, and recorded in Deed Book K, No. 2, page 610-11, with the appurtenances; also a small piece of land lying adjoining the same on the west end and extending to the public road so as to give him free access to and from the same to the public road; also one-third ($\frac{1}{3}$) part of my interest in the two lots and buildings with the appurtenances situate in the city of Meadville (my interest in said two lots being one undivided half interest); the foregoing bequests are subject to the life estate heretofore given to my said wife, he to come into possession of the same at the decease of her, my said wife. Whereas my son, G. W. Waid, has heretofore sold out his prospective interest or share in my entire estate to my son, Francis C. Waid, receiv-

ing from him, as they each supposed, his full share of my estate by and with my full knowledge and consent, I therefore feel that he has already received a full share of my estate, and that I ought not in justice to my other children give him anything further.

Item. I give, devise and bequeath to my son, Francis C. Waid, his heirs and assigns, the reversion or remainder of my homestead farm, with the appurtenances, situate in Woodcock Township, containing about fifty-seven acres more or less. Also fifty-acres of land to be taken off and from the south side of the 105 acres, with the appurtenances, which I purchased from John Reynolds, Esq., aforesaid; also five acres adjoining the same, being part of a certain piece of about twelve acres which I purchased from A. Bradshaw, extending to the public road, including all that lies south of the south line of the piece devised to R. L. Waid; also two-thirds of my interest in two lots and buildings, with the appurtenances, situate in the city of Meadville. All the foregoing bequests are subject to the life estate heretofore given to my said wife, he to come into possession of the same at the decease of my said wife.

Item. Whatever other property I may have at the time of my decease, whether real, personal or mixed, I give, devise and bequeath the same to my wife for and during her natural life, and the reversion or remainder of the same at and after her decease, I give, devise and bequeath to my son, Francis C. Waid, two-thirds ($\frac{2}{3}$) thereof and the remaining one-third ($\frac{1}{3}$) to my son, R. L. Waid, and to their heirs and assigns forever; and I do hereby constitute and appoint my two sons, R. L. Waid and Francis C. Waid, executors of this my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of May, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-eight (1868).

IRA C. WAID. [SEAL.]

COUNTY OF CRAWFORD, } ss. I, A. M. Smith, register of wills,
 etc., for said county, do hereby certify that the within and
 [SEAL.] foregoing is a true and correct copy of the last will and
 testament of Ira C. Waid, late of the township of Wood-
 cock, deceased, as proved, filed and registered in this office.

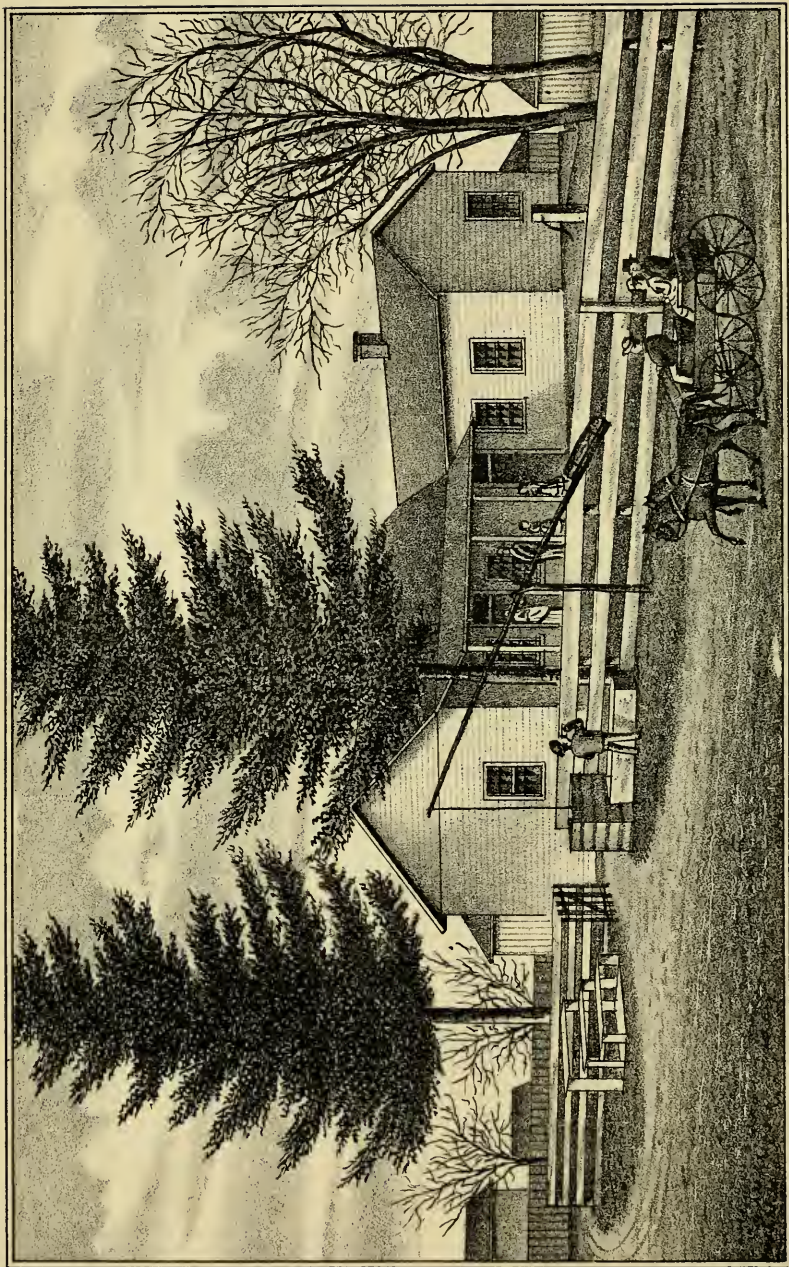
Witness my hand and official seal at Meadville this 21st day of
 February, A. D., 1871.

A. M. SMITH,
 Register.

Francis C. Waid is now owner of 300 acres of land under a high state of cultivation, located on the State road, five miles east of Meadville and one mile from the village of Blooming Valley. There are six buildings on the main farm used for the storage of hay and grain; the main

barn is 32x88 feet, the horse barn 28x36 feet, connected with the main barn by a shed 16x48 feet. On the farm is a large cider-mill that has been in use since 1858. For grinding purposes horse-power is used, and the first building erected by Ira C. Waid was in 1858, the two-story 24x36 feet structure, substantially put together, but so arranged the horses were not under cover. In 1878 Francis C. Waid put up an addition on the east side of this building, 28x36 feet, making the mill 36x52 feet under one roof, and this is devoted to a good many other uses than as a cider-mill. Some seasons they made from 500 to 600 barrels of cider, and they have made twenty barrels in a day, but ten or twelve is a common day's work. In the fall of 1885 they manufactured not more than 300 barrels, and they finished making cider for that season on December 4.

It is safe to say (if his natural reservedness permits) that Mr. Waid is the wealthiest farmer and the largest tax payer in Woodcock Township. The census of 1880 on farm reports shows an income of about \$2,500 on his farm for that year, but it is not in real estate alone that his wealth consists, for he is to-day the holder of \$10,000 in county bonds and other securities, and is also assessed with \$30,000 money at interest; and besides all these he has other pecuniary privileges. He is somewhat known as a money loaner: and one thing in his favor is a little remarkable—*in all his dealings he has never yet sued a person to get his due.* Betimes he thought it proper to do as others did, but yet his better view was not to sue. Twice in his life he has been sued, and when he writes the history of his life in full, he will tell the reason why; at present he has patience to wait. On being asked one day by a friend how he succeeded in accumulating so much property, Mr. Waid quaintly replied, "By earning one



THE OLD HOME ON THE GOODRICH FARM, WHERE FRANKLIN J. WAID NOW LIVES. APRIL 15, 1886.

dollar at a time and then putting that one to work to help me earn another."

For three years or more Mr. Waid had been thinking of buying a farm for his eldest son, or Guinnip P., with the intention of his making a life home of it; so on January 29, 1885, he purchased of Rev. A. S. Goodrich one containing nearly 100 acres, know as the Jabez Goodrich farm (Jabez Goodrich was father of Rev. A. S.), situated on the State road four miles east of Meadville, two miles west of Blooming Valley and less than a mile from the home of F. C. Waid. Mr. Waid offered Mr. Goodrich \$45 per acre for the property, and they agreed not to survey it but simply "chain" it. Calling Martin Carpenter, of Blooming Valley, to come and see fair play between old friends (and, for that matter, relatives), Mr. Waid and Mr. Goodrich took each an end of the chain, and January 28, 1885, though a bitter cold day, tramping around, and through deep snow drifts, and frequently having to change their course, they finally reached their "point" and found the measurement to be 97 acres and 124 perches, which would bring \$4,399. On examining the amount, Mr. Waid protested that it did not look well. "Permit me, Archibald," said he, "to change that sum." "What!" exclaimed Mr. Goodrich. "Oh! call it \$4,400," quietly returned Mr. Waid. Mr. Goodrich had the privilege of accepting the money or leaving it in Mr. Waid's hands one year at 6 per cent per annum. "I asked him" (Mr. Waid relates) "if he would accept the cash *now*, and his reply was: 'Are you ready?' 'Yes', said I, 'and I will give you \$20 to receive it!' Mr. Goodrich smiled and added: 'Your credit is good, so I will wait a year.' So we arranged the matter in that way."* This business transaction was completed

*The \$4,400 drew interest from April 1, 1885, to April 1, 1886, and the total amount, principal and interest, \$4,664, was paid by Mr. Waid on latter date.

January 30, and Mr. Goodrich returned to the field of his ministerial labors at Ridgeway, Elk Co., Penn. (In their youth Mr. Waid and Mr. Goodrich corresponded with each other frequently, and friendship's chain has grown stronger year by year—*Esto perpetua!*)

The purchase of this farm almost at his very door, after going all the way to east Tennessee for the same purpose, as already narrated, reminds Mr. Waid of a former transaction. When he was teaching school and had some opportunity of looking about him, especially in quest of a partner for life, he failed to find the object of his choice, but on coming home he discovered in his parents' kitchen a young lady doing house-work, and that young lady is now Mrs. F. C. Waid. "If I am as well satisfied with the farm I have just bought," said Mr. Waid, "I will indeed be contented." Mr. Waid has also a little property (three houses) in the Second Ward, east side Grant Street, city of Meadville, and a wood lot situated about two miles east of his farm in the adjoining township, Richmond, and forty-five acres bought of Daniel Smith, April 10, 1874, lying south and adjoining the farm, but in Mead Township, and which has been very much improved since the purchase. The last timber on this lot was removed during the month of March, and at present it is in meadow, except about five acres, which are used as pasture.

After the death of Ira C. Waid's widow, the remainder of the real estate in Meadville and the personal property was disposed of as follows: R. L. Waid's interest in real estate in city property in Meadville was bought for \$200; his interest in personal property was bought for \$150, making a total of \$350, F. C. Waid paying all indebtedness due by the estate, etc. This amount (\$350) was put in two cheques of \$175 each by F. C. Waid, which were handed to R. L. Waid's widow, who gave one of

the cheques to each of her two sons. This was January 14, 1882, as the deed and contract is dated.

Mr. Waid says there are three things he can always love—a book, a newspaper and a friend. In connection with books there is another thing Mr. Waid dearly loves—the Sunday-school, which has with him but one term, and that is not yet out. His parents taught their children to go to Sabbath-school in childhood at the old State road, of which Mr. Waid is a constant attendant, and wishes to continue so. In youth he bought a very small Testament and for several years he carried it in his pocket instead of a plug of tobacco. He was satisfied then, and is yet, with the choice he made. “I cannot remember the time when my father,” says Mr. Waid, “did not take from one to three or four newspapers which I loved to read. Since Mrs. Waid and I were married we have taken the papers: we began with one but now take seven or eight; the *Meadville Weekly Republican*, then, I think, known as *The Spirit of the Age*, has been a weekly visitor with us ever since we were married. S. S. Sears took my name as a subscriber in 1854.

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“He who would have friends must show himself friendly, and there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Acting on this rule will bring friendship by deserving it, and especially so when we have the aid of that Friend spoken of. The earth in her bountiful goodness produces all the necessaries of life, but what is life without the interchange of thought?”

On Mr. Waid's farm, on the north side of the State road, is a field, nearly all meadow, 100 acres in extent, it having contained its present number of acres since 1873. There are, and have been since this land was cleared, a lane on the east side of this field, another on the west side, a sugar bush of eighty trees on the north end of the lot and a

young grove of 130 sugar maples at the northeast corner. The north end of this field gently slopes to the north. Near the sugar bush is a never-failing spring, in addition to the one about to be spoken of, and on the beautifully rising ground, perhaps eighty rods from the sugar bush, is a hay barn.

There are also several handsome shade trees (maples) that adorn the field, which is most beautifully located and is just sufficiently undulating to be free from the monotony of a constant level, or from abrupt hills. In addition to the natural rolling and graceful surface which nature has given to this most attractive portion of the earth, she has supplied it with an abundance of the Lord's best gift to mankind—pure, sparkling water. Near the east side of the field is one of the most abundant and never-failing springs to be found in all the country, its crystal-like current gushing from the earth and flowing diagonally across the entire field, thus supplying it, *ad libitum*, with an ever-refreshing stream. Like Jacob's well of old, this spring supplies water to all who may come, when, by reason of drought, other sources fail. People passing by exclaim, "How beautiful that field is! What made it so? Labor?" Yes, the work* and indomitable perseverance of two or three generations have made this fair meadow what it now is.

Here our subject's grandfather, Pember Waid, and father, Ira C. Waid, toiled for many long years, spending a large portion of their lives, assisted by other help, on these same acres, and Mr. Waid himself feels that he will never regret having devoted much diligent toil to improving and beautifying that field. But there was something

*The work included not only the removing of the forest and stumps, but afterward the stone, and for over thirty years, to Mr. Waid's recollection, there has existed a stone bridge on the west side of this lot, crossing a valley near where the spring run empties itself into a larger stream. This bridge is nearly 100 feet long. Here not only hundreds but even thousands of loads of stone have been hauled, and year by year the work goes on.

more than mere manual *labor* employed. *Thought* had to precede and accompany the work that brought this luxuriant meadow to its present beautiful and productive condition. This field, containing, according to the deed, "100 acres and allowance," was purchased October 7, 1823, of Jared Shattuck, for the sum of \$500. What a change in value and appearance it now presents, about sixty-three years since the date of its purchase!

Two objects attract the attention of the people as they pass the homestead of Mr. Waid, and those are the large field spoken of and a big wood-pile. For twenty years or more there have been several hundred cords of stove-wood of various lengths piled up in the wood-yard all the year round, so that when the dry wood was removed the green might take its place. Some years there has been as much as 400 cords on hand at a time, and never at any time less than 100 : so "Waid's big wood pile" has become a sort of proverb. It is worthy of remark that this wood is generally hauled into the yard during the winter and cut by hand with the cross-cut saws during the spring before farm work opens. Orlando Waid and Franklin I. Waid, Mr. Waid's eldest son, cut fifteen and a half cords in one day, and Mr. Waid himself, with other help, split and corded the wood and measured it, perhaps the best day's sawing ever done on the farm.

Mr. Waid says: "I have hired men who can cut more wood in a day than I can or ever did, and I have been frequently asked 'How much did you ever cut in a day?' On March 10, 1865, my brother George N. required some wood cut, so with an ax I cut and split, and piled two and three-quarters cords of eighteen-inch sugar-tree wood, and next day I cut, split and piled three and one-quarter cords same kind of wood. Do you ask me if I think I ever did a better day's work? I believe I did. On the

day I was thirty-five years old Henry Smith and I set out in front of his residence and grocery, on the corner of State and Grove Streets, Meadville, nine sugar maples, quite large trees, all of which grew well and now greatly add to the looks of that part of the town.

Life is desirable when we do good. I think it was in the spring of 1870 that I had the pleasure one day, along with my brethren, of setting out twelve trees by the State Road Church, nearly all of which are now living. The sheds were built in December, 1879. They are free, although one extending north and south, containing seven stalls, is covered with No. 2 pine shingles; the other, running east and west and having eight stalls, is laid with No. 1 pine shingles. These sheds supply a long felt want, and their usefulness is now being appreciated, and undoubtedly will be as long as they stand. The house was repaired and new style windows put in, in 1882. These windows cost \$50. "The expense," adds Mr. Waid, "of getting the windows was to be paid by a party of three, as I understood, and the old windows were to be given to the parties who bought the new. I know of two of the brethren who look through some of the old windows, and one of them has occasion to look twice. The house, which is well built, stands on a good foundation and is much improved by recent repairs. True, it is of the old style, but it is so much the better for that. In these nineteenth century days we are too prone to forget the old landmarks. It reminds us of our fathers and mothers who worshiped here before us. I think it good enough for us country people. Better now it is to seek to please the Lord by serving him more faithfully, that he may be pleased with us as we are, by having a better house to worship in. The first house was erected in 1824, the present one in 1847. I understand there was a log

schoolhouse in which meetings were held years before 1824, and it is said on good authority that the first meeting held in this community was about seventy-two years ago at Edward Douglas' place, about one mile northeast of the State Road Church."

Thomas W. Grayson, Esq., of the *Crawford Democrat*, when he and his wife called on Mr. Waid a few years ago, said, on looking over the farm: "It is one of the grandest farms in the county: such clean fence-rows and beautiful fields, and that large field looks like a young prairie!" (This was soon after haying.) "Farm life," adds Mr. Waid, himself, "includes more than mere agricultural labor, for it offers opportunities, if embraced, which bring greater peace and happiness than any other occupation, or as great at least."

Mr. Waid does his farming on the same principle he does his voting—acting in each the best he knows how, and then trusting the result with Him who doeth all things well. His first vote (in 1854) was challenged, and his chagrin may be imagined when he had to confess he had no property—not even a cow. So in this instance he voted on his age, being twenty-one years old on the 23d of April, that year. After that his wife allowed him to call the cow, which was her own for benefit of both, his property, and it was accordingly assessed to him: since then he has had no difficulty in casting his vote.

It is written: *Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men.* Years ago, when he first plunged into practical farming, Mr. Waid would sell the hay off his farm, and some people advised him not to do so, as he would soon impoverish the soil. But he did not stop there: he tried to be more *diligent in business*, and so returned to the farm one or two loads of manure for every load of produce

taken therefrom, and as years have rolled by he has increased the number of loads of manure, which accounts for the present fine condition of the land. Mr. Waid and his family, like other farmers who have raised a variety of crops, have made the growing of hay the main specialty for the past twenty-two years. During the last twenty-seven years Mr. Waid avers they have taken off the farm and teamed to Meadville market as many loads of wood and as many tons of hay as any one he knows of, and nearly an equivalent in manure has invariably been returned to the soil, thereby increasing the productiveness of his land. In December, 1865, Mr. Waid sold hay, only a few tons, from \$28 to \$30 per ton, and in the spring of 1866 it fetched \$40 and some as high as \$45 per ton. These were the highest prices obtained by him. The lowest sum he has any knowledge of having been fetched was \$3.50 per ton. Hay brought in the winter of 1884-85 from \$12 to \$13 and December 8, 1885, it was \$12 in Meadville.*

“Prof. A. B. Hyde,” says Mr. Waid, “who was connected with Allegheny College twenty years, but who is now in Denver, Col., would greet me thus: ‘How do you do, *happy farmer?*’ and the suggestive appellation was so true I could not go back on it. I miss him now, but I often think of the man who spoke those words. In childhood and youth I loved the company of good men, and when I had an opportunity I sought them out, in order to hear their counsel, and profit by what they would say. If I were to go on a journey and had never learned anything of the way, how glad I would be to converse with some faithful friend who had already traveled that way;

* Thirty dollars is the highest price at which Mr. Waid ever sold any hay on his premises, but in the spring of that year it fetched \$45 in Meadville; and the highest price he ever obtained for hay was for a small quantity he delivered with some oats to Emmett Densmore, on the Tar farm, Oil Creek, who paid \$2 per 100 pounds for hay and 90 cents per bushel for the oats, December 25, 1863.

so when we find men who have been a little more successful than ourselves, we are anxious to know how they managed it. I want to be doing something to-day that will bring good, now or in the future, and I know if my motive is right and my action good, it will bring the object sought. You want proof? *Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.* Youth! if you would be safe, do not lose sight of the old landmarks.

“In some of the short speeches at our wedding and birthday celebrations, one of my friends, Dr. Weter, in his remarks said: ‘F. C. Waid is a man who is noted for attending to his own business, and letting other people’s business alone.’ In my reply to that statement I have this to offer: In my school days I read of two men—one who attended to his own business, and the other who neglected it, and frequently meddled with his neighbors’ affairs. Well, the sequel is this—the man who minded his own business is said to have made a thousand a year, while the other man failed to make a comfortable living. And since the reading of that story I have tried to imitate the man who made the thousand dollars.

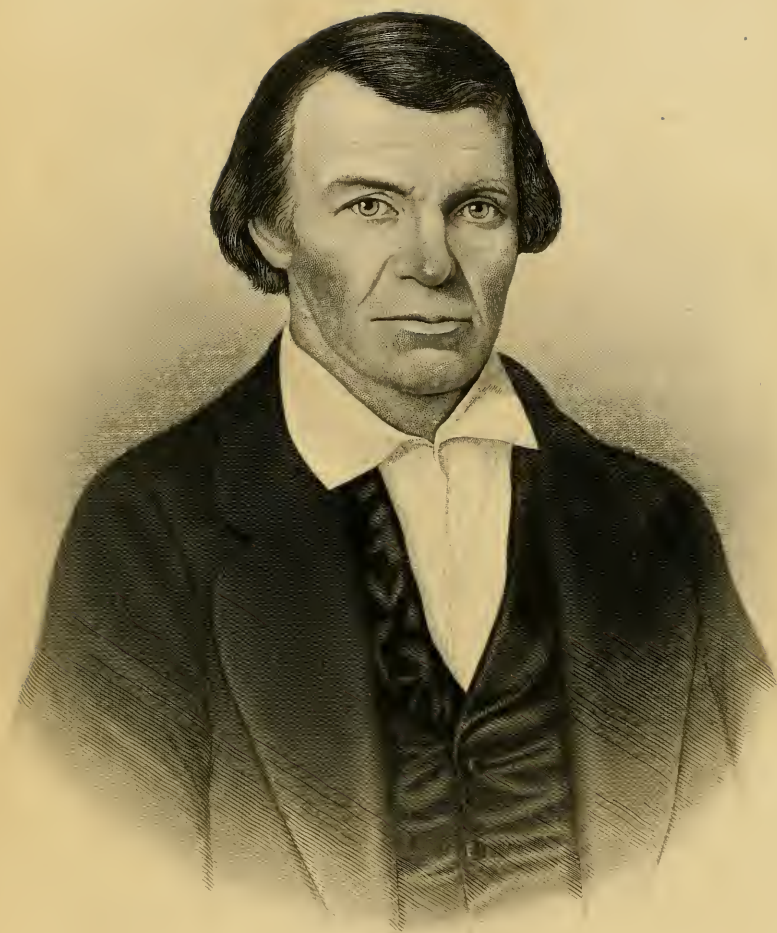
“A tree is known by its fruit. There stands in our front yard a short distance from the walk that leads to the house, two large pear trees, one on the right hand the other on the left; they were probably set out sixty-two years ago by Pember Waid, and have born fruit since my first recollection of them. They are thrifty and in good condition, promising, unless some misfortune happens to them, to bear fruit for the sixth generation. My eldest two grandchildren have eaten of their fruit, and for ought I know the sixth generation may. Those two pear trees have been good bearers, and, in 1885, I think I am safe in saying we gathered forty bushels of fruit and made some two barrels of perry.” There is also a pine tree on

the east side of the walk set there by Mr. Waid's eldest son over twenty years ago. He brought this tree from the forest, more than a mile distant, and did all the work himself in transplanting it, as the other members of the family cared nothing for it. But the tree grew and now they value it.

A friend of Mr. F. C. Waid, while on one of his frequent pleasant visits, in 1884, to the hospitable home of the latter, and when in the reception room, remarked: "You are quite a Tennessean; I see you have a fireplace in this room." "Yes," replied Mr. Waid, "and use it when we have occasion to. My mother was the last person in this neighborhood to give up cooking by a fireplace, and I know of but one other family in this community who use a fire place to sit by, and the race is between us.* Besides, I never find the same comfort sitting by a stove as by the cheerful chimney corner; and our friends when visiting us, so well enjoy the 'old new thing,' in cold weather, we can afford to keep it up on their account." So in 1886 is found in Mr. Waid's house the good old-fashioned grate with its cheery fire and cosy hearth. Yes, there is indeed the time-honoured fireplace with its many hallowed associations that are interpreted by us to-day just as they were understood by our forefathers centuries ago; associations that are linked as closely as love can unite them with all the holy ties of domestic happiness and peace, ever reminding us that, as the "sacred refuge of our life," be it the palace or cot, be it regal and stately, or ever so humble, "there's no place like home!"

It may not be inopportune to mention here that long before railroads were built in this county, and even for many years after, Ira C. Waid's residence was known as

*George Smith, the other party referred to, and the oldest man in his neighborhood, has ceased to use the fireplace, and now (1886) there is but one such in that community.



Wm. C. Williams & Br. N.
1854

Sam C. Van



Eng. 1884. C. Williams & Bro. N.Y.
A.L. 1884.

Elizabeth S. Haid

the "Drovers' Home." It was the regular stopping-place for drovers, summer and winter, and Francis C. Waid has seen as many as three droves of cattle on the old homestead at a time, in charge of fourteen men, for his mother to cook for, by the old-fashioned fireplace. One drove of cattle, numbering 600 head, from Texas, once put up at the "Drovers' Home," the largest that ever passed that way.

Francis C. Waid's parents only paid one visit to the land of their nativity (Connecticut) after coming to Pennsylvania, and it was a notable and pleasant coincidence, not only in their lives, but in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Waid, that they four should form the happy party to perform that dutiful and almost sacred pilgrimage, and to remain together during the entire visit. Mr. Waid himself in his own graphic manner, thus speaks of this interesting episode in their lives:

"A good man lives his life twice over, and in this sense I think of my parents. From my earliest boyhood until their journey through life closed I have heard them speak of relatives, friends and schoolmates in Connecticut. *Hearing of* and *seeing* are two different things, like faith and works, but the one often leads to the other; so after a lapse of forty-eight years, my father, mother, my wife and myself, on August 24, 1864, left for the land of my parents' childhood and youth. My eldest son—Franklin I.—who was then only in his ninth year, drove us to Waterford in a two-horse carriage, and returned home the following day. The good visit opened with my old familiar friend with whom I had boarded when attending the academy in 1852, and we had the pleasure of calling on relatives and friends at several places.

"We visited our relatives, Mr. Frank Colts' folks, in

Buffalo, and had the pleasure, in company with them, of visiting Niagara Falls, this being my first trip to that magnificent scene. (Mr. Colts now (1886) lives in Jamestown, N. Y.) Also paid a visit to our friends in Athens, Bradford Co., Penn.; and then at New Haven, Conn., we called to inquire after Capt. Laban Smith's family.

"In the town of Saybrook, Conn., my father met some of his old schoolmates, and after crossing the Connecticut River and coming into the town where he was raised, we put up at the home of Benijah Bills, whose father was still living in the same building. In conversation with him, Mr. Bills said that he had worked many a day with Pember Waid in the shipyard. Three of my father's aunts were living, aged seventy-eight, eighty-two and eighty-six, respectively. Visiting the old schoolhouse and play-ground, we found the boys playing (it being noon recess) as merrily and boisterously as my father and his chums did on the same ground half a century before. 'There,' said my father, 'is the hickory tree I have told you so much about; it does not look as big as I thought it would be, but it is the same old tree; here we played base ball,' pointing out the spot.

'Here the meadow, there the tree, the wonted scene
Where in boyish glee, so oft, we gambolled on the green.'

"On this I felt like paying my father a compliment, but I was relieved by my mother saying: 'Ira, you look and act more like a boy now than your youngest son.' 'Good!' exclaimed I; 'I have a mother if my father is a boy.'

"In company with Mr. Brockway, father showed us where the old cider-mill stood and how they used to make the cider when he was a boy. There lay the old bed rock with a groove cut in circular form, perhaps a foot wide by two or three inches deep, in which a large stone

wheel ran to crush the apples, and near by lay a portion of one of the stone wheels partly covered with grass and rubbish. After viewing this I did not wonder at my father building a cider-mill, and a good one in its day. When we came to the house where Pember Waid had lived, my father stepped up to the door (which was open) and, taking off his hat, said: 'I have got home now; I will go in without knocking.' My father seemed to me to be as well pleased as anybody could be. The impression made has never been forgotten. We gathered wild grapes by the same place where he had picked them in childhood's sunny days, along with his brothers and sisters.

"In meeting with relatives and friends my pen is inadequate to relate more than a few of the joys that came to each of us. We visited Forestville, Farmington and the city of Hartford, where my parents looked, for the last time, on those whom they loved so well. Altogether it was one of the happy events of our lives, and one we shall never forget. Frederick A. Tiffany, with whom we seemed to make our home during our visit in that locality, is my father's cousin. He (Mr. Tiffany) had visited my relatives in Crawford County previous to our going to Connecticut, and once since, with his wife, he visited my parents and myself and family, and my father had the pleasure of taking them to other relatives and friends, where they rehearsed for the last time."

To speak of the many acts of charity, liberality and good works of Francis C. Waid might be here considered an act of superfluity, but is it not written in the Scriptures: *Let your liberality be known to all men?* Reference might, in a becoming spirit, be made to the ministers of the Erie Conference, who can speak in Mr. Waid's behalf as to his relationship in assisting to build and repair churches, in furthering missionary work, etc., not to men-

tion what he has done for his own church, his "Pilgrim's Home," on the State road. Mr. Waid has long since realized the fact that—*It is more blessed to give than to receive.* Several years ago he was present at the dedication of a church at Sægertown, but did not arrive in time to hear the text. After a good sermon came the "tug of war" to raise the amount necessary to free the church from debt. Mr. Waid was waiting for an opportunity which soon came. Being anxious to know what the text was he rose to his feet and said, addressing the speaker: "Sir, please to repeat the text, as I came too late to hear it, and I will donate \$100." "Good!" exclaimed the speaker, "I hope there are more of you who want to hear the text." Business then moved on in a lively manner. The text was from Matthew v: 16: *Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.* Similar scenes occurred at Blooming Valley, Townville and some other places where Mr. Waid was present.

In Crawford County, as in many other localities, it is customary to hold birthday celebrations and wedding anniversary parties, so, as he says himself, Mr. Waid found he had gained a day (if it did take fifty years to find it out); his fiftieth birthday and twenty-ninth wedding anniversary were celebrated April 23, 1883. One of the presents was a reclining chair valued at \$12.50; in return the family likenesses were distributed to the party. The family group known as "F. C. Waid's Family, 1884," is still being offered, and is said to be the best they have had taken. On Christmas day, 1885, another *souvenir* card (100 copies) was issued, bearing on the obverse side a photograph of the family group, and on the reverse side the following few remarks and records:

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

MEADVILLE, CRAWFORD CO., PA., Dec. 25, 1885.

FRANCIS C. WAID, farmer, youngest son of Ira C. and Elizabeth P. Waid, a twin. My parents and grandparents were born in New Lyme, Litchfield county, Connecticut. They removed to Crawford county, Pa., in 1817. There were twelve children in my grandfather's family, seven boys and five girls. In my father's family, four boys. In our family, as the group represents, three boys. I offer this group of our family as a token of our friendship, in behalf of my family to my relatives and friends, hoping they may derive as much pleasure and satisfaction from it, as we have in looking at the likenesses of our relatives, friends and strangers—they have contributed to our happiness. May this picture and these few remarks bring the same to you, and my efforts to do good will not be in vain. I will give a family record of my grandparents, my father's family and my own. The twelve portraits, including my father's family, my own, my two daughters-in-law and the portrait of my brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, appear in the Crawford County History as a lasting token of my remembrance, at a cost of \$1,625. (We were married the day I was twenty-one, April 23, 1854.) My deceased relatives, here named, are interred at Blooming Valley Cemetery.

Pember Waid, born Jan. 21, 1774.	Died Feb. 15, 1852.
Anna L. Waid, born May 22, 1776.	Died Feb. 2, 1844.

IRA C. WAID'S FAMILY.

Ira C. Waid, born Aug. 15, 1801.	Died Jan. 27, 1871.
Elizabeth P. Waid, born Aug. 26, 1804.	Died Jan. 7, 1882.
Robert L. Waid, born May 1, 1826.	Died June 17, 1880.
George N. Waid, born October 27, 1829.	
Franklin P. Waid, born April 23, 1833.	Died May 28, 1854.
Francis C. Waid, born April 23, 1833.	

FRANCIS C. WAID'S FAMILY.

F. C. Waid, born April 23, 1833, Crawford Co., Pa.
 Eliza C. Waid, born April 13, 1832, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.
 Franklin I. Waid, born Jan. 5, 1855, Crawford Co., Pa.
 Guinnip P. Waid, born Sept. 22, 1859, Crawford Co., Pa.
 Fred Francis Waid, born March 6, 1868, Crawford Co., Pa.

F. C. WAID.

The daughters-in-law in the family are consistent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Waid has held several township offices; in politics he is a mild Republican.



THE following extracts from Mr. Waid's diary, together with the several incidents so graphically related by him, will be read with relish and interest, as the narratives are descriptively given and the details carefully preserved.

Here, as in all his writings, Mr. Waid's proverbial desire to adhere to facts and never to overlook the *minutiae* of events, is manifested, bearing in mind always that the day of small things is not to be despised. (Zach. iv: 10:—*For who hath despised the day of small things?*)

“Toward the commencement of our haying, about the last day of June or first of July, 1885, we were visited by two of my old schoolmates, Miss Mary McCullough and Mrs. Amanda Farrelly and her two daughters. Mrs. Farrelly had visited us about fifteen years before, bringing her two sons. Now how glad we were to see her again! She deserves double credit, too, for bringing Mary with her, from whom we had not had a visit for many years.

Should old friends be forgot when new arise?
 Never, while we tarry beneath the skies!
 In mem'ry a place they hold,
 Which we would not trade for gold.

“Last evening (December 4, 1885) I experienced considerable pleasure. As I was returning from Blooming Valley I stepped in to see one of my oldest neighbors (the sister of James Smith, who is referred to elsewhere in this volume as being eighty-three years of age) and have a chat with her.

“In the course of our conversation she related this story of her husband, who, in company with his brother-in-law, about fifty years ago, went from here (Crawford County) to New Haven, Conn., on foot: When within twenty miles of New Haven, finding themselves not only tired and hungry, but out of funds, one said to the other, ‘What will we do?’ Mr. Smith said, ‘I will neither steal nor beg;’ whereupon his brother-in-law said, ‘I will ask for something to eat at the first farm-house;’ which he did, and received sufficient to satisfy the appetite of both for the rest of the journey.

“But on their return home they were laden with the best of the necessaries of life, and had plenty of funds; bringing also presents for their friends, she herself receiving a very valuable gift. She added, ‘I wonder what a couple of young men would think of traveling from here to New Haven on foot now-a-days.’ I believe they would say they could hardly spare the time for a journey of such a nature, and besides the exercise would not be desirable.

“December 23, 1885—My wife and I have just returned home this evening after a visit to see my Aunt Eliza Phillips, who lives with her son, Pember, on the old farm near Townville. She is quite feeble, although enjoying as good health as we expected. If the family look did not proclaim her to be a sister to Ira C. Waid, her industry would. Although now in her eighty-first year we found her sitting in her rocking chair, knitting. On last Satur-

day, her youngest daughter, Evaline Davidson, who died in Titusville, Penn., was interred at Townville. She leaves a husband and two children (a girl aged twelve, and boy aged sixteen) with many relatives and friends to mourn her departure. Aunt Eliza Phillips is over eighty years of age. My Aunt Phœbe Goodwill was here to visit her relatives and friends last fall, in October. She had not been here for several years.

“As age increases visits diminish, until we finally take our farewell departure for the unknown land. We had also, during this short trip to Centerville, not only the pleasure of calling on other relatives, but the satisfaction of taking dinner with my Aunt Clarinda Morehead, who is living with her youngest son, Charles Morehead, in Troy Township, this county. I speak of my uncles and aunts for various reasons, among which is this: Thirty years ago I had many such relatives, now I have comparatively few, and they seem dearer to me; as the number lessens my friendship for those who remain is drawn nearer to them.

“To realize the value of a dollar is not really to possess it, but to be without it. Then we think when we get another we will surely appreciate it. So when we have many friends around us we perhaps do not value them as we ought. We give but little thought, presuming it may always be so with us; but, alas! how soon they are gone and we feel we are left almost alone. Then He who raises up friends for the friendless teaches us more fully their full value; and we will begin to prize them as we ought, and think of them as we should.

“December 25, 1885—Christmas—I have just had the pleasure to-day of making my friend and schoolmate a present of the History of Crawford County, Penn. A cousin of mine, Robert A. Ferguson, was also presented

with a similar gift. A copy of the work was given to Horace Goodwill, my cousin, living in Warren County, Penn., one to F. Simmons of Jamestown, N. Y., a friend and relative of ours, and one to each of my three sons. Of the ten histories of our county which I received through the agent of Messrs. Warner, Beers & Co., only two remain, and I am thinking of two of my relatives to whom I expect ere long to send them. I want one of them presented to my father's cousin, Frederick A. Tiffany, who is still living in Connecticut, near where my father was born and of whom I have not only heard my father speak so often, but whose friendship we have shared not only here, in Pennsylvania, but at their own home in Connecticut, with our parents in 1864. I believe there are not only relatives but some few schoolmates living who would look with pleasure on the portrait of my father, and perhaps their old classmate. It brings to me fond recollections of the past when I meet or even get an opportunity to see the likeness of an absent friend.

“January 1, 1886—We, with earth's millions of Adam's race, have entered on another New Year. How it cheers my heart when I think of His innumerable blessings to us! You may say: What do you see about this that calls forth gratitude? Let me tell you I have lived to see New Year come fifty-two times in my life, and I know I have been not only glad but sometimes even joyful, and formed resolutions to do better and work more faithfully for the Master than I had ever done before. Now permit me to say that, so far as I have practically carried these good resolutions out in my life, I have been benefited. If we do not resolve and come to the conclusion to do good, when will we do it? Then it is a good thing to form noble resolutions: but still better to put them in practice.

“Going to school does not insure any one a good educa-

tion; it requires more than simply *going*; does it not also require diligent study with much else included? But the faithful scholar is rewarded; so are we when we carry out in our lives our best thoughts, and I have thought they are in a measure like presents which children expect on Christmas day; and they are not often disappointed, for they get at least as many gifts at that season as any other in the year round. So we who wish good thoughts, can have, and perhaps do have, as many as at any other time. May we be as anxious to seek after them and use them for good.

“At the beginning of this new year (1886), in company with my friend, Mr. Clark Ellis, I had the pleasure not only of going to Jamestown, N. Y., but with him visited some of my relatives with whom he was well acquainted. On New Year’s day we called to see my oldest aunt now living, Mary Ann Simmons, who is at the advanced age of nearly eighty-three years. You may imagine the satisfaction I had on meeting my cousin at the door and introducing my friend; then greeting my good old aunt with a ‘How do you do?’ and a hearty shake of the hand, and finding her, I think, in better health than when we met a year ago. She still lives with her daughter, Clarissa.

“I wish to say this of my cousin, who is so kind in caring for her widowed mother: she knows what it is to be bereft of kindred in her father’s family, such as a kind brother and a dear father, and so far I can really sympathize with her, having lost the same. But who can say this, when it comes to their own family, ‘I alone am left’?”

“That once happy and unbroken family which consisted of four members—one of the best of husbands, an affectionate daughter (a school teacher), endeared to all who knew her, and a noble youth entering upon manhood, beloved by the entire community—to have these pass away

and be left alone and still keep above the waters and go on doing good, living only as it seems for others. At present, she has taken two children to care for while they are going to school, their mother being dead. It is written in the good book: *Who can harm you if you be followers of that which is good?* I was told she had given many Christmas presents on last Christmas day. During the afternoon, my friend Ellis and I took a walk to the Lake View Cemetery at Jamestown, it being a pleasant afternoon. We saw some very handsome monuments, among them a very large one known as the "Prendergast Monument." It has three statues: one facing the east, one the west, and one mounted on the top. I think it is not only the largest, but perhaps one of the most expensive in this part of the State of New York. It is a grand, durable *memento* that will doubtless be looked on ages to come. There are other large and costly monuments in the cemetery, but none that approaches this in magnitude or worth.

"Mr. Ellis and I were well repaid for our visit to the cemetery. We returned, not thinking we had spent so long a time viewing the interesting sights, but too late in the afternoon to take the train or hack for Frewsburgh, to tarry there over night with our relative Mr. Burns; and being disappointed, Mr. Ellis suggested he should leave me to finish my visit and attend to my business, and he would take the Bradford train and return to Union. To this we both agreed: so after dividing an apple which I had taken from his home at the request of his daughter and wife, on our starting, we parted, and I returned to my aunt's, finding three of my cousins there. I spent the evening in social chat with my aunt, her three girls and her grandchild; I was so well entertained, and enjoyed such a good time that the impression made is lasting. On the day following, after passing it pleasantly with my

relatives and others whom I had the pleasure to meet, I took the train for Meadville, stopping off at Sægertown, to call on my friend and life-long acquaintance George Floyd, which completed my trip.

“On Christmas day (1862), in company with my father, mother and wife, I had the pleasure of visiting my uncle, Philander Simmons, and aunt Mary Ann, in Jamestown, N. Y., for the first time. Since then we have been permitted, in company with my parents, to visit them occasionally. After his death, with my mother, we have been there; and since her death, I have endeavored to see each of my aunts—Mary Ann, at Jamestown; Eliza, at Townville, Penn., and Phœbe, in Warren County, Penn.—once a year. My Aunt Phœbe tells me it is my place to come and see her because I am younger, and if I live to get old I will think as she does, and she hopes my friends, who may be younger, will come and see me.

“March 17, 1886. Yesterday evening my wife and I, on returning home, were happily surprised on finding our cousin, Clara Mosher, of Jamestown, N. Y., waiting or looking for us; a remarkable visit I consider. In the fall of 1867, over eighteen years ago, my wife and I had the pleasure of visiting Hugh Mosher and his family at Brocton, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., for the first time. The family at that time numbered four persons, viz.: husband, wife, daughter and son; now only Mrs. Mosher is living. Mention of this family is made elsewhere in this book. In her childhood, with her parents I am informed, Clara visited her relatives here; but I do not remember.

“During the evening, shortly after her arrival, came our relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Burns (latter my Aunt Phœbe’s eldest daughter), from Frewsburgh, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., whom we had not had the pleasure to meet at our home for over fifteen years. Mr.

Burns and his wife came, at that time, to attend the funeral of my father, January 29, 1871. To-day (March 17), in company with them, my wife and I visited our friend, Mr. Clark Ellis, and made a call on Mrs. Long, who is living with her son, and is said to be in her eighty-ninth year, now quite feeble. We also, this afternoon, made my brother, G. N. Waid, a visit.

“March 18. To-day, with our friends, we spent in visiting our relatives and friends in Blooming Valley, taking dinner with my uncle, Horace Waid, and supper with my cousin, Ralph Roudebush, George Roudebush’s eldest son, who lives near the center of the town, where his parents formerly lived and died. We were not only shown the old sash factory where my uncle, with his employed help, made sash in former days, but some of the old relics, the old ‘tread’ machine where the sawing was done by foot power; also a stone trough once owned by Mr. George Dickson, and the old work-bench where Ralph said his father had worked many a day. It does not need a close observer to notice that Ralph keeps things in their place.

“We also went to view the Blooming Valley Cemetery with our relatives. It was the first time Clara had been there where so many of our deceased relatives are interred.

“March 19. Our visitors, with our sons and our grandchildren, two little girls, took dinner this day at the old homestead, where Guinnip lives, and the interesting event reminds us of former days, while my parents were alive, and similar scenes took place at the same home, at my father’s table. I was one of the little boys called the twins. After dinner our friends made a call or two, and took their departure to see other relatives.

“In Meadville, March 20. On going to Meadville I again had the pleasure of meeting my friends at the depot just before starting. Although their visit had been *good*,

yet this was *better*; the last moments, with a friend, like the first meeting, always leave on our memories a lasting impression. They were proceeding by way of Franklin, Oil City and Titusville, then on to Warren County, Penn., before going home. Many years ago, before railroads were introduced into Crawford County or oil discovered or obtained by Mr. Drake, my father and mother, with other relations, would go with a double team and rig to visit my uncle, Philander Simmons, who then lived at what is still known as Simmon's Hill, in Portland, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

"C. R. Slocum, of Mosiertown, Crawford County, deserves more at my hands than a passing compliment, not only for the interest he has shown in the collecting of material for this book, but for his ever extended hand of fellowship toward me since our childhood's early acquaintance, embracing a period of over forty-five years. I think I am indebted now, not only to my parents, but to C. R. Slocum's kind mother, for their joint planning and helping to send us country boys to college. It was a kind act never to be forgotten by me.

"Mr. Slocum's parents and mine were friends, and this may be one reason why true friendship has been perpetuated between us. True friendship is one thing in this world worth holding on to. I speak from a life of over fifty years' experience. I count some of my earliest associates in life among my best friends to-day. They have stood the test and are gathering the fruit which unalloyed friendship produces.

"Let us sow seeds of kindness, while we may,
To help each other on our way."

"Charlie and I were schoolmates, yes classmates, and it was seldom we were punished in school for a violation of the rules. One day, however, we were helping each

other in our spelling lesson and had forgotten the rule, not to communicate with each other in any way. Yet we were anxious to know if we could spell all the hard words in our lesson after studying them. So my chum, Charlie, began to pronounce them to me to spell, and we had not proceeded far before we were caught by our teacher. 'Come out boys,' he cried 'and I will settle with you!' So when we stood up by his desk, he took us by the collars of our coats, one in each hand, and holding us at arm's length, apart, and making us bow our heads, would bring us together with a bump, '*bunting*' each others' heads. It was too bad; yes! we even thought it was cruel; such friends as we were to be made to punish each other. Charles, whether on purpose or otherwise, made a misstep and 'bunted' the teacher instead of me. This was at about the third round. The teacher gave me a 'send off' and told me to take my seat, which I was very willing to do, while, as he said, he would attend to Charlie and punish him in some other way. I pitied my poor mate, but how could I help him? At recess the boys said, 'France ought to have done as Charlie did, and then they would both have shared alike.' We were quite small lads then and I do not remember of having been punished in school since. But this did not break our friendship. It only helped to strengthen it so firmly that it has been on the increase ever since.

"Permit me to give one reason why C. R. Slocum and myself know each other so well. What schooling I had, whether in the common school, academy or college, was always in company with him, except a few terms at common school. While he has followed the occupation of teaching, I have been content with farming.

"If it is not considered out of place I wish to quote a few sentences from a letter I lately received from my old

schoolmate, John Y. Gilmore, editor of *Sugar Bowl and Farm Journal*:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 3, 1886.

F. C. WAID.

Dear old friend: Your welcome letter and Christmas present ("The History of Crawford County, Penn.,") reached me promptly. I took it home, and although very tired sat up and read the book until after 12 o'clock. It told me a great deal about your family and some relatives of mine that I never knew before. It is a very interesting work. I have very pleasant recollections of the twin brothers in our school-boy days; how the poor fellow who left us was all life and vigor, and his twin brother, "France," was always as gentle as a girl; how, when he turned his heart to God at the old State Road Methodist Church, he gave such good advice to all his companions. If I had the leisure it would be a pleasant task to add to your biography, for such an example of industry, perseverance, economy, and yet retention of the better impulses of the heart, are seldom so fully retained by those who become absorbed in business and amass this world's goods.

"My dear friend John expresses another thought which I so fully indorse, and I call attention to it. He says: 'I thank God I have never gained enough of wealth to make me unmindful of others who have to struggle for existence.' Here is a class of people named who, above all others, are perhaps the most deserving of our help. I think of that departed friend of mine who said we should study how we give. My beloved schoolmate closes his interesting letter by speaking of mild spring-like weather 'like your summer,' and then calling our attention to the Exposition held there which I hope we may attend, and, finally: 'a Happy New Year, and with kindest regards to all, I remain ever your friend, JOHN Y. GILMORE.'

"Of my old schoolmates, what few there are now living, and these are much scattered, I cannot afford to leave any out of my friendship. It gives me pleasure, at any time, to hear from any of them, especially from any of those with whom I was most familiar in the school-room, and whose friendship has been constantly on the increase, presenting an unbroken chain, like my friend to whom I refer. Although Mr. Gilmore has been absent many years from Crawford County, the place of his birth,

he has always occupied a position among my warmest friends, like my own kindred, to whom he has referred in his letter.

‘In the satisfying of a natural and proper thirst for knowledge, the reader, no doubt, has oftentimes been led into many a question and many an answer. As for instance, ‘Who asks the matrimonial question?’ ‘The young man;’ ‘Who answers it?’ ‘The young lady;’ ‘What does that bring about?’ ‘Well, it generally settles the question!’ Since I experienced these same questions and answers many years ago, I have had very many inquiries from other people in regard to business success, etc., and it is some of these queries I would try to answer. I have been asked: *Q.* How did you begin to climb in the world? *A.* From the foot of the ladder. *Q.* I mean, how did you get a start in life? *A.* The day after our marriage my wife and I went to work instead of ‘taking a trip.’ *Q.* But did you have anything to work with, any ‘sinews of war,’ so to speak? *A.* Yes, we had our health, our hands and our minds. *Q.* What wages did you get? *A.* Fifteen dollars per month. *Q.* How much did you have at the end of the first year? *A.* Over half I had earned. *Q.* What did you do with it? *A.* I took care of it, thinking that if I did so some day it might help take care of us.

‘The wise man has said: *Money is a defense, wisdom is a defense; but the excellency of knowledge is that it giveth life to them that have it.* ‘Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust.’ This axiom recommends us how to make use of money, but does not tell us what to do with our trust. The Bible does, however: *Put your trust in the Lord.* If we do this both money and trust are safe; and I have been satisfied to risk it this way ever since.

“My parents trusted in the Lord, and their precept and example have taught their children to do the same. I have done so and am more anxious to continue trusting Him than ever, for I am nearer my future home.

“Again, some one, possibly, asks me if I ever worked in a sugar bush. Indeed I have—over forty years ago. Among the sweetest things my twin brother and I did was to take an active part in sugar-making, and the memory of those days is sweet to me still. I here give a few names (as familiar to me as the letters of the alphabet), of those who were wont to visit us, spring after spring, while we were engaged in sugar-making: Charles and Robert Slocum, James Gilmore, Simeon Dickson, George Goodwill, William Waid, Omri Goodwill, Henry and William Smith, James and Marvin Smith, Joseph and David Finney, Thomas and Robert Fergerson, Wilson Temple, George Floyd, Justus Goodwill and Benjamin and Wilson Smith.

“Another question is asked me, I fancy: Do you make sugar yet? Sometimes I help, a little, my youngest son, Fred F., who has taken my place in the sap bush. Although the large forest has wonderfully diminished since I first, as a boy, luxuriated in its wild delights, and the sugar bush is not half so large when Fred ‘sugars off,’ yet there is no trouble in raising a party. Since my first recollections on the farm no spring has passed without the camp being opened, and I have always taken a pleasure in doing something in the sugar camp.

“I am asked, February 23, 1886, Were you at Francis Murphy’s temperance lecture this evening? Yes, I was. What do you think of it? It was one of the best lectures I ever heard in Meadville on the subject of temperance. I think I never saw a man so imitative in his words and especially in his actions in portraying the per-

son he may be speaking of. It would make you laugh in spite of yourself. At the same time he teaches as well as pleases, and I think this is one cause of his wonderful success. People who can get the truth in this pleasing way are anxious to accept it, even if they do not retain it.

“On the evening of the 24th I again attended Mr. Murphy’s lecture, giving him my best attention and watching him very closely. I am ready to give the reason why I think Francis Murphy is so successful in reclaiming the fallen, and leading men to temperance and to better lives. He sets forth temperance in the light of divine truth, and acknowledges God in such a plain way that men are left without excuse if they do not embrace the truth. In the words of Lincoln, ‘with malice to none, with charity for all.’

“Being in Meadville again to-day, Saturday, February 27, I was inclined, after business, to remain in the evening and hear Francis Murphy again on the temperance question. The cause is not only being advanced, but the union and fellowship of the various churches are also brought about in this noble struggle for peace. Christians of all denominations regard this great work of reformation as a part of their Christianity, and therefore lend a helping hand to sustain it.

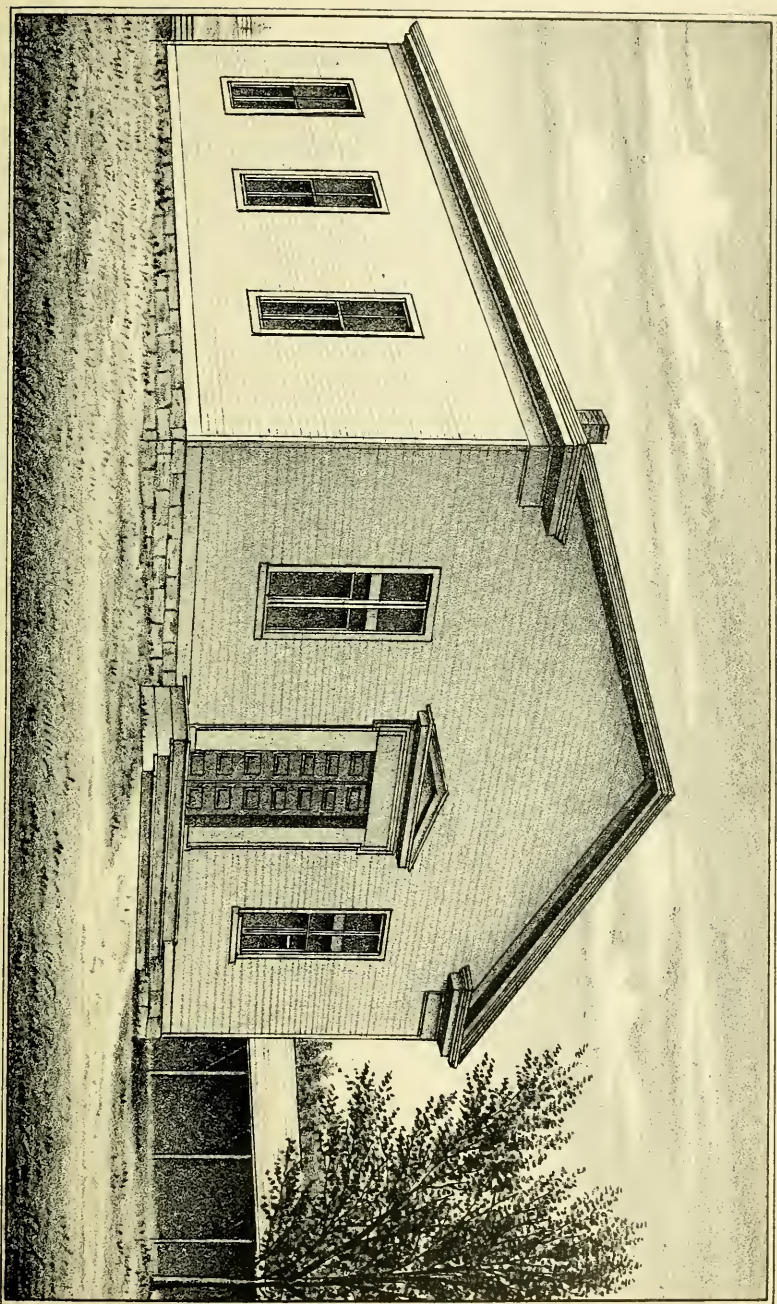
“Sunday, February 28, after attending our own church in the forenoon, my wife and I, with Fred and the hired man, went to Meadville, to hear more gospel temperance war notes from Mr. Murphy. There was a meeting at 3 P. M. for men and boys, and in the evening one for everybody. We enjoyed these meetings remarkably well.

“It was announced that Tuesday evening, March 2, would close the series of ten days for which the meetings were first announced, and that Mr. Murphy’s son, Edward T., who is also a temperance lecturer, would be present.

He did not arrive, however, on Tuesday, as expected, but was present Thursday evening, and delivered a 'number one' lecture, wherein he related how he got married, which pleased both young and old. I had the privilege of being there to hear, as I thought, the closing address, but was greatly pleased when it was given out that these meetings would be continued two evenings more—to the satisfaction of everybody. So on Thursday evening there was in attendance the largest audience yet assembled in Meadville to hear the closing lecture. I think much good has been accomplished by those temperance meetings."

Mr. Waid does not desire this memoir to close without reference being made to the many happy seasons passed at revival meetings held in the Methodist Episcopal Church on the State road, and also in the two churches at Blooming Valley; particularly the first named church, which to him is "Pilgrim's Home," where he, with many others, sought the Lord and found Him whom his soul loveth. And here follows what Mr. Waid in this respect relates himself, together with his interesting account of Blooming Valley Cemetery, the Smith Burying Ground, Smith family, etc.

"This is January 28, 1886, and I find over thirty-five years of my life have passed since I found the Lord, and I think as the Prophet said: *The joy of the Lord is a thing for ever*; or of the words of David: *In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.* (Psalm xvi: 11.) Having enjoyed the kind fellowship of Christian friends, and having been privileged with them to occasionally see the Lord's cause prosper, my heart has been made to rejoice. As we live only a mile from Blooming Valley, we have had similar advantages of attending church there, and many are the pleasant hours passed



M. E. CHURCH, " PILGRIMS HOME," STATE ROAD. (BUILT 1847.)

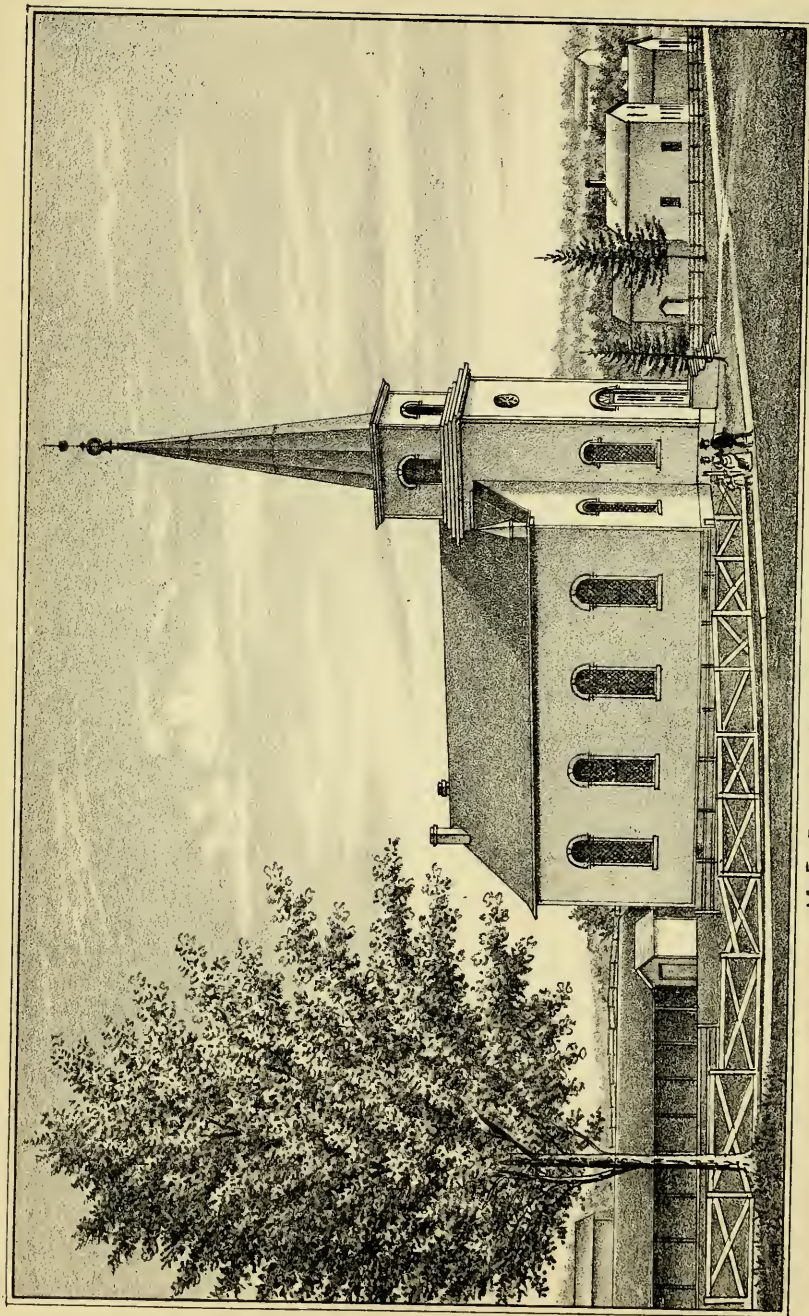
in the Lord's house listening to the gospel. We can say, with the psalmist, *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.* (Psalm XXIII: 6.)

“The first church, known as the Advent Church, was built in 1854, at a cost of \$2,000. The Methodist Episcopal Church was built in 1874, at a cost of \$4,500, and the bell cost \$300. The Advent Church is located east of the center of the town, while the Methodist Episcopal Church is west of the center, both on the north side of the State road or State Street, about half a mile apart. There are sheds with other accommodations at the Methodist Episcopal Church, containing fourteen stalls, and erected at a cost of \$300. They occupy the north end of the church lot, covering it entirely from east to west. The population of Blooming Valley in 1880 was 232; the number of acres in the borough, 1,200.

“Blooming Valley Cemetery is located about half a mile north of the borough, whether in the limits or adjacent thereto I am not prepared to say: but unless there is a jog in the north line of the borough, it lies in Woodcock Township. The road leaving the borough for Woodcock Valley and Sægertown commences a little east of the Advent Church, running somewhat northwest, and at the distance of about three-fourths of a mile crosses another road, diagonally, where the Cowen Schoolhouse stood, and where Thomas Chipman now lives. This road branches off from State road a little west of the Methodist Episcopal Church, runs north about half a mile to the foot of the Schoolhouse Hill, where it crosses the above named road, leaving a piece of land something in the shape of an isosceles triangle, longer from north to south, where it is bounded by a public road on each side, and, as I suppose, on the south by

the borough. My first recollections of this burial place datēs back to over forty years ago. I remember attending some funerals before that of my grandmother (Pember Waid's wife), who died February 2, 1844. At that time the ground was not enclosed by a fence, but was open to the commons. I remember well my grandfather, Pember Waid, making a picket fence enclosing the lot where my grandmother was interred; now called 'the old burying ground' (then comparatively new). It had considerable timber, some of which remained standing for years afterward.

"And among the many good deeds those noble men did was not only to help mankind, but to improve the cemetery where their dust now rests. There, in Blooming Valley Cemetery, rest the remains of a large portion of my deceased relatives and friends. They have been borne there, one by one, ever since. In childhood, with my parents, I looked on the first departed friend. Memory fails to bring that first scene to my remembrance, but as I have already intimated, it was long ago. Since then how often have I, with others, attended the funerals of those who have been laid to rest in this cemetery, and other places of interment in this community. Surely this Scripture teaches a great truth: *The living know they shall die.* The grave is appointed for all living; sooner or later our remains will be gathered there. David Coy, an old schoolmate of mine, who is a little older than I am, was a twin, his mate being a girl who either died in infancy or childhood, and was the first, or among the first, to be interred in Blooming Valley Cemetery (the date I cannot give). There is another report, as I understand, that David Lord had one or two children buried there previous to this; which of these accounts, however, is true, I cannot say. The land was owned by



M. E. CHURCH, BLOOMING VALLEY. (BUILT 1874)
THE MARBLE CORNER STONE WAS PRESENTED BY MR. JOEL DENSMORE. SEE PAGE 63.

James Smith ; but the first place used for burial of the dead was small, although at present it includes (I am informed) about seven acres. It is supposed, and probably correctly, that over 500 have been interred here. Many of the early graves are unmarked and obscure, yet since order and regularity have been observed of later years, the cemetery has been very much improved, for which those who have lent a helping hand deserve credit.

“Before closing my remarks on this subject I shall give a list of a few of my deceased relatives and friends who are interred in this cemetery. My deceased kindred, whose names are mentioned in the former part of this sketch, I will not repeat here: Orra Roudebush, daughter of G. and C. Roudebush, died March 26, 1864, aged seventeen years, twenty-nine days.... Oscar, son of G. and C. Roudebush, died March 29, 1863, aged nineteen years, eleven months and fourteen days. (Here permit me to say the first funeral I have any recollection of attending was that of a child of George Roudebush, called Priscilla, who died April 30, 1841, nearly forty-five years ago).... David Lord, died April 7, 1836, aged forty-two years, eighteen days.... Sylvester Vanmarter, died September 5, 1853, aged twenty-five years, one month, eighteen days.... Daniel Snyder, died February 3, 1853, aged forty-two years, nine months, thirteen days.... Austin M. Clark, died November 18, 1865, aged sixty-one years, three months, eighteen days.... Andrew B. Floyd, born August 30, 1808, died June 29, 1873.... Eleanor Brown, his wife, born December 2, 1807, died July 2, 1880.... Charles Stewart, died March 11, 1878, aged forty-five years.... Charles Boyles, born August 20, 1806, died December 22, 1882.... Hattie Dickson, died October 22, 1873, aged thirty-five years, one month, nine days.... B. P. Brown, M. D., died February 10, 1861, aged forty-

one years. . . . George P. Marker, died February 18, 1856,
 aged twenty-one years, three months, sixteen days. . . .
 Watson P. Bradshaw, died February 5, 1871, aged forty
 years, eleven months. . . . Elizabeth Ann Culbertson, wife
 of Jacob Cowen, died July 11, 1858, aged twenty-two
 years, three months. . . . Jacob Cowen, died May 8, 1879,
 aged fifty-two years, four months, seventeen days. . . .
 Samuel Cowen, died March 23, 1856, aged thirty-one
 years, seven months. . . . Daniel Cowen, died May 15,
 1864, aged seventy-one years, one month, four days. . . .
 Corydon H., only son of F. and E. Colt, died June 17,
 1866, aged nineteen years, two months, twenty days. . . .
 Gelinda, wife of A. Ellis, died September 28, 1833, aged
 nineteen years. . . . Sarah Ellis, wife of A. Ellis, died Sep-
 tember 15, 1870, aged fifty-seven years. . . . Abel Ellis,
 died March 24, 1876, aged sixty-two years, nine months,
 eighteen days. . . . Edward Chipman, died March 25, 1868,
 aged thirty-three years, eleven months, eighteen days. . . .
 Joseph W. Brown, died April 7, 1862, aged forty-one
 years two months. . . . John Robbins, died March 13,
 1877, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. . . . Electa, wife
 of John Robbins, born October 5, 1807, died August 14,
 1863. . . . Michael Coy, died March 29, 1870, aged seventy-
 six years, twenty-one days. . . . Catharine, wife of Michael
 Coy, died November 8, 1853, aged fifty-seven years, six
 months, twenty-eight days. . . . Simeon Brown, born July
 8, 1779, died May 2, 1858. . . . Phœbe, his wife, born De-
 cember 28, 1785, died February 24, 1884. . . . Phœbe Brown,
 who died in her ninety-ninth year, is the oldest person
 buried in Blooming Valley Cemetery. . . . A. Bradshaw, I
 think, was in his ninety-third year. . . . Henry W. Parker,
 died May 30, 1875, aged thirty-four years, one month,
 eight days. . . . Elizabeth, wife of Henry W. Parker, died
 May 28, 1873, aged twenty-nine years, three months,

thirteen days.... Sarah H. Carpenter, wife of David W. Braymer, born April 14, 1821, died November 22, 1880. Jabez Goodrich, born in Chatham, Conn., March 24, 1797, died October 18, 1859. Sally, his wife, born March 18, 1796, in Lewistown, Conn., died November 10, 1876, aged eighty years, seven months, twenty-two days. ... Zachariah Cox, M. D., born at Zanesville, Ohio, died at Blooming Valley December 18, 1867, aged sixty-six years, one month, twenty-five days.

“As I have recorded the date when I and my twin brother and parents attended the first funeral within my recollection, I will here note the last one I attended up to this date, February 11, 1886. To-day I was present at the funeral of George W. Lord, of Mead Township, near Meadville. The services were held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Meadville. George W. Lord was born in New York, November 4, 1804, died February 9, 1886; his wife died in 1881; both interred in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville.

“*Smith Burying Ground.*—This quiet home of the departed was presented to the living by James Smith, an early settler of Mead Township, Crawford Co., Penn., and who came from New Jersey in 1800. (I am informed he died at the age of eighty-six; his wife when ninety-six.) November 30, 1807, he purchased 150 acres of Tract 178, the farm now owned by J. Harris.

“This cemetery is located about half a mile south of the State road, and in view from the same for nearly a mile. It is seen on rising the Goodrich Hill (where my eldest son lives), and is in plain view to your right until you pass my own homestead. It lies on a cross-road running south from State road, connecting with a road leading from Hatch Hill to Meadville. It covers, I believe, an area of one acre; lies on the east side of the cross-road,

descending toward the west. With its marble slabs, monuments and beautiful evergreens it presents an interesting and comely view to the wayfarer on the State road.

"Years ago there was a wood which hid the ground from our view, but this has been removed, and now its neat appearance is ever before us, reminding us in mute language, more impressive, mayhap, because of its silence, than any pulpit or platform oratory, of what must soon be the common end of all, high and low, rich and poor.

'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The path of glory leads but to the grave.'

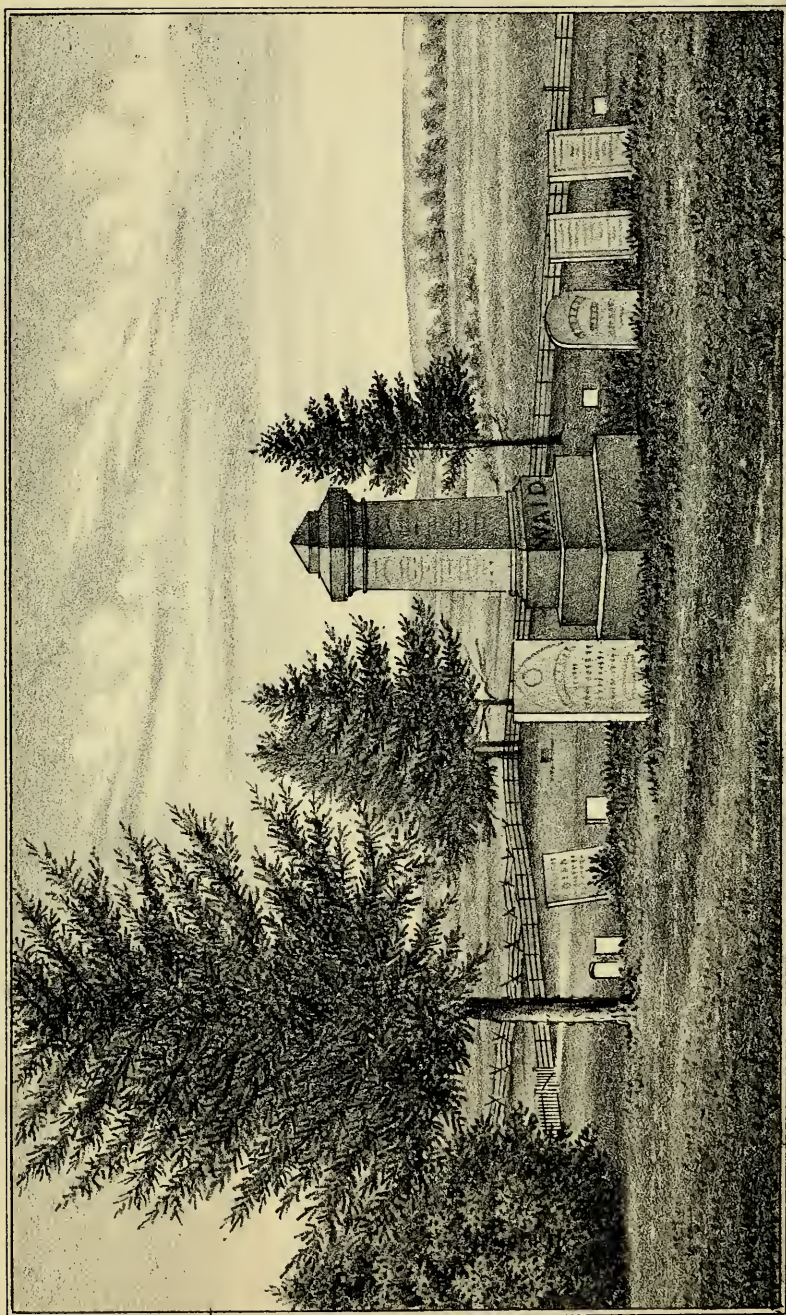
"During the interview I had, December 4, 1885, with the sister of James Smith (related at page 49), Marvin Smith said: 'I was passing the Smith Burying Ground one day, in company with Mr. Marsh, who said: "Let us go in here and look around." This we did, and Mr. Marsh then inquired of me as to who took care of the cemetery. "Does it look as though anybody did?" I asked. Mr. Marsh insisting upon me giving him an answer, however, I had to acknowledge that I gave it what little care it did get. "Well," said Mr. Marsh, "it will live when you are dead." Another proof that a kind deed is never lost. Who is there that does not want some good thing done in his lifetime to be spoken of kindly when he is no more? Too true, alas! are those words of Mark Antony:

'The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft' interred with their bones.'

"I subjoin a list (copied from the originals) of those, whose names I wish here recorded, who repose in this little 'city of the dead':

"Joseph Smith*, died in August, 1843, aged fifty-six

*Joseph Smith's family were our nearest neighbors.



THE WAID LOT - BLOOMING VALLEY CEMETERY - , MAY 20. 1886.

THE WAID MONUMENT.

The inscriptions on this monument, a view of which is here given, are:

(On West Side.)

PEMBER WAID,
Born January 21, 1774, died February 15, 1852.
ANNA L., his wife,
Born May 22, 1776, died February 2, 1844.

IRA C. WAID, their son,
Born Aug. 15, 1801, died January 27, 1871.
ELIZABETH P., his wife,
Born August 26, 1804, died January 7, 1882.
(All born in Connecticut.)

(On South Side.)

ROBERT L.,
Born in 1826, died in 1880.
GEORGE N.,
Born in 1829,
FRANKLIN P.,
Born in 1833; died in 1854.
FRANCIS C.,
Born in 1833,

(On North Side.)

FAMILY OF FRANCIS C. AND ELIZA C. WAID.

Francis C., born in 1833,
Eliza C., born in 1832.

Franklin I., born in 1855,
Guinnip P., born in 1859,
Fred F., born in 1868,

(On East Side.)

In Memory of Father and Mother and Kindred,

this monument is erected by

F. C. WAID.

August 13, 1884.

On the tombstone to the right of the monument is
this inscription:

IRA C. WAID,

Born in Lyme, Conn., August 15, 1801;

Died January 27, 1871, aged 69 years, 5 months and 12 days.

“Thou art gone to thy rest, Ira,
I will not deplore thee,
For thou art gone where oft, on earth,
Thy spirit longed to be.”

PEMBER WAID,

Died February 15, 1852, in the 78th year of his age.

ANNA L., wife of PEMBER WAID,

Died February 2, 1844, aged 67 years, 9 months.

On the tombstone to the left of the monument is the
following inscription:

GONE HOME!

FRANKLIN P., son of I. C. and E. P. WAID,

Died May 28, 1854, aged 21 years, 1 month, 5 days.

Behold, young man, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must you be;
Prepare for Death and follow me.

years. . . . Daniel Smith, born January 26, 1825, died July 25, 1883; a monument was erected to his memory at a cost of about \$300. . . . Mary, wife of N. E. Southwick, died February 12, 1860, aged thirty-seven years, eight months, three days. . . . Hosea Smith, Company C, One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, was killed at the battle of Gettysburg July 1, 1863, aged twenty-three years and nine months.

‘Like a true and faithful soldier
 He obeyed our country’s call,
 Vowing to protect its banner,
 Or in battle proudly fall.

Noble, cheerful, brave and fearless,
 When most needed ever nigh,
 And for the honor of our flag
 HE WAS NOT AFRAID TO DIE.’

. . . . Robert Smith, died October 26, 1853, aged sixty-six years, one month, twenty-four days. . . . Mary Luper, his wife, died April 30, 1879, aged eighty-one years, nine months, twenty-one days. . . . William Smith, died January 12, 1858, aged seventy-three years. . . . Betsy, wife of William Smith, died May 1, 1854, aged sixty-five years, nine months. . . . Margaret, daughter of William Smith, died October 27, 1854, in her thirty-ninth year. . . . Thomas Smith, died October 3, 1863, aged forty-six years, five months, two days. . . . Jane Smith, died June 26, 1863, aged fifty-seven years, three months, eleven days. . . . Cornelia A., wife of William Smith, Jr., died October 24, 1880, aged fifty-six years, two months. . . . Charlotte, wife of George Smith, died in October, 1843, in the forty-ninth year of her age. . . . John, son of George and C. Smith, died June 26, 1835, aged twenty years, six months, twenty-two days. . . . James Smith, died March 10, 1875, aged eighty-six years, two months, nine days. . . . Catharine,

wife of James Smith, died May 7, 1849, aged fifty-two years. . . . Ezra Williams, died September 13, 1850, in the thirty-first year of his age. . . . Alonzo, son of E. and C. Williams, died September 9, 1858, aged eight years, ten months, twenty-six days. . . . Lois, wife of H. Harris, died June 26, 1853, aged forty-six years, one month, nineteen days. . . . Harvey Harris, died March 12, 1876, aged eighty-five years, eleven months, nineteen days. Aside from the Smiths and their relatives, there are but few interments here.

“Smith Family.—The descendants of James Smith, who donated the lot, are numerous, many of them living in this county and vicinity. A brother and sister are still in this neighborhood, the former (I am informed) aged ninety-five, the latter (who is a widow) in her eighty-third year. Since my earliest recollection, with the exception of a few years, she was my parents’ nearest neighbor, living only a few rods from my father’s house, and is now (November 30, 1885) living just across the way, a short distance from the old homestead of Ira C. Waid, where my second son (Guinnip P. Waid) lives. Memory brings to my mind—shall I say a thousand recollections of the past? I say a great many scenes of the past. When I think of childhood’s days and the days of my youth as well as manhood, I can well afford to sit down, after a day’s labor in the cider-mill, and write a few thoughts so inseparably allied with the past. While there were only four children in Ira C. Waid’s family there were twelve in that of Joseph Smith, our nearest neighbor—nine boys and three girls.

“Just think of our going to school in the winter season (only had a mile and a half to go to reach the Cowen Schoolhouse), and having often to break our own path through deep snow! Could such a reality be forgotten?

I think not, though some of our book lessons might. Then think of the long winter evenings, the rainy days, the many (?) opportunities children had of stepping in to see a neighbor! Reader! think again. These privileges have been continued from that time till the present day, and I still go to spend an evening in social chat with my life-long neighbor, who was well acquainted with my father in his youthful days. *Better is a neighbor that is near than a friend far off.*

“I think in 1845, Laban Smith, who had made a visit to New Haven, Conn., in order to see his uncle (after whom he was named and who gave him (Laban) on his coming of age a handsome sum of money), could relate stories about his trip to New Haven, as interesting to us younger boys, perhaps, as any we have heard since, possibly because it was his first, and therefor more replete with the marvelous; or it may have been because we pictured from his *description* of scenes more than from the *reality*.

“In the family of James Smith, the first settler spoken of, were sixteen children (including two pairs of twins), four of whom died in early life: nearly all the rest lived to advanced ages.

“Before withdrawing from the subject suggested by the contemplation of the two beautiful cemeteries just spoken of, I am reminded of an incident that occurred in my experience in another one, many miles away. An opportunity having presented itself to me of visiting the Southern Exposition, held at Louisville, Ky., in 1883, I and my son, Guinnip, together with some friends from Meadville, to that intent set out on September 25, and on our return we attended the State Fair of Indiana, held at the Capital. Also, at Cincinnati, Ohio, we spent a very pleasant time, viewing the animals and feathered tribes

in the Zoological Gardens, as well as taking in the great Exhibition held there.

“Then again on October 25, same year, my wife and I, while on our way to east Tennessee to visit our eldest son, passed a day very agreeably and instructively at each Exhibition referred to, as well as the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati, and I was led to reflect that opportunities appear sometimes with such rapid sequence that we cannot, or, if we could, do not always embrace them.

“My third trip to Tennessee was made December 14, 1883, in company with my brother, George N., and brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, and on this occasion we did not stop for sight seeing until we found ourselves in Knoxville, 'neath the balmy sky of the 'Sunny South.' During our sojourn there (Knoxville) I attended the funeral of Mrs. Bristol, wife of a merchant of the place, a lady of thirty-five summers, who had left behind her a sorrowing husband and two children. These stood by the side of her grave together with a large concourse of relatives and friends. And, as I looked upon that newly-made grave, now filled in, completed, and bedecked with flowers, I remarked to my friend, a gentleman from California, that the grave was one of the most beautiful I had ever seen. Turning to move away, I found standing, just in front of us, a monument bearing this inscription:

‘Flowers are Love’s Last Gifts.’

“And on reading these few words I could not help thinking: How appropriate to the departed!

“On a certain Sunday, not long since, Brother M. Miller, our preacher, said in his sermon: ‘The apostle Paul was a singularly good man; he wrote his own obituary.’ That is what few men do, and the idea suggested the question to my mind: Do we not all form the *charac-*

ter from which our obituary, whether we write it ourselves or others write it for us, may be drafted? My parents sought to honor God while living, and they have left behind them a good name to their children.

“April 13, 1886, being the anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. E. C. Waid, I am reminded of the near approach of my own, and, *impromptu*, the following few lines are suggested to my thoughts, which I give with a desire that they be read as coming from one more accustomed to the daily labor of the farm than courting the Muses:

As I near the age of fifty-three,
 (Twenty-third of April it will be,
 Year eighteen hundred and eighty-six),
 On Thee, Oh! Lord, my heart I will fix.

And should more time to me be given,
 Let it be spent for Thee and heaven;
 Good Master! help me to do Thy will,
 And during life my mission fulfil.

Thou hast always been most kind to me,
 May I toward men so ever be;
 All good from Thee I daily receive,
 May I the needy help to relieve.

My wife, Eliza, you clearly may see,
 Is one year and ten days older than me;
 The date of her birth 'tis easy to fix,
 For she is fifty-four in eighty-six.”



April 23, 1886.

(ANNIVERSARY OF MR. WAID'S BIRTH AND MARRIAGE.)

"The accomplishment of life's work still goes on. Time and tide wait for no man. I am mercifully spared to see the fifty-third anniversary of my birth and thirty-second of my wedding, and am grateful to the Parent of all good, not only for unnumbered blessings showered upon me in the past, but for being permitted to reach, in health and strength this day, the fifty-third milestone on life's journey.

"Among the many pleasant felicitations received by Mrs. Waid and myself on this occasion, came the following from Messrs. Warner, Beers & Co., of Chicago, my publishers: 'Mr. Baker (editor) unites with us in extending to you our warmest congratulations on your entering your fifty-fourth year of an honored and useful life, and that you and your amiable partner in life may yet enjoy many such happy anniversaries, unmarred by any of 'the natural shocks that flesh is heir to,' till the Good Pilot shall finally guide the craft, in which you have so long been sailing, in faithful consort, into an Eternal Haven of Peace and Rest, is our sincerest wish.'

"The Bard of Avon, a man not of to-day only, but for all time, born 322 years ago, also on April 23, says in his play of *As you like it*:

'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.'

"I have, so far, been suffered to play my 'part' in the great Drama of Life in 'this wide and universal theater,'

and my gratitude to the Giver of all good, for the lightness of the 'part' assigned to me, I now gratefully express. I have seen the nearest and dearest of relatives and friends make their final exit from this world's stage, and I know my own 'cue' must come, sooner or later, that will direct me to take my departure forever, except from the memory of those who love me.

"Life is so short and valuable that not a day have we to spare that we should not turn to some good account. So I have chosen this, my birthday, whereon to complete what I began over a year ago—the writing down at short intervals, between labor and rest, some of the incidents of my life as found in my biography and in other pages of this book, all of which, no doubt, will outlive me.

"I wish to mention here the visit now (April 23, 1886) being made us by Mrs. Amelia Taylor and her youngest son, William (aged thirteen years), of Kasson, Dodge Co., Minn. Enoch Lord, her father, died when she was quite young, and from the age of three years (I am informed by her) she was reared in the family of George W. Lord, her uncle, who lived near Meadville, on Town Hill, and whose funeral Mrs. Taylor and her son attended in February last. Since then they have remained to visit their many relatives and friends here and in Mercer County, Penn. This afternoon, after viewing the Smith Burying Ground, my wife accompanied them to Sægertown on a visit to George Floyd's, many years ago schoolmates at the old Cowen Schoolhouse, myself being teacher. Pleasant reminiscences for to-day, when teacher and scholars again meet, recalling happy scenes of long ago! But although on this eventful day I could say much more, I must not neglect farm work, for the weather is fine and most propitious, and opportunities must not be disregarded.

“We have already sown about twenty acres of oats (earlier than usual this year) on the Goodrich farm within the past few days and seeded to timothy. Indeed we have a busy time on the farm, and with a glad heart do I enter on the duties of my fifty-fourth year.”

In conclusion Francis C. Waid says, “Here I not only desire to express my thankfulness to the Giver of all good, but also to them who are so deserving; and may life continue on as pleasant, as peaceful and as happy in the future until we arrive at our long home.”

When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children, and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just. (Matthew, v: 40.) And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. (And verse 44.) But I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. (1st Corinthians, xiii: 13.) And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.



“Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.”

The following two poems, “My twin brother and I,” and “From the death of my brother to this date,” both from the pen of Mrs. A. D. Brown, and which are but the simple echoes of Mr. Waid’s own meditations, are here given to supply, in a measure, the place of any por-

trait of Franklin P. Waid, twin brother of Francis C., no picture of him having ever been taken.

“MY TWIN BROTHER AND I.”

(BY A. D. BROWN.)

At one birth were born Franklin P., Francis C.,
 April twenty-third, eighteen thirty-three.
 I have heard it from those on whose word I rely
 That Franklin was half an hour older than I.

The tie that unites twin brothers by birth
 Seems almost to me now the nearest on earth,
 Brought into existence the very same hour,
 United in love by some higher power.

For each other they live and are willing to die
 (At least such was the case with my brother and I),
 We lived in a world of our own which we made,
 So that no base intruder it e'er could invade.

Our object and aim, while he liv'd, seem'd to be
 To care for each other; in contrast to me
 He was noble and kind, a pure-hearted boy,
 With a heart like pure gold, unmixed with alloy.

We were always together where'er we might ramble,
 Then, if on our rights anyone dar'd to trample,
 Each knew in the other he had a true friend
 Who would in all cases his brother defend.

I, more than my brother, to books was inclined,
 But in true manly courage I fell far behind;
 He was the fav'rite of mother, her pride and her joy,
 Whilst I was regarded as my father's own boy.

And if trouble occurred with a playmate at school,
 And chastisement was due for breaking a rule,
 He would stand by the culprit in sorrow and shame,
 Ever ready and willing to bear all the blame.

We sought and found Jesus, eighteen fifty-one;
 Our lives from that onward seem'd blended in one,
 And a new link united my brother and me
 When, earnest in prayer, we both bow'd the knee.

But my brother has gone, he is with us no more!
 (He died May twenty-eight, eighteen fifty-four);
 The dear tie has been sever'd which united us here,
 But e'en now to my heart his mem'ry is dear.

As we stood by his bedside in pure silent prayer,
 It seems to me now that Jesus was there;
 The last wish of my brother in these words was expressed:
 "Oh! meet me in heaven, that haven of rest!"

Sometimes when I bow by the altar of prayer,
 I feel his dear presence is with me e'en there.
 By a life of devotion in constant prayer giv'n,
 I hope to meet Franklin, my twin brother, in Heav'n.

BLOOMING VALLEY,
 CRAWFORD CO., PENN., April, 1886.

FROM THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER TO THIS DATE.

(BY A. D. BROWN.)

Since the death of my brother I now realize
 How dear to my heart are our family ties,
 No friend that's now living fills that vacant place,
 Nor any lapse of time can his memory efface.

Our family affections seem'd centr'd in one,
 But that tie has been broken, my brother is gone.
 I may have neglected—did not recognize
 In the love that I bore him some other dear ties.

I may have forgotten, failed even to see,
 The love that was due to a parent from me,
 Until my dear father to the bright home had gone,
 January twenty-seven, Eighteen seventy-one.

Sorrow never comes singly, as you have heard said,
 The next was my brother, Robert L. Waid;
 My mother then bade us a last sad adieu,
 January seven, Eighteen eighty-two.

But in all our afflictions, more clearly we feel,
 That earth hath no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal:
 One brother is left whose friendship I prize,
 And recognize fully our brotherly ties.

Three kind-hearted sons to me have been given,
 And a fond, loving wife, choicest treasures from heav'n !
 I go forth to my labor, ever praising the Lord,
 An abundance of wealth has been my reward.

Half a century of years my life has been spared,
 In the blessings of life I've wonderfully shared;
 Always generous and kind have endeavored to be,
 Bestowing on all who asketh of me.

I care not for life's pleasures, nor even for dress,*
 But I fain would be clad in pure righteousness;
 In my calm, quiet manner would live out my days,
 Giving God all the glory, the honor and praise.

When my race on earth's run and life's warfare is o'er,
 And I find myself standing on Eternity's shore,
 Then the Master shall say, "Well and faithfully done,
 Enter into My joy and sit down by My throne !"

BLOOMING VALLEY,
 Crawford Co., Penn., April 5, 1886.

A WORD OF RESPECT FROM THE WRITER.†

I'm a poor lonely widow,
 Sixty-one years of age,
 And in this kind of labor,
 Sometimes I engage.

To favor nor flattery
 I am not inclin'd,
 But can see and find fault
 With the most of mankind.

In a case like the present,
 I endeavor to do
 What I firmly believe
 To be honest and true:

And in my humble manner
 Would truly set forth
 Their true virtue and merit,
 Their value and worth.

*Meaning plainness in dress, to enjoy life's pleasures as a Christian.

†Written on the morning of her birthday.—F. C. Waid.

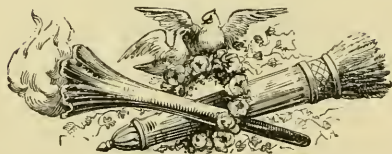
But in all such cases
The truth I regard,
And a poor meager pittance
Has been my reward.

My thanks are now due
To Francis C. Waid,
For the liberal manner
In which he has paid

For the poor, feeble manner
In which I have set forth,
His true Christian character
And pure moral worth.

BLOOMING VALLEY,
Crawford Co., Penn., April 7, 1886.

A. D. BROWN



ROBERT L. WAID.

This, the eldest son of Ira C. and Elizabeth P. (Morehead) Waid, was born May 1, 1826, in Riceville, Crawford Co., Penn. He received a common school education, was brought up on a farm, and during life was engaged as a tiller of the soil. He died June 17, 1880, deeply regretted by many friends and neighbors, and now sleeps his last sleep in Blooming Valley Cemetery (see page 14).

"Weep not for him who dieth,
 For he sleeps and is at rest;
 And the couch whereon he lieth
 Is the green earth's quiet breast"

He was a model farmer, and neatness and perfect order in all things were prominent features upon all parts of his farm. He was a member of the K. of H.: in politics a Republican. His widow now resides on the farm, in Mead Township, Crawford County, which was improved by him.

On October 16, 1852, Mr. Waid married Almeda A. Wheeler, who was born January 5, 1836, daughter of Abram and Amanda (Taylor) Wheeler, who were parents of ten children: Lorenda, Lorenzo, Elisha T., Roxana, Elvira, Phoebe M., Samantha, Elijah M., Almeda A. and William V. To Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Waid were born following named children: Orlando, born August 27 1853; Nick P., born June 11, 1856, and Ira C., born July 31, 1860, died December 24, 1860.

Mr. Waid bought of his father, in 1858, thirteen and a half acres of land, known as the Goodwill Lot, and was

willed by the latter fifty-five acres of land in Woodcock Township, being part of the property bought of John Reynolds, Esq., by Ira C. Waid, in 1855. The thirteen and a half acres, Goodwill Lot, with the homestead, in Mead Township, on which Mrs. R. L. Waid lives, were willed to Nick P. Waid, and the fifty-five acres in Woodcock Township were willed to Orlando Waid, by his father, R. L. Waid.

In childhood and youth the subject of this memoir was possessed of a remarkably retentive memory, seeming thereby to master his school lessons with greater facility than did any of his brothers. He was accustomed to talk in his sleep and, his brother, Francis C., has heard his mother say that his uncle, William Morehead, would take the spelling book or mental arithmetic to Robert L.'s bedside, while he was talking in his sleep, and the latter would go through his lessons as correctly as when awake! Yet, as years crept on apace, his mind drifted instinctively, as it were, from books to farm life, particularly the training of stock, such as horses and cattle, in which branch of agriculture he in after life enjoyed considerable notoriety. He "broke in" and trained a chestnut-colored mare, known afterward as "Old Doll" (his cousin, Ralph Roundbush, distinguished her by calling her "Ira Waid's old Doll"), allowed to be the best trained farm horse in the community at that time. This animal, which was always kept on the farm, died at the age of thirty-two years.

During his life, both before and after his marriage, Mr. Waid followed droving to some extent, and his brother, Francis C., remembers in his youth accompanying him with a drove of cattle to Orange County, N. Y. He has on several occasions driven cattle from Crawford County to the Philadelphia market for Mr. Lyman Perkins, after whom he was named.

Mr. Francis C. Waid says of his brother Robert L., "He, like the rest of my father's sons, inherited the noble traits of his father, and managed his business affairs on a sound basis. He was at no time much inclined to run in debt or speculate, but always paid promptly when he did buy on credit. I wish it not to be thought strange if I give this brother the preference in my father's family. His memory deserves it now, though I fear I failed to properly appreciate in my childhood many of his good traits of character.

"Lyman (for so he used to be called) was a very industrious man, and, to illustrate by way of contrast between him and myself, I will say that in all the teaming of wood or produce done by me between the farm and Meadville, I do not remember of ever exceeding *two* loads per day, whereas Lyman has hauled *three*. He was noted as an early riser, observing the old maxim: 'Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise!' He is also remembered as being quite a loud talker, whose voice could be heard a considerable distance. I think he was the most talkative member of my father's family. I remember his being asked by a neighbor or friend how he managed to do so much work and talk too. Lyman replied that he did both at the same time—which was true. 'Talk and Industry combined' being one of his mottoes. He was a man whose kindness and real worth not only endeared him to his friends but to all his acquaintances. It was noted of him that whatever he undertook to do, *he did well*, and I do not think it is saying too much when I express my opinion that he was one of the best farmers in this community; and it is no wonder the removal of such a man from his circle of relatives, friends and neighbors should be deeply felt.

"I think he accomplished in his life (a period of fifty-

four years, one month and sixteen days) more work than many who live to old age. Many things he did on the farm and elsewhere remain as lasting evidences of the thoroughness of work and excellency of completeness so characteristic of him. While in my 'teens' Lyman and I ran a threshing machine for father for some years, and in those days we thought we were doing well if we threshed 300 bushels of grain in a day, and then it was left in the chaff to be cleaned afterward in the fanning-mill. No sulky plow on our farm then, nor much other machinery to aid our busy hands in our farm work. Everything had to be done in the 'old way,' as we termed it.

"I remember the first mower father bought. It was known as the 'Danford Mower,' manufactured at Erie, Penn., in the summer, I think, of 1852 or 1853. This was the first mower used in our neighborhood, and my brother, Lyman, used to drive the team. Cutting grass by machinery was such a wondrous novelty in those days that old and young, alike, would come quite a distance, as if to see a circus, the driver being regarded with as much fascination as would be a daring acrobat in the ring, or with as much sensation as the first appearance of the early-day stage driver created.

"To conclude, I will briefly say, in honor of the memory of both my father and my brother, Robert L., that, as practical men, Ira C. Waid was one of the leading farmers in his community, and Robert L. Waid was the first copy, proof enough that he was the best farmer among the sons of Ira C. Waid. His aim was to excel, and in this he was successful. He labored for a good reputation, and he left a fair and honored name to posterity."

GEORGE N. WAID.

This gentleman, only surviving brother of Francis C. Waid, and one of the leading farmers of Woodcock Township, Crawford Co., Penn., was born in the township just named October 27, 1829. He was married, April 30, 1855, at Woodcock, Crawford County, by James A. Heard, Esq., to Mary J., born August 15, 1835, daughter of Cyrus and Priscilla (Gilbert) Bean, early settlers of Woodcock Township, formerly of Bucks County, Penn. To this union were born ten children: Iowa (born January 18, 1856, in Lee County, Iowa, wife of Walter Joslin, and living in Woodcock Township, Crawford Co., Penn.): Elizabeth P. (born May 22, 1857, in Lee County, Iowa, wife of William Riddle, and living in Bolivar, Alleghany Co., N. Y.): Blanche E. (also a native of Lee County, Iowa, born December 22, 1858, wife of Augustus Anderhalt, and living in Union City, Erie Co., Penn.): Greely (born May 13, 1861, died March 27, 1864): Grant N. (born November 30, 1864): Ira C. (born December 2, 1867): Jennie L. (born July 25, 1870): Sumner B. (born May 30, 1873): Lloyd G. (born October 13, 1877): and Charlie F. (born October 21, 1881).

Mr. Waid moved to Iowa in 1855, taking a span of good horses with him, and bringing them back to Crawford County on his return home in 1860. While in Iowa he was visited in the spring of 1857 by his parents, and in the fall of 1860 by his brother, Francis C., who then for the first time saw "the West," and he accompanied his brother and family on their journey fifteen days after leav-

ing West Point, Iowa, as far as Indianapolis, Ind., where he left them, thence returned to Erie, Penn., by rail, and from there to Meadville by stage. Mr. Waid's father assisted him in buying a piece of land in Iowa, on which he built a house, and which he farmed until his return home, but several years afterward sold, as renting property so far away was not profitable.

Mr. Waid has resided, since 1865, on his present farm, located on the Dickson road, four miles northeast of Meadville, and one mile north of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the State road. He has a saw-mill for custom work, which he operates during four months in each year. He enlisted during the late Rebellion in July, 1862; received a bullet through the lungs at the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, and was honorably discharged on account of disability February 18, 1864.

Francis C. Waid, George N. Waid and George W. Cutshall, brother-in-law of Francis C., have traveled many thousands of miles together.

In 1876 they visited the Centennial; in the fall of 1880 they had the pleasure of visiting friends and relatives in Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska; and in December, 1883, they made a trip to Knoxville, east Tenn., on which occasion Francis C. Waid's mission was one of business and to see his eldest son. George N. Waid, in politics, is independent.

GEORGE W. CUTSHALL.

Philip Cutshall, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was born in Pennsylvania in 1767; and his wife, Elizabeth, was born in 1760. In 1803 they came from Cumberland County to Venango County, Penn., settling about six miles west of Franklin. They had three sons: John, Jacob and George, and one daughter, Nancy. The sons, on arriving at maturity were among the early settlers of Randolph Township, Crawford Co., Ohio, locating in 1814, their parents coming subsequently. Their father died in 1829, their mother in 1836. Their youngest son, George, the father of George W., was born in Cumberland County, Penn., April 29, 1799, and was four years of age when brought to Venango County, Penn., where he grew to maturity, undergoing the privations of pioneer life. In 1823 he married Jane Sterling, and by this union had thirteen children: Jeremiah, Nancy, Eliza, Maria, Mary Jane, George W., Warren, Sarah E., Philip M., Jacob A., Joseph R., Lafayette and Lydia A.

Mr. Cutshall settled on the place where his son George W. now resides, and was the owner of 400 or 500 acres of land, which now constitutes several farms. Here Mr. Cutshall remained the greater portion of his life, and here he raised his family. A short time prior to his death, in company with his wife, he visited his daughter in Lorain County, Ohio, and eventually purchased property and removed there, where he died in March, 1876. his widow in April, 1883.

George W. Cutshall was born on the homestead on

which he now lives. in Randolph Township, December 30, 1832. Owing to lack of school privileges in his youth his education is somewhat limited, but his mind has been broadened by the extended experiences of a life which, although mainly devoted to the farm, has also reached out to numerous business enterprises. Among other things he assisted in building the first railroad that ran into Cleveland, Ohio. He has held nearly all the official honors it is in the power of the township to bestow.

During the late war of the Rebellion he went out with the State militia, but did not see active service. He is a member of the State police, also of the Grange at Guy's Mills.

In 1853 he was married to Matilda Jane Masiker, who was born September 12, 1830. The result of this union has been three children: A. Frank, Sarah Eliza (wife of W. E. Russell, of Randolph Township) and Lafayette (born April 19, 1860, died October 10, 1864). Mr. Cutshall is one of the most extensive breeders of shorthorn cattle in the county, having several head purchased in Kentucky and Ohio, and about twenty head of registered stock of his own raising.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

Together with some Old Times Reminiscences, of

C. R. SLOCUM,

Addressed to his Sincere Friend and Boyhood's Companion and
Schoolmate, Francis C. Waid.

I was born in the town of Tolland, Hampden Co., Mass., December 10, 1834. My father, Eleazer Slocum, also a native of Tolland, born in 1812, and Lois C. Merriam, in age a year younger than the former, moved from Connecticut to the Western Reservation, Ohio, in 1837. After remaining there two years they came to Crawford County, Penn., and in the following year (1840, I think) they moved to what was then known as the George Smith place, on the State Road, near Ira C. Waid's place, and here we became intimately acquainted with you and your father's family.

How vividly come back to my memory many incidents of those happy boyhood days: our going to school at John Donnelly's, and your brother Nick helping me out of my troubles when I was afraid to go to my class: our spelling schools, sliding on the ice, our teetering on a plank, riding down hill, etc.

One of the greatest tasks in those days, I remember, was hunting the cows; your father's, Smith's and ours used to run in the road and woods together. The cows carried large bells, but even then it was sometimes difficult to find them in the thick, big woods. Now all,

or nearly all, are cleared away. Do you remember our old "Spot," your old "Lady," etc.?

Your father used to make sugar every year, and what jolly times we had "sugaring off!" (didn't we sugar off oftener than necessary, eh?) and then such playing of "Hie spy!" I shall never forget the blazing torches we used to carry as we dodged from tree to tree in the darkness. I have never seen any "Hie spy" equal to that since, and, in all probability, never will. I think you probably watched the fire under the big iron kettles, then used to boil the sap in, more closely than any of the rest of us, in order to keep everything "all right," as you were more careful to see that the several ingredients were put in correctly—so many eggs, etc. And, when the clearing was being done, we'd throw stones into the log heaps, etc., and didn't we laugh with glee when we heard them "pop" on that old hollow beach log?

Well do I remember the first Sunday-school held in connection with the old State Road Church, when you and I were young boys. Old and young attended, in those days, and we used to have to "commit" verses, no easy task even for the adults. Cyrus Goodwill was one of our first superintendents, and a good one, too, he was. Your father was then clearing up the place on which your son, Guinnip, now lives, your grandfather living at that time where you now do. Your folks lived in the old house, which, with the garden, seems very much the same now as then. But what a change in some respects!

Then on the west side there was a row of plum trees (blue plums) that were wont to be loaded with fruit year after year, and the plums, so plentiful were they, would fall upon the ground, there to lie and rot. Besides, on the same side of the garden were large currant bushes full-laden with sparkling clusters. There

was no trouble to raise fruit in abundance in those palmy days.

Then your parents kept bees enough in their luxuriant orchard and garden in hives (not patented) to furnish the family and the many drovers (who used to make your father's house their "home" or stopping place) and other visitors with all the honey needed.

At the time my parents first moved to the place adjoining yours I was, I think, in my seventh year, and we went to what was then known as the "Cowen School," the schoolhouse being about half a mile north of Blooming Valley, at the foot of what then appeared to me "a big hill." What jolly times we had sliding down that hill in winter, or rambling over to Woodcock Creek, and going in swimming in summer. John Donnelly was the teacher. What a big school of large and small scholars (among the former there being about twenty men and women grown). Where are many of them now? Your brother Nicholas did me a favor on my first day at that school that I have never forgotten. He had learned that I intended to read in the old English reader, but when the class was called I was afraid to go to it, so he came forward, took me by the hand and led me forward. In those days reading and spelling classes stood up when reciting. There must have been from fifteen to twenty young men and women in that class—Gilmores, Densmores, McCulloughs, Dixons, Cowens, Browns, Grays, Van Marters, Smiths, Roudebushes, Waids, etc. Can't you see them there now in your mind's eye? What a crowd! If John Donnelly could call together those he has taught and their offspring with them, what a host! and what an influence he must have had! Would that all teachers appreciated, as they ought, the power for good that is given them.

Well, you and I began an intimate acquaintance the summer before that winter, that has run on unmarred until the present time—over forty years—and, so far, your treatment of me has been one of unbroken kindness.

In your later schoolboy days your success was due to *earnest work*. While some of the rest of us students were playing and squandering our time in many foolish ways, you were studying. You made it a rule to *have* your lessons. The same spirit of determination to achieve what you undertake has doubtless enabled you to make your life so successful as to be worthy of imitation in many particulars.

When you began life for yourself you were self-reliant, with a determination to “hoe your own row;” and what an ingathering there has been! You have given the “blow after blow” and taken the “step after step” that secures what all desire—success and competency.

What is to be noted and most to be admired in all this is that you have faithfully guarded and *preserved your integrity*. I honor you for many things, Francis, but most of all for your life of rectitude, which sweetens and gives relish to the whole. There are so many who, in getting so much of this world’s goods, would have forgotten the great Giver of all. That one who holds fast his allegiance or loyalty to God and the church is rather the exception than the rule. Your real treasure is in heaven, thank God!

ESSAY ON FARM ECONOMY.

BY FRANCIS C. WAID.

*He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he
that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.—*
Prov. x: 5.

FARM ECONOMY.

“In every rank, or great or small,
’Tis industry supports us all.”

GAY.

After having attempted to write a few thoughts, to be found elsewhere in this book, on ECONOMY, I wish, if possible, to come direct to the subject of FARM ECONOMY, and give a part of my experience in endeavoring to solve the problem. We call it economy on the farm to do that which will pay the best, whether in the short or long run, as we term it. I observed, in youth and manhood, on my father’s farm, that he not only had a time to do certain kinds of work, but an object in view in doing it.

The time to do that certain piece of work was when an opportunity came and it could be accomplished better than anything else on the farm. The object was to create a source of income from that which yielded none, and increase that which had but little. The two combined and carried out produced economy. And many a day my brothers and I have been chopping wood, cutting old logs or helping to clear off some piece of ground that our neighbors said would not pay, and we even thought so ourselves at the time. But my father knew best, and when we had patience to wait and see the result we were convinced he was right.

Such lessons are as valuable to the farmers’ sons as knowledge gained from books, and as useful when rightly applied. Well, having been taught many a lesson in this

way, it is not to be wondered at that I should try to imitate so noble an example. So, when I commenced farming for myself and became owner of fifty acres of land, I also began to improve it: as the wise Philosopher said: "making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before;" and from a small beginning like this, twenty-five years ago, when only a few tons of hay were raised on our farm, we have not only added more acres but produced over 200 tons of hay! How has this been done? By industry and economy and by the improvement of the land.

I was one day last summer, after haying on the Goodrich farm, where my eldest son lives, cutting and clearing away some old logs and brush on a very wettish, swampy piece of land, when my friend, Mr. Sellev, passed by. Stopping on his way he inquired: "What are you doing?" I replied, "trying to cut away the brush." "Why," said he, "you are a progressive man." The sweat at the time was running down my face, it being very warm, but I worked on with renewed vigor, for Mr. Sellev's remark cheered me. It has been my custom when wanting to plant a piece of corn, instead of taking some smooth meadow or stubble that would be easily worked, to take some rough, knolly, uneven piece of ground that needed breaking up in order to produce a crop, and on it raise corn one or two seasons and then sow with oats and seed down for meadow. In this way we have the larger portion of our farm in grass. Then at other times we plow some of the very poorest meadow land we have, putting on manure and trying to bring it on an equality with the rest; then re-seeding, perhaps, with a crop of oats, but giving it a top-dressing of manure.

Farming requires *thought* as well as *labor*, and farm economy includes this, having your work so planned that

you need not be idle at any time for want of something to do. I have heard such statements as this one from the best farmers in our county, and, perhaps, the reader may have heard similar: "I never have seen the time since I began farming when I could not find something to do on the farm, and when that particular job or work, finished, would not bring its reward." It is true I would in some instances have to wait, but like money loaned on good security, it would come in time.

It is economy for a farmer not always to look at the quantity he can raise on an acre of land but the quality of the article produced. It is the best article in the market that commands the highest price. But to aim exclusively at fancy prices would be going to the extreme as much so as to think over-production is a success. Do you ask how many acres a farmer should till? Is it economy to have a large farm, or a small one? I think that depends on how well we cultivate it. Some farmers make it pay best on a small farm because they make every acre produce abundantly, while others, with equally as good soil and as many acres, fail to cultivate as well and harvest poor crops. Then they say farming does not pay! There is an old maxim we should not forget: "Blame the *culture* not the *soil*." This is often true.

Some farmers will manage to cultivate a large farm and make it profitable because they do it well. I have no fault to find with the man who has a large farm if he cultivates it well and increases the production on it every year, if possible. Such farmers are needed in every State and Territory in the Union, to encourage others in the pursuit of farming. To *save* on a farm is worth as much as to *earn*. The farmer who said to his sons, in a plentiful harvest, "gather it all for it will be needed," said also, at another harvest, when the crops were short, "save

it all, boys, and there will be enough." It is this kind of economy that has carried many a farmer safely through our long and severe winters, not only gathering all the farm produces but handling the same with his best judgment in feeding his stock.

Some farmers think doing the little things on the farm does not pay. You might as well say it is not necessary for the clock to tick to tell the time of day, as to think a man can make a success of farming and not give his attention to the smaller duties on his farm. I am of the opinion of Horace Greeley when he said: "We Northern farmers succeed best with a variety of crops, especially when on small farms." And I think many of the Western farmers are profiting by similar advice. Who does not know that when only one or two crops are raised on a farm, and then comes a failure of either or both of them, the farmer is left destitute? But the man with six kinds of crops would still have four left on which he could live. While the production of hay is our special object we do not forget the above advice. In fact I am indebted for many useful thoughts about farming, gleaned from the *New York Tribune*.

We have raised buckwheat and seeded to timothy for many years past and generally with good success. I wish to record this rather remarkable instance. In 1880 we sowed about eight acres to buckwheat, harvesting about 250 bushels. It was seeded to timothy and clover. A small piece of this ground did not "catch" with grass very well, but the next season came up with a mixed crop of timothy and buckwheat. There was probably half an acre. It was harvested in July, 1881, and thrashed, yielding thirteen bushels of buckwheat. We have grown a medium crop of corn and beans together and thought it paid to raise a mixed crop; but it is not always best to try

to raise too many kinds of crops at the same time. Two are enough, and one, well cared for, in my opinion, is better than two. I have come to this conclusion after many experiments in this direction.

One reason why some farmers do not get along as well as they desire may be that, while they save some of their crops, they do not care equally alike for all, and while that which is their favorite one is well saved, the one of less importance, in their estimation, is not harvested in time, or not well done, if harvested; and here negligence or poor economy "crops out" to reprove us for inferior management on the farm.

Regularity and attention to business is just as essential to success on the farm as anywhere else. The time-piece that is tardy loses time; the one that runs too fast gains time—neither indicates the hour correctly. So with that kind of farming which runs to extremes or suffers through neglect. Real business men are generally found in their office or attending to their pursuits elsewhere. Should a farmer think anything less of his occupation? His *farm* is his *office*; his *business* is to cultivate it and make it produce; and the successful farmer is generally in his "office" or engaged on business.

ECONOMY meets us at the door of industry to warn us to *save* and *take care* of what we may have earned.

F. C. WARD.

January 12, 1886.



TREATISE ON MONEY LOANING.

BY FRANCIS C. WAID.

*He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it;
and he that hateth suretiship is sure.*—Prov. xi: 15.

MONEY LOANING.

There are but two ways of paying debt; increase of industry in raising income, and increase of thrift in laying out.

CARLYLE.

I have concluded to tell my own story and give my experience for what it is worth on this subject. Men of more experience than myself may laugh at my puny effort, while those of less practice in the business may be instructed. I began money-lending early in life, even before I commenced farming for myself. I did not begin farming on my own account until 1858, but in 1854 money-lending with me had its origin. It was in this wise: The day after I was married (April 23, 1854) I began work on the farm for my father at \$15 per month, and after I had earned \$50 my father offered me my wages. At that time, however, not thinking I needed the money (as my better half, who was a seamstress, was supplying our family with the necessaries of life by her occupation), I told my father that I would rather he would keep it for me until I needed it; I thought it safer with him than with myself. Then, when he paid me, to my surprise he allowed me interest on it. So you see the first money I ever earned, after I was of age, drew interest, and my father considered it loaned. He believed in being just before being generous; but he indorsed both.

This transaction opened the door to another department in my business life. Permit me here to offer one

other reason why I was led in this direction. In my youth, when at school, in studying arithmetic, I was pleased with compound numbers, the tables representing Federal money. I loved to solve problems where interest was counted. Notes bearing interest was something which attracted my attention probably more than anything in mathematics. I had learned the old maxim of Dr. Franklin—"Time is money." But I would say to myself, I understand this—any one can hire out and get money for their time or labor, also buy and sell, and get gain. But how is this? If a person has money and lends it so that it will earn him more money in return—that is money makes money when loaned on time; and he who has a dollar or more, and does not wish to use it, and is not afraid to trust his fellowman, can lend it where it will bring him something at the end of the year and benefit both parties.

Yet to lend money a man requires faith and patience the more of the latter the better. In speaking with a friend on this point he said: "I wish I was like you, Mr. Waid; having patience born in me." Said I, "I think you had; the difference may be in the cultivation; things grow and mature with age. The germ might have been planted, but without cultivation it would never mature. Men are made; infants are born."

In loaning money the main object is to be "posted," and feel safe in the party whom you trust, or, in other words, have good security. The rate of interest should not be the first object sought, it is but second at best. Take it for granted, when a person offers a very high rate of interest, more than any one can afford, he is not the one to whom to loan your money. In this line of business a man not only wants to know when and how to say "no" or "yes," as occasion may require, but to have the

courage to say it, with this motto, "*God helping me.*" No one need be ashamed of this motto who seeks truth and justice. Let the Star of Bethlehem lead the way in giving what we ought to say.

It is pleasant for us to remember the golden opportunities offered to us, if we embrace them and make a proper use of the same. Arriving at Jamestown, N. Y., Saturday evening, March 27, 1886, and spending the evening in social chat with my relatives, Mr. F. Colts' family and others, and remaining with them over night, I will relate how I spent the Sabbath in Jamestown. On going to Frank Simmons' (my cousin) Sunday morning, I arrived in time to greet him quite early, just coming from his night's repose. I said I had come to spend the day with them. It was a rare opportunity for me to enjoy such a privilege. He asked: "Which church do you wish to attend this morning?" "Any one you please," I replied, "I have no choice, only to go with you, but I had thought while I was in Jamestown I would like to hear the Rev. G. W. Townsend, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Meadville, Penn., and who I understand has indorsed a new theological doctrine, and will discourse on that subject this evening." So Mr. Simmons wisely decided, after thinking a moment, to go to his own church. He is a member of the Baptist Church. On our way, which is only a short distance from his residence, we met at the corner of the street his sister, Mrs. Clara Mosher, who was on her way to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Addressing her brother, she said: "You do not want to take him up there to hear Mr. Harvey" (the Baptist minister); "better go where you can hear a good sermon." Frank said: "That is where we are going." And, without comment, we listened to a grand sermon, text, James v: 19, 20: *Brethren, if any of you do*

err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins. In the afternoon we attended the funeral of Mr. Stillwell, a neighbor near by, aged about sixty-three, and, as I understood, an old acquaintance of Mr. Simmons. After the service at the house, we went a mile or more to see a venerable man in his eightieth year, a Mr. Hovey, who was considered lying at the point of death. Mr. Simmons informed me of his long acquaintance and friendship with Mr. Hovey, stating he had bought the lot of Mr. Hovey on which he afterward built and now lives. From there we went to Lake View Cemetery, and after spending a brief hour looking over the city of dear ones, departed, we turned our steps homeward, and, being already admonished by the setting sun that our time would be short to return home to Mr. Simmons, and then to attend church and hear Mr. Townsend on the new theology, we decided to take the nearest way to church, which we did, arrived in time, and, with a large audience, listened to a discourse from the noted Mr. Townsend, after which we returned home to Mr. Simmons'. thinking we had from that day's opportunities the privilege of gathering many good thoughts, which I trust may be useful to the writer in the future. On my return home, I stopped off at Ashville to visit my relative, Leander Simmons, whom I had not seen since December, 1882. At that time my wife and I had the pleasure of making them a visit. I also called on Mr. Fayette Fleek, a young man engaged in grocery and other mercantile business in Ashville. It is with pleasure I refer to this. Mr. Fleek was reared on a farm which joined ours, and it is not to be wondered at why I am glad to know of his success in business. He is an enterprising man.

A Christian should never be ashamed of the Bible, for the best part of what we know comes from that source. *And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business and to work with your own hands.* 1 Thess. iv: 11. The ability of a man is one thing, but his honor is quite another. Some men have honor as well as ability; such men you can safely trust. Then there are persons who have honor and lack the ability. You can trust them, but if they do not offer security, ask for it. And if they wish to know why you ask security, tell them the law allows you to fight in self-defense, and protection is what a man needs. Now the individual who has ability and no honor is the most difficult case to deal with. You can handle him if you have him tied hand and foot (a tight knot), but he is like a steer in the corn, which you wish to get out without further trouble. You do not mind what little he has eaten, but *to get him out* is the question: he won't be coaxed, and as soon as you attempt to drive him he will destroy all that comes in his way. So the man without honor: he prides himself on his nobility or ability and is willing to contend against you even if he be a loser in the end. You will be glad when you get square with him: the next time he wants you to loan him some funds you will wonder if he has any honor yet: if so you can trust him without security.

A person engaged in loaning money and who continues long in the business will have a variety of customers to deal with. A stranger, soon after the late war, came to me one day bringing a recommendation from an honored friend of mine (since deceased) and with following written message: "This man who has just come into our community wants fifteen dollars for thirty days; let him have it, and if he does not pay the amount back I will." Did you ever read a long novel? Yes. Well, how did it

wind up? Oh! it was a success. But for a long time I thought it would prove a failure. I was glad it was a small amount. Yet it was one of those transactions that brought joy twice—gladness when it was paid and the bail relieved, for I would rather have lost the amount than had my friend pay it. *He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure* (Prov. XI: 15.)

The Bible is a good book; the business man, like the Christian, finds the safest rules to go by laid down there. I have been asked to sign with some of my friends who wanted to borrow money, and rather than go security for them I would say: "I never went bail, excepting for only two men, in my life; one was on a bank note for only \$35, the other was on a note for \$500." The parties paid their notes when due. But I have done this for my friends: I have loaned them money even when I had to borrow it for a short time to accommodate them rather than go their security. I do not remember that I ever asked a man to go my security; when I was not able to buy on my own credit I thought I had better not buy, better wait and recruit up a little.

Independence is a good thing. History tells us how our forefathers fought to gain the precious boon. We have no less battle to fight if we would conquer ourselves and be superior to the mighty. *He that ruleth his spirit (is better) than he that taketh a city* (Prov. XVI: 32.) After having been engaged in loaning money over thirty-one years, I am glad I am permitted to say it is not the highest rates of interest that I have sought, but a medium, and when I have been offered the higher rates I have refused, believing the extremes even in money lending are not right. They are dangerous and should be avoided through fear lest some one suffer thereby.

I would not say it boastingly, but truthfully, that during this long experience I have loaned not only small amounts, but as much as \$10,000 to a single individual, and have never yet been compelled to force a collection by law. I make this statement to show why I ought to be thankful to the Parent of all good and also to the parties whom I have tried to accommodate.

A little advice to the man who borrows as well as to him who lends: Let the world be the better for our having lived in it. If you can get along without borrowing, whether it is money or something else, try and do it. *The borrower is servant to the lender.* Prov. XXII: 7. If you do not want to become a servant, keep out of debt, then you need not borrow. *Owe no man anything but to love one another*—is a good motto. All men are not speculators. If you have not an occupation you ought to have one, and to earn a dollar is a better way than to borrow. If you borrow pay day will come and the lender will want his money with interest. If you earn it you know how you came by it. And you will not have to pay it with interest after you have used it. If other people have lived without borrowing why cannot you? Years ago, when building my house, and several years afterward, when my father and I bought some real estate in Meadville and built three tenant houses thereon, some people wondered how I could get along so well without borrowing. But some one would reply: "He only has a half interest in the property in Meadville: besides I think his partner helps him." And if I were to answer the question I would say: "Industry and economy had provided the funds, and I was using them instead of borrowing." Count the cost, before you build.

The Apostle Paul speaks of the Corinthians as being (2 Cor. III: 2) *known and read of all men.* Who of us

has been long in any occupation without its being "known and read of all men"? Thirty-two years ago, when I engaged with my father to work on the farm by the month, I did not know I was sowing the seed that would produce the harvest it has brought. It is said I never went across lots after a fortune. Time will bring the reward of well-doing and industry.

There are several names and appellations by which I have been known in my business relations before I was called a "Money loaner." Terms, such as "Wood dealer," before I was of age and after I was called "School teacher;" then, during my employment on my father's farm, "Common laborer," for four years; then I began farming for myself, and in connection therewith operated a cider-mill for twenty-eight years (when there was fruit)—hence was termed "Cider maker;" "Seller of farm produce of various kinds" (the most noted product being hay, hence "Hay merchant"), have been given me.

These are the various branches of business in connection with farming which have occupied my life. But the golden thought in money loaning, as well as in all business, is *not to forget the good Lord nor His cause*. I was reminded of this yesterday (May 2, 1886,) at Blooming Valley. After the pastor, William B. Trevey, had delivered a short address to the children on the duty of giving to the missionary cause, they raised \$5 among themselves, which sum I had the pleasure of making \$10. On a former occasion, when the older children were raising some missionary funds in Blooming Valley, they said I responded with \$25, thereby, in my peculiar way, doubling the amount already subscribed, or giving as much as the society did. But then I do know it is good for me to remember the Lord.

It is so seldom a farmer continues so constant in the

pursuit of his chosen occupation, I refer to it as an exception to the rule, not that I am deserving of more credit than any one else, but He in whom I trust does, and to His name the praise belongs.

Yes: they have called me a "Bond holder" as well as "Wood chopper," the latter epithet, I presume, because I have done for a long period a large business in the wood trade: and "Bond holder," because I held at one time a few Government and county bonds. Perhaps some one who may be toiling on the farm, with hopes of success, would like to know what amount of bonds I ever had. If my memory serves me right, I held at one time twenty-one thousand dollars (\$21,000) in Crawford County bonds, and about ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) in Government bonds. At present I hold my integrity, and desire to maintain the lot of the righteous."



AN ADDRESS
TO THE YOUTH OF OUR LAND.

BY FRANCIS C. WAID.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—

Eecl., xii: 1.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUTH.

My object in writing the following few pages is to try and benefit the YOUTH and all who may read the words of one who has spent over fifty years in farm life and has fully realized this great TRUTH—that life is not given us in vain. And inasmuch as I have been so wonderfully blessed and cared for all my days by the Great Giver of all and by my parents and friends, I feel that I owe a duty to humanity and posterity that I can pay, perhaps, in no way so well at this. And by the blessing of God, may I not hope for some good to be done? How do I know but that some word or thought may be useful to others as they have been to me?

The youth who would learn must gather lessons of instruction not only from his own experience but also from the example of others, and, as I have received in this way, permit me now, if I have never done so before, to pay what I owe. There is something in the life of every one by which you and I may be made the better if we will. If it is bad, shun it; if good, abide by it. Let me draw from real life a little of my own experience when in youth. About fourteen I read a book, the title of which was "On Giving." It spoke of a man who said when he was a boy he would give to the Lord, or for charitable purposes, a certain amount of all his income, whether little or much. His parents were poor, "but," said he, "I will begin now;" and of all the pennies he received he saved this special sum for charity. And he lived it

out not only in youth but in manhood, and when he was fifty years of age he said the Lord had so wonderfully blessed him in all his efforts to do good he had "fifty thousand of which he was still steward." Well I wanted in my boyhood, when I read this, to be like this man. I did more than simply *want*, I *tried* to imitate him in doing good in this particular, yet not in the exact manner he had pointed out, although it might have been better for me if I had. But this I firmly believe, it was for me to have had a pattern and to have worked by it. Do you wish to know the result? My youthful heart was made better from the time I made that resolution, and to-day I cannot express to you the untold amount of happiness that has come to me from the act of giving; I can only give utterance in the language of scripture—*It is more blessed to give than to receive.* Well, but you may still be inquisitive and say "How is it financially?" I answer it is not only well, but the good Lord has so remembered his unworthy servant since that time that my report, if I should make it, would be more favorable for me than his was for him. The question I leave with you. Will you go and do likewise? It pays to *Remember our Creator in the days of our youth.* All of life is none too much to give to Him, and then it is so much better for us and all with whom we have to do. Whoever regretted having been obedient to parents, and kind to everybody? And, if this is true, why should we not seek the aid of that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother and who never leaveth nor forsaketh us?

Life is too valuable to be thrown away. In youth we lay the foundation for a useful and good life, or the opposite. How important it is then to us that we begin to build upon the rock, instead of choosing the sand for the foundation of our character. Remember, whatever be the

structure, it matters not how costly, if it is built upon a sandy foundation it will suffer loss. So we who do not regard the best advice given us, but run counter to it, will find our loss very great. What youth at this age of the world, in the evening of the nineteenth century, can plead ignorance or a want of knowledge to do right? Use the light you have and more shall be given. It is the one deserving of good that finds it.

It is no vain thing for us to call upon the Lord for help, for we are told in His word, *He heareth us and will help us in time of need; He turneth none empty away that come unto Him.* In youth I began to call on Him for help, and that which no earthly friend could do for me He hath done. He has made life for me so pleasant, peaceful and happy. I want you to ask Him to help you, for he is no respecter of persons; in every land he that worketh righteousness is accepted of Him. While we cannot read all the past events of our lives, permit me to recall this one on Saturday, April 22, 1854. It had rained nearly all day and continued to rain during the night, and when the morning came it was foggy and looked quite unpleasant to me, then a young man just twenty-one years old that Sunday morning, and expecting to get married that very day (and did). But the sun rose as beautiful and lovely, and perhaps to me more so than ever before, the fog was dispelled, the road soon became quite dry, and to me all seemed as merry as a marriage bell.

That day to me meant something. It was one of the days of my life to be remembered, and I never have forgotten it nor do I wish to. It was so fine a day I said: "May this be an emblem of the journey of our lives." And to-day, when I look back and recall the pleasant memories of the past, I am inclined to say after nearly thirty-two

years of married life have fled, it has been somewhat like that day. The fog which may represent the dark side of life has been driven away by the joy we have shared.

One writer has said: "Life is what we make it." This maxim came home to me early in life. I knew a little of what my parents had done to make home the best place they could for their children, and they cared more for us then than we could appreciate. But as the years have passed I have still learned more of the real value and worth of my parents to me; but how could they make all of life for me? They did their duty as kind Christian parents should; and ever live their precious memory associated with all that is good as long as I live! But who will speak kind words and do kind acts for me to-day, they having both passed away. The youth of to-day, if he does not already tell the same story of his parents, will soon say: "My parents are gone, I must finish my journey without them." What will life be then unless you make it what it ought to be now.

" God be thank'd that the dead have left still
 Good undone for the living to do--
 Still some aim for the heart and the will
 And the soul of a man to pursue!"

Youth! I would have you get this thought—while others may do something for you, remember you must do something for yourself. Some one may bear the burden of life for you for awhile, but they will not always do it. In this life we each have to learn to help ourselves and assume responsibility as we grow older; and our first mistake may be that we often choose what we think we want, instead of that which we deserve. Our wants are more imaginary than real. First get the necessities of life before purchasing the luxuries. Make one promise and keep it, rather than make two and fail to carry out either. In the Bible

it is said: *A tree is known by its fruit.* How true and how applicable to us! We are not only known by the company we keep, but by our words and acts: also by the books we read, what we say and what we do. With this view of life we can learn something every day.

I am aware of this fact—that the youth wants to know more about life than is possible to learn in a day, a month or a year: yet we should not weary in well doing. The longest road known to man has not only a beginning but an end, and, if you wished to become acquainted with that road and the objects of interest along its way, perhaps you could not be informed in any better way than to travel it for yourself, as seeing is believing. So this is true of the journey of life: we may and do learn much of it from those who are older and had more experience in life than we have: yet, the best lessons, which are to prove the most useful to us, are to be gathered from our own experience as we each travel the journey for ourselves, day by day. Youth! think of this. We cannot hire any one to fill life's mission for us, the responsibility is too great. The Divine Author of life holds you and me accountable for what He has given us.

Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward.

Do not be in a hurry to get old. Remember youth once past never returns, and old age, if your life is spared, will come soon enough. Treat the aged with respect, and if ever you reach that condition in life, you may expect it from others. The most to be learned about the journey of life is found written in the Bible, and having heard it read by my parents in childhood, and commenced attending Sabbath-school early in life, I am to-day very much indebted for the little knowledge I have of the way of life which they teach. But this wisdom is so valuable

to me I ask you, who are unacquainted with it, to seek it by reading the good Book and going to the Sunday-school, and making use of all the means whereby you can be made better, and fitted for the journey of life before you. We need all the help we can get to make life a success.

Youth! There is so much to be learned that we have no time to idle away. One author has said that if we gain one new idea a day, in ten years we would become wise. Why then should we remain ignorant? Who can not get a single new thought in a day and retain it and thus add to his little store of knowledge? But very much depends upon this new idea we are to learn. It should be a good and useful one to us, something that will aid us in the pursuit of that which is good. There is one thing that brings comfort to me now and it is this: I have the consolation of having tried to render obedience to my parents while they were living, and to me it is like putting money in a safe bank, or trusting in a true friend. It is still bringing its reward and always will. *for what we sow that shall we reap.*

“Be good, dear friends, and let, who will, be clever,
Do noble things not dream them, all day long,
 And so make life, death and that great forever
 One endless song.”

Youth! One of the perplexing questions of life with which you may have to contend is that of choosing an occupation, one you intend to follow for a business in life. It may be well enough to listen to the advice of others and learn what you can; but who are you choosing this occupation for—yourself or some one else? Then make the *best* choice; stop and think, study and inform yourself, to the best of your ability, what nature has seemingly fitted you for. If farming is your choice do not be afraid of your muscles; they will harden with use, and you will find your occupation, in the language of George

Washington, "The most healthy, the most useful and the most noble employment of man." Having had a life of over fifty years spent on the farm, I think somewhat as Washington did when he penned that sentence. I am satisfied with my choice, although it took some time in youth before I decided what occupation I would follow.

Our success depends more on ourselves than any one else. It is better to begin right in youth than to pass on into manhood, thinking there is time enough yet. Unless we rightly improve our time in youth before we become of age we will be illy fitted for the duties of life. Steven Gerard says: "Industry is a fortune of itself." This being true, I know not why a young man with health and economy may not add to it as long as he will. There was a time when, by my acts and words, I did not love labor. You may be so to-day, but there is hope in your case as much as there was in mine; if you will make the same effort and do the best you can and continue in well doing, you will soon say with me—I LOVE LABOR. I find in it pleasure and happiness as well as profit. It pays to do some things, if we do have to learn by serving an apprenticeship; and this is one of the things every farmer ought to learn, or any one thinking of choosing farming for a living; but the rule is good when applied to any trade.

What can we do without labor? We may speak of our towns, railroads and cities, but did they grow like vegetation, or did labor make them? No person need wish to live his life over the second time who does not manifest a desire to live it faithfully from the present, and do his duty from now until the close of life; for why should we desire to go back and perform a long journey if we are unwilling to faithfully travel the remainder of our pilgrimage? Here the youth looking on may so live as not to wish in age to go back.

Youth! *With humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, honor and life.* Would you wish to have all these? Then, *Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.* Is it not written in the good book—*They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.* Remember the teaching of your parents, the instruction of your friends, and what you may have learned in the Sunday-school. And, above all, read the Bible for yourself. If you will make a daily practice of reading the Scriptures I venture the assertion that you will be surprised to find the amount of knowledge you will gain thereby, besides the peace and happiness it will bring to you. I speak as one who has had experience in what he says. The time to begin is NOW, *Do not delay.*

I may be speaking words that my own kindred as well as others may read after I have passed away, and I want to assure them of this truth, and to the best of my ability give them the advice I have been permitted to demonstrate in my life, having solved some of the problems, or similar ones, that they may have to contend with as the years of their lives go by; and as I would do for my child, so I would point out the way for them. But remember, opportunity comes to us only once—like a word spoken it never returns; and if we neglect what we ought to do to-day, thinking we will do it to-morrow, we overcharge to-morrow with the duties of to-day, but if we do our duty to-day then we shall be better fitted for life to-morrow.

Do you remember reading of the talents in the Bible? Did they who made use of theirs gain or lose? You say why of course they doubled them by making use of them. But what became of the one talent which was not used? Was it not given to him who had ten talents? So much

then for his having been diligent in improving what the Master had given him. So with us the good Lord does not give you and me so many privileges without requiring the improvement of them, as he did of the man who had but one talent. The things we think too small and not worthy our notice are often the very things we should do and will serve as a stepping stone to something better if we will do them. Try it and mark the result (others have; why not you?) and so receive a reward.

Youth! Perhaps you are a farmer's son and are acquainted with many farmers in your community. You see on looking over the farms a great difference in the way they are farmed. Some are well tilled and produce abundantly, while some are poorly farmed and do not produce half a crop. Then, again, some may be so neglected by their occupants that they raise scarcely enough to supply the wants of the family, who are therefore obliged to buy. Why this difference? It may be through lack of industry; or it might be from bad management—be sure there is a cause for this disparity in farming, the crop tells in favor of or against the party who cultivated the ground, as well as it speaks of the productiveness of the soil. It needs good land, well tilled, to raise the best crop of any kind. So it needs a good youth, with industry and obedience, to make a useful man. It is the idle moments and hours we spend in a year or a lifetime that would astonish us if we should count them, and yet if we will but improve them in some careful way we shall be greatly benefitted. Dr. Johnson said we should never be idle. *Men are usually tempted by the devil, but an idle man positively tempts the devil* (Spanish proverb.) We cannot be essentially injured except by our own acts. If others do speak evil of us, let our lives be such that nobody will believe them. You ask, how are these idle

moments or hours to be made use of? They may be provided for as the school-boy is with his dinner—by looking out beforehand or carrying materials with you. On the farm, in my “teens,” I carried a small Testament, which I read, and had something to think about when I was unemployed: I also, at other times, carried a small pocket dictionary (Webster), and from these two small books in my unemployed or spare hours, over thirty years ago, I learned much that has been very useful to me ever since. But then there are other ways to use the fragments of time. One is by thinking, in our spare moments, of what we may have read or heard.

“Reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, writing a correct man:” but thinking makes a great man. Every youth in this land should aim not only to be good, but great. God wants you to obey Him, to render obedience to the teaching of His word: His Word is Truth, and to know the Truth is to make us free and put us in the way of His commandments, where we may both fear and love Him as we ought, and serve Him acceptably. This requires thought; and thinking on this train of excellent thought, often and long enough, may bring you into His service (if you are not already doing work for the Master, and if you are His child you know how good it is to work for Him). Where life in its full sense is enjoyed, and where we like going to school in this life to fit us for the duties which are to follow in our occupation in this world, these will prepare us for a home in heaven. Thinking, believing and acting as we ought, all through life, will bring us into the desired haven at last. You may ask: Why should we fear the Lord? Because: *The fear of the Lord prolongeth days, but the years of the wicked shall be shortened.* Why should we love Him? Because *he first loved us*; and if we will let the Lord, and

do what little we can willingly for Him, how wonderfully and safely He will lead us through life. No one knows what the good Lord will do for him until he has tried Him. *He will be a sun and shield, He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.*

When I was a child, attending Sunday-school, I remember having committed to memory these two verses: (Matt. XII: 36-37.) *But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shall be justified, and by thy words thou shall be condemned.* These words and their teaching have ever had their influence on my life, and, as I sit thinking and writing this evening, I am so glad I became acquainted with the Bible, and was introduced to the Sabbath-school in my childhood: and I recommend it to all. Who is there among us that does not have the privilege of reading the Bible. Yet how many fail to study the lessons taught in the best of books? I hope every child and youth who reads these lines (and may I not speak also in behalf of the older ones in the community, for I find it good for myself to attend Sunday-school, now at the age of nearly fifty-three) will, if they have an opportunity, attend the Sunday-school. Remember, our influence, which we create and carry with us through life, does not depart or leave the world when we die. It remains, and, to some extent at least, will be molding the character of some one after we are gone. Why is it we love to read the history of that good man? Why do the words or sayings of our departed friends come to us nearly every day we live, bringing thoughts of encouragement to us, or warning us to shun their bad example? Does not their influence live? So then will ours. What will it teach?

Do we not desire it shall make a good impression on those who come after us? Will they not imitate us, to a great extent, in our example? Do you not see that little child trying to do as the one older has been doing? Are not children very imitative? Does not that youth follow the example set by one who is older or has had more experience in life than himself? This is not only true in childhood and youth, but also in manhood and all through life. We are imitative beings, and, to a great extent, we find ourselves doing as some one else has done, whether for good or evil; therefore, how necessary it is we should follow the good, and shun the evil. And if we begin in childhood and youth, how much easier and better it will be for us in after life to keep the right path and set that example we shall never be ashamed of, if others do follow it.

In the good Book it is written: *Son, daughter, give Me thy heart.* How much it is in our favor if we consent to this Divine command early in life, and learn the things most needful for us to know. How it will help us in solving the great problem of life, and bring peace and happiness when other sources fail us! They who would have lasting happiness must seek it at the fountain of life: and *He who hath declared Himself to be the life, the truth and the way* is where all may find it. None have ever yet applied in vain. Will you have it? **NOW IS THE TIME: to-morrow may be too late.** Some things are put off one day too long, and, hence, are never done. The best offers we ever have in this life are not always accepted. What can any one do better than accept the Truth and believe in the Son who so freely offered Himself for us?

From a tract of the "Million Series" I copy the following:

What is a Christian?

In faith a BELIEVER in Christ. *He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved* (Mark XVI:16).

In knowledge a DISCIPLE. *If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed* (John VIII:31).

In character a SAINT. *Beloved of God, called to be Saints* (Rom. I:7).

In influence a LIGHT. *Ye are the light of the world* (Matt. v:14).

In conflict a SOLDIER. *Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ* (2 Tim. II:3).

In communion a FRIEND. *Henceforth I call you not servants;—but I have called you friends* (John XV:15).

In progress a PILGRIM. *(These all) confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth* (Heb. XI:13).

In relationship a CHILD. *The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God* (Rom. VIII:16).

In expectation an HEIR. *And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ* (Rom. VIII:17).

READER, ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

What we want to be in life is for us to decide. We tell the world, while passing through our “teens,” what it may expect of us when we come to manhood or womanhood. If we are advancing in knowledge and are obedient to our parents, and show respect to age, as well as being industrious, then they will look for us to accomplish some good in our lives; but, on the other hand, if they do not discover something worthy of their attention in youth, they will think our future a failure, unless we reform, and, indeed, so it will be—just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Let us turn our lives in the right direction now, and keep the pathway that leads on toward

the Celestial City. Then shall we find that which gives the most in return for whatever we do. It pays not only *now*, but will bring a reward hereafter.

The willing and obedient shall eat the good of the lamb. Obedience is better than sacrifice. We do well to think on these things and obey. "Wait not until to-morrow:" "delays are dangerous;" "procrastination is the thief of time." Who wishes to take the poorer part of life when they can have the better portion by making a wise choice, and doing it in YOUTH or early manhood? Why let the most precious opportunities pass in so careless and indifferent a manner, seeing they bring their reward with them. We should remember opportunities are God's offers to us. We are to accept them if we want to be profited by them. So then let us be willing and obedient, and do his commandments. There is one thing noble in this life. It is to see the youth in early manhood or womanhood walking in the way of righteousness and learning the fear of the Lord. We then have time to learn more of His commandments, and to practice in our lives His teachings, which will bring peace and happiness all along our pathway. For—*Wisdom is a defence, money is a defence, but the excellency of knowledge is that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.* So the more we have of His truth and life manifested in our lives, the more we shall be like Him. It will do us good to imitate His example, and follow His precepts all through life.

On Sunday, June 14, 1885, I was at the funeral of a child—a relative. It was interred in the Long burying-ground, Woodcock Township, Crawford Co., Penn.; and while there my thoughts went back to many years ago, when I was about twelve years of age, this same burying ground being then covered with forest trees, only a few having been interred there. I was with my parents,

who attended the funeral of Lucinda A. Glenn (my first school teacher). I was anxious to see the grave of her whom I never had forgotten. (I think I went two or three terms of summer school to the Cowen District School, where she taught.) Mr. Long was present at the funeral of the child, and I asked him if he knew where Lucinda Glenn's grave was. He replied, "Yes, come this way; I will show you." So my wife, my brother and I accompanied him a short distance to the summit of the hill. Pointing to the spot Mr. Long replied: "There is her grave." We read on the tombstone—

LUCINDA A. GLENN,
Died March 7, 1846,
In Her Thirty-ninth Year.

How quickly my thoughts turned to my boyhood days! My twin brother, myself, and others I could name, stood in a class by her side reciting our lessons, and, when done, she would kindly put her hand on our heads, speaking words of encouragement to each of us as she passed. Surely, I thought, a kind act is never lost.

"And when the sun in all his state
Illumed the beauteous skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise."

Reader, may you and I so have lived that when life's work is done, others may be reminded our lives were not spent in vain. Let us in some way not only try to benefit our own condition, but be a help to our fellow beings. Do we not want some one to rise up and speak well of us, or call us "blessed" after we are gone? If so, then sow the seed in the springtime of life. It will be a pleasure to know it is growing before we die. *Behold the righteous shall be*

recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner. (Prov. XI: 31.) The righteous have the promise of this life and that which is to come.

He who would have the most life and make the best use of it should get the nearest to its Author. It will do us good to think of God as the Giver of all our blessings and thank Him for the same. If we do this, He will refresh us frequently with some great thought that will help us to come nearer to Him, and increase our happiness as we pass on in life's pathway. The active, intelligent mind will seek to find out the better way, and when found will endeavor to walk therein. I can never be too grateful to Him, who, in His kind Providence, spared my father's family unbroken by death until the youngest of us, my twin brother and I, became of age. The families are not very numerous where the youngest member had arrived at age before any one of its members was removed by death. But such was the dealing of His mercy toward my father's family. I thought of this frequently before my brother died, and have I not reason to be very grateful to the Lord to-day as I look back over a life of over fifty years, and recount His favor and blessings. Then to think how faithful are his promises even to children's children. *And one generation shall praise thee to another. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. He careth for us.* So to-day I may say He has spared our entire family until our youngest boy is in his nineteenth year. May I not say in the language of one of old: *Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!*

To the youth especially I would say, in the New Testament we find our duty very plainly taught. Read these two verses in regard to obeying our parents: (Col. III: 20)

Children obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord. Again, (Eph. vi: 1) *Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right.* Do not stop here. read on and see what follows in the second and third verses: *Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.* My eyes have beheld the light of the sun nearly fifty-three years. My tongue has spoken betimes of my parents, and I acknowledge some words as well as acts have gone into the past that I would recall if I could. But here is my consolation—a consciousness of having tried to perform my duty to my parents. So I say the words in the third verse: *may be well with thee.* A large share of real comfort and happiness in this life has come to me through this blessed promise, and I want you to share more largely in it than I have.

Our parents may ask some things of us which may at the time be very unpleasant for us to do, but remember this—if we obey as dutiful sons and daughters, the reward will come, and I am so glad to-day for the little I tried to say and do, to please them. It seems to be one of the best things I ever did. I remember when I was a lad of about twelve summers, the Fourth of July had come and my twin brother and our elder brother Nicholas (G. N. Waid) were expecting to go to Meadville, to see the grand old celebration. Our father, however, told us in the morning that he wanted us “to hoe corn that day.” We knew what that meant. The cornfield adjoined the road, and as the boys passed by they would frequently call out, “Are you going to town to-day?” If we replied, it was generally in the negative. We felt sad during the forenoon, but, as the longest day has an end, night finally came, and to our surprise, our gloom had all passed away with the day, and we spent the evening with our as-

sociates as cheerfully as ever. It proved one of the bright spots in obedience. Father did not always keep us at home to "hoe corn;" we had privileges enough. And I have often thought we learned more that day than we would had we gone to Meadville. It not only made a lasting impression on us, but a good one.

You may ask: "How did you learn?" Well, we had time to *think* as well as *work*, and we did *both*. It is said—thinking makes a great man; but *thinking*, alone, did not build the Pyramids of Egypt nor the Washington Monument: it took *work*. And it is well for us not to forget it, for we so frequently have to associate one with the other, if we wish to make life a success.

Youth! Perhaps you are encompassed with the same atmosphere of comparative poverty the writer experienced in his younger days, and are even now standing at the foot of the ladder, anxious to rise. If so, I confidently recommend you to take along with you the principle of ECONOMY, which is the poor man's friend, a friend that will never "go back on him," for it is expectation realized. It is that forethought of the present which provides a surplus for the future. It is the equalization of things—not spending a day's wages for a single meal, then being compelled to go without the next two. Do not act mean or miserly, but save when there is a possibility of doing so. Economy in time is labor not only in earning the dollar, but in the spending of it. Live within your income, if possible, and do not have it said at the end of the year that you are in debt unless misfortune or sickness has overtaken you. Better have something left to begin the next year with; and remember the advice of Polonius to Laertes (*Hamlet*):

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft' loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

If you have not been in the habit of doing this, begin *now*; better begin late to do good than not to begin at all; and if you are young in life start out right, remembering what is written: *For the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children* (2 Cor. XII: 14). It not only takes industry but proper economy to bring this about. If you buy what you do not want, you may soon want what you cannot buy. Our supposed wants often cost us the most money. *The good Master* has taught us economy: *And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes* (Mark VI: 43). This saving of our time and of this world's goods, if rightly understood and properly obeyed, would help us to supply some of our real wants in time of our greatest need. Who does not want something laid by for a rainy day or in case of sickness or old age?

I wish to relate a little of the economy as practiced in my youth. I remember when quite young how I spent some of the holidays. Instead of always seeking pleasure I would frequently try to earn something for myself, or do some good by way of industry for some one I thought deserving of it. And sometimes, in boyhood, in going to a show, I have frequently done errands or work to pay my way, and so saved my quarter. I remember also, when my brother Lyman and I were at Schenectady, N. Y. (we had been helping to drive cattle for Mr. Hodge, to Orange County), the following incident occurring on our return home: We came on a line packet from Schenectady to Buffalo, and were nearly a week making the trip. After paying our fare we were told that we could have our board for \$5 each, or get it some other way. Lyman said he would pay their price and board with them. I was seven years younger and perhaps needed some experience, so I did as the school teachers have long since

done and tried "boarding round," and carried a lunch with me for time of need. Well, when we came to Buffalo my brother enquired: "What has it cost you for board?" I replied: "Three dollars and fifty cents." "Are you satisfied?" "Yes." He said: "I wish I had got mine that way." I now look back and call that economy, and I have tried to practice it from youth to manhood, and am glad we are made creatures of choice.

I love that clause in the Declaration of Independence: "*Man is born free and endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.*" To be penny wise and pound foolish is not good. In all our gettings we want to get *understanding*. To earn a dollar is *one* thing, and (how often we hear this remark) to keep it or make the right use of it is quite another. I once heard a man make this remark of his friend: "No wonder he cannot get along; he always gathers up the wheat heads, but pays no attention to saving the sheaves after they are put in shock." So we, who are always saving the little things about the farm that nothing goes to waste, should not forget there are greater things which claim our attention. It is not enough to say, "take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." Neither you nor I want to trust the man who does not care for a dollar when it has come into his possession. We discriminate right here and use our understanding, which carries us safely on. But if we trust him we want security, thinking if his own funds are not properly cared for by him, ours would be unsafe in his care. But the man such as is spoken of by *David* (Ps. cxii: 5: *A good man showeth favour, and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion*) will not only guide his own affairs aright, but give assurance that our funds would be safe in his hands.

What a pleasure it brings to us to think of such men, whom we have trusted all along life's pathway: and they have never failed in promoting our interests with their own in doing good. It reminds me of the words of the Prophet (Isaiah xxviii: 26): *For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him.* When we yield and obey the teachings of the Divine Master, we learn the best lessons that can ever be taught us in this life, whether they pertain to our temporal good or spiritual welfare. The psalmist understood the language when he said: *The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.*

How true: time and tide wait for no man. But how often we, who have passed the meridian of life, think of the days that are gone—think of the family circle when we were all at home, and the family, perhaps, remaining unbroken until the eldest, or some other member, may have begun life for himself. Our schoolmates! how we cherish the memory of those days! how dear to us are the names of those we loved so well! and for me (having lived on the same farm, and year after year noticed the change that is ever going on), surely I may exclaim, "We are passing away!" How few of my old schoolmates now remain here in this vicinity, and how very few of my old school-teachers are still alive. At present, of the latter, I can recall the names of but three now living.

To-day, April 8, 1886, I wish to express my gratitude in behalf of all my teachers who taught me in the common district school, academy or college, for I have shared a little from each institution of learning. Credit is not only due to the living, but with grateful remembrance I think of the memory of the departed. While I could relate many instances in which kind acts have been done and words have been said in my behalf, let me say this: During my first term at college I was called on to write a

composition, which, for me, was a very hard task. Why, I thought it almost impossible; but I had to try, as it was a duty required of every one. So I did the best I could. My subject was "*On Time.*" I was required not only to read it before the class, but in the presence of Pres. John Barker, and then pass it to him for correction. I was glad when my part was done, and I expected to see it nearly obliterated when returned. But, to my surprise, little correction had been made, and he had written the word "Good," which one word has cheered me ever since. This was in the fall of 1851.

My old schoolmates are more numerous, and I hope each one who desires a copy of this little work, and especially any one of those who have moved to other States or localities and are still living, may have one. Some of them who left Crawford County years ago I have not seen since, yet I hope even now that we may have the pleasure of visiting each other here in old Crawford County, Penn., where we were born and raised; or it may be my lot to shake hands and see them, or some of them, where they now are. I think now of some of my schoolmates who are living in the West, and who left here when they were young (perhaps not more than twenty years old), and today are, like myself, fifty-three or more. I will say this for our encouragement, although it may never be their lot or mine to meet each other after a separation of nearly fifty years, yet my wife and I were permitted to be with my father and mother in September, 1864, when they visited relatives and schoolmates in Connecticut whom they had not seen for nearly half a century. O! the joy, the pleasure of that visit has never been fully described. To see my father shake hands with Edwin Banning, William Brockway and other schoolmates whom he had not met for so long. But I do not propose to

wait so long: if our lives are spared may we meet sooner. I think thirty years is a good while for friends, especially old schoolmates, to be separated.

But there comes to me in connection with this *thought* something dearer, better and more lasting than a meeting of friends on earth. Although this is so desirable on our part, it may be with us as it has with many others in this world, who were parted in early life, perhaps, to meet no more here. Should this be the case with some of my early associates, whether schoolmates or acquaintances, may we so have lived and continue to live that the Master will say "well done," and, I believe, there will be a grander meeting in the beyond, over the river, than earth ever knew. The Christian always thinks it is better *farther on*. If we live in a hut or log cabin here, we read of a "mansion" in the better land where we may make our home. I recall to my memory now the names of those kind friends who helped me in early life, not only by their example, but by precept, both being worthy of imitation, although the most of them have gone to their reward. I have the pleasure of trying to do an act of kindness for some of their children. So we may pass on through life, keeping the golden rule; it will not only benefit us, but our children. The Apostle Paul has told us of some things to think of: *Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things* (Phil. iv, 8).

As often as we will give these things careful thought, so often they will do us good.

The subject of ECONOMY is an interesting one to me. It includes what is meant in the little word *save*,

and if we do not save, what will we ever have? If anyone can be benefitted by my relating a little of my experience in commencing life, as my wife and I entered upon its responsible duties for ourselves, I shall be more than pleased. As you are already informed in my biography I was married at the age of twenty-one. (My wife being a little older, perhaps, was a good thing for me.) Our wealth, if we had any, consisted in our industry and economy. And here are a few facts as they were worked out in 1854-55, beginning April 24, 1854: On Monday morning I began work on the farm (and recollect I had only quit the Saturday evening before) for my father, at \$15 per month, for eight months. Well I remember the work my father and I did on Monday—we were engaged in rebuilding a rail fence and setting bar-posts all day. June 30, after fixing up the old house my grandfather, Pember Waid, had occupied, my wife and I began housekeeping.

You see now our situation, as others did at that time, and are ready to say: "Only \$15 a month to begin married life with, and pay rent at that; can they expect anything but a failure? They will soon find their income must be more than \$15 a month, or they will be obliged to run in debt before the year ends," and many other remarks; you know it is quite common to talk when any one enters matrimony, and especially so when one does not wait long enough to see a free day and know what it is to breathe the air of freedom before he gets married. Well, now, with all that was said, we still had our choice of two things, and being blessed with health, and both of us having been taught industry and the value of *economy*, it was for us to prove to the world whether life, financially, would be a failure or a success. My wife had learned the trade of tailoress, and while I was earning a month's wages she

would earn nearly as much at her trade. This was industry. But, to the best of our ability, *economy* followed. We enjoyed life, and were contented with the essentials, without having many of its luxuries. I remember my father, during that year, making this remark of us: "They seem to enjoy life, and are as contented and happy as other people who have a good deal more to do with." I taught school about four months during the winter season, for which I received a little higher wages. So at the close of the year we found that it had not cost us really as much as we expected; our living and the cost of the articles we bought to commence housekeeping, for that year, did not exceed our income, but left quite a margin in our favor. And as I think of the years gone by, crowned with the goodness of the Lord, I am seeking in some way to do His will, and work in His vineyard. I will copy from the journal I kept at that time:

"ANOTHER YEAR HAS FLED."

"It is now nearly a year since we were married. I was twenty-one years old on our wedding day, and that was on Sunday, April 23, 1854. Now it is Sunday, April 22, 1855, wanting only one day to make one year since we in Hymen's bands were united. Well do I remember that Sunday morning that I left my father's dwelling. Fresh in my memory are the days which are past; the scenes of the past are not forgotten. In years that I have numbered in my short life, I have been in the habit of writing a piece on my birthdays. It gives me pleasure to read of my birthdays that are gone.—*F. C. Waid.*"

On the following page, April 23, 1855, this is written:

"ONE YEAR OLDER."

"This day, Monday, April 23, 1855, finds me one year older. Yes, another year of my life is gone. I am now a

married man. One year ago to-day was an important period of my life. It was then that I took her for 'better or worse, in sickness or health, poverty or wealth, to love, cherish and keep.' And to-day I have no bad news to bring; but if I speak, it is in favor of the position which I have taken. I speak in plain words; I love the married life so far as I am acquainted with it. Twenty-two years of my life have now passed. Written by candle-light.—*F. C. Waid.*"

If any one wishes to know what I think of married life now, after an experience of over thirty-one years, I will say, my wife and I sit by our center-table this evening, December 17, 1885. She is reading, I am writing, and still love the married life, willing to carry out the original contract to the end. Will you consider it boasting if I say this? Be it far from me that I should try to misrepresent the truth. I want to acknowledge the way of the Lord in all His kind dealings with me. My parents were ever kind and good, but the goodness of the Lord—Oh, how great! I am so thankful I sought after righteousness early in life. When I was working on the farm my motto was (and I think is yet) "Earn the dollar before asking for it." At present, I think too many young men want money in advance of their wages, or want to borrow, and thus incur a debt which is hard for them to pay. Right here the knowledge of Scripture is worth very much if we heed it: *One no man anything, but to love one another* (Rom. XIII. 8).

"Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing."

What young couple wanted things to commence house-keeping more than we did. But, you ask—How did you manage? Well, I will tell you, we managed to keep out of debt. Like a ship's pilot—keep away from the breakers, there is danger. I remember one day my father

said to me, calling me by name, "Do you not want some money?" (at the same time handing me \$50). "Take this, you have earned it: it is yours." I replied, "I do not need it now: I would rather you would keep it for me until I do want to use it:" which he did. I called that *economy*. There are many pleasant memories connected with the first year of our voyage on the matrimonial sea. But no more than has been mingled with each year since.

You, perhaps, would like to know the secret of SUCCESS—how it may be obtained. One author has said it takes a thousand things to form character. I will ask, is there any less for you and me to do, if we would be successful in our business enterprises? it matters not whether in farming or some other occupation. I have long since profited by Dr. Johnson's remark "Ever live within your income," sickness or misfortune excepted.

The application of this principle to our business affairs the first year brought us safely through with a balance in our favor. One of my uncles, with whom I have labored so many days on my father's farm, said: "The first hundred dollars is the hardest for any young man to earn," and it used to take a long time, with good management, to get this amount ahead. But some young men now-a-days, as well as then, find it more difficult to take care of \$100 than to earn or get it. Each year, as it has come and gone, has left us with a margin to add to what little we had already accumulated, and I do not remember a single year since we were married in which our family expenses exceeded our income. Surely we have reason, as we think over the past, to be thankful to the Great Giver of all, who has so wonderfully blessed us; and although the word *gratitude*, like *Trinity*, is not found within the lids of the Bible, yet we feel like using

it to express the feelings of our hearts, first to our Creator and then to mankind. *Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord* (Rom. XII:11). There are two things for us to do here, and it is well to heed them, because they bring their reward. I can say conscientiously that I have tried to do those two things, and to-day have a fixed purpose to continue to the end of life's pilgrimage.

The growth of a tree is not generally considered rapid, but slow. Look at the number of days in a year—365. Now think of the growth of a tree in one long year. Have you ever counted the growths of a tree after it was cut down? I have, and sometimes I have been astonished. I will mention an instance. When we set the Waid monument we had occasion to remove quite a large wild cherry tree that stood near by. After cutting it down, trimming and cutting it into fire-wood, I was surprised to think of the quantity it made. I said: "When my twin brother was buried here in 1854, I do not remember of any little tree near by." "Well," said Mr. Sherman, "perhaps it was not here then." So on counting the growths, which were very plain to be seen on the stump (this was in 1884), we found the tree only twenty-eight years old, and of course was not there in 1854. That tree represents something. It had from a small seed or pip grown to its present size, and had been accumulating in strength and quantity each year. At first it was tiny, and to have stepped on it might have ruined it; but the second year it increased in size more than the first, and so on unto the last year, and each year's gain was an advantage to it. So in the economy of life, if we can save a part of what we earn this year, it will, if made the right use of, help us to earn more the next. Learn a lesson from the trees, and practice it in every-day life. What others have done, why can we not do the same?

Men have risen from sickness to health; from poverty to wealth; from the paths of sin to virtue; from earth to the better land; and why not we? I once heard a good minister make this remark in his sermon: "I do not believe God ever planted a real want in us without giving the means to supply that want. But," said he, "we are to put forth our effort in making use of the means to bring this about, and thus our real wants are supplied." In the book of Job, is found, I think, some of the best reading in the Bible. *Things too wonderful for me* (Job XLII: 3). I will attempt again to hint at the key of success. Say not. Can I do this? but say, Ought I to do this? Then, after doing your best, ask His blessing on whatever you do, believing *All things work together for good to them that love the Lord*, and with patience await the result. I believe this key, rightly used, will unlock the door to things temporal and spiritual. He who gives the greater blessings does not omit the smaller.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee (Exodus xx: 12). I have a letter in my possession written by Ann Perkins, a lady with whom my mother, when a child, once lived, while in Connecticut; and, as I think and believe the advice therein contained my mother followed and lived out, and inculcated on her children, I give this old letter here in full and *verbatim*:

HARTFORD, CONN., April 14, 1810.

My dear Child: You are now going to leave this house and perhaps I shall never see you again in this world. From your good disposition, steadiness and industry, since you have lived in our family, I feel much attached to you and interested in your welfare, both in this world and the next, but particularly in the next world which you must soon enter. I hope you will remember the advice I now give you that you will read it over often and practice it.

In the first place, my dear Betsey, I would recommend to you to honour and obey your father and mother: remember all they have done for you in the helpless days of your infancy, and if they should live

to be old and want you to wait on them and do a great deal for them, always do it willingly and with tenderness. Especially remember and obey the good advice of your pious mother, and if you should ever be parted from her never forget her.

In the next place I hope you will always treat your brothers and sisters with kindness and love. You have now been separated from them a year and a half. God has permitted you again to live with them, and he has commanded that *we love one another*; be always ready to do anything for them that you can and never quarrel with any of them.

If you ever leave your parents and go to live at any other place—be as respectful, obliging, industrious and faithful as you have been here, and I can assure you, you will be always loved and respected. It is very likely you may live far from any meeting-house and have no opportunity of hearing preaching. But, my child, you must read the Bible, read it again and again. Think of what you read and *practice it*. Pray every morning and evening to Him who constantly keeps and watches over you; pray that He would make you good while you live in the world; that He would prepare you for death and make you happy forever in heaven.

My dear child we are all great sinners. Our first parents, Adam and Eve, were created good, but they ate of the forbidden fruit, and God punished them by driving them out of Paradise; and God commands us that we repent of all our sins in thought, word and action, and resolve that we will be good and obedient to Him; and that after we have done this we should not depend on ourselves but on Jesus Christ who has suffered for us.

I hope you will be one of Christ's dear children; that you will love Him while you live, be supported by Him on the bed of Death, and be happy with Him forever in Heaven, where I hope to meet you at the right hand of the Judge and hear Him say to you, "Come thou Blessed of my Father inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Your affectionate friend,

ANN PERKINS.

I have a school-card representing children going to school—a picture of five children, a school house, a church, etc., and on the card is this writing: "*Going to School*. The bearer, Miss Betsey Morehead, receives this as a token of the praise she merits for her faithfulness and good behavior in school. From her teacher, E. Robinson. May 4, 1811." Her brother, Robert Morehead, who is still living, has a school-card or memento of Connecticut and

early days of similar kind: his is entitled "*Coming from School.*"

There is always something good to be found in the Bible for the righteous. My mother was not only a reader of the Scriptures, but a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school and church (when in health). When in her youth, after coming from Connecticut to Crawford County, people had to go farther to church than they do now and put up with many privations that we know but little about, only as we have learned it from them. Often have I listened with interest to hear such aged Christians (as my mother) relate the experience and hardships they had to encounter in the earlier days of Methodism and Christianity. *Her children arise up, and call her blessed* (Prov. xxxi: 28). Then again (verse 30): *Farour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.* How can I help but speak well of my father and mother? There is a truth in it too great to be overlooked. I believe the Lord has given me the desire and blessed me with the means to do good. Now how shall I do it? I open the good Book and I find written: *For God commanded, saying, Honor thy father and mother; and, He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death* (Matt. xv: 4). I was taught early in life not only to love and respect my parents, but obey them. And He, who said: *In the keeping of the commandments there is great reward.* has so verified His promise in my behalf, for the little I have done. I want everybody to share in His benefits, *for He is no respecter of persons.*

I wish to relate the following incident which occurred to show my mother's faithfulness in attending church or prayer-meeting. Christmas day, in 1881, came on Sunday: there were Sunday-school and prayer-meeting at

the State Road Church, and that day my mother and I were somewhat late in starting out to meeting. My only brother, living, G. N., had invited us to take Christmas dinner with him. We would pass the church in going to his house, and when we arrived at the church, though very late, my mother said: "Are you not going to stop for meeting?" I replied: "It is very late, and we will not get down to my brother's in time for dinner." But mother stopped, nevertheless, at church, and we took dinner that day, too, with my brother. At that time half of my father's family had passed away; first my twin brother, then my father, and still later my eldest brother, which left my mother, my elder brother and myself. Half the family had gone to their reward, half was then living. It was the last meal we, as children, were ever permitted to partake of with our mother. How well we enjoyed that family gathering, not knowing it to be our last. My mother and I came home. She died in two weeks from that day. She attended to her daily affairs until within a few days before her death: was at Blooming Valley, on Thursday, January 5, 1882, and returned home apparently as well as usual. On the Saturday following, January 7, my mother passed through the "Golden Gate."

Some of my readers may possibly discuss with themselves why it is that I have taken so much interest in patronizing and contributing to the History of Crawford County, published by Warner, Beers & Co., and in placing this volume, an offering of friendship, in the hands of my relatives and friends. There are several reasons which have prompted me to do this, the chief one being that I believe I am doing right by the memory of my parents and departed brothers, in having their portraits and sketches in the history of our county, and having them

collected into book form and distributed to my friends at my own expense.

“Well,” some may say, “it costs money to do that.” Who knows this better than myself? It took food and clothing, together with long, patient instruction to rear a boy known as F. C. Waid. Who did this? *My father and mother.* They took pleasure in rearing and providing for their family, as I take delight and have the satisfaction of remembering them in the way I consider most appropriate. They taught me the great lessons of life: and now I ask of you, how much do I owe to them? Words fail to express it. A problem so deep can only be fathomed by experience, and the longer I live the more I know of the relationship that exists between parent and child. There is the old family Bible, out of which, in my hearing, my parents have read the best maxims of life. Then would they kneel down by the family altar and pray to the Lord to help us to carry out and practice the golden rules throughout our lives. Such knowledge is wonderful, indeed!

Years ago, on the occasion of one of my old school-mates visiting us, and during our social chat, he made this remark, when speaking of his parents: “I had a mother, but I never had a father—I mean *I never loved my father.*” I replied, addressing him: “I cannot say that of my parents, for whilst I had a good mother, one whom it will take her son all his lifetime to fully appreciate, I had equally as good a father.” And now, though my parents have passed away, and I am nearly fifty-three years old, yet I am still becoming acquainted with and more appreciative of their real value. To me, truth never gets old, nor does it wear out. In the Scriptures we are advised to *buy the truth and sell it not.* So I ever remember the instructions of my parents. Life passes pleasantly by when we live aright.

Youth! When, about a year ago, I began writing this homily, I was anxious for you to choose the good way, and wished you, urged you to *seek after righteousness*. Let me assure you, as one that loves you as a father and friend, that my desire is for your good and happiness in this life and in the life to come, and there is a way to find it. Can I do my duty as a Christian and as a friend, without pointing out this way? Then so much peace and happiness comes to those that seek the Lord. I do not want you to live on in rebellion against Him and lose all at last. Had I not passed a life of experience in this pleasant way and therefore know for myself the blessedness given those who obey, I would not try to persuade you as I do. You do not wish to go through life without the presence of your *best friend* to help you. The friend I speak of is the one whose help we all need and must have or we cannot have a place with the righteous in His kingdom when we die. The time will come when friend and brother will be gone, when father and mother will have passed away, and your best earthly friends will have all gone to their reward. Think how much better it would be for you, to-day, to choose to be on the Lord's side than to delay any longer. How great the peace and comfort that would come to you, besides your condition being bettered for all time to come. This is not all. Let me ask you to think of the satisfaction it would bring to your parents, your relatives and friends. Why, I think, everybody would rejoice with you.

I think I can safely say, during my life, while my parents were living, I never did anything which pleased them so well as when I sought the Lord and began to serve Him. Then many years afterward, at the close of my father's life, think you it was not a great satisfaction to each of us, as we took each other by the hand and said

the last "good-by?" How dear to my heart was that scene! How lasting on my memory, to part with my father's dying blessing on me—he with whom I had spent over thirty-six years of my life on the farm! My father had a stroke of paralysis of the right side, December 22, 1870; he died January 27, 1871. During his sickness he was visited and called on by many of his relatives and friends. The *best* interview (and I had many, being daily with him) and the last one was on the day he died. In the morning he inquired about his children and made a request to my mother that he "wanted Francis to come to his room." As I entered the room with my mother he said, looking me in the face: "Take a seat by my bed, I want to see you." And as mother passed out of the room he said to me: "Close the door, for I want to talk with you." I will not narrate all he said: but words of advice and wisdom, such as I had never heard fall from his lips before, were mine to hear and keep and practice in life. During that long interview (though it seemed short) I learned much that has been worth more than gold to me. He died about noon that day.

We are all aware of this truth, whether our lives are long or short, the parting hour *will* come to each one of us, prepared or unprepared. It is written: *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* Who does not want to come to the end of his or her pilgrimage in this way? David said: *I would rather be a door keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.* Youth! move out of the the tent of sin. There is a better place for you to live in—it is the Lord's house—*where there is bread enough and to spare.* How well it goes with us when we obey the good shepherd. *He will lead us beside still waters and green pas-*

tures. If there is any one thing more desirable than another in this life I think it is to be the Lord's child, who shall not want, but on whom blessings, both temporal and spiritual, are bestowed all through life. Is this any more than is promised in His word? Does it not say: *They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing?* Then again—*He will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.* I wish I could tell how many good things the Lord has given me since I have been in His service and how safely He has brought me thus far in life. Let me say this—ALL HONOR TO HIS NAME FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR ME. I hope to prove a faithful servant of His while I live; honor him with a life of obedience: serve Him with all He has committed to my care, for which I must render an account on the final day of reckoning, remembering always that, if I would cast my anchor finally in the calm, eternal waters of the "Jasper Sea," I must

"My thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live."

I love to live acknowledging God in all my ways, for it is then I have His Spirit to lead me in the way of all truth. *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him* (James I, 5). The great Author of life, whose blessing we are daily receiving, would have us to constantly trust in Him.

And now, dear reader, before concluding this my address, I fain would express a hope that its many shortcomings may be overlooked, and that it be remembered that the words you have read are registered by a farmer in the common walk of life, one more accustomed to the plow than the pen. It is said of Richelieu that he enunciated this maxim: "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Why not enlarge on this and say: "The plow is mightier than the pen"?

What I have written is a sort of diary of collected thoughts as they came to me at random, jotted down a little at a time, between labor and rest, in the course of last year; and only a few of the events of my life have been recalled and recorded; nevertheless, in presenting what I have written to the youth of our land and to my kindred, I trust that I may be filling part of the mission of life acceptably to the great Author of my being. With this view, and under His blessing, I confide in its being received in the spirit in which it is given, and that it may prove a lasting token of our friendship.

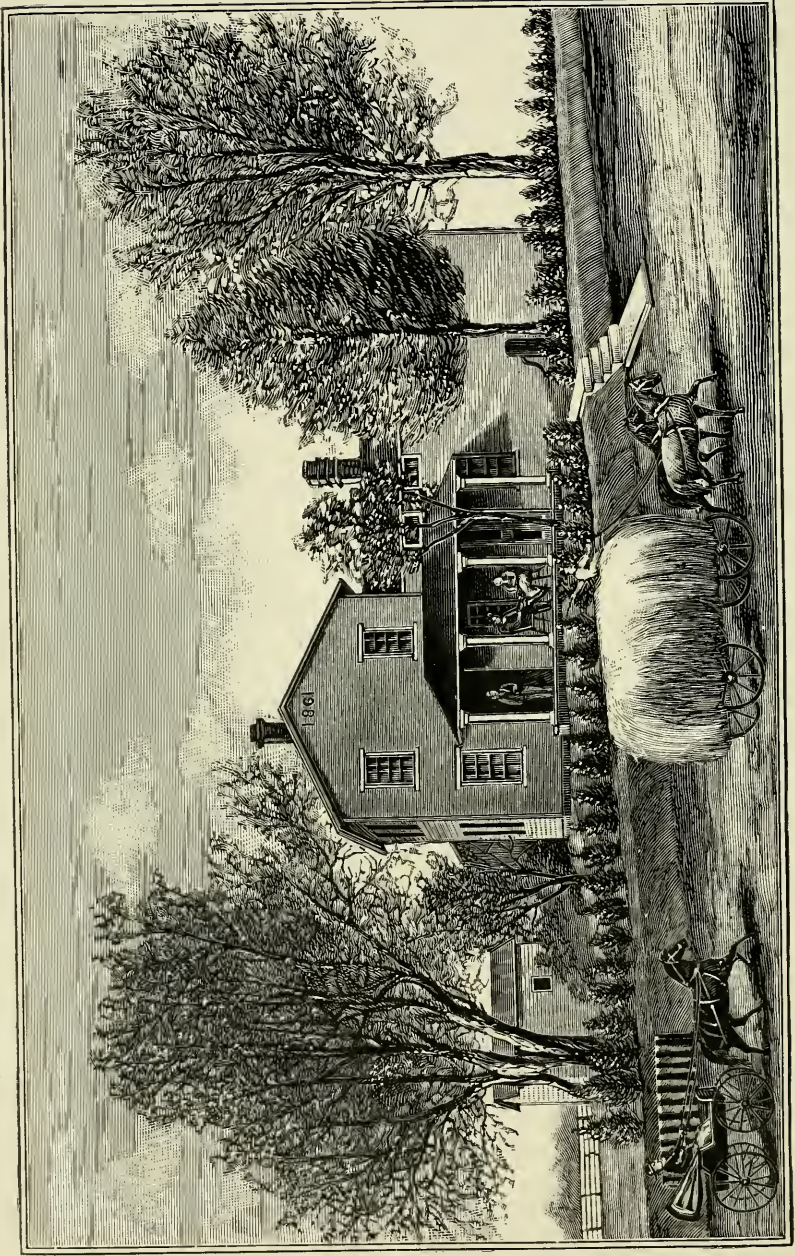
VALEDICTORY.

In taking a parting farewell, for a time, of the reader, and before laying down my pen, I ask to be permitted to add that I hope (if life and health are spared me for a few more years) to be able to present to all, who may then regard it with interest and favor, something that I shall endeavor to make more interesting than the contents of this little book may prove.

And I would not close without some kindly allusion to the publishers, Messrs. Warner, Beers & Co., of Chicago, Ill. They were pleased to say, in a business letter to me, that "in all their intercourse since they first became engaged in book-making *they have found but one F. C. Waid.*"

To these gentlemen and to their biographer and editor, Mr. George A. Baker, I take this opportunity of acknowledging my appreciation of the assistance rendered by them in the compilation and arrangement of this work.

FRANCIS C. WAID.



THE FARM HOME OF FRANCIS C. WAID; BUILT 1861—OCCUPIED BY HIM TILL 1889.

SECOND SOUVENIR

OF

FRANCIS C. WAID,

CONTAINING

FAMILY AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES,

ALSO

ESSAYS, TREATISES AND MEMOIRS ;

TOGETHER

With an Appendix, including Personal Sketches
and Miscellanea.

ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO, ILL.:

J. H. BEERS & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1890.

“Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.”

PREFACE.

In my farewell parting, for a time, with the readers of my SOUVENIR of 1886, I intimated that, if spared in life and health by the blessing of God, I would gather together a few more random thoughts and wayside jottings, together with sketches of real life in the experience of both myself and others.

This I have done at the expense of a great deal of pleasurable time and labor, and have had the several data edited and compiled in much the same manner as was my first SOUVENIR, and by the same biographer and editor, George A. Baker, of Chicago, Ill.

I have been much encouraged in this undertaking by the kind reception my previous book has met with at the hands of those of my kindred and friends to whom I was enabled to present copies; and I take this opportunity of thanking them for their kind expressions of love and sympathy, and appreciation of the work. In the Appendix to this SOUVENIR will be found copies of several of the letters I have received from friends, which are to me most gratifying. The three hundred copies I had printed and bound in 1886 have all been distributed; and I am pleased to say the demand was so great that I have had many requests for copies, even having been asked by not a few to *sell for cash!* All such offers, however, I have declined, for not a single overture of that nature would I entertain, even though, in some cases, what I consider high prices, were tendered. The SOUVENIRS were published with a higher motive than to have my pecuniary outlay refunded in such manner. My intention was then, and is now, to DO GOOD, and to allow a little of the "untold kindness" that dwells in every *true* Christian heart to manifest itself. I love

the pleasure of doing good, and I choose this humble way of indulging myself, with the full knowledge that a man's acts are as a mirror in which his own image is reflected.

Since 1886 I have been engaged in preparing the present work, assisted by my wife, in such moments as were spared me from my many duties on the farm and business affairs generally, such as money loaning, traveling and visiting with a view to benefit others as well as myself. The entire issue is two thousand copies, seven hundred of which are for distribution during the summer of 1890; three hundred, bound with the remaining three hundred of my first *SOUVENIR* (which was an edition of six hundred copies in all), to be distributed later on, and one thousand (containing additional "jottings by the way" since January 1, 1890, and some incidents of the past real life portrayed), to be disposed of in a similar manner at a yet more remote day. The cost of publishing these three editions, for editing, printing and binding alone, amounts to as many dollars as there are copies of the book—two thousand; and the entire disbursement, including the cost of the three hundred copies first distributed, together with the work ordered for the *History of Crawford County*, published in 1885, is not less than *four thousand dollars*. But, as I have already intimated, the sum to me is a pleasurable outlay, for I am happy in the reflection that

" Each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun."

To my many friends who have received copies of my *FIRST SOUVENIR*, and have accepted them in the spirit of love and charity in which they were given, I wish here to express my gratitude for their kindness and friendship shown me, and I venture to hope that my second *SOUVENIR* will meet with the same indulgent reception, awakening and sustaining to the end a like fraternal sympathy between the author and the reader. I would wish my friends to appreciate my desire to continue in the good work of labor and love until the entire 2,000 copies above enumerated are distributed, and I humbly invoke our

Heavenly Father for divine guidance, not only in this, but in all the affairs of life.

My friends, one and all, I thank for past favors, and I ask their neighborly coöperation in the distribution of my *SOUVENIRS*, not only among individuals and families, old school-mates and scholars (as far as I may be able to supply them), but also among such Sunday-school and other libraries as may desire copies. Strangers, too, will not be overlooked, for I am indebted to many such for kindnesses and courtesies, both at home and abroad. In this labor I have at heart simply the good of my fellow-men, in general, nothing sectarian entering into my motives.

My publishers are pleased to compliment me on what they call my "tireless energy in behalf of philanthropy," but I desire no more credit than is strictly due me. I LOVE LABOR, and while some men "tire themselves in pursuit of rest," I do not think the clock can upbraid me with any waste of time.

I do not suppose that any book has ever been written without some object in view; and my *SOUVENIRS* are no exception to the rule. In writing and gratuitously distributing these books I have an object and a reason that bring to me unbounded pleasure. I realize that instead of the world owing me a living, I am the debtor to the world and to posterity. I have lived over half a century, and I think it is now time to make an effort to pay off the debt. Surely I have a mission in this world, else I would not be here; and should not this mission be to DO GOOD as I have opportunity and means? When I remember how my Heavenly Father has blessed me all my days, I wish to honor Him to the utmost of my ability, and as I best know how. For my kindred and friends, I desire to remember them with a token of true and lasting friendship; and I take this opportunity to say to the kind reader that no one knows better than myself the many hours, days, weeks, months, I have toiled with the pen—yes, even years, for they are now some five in number since I first began work in this new mission. Time or money expended I do not withhold or

begrudge, if only some good may be effected in the name of our Heavenly Father, who has taught us that *It is more blessed to give than to receive*. How thoroughly do I appreciate the words of Holy Writ: *The Lord loveth a cheerful giver*, and in receiving the SOUVENIR, I hope my friends will bear in mind that I am fully persuaded that the greater blessing comes to the donor; my deduction is, as I believe in Scripture, that I am under greater obligations to the recipient of my SOUVENIR than he is to me.

A certain manufacturing company, who made a specialty of mowing machines, published some fifty reasons why their mowers were superior to any other. Although I am not competing with any one, yet I will ask permission to here enumerate a few of my reasons for writing my SOUVENIR. (1) TO DO GOOD; (2) to fill this part of my mission in life as zealously as I would any other work or vocation; (3) to produce a gift for my kindred and friends that would be useful to all and harmful to none; (4) this gift to reach each one of my relatives, and benefit them all alike; (5) the book to be my own production (as far as possible)—not second-hand, but one on which I have personally labored, and spent much time and money, that my kindred and friends may know that I love them, and appreciate their kindness to me and mine; (6) this gift to benefit not only the recipient, but all who may read it; (7) to make known some of my “untold love” for not only friends, but for humanity at large, so that all may learn to know Him whom my soul loveth. In brief: The highest object I aim at is to do what I conscientiously believe to be right in the light of Divine Truth, realizing that I shall be accountable for all my acts at the last great day.

And now, my dear friends, in closing I will say that my earnest prayer is that God’s blessing may abide on each of us, and that we may all be bettered by our acquaintance. I rejoice that I have been spared to see this day when I am enabled to place in your hands a token of true friendship and esteem, and I trust that my writings will prove to be as the flowers of the field, to whom the poet sings in sweet refrain:

“ Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.”

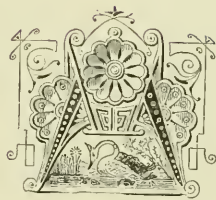
Hoping that this little volume may prove as interesting to
you, my friends, in the perusal thereof, as it has been to me in
the writing, with love to all, I remain

Your true and faithful well-wisher,

FRANCIS C. WAID.

Blooming Valley,
Crawford Co.. Penn., July, 1890.





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ERRATA AND EMENDATIONS.

- Page 21: Among the names of and dates of birth of the thirty-nine boys should be that of Leroy Knapp, born November 14, 1843.
- Page 22: Annette Roudebush was born *June 25, 1845*, instead of June 27, 1848.
- Page 53: Tenth line from bottom, read *paw* for jaw.
- Page 84: Third line from bottom, read from Cedar Rapids to Council Bluffs, instead of Council Bluffs to Cedar Rapids.
- Page 114: Fifteenth line from top, read *April* for March.
- Page 134: Third line from bottom, read *fifty* for sixty.
- Page 138: Thirteenth line from bottom, read *Frank* for Franklin.
- Page 138: Twelfth line from bottom, read *Rouelle* for Albert.
- Page 141: Twenty-second line from top, read *Asa* for Ezra.
- Page 145: The grapes spoken of were in Mr. Devenpeck's new vineyard—two clusters on one vine, and one cluster on another
- Page 146: Eighteenth line from top, read *Adelbert* for Dilbert.
- Page 147: First line, read *Myers* for Meyer.
- Page 150: Fifteenth line from top, read *Marsh* for March.
- Page 159: Third line from top, James Harris died *October 7*, funeral on 9th.
- Page 165: Sixth line from top of first paragraph, read *lightly* for highly.
- Page 178: Seventh line from top, read *Kiser* for Reiser.
- Page 195: Eighteenth line from top should commence *this Souvenir*.
- Page 211: Of the children of Samuel Waid, all are now deceased except three daughters.
- Page 225: Fifteenth line from top, read *four* years old instead of nine.
- Page 228: My son Fred had gone to Meadville (on his way to Brookville, Penn., on a visit to the young lady who is now his wife), an hour before me, and was there when the accident happened, being present at the wreck. I rode into the town with my cousin, Harrison Sutton.
- Page 231: Mr. Dunn, the undertaker, attended the funeral of my wife.
- Page 232: Twelfth line from bottom, Phebe Brown lacked four days of entering her one hundredth year.
- Pages 232 and 233: Read *Norris* for Morris.
- Page 233: Footnote, read *Banker* for Ranker.

- Page 243: Tenth line from bottom, estimate of the county's population here given is too high, as the census for 1890 shows less.
- Page 243: Third line from bottom, read *Athan* for Ethan.
- Page 247: Fifteenth line from top, read *first* Cowen school-house for second.
- Page 263: At Eliza's death Dr. Weter (our family physician) was present; Aunt Jane and Uncle George came soon after she died.
- Page 263: Twelfth line from top, for Eliza Waid read *Eliza C. Waid*.
- Page 323: Read *S. B. Dick* for S. P. Dick.
- Page 324: Read *Beaver* for Brewer.
- Page 324: December 11, 1889, copy of Souvenir was given Rev. James Marvin, D. D., pastor of the M. E. Church at Lawrence, Kas.
- Page 339: Eighth line from top, read *1850* for 1750.
- Page 346: Read *ye shall live* for she shall live.
- Page 352: Mr. and Mrs. Oldham visited at our home in 1879, on which occasion Mrs. Oldham sang, in the Indian language, one of our beautiful hymns, and then repeated the same in our own language, which pleased and interested me much, as well as friends assembled.
- Page 352: The "old brother class leader," referred to by Mr. Oldham, is Nicholas R. Stull.





INTRODUCTORY THOUGHTS.

“The pen is the tongue of the mind.”

CERVANTES.

I AM glad I was asked to subscribe for the “History of Crawford County,” in the spring of 1884. In my sketch therein published reference is made to the 100-acre meadow on which years of labor and thought have been expended, in order to make it what it now is—a beautiful and productive field.

In manhood’s early days, in my father’s family, I began work, and I take pleasure in saying it has been continued ever since, which is proof of my enjoyment, and the invitation by Mr. Harry F. Bancker (one of the agents of Messrs. Warner, Beers & Co., the publishers), to subscribe for the history of our county was but an introduction to my first SOUVENIR.

The sketch first appeared in the History in 1885, then in an enlarged form in my SOUVENIR of 1886, and I have already intimated my desire to meet the wants of my kindred and friends and the youth of our land.

“Who does the best his circumstances allow,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.”

YOUNG.

Inasmuch as the labor and thought given to that field has been amply rewarded by a kind Providence, still may

I ask His guidance in this undertaking that it may prove a blessing to humanity. What have you or I, kind reader, in our possession, that we have not at some time or other received? Who is the giver of all things? I ask myself, in what better way can I accomplish the good I desire than by writing down my thoughts as they come to me, and publishing them?

“Live by labor, love your neighbor,
Would you prosper, that’s the way.”

I consider the hours of thought and days of labor, together with the money expended in book-making, not lost. It is written—*according to your faith be it unto you; again—all things are possible to him that believeth.* It is a well-known fact that I LOVE LABOR. This new enterprise opens a field in which I engage in work with pleasure, so far as I am able, and not until one thousand copies of the SOUVENIR are distributed FREE, at my own expense, do I want a single one sold. Faith and works are like twin sisters—both favor charity. I love all three—FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY—and on this line my love goes out to my kindred and friends, and to all mankind. I do not desire to be robbed of this pleasure—a *free* distribution of the SOUVENIR. I hope that if the book is worthy of a wider circulation, there will be a way provided. I know I have been already well repaid for what little I have done toward circulating the book, and the many testimonials and letters,* as well as thanks, received by me, prove beyond a doubt I have the confidence of my friends. Again I thank them for their appreciation of my efforts to DO GOOD.

“Happy were men if they but understood
There is no safety but in doing good.”

Yet I have a greater consolation, proceeding from a

*Copies of many of these will be found in the Appendix to this book.

pure motive to advance the cause of Christianity according to my ability, showing what the Redeemer has done for one of the least of His followers.

“What wonderful things in the Bible I see,
And this is the greatest—*Jesus loves me.*”

I was once asked what I considered worth more to me than my friends: not gold, nor silver, nor houses, nor lands—but God’s promise. This is something upon which we can lean when tempests rage and billows roll—*it comforts the soul*, and this leads me into some pleasant retrospects, some of which may interest the reader.

FAMILY REMINISCENCES.

“Thought in the mind may come forth gold or dross;
When coin’d in words we know its real worth.”

YOUNG

I recall a contract that I entered into many years ago, and the recent fulfillment of which has given me much pleasure. Here is a copy of the agreement:

May 13th, 1871.—George N. Waid has given me sixty dollars (\$60) to keep for his son Ira until he become of age, unless the money be sooner wanted by his parents; in which case I will pay the amount with interest. The money is a deed of gift from Ira C. Waid to his namesake and grandson.

F. C. WAID.

A few days before my father’s death he called my brother and myself to him, and gave George \$60 for his son, saying that it was to be kept until the little boy was of age. George asked that I might be allowed to hold the money, and, accordingly, it was given into my hands, and my father repeated his wish regarding its disposal. On the 2nd of December, 1888, little Ira came of age, and I, in behalf of my father’s memory, saw the contract fulfilled, principal and interest.

I wish to say that the carrying out of one's parents' wishes is a duty performed with the keenest pleasure, and gives rise to a happiness of the better sort. I must not close the account of this little incident without saying that if it gives us such joy to carry out the wishes of our earthly parents, how much happier will we be made by rendering strict obedience to our Father in Heaven. Think, O youth, of your duty to the Parent of all good.

The following incident I relate to show to what extent children will at times imitate their parents:

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

The Bible says: *As your fathers did, so do ye*, and I have carried out this injunction in one important matter at least, as will be seen by a perusal of the following example of the truth contained in the first sentence. I was looking over an old account book recently, and found entered above my name this statement:

September 20th, 1865.—I have this day rented father's farm for five years, having the right to discontinue at the end of any one of the intervening years, in case I am not satisfied. Father has also the right to bring the agreement to an end in the same way, in case he be unsatisfied with my methods. The terms are that I am to have one-half the produce of the farm, excepting that of the garden and orchard. One-half of the barn and stabling room is to be mine, as is also the use of the farming implements. Father is to work when he pleases.

On November 22, 1887, after a lapse of more than twenty-two years, I find that I am under a like agreement with each of my children; I rent each one who is married* a farm upon the same plan, with nothing further than a verbal agreement between us. Several years ago one of my sons asked me if we had not better have a written contract. My reply was to the effect that my father and I managed nicely with our words for our bonds, and I thought that there could be no trouble in the present

* They are now, November 20, 1889, all married, and rent the same.—F. C. Waid.

instance; and to this day we are under the same agreement.

Many a visit in childhood and youth, accompanied by my twin brother, have I made to the old homestead of my grandfather, Robert Morehead, Sr., now owned by his son, Robert Morehead, Jr., in Vernon Township, about four miles west of Meadville, on State Road. And I also remember with pleasure our visits to "Uncle" James Fergerson and family. Sometimes in May or June, when the fishing season was in its glory, as we boys used to view things, we would be there and make two of a party, occasionally going to Conneaut Lake for a day's fishing. And I confess the length of our stay with our relatives depended pretty much on our "luck," as we called it, in our piscatorial ventures. At same time, as I remember, if our catch of fish was not very large, our uncles or cousins would generously fill our "strings" with what they may have taken. In such manner passed many a happy hour.

In this connection I would say that some of my relatives living west of Meadville, like my uncle, George Roudebush, of Blooming Valley, were noted fishermen, a compliment they have long merited. Memory loves to linger as it reviews the pleasant scenes of our younger days, and there is much pleasure in living our lives twice over, if rightly passed, and forty years have gone over my head since first I began to sip the sweets of real life.

SUGAR MAKING.

Many a happy day have I spent in the Arcadian pursuit of maple-sugar making, of all farm work probably the sweetest. It has been said that labor is sweet, but in this case it may be said that the product of the labor

is far sweeter. The honey bee alone can compete with the sugar tree in our clime, as a saccharine producer.

For myself, I like the work connected with the sugar camp, and as I had experience when a youth, I have done some "tapping and boiling" each spring. This year (1888) I am carrying on the work alone, as it is not so extensive as in former days. At one time there were several camps on the farm of Ira C. Waid, but at present there are but two—one on the old homestead farm, which was willed to R. L. Waid, but is now occupied by N. P. Waid, and the other the one which I myself work. The N. P. Waid Farm consists now of sixty-four acres, nine acres having recently been added by purchase, in order to gain easier access to the public road. The bush upon this farm is in operation, and as Mr. Waid has all the modern improvements, including a Hescoek iron arch evaporator, it is successful. Here is a tank holding about four barrels into which to draw the sap, storage capacity for thirty barrels, and about 300 sap pails. It is sufficiently sharp work when you are boiling away two and one-half barrels of sap each hour, and this amount of consumption will keep those around the boilers busy. On an average thirty gallons of sap will produce one gallon of syrup. The variation depends on the trees from which the sugar water is drawn—a dark colored maple running a better producing quality of sap than any other, while a soft maple is considered the poorest producer of any of this family of trees. We call it a good sugar season when we obtain one-half as many gallons of syrup as we have trees; although it is not uncommon for a person having but few trees, by taking especial care and avoiding waste, to average one gallon for each maple. My friends, George Floyd and Mrs. Laban Smith, make such a report concerning their sugar bushes. The care of

tools and machinery forms an important factor in success as a sugar maker, as it is in every work. One must learn to *save*, that is half the battle in a struggle for success.

In this connection I wish to say that many years ago, before my twin brother died, he and I worked in the bush on the farm, and my father bought fifty new cooper-made sap cans to take the place of the old troughs formerly in use. Those cans are nearly all in use to-day. Care has done this for the old sap cans, and will do much in every direction in life.

STEAM THRESHER.

While on the subject of farm life I would like to say a few words on the subject of improvements which have been made within the past three decades in agricultural implements generally, threshing machines in particular.

As years roll by I am reminded not only of the mutability of all things mundane, but also of the reforms and improvements ever going on in mechanical appliances, particularly in the implements of the farm. I cannot help, from time to time, contrasting the early days of my life with the present. More than thirty years ago (about 1855), when my brother Lyman and I used to thresh with a two or three horse-power machine, and leave the grain in the chaff, we thought we were doing a good business to thresh on an average from 150 to 200 bushels per day. In 1887 my two eldest sons, Frank and Guinnip, operated a steam thresher with an eight-horse-power engine manufactured for Waid & Bro., at Mansfield, Ohio, by Aultman & Taylor, and which they claim will thresh 1,000 bushels per day. No thresher except a separator is used here nowadays.

Michael Roudebush and Ira C. Waid bought of Ezra

Cooper August 17, 1847, a two-horse-power machine, and on the following day my brother, Lyman, and David Pitcher (I think), threshed seventy-three bushels of wheat for Mr. Ray, who lived in Meadville. We threshed in those days for several parties in Meadville, among them being John Reynolds and Squire Arthur Cullon, and soon after the fall of 1847 I followed the business along with my brother.

The above-mentioned machine, which was second-hand at the time of purchase, was bought for \$55, and was owned by the above-named parties till 1850. At that time our lay for threshing was six of wheat on a hundred, ten of oats. The steam thresher we now have is new, and much in advance of the Cooper machine of forty years ago, while it does four or five times the amount of threshing in a day, besides cleaning the grain. This steam separator costs about \$1,400, and threshes for five bushels on a hundred wheat or oats.

Our boys did their first regular threshing with their new steam thresher for Lewis Slocum, Guinnip's father-in-law, and on August 22, 1887, they threshed for our near neighbor, Gaylord Smith, 746 bushels of oats—402 in the forenoon and 344 in the afternoon—finishing by about 4 P. M. I am of the opinion that under favorable circumstances they could thresh from 800 to 1,000 bushels per day.* Fred and I helped Mr. Smith thresh, so I had the pleasure of working with all my boys. I may add that they have frequently threshed one hundred bushels of oats in less than an hour, and in the fall of 1887 they threshed 27,000 bushels; in 1888, 42,000 bushels, and in 1889, 35,000 bushels.

The enterprise of the boys pleases me more than the improvements in machinery, yet I acknowledge I am sat-

*On August 17, 1888, they threshed 1,026 bushels for Mr. Smith.

ified with both. It takes not only works but also faith to bear us down the stream of Time, to see where our children take up the active duties of life to our satisfaction. I rejoice there is such a thing as patience; it is a crowning virtue. *I waited patiently for the Lord, and he heard me.* After we have done all we can, how good it is to *commit our ways unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass.*

A MONARCH OF THE FOREST.

In the spring of 1847 James Wygant bought of my uncle, A. G. Waid, the house and lot in Blooming Valley, where his widow now lives. My acquaintance with Mr. Wygant dates back a little over forty years. My uncle, A. G. Waid, moved, in the spring of 1847, to Dexter, Mich., where he is still living. I received a letter from him, dated May 4, 1887; his wife died May 19, 1884.

The rise of ground, where my uncle at that time lived, was known as Tar Hill (in those days tar was manufactured here in a limited way), and I am informed a tavern was kept here, or near by, in an early day, by one Seth Nicholas. In those times a good part of what is now the borough of Blooming Valley was a pine forest. On the Jeremiah Smith Farm, which now constitutes the principal part of the borough, there was much pine; also on the farms of John Dickson and William Morehead. It is said, on very good authority, that there was a pine tree on Michael Coy's land which cut 144 feet, making twelve logs, each measuring twelve feet in length.

Near the north end of our 100-acre lot is a pine stump, the remains of a magnificent tree, one beautiful and attractive in its appearance, towering, as it did, far above

all its companions in the forest. It was surrounded by beech and maple trees but little over half its height. At the foot of that grand old pine, whose majestic form and wide-spreading branches are indelibly photographed on my memory, my twin brother and I have often stood in silent admiration of its beauty. All around the scene was one of incomparable sublimity, and our beloved ever-green pine stood in the midst without a paragon. He was King of the Forest, planted there by Nature's own hand, and protected by Nature's own God, till the ruthless hand of man felled it to the earth. This large, majestic pine cut many thousand feet of lumber used in building Ira C. Waid's house, where Guinnip P. Waid now lives.

MEADVILLE.

In my writings I often have occasion to speak of the town of Meadville, and I do so cheerfully and with a feeling akin to love, for from my childhood I have cherished a fondness for that place, as well as the county. Well, Meadville has been a good friend to us farmers hereabouts, who have found in it a home market for nearly all our products, year in and year out.

Farmers who live near a good market should show their appreciation of it, not only by attending it, but by benefiting it in every way possible. I say from my childhood I have had a love for Meadville, for in those artless days my twin brother and I used to visit our cousins, children of Uncle Joseph Finney, and other relatives; and many a Sunday-school celebration in the town did we attend in those happy days. I remember the place most noted for these celebrations was Mr. Huidekoper's park, in front of his residence, on Water

Street. where the annual gatherings of Sunday-schools were wont to meet on the Fourth of July each year. It was as easy for me to love Meadville, then, as for a school-boy to ride down hill.

In after years I coupled business with pleasure; and now mayhap the reader will ask wherein lies pleasure in farm life. I will tell him. It is *business* to raise the products of the farm and put them in the market; it is *pleasure* to receive compensation for them. In my opinion few farmers of my age, if any, have marketed more of their own farm produce in Meadville than I have; hence is apparent the great number of times I have visited the place. Another reason why I love Meadville is the fact that it was there I earned the first dollar I could ever call my own; and I question whether I have had a dollar since of which I felt as proud. This ever-to-be-remembered dollar was earned when a child selling, along with my twin brother, wild strawberries by the quart, at a low price. That little trade of mine increased until I can report without boasting a hay crop of about two hundred tons in the centennial year, besides grain and other products, all sold in Meadville.

“To have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.”

SCHOOL RECORD OF BLOOMING VALLEY, 1851-52.

Nearly thirty-eight years ago, in the winter of 1851-52, I was teaching the first school in Blooming Valley, only a mile from my home, and on the same farm where I have ever since lived. At the close of the term I was presented with the school record, in the shape of a neat and carefully got up document containing the names of thirty-

nine boys and twenty-nine girls, being sixty-eight scholars out of a general attendance of over fifty. On the upper right-hand corner of this document is a drawing of the school-house, and on the upper left-hand corner is a representation of the flag of our Union. Over the list of names of the scholars, which is printed at the end of this article, is the following inscription: "Presented, by W. W. Thompson, a record of Blooming Valley School, Francis C. Waid, Teacher, 1852."

In the period of time since my dear old scholars used to meet me day by day, death has not been idle. His scythe has removed a good many whose names and dates of death I have, to the best of my knowledge, added to the record; and in this portion of the work I am indebted in a great measure to the assistance of my cousin, Mr. Ralph Roudebush, for which I thank him. Most of these who have died sleep in Blooming Valley Cemetery, and many of the funerals I have attended.

To-day I honor the memory of the departed ones *because I loved them*, and I respect those living because we yet live to smile on and help each other. A few of the names of my scholars do not appear on the record, for the reason that their attendance at school was not regular, and as their parents moved away they were forgotten.

As a teacher I tried to do my duty to the best of my ability, but how well I may have succeeded I do not yet know. I do know this, however, *I loved my scholars*, the entire school, the parents and my occupation. "Friendship and success" was my motto. In looking over this old record I am reminded of the happy days and pleasant faces that are gone as a dream, some faces never more to be seen on earth. And I am here reminded that on June 5, 1889, I received a letter from my cousin, Henrietta Sturgis, of Centreville, Crawford County, bringing the sad

intelligence of the death, of cancer, at Titusville, Penn., on May 30, 1889, of Ruth Ann Smith (maiden name), and of her interment in Blooming Valley Cemetery. I had visited her on the 12th of last January, while on my way to Warren County, Penn., and found her very ill then.

That winter of 1851-52 was one of the most pleasant and useful periods of my life. Many friendships were formed that never have been broken, save by the hand of death. The old school-house is still standing near the Advent Church, where it was erected, and is at present used as a dwelling. I have said my days of school teaching were to me both pleasant and profitable, profitable because of their usefulness. However much or however little the scholars may have learned, I added something new to my knowledge every day, and at the close of the school I was wiser than at the commencement.

NAMES AND DATES OF BIRTH OF THE THIRTY-NINE BOYS.

Edwin Robbins, March 6, 1831.	John Thompson, Aug. 12, 1842.
Jackson Shouts, July 10, 1831.	George Smith, April 1, 1842.
David Smith, Jan. 20, 1831.	Stephen Morehead, Feb. 12, 1839.
James Thompson, Dec. 25, 1834.	Cornelius Gray, May 2, 1842.
William Waid, Oct. 2, 1835.	Ralph Roudebush, Aug. 26, 1838.
Dewitt Harroun, Dec. 19, 1832.	Walter Thompson, Aug. 14, 1838.
Ebenezer Harroun, June 2, 1837.	Joseph Morehead, April 30, 1842.
Eddy Harroun, March 6, 1841.	Benton Roudebush, June 25, 1845.
Alphes David, Dec. 19, 1846.	Lorenzo Roudebush, Sept. 28, 1847.
Leroy Knapp, 1842. [?]	Wellington Smith, May 7, 1842.
George Fleek, Jan. 27, 1837.	Leonard Hays, July 21, 1843.
Jacob Coy, Jan. 25, 1837.	Nelson Gray, July 3, 1844.
Clinton Roudebush, Mar. 2, 1842.	Walker Coy, May 10, 1847.
Porter Fleek, Feb. 28, 1842.	William Purse, June 30, 1840.
Jackson Fleek, Feb. 28, 1842.	Vanburen Purse, July 25, 1837.
Oscar Roudebush, April 15, 1843.	Morris Roudebush, May 20, 1848.
Joseph Heard, March 7, 1842.	Thomas Shouts, Sept. 24, 1836.
Vanburen Smith, June 1, 1840.	Zacariah Dickson, June 10, 1832.
Truman Hayes, July 24, 1842.	Sylvester Smith, Feb. 8, 1836.
J. H. Culbertson, April 2, 1840.	

NAMES AND DATES OF BIRTH OF THE TWENTY-NINE GIRLS.

Grace Thompson, Jan. 30, 1833.	Harriet Dickson, Sept. 13, 1837.
Catherine Evans, Mar. 20, 1836,	Mary E. Gray, May 20, 1840.
Eliza Ann Culbertson, Apr. 20, 1836.	Lovantia Gray, Feb. 29, 1842.
Lovinia Purse, Oct. 9, 1835.	Mary Robbins, Jan. 6, 1840.
Lucy Robbins, Oct. 17, 1835.	Elizabeth Heard, May 29, 1837.
Lucia Robbins, Oct. 17, 1835.	Orra Roudebush, Feb. 27, 1847.
Ruth A. Smith, Dec. 25, 1834.	Nancy Fleek, Oct. 17, 1840.
Mariah Robbins, Jan. 2, 1844.	Emma Roudebush, Feb. 1, 1846.
Hannah Purse, May 12, 1840.	Delia Hays, Sept. 5, 1847.
Temperance Morehead, Jan. 29, '41,	Treesey Cox, July 10, 1841,
Sarah Morehead, Oct. 30, 1843.	Mary Smith, April 1, 1838.
Elizabeth Morehead, Aug. 27, 1845.	Angeline Smith, 1844.
Annette Roudebush, June 27, 1848.	Ida Roudebush, Dec. 9, 1848.
Jane Fleek, May 16, 1836.	Charlotte Knapp, Nov. 28, 1838.
Sarah Dickson, Sept. 13, 1833.	

LIST OF DEATHS, WITH DATES, OF SCHOLARS.

Lovinia Purse, June 25, 1855.	Nancy Fleek, Nov. 12, 1872.
Mary Robbins, May 11, 1857.	Harriet Dickson, Oct. 22, 1873.
Lucy Robbins, Aug. 25, 1857.	Jane Fleek, Feb. 19, 1874.
Eliza A. Culbertson, July 11, 1858.	Jackson Fleek, May 13, 1867.
Vanburen Purse, July 23, 1862.	George Fleek, Jan. 22, 1879.
Oscar Roudebush, Mar. 29, 1868.	Charlotte Knapp, April 5, 1884.
Mary E. Gray, Nov. 13, 1865.	Jacob Coy, August, 1886.
Orra Roudebush, Mar. 26, 1864.	Lovantia Gray, July 10, 1887.
Hannah Purse, April 29, 1871.	William Waid died in Southern
Ruth A. Smith, May 30, 1889.	prison, probably in 1864.

In addition to this interesting record, I was also pleased to receive an "acrostic" written by one of my scholars, Charlotte L. Knapp, then in her fourteenth year. I here give it with some few slight emendations:

AN ACROSTIC.

Forget us not, forget us never;
Remember us till death shall sever,
And we'll remember thee;
No, you will ne'er forgotten be.
Celestial are sweet friendship's ties,
It lives in heaven beyond the skies.
Soon the time will come when we must part,
Cordial the love within each scholar's heart.

Wilt thou consent our teacher yet to be?
And still more faithful pupils you will see;
Indeed we will improve as fast again,
Desirous that you'll teach us, if you can.

The year of eighteen fifty-two
Is a cherished one in memory's view;
Oft regrets will come that it is past,
'Tis sad such pleasure cannot last.

CHARLOTTE L. KNAPP.

BLOOMING VALLEY, February, 1852.



ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

“In the morning when thou risest, let this thought be present—I am rising to the work of a human being.”

M. AURELIUS.

To say I do not love the young men of our land, especially those of my acquaintance, would be to utter a falsehood. Then, you may reasonably ask of me, what am I willing to do to prove my friendship for the young man, and my answer is that I am willing now not only to give him, as best I can, my own little experience in life (having lived nearly fifty-four years), but to gather what knowledge I can from other sources, and so present the same in this book, hoping it will be acceptable and prove useful.

Many young men who may read these words are acquainted with the writer; but allow me to assure you, my dear young man, whoever you may be, that whether we are personally acquainted or not, I feel interested in your welfare and happiness, both here and hereafter, or I would not engage in the present undertaking. *Money* is not my object; in proof whereof I intend this volume to come into the hands of its future possessor free, “without money and without price.” But I have an *object* in employing my means and time in this way, and that object is to benefit the reader and do him good.

I am aware that many young men fail at the commencement of business to keep any book account, trusting to their memory the comparatively few business trans-

actions they may have at first. Thus they form a habit or custom in getting along, which, as business increases, proves very injurious to them. My advice to every young man is to keep a correct account of his daily transactions, and, in the words of Chesterfield, to "lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably." Many a one has been wronged out of his dues because of trusting to his memory instead of keeping a regular account, as he should have done.

Here I will jot down a few of the old maxims of life, in the observance of which I have profited so well, and I believe the young man who reads them and treasures them up will be no less benefited. In my youth and early manhood I carried with me a copy of these maxims, most of which I had clipped from a newspaper, so that I might read and ponder over them at my leisure:

Earn money before you spend it.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Keep good company or none.

Never be idle.

Always speak the truth.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

*Your character cannot be essentially injured except
by YOUR OWN ACTS.*

*If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that
no one will believe him.*

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

*Money saved is better than money earned, because
it can be saved in less time than you can earn it.*

Do not forget to profit by your own experience.

Never speak evil of anyone.

Be just before you are generous.

Good character is above all things else.

When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Do not fail to read the best book—THE BIBLE, which contains the most valuable knowledge in the entire catalogue of books, and if you would be refreshed each day of your life with some good thought, recall some passage you may have learned from the “Book of Books.” *Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he that regardeth reproof shall be honored* (Prov. xiii:18). “A young man idle is an old man needy.” I do not advise the young man to become a miser, by *saving*, nor a spendthrift by *extravagance*. Seneca says: “It is one thing to *know* how to give, and another thing *not to know* how to keep,” and all acts of generosity or benevolence should be governed by the moral laid down by Thomas á Kempis—“Man considereth the *deeds*, but God weigheth the *intentions*.” If you arrive at the cross-roads (figuratively speaking) stop and think before you farther go. There is *one right way*, but here you find *two wrong ways*. Do not choose either of them; turn not to the right nor to the left, the straight path is duty and leads to honor.

Remember that not what we *earn* but what we *save* will help us in the future. *Thrift is the fuel of magnificence*. Years ago some one speaking of the writer inquired, “How does he get along so well? I can’t see for my part; I know he doesn’t earn any more than I do or anyone else.” The reply came: “You seldom go to the bank except to borrow money, and they say he goes there regularly every week to deposit part of what he has earned or taken in during that period.” Well, in truth, I did save part of what I earned, and to my wife is due a great share of the credit.

The following colloquy between some ladies, my wife being one of them, I happened to partly overhear one day on coming in from labor. They were comparing my twin brother with myself as regarded our respective dispositions in the matter of generosity. Said one of the ladies [who had been a school-mate of mine], "Frank [as my twin brother was usually called] was always very liberal with his apples, or whatever he had, at school; he would give away the last he had;" and to this my wife added: "Yes, and you could not say that of his mate." To this I replied, as I entered the apartment: "I admit Frank gave more apples and candy to the school girls than I did; but I have had time to improve my generosity since then, and now I have the pleasure of presenting some of these girls with a copy of my *SOUVENIR*. Strange to say, some of my old school-mates are still single, but I intend to treat all who are yet living as generously as my brother did."

"Life is before you, from the fated road
 You cannot turn, then take you up the load,
 Not yours to tread or leave th' unknown way,
 You must go o'er it, meet you what you may.
 Gird up your souls within *you* to the deed,
 Angels and fellow-spirits bid you speed."

BUTLER.

Reader, if you have access to the book entitled "The Royal Path of Life," from which above lines are taken, I entreat you to read it. If you have not the work, and wish to have a good book, get it; the perusal of it will fill your soul with happiness. A certain writer has said, "We are known by the company we keep," while another avers that "we are known by the books we read." Depend upon it, whatever we do bears some relationship to our character. It is like a finger-board pointing out the path in which our future lies, and when we arrive at our

destination we are commended or condemned according to our deeds.

“Labor conquers all things.”

“We want not time, but diligence, for great performances,” says Dr. Johnson, and if half our lives is spent in idleness, you know what the world will call us. A good recommendation for a young man is to have it said of him that he is industrious, and is careful of his earnings. He who saves *to-day* is a day better off than he who puts it off till *to-morrow*. It is in the plastic youth that habits, good, bad or indifferent, are formed; and let no one think he can conquer the first impressions of his youth, and in youth there should be no such word as *fail*. Bulwer Lytton puts the following in the mouth of Riche-lieu: “In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as ‘fail.’”

When we look around us to find out who the successful men in the community are, do we not discover they are those who *do*, not those who say and *do not*? Mark Twain humorously illustrates this: “The hen,” says he, “displays true wisdom—she never cackles until after she has laid.” Many a young man talks, but fails to perform. What is the use of theory without practice?

“If little labor, little are our gains;
Man’s fortunes are according to his pains.”

HERRICK.

On December 24, 1886, while in Meadville on business, and after settling with Mr. S. Merrill, the hay merchant, who is known as the “farmer’s friend,” he paid my boys a pleasing compliment. I remarked to him that Fred had brought a load of apples to market that day, and that Frank and Guinnip had gone with their

teams to Warren County, Penn., to haul logs to a mill which they were helping to stock.* “You have three boys,” remarked Mr. Merrill, as he handed me a check for nearly \$250, “You have three boys, of whom you need not be ashamed. I am acquainted with them, and I don’t know where you will find any better boys.” I do not mention this with the opinion that my sons are better or more deserving of praise than other boys, but to show the estimation people have of them for right doing, and to prove that if we deserve credit assuredly we shall get it, and may our rule of life be such as we may all merit it. “Let another’s and not thine own lips praise thee.”

Young man, ask those whom you consider well off, as this world goes, how they began life, and nine-tenths will claim that they commenced at the foot of the ladder; that they earned the first dollar by hard labor—yes, and took care of it when it came into their hands, and in the same way they earned ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred. And what others have done before, why not you? Of course you can, by industry and prudence in the management of what you earn. *Try it—Be not discouraged.* Remember the Lord is good to *all*, and you are no exception. His tender mercies are over all His works, and right doing will bring its reward. “God helps those who help themselves.” He has given us the trees, men build the houses and ships; He made the earth, men raise their living by cultivating it.

Young man, allow me to give you the benefit of what little I know. I wish to offer not only words of encouragement, but also those of TRUTH, and to call your attention to the doings of *my* youth, for I doubt not many

*Written since their return. The boys spent the winter chiefly in McKean County, working for George Rush.

a farmer's son, as well as others, will read these lines. I was not only the youngest child in my father's family, but, in my own opinion, as well as in that of my friends, the most delicate, feeble and sickly, and in general terms the least inclined to farm life of any member of the family, so much so, indeed, that it was frequently said I would never make a farmer; my physical disability, as well as mental, seemed to militate against me in choosing my occupation, but "Where there's a will there's a way," and I feel grateful for the little success which has followed my daily efforts in farm life; and I must say I have enjoyed it. In the words of Bacon: "They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations;" and somewhere in the writings of Shakespeare we read these words of truth:

"To business that we love we rise betimes,
And go to with delight."

Of my choice of life's work I am proud, and as a farmer I read with unalloyed pleasure the saying of Jonathan Swift: "and he gave it as his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon the spot where one had grown before, would deserve better of mankind, and render more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

In this world our ears catch the sound of the three best words in the English language—MOTHER, HOME and HEAVEN. Well do I know what it is to have a mother; and that mother did much toward making a home. I ask, should a young man do less in trying in the morning of life to lay the foundation toward securing a good home? The best sisters INDUSTRY has are ECONOMY and PRUDENCE; the latter will aid you in

building your home after the other two have provided the material. He who does not value a home may spend all his life without ever owning one, and never realize the solid comfort derived by a family possessing a *good home of their own*. Permit me to quote a single sentence from Col. C. Charlton's letter to illustrate what must be done if success is to be courted: "You battled with poverty and untoward circumstances, and you triumphed over all obstacles." This remark by Col. Charlton brings to my recollection something a venerable man, still living, said of me years ago: "He not only hopes for success, but forces it by diligent labor and prudence."

Young man, if life is a battle, do not give up the field to the enemy. Remember, others have won the victory, so can you. As I have already intimated, when I began the struggle to secure a home, I was like a disabled soldier. Many obstacles towered up mountain high before me. In the opinion of some of my friends my early marriage was a hindrance to success, financially. My frail constitution and infirm health generally was a barrier in my way, especially so were I to follow farming; then my dullness of apprehension, in choosing an occupation I was but ill-fitted for, was another reason advanced why I should fail. Many more reasons could I give, but I will forbear. Yet it seems that in my "lexicon of youth" there was no such word as *fail*. The ship was not only built, but launched and finished, ready for her trial trip, and four years' service as a common laborer seemed to satisfy the lookers-on that I was now able to begin farming on my own account, or (to follow up my figure of speech) put to sea in charge as captain of the ship. Do you care to know how I felt as I looked out on life's open sea, hoping at least for a part of what was before me? I hope I will not be charged with excess of language when I say I felt

within me that same venturesome spirit and true courage that inspired the founders of our Government to write the Declaration of Independence; and it only remained for me to be as loyal to God, my country and my fellow-citizens, to which I can add that any failures of my life can be attributed to a lack of compliance with this loyalty.

I love the thoughts of good men. I received a letter not long since from my friend, Hon. G. B. Delamater, once my school teacher, in which he says: "You have been a laborer. You did not use up all the products of your labor in useless or worse than useless expenditures. The surplus products of your labor became capital or accumulated labor." How true! And yet, how few young men, comparatively speaking, profit by the proper management of their surplus money or capital.

Being in Meadville on January 8, 1887, I found myself near the old academy which I used to attend, with a few books under my arm, some students being in advance of me, also carrying books. Presently I met an old acquaintance, Horatio Wright by name, who asked me if I were "still going to school." "Yes," I replied, meaning that *all of life is a school*; and when the term closes I want to go home, where "we have friends over there, over there." Even this little episode brought up recollections of the past, and joy came with it. The books I carried were three copies of my *SOUVENIR*, and perhaps I unintentionally felt a little proud. One of the books had been sought or requested of me for the City Library by my friend Col. S. B. Dick, who said that if I did not wish to present it, he would. The other two copies were—one for a prominent business man of Meadville, the other for my old friend O. G. Chase, of Jamestown, N. Y., who was also my father's friend and acquaintance in youth.

“I hold the world but as the world,
A stage where every man must play his part.”

SHAKESPEARE.

These thoughts are but the simple record of a life's daily occurrences; and it is well for us to consider how the whole journey of life is made up, in order that we may make the best use of it. We have only to reflect as to how time is measured—by the second, minute, hour, day, week, month and year. As “the pennies make the dimes, and the dimes make the dollars,” so the hours make the day, and the days make the year, and the number of years that make up a life-time is easily told. The longest life is but a parcel of moments. *The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away* (Psalm xc: 10.). Young man, keep in view what life is, what it was given for, and to whom we are accountable for how it is spent. Ask yourself, how should I live to insure the greatest blessing here and eternal happiness hereafter?

In view of the fact that the experience of other people has been a lesson to me, and that I have profited by their example, I wish here to call the attention of not alone young men, but of all who may read this volume to the grandest period of my life, when I found a *change*, a being born again, becoming a new creature; the choosing of the better way; the coming to God through faith in His Son, and the obtaining of grace to cover all my sins. Had it not been for this change, how sad indeed would my life have been! Darkness would have covered it as the waters cover the mighty deep. Think you I could ever forget such a turning point in my life? And then to have a ray of that glorious light continued not only through my

youth and early manhood, but to the present time. Marvel not, therefore, that I sit down with joy in my heart this night to place on record what I have written.

Holidays bring pleasure, and we look forward to them with pleasant anticipations, not being likely to overlook them. Year by year our birthdays come round, and who does not honor them? So with gratitude and humility I celebrate the anniversaries of my return to the Giver of Life. I have now almost reached the thirty-ninth milestone on the highway of my journey as a Christian, my conversion having taken place January 10, 1851. I rejoice that my heart is willing to respond with love and gratitude to the great Author of my being for the innumerable blessings, both temporal and spiritual, with which he has strewn my pathway.

Young man, before I leave you, I feel myself impelled to ask, have *you* yet taken the most important step in your life? Have *you* decided to become a Christian? As a friend, one who loves you, I beseech you not to turn a deaf ear to the invitation—*Son, daughter, give me thy heart*, or in the counsel conveyed in Matthew vi: 33: *But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you.* There is nothing so sweet as DUTY, and all the best pleasures of life come in its line. It is only when we shun it that we feel miserable, for the path of duty is the safe road, and I can furnish proof coming under my own experience, an act of my past life in shunning duty and disobeying my father. Were my life faultless I would not have this incident to relate. It was in the summer of 1865, when we were busily engaged in hauling in hay, myself loading and driving the team with wagon for the men to pitch onto, and my father helping bunch and get the hay ready to pitch. There was an appearance of rain, and we were all

planning the best means to hasten the work forward, my scheme being how I should drive to get the hay. Now, my father, after taking a survey of matters, preferred that I should drive a different way from what I intended. But no, being obstinate, disobedient and undutiful, I chose my own way. It is now about a quarter of a century ago, and yet I remember that act of disobedience with remorse, and wish I had never committed it. There was no pleasure in doing as I did, and it has yielded none since, nor ever will. If this is the reward of shunning duty, I trust my experience will be of a permanent nature; yet "out of evil comes good," and I bear with me to the grave the reflection that, where to efface a fault in the eyes of men it is necessary to repent for years, with God a single tear suffices.

Not long since, while enjoying an evening with a friend, I was asked how I seemed to get along so quietly and smoothly with the world, as compared with many other men. My reply was that I always tried to take a lesson from whatever I might see or hear, and this gave rise to the following colloquy, my friend being the questioner: (Q.) *What do you learn when you hear a person speak ill of his neighbor?* (A.) *I learn to shun his bad example.*—(Q.) *What do you learn when you see a man frequent a saloon, or meet with an accident?* (A.) *I think of danger, and desire to shun it.* And so on, the general deduction mutually arrived at being that "faults in the life breed errors in the brain," and that one of the great lessons of this life is to do those things we ought to do, and leave undone those we ought not to do. To effect all this we must have WISDOM, an attribute St. James the Apostle tells us how to get: *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.*

Also in the book of Job we are enlightened as to what wisdom and understanding are: *And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.*

Young man, can you tell me why we try to content ourselves with the temporal blessings of this life, and seek not after spiritual blessings which we the more need? *Both are attainable.* God does not want us to be content with only bread to eat and clothing to wear; He has far better gifts in store for us if we love and obey Him. *The ravens may lack and the young lions do suffer, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.* Is it not possible for a young man to do anything in the morning of life that will bring peace and happiness here, to say nothing of the life hereafter? Go, ask that aged person in the decline of years, who sought early in life the way of righteousness, and then the aged one who did not seek the good way, how each feels in spirit, and compare their answers.

I remember, in my boyhood days, being sent by my father to spend several weeks with Caleb Perkins, father of Lyman Perkins, latter of whom was not only a merchant, but also a drover, and still later a lumberman. Caleb Perkins then owned and lived on the farm, and operated the saw-mill where my brother, G. N., now lives. The time I speak of was in the fall of the year, and I recollect among other chores I had to do was corn husking, apple gathering and attending to (I think) six cows. Now Mrs. Perkins was somewhat deaf, and a duty devolved on me which I would much rather have been excused from if I could have had my way, and that was to read to her during the day or evening, in a loud distinct tone of voice, from some book or newspaper, alternately with her granddaughter, Maria. At first it was

hard work for me, and what aggravated it to some extent was the consciousness that Maria read better than I did; and I wished at the time that she had all the reading to do and I all the chores. But Mrs. Perkins knew what was for my good, and I appreciate her memory for it. And not to her alone am I indebted for interest taken in my welfare, as witness the many instances I have recorded in this book.

“In silence and in stillness a religious soul advantageth herself and learneth the mysteries of Holy Scripture.”

THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

The truth gathered from the pages of Holy Writ during my whole life has been and yet is of inestimable value to me. In that book are to be found words of encouragement in both prosperity or adversity, as the case may be, *just adapted to our case*, if we treasure them in our memory. Solomon says in Ecclesiastes vii: 14: *In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider.* Begin sowing the seed of kindness early in life. “Overcome evil with good” is a motto we should not let slip our memory. When a school boy, I think I read this sentence in a spelling book: “Acts of kindness will be repaid.” I mention this because I was fortunate enough to invest a little at that time of my life which has been yielding fruit for over thirty years. I refer to my experience in teaching in a certain school district many years ago, of which I have already made mention. There was among the scholars quite a large family of children, some of whom were very intelligent, and for aught I knew in advance of their teacher in some of their studies. It was, therefore, necessary for me to review and prepare myself for recitations, which you may be sure I did to best advantage. But this alone was not sufficient,

for if I wished to gain and retain the love and esteem of my pupils and their parents, my teaching would have to be accompanied with kindness and charity, and these I practiced to the best of my ability. In so doing I learned much myself, and I think I can safely say that the friendship toward me of both parents and children continues to the present day. To paraphrase one of Cicero's proverbs: "Men's deeds are like wines; age sours the bad and betters the good." So in this alone I find ample encouragement to continue my work by the same rule. Patience and time will bring the rewards. Any and every kind act I may do in my lifetime I want to see transferred, so to speak, among my fellow creatures, that all may derive some benefit therefrom. Acts of kindness are like Christianity, of which Rowland Hill says: "I would give nothing for the Christianity of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion."

"Each of us has a special call to duty," and the writer of these words has said that as surely as disaster overtook Jonah, so it will overtake every one who goes toward Tarshish when God calls him to Nineveh. *The path of duty is safe.* "Who," asks St. Paul, "can harm you if you be followers of that which is good?" To any young man who may ask me if it is a duty for him to use tobacco or liquor, or both, I would simply put the question: "Does either of these so-called luxuries do you any good whatever, morally, physically or financially? Just examine the following statistical statement, which will give you an idea of where the money of our country goes to. These statistics, I believe, refer to last year (1888), and the figures, which are facts, are startling and humiliating, but they are taken from the official records of the United States:

Home and Foreign Missions.....	\$ 5,500,000
Public Education.....	85,000,000
Sugar and Molasses.....	155,000,000
Boots and Shoes.....	196,000,000
Cotton Goods.....	210,000,000
Sawed Lumber.....	233,000,000
Iron and Steel.....	290,000,000
Meat.....	303,000,000
Bread.....	505,000,000
Tobacco.....	600,000,000
Liquor.....	900,000,000

Advice is better than money. You cannot pay a dollar where you owe it, and still have it in your possession, but advice given you by a friend is as much to your profit as if he had given you a dollar, and your friend still retains the advice he gave you. I will illustrate by giving the reader the benefit of the advice conveyed to me in a letter from Prof. A. B. Hyde, of Denver, Colo., a copy of which letter will be found among others in the appendix to this book.

I appreciate the advice contained in that letter, coming as it does from one whose sermons and words of good cheer have always brought encouragement to me. Our noblest resolutions need to be renewed often and daily put in practice. How wonderfully this "Silent Partner" has helped me! I once heard a sermon on that subject at the State Road Church, delivered by Prof. Hyde, and it is doing me good yet. Then how I love to think of "God who giveth the increase." I remember it is written: *Without me ye can do nothing*; yet when we enlist on the Lord's side we can overcome and triumph in His name. One of the great blessings of this life is to have friends, and may we so live as to deserve each other's friendship. I love the sentiment of this verse:

"A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea."

FRIENDSHIP.

“Rare as is true love, true friendship is rarer.”

LA FONTAINE.

All friendship must have a beginning, and different are the circumstances in life from which it has its origin. I will cite one. On December 10, 1886, I received a letter from Anna Tyler, of Norwood, Franklin County, Kas., whom I only saw once. Freeman Tyler and family I regard as our friends, the acquaintance having been formed November 18, 1880, as my brother G. N., G. W. Cutshall and myself were traveling from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to Council Bluffs, same State, not only on the same train, but in the same coach. The Tylers were then moving from Illinois to Kansas, where they now reside, whilst we were on our way to St. Paul, Howard County, Neb. It was in the evening when we took the train, and part of the day we had spent in Cedar Rapids. We did not intend to sojourn any length of time in that town, but we did, and some people might say it was because we had “got left.” But that was not the reason. One of my mottoes is: “Do not always look at the dark side of things.” It is well enough to look at the background of a picture, but what satisfaction is it if you do not remember the front view? Well, the reader no doubt asks of me what we gained by being “left,” and my reply is that I think we gained three points: first, our breakfast; second, several points of interest in the city visited, and last, not least, the forming in the evening on the train an

acquaintance with Mr. Tyler's folks — an acquaintance that has been bringing the rewards of friendship ever since. Correspondence between us has been frequent, and I had the pleasure of sending them a copy of my 1886 SOUVENIR, receiving two days later the following brief reply:

I feel very grateful and thankful to you for your kindness in remembering us as your friends. We hope, in the future, we will return the compliment. * * * *

Before finishing, the letter refers to the tintype picture of us three (Mr. Cutshall, G. N. Waid and myself), which we had taken by John Proud, at Rochester, Minn., and which we gave the Tylers, at Council Bluffs, before parting. As I handed the girls the tintype, my brother remarked he would tell my wife when we got home, and Anna reminds us of the incident in her letter. She says of G. N. Waid's portrait, in my first SOUVENIR, that "it is the most natural she ever saw." I do not wish to close this topic without acknowledging my thanks are due to Mr. Tyler's family for continued friendship, and that I do not forget the girl, Hattie Tyler, who gave me a seat in the coach on the evening referred to above. To forget such an act would be unkind and ungrateful on my part.

On our return from St. Paul, Neb., we three visited Ephraim Smith, then living near New London, and about four miles from Mt. Pleasant, Henry County, Iowa. Mr. Smith and his wife were formerly from Crawford County, Penn., having lived near Blooming Valley. They were quite aged people when we visited them, and since then Mrs. Smith has died. While in St. Paul, Neb., we attended the funeral of a young man named Devenport, the funeral services being held in the courthouse, no church building being completed, although there were two nearly so at the time I speak of.

Death sunders the strongest human ties ever formed, and like all other things earthly, friendship comes to an end. Permit me here to repeat the words of Martha Smith to her husband. She was a little older than I, and we were always acquainted, she being one of our nearest neighbors in her youth, and afterward a resident of Meadville, where she died March 12, 1874. The remark she made to her husband, taking his hand, a short time before her departure from earth, was this: "Do you remember where you first saw me?" "Yes," he replied, "in the cemetery;" "There," she added, "is where you will see me last."

Many are the pleasant memories that arise to me as I think over the past, even in this single instance, for her life was one of usefulness. We never can forget such friends. Here we have in those few last words of hers the beginning and the end, not only of friendship, but of the bond and union of life complete within itself, looking from the starting point to the end of the journey. Martha Smith is interred in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville, Penn. An older sister, Mary Smith, married Nathan Southwick, and died at Little Cooley, Crawford County, Penn., February 12, 1860, in her thirty-eighth year. She is interred in the Smith Burying-ground, in Mead Township, Crawford County. They were not only my schoolmates, but, as I have already remarked, our nearest neighbors. Of Joseph Smith's family of twelve children five are living—the youngest daughter and four sons; the aged mother is yet alive.

I remember the last time I saw Mary Southwick; it was on this occasion. My brother-in-law, Asa Masiker, who lived at Spring Creek, Warren Co., Penn., was here (Blooming Valley) to attend the funeral of his father, who died January 30, 1860, and I accompanied him with

my horse and cutter on his way home after the funeral, as far as Little Cooley. Before leaving this place I called to see Mary, who was very low with consumption, though still able to sit up. She did not see me coming in, but she recognized my voice at once, for she said: "Why, that is Francis Waid, I knew your voice," reaching out her hand to me, "I am so glad to see you, I thought I would never see you again." Now there was in that last interview the fruit of true friendship; and before I close I wish to relate one incident that occurred in our lives which doubly endears her memory to me. When I was a lad of not more than seven or eight summers, she and I had to come home from school together, a distance of a mile and a half, on a certain cold, stormy, wintry evening. We expected my father to come for us with the team, as was his custom in stormy weather, but we were disappointed, and so had to face the bleak wind and blustering storm as best we could. In coming over Felty Hill, I believe I would have certainly perished with cold but for the protection and care Mary manifested in my behalf. To her eldest daughter, who lives in Bloomfield Township, Crawford County, I had the pleasure of presenting a copy of my 1886 SOUVENIR.

On December 14, 1886, I wrote in my diary the following:

"There is not a moment in our lives without a call for some duty, and he most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. I consider that no act should be done without a purpose, and I know of nothing better than to do right, and to aim at bringing about peace. My heart has often been made glad in rendering some little service for the benefit of my kindred or others; or in seeing parties, after years of separation, reconciled, differences adjusted, and all things set agoing in the right

direction for *good*, as I have had the pleasure of doing to-day. That is *true friendship*, and brings comfort to me. It is well for us to remember the example of Gen. Washington, who, before going into battle, always invoked the Lord's blessing; and if victory and right prevail with us, let us attribute all praise to Him. Such are my thoughts as I retire to rest to-night. I feel I have made 'a day's march nearer home,' and it adds to my happiness to see my neighbors traveling the same way. Sometimes we need their help, then again they require ours. 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.'

"Nick P. Waid and Orlando Waid have traded interests in their father's (R. L. Waid's) real estate, each one to take possession of his own April 1, 1887; and this day, December 14, 1886, they have rented said estate of their mother, Almeda Waid, I, F. C. Waid, assisting in the transaction and writing the articles of agreement. And so the day closed with what I wished to be considered an act of TRUE FRIENDSHIP."



THE BIBLE—BOOKS—NEWSPAPERS.

THE BIBLE.

“It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter. It is all pure, all sincere, nothing too much, nothing wanting.”

LOCKE.

BOOKS.

“Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.”

WORDSWORTH.

Of all the books in the world, if I were asked to name my choice, I would unhesitatingly claim the BIBLE; for in itself it has proved to me a complete library. My father possessed a library, and I always wished to have one of my own. I cannot say how many books were in my father's book-case, but this one book I know was there—the BIBLE. The old Family Book was perused perhaps more than any other, for my parents read from its pages daily. I love to look at that old familiar book and read it, for it always has a charm for me. In my father's library are some fifty or sixty volumes, in my own from seventy-five to eighty. In his library, besides the “Good Book,” are some works on agriculture, school books, histories, “The Life of Christ,” “Fox's Book of Martyrs,” “The World Displayed,” “The Universal Traveler,” “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” “Nelson on Infidelity,” “History of Western Pennsylvania,” “Life of U. S. Grant,”

“Conflict in America,” “Military Heroes of the Mexican War and the War of 1812,” Hale’s “History of the United States,” “Life in a Rebel Prison,” “Parson Brownlow,” “Lives of Great Men,” Webster’s Dictionary, and many others. One book I have just (evening of December 6, 1886) taken off the shelf from among these books, a volume I have not opened for many years, and in it I find this verse:

TO THE YOUTH.

Why should I say 'tis yet too soon
 To seek for Heaven or think of death,
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.

July 4, 1852.

Francis C. Waid.

There are some things more than others which arrest our attention as we pass on life’s pathway. The saved think of the unsaved—the perishing is the one we wish to rescue. Reader, if there is a single word or thought expressed in this volume that may tend to lead you Heavenward, may you find that word and profit by it.

As I have spoken of some of the books contained in my father’s library, the reader may wish to know what kind of books are to be found in mine. As I have already intimated, when a boy I wished to be possessed of a library, as I had the idea that so much could be learned by having access to many books. But now at the age of fifty-three I find my choice among the many books I have is the “Book of Books,” which is a complete library in itself. It teaches us plainly the pathway of life. It is the only book for which my love has constantly been on the increase; hence you may see the reason for my comparison. You will not wonder, then, in my selection of books, at my getting those that teach us concerning the truths to be found in the Bible. On the shelves of my

library, among other works, may be found the following: "History of the Bible," "Complete Analysis of the Holy Bible," "Bible Looking-glass," "Hand of God in History," "Testimony of the Ages," "Hold the Fort" (Moody, fifty sermons), "Sayings and Sermons" (Rev. S. P. Jones), "Johnson's Cyclopaedia" (four volumes), "Dr. Gunn's Home Book of Health," "History of the World," "Livingston, Lost and Found," "History of the Rebellion," Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, "The Royal Path of Life," "The Nation and its Rulers," "History of Erie County, Pa.," "History of Crawford County, Pa.," "Life of Garfield," "Life of U. S. Grant," "Daughters of America," "The Centennial Exhibition, 1876," and many others, "too numerous to mention" (to quote from the auction sale bills), yet all useful in their place, and I must not forget to mention the last book added to my library, my *SOUVENIR*, 1886.

Before turning away from "books," I would like to speak of a little work published by the American Tract Society, called "Dew Drops," containing 365 verses of Scripture, one for every day in the year. In this book one may find some passage taken from the Bible adapted to his or her birthday; for instance: January 1—*I will meditate in Thy precepts* (Psalm cxix: 15.) This one I love, April 23 (my birthday)—*The Grace of God that giveth Salvation hath appeared to all men* (Titus ii: 11.) This little book I bought in 1850, and although the smallest in my collection, yet its contents are beyond earthly value in my estimation, and may others appreciate it as I do. Each good thought conveyed in it has the virtue to "move the dark world nearer to the sun," and, after reading the many selections from the Bible, I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience.

NEWSPAPERS.

The things we love, and which are our daily helpers in household affairs and on the farm, we are not apt to be forgetful of. I would be unwilling to let this opportunity pass without referring to a source whence I have derived much pleasure and general information. I refer to newspapers, and it is not the *quantity* or number one takes, but the *quality* that is to be considered in this connection. We are now taking the following: *New York Weekly Tribune*, *Saturday Evening Post* (a Philadelphia paper), Knoxville (Tenn.) *Weekly Tribune*, *The Farm and Fireside* (an Ohio monthly), *The Sugar Bowl and Farm Journal* (Louisiana), *Our Country Home* (a Massachusetts monthly), *The Chautauquan* (a monthly), *Crawford Journal*, *The Tribune*, *Weekly Republican*, *The Meadville Messenger and Crawford Democrat*, and *The Pennsylvania Farmer*, the last five being printed in Meadville, Penn.*

*January 7, 1887. I have just added a new journal to my list, the *Meadville Gazette*, Col. G. W. Reisinger, Editor.—F. C. Waid.



JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

VISIT TO ISLAND HOME FARM, EAST TENNESSEE,
OCTOBER, 1883.

“ When a man travels, he mustn't look queer
If he meets with some things he doesn't meet here.”
Old Rhyme.

In the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Tribune* I find the following: “The finest farm in all the Southern States is ‘Island Home,’ about a mile from Knoxville, and owned by Hon. Perez Dickinson.” One of the most pleasant and lasting impressions made on my memory while in Knoxville, in October, 1883, was my visit, in company with Col. Dickinson himself and my son Frank, to this far-famed farm, which has more than a national reputation.

My son being acquainted with Col. Dickinson, whom we met by accident on Gay Street, Knoxville, introduced me to him, and it was then arranged that we should drive to “Island Home” as soon as the Colonel (who wanted to get shaved) was ready—“in about twenty minutes.” During this interval, as we were near Col. C. W. Charlton's office, we called on him (my first acquaintance with him), and I will say our delightfully interesting conversation not only served to enhance the esteem and love I already entertained for the gentleman, on account of kindness he had shown to my son, but also caused me to forget for the moment my appointment with Col. Dickinson until reminded by Frank. Bidding Col. Charlton a hasty

“adieu,” we hastened to Col. Dickinson’s store (for he is a merchant as well as a farmer), and there found him and his coachman, with double rig, awaiting us. I apologized to the Colonel for our delay by saying, “I am sorry we detained you, but an apology will not redeem the time.” “No,” replied he, “but after this try and be more *prompt*.” This was a lesson to me, and coming from the source it did, I profited by it. I thought to myself that a man who had made a large fortune, and was so kind and generous withal, should know how and when to give advice.

After a drive over a pleasant road and across the Tennessee River, we arrived at the magnificent farm, where we spent a few hours most enjoyably. We were driven to nearly all the various points of interest on Island Home, and everything we saw bore evidence of care, neatness and prosperity. The farm contains about 600 acres of highly cultivated land, 200 being an island, which is reached by bridges from the main farm, and this gives to it its name—“Island Home.”

From all I saw and heard I should say the statement referred to in the Knoxville *Tribune* correct, “the finest farm in the South,” and to this I may be permitted to add that this model farm, and the far-famed generosity of its owner, have given him a national reputation which the citizens of Knoxville will ever cherish.

TRIP TO LAKE CHAUTAUQUA AND OTHER PLACES,

AUGUST, 1886.

“There is *nothing* insignificant—*nothing*.”

BACON.

Should the question be asked me if my youngest son Fred F. ever traveled with his grandparents, Ira C. and

Elizabeth P. Waid, I can answer the question in this way: When I was in my "teens" it was considered quite a trip to go out of the State, either to New York or Ohio; and even to-day there are many, both old and young, living in Pennsylvania, who were born there, and have never yet been outside of the State. I myself, was in my "teens" before I ever crossed the State line. Fred F.'s first trip of any note was in the fall of 1869, when my father, mother, wife, little Freddie and myself took a trip to Kinsman, Ohio, and vicinity, on a visit to Frank Sturgis and Justus Goodwill and family. We also went down to the lake and rambled along the beach in search of curiosities, and gladness comes to me as I narrate this event. Here we were a united family—grandparents, children and grandchildren. My father was very fond of children, and in this respect my elder brother, Lyman, as well as his son, Orlando, much resembled him.

In the spring of 1863 or 1864, Uncle George Roubush, my father and my (then) little boy Frank spent a pleasant day at Lake Chautauqua, fishing, with remarkably good luck. Uncle George was considered a good fisherman, one of the best, I think, among my relatives. My father enjoyed having some of his children with him, either on the farm or when he went from home, and in this attribute I may say I resemble him.

On August 28, 1886, my wife and I, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, took an excursion train at Meadville for Niagara Falls. We had a delightful trip, visiting some points of interest at the Falls we had not before seen, among them the whirlpool, from the American side of the river. Mr. and Mrs. Smith stopped off with us at Jamestown, N. Y., visiting our relatives, and spending one day along with Clara Mosier and Frank Simmons, on board the "Vincent," on Lake Chautauqua. Leaving

Jamestown in the morning, we landed at nearly all the towns along the lake, arriving about 11 A. M. at Mayville, where Mr. Simmons left us. Clara, my wife and I returned to Chautauqua (the main point of interest), where we were soon joined by the other half of our party. Our stay was brief there, but the sights, to those of us who had never been there before, were none the less interesting. Some of our Meadville friends and other acquaintances returned to Jamestown, thankful for the opportunity of having enjoyed so much life in one day, and, as we take the street car for Mr. Simmons', pleasant memories go with us.

On Tuesday, August 31, 1886, after passing the forenoon with our friends, Eliza and I returned by train to Meadville, there finding Mr. Smith's two-horse rig waiting to convey us home, where we arrived safely, well repaid for our few days' absence.

TRIP TO CINCINNATI AND DAYTON, OHIO,

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

"The use of traveling is to regulate the imagination by reality, and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

I will now narrate the pleasant and interesting trip made September 21, 1886, by my youngest son, Fred F., and myself to Cincinnati and Dayton. Two excursions left Meadville that day, one for the Far West—Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota—and the other to Dayton and Cincinnati. At Warren, Ohio, and other points, we Cincinnati pleasure seekers would overtake the extra train, and some of each party would have "lots of fun." All our family except Fred had already seen Cincinnati, and it was real rest and pleasure for me to accompany my

youngest born with many others to the exhibition. One attraction worthy of note in the Music Hall was the Japanese Village, where nearly a hundred natives of Japan—men, women and children—were assembled, the men plying their several vocations with the industry and carefulness peculiar to the race. The Zoological Gardens also had considerable attraction, and much amusement was afforded the visitors at feeding time (4 P. M.), especially when the turn of the sea lions came. These animals exhibited an amount of intelligence certainly truly wonderful, and I wish that space admitted of my giving a fuller account of them. I had been there twice before this visit, once with my wife, and the other time, in 1883, with my son Guinnip, and on each occasion I saw the animals fed.

From the sea lions we went to see other animals enjoy their meals. There we found three large bear pits built on the side of a hill, and the animals can be viewed from either the front of the pits or from the top. During our visit there we were told by the keepers that about two weeks previous the former keeper of the bears, by name Matthew Hoffman, while on duty in front of the cage, had one of his arms literally torn into fine shreds, and pulled from the shoulder socket, by one of the large grizzly bears striking his jaw through the bars of the cage. The man died soon after from the effects. There were two polar bears, the largest and most beautiful I had ever seen. The gray or grizzly bears were very large, one of them said to weigh 1,500 pounds. Another new sight for me was the four lion cubs, only a few months old, and the baby leopard, but a few weeks old. If you admire the beautiful in nature, kind reader, do not fail when you visit this "Zoo," to look at the birds and fowls, especially the silver pheasants and golden pheasants.

sants of China. In these feathered beauties you will behold all the colors of the rainbow, delicately laid on by the hand Divine.

Yet another of the sights of Cincinnati is the suspension bridge across the Ohio River to Covington, Ky. We had visited Newport, Ky., on the 22d (the day of our arrival), by walking over the Cincinnati Southern Railroad bridge, from which we had a good view not only of the river but also of part of the city. Some statistics connected with the suspension bridge I here copy from my memorandum-book, as found in a guide-book of Cincinnati, as follows: Bridge built in 1865; is 2,052 feet in length; cost \$1,800,000; towers 230 feet high, each containing more stone than Bunker Hill monument; cables $12\frac{1}{3}$ inches in diameter, containing 10,400 wires and weighing 2,000,000 pounds. Fountain Square is to Cincinnati what Broadway is to New York, and it and the custom house and post-office we visited several times. At the latter stands, near the foot of the stairway, a statue of James A. Garfield.

History informs us that the first settlement where Cincinnati now stands was made in 1788, and the place was named by St. Clair in 1790. The present (1886) population is 300,000. When a young lad, I remember, I used to listen with deep interest to the stories my father, some of my uncles and others used to tell about Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville (Ky.).* They used to fall on my ear like oriental tales of enchanted cities, little dreaming I should some day see with my own eyes those wonderful places, and I think of the Queen of Sheba, who, on hearing the wisdom of Solomon, exclaimed:

*In those days it was quite common with some farmers to do a little lumbering in connection with agricultural pursuits, making trips down the river either in the spring or fall. I remember the last flat-boat or scow my father and (I think) Mr. Breed built and loaded with hemlock bark for Pittsburgh. She was either stove in or run against a rock and badly damaged, together with her cargo, and the owners after this trip abandoned boating entirely.

“The half was not told me!” Cincinnati is noted for its trade in pork and tobacco, of which latter we saw immense quantities as we passed along the warehouses.

One or two mornings we attended the markets; the farmer is always anxious to know how the produce of the farm is selling, being interested in the price as well as the production.

At the Union Depot here we met a friend, Mr. Field, from Knoxville, Tenn., who was acquainted with Col. C. W. Charlton of same city. This Col. Charlton befriended my eldest son in February, 1883, by securing for him his situation as superintendent of Col. Easley's farm in Tennessee, since which kindness our entire family have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him, although some of us met him in Knoxville before my son's return home. September 19, 1885, we were favored with a visit at home from the colonel, his mission to Crawford County being, as I understand, in the interest of East Tennessee—to see how we farm in our county as compared with Tennessee. During his stay several fairs were held here—Cochran, Titusville, Woodcockboro and Conneautville. The weather was fine, the roads excellent and the fairs well attended, so the colonel had a favorable opportunity not only of seeing our farms and their products, but also of addressing our people at these fairs, which he did in an excellent manner. He extended a strong invitation, especially to young men, to move to East Tennessee, to a better climate, the garden of the world, where, with little means, one could make a favorable start in life, and live with much less hard work than in these parts. He gave our agriculturists credit for their good farming, and that was one solid reason why he wanted such men as we could spare to emigrate to his State. The pleasure and agreeable surprise in hearing, through Mr. Field, of my

friend Col. Charlton, was an event worthy of remembrance. When two strangers meet and cheer each other on their way, we do well to remember that

“Words of truth in kindness given,
Make for us a little heaven.”

After a sojourn of three days in Cincinnati we left at 4 P. M., September 24, for Dayton, and on our way enjoyed a beautiful view of part of Southern Ohio, with its pleasant towns and good farms. Remaining at a hotel over night we took first train in the morning for the Soldiers' Home. From my diary I quote as follows: “September 25, 1886, 8:25 A. M.—Fred and I have just had the pleasure of shaking hands with James Smith, my old friend and neighbor (Barracks No. 15, brick front, on Kentucky Avenue). Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, latter a daughter of Martin Smith; they live in Meadville, Penn. We are now going to look at this very beautiful ‘Home.’ The springs first. Mound with inscription ‘OUR HOME,’ spelled out with flowers. How grand! Have just examined the large cannon, and the three lakes below the springs, with the swans, geese, etc. On the larger lake is the ‘Garfield Boat’ of historic fame, and at the foot of the lakes are the ice-houses, the greenhouse and a large number of flower beds, also the New York engine house.

“My attention is attracted by a large round building where a panoramic view of the Battle of Gettysburg is exhibited every day except Sunday. ‘Roll call’ now going on. Have bought a map, book and guide to the Soldiers' Home—price thirty-five cents—to which, to save asking questions, I refer myself. Two beautiful things present themselves to us—a beautiful day and a beautiful Soldiers' Home. It brings gladness to the heart of every true American citizen to see and know what our

Government is doing for the soldiers, their widows and orphans. If a man has any pride of his country it will come to the front at least long enough to sanction this. If the men who saved our country are not worthy of a good home, then, I ask, who are? Nature and Art have combined to make this Soldiers' Home one of the most picturesque in America. There is no charge for admission to the grounds, and visitors have many privileges here *gratis* that would have to be paid for at other resorts. There are 150 buildings occupied by about 5,000 soldiers. The home includes about 700 acres; incorporated March 3, 1865; stand-pipe 150 feet high, twenty feet in diameter, and has a capacity of 300,000 gallons of water; hospital erected in 1868; height of building, 90 feet; to top of central tower 150 feet; front 276 feet long by 33 wide.

“The shaft of the monument was formerly one of the columns of the famous old building in Philadelphia, known as the United States Bank; height of monument, including statue, 58 feet; number of graves, 2,700. On the base of the monument are four small statues. The number of persons said to have visited this Central Branch National Home, in 1885, was 200,000. On the monument are following inscriptions: ‘Erected by officers and men of the Nation’s Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers.’ Also: ‘*These were honorable men in their generations,*’ and ‘*To our fallen comrades.*’”

Before leaving my friend and this attractive Home, I visited the panorama of “Battle of Gettysburg.” This scene is painted on canvas, the figures being life-size, and it seemed more natural than anything I had ever seen. It really surpassed my expectations.

My brother “Nick” was wounded at that battle, in the first day’s fight, and lay on the field twenty-four

hours, during which time he fell into the hands of the enemy, but was thought to be so near death's door that they preferred paroling to removing him. After many months' suffering he returned home. How we waited and watched for the train that was to return him to his expectant friends! At last it appeared in sight, and ere the wheels had come to a stand I was climbing the steps of the coach. Entering the front end of the car I immediately caught sight of my brother, sitting at the rear end—pale, emaciated, lost; once given up for dead, yet found still alive, and home at last. The pen that can fully describe our joy on meeting has never written it.

One day afterward, while out on the farm (and we spent many days there), in the course of conversation with him about the battle, I asked him what he had done with the parole, and his reply was: "I cared no more for it than for a leaf of the forest; I had something else to think of; it was a question of life or death with me, and at that time the latter seemed inevitable." I have often heard him tell his experience on that battle-field, how little, in the excitement, he saw or knew of what was going on, which seemed to be the experience of very many in the hour of battle. I have read the history of that engagement with probably more interest than that of any other of the rebellion, not only because my brother was wounded in it, but because many brave men of the One Hundred and Fiftieth and other regiments from Crawford, Erie, Warren, Venango and Mercer Counties, were either killed or wounded in the same fight.

If my memory serves me right there was held at Blooming Valley, in Advent Church, in the month of July, 1862, a public gathering of almost the entire portion of the able-bodied men of the community, which meeting was ably addressed by patriotic men appealing

for volunteers to come forward and save the Union. Nineteen true-hearted citizens nobly responded to the call by enlisting that evening. Many of these and of those who had previously or subsequently enlisted, took part in the battle of Gettysburg, and there is scarcely a cemetery in our part of the country where some of them are not sleeping their last sleep. Some, on the other hand, are still living and enjoying the liberty bought with so much sacrifice.

When for the first time I looked on the Falls of Niagara, I gazed in wondering silence at the sublime scene, thinking of the great God who created them. There was no death in that thought, no loss of life or property. It was a scene of grandeur stamped on the tablet of memory, never to be erased. On entering the panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, one takes in at a single glance no small part of the scene. Above is the blue canopy of Heaven, beneath the meadows ripe with grain, all blood-stained and trampled. To the right, to the left, in front, in rear, are the two great armies engaged in deadly strife. In less than a stone's throw from the spot whereon you stand are the living, wounded, dead and dying. Then, as you cast your eye over the country around Gettysburg, as far as you can see, there is but one scene of carnage. Wheatfields, stacks of grain, farm buildings, town of Gettysburg, Cemetery Hill, Round Top Mountain, all in view.

The Miami River makes a considerable bend in passing through Dayton. At the south side of the city are located the Fair grounds. The land is high, but not so much elevated as Oakland Cemetery, which lies toward the east, or the Henry Cemetery, to the southwest.

Montgomery monument, which stands by the river's edge, on Main Street, is eighty-five feet high, and on the

top is the effigy of a Union soldier standing with rifle in hand. The inscriptions on the monument, copied as I stood by it, September 27, 1886, are:

(South Side.)

THE
MEMORIAL OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY
TO HER SOLDIERS.
Dedicated July 3, 1884.

(East Side.)

THE REPUBLIC RESTS ON THE
VIRTUE, INTELLIGENCE AND PATRIOTISM OF ITS CITIZENS.

(North Side.)

THE FEDERAL UNION
MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

(West Side.)

LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER,
ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

My son, who was getting somewhat anxious to return home, left on the evening train, September 25, for Meadville. On the following day I attended the First Regular Baptist Church of Dayton, and heard Rev. Henry F. Colby preach from Psalm xcvi.: 6: *Oh come, let us worship and bow down;* and truly I was instructed in the way of righteousness. How I love the Gospel and the men who proclaim it! for do not the Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying? Sometimes it takes

us a good while to make up our minds whether we love our minister or not; but I accepted the message I heard through Brother Colby, and was glad to number him among my friends. (Following day I had the pleasure of seeing him on the street, the only man in Dayton whom I knew, and it was like meeting a friend). In the afternoon I went to Oakland Cemetery. After seeing the living of Dayton, with its population of 55,500, why not visit the silent city of its dead, where, it is said, already rest nearly 14,000, and there learn a lesson? On coming to the cemetery, which I understand covers 100 acres, I introduced myself to the superintendent, Mr. Du Bois, who courteously accompanied me in my rounds. As we passed on from the entrance up the beautiful driveway, and I saw the neatness and care in which everything is kept, I could not refrain from remarking that, in the excellent order in which they are kept, the roadways, walks, trees, lawns and lots, reminded me of the Soldiers' Home; and I thought to myself that there was more than one place beautiful in Ohio. I was informed that the average number buried in the cemetery annually is about 600.

After spending an hour or two here, in solemn contemplation, and thinking of an eternal home in the future,

"A house not made with hands,
Eternal and secure,"

Mr. Du Bois kindly invited me (although much against the rules) into the observatory, which is located in the cemetery, and from which can be had a fine view of Dayton, the Soldiers' Home and the surrounding country. The Home, though about five miles west, is in plain sight, the ground sloping to the east, and the cemetery gently descending to the west; while the Miami River

and the town of Dayton lie between, affording a beautiful panoramic display.

On my return from the cemetery I attended, 2 P. M., Sunday-school at the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the southeast corner of Monroe and Warren Streets, Rev. J. H. Logie, pastor. In the evening I had the pleasure of hearing Rev. B. F. Dimmick, of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, of Dayton; text, Psalm lv: 6: *And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.* Brother Dimmick said, in the course of his address: "This is the fourth time some of us have assembled to-day for worship; can we not find, in recalling our past lives, some moment when we might have said with David: "*Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.*" I was so much interested in and pleased with the discourse that I resolved to present Mr. Dimmick with the only copy of the SOUVENIR I had with me; so on Monday afternoon I wrote at the hotel on the fly-leaf these words: "Presented to Rev. B. F. Dimmick, of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of Dayton, Ohio, by Francis C. Waid, of Meadville, Crawford Co., Penn., September 27, 1886." Then taking the book I started on my mission, confident that a clergyman who could appreciate little things would accept my gift, remembering at same time a remark he made during his discourse that we "should never get weary in well doing."

On arriving at Mr. Dimmick's residence, 124 Thirty-first Street, to my disappointment I found he had gone to Cleveland, but found his good lady at home. To her I said I had heard her husband's sermon the previous evening and was so well pleased that I wished to see him and pay my respects to him before leaving; also to present him with a copy of my SOUVENIR, which I described to her. This

she accepted for him, thanking me very kindly on his behalf, saying he would probably write to me.* Other two parties to whom I wished to send copies of the book were the Baptist minister and the superintendent of Oakland Cemetery. My interview with Mr. Du Bois was one long to be remembered by me. Friendship will live wherever true happiness is found. On parting with him I said, "I will remember you when I get home on the farm; you will find a place in my thoughts, for we carry the memory of our friends with us."

TRIP TO NEW YORK, LONG BRANCH AND ESSEX, CONN.,
SEPTEMBER, 1887.

"Nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind as traveling, that is, making a visit to other towns, cities or countries besides those in which we were born and educated."

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

How much is there in life! Who can tell? Do we not all by our experiences know a little? Life is but a journey from the cradle to the grave, which at any hour, minute or moment we may find. There is something in each day of life. There are twenty-four hours of time that are alike to us all, to "all sorts and conditions of men," and, while we can accomplish nothing without time, let me ask how much we could do with it, how much in a single day? It does not take a year to pick up a diamond after it is found, neither does it require six months to make a visit in order to know we have enjoyed one.

On September 1, 1887, my son Guinnip and I took the excursion train which left at 12:30 A. M. for Long Branch, N. J. I had offered my youngest son, Fred, the

*On May 6, 1888, I again heard Rev. B. F. Dimmick, this time, to my surprise, in Meadville, at the Methodist Episcopal Stone, or First Church. He preached an able sermon from Mark xi:22: *Have faith in God.* Such was the impression made by the *man, sermon and text*, and the study of sermon and text afterward, that I headed the Scripture inscription on the Waid "Twin Monument" with his text.—F. C. Waid.

privilege of going, but he preferred to take Guinnip's place to help run the thresher with my eldest son, so I proposed to give him whatever he might earn while we were gone. As Franklin had been to the Centennial at Philadelphia, in 1876, I wished Guinnip (since Fred preferred to stay at home) to accompany me to Long Branch and New York, also to see our kindred in Essex, Conn.

On arriving in New York, about 10 A. M. following day, we took rooms at Mr. Arnold's, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and East Tenth Street, where we remained during our stay in the city. Before leaving home we had mapped out many points of interest to visit in the city, such as Brooklyn Bridge, Gen. Grant's tomb, the Statue of Liberty, Central Park, Union Square, Greenwood Cemetery (where I might stand by the resting places of Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley), and other places.

In the afternoon of the day of our arrival Guinnip and I went to see the so-called "Eighth Wonder of the World," Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, and I marveled that such a magnificent, gigantic and, withal, so beautiful a structure could be erected by mortal hands. As I stood on Pearl Street, amid the seething multitude and business of city life, I wondered at the sight of three railroads, on the approach to Brooklyn Bridge—horse railway, elevated railroad and steam railway—a truly remarkable sight!

Bridge is 5,989 feet long, 135 feet high, 85 feet wide; height of towers above water, 276 feet 6 inches; length of span between towers, 1,595 feet 6 inches; total cost, \$15,000,000; began in 1870, finished in 1883. Before this bridge was built, yes, when it was talked of more than twenty years ago, and I read of the wonderful plan to

connect New York and Brooklyn by a suspension bridge, I hoped to live to see it. When we went to the Centennial, September 18, 1876, we returned home by way of New York, where we spent several days. At that time the towers for the bridge were built, and two ropes or cables had been thrown across. We were also present at the "explosion" when they blasted the enormous rocks in order to deepen the channel at "Hell Gate." But now to be able to ride over this wonderful evidence of man's genius and enterprise by cable railway, sail or ride under it and view it from so many points as I have done, brings, I think, to use fully all the pleasure I then anticipated.

It is said China has the longest bridge in the world, 23,000 feet long. "Never cross a bridge until you have come to it;" but to cross it safely should bring full satisfaction. And here I would express my gratitude for having crossed so many railroad bridges safely. Thanks to Him who ruleth over all; thanks to the builders of those bridges, and thanks to the railroad companies and the careful, vigilant train hands. "All's well that ends well." Don't go back on a bridge that carries you safely over, nor a boat that brings you safely into harbor. But these living thoughts seem to break in on my story; yet I have written them, so let them stand.

* On Saturday forenoon, September 3, Guinnip and I visited the "Statue of Liberty" on Bedloe's Island, which we reached by the steamboat "Florence," a little passenger boat that plies between the Battery and the Island. Bedloe's Island is not large, and is walled in, having one house and a few trees on it. The first things we saw on landing were ten large cannon—five mounted and five lying on the ground.

We now enter the base of the statue and commence

* Written while in the Statue, September 3, 1887.—F. C. Waid.

the ascent; and I will not readily forget the gentleman and his two little girls who started to climb up the stairway along with us. Judging that the little feet and limbs of the children would soon get tired, the father carried the youngest in his arms, whilst I led her little sister up that long stairway until we reached the feet of the statue proper, where at the window we had a good view of many point of interest—New York Bay, East River, Brooklyn Bridge, Governor's Island, the shipping, also of portions of the cities of New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey. The statue at this writing is not yet finished, but when the interior is completed there will be both the stairway and an elevator. The granite or rock used in its construction is of a reddish description.

After ascending and descending so many steps, together with the long walk I had taken in crossing the Suspension Bridge, I was glad to find myself on board the boat bound for the Battery once more. The fare is twenty-five cents, and the boats run during the day almost hourly. At the Battery I took a run "up town," as they call it, and on the cars I asked a good-natured conductor how far a pleasure-seeker could ride in New York for a nickle. "The whole length of a division (ten miles) and back, over the same road or another, the same distance, twenty miles for ten cents." "Why," said I, "that is as cheap as gas in Meadville when it is furnished at fifty cents per month for a single store!" So I took the ride and enjoyed it much, not only because of its cheapness, but on account of its being my first twenty-mile ride on an elevated road in New York City, viewing the busy streets teeming with business and life.

In the afternoon of the same day (September 3), unaccompanied by my son, I visited Gen. Grant's Tomb in Riverside Park; and here I will impart a copy *verbatim* from my diary:

“I write the following in my memorandum book, while viewing the tomb of Gen. U. S. Grant, as I sit between his tomb and the Hudson River. Memory brings back to us the past, and our record still lives. I am very glad indeed to visit this dear spot, which millions will honor by their presence, not only in the present generation but in times to come. I love good and great men, and as I get older my love and respect for the memory of those departed increases. This tells why I am here now. As I look on the tomb I think of one of America’s greatest, and if I might name others I love as well, they would be Washington and Lincoln; yet I, a farmer, have come here to-day, to pay honor to the memory of the departed, whom I loved in life; and as I look into the vault and read on the end of the casket the words, in plain gilt letters, ‘U. S. GRANT, DIED JULY 23, 1885,’ I am reminded of the Scofield Vault in Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio, where the remains of the lamented James A. Garfield lay awaiting their final resting place, besides other tombs I had visited.”

The great General and a child, the son of a Revolutionary soldier, are the only dead interred in Riverside Park. This child’s grave, which is quite a distance from Grant’s vault, and is enclosed within an iron fence, has a small monument surmounted by an urn, and has on the east side this inscription:

Erected to the Memory of an Amiable Child,

ST. CLAIR POLLOCK.

Died July 15, 1777, in the

Fifth Year of His Age.

(West Side.)

Job xiv: 1, 2: *Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.*

To some of my readers who have not been at Riverside Park, perhaps a few words concerning this historic spot may be of interest; and if the reading of this narrative brings half the pleasure it gives me in writing it, I shall be well satisfied. The place where the monument is to be erected is the highest point at Riverside, a short distance to the north of the vault and where stands a beautiful grove of some sixteen trees. There is also a cluster of trees, nine in number, just in rear of the vault.

Before leaving Riverside Park I purchased a copy of "U. S. Grant's Album," which portrays much of his history from the date of his leaving his home at Galena, Ill., up to his funeral. The scene, taken all in all, together with the noble Hudson, the Palisades and the many other objects of interest so pleased me that I revisited Riverside Park on the 5th, this time accompanied by my son.

But while I was here enjoying myself I little thought that a still greater pleasure awaited me in the near future—a visit to the Grant family at their cottage at Elberon, Long Branch, and an interview with the General's widow, her daughter-in-law and grandson. But I am anticipating.

On Sunday morning, September 4, being desirous of both seeing and hearing Rev. De Witt Talmage, whose sermons are read by the earth's millions, I proceeded via elevated railway and Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn, where I took a street car for the Tabernacle. On my arrival there I learned it was closed for repairs, so I attended the Episcopal Church near by. Here I listened to an excellent sermon from the text: *Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.* At the close of the regular services the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was cele-

brated, of which a number of strangers like myself partook. It takes me all my life to tell what little I know; indeed, until my last sentence is expressed my life will not be complete. I am glad I can truthfully say I LOVE ALL MANKIND AND ESPECIALLY ALL CHRISTIANS. I love as broad a Christianity as the Bible teachès: *For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother* (Matthew xii:50).

The following incident occurred during the sacrament. A lady who was sitting on the opposite side of the aisle from me, came to me during the interval of singing, and asked me if they "allowed strangers to commune with them." My reply was: "When I am at home they call me a Methodist,* and I think where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty; but I will ask one of the vestrymen who sat near by." In answer to my inquiry he said: "Yes, with pleasure; all strangers who are Christians are welcome." That is what I call *Christianity*. Christians should recognize each other. That lady wanted to commune with them; so did I, along with others. That kind act will be long remembered by me.

In the afternoon I visited Greenwood Cemetery, that I might cast my eyes on the grave of Henry Ward Beecher, but on inquiry of the superintendent I learned that he is not interred but lies in a vault a short distance from the entrance. Proceeding as directed I presently came in view, from a rise of ground, of a miniature lake, the scene, taken in all, being one of the loveliest in Greenwood. On the east side are vaults, with a driveway between them and the lake, while a path extends on the north side. I sit on this dear spot and write this sketch beneath the shade of an elm. I heard Henry Ward

* This lady informed me she was also a Methodist.

Beecher lecture in Meadville about ten years ago, and it gives me joy to visit this cemetery and the resting-place of so famous a man.

Visitors are informed that the receiving vaults will hold 1,500 persons, and that "that large brown-stone vault holds the remains of Henry Ward Beecher." Greenwood Cemetery, I am informed, embraces 500 acres, has six miles of driveway and seventeen of footpath. After spending several hours in looking through the grounds I returned to my pleasant spot to rest and continue my writing, and I had just seated myself when the tolling of the passing bell met my ear, announcing that funerals were in progress. I found three entering in close proximity, and close behind several more; indeed, I counted seven or eight before leaving the grounds. At the grave of John Matthews, on an elevated piece of ground, is a sort of mausoleum consisting of marble pillars supporting a canopy, under which is a couch of stone, whereon lies a figure so life-like as to at first startle one—an effigy calculated in all respects to remind the bystander of the common lot of all. On my way out of the cemetery I entered the office where I took the liberty of asking the president as to the average number of interments, and he kindly gave me the following figures: Up to that day the whole number of interments was 241,333; average per day, fifteen or sixteen. These figures, I confess, seemed at first quite startling. To think of that enormous number being wrapped in the sleep of death, and sixteen daily added to it! But we are born not only to live but also to die.

Before finally leaving the cemetery, however, being desirous of seeing the grave of Horace Greeley, the founder of the *New York Tribune*, I went directly to Oakland Hill. I am one among the many who cherish the

memory of that great man, having from youth up been a reader of the *Tribune*. As I came in sight of Oakland Hill, and trod the foot-path, I felt I was nearing the last resting place of one whom I knew yet never saw. With what interest I looked on the bust surmounting his monument, and the beautiful living flowers placed on each side of the base!

“Beauteous flowers why do we spread
Upon the monuments of the dead.”

The bust which faces the east is a good likeness of Horace Greeley. The monument is of gray granite, and the total height to the top of the bust I should think nearly twenty feet, the base being probably six feet square. On the die is embossed a quill pen and a scroll. On the north side of the base Greeley is represented standing at a printer's case; on the east side is the word GREELEY; on the south side is a design of the old-fashioned plow with single-tree attached to the plow-beam; on the west side is the following inscription on a scroll: “Horace Greeley born February 3, 1811; Died November 29, 1872; Founder of the *Tribune*.” The day was fair and had been one of favor and blessing to me. The sun was setting in its beauty when I turned lingeringly away from the dear summit of Oakland Hill to attend Trinity Church in the evening.

The ride through Brooklyn, by street railway, at the close of this Sabbath day, was agreeable and pleasant. Crossing the suspension bridge on foot as I did, in preference to riding, I had more time to take in the different views to be had from the bridge after sunset, when the city is dressed in evening attire. The Statue of Liberty held forth her beacon light, and all I saw afforded me infinite delight. Yet, amid this scene of pleasure I thought, like David, to *enquire in His temple, that I*

may dwell in the house of the Lord forever, so hastened on to church. There not being any services at Trinity, I went to St. Paul's, near by. Both these churches are on the west side of Broadway, and are surrounded with many old graves, marked with marble slabs and monuments of ancient dates, the custom being in olden times to have their churches and burial grounds on the same lot.

After listening to a good sermon in St. Paul's, I ended my day's journey in the company of a gentleman whom I spoke to as we came out of church. I asked him if he knew the name of the minister whom we had just heard, and he said he did not, as they change pulpits frequently in the city, and this one was a stranger. Thereupon I said to my new acquaintance: "And that is the case between you and me; but friendship comes by acquaintance." We seemed pleased with each other's company, and learning that I was on my way to Fourth Avenue and East Tenth Street, he said it was near A. T. Stewart's business house,* and that he was going by there, as he lived, I think he said, on Twenty-third Street. Being a stranger and alone, I well appreciated the company of a Christian gentleman, and on arriving at my stopping place we continued to converse for some time. Finding by his watch that it was after ten o'clock, he shook my hand, and with an assurance from him that our *acquaintance* had brought *friendship*, we parted. This completed my Sunday in New York.

On the following day, in the forenoon, Guinnip and I visited Central Park, which takes in 850 acres. It has nine miles of broad carriage drive-way, six miles of bridle path, twenty-eight of foot-path, and has eighteen entrances. Fifty years ago the place was nothing but a

* Before leaving New York I visited A. T. Stewart's business house, which is seven stories in height, but very plain. While in one of the departments I overheard one of the clerks say to a customer: "Here is a letter from Horace Greeley." He allowed me to take it in my hand and examine it. It was dated December 20, 1868.—F. C. Waid.

swamp and rocky waste; to-day it is one of the loveliest spots on the continent.

And now we stand in the shadow of the Egyptian Obelisk that for thirty-five centuries stood beneath the burning sun of Africa. It is a monolith hewn from the solid rock in the quarry, and carried many miles to be placed on end, all by mechanical appliances unknown to the present age. Its height is sixty-nine feet two inches (besides the base which measures about seven and one-half feet), and the gross weight is two hundred and nineteen and one quarter tons. The base stands on three tiers of stones, which are also very old, having been brought, I believe, from Egypt along with the Obelisk.

In that part of Central Park known as the "Mall" are to be seen statues of Shakespeare, Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and one of a native Indian in pursuit of game. Indeed, did space admit, I could fill a volume with a description of the innumerable attractions and beauties of Central Park, my visit to which I shall ever remember as an event of my life well worthy of record.

Now I come to our trip from New York to Essex, Conn. At 4 P. M., Monday, September 5, Guinnip and I proceeded on board the elegant steamship "City of Richmond," which sailed at that hour from one of the piers. In 1864, when my parents, my wife and myself sailed in the steamboat "City of Hartford" from Deep River to Hartford City, I supposed she was still running; but I learned from a gentleman fellow-passenger on board the "City of Richmond" that a few years ago, near the mouth of the Connecticut River, amid a great storm, she ran on some rocks and sank. He said she was an old boat, having ran over thirty years, during which she had carried thousands of passengers and an immense

amount of freight, and that the "City of Richmond" had taken her place.

This trip to Essex, partly by daylight and partly by moonlight, was a rare treat to us, so many sights to be seen—Brooklyn Bridge, which we passed under, the navy yard, the Fort, Long Island City, and the Islands. The evergreen shore with its beautiful foliage attracted much of our attention until the moon, "Pale empress of the night," and the twinkling stars appeared with more than ordinary beauty. Passing boats and occasional glimpses of distant lighthouses broke what monotony there might be in the night trip until "Saybrook" was called out, and we then knew we would soon be at Essex. [My father attended school one winter at Saybrook before coming to Pennsylvania.]

On leaving the hotel at Saybrook after breakfast, on the 6th, we went direct to Mrs. F. J. Tiffany, with whom we spent the day, and there we found her brother, Sylvester A. Comstock, whose residence is Phillipsburgh, N. J. He was on the island, just across the Connecticut River, haying, having a number of hands working for him. After a short chat with Mrs. Tiffany, we were invited to look over the pleasant home and the surroundings of Essex, including "River Island," etc. There is a very fine view from this old homestead. Plenty of apples, pears and grapes are in the orchard, and in the garden we found two rows of beans, the planting of which was Mr. F. A. Tiffany's last work on earth. He sowed them on Thursday, July 7, 1887; died on the 9th, in his seventy-first year, and was interred on the 11th. His remains lie in the cemetery in Essex by the graves of Mrs. Tiffany's parents, and on their tombstone* is inscribed

* In a letter dated January 7, 1888, I am informed a similar tombstone marks F. A. Tiffany's grave, with this inscription: F. Augustus Tiffany, born Jan. 23, 1816; died July 9, 1887.

the following: "Bela Comstock, born Dec. 17, 1796; died Sept. 20, 1884; Jane W. Comstock, born Oct. 8, 1797, died May 25, 1884." Among other things we saw about the premises were indications of Mrs. Tiffany's father's handiwork, such as grapevine arbors, gates he hung, etc. While viewing all these objects Mrs. Tiffany's brother came from his work.

As I before remarked we had only one day for our visit in Essex, and it was economized much in the following manner: Guinnip spent a short time with Mr. Comstock, who was engaged in the vinegar trade and farm work, and otherwise enjoyably passed the day. For myself among other things I accompanied Mrs. Tiffany to the cemetery (distant only a short walk from the homestead), in order to view her husband's grave. On it lay a beautiful bunch of flowers, and beneath, in silent death, rested the remains of her husband, who, besides being a relative, had been a friend to me whom I had hoped to meet alive. But such is life. The letters he had written to me are now only keepsakes and memorials of the departed, dearer to me because written by my beloved friend shortly before the close of his life.

Returning from the sad scene, we had dinner, her brother being present, and after the repast he took us in his rowboat across the river to see his island farm. [Several years ago, as already related in this volume, in company with my eldest son, then living in Tennessee, we visited "Island Home," near Knoxville, with Col. Dickinson, our conveyance being a two-horse rig. That was to me a pleasure, and this was a continuation of it, with a change in our mode of traveling.]

A short distance from the shore stood a large new barn painted red, 110 feet long by 35 feet wide, with shed in connection, a good well, barnyard, etc., ten acres

or more of good corn, dikes, and many other improvements. After passing where the men were haying, and going over the island farm, we returned to find Mrs. Tiffany waiting with drag to take us to her sister-in-law, Louisa Tiffany, who lived some fourteen miles up the river.

On our way we passed several towns, among them Deep River, where I and my parents took passage twenty-three years ago for Halford. I understand Louisa Tiffany is in her seventy-ninth year. She lives with Mr. Clark, a relative. After shaking hands with me and my son she complimented me by saying: "You have not changed as much as I thought you would in twenty-three years." Our stay was limited but very pleasant, rendered more so by the beautiful view of the river and towns, and the sloping hillsides, nearly all covered with forest trees, draped in their fall foliage of green, tinged with gold and varied hues. One of the noted points of interest on this drive was the view of what is called "Joshua's Rocks," on the east side of the river. Certainly the sight of rocks along Connecticut River is not rare, but a view of "Joshua's Rocks," is not common. If Mark Twain has written a description of them I would like to read it, my pen being inadequate to give but a faint idea of the grandeur. Rocks by the acre piled up, heaped up and running over until they apparently cannot rest, and yet *do rest* on each other as secure as the Rock of Ages—truly wonderful! This visit to our cousin Mrs. F. J. Tiffany will long be remembered by us as one of the pleasant days of our lives, and our wish is that she may in the near future visit us, that we may have the pleasure of returning her kindness.

On our way from Deep River to Essex we came by the River Road in order to see some of the cottages and

summer resorts of the city people from New York. On arriving at the home of our cousin in Essex, we found friends and supper awaiting our return, and that our welcome visit in Connecticut was nearly over. I will ever remember with unalloyed pleasure this happy day.

After our repast, and an exchange of social thought such as can exist only in true friendship, imagine my surprise, happiness and gratitude on being presented by my cousin, Mrs. F. J. Tiffany, with a gold watch-chain on behalf of her deceased husband, once its owner. With much reluctance on my part I accepted the valued gift. I exclaimed: "Why is it possible? Am I worthy? What can I do?" To this she replied: "I want you to have it, and when you are done with it, give it to whomsoever you please; take it." But not until she had re-assured me by saying "I want you to have it, and no one else," would I accept of it; so taking it from her I replied: "In *his* name I accept it, and will keep it as long as I live as a token of pure friendship coming from a beloved wife in behalf of her husband." After a few words more we had bade each other adieu and so parted. Guinnip had already gone down to the boat landing, and thither Sylvester Comstock accompanied me. The boat being late we enjoyed another hour's interesting talk; and as we cast a last look from the boat to the shore I had time to reflect on the pleasant and instructive day we had passed. Our friends from whom we had just parted have indeed our sincere thanks for the kind reception extended to us. We returned to New York on the "City of Richmond," arriving there on the morning of the seventh.

After our return from Essex, we spent the forenoon in the city, and about one o'clock P. M., we took passage on the steamer "Crystal Wave," for Sandy Hook, nineteen miles distant. The objects of interest viewed on this

trip were numerous and very interesting, and I will name some of them: Statue of Liberty; Coney Island; the shipping at both New York and Brooklyn; the cities of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City; Governor's Island; Suspension Bridge, etc. As I sat looking at these sights, and noting them down in my diary, I thought my cup of pleasure was full to overflowing. Arriving at Sandy Hook, we took the steam cars for Long Branch, a journey of about eleven miles, where Guinnip, being desirous of returning home, took train via New Jersey, surfeited with sight-seeing for the present.

But I was not yet satisfied. I had an object in coming to Long Branch, and that was to visit Elberon and the Franklin Cottage, where James A. Garfield died, September 19, 1881, as well as the Grant Cottage. Elberon is only two and one-half miles from Long Branch, a short ride. Here I found the two noted cottages, and the beautiful Ocean Avenue whereon they are located. I observed also several other commodious and neat cottages on either side of this Avenue. When I arrived at the Franklin Cottage (which is no longer public, but rented, I am informed), I was told by a lady that the northeast room in the cottage was where Garfield died. I remembered what in his History is said of him, and the picture of the death-bed scene, "The last look on the sea"—the end of life. Sad indeed is the thought that we too will take our last look on earth ere we cross the River of Death! May our hope for a "better land" be as bright, and I trust all will be well. "Death and the sun are not to be looked at steadily." But I must pass on to the Grant Cottage.

The lives of great and good men have always interested me. Memory finds refreshment here like thirst slaked by pure water. Arriving at the grove in front of

the cottage I met a young man whom I addressed, saying: "I am a stranger and a farmer from Crawford County, Penn., living near Meadville, and I have come to see the Grant Cottage." "All right," he replied "you will find some one there who will show you." So passing on to the Cottage, at the corner of the porch I found a small boy busily engaged in painting a board. "Why my little fellow," I said to him, "you are quite industrious, painting." "Yes" he replied, "I am going to learn to paint, so I can help the men paint the house when they come." While we were talking an elderly lady approached us on the verandah, seemingly pleased with our chat, and after salutations I remarked that I had come to see the cottage and its surroundings. "Yes you can," she graciously said, "and that little boy you are talking to is U. S. Grant, a son of Col. Fred Grant, and grandson of Gen. U. S. Grant." My little friend then picked up his paint pail and brush, and taking his hand I assisted him up the steps onto the verandah, where I found the porch extended halfway round the cottage.

The lady informed me that "things are on a tumble here, as they are getting ready to repair some of the rooms, and the goods are on the verandah, but I guess we can get around." I then told her (not yet knowing whom I was addressing) that on the previous Saturday I had paid a visit to Gen. Grant's tomb, adding: "He was a man whom my father loved. I have read and heard much of Grant and, like my father, I loved him, and I am glad I had an opportunity of visiting his tomb." She then said: "As you pass round the corner to the other side of the cottage, if anyone speaks to you, say you have a permit." Then coming to the corner I turned and saw another lady sitting at the other end of the verandah, I think reading. Looking up she asked me where I

was going, and who gave me leave to come. "The lady," I replied, "I met at the other corner of the cottage." "Well then it is all right," she said, "you can take that path and go out to the summer house; and if you wish you may proceed to the end of the lot and down those steps to the bath-house at the margin of the sea." I thanked her and walked on to the summer house, where I had a grand view of not only Elberon itself, which is, probably, the central point of attraction at Long Branch, but of the deep blue Atlantic:

" Illimitable ocean! without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth and height,
And time and place are lost."

I had learned something of the Atlantic Ocean when a boy, and since then have seen some small portions of its waters; but here, now, in its mighty expanse it lay at my very feet. Who would not be happy in such a contemplation? To the restless margin of it I bent my steps with feelings of awe, mingled with pleasure, as I thought of the majesty and omnipotence of the great Creator, who carries all the waters of the earth in the palm of His hand.

" Praise Him, wild and restless ocean,
Praise him, monsters of the deep;
Praise Him in your rude commotion,
Storms that at His mandate sweep."

Dipping my hand in the water I lifted some to my lips, while I gazed over the broad expanse of ocean to my heart's content.

Returning to the cottage, where I was again received as a friend, the lady whom I first met showed me the interior, and while in the dining room she told me that the other lady standing by the opposite side of the table was Col. Fred Grant's wife. Entering an adjoining room

she informed me that "that was where Gen. Grant wrote two-thirds of his History." Good reader, you may imagine my thoughts when being so informed! Pleasure, truth and friendship combined! Can I be listening to the words of Mrs. U. S. Grant herself? Believe me when I say I felt and knew, that if my impression were correct, I was being highly honored. And now the question arose in my mind, how can I manifest my appreciation of all this kindness? It is not always the intrinsic value of a gift which makes it acceptable, but the friendly manner in offering it, thought I; so before leaving my distinguished friend I remarked: "In the History of Crawford County, Pa., there is a sketch of my life, also steel engravings of my parents, my wife and myself, which have been placed in book form for distribution among my friends, with additions thereto of several views of our farm homes and two churches, together with more reading matter; I desire the pleasure, madam, of sending this little boy, U. S. Grant, a copy." To this she replied: "He is quite fond of books and pictures, *as well as painting.*" Then requesting her to write the address in my memorandum book, I told her I would send a copy of the book on my return home. Accordingly on September 10, I forwarded a SOUVENIR, and on the 27th of same month I received the following reply:

September 27, 1887.

MR. F. C. WAID,

My Dear Sir: You were very good to send me the book, which I and my sister will enjoy. I am glad you thought me industrious. I painted the whole board, *it is pretty.* My grandmamma was the lady who talked with you. I am glad that you enjoyed seeing the cottage at Elberon, and grandma is always willing to have anyone see where grandpapa Grant lived. I am very much obliged to you for the book about your family, which we will all enjoy.

Sincerely your little friend

U. S. GRANT,

(Grandson of Gen. U. S. Grant).

I need not say I felt highly honored on receiving this letter from the Grant family, written over my little friend's signature, and in reply I wrote the following:

MEADVILLE, CRAWFORD CO., PA.,
October 28, 1887.

To U. S. GRANT,

Dear Sir: My little friend, I received your most welcome letter of September 27th, and read it with the greatest pleasure imaginable. Words fail me to express all the pleasure my visit at the Grant Cottage, and your kind favor brought me. I had visited New York City with some of its most interesting points of interest, including Riverside, where I paid a visit to the *Tomb of U. S. Grant*. I had also been at Essex, Conn., where, with my son, I had the pleasure of seeing kindred and friends whom I had not seen for twenty-three years. My cup of happiness was full. But that scriptural measure in abundance came to me at Long Branch, and especially at Elberon, where I looked at the Franklin cottage and was made a welcome visitor at Gen. Grant's cottage, and honored with a brief interview with the Grant family. I shall ever feel indebted to your kind grandma, your mother and you for my reception at your cottage, and only wish some day I might have the honor, or even my children, to return the favor to you or some member of the Grant family. I am glad the book pleases you all so well. Let me send you this gem* to remind you how the farmer appeared when at the cottage.

Very truly yours,

F. C. WAID.

To return now to my narrative. I can not look on life as a romance or an empty dream. Life is real; life is what we, by the help of the Lord, choose to make it. Had anyone told me there was so much pleasure awaiting me at Long Branch after enjoying so much before reaching that point, I believe I would have considered it a mere idealism. Yet now when I think over the many pleasant places and friends we saw on our trip, the last was certainly not the least. Through toil we reach pleasure; after labor comes our sweetest rest. Those with whom I conversed at the Grant cottage made the visit a most remarkable one in my life, and I can not but reflect that a kind Providence had reserved it for me as a worthy ending of a pleasant journey.

* This was a miniature picture taken with my hat on. On Monday, September 5, "Labor Day" in New York, my son and I being on our way to Central Park, chose to walk among the immense crowds gathering in the streets, and our way being blocked for a short time we were compelled to wait; so, "boy like," to make use of our time, finding in a photograph gallery pictures only eighteen cents per dozen, we stepped in and had twelve gem pictures taken. They were very natural, and I distributed them.

MY FIRST TRIP TO KANSAS,
OCTOBER, 1888.

“ Though long the wanderer may depart
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.”

J. D. BURNS.

On October 8, G. W. Cutshall and I left Meadville, Pa., *via* the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad for Cincinnati, Ohio, arriving there on Tuesday morning and leaving the morning of the same day for St. Louis, Mo., where we found ourselves at dusk the following day. Leaving behind us this great city of the Mississippi at 10 o'clock on the night of October 9, we passed swiftly over the Central Pacific, and entered Kansas City at daybreak. Allowing ourselves just enough time for rest, we took up the journey, and proceeding over the A. T. & S. T. F. Railroad, we found a resting place at Ottawa, Kas., at noon. Our ride from Cincinnati through Southern Indiana and Illinois took place in the day time, and as a consequence we were able to obtain a fine view of the country. This we particularly enjoyed, and in fact as the country after leaving Louisville, Ky., was entirely new to us the sight-seeing sensation was very pleasant. We saw but little of Missouri as our trip over that State took place at night, although we stopped long enough at Kansas City to see some of its points of interest. A ride of three and one-half miles on one of the principal streets, by means of the cable railway, gave us an opportunity to see not only the business portion of the city but many of its schools, churches and fine residences with their spacious lawns and substantial appearance. It was about the school hour, when the children gathered in groups in the play grounds and along the streets, and

made the air ring with their merry voices; I thought it to be one of the pleasantest sights in the whole city. We saw many other interesting things which time and space forbid my mentioning.

In going from Kansas City to Ottawa, a distance of only fifty-eight miles, we passed through some fine country, with improved farms. The stocks, crops and buildings made a most favorable impression on our minds. Although we had never before been in the State we had had at the Centennial Exhibition an opportunity to learn much of "Noble Kansas." From reading and from talks with men who had tilled Kansas soil I also had gained much knowledge, but the best way to learn of a thing is to see it for yourself and I have more satisfaction from a view of the State than from all other sources combined. The reader now has my first impression of Kansas. I went there upon business and for pleasure, and in both ways I was remarkably successful. I wanted particularly to visit friends and kindred whom I had not seen in nearly eight years. From Ottawa we took a train to Norwood, a place six miles north, where we were met by our friend Rouelle Tyler, who drove us to his father's, Freeman Tyler, home, about one and one-half miles from the village.

As Mr. Cutshall and I stepped from the train a young man approached us, and as he extended his hand I recognized him as Rouelle Tyler, from his resemblance to his father. He knew me as readily, and after introducing Mr. Cutshall we started for the house, where we met our friends of eight years before. At that time my brother, George N. Waid, G. W. Cutshall and I were on our way from Council Bluffs to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and meeting Mr. Tyler's family, a friendship sprang up between us so sincere that it resulted in a continued correspondence.

Our welcome was a warm one. To me it was much more than a simple meeting of friends. Before I further proceed let me explain. Change is written on everything that pertains to earth. How many homes were made vacant during the year 1888? How many families had been bereft of a fond mother, a beloved wife? I need say nothing more save this: Eliza had gone before,* and since her departure true friendship had sprung up, and the fruit of that friendship as it existed between Mr. Tyler's daughter and the writer was love. This will explain to some extent the circumstances under which we met, and as Rouelle drove up to that beautiful home you, my reader, are left to imagine the feelings of the writer. By the door stood Mr. Tyler and his beloved wife; their greeting was most cordial, and then, as ever, showed the loveliness of their lives. Near them stood their daughter, Anna Tyler. In the words of Goldsmith:

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn.
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

This eight years' acquaintanceship with her father, fostered by correspondence, had produced its result. Nay, more, I felt that my life was given me for this very purpose, and that a kind Providence had guided me to one destined to be my life's partner. Just how to meet her, just what to say, puzzled me to a considerable extent. Words were not at my command, and after a moment's hesitation I remained silent. I do much more thinking than talking, and, while not demonstrative, I feel deeply. Before me, waiting our second greeting, stood Anna Tyler. Our hands met, and the bond of friendship changed to love. Plain words are best, and in my diary I find the following: "The agreement made." It was not necessary to submit such a compact to paper, for it was

* In my diary proper, farther on in this book, will be found an account of the illness and death of my dear wife, Eliza, which occurred July 4, 1888.—F. C. Waid.

already written in two hearts. October 10, 1888, we were engaged to be married.

Even before I came of age I believed with Scripture that "It is not good for man to be alone," and carrying out the Apostle's idea I became engaged to Eliza C. Masiker nearly thirteen months before my twenty-first birthday, upon which day we were married. My mind upon the question of marriage remains unchanged to this day. All my experience of married life leads me to favor it. Is it not now sufficiently clearly explained what the chief motive was for my Kansas trip? I cannot leave this all-important subject of matrimony without saying a few more words born of observation. As I look back over my married life of a little more than thirty-four years, I see it crowded with blessings both temporal and spiritual, and know that with David I may exclaim: *Oh Lord what shall I render unto Thee for all Thy benefits unto me, I will take the cup of salvation and call on the name of the Lord.*

I wish God to guide me both in the pleasures and in the cares of life. One of my father's prayers was, "Lord guide me in all I say or do," and like my father I wish to be in all respects. You will not now wonder, my reader, why I consider October 10 a day freighted with blessings for me. It seemed as though I had been blessed not only with a partner, but with a new lease of life and its joys.

A portion of this same day was spent in rambling over Mr. Tyler's farm and the two adjoining ones. His consists of about 240 acres of land enclosed with well-trimmed osage fences, and passed on three sides by public roads, from each of which a fine view may be obtained. It has water and plenty of timber, and as we looked it over for the first time, the fact was once again brought forcibly home that the farms of "Sunny Kansas" were finely improved and good to look upon.

The morning of October 12 was one of the most beautiful of the week, and it appeared to me that the sun never shone more brightly than that day as we drove into Ottawa in response to an invitation from Rouelle Tyler, who wished us to view the town thoroughly before leaving for the East. No plan could have suited us better, and so with Rouelle and his sisters, Mr. Cutshall and I drove into this beautiful county seat. It is a city of 8,000 people, a thriving, growing place, with a number of handsome public buildings and private residences. One of the first points of interest to be visited was the Chautauqua Assembly grounds. I think, having visited very frequently the celebrated New York Chautauqua, on the lake of that name, that the grounds of the Ottawa Assembly may be said to compare very favorably with those in the Empire State, and, indeed, others who are entirely unprejudiced say that the place ranks second to the original Chautauqua, although there are many of the Assemblies in different parts of the country. We drove through Ottawa's streets and saw the various objects of interest, and then drove homeward by a route different from that which we had taken to approach the city. It was somewhat longer, and we had a more extended view as we rode slowly along. Upon reaching home the many pleasures of the day were increased when Anna said to us, "This has been the happiest day of my life."

On October 13 Rouelle and Albert Tyler drove us to a public sale of farming implements and stock in Douglass County; about eighteen miles from the house. There we had an opportunity to converse with the farmers of the surrounding country, and the day was most profitable.

Rain fell heavily on Sunday, the 14th of the month, and we were prevented from attending church as we had intended. However, we managed between showers to get

as far as the house of Mr. Albert Tyler, where five of us dined with him and his family. Monday morning dawned with pleasant weather, and taking advantage of it, we went to Ottawa, and thence by train to Emporia, the capital of Lyon County. The herds of stock on each side of the track were a source of comment and interest. The little towns that we passed were in appearance neat and attractive. Reaching Emporia, we found a lively town of 12,000 inhabitants, where we stayed until the following morning, and then drove across the country to Ivy, where I have living a second cousin, Mrs. Lydia Putnam. Mrs. Putnam is a daughter of Cyrus and Martha Brown, of Warren County, Penn. She was married about seven years ago to Mr. Fred D. Putnam, and moved with him to Ivy, since which time she has made one visit to her Eastern home. I thoroughly enjoyed this short visit to my cousin, and will cherish a kindly recollection of it during coming years. I paid, while at Ivy, a visit of a few hours to Mr. Sydney D. Putnam, and then we returned to Emporia. The farmers, many of them, were making hay, a fact that struck us strangely, for the month was October. A great deal at times may occur in a single day, and this was true of October 16, for after reaching Emporia we made still another trip, this time going to Bitlertown, which is about twelve miles to the southward, to call upon Frank H. Ringer, a gentleman whom from that day to this I have looked upon as a brother.

We returned to Ottawa from Emporia on the morning of October 17, and were soon at Mr. Tyler's, a place that had grown to seem to me like my home, a feeling that gave rise to the remark as I left them on the day following: "It seems like leaving my home instead of returning thither." The time had come to say good-by:

a grasp of the hand, a tear, and we were on our way. Rouelle drove us to the depot, and as he was the first to meet us so he was the last to leave us, like the faithful friend that he has always proven. While on the way to Kansas City I purchased a book entitled, "The Battle for Bread." It was a series of sermons on the relation of labor to capital; from its perusal I profited to a considerable extent.

We arrived at St. Louis at an early hour on October 19, and as Mr. Cutshall wished to remain in the city I went alone to visit my cousin, Mrs. Addie Whicher, who resides at Mt. Vernon, Ill., on the line of the St. Louis & Nashville Railroad. Mrs. Whicher's maiden name was Simmons, she being the youngest daughter of Philander Simmons, of Jamestown, N. Y. On her return from a trip to her native town in October, 1886, she had visited Meadville, where I had seen her.* My call at Mt. Vernon was a surprise to my cousins, and I trust not an unpleasant one. I called upon Mr. Whicher at his store, and accompanied by him and his eldest son, Archie, we went to his pleasant home where we found cousin Addie. The younger children, Bertie and Bessie, soon came in from school, and as we sat down to dine we formed a very social family party. I was much interested in an account that they gave me of the cyclone that devastated Mt. Vernon on February 19, 1887. The town suffered very severely, and many lives and much property were lost. It was late in the afternoon when I said good-by to the family and returned to St. Louis, where in the crowded depot I had much trouble in finding Mr. Cutshall. When we finally did come together he greeted me with: "Well, I thought you were the one that was lost." We feared that the time spent in looking for each other

* Eliza and I met her to bid her good-by as she was returning home. This was my wife's last good-by to Addie and her son.

would cause us to lose our train for Cincinnati, but we succeeded in boarding it, and were soon on our way. We spent one day at the Centennial in the city, and left on the morning of the 21st, for Meadville, where we at length arrived safely, and our journey was ended. I found visiting Meadville the three daughters of Samuel Waid, who are the only surviving members of the family that left Crawford County in 1858. This was their first return to their old home, and I was glad indeed that I reached Meadville in time to see them before their departure for Michigan, where they have lived for many years.

I wish to say, in closing this narrative of my Kansas trip, that I feel deeply touched by the kindness of friends and kindred. The reading of the *SOUVENIR* has called forth from all to whom it has been given words that are pleasing and a blessing to me. It was a simple story of real life, and it seems to have bound our hearts more closely, and to have knitted a bond of union that neither time nor distance can break.

TRIP TO ATHENS, PENN., ELMIRA, N. Y., ETC.

DECEMBER, 1888; JANUARY, 1889.

“At Christmas, play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.”

TUSSER.

In the afternoon of December 24, my brother, George N., and myself took the train at Meadville for Jamestown, N. Y., where we stopped over night with our cousin, Frank Colt, and family. We were happy to find them all well, including dear old Aunt Ann Simmons, now nearly eighty-six years of age, and who is living with Mr. Colt. My brother and I had visited relatives in this county in October last, and at the same time we called on two of

our aged aunts—Aunt Phœbe Goodwill (who was then residing with her son-in-law, Frank Sturgis, near Centreville) and Aunt Clarinda Morehead (living with her son, Charles, near Townville). Although Mrs. Morehead lives so near my brother, yet he had not seen her for eighteen years. After buying our tickets at Jamestown, we had a very pleasant time on the train as we journeyed together, and also in the evening. On Christmas Eve we arrived at Athens, Bradford Co., Penn., having enjoyed an exhilarating four-mile walk from Waverly, the train having failed to connect at that point.

The last time I was in Athens visiting relatives was twenty-four years ago, in company with my parents and wife. What a change! How many had bade adieu to earth! The loved parents and bosom companions are among the departed, and many we visited at that time are gone from earth forever. Wherever we looked change was visible. The enterprise and energy of the people had constructed railroads. The town of Sayre, two miles from Waverly, had been built, and the borders of it and the growth of Waverly and Athens had spread until it seemed one town all the way from Waverly to Athens. Christmas was a fine day to us, and it really meant more than an ordinary Christmas, for connected with it were the blessed memories of the past.

“Christ died for all; He came to find the lost,
 Whether they bide in palaces or slums—
 No matter how their lines of life are crossed.
 And they who love Him best will serve Him most
 By helping those to whom no Christmas comes.”

My brother and I called on our cousin, Fayette Allen, and his wife, whom my brother had not seen for fifty years, and whom I had not met since September, 1864, over twenty-four years ago. Reader, you may imagine

the joy on that occasion. I had the pleasure of introducing my brother and myself to Mrs. Allen, as her husband was temporarily absent. I did not recognize her face so readily as I did her voice. When she opened the door for us I asked: "Is this Mrs. Fayette Allen?" "Yes," she replied, and at that moment I knew her. "My name is Francis C. Waid," I said. That was enough; twenty-four years vanished "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and we seemed to live not so much in the present as in the past. I was reminded of the saying: "A good heart never changes, but keeps his course truly." Soon Mr. Allen came along, and as I saw him approaching I said to our hostess, "That is Fayette Allen." Yes, and then when he came inside the room, such cordial hand shaking and greeting followed. I introduced him to my brother with whom he had played in childhood, but had not seen in fifty years; I think Mr. Allen was in his sixty-fifth year; my brother had entered his fifty-ninth. Pleasure enough for one Christmas, it might be thought, but it seemingly had only begun.

After a social chat, consisting chiefly of innumerable questions and answers, and supper being over, we closed this, to us, memorable day by all going to a Christmas entertainment in the Universalist Church, Mr. and Mrs. Allen's place of worship. Thus ended a day long to be remembered, and somewhat remarkable in our lives; and yet it was but as a prologue to ten more days equally full of enjoyment.

On the following morning we informed Mr. Allen of our intentions to accomplish as much visiting and calling on friends, and looking about Athens, as we thought could do in the space of two days, so we immediately commenced, in company with our esteemed friend, that same day. We visited several places of note in Athens—the Union

Bridge Works, furniture factory, new school building and the Tioga Point Cemetery. The old cemetery is within the limits of Athens. In the former my uncle, Fayette Allen's father, and other relatives are interred. On my uncle Allen's headstone is inscribed the following: "L. M. Allen, Born June 19, 1793: Died January 9, 1870." This new cemetery is highly creditable to Athens. Among other relatives we called on in Athens was our cousin, Mrs. Sarah Corby. Mr. and Mrs. Corby have three sons and two daughters, all living and married. Fayette Allen has one son and one daughter, both married and living in Athens, and we called on them also. All our relatives in Athens were in good health when we visited them, but we were informed by Mr. Allen that Clarissa Hart, his sister, who was a resident of Williamsport, Penn., had died September 16, 1888.

Leaving Athens on the 27th my brother and I stayed a short time with our relative, Charles E. Corby, at Waverly, N. Y., and took dinner. We shall ever remember with true pleasure our short visit with the newly-married couple. In the journey of life there are attractive scenes and places that we would have indelibly written on the tablets of our memory. There is nothing, I think, more refreshing than the sight of a young, happy pair starting out in their newly-married life with a resolution to DO RIGHT. Oh! young man, young husband and young wife be true to God and humanity, and enjoy this life as our Heavenly Father designed we should.

After this short pleasant visit, our relatives, including Mr. Allen, accompanied us to the train, and with a farewell shake of the hand we parted. On arriving at Elmira, a town some eighteen miles from Waverly, we found we had to wait till the evening train on the Tioga Branch, in order to reach Millerton, in Tioga County,

Penn., a place some twelve miles distant from Elmira. Our cousin, Homer C. Waid, resides at Millerton, and I had written to him to expect us, but hardly supposed he would come to the train at night, and raining as it was, yet there he was, lantern in hand, in the darkness, patiently awaiting our arrival and ready to greet us. We were soon at his home, where we were made welcome by Mrs. Waid and her son, Roy L., and daughter, Flora. I had not seen Mrs. Waid since they moved from Blooming Valley, twelve years ago. Over twenty-five years ago, she made her home with us, I think, part of two summers, and from that time our friendship continued, although our visits had ceased since they left Blooming Valley, Meadville, in 1876, until now. Well, we had a cordial greeting, with much shaking of hands and many other tokens of joy, after which I sat down, giving utterance to my feelings with difficulty, as my emotion was great. "Dear friends," I said, "I am too full of joy and gladness for utterance. Let silence speak; it is certainly golden now." I had contemplated making this visit with my wife, and a year ago we were specially invited by them to spend Christmas with them. We came near going, but on account of Eliza's impaired health we did not venture on so long a journey. And to think Providence had permitted me to make this long-expected visit, even now, with my brother, was joy beyond my expression.

We spent Thursday night, Friday and Friday night at Homer's, leaving there on Saturday morning. He accompanied us to Elmira, where we spent Saturday, and called on his brother-in-law, Mr. Trescott, with whom we took dinner and had a pleasant retrospective chat. Years ago, in company with my beloved wife and my mother, I had visited the Trescotts, and since then Mrs. Lydia Trescott and daughter, in company with Mr. and Mrs.

Homer Waid, had also called on us when paying their friends a visit in Crawford County. We also went out to the Guinnip farm near the city. This name to me and my family has an attraction, inasmuch as my second son, Guinnip, was named in honor of merchants of that name who carried on business in Meadville before the Rebellion of 1861. Elmira is a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, and has many places of interest, which we visited, such as Park Church, W. K. Beecher, pastor, where there was a Christmas entertainment going on, with Christmas tree, etc. Before leaving we called on and had supper with our cousin, Clarence Simmons, and then took the night train for Jamestown.

Sunday we spent with relatives in Frewsburgh, five miles from Jamestown, and to us it was an unusually pleasant Sabbath. We found Mr. and Mrs. Burns and their daughter, Clara, at home, and with them we went to church. To enjoy two good sermons and attend Sunday-school was enough for one Christian Sabbath to bring peace and rest to my soul, and I always thank the Lord for these privileges.

On the morning of Monday, the last day of the year 1888, Mr. Burns drove us to Busti, a town about eight miles distant, where we passed the day very pleasantly with our relative, Adelbert Simmons, who is in the mercantile business. After a profitable visit with him and his family, we were driven by his son to the farm of Henry Simmons, about two and one-half miles from Busti. These two cousins my brother had never visited. Henry Simmons' wife died October 11, 1886, leaving him with the care of a family of three boys and three girls. My wife and I had enjoyed the social friendship of their domestic home ere it had been broken up; and now I fully realized the bereavement and the empty place in the

family circle, for I thought of my own loved home. I knew what it was to have a wife and mother taken away. Yet we should not burden our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone. Mr. Simmons had gone to Jamestown, and was not yet returned, so we sat there in the evening chatting with the children; and as I mused on the scene of the motherless little ones grouped in the room, I thought there was still some happiness left under the roof. All the girls were occupied at something, even the youngest child, little Bernice, only eight or nine years old, sat there quite lady-like, knitting just as girls used to do in olden times. After the eldest, Katie, had played the organ, we retired to rest, and when midnight came we knew that the old year in dying had given birth to the new.

“ Once more we stood, with half-reluctant feet,
 Upon the threshold of another year;
 That line where Past and Present seemed to meet
 In stronger contrasts than they did elsewhere.”

The early morning of the first day of the year 1889 saw us up and dressed, and who should be the first one to hail me with a “Happy New Year,” as I entered the sitting room, but Henry Simmons himself, and glad we were to meet. Soon after breakfast we took the stage for Jamestown, about eight miles off, and on our arrival we proceeded to the residence of Mr. Frank Simmons, where we were met at the door by Mrs. Simmons, who extended to us the usual greeting, with the announcement that we “were just in time for a New Year’s dinner” at the home of her brother, Hezekiah Williams, who lived near by. Of course it came as a surprise to us, and as it was a family gathering purely among the Williamses, held by them for years on such occasions, I hesitated in accepting the generous invitation. Mrs.

Simmons, however, observing my hesitancy, said: "Yes, you are going, and here is Frank just coming in." So there was no refusal; we had to go when they put the crucial question, "Don't you want to go?" "Yes," I at once said, "I know your folks so well, and have been acquainted so long, you can regard us as members of the family." Just before leaving for Mr. Williams' a gentleman from Dakota came in, and he also accepted a similar invitation, so we all went together to the "New Year's Dinner." I found I knew nearly all of those present, and especially did I welcome Hezekiah Williams, our long acquaintance having endeared him to me like a brother. His aged mother was present, proving a blessing to us all, while the children cheered and enlivened the company with their merry glee—the grandmother and the grandchild reminding us of *the close of one year and the opening of another*, or of *the beginning and the end of life's journey*. After a few hours of the elixir or good of life, we parted, the banquet and the friendship we had enjoyed remaining in our hearts, bright mementoes of the birth of the year 1889.

As the day had not yet closed, we found we had time to visit other relatives, so directing our steps toward Harvy Simmons, some distance off but yet within the city limits, on Foot's Avenue, we called on Mrs. Simmons and her daughter, who were both sick, the mother's health having been very indifferent for several years. Then after yet another call we proceeded to Frank Colt's (where we stopped December 24), telling him we thought it was time he was visited again by us, as we "had not been there since last year!" At this he laughed, at the same time, in his usual cheery manner, inviting us to "come in," which we did, and were glad to find Aunt Mary Ann Simmons "quite well." In the morning we

left their hospitable roof, and after visiting Mr. Cobb, and my friend William Bowen, also attending to some business we left Jamestown, stopping, during the day at Ashville, to see our cousins, the family of the late Leander Simmons, also our enterprising friend, F. Fleek, who is engaged in mercantile business, and whom we were glad to find prospering.

In the evening we came to Union City, Erie Co., Penn., where we tarried with Augustus Underholt, G. N. Waid's son-in-law, and after breakfast the following morning. Mr. Underholt took me to my friend, Mr Wesley Davidson, who formerly lived near Blooming Valley; thence we proceeded to the chair factory where were found some old acquaintances. With Mr. Davidson I remained and took dinner, and afterward, while my brother chose to prolong his visit with his daughter, I returned home after a ten day's remarkably pleasant, instructive and invigorating trip.

RETROSPECTIVE THOUGHTS.

(WRITTEN JANUARY 25, 1889.)

“I believe if in my grave,
 Hidden in woody deeps all by the wave,
 Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
 From every salty seed of your deep grief
 Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
 To prove that Death could not make my love forget.”
 ONE OF THE “HUMBLER POETS.”

Once again let me pause in quiet, retrospective thought; let me stand aside to see the phantoms of past days go by me, accompanying the shadow of myself in dim procession. Weeks, months, years glide along. They seem little more than a summer day and a winter evening.

I find in my hand to-day the marriage ring I placed

upon Eliza's finger nearly thirty-five years ago, and a keepsake book, "The Family Circle," which I gave her April 3, 1853, after our engagement but before our marriage. While looking in my library I take from its shelves this neat little volume, which I find in a good state of preservation, though it has been read and re-read with much profit to both of us. The value to me of this little book is increased as I read on the fly-leaf the inscription: "Eliza C. Masiker, April 3, 1853," and "Francis C. Waid, April 3, 1853," both in our own handwriting. If this little memento is so valuable to me, I ask what should be the Bible?

I have stood aside to see the phantoms of those days go by. They are gone, and I resume the thread of my story.

TRIP TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

"Our nature consists in motion: perfect rest is death."

PASCAL.

Although I have seen nearly all the large cities of my country, it was left until a recent period for me to enjoy a visit to its capital, the City of Washington, the seat of government of the best nation in the world. I had had many opportunities to make this journey, but for one reason and another had never embraced them. Having the means and disposition to go to a certain place does not necessarily take us there; we need an actual start, and at times it takes more than mere inclination to give us that start; we need a strong incentive. This is as true of all earthly journeys as it is of the journey to the Heavenly City. Merely wishing to go, having friends and the Bible to point the way, and even Christ to lead

us, will not without will and determination on our own part lead us to the gates of the New Jerusalem. How will it ever be made unless we *start*, and start to-day. Are you aware, my reader, how much meaning there is within the little word, "Now" ? All the years you may have lived have at one time been included in this little word of three letters. Do you not know that future happiness depends upon how we improve the present?

To return to our Washington trip—In company with my brother-in-law, Mr. G. W. Cutshall, I left Meadville, February 28, 1889, for the National capital, to attend the inauguration of President Benjamin Harrison, and to visit the many points of interest in the city. In leaving for Washington, however, I had a motive that was of far more importance to me than that which impelled me to visit its sights, and that was that I purposed attending the wedding of my son, Fred F. Waid, to Minnie Haines, of Brookville, Jefferson County. This wedding had a two-fold pleasure for me from the fact that I was married on the day that I was twenty-one, and that Fred was within one day of the same age when united, on the 7th of March, to Miss Haines.

We obtained a rest on the first night of our journey at Pittsburgh, where we visited Jacob Cutshall, a brother of my traveling companion, and whom we had not seen in several years. This visit I shall always pleasantly remember. We left the Union depot on the morning of Friday, March 1, on a Pennsylvania Central train. We were accompanied by a jolly crowd of excursionists bound like ourselves for the inauguration. Let a person who has never made the journey from Pittsburgh through the great Keystone State by all means make it. The scenery is grand, no other word can describe it. I would like to travel through that beautiful country, amid such scenes

of sublimity, again and again. "The horseshoe curve," "Spruce Creek tunnel"! their very photographs are pleasing; how much more enjoyable then to see them in their native state! Farther along the route are Jack's and Lewiston Narrows, and if you be not yet satisfied gaze upon "Alleghany Mountain tunnel," or catch a glimpse of Altoona.

Dear reader, in this life we are never out of reach of disappointments. It was well for me that I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman named O. A. Hibbs, of Harrisburgh, Ill., otherwise I should have been without a companion during the rest of my trip. My disappointment arose from the fact that, by an unfortunate accident, I became separated from Mr. Cutshall and did not see him again until I reached his brother's home in Pittsburgh on my return. At Harrisburgh, where we stopped twenty minutes, the conductor said: "All passengers for Washington remain in this car." As I wished to make a note in my diary, Mr. Cutshall said he would step out and bring me a lunch; from that moment we were separated, he going by accident into the first section of the train, and although in the depot at the capital, we could not have been more than an hour apart, we failed to find each other. Several times during the inauguration we must have been very close, but we did not meet. He left the city one hour ahead of Mr. Hibbs and myself, and thus I followed him to his brother's. Our attachments, however, are not so easily separated as our persons, and we were extremely glad to meet once again. A lesson is to be learned from incidents of this nature, and the one that comes most naturally is that from our disappointments we may learn wisdom. I have during years past traveled thousands of miles with Mr. Cutshall, but never once have we been separated. At times we have

failed to make proper train connections, and have met disappointments in other forms, but this was always our consolation: "We are together." And if we were again to travel, I think that our Washington experience would cause us to appoint a place of meeting at the point of destination, so that in case of separation on the way it would be but of short duration.

As I have said before, it was a source of great pleasure to me to have met Mr. Hibbs. We became warm friends during the short time of our intercourse, and we lodged together at the house of Mrs. Eugenie Tabler, No. 224 Thirteenth Street, South Washington, where we found a pleasant home during our sojourn in the city.

The first object toward which Mr. Hibbs and I bent our steps was the great Washington Obelisk, a monument of Maryland marble erected to the memory of the Father of his Country. It is of imposing appearance, as one may judge when its dimensions are given; a shaft rising to the immense height of 555 feet, 4 inches may well inspire awe as one gazes upon it from its base. Its walls are 15 feet thick, at the base, and 18 inches at the top. Resting upon a space of ground 55 feet, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, the obelisk tapers to 34 feet, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the height of 500 feet, from which point a pyramid roof has been erected. The work began in 1848, and when in 1855 a height of 178 feet was reached, the building ceased. In 1876 the Government took charge of the labor of its completion, and in December, 1884, the copingstone was placed in position. The interior is fitted with iron stairs, which ascend to the beginning of the roof. An elevator carries passengers to the extreme top. On the inner walls are blocks contributed by the different States and Territories. Two hundred and thirty thousand dollars had been expended by the monument society when Congress undertook to com-

plete the obelisk, and since then the appropriation has been \$900,000. Next to this monument in height comes the city building of Philadelphia, which towers to an altitude of 537 feet. Next is the Cologne Cathedral, whose spire reaches Heavenward a distance of 424 feet, 11 inches. The public first gained admission to the obelisk in 1888. The monument inspired me with much more enthusiasm as I gazed upon it than did the world-famed obelisk in Central Park, New York, which I visited with my son Guinnip in September, 1887. As we viewed the vast pile from various parts of the city and surrounding, I thought of the greatness of the man to whose memory it was erected. While we stood at its base we saw people chipping pieces from the slabs that were broken off when the marble was dressed, and pocketing them as relics, so we secured a piece each in the same way. The morning of our visit, just at nine o'clock, we waited for the opening of the massive doors that led to the interior, and luckily were among the first to gain admission. We took our places in the elevator, and were soon at the top, from whence the view is magnificent; the city, the Potomac River and a vast stretch of country lie beneath you, forming a feast for the eye. I love even now to recall the monument to memory. I may add to the above description that history tells us the corner stone was laid by President Polk July 4, 1848; and from the *Knoxville Tribune* I read: "Completed; December 6, 1884, the coping-stone was placed in position." The monument is made of blocks of marble two feet thick, and it is said that more than 18,000 were used, the total cost being \$1,300,000. There are 900 steps. No wonder the Washington Monument is great, the highest work of man! The skill and ingenuity of man have ascended to their loftiest height to honor George Washington, and the youth of

our country will ever be inspired by the name and memory of GEORGE WASHINGTON. I will mention, without lengthened description, some of the other points of interest that we touched, before I speak of the Capitol. First came the Agricultural Department, where were a number of lady clerks doing up packages of seeds. Next we saw the Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum, where there are so many relics of George Washington and Martha Washington and Gen. Grant. The Patent Office, Fort Meyer and Arlington House came next in the order of sight-seeing. The Arlington House was once occupied by G. W. Parke Custis, the adopted son of our first president, and later by Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate forces during the Rebellion. At Arlington Cemetery are buried over 16,000 soldiers, and directly in front of the mansion rests Gen. P. H. Sheridan.

We attended, on the 4th of March, the inaugural ceremonies. There were more people present at the inducting into office of President Harrison than on any similar occasion in the history of the country. The parade was fully eight miles in length, and it is said that there were fully 50,000 people in line. Mr. Hibbs and I stood at Ninth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue from 1 o'clock until 5, or from the time that the presidential coach had passed until the last cow boy from the West had ridden by on his broncho.

In the waiting-room of the Baltimore & Washington Railway depot President Garfield was shot at by the assassin, Guiteau, and there is yet to be seen a stain of his life blood upon the floor to mark the spot where he fell. While in the city we visited both houses of Congress while in session. It was certainly worth a great deal to me to visit the capitol, and to hear the speeches of the



FRANCIS C. AND ELIZA C. WAID AND THEIR FAMILY, IN 1884

members of the lower house, and the debates and speeches in the Senate. It broadens a man's mind to visit halls of legislation and to get some idea of the legislative methods of our country.

The capitol is a building 751 feet long, 324 feet broad, and the dome rises to an altitude of 397 feet above low water mark of the Potomac River. The great bronze door at the front entrance weighs 20,000 pounds, and cost \$28,000. The building covers an area of three and a half acres, and its cost with the dome was \$15,000,000. The view from the dome is indeed fine, but its height being less than that of the monument before described, not as great an area of country can be seen from its noble gilded top.

There is so much of beauty in our country's capital city that I must say I withdrew from it with reluctance, but duty called my attention in another direction and to a most important event in the life of one of my children, the marriage of my son. It is with a heart full of gratitude that I remember my own marriage, and the happy after life until the time that my beloved wife was taken from me. Knowing the importance of the step my boy Fred was about to take, and realizing that not only duty but his wish called me to his side, I left Washington and started on my homeward journey.

SOME THOUGHTS BEFORE LEAVING HOME.

(WRITTEN APRIL 2, 1889.)

“ Though at times my spirit fails me,
 And the bitter tear-drops fall,
 Though my lot is hard and lonely,
 Yet I hope—I hope through all.”

Mrs. NORTON.

Records of passing events are always kept, if not with

pen and ink, or by means of the printing press or the engraver's tools, yet in the thoughts of men they are ever with us to perish only in death: It is written: *In that very day our thoughts perish.* So while we live our thoughts live also; and I wish to express some of mine before leaving home on my western trip. I am aware of the fact that while these thoughts—the remembrance of things—and acts live in our memory during life, and that the accountability and influence continue thereafter, I am prompted or led by the Divine Spirit to act on my better judgment, endorsing the truth that as *every man's judgment cometh from the Lord*, therefore we are accountable to Him. And since we know what influence the lives of others—loved ones gone before—have over us, we should think of the influence our lives may have on those who follow us. And in recording my thoughts to-day—no matter how little the reader may think of them—my object is to do good, and to honor the Lord for his goodness and mercy to me. Few, if any, are more indebted than I, and I have tried frequently to give expression to my thoughts and views of life, of right and wrong; but to-day I would fain try again. This is a new day. I never saw it before; it is passing away, and when it is gone I shall never see it again. Life is precious, the time of our departure is sure to come, and we are admonished that *what we would do we must do quickly.* This thought is of great value to me, and I am trying to act on its teaching.

My dear readers, I wish to speak to as many of you as I can, and tell you what the Lord has done for me. Some of you, I think, who know me so well, and are aware of my present peculiar surroundings, may read, perhaps, with interest, the description I give of myself and family, but do not lose sight of the fact that my chief desire is to

thank the Lord in this as best as I know how. Now you may ask why I—on this morning of April 2, 1889, at the age of nearly fifty-six, *left alone, in not the best of health*, and about to leave home, amid peculiar surroundings—am glad, why I am thankful, and why I praise the name of the Lord? Well, I will tell you. This morning, after family prayer and breakfast at Guinnip's (the old homestead), where I had staid over night, I said to Anna (Guinnip's wife): "Your Bible is small print, have you no large Bible?" When she answered me in the negative it occurred to me that an opportunity had come. I will buy Frank, Guinnip and Fred, each of them, a Family Bible. I am thankful for this thought coming to me, and I am going to carry out my intention. Precious thoughts come to me, and I always court them. I love them, and only wish I had always made better use of them. Yet I am thankful I have been permitted to profit by so many of them. You know David, the Psalmist, speaks of them as being more countless than the sands on the seashore, and God in His mercy, sends them to you and me. In getting my boys a Bible each I intend to have our own old Family Bible rebound, although in 1876 it was bound for the second time. I think the Bible first cost \$1.25, re-binding cost \$1.25, last binding (November 14, 1889), morocco cover, \$2.00. *Old new Book!* How I love it! I wish the reader could see it as it appears in its new cover.

I believe in thanking the Lord for temporal blessings as well as spiritual, and with this before me, and with a retrospect of my past life, how can I but feel I owe a debt of gratitude, first to my Creator, then to humanity? Here is a thought: *My wife always loved me better when I appreciated her love.* So I believe of our Heavenly Father. All the blessings he pours down upon us in this life are intended to increase our love toward Him. Now

let me thank Him in heart and life, in act, in word, in thought, in deed and in truth for these temporal blessings. Many a one makes a great mistake in life simply because he fails to manifest due appreciation in return for what he receives. And if this is true in the obligations we owe to each other how is it in a higher sense when we think of our duty toward the Giver of all our blessings! What, then, should be the love, praise and gratitude of our hearts toward Him? What actual service besides homage should we pay Him then? In this sense let my thoughts ever be toward the Lord, and I will exclaim out of the fullness of my heart: "*O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works toward the children of men.*" This spirit of prayer and praise has aided me in prosperity and in adversity—yes, in the very darkest hours of life, and is helping me to-day, in this year of sore trial and greatest of afflictions, the death of my beloved wife. Surely this is the most lonely, the most melancholy and saddest year of my life. Yet, in all this, comes the consolation of His grace, which has supported me thus far, and as I soon expect to leave home I think of my children, who are now all married—Franklin, March 15, 1877; Guinnip, March 31, 1883; Fred, March 7, 1889 (all married in the month of *March!*). The thought that I have lived to see all my children married and settled in life affords me comfort, and I rejoice that they are in good homes and so near each other, and that they are so willing to help one another in business and in the affairs of the farm. Kind reader, let me tell you from the fulness of my soul that this affords me great happiness, this pleasant condition of family affairs, and my prayer is that it may ever continue so. How few of us know with what anxious *care* and *prayer* the home must be guarded to hold our children

constantly in the bond of domestic peace. In our own family the credit is nearly all due to the memory of the beloved wife and good mother. No wonder the influence lives with such undying love in the hearts of bereaved husband, children, kindred and friends.

On April 8, I had the pleasure of presenting to each of my sons a Family Bible, and I have also given Bibles to others. My intention is to distribute other copies among my relatives and friends, where I think they will do good, and my prayer is that they may prove a blessing to all. "The true way to bear evils is to yield ourselves up with confidence to God."

MY SECOND TRIP TO KANSAS,

COMMENCING APRIL, 1889.

"The fountains mingle with the river,
 And the river with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix forever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single:
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?"

SHELLEY.

Accompanied by my eldest son, Franklin, I left Meadville, on April 10, 1889, *en route* to Kansas. We left in the afternoon and journeyed as far as Marion, Ohio, over the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad, and from thence we reached Chicago, over the Atlantic & Western, arriving on the morning of the eleventh. This day saw a combination on our part of business, sight-seeing and pleasure. My first duty was with my publishers, with whom I had transacted business some years since, but had never personally met. I was more than pleased to

meet Mr. J. H. Beers, Mr. A. Warner and Mr. G. A. Baker, all of whom I have long regarded in the light of the truest friendship. Mr. Beers accompanied us on a tour of inspection through the great city of Chicago. We visited its principal buildings and the beautiful Lincoln Park. We entered the postoffice, Grand Pacific Hotel, the United States Court and Custom House, and the Stock Exchange. We were exceedingly interested in all we saw, but one of the chief delights was the visit to Lincoln Park, with its 250 beautifully kept acres.

The lawns were dressed in living green,
 A sight by man too seldom seen;
 The birds made such sweet music too
 We had no heart to bid adieu,
 Until the animals in the zoo
 Attracted our attention too.

F. C. W.

We saw the statue of Schiller, the German poet, and afterward, to my great interest, that of Abraham Lincoln. I had been extremely desirous of seeing this statue ever since its erection. It represents Lincoln standing with a chair behind him. The entire work is placed within an enclosure of horseshoe shape, and is the gift of Eli Bates. The long broad drive between the lake and the park is worthy of mention. A very good view of this beautiful spot, that forms a bit of country in the heart of the city, may be had from the cable cars that pass by its side for some distance.

We left Chicago in the evening over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy route, and stopped at Galesburgh, Ill., for the night. In the morning, after visiting the notable places in the city, we started for Quincy, a city of 40,000 people, where we visited the Soldiers' Home, the courthouse and postoffice. From Quincy we went to Kansas City by the Hannibal and St. Jo Railway, and

from thence to Ottawa by the Santa Fé route. There is a feature of Quincy to which I wish to refer, and that is the park where any number of tame gray squirrels disport themselves, and are fed by the children. They appear perfectly fearless, and I think I never saw so many tame squirrels together. In this park is the statue of John Wood, once governor of Illinois, and the first settler at Quincy, where he went in 1822. He was born in 1798, and died in 1880. From the tower of the main building at the Soldiers' Home a grand view may be obtained of the city and the Mississippi River. In going from Galesburgh to Quincy we saw some of the most beautiful farming country imaginable. We were exceedingly well pleased with our trip across the State, and only regretted that it was not wholly made by daylight. The system or order that appears about a farm, and the location of its buildings always add to its attractiveness as a home, and as we were passing one that answers this description my son said, "How is that for a home? I think it good enough for anybody." Yes, that farmer honors his occupation who so keeps his farm. A glance over a farm is better than the reading of an advertisement, for, when present there, one can find instantly wealth, beauty, comfort and happiness; and if one does not know what genuine farm life is, let him go to such a country home and learn a lesson. One is paid for traveling by looking on just such scenes as this. The farmer that loves his occupation honors it, aye and is honored by it also. *Whosoever watereth shall himself be watered.* Once when traveling in Pennsylvania I heard a stranger say: "I have heard of the 100-acre lot of F. C. Waid, in Crawford County. A friend who saw it in June told me it was nearly all meadow, and that it was particularly beautiful just after harvest." This remark pleased me very much, coming as

it did from a stranger, and I felt amply recompensed for the amount of labor I had expended on that meadow. On another occasion I was traveling across the State line into New York, when a stranger, who sat opposite to me in the car, spoke up and said to some one with him that he had never seen a contented Pennsylvania farmer; that they all wanted to quit farming and go into some other occupation. He was from New York State, and evidently was merely speaking in a bragging tone, but just when crossing the State line he again spoke of the alleged discontentment existing among Pennsylvania farmers, and one or two passengers replied, but not strongly enough to cause him to cease. As he seemed to be getting the better of them, and appeared proud of his position, I who had heretofore been silent arose and turned the laugh upon him, just after he had said he never expected to see a contented farmer in the whole State, by saying: "If you never have seen a contented Pennsylvania farmer, look upon one now. I was born upon a farm in Crawford County, in 1833, have always lived on a farm, I love a farm and expect to die upon a farm. I am a contented Pennsylvania farmer." When I sat down, the stranger shook hands with me, thanked me and said that he had learned something. There was a hearty laugh in the car, and we became friends at once.

I must return now to my Kansas trip. There are many changes in life, some of them so sad that neither tongue nor pen can describe them sympathetically. Disappointment comes to us all; no one can pass through life without meeting it sooner or later, and it comes at times when least expected. It was so in the case of which I am about to speak, and though time and space will not here allow me to go into detail of the sorrow that I have gone through during the last year, yet I will say it was the

deepest sorrow I have ever known, and I doubt if it be possible ever again to experience such another. This sorrow came in the loss of my beloved wife. It has done one thing for me, however, it has taught me how to sympathize with those similarly afflicted. An event full of sad interest for me was the death of Frank H. Ringer, of whose sudden calling away I had heard a few days before leaving home. He was my esteemed friend; I loved him as a brother, and I expected to enjoy many pleasant times with him, but Death, the reaper, cut him off in his prime. When Mr. Cutshall and I visited him last October for the first time, little did we think that it was doomed to be our last visit. Sometimes, my kind reader, it happens that we are to see our real friends but once in a life-time. Did you ever think of this? It was true in the case of which I speak. My acquaintance with Mr. Ringer was short, but that our love and friendship were sincere is amply proven by the letters that passed between us during the short time between our meeting and his death. I would have been present at his funeral had I not been so far distant, yet, when I reached his home at Olpe, Lyon Co., Kas., some time after his death, I visited his grave, and while fell the tear of sorrow I placed the wild verbenas and other beautiful prairie flowers above his grave. He is interred in Pleasant Ridge Cemetery, near his home. He was in his twenty-ninth year, and in death I feel that I have lost a true friend and an affectionate brother, one that I will ever bear in loving remembrance, and although not to be allowed to see him again in this life, I trust I will meet him in the better land.

This is written at the home of Mr. Freeman Tyler, one and one-half miles west from Norwood, Kas., where I am staying with my son. I was much disappointed on reaching Mr. Tyler's, to find that Miss Anna Tyler, whom I had

come especially to see, was away from home, having been called to the aid of her sister during the illness of her husband, Mr. Ringer, of whose death I have just written. Our letters had failed to reach each other for the last eight or ten days, on account of the absence of both from home. After the death of Mr. Ringer she did not return home, but remained with her sister Hattie. I went with Anna's brother to the home of the Ringers, on April 16, and staid there with him until he settled up Mr. Ringer's affairs, when we all returned to the Tyler homestead, where Hattie and little Vera would thereafter make their home. Did you ever analyze a tear to see what it contained? It contains elements of joy and of sorrow. Upon our arrival at Mrs. Ringer's home on the morning of March 16, we found there the bereaved wife and her little daughter, Vera, with Anna Tyler seated at breakfast. Our coming was a surprise to them, and for a moment the pleasure of the meeting lightened their burden of sorrow. I thought of the absent one, and the severe trial through which I had passed only the year before, and my heart went out in sympathy to this mourning family. Here were sorrow and gladness mingled, sorrow for the departed and joy at meeting loved ones. When our best earthly friends are called away we want to feel that God is with us, and that those we love on earth are ready to extend their loving sympathy, and to heal our wounds with the balm of affection. I was glad to be with them in their dark hour of affliction, and had I known the circumstances on the 13th of the month, when at Ottawa, I would have gone to Olpe instead of to Norwood. Yet as it turned out it seemed to be for the best, for by going first to Mr. Tyler's and remaining over the Sabbath, and attending Valley Chapel along with my friend, R. P. Tyler, and my son, I was enabled to accompany Mr.

Tyler on his journey to his sister's home. While at Olpe we paid a visit to Mr. Tyler's farm, at Rock Creek, six miles distant. Returning we called upon Mr. Stratton, a friend with whom we had a pleasant visit, and an interesting conversation concerning Kansas. Before reaching Olpe we visited Pleasant Ridge Cemetery, of which I have spoken before. I wish to write down a few thoughts that came to me as we left Olpe. The goods had all been packed away, and we had taken our seats on the train and bade good-bye to the friends who had come to see Mrs. Ringer, and as the train moved slowly out we turned our eyes to that attractive home just vacated, and our thoughts were sad indeed. Around it clustered the tenderest memories, joyful and sad, and now mother and daughter were leaving it behind them with heavy hearts. Little Vera sighed her good-bye, but all the sadness was not so much for the home, as for him who had made it, but had now gone to a dwelling beyond the skies. Mr. Tyler, having some business to attend to, remained in Olpe, and the rest of our party went to Emporia, where we staid for the night. I there had the pleasure of visiting with the two sisters their friend Mr. Atkinson, whom I will remember as another new friend. On the morning of the 18th of April, we arrived at Ottawa, where we were met by Mr. Tyler's conveyance and taken home. Mr. Tyler lives six miles north of Ottawa. His home is to the writer a very attractive farm-home, and I think I can give several reasons for its so being. There is one thing that is best spoken at all times, and that is the truth. We are allowed the privilege of making our wants known, and I will say that I am wanting a partner for life. Once before, when in search of a wife, I found her in a farm home, in the kitchen. I speak of the kitchen because it is the essential part of the household; it is to the house what the

main spring is to the watch, and every good wife and mother should understand housework.

To return to the incidents of the trip, I will say that when I went to Olpe my son Franklin remained at Mr. Tyler's, and as it was corn planting season he enjoyed that, for the Kansas method of planting is different from that in vogue with us. April 19 and 20 were very pleasant days, and, although I was feeling rather indisposed, I drove with Mr. R. P. Tyler, his brother Albert, and my son, to Baldwin, Media and Prairie City, a distance of ten or twelve miles. These towns are near each other, and about seven miles from Mr. Tyler's. There was a strong wind blowing, and when we reached home I was quite ill, and on Monday I was no better, so my son decided to remain until I felt an improvement. On Tuesday I was worse, and Dr. Black, Mr. Tyler's family physician, was called in, who in three days succeeded in breaking the fever, but I was not able to leave the house for several weeks. I am indebted to Dr. Black and the entire Tyler family for the help and faithful care bestowed upon me during my illness, and also for the general interest manifested by them in my welfare ever since I came here. Franklin did not wait to see me change my condition, but returned to his home on April 25, arriving just in time to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, John Moore, who had died very suddenly on April 25, at S. C. Derby's, in Meadville, in his seventy-eighth year. Mrs. Maria G. Moore, my son's wife's mother, died at Jamestown, Mercer Co., Penn., on the 17th of last August. I was at Jamestown the May preceding, and visited them at their home. That was the last time I saw Mrs. Moore, and when I left home upon the present trip, I parted from Mr. Moore to meet no more on earth. Only a short time ago I visited my son with Mr. Moore,

and roomed with him during the night. We greet our friends, but when we part none can tell if we will ever see them again on this side of the grave. How necessary for us to be ready when the call comes!

“Live a little while we may,
But die we must;
Then help us while we live, O Lord,
In Thee to put our trust.”

My trip to Kansas is embracing more time than any previous journey here or elsewhere, but its importance requires time, deep thought and sincere, candid reflection. The subject of marriage is one of vast importance to those entering upon its duties. Too little attention is at times given to it, and on this account it is called a lottery, a name that it should no more bear than that business should be called a farce. When I returned from my first trip to Kansas, I was met by a particular friend who, knowing where I had been, said: “Well, how do you like Kansas?” “I like the country and climate exceedingly,” I replied. “Did you invest?” “Yes,” I said, for how could I speak otherwise when I had invested my all in matrimony? He seemed somewhat surprised and was anxious to know if I intended going West to locate. I told him that much as I liked the West I liked Crawford County better, and had no intention of removing. This conversation occurred last fall, and as I sit to-day writing this in the home of Mr. Tyler, with Anna Tyler writing at the same table, I feel that I have every reason to be thankful to Almighty God for His blessing; especially am I grateful to him for sparing my life and crowning this year with happiness. Yesterday, June 2, 1889, I attended the Christian Sunday-school and church at Norwood. A collection was taken for missionary purposes, and when it amounted to only \$2.88, I

was reminded of some of our own small church collection at home, and so at the close of the service I handed the treasurer a like amount, thus doubling the contribution. *The Lord loveth a cheerful giver*, and may I ever do His work with a cheerful heart and willing hand.

I wish to say a word concerning the lighter and fairer products of Kansas soil. Fruit and flowers are in great luxuriance here, particularly (among fruit) peaches and cherries, and (among flowers) roses, of which latter there is great variety. Apples do not promise so well as peaches, yet there will be a fair yield. The weather continues beautiful, and all Nature is smiling.

"All good things around us
 Are sent from Heav'n above;
 Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank the Lord
 For all his bounteous love."

In order that my "right hand might not forget her cunning," speaking as a tiller of the soil, I kept myself in some degree of practice by mowing the grass about the yard and house for a few days, and the exercise I found did me good. Two of the letters I received from Meadville, yesterday (June 5), brought me intelligence of the death at Titusville, Penn., of Ruth Ann Goodwill, and of her burial at Blooming Valley Cemetery, May 31. She was one of my scholars at Blooming Valley, in 1852, and we had always kept up a cordial acquaintance. Last January I visited her for the last time, she being then very ill.

Things went on from day to day much the same at Mr. Tyler's, with occasioned variation, and I found myself gradually becoming stronger, and in a more composed frame of mind. My diary now brings me to the memorable "Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly."

OTTAWA CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

June 18, to 28. inclusive, was a long-to-be-remembered period in the annals of Ottawa, Kas. The galaxy of talent and the vast crowds attracted thither on the occasion are of rare occurrence anywhere, and I had made up my mind to become one of the many there assembled. Accordingly, in the forenoon of the first day (June 18), I took train for Norwood; thence, after some delay, owing to non-connection of trains, proceeded to Ottawa, where I arrived in the afternoon in time to be present at part of the exercises, but too late to hear the opening address.

When I come to reflect it seems to me that now, in the early autumn of my life, I do a good deal of traveling, and I confess I see and appreciate its value. It does a man good to "rub up against the world," and without travel, like a sword kept too long in the scabbard, he is liable to get rusty. When a boy I often entertained a wish to travel, and now I have no cause to complain on that score.

But to return to my Ottawa trip. I found that city very pleasant, and Forest Park looking resplendent in spite of the swollen river having encroached considerably on its limits. There is one tree, an elm, in the park, beneath whose shade I wrote some of my diary, that is five feet in diameter at the trunk, and probably over a century old. They are already making great preparations here for the "Fourth" and the "Chautauqua Assembly" is creating no little commotion in all quarters. Each church denomination has its own headquarters on the ground in front of the Tabernacle, as well as the Y. M. C. A. and W. C. T. U. I purchased a "season ticket," price \$1.50, which entitles me to "entrance and exit at pleasure." As you pass in at the main entrance to Forest Park, on the right hand is the Assembly Hall; on the left, near the

river, is the boarding dining room, on the left before you come to the Tabernacle, between the gate and the Tabernacle; then, farther on, is the little tent village, ensconced in a beautiful grove of trees, and near this are the Normal Hall and Hall of Philosophy, which latter is located very near the river bank on a rise of ground, beautifully situated, as the tent village lies in front and Normal Hall near by.

On the evening of the 18th I listened to a lecture delivered by Peter Mamreoff Von Finkelstein, a native of Jerusalem, and a man of, I should think, about fifty years of age. This lecture, for teaching and explaining the Scriptures, excelled any discourse, I believe, I ever heard. He was dressed in Oriental costume, as was also the party of Syrians who accompanied him and who assisted in his lectures by practical illustrations of Eastern and Biblical scenes, and in several tableaux.

Wednesday, June 19—Attended a discourse at the Tabernacle, with Bible readings about Samael. He was a good boy, and early learned obedience. The speaker said that if a child at five years of age did not mind his parents or guardians he would never be obedient, and we should be careful to teach our children lessons of obedience. Rev. Sam P. Jones came to-day. He is of medium size; fair complexion; quick step; dark hair; has a moustache, and a keen eye. Rev. D. C. Milner is a man of medium size, somewhat tanned by the sun, and has a full beard, though not long. Mr. Von Finkelstein gave, with some twenty others dressed in rich Eastern attire, a most instructive entertainment to an immense audience. His description of Jerusalem and its people, both ancient and modern, was most graphic and edifying, and made the Bible dearer to me than ever, if such could be possible. To-night I heard Rev. S. P. Jones lecture on the

subject, "Get There." The audience was large, and by his pointed remarks and truthful sayings he made considerable impression on his hearers.

Thursday, June 20—This morning I met Rev. S. P. Jones at the park gateway, and as I passed through I remarked to the gate-keeper, "That's Sam Jones." "Yes," replied some one, "that's the *critter!*" "Well," I said, "he is a peculiar man, but he draws a large crowd." Listened to several interesting lectures—Chemistry (with experiments), Energy and Force, etc.—all most instructive, by Prof. James T. Edwards, of Randolph, N. Y. Also heard Col. George W. Bain, of Kentucky, lecture on "Temperance." Col. Bain has just come from Pennsylvania, where he had been lecturing on "Constitutional Amendment," and reports 180,000 against it. Anna and Mr. Tyler came into Ottawa to-day by horse and buggy, and I saw them long enough just to chat for a few moments. In the evening, Rev. S. P. Jones, on "Temperance."

Friday, June 21—Great crowd to-day, as weather is more pleasant after some refreshing showers. Dr. H. R. Palmer's (of New York) musical class is no small addition in the entertainment of the people. Heard Dr. Pentecost's Bible readings, and Dr. Hays, of Kansas City, lecture on "Church Organizations." Two years ago (1887) I sent Rev. Sam P. Jones a copy of my SOUVENIR. Now to-day, at his room in the Assembly Hall, at 10:30 A. M., according to prior arrangement, I had the pleasure of handing him another copy, which he accepted, thanking me, and saying he would write to me and give me his opinion of the book. Mr. Jones then wrote my address in the back part of the volume. During the interview I asked him if he was acquainted with T. L. Flood, of Meadville, and he said he was. I stated to him my ob-

ject in writing the SOUVENIR, and what I wished to do for the Lord, as I owed everything to Him, saying I wished to "Get There"—that is to Heaven; yes, GET THERE. I have heard Mr. Jones twice here, and have listened to him most attentively each time, one reason being that I heard him lecture and preach at Chautauqua, N. Y., in 1887, and I am glad of yet another opportunity to hear him this afternoon at the Tabernacle. I should add that Mr. Jones, in turning over the leaves of the SOUVENIR, stopped at the portraits of Eliza and myself, and remarked of mine that it reminded him of a friend, and of Eliza's he said: "That is a fair, noble face." I then told him that my wife had died July 4, 1888. This, the fourth day of the Assembly, ended with a grand concert by the Assembly chorus under Dr. Palmer, listened to by a large audience.

Saturday, June 22—Having some bank business involving the sum of \$3,000, and other private affairs to attend to, I took a run "home," returning in the afternoon to Ottawa, and bringing with me, from Mr. Tyler's, John Cavinee, who is stopping at the same hotel. We visited several places of interest in Ottawa, including the stand-pipe and North Ottawa; also took a trip in the little pleasure steamboat "Gertie." In the evening, grand parade of children, speeches, music, etc.

Sunday, June 23—Attended Sunday-school for adults at the Tabernacle, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut being the teacher, and his lesson "The Resurrection." Rev. Wilbur L. Davidson, of Cincinnati, filled Dr. William Butler's place at the Tabernacle, latter being sick. Prayers were offered up for him, and Mr. Davidson said he would see him soon and let him know how the people of Ottawa remembered him on that day in prayer. The subject of Rev. Davidson's discourse was 2 Cor. iv: 17: *For our light*

affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. In the evening the Young Men's Christian Association held a temperance meeting, which was well attended. I shook hands with the secretary of the association, Mr. Maurice McMullen,* who was from Meadville, Penn. Also attended song service at the Tabernacle.

Monday, June 24—Bright and early this cold morning I was in the park, seated on the river bank, pencil and note-book in hand, and much I wrote, which space in this volume will not admit of. From many passing events and scenes I was always learning a lesson, and everything seemed to me like an animated Panopticon. To-day I rode over from the town to the park with Mr. McMullen, who kindly invited me to a seat with him in his carriage. In the evening I returned to Mr. Tyler's, and found Rouelle waiting for the mail at Norwood, but my business required me to go in person to the farm, instead of writing.

Tuesday, June 25—Returned to Ottawa in time to hear Dr. Hays again. I truly love to hear him speak, his words are so full of instruction, and his delivery most pleasing. After dinner I went to the First National Bank of Ottawa to transact some business with Mr. Freeman Tyler, his daughter, Anna E., being with us. Just before Mr. and Miss Tyler's arrival at Ottawa I had attended a grand lecture at the Tabernacle on the subject "The Pleasures of Our Country." After dinner I heard Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago, discourse on "Grumblers." his lecture being full of instruction and amusement. He maintained that the best cure for grumblers was *work*. In the evening Bishop John H. Vincent, LL. D., the

* Robert McMullen (deceased), father of Maurice and a blacksmith by occupation, was a friend and acquaintance of my father as well as a friend of mine, and I always esteemed him a good man. His widow is living in Meadville now.

Founder and Chancellor of "Chautauqua," whom I have frequently seen and heard, delivered a very fine lecture entitled "Among the Heights," in the course of which he said that we, in Ottawa, were 850 feet above the level of the sea; then went on describing heights of land everywhere till he reached the Yosemite Valley, his description of which, with its hills and mountains, rocks and waterfalls, rivers and cataracts, was really sublime.

Wednesday, June 26—This is "Recognition Day." Bible-reading by Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, of New York. (Wrote to C. R. Slocum, Esq., of Saegerstown, Crawford County, Penn., and to my son, Fred F., at Meadville.) Heard Dr. Hays to-day, and think him one of the most common and practical of preachers that I know of; but I shall ever remember him with pleasure. His subject to-day was "Systematizing the Pastor's Own Work." In speaking of the various churches he compared them to different railroads all doing business of the same nature but under different organizations. This afternoon they are getting ready (decorating, etc.) for Bishop Vincent, whom I heard address the boys at Assembly Hall, and afterward the girls (Mrs. Kennedy's class) at Normal Hall. And now the procession is formed, with the "Chautauqua Literary Scientific Circle" in beautiful line; graduates, advanced Normal and Normal, then mediates and intermediates and boys and girls from twelve to fourteen, both white and colored. After the entire line was formed they marched, headed by a band, through decorated archways to the several halls, and then to the Tabernacle, where seats were reserved for all the classes. Here was rendered an instructive and entertaining program, consisting mainly of music. "Recognition Address," by Bishop Vincent, and the conferring of diplomas upon the class of 1889. In the evening came the

grand camp-fire of the C. L. S. C. At the setting of the sun I stepped on board the "Gertie" and enjoyed a delightful sail on the pond, which looks not unlike the outlet of Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. I sat beside the gentleman who lectured on "Pleasures of Our Country," and I thought that even in this little boat-ride I was enjoying one of the many pleasures of life for the small sum of ten cents. About 9 o'clock, after the bonfire of the C. L. S. C. had died out, all repaired to the Tabernacle, where was assembled the largest audience I had yet seen, to enjoy the rendering of an amusing and instructive program, of which the following is a *verbatim* copy:

PROGRAM OF THE I B U!

WAIT UNTIL THE GHOSTS APPEAR!

"CATCH AS CATCH CAN."—Dr. Milner.

Opening Remarks.....	Dr. Hurlbut
Peter Von * * * * *	Mr. Jerusalem
Lecture	Sam Jones
Class Song.....	I. B. U. Chorus
Chemical Experiments.....	Dr. Edwards
Cornet Solo.....	Miss Anna Park
Lecture (with gestures) ..	Col. Bain
Stereopticon Illustrations.....	W. L. Davidson
Solo.....	Madam Bianca Salveteri Romana Etc. Carrington
Lecture.....	Dr. Hays
Speechification.....	Dr. Henson
Song.....	I. B. U. Chorus
Presentation of Diplomas.....	Bishop Vincent
Instrumental Duet (with encore).....	I. B. U.'s

WAIT UNTIL THE GHOSTS DISAPPEAR!

Thursday, June 27—The tenth day of the Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly opened this morning under a sunny sky. I attended Bible reading at the Tabernacle, and

heard again the stories of David and Samuel. Dr. Hurlbut's description of the Psalmist and his abilities was most interesting. I had, after the reading, an entertaining conversation with a Presbyterian clergyman, who owns three farms in Coffey County, which he is desirous of selling in order to remove to the East. He stated that his sons did not care for farming, and that like most young men in that region wished to go to the populous centers, where they could make more money, saying, that young men of the present day preferred speculating and trading to good hard farm-work. At 10 o'clock Miss Anna Park gave a concert in the Tabernacle, which was followed by a similar entertainment at a later hour. The motto of the Chautauqua Assembly at Ottawa is "Knowledge unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold." Some people think the Ghost play at the Tabernacle last evening was overdone; I think it would have been better left undone entirely. The Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly should have complete control of its grounds and entertainments, and should submit to no outside pressure. I am writing this near Philosophy Hall, upon the river bank, a favorite spot of mine, and when I reach home my thoughts will wander pleasantly back to this sylvan nook. The little steamer, "Gertie," has just passed, and the waves she made are washing the bank at my feet. I rode upon the boat last evening, and as we drifted I found a deep and pleasurable satisfaction in the ever-changing scene on the shore. The white tents with their background of leafy green, the children darting hither and thither in their parti-colored dresses, all went to make up a picture long to dwell within the memory. Since sitting here within the shadow of Philosophy Hall a gentleman from Connecticut and a party of ladies have come and stood by my side. They are good conversa-

tionalists, and I enjoy listening to them. But a word about the concert this afternoon; a young boy and his sister, from Missouri, played the violin remarkably well, and are very attractive in their appearance. Solos were given by two young men, and also by Mrs. Carrington and Miss Park, chorus singing by the choir filling the rest of the program. The weather has been extremely hot, the thermometer marking 94° at noon. One makes many friends in the course of ten days, and I find myself when writing on the river bank continually accosted by those with whom I have formed more or less acquaintance since coming here. The little steamer "Gertie," I think must be getting rich to-day for she is now pulling out upon her third trip. The captain told me a day or two ago that times were dull, but I think he is now reaping a harvest. The heat of the day has dried up the mud caused by the overflow of the river, and the seats along the bank of the stream under the shade of the trees are more accessible and far more comfortable. I saw a lady to-day, sitting beneath the shade of a tree and standing her things on a seat, making a pretty sketch of the Locust Street bridge, which crosses the river just below the park. It struck me this evening as I stood upon the Main Street bridge, that I had never experienced such oppressive weather. As is sometimes the case in Kansas, there was positively no air astir, and the least exertion caused actual discomfort. I have heard of hot waves in Kansas, and if this is not one of them it bears a remarkably startling resemblance. I expect to return to Mr. Tyler's to-morrow, the last day of the Assembly.

Friday, June 28—This is "Grand Army Day," and the last day of the Chautauqua Assembly, for which great preparations have been made. In the forenoon we had addresses by U. S. Sen. John J. Ingalls, chairman of

the day, and Gov. Lyman U. Humphry of Kansas. In the afternoon, addresses by Hon. Henry Booth, Department Commander of the G. A. R., and Corporal James Tanner, U. S. Commissioner of Pensions. In the evening, camp fire and addresses by Ex-Gov. George T. Anthony and others. One of the speakers spoke of the time when Kansas was on the border of civilization and had so many a hard struggle; he eulogized the people for what they had done in bringing a fertile land from an unfruitful soil, so that now Kansas can raise enough in one year to last her five. Speaking of the war he said: "Kansas, in proportion to her population, sent more men to the front than any other State in the Union. More soldiers went from her borders than there were voters in the State." The choir sang "Marching Through Georgia," and Miss Park played the clarionet, thus adding musical features to the day. Sen. Ingalls is tall, slender and a little gray, but withal fine looking. The Tabernacle was filled to overflowing by people anxious to hear his speeches. He paid a deserved tribute to the G. A. R. boys, and to the State of Kansas. He began quietly, but soon, like Dr. Vincent, was "towering among the heights." In the evening occurred another meeting that was interesting and entertaining in the highest degree. There were patriotic songs and speeches, and the day, and with it the Assembly, closed crowned with success. I was so delighted with the noted good men whom I had seen and heard, that I bought their pictures of Mr. Corwin, the photographer, along with the views of Ottawa. The portraits were those of Revs. J. H. Vincent, D. D., T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., J. L. Hurlbut, D. D.; Rev. Sam P. Jones; Dr. H. R. Palmer; Rev. D. C. Milner, Mr. Finkelstein and Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy").

Saturday, June 29—This forenoon I visited Ottawa

University, which was built in 1866. A new one has been commenced and is already up to the second story; the grounds, I understand, comprise 400 acres. After transacting some bank business I left Ottawa at 3:15 P. M. for Norwood, arriving in the evening at the Tyler Farm in good health and spirits.

THE TOPEKA CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

July 1, 1889—This morning I am to leave Mr. Freeman Tyler's to go to Topeka, Kas., where I intend spending several days, in order to attend the Chautauqua Assembly, and to view the city, which is the capital of the State. I have made my home at the house of Mr. Tyler since April 13, and now, having an opportunity to visit the city mentioned, I feel that I ought to take advantage of it. Mr. Tyler, before buying the farm where he now resides, lived in Topeka, for two or three months, at 369 Van Buren Street. When I reached Norwood on this bright July morning, I found that I had missed the train by about five minutes, and I concluded to walk to Baldwin, a distance of six miles, rather than wait until the afternoon; and so out I set despite the hot sun that a winter suit rendered rather uncomfortable. As I had about seven hours in which to make the trip, I did not hurry, but, walking leisurely along, I stopped in the shadow of the Valley Chapel, to make some entries in my note book, and then started eastward. I am at Baldwin at last, tired, faint, hungry and thirsty, after a tramp of ten or twelve miles. I must admit now that I was dressed altogether too warmly for a July day, especially so considering the fact that my walk was prolonged far beyond my anticipation. I turned in the wrong direction at one time, and, finally, upon inquiry, I found myself farther

from my destination than when I started.* I turned about and reached here as I have described. At a farm-house, on my way, I stopped and asked for a cup of water. It was given me readily by the ladies of the house, and I must say that I have rarely tasted anything so thoroughly good. This little incident put me in mind of the passage of Scripture, concerning a cup of cold water given in the Master's name, and I have since studied the passage anew. I am now writing in a restaurant, where I have eaten, drank and been refreshed. I am not sorry I took the walk, although I did lose my way and travel farther than I intended, for there is a lesson in it, and one by which I shall profit. I enjoyed looking at the fine farms as I walked along; the green corn in fields of a hundred acres, and the large tracts of timothy grass just ready for the scythe, were enough to delight the eye of any farmer who held in his heart a love for his calling. I left Baldwin between three and four o'clock, and am now, in the early evening, at Lawrence, where I intend calling on Rev. James Marvin, who left Meadville fourteen years ago, as I was informed by his daughter with whom I conversed while waiting his return home.

While there he was frequently called into the country to preach and make addresses, and, meeting him often, I formed a strong attachment for him. I had about two hours and one-half at Lawrence, and the time proved to be composed of golden moments for me. I walked from the depot, which is a splendid structure, a short distance up the street, until I found a boy, who was picking cherries. He kindly went into the house, and, securing a directory, found that Mr. Marvin resided at 1605 Vermont Street. Thither I bent my steps, but was

* How early to go the wrong way, when we consult pleasure, and think we have plenty of time! The benefit I derived from losing my way was a view of the country, and an experience of kindness shown me by strangers.—F. C. Waid.

disappointed at not finding Mr. Marvin at home. His house is a fine commodious dwelling, with large grounds and ample shade. A short distance up the walk leading to the house, and at the edge of a beautiful terrace, sat a lady reading, who rose, as I neared her, and greeted me. When I introduced myself she gave me a chair, and we entered into conversation about old times and a contemplated visit of Mr. Marvin to Prof. A. B. Hyde, of Denver, Colo. We spoke, also, of the beautiful home in which they resided, and that appeared to me to be a combination of city and country. I left shortly, not having much time before the departure of my train, and on the way to the depot I met Mr. Marvin and his wife driving homeward. I hailed them without hesitancy, and, walking into the middle of the street, I said, "Is not this Mr. James Marvin, of Meadville, Penn.?" "Yes," was the response. I told him briefly of my call upon him for the sake of old times, and that I remembered his sermons with interest and him with affection. I spoke of the SOUVENIR, saying that it was intended for my kindred and friends, and as I surely counted him as one of the latter, I wished him to accept one. He thanked me very kindly for the offer, and I promised to send him a copy, and to write to him upon my return home.* Our interview was not very prolonged, but was pleasantly satisfactory, and when, as I left, he pronounced a benediction, by saying, "The blessing of the Lord be with you," I felt amply repaid for all my labor, and went rejoicing on my way. I reached the depot in time for my train, and ere long was in Topeka, the beautiful capital of Kansas. The State house is a magnificent structure, but not yet completed. There will be work to the extent of four years

*My promise was really not filled till December 11, 1889, when I wrote him a letter and sent him a copy of the SOUVENIR.—F. C. Waid.

yet to come before the building will be finished. Near the capital is a handsome brick library, stone trimmed, for the use of the city. Bethany College, also, is not far distant, and is a handsome stone building, covered with a beautiful climbing ivy, and surrounded by stately evergreens. After visiting the college, and going partly through the capitol, I called on Guild & Walworth, makers of monuments, etc., to ask prices and look at their work, in the interest of a friend. Their place of business is not far from the State house.

July 2—I am seated in the amphitheatre of the Topeka Chautauqua Assembly grounds. The building is circular, rises like a dome, and from the outside presents a fine appearance. The audience is not large, and the rain has rather a dampening effect upon the spirits as well as upon the clothes. The platform within the amphitheatre is well arranged and has a drop curtain that gives a theatrical effect to the interior. Greenland Park, where the Assembly is held, is about four miles from the city. An electric railway runs to the grounds upon a track that curves frequently and sharply. I have met again the excursionist, Rev. L. J. Dyke, of Coffeyville, Osage County, where he has been located for four years. I met him at the Ottawa Assembly, and in a number of other places since I first saw him in the Santa Fé depot several weeks ago. From him I have learned something of the method of arranging and carrying through the plans of an excursion. Prior to this year the Assembly has been held in North Topeka, at Garfield Park, but now Greenfield Park is the chosen spot. It is new and not yet beautified by art to any extent, while Nature herself has done but little. The cost of admission to the Assembly, including car fare, is but 20 cents.

July 3—I am a guest at the Ohio Hotel, where for

moderate prices one gets good accommodations, and I wish to remain here until the 5th. I will make this my headquarters. The hotel is on Fifth Street, near the Santa Fé depot, which itself is opposite the State House. The depot is a fine brick structure, and in it are located the offices of the road. The postoffice is a stone edifice that is an ornament to the central part of the city, where it is located. Washburn College is situated at a distance of about three miles from my hotel, and I am now taking a look at the stone building situated in a park amid beautiful surroundings. It is vacation time and the students are away, and I am sitting unmolested on the portico writing in my diary, and enjoying the view that from here is very beautiful. I would like to go to the top of the building whence even a better sight may be obtained of the city and its environs. The Library building near the college is handsome. As I came to the college from my hotel I passed the Commercial Business College, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the State House, Bethany College and the Santa Fé office buildings. The college ground comprises, I should judge, about twenty acres, well kept and beautified by art as well as by nature. I have just heard some one within the building, and now the door opens and a colored man admits me, and I am at liberty to climb to the roof and take in the view that I have wished. The scene is grand in the extreme, and, combining as it does the solidity of the city with the beauty of the country, long stretches of beautiful fields and rivers of water, might well appeal to the eye and brush of an artist. The Insane Asylum, away in the distance, presents a fine view.

It is high noon, and I am now at Garfield Park, six miles from the place of writing the above—Washburn College. This pleasure ground is not over twenty acres

in extent, and at this hour is undergoing a transformation into a gala day appearance, for to-morrow will be the Fourth of July. Stands are going up in all directions, row-boats are getting into position to catch the morrow's trade, and all are animated by the spirit of preparation. Standing near me is a colored man mowing; I approach him and ask him to loan me the scythe for a moment. He complied willingly with my request, and shortly I was swinging the scythe as though I was at home. I told the man I loved the name of Garfield, and wished when I reached home to say that I had cut grass in a park named for our second martyred president. Leaving Garfield Park I rode to the Insane Asylum, which consists of a group of stone buildings situated within beautiful grounds. There are between 700 and 800 inmates occupying nine wards, two of which have been recently added, and are in a brick building, at some distance from the main portion of the asylum. The grounds are neatly kept, and at one time I saw ten lawn-mowers in operation. I saw very little of the inside of the buildings, much preferring to remain amid the beautiful surroundings of the institution to going inside and looking on the unfortunates, whose darkened minds have rendered necessary their incarceration. I have at length been accurately informed on the subject of street railways in Topeka, and I find that there are eighteen miles of electric road and twenty-four miles upon which horses form the motive power. Late in the afternoon of this July day, I reached the Topeka fair grounds. They are well situated and have substantial buildings upon them. It is difficult to tell just where Topeka ends and the country begins; the city has a population of sixty thousand, but so spread out is it that there is much room for growth yet remaining within the city limits. I have seen a good deal of the

city to-day, having ridden twenty-five or thirty miles within the last ten hours. To-morrow will be the Fourth of July, a day to me of the saddest memories, for upon it, one year ago, I lost my wife.

July 4—The boys began celebrating early last evening, and kept up the racket all night, much to the annoyance of staid and elderly citizens who wished to sleep. It is now early in the morning but the celebration is at its height. The Chautauqua Assembly closes to-day at Greenfield Park, and at Garfield Park there are to be sports of all kinds, including something unique in its way, namely, an ostrich race. The main business street, Kansas Avenue, is gay with bunting and alive with people called from their homes by the spirit of the day; it presents an animated and pleasing sight. At noon I went to the Assembly and heard war-time readings that were particularly interesting. The crowd was much larger than on the occasion of my first visit. At Garfield Park the crowd was dense, men, women and children, from city and country being present in throngs. The admission fee was but ten cents, and considering the program of sports, this was almost ridiculously cheap. There were boat, tub, bicycle and other races, and various laughable contests. The park is admirably situated for a celebration, easy of access and conveniently arranged. I wish before leaving the subject to speak of the broad streets and avenues of Topeka. They are lined by double rows of trees, and upon many streets the trees border a grass plat fifteen feet wide, between sidewalk and roadway.

July 5—I attended a meeting of the Salvation Army last evening. The methods of these people are somewhat peculiar, but I believe them to be sincere in the work that they are doing. I left Topeka at 7 A. M. to-day, and having a short time to remain at Lawrence I

visited the University of Kansas, which stands on the most prominent height in Lawrence, and is superbly situated. I visited the institution in company with a gentleman whom I had met on the train, and whom I found afterward to be Mr. Warner M. Reateman, a lawyer from Cincinnati. We were kindly shown through the different departments, in one of which I recognized the portrait of my friend, Rev. James Marvin, which I was pleased to see. Then on reaching the top of the building we had a grand view, not only of Lawrence but also of the surrounding country, including the Indian School, one and a half miles distant. I observed that there is beautiful farming country about Lawrence. Taking it all in all, my trip to Topeka was thoroughly satisfactory, and I arrived at Mr. Tyler's home with a mind stored with additional facts about the great West.



I now find I am again becoming retrospective in my diary, which day by day, often hour by hour, I have carefully kept for a long time back, and I have no desire in these pages to change its nature. As I have already said my eldest son, Franklin, and I left Meadville for Kansas, April 10, 1889. I was then in very indifferent health, and had been during all last winter, feeling often that I was left alone to cope with the ills of life. But of this I have already spoken more fully.

Words fail me in the expression of the debt of gratitude and love I owe Miss Anna E Tyler, for her help,



FRANCIS C. AND ANNA E. WAID, 1889.

"Born with pen in hand."

love and devotion during my illness, while at the residence of her father, and for her unceasing energy and watchfulness in bringing about my recovery, and now I humbly trust that Anna may be repaid with interest by a kind and true-hearted husband, as I hope to prove myself. And I am here disposed to quote a few lines from the sayings of Dr. Samuel Johnson on the subject of second marriage. Among other things he writes: "A man, by taking a second wife pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man that he wishes to be so a second time."

Several of my friends have died since I came to Kansas, and I find old "landmarks" dropping off one by one. I know not when I may be called away; perhaps death may supersede marriage, and humbly I think of the Thirty-ninth Psalm, more especially, in my present frame of mind, of the fourth verse: *Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.*

" Lord, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend."

As the day approaches when I shall be united to Anna E. Tyler, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part," my mind naturally reverts to my first marriage which took place upon a Sabbath day, much like unto this in the glory of its sunshine. I feel that it can not seem out of place upon this day for me to advert to that other and olden time, when in the spring-time of youth Eliza and I were joined together. I feel rather that it should add to our pleasure to honor her blessed memory. We had prayed upon the morning of

our marriage that our life might resemble the day that had opened before us, and that our spirits might sink to rest as beautifully and as peacefully as the sun sank at even behind the western hills. Our prayer as far as life went was answered, and Eliza's death was surrounded by all that makes the close of life a time of peace. But to resume my narrative.



The time has arrived for me to make ready for the ceremony, which will shortly be performed by the Rev. Mr. Boaz. In taking Anna E. Tyler as my beloved wife, I know that I am doing that which will prove a blessing unto me, and with perfect trust and confidence I place my future in her hands, praying that with equal trust she may confide hers to me. It is now four o'clock. Albert Tyler and family, Mrs. Dewitt Tyler with little Franklin, Mrs. Ringer and Vera, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Sr., Albert Tyler and John Cavinee are present. It is now evening; Mr. Boaz arrived at six o'clock, and Anna and I were married in the presence of sixteen persons, at her father's house. Immediately after the ceremony a supper was given, and all enjoyed themselves informally. I gave the officiating clergyman several photographs, including the family group of 1885, one of Eliza and myself, and another that Anna and I had taken recently.

July 8—Our marriage seems to have made but little change in the household; it is true that Anna E. Tyler is now Anna E. Waid, but this morning she is engaged as

usual in household affairs, which, under her direction, continue in the "even tenor of their way." For myself, I took a scythe and mowed the door-yard, and afterward helped Mr. Tyler put up a quantity of hay in the field. It was harvest time, and what more natural than that I should help my new relatives in a work which I loved for its own sake. You will see from this short account of Monday's doings that our marriage caused hardly a ripple in the quiet waters of the Tylers' domestic life.

July 9—This day passed as quietly as its predecessor. I drove in to Ottawa with Mr. Tyler, and, making some small purchases, returned, and went to work in the hay-field. I wish to say a few words at the close of this beautiful day, and as twilight closes in upon me, about the happiness of my present condition. You will realize it, my dear reader, when you can thoroughly understand the truth that is contained in the words of Solomon: *He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.* I was cast down in loneliness for many months, and I felt the need of a wife, a companion and a loving helpmate, and now that my wish has been gratified, I must thank the good Lord for this blessing, as well as for the many blessings that throng my pathway.

July 10—I went into Ottawa this morning with nearly all the members of the family, upon business of some importance, and returning, I sought the field, and for a while stacked oats. There are fifteen acres of oats upon the farm, and they are gathered without binding and stacked upon the ground without a vail platform, a method that is quite new to me.

July 11-15—These days passed off with no event occurring worthy of particular notice. I worked upon the farm, wrote a few letters, and transacted some business.

My wife and I intend starting for Meadville to-morrow, and upon our way will stop at Chicago, where I have some business to transact, and will then proceed if possible, to the home of Frank Tyler, in Monroe, Ill., where my father-in-law once lived. I left Meadville in seed-time, I will reach it in harvest.

July 16—After a visit of over three months' duration in Kansas, I will leave to-day, accompanied by my wife, for Meadville. There have been a few trials since my leaving home, but they have in their way been a blessing. In this life we have day and night, sunshine and storm, good and ill, and yet after all, we may believe that all the diversified phases of life are intended for our good.

“The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain.”

GOLDSMITH.

Anna and I bade good-by to her father and mother at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and drove to Ottawa, where, having a few hours to spare before leaving, we called upon friends and relatives, to say a few parting words. While in town I purchased Anna a Waltham watch,* price \$35, and in the afternoon we left Ottawa and its cherished associations far behind us, and sped on our way to Kansas City and Chicago, *via* Chicago & Alton Railroad, arriving at the latter city at 1 P. M., Wednesday, the 17th inst. Anna enjoyed the trip exceedingly, especially when crossing the great rivers, the Missouri and Mississippi. She was so much pleased with the C. & A. road on account of the evenness of its road-bed and the excellence of its coaches, etc., that she

* My watch (an “Elgin,” price \$18) is a gift from my youngest son since my return from Kansas. The chain was presented by my cousin, as mentioned elsewhere in the *SOUVENIR*. I am glad it has come to me, a token from near kindred whom I will never forget. If I had had the choice of donor, I believe I would have selected Eliza. We had talked the matter over, but it was put off, and I accept it now in behalf of her memory from my son.—F. C. Waid.

expressed a wish to travel over the same route again. She says it is the best road she ever traveled on. Entering Illinois, we came once more upon a country productive to the highest degree, and one which I have before described, when I traveled through it on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad; through the rich State we sped, until we reached the gates of the great city of the lakes. We rested for a few hours, dined, and then journeyed toward Monroe Center, Ill., seventy-five miles west of Chicago, where I was to meet relatives and friends whom I had never seen before. At the depot in Monroe we were met with the warmest possible reception, and with a kindness that put me at once at my ease. As I have said before, Monroe Center was at one time the home of my wife, prior to her father's removal to Kansas, and these relatives whom I met and who were so kind, were hers. Freeman Tyler's father, a Revolutionary soldier, is buried here, and I, with my wife, paid a visit to his grave, in Monroe Cemetery, and to the resting places of other relatives. I neglected to copy the inscription on the monument, but give it as best I can from memory: "Ezra Tyler, aged ninety-one years and eighteen days; and Fannie, his wife, aged seventy-six years." This aged couple had six children, three sons and three daughters; Freeman, the eldest son, has four sons and two daughters; Silas D.,* the second son, has three sons and three daughters, while Horace C., the youngest son, who died ten years ago, left four daughters and two sons. I can not refrain from writing a few words concerning the memory of this visit to my wife's relatives. When meeting a person for the first time, an impression, favorable or unfavor-

* From what I saw and learned, Silas Tyler, I think, is one of the enterprising business men of the community, of which there are not a few, as the thrift of the town and farms indicates. We were pleased with our visit, and, having an extra visit with Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Tyler, at Mr. Sweet's, I became quite well acquainted with uncle and aunt.—F. C. Waid.

able, is at once made upon our minds; a good impression may need cultivation, the bad one will grow like a weed, untended. I am glad to say that my newly found relatives made a loving impression upon my heart and mind, and I only pray that I proved as acceptable to them as they have proven dear to me. A remark was made about me at Monroe, Ottawa and other places, that I regard as a great compliment; it was to the effect that I resemble Abraham Lincoln. Frank A. Tyler, my brother-in-law, met us at the depot and drove us to his farm about four miles distant, and there, during our stay, we made our headquarters. L. J. Roger, a cousin, with his wife and two children, were staying with Mr. Tyler, and I formed a strong attachment for this family, the members of which reside in Beloit, Wis. It was a source of enjoyment to me to look over Mr. Tyler's farm, which I consider a model in all respects, and one of which he might justly be proud. Hay, oats and rye were in good condition, and fruit plentiful. Corn, owing to the wet season, was slightly backward. Our visit to Monroe will long dwell in my memory as one of the pleasant episodes of my life.

“ We say it for an hour or for years,
 We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
 We say it coldly, say it with a kiss,
 And yet we have no other word than this,
 “ Good-by.” ”

We said the sad word good-by to our friends on the morning of July 22, and reaching Chicago in a short time, we spent the day in the city. We first called upon my friends and publishers, J. H. Beers & Co., at whose office we also saw my loved friend, Mr. G. A. Baker, editor of the *SOUVENIR*. After a brief visit Anna and I went to Lincoln Park, which was much more beautiful than when my son and I saw it in the spring. Save at the

Centennial Exhibition, I have never seen so many beautiful flowers at one time. The beds were well kept and handsomely arranged, the colors blending harmoniously and producing soft and pleasing effects, and I realized the benefit of having my wife with me to point out the beauties of the various plants and flowers; as when we two stood at the foot of Niagara Falls, both viewing that one of Nature's grandest works, the sublimity of which awed us into reverence, till by faith we could look from Nature up to Nature's God with our hearts content with pleasure. Surely, I thought, husband and wife can help each other. The animals in Lincoln Park, the miniature lakes, the walks and the trees were all a source of pleasure to us. Before leaving the park we took a last look at the statue of Abraham Lincoln. On our way toward the city proper, we passed the residence of Potter Palmer, which I consider one of the finest dwelling places in the country. We visited the water works tower, the board of trade and other buildings, and finally left Chicago in the evening for Meadville, via Marion, Ohio.

July 24—We reached Meadville to-day, and thus my second Kansas trip was brought to a successful close, after an absence of one hundred and five days. I found that many changes had occurred during my absence, not less than ten acquaintances and friends having died, quite a number had married, and others had moved away, while some strangers had come to reside in our midst. George Hamilton and Miss Amy Ellis were married April 23, my birthday. The State Road had been widened and improved, especially on the hill just west of the Methodist Episcopal Church, where a number of bowlders had been removed, and a large one that for years had been a landmark was buried from sight. We have received and paid many visits since we reached

home, and our welcome from old friends and from my kindred has been marked by a warmth and affection that could not fail to reach our hearts. I have gotten into harness again, and am working as though my long absence had been a dream instead of a reality.

“Where burns the fireside brightest,
 Cheering the social breast?
 Where beats the fond heart lightest,
 Its humblest hopes possessed?
 Where is the hour of sadness,
 With meek-eyed patience borne,
 Worth more than those of gladness,
 Which mirth’s gay cheeks adorn?
 Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
 To those whoever roam;
 While grief itself has sweetness
 At home—sweet home.”

Barton.

TRIP TO JAMESTOWN AND CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.,

AUGUST, 1889.

On August 23, my wife and I left Meadville for Jamestown, and upon arrival there we walked to the house of Frank Simmons, my cousin, where we were to spend the night. During the evening two cousins, Rachel and Elizabeth Phillips, from Meadville, but who were visiting in Jamestown, called upon us, and we had a charming evening.

August 24—At an early hour this morning, with Frank Simmons, we started for Chautauqua, and after a trip on the cars and a delightful ride on the lake we reached our destination. At the dock I met Dr. T. L. Flood (of whom I have written before), who greeted us heartily, saying: “Call and see me before leaving Chautauqua.” Grand Army Day at the lake had called

forth a vast assemblage of people. Dr. Paxton's address was very interesting, and Corporal Tanner's oration to the veterans was inspiring to the highest degree. I met several acquaintances, among them being Mr. Bush and wife, of East Branch, O. B. Craven and wife, and P. Walters; also Mrs. Jones, of Buffalo, N. Y., whom I have always known, as she was one of my scholars when I taught school.

August 25, 1889—We attended several meetings at the Hall of Philosophy in the evening, and heard short addresses by Drs. Russell and Hurlbut. Also two lectures by Col. Sanford, the noted traveler, on the subjects, "Old Time" and "New Time," both very interesting. The C. L. S. C. held its last meeting for the year, and among other interesting things the tribute to John Bright, the great English statesman, who died last March, deserved the highest encomiums. In the afternoon of the 27th we went to Brocton, and were shown through the basket factory of Hosea Crandall, who presented Mrs. Waid with a grape basket. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Devenpeck, with whom we had a most pleasant visit at Brocton, accompanied us to the basket factory. While there we were shown a grape vine with two clusters or stems of grapes, one of last spring's planting; in fact, the grape crop was good in all respects.

August 28—We to-day again visited my cousin, R. B. Devenpeck, to whom I gave our pictures. Cora also has them, and thus they are well supplied. Mr. Devenpeck drove us to the depot, and we went by train and boat, "J. A. Burch," to Jamestown. On the way we met President G. W. Williams and Dr. Hall and wife. We arrived at Jamestown at 2:30 P. M., and after a protracted street-car ride, in which a derailed car figured, we arrived at Frank Colt's, where we spent the night.

August 29—Stayed at William Cobb's, and in the course of the day we called upon Harvey Simmons, and afterward upon his daughter, Mrs. Mamberts, and Mrs. Andruss who live on Foot's Avenue, near Mr. Simmons'. In the afternoon we visited the Fair, and there met several whom we knew. The exhibits at the Fair of poultry, cattle and horses, were very fine. On the 30th we visited the cemetery, and on our return called at the house of William Bowen, going from there to dine at Mr. Cobb's. After dinner we took the stage from the Humphrey Hotel for Busti, where we arrived after a dusty ride. We spent the night at Henry Simmons', and there met Miss Mabel Burns, of Buffalo, and Miss Minnie Howard, of Jamestown. We were obliged to hurry through breakfast in the morning to catch the stage which came earlier than we had anticipated.

August 31—While waiting in the stage for the mail this morning I saw Dilbert Simmons, whom I introduced to my wife and told of my ineffectual attempt to see him the night before. Our hurry at this time was occasioned by our desire to reach the house of Mr. Burns, at Frewsburg, where we intended to spend Sunday. Upon reaching Jamestown once more we were surprised and gratified to find that we could take, at about 10 o'clock, a stage, instead of being obliged to wait until the afternoon as we had expected. We reached Mr. Burns' in time for dinner, and afterward, accompanied by our host, we went to Connewango Creek, and took a short ride upon the little steamer, "Hattie" (a new enterprise), manned by a crew of two. The captain was waiting for a pleasure party from Jamestown, and in the interim gave us a turn upon the stream. Although a short trip, we entered thoroughly into the spirit of it, and succeeded in extracting a fund of enjoyment. Upon our return we found the party from

Jamestown, one of whom, Mr. Meyer, I knew, and by him we were introduced to the other excursionists. We watched the little boat until it steamed out of sight, and then we turned homeward. Anna and I will long remember this day, for into it was crowded a variety of events seldom compassed by the time between sunrise and sunset.

Sunday, September 1—We went to church and the Sunday-school to-day. I had attended the same house of worship before, and was fond of its services. After the sermon Brother Stone spoke of the boy who, at Gettysburg, desirous of doing something for his country, had filled the soldiers' canteens with water, and from this incident Mr. Stone drew the lesson that it lay in the power of everyone to do something for the kingdom of God in its warfare against the Prince of the powers of darkness. A collection had been taken up for missionary work, and as the school superintendent, Miss Wilsey, told me that the scholars had raised \$10, I gave her a like sum, thus doubling the collection. I was glad to carry out the spirit of the remarks that I had heard, and give my mite in a good cause. In the afternoon Clara Burns, my wife and I visited the cemetery, a beautiful spot, bordered by Frew Creek, upon the bank of which stand stately evergreens, throwing a pleasant shade into the quiet home of the dead. Here are buried Robert Myers and wife, and Mary, wife of Hugh Frew, born in County Down, Ireland, in 1762, and died in Frewsburg, N. Y., in 1865, aged one hundred and three years.

September 2—Our pleasant trip to Busti is over, and we are now on our way to Ashville, where we will stop at Mr. Fleek's. We did not see our cousin, Mrs. Leander Simmons, as we expected, as she had gone to Jamestown to see her youngest daughter. We arrived at Ashville after a hot, dusty ride. I have met Dr. Martin, the den-

tist, and on the train we saw Elizabeth Densmore and other friends. Our visit at Fayette Fleek's, though short, was pleasant. Mr. D. G. Fleek, the father of our host, was visiting here yesterday. On the 3rd we arrived in the evening at Meadville, and at once proceeded to the home of Cora Williams, where we spent the night. A rain has laid the dust and cooled the air, a most welcome change from the heat of Frewsburg. On the morning of the 4th we returned home, and upon our arrival we found that my sons, Fred and Guinnip, with their wives, had gone to the International Fair at Buffalo. [Here my Diary proper picks up the thread of my everyday narrative.]

MY THIRD TRIP TO KANSAS.

OCTOBER, 1889.

“To me there is no place or time;
I am at home in any clime;
I can be calm and free from care
In any land, *for God is there.*”

Before starting on this, my third trip to Kansas, my first one, however, in company with my dear wife, Anna, I found much on my hands to complete in the way of financial interests, farm business as well as home affairs. Indeed it seemed almost impossible to get ready by the day we intended to start, namely Tuesday, October 8. We had two special reasons for being at Anna's old home on October 10—first, it was her birthday, and second, it was the anniversary of our engagement (October 10, 1888) as partners for life. Then add to these reasons the love of relatives and friends, and of Kansas itself, for I think the more I become acquainted with the country and climate, the better I like it. While on our

way thither we saw large fields of corn, but in no other State did they look better than in Kansas. How large and fine the corn looked there in July! And then to see, as Anna and I did, in October, the immense quantity ready to harvest, it looked as though the farmer would be well compensated for his labor, even be given a reasonable profit; but alas! the present price of only seventeen cents per bushel is enough to blight all his prospects in agricultural pursuits.

But I am digressing, and must return to my starting point. This would be Anna's first visit from her new home to her old one, after an absence of nearly three months. And here let me place a thought on record, that to me, at least, is of interest. If the dark side of life is gloomy, the bright side brings happiness. "Every cloud has a silver lining." Happiness we ought all to pursue, and I am pleased to say I am not one of those who are slow in the chase; but *lasting* happiness, in my experience, has only been found in the sunlight of Heaven by faith in Christ, and in doing something for the Master. Before Anna and I left her father's roof, on our wedding tour and home trip, we promised her parents that, if health were spared us, we would pay them a visit in the fall. So they had good reason to expect us. I do not wish to be misunderstood, in writing thus, as complaining of married life. They who do not enter upon its duties know not its joys, sorrows or trials.

It is easier to get ready than to start on a journey; but ready we did get at last to leave,* as desired, on October 8, from Meadville, by the 3.45 P. M. train, via the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio, for Cincinnati; thence we went to St. Louis by the Ohio & Mississippi; from

* I shall never forget the little season of prayer my wife and I had in our room before starting. Reference is made to it farther on in my Diary.—F. C. Waid.

there to Kansas City, via the Missouri Pacific, and thence to Ottawa, Kas., via the Santa Fé road, a journey of about one thousand miles in all. By coming with an excursion we saved one-half our fare, the return tickets being only \$51.50; and where could I save \$51.50 easier than in this way when I had the opportunity? I may say that I chose this route because it was new to Anna, and I knew that it would please her to find that I studied her happiness before all else. *Happiness comes not only from the heart, but to the heart.* To me the route was not new, as I had passed over it twice with Mr. Cutshall; so the real pleasure on this occasion to me was the enjoyment of the trip in company with my wife.

We arrived at 12:30 P. M., October 10, at Ottawa, where we took dinner at the hotel with Joseph March, my friend, with whom I stopped when last in that town, and a few hours landed us at the door of the home of Anna's maidenhood. I need not speak of the happy greetings all round, of the sunny charms that ever surround a reunion of kindred dear to one another, and of friends true to each other. No one need ever tell me there are no new pleasures in life's pathway; my experience teaches me differently. There are, and some very prominent ones, too, pleasures so remarkable that we always remember them. One I think I will never forget I experienced on the evening of our arrival. As we sat down to supper, Anna exclaimed, to the surprise of all present: "Wait a moment!" Then turning to me she said: "*Husband, give thanks.*" I never in my life felt more gratification in responding to a request of such a nature than at that moment. It brought satisfaction to my soul, for I had been entertaining a desire to do something to please the Lord, and now an opportunity had presented itself, and we were blessed. The desire of my

heart was granted, although it came as a surprise. I love the Lord's way of answering our prayers. He knows just when and where to do so, and this is what brings His children peace. O, may such harmony ever prevail!

It was pleasant to spend Anna's birthday in Kansas, and part of the day on the homestead with her parents: it brought a lasting pleasure, not easily effaced. But one day does not last always; the journey of life is *onward*, and should tend *upward* to lead us to heaven. Then the social chat during and after supper, and the endless things Anna had to tell of our trip East and our visit with so many relatives, as well as the seeing of Chautauqua and Niagara. Indeed it was well we had a month's visit, for there was so much to talk about, and it was quite late this evening when we retired to rest.

On the following morning I went with Mr. Tyler and John Cavinee to the orchard to help gather apples, and I found they had several fine winter varieties: Snow, Ben Davis, Lady's Blush (pippin) and others. We gathered a load in the forenoon, and one wagon-load in the afternoon. It afforded me gratification to help gather the fruit. Business and pleasure travel in the same car. *Peace and harmony never quarrel.* Our friends may outlive us, or we may outlive them; but we expect to meet them again, whether it should be our lot or theirs to go first.

Summer lasts much longer in Kansas than in Pennsylvania, and the winters are shorter and milder; my overcoat, when we arrived here, was not needed. On October 12 the thermometer stood at 60° in the morning, and at noon at 88°. This day Mr. Tyler and I went to Ottawa in a two-horse conveyance on business, and while there I made a deposit in the National Bank. Next day being Sunday, Rouelle Tyler and I went to the Christian

Church, at Norwood, where we heard Rev. Mr. Johnston, quite an aged man, preach from the text: *Fight the good fight of faith*, interpreted "Fight the good fight of Christianity;" a good sermon which I much appreciated. On Monday, and on many days thereafter, I helped husk corn, and I am almost ready to say I would rather do that work in Kansas than in Pennsylvania, for here the corn is better and ears larger.

On Tuesday morning, the cider apples having been gathered Monday, Mr. Tyler and I took them to the cider mill, about two miles north of here. Mr. Wayne Lecner made the cider with our help. Mr. Tyler had thirty baskets of apples and 107 gallons of cider, besides some left, as he had no more storage. It took us, to make the cider, about two hours and a half, probably rather less. Mr. Tyler hitched his team (as it was a "sweep power") and drove, Mr. Lecner scooped the apples into the hopper from the wagon, whilst I "hied" away the pomace. When the box was full, Mr. Lecner and I changed places, put up cheese, and so on; so when through grinding, there was only the pressing and putting up the cider, which was soon done, and we were ready to return home. I am, in this little account of cider-making here, somewhat explicit, because it taught me how they make cider in Kansas,* and a brief description of it may not be disinteresting to the reader. On that day we were indeed busy; we made the cider and husked four and a half loads of corn. We finished husking the corn grown on the piece of land in front of Mr. Samuel Patterson's place (about seven acres), which corn was planted by my son Franklin. And while I was at work husking I could not help wishing he was there to see the fine corn they grow

* I afterward saw cider made on a larger scale at Media, Douglass County, Kas. For making cider their prices are higher than in Pennsylvania.

in Kansas. This thought seemed to please me; my son planted the corn. I was here then, and remained long enough to see it grow; one day I went out to help weed it. I was but of little account, however, as compared with two good hands who could do so much more; yet, boy-like, I did what I could—it was a hot day, and I was an invalid, but it did me good to do a little work.

I did not return East till July 15; then to think I should be here again on the 10th of October, in time to help husk it! I will here briefly describe how they husk corn on Mr. Tyler's farm. He has two teams and two wagons, each with a double box and extra side boards, called "bang boards," each one being movable from one side of the box to the other. They drive "straddle" or over one row, and husk two or three rows in crossing the lot. Even if one hand is husking, he usually husks two rows at a time, and when there are only Rouelle and John to pick corn they take both teams (thinking it pays better), and they get along faster with their work, to have two wagons. I would "pick corn" (as they call it) with one awhile, and then with the other, but most of the time I worked with John, and I will give the reason for John and myself working together. Mr. R. P. Tyler is a quick, active man, and I think can husk as many bushels of corn in a day as "the next man." I admit John wore gloves part of the time while picking corn, and I am no extra hand to husk, yet, when a single man husks as much corn along side of us as R. P. Tyler did, I think him a fast husker. Mr. Tyler made the statement at the supper table to-night that we had husked 150 bushels of corn;* then dividing that by three, fifty bushels each is the result. He said he had worked as far as the Rule of

*If one bushel of shelled corn takes one and a half bushels of ears, so 150 bushels of shelled are the yield from 225 bushels of ears.

Three in arithmetic, and he liked proportion, and to see things equal. John and I were pleased, yet I remember, when in Pennsylvania, his sister wrote of his husking seventy-five bushels of corn in one day, which seemed difficult to credit at the time, yet in present case of the 225 bushels he husked 100. But to-day's experience in husking corn removes the difficulty; the half of 150 is 75, and that is where I would draw the line.

On the fifteenth, in the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon, neighbors of the Tylers, paid us a short visit. Mrs. Langdon, I understand, has a cousin, Fayette Temple, living at Edinboro, Erie Co., Penn., who is a distant relative of ours. I once knew Wilson Temple,* and when my brother, George N., and I visited Fayette Allen, at Athens, Penn., he spoke of Mrs. Temple, who, he thought, lived at Conneautville, Penn. Mr. Langdon's folks are going to move to Lake Charles, La., in the near future.

From this time forward there was little variation in the routine of life on the farm—corn-husking, apple gathering, haymaking, etc. On Sunday, October 20, Rouelle Tyler, John Slaven (who worked for Mr. Tyler when Mr. Cutshall and myself were here) and myself went to Sabbath-school at Mineola, a place about three miles northeast of here, direct west from Albert's; school-house and church combined, has bells, and is pleasantly located; attendance of scholars averages over fifty, and altogether it is a very interesting Sunday-school. This is my first visit to Mineola, and I shall want to come again, for I found my afternoon well spent. The weather, which has been remarkably fine hitherto, is now beginning to show symptoms of change, like man, when he feels as if the period of "the sere and yellow leaf" were coming into his life.

* The Temples used to live in Meadville, and I remember Wilson Temple visiting at my father's, and of us boys playing with him.—F. C. Waid.

“The melancholy days are come,
 The saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods,
 And meadows brown and sere.”

On October 22, I and Mr. Tyler went to Media to mill. They grind by steam power, one engine running the grist-mill, sorghum-mill and cider mill; they have also a corn-sheller, which was in operation, loading a car with corn. All were running in full blast except the sorghum-mill. We came home by way of Norwood, where I found some mail matter awaiting me.

On Saturday, October 26, Anna and I went to Ottawa, where my wife introduced me to several new acquaintances, among whom were George B. Renwick, a merchant formerly from the East; Mrs. Shears, dry goods, with whom we traded; at another store I was introduced to Harry Dunn, formerly from Oil City, Penn., and at still another store I was given the acquaintance of Thomas Howell. While in Ottawa we also had the pleasure of meeting Rev. E. C. Boaz, already mentioned as being the minister who married us. It seemed to me that to-day Ottawa was having a large trade, as there was scarcely room on Main Street to hitch a team. On our return, after crossing the river at Main Street, we stopped at Mr. Cowdery's, whose wife has been in poor health for a long time, and there were but little hopes of recovery. By the time we reached home it was quite cool, and the night before there was quite a frost. On Sunday following the thermometer stood, in the morning, at 28°, but the sun shone beautifully through the day, smiling on all nature and inviting to be happy. This day R. P. Tyler, John Cavinee and myself went to Valley Chapel (the Methodist Episcopal Church), and heard a young student, a Mr. Slaughter, from Baldwin University, preach. After the sermon he came to me, being a stranger, and shook me by

the hand with a very brotherly greeting; I appreciated his kindness, for I loved the young man. I said to him: "You have helped me; I am glad I came to church; your sermon has done me good." Mr. Slaughter said he was *drawn toward me*. Now the reader may wish to know why I love the house of the Lord so well, and am so frequently blest. First, and chiefly, I love and fear the Lord, and delight to do His will. On entering Valley Chapel and seeing the young man who was to address us, my heart was uplifted in prayer on his behalf. I do not know but what he did the same for me. One thing we do know, we each received a blessing. In the afternoon Anna, Hattie, Mr. Tyler and myself called to see Mr. James F. Langdon and family, who, as said before, are going to move to Lake Charles, La., probably in a few days. I have had the pleasure of meeting them several times since I came to Kansas, and hope I may even some time visit them at their new home in Louisiana. After returning home in the evening, John Cavinee and I went to the Christian Church at Norwood. Rev. Johnson conducted services and preached a sermon, to me both profitable and interesting, and I felt composed and happy with the thought that I was another *Sabbath day's journey nearer home*. Mr. Johnson, on coming down the aisle after service, shook hands with me, and I said to him: "I thank the Lord for the Gospel, and do not forget the men who bring it to us; I love them." I am not unlike the man who said that if a husband should love his wife, there is no harm in telling her so occasionally. I love to go to church because I am always so well paid for going. I thank my friend for taking, or going with, me to church. There are very pleasant hours of real enjoyment along the pathway of life, many of them at home; some among relatives and friends; others in trav-

eling and sightseeing, and in the enjoyment of life abroad. But I give the church, the house of the Lord, the preference; and here I raise the question, where in my life have I had more pleasing favor and blessing than at church? Where, anywhere else, have I been taught such great lessons of life as I have been in the Sunday-school and at church? I believe in attending the different branches of Christ's church, as it broadens our views and makes better men of us. We love Christ more, and serve him better. We can not be like Him until we do as he did. He loved *all* mankind. He has told us what to do, and it is all written out most plainly in His word.

On Monday, October 28, Mr. Tyler was busy finishing his haying—taking in his second crop of clover. While he was out in the timber the two dogs treed a large coon, which was captured and brought in. It was quite a show for little Vera and the rest of the family. While gathering the clover hay in piles, and getting it ready to stack, I was reminded of haying in former years in Pennsylvania. In the West they hay later in the season. I used to think September was a late month to finish haying in, but here, to-day, in Kansas, Mr. Tyler is stacking his second crop of clover hay! It was cut with a reaper and then allowed to lie till dry or cured, and pitched in heaps ready to be drawn. Some places in the West they cut prairie grass for hay, as late as November. On the 29th Mr. Tyler finished stacking his clover hay, building two stacks, and we now consider the haying completed on the Tyler Farm. A letter from my son, Guinnip, to-day, brought me the news that my sons have completed their threshing, the total amount of wheat, buckwheat, and oats for current year being, I understand, as follows: Wheat, 120 bushels; buckwheat, 124; oats, 1,700; altogether rather less than 2,000 bushels raised by my three

boys for the year 1889, The corn crop is not yet husked; fruit crop in our vicinity not very good, though we had quite an abundance of pears and some apples. Our hay crop, which is the most essential with us, was very good, and, in my opinion, will reach, if not exceed, the average. This year several improvements have been made about the farm buildings, especially on the old homestead, where Ira C. Waid dwelt, and where Guinnip P. now lives. The house and barns have all had repairs this year, and I am very grateful to my son for the interest he has taken in keeping the old farm and buildings in respectable condition. It is not only a credit to him, but to me, as well as others, and it reminds me pleasantly of my parents and the old farm; how well it was cared for by them, and how often we shared the blessings of a bountiful harvest, and the goodness of the Lord in that dear old home.

While at labor in the cornfield, we have time to think, and to-day, October 29, while busy husking, many of my friends came into my thoughts—friends whom I shall never forget, prominent among them being Col. C. W. Charlton, of Knoxville, Tenn., who died July 13, 1889, at his home. The letter written by himself to me,* acknowledging receipt of the SOUVENIR, is treasured by me among my most precious keepsakes. I have not said or written as much about my honored friend as I would wish, but while I live I shall ever cherish his memory with unqualified gratitude. I am glad I came to know Col. Charlton, whom I first visited in Knoxville, Tenn., after an introduction at the hands of my eldest son, Franklin I., whom he had befriended. That agreeable interview and visit will ever remain in my recollection.

As the leaves of the evergreen, bright all the year,
So my heart, all my days, his sweet mem'ry will cheer.

F. C. WAID.

*This letter will be found in the Appendix to this book.

October 8, 1889, before leaving Meadville on the 9th, I bent a last look on the remains of James Harris, who died the previous day, and whose funeral was held the day after his death. I was sorry we could not attend, for Mr. Harris was a neighbor of ours, and I had known him many years, his farm lying south of ours. He is interred in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville, while his parents sleep their last sleep on the farm he owned. In this connection I am reminded of a trip I made to Grand Island and St. Paul, Neb., in November, 1880, in company with my brother and brother-in-law. We started from Meadville on the 9th, and while waiting for the train I was informed by a friend that John Irvin was dead. I remember my taking the last look of the young man, whom I had loved so dearly, for I had known him many years, from boyhood; indeed for one to simply know him was to love him. *Trees blossom before they bear fruit.* I use these words to introduce a compliment paid me by his father, James Irvin, who was a school director in Mead Township in 1856 (I think). When the directors visited the Moore School, where I was teaching at the time, Mr. Irvin, in his address, after visiting all the schools in Mead Township, said: "*We find nowhere so good order and attention to study is observed as here.*" Of course I blushingly appreciated the remark, the more so as my father was present at the time, having come there to see me on business that day. Little things are helps, and it may not now be wondered at that for many years, when visiting Meadville, I stopped at the "Irvin House," just because James Irvin was proprietor, and I felt that I honored him for his kindness to me. But this is another digression from my subject proper, for which I must crave the reader's indulgence.

Mr. Warren Eley and wife are here on a visit (Thurs-

day, October 31), one much appreciated by Mr. Tyler's family, of which, of course, Anna and I form a part. They came to this neighborhood from Washington County, N. Y., twelve years ago. I had the pleasure of presenting them with our photographs before they left for their home. On November 2 Albert Tyler and his son, coming along with their fine team, kindly drove me to Ottawa, and, as the weather had cleared off and become once more fine (for it had been very stormy and wet), I enjoyed my ride very much. In Ottawa I was pleased to meet so many of my old friends and new-made acquaintances. Among those with whom I conversed were Dr. Black, Prothonotor Sherman, Harry Brown (formerly of Meadville), also Maurice Mullen, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., of Ottawa, on whose aged mother I had called before leaving Meadville for Kansas, and whom I have called on since my last return home from Kansas. I also met Mr. Minton, cashier of the First National Bank, whom I was pleased to see, and with whom I afterward did some business in the bank. I said to him: "Mr. Minton, 'as face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man.' Your banking seems free. I ought to pay you a compliment; when I return to Ottawa again I will remember you." Also met Mr. Chambers and Mr. T. Howell, both very friendly, excellent gentlemen and true friends.

Sunday, November 2, was a beautiful day. The mail brought me by Mr. Tyler, from the Norwood office, conveyed the news of the death, on October 31, 1889, of Nial Peas, one of the oldest men of Crawford County, born in Hampshire County, Mass., July 26, 1798. Being a resident of near Meadville, and a farmer, I knew him pretty well. Also I learned of the taking away of Reuben Van Marter, who died October 26, 1889. He is interred in

Blooming Valley Cemetery. Reuben, when a boy, came to school to me, and he attended the Cowen School, I think, two winters. William Roderic, of Meadville, died recently. He was street commissioner there for many years, and I was well acquainted with him. To-day I attended Sunday-school at Norwood, and I and Anna dined with Albert W. Tyler and family, in company with her father and mother. After dinner I went with my nephew and niece to Mineola Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, the evening being spent in social chat at home with Mr. and Mrs. Tyler and Rouelle. As I was to leave for my own home in Pennsylvania the following day, our conversation had an essence of deeper interest, more especially as we expected Anna would have to remain behind on account of her somewhat impaired health, and at the earnest request of her aged parents to have her remain here with them during the winter.

Monday, November 4—I wished good-by with a hearty “God bless you,” to my dear wife and all the Tyler family who had been so good, kind and hospitable to me during my most pleasant, interesting and health-invigorating visit, and set off, in company with my father-in-law, for Ottawa, there to take the cars for the East. I remembered, before leaving the home, my love to Hattie and Vera, who were absent at Olpe, Lyon Co., Kas. In giving, at Ottawa, a farewell shake of the hand to Mr. Tyler (for he had to return home on account of his horse “Mary” being afraid of the cars), I felt that, for a time at least, I was parting with the last link that united me with what was most dear to me on earth—wife, kindred and friends, old and new, and I confess a sense of desolation came over me. I had an hour to wait for the train, in lonely commune with myself; and during that time many thoughts and reminiscences presented themselves

to me, some of which I jotted down in my Diary, and that portion of this work, commencing at page 165, now takes up the thread of my narrative.

“Linger not long. Home is not home without thee;
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.”



EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.



DIARY.

“ ‘Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.’
’Tis not with *me* exactly so;
But ’tis so in the song.

* * * * *

“ My last great want—absorbing all—
Is (when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call)
The *mercy of my God.*”

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1886.

The common articles of food and clothing are at all times in demand, for are they not the necessaries of life? Yet other things we need for our happiness’ sake—friends and home; and how much should we appreciate such blessings. Yet have you ever thought, dear reader, that often the common things of life are valued too highly by us, and not really cared for as they should be? Why? *Because they are so common.* The rising of the sun is no less beautiful because we have seen it so often; the friend on whom we may have looked so frequently we love the more; so I call attention to some very common things I have met with or observed on life’s pathway; *very common*, I call them, yet not altogether *insignificant*.

Having enjoyed labor on the farm, and taken an occasional trip abroad on business as well as pleasure, I

will resume the thread of my narrative by first relating that in May, this year, my wife and I received a wedding invitation, of which following is a copy:

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Simmons request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter, Florence, to Anson Skinner, Thursday, May 13, 1886, at 8:30 P. M.
Ashville, N. Y.

In response to this we accordingly made preparations for the journey, and at a late hour of the day (for business and home affairs did not permit an earlier departure) we drove to Meadville depot in time, as we thought, to catch the 3:35 P. M. train, but arrived just too late. My wife not intending to accompany me to the wedding, returned home with the rig. Was I now to give up my intentions? No. The blacksmith who has too many irons in the fire may let some of them burn. My case was this: I wished to be present at the wedding, and I had business in Jamestown (near Ashville) which I could transact, even if I should fail to be at the wedding in time. However, in this instance I would place pleasure first, business afterward—reversing the moral. My last chance to reach Ashville that evening was, I thought, another train known as the Bradford train, or “train No. 9,” which would leave Meadville about 6 P. M., and I yet hoped to be in time for the wedding feast. As Goldsmith says:

“Hope, like the glimm’ring taper’s light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.”

But do you know what often accompanies Hope, dear reader? *Disappointment*. And, alas! this was my experience at that time. When “train No. 9” came in I learned it did not stop at Ashville, but at Jamestown,

seven miles beyond; so I could not reach Ashville in the time desired. Yet, though defeated, I would not surrender, and faithfully came to my relief this old maxim, which I had learned in my youth: *Never be discouraged*. I now decided not to proceed to Jamestown until I should have the pleasure of seeing the happy newly-wedded couple; so I went to my friend Mr. Derby, with whom I have spent many pleasant hours on the farm, and there put up for the night. In the morning I took the early train, arriving at Ashville about 9 A. M., just in time to see those of my relatives who had been at the wedding take my train for Jamestown, and leave me at Ashville; a brief recognition, for, as they were getting on the front platform of the car, I was stepping off at the rear!

To Mr. Simmons' house I sped direct, and here I met Mrs. Simmons and her two daughters, Florence and Jennie, with other members of the family, who greeted me pleasantly, with much hand-shaking and many affectionate enquiries—"Where is Eliza [my wife]?" "Have you come to the wedding?" etc., etc. Being introduced to the bride, Mrs. Simmons asked me if I had not met the friends at the depot, to which I replied "Yes;" then saying, "Come this way," she courteously led me to the dining-room, where the contemplation of the good things yet remaining after the feast, together with the numerous wedding presents, brought sufficient pleasure and happiness to me as to more than reward me for the disappointment I had experienced. I felt just like a man stepping into the pay-office to draw his month's wages.

But duty called for an onward march, and I had to make preparations to leave after spending a pleasant forenoon with my friends, and enjoying a social after-dinner visit with my cousin, Leander Simmons, in the beautiful grove which surrounded his home. Here we talked of

departed friends and relatives, among them our grandfather, Pember Waid, and our uncles and aunts, whose memories linger in our minds with a fondness my pen fails to describe. This interview was like *pure gold*; the essence of real friendship collected for a final review, never in this life to be repeated. I do not hesitate to call it the best we ever had.

Bidding them adieu for the present, I took my departure from Ashville, crossing the country to Henry Simmons' farm, which is located in New York State, near the State line, between Sugar Grove, Penn., and Busti, N. Y., these places being about five miles apart, and his residence lying about midway between them. Having a desire to see the country which I had never before traveled over, I took my journey on foot, and the eight or nine miles walk was fine, wholesome exercise for me, which I truly enjoyed.

After I had traveled about three or four miles, and ascended a long hill, a beautiful view of Lake Chautauqua presented itself to my admiring sight. In the previous summer, when visiting Chautauqua with my wife and friends, we stood by this lake, and were borne over its placid waters. But that was not the view I now enjoyed. I think that to the lonely traveler just emerging from the darkness into the light—from the valley beneath to the hill-top above—as the beautiful Lake Chautauqua bursts upon his sight, presenting an expanse of crystal waters extending from Jamestown, at the foot, to Mayville, at the head, together with the many other surrounding points of interest, the scene is incomparable.

Then as I passed on, and shortly before arriving at Henry Simmons' I ascended another eminence, whence the view of the Stillwell Creek valley and surrounding country could be had at a glance. And here again I was

refreshed with another new thought. I thanked the Creator that He had permitted me to see this day, and to be cheered by so many pleasing thoughts and beautiful sights, the words of Luther unconsciously occurring to my mind: "God writes the Gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers, and clouds and stars."

It was now evening. Descending the hill I came direct to Mr. Simmons' farm, where I found him just leaving the barn for the house, and I surprised him by saluting him before he noticed me, with "How do you do, Henry?" This was my third visit since he was married, having been to see him twice with my wife previous to this occasion. If I mistake not Lizzie Mee and Henry Simmons were married October 12, 1865, and they lived near Levant, seven or eight miles from Jamestown, several years after marriage. It was there we made our first visit; then afterward, during the month of December, 1883, after attending the funeral of Mr. Simmons' father (Uncle Philander Simmons), we visited them where they now live. In Henry Simmons' family there are six children—three girls and three boys—all living. Thoroughly well did we enjoy our visit there, as well as with his brother, Delbert Simmons, the youngest son in Uncle Philander Simmons' family, and who is a merchant in Busti. But, "Time and tide wait for no man." Some one is ever being borne across the River of Death to his long home.

"Death's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God."

The unbroken family must lose its first member, and this sets us thinking that it matters not how strong the tie is that binds us here, there comes a time when it must be sundered, and we part. I think I shall never forget my visit of May 14, 1886, to that family who so kindly welcomed me, and with so much interest and friendship

conversed with me. But how suddenly is the strongest tie broken, that bond "which unites two hearts in one." How wonderful is the wisdom displayed by the allwise Creator, in withholding from our knowledge the time of our departure! "We know what we are, but we know not what we will be;" and we are admonished to *be ready*.

There we were talking and enjoying life so well, little thinking that ere we should meet again one of our number would be taken. Well do I remember shaking hands with the children, when leaving that home, and bidding "good by," and then my last farewell to their mother. It was our final meeting on earth, for I shall see her no more until I shall have crossed the river that divides "the beautiful land" from ours!

"O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?"

Sunday, May 22, 1886—To-day at 11 A. M. I attended the funeral of William Robins, services being held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Henry Delamater, of Meadville, being the officiating minister. In the afternoon, understanding that the funeral of Dr. David Best, who died in Meadville on the 20th, at the age of fifty-nine years, one month and five days, was to take place at 3 P. M., my wife and I drove to Meadville, where we learned that the burial would be on the 23d instead of the 22d. Dr. Best had been in continuous practice in Meadville for thirty-four years. He was a prominent physician, well known and esteemed by his fellowmen. I have frequently thought that to know him was to love him—and I have known him for over thirty years. I cherish his memory as a true friend, one who often

greeted me as a brother as we met journeying the pathway of life. Mrs. Waid and I were disappointed as to the funeral, but we took the opportunity of the Sunday afternoon to visit Greendale Cemetery, which lies at the head of Randolph Street, and occupies 100 acres. At the entrance is a handsome stone arch, with a driveway in the center, and on either side of the main entrance are smaller gateways for foot passengers. Over the driveway is inscribed the legend, GREENDALE CEMETERY, 1866. The superintendent's house is on the right hand as you enter, near the arch, and the Huidekoper Vault, the only one at present in the cemetery, excepting the receiving vault, stands a short distance to the left. The largest monument is the one on the burial lot of the Brawley Family, which stands, I think, about thirty-five feet in height. The number interred in this cemetery is, I have been informed, about 4,000, Mrs. Balch having been the first to be buried here (her husband, with whom I was well acquainted, was a bookseller and traveling agent, a man who took a great interest in Sabbath-schools; he was run over by the cars and killed, in Michigan, not many years ago), and my uncle, Joseph Finney, the second, date being December 6, 1853. Many of my relatives and friends lie in this beautiful City of the Dead, and as my wife and I sauntered through it and read so many familiar names on the tombstones, I could not resist copying a few, which I here give the reader:

“ How loved, how honor'd once avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom forgot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

JOHN REYNOLDS, born at Colchester, England, June 18, 1782; immigrated to the United States of America in 1795; died July 23, 1871. *He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith.* JANE J., daughter of Andrew Ellicott, wife of John Reynolds, born at Baltimore, June 25, 1778; died November 27, 1845.

HON. GAYLORD CHURCH, born August 11, 1811; died Sept. 29, 1869.

JOHN DICK, born June 17, 1794; died May 29, 1872.

JAMES R. DICK, born April 22, 1801; died February 9, 1875.

REV. E. B. LANE, died 1864, aged 48 years.

JOHN FREW, died September 22, 1883, aged 71 years.

JAMES B. CHASE, born 1803; died 1877.

ALONSON LINDLEY, born March 4, 1799; died May 21, 1881.

Father and mother, sweetly they journeyed the pathway of life; together they entered the portals of Heaven. LORENZO D. WILLIAMS, born March 7, 1813; died October 14, 1878: OLIVE T., wife of L. D. Williams, born January 16, 1815; died October 17, 1878.*

HUGH HAMILTON, died March 15, 1869, aged 62 years, 10 months, 22 days: MARIA, wife of Hugh Hamilton, died April 24, 1856, aged 55 years, 3 months, 2 days: LOVINA, second wife of Hugh Hamilton, died December 10, 1879, aged 69 years, 2 months, 6 days.

June 5, 1886—Robert E. Slocum and wife (*nee* Lovantia Gray) paid us a visit, and it was, indeed, quite a surprise to us, as we knew Mrs. Slocum to have been an invalid many years, at times considered past recovery.† Mr. Simon Gray, her father, lived in Blooming Valley when I taught the first school there, in the winter of 1851-52; but anterior, even to this, I was acquainted with the family, whom I always loved, and I am sure I can not recall anything that has ever interrupted our friendship. Years ago Mr. Gray and his family removed to Van Buren County, Iowa, where, after revisiting friends and relations here, he died, I believe in 1872.

Robert E. Slocum is a son of Eleazer Slocum, and a brother of C. R., of whom special mention is made in my first SOUVENIR, and there is not a single member of the family whom I do not love and respect, having a life-long acquaintance with them. Robert lived a number of

* While attending college, one of my recitations was in Prof. L. D. Williams' class.—F. C. Waid.

† Although there were favorable hopes of her return to health, she continued to linger until July 10, 1887, when her spirit took flight into the unknown country. She died at Mosiertown, and her remains are interred in Blooming Valley Cemetery, I being present at the interment. Lovantia Gray was a scholar at Blooming Valley school during 1851-52.—F. C. Waid.

years in Blooming Valley, and at present resides at Mosiertown, in the same county.

August 28 to 31—[My trip to Lake Chautauqua and other places, accompanied by my wife, Eliza; for an account of which see page 50.]

September 21 to 28—[My trip to Cincinnati and Dayton (Ohio), along with my youngest son, Fred F.; for an account of which see page 52.]

October 9, 1886—At 6:30 p. m. to-day I took train "No. 4" at Meadville for Jamestown, N. Y., arriving there at 8:35 p. m. Went direct to my aunt, Mary Ann Simmons, after having a social visit with aunt and Clara Mosher, and Addie Whicher and her son Archie (aged sixteen) from Mount Vernon, Jefferson Co., Ill., whom I had not seen for many years, and whom on this occasion I had especially come to see. I was truly glad to meet them. In years gone by, some twenty or more, when my cousin Addie was at home in Jamestown, she would answer my letters, and for quite a number of years we kept up a correspondence, in which way we became more familiarly acquainted than we otherwise would have been, or than I did with other members of the family. Yet during her long absence since her marriage, and after living in Jamestown, and then going to Illinois some eight or ten years ago, we had not written to each other. During this time, however, she had made one visit home to her folks, though I had not the pleasure of visiting her.

During that evening I was informed by Clara that Lizzie, Henry's wife, was very sick, not expected to live. Some three weeks prior to the present date she had returned from Buffalo, where she had been visiting relatives, and was not feeling very well, yet not complaining; nor (as I understand) did her friends feel alarmed about her condition, until a short time before her death, which occurred about 11 a. m., October 10, 1886.

On Sunday Archie Whicher and I attended the Methodist Episcopal Church, where we heard a sermon delivered by Elder Peate, with whom I have been acquainted many years. I think he is doing a grand work for the Lord as well as for the people of Jamestown. When I was there last March the society were still holding their meetings in the old church. I take this opportunity of saying that on March 28, 1886, I was in Jamestown and enjoyed with my friends one of the best seasons of grace and favor in the Lord in hearing Elder Peate's sermon and the Sunday-school exercises. It was not only a Bethel to me but to all present, and the Sunday-school exercises, under the favor and blessing of the Lord, I fully admit I have never found excelled. And now to be permitted to share a similar one in their new church is certainly enough to pour happiness into a Christian's mind.

On returning from church, I was told the sad news of Lizzie Simmons' death. I then deferred my return home until after the funeral, which took place on Tuesday following at 11 A. M., from their home. I went from Jamestown to Ashville and attended the funeral with my cousin, Leander Simmons, whose good wife remained at home to care for her sick daughter. It is about a nine-miles' drive to Henry's, and probably about thirteen to Levant, where the remains were interred.

I would here give pen utterance to a few more thoughts suggested by this sad event. How true it is "we all do fade as a leaf." And at this season, "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year," when countless leaves are fading and falling, are we not reminded of the shortness of human life? If we view it from this standpoint, and ask ourselves what the period of life of a single leaf is, the answer is applicable to our own case—one

short summer. *Our days are as grass that groweth up in the morning; it is cut down and withereth: or like a flower of the field, the wind passeth over it and it is gone, the place thereof knoweth it no more.* And how true also are the words of the poet Young, in his "Night Thoughts:"

"Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
And 'Dust to dust,' concludes her noblest song."

The speaker at Lizzie's funeral said in his opening remarks: "We are here to-day to honor the *dead* and comfort the *living*." I thought to myself, who would not pay a tribute of respect in honoring the memory of one who had so faithfully performed the duties of life, and left a record more valuable than anything this earth can afford. She was a member of the Baptist Church for many years, and if my memory is correct, was in her forty-fourth year when she died. She is interred beside her parents in Levant Cemetery, where stands a fine Scotch granite monument, erected (so I am informed) at a cost of about \$1,000. But the memorial left to the memory of every true man or woman will live when the monument left to perpetuate that memory shall have passed away. I do not wonder it is said in the Blessed Book: *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot.*

On returning home from Jamestown, October 13, I inquired after Mr. Jacob Cole, one of our neighbors, who had been very ill for several weeks, and my wife's reply was that he was failing, although there were still some hopes of his recovery. This was on Wednesday, and on the following Saturday, October 16, he died, in his seventy-third year, I believe. The funeral services, which were held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Blooming

Valley, on the following Monday, were largely attended, Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Meadville, officiating. The remains were interred in the cemetery at Blooming Valley.

How often and yet how true is this saying: "Friend after friend departs;" and in the language of inspiration: "The mourners go about the streets."

Then, again, on October 20, my wife and I attended the funeral of Lina Masiker, second wife of Avery W. Masiker (my brother-in-law), who lives in Oil Creek Township, Crawford County, Penn., near Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church, and where the funeral was held. Rev. Thomas Berry preached the sermon, the text being: *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* Then LIVE THE LIFE OF THE RIGHTEOUS. The remains were interred in the beautiful rural Henderson Cemetery, on a hill located within less than a mile from the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Masiker were married last November. We had the pleasure of but one visit or short interview with them, which took place last March. There are some people whom we are privileged to meet but once in a lifetime, and yet who leave an impression on our minds for good, never to be effaced. Such was the effect of our visit with Lina Masiker.

I am inclined, before leaving this subject, to say a few words about another departed friend and relative. "Death loves a shining mark." I refer to Hulda Chipman, a girl who attended school in the Goodwill District, at that time a school district of Woodcock Township. [The district has long since been divided, and the people in the portion in which we live, on the State road, send their children to Blooming Valley school.] I taught two terms of winter school in this district, 1853-54 and 1854-55. One day, I remember,

our school was visited by our friend C. R. Slocum, who delivered a short address to the school, after which he said to me that he could select not only the best-looking scholar, but also the smartest and most intelligent one. I told him I thought he would require more than one visit to find the "most intelligent," but he said not. "Will you tell me if I should guess it?" Thinking he would fail in his guess, I replied, "Yes." He immediately said "Hulda," and my reply was, "You need not guess again, for a person who had visited our school previously said there were some very intelligent-looking scholars, and as the most intelligent chose the same one as you did."

Hulda Chipman, her brother Edward, and many others I could name, not only of the school I am speaking of, but also of the Moore and Hatch schools in Mead Township, and of the Blooming Valley schools in Woodcock Township, have long since passed to their rest and been numbered with the dead. Many of them, as well as some of my old teachers, are interred in Blooming Valley Cemetery.

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care,
 The opening bud to Heav'n conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

NOVEMBER 25, 1886.

"To be good is to be happy."

Yesterday, after a faithful day's work plowing on the farm, I came in thinking to myself, "To-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day; how shall I spend it? No meeting or public addresses near home, and roads too bad to permit

of going abroad." I was glad an opportunity had presented itself for me to invite my old neighbors, some of the oldest in our community, who are not blessed with much of this world's goods. I have known my father do similar acts, and that was example enough for me. The three oldest women in our midst referred to were Mrs. Mary Reiser and Mrs. Handley, each in her eighty-fifth year, and Mrs. Maria Long, probably over ninety years old. With these and relatives and other friends in our neighborhood I spent a happy day. I drove to Mrs. Long's in order to get "Aunt" Maria (I call her "aunt" on account of her age), and when I invited her to the dinner she greeted me with a hearty "God bless you!" Then the willingness and pleasure with which the other two ladies tendered their acceptance of the invitation, and the expressions of gratitude they poured out as I took them home, brought me true happiness. It is the active part we take in those things, says St. James, not *for* doing but *in* doing, that brings us blessing. I also called to invite Mr. and Mrs. Norris, but found Mrs. Norris quite ill and unable to come; however I had the pleasure of presenting them with a copy of my SOUVENIR, which they seemed to like very much.* My only brother, George N., also dined with us. This is one of the many ways to do good and bring happiness, and peace will ever abide with us if we keep the right way.

TRUTH, which so often gladdens our hearts, will avail us nothing unless it abide in us. TRUTH will not unite with error; it is ever on the search for more truth, and when found forms a union complete in itself, drawn together as if by some magnetic influence. So if happiness does not dwell with us, it is because we are strangers to

*These four aged mothers are yet living (December 25, 1889), and it is a pleasure to greet them occasionally.—F. C. Waide.

it. It would enjoy our company were we only in a condition to enjoy it.

The reader may wish to know how a farmer, who has so much to do as Francis C. Waid, can find time, not only to travel, but also to write on his return home, such exhaustive accounts of his several excursions. Some time ago I began writing an account of a trip to Cincinnati and Dayton, jotting down only a little each evening, and the reader will see that I have stopped to sketch down what occurred on November 25, 1886. Yet the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but to them that persevere to the end.

November 30, 1886—Another funeral to-day, that of Anson Chipman, a young man of about twenty-seven years, who died on the 27th instant, near Conneaut-Lake, in Sadsbury Township, this county, whither he had moved last spring. The funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Blooming Valley. He was an only child, and was reared and lived in this community, his father, Edward Chipman, who died March 25, 1868, and lies buried in Blooming Valley Cemetery, having been not only an old school-mate of mine, but also one of my scholars. The early cutting off of this young man, in the flush of youth and in the bloom of health, is food for reflection. As the pastor said in his remarks at the funeral service: "God speaks to us" in the melancholy event, and we are led to consider the language of inspiration, when the Master said: *What I do now thou knowest not; but thou shalt know hereafter.*

Only a few weeks ago Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Meadville, delivered a discourse at the funeral of an aged man who had reached the three score and ten (or more); but here was a young man, whose general health was good, stricken down after a few days' illness. How changed the

scene! It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes! "There is a Providence in the fall of a sparrow." This is another lesson to us all, especially to the young man or youth who may think to himself that as he is in good health to-day, he bids fair to live to a good age. But, young man, for aught you or I know, the aged grandfather and grandmother, who were present at Anson Chipman's funeral, may attend ours. The man has never been born who could tell what a day may bring forth. In speaking on the subject of death years ago, with my aged aunt, Temperance Ferguson, I remember making the query: "Is not our chances for life, one as good as another?" "The young *may* live, the old *must* die," was her reply. So it is well for all of us, young or old, to ponder on these things, and be ready when the Master calls us for an account of our stewardship.

"Man, like a shadow, vainly walks
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth but can not tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd."

December 10, 1886—On the 8th of this month Mr. and Mrs. Pember Phillips, of Townville, Crawford County, paid us a pleasant visit. James McCullough died to-day (10th), in his eighty-fifth year, his wife having preceded him to the grave within two days of exactly two years ago. Both rest in Blooming Valley Cemetery. In this book I make mention of the deaths that occur in our own neighborhood and community, for the reason that we seem to be so often reminded of our final departure. I do not wonder at the inspired writer perpetuating his thoughts in those words: *It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for the living will lay it to heart.* Enjoyment is not all we were placed in this world for; we are frequently called to that place where we are to be taught the greatest lessons of life.

Mrs. Melissa G. Scott and her youngest son, from Wentworth, Lake Co., Dak., who are on a visit to kindred and friends here, and were staying with us a short time, left this morning for Meadville. We had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Scott about four years ago. She is a sister of my honored and distinguished friend, J. Y. Gilmore, and is an old school-mate of mine. A few days after her visit I presented her with a copy of the *SOUVENIR* and a photograph of the family, as a memento from her friend, for which she expressed her thanks.

December 11, 1886—This morning, after hearing of the death of our esteemed neighbor, Mr. McCullough, referred to, I was informed of the birth of my fourth granddaughter, first-born to Guinnip P. and Anna Waid. Until the marriage of my two eldest sons, boys used to prevail in the family, but since then a change has taken place, there having been born six girls (five yet living), no boys, and this relieves me from naming any of my grandchildren. I tell their parents, jocularly, that my name, Francis, is so nearly that of a girl's that if they desire to name a daughter for me they have only to change the "i" into "e"; and if that won't suit, why then they must nurse their patience, and the first boy born to any of them they may name him Francis. There are many things in this world that we hope for but never get, and it is a relief in some cases to express our wants. But perhaps I have said enough about this to have my wants either expressed or understood.

December 27—To-day we had a visit from my dear niece, Orpha Leonard, and her husband. In the course of conversation at dinner she asked me if I remembered Aunt Maria Lord, who visited my parents when I was in my "teens," and about our "baking the pancakes." I replied I did not, but expressed a desire to hear the story,

which she complied with, while I listened attentively. My wife, I think, was more anxious to hear, because both of us enjoyed listening to what a friend would say about either of us, and especially what took place before our marriage; it was testimony of a nature we could rely on, and would be likely to beget in us greater love for each other. We learned from my niece that one morning, when it was my turn to bake the pancakes (for my twin brother and myself were accustomed in those days to help our mother, by turns, in many of the household duties), mother wanted me to assist, but because we had visitors and I was somewhat bashful, I wished to be excused. When father came in, however, he said to me: "Francis, help bake the pancakes," and although quite a big boy at the time I did as desired. I relate this incident, not because of my reluctance to comply with my mother's wishes, but as an illustration that under trying circumstances I rendered obedience to my parents. If the duty did not smack of pleasure at the time, yet since I have helped to rear a family of my own it brings me consolation now, for I can the more fully appreciate the precept of St. Paul: *Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord* (Col. III: 20.) Some one may ask what I think of a boy doing housework, and my reply is simply that if a boy's parents require him to help within doors, he should do so, and he will find that time will bring its reward. In my own family, the boys (whose lot in life is in one respect similar to my own, having no sister) have helped in many ways to lighten the burdens of household duties for their mother. They know how to cook to some extent rather than go hungry. But I think I hear some skeptical person remark that such domestic training spoils a man for business or farm work. My answer to such is a

reference to my father's family—are they working men or not? I will not go back to my father's youth and early manhood, for I take it for granted he was more industrious than any of his sons, but I can not forbear reciting this incident which I have heard him relate. During the first winter after his marriage (1825–26), with two pair of oxen and a sled, he took sixty bushels of wheat from Meadville to Connewango Mills, nine miles below Jamestown, N. Y., and there he and his wife lived. Here with other help he assisted in stocking the mills with logs that winter. On their way home from these mills my parents stopped at Riceville, Crawford Co., Penn., where my eldest brother was born.

While speaking of lumbering I would like here to give one instance in my own experience which has been much less than that of my father in that line, although I have done a little in company with him, as well as some for my own account. I remember once helping him to haul a fourteen-foot hemlock log to William Dickson's mill on Woodcock Creek, in my township, which cut into 1,620 feet of lumber, being the largest log I ever assisted in handling! There were three of us and three or four teams, my cousin, Thomas Ferguson, helping us. It was indeed a pleasant duty to assist in hauling that log to the mill. And I may add that my sons are also inclined to try their hand in hauling logs. On December 20, 1886, Frank and Guinnip, each with a good span of horses and a wagon, one loaded with hay, the other with oats, started for Grand Valley, Warren Co., Penn., to engage in hauling logs as my father did over sixty years ago. Frank has had some experience in lumbering as well as farming, and Guinnip can learn. After several days' work in Warren County, they engaged with George Bush, with whom at this writing they are working.

December 29, 1886—A visit from Mrs. Matilda Barr and our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Roudebush, all of Blooming Valley, threw another ray of sunshine around our fireside. It is pleasant for me to be remembered, not only by relatives, but also by some of my old scholars who attended school where I taught in by-gone days. In the winters of 1853-54 and 1855-56 I taught school in the Goodwill District, and to-day I was asked by one of the lady visitors if I remembered the "treat" I gave the scholars on a certain Christmas (for it was customary in those days to teach on holidays). I replied that I did not think I recollected the incident. "Chestnuts," said the lady; and then she recounted how I distributed them among the scholars, throwing some on the floor for the younger ones to scramble for. It is said that if a day passes of which we can give no account, it may be considered lost. The visit of Mrs. Barr and Mr. and Mrs. Roudebush lasted the greater part of the day, but I found time to assist in digging a grave in the Smith Burying Ground for the oldest man in our community, George Smith, who died to-day. Had he lived till February 14, 1887, he would have been ninety-six years old. The Smith family of sixteen children, of whom reference is made in my first SOUVENIR, have now all passed away save our nearest neighbor ("Aunt Polly," as she is called) who is in her eighty-fifth year.

December 30—The funeral of my revered friend, George Smith, took place to-day, services being held in Blooming Valley Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Henry Delamater officiating. I was anxious to attend, but absence from home and not returning in time prevented me. On May 17, this year, I had a settlement with Mr. Smith, and he handed me a receipt for which I thanked him with the remark that I had never taken a

receipt before from a man of his age. The *Pennsylvania Farmer*, in speaking of his death says: "Mr. George Smith, one of the oldest men in Crawford County, died Wednesday at his home near Blooming Valley, at the advanced age of ninety-seven years." The death of two other neighbors which occurred last spring I will here also make mention of, the deceased being Mrs. Mary Smith (Robert Smith's wife), and Mrs. Eliza Roberts. Mr. Smith died May 25, and is interred in the Smith Burying Ground. Robert Smith, son of William Smith, resides on the old farm once owned by his father, in Mead Township, within about half a mile of our farm, and where I was taken when an infant to be weaned. William (or "Uncle Billy" as I learned to call him) was a good neighbor, and I think I speak the truth when I say that his family and my father's were on most friendly terms, each member of both families imitating the noble example set by their respective heads. Some writer says we should "reverence that which is best in the Universe, and that which is best in ourselves," so I may be pardoned if I refer to an incident of my days of infancy, wherein is illustrated a trait of my character that I am happy to say has not deserted me in all these years. I will relate the occurrence as I have frequently heard it from my parents and others. When the time came for my twin brother and myself to change our diet (that is to eat bread and butter), in order to relieve our mother, who was in rather poor health, and somewhat encumbered with household duties, my mate was selected to be sent to Mr. Smith's. Being so peevish and cross, however, as to mar not only his own happiness but also that of the entire household, he was soon brought home, myself being sent in his place, on trial, and I am pleased to say that it is recorded I was very peaceable, quiet and

good-natured. Now this may be giving me more credit than I deserved at the time, or even now, though I can conscientiously say that I have struggled through life in the interests of peace, and in the words of the apostle, to "study quiet." This good characteristic I claim I have inherited from my parents, and it was so visable in my father's life that I was encouraged to cultivate in myself this noble trait. I have often found myself mentally reviewing my many venerable acquaintances who have passed away, and selecting from among them the, to my mind, most peacefully inclined.

William Smith had the reputation of being one of the most peaceable men in this community. My acquaintance with him began in my childhood, and with uninterrupted friendship remained up to the day of his death, January 12, 1858. Along with some relatives and dear friends I was present with him at his parting hour, which was one of peace; and I was reminded of the Scripture saying: *Great peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them.*

Mrs. Eliza Roberts died June 19, in her sixty-fourth year, and is interred in Greendale Cemetery, at Meadville. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as is her husband, David Roberts, who resides about two miles from our place, on the road leading from Hatch Hill to Meadville. Mrs. Roberts was the second daughter of William Williams, one of the early settlers in this section of the county, whose farm on State Road, two and one-half miles east of Meadville, is now owned by Mr. Judd and Hartwell Williams. The date of William Williams' settlement in the county I can not record, but his name appears in a list of tax-payers previous to 1810. Mrs. Eliza Roberts, I believe, always lived in this community. I remember going in my boyhood with my

brothers and the Smith boys to pick cherries on the Williams farm, for in those early days farmers who had plenty of fruit allowed their neighbors to help gather it on shares, and we boys found as much enjoyment in it as we have nowadays in an excursion. If I am not mistaken, my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts had its commencement several years previous to the noted revival meetings held at State Road Methodist Episcopal Church, nearly throughout the entire winter of 1850-51, where many were brought out of darkness into light, some 200, as estimated, having been saved at that time. During my father's last illness David Roberts and his wife called occasionally to see him; and at one visit, when it was thought my father's mind was failing, as David was shaking hands with him, my mother asked him: "Do you know who it is?" "Yes," replied my father, with a smile of recognition, "I think I do know David Roberts. I would know him if I should not see him for a thousand years." It is well to ever bear in mind that words spoken, good or bad, wise or foolish, often live after us; it is not essential that they should be written or printed to be preserved, for when once engraved on memory's page, they will be more enduring than brass, and will be certain to have their influence on the minds and lives of those who come after us. In governing our tongue we should endeavor to excel, for it is an attribute that in itself is most excellent. Reader, did you ever think that "life and death are in the power of the tongue, and they who love it eat the fruit thereof." How very bitter the fruit of sin; how good the fruit of peace.

December 31, 1886—The closing day of a year that has been to Eliza and me, in many respects, a most eventful one. Lewis Slocum (a neighbor) and family, together with my wife and myself, by previous arrangement with

Lewis, went to Mosiertown to pay a visit to the Slocum family—three brothers and one sister of Lewis—including C. R., Robert, Lewis and Caroline (Cochran), all heads of families and life-long acquaintances and old school-mates. This was found to be a most pleasant and profitable way of ending the year 1886, and we feel that the doings of yesterday and to-day will leave a lasting impression on our memories. I could recall many pleasant scenes and happy hours of bygone days, when similar gatherings occurred at the homes of our parents; and this reunion of to-day, at the home of C. R. Slocum, was enjoyed, not only as a family gathering, but as a reproduction, so to speak, of the real unbroken friendship possessed by our parents, and inculcated on their children. The evening was spent at Hon. S. Slocum's, and C. R. then remarked that he was fifty-two years old on December 10, the day after my son Guinnip's daughter was born. In my youth and earlier manhood I question if I spent as much time visiting during the holidays as I have this season. Some people transpose the maxim "Business first, pleasure afterward" to "Pleasure first, business afterward;" but in cases of emergency, and until I can get through the rush of both, I can couple them—make a good running team of them, as it were, as I had to do this time, for I have several days' business and pleasure in various ways before me.

1887.

January 1—Made one of a New Year's party, held at the home of Mr. Clark Ellis, who reminded me, while at dinner, where he and I had dined last New Year's Day. It was with my aunt, Mary Ann Simmons, in Jamestown, N. Y., and I said to Mr. Ellis, that I would like to take supper with her this evening, although it was already two

o'clock. So, after dinner, his son, Edmond, drove me in a cutter to Meadville (distant about three and one-half miles), which we reached just in time for me to catch the train for Jamestown, whither I traveled in company with my neighbor, Newton S. Chase. Here I took supper with my relatives, and enjoyed another opportunity of calling on my friends and spending two or three days in the town. On the following Sunday forenoon we heard Elder Peate, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, hold forth, and in the evening we listened with pleasure to Dr. G. W. Townsend, who spoke on the subject of Temperance. On Monday, after attending to some business, I returned home, having entered on the duties of the New Year in my usual way, combining pleasure with business, both of which worked harmoniously together, with satisfactory results.

Sunday, January 9—After service at the State Road Methodist Episcopal Church, which I attended this morning, our preacher, Mr. Miller, announced the death of Mrs. Olmstead, an aged lady, the funeral to be held at 1:30 p. m., from Mead Corners, three miles south of State Road Church. Mrs. Waid and I attended, and on our way called on Brother Roberts, with whom we took dinner. During Mrs. Roberts' sickness, which was of about a year's duration, we visited her frequently, and I think I will ever remember the words of encouragement and advice we received from that good sister. In retrospect, I think of that lifelong acquaintance, and of the blessed privilege Brother Roberts and I sought out together in the good way (his wife being a member of the church at the same time)—the privilege we have for thirty-six years enjoyed, of worshiping God in the same house. I do not think I could name another person in our society at present whom I have met in church as

often as I have David Roberts. Of the large number that congregated for prayer and praise thirty-six years ago, but few are now left; some have crossed the river to the "better land," and many others are scattered over this wide country, some being in the "Far West."

January 27, 1887—Much of the enjoyment and pleasure of life comes to us sometimes in a single day. To-day we have had the company of friends and kindred whom we love so well, and the intercourse brought pleasure and happiness, seemingly enough for one day. But more was in store for us, for when my son Fred returned from Meadville with our mail, I received two letters, one from Prof. Samuel P. Bates, of Meadville, and the other from Mr. J. Y. Gilmore, which threw yet another ray of sunshine in the midst of my family circle. These letters both appear in full in the Appendix to this volume. The one from Prof. Bates has endeared to me the recollections of bygone, happy, boyhood days spent with him, whom I have known since we attended Meadville Academy together in the fall of 1853—thirty-six years ago; and I also gratefully remember the kind act of Hon. S. B. Dick, in being instrumental in having a copy of my SOUVENIR placed in the hands of the Library, Art and Historical Association.

I love my honored and respected friend, Mr. J. Y. Gilmore, none the less because he leads an active, laborious and useful life, as his letter states. Such a man is deserving of all he calculates on, and my sincere desire is that not only Mr. J. Y. Gilmore, but all who strive for success may legitimately attain the height of their ambition, and ultimately enjoy such repose as he speaks of. With the man who does right, life becomes better day by day, as he gets farther from the cradle and nearer to the grave. What could please us more, as we near the

close of life's journey, than the enjoyment of the company of our best friends.

January 29, 1887—This is another red-letter day in my Diary. Being the sixty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Mr. John Braymer, of Mead Township, Crawford County, a farmer whom we have known and valued as an upright citizen from our earliest recollection, a goodly company of over forty assembled to join in the celebration, my wife and myself being among the number. We were pleased to see his brother, David, present, also hale and hearty.* Although these two brothers were considerably in advance of my own age, yet I knew their father, Andrew Braymer, well; and I remember when I and my twin brother were boys going with father to assist Mr. Braymer (who was at that time pathmaster or supervisor in Mead Township). We were working on what is known as Meeting House (or Hamilton) Hill, west of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and from the brow of the upper hill (as we term it) we rolled, with the help of several yoke of oxen, a great stone, or rock, that for a long time had been an obstruction, down the hill a short distance and off to the north side of the road to near the ditch, where it yet lies. Few men, if any, have passed that big stone oftener than the writer of this incident. Shakespeare speaks of there being "sermons in stones;" and that old landmark lying by the roadside, inanimate and dumb, a potent witness to the acts of men long since dead and gone, could read us a moral lesson more forcible and convincing than any pulpit oratory.

Not long after this Mr. Leland Meachum, living on Town Hill near Meadville, formed a "bee," inviting

* We were also present at the celebration of the seventy-second birthday of David Braymer, held October 13, 1887, on which occasion he was presented with a silent rocking-chair. Three brothers and one sister were present. Mr. Braymer resides with his son, Ezra, on the homestead.

everyone along the State Road within several miles to assemble on the Fourth of July, and spend the day in improving the public highway at a point on Town Hill, about halfway down the hill (near the corner of Greendale Cemetery) where the road was given a bend in order to avoid a deep ravine. On that day the people began filling in the gulf, and by special efforts on the part of good citizens the grand object is at present nearly accomplished. But since that time the hill has been graded and much improved, its entire length, and the road straightened where the curve was. I have had opportunities since then to help improve the road at other points, and I will here conclude this reference by remarking that the community always seemed to be divided into a *majority*, who were bent on pleasure, and a *minority*, who were always seeking ways and means to benefit the public. I hope the reader will not charge me with undue pretentiousness when in this connection I say that I usually found myself in the ranks of the *minority*.

I am glad I was taught to do good in more than one way. I have attempted to speak of the amount of blessings that has come to me while walking in the path of duty. Good deeds done for the benefit of others are like the boomerang, which after being thrown at an object returns unaided to the person throwing it, with this difference, however, the boomerang only returns *itself*, good deeds make returns with grand interest. The principle which led me to a wise choice for the improvement of my time had its origin in my boyhood. As several gentlemen, not long since, were passing the Goodrich Farm, purchased only about two years ago (in 1885), one of them remarked: "Industry is a fortune of itself," while a second one said: "I wish you would prove it to us." "Well," replied the first speaker, "do you remember

this old farm as it was about two years ago? Look at it *now*," calling attention to the field on the north side of State Road, containing sixty-six acres all fenced, with stumps and stones removed, rough ground leveled, an old pasture field of fifteen or twenty acres plowed, some of it a second time, and seeded to meadow. Passing on down the hill this gentleman, referring to the improvements on the farm on the south side of the road, remarked: "That large quantity of stove wood, corded up so nicely along the road and in the yard, was cut down there in the wood lot, where it had apparently been abandoned on account of the immense thicket of undergrowth timber and brush." Then to cap the climax as they came down to the flat (to what was known as the corduroy or long bridge), there appeared to their view a three-cornered five-acre piece of land, once separate from the Goodrich Farm, but bought by Mr. A. S. Goodrich of Hugh Hamilton, for pasture and water privilege. Now a portion of this bit of land had never been completely cleared—many logs, small trees and a large amount of brush still remaining, and a portion of the flat often covered with water, when it came into my possession. "Who would have thought of clearing this land except F. C. Waid!" exclaimed the first speaker of the party. "Then," quickly remarked number two, "it is F. C. WAID and INDUSTRY who have made the improvements on the farm." For the general improvement on this farm, however, credit is due my eldest son, who lives on the farm, and the rest of my family. A good motto for a farmer is this one, of which Benjamin Franklin is the author: *Plough deep while sluggards sleep.*

Not boastingly, but simply as something that may be of interest to my many farmer friends, I here present a statement of the income or products of the farm referred

to for the year 1886: About forty tons of hay, three hundred bushels of potatoes, ten hundred bushels of oats, about five hundred bushels of ears of corn. The fruit crop was about as follows: Apples and plums, good crop; blue damson plums, estimated at ten to twelve bushels; and apples, probably three hundred bushels. In order to show to some extent the income derived from this farm the first year we had it (1885), I will here recount some conversation I had, late in the fall of that year, with my son, Frank, who is in charge of the farm, which he worked on shares, giving me a portion of what the land would yield. In speaking about the products and their value, Frank said to me: "I will give you six per cent interest [\$264] on the money invested in the farm for your share of the crops." I confess this rather astonished me, for it takes good farming—nothing short of prudence, industry and economy—to make a farm pay six per cent interest on its value, and I did not expect this when I bought the farm. Kind reader, the blessings of this life should call forth gratitude and praise to the Giver of all good, who rewards our labors and crowns the year with His blessings. I believe in an overruling Providence, who not only governs the nations on earth, as spoken of in His Word, but also the affairs of individuals. What did David mean when he said: *The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord?* Then again: *All things work together for good to them that love God.* The working of all things for good may be to us a mystery. How a blade of grass grows is a mystery, but grow it does. It is a pleasant thing, and delightful to the eye, to look on the green-clad fields in early spring, and behold, with admiration, the growing grass; but sweeter, far, is it to have faith in His promises, which brings us peace. The All-wise Creator knows our wants before we ask them, and

He has the means, and will devise the way, whereby our wants, if real, shall be met, *if we live in harmony with Him*. And it is His prerogative to give or withhold as He may deem best for our good, just as an earthly father would treat a child whom he loves. If a dutiful child follows the advice of his parents, how much more should he not obey Him?

February 21, 1887—In a letter from George M. Burdett, of Lenoir's, Loudon Co., Tenn., of above date, he says: "I write to thank you for your kindly remembrance of me and my family during your visit to East Tennessee." My wife and I, during our visit to the South, and while staying with our son near Mr. Burdett's place, were kindly invited to call on the latter's family, which invitation we accepted, and in company with our daughter-in-law we enjoyed a remarkably pleasant visit, one long to be remembered by us; and in the distribution of the SOUVENIR we wished to remind them that we claimed them as friends. I will here, in this connection, say a few words about the farming land I saw in the Valley of the Tennessee, between Knoxville and Lenoir's. How much poor land there may be adjoining the river I do not know, but I found some *good* and some *very good* land on Col. Easley's farm. The greatest amount of good land, however, is to be found on the very large farm of Mr. Lenoir. The island embracing 117 acres, lying at the mouth of the Little Tennessee River, where it empties into the Tennessee River, a short distance from the station at Lenoir's, contains, perhaps, some of the best soil along the river.

February 25—This day Rev. M. Miller, our respected pastor, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ada, paid us a very agreeable visit. I find not only pleasure, but profit, in listening to our teachers who instruct in the good way.

Sunday, March 6, 1887—This beautiful day I spent with relatives and friends in Jamestown, N. Y., and again enjoyed the privilege of attending church with them. At 11 A. M., in company with F. Simmons and family, I went to the Baptist Church, where we listened to a very interesting discourse, delivered by Rev. Harvey, his subject being "Church Work," and what had been done during the past five years, this being his first Sabbath of his sixth year. Among other things, he stated that the church, both temporally and spiritually, was prospering well; that eighteen new members had been received into the fold that day; that in 1882 the membership numbered 317, and in March, 1887, it numbered 424, being an increase of over 100. The church property, he said, was much improved and out of debt, their growth not being rapid, but like that of a tree—slow and solid. At 3 P. M. we attended the funeral of William H. Devoe (who died at the age of seventy-eight years), Rev. J. D. Townsend officiating. In the evening Mr. Simmons and I went to the Independent Congregational Church, where we again heard Mr. Townsend. At the close of his sermon he referred to the severe illness of Henry Ward Beecher, who had received a paralytic stroke.* Among the great men whose memory I love, stands in the front rank Henry Ward Beecher. If my memory serves me right, I heard him lecture about ten years ago, in the Opera House at Meadville, the subject being: "The Burdens and Wastes of Society." Many good things he said, and worthy to be remembered, among them: "A sick man is not a burden to society, for he will either die or get well; but a lazy man is a burden." "A boy is reared to fill some occupation in life, but a girl is raised to get married." He also interpreted some passages of Scripture, making them very clear to me.

* Henry Ward Beecher died at half-past nine, on the morning of March 8, 1887.

March 12, 1887—To-day my wife and I went to see kindred at the old homestead, and found Uncle Robert Morehead on this his eighty-fifth birthday, his general health being pretty good. He conversed with us freely, remarking that he had done a good many "chores" this winter, and was able to split a good share of the firewood.

Sunday, March 13—Went to church to-day with Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Fergerson. On Monday following, on our way home, we attended, in company with our cousins, the funeral of John Parks, in Kerrtown, Rev. A. C. Ellis, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Meadville, being the officiating minister. His remarks, though brief, were very good and appropriate, and whatever else of his discourse might be forgotten, by repetition he impressed these words on his hearers: "We all preach our own funeral sermons in life." No matter what may be said over our remains ere being forever hidden from view, the truth is manifest that *we all preach our own funeral sermons in life*. We are prone rather to inquire how a person may have lived than how he may have died, although the dying are included in this life—the last act in the great drama. So our study should be *how to die, not how to live*. Mr. Parks was Mrs. Fergerson's uncle, and he died at the age of seventy-seven years.

On coming through Meadville we called on our life-long friend, Henry Smith, who resides near the top of the town hill, where Avery Oaks formerly lived. Henry and I did many a day's work together, and he helped to build our house. I can safely say that for aught I know we have enjoyed unbroken friendship from childhood. Before corn-planters were introduced here, and even since, Henry and I have dropped corn many a day together,

and he had the credit of dropping straight rows of corn, which I tried to imitate, and was often chosen "second dropper."

March 20, 1887—James Wygant, born April 10, 1824, and died March 17, 1887, at his home in Blooming Valley, was buried to-day. The funeral services were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was filled to the doors, the attendance being so large that twice I gave my seat up to accommodate others; by special request, however, I was seated with the family of the deceased, much to my gratification. Rev. William B. Trevy was the officiating brother. James Wygant was well known in this county, and when I get his obituary I will probably write more concerning him. He was converted at State Road Methodist Episcopal Church during the wonderful revival in the winter of 1850-51. Although over nine years older than myself, he frequently claimed to be my age, we having both set out on our Christian journey about the same time. And there is something more in this than a mere passing thought. The living within a mile of each other ever since our conversion, and the enjoying together Christian fellowship and friendship, had endeared us to each other, which is one reason why I wish to pay a tribute of respect to his memory. In life he was my friend, and I have often appreciated his advice, and listened with profit to his many funeral* and other sermons. I regarded him as one of the most accommodating men in Blooming Valley, not infrequently making unselfish sacrifices to others, and I remember it was often said: "If you want an accommodation, go to Brother Wygant." When I was a young man I used to visit his home frequently, for my "girl" (who is now my wife) boarded there at the time she was going to school. James

* In his obituary it is stated he had preached over 344 funeral sermons.

Wygant was twice married; on the first occasion, September 18, 1844, to Lucretia B. Halley, and the second time April 6, 1854, to Maria E. Cutler, of Randolph Township, Crawford County. His first wife died October 29, 1853, and his remains now rest beside her in Blooming Valley Cemetery. Our last visit with Brother Wygant's family before he was prostrated with sickness, was December 15, 1886; but the last time I talked with him was on Tuesday evening, March 15, 1887, two days before he died, and I heard him repeat this verse on awakening from a short sleep:

“Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

Brother George Floyd and Robert Teasdale were present, also Dr. I. T. Akin, while I was there.

The last words Mr. Wygant uttered were from the well-known beautiful hymn:

“Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee;
 E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be, nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.”

Our family Bible, which was rebound, having been in daily use since 1852, was bought from Rev. James Wygant who was colporteur that year.

March 24, 1887—When I and my family returned home in the evening from Meadville, in the midst of a storm, we were most agreeably surprised to find awaiting us Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, of Dakota, who had arrived but a few minutes before we got home. Joy does not always wait till morning; on this occasion it came in the evening. We were truly glad to meet our old friends, whom we had visited in September, 1881, when they were living near St. Charles, Minn. There were four

of us who enjoyed that visit: Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cutshall and Mr. and Mrs. Francis C. Waid. At the time spoken of we had been visiting our brother-in-law, Willis Masiker, who lives at Lansing, Iowa; and from his place we drove by hired team to Pine Island, Goodhue Co., Minn., in order that we might have a better view of the country than could be got by rail. At Pine Island we visited Warren W. Cutshall and Victor Sterling, and on our way thither we stopped at Chester, Olmsted County, where we had the pleasure of dining with our friend and old acquaintance, Hon. Thomas W. Phelps. On our return trip we took dinner with Eleazer Phelps, at his residence in Rochester, Minn., after which we drove to William Gilmore's and made our long-to-be-remembered visit; I call it so, as it proved to be one of the most fortunate visits we made in this entire trip. We expected to meet only William Gilmore and his family at his home, but imagine our pleasant surprise when we learned that J. Y. Gilmore and his daughter were there, from New Orleans. To have met my old school-mate anywhere in the West would have been a surprise to me; but to unexpectedly find him at his brother's was to me a genuine pleasure, which I heartily enjoyed. As I have said, this occurred in 1881.

On March 25, 1887, we were favored with the company at our home of Mrs. Gilmore (mother of William and J. Y.), who is now in her eighty-sixth year; also of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cutshall, and Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Smith, the last two named being near neighbors—altogether a very happy reunion.

William Gilmore was in the Mexican War, and was personally acquainted, I believe, with Gen. Zachary Taylor, having served on guard duty under him. During the Presidential campaign of 1848, Gen. Taylor came to

Meadville, where, with many others I had the honor of shaking hands with him, and here Mr. Gilmore was introduced to the General with whom he had a long chat.

March 31, 1887—Success does not always depend on our own exertions. After we have done all in our physical power to bring about certain results, and have seemingly failed, there is yet not alone *hope* of success for us, if in the proper path of duty, but even a *certainty* of victory if we will take our case to the Lord in prayer. "Prayer is appointed to convey the blessings God designs to give." We may mark out our way, but should always ask his approval. "Man proposes, God disposes."

My experience of this day is not the first demonstrated in my life. A similar experience came to me December 14, 1886, and I could recall many others; but I will forbear. I have just spoken of Hope. How thankful we ought to be for that desire of some good that "springs eternal in the human breast!" Without it man's life would be almost a blank. It is true hope may be deceitful, but yet there is pleasure in cherishing it. Peacock speaks of

"Those blest days when life was new,
And hope was false but love was true."

In the darkest hours of distress and despair, when all else has deserted us, sweet hope remains. It is a balm for every condition of life—"The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope;" it is the Divinity ever stirring within us. Byron thus apostrophizes Hope:

"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray."

My son, Guinnip P., has been married four years to-day, and has been living since then, with exception of a short time, on the old farm.

I have received an interesting letter from Mr. J. F. Hamilton, dated Muddy Creek, Loudon County, Tenn., March 29, 1887, a portion of which will be found in the Appendix. This letter commences with general news, including an account of the sale of Col. Easiley's estate, with a pressing invitation for Frank and his wife, and myself and my wife to visit his family, and attend the sale on May 5, 1887. Mr. Hamilton was Frank's nearest neighbor, and had lived on Col. Easiley's farm several years. We had the pleasure of forming the family's acquaintance and visiting them when we were at our son's place, in October, 1883.

April 4, 1887—I copy from my personal journal the following:

November 11, 1852. May I remember my teacher, Mr. S. S. Sears; may I ever hold his name dear to me, and should it please God to spare my life until I reach that place among men where I may be the means, in the hand of Him who has created me, of doing good to all my fellows around me, I still wish to remember Mr. Sears, who has been and now is so kind to me. I may read these lines long hereafter, and I will always hold his name dear to me. He has treated me well, and labored hard to instruct me, for which I give him my sincere thanks, this being all I have to give, though not all he deserves. The following certificate was written by Mr. Sears and handed to me:

November 11, 1852.

To whomsoever it may concern:

Sir:

I take pleasure in recommending to you Francis C. Waid as a young man every way capable of teaching a common school, and well calculated to win the esteem of both parents and scholars.

S. S. SEARS,
Teacher of Waterford Academy,
Erie County, Pa.

Although Mr. Sears has passed from earth, and his family are living far from here, in the West, yet as soon as I learn their address I intend to send them a *SOUVENIR* with our best wishes.

April 5, 1887—To-day I and my youngest son, Fred. F., were near the northwest corner of the farm, in the hollow, and close by the site where many years ago stood a saw-mill, cutting and splitting into firewood (for our fire-place is still in use) an old three-prong-forked pine log, that once lay in the mill-yard, on the side hill, probably over forty years ago—indeed it may have been cut fifty years ago. While thus occupied my thoughts again became retrospective, flying back with magic speed to days of long ago. I remembered of my twin brother and myself visiting this old saw-mill when we were little boys, when everything to our young senses had grand proportions. And I also remember that one time when my twin brother and I were there, we found our uncle, Washington Waid, sawing. The mill, in those days, stood on what was known as the "Goodwill Farm," on a little creek or run that meandered between hills on either side, steep and lofty, more so below the mill than above it, the valley or flat being quite narrow. It was then all woodland, but now there is no timber except below the old mill site, and this and the sugar bush, probably 100 rods east of this, include all the woodland on this farm. So working away with my hands, cutting and splitting this old pine log, and at the same time conjuring up visions of the past in my equally busy mind, I felt, indeed, happy, and was ready to pity any man who had his health and could not enjoy farm life, the oldest and best occupation among men. On it all mankind depend. The "king himself is fed on the herb of the field." In its day the saw-mill, just referred to, did considerable business; but when I cast my eyes on the limited bit of territory where lay the source of its water-power, I wonder the mill was ever built on so small a stream. This creek was the output of some neighboring springs, namely: The Pitcher Spring

(now on the James Harris Farm), a little over a mile southeast of the mill; a second one about three-fourths of a mile southwest, on Jabez Goodrich's farm (now on our farm); a third one on James Douglass' farm, which united with some other springs in that locality; and a fourth one, distant from the mill less than half a mile, and located on the east side of our 100-acre meadow. Several years after the mill had ceased to do business, Justus Goodwill began the erection of another one, constructing the dam farther up the stream; but after doing some work on it he abandoned it, and Ira C. Waid bought the property.

April 8, 1887—To-day we attended the funeral of an only child of Harry Roudebush, Ida by name, who, had she lived till June 30, this year, would have been four years old. Services were conducted in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Blooming Valley, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Guy's Mills, and friends and relatives whom we had not seen for a long time were present. Among them were Bigler Roudebush, son of my aunt, Clarissa U., and uncle, George Roudebush (Bigler lives at Erie, Penn., and his wife we met for the first time at this funeral), also Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilmore, from Bradford, Penn., and Mrs. Scott, from Dakota. Some time after this funeral Mr. and Mrs. Bigler Roudebush sent me a photograph of one of my dearest aunts—my father's youngest sister, Mrs. Clarissa U. Roudebush—and her youngest son, Bigler, whom she is represented holding in her arms when a child. Bigler is now (1887) a young man, married, and in the employment of William Densmore, who is engaged extensively in the manufacturing of flour in Erie, Penn. We had likenesses of his father and mother sent to us after the death of my parents, which we prize highly, and this to be supplemented by the one sent by my

cousin, Bigler Roudebush, was indeed an agreeable surprise. If this comes in the nature of a complimentary return for a single copy of my *SOUVENIR*, the pleasure to me is such that I believe I will never regret the labor and expense incurred in trying to benefit a thousand or more of my kindred and friends in the same way. I wish my liberality to be commensurate with my means, and may it be influenced by Divine help in the various channels wherein I shall accomplish the most good. How I love this great truth written for our good: *God loveth a cheerful giver!* Life is worth living when He rules our motive. *Take my yoke upon you, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.* How heavy our burdens would be without his aid, how easy with it!

It was not taught by Him in vain,
The merciful shall peace obtain;
But they who to the end endure,
Will find His promise fixed and sure.

'Twas eighteen hundred fifty-one,
This Christian course had then begun,
The Bible truth which makes all free,
Then proved a blessing unto me.

My years have very sweetly flown,
When in search of truth alone;
And while working in the field,
His word to me did comfort yield.

Contented now by day or night,
For His landmarks are in sight,
Which point me to His favor given,
And lead me upward unto Heaven.

F. C. WAID.

May 20, 1887—Ephraim Smith, a farmer, who moved in the spring of 1853 from Randolph Township, this county, to Lee County, Iowa, thence years afterward to New London, Henry Co., same State, is at present on a visit, after an absence of thirty-four years, to relatives

and friends here. Twice I met him and his family in Iowa, namely in the fall of 1860, when visiting my brother, George N., and in November, 1880, when my brother, just mentioned, G. W. Cutshall and myself paid him a visit. Ephraim Smith* is the only member of his family now living; his wife, Emeline, died October 27, 1885, at the age of sixty-nine years and nine months, and is interred in the cemetery at New London, Iowa. Mr. Smith is now aged three-score-and-ten years, having been born March 2, 1817, in Greene County, N. Y., and as he himself says this is probably his last visit, as he is in but indifferent health. At his request, before leaving our home, I had the pleasure of handing him a copy of my SOUVENIR.

William Robins died to-day at his home in Blooming Valley, aged, I believe, about eighty. He was postmaster for several years at Blooming Valley.

May 25, 1887—Although I have seen my fifty-fourth birthday, I have never sought office. Not long since I was pleased to learn through the newspapers that C. R. Slocum is a candidate for the office of prothonotary, and no one could I more heartily support, as I told him when he dropped in on us for a social visit this evening. The time was when we spent many hours in each other's company, but nowadays we meet so seldom that it is more like a renewal of old friendship than otherwise.

May 29—After the taking up of a collection at State Road Church to pay the presiding elder's claim, it was found to be about \$3 short, and this amount I gave with the remark to our pastor that I would like to see him accomplish whatever he undertook.

The following incident I here mention for two

* Ephraim Smith is still living (December 28, 1889) at Rundell's, this county. He went West, then returned, preferring Crawford County to his former home, where to spend the rest of his life.

reasons: It is, in my opinion, not only due to the memory of the late lamented Rev. James Wygant, but it is the last compliment paid me in my presence at State Road Society, a short time prior to Mr. Wygant's sickness and death. At the close of the meeting the question of finance was brought up in connection with our pastor's salary; and here I will remark that I fear we were not only slow sometimes, but delinquent in meeting our obligations. Brother Wygant once said: "I have known my friend [referring to F. C. Waid], after paying his share of the disbursements, hand over \$50 more toward meeting the expenses and paying the preacher's claim, rather than see them go unpaid." If there is any honor in contracting a debt, I certainly think there is in paying it. *Render to all their dues*, and who is more worthy than our minister. *The workman is worthy of his hire*. I ought to be liberal in supporting the Gospel, for all the good it has done for me has never yet been fully told. There is so much evil in the world that we ought to be sleepless in our efforts to infuse all the good we can. Our natural propensity or disposition is to evil, and *evil is a habit*. Alas! "the chains of habit are generally too small to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken." All good alone is the *ideal*, good and evil both are the real. "The ideal is older than the real," writes Richter, "There were spotless angels before there were fallen angels." I often think as Benjamin Franklin did when, after reading Thomas Paine's manuscript on infidelity, he said to him: "Do not unchain the tiger; let no other eye see it; burn it. If the world is so bad with religion, what would it be without it?"

June 2, 1887—Having been appointed pathmaster (or road commissioner) several times, my experience in making and repairing has been considerable, and many re-

marks—good, bad and indifferent—have I heard made by passers-by, when commenting on our work. We have quite a large amount of “work tax” several days in each year, necessitating the employment of hands, teams and tools, in paying our road tax in Woodcock and Mead Townships, which varies from \$35 to \$40 in labor, and about \$15 in cash. By reference to my receipts I find my heaviest tax, hitherto, was paid last year (1886) in Woodcock Township—a little over \$151, including State, county, poor and school taxes. Our taxes all told for that year were about \$260*; so the farmer, it will be seen, has to pay some taxes as well as inhabitants of villages, towns or cities. I do not wish it thought that I am complaining about our taxes; far from it. I am only glad that after toiling so long I have something to be taxed for; I was really troubled when I had nothing to be assessed on, and even then I was glad that my wife owned a cow!

But to return to what I was saying about comments passed by wayfarers on our road-making. I will be excused, I know, from here repeating what may have been said uncomplimentary, and will only relate one instance of the many favorable criticisms. A certain gentleman, a farmer, living near Meadville, who had just passed over the portion of State road we had finished working on, expressed himself in this wise: “I have been acquainted,” says he, “with this road over fifty years, and I will say that I never have seen it in as good condition, or looking as well as it does now, taking it from the Goodrich Farm to the borough of Blooming Valley.” [Distance about one and a half miles.] He then appealed to me with the inquiry if I had ever seen it as good as it is now? “Do

* In 1889 about \$300 by reference to my receipts. One receipt in Woodcock Township is for \$191.56.—F. C. Waid.

not ask me," I replied, "to judge of our own work; I admit, however, that we have done what we could to merit your compliment, for which I thank you."

June 4, 1887—Received a letter from my friend, Rev. A. S. Goodrich, who with his family, consisting of wife and only daughter, spent the winter in Florida; at present they are residing in Corry, Erie Co., Penn. In this interesting letter he gives a description of St. Augustine, Fla., the oldest city in the United States, founded by Menendez de Aviles, September 8, 1565. In conclusion he speaks of his own and family's health having been improved by their Southern trip. He also acknowledges receipt of Historical Sketch Book, on his return from Florida.

June 12—This was "Children's Day," at the State Road Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. The attendance was good, and the exercises passed off in a most creditable manner to all who participated in them, and the presence of our pastor added much to the occasion. One of the noted features was what was called the "blank class," which is the second Bible class, including all who come in and do not belong to some classes in the school, and is composed of grown persons. When the superintendent called this class at the close of the other exercises, I said I would represent the "blank class," as when our pastor is not present I have the honor of being its teacher. After making a few brief remarks, I requested to have the pleasure of doubling the collection which had been taken up for the Educational Fund, and which amounted to \$5.02, thus making it \$10.04. So ended "Children's Day" at State Road Church.

My family's friend, Henry Smith, with his family, living near Meadville, accepted our invitation to dine with us, and in the afternoon we all attended "Children's

Day" meeting at Blooming Valley, where a large audience was assembled. Here also I had the gratification of increasing the educational fund, but the collection was not so large as at State Road. Possibly the reader may ask: "Why speak of these collections and additions there-to, and why publish such in a book? Such little things are of frequent occurrence." That is very true, kind reader, but you know the rain-drops count. *Every blade of grass has its own drop of dew.* The moments and hours of life all tell in making up a year in one's life. Some of us, if small things in our favor were to be omitted, when weighed in the balance, would be found wanting. Shakespeare says: "Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short." He who teaches us that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of our Heavenly Father, declares the very hairs of our head are numbered. He who is constantly trying to do good will succeed in his efforts, and will find that favor and blessing are sure to follow. Then the problem of how to enjoy a dollar *twice* is not hard to solve. To me there comes a pleasure in earning a dollar, but the greater pleasure comes in a proper use of it. Where better, I ask, and where with better security and guaranteed profits can a man place a portion of his earnings than in the Lord's treasury, cheerfully? My own reply to the query is to be found in my own experiences.

June 16, 1887—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Miller, our near neighbors, were gathered this day a pleasant party, consisting entirely of their children and relatives, excepting myself and my wife, who were present by request. The event was the celebration of the sixtieth birthday of Mrs. Sarah Miller, and as on such occasions it is customary for visitors to leave as a memento some gift, in this instance presents were given valued at about \$7, and also \$11 in cash.

On same day, in Randolph Township, Crawford County, was celebrated at the residence of her son, John McLachlin, the ninetieth anniversary of Mrs. McLachlin's birthday. A venerable old age and a useful past life were in her represented, which a wave of good is certain to follow.

June 22, 1887—As my son Fred and I had just finished grinding our scythes before mowing the grass by the roadside (for we like to have clean fence rows as well as good roads), our friend, Henry Smith, and his family, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, drove up to us. This stranger, who was introduced to us as Mr. Harmon, from Lake Ridge, Lenawee County, Mich., spent the day with us in visiting, ourselves learning from him something of our relatives living in Michigan. Mr. Harmon's eldest son, James, married Anna Waid, my uncle Samuel Waid's youngest daughter. Samuel Waid moved to Michigan in the spring of 1858, and if my memory serves me right, he had a family of four sons and six daughters, of whom Sarah Jane, the eldest daughter, died at Meadville, and was interred in Blooming Valley Cemetery before they left Pennsylvania. One son, William, the eldest in the family, became a soldier in the Union army in the Civil War, and died in Andersonville Prison. John, the next younger son, who was also in the army, was taken prisoner, I understand, and has never been heard of since. The surviving children are sons—Nathan and Harmon—and daughters—Clara, Lovina and Anna, the two first named being married to brothers by the name of Reeves. During the day I drove Mr. Harmon to Blooming Valley and the cemetery. He is in his seventy-eighth year, a native of Phelps, Ontario County, N. Y., but moved to Michigan in 1834. I always take pleasure in the society of men who may be a quarter of a century in advance of

myself, for I yet love the council of the aged, and find wisdom in their experience.

June 27, 1887—To-day we have been mowing the 100-acre lot; somewhat earlier than usual for haying in our section. This meadow, which lies on the north side of State Road, is of historic fame, for an account of it is given in my biographical sketch, at page 1175, "History of Crawford County," published in 1885, as well as in my *SOUVENIR* issued from the press in 1886, at page 35. We had working to-day three mowing machines driven by my three sons, Franklin I., Guinnip P. and Fred F., myself being engaged in trimming fence rows, etc., part of the day. Several years ago Mr. Townley asked me how we managed to do our large haying with so much dispatch, generally finishing in July, as he understood. I replied that we usually had two machines running part of the day (in the forenoon), and sometimes had three, though not often.

I do not think as many acres have ever been cut on the farm in a single day as there were mown this day. Twenty-five or thirty acres cut in one day is considerable for us in June, even with fine weather, though rather cool. It is a pleasure to see the grass fall as the guards and knife come in contact with it. But the more responsible labor is not in the mowing but in the raking, pitching, loading and hauling to the barns, and there unloading. But making hay or working in the hayfield is a pleasant task for anyone who loves it, and I still like to take my place in the harvest field.

My youngest son, Fred F., in the spring of 1885, planted a beautiful maple tree of good size on the rise of ground near the hay-barn, at the north end of the 100-acre meadow, and it is growing finely.

July 1, 1887—Have had beautiful haying weather

since last Monday, in fact, all that could be desired. This afternoon came a slight sprinkling of rain, not sufficient to stop work in the field. At this writing there have been cut of the 100-acre meadow, seventy-five or eighty acres, all stored in barns. One family, with some outside help and good machinery, can do a considerable amount of haying in five days, when favored with fair weather. Three mowers, two horse-rakes and four wagons, all well manned, can make work progress in a lively manner as was the case on this big field. On the south side of State Road we have another field of about sixty acres, nearly all meadow, and yet another, of twenty acres, all meadow; and these fields comprise all the meadowland on the farm. This last mentioned field, thirty years ago, was all woodland; now it is a fine, productive meadow. It slopes toward the north, and adjoins the public road which bounds Blooming Valley on the west. [This season our haying was completed on July 20th, the earliest of any year as far as I can remember; last year I think I finished July 21st, and then helped my boys a few days to finish their haying.]

“Independence Day,” 1887—The “Glorious Fourth” was, as usual, full of interest and pleasure to me, not altogether disconnected, I confess, with some business affairs; for, as I have already remarked, I can most agreeably combine business with pleasure, or *vice versa*. Having taken the morning train for Jamestown, N. Y., my youngest son and I there found my cousin, F. Simmons, in his store, busily engaged, with Mr. Prosser, waiting on customers. At Mr. Simmons’ suggestion, after dinner, we took passage by one of the large steamers for one of the most noted resorts in America, Chautauqua, where was being held the Fourteenth Assembly. At the Hotel Athenæum we met and shook hands with Hon. H. G. Horr, of

Michigan, and had the pleasure of hearing him deliver an interesting and instructive address on "Independence Day." While the population of Jamestown is estimated at about 16,000, it is said of Chautauqua that, during the Assembly, it is a "grove city" of some 10,000. It is one of Nature's lovely spots, made more attractive by the art of man, and never before have I seen town and forest so completely mixed; it may be truly designated *rus in urbe*. The chiming of the bells in the town attract the attention of strangers, and, as the mellow notes of some sweet melody pour from their metal throats, one is reminded of the rhythmical lines of Moore:

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

Returning to Jamestown we were favored with the company of Hon. H. G. Horr and Rev. T. L. Flood, editor of the *Chautauquan*, and other distinguished persons. Years ago, when visiting relatives at Jamestown, I heard Mr. Flood preach at the Methodist Episcopal Church, since when I have listened to him occasionally with much pleasure and satisfaction, and was one of the multitude in Meadville, who listened with profit to his delightful memorial address on Gen. Grant. The *Chau-*

tauquan finds a welcome at our home, as I am one of its 60,000 subscribers.

Sunday, July 24, 1887—Aunt Eliza C. Phillips, in her eighty-second year, died at about 5 o'clock this morning, at the old homestead near Townville, where her husband, Gamaliel Phillips, closed his eyes forever May 4, 1853. Well do I remember attending his funeral, accompanied by my parents and other relatives, also by Miss E. C. Masiker, who was doing housework for my mother at that time. On Monday, July 25, with my eldest and youngest sons, I attended my aunt's funeral to Townville Cemetery. My wife Eliza was unable to go on account of failing health, though, together, we had visited aunt not long before her death, when we had a very interesting and profitable long-to-be-remembered conversation. The services, at her request when dying, were conducted by Dr. C. E. Hall [here I met this gentleman for the first time], pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Titusville, who had delivered the discourse on the occasion of the funeral of her daughter, Evaline Davidson, at the time of her death a resident of Titusville. Dr. Hall's text to-day was from John xvii, 24: *Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me; for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world,* and the sermon was like my aunt's Christian life—good, having a salutary effect on all who heard it. "Life is but a fleeting show." Thirty-four years ago I, a young man, not yet twenty-one, stood beside the open grave and saw all that was mortal of my uncle lowered into it, its final resting place; to-day, as the widow was laid to rest beside him, were present not only my oldest son but also my youngest, just nearing his twentieth year! Inscribed on the tomb-

stone at the grave are the words "GAMALIEL PHILLIPS, died May 4, 1853." How many even of my own kindred who were present at the funeral of my uncle have passed away since, I can not tell. But when I think of an entire generation leaving this world in less than the third of a century, and consider my own age now, fifty-five years, I may well exclaim: "How short is life, how soon are we gone!" and I thank a merciful Father for all these years given me, and for many blessings still bestowed upon me. It has been my privilege in company with my wife to visit my aunt several times during the past two years, and we always profited by her conversation, which never left the channel of Christianity and love.

July 30 and 31, 1887—The recollection of such a pleasant and beautiful resort as Chautauqua is as dear to me as to any one of the many thousands who have visited it, not alone on account of its scenery and the atmosphere of superior education which pervades it, but for the order and society that prevail there. With all these attractions then, it may not be thought strange that even a farmer, eighty miles distant, should break away from the harvest fields (as I did to-day) in order to spend a summer Sabbath there. The only regret I had on starting was my wife's inability, owing to ill-health, to accompany me, though she kindly consented to my going. So taking the 2:40 P. M. train at Meadville, I arrived at Lakewood, where we took passage on the "Vincent" for Chautauqua, arriving in the evening in time to hear Dr. Baldwin's lecture on China, which was illustrated with panoramic views of that interesting country. At 9 A. M., Sunday following, after my first night of quiet repose in Chautauqua at "Matthew's Cottage," kept by William H. Matthew, on Ramble Avenue, I listened with pleasure and

profit to an address to teachers, delivered by Prof. Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, Scotland, whom I never saw or heard before, and may never see or hear again, but he proved such a clear thinker and distinct speaker that the lasting impression he left on me was of a nature to cause me to love him. At 11 A. M. I found myself in the Amphitheater, a unit among an immense multitude attracted thither by the announcement that the Rev. Sam P. Jones, of Georgia, the evangelist, was to hold forth. The building is said to seat 6,000 persons, but, on this occasion, not only every possible space, including the aisles, was occupied, but even outside was a large number collected. For his text Mr. Jones selected the words of Pilate: *What I have written I have written* [John xix, 22.], and the force and eloquence with which he dwelt on *conscience* and *record* are beyond my power to describe, yet within my limit to be greatly benefited thereby. Among his many potent sayings he remarked: "The editors claim they have made me," and I ask, *Can they make another man like him?* Referring to bishops, he said: "No bishop ever made me; no bishop will ever judge me." I love to see a man enjoy freedom, especially the one who is made free by embracing the truth—*Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.*

In my library is a book I bought May 17, 1886, entitled "Sermons and Sayings, by Rev. Sam P. Jones," which I have read with interest and benefit. I had both heard and read of him before I possessed this book, and after a careful perusal of his Gospel sermons and wise sayings, I came to love the great evangelist, so that nothing less, in my way of thinking, would satisfy me than seeing and hearing him for myself. Even then I had to advance another step in my acquaintance with him, by shaking hands and enjoying a brief interview with him

before leaving Chautauqua, which I succeeded in accomplishing.*

August 4, 1887—On this day the Methodist Episcopal Churches on State Street and State Road held a Sunday-school picnic in Mr. J. Hempson's grove, two and one-half miles east of Meadville, on which occasion the children and youths enjoyed a right happy time. After refreshments and amusements the children assembled round the stand to unite in singing and taking part in the further exercises of the day. Our pastor then called on the superintendent, Brother St. John, of State Street Church, to deliver an address, which he did, and in the course of his remarks he said they would like to hear something from Mr. F. C. Waid, about Rev. Sam Jones, for he (Mr. Waid) had just returned from Chautauqua, where he had heard Mr. Jones. "If we get Mr. Jones even second-handed," added Brother St. John, "it will be good, for he is the most noted preacher in America." I will not aver how much of Mr. Jones I tried to tell them, but I will say I have loved that man ever since I saw and heard him at Chautauqua. "And my love takes in the Sunday-school children and everyone in the community," I continued in my remarks from the stand. I said further: "Brother Sam P. Jones helped me wonderfully in my Christian life; and now I wish to help some one else. The question is—How can I do it? This leads me to make this offer to our two Sunday-schools, who are here assembled. If you desire to increase your libraries, I will give \$30 on condition that you raise the same amount to purchase books for our Sunday-school; the \$60 to be equally divided between State Street, Meadville and

* His address, "Sam P. Jones, Cartersville, Ga.," was written by himself at my request in my diary at an interview I had with him in his room at the Hotel Athenæum, Chautauqua, at nine o'clock, Monday morning, August 1, 1887. It was a genuine pleasure to me to share in this interview and shake hands with Mr. Jones, and at parting to hear him say, as he again took my hand: "God bless you, my dear brother—Good-by!"

the State Road Sunday-schools.* Our Sunday-school at State Road, though not large, has been occasionally increased, but not as often as it should have been. No addition has been made to it since June 14, 1879, at which time there were added 135 books at a cost of \$25.

My kind publishers, in their preface to my *SOUVENIR*, have asserted in two words much of my real character—*UNTOLD KINDNESS*. This was a trait in the life of my father, and I find it apparent occasionally in my own life, like cream in a pan of milk coming unbidden to the top. It is a pleasure to help on a good cause, but it is no less so, as opportunity may offer, to lead in a good cause. *The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.*

August 17, 1887—My wife and I were favored with an invitation to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Falkenburg, of Woodcock Township. They live but two miles from our home, and Mr. Falkenburg has resided on the same farm from my earliest recollection. This contented and honored couple have passed their three-score-and-ten, Mr. Falkenburg being aged seventy-five and his wife seventy-one. Fifty years of married life are attained by only a few of the human family, and it is fitting that such an event should be duly celebrated by a “golden wedding.” What added to our pleasure, and I may say surprise, was meeting among the eighty or so guests, two of my old school-mates, William Densmore, of Erie, Penn., and John Y. Gilmore, editor of the *Sugar Bowl and Farm Journal*, New Orleans, La., the latter being accompanied by his

* December 24, 1887, I left \$15 at Brother Miller's, Meadville, for State Street Sunday-school library, and on March 18, 1888, I had the pleasure of hearing that our Sunday-school board had not only accepted my offer as above, but were ready to buy books. Good news to us; we are to have \$30 worth of new books for our Sunday-school library. Our Sunday-school, according to our superintendent's report, March 31, 1888, in Quarterly Conference, is about eighty. State Road Pilgrim's Home is having rather a prosperous year, for which we have abundant reason to thank the Lord.

youngest son and daughter, all three having arrived here yesterday evening, on a visit to Mr. Gilmore. We were, in fact, as much pleased and surprised as when we met J. Y. Gilmore and daughter at the residence of his brother, William, in Minnesota, in September, 1881.

Where friends and kinsmen meet
Enjoyment seems complete.

This date reminds me of what occurred one year ago to-day. I received 300 copies of my *SOUVENIR* from my publishers, Messrs. Warner, Beers & Co., Chicago, for free distribution, nearly all of which have been disposed of, Mr. Falkenburg accepting of one. His friendship to our family began with my parents before I was born. There is happiness in trying to please an aged friend; like the "golden wedding," age demands our best respects.

August 23, 1887—My wife and I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Breed, whose home is within less than two miles of ours, our acquaintance dating back to my early recollections. This worthy couple, who are nearing the close of the fifty-fourth year of their married life,* came here from Massachusetts in 1838; and our visit was full of interest and pleasure in hearing them talk of the many incidents of days gone by. My parents and Mr. Breed were friends, often exchanging work on their farms. I understand Mr. Breed is now in his seventy-seventh year, and Mrs. Breed in her seventy-first. They have led a very industrious life, and bear their ages remarkably well.

September 1 to 10, 1887—[My son Guinnip and I make a tour to New York, Long Branch and Essex (Conn.), an account of which will be found at page 63.]

* Mr. and Mrs. Breed were married September 12, 1833. Indeed I was surprised when Mrs. Breed said they were married in 1833, the year I was born in. "What!" I exclaimed, "You have been married nearly as long as I have lived!" They are still (December 23, 1889) living, and I hope they may see many more years of married life.

September 12, 1887—William B. Trevey, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Saegerstown Circuit, Meadville District, died at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in Saegerstown, above date, at the age of about thirty-two years. His remains were taken to Moundsville, W. Va., for interment. It was my privilege and pleasure to form an acquaintance with Brother Trevey about four years ago, and this Christian friendship has increased in strength ever since until his departure to the "Better Land." Mr. Trevey was attending Allegheny College in the fall of 1883, when he came out to State Road with Brother Allen, who was at that time our pastor. Presiding Elder Brother Merchant also came along, as he was desirous of changing pastors at State Road in order to favor Brother Allen, who seemed to have more work at State Street than he could accomplish, especially as he had sickness in the family. I have always loved our Elder, for he labored to make things harmonize. He wished not only the consent of Brother Allen and Brother Trevey, but also of each society, and when Brother Trevey preached to us we could say how we liked him. After others had given their opinion, I remember I was called on for an expression as to how I would favor the change, both men being present, and my reply was to this effect: "This reminds me of the presidential election; I voted for James G. Blaine, but I intend to prove loyal to our Government if Cleveland becomes President." I know I love Brother Allen; his sermons have done me good, and I have listened also with pleasure and profit to Brother Trevey. The latter had filled the appointment at State Road nearly two years, and had about completed his second year at Saegerstown and Blooming Valley, where we heard him so frequently that he seems as still our pastor. Blooming Valley is only one mile east of us, and here

Brother Trevey preached every second Sabbath afternoon, so we had the opportunity of attending, even if we had preaching at State Road on the same day in the forenoon.

The last two visits Brother Trevey paid us were immediately prior to his illness, the one being on the occasion of my wife's sickness, and the other soon thereafter (in August), when he was accompanied by our pastor, Mr. Miller, which was his last appearance in our home. My wife and I, however, called to see him just two weeks to a day before he died, and then we had our last conversation on earth. At that time there seemed to be hopes of his recovery. I recollect saying to him: "You expect to get well." "Yes," he replied, "I think my time to go home has not come yet," and as we shook hands at parting he said, "Come again." Two weeks from that Monday his spirit fled.

Brother Trevey was, I think, one of those even-tempered men, well calculated to win the good-will of all, and the *Meadville Tribune*, in its obituary notice, says of him: "He had an army of friends, whom he had won in four years." He was fond of flowers, and frequently alluded to them in his sermons. I never knew him fail to interest the Sunday-school scholars when addressing them, his love for children being a marked characteristic. Many of Mr. Trevey's friends have now in their possession his photograph, as also that of his wife, both being excellent likenesses. Brother Trevey, in giving his testimony for Christ, says: "I was converted in early childhood, so that my whole life has been given to Him." How few, even Christians, have a record like this! *A whole life given to Christ!* No wonder Brother William B. Trevey's influence will scent like the rose when its leaves are faded and the stalk is dead. He and his wife always had many warm friends here, who, like myself,

appreciate their pictures (husband and wife being taken together), of which a large number have been circulated since Mr. Trevey's death.

September 17, 1887—While busy with my youngest son, cutting and shocking corn, I was surprised and much pleased when Emmet Densmore, my old school-mate, drove into the field where we were cutting corn. Many years had slipped away since we had met, and there was joy in that voice when he called out: "France, take these pumpkins out of the way or I will have to drive over them!" Then the friendly look and shaking of hands which followed brought pleasure and satisfaction in full. "Where do you live, Emmet?" I inquired. "In New York City." "Had I known it last week when I was there," said I, "I would have gone to see you." As Mr. Densmore's visit to these parts was on business, and he had merely called to see us, our interview was but brief. I rode with him from the field to the house, and had an agreeable chat with him as long as he could stay. Before leaving I presented him with a copy of the *SOUVENIR*, for which he expressed many thanks, and since his return to New York we have received from him a copy of a magazine entitled *Earnest Words*, edited by Emmet Densmore and Helen Densmore. I have had many pleasant interviews and social talks with friend Emmet. In the early days of oildom on Oil Creek, when roads were bad, on the Tar Farm I was pleased to meet my old school-mate, with whom I tarried over night, and had a "Merry Christmas" (December 25, 1863). I had taken a load of produce from home to Oil Creek with an ox team (and by the way, I don't want to brag when I say that I had a good ox team, an excellent pair of cattle on the farm and remarkably good travelers on the road). I thought them too good, after a hard day's work, to endure the hardship

of crossing Oil Oreek three or four times, with ice floating, and the water quite high, in order to get to Mr. Densmore's. But we made it! And it was then I was glad to see Emmet. He befriended me; purchased my entire load (except a few articles sent to C. R. Slocum), the amount paid being \$61.95. Produce was then high. Well, one trip satisfied me at the time, but since then my capacity for pleasure, I think, has been greater, and I will not go back on that event; yet I believe I was better pleased when I saw Emmet coming to see me in the cornfield, and heard his familiar voice when he called out about the "pumpkins." If there was no money transaction on that occasion, there was at any rate abundant proof of our friendship.*

November 24, 1887—Thanksgiving Day—Another year has passed, and again our home is made happy by the presence of all our children, our two daughters-in-law and four granddaughters. This family gathering, together with G. N. Waid (my only brother living) and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cutshall, compose our Thanksgiving party to-day. I desire to express my thankfulness to the Parent of all good for His unnumbered blessings to us as to all mankind. Our family remains unbroken. How many, not only in this community, but everywhere, during the past year, have bade adieu to some departing one who has gone to his reward. Home, kindred and friends—what a blessing! But this is not all of even to-day's enjoyment. At 11 A. M. I heard a sermon at Blooming Valley Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered by Rev. B. L. Perry, from Genesis viii, 22: *While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter shall not cease.* As we advance in years let us trust more fully in His promises. Memory brings the

* I met Mr. Densmore again, February 2, 1889.

past to view, and I think of the time when my brothers and myself, with our families, would gather at our father's home, and with friends, spend Thanksgiving Day, and at church, as on to-day, would hear a sermon and be happy and contented. It is never too late to be educated, and I have lived long enough to pass some of the degrees of life. In the primary department they called me "son," then "grandson," after that "father," and for several years back, as on to-day, the children of the family circle have called "grandma" and "grandpa." except little Edna, who will not be a year old until December 11, 1887. There is still hope in completing an education, as we may get new ideas each day we live. Our first granddaughter, Ida, if living, would have been nine years old December 25, 1881; she died October 13, 1881, at the age of two years, ten months and twelve days, and is interred at Blooming Valley.

Our aged friends are passing away. Henry Marker died November 11, 1887, in his seventy-seventh year, and the funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Blooming Valley, on Sunday the 13th, by Rev. H. McClintock, of Meadville. He was interred in Blooming Valley Cemetery, I and my wife attending the funeral.

Samuel Chase died November 19, 1887, in his eighty-third year; funeral at Wayland, services being held by our pastor, Rev. M. Miller, of Meadville. This funeral I attended accompanied by Mr. L. Slocum.

December 23, 1887—To-day I attended the funeral of Mr. Leon C. Magaw's wife, who died suddenly on the morning of December 21, of heart disease. She was a very highly esteemed lady. Mr. Magaw is a life-long acquaintance, and I regard him as a true friend. My father, as well as myself, dealt with him many years,

hence the friendship between us. I am informed my aunt, Sarah Finney, was their nurse, taking care of him when he was a child, and was a particular friend in their family many years afterward in cases of sickness or death. In this life the distance from a tear of sorrow to a smile of joy is not great. While sadness is brought to us by her departure from our midst, joy enters our hearts when we think of her removal being from earth to heaven. As the minister said: "If Jesus could say to the thief on the cross (who had lived a bad life, but whose dying request was to be remembered), *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise*, what would He say to one who had lived an exemplary life so long as she? Let us live aright, die beautifully and live eternally," were the concluding words of the sermon. On my return from the funeral I attended the Christmas entertainment at Blooming Valley, where I had an opportunity of helping the Sunday-school cause by giving \$5.00 to their library.

December 27, 1887—My wife and I to-day visited Frank Sturgis, living near Centerville, this county, our conveyance being horse and buggy. Winter had seemingly set in earnest, and it was our lot to have a storm to face. But I think we were repaid (leaving the business point out of the question), for the pleasure experienced on that wintry day more than compensated for our experience on the storm-beaten road. A short visit and a good dinner with our cousin, George A. Goodwill, at Tryonville. Mr. Goodwill and I have been acquainted with each other from our childhood (he being a little the elder), as his parents lived near us many years, until his father died. Many were the incidents of our lives to which, with pleasure, we could refer. While in our "teens," we took a trip with Mr. Bowers, a drover, to help

him drive a drove of cattle from Crawford County, Penn., to Orange County, N. Y. The story of our new boots we had not forgotten—a story which, in its small way, would yet “point a moral and adorn a tale.” We had occasion, before getting to Orange County, to buy, each of us, a new pair of boots, and in our selection (perhaps our vanity had some influence in our choice) we chose each a pair fitting close and neat, and were elated over our new boots, thinking “what a fine time we would have when comparing them with some worn-out pair of shoes.” Being thus equipped with brand new “understandings,” we were too glad to throw away the old ones; but, before the close of that same day, we both wished we had carried our poor old discarded shoes along with us, for, ere long, we were obliged to take our fine new boots off, and walk bare-footed through the mud. It rained soon after we started with the drove that morning, and to have to break in a new pair of boots on a muddy road, completely cured me of buying a too closely fitting pair of boots or shoes. It was a lesson early in life, and one to be remembered. The incident, besides illustrating an experience, also carried a moral—*small things should never be despised*.*

After leaving Tryonville, where we remained only long enough to get warm and do an errand of business with a friend, my wife and I continued our drive to Townville. Stopping at Pember Phillips, once the home of my aged Aunt Eliza, who so recently died, we went in out of the snow-storm, and were made welcome by George W. Phillips, who soon after introduced us to his wife, and it was to us indeed a being ushered from storm into sunshine. The newly married bride and groom, the only occupants of the home, are deserving of our thanks and kindest remembrances for the kind reception accorded to

* “For who hath despised the day of small things?”—Zech. iv, 10.

us. On our departure after supper, I felt like saying: "God bless you, and may your home ever be a happy one."

December 31, 1887—There is no old day in the year. It is we who grow old, not the year. Change is written on all that pertains to earth.

"Change and decay in all around I see,
Oh, Thou, who changest not, abide with me!"

If life is full of pleasure, which seems true sometimes, let me ask, who can sketch its hours of sadness caused by accidents? I would that I could give the reader a brief pen-picture of the collision which occurred about 9 A. M. to-day, four miles west of Meadville, on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad. This has been indeed the saddest of all days of the past year to Meadville. Probably not since the battle of Gettysburg, in 1863, has this community been shocked to such a degree as it was this morning when the news of the disaster reached Meadville. Five were killed and fourteen wounded. The killed are Engineer Swan and his fireman, Arthur Irwin, of the passenger engine; Engineer Gouge and his fireman, Edwin Humes, of the head freight engine, and a passenger, William H. Stevenson, of Toledo, Ohio. Edwin Humes lived in Cambridge, this county, the other fireman and the engineers in Meadville. I was in that town soon after the accident occurred, and the scenes on the streets and at the depot I shall long remember, as I was at the depot when the wounded were brought in. I left Meadville that afternoon about 4 P. M. on the accommodation train for Jamestown, N. Y., where I again visited relatives and friends. My aged aunt, Mary Ann Simmons, is still living and quite well. On the following day (Sabbath) I had the pleasure of attending in the morning the Baptist Church, in company with Mr. and

Mrs. F. Simmons, and in the evening, with other relatives, went to the Methodist Episcopal Church to hear Rev. A. C. Ellis, who was for three years pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Meadville. The text chosen was: *Days speak, and the multitude of years teach wisdom.* The old year a *friend*, the new year a *stranger*. I had listened with profit to Mr. Ellis' sermons in Meadville, and his preachings on funeral occasions, his remarks leaving a lasting impression on the minds of his hearers, and so it was with me on the present occasion. I thought surely days teach. What a lesson in yesterday, the last day of the year and to some the last day of life! How swift we are borne on Time's rapid pinions to the end of life, and to "that bourne whence no traveler returns!" What awful moments must they have been to those who knew those ill-fated trains were hastening to destruction, and realized that they could do nothing to prevent them! No wonder there was a suspense and a growing "deadly pale" until the worst was known. Then came a relief, a reaction, and the sudden thought that there was something to do, to care for the wounded and the dead. So all the days in the year teach us a lesson of wisdom; let us learn something from every day's experience.

After hearing an excellent sermon, I stayed over night with my relative, Mr. F. Colt, and Monday being a legal holiday I availed myself of it by visiting kindred and friends in Jamestown. Toward evening the following incident occurred: Having expressed a desire to visit Thompson Burns, at Frewsburgh, five miles distant, I was told I could go in the 'bus which runs from Jamestown to that place at 4 P. M. But on arriving at the Sherman House I learned it had left a little before four o'clock. I then thought of going by rail, but found I

would have to change cars, which would prevent me getting to my destination till a late hour at night. Yet I thought to myself there was another way whereby to solve the question: If I was in Meadville and wanted to go home I would think nothing of walking five miles to get there. Now I am in Jamestown, and as it might be a long time before I would have another opportunity of spending a night with Mr. Burns' family, certainly I would walk to Frewsburgh for such a pleasure, which I did, and was well repaid. While there, however, I was informed that they had received a dispatch from Meadville announcing the death of Redding Burns, and that the funeral would occur on Wednesday at 2 P. M. (Redding was a brother of Thompson Burns who lived three miles northeast of Meadville, on the old Turnpike Road). On Tuesday morning, January 3, Thompson Burns and I took passage by 'bus for Jamestown, whence, after transacting my business there and dining at Aunt Mary Ann Simmons', we departed by the afternoon train for Meadville where we arrived at 7 P. M. Mr. Burns remained over night in Meadville with a relative, whilst I had continued my journey on foot, arriving home before nine o'clock.

1888.

January 4—To-day I attended the funeral of Redding Burns to Greendale Cemetery, Meadville, the services being performed by Rev. T. D. Logan. Mr. Burns was aged seventy-seven years, four months and a few days. In the evening I called on John S. Bell, a farmer on the Turnpike Road, about four miles from Meadville and two from Saegerstown, who has been in poor health a long time. A year ago he was not expected to live any length of time, his friends thinking him so near dying. I have

learned since I came home that he died January 4, 1888, at the age of sixty-two years, and was interred on the 7th in Long's Cemetery, near his late residence and farm. This burying ground is situated on a prominent height of over 100 feet in the north side of Woodcock Valley, two miles east of Saegerstown. From this quiet spot can be had a rather picturesque view of the valley below and the surrounding country. While on this subject I may mention that Mr. Dunn, a well-known undertaker in this community, observed to a friend: "F. C. Waid attends nearly as many of the funerals as I do, as I generally see him present." Overhearing the remark, and having placed him on the list of my friends for his kindness shown at my mother's funeral, I could not refrain from thanking him for the compliment, and I have ever after felt kindly toward him.

January 10, 1888.—The evening of this day finds me at the thirty-seventh milestone of my Christian life. I desire to thank the Lord, who has so mercifully spared my life until now. How wonderful have His dealings in love and mercy been toward me and my family who are all living! If David desired to praise the name of the Lord, why should not I? The Lord has done great things for me, whereof I am glad. He has not only put a new song into my mouth, even praise to the Lord, but established my goings. And the vows that I made unto the Lord when starting out on this new journey I still wish to keep; for we read it is better to not vow than to vow and not pay. This question of pay embraces a wonderful meaning. The Lord's title on us holds good *forever*—it never outlaws. But His promise is just as good as the claim which reads: *He that endureth to the end shall be saved*; and herein lies the encouragement the Christian never relaxes his hold on. Heaven awaits the

finally faithful. When I am traveling on a road on the side of which the milestones are set, I generally take note of the figures on them in order to keep myself advised as to my journey's progress. Should I think less of my Heavenly journey? The Master has not only commanded us to pray but to watch. *Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.* Not alone prayer but constant watching are what save us from danger. This question of pay involves much thought and deep study.

January 12, 1888—My wife and I went to Blooming Valley, to call on some friends who were sick, also to pay a long talked of visit to an aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, and the night being stormy we tarried there till morning. On our way to visit my brother-in-law, Moses Masiker, we called to see "Aunt Polly," as she is called (Mrs. John Dickson), who is very sick. Her life-companion had departed this life April 16, 1882, in his eighty-fourth year. Many a call and visit in days gone by have I made at Mr. Dickson's. It was one of the homes my twin brother and I used to spend evenings at in our school days. Mrs. Dickson is a daughter of Simeon and Phebe Brown, latter of whom lived to enter her one-hundredth year before her death, being the oldest person in this community at that time. I know of several who have reached from ninety to ninety-seven: Mr. Wise was ninety-nine, but even that was younger than Phebe Brown.

January 18—My aged, good friend, Adam Morris, died at his home in Woodcock Township, and has since been interred in the Long Cemetery. He was in his seventy-seventh year, a shoemaker by trade (years ago doing our shoemaking), and a kind, neighborly friend. I taught two terms of school in the Goodwill District in the years 1853-54, and during that time had as scholars six chil-

dren of Mr. Morris', five daughters and one son. They have lived within two miles of us for many years, and I know the family intimately. My wife and I to-day, in company with L. M. Slocum, had the pleasure of visiting his sister and three brothers at Mosiertown. We first visited Mr. C. R. Slocum where we partook of supper and stopped for the night, on the morrow going with the members of the family to dine with Caroline Cochran, the only sister. While there I thought of similar occasions in my youth when, with my parents, I was a frequent visitor at the home of Mr. Eleazer Slocum. After thus enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Cochran we drove to the home of Hon. S. Slocum,* where we remained until January 21. Our visit at his home was a most enjoyable one, and, just as we were about to leave, Robert E. Slocum, who had been prevented by business from dining at Mrs. Cochran's, came in and invited us to prolong our stay until the afternoon, and in the meantime to dine at his home. This invitation we accepted and in the early evening we left for our own home, thus completing the third of our visits to these friends whom we all love so well.

January 27, 1888—The State Road between Blooming Valley and the Goodrich Farm, where my son lives, is at this writing blockaded with snow, something that has not occurred before within my recollection. I have known of blockades that extended short distances, but never anything to the present one in extent. The storm has lasted several days and during that time but little travel has been possible, although the public held possession all day yesterday. This morning all attempts to travel over the road were abandoned. On the south side of the road by

* Ranker now lives in Saegerstown; I had the pleasure of calling on the family January 4, 1890; also on my aged friend, Lorenzo Wheeler, on my return from Jamestown, N. Y.—F. C. Waid.

going into the fields it is possible for teams to make their way between the points mentioned. When going they pass through the door-yard of the old homestead of Ira C. Waid, thence around the buildings and through the orchard and fields to the top of the hill where they are enabled to take the road once again. It is an unusual sight to us, such vast quantities of snow, and not by any means an uninteresting one. A gentleman called upon me this morning on business, who said that had he known the night before where I lived he would have stopped, as he was caught in the storm with many others. I sincerely wish that he had known it for there were forty people in two sleighs, bound for a leap-year party, caught in the height of the storm, and one horse, a valuable animal, perished. Teams, before arriving at the Borough limits on the State Road in Blooming Valley, are compelled to turn to the south, pass around Felty Hill and to cross the public road into Woodcock Township, and thence continue through James and Gaylord Smith's fields to the State Road once more, near the old homestead, from which they proceed as once above described.

February 4, 1888—He who seeks to do good to others finds his reward every hour of his life. To-day I was privileged, after attending to some business in Blooming Valley, to attend the Teacher's Institute now in session, and I listened with more than ordinary pleasure to the practical instruction and the discussions as to how best instruct the young. Now my memory travels back thirty-eight years to the time when I taught school! My love for and attachment to my scholars,* and the many friends with whom I became acquainted in Blooming Valley and other places in my school-teaching experiences, is one

*I would like every scholar, now living, who came to school to me in Blooming Valley or elsewhere, to receive a copy of my SOUVENIR. Some have; I hope the rest may now or in the future.—F. C. Waid.

reason why I desire to have this work published as a gift book for friends and kindred. We are taught the great truth that our record will live after we are dead; so let us make a good one, of which none need be ashamed.

February 6, 1888—The road is now open for travel after a ten days' blockade. The people of the Borough opened the public roads to the town limits, and we, of Woodcock Township, opened the way to Mead Township, and to-day, with three neighbors, I completed the task of making a passage as far the Goodrich Farm. At the dairymen's convention in Meadville the other day, a gentleman asked me if he had not seen me shoveling snow the Tuesday previous, near F. C. Waid's. I laughingly told him that I thought he did, for I handled a scoop-shovel on that day, and as I worked all alone I had a wide berth, and not a wide one only, but a cool one as well.

March 6—Rhoda Chase died, on the 2d inst., at her home in Meadville, Penn., in her seventy-eighth year, and is interred in Greendale Cemetery by the side of her husband, who departed this life in September, 1877, when in his sixty-ninth year. They were both members of the Methodist Episcopal Church at State Road. He was a farmer by occupation, and once owned the farm where his son, Newton S. Chase, now lives. This farm is in Mead Township, only a mile south of our home. Many years prior to their moving to Meadville I had known them, even from my childhood, and, like my parents, I loved them and their children. My wife and I went to the residence of Newton S. Chase for an evening visit, February 11, 1888, and we then learned of his mother having had a paralytic stroke on the 8th, three days before. During her illness her son, Newton, and her only daughter living, were present to cheer and com-

fort her. She was also visited twice by her son Warren, who lives at Corry, Erie County, Penn., and whose health at present is quite poor. On my first visit to see Mrs. Chase she said, as we shook hands: "I am glad to see you;" and in the course of our conversation I asked her if she thought she would get well, to which she replied: "I think not." My wife and I were present at her funeral. *Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.*

March 8, 1888—To-day my wife and I decided to visit my aunt, Clarinda Morehead, who resides with her son Charles, near Townville, this county. She had been seriously ill for several weeks, but was now convalescent, although still feeble. My aunt has seen seventy years of a hardworking life; her eight children—three sons and five daughters—are living and married. Mrs. Morehead seldom leaves home to pay visits to her relatives, but we hope she will so far regain her strength as to be able to come to us and other kindred at Blooming Valley, where she spent many years of her life. Aunt Clarinda spoke to my wife of a time when she and her sister Jane worked for the Moreheads, many years before. This brought to my mind the fact that I had worked at one time for Uncle William Morehead, and I spoke of it, saying at the same time, that the fact that I worked for him as a boy always made it seem pleasurable to work by his side, as I had often done, in manhood. Thus the conversation drifted along, pleasantly, until finally it turned upon aged persons. I remarked that I felt that I loved and respected the aged more than ever before, and my Aunt Clarinda said that was because I was getting older myself and wished to set an example for others. "That is true, aunt," I replied, "and I feel that when I get really old I will want something still due me." We bade my aunt

good-by, and pressed her if she could possibly to come and visit us when the weather was less inclement.

April 3, 1888—Joseph Dickson, the oldest citizen of Meadville, died to-day aged ninety-eight years, one month and twenty-one days. I am told that Meadville had been his home for upward of ninety years. I have known Mr. Dickson personally from my youth, and I called to see him shortly after he entered on his ninety-ninth year. In this connection I wish to speak of Balthazar Gehr, who resided in Sadsbury Township. Mr. Gehr died in 1885 at the remarkable age of nearly one hundred and three years.

April 8—To-day my wife, Eliza, and I attended the funeral of John Johnson, of Woodcock Township, who resided two miles north of us, in Woodcock Valley. At his death he was in his sixty-fifth year. His funeral was largely attended, the Rev. Hamilton McClintock, of Meadville, officiating. His text was from Psalm lxxiii, 26: *My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.* I wish to say a few words, taking the book of books as my theme, and I do not know where I can say them more appropriately than in connection with the text quoted above. I have said that I love labor, but with all my love for work I have not been prevented from loving the Scriptures. I delight in them; they are ever new to me; they come freighted with glad tidings of great joy bringing light and life with the promise of eternal happiness hereafter.

The study of the Bible and the hearing of the Gospel as it is preached by those sent forth to proclaim its truths, by the Divine Master, are to me of inestimable value, as they bring the greater and lasting blessings. There are some facts about the actual make-up of the Bible that may not generally be known, and I will give them for the future reference of my readers:

There are 66 books: Old Testament, 39; New Testament, 27. Chapters, 1,189: Old Testament, 929; New Testament, 260. Verses, 31,143: Old Testament, 23,214; New Testament, 7,929. Words, 773,-692: Old Testament, 592,439; New Testament, 181,253. Letters, 3,566,-480: Old Testament, 2,728,100; New Testament, 838,380. Ezra vii, 21, contains all the letters of the alphabet. The nineteenth chapter of Second Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The Bible abounds in beautiful passages. What is more lovely than this description of the lily in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew: *Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.* The lily is mentioned fourteen times in the Bible, the rose but twice: both are beautiful, but what flower can eclipse the modest beauty of the lily of the valley. How many lessons we might learn from the flowers. At the Centennial I saw the greatest variety as well as the largest quantity of flowers I had ever beheld, as a friend of mine remarked, there seemed to be acres of them. I thought as I turned from them how my dear mother would have enjoyed the sight, for she was so fond of flowers, planting and tending those about the homestead with the greatest care. Even until this day springing from the garden are blossoming plants placed there by her hands. I agree with Dr. Talmage that "flowers teach."

April 13, 1888—To-day my wife completes her fifty-sixth year. Crowded on the pages of memory are a thousand pleasant reminiscences of the past—of the time of our courtship and of our happy married life. But we are nearing the end of our journey; each day brings us nearer to the time of God's calling. We may not know it, it is not our heavenly Father's wish, but

"Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me."

Bad news as well as good news sometimes comes on a day when we would wish all to be bright, and it was bad on this anniversary of Eliza's birth, for we heard of the burning this morning of G. N. Waid's saw-mill. My wife and I called to see him, and on our return took supper with our eldest son. I wrote to-day, also to Rev. W. F. Oldham who, with his wife, is a missionary at Singapore, on the Malay Peninsula. In 1879 Mr. Oldham was our pastor at the State Road Methodist Episcopal Church, being at the same time a student at Allegheny College. Brother Oldham once, when trying to raise some money for repairing the church, came to me with the subscription paper; I put my name down for \$30, and as I handed the paper back I said: "I reserve the right to pay more if it be needed." He smiled and replied: "Brother Waid, I am glad we have a few such men in our church, who after paying their subscriptions, pledge themselves to make up any arrears." Well, as it happened the cost of the repairs exceeded the amount subscribed, and although Mr. Oldham had gone I remembered our conversation and assumed with pleasure the balance of the indebtedness which amounted to \$58. This is but one instance in which I have endeavored not only to bear my part, or rather what I thought my duty, financially, but have rather perhaps gone beyond it. Let me quote other instances: I was once handed a subscription paper in a church, and was asked if possible to raise \$45, that sum being the one-fourth part of the amount necessary to be raised. Three others were trying to raise a like amount, and soon succeeded. I was the last of the four to be sent out to canvass one-fourth of the house. I was younger then by many years than I am now, and could do more labor, but I had not the means that I at present possess. When the other three had counted

their contributions, it was announced that if Brother Waid had been equally successful the entire amount of \$180 would have been raised. When I counted the subscription I had obtained, I found the sum fell far short of the amount needed, and as I told the congregation some one asked why it was that it fell short when the others had been so successful. I replied that the reason was because I had not yet put down my name, and that I would now ask the privilege of subscribing the amount necessary. In that way it was arranged and the debt was paid.

At the time of writing this incident, April 23, 1888, I am just fifty-five years old, and I do not regret a dollar that I have ever spent to promote good by advancing the Master's kingdom. I like to close each year of my life better than I began it, and last night, as my fifty-fifth year drew to a close, I trust that I performed a deed that will aid in making me better in reality, as it certainly has aided in making me feel better. The Free Methodists of this vicinity are holding meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Blooming Valley (as they have no church of their own), on alternate Sabbaths. We attended church there on Sunday morning, and in the evening also. We heard two good sermons from the pastor, who is supported from the proceeds of the collections. One was taken at the morning service, and another at the close of the evening service. When both offerings were counted, the total amount was but \$7.00. I thought that ere the close of my fifty-five years of life I still had another opportunity of doing good, and so, at the end of the sermon, when Elder McGearry gave all an opportunity to testify for Christ, and when all was finished, I arose, and addressing the elder, said: "Is it still in order to speak?" "That depends upon what you have to say," he replied. I quoted

this passage from the Scripture: *Who can harm you if you be followers of that which is good?* I then told them that Christ had been very kind to me in my Christian life, and that I had derived great comfort from His Gospel. With a few other words, I said that I desired to make their collection double what it was, and thus I made the amount \$14.00. So I ended my year pleasantly by doing a kind act, and I hope to do it each succeeding year while my life shall last.

No one can be so interested in the return of my birthday as I am. To me it is a day of joy and thanksgiving for having life, health, peace and happiness, and for being surrounded with friends and kindred; first, therefore, let me thank the Parent of all good for the blessings that He has showered upon me. I believe that if with age there comes infirmity, there also comes more grace to endure. During the past year, taking into account the failing health of my dear wife, and other trials which I have passed through, I feel that I have been upheld, and that indeed His grace is sufficient for me. How I ought to honor the Lord when I remember His goodness to me.

APRIL 23, 1888.

MY BIRTHDAY.

I'm fifty-four years old to-day;
 Father Time would not delay,
 But added daily to the store
 Until my years reached fifty-four.

All these natal days I've seen
 While watching close life's changing scene;
 Each day and year brought pictures new
 And mem'ry calls them into view.

If thinking deeply o'er the past
 Will save, O Lord, my soul at last,
 Then let me yet the wiser grow
 As I with faith shall onward go.

The fifty-four years I have lived
 Have taught me lessons to forgive;
 Its nothing else but truth from Heaven—
 Forgive and you shall be forgiven.

It was, not said by Him in vain,
 The merciful shall peace obtain,
 But every one who will endure
 Shall find His promise very sure.

In eighteen hundred fifty-one
 My Christian course was then begun;
 The Bible truth which makes all free
 Has been a blessing unto me.

My years full pleasantly have flown,
 When deep in search of Truth alone,
 While working daily in the field
 His word sweet comfort oft did yield.

I am content, by day or night,
 When Heav'nly landmarks are in sight,
 Reminders of His favors given,
 Landmarks leading on to Heaven.

FRANCIS C. WAID.

May 11 and 12, 1888—I think a few lines concerning the “CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION of the Settlement of Crawford County and Founding of the City of Meadville” will not be out of place here, for it was a most important event in the history of this locality; and as I have just returned from the two-days’ celebration I will write concerning it while it is fresh in my memory.

In the early afternoon of the 11th occurred the industrial parade, representing the various trades, industries and professions of the city and county. After the parade, which was a success, a shower of rain fell that interfered sadly with the band concert in Diamond Park. The literary exercises in the evening at the Academy of Music were marked by good taste and force in the rendering of the addresses, and showed high attainments on the part of the participants. The historical address was

full of interest to all who heard it, and a finely rendered ballad, "George Washington," by the College Glee Club, was provocative of much applause. The rooms of the Historical Society in the library building were open during the progress of the Centennial, a courtesy much appreciated.

At 7 A. M., May 12, a salute of one hundred guns was fired, and there was a loud ringing of bells, calling forth the people to the planting of the centennial oak on Diamond Park. The tree was placed on the southern half of the park near the dividing walk. May it stand for many years as a memorial of this day and as a reminder to future generations to guard well their liberties, that they, too, may celebrate successive Centennials with their country's heritage of freedom still secure. The Pioneer monument standing at the north end of the park was unveiled in the presence of a throng of many thousand people, among whom were the children of the public schools who sang "America." I had witnessed many notable scenes on Diamond Park, or the "Old Diamond" as we called it, but none of my boyhood's sights impressed me as did this scene on the morning of which I write. The Crawford County Centennial was a most interesting affair to the inhabitants of this section of Pennsylvania. The county's population is now estimated at 85,000, while that of the city is put at 10,000.

I have to record a sad accident that occurred on the first evening of the celebration, when George Williams, a special policeman, was accidentally shot dead. He was in his thirty-eighth year, and I knew him as a boy when he attended our Sabbath-school at State Road. His father, Ethan Williams, was an active member of the church during many years of his lifetime.

Returning to the subject of the monument I would

say that it bears an inscription to the purport that it was erected May 12, 1888, to mark the history of Crawford County and the founding of Meadville. It is an ornament to the city and an object of great interest to visiting strangers. It was a great pleasure to me to contribute \$100 toward the Centennial fund, as it was no less a gratification to aid in such a way as I could the publication and distribution of our Centennial pamphlet which contains much of interest concerning our county, and is a strong promoter of its welfare. The following letter I received from my respected friend, Mr. S. B. Dick, one of the vice-presidents of the Centennial Celebration.

MEADVILLE, Penn., May 5, 1888.

F. C. WAID, Esq.

My Dear Sir: I am requested by the Centennial Executive Committee to express to you their hearty appreciation of your generous gift to the Centennial Memorial.

The following resolution expressive of our appreciation of your subscription, and the feelings which prompted it, was passed unanimously at the last meeting of the Committee:

Resolved, That the generous contribution of Mr. F. C. Waid to the Centennial fund calls for special recognition on the part of the Centennial Executive Committee, and that our thanks be extended to Mr. Waid.

Yours very truly,

S. B. DICK,

Vice-President.

I love a book and my friends, and in subscribing to one I help the other. The wide distribution of this work has brought much love and friendship to my door; the good work began before Christmas, and still goes on. The good spirit that is within a man who contemplates doing anything, says: "Ought I to do this?" while another spirit queries: "Can I do this?" Reasoning upon this line of thought, I decided a question for myself not long ago. A few days before my birthday, Col. S. B. Dick, whom I met in Meadville, said: "Frank, now is a

good time to subscribe for the monument fund." "Yes," I replied, "but I will take a little time to consider about it." "All right, that is precisely what I want you to do," said the Colonel, in answer, and then we parted. I think the right man had spoken to me on the subject, and I did not have to think over it long before I was decided. I knew that when the spirit asked: "Ought you to do this?" the answer came readily and promptly: "Yes." And in a day or two I experienced a double pleasure, that of celebrating my birthday and giving the money toward the monument. On that day I addressed a letter to Col. Dick and the Centennial committee, and enclosed my check for \$100. I gave this money, my reader, because I love the county which gave me birth. When traveling at a distance through strange and beautiful places, my heart has always turned yearningly toward my home. There are many associations connected with home life that have endeared me to it. The feeling of love for home is one common to all mankind, and he who does not have it must in some way be morally estray. As I have written above, I subscribed cheerfully to this fund, for I wish always to promote Crawford County's welfare. Here rests the dust of my dead kindred; here my parents and grandparents lived and died. It is a locality teeming with memories of pioneer life, of hardships and early struggles. I, as a descendant, feel that I have a share in those early times, and I trust that posterity will be imbued with the same spirit to the extent that will make them guard ever the interests of Crawford County.

Before closing this subject I may say that I was appointed by the Centennial Executive Committee a vice-president of the committee, of which I was advised by a letter from the chairman of Committee of Arrangements, of which the following is a copy:

MEADVILLE, PA., May 7, 1888.

F. C. WAID, Esq.

Dear Sir: You are appointed by the Centennial Executive Committee, a vice-president of the Committee.

It is hoped that you will be able to attend the exercises to be held in the Academy of Music, May 11 and 12. Executive Committee badges will be supplied by Major D. V. Derickson.

Yours very truly,

A. M. FULLER,

Chairman, Committee of Arrangements.

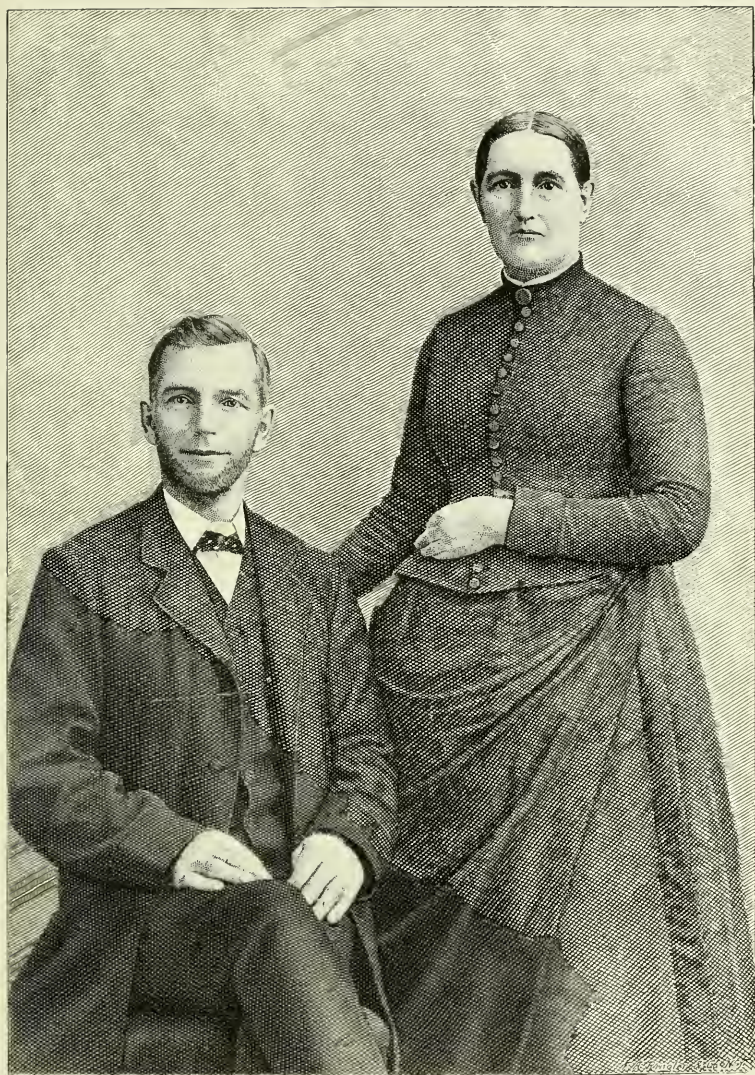
June 5, 1888—When walking along Park Avenue, in Meadville, to-day, I met Francis Fox, a mechanic, with whom I am acquainted, and after a hearty greeting, noticing that he held some tools in his hand, I said: "Those tools indicate that you are on your way to work." "Yes," he said, "I am going to help tear down the old academy." This answer struck me with surprise, for I had no idea that the time-honored institution of learning, the Meadville Academy, would be demolished. Before I left town I walked through Market Street, and found Mr. Fox and his men at work removing the old structure which was built in 1826, nearly seven years before I was born. I had lived to see the old Cowen School in our rural district removed to give place to a larger and better building. It was afterward converted into a dwelling, and as I have passed it I have always looked into it with pleasure born of recollection. The old academy in Meadville is another bright spot in the past. How well I remember my instructors, T. F. Thickstum and S. P. Bates, both of whom are still living. I attended but one term at the academy, and that was in the fall of 1853, but even a step in the direction of learning is not lost. I have looked upon the academy since then as an old friend, and I find that many others viewed it in the same light, for on the morning when it was being taken down, many had gathered to bid it good-by. The work of de-

struction occupied several days, during which time, the youth, middle-aged and those in more advanced years, looked upon the work, while memories of the days spent within its old and well-loved halls filled their minds and warmed their hearts. History tells us that there were two other buildings used as academies in Meadville prior to 1826, both of which are yet standing. One is at the corner of Chestnut and Liberty Streets, and the other near by upon the latter thoroughfare. The first step toward securing an academy was made in 1800.

June 17, 1888—On this day died Mrs. Thomas Chipman, aged seventy-seven years. Her husband is still living, at the age of seventy-nine. I have known this aged couple for many years, their residence being the second Cowen schoolhouse, which, in my youth, I attended as a scholar and in which shortly after I was a teacher. It is situated at the foot of Schoolhouse Hill. The north point of the cross roads forms the corner of Blooming Valley Cemetery, a plot of seven acres. The portion near the Chipman residence descends to the north and north-east and form Schoolhouse Hill. On its summit stands the largest monument in the cemetery, erected to the the memory of Henry B. Baxter, born December 17, 1827, died July 4, 1882. North of this lot lies the grave of Hulda Baxter, *nee* Chipman, the wife of Wallace Baxter. She was the daughter of Mrs. Chipman, whose funeral my brother and I attended to-day, June 19, 1888. Mrs. Chipman is interred at the foot of her daughter's grave, and within a few rods of her home. I do not remember having ever before attended a funeral where the interment was so close to the deceased's residence. The changes from joy to sorrow and from sorrow to joy are ever occurring in this transitory life. One day we follow a friend to the silent grave, and the next we are

cheered by a visit from a long absent, yet dear relative. The day following Mrs. Chipman's funeral, while working busily in the field, I heard a voice evidently addressing me, saying: "You are going to let me come way out here after you, are you?" I recognized the voice before seeing the speaker, and going toward him I said: "Willis Masiker, I knew your voice before I saw you, although you have been absent so many years. Perhaps, however, it is a good thing that we visited you as that visit probably aided memory." My visitor was my wife's brother who went to Lansing, Iowa, thirty-two years ago, and had not since visited his old home. My wife's illness was the prime cause of his coming at this time. On this day as Eliza had felt better she was driven to the old homestead, and there her brother and I followed, and we all dined with my son, Guinnip. During the afternoon Willis and I visited Blooming Valley Cemetery where we looked upon his father's grave. Leaving the cemetery we went to the home of Moses Masiker for supper, after which, as we drove slowly home, we passed the old Masiker homestead with its well-tilled farm, where Willis spent his happy childhood and where I with my bride so often visited her parents.

July 2, 1888—Meeting with old friends is sweet, but parting is sadness itself. To-day, after a visit of twelve days, Willis leaves for his home. When he came here this morning to see his sister he spoke of the fact that whenever he approached the house he found me working. I told him that in my youth I had asked for a busy life; I obtained it, liked it and did not propose to give it up. We passed into the parlor, where, upon her sick couch lay his sister bearing her sufferings so patiently. Willis had spoken to me of the fear that he might never see her again. I saw their pathetic parting and heard the whis-



FROM LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, MARCH 17, 1888.

pered goodby as they separated never to meet again in this world. The joy that had lightened their faces during his visit had now departed, and sorrow dwelt in its place. But hold one moment; I read something in their faces that means more than joy—it is HOPE—hope of a meeting in the blessed hereafter that brings that look of peace. My dear wife died on the fourth, and was buried on the fifth. My sorrow is too great to write of the circumstances at present, but at some future date I will endeavor to say a few words about my great affliction.*

Soon after the death of Eliza I wrote to Willis Masi-ker, and in reply he said that he was not at all surprised to hear of his sister's death, that he knew she must die at the time of this sorrowful parting, and that the time of her death on the morning of July 4 was just two hours after he had reached home.

The Commencement Exercises of Allegheny College occurred to-day, there being twenty-six graduates, seven young ladies and nineteen young men ready to go into the world to better its condition. Gen. James A. Beaver, Governor of Pennsylvania, was present and delivered an address. I had heard Gen. Beaver before, but was glad of this additional opportunity. All the exercises pleased me greatly. The Governor spoke in terms of praise of Allegheny College, and said that instead of concentrating the institutions of learning in Pennsylvania into one grand university, he was in favor of doubling their number.

Before relating the events of interest that occurred while on a trip to Jamestown and Chautauqua, N. Y., early in August of this year, I wish to speak of the peculiar circumstances under which the journey was taken. I re-

*On March 26, 1889. Mr. Waid has in his diary some retrospective thoughts ament his wife's death. [Editor.]

member when I left home first, as a boy, just what my feelings were at the parting with the dear ones, and how I anticipated great pleasure in relating my experiences upon my return. I was but a boy, and the journey was but a short one, merely extending to Orange County, N. Y., where I was to assist in driving a drove of cattle, yet to me it seemed of the utmost importance, and I mingled not a little romance in my thoughts of what was to befall me on the way. Since then I have had many opportunities to leave home, and have availed myself of most of them. Many, many times have Eliza and I alone, or with our children, as the case might be, left home, the dearest spot on earth to us, and gone forth for the purpose of visiting friends or places at a distance. Those were indeed happy days, and my heart beats with gratitude as I recall them. Blest be the tie that binds us in union here on earth! but, alas! all earthly ties are made but to be broken asunder, and now the dear one, the better half, is no longer here. I have lived long enough to know what the loss of father and mother means, and before realizing that I felt poignant grief over the death of my twin brother; but who can estimate the greatness of the loss of a loving and true wife. Since July 4, I have been studying from this new book of experience. I had heard others tell of loneliness, but what it meant in its fullest force I did not know until I started to leave home on August 3, 1888. I had hardly realized my position until now; my mind had been clouded by the shock of my wife's death; but now the cloud was dissipated, and I felt that I was indeed alone. In the words of Bunyan: "The heart must be beaten and bruised, and then the sweet scent will come out." Upon this journey Eliza was neither to go with me nor to remain at home; she had already departed to return no more. The thought of go-

ing away without her overwhelmed me; I hardly knew how to get ready to go, and my situation and feelings were desolate indeed. At length the words of Divine comfort came to me: *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee*, and I took heart and left home upon my short tour, which was to include Jamestown and Chautauqua. At Jamestown I saw Mr. F. Simmons, and spent the night at my cousins', the Colts, with whom my Aunt Mary Ann resides. My aunt's mind had been failing for some time, but she gratified me by remembering me, for, when her daughter, Mrs. Colt, said, "Do you know who this is?" she replied, "Yes, it's a gentleman from Meadville; don't you think I know Francis?" After that she addressed me as Francis often, somewhat to their surprise. I reached Chautauqua on Saturday, August 4, at noon, and went to the house of my friend, Mr. Mathews, on Ramble Avenue, whence I went, at a later hour, to hear Dr. Talmage lecture on the subject: "The School for Scandal." At eight in the evening there was an entertainment, entitled "Picturesque America and British America," given by Philip Philips.

On Sunday, August 5, I heard Dr. Talmage preach in the Amphitheater upon the text: *And through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall*, or, as Dr. Talmage called it: "Paul in a basket." After hearing this eminent clergyman lecture and preach, I was very desirous to speak to him and shake his hand. I have read many of his sermons, and once tried to hear him in Brooklyn, but failed, as the church was closed; and I have always regarded him as a friend, for I have profited by his work. I could not resist the temptation, therefore, to attempt to have a chat with him, and so, when I saw him part from Dr. Vincent, with whom he walked from the Amphitheater, I approached, and overtaking him said:

“This is Dr. Talmage?” “Yes,” he replied, and then evidently seeing in me a friend, he extended his hand. After warm pressure I told him who I was, how much I had enjoyed his sermon and lecture, and then, calling his attention to the sermon just delivered, I told him I wished to be like one of the men who held the rope when Paul was let down from the windows. He smiled at this and said, that if I would read the sermon I would know better what holding the rope meant than I would if he described it to me. The names of the men who held the rope were unknown to the pages of history, but were written in the Lamb’s Book of Life. Their names were written in Heaven, for doing what they could. I spoke to Dr. Talmage of my biography and the *SOUVENIR*, and asked him if I might have the pleasure of presenting one to him. He said: “Send me a copy,” and with a heartfelt “God bless you,” we parted. On Sunday evening Philip Philips gave an illustrative song service, with views from the Bible and the life of John Bunyan. The pictures were beautiful, and the hymns were sweetly sung. Scriptural reading closed the evening service.

August 23, 1888—In looking over my youngest son’s album to-day I found some excellent advice written by my wife to her son, and I copy it here, for I wish to show how fully I appreciate her memory and sayings, and the advice she gave our children. On one page occurs this: *A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;* and on another:

“True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in doing good.”

I cannot refrain from copying the following lines written by my wife’s only sister, Aunt Jane, as she is called. She deserves many thanks for the sentiment set forth in

the verse. She is nearer to us now than any of our kindred. The lines are as follows:

“ Within this book so pure and white,
 Let none but friends presume to write,
 And may each word in friendship given
 Direct the reader's thoughts to heaven.”

M. J. CUTSHALL.

Forest Grove Methodist Episcopal Church, situated four miles east of Guy's Mills, was dedicated to-day. It is a plain, neat, country church, erected where a house of worship was much needed. It rained in the morning, and I was undecided whether to go to our own church or to the dedication, but I finally decided in favor of the latter. Orlando Waid, my nephew, drove to the church, a distance of eleven miles, with me, and we arrived rather late, the services being well advanced. I pushed my way to the stove, for I was wet and cold, and sat down. Dr. Flood, who was conducting the services, stopped the proceedings, gave out the text and announced the state of the collections. The church cost \$1,100, \$600 had been previously collected, leaving \$500 to be subscribed on the day of dedication. Dr. Flood having explained the situation, I said: “I will give my check for \$100.” I afterward added 10 per cent for the family of Rev. J. W. Crouche, and \$20 for my own family, making a sum total of \$130. It brings true happiness to do a deed of this kind. On January 11, 1889, I gave my check for the amount pledged. I afterward met my friend Dr. Flood in the depot, as he was on his way to dedicate the Methodist Episcopal (Hites) Chapel, at Jamestown, N. Y. “Dear brother,” said he, after cordially shaking my hand, “can you give me \$10 for this good work?” I said “yes,” and handed him the money.

October 8 to 21, 1888—[My brother-in-law, G. W.

Cutshall and I make a trip to Kansas, an account of which will be found at page 83.]

My cousin, Leander Simmons, died December 16, 1888, at his home in Harmony, Chautauqua County, N. Y., at the age of sixty-five years and four months. His funeral was held in Harmony Methodist Episcopal Church, the pastor Rev. Mr. Burns, officiating, and his text was: *What I do now ye know not, but ye shall know hereafter.* The text and sermon were very appropriate as Mr. Simmons, like my wife, had been afflicted nearly a year, and we often wonder at the trials of our loved ones and their afflictions, and seek a reason; but the Bible comes to our relief and tells us we shall know all in good time, and what is now seemingly so mysterious in our Lord's doings will one day be made clear. I believe this, and it brings rest and comfort to us here amid our deepest distress. Leander was interred in Lake View Cemetery, Jamestown, N. Y., eight miles from Harmony. It was cold but pleasant, and we had carriages and buggies instead of sleighs; nevertheless I was reminded as we neared the cemetery of the cold weather and deep snows that prevailed when his father, Philander Simmons, was interred in December, 1882, a funeral that my wife and I attended. Ira Simmons died in 1867 and is buried in Lake View Cemetery. There are at present four sons and four daughters left with an aged mother to mourn, with the afflicted family, the death of Leander. The family left consists of his widow, two sons and two daughters, of which children three are married. As the four brothers of the deceased gently bore the casket and lowered it into its resting place, I was touchingly reminded of the last tribute of myself and three sons as we tearfully placed the form of wife and mother under its covering of flowers and dew.

CHRISTMAS, 1888.

“Stronger than oak, in apparel so green,
 And trappings so fair to see,
 With its precious freight for small or great
 Is the beautiful Christmas tree.”

Preparations had been made for an entertainment and Christmas tree at State Road Methodist Episcopal Church for the Sunday-school, Miss R. Hempson and myself having been chosen to buy the presents. We sometimes get a position by being generous, but I will not say I got this one in that way. I was like a child that was hungry. *I asked for it*, and was honored by our school with the appointment. Now the planning and arranging were our part of the program, raising the funds wherewith to buy presents was quite another, and certainly not the least in importance. My intention as expressed at the meeting was that each scholar should have a gift, no one to be passed by, and I had told the school that I would warrant the tree to have at any rate \$5 worth of presents. The society raised \$5 more, which with other subscriptions increased the total contributions to \$11.85. My lady friend met me in Meadville on Monday, December 24, at 11 A. M., the same hour that my brother met me to go on our business and pleasure trip of which I have already written.

I remember when I was quite a youth I frequently prayed that the Lord would grant me a useful and active life, and I am sure he has answered my prayer. On the present occasion, as on many others, I confess I had many errands to do before leaving Meadville, but none more pleasant than selecting Christmas gifts for our Sabbath-school children. It had been reported to me that we had twenty-five or thirty scholars during the winter,

and as I considered I could buy no better present than a neat Testament, I procured at the book-stores forty copies, thinking that would be sufficient; but on meeting my lady friend she informed me the number of scholars was sixty-three instead of twenty-five or thirty, so I bought twenty-five more, making in all sixty-five; and I wish to say here that when a Sunday-school child* gets a better present than a New Testament, I want to hear of it. I have carried a pocket Testament many a day, out of which I have read the grandest truths and noblest words ever uttered or written—WORDS OF LIFE, ETERNAL LIFE, EVERLASTING LIFE.

This Book tells not only of this life but of the life beyond. The reading of the Bible, so useful to me all through life makes it of such value to me that I wish every child in the Sunday-school to profit in a similar way; and that is my reason for giving each a Testament.†

ADDRESS BY F. C. WAID.

December 24, 1888.

To our Sabbath-school and especially to the children, I want to say to you little boys and girls, although I can not be with you on this happy occasion and share your pleasure and happiness, yet I repeat the words I spoke to you last Sunday: I LOVE YOU. And as I told you if I could not be present I would give \$5 to buy presents to put on the Christmas tree. And then when the committee on program put my name down for an address, they seemed to call for something more than money. But you who were present remember I promised to do the best I could; that if I was absent I would write a letter, make some remarks and give some advice to the children.

It is said in my biography there are three things I love. But then there are more. Those things spoken of are a BOOK, a NEWSPAPER and a FRIEND, and there is also connected with this thought the idea, I love

* I remember going to school barefooted, and I have heard my wife, Eliza, say that she and several others used to go several miles to Sunday-school and church at Mead Corners, and that her sister and she would often carry their fine shoes part of the way, putting them on again before reaching their destination, so as to save them. That is how we did years ago when going to Sunday-school; to-day the value received is more than the sacrifice made or shame endured.

† I was asked by my lady friend to write down what I wished placed on the fly-leaf of each Testament, so I jotted down the following: *Presented to _____ by Methodist Episcopal Church State Road Sunday-school, December 25, 1888.*

the SUNDAY-SCHOOL. I have always loved the Sabbath-school, and allow me to say from my early childhood, indeed I cannot go back in my recollections beyond the time when I did not attend the Sunday-school at old State Road. I do remember of my parents having my twin brother, Franklin, and myself accompany them to Sunday-school and church, when we were very small boys. And I want to thank the Lord for his goodness to me, for I have had the privilege and enjoyed the pleasure of coming to Sunday-school and church up to last Sunday, December 23, 1888.

Children do you think it strange that I should love the Sunday-school? I only wonder why I do not love it more, and do more for it and for you whom I love so well. Now let me speak of THE BOOK, NEWSPAPER and FRIEND. If you think I have had any success in life let me point from whence I think it came. Children this is for you just as much as these presents are for our school. Of course we would be glad to give presents to everybody, but on this Merry Christmas we want to remember you especially, and encourage you both with advice and some token of our love accompanied by a present, The Book out of which I have learned the great lessons of life is the BIBLE. Study it, practice its teachings; it is the chart that will guide you safe through the journey of life. It teaches us to obey our parents and give our hearts to the Lord.

The Bible is dearer to me now. I love it more than ever, because I have learned a little more of it, and I have found so much knowledge in it, that has been useful to me. I want you, dear children, to study it, and you will be glad in after years that you attended Sunday-school, listened to the gospel and obeyed the truth. I cannot close without saying, give your hearts to the Lord, for it is written: Son, Daughter, give me thy heart.

Written Monday morning in haste, December 24, 1888.

F. C. WAID.

P. S.—While you enjoy a merry Christmas, I wish you a happy New Year.

December 24, 1888, to January 3, 1889—[My brother, G. N., and I, visit Athens, N. Y., and other places. See page 90.]

January 25, 1889—[To-day I wrote some "Retrospective Thoughts," which may be found at page 98.]

February 28, 1889—[My visit to Washington, D. C., in company with my brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, for an account of which see page 99.]

March 26, 1889—I wrote the following while in Washington.

" Weep not for the dead,
 Thy sighs and tears are unavailing;
 Vainly o'er the cold dark bed,
 Breaks the voice of thy loud wailing.
 The dead—the dead they rest;
 Sorrow and strife and earthly woes
 No more shall harm the breast,
 Nor trouble their deep, calm repose.
 Weep not for the dead."

I have spoken in another place of my desire to leave this city in order to attend my son's wedding. I wish to give some of the reasons for my anxiety to be present, and to say a few words concerning home life, as I experienced it, before and after my marriage. I was married the day that I attained my majority, and thirty-four years of married life taught me the value of a good home. Peace and order reigned in my father's house, but perhaps I did not quite so thoroughly appreciate it then, as I did when, after marrying, I had my own hearthstone and fire; but I must say that quiet and contentment are to me the greatest blessing that can surround a home. We should ask ourselves how ought we to live to bring about such a state of blessedness in the little circle at home. Let me answer in my own way and say that I am perfectly assured that the homely but true sentence, "To be good is to be happy," is the key-note of happiness in families as it is in individuals. Do right, and you will have a happy life on earth and a certain home in heaven. I wish also to speak of the value of a good companion in the highest sense of that word, a companion that you can lean upon in time of trouble and distress, and that will share heartily your joys as well as your sorrows, in fact enter into and be a part of your very life. You may see from this, again, how anxious I was to be near my son when he chose his partner for this life's journeyings. I had a companion such as I have described during all the

years of my manhood, and it is only since my dear wife died, July 4, 1888, to the present writing, in March, 1889, that I have known what it is to be alone without a congenial helpmate. What has made my life colder and more devoid of joy in the past months will be better understood when I tell you that, during my boyhood days, I had a true and trusted twin brother who stood ever firmly by my side, and did for me what none other could do in the way of companionable intercourse. He died soon after he was twenty-one years of age, up to which time my father's family had remained unbroken by death. I do not mean it to be understood that I loved my twin brother so dearly as to fall short in affection for the others, for such is not the case. The memory of all is very dear to me. People have asked me if I thought that there was more natural affection between twin brothers than between others of the same family. My brother and I were wedded by the ties of nature, and the natural affection was fostered by our being encouraged to seek each other's company, and to learn to love more and more day by day. Added to this we were invariably dressed alike, got into trouble and out of trouble together, slept together in our little trundle bed, and were ever ready to stand up for each other. We, in short, battled life together; when one fell the other lifted him to his feet. From the foregoing you will see that my minority was in the highest sense of the word blessed by companionship.

But it is to my wife that I must now turn. It must now be evident from what I have written how much of my life my twin brother filled, and I cannot but think that it was well for me that ere he had gone I had chosen my life's partner. It was but a few weeks before his death, that Eliza C. Masiker and I were married, and so that in my bereavement I had not only comfort from on

high, but the solace that is drawn from the knowledge of possessing that nearest and dearest of all earthly friends, a true loving wife. Solomon has said: *Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord.* Praise is certainly due unto the Lord, when I think what he hath done for me. You may say to me, my reader: "Certainly you had reason to praise God, when in your youth you were surrounded by loving kindred and had your still more loving wife at your side; but how is it now that she has been taken away?" Let me reply to you in the words of Job: *The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*

I wish to write a few words in memory of my departed wife, whom I trust, one day will be the first to greet as I pass to the other shore. She was dear to all, but especially dear unto me, who with her shared equally the joys and sorrows of life for so many years. During this time I knew to the fullest extent the blessing of God's gift to man—a noble wife. We frequently spoke together of the close of life, and at one time she said to me earnestly: "Francis, you will be left alone." I caressed her and asked her not to speak of death, for it pained me deeply, and said that I might be the first to be taken away. But she persisted, and repeated the words, the remembrance of which comes to me now with great sorrow and a feeling of loneliness; "Dear Francis, you will be left alone." The feeling of being utterly alone, when you have had for so many years a close companion, causes a sense of complete desolation. This feeling is expressed in a letter of condolence I received from a friend, Mr. J. M. Runk, just after my wife's death; he says: "I wish to extend to you my sincere sympathy in this the most lonely time of your active life." I feel the force of this most keenly, and I am to-day learning one of the greatest lessons of

life. The master who is teaching it is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, and He afflicts only for our own sakes. I have found, during this period of deep melancholy and bereavement, that there is joy and comfort to be found in our Lord Jesus Christ, and I have found His grace sufficient for me. I have thought often during these past months of sorrow, that there could be no journey too perilous to undertake, no danger too great to be faced, no property too valuable to be hazarded for the inestimable privilege of once again seeing my dear wife's face. I would willingly go where the waves wash the lonely shore of the farthest isle in the farthest sea, could I hope once more to look upon her. But well knowing the uselessness of such a voyage, I feel it better to turn unto Him who said: *Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*, and there seek my peace. Jesus also said: *In my father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there may ye be also*; and when Eliza died she smiled these words back to us: "I will meet you in one of my Father's many mansions." My dying brother said: "I will meet you in heaven," and from the thoughts of seeing them there I draw my greatest comfort. The influence of Eliza's life is helping me; it is a blessed memory, and I must say with the Bible, that the righteous are had in everlasting remembrance. Her thousand acts of kindness live to comfort us, and none shared in them more deeply than her husband and children.

My acquaintance with my wife began several years before our engagement. I think that the first time I saw her was when going to her father's house to borrow for my uncle, William Morehead, a cross-cut saw. Our courtship began some time after that, but we were not formally engaged until March 25, 1853, thirty-six years

ago yesterday. Some of my younger readers may ask: "How did you put the question, since you have been kind enough to give the date?" Well, I will tell you: On the evening mentioned, as we sat together with hands and hearts united, I mustered up sufficient courage to say: "Eliza, do you love me well enough to marry me?" "Yes, Francis," she replied, "I think I do; in fact, I know that I do." That was a happy day for me, and I have seen many since, and I do not wish it thought that I am complaining when I speak now of my loneliness and sorrow.

I will pass over the thirty-four years of our married life, and speak of its close. Although stricken by disease a year before her death, I thank my Heavenly Father that my wife was, to a great extent, able to fulfill the little social duties of life that rendered her last days cheerful. She was able to call upon friends, and to drive out in pleasant weather. Our last call was made on Friday before she died, and was upon my son, Guinnip, who lives at the old homestead of Ira C. Waid. There our engagement was made, and our wedded life entered upon. Near it we had lived, and to it was her last visit paid. It seems to me remarkable that we should have been allowed to visit the old place once more just as life for one of us was about to close.

Come now with me to the parlor of our home, for the last scene draws nigh. Eliza was apparently bright upon Sunday, and was engaged about the house to some extent on Monday, but on Tuesday she began to fail rapidly. I was by her side until 11 o'clock Tuesday evening, when I laid down for a short time, and fell asleep. I was soon aroused by the nurse, and hurrying to the parlor, where my dear wife lay, I saw that the end was at hand. The last vestige of hope fled as I looked upon

her face. My son, Fred, with the nurse and her sister, were then present, and as I wished the entire family I sent for Guinnip, Frank, Aunt Jane and Uncle George Cutshall. They came, and, as we surrounded her bedside her pure spirit fled to its Celestial Home, but not before her face was illumined by two heavenly smiles, the memory of which will be effaced from our hearts—never.

The following tribute to Eliza's memory is from the pen of her last pastor, the Christian, kind-hearted Rev. M. Miller:

The writer of these lines officiated as pastor at the funeral of Mrs. Eliza Waid, consort of F. C. Waid, on the 5th of July, 1888, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Blooming Valley, Crawford County, Penn. The large concourse of people there assembled told as to her standing in the community. Because of her noble Christian character I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity of leaving a few lines on the pages of history to her honored memory. Though an extreme sufferer for a long time she attended the house of God, and listened with great delight to the precious Gospel until within a few weeks of her death. She was glad when they said unto her, "*Let us go into the house of the Lord.*" Her deep interest in the sermon and her earnest testimony in the class-meeting were inspiring to all. She fully believed God's precious promises, and endured her afflictions as seeing Him who is invisible. How cheering to those who are bereft! what a benediction to husband and children! Her activity and great concern for the salvation of sinners was certainly owned and blessed of God in the last protracted effort she attended, but the element of character which surpassed all the rest presents her in the light of a peacemaker. How ready she was to labor with her neighbors in the interest of reconciliation. Her's is the promise "*Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.*" Let us imitate her in this regard. Innocent and harmless herself, she tried to make everyone else the same.

She will be greatly missed in her home, in the church and in the community. But her record is on high and she is doubly blessed with the saints on high. She is calling us to follow on to know the Lord. May God comfort the bereaved ones and help us all to imitate her Godly example. *Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*

Written at DuBois, Penn., November 13, 1888, by her last pastor,

M. MILLER.

April 2, 1889—[On this day I wrote "Some thoughts before leaving home," which will be found at page 105.]

April 4, 1889—On the evening of this day I had the pleasure of attending the wedding of my esteemed friends, Wallace Mook and Luella Floyd, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Floyd, in Saegerstown, Penn.

April 10 to July 24, 1889—[Here comes my second trip to Kansas, along, in part, with my son, Franklin, an account of which will be found at page 109.]

August 23 to September 4, 1889—[My wife, Anna, and I visit Jamestown and Chautauqua, N. Y., and the reader is referred to page 144 for an account of same.]

September 8, 1889—To-day my wife and I attended church, and afterward brought the pastor and Mr. McCool, of Meadville, home with us to dine.

September 12, 1889—This is the sixtieth anniversary of Aunt Matilda J. Cutshall's birthday, and my wife and I formed a part of a pleasant gathering at her home. I gave my sister-in-law, and other relatives and friends, our photograph. The following account of the interesting event is from the *Pennsylvania Farmer*:

At the pleasant farm house of G. W. Cutshall, Randolph Township, Crawford County, Penn., was celebrated the sixtieth birthday of Matilda J. Cutshall, his wife, who was born in Luzerne County, Penn., September 12, 1829, and married September 17, 1853. So in five days more she might have celebrated her wedding anniversary. F. C. Waid thinks of this as he remembers that his fiftieth birth-day and twentieth wedding anniversary, held April 23, 1883, were celebrated in one.

P. M. Cutshall delivered an appropriate address, in a brief but happy manner, after which F. C. Waid expressed his pleasure in being present, and entertained the company substantially as follows:

"About thirty-seven years ago, before Mr. Cutshall and Matilda J. Masiker were married, and I know it was before Eliza C. Masiker and myself were married, we were all at the Jacob Masiker farm, where we walked up the lane and through the orchard, till we came to where the ripe, rosy, luscious peaches attracted out attention. It is needless to say that excellent peaches, handsome girls and happiness made the time a happy one. This was the beginning of better days to us. Life

is a success when we win and hold the friendship formed in youth. The golden chain grows brighter as the brief years go by, and we are here to-day to celebrate the sixtieth birth-day of one worthy of our esteem, one who has, thus far in life, bestowed much true friendship, generosity and kindness upon her numerous acquaintances. We who are here to-day, and share the pleasures and blessings of this happy home, are only a few of those who rise up and call her blessed. Do you know this good work has been going on forty years? See what there is in friendship. This child, little Leon, spoke it in his act, when he, at the age of five years, picked berries, earned a dime, and made his grandma a present. Such a boy will make his mark in the world. It looks noble, self-supporting, to rely on his own efforts instead of others. It is none of your cheap generosity, handing over to a friend what costs you nothing; certainly it is far better than cheap giving. The world is waiting for such children to grow up and fill useful occupations in life. There was one born sixty years ago to-day, whose presence has cheered and her hands helped humanity ever since. The Lord Master said, *She has done what she could*, and the words apply in this case. May her life be spared many years until the good Master calls her home."

Mr. Cutshall responded to calls, and made some spicy remarks, after which Mr. Waid addressed a few commendatory words to the generous host, which all present echoed.

Presents were given, and Mr. Waid had the pleasure of introducing his accomplished wife to the many new friends, and a goodly number of photographs of the worthy couple were carried away by friends.

September 14, 1889—After transacting some business in Meadville Anna and I drove to the home of my cousin, Robert A. Ferguson. This was a visit long looked forward to by us with all the pleasures of anticipation. We will spend the Sabbath day here, a privilege that in years past I have more than once enjoyed.

Sunday September 15—We drove this fine morning to the Lutheran Church, and arrived in time for both sermon and Sunday-school. At the conclusion of the service we visited Watson's Run Cemetery on the hillside near the church. It consists of about four acres of ground, has large shade trees within its bounds, and is handsomely decorated with neatly trimmed evergreens. After dinner

we called upon John Morehead, and found him and his family at home.

September 16, 1889—This morning we paid a visit to Uncle Robert Morehead, at whose house we dined. While there Lydia gave me two copper buttons from the coat of Grandfather Morehead, who came to America about 100 years ago when a young man. I picked up a shoe hammer during this call, and Uncle Robert told me that it had driven the pegs into my mother's wedding shoes. The hammer and buttons brought a flood of recollections upon me as I sat there talking with my dear mother's brother. It takes but a small thing in this world to let loose the current of one's thoughts. My uncle told me that he had made the shoes, and he related also many tales of the olden times. I love dearly to hear anything in connection with my sainted mother, whose Christian life made home so happy, and for aught I know led me to Christ. I cannot remember a more really pleasurable morning than that spent at Uncle Robert's, filled as it was with memories of those that "I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

September 24—My wife, Anna, and I started for Mosiertown to-day, and while on our way we stopped at Saegerstown to call upon George Floyd, S. Slocum and C. R. Slocum. When we arrived at Mosiertown I drove at once to the home of my old-time friend and companion, C. R. Slocum, and to him and his family I introduced Anna, who now saw them for the first time. In the evening we made calls upon friends in the immediate neighborhood.

September 25—To-day Anna and I called upon Mrs. Caroline Cochran, Mr. Slocum's only sister, and afterward drove to the home of Robert E. Slocum where we dined in company with Mrs. Cochran and Miss Mattie Slocum.

After dinner we walked to the Baptist Church, which was undergoing repairs, and there we found the minister working upon the building. He was a carpenter by trade, and had no false pride that prevented his working at his trade, which was thus made honorable above all others by being the calling of the Gentle Nazarene.

September 27, 1889—A visit to Orlando Waid, who lives on Harrison Sutton's farm east of Townville, marked this date. We remained there for the night. On our way home from Orlando's farm on the following day we stopped at Pember Phillip's place. Mr. Phillips has been repairing and improving his house, and it now presents an exterior of which he may be proud. Leaving there we drove to the residence of Silas Clarke, who lives upon the State Road about five miles from our home. His wife has been ill for months, and it was partly to inquire after her that we called. Susan Hobbs died to-day, aged over seventy years.

October 8 to November 4—[My wife and I pay a protracted visit to her old home in Kansas (my third trip to that State, I returning East on the latter date, my wife remaining with her parents), for particulars of which I refer the reader to page 148.]

On November 4, the narrative of my third trip to Kansas was concluded at page 162, and from that point I resume my diary. As I have said I had an hour to wait in Ottawa for the train to arrive at the Santa Fé depot, and I now sit writing where I can view Forest Park, only one square from the railway station. I love once more to view the place where I spent so many pleasant hours during the Chautauqua Assembly, last June—happy days! Before leaving Ottawa I called at Mr. Cowdery's store to inquire after Mrs. Cowdery's health, and was informed by the clerk that "she is a little better, but can-

not live long.”* My train is expected soon, so I will close my notes in the meantime, and bid good-by to Ottawa, hoping to return in the near future. On the platform just as I took my train East I met Rev. Mr. Boaz, whose presence cheered me as I was leaving Ottawa. There is something in man’s countenance that cheers his friend, like the spark of electricity, a glance sends happiness that thrills our whole being.

I believe that on this trip to Kansas I have found more attractions there than ever, even when Anna and I left here last July 15. At that time her parents and kindred, left behind, were to be thought of; but I had this comforting thought—Anna was with me. But now, to have to leave her behind, and travel homeward alone, is to me the most unpleasant reflection of all. And when I think of her impaired health, I shall want to hear often from her, and return to Kansas as soon as I can. *Such is life!* My train has now arrived, and I find myself speeding along eastward as fast as steam-power can take me, passing many beautiful and interesting places between Ottawa and Kansas City, among them being Olathe Cemetery, twenty-four miles from the latter place, where I arrived about 6 p. m. At Kansas City I find I have two hours to wait and enjoy my lunch (put up for me by Anna, and which I had brought with me) while waiting for the train, and as I afterward walk about the streets, I was jostled hither and thither by the busy multitude that throngs the thoroughfares. A gentleman from Ohio made a remark, as our train was coming into the city, about the size of the mountains. “Yes,” I replied, “the bluffs are high in Kansas City, they remind me of Oildom, in Pennsylvania.” I arrived at St. Louis Tuesday morning, and left soon after for Cincinnati. I wish

* Mrs. Cowdery died a few days afterward, November 12, 1889.—F. C. Waid.

time permitted me to visit my cousin, Steven Whicher, at Mount Vernon, Jefferson County, Ill., but if I did I would miss connection for Cincinnati in the evening.

Tuesday November 5, 1889—Election day, at home and abroad. I write this in St. Louis, where I wish I could spend a day or so, as the city is very interesting to me. On our way I noticed a marked improvement in the crops since last I saw them, especially in the wheat; indeed I was surprised at the marked advance made. We pass through Carlyle and Salem, Ill., Vincennes and North Vernon, Ind., and finally reach Cincinnati in the evening of November 5, and on the following day I found myself once more “on my native heath,” where I received a most pleasant and happy greeting from kindred and friends. I had been absent only four weeks, and yet the many changes that had taken place in a measure startled me, when I came to hear of them. Births, marriages, deaths and loss of property by fire or otherwise, all these militate to bring about the changes and chances of this mortal life:

“Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.”

In speaking of destruction of property by fire, I here more especially refer to the burning of G. W. Cutshall’s old farm-house in Randolph Township, Crawford County, which was totally consumed by fire on Wednesday, October 30, 1889. The homes of our fathers, the dwelling places or abodes of men, our own homes, all pass away. If they do not disappear by fire or earthquake, or are swept away by floods or cyclones, they return to earth with time, and pass away. Men often leave their homes, but their homes sometimes leave them. We are here together on earth but a little while at longest, yet our homes, our houses, our abodes, the places where we

live have great attractions for us, and this farm-house on my brother-in-law's farm is one long to be remembered. Many families have lived in it in its day including G. W. Cutshall's father, George Cutshall and others. But I am not disposed to give in detail here the names of all who have lived here; nor at present could I, even if I so wished. But I do want to say a little of the proverbial hospitality that was ever found at this old farm-house. The generosity of the men and women who have inhabited it is well known, not only in this community, but also throughout the whole county, and even beyond its limits. Here the hungry have been fed, here the weary have found rest, and here many have been encouraged and strengthened in the battle of life; in which connection I take a pardonable pride in saying that Mrs. Jane Cutshall is sister to Eliza, my first wife.

A man's heart deviseth his way, and the Lord directeth his steps. To-day, November 8, I walked over to Mr. Cutshall's to pour out my sympathy with him and his family in their trouble. We know our friends in prosperity, but we appreciate them in adversity, when misfortune comes, and we can then counsel, and speak comfort to their grief. The old house that was burnt was built in 1853, thirty-six years ago, and it was fortunate for Mr. Cutshall and his family that his spring house, which was built later, and is commodious and conveniently located near the old one, has escaped the fire untouched. It is a two-story slate-roofed building 16x20, and is now their dwelling. A true friend loveth at all times; and I do not forget the occasion of my sister-in-law's (Matilda Jane Cutshall) birthday party, September 12, 1889, which Anna and I attended. I gave her (Mrs. Cutshall), at that time, our photographs with the promise that some time in the future I would *remember her* with some

token of our esteem. I have been waiting for an opportunity all along, and now it has in an unexpected manner arrived. I believe in gifts, but always in bestowing them when and where they will do the most good. We should study *how, what, when and where* to give, as well as *to whom*, if we would fulfill the Divine law, and have our gifts appreciated by the receiver. Imagine, if you can, my dear reader, the pleasure that came to each of us when I wrote out and handed Matilda Jane Cutshall my check for \$100. Of course I had talked this over with husband and wife, and a full understanding was arrived at between us. I have had the pleasure of being with the family over night, and they tell me it is like beginning the world again, so many things were destroyed; indeed only those who have experienced being "burnt out," can appreciate the condition of things. Our real friends come to comfort us in the darkest hours of life. I know what that is, and if I should be asked why I am at Mr. Cutshall's place to-day, I could give no better reason than this—*It is the Lord's will*. Then, let me add, the greatest loss on earth is husband or wife by death; and he who pens these lines wishes to tell you, dear reader, that at the close of the services on the occasion of the funeral of my beloved wife, Eliza, at Blooming Valley Cemetery, on July 5, 1888, when I turned from the grave and left behind me all that was dear to me on earth, George and Matilda Jane Cutshall, with other friends and relatives, accompanied me to my *desolate home*, and stayed with me overnight. I never shall forget it. Is not that sufficient reason why I am here to-night? I am also well rewarded by meeting Mr. T. Davis, a friend, who lives near Waterford, Erie Co., Penn., and who, with his wife, was present at Mr. Cutshall's fiftieth birthday party [It will be seven years

ago December 31, 1889]. Mrs. Davis has died since that time. Mr. Davis told me about Matthew Smith's family, of whom I was much pleased to hear, as I was well acquainted with them, having boarded with them when C. R. Slocum, and E. T. Wheeler and myself attended school at Waterford Academy. There were five children in the family—three daughters, Elizabeth, Jane and Katie, and two sons, Wilson and Hunter. The children are all living, but the parents are deceased.

November 11, 1889—I sit down to write a few more lines about my Third Trip to Kansas, but I have just about commenced the pleasant duty when along comes our assessor, with whom I have to do business. He leaves a notice of assessment including money out at interest, \$40,000; total in Woodcock Township, Crawford Co., Penn., \$45,880. In this life we have something to do. If we have nothing we want to get something; then when we get it we have something to do to take care of it. It is all right to double our talents, and serve the Lord with whatever he may give us. I may sometimes forget; but whatever I may do I always wish to remember the Lord. You know what is written in the Bible: *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.* Oh, how good that was for me; but it is better now. The Lord has taught me much since. I verily believe his word: *Behold the righteous are rewarded in the earth much more than the wicked and the sinner.*

But in referring back briefly to "My Third Trip to Kansas," I will put a few thoughts connected therewith in writing. *The lips of the wise feed many, but fools die for want of wisdom.* How much my heart seeketh after this *true wisdom!* And however much I may have learned from others, or by my own experience, I want the Lord, like the potter who shapes the clay, to direct my steps

day by day. Our planning without His approval is in vain. "Man proposes, but God disposes." But when we can say: "Thy will be done," then all will be well. The Lord's Prayer is the Key to man's whole life—it unlocks the hidden mysteries of earth and heaven to the true disciple of Christ. It is the secret to success, and no Christian can get along without it. And that is why my wife and I knelt down and prayed in secret, imploring Divine aid and blessing before starting off on our trip to Kansas, the burden of our prayer being "bless those, O Lord, whom we leave behind, and our kindred everywhere; and remember us O Lord who are about to depart on this journey. Grant us a safe journey, and may we be permitted to return in health to our home." And as Anna lifted up her voice in earnest faith, I was reminded of another prayer I once heard many years ago, when my father, Ira C. Waid, was wrestling with the spirit in secret and alone. He was in such strong earnestness, and so loud in his invocations, that I could hear him many rods off. Well, as I have said, my wife and I prayed for health and strength, a safe journey and a return home in health. Many thoughts and perplexities about this journey made our burden heavy, but how easy it became when we remembered the word of the Lord: *Cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thee.* That is why we prayed. *We looked unto Him, and our fears were lightened.* Smiles and help came, and we started on our journey with glad hearts. On our way Anna and I had plenty of opportunity to talk over past incidents in our lives—from our first meeting on the train, already narrated, down to the present time. All the promises conveyed in the Bible are not confined to the future life; very many of them come direct to us as help here, that we may have the promise of this life, and

that which is to come—eternal life. And when God cheers our heart, it is cheered *for good*. And I wish to say that I am trying to appreciate His precious gifts, not only the gift of His Son, but other gifts that call for praise and gratitude. When I read in His Word: *Every good and perfect gift cometh from Him with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning*, my heart has a desire to praise and honor him. What did the wise man mean when he said: *Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord?* Now it is a wife I am to be thankful for; and I wish to say here that no man knows the value of a true Christian wife better than I do, nor the loss of such an one, as I do. Having had both these blessed and sad experiences in my life, is it any wonder I should now be so thankful to my Heavenly Father for a wife—“God’s first gift to man.”

I have written elsewhere in this volume about my wife, Anna, asking me to return thanks at her father’s table October 10, 1889, which was her first request. But I wish to relate to the reader when and where it was that Anna first heard me give thanks. It was at Aunt Abbie’s, Monroe Centre, Ogle Co., Ill., on July 17, 1889. I shall always remember Aunt Abbie, who, when supper was ready, and we had sat down, asked me to give thanks.

Now I fear that even the most patient reader will think I am dwelling too long on my third trip to Kansas, but I crave indulgence and permission to say how it was that I came home alone, leaving my wife with her parents. We had intended when we left home to return within thirty days, and our excursion tickets were to that effect “good for thirty days.” But on our arrival at Mr. Tyler’s, Anna had a bad cold and cough from which she did not entirely recover while we were there. So on account of her

impaired health and the pressing request of her parents and the family (as already remarked), it was judged better for her to spend the winter in Kansas, whither I expect to return as soon as business may permit, and there I hope to spend part of the winter, with our aged parents.

Since my return to my Pennsylvania home (for I speak now as having a home in Kansas as well as in the East), I have received and read the first letter Anna, as Mrs. Francis C. Waid, ever wrote me, and much do I appreciate it. It is dated November 10, 1889. She and I had a good deal of correspondence between the years 1881 and 1888 (October 10), some sixteen letters or thereby, on either side, and Anna has them all with her in Kansas. She tells me there was a time when we did not correspond (for friends in this regard are often neglectful) for, perhaps, more than a year.* Then when my first SOUVENIR came out, I naturally thought of my friends, including the Tyler family, and among others sent Anna a copy, which renewed our friendship. I wrote her before our marriage, I think, about fifty-five letters, Anna's to me being a few less, probably about fifty. These letters I regard as a part of real life, written in faith with a pure motive and with the best of intentions. It is true the sound wheat in them is naturally not without some leaven of chaff, but it is the good contained in them I so fondly cherish, and for that reason only I here make mention of them *en passant* in my SOUVENIR.

November 16, 1889—I have returned home (Blooming Valley, Penn.) from the funeral of Addie Stull, who died on the 14th inst., in her twenty-first year. There was a large attendance, part of the services being held in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Indeed, Blooming Valley

* Anna has told me that when this dropping off in our correspondence took place, her mother said that she (Anna) would never hear from me again, and that she then destroyed all my letters to that date.—F. C. Waid.

is noted for the large number it turns out on funeral occasions. At the close of the portion of the services held in the cemetery,

Again I look'd on that dear spot
Where kindred sleep, but not forgot;
Eliza, dearest of them, thy grave I see,
And with loving heart I still think of thee.

F. C. W.

Leaving the cemetery, in company with my cousin, Ralph Roudebush, I took dinner with him, and received from him information in regard to the *School Record* [see page 19], and of some who lately died. Among the latter was Mary Cowen (wife of Daniel Cowen), who died October 19, 1885, aged eighty-five years. I have a recollection of visiting her, with my wife, one evening shortly before her death. She was much pleased to see Eliza and hear her tell of her sister Jane, who had lived with them a long time, doing house work; and of the time when, Jane being sick, Eliza took her place, but, becoming homesick, *cried to go home!* It was pleasing to hear Mrs. Cowen tell of this little incident, of days long since gone by, and of her friends and kindred and family. Pointing toward the cemetery she said: "Soon I will rest there with my family." This was our last meeting. Mrs. Cowen loved the girls, and they appreciated her kindness. She died at the home of Mr. Stull, in Blooming Valley, who has to-day (November 16, 1889) buried his beloved daughter. I have sympathy and love, and my prayer is: "Oh Lord, bless the family and young people in this community."

·Minta Thompson died October 10, 1889.

November 18—Nine years ago, to-day, occurred the memorable meeting, on the train, between myself and Anna E. Tyler, now Mrs. Francis C. Waid, to whom I have written a letter to-day.

November 20, 1889—At 8 on the evening of this day took place, at the residence of their parents in Blooming Valley, the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Odell's two daughters, "a double wedding," the one daughter, Mode, being married to Mr. John Tarr, and the other, Dessa, to Mr. Ed Beatty. This interesting event brought pleasure to the many present, especially to myself, and my only regret was that my wife was not present to enjoy her share in the festivities. My life-long acquaintance with Mr. Odell's family, and knowing both Mr. Tarr and Mr. Beatty, all combine to strengthen my interest in the present and future welfare of the young couples, which, together with the pressing special invitation I received from Mr. and Mrs. Odell, was sufficient for me to be present at the wedding, even if unaccompanied by my wife. This lasting principle, "*to do good*" (as I may have the opportunity) seems to be a demand in my nature which I find nothing better than to obey. As I said in my speech that evening, I was present not only because of being invited, but because I wished to be there for the same reasons the other guests had, and I wanted to help start out the young people who had just entered a new state of life, as I had been twice married, and had given three sons in marriage. I found nothing more useful to myself and wife on entering on the journey of married life than the Bible which my parents had previously given me. Now this Bible has a history, simple yet suggestive. Being none too well bound originally, and being read daily and much handled, it naturally wore out in course of time, and had to be taken to the binder, which was done in 1876. Even this time it was none too well "fixed up," so I once more found it necessary to have the good old book placed for repairs, and accordingly on November 23, 1889, I took it to the *Tribune* printing office bindery in Meadville to

have it rebound. "My advice to you, my newly-married young friends," continued I in my speech, "is to take the Bible as your pilot on the voyage of life, for I have found it profit me much. I do not know of anything that you could take with you that would be of more use or benefit in increasing your happiness, in making life a success, and in ultimately bringing you safely into heaven. These two photographs, one of Eliza and myself, and the other of Anna and myself, are but tokens of our friendship; but here are two family Bibles from your sincere friend and well-wisher, Francis C. Waid, containing within their boards what is beyond earthly value, if rightly understood. And although I am aware that Mr. and Mrs. Odell, the thoughtful parents of your two brides, have already given you a Bible each, yet remember this is a *double wedding*, and as a consequence you require two more Bibles, so each of you will be, in that important respect, fully equipped for married life. My friends, I will now close my brief remarks with the citation of two of the truths: '*Do not die a poor man with Heavenly treasures within your reach.*' '*The Bible is the mine, you are the miners.*' "

November 26, 1889—I have before me both the first and last letters Anna, my wife, wrote to me, the first being dated Norwood, Kas., February 6, 1881, nearly eight years before we were married, and addressed to George W. Cutshall, Francis C. Waid and George N. Waid, a copy of which, in part, I here give:

Kind Friends:

We have not forgotten the promise we made you in the Union Pacific Transfer Depot at Council Bluffs, November 18, 1880, to write you as soon as we were located in a home of our own, and as we now have a farm, I thought it time our promise was kept, so on this dark, rainy night, I find myself penning a few lines to you about our new home, etc.

We did not reach Topeka, Kas., until 2 o'clock, Friday afternoon, November 19, very tired and worn out for want of sleep. We at first boarded at a hotel for a week, and then went to housekeeping. The men folks went out into the country nearly every day, and they thought there was some very nice land, splendid farms—but they ask more for land here than they do in Illinois where we came from; so we concluded to move farther south for a home, which we found in Franklin County, same State, one mile and a half west of Norwood, six miles north of Ottawa, and fifty-six from Kansas City.

We have 240 acres, all fenced with hedge and wire, forty acres of timber, a stream of water running through. The barn is just comfortable, and will accommodate six span of horses. There is also a large ice-house nicely painted. In the front yard there are growing apple, peach, cherry, pear and quince trees and a lot of nice evergreens. The house which was built six years ago, at a cost of \$5,000, fronts the south, and the road runs past it from east to west. * * * * * Among many other conveniences there is a cistern that will hold 500 barrels of water, with one pump out-doors and one in the kitchen. The amount paid by us for the property was \$6,000. It is an excellent place for raising cattle, of which we have at present forty-four head.

I have not been homesick one minute since I came to Kansas, for I have realized more in the climate and beauties of the country than I had anticipated. The thermometer has stood above zero most of the time this winter, and the coldest weather we have had was a short time after Christmas, where for two or three days the thermometer indicated twelve degrees below zero. Between Christmas and New Year we had one inch of snow, and that is the most we have had this winter, as yet, so we have not had any sleigh-rides. When we left Topeka we sent our goods by rail, and came ourselves across the country so as one might see it. We started January 5, enjoying a splendid ride of fifty miles, and saw some beautiful country. It was not at all cold when we arrived here.

We have those pictures you gave us of yourselves, which frequently reminded us of our pleasant traveling companions, and we often wonder if you had a pleasant trip to Nebraska, and if you reached home safely.

If you think my poor letter worthy of answer, we would be happy to hear from you. Any questions you may wish to ask about the country out here, I will try to answer. Father and mother send their kind regards to you all. I remain as ever a friend.

MISS ANNA TYLER.

This letter was read with great pleasure by the three individuals to whom it was addressed, and was listened

to with no less interest by other friends, all seeming to derive not only instruction but also real happiness and enjoyment, and none took more pleasure in perusing Anna Tyler's letter than my wife Eliza. She loved the family, and often expressed a wish to visit them, but the opportunity never came. And the result was that neither friend nor writer saw the Tyler family until Mr. Cutshall and I met them at their home in Kansas, October 10, 1888.

The other letter referred to as coming from my wife, Anna, and dated November 19, 1889, commences thus: "My dear husband," &c. Both of these letters are very dear to me, and I have given the first one a place in my SOUVENIR on account of its most instructive and interesting qualities.

December 12, 1889—A beautiful day for the season of the year, and a radiant one for the work of doing something in the Lord's name. This "something" might by a good few be considered unimportant or trifling, but we are taught by the Master that the smallest act done in His name, is as pleasing to Him as one of great magnitude. And yet it was a labor of no small importance, the shingling of the driving shed at Advent Church; for it is a building 112 feet long, by 20 wide, divided into fourteen stalls or apartments, each one of which is twenty feet long, by eight feet wide, the entire work requiring 20,000 hemlock shingles. The consummation of this noble enterprise has been one which the church has been in much need of ever since it was built in 1854, this providing a covered place for the convenience and protection from storm of animals and vehicles driven to the church, or used on funeral occasions. I had the pleasure of being present, helping in the noble work, and to me fell the honor of laying the last shingle and driving the last nail, which was about four o'clock in the afternoon. My hap-

piness was indeed great, not simply in being privileged to subscribe \$50 toward the good work, but in being enabled to give my physical assistance as well as moral.

Indeed, words fail me in endeavoring to express the pleasure and real happiness I found in the work of that day. In the morning it became a question with me whether I should go to Meadville or Blooming Valley, as I had business to be attended to in each place. We always need counsel, and David has given the best: *Commit thy ways unto the Lord*. I thought out my ways under the circumstances as best I could, which resulted in my going to Blooming Valley with the school children. Youth and sunshine are much alike in cheerfulness, and I was favored with both on my way to the valley. The pleasures of the day to me increased, as I pursued my several business duties an hour or two before returning to help shingle the church shed. While waiting for a brief space at Blooming Valley to see a friend, I called on my uncle, Horace F. Waid, and had the pleasure of reading a letter from another uncle, Gilbert Waid, of Michigan, dated Ann Arbor, December 10, 1889. I hope yet to have an opportunity to visit my relatives in Michigan. While Uncle Gilbert writes of his poor health and general condition at present, he expresses a wish to return some time to Crawford County, Penn., to once more see his old time friends. Only two of my father's brothers are now living: Andrew G. and Horace F., and two sisters, Mrs. Mary Ann Simmons and Phebe Goodwill. When I reached the church shed I found quite a number at work, and in the early afternoon about thirty more joined the "bee." Later on, the work becoming scarce for so many hands (although there was other work to do besides shingling), a large number left before it was finished.

In this connection, and before laying down my pen, I would like to place a few facts on record concerning the old school-house in the valley, and Advent Church. The former was built in 1851, and the latter in 1854, not a great distance apart, on the north side of Main Street, on the side hill. They present a good appearance since trees were planted and sheds built, and are both still in use, the old school-house as a dwelling. The church building has been repaired, and looks very well, yet there is still a desideratum, and it is this: The audience room was made the full size of the building, hence there is no vestibule or hall, a want much felt, and a something necessary to all churches, or even school-houses. I am sure the good people of Blooming Valley, those immediately interested, if properly supported (as I have no doubt they would be) would take the matter under their serious consideration, and have the much needed addition to the church made. And why not have what should be on every village church—a belfry and bell? For a long time I have been anxious to see the Advent Church property improved, and have even expressed a willingness to subscribe \$100 if the church authorities would make the improvements I have just suggested. However, we have at last substantially shingled the driving shed; and who will say what may be the next good work for the benefit of Advent Church and its congregation? *He that watereth shall be watered.* In doing right the Lord blesses us, but we should bear in mind that

“ Works adjourned have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.”

Sabbath, December 15, 1889—Yesterday afternoon my youngest son and I drove to Meadville, where I had business, and here I learned that Bishop J. H. Vincent, LL. D., would preach at the First Methodist Episcopal

Church on the following forenoon. Being desirous of hearing this reverend divine, I remained over night at Meadville, the guest by invitation of my kind friend, Mr. S. C. Derby, between whom and myself acquaintance and friendship have long existed, and I may add that this is not the first time I have been made welcome at his quiet home.

To-day (Sunday) he accompanied me to church, to listen to Dr. Vincent (after attending Sabbath-school), and shortly after taking our seats in the church, near the center of the audience room, the Bishop and Dr. T. L. Flood entered the sanctuary. The latter gentleman, after sitting down, recognized me and approaching to where we were sitting he shook hands with us, and invited us to seats nearer the pulpit, for which we thanked him with the remark that where we were was "good enough." Bishop Vincent took for his text part of the 20th verse of the Epistle of St. Jude: *But ye beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith.* I was greatly helped in my Christian life, and appreciated the Church in the sense set forth—the school for an eternal Heaven, the Christian's imperishable home. On coming out of church Bishop Vincent and Mr. Flood overtook Mr. Derby and myself, to the former of whom we were introduced. *Honored again*, thought I.

My dear reader, I tell you that my regret to-day is that I did not begin in childhood, to regard and have faith in the Bible and serve the Lord, instead of in youth; and I have resolved this day to be a *better man*, through having additional light thrown on my pathway. At 4 P. M. I again heard Bishop Vincent, this time in the Second Presbyterian Church, where he delivered an address on the subject: *Mind your own business.* To the lecturer, and perhaps to some of his hearers, may have

mentally occurred the pungent saying of Savile in effect that "the man who can not mind his own business is not to be trusted with that of the nation." In the evening, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, we, for the third time to-day, were privileged to listen to the teachings of the learned Bishop, his text on this occasion being from Psalm cxix: 96: *But thy commandment is exceeding broad.* This Sabbath was truly a profitable day to me.

I had heard Bishop Vincent at Ottawa, Kas., and several times at Chautauqua, N. Y., but I have to thank my friend, Dr. T. L. Flood, for personal acquaintance, by introduction. In fact, I realized, that until then, whilst I had known Bishop Vincent, he had not known me. I believe one of my native characteristics (a commendable one, I trust) is being somewhat reserved in my manner, perhaps too much so for my own good at times, without being indifferent or exclusive, however. I do not forget, nor am I likely to, that for one to keep in his proper place is to "mind his own business." From the first time I heard Bishop Vincent I had a desire to become acquainted with him, and at Chautauqua, during the Assembly, I had an opportunity to speak to him; but here my natural reserve stood in the way. In passing me he saluted me with "good morning," to which I simply bowed assent and passed on. The opportunity I had been wishing for was lost, and I soon thereafter wished I had spoken to him and introduced myself, so that I could let him know how much I appreciated his preaching, and loved and respected him as a good man—one who had helped to build me up in the faith and lead me into the way of doing good work in the Gospel.

In regard to Dr. T. L. Flood I will briefly say that I became acquainted with him at Jamestown, N. Y., where my wife and I heard him preach at the Methodist Epis-

copal Church in 1874, since when our acquaintance has ripened, I believe, into true Christian friendship. During his pastorate at Jamestown and Meadville, as well as on other occasions, we occasionally had the pleasure of hearing his sermons and discourses. Christianity and true friendship are both productive of good, and in true friendship there are some very bright, happy days.

Of this I will give the reader some poof in my own experience. On December 16, 1888, the Forest Grove Methodist Church (Crawford County, Penn.) was dedicated, and after the ceremony my cousin and I, in company with Dr. Flood and others, had the pleasure of taking dinner at the house of my friend, A. J. Owen. That to me was a delightful interview, and another day's march nearer my heavenly home. Surely, I thought, the path of duty is the path of safety, *and the pathway of the just shineth more and more till the perfect day.* Here let me quote three lines of what the poet, Matthew Prior, says about *duty*:

“The sum of duty let two words contain;
O may they graven in my heart remain:
Be humble and be just.”

With the reader's permission I will relate yet another incident that cast a ray of sunshine on my life's pathway, which I will give substantially as I wrote it in my diary at the time.

February 16, 1889—To-day, while engaged in business affairs in Meadville, I was walking up Chestnut Street on the west side, and when near the Corinthian Block I met Dr. T. L. Flood and Dr. W. G. Williams (president of Allegheny College), the former of whom exclaimed: “How do you do, Brother Waid?” After a hearty shaking of hands, Dr. William's wife (who had come out of a store) joined her husband, and to her I was,

at once introduced, to me both a pleasure and honor. There could be no better time, thought I, to introduce the question of the Soldiers' Monument than now. However, the president spoke of his college, and so I told him that I had been a student there in the spring of 1852. Dr. Flood then said to me: "Donate \$100 toward the Soldiers' Monument fund," to which my reply was: "Why not?" Yes, why not? I had been wanting to do something in this way from the time the project had been set on foot, especially since the Pioneer Monument had been erected. My love of country still lives, and my patriotism, my respect for the honored dead, seek utterance in this way. I love the Lord first; next to Him I love my country, and my contribution (as promised to Dr. Flood) of \$100 toward the Soldiers' Monument fund, I trust will be accepted as a proof of the sincerity of my declaration."

December 16, 1889—To-day I renewed my subscription to our country papers, and I mention it not as of any consequence, but because I wish it as a rider to make known my appreciation of and love toward the printer. I have always loved the reading of newspapers, and I have profited much by the information disseminated by the public press. I say, patronize the printer, and settle with him for your paper, *once a year*. At page 48 I have given a list of the newspapers and magazines I am at present taking. When first starting out in life, I remember we began taking our county paper which has been continued ever since, the number being considerably increased, and what affords me gratification is—they have all been paid for as well as read (to some extent). So much do I prize the newspaper, that I have frequently sent some one or other of our county papers as a present to a friend. I think it a good, useful present, one sure to be appreciated, and when

renewing my subscriptions to-day I remembered five relatives residing in as many different States, by ordering sent to them a county paper that will visit each one fifty-two times a year. Then leaving \$20 in the hands of an editor, to be applied to our church finances, I returned home with a glad heart.

December 21, 1889—On this (Saturday) evening I went from Meadville to Saegerstown, also in Crawford County, where I had the pleasure of stopping with my friend, George Floyd, and on the following Sabbath forenoon of accompanying him to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where we heard a good sermon by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Parsons. In the afternoon my friend and I drove to Blooming Valley (some six miles distant), which is also one of Mr. Parsons' appointments, and here we again heard him proclaiming the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I then returned home to remain till after Christmas.

HOW AND WHERE I SPENT CHRISTMAS, 1889.

I was about to have headed this article "Christmas at Home," and would have done so had my wife been here to enjoy it with me; but she is still at home with her parents, whither I expect to return soon after the holidays, should my business then permit. In our spare hours and leisure moments we have thoughts and thoughts, but the most active of them usually come to us in our busiest moments, when we are employed. And here I am to-day, thinking of WIFE, HOME, BUSINESS and CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS—A year ago I spent a very pleasant Christmas in company with my brother, George N., among relatives at Athens, Penn., as related on pages 91 and 92. Of late years I have frequently been absent from home during holidays, so, when I do spend a day

such as this at home, I am naturally anxious to make the most of it, and turn it to best account. There were two Christmas tree entertainments held in Blooming Valley—two, at least, in which I was interested—one given by the Advent Church Sunday-school, and the other by the Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday-school, former of which came off on Christmas Eve, and latter on the evening of Christmas Day. I am glad these pleasing entertainments came off separately, for it gave me an opportunity to attend both. The programs were very interesting, and Santa Claus was as usual generous and good to the children. The large arched or twin Christmas tree at Advent Church was lit up and loaded with hundreds of gifts for both children and parents. It looked beautiful, and was attractive to even “children of an older growth.” At the other church the innumerable Christmas presents were hung up in a sort of house, which when opened up displayed a truly splendid sight delighting the eyes of all present, and some one near me I heard exclaim: “Oh how grand! Isn’t that beautiful?” And what added so much to the pleasure and enjoyment of the occasion was the music by the choir and the Blooming Valley Band, still in its infancy, having been but recently organized. A vote of thanks was given this band at the close of the entertainment; and after they had left the building, I said to some of those present: “Can we not show our appreciation for the band in another way? This thanking people is all right, but it is too cheap. This is a day of gifts, and there is pleasure in giving. If the audience will raise \$5, I will make the sum \$10.” *No sooner said than done*, and the money was paid over. Then, to the Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday-school I made another offer. I said that if the scholars would give \$5 for the missionary cause

this year, I would add another \$5. I then addressed myself to the president of the Sunday-school, telling him to raise the amount by collection, or if he thought better to get his scholars to earn their money in some way, and I would put \$5 into his or the secretary's hands, which money he could lend to the scholars in sums of five, ten, fifteen or twenty cents, and if any of them were farmers they could raise potatoes, corn, beans or any other product such as chickens; or they might speculate, make an investment, and so earn something for the cause of missions.

On Christmas morning I wrote till nearly 11 o'clock, when, remembering my invitation to Miss Jennie Hamilton's eighteenth birth-day party in Mead Township, I proceeded thither with a happy heart, for I love the company of both young and old, having found myself much profited by associating with people of all ages, from the child to the oldest person I ever met. The day was warm and lovely, and so spring-like that insects of many kinds—bees, moths, flies, etc., were out disporting in the sun. Indeed, we have had but little snow, and scarcely any cold weather; an open winter so far, and farmers plowing, something unusual here at this time of the year. Well, Jennie Hamilton's party went off very pleasantly, all seeming to enjoy themselves heartily, none more so than myself, who also found pleasure in meeting my neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, who formerly lived near by on his farm, close to the State Road Church. After presenting Jennie and two other members of the family with photographs of myself and wife, I bethought me that it would be a pleasing compliment in the near future to present to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, their children and others present with copies of my second SOUVENIR. Christmas Day, though an active, busy one, brought real happiness to me, and I would, if possible, send out some

of its fruit to enrich others—study, think and plan how to bless the greatest number, and do the most good with the means within my reach.

WANT OR WILL.

I have occupied part of this Christmas Day in writing out in forms, as best I could, my bequest to my wife and children. This wish of mine is not born of to-day, though I am only now writing it out. Whilst, under a kind and merciful Heavenly Father I have been permitted to enjoy health, share the companionship of a good wife and possess a comfortable home, I am not unmindful of my children. I respect and appreciate the scripture command that parents should “lay up for their children,” and give them their rights whenever they think the proper time has come to do so. As my parents’ home afforded so much comfort and real happiness, and, as I know the value of such, I have always not only wished to have one of my own, but also that each of my children should be equally well provided; yet not to be so generous as to rob myself of a home, but, if possible, make one for each of us, which could be done by a united effort on the part of both parents and children. And the reason why I make known this request is—*life is uncertain*.

I do not propose to here write out my entire will, but I want to make known (and there can be no harm in having it appear in the SOUVENIR, where it may be read by my kindred and friends) this part of it, as my wife and my children already understand it. My desire is to do right by my children as well as by every one else, and I have my own peculiar way in accomplishing the work. Parents are not all alike, neither are children. I believe

no one can understand children better than the parents who have had the best opportunity of knowing what is best in the end for them.

My own experience: In my youth and manhood I have seen times when my love for my parents seemed to abate, at least for a while, and I thought, for the time, that they did not care for me, or my welfare. But I have since learned to know better and become convinced that I was mistaken. My parents loved me from the day of my birth till the last hour of their lives. I have proof of that, so I love *my* children. My love as well as my efforts in their behalf are unceasing, and the problem for study and to solve is how, by the help of the Lord, I may best help them that they may continue to help themselves. I will not say that parents are always right, but I think a child who will not hearken to the advice of parents is not wise, and too often wrongs himself.

As the years have gone by, and the boys have helped do the farming, there has been an object in view beyond mere renting, sharing the crops and living on the farm; and this object has been to have each of my children improve and keep up his farm, with the view eventually to become its owner.

Therefore my desire is that each of my sons, Franklin I. Waid, Guinnip P. Waid and Fred F. Waid, shall have a farm of 100 acres or more, and share alike or equally in the value of the three hundred acres of land they now occupy. Also my desire is that Anna E. Waid, my beloved wife, shall have \$3,000 to possess and use as her own funds, aided or assisted by myself in its use during the natural term of my life. I wish her to have the interest or income derived from said sum to be used as she pleases, but hope that the principal may be kept for her future benefit. My children know about my business af-

fairs, that I usually keep out of debt, and am owing but little at present, and that my purpose is to pay as I go.

It is said "the better the day, the better the deed," and I have chosen this beautiful, bright and hallowed Christmas Day whereon to write this article. No better day in all the calendar could I have selected on which to proclaim my purpose of encouraging those immediately interested, and in the fulfillment of my request I pray that I may have the coöperation of TRUTH, HONOR and PRINCIPLE.

December 31—The last day of another year nearer Eternity! Who shall say what the next year may bring forth, or who of us shall live to see its dying hour? There are many to whom death has no terrors, and "our piety must be weak and imperfect if it do not conquer our fear of death."

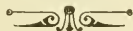
Last Saturday (December 28) after attending to business in Meadville, I stayed over night with my relative, with whom and with other friends in the city I remained until Monday evening following. On Sunday forenoon, as I was walking up South Main Street, I stepped into St. Agatha's Church (Catholic), and in the afternoon I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, where I was kindly received, and at the close of the services asked to address the audience by Mr. Warner, the gentleman who conducted the afternoon devotions. I will endeavor to give the reader in brief, though substantially, what I said on the occasion; I was glad to be present to enjoy the company of young men, and I spoke to them somewhat in the following language: "One step nearer home or heaven. Go where we will or where we may, we find some friend to greet us on our way. The goodness of the Lord to me all my life, and especially since my conversion in 1851, has been great. How wonderfully His goodness and

mercy have been continued to me?" Many more things I gave expression to, and at the close of my remarks I was kindly thanked by the presiding officer.

In the evening I attended the Methodist Episcopal Church, where I heard Dr. C. E. Hall, whom I have loved ever since I first met him at my aunt Eliza Phillips' funeral. His text for this evening, the last Sabbath in the year 1889, was from Heb. viii: 13; *Now that which decayeth and wareth old is ready to vanish away.* He gave a review of the past year, and urged an examining of ourselves. Truly Time is more valuable than Gold! How good it was for me to be there listening to the words of encouragement that fell from the lips of that warm-hearted Christian messenger of God!

At the close of the services my heart was made even more glad when Brother Hall shook hands with me, saying: "Brother Waid, you helped me;" my brief reply to which was: "I appreciate *your* help." I gave but little, a sort of widow's mite, yet, O how much I received! I have no doubt the Lord abundantly blessed us both; superfluous, then, to help each other.

On the following day, Monday, I sent two of my friends, one a neighbor, the other a relative, each a receipt for a year's subscription to the *Tribune, Weekly Republican*, as a Christmas or New Year's gift. Also sent two relatives in Jamestown, N. Y., each the *Pennsylvania Farmer*. At 2 P. M., same day, I attended the funeral of David Compton, the services being held at the Second Presbyterian Church. He was born in 1810, and was a member of that church over fifty years. He lived near Meadville, and I had known him nearly forty years, being regarded by me as my father's and my own friend.





CARE & THRIFT ON THE FARM.

AN ESSAY.

*He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but
the hand of the diligent maketh rich.—Prov. x: 4.*

CARE AND THRIFT ON THE FARM.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds.

BACON.

Much has been written on the subject of care, thrift and economy in the conducting of affairs, public or private, political or military, civil, agricultural, commercial, domestic, or any other. And of all these it may safely be said that matters relating to the farm (to which all other occupations are more or less subservient) have at all times commanded the chief attention of writers on economy.

None have been so much benefited by the intelligent reading about and studying of the subject of care and thrift on the farm as those who have practiced them in their experience, and I do not think any one will attempt to deny but what care and thrift are indispensable in the conducting of a farm, or any other business, to success. The absence of these essentials means certain downfall and poverty, but where care, thrift, prudence, industry and economy are observed in the carrying on of agricultural pursuits, there you will find the best and most successful farmer.

When I wrote the article on "Farm Economy," which appears in my first SOUVENIR, I had neither traveled as far nor lived as long as I can say of myself now; so, of course, I had not my present experience to strengthen my several arguments. Webster, in his unabridged dictionary, gives the following as the synonyms of CARE:

Anxiety, solicitude, concern, caution, regard, management, direction, oversight; and the following as the synonyms of THRIFT: *Frugality, economy, prosperity, gain, profit.* Now any one of these synonyms, carefully analyzed and intelligibly interpreted, is an essay in itself; and in no occupation of life are they more appropriate or applicable to than farming. But I do not wish to prove the adaptation so much as to impress on the mind of the agriculturist, be he young or old, the necessity of observing in every condition of farm management CARE and THRIFT. Of all the synonyms above given ECONOMY appears to me to be the most potent. It is something that, if duly regarded, is *sure*. I have never known it to fail in its workings during my own life. My father taught me to practice it more than fifty years ago on the same farm I am now living on, and I have to say that, as a part of my capital or "stock in trade," if I may so constitute it, economy has repaid me better than anything else I have used or exercised on the farm. If it had not been good for a boy, my father would never have given me such lessons in economy as he did, or trained me so thoroughly in its school. I am even at the present day trying to honor his precious memory for the advantages I have gained by care and thrift or economy on my farm, in accumulating property. Very much would have been lost to me had I not learned to save as well as to earn.

Industry is good on a farm, but without economy it is labor lost. Then, again, thrift and industry, like peace and harmony, should uniformly travel together as twin sisters, for they help each other, and both favor prosperity. The successful farmer has as much need to save a dollar as to earn one; and sometimes he can do it far easier by just attending to a certain piece of work at the proper time, or by doing a simple "chore," such as

putting a tool under cover. There are very many ways, by the exercise of thrift or economy, that a farmer can save money than by reading an advertisement or speculating in some trade. *Method* is a powerful factor in the carrying on of a farm on economical principles. *Time is money*, and Goethe tells us that "method will teach you to win time." Says Talleyrand: "Method is the master of masters."

The farm ought never to be neglected, and as soon as we despise method, management, thrift and economy, we at once open the waste gates, which will assuredly lead to want and ruin, poverty and shame. *He that refuseth instruction is not wise.* Farm economy, like charity, should begin at home; it never becomes of age, therefore it can be practiced during life. However, the habits of economy mature, and as they ripen they yield a larger increase in the products of the farm. It is not difficult to tell where economy lives. The observing man, whether he travels or remains at home, is able to say who saves or who wastes. When looking over the farms, East or West, where I have been, I confess I have been completely surprised at seeing the amount of waste permitted just through lack of proper economy, waste of produce, lack of order or method, want of housing tools and keeping machinery under cover, for the means to purchase which the farmer has toiled many a wearisome day. Some one, perhaps, asks me what he is to do, and my prompt reply is simply this: Take care of your implements when used.

Solomon in Proverbs xxxi:11-12, says of a virtuous woman: *The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.* There is one thing I like better than economy, and that is the

Scriptures. They teach us farmers both economy and the way to Heaven, while economy teaches us merely how to conduct a farm to success. How my heart trusted in my wife, Eliza, and how much she did all the days of her life! So of the farmer, or any one else who practices economy, it will do him good as long as he lives; and often are children blessed by being left an inheritance by such a man. Does not the old maxim, "Waste not, want not," teach us economy and thrift? I wonder why we do not put in our lives more Bible economy; that is as essential on the farm as anywhere else. The Bible teaches it in the highest degree in a two-fold sense, or the good Master would not have required of his disciples that they should gather up the fragments after the five thousand had been fed, so that nothing should be lost. And we are told that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without His notice, and that the very hairs of our heads are numbered. But you ask: "What of this?" Well, we are counseled to be like Him; not like Him in the things we can not do, but in those things we can do. The proper interpretation of temporal blessings will lead us to the spiritual, which is the duty of every man. So God's economy is two-fold, and if we will not regard it in temporal affairs, how shall we understand or obey Him in the higher sense. Unless we are like David, and in our hearts say, *O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men*, we will never be able to appreciate all His blessings. David understood the highest economy when he said: *His praise shall be continually in my mouth*. We can "get there" by doing His will. David was a shepherd boy, and knew much of farm life.

Economy is one of the most essential things connected with farm life. It consists not only in saving all the

products of the farm, its income, but also in requiring a wise control of its expenses. Many farmers earn and raise much, but spend within the year more than their income from the farm comes to, which course, if continued in, is an indication of very poor economy, or rather a total lack of thrift. Buy only the tools and machinery used on a farm, asking yourself first if you really used this or that article, before purchasing. "Will it pay? Can I afford it? Can't I get along without it until I am better able to buy?" etc. Here is a good place to bring in the word "Can't;" sometimes we get discouraged and use the word too often, and where we ought not to let it even enter our thoughts. It pays or it is economy for farmers to buy machinery for farm use, when they have sufficient employment for such machinery to justify the outlay or make it an object. But should he have no profitable use for it, he had better try to get along without it, until he is sure it will pay him to have it. His neighbor or some one else may have more tools and machinery and things convenient about him, but that is no reason why he should go to the, for the present, unnecessary expense of buying machinery or tools, or such like. The farmer should buy them because he needs them and has work enough to make them pay, and not because his neighbor, who may be better off in all respects, has them. Until such an investment is safe, it is economy to wait. Some have said: "When you do buy, and have not the funds to pay 'spot cash,' it is better to borrow the money and pay for them than to get the goods on credit." This is a difficult question to decide. I would like to help you, brother farmer, for my advice is free, and I am here to do good. If anyone can profit by my experience, I cheerfully give it. It depends a good deal, however, whether you can buy the implements or tools cheap

enough to make it an object to you or not. If you can buy ten per cent less for cash than for credit, and you can borrow cash at six per cent, you had better borrow the money. But there is yet a safer and better way than either of those I have just mentioned. Economy leads to this good way, and I discovered it early in life. I learned it in the Bible, Romans xiii: 8; *Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.* Again, are we not taught that he who is in debt is a slave? What better maxims have we than those old-time ones: "Out of debt," "out of bad company" and "out of jail"—a free man! Now economy helps the poor man, and I marvel not that it had its origin from Above, that the good Teacher taught it, and that it is a blessing to mankind. I have a feeling akin to pity for those who do not love and practice economy. I know how much it has helped me, and how much it can help others. I feel like trying, as I have already said, to help my fellow-men, and I wish just now that I could say something on this subject that would benefit you my fellow farmer. Perhaps few men have worked more faithfully and with greater pleasure to practice farm economy, and keep out of debt, than I have. At the same time I have no doubt that there are many farmers (who have failed to observe the rules of economy) who have worked harder to get out of debt than I have to keep from getting into debt.

Young man, just beginning life, whoever you may be and in whatever occupation, beware of going into debt. Take the advice of those who have made farming a success. Don't live an aimless life; have some object in your vocation. Let wisdom, thrift, economy and justice guide you in the affairs of every-day life; and that may you here, in this world, share greater blessings than I do,

and that you may have an eternal life in the future is
the earnest prayer of

Your sincere friend,

FRANCIS C. WAID.

Blooming Valley, }
Crawford County, Penn. }
November 15, 1889.



MONEY, A DEFENSE.

A TREATISE.

Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom.—Romans xiii: 7.

MONEY, A DEFENSE.

For wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense: but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.—Eecl. vii: 12.

Believe not them much that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them.

BACON.

Thirty-five years' experience have taught me not a little in money matters—earning, saving, loaning, etc., as well as care and thrift on the farm. If I had not combined economy with industry on the farm, and taken care of it, the farm would never have given us a living, let alone a profit. By my taking care of the farm, it has taken care of me, besides yielding a profit every year, so it can be very readily understood what farming will do, and what it has done for me. When asked the question if farming will pay, my answer is simply: "Yes, it pays to farm." This is one of the reasons I love my chosen vocation so well.

But I fear I am digressing from my subject, "Money, a Defense," a title suggested to me by the words of Solomon which I have selected as one of the proems to my subject. But before giving my pen further latitude, I wish to give the Lord credit in this connection, as well as for anything else He has done for me. The Bible is (or

should be) a *sine qua non* in every occupation of life, and I would choose none in which I could not daily consult it as my text book. Among the manifold things taught in Holy Writ is that *money is a defense*, and the reader will derive both pleasure and profit by turning to the eleventh and twelfth verses of the seventh chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes: *Wisdom is good with an inheritance; and by it there is profit to them that see the sun. For wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense: but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.*

It is this "defense" I more particularly desire to draw the reader's attention to, although there is something better in the latter part of the verse, MONEY IS A DEFENSE. Will the reader tell me of anyone living who does not want money, or who will refuse it if he can come honestly by it? Is it any wonder I should want money? I wanted it, you may be sure, or I would not have sought after it. To anyone's mind this must be as evident as to my own; but, dear reader, allow me tell you what else I wanted with it, a something I have prayed for—*the fear of the Lord*, for it is "the beginning of wisdom." And in getting this money, or "defense," I required better security than what my fellow-man could give. I found it in trusting in the Lord, and with David I may say: *The Lord is my defense, of whom shall I be afraid?* Well, at that time I felt another want, and that was to DO GOOD, with not only money but with whatever the Lord might be pleased to give me. This good desire, this sincere wish, so deeply implanted in my heart, I have cherished and fondly cultivated (I humbly trust in the name of the Lord) until now. And it is one of the uppermost thoughts in my mind how, Oh Lord, I may but please Thee with the remainder of my life, and what Thou

hast given me. There are people who never reason on what they *should do*, but on what they *have done*. Of that class I do not desire to be a member; and perhaps I can in no better way summarize my wishes, my prayers, than by simply saying I want to do His will, keep life, friends, property and all else on the altar consecrated to Him, and at his disposal.

Now, my dear reader, if this is a digression from my subject, it is one, you will allow, in the right direction, for I wish to tell you that I gave my heart to the Lord before I ever owned a dollar in money; and what I now call mine belongs to Him. It has been said that "lowliness is young ambition's ladder," an adage equally applicable to trusting in the Lord. A minor is subject to his parents in all respects, and whatever he may own is subject to their disposal according to law. So I am trusting all in the hands of my Heavenly Father, at the same time seeking diligently to do what I consider my part or duty as a child of His.

Neither in money loaning nor in any other of my business affairs have I ever had to force a collection by law in order to get my due. It is a satisfaction for me to know that my customers (and I here refer to myself as a "money loaner"), during my thirty-five years experience in money loaning, have, with but few exceptions, dealt honorably and fairly with me. And this with pleasure I say to their credit, knowing that it is a compliment they well merit.

My first SOUVENIR, at page 103, tells of the first money, \$50, how and to whom loaned by me in 1854. From that beginning (and it was the first money I earned after I became of age) money lending by me has been going on and increasing year by year, like my farming, till the present time. Now, if I speak of these mat-

ters in somewhat plain terms, I hope I am not subjecting myself to the charge of being boastful or pretentious, for in truth, my intention or motive is the very antithesis, the aim I have being to *do good to others*. The experience of anyone is worth something to the world, if it be ever so limited. Men may dispute our word or question our honor, but they can not "go back" on our lives. Our several acts are like so many bricks or stones in a building; they are there to remain, and posterity will review our lives and discuss our character after we are gone, and mayhap in no very charitable mood. "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water," says England's greatest poet. "It is human to err," but I believe if it were possible for a man to be laid in the grave absolutely faultless and without sin, there would spring up from among the living some one to say of his departed brother that he had not virtue enough to be capable of committing sin!

But this is not all. Allow me to tell you what I think character is like. You have given some one advice; now that advice you have given away, yet still retain it. It is not like a dollar that passes from one hand to another. But character is something you can not part with in this world—*it will accompany you into the next*.

"If you do not wish to become poor quickly, do not hurry to become rich."

MENANDER.

My assessment notice for 1889* reads in part as follows: "Money at interest, \$40,000." Now this sum of money did not come into my possession in a single day, but has taken nearly as many years as there are thousands of dollars. I consider it a blessing sent me by a kind Providence in return—no, I would rather say *loaned to*

* It was left with me November 11, 1889.—F. C. Waid.

me—to do good with, in the same manner as the talents were given, as we read in Scripture. I realize accountability, and I know what on my own part it took to accumulate this money, with the assistance of a life partner and kind children. Years of patient toil, steady industry and persevering effort on our part, with a judicious exercise of economy have brought about this condition of comfortable affluence. With what pleasure I look back on those years! What pleasant retrospective thoughts come to me of the happy days we had! How strong the family ties that held us together so long to work in peaceful harmony for one another!

The amount of money I have out on loan stands at present (November 18, 1889) as follows: In Kansas, \$3,000; in New York State, \$12,000; in Pennsylvania \$25,000; of which sum \$5,000 yet remain in Crawford County bonds. The largest sum loaned by me to any one party is \$10,000. As many persons already know my method of loaning, there will be no harm in here saying a few words on the subject. I have very seldom loaned to strangers, as my comparative limited means have always found a home market, which I prefer. Yet I do not think I ever lost any money by loaning to an unknown person; and this is more than I can say of some of those with whom I was acquainted, who have borrowed money of me. But I have this consolation, only a very little of the money I have loaned out has not been repaid by the borrower. As I have always done business on my own individual credit, and began poor, standing at the foot of the ladder which I wished to climb with the knowledge that “a man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others,” so I learned to help myself, to become independent, and to know how to earn a dollar before using it, which I have found to be a good method. I recommend

it to others, and especially to the young man anxious to make a fortune. The way to "paddle your own canoe" in the direction of fortune's El Dorado is to make your way, foot by foot, *sure*, as far as you do go; and if you do not find yourself a Cræsus, you may at least become well off. You will have attained the object of your search as far as you did go, and you need never retreat in order to begin again; you have saved yourself the mortification of having to navigate yourself a second time along the troubled stream of experience.

I do not remember of ever selling a note or obligation. I always collect my own notes, whereby I save the percentage, and I find it gives better satisfaction to my customers, and often prevents trouble. I usually loan money for six months or one year at a time, as may best suit parties, with the understanding that time be extended, if so desired by my client or clients, on giving me notice before such obligation falls due, and paying the interest when due.

In money loaning, as in other business relationships, one has many opportunities to confer favors, or be indulgent, and is often asked to do so. While, of course, we can not afford to grant all the favors asked of us, yet it is only proper that some consideration should be given to such requests. It is to our interest to grant favors in many cases when we can.

My experience, not only in money loaning, but also in all the affairs in which I have been engaged in my lifetime, has taught me this. But aside from our interest, financially, the doing of a kind act of indulgence brings a pleasure into our life which we might not otherwise enjoy. Therefore let us do as many kind acts as we can, and remember the time-honored maxim, "To be good is to be happy."

I prefer a client to give his own security, if he can, than to have a third party bail him. In fact I think it better and healthier for all parties concerned in the long run. I also think that the person who gets the benefit of the money loaned should be the responsible party; and when he fully realizes that he has the entire responsibility of the indebtedness, he will use his best efforts to pay it. Your friend then, whose friendship you so fondly cherish, will last longer if you never take advantage of him, or ask him to go your security.

Money loaned in small amounts I have found sometimes quite difficult to collect, yet on the whole I consider I have been very fortunate. I have loaned money in sums of from \$1,000 to \$10,000, at six per cent interest per annum, and I have found that some parties who borrow the maximum amounts prefer paying the interest semi-annually, which I fully appreciate. This sensible departure from the usual rule (as far as it was carried out) was brought about by the suggestion of a prominent business man, who remarked that he preferred paying his interest in that way. In fact, he maintains it is better for both parties, and nearly all interest on large amounts is paid semi-annually, others since have followed his example, which I approve, and they tell me they are satisfied. The notes or obligations are generally renewed from year to year, as may be desired and agreed to by the contracting parties, and for aught I know, as far as I and my own business are concerned, such arrangement works most satisfactorily.

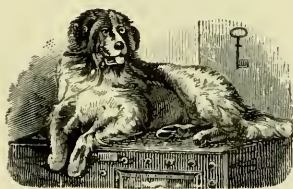
To engage in the business of money loaning, without keeping a book account, would be as unsafe as to carry on farming without economy. I know but little about book-keeping, yet I am thankful for even that limited knowledge, and the putting of it in practice has been, and

is, of great value to me. I advise every one to keep a book account. It is only another branch of economy, and belongs to all occupations of life; it is a something that is called into use daily, and is as necessary in any business that is to be carried on successfully as the driving wheel is to a locomotive. Book-keeping is to be more relied on than a true friend, for it will often help you when your friend cannot.

My first transaction in money loaning I find was recorded in my note book under date 1854, but I can not give the exact date when I commenced keeping regular book accounts. It was in my school-boy days, however, early in life, and I have never regretted it, for it has brought me both pleasure and profit. I have just mentioned that a minute or memorandum was made of the first money loaned by me, and the same has been done of the last similar transaction, the date being November 16, 1889. I merely record these two acts, in order to show that I have been consistent and regular in my book account keeping. Perhaps some one may ask what is the use of my keeping a record of a transaction in money loaning when I have the note, and my reply is simply another question: "What is the use of the registering in our courts of valuable documents?" Because we want to preserve them. If a note should happen to be lost, a copy of same would be found very necessary and useful. Sometimes in connection with a note a verbal agreement may be made, or a special condition asked by either or both of the contracting parties, and it is very important that such verbal arrangements should be remembered in the interests of all concerned. And how better can you do than writing it down at the time, giving day and date, and all other particulars.

It is written: *A good man will guide his affairs with*

discretion, and that *the Lord layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous*. Such wise sayings, covering, as they do, advice and promises, with which the Bible abounds, have aided me greatly in my business transactions. Here is a reason given for wanting to be a good man, for we are told what a good man will do— he *will guide his affairs with discretion*; and if *the Lord layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous*, I want to be righteous. I am not sorry I have put Scripture in the web of my life, and that my lot is with the righteous.





APPENDIX.



MY 1886 OR FIRST SOUVENIR.

When, in 1885, the "History of Crawford County" was published by my friends, Messrs. Warner, Beers & Co., of Chicago, I was desirous of having my personal and family sketch appear in that volume in a more elaborate and exhaustive form than it does; but at the time of giving the several data to the agent, I found I had no practical biographer by my side to aid me in the undertaking. That sketch is like the capitol of our country—it is unfinished, "but the work goes bravely on."

We too often ask others to do for us what we can do for ourselves. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in conversation about her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," said that no one was more surprised than herself at the result. "At first," said the authoress, "I intended to write two or three numbers, but when I got agoing I found I could not stop." I have discovered that what I thought I could not do of myself, by Divine help *I can*. Nothing affords me more pleasure than to continue in the work; and the expressions of appreciation I have received from many of my kindred and friends, to whom I presented copies of my first SOUVENIR, give me great courage and hope.

Some of the written acknowledgments I will here give as far as space will permit. When I sent my cousin, Bigler Roudebush (who lives at Erie, Penn.), a copy of my *Souvenir*, I received in return a photograph of my aunt, Clara Roudebush, with her youngest child, Bigler,

in her arms. I do not know of anything that would have pleased me more. My friend, Sylvester A. Tiffany, on receiving a copy of my book, wrote me a very interesting letter, in which, after kind expressions of thanks, he says: "I wish I had such a book for my friends." A relative says of the *SOUVENIR*: "It is good enough for a king;" and another writes from Milwaukee, Wis.: "If you had sent me \$100, although I need money, it would not have pleased me as well; may you live to write more; I think your 'Address to the Youth' is very good. God bless you."

Mr. Hamilton says he "read the *Souvenir*, and failed to find anything that would offend, but much to please and interest." A young man, whose father was a school-mate and scholar of mine, thus writes me: "After perusing your book, which you presented to my uncle, I longed to possess one like it, for I think between its covers are examples worthy to be imitated by any young man." I will add that this gentleman's wish was gratified. My cousin, M. S. Morehead, of Armington, Ill., writes: "I received a very interesting and valuable book from you. I am pleased and delighted in reading its pages. Many thanks, and while some incidents of sad news bring tears, some others bring joy."

From Mr. J. F. Hamilton's letter, dated Muddy Creek, Loudon Co., Tenn., March 29, 1887, I quote the following: "I am proud of the present you sent me. I think your *Souvenir* is so nice. I am under many and lasting obligations to you. Give our love to all the family." E. W. Harroun, from Guy's Mills, Penn., writes an interesting letter, and after expressing thanks for the book, says: "Francis, your parents and mine were eastern people from Connecticut. I remember well the last time your mother visited our home. I sat and listened to hear

them talk of their girlhood days in Old Connecticut. Both were good talkers, and conversation was lively when they came together, but now they both sleep in the same burial ground—our best friends. I respect your judgment in selecting a book to give your friends; a good book is a joy forever, the same to-day or a hundred years hence.”

Under date of January 2, 1887, Warren Cutshall, of Pine Island, Minn., writes: “It was with great pleasure that we received your book, and we will keep it as a token of friendship. It brings back many scenes of childhood and youth—the old red school-house that I passed in going to the mill, for in those days many a grist was carried on horseback. It was not until after you were married that I became well acquainted with you.” Warren Cutshall, David Finney and Henry Smith built our house in 1861. Warren is a brother of George W. Cutshall, my brother-in-law, and since his removal to Pine Island, Minn., I with others have visited his pleasant home twice, once with Mr. G. W. Cutshall and my brother in November, 1880; and in the fall of 1881 I had the pleasure again to visit him in company with Mr. and Mrs. Cutshall and Eliza, my wife. We drove across the country from Lansing, Iowa, to Pine Island, making a most enjoyable trip.

I also enjoyed Warren Cutshall’s and his wife’s company when they were visiting relations and friends here in 1882. On one of my visits to Pine Island, I went to see, in company with G. W. Cutshall, Warren Cutshall and G. N. Waid, Pine Island Cemetery, where, I was informed, eight of the Cutshall family or kindred were interred, among them being Mrs. Warren Cutshall, my friend’s first wife, and J. Cutshall, his brother, with whom I was acquainted; the names of the other relatives I can not

recall. Warren Cutshall is not only a farmer, but a good carpenter and speedy workman.

Some time ago when in Meadville, I was talking with one of our county commissioners, to whom I had sent a copy of my *SOUVENIR*, and, after thanking me heartily for it he inquired how I found "time to get up such a book." To this I replied: "During the day I thought, and in the evening I put my thoughts into writing. This my publishers printed in book form which I could present to my friends, and this pleases me very much." "Yes," added he, "and your friends too." Among the letters which appear farther on is one from my loved friend, S. N. Phelps, of Woodstock, Minn., and this letter both gratifies and instructs me. The closing remarks interest me most, for they are a theme to which I have given thought and endeavored to act in accordance with all my life, and if there is not a motive in it, then it would be a blank to me, and of no avail whatever; but it is not so conditioned. I feel I have not labored in vain, either in the Lord or for the Lord; and most heartily do I endorse the moral that whatever we do should be done unto Him, and that we should do it as those who expect they have to render an account of the deeds of this life.

I now present to the reader a record of the distribution of the 300 copies of my first *SOUVENIR*, giving date, name and address, also number of portraits contained in each book.



FRANCIS C. WAID'S FIRST SOUVENIR.

RECORD OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE THREE HUNDRED COPIES
RECEIVED AUGUST 17, 1886, GIVING DATES OF DE-
LIVERY OR MAILING.

Of these 300 books 242 contained each four family
portraits, and fifty-eight contained twelve.

DATE.	NAME.	
August 17, 1886.	F. C. Waid, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 17, 1886.	To each of my sons, F. I., P. G. and F. F. Waid, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 17, 1886.	G. N. Waid, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 17, 1886.	G. W. Cutshall, Guy's Mills, Penn.	12
" 17, 1886.	Martha Goodwill, Grand Valley, Penn.	12
" 17, 1886.	Albert F. G. Goodwill, Grand Valley, Penn.	12
" 17, 1886.	Horace H. Goodwill, Grand Valley, Penn.	4
" 17, 1886.	George A. Goodwill, Tryonville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Fremont Bradshaw, Grand Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Frank Sturgis, Centreville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Oscar Goodwill, Centreville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Uncle Robert Morehead, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	John Morehead, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Robert A. Ferguson, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Clark Ellis, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Cora Williams, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Henry Smith, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	William Smith, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Orlando Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Daniel H. Miller, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Nick P. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Marilla Bradshaw, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Grant N. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Iowa Joslin, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Blanch Underhault, Union City, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Elizabeth Kiddle, Bolivar, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Jacob Housenic, Union City, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Sarah E. Russell, Guy's Mills, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Frank Cutshall, Guy's Mills, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Phillip Cutshall, Guy's Mills, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Aunt Eliza C. Phillipps, Townville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Pember W. Phillipps, Townville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Rebecca Arnold, Townville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Rachel Phillipps, Townville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Lucinda Gillett, Townville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Harrison Sutton, Townville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Aunt Clarrinda Morehead, Townville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Rachel Britton, Townville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Allen Morehead, Townville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Joseph Morehead, Newton, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	George Sutton, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Lewis M. Slocum, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	A. D. Brown, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Ralph Roudebush, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 18, 1886.	Dr. G. W. Wetter, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	C. W. Wygant, Esq., Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Andy Ryder, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Jerome Drake, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Charles Morehead, Townville, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	James Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Ida Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Mary McCullough, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 23, 1886.	Alfred Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Marvin Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 23, 1886.	Samuel Gilmore, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	George Gilmore, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 23, 1886.	Charles Gilmore, Bradford, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	John Y. Gilmore, New Iberia, La.	12
" 23, 1886.	Ann Eliza Odell, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Charles A. Buell, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 23, 1886.	John Rondebush, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4

DATE.	NAME.	
August 23, 1886.	Rev. James Wygant, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	John Wygant, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Ira C. Wygant, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	W. H. Hunter, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Zefaniah Briggs, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Nicholas Roubidoux, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Chancy Sellow, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Joseph Heard, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Uncle Horace F. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 23, 1886.	Hannah Kellogg, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Laban Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 23, 1886.	Moses Masiker, Blooming Valley, Penn.	12
" 23, 1886.	David Roberts, Meadville, Penn.	12
" 23, 1886.	Edson Sackett, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	J. H. Reynolds, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Hartwell Williams, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Emmett Fitcher, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	S. L. Thompson, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 24, 1886.	Rev. Elisha T. Wheeler, Geneva, Ohio.	12
" 25, 1886.	John W. Gordon, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Andrew Cole, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Newton S. Chase, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Frank Simmons, Jamestown, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	Clarrissa Mosher, Brocton, N. Y.	12
" 25, 1886.	Leander Simmons, Ashville, N. Y.	12
" 25, 1886.	Fayette Fleek, Ashville, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	Thompson Burns, Frewsburg, N. Y.	12
" 25, 1886.	Adelbert Simmons, Busti, N. Y.	12
" 25, 1886.	Henry Simmons, Busti, N. Y.	12
" 25, 1886.	Ally Washburn, Milwaukee, Wis.	4
" 25, 1886.	Fred Davis, Jamestown, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	William Bowen, Jamestown, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	Ira L. Waid, Fentonville, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	Martha Cobb, Jamestown, N. Y.	12
" 25, 1886.	Addie Whicher, Mount Vernon, Ill.	12
" 25, 1886.	Frank B. Bush, Jamestown, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	Florence Skinner, Ashville, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	Steven C. Derby, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Rev. M. Miller, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Salmon Philipps, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	King Fleek, Watts Flats, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	Harvy Simmons, Jamestown, N. Y.	12
" 25, 1886.	Frank Colt, Jamestown, N. Y.	12
" 28, 1886.	Hiram Ayres, Pittsburgh, Penn.	4
Sept. 1, 1886.	John M. Ellis, Waverly, Iowa.	4
" 1, 1886.	Ransom Robbins, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 1, 1886.	George A. Bently, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 5, 1886.	Rev. William B. Trevey, Sagerstown, Penn.	4
" 4, 1886.	James Titus, Tryonville, Penn.	4
" 6, 1886.	Lewis Waid, Centreville, Penn.	4
" 11, 1886.	Simon S. Waid, Townville, Penn.	4
" 13, 1886.	Nicholas R. Stull, Long's Stand, Penn.	4
" 13, 1886.	Frank Handley, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 14, 1886.	Bates Walton, Mead Corners, Penn.	4
" 14, 1886.	Simeon Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 14, 1886.	Frank H. Clark, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 14, 1886.	Harvy Hatch, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 14, 1886.	Samuel Galey, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 14, 1886.	Albertis Clark, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 14, 1886.	Melvin Ward, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 15, 1886.	De Witt C. Harroun, East Tennessee.	4
" 15, 1886.	Latayette R. Harroun, Spartansburg, Penn.	4
" 15, 1886.	William Farley, Spartansburg, Penn.	4
" 17, 1886.	George Floyd Sagerstown, Penn.	12
" 17, 1886.	A. Brink, Sagerstown, Penn.	4
" 17, 1886.	Ambro Whipple, Sagerstown, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Grace Thompson, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Charles R. Slocum, Mosiertown, Penn.	12
" 20, 1886.	Robert Slocum, Mosiertown, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Hon. Salvador Slocum, Mosiertown, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Wilson Floyd, Everett, Colo.	4
" 20, 1886.	Phebe Gray, Pittsburgh, Iowa.	4
" 20, 1886.	James H. Allen, Campbell, Dak.	4
" 20, 1886.	Columbus Hatch, Campbell, Dak.	4
" 20, 1886.	Mittie Proud, Aberdeen, Dak.	4
" 20, 1886.	Simeon Dickson, St. Charles, Minn.	12
" 20, 1886.	Joseph R. Finnev, Pittsburgh, Penn.	12
" 20, 1886.	Fayette Bloomfield, Cambridgeboro, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	George Miller, Venango, Pa.	4
" 20, 1886.	More M. Odell, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Hon. Thomas W. Phelps, Chester, Minn.	4

DATE.	NAME.	
Sept. 30, 1886.	Eleazor Phelps, Rochester, Minn.	4
" 30, 1886.	Nathan Phelps, Miron, Minn.	4
" 30, 1886.	Sylvester N. Phelps, Woodstock, Minn.	4
" 30, 1886.	Amelia Taylor, Kasson, Minn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Warren Cuthsall, Pine Island, Minn.	12
" 20, 1886.	Willis Masiker, Lansing, Iowa.	12
" 21, 1886.	James Smith, Dayton, Ohio. Soldiers' Home.	4
" 22, 1886.	May Ramsey, Ottawa, Kas.	4
" 27, 1886.	Rev. B. F. Dimnoch, Grace M. E. Church, Dayton, Ohio.	4
Oct. 1, 1886.	Henry Hudson, Girard, Penn. A stranger	4
" 3, 1886.	Mary Ellen Washburn, Spartansburg, Penn.	4
" 4, 1886.	H. M. Dickson, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 6, 1886.	Carrie Drake, Little Cooly, Penn.	4
" 6, 1886.	Fred Stattler, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 6, 1886.	A. R. Fowler, Artist, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Avery Masiker, Titusville, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Walter Waid, Centreville, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Omri Goodwill, Titusville, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Wilson Smith, Titusville, Penn.	4
" 20, 1886.	Ruth Ann Goodwill, Titusville, Penn.	4
" 24, 1886.	Ebenezer Hites, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Walter Thompson, Titusville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	James Thompson, M. D., Oakwoods, Ky.	4
" 25, 1886.	John W. Thompson, Madisonville, Tenn.	4
" 27, 1886.	James A. Beatty, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 30, 1886.	Frank Smith, Cambridge, Penn.	4
" 30, 1886.	Alexander Smith, Lincolnville, Penn.	4
Nov. 1, 1886.	Isaac Vanarter, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 1, 1886.	Ebenezer Harroun, Guy's Mills, Penn.	4
" 1, 1886.	Cyntha Gage, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 1, 1886.	Rebecca Dickson, Little Cooly, Penn.	4
" 11, 1886.	Col. S. P. Dick, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 11, 1886.	Hon. G. B. Delamater, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 11, 1886.	Hon. Newton S. Pettis, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 14, 1886.	Anna Tyler, Norwood Kas.	4
" 18, 1886.	Catharine Stewart, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	John F. Breed, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Hiram Blystone, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Hannah Lord, East Branch, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	Thomas Smith, Little Cooly, Penn.	4
" 18, 1886.	James A. McLachlin, Hickory Corner, Penn.	4
" 22, 1886.	Perry Blakeslee, Spartansburg, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Mariah Long, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Adam Morris, Long's Stand.	4
" 25, 1886.	John Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Sila Goodrich, Blooming Valley, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Smith Leonard, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 30, 1886.	Leon C. McGaw, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 30, 1886.	Rev. O. L. Mead, Mercer, Penn.	4
Dec. 4, 1886.	Rev. S. K. Paden, Clark, Penn.	4
" 4, 1886.	Rev. D. S. Steadman, Tidioute, Penn.	4
" 4, 1886.	Ursula Roudenhush, Warren, Penn.	4
" 10, 1886.	Bigler Roudenhush, Erie, Penn.	4
" 10, 1886.	Melissa Scott, Wentworth, Dak.	4
" 21, 1886.	Mrs. James Irwin, Central Hotel, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	Mary Ann Astrom, Cherry Valley, Ohio.	4
" 23, 1886.	Mariam Meechum, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 23, 1886.	James Gilmore, Kansas.	4
" 25, 1886.	Lorenzo Harris, Lincolnville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Homer C. Waid, Millerton, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	John Gibbons, Sugar Lake, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Col. C. W. Charlton, Knoxville, Tenn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Col. W. H. Easley, Muddy Creek Station, Tenn.	4
" 25, 1886.	J. H. Hamilton, Muddy Creek Station, Tenn.	12
" 25, 1886.	Dr. George M. Burdett, Muddy Creek Station, Tenn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Caroline Cochran, Mosertown, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Meadville City Library, presented by Col. S. B. Dick	4
" 25, 1886.	Oto Finney (David Finney's son), Meadville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Oliver G. Chase, Jamestown, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	Warren Chase, Union City, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Temperance Gibbs, Tremont, Ill.	4
" 25, 1886.	Steven Morehead, Arrington, Ill.	4
" 25, 1886.	Charlotte Cunningham, Iona, Iowa.	4
" 25, 1886.	S. Merrell, Meadville, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Prof. A. B. Hyde, Denver, Colo.	4
" 25, 1886.	F. C. Knapp, Cooperstown, N. Y.	4
" 25, 1886.	J. M. Bunk, Mercer, Penn. Indiana his home.	4
" 25, 1886.	Rev. J. F. Perry, Springboro, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	Rev. A. S. Goodrich, Corry, Penn.	4
" 25, 1886.	John Donnelly, Meadville, Penn.	4

	DATE.	NAME.	
Jan.	20, 1887....	Fredric A. Tiffany, Essex, Conn.....	12
"	20, 1887....	John Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.....	4
"	20, 1887....	David Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.....	4
"	31, 1887....	George Waid, Cherry Valley, Ohio.....	4
"	31, 1887....	Adelbert Waid, New Lyme, Ohio.....	4
Feb.	10, 1887....	Samuel P. Bates, LL. D., Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	10, 1887....	James A. Brewer, Governor of Pennsylvania, Harrisburgh.....	4
"	17, 1887....	Hon. H. C. Johnson, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	22, 1887....	Mary Ann E. Clark, New Richmond, Penn.....	4
"	22, 1887....	Horatio Wright, Wayland, Penn.....	4
"	22, 1887....	Rev. James Lewis, Bradford, Penn.....	4
March	26, 1887....	William Gilmore, Hope, Dak.....	4
April	23, 1887....	John Hays Culbertson, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	23, 1887....	Fayette Allen, Athens, Penn.....	4
"	23, 1887....	Sarah Corby, Athens, Penn.....	4
"	23, 1887....	Clara Hart, Williamsport, Penn.....	4
"	23, 1887....	Fred Hart, Williamsport, Penn.....	4
"	23, 1887....	Andrew G. Waid, Dexter, Mich.....	12
"	23, 1887....	Mary Ann Sackett, Dexter, Mich.....	4
"	23, 1887....	William Chase, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	23, 1887....	Fichte Buson, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	23, 1887....	Lorinda Wheeler, Riceville, Penn.....	4
"	23, 1887....	Joseph Douglas, Meadville, Penn.....	4
May	20, 1887....	Ephraim Smith, New London, Iowa.....	4
"	20, 1887....	Edmond D. Ellis, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	20, 1887....	Daniel Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.....	4
"	20, 1887....	Frank P. Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.....	4
June	22, 1887....	Anna Harmon, Lake Ridge, Mich.....	4
Aug.	8, 1887....	G. W. Townley, New Richmond, Penn.....	4
"	15, 1887....	Rev. Sam P. Jones, Cartersville, Ga.....	4
"	15, 1887....	William H. Mathews, Chautauqua, N. Y.....	4
"	15, 1887....	John M. Yakers, Sharon, Penn.....	4
"	16, 1887....	Samuel Falkinburg, Blooming Valley, Penn.....	4
"	16, 1887....	Fleche Baxter, Blooming Valley, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Blooming Valley, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Advent Sunday-school, Blooming Valley, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, State Road, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, State Street, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, First Church, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Saegerstown, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Townville, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Centreville, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Riceville, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Guy's Mills, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Titusville, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Watson's Run German Reformed Church, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Evansburgh, Penn.....	4
"	18, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Jamestown, N. Y.....	4
Sept.	10, 1887....	U. S. Grant, grandson of Gen. U. S. Grant, Col. Fred Grant's son.....	4
"	10, 1887....	Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Cochranon, Penn.....	4
"	10, 1887....	A. Arnold, 75 East 10th Street, New York.....	4
"	17, 1887....	Emmett Densmore, 58 West 55th Street, New York City.....	4
"	26, 1887....	O. H. Hollister, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	26, 1887....	Scott A. Marshall, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	26, 1887....	Henry P. Marley, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	26, 1887....	Edwin J. Bailey, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	26, 1887....	Hon. John J. Henderson, Meadville, Penn.....	4
Oct.	6, 1887....	Baptist Sunday-school, Wayland, Penn.....	4
Nov.	8, 1887....	Sylvester A. Comstock, Phillipsburgh, N. J.....	4
"	8, 1887....	George P. Ryan, Long Stand, Penn.....	4
April	10, 1888....	Rhoda Ann Allen, Winterset, Iowa.....	4
"	10, 1888....	William F. Oldham, Singapore, India.....	4
May	12, 1888....	W. B. Andrews, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	12, 1888....	John Porter, Meadville, Penn.....	4
June	12, 1888....	William Reynolds, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	12, 1888....	Maj. D. V. Derickson, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	12, 1888....	A. M. Fuller, Meadville, Penn.....	4
"	12, 1888....	Abraham Lincoln, Chicago, Ill.....	4
July	20, 1888....	Hattie Ringer, Olpe, Kas.....	4
Aug.	20, 1888....	T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	4
Sept.	12, 1888....	Charles C. Slocum, Mansfield, Ohio.....	4
Nov.	20, 1888....	George A. Baker, Editor of SOUVENIR, Chicago, Ill.....	4
Jan.	25, 1889....	Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Penn.....	4

The following letters and testimonials I desire to be preserved in this my SECOND SOUVENIR, as showing what my kindred and friends think of my first effort in this direction. If in a multitude of counselors there is safety, so in a multitude of friends there is pleasure. These favors have not been poured on me in vain; they have proven a blessing to me in thought, in word, in deed and in truth. That all may be seed sown on good ground, and bear fruit for others when we are gone, is my earnest prayer.

F. C. WAID.

BLOOMING VALLEY, August 25, 1886.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your book and for this distinguished mark of your esteem in presenting to me the memories of a man whose name has become a household word in Crawford County, permit me to return my sincere thanks with the hope that I may always have the honor to remain,

Your friend,

J. W. HEARD.

ATHENS, Bradford Co., October 18, 1886.

Mr. F. C. Waid: Accept my thanks for your book which I lately received and have read with interest. It contains much that I appreciate. The very good portraits of your wife, yourself and especially your parents I am glad to possess. Although it may be vanity I am strongly drawn back to the past; the farms, people, scenes and reminiscences all have for me a kind of fascination. Your book refers to many of the characters. Perhaps it is not best to be too fond of the past, for it keeps gliding farther and farther away. All the old landmarks, the face of nature and the places of the times even, vanish with our friends, leaving us lovely retrospective, often too late for the train of present realities. Nothing of this world seems to be permanent although its substances and associations have great power to bind. I gather from your book that you look to the future as well as to the past. Years after our neighborhood history is mostly forgotten your book will remain to give the past to the future, for books outlive men. Your essay on "Farm Economy" is good enough to stand on its own merits. I think it would be a great help to this world's affairs if people would become more intelligently interested in agriculture. Give my regards to Eliza.

Respectfully your friend,

CAROLINE DRAKE.

ABERDEEN, Dak., October 24, 1886.

My Dear Friend: I received your book and return many thanks for the kind remembrance. I see father and mother's names and also the names of friends of my childhood. Seeing the pictures of Uncle Ira and Aunt Betsy, I think of them as I used to see them as I passed their house coming home from school, Uncle Ira always with a smile for the children. With best regards for your family, I am

Ever your friend,

MITTIE J. PROUD.

"HOME," MEADVILLE, November 29, 1886.

My Dear Mr. Waid: I have the honor of having been favored with a *Souvenir* under your frank, which will be preserved, treasured and prized, as such, as all that word implies in its truest sense—a Keepsake.

In making acknowledgment of this token of friendship, let me thank you sincerely for the evidence of respect and esteem that its presentation carries with it. Such a manifestation from such a source I value more than parchment commissions, money, or favor that springs from selfishness or sycophancy.

I have read your historical sketch, the family biographies, your "Essay on Farm Economy," "Treatise on Money Loaning," and the "Address to the Youth," with mingled feelings of admiration, gratification, and satisfaction, and I may add with profit. Of the "Address to the Youth" it may be said, that it will prove a beacon light to every young man who reads it and heeds its teachings.

Should I begin to particularize I should not know where to stop, and yet I can not withhold the meed of praise. I think my friend of other days, Mrs. A. D. Brown, earned and is entitled to in speaking for you in her two poems, one entitled "My Twin Brother and I," and the other, "From the Death of My Brother to this Date," for truly a high order of talent was developed in so faithfully sketching, I might say photographing, in rhyme, and measure your feelings, character and nature. But I must desist, or I shall soon find myself particularizing, which I forbade myself engaging in.

In conclusion, may I be pardoned if I indulge in a single personal reflection. My own life has been a somewhat checkered one, I might say not an entirely uneventful one. I might write a book five times the size of the *Souvenir* before me of the favors I have cheerfully rendered mankind, unselfish upon my part, but advantageous to the recipients, and yet those for whom I have done the most, have treated me the worst, but this is a theme I do not care to dwell upon, but for a moment was betrayed into an allusion to it by memories that thrust themselves upon my mind, and will dismiss the subject and ask you to name some day that you and Mrs. Waid will gratify Mrs. Pettis and

myself by your dropping in upon us long enough to eat a plain dinner with us and have a social chat.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Waid I remain, as ever.

Yours faithfully,

S. NEWTON PETTIS.

To Francis C. Waid, Esq., Blooming Valley, Pa.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., December 4, 1886.

My Dear Mr. Waid, Meadville, Pa.:

Going to the postoffice to-day I was much surprised and gratified to receive a finely written account of your life and character. I am glad you have not forgotten me and that I still hold a place in your esteem and confidence. The "Book" is a gem, and illustrates the brilliant success of a man who has worked himself up to the formation of a shining character, a large fortune and a useful life. You and your wife and children must feel a just pride in the enjoyment of such eminent success with which you have been blessed. Your whole life shows what integrity, frugality and good practical sense may accomplish. Could your "Book" be freely circulated among the young men of the country, there is no telling the good it might bring about them. What you have done they may and can do. The trouble is our young men are afraid of work. They evade it and too often become idle, extravagant and immoral. They are lacking in manhood. You battled with poverty and untoward circumstances, and yet you triumphed over all obstacles. To-day you have a standing among your fellows worthy of imitation.

By the way, I must thank you for the complimentary notice of myself you were kind enough to write for our home paper, the *Tribune*. Indeed, I thank you.

Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. Waid, your son's family and all inquiring friends. I shall not soon forget my visit to your section, and the kindness I received everywhere I went. I hope to meet you in a better country.

As ever, etc.,

C. W. CHARLTON.

MADISONVILLE, Tenn., December 12, 1886.

My Dear Friend: I assure you that I was greatly surprised to receive such a nice present, a history of part of your life. I think it nicely gotten up, and it cannot fail to interest all your old friends and scholars. It brought many things fresh to my memory, and I cannot keep from feeling sad when I read of the large number of friends and neighbors that rest in Blooming Valley graveyard. There were so many that have died that I had not heard of the death of one, your brother, Robert L. Waid. I was very sorry to hear of it, but glad to know his honored name still lives. The photographs of the old home

place, your residence and the Goodrich Farm, especially the old well sweep where I have taken many a good drink of water in days that are forever gone, are splendid.

JOHN W. THOMPSON.

MEADVILLE, January 13, 1887.

My Dear Sir: I find on my return home the beautiful *Souvenir* from you, and I write to thank you for it. It shows a *good, grand* thought of you. It not only proves a book of great interest to many, but will become more and more so as years go by.

How many would value a like work left by those long since gone, a work which would give them a desired information that can not be had now. There is much which interests me in your book:

The journey of the Shattuck family which brought the first of your family to this section. It was the interest in this family which brought my mother (a young girl) to this place. Then there is my first boyhood's recollection of your father and mother and your old homestead; the impression made on my boyish mind of their *Christian character* peculiarly affected me at this time. My nurse, Sarah Morehead, who accompanied the family's trip to Rhode Island, the marriage in our homestead (the Central Hotel now) of Sarah to Joseph Finney, the kind, noble-hearted man who was under my father's employ so long, who showed me one of the grandest sights of my boyhood life (a new hand sled he had made for me).

Joseph's true friendship to me never became exhausted. And so perusing your work brings interesting incidents to me pleasant to recall. I shall value the work and the spirit of the friendship in which you sent it.

Very truly yours,

LEON C. MAGAW.

NEW ORLEANS, La., January 23, 1887

Dear Francis: I have been tardy in answering your letter and acknowledging receipt of your *Souvenir*. The present is indeed most happily appreciated, and since its receipt I have spent time enough in reading it to have written you many letters; and I really should have written first.

This book will serve throughout the balance of my life to recall pleasant recollections of our boyhood days and of *you*, my old friend—for not a single incident between us or any of yours I ever heard of but what has given me pleasure to think of. I am now looking forward to the time when I can see more of you, and be, more than ever before, in your company and the society of your good wife. When I can afford to take rest and recreation, I want it to be in my native country; and I have worked long and hard enough to be entitled to rest for a while. However, as I have undertaken the task of building up a large orange grove, it will be probably some years yet before I can

afford to cease constant work. As you receive our paper, you must have a pretty good idea of what I am doing. My duties as secretary of the sugar societies as well as my paper business give me more than I can possibly do, I see so many people who have nothing to do, and I almost always have had more than I could accomplish. I often think if a man shows himself worthy he will generally get work.

I am pleased to learn my mother's health is so good, and I greatly regret I can not be there now, while my brother William and sister Melissa are present.

With my best respects to you, I remain,
Ever your friend,

J. Y. GILMORE.

ST. CHARLES, Minn., January 27, 1887.

Mr. Waid: Your book came to hand on the 24th. Mr. Dickson is in California, and will perhaps stay a year or more, where our son is now residing. I have written to him that you had sent him a nice present, and if he wishes I will send it to him, and then you will hear from him. I will say, many thanks for such a valuable keepsake.

My respects to you and family.

Mrs. S. B. DICKSON.

MEADVILLE, January 27, 1887.

FRANCIS C. WAID,

Dear Sir: I am directed by the trustees of the Library, Art and Historical Association to tender to you their thanks for a copy of historical sketches of your family.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL P. BATES.

CHESTER, Minn., February 8, 1887.

F. C. WAID, Meadville, Crawford Co., Pa.,

Dear Friend: I received your welcome book [*Souvenir*] giving a history of Ira C. Waid and F. C. Waid and their families (and others with whom they were connected or associated), the perusal of which to me was an entertainment and pleasure which language fails to describe, so you will be compelled to accept the will for the deed. Many of the old landmarks are so natural.

The Ira C., the F. C. Waid and Jabez Goodrich places all make me think I am back in old Crawford County again. Then the faces of Ira C. and wife and of Francis C. and wife are so natural, so familiar and so life-like that almost instinctively I reach out my hand to give them a good hearty greeting, and talk over the reminiscences of thirty-six years which have passed. In fact, the past all seems to be crowded into the present. Then I ask myself if it is all real, and I am compelled to acknowledge that these only represent what is past and can not be recalled. How it makes me think I ought to have been bet-

ter in all these years, and to have done much more good and gathered more into the fold of Christ.

Last, not least, is the view of the *State Road Church*. How natural the size, the height, the doors, the windows, the steps and all the surroundings are to me, all associated with the most *sacred memoirs!* How many times have I had the privilege of opening those doors and of sitting on the seats within, which were hallowed by the presence of Him who rules on high! I then felt as did Moses, that we were on holy ground. Then and there the Gospel was preached with power by men whose lips seemed touched by coals from "*God's Altar.*" And it was impossible to stand or sit without feeling that we were in God's house and at Heaven's gate. Then those who sought and found Him of whom Moses in the Law and Prophets did write were numbered by scores and hundreds. And of that number are, besides myself, my brothers and sisters: Nathan S., Eleazer, Thomas W., Sarah J., Mary A., Sylvester N., Letitia P., Loretta P., Margaret E., Amelia S. and Emma A. * * * *

Well do I remember Simeon Brown, known as "Father Brown," who laid his hand on my head and said: "It is good enough for you" (I thought so too). He was a leader of the leaders. There were Jabez Goodrich and wife, Ira C. Waid and wife, William Williams and wife, Ephraim Williams, and many whom I cannot mention for want of time. When I think of Ira C. Waid I think of a man quiet and unassuming, never putting himself forward, always ready and willing to do his share in supporting the right, and at the right time. I then associate Goodrich with these words, "I yield, I yield," and rising on his feet till the house shook. His latch string was always out. Ephraim Williams brings to mind these words: "My camp is in the wilderness." and then there was Simeon Glen, another earnest Christian. But they have nearly all gone before.

Yours faithfully,

T. W. PHELPS.

DENVER, Colo., February 9, 1887.

To F. C. WAID, Esq., Blooming Valley, Pa.

Very dear brother: I have with great pleasure seen your volume of autobiographies. It brings freshly to my remembrance the many very agreeable things relating to our acquaintance in those pleasant years. Let me congratulate you on having seen an active and successful life. You know who has been your silent partner without whose blessing you would have labored in vain. It is a pretty serious matter to keep our accounts straight with "God, who giveth the increase." I trust you will deal with Him as He has dealt with you. I hope your later years may be bright with the sunshine of His favor. Here, in Colorado, I find in His mercy health and work and fair success. It is

a good land but different from yours. Heaven is better than either. Let us make sure of that. Believe me, very thankful for your book, and ever yours very truly,

A. B. HYDE.

MEADVILLE, Pa., February 24, 1887.

Dear Brother in Christ: I received your "*Souvenir*;" it was a real surprise to me, but it was a very pleasant surprise, and I am greatly obliged. My wife and daughter, although knowing nothing of the persons and places mentioned in your book, save what I had previously told them, seemed scarcely less interested in its contents than myself. When I read so many familiar names of persons and places, and more especially when I look at the portraits and views given in the book, my thoughts are crowded with memories of years now long past away. How well I remember your father and mother, and yourself and wife, too. Sabbath after Sabbath I saw you and your parents in the old State Road Church, and heard you bear witness unto the truth. Your wife may not remember me, but I remember her very distinctly. I was at your father's house once at least when the young lady you discovered in your parents' kitchen was there engaged as when you made the discovery, and if subsequent years have verified what youth promised I am not surprised that you are satisfied with your partner. If you did find her in your mother's kitchen, that was indeed a good place to make such a discovery, for if she pleased your mother it was quite natural that you also should be pleased. You certainly cannot be displeased if I tell you that nothing in your book gave me greater pleasure than the view of the old State Road Church. The most important event of my whole life occurred at the altar of that church. It was the turning point of my destiny for time and eternity. It is the spot to me more dear than native vale or mountain, because it is where I first my Savior found and felt my sins forgiven. God was pleased to give me a most glorious conversion. Truly I saw His brightness around me shine, and I shouted "Glory! Glory!" I never could doubt my conversion, and I have always cherished the memory of that sacred hour and that hallowed spot. It was the nineteenth day of December, 1850, over thirty-six years ago now, and through all of these years God has kept me by His grace and always caused me to triumph through Christ Jesus. If it had not been for His grace I should have utterly failed long ago. Six of my father's family were converted that same day. I left Pennsylvania in September, 1855, now more than thirty-one years ago. I did not think then that so many years would pass before I should find an opportunity of returning, and I have all this time cherished a desire to again see those places made sacred by so many pleasant associations and once more to greet my brethren with whom I traveled during the first years of my Christian journey. Thus far I have never been able

to find the favorable opportunity. While I was engaged in ministerial work I could never find time or money to devote to such a pleasure, and since I have been out of the pastoral work it has been very much the same. Until recently my health has been such, quite a portion of the time, that I could not undertake such a trip even if I had all the needed funds. I am beginning to fear that I may never again visit those places so long cherished in my memory, and that I may not be permitted to greet the dear Christian friends from whom I have been so long separated until we meet on the other shore with all we have loved so dearly who have gone on before us.

I rejoice to learn of your distinguished success in your pleasant and honorable vocation, and trust that every step you have taken has been with a proper regard for our Lord's command: *Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven.* Too many forget this and while the world may credit them with great success, their lives are an utter failure. When one does amass a fortune every dollar of which is consecrated to the service and glory of God, his example is most commendable, and when he gives an account of his stewardship his Lord will say: *Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*

Very truly yours,

S. N. PHELPS.

KASSON, Minn., March 8, 1887.

My Dear Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Waid and Family:

Your very kind letter, and also the kind remembrance, or *Souvenir*, you sent us, were duly received and should have been gratefully acknowledged much sooner had we been at home when they came, but Mr. Taylor and I were both in Wisconsin at that time. I take this first opportunity after reaching home to answer your most welcome letter, and to thank you from our hearts for the book. It will be a precious keepsake for us, and especially for myself, having been acquainted at some period of my life with almost every one of whom it speaks, and with most of them very intimately. In perusing the book so many things which had almost entirely gone from my memory concerning both persons and places, came back again to my mind with all the freshness of the time when they happened, and I live over again in imagination many of the old times, both sad and gay. I have read and re-read the book. It is like a visit home again, and I prize it very much. I shall enjoy so much looking at those familiar faces and those home residences, but above all looking upon that dear old State Road Church, so appropriately called the Pilgrims' Home. It was there I found the Savior, so precious to me. Let me thank you again for sending the *Souvenir* to us.

Ever your friends,

ROBERT AND PAMELIA A. TAYLOR.

MEADVILLE, April 24, 1887.

Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for a copy of your *Souvenir* which you sent me. I find it interesting and instructive, and I have learned many things from it which I did not know. You have my best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness.

Yours truly,

J. D. CLEMSON.

MEADVILLE, April 28, 1887.

Dear Sir: Your *Souvenir* has been handed me. I am obliged to you for honoring me with a copy. In looking through its pages I find many valuable suggestions and much sound advice. It will be of more and more interest as time passes. Again thanking you for your kind remembrance, I remain,

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL P. BATES.

WILLIAMSPORT, May 9, 1887.

My Dear Cousin: I received the book you sent me, and let me thank you kindly for it. How very kind of you to remember me of whom you know and have seen so little. I assure you I shall prize the book and appreciate the kindness more than I can tell you, and hope through it to become more acquainted with your family and others of my mother's relatives of whom I know very little. I left that place when so young that I can remember very little of any one there. I enjoyed my visit there over twenty years ago very much and thought then that I might visit there again, and should, if brother, Henry O. Allen, had remained there, but he moved to Iowa soon after our visit, and we removed from Athens, Bradford county, to Williamsport, and have lived here ever since.

Your friend and cousin,

CLARA W. HART.*

MEADVILLE, Oct. 17, 1887.

FRANCIS C. WAID, Esq.

Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for the volume left at my office by you for me. It is a very interesting memorial, and I shall take pleasure in reading it.

With my best wishes for your prosperity, I am

Your friend,

JOHN J. HENDERSON.

*When my brother and I visited Fayette Allen, Dec. 25, 1888, we learned that Clara W. Hart had died Sept. 16, 1888.—F. C. WAID.

NEW RICHMOND, Nov. 1, 1887.

Dear Sir: Your token of friendship in the form of a biography and history of your family and friends was gladly received by me, and after a careful perusal I pronounce it a very correct and useful work for those who enjoy calling up old recollections of friends and acquaintances, and one that contains much useful knowledge for the young. Please accept my thanks for remembering me in this way.

Very truly yours,

E. J. BAILEY.

CHICAGO, July 3, 1888.

F. C. WAID, Esq., Meadville, Pa.

Dear Sir: Your letter of June 26th was duly received, as was also your book sent to his son.* Mr. Lincoln is at present on a vacation trip abroad, and is not expected home until the latter part of August. I write now, therefore, simply to acknowledge the receipt of your book and letter. I will call his attention to both of them upon his return.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM S. CAMERON.

CHICAGO, August 30, 1888.

F. C. WAID, Esq., Meadville, Pa.

Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for your favor of June 28th, and also for the *Souvenir* book, which I have taken pleasure in giving to my son.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.†

GREENVILLE, Penn., Dec. 17, 1888.

My Esteemed Friend, F. C. Waid:

I have just received the copy of your *Souvenir*, which you kindly present to me. Allow me to thank you and to say that I will ever cherish it as a treasure far more valuable than a gift of gold. Many persons of means erect to the memory of their deceased friends, costly monuments beside their graves, and it is often the case that the meanest men have placed to their memory the most expensive tomb-stones. You have struck the right plau of perpetuating the names of your relatives who have gone to their rewards, and of leaving with your posterity the daily acts and ups and downs of your own busy life. Such a souvenir will last long after the moss has grown over the tomb-stones, or the marble has crumbled to mother earth. Happy should the man be who can conscientiously publish such a volume as you

* Robert T. Lincoln's son.

†It is written the name of the just is had in everlasting remembrance. Perish not from my memory the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and while I live, with pleasure will I cherish and appreciate the honor conferred on me by Robert T. Lincoln.—F. C. WAID.

have sent me, without fear of its being an evil text for the "gossiping critic" who is of no more use to society than rot is to a ship. My brief acquaintance with you was one of much pleasure, and I am glad to learn that your business placed in my hands was so attended to that the implicit confidence you had in me has never been shattered.

I had heard, before getting your letter, that your estimable wife had been called to her rest, beyond this world of strife. I can well remember her, and permit me to extend to you my sincere sympathy in this, the loneliest, the saddest and most melancholy year of your active life. It surely seems hard that she who had shared with you for thirty-four years the hardships, trials, troubles and blessings incident to this life, should be taken forever away when you had arrived at that age when you were most in need of a true and trusted friend and counselor: but He who holds in His hand the verdict that settles the future of each of his creatures, had reasons for severing her life's cord and gathering her into His heavenly kingdom. You may be consoled by the happy thought that you can continue to live the life that will insure your welcome to the place where she has been carried by the angel of death. May I hope that your life will be spared for many years to come, and that it will be fraught with kind acts, such as will serve to add to your already attained high Christian character and good name, which will be the grandest legacy you can leave to your relatives and friends.

With the kindest wishes I remain,

Your sincere friend,

J. M. RUNK.

April 17, 1889.

MR. FRANCIS C. WAID.

Dear Friend: Your book, *Souvenir*, is plainly and pointedly written. It is a good book and will do good. The doctrine is sound, the spirit is sweet and helpful to a serious reader. Every point discussed is so briefly and yet so earnestly put that the reader will be fascinated as he progresses to read on and on till he finishes the volume.

As your friend, I am gratified that you find time to write books, and especially because you will reach an audience peculiarly your own, which you will inspire to read and think. Your topics are among the best, and their presentation in your way will move others to believe that an unselfish life is the noblest kind one can live.

May your life be spared many years, and may you succeed in doing much good is the wish of

Faithfully yours,

T. L. FLOOD,

The Chautauquan,

Dr. T. L. Flood, editor and proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

The following article is taken from the *Meadville Weekly Tribune*:

A FAMILY SOUVENIR.

FRANCIS C. WAID'S GIFT TO HIS KINSMEN AND FRIENDS.

We have received from our friend, Francis C. Waid, whose pleasant home stands at the west side of the State Road, about five miles east from this city, a copy of the *Souvenir* he has had prepared for his family and friends. This *Souvenir* is a handsomely bound volume of 151 pages, entitled, "Francis C. Waid Souvenir," and contains an historical sketch of the donor, with family biographies, essays on farm economy, money loaning, an address to the youth of our country, and much that is of general interest. The work is a complete family biography, and contains biographical sketches, besides that of the donor, of George N. Waid, Robert L. Waid, George W. Cutshall and C. R. Slocum.

The work is printed on heavy calendered paper, in large, clear type and profusely illustrated with fine engravings, among which we find excellent portraits of Mr. Francis C. Waid, Mrs. Eliza C. Waid, Mr. Ira C. Waid, and Mrs. Elizabeth P. Waid. The views embrace the farm home of Ira C. Waid, the old home on the Goodrich Farm, the residence of Francis C. Waid, the Waid lot and monument in the Blooming Valley Cemetery, the State Road M. E. Church, and the Blooming Valley M. E. Church.

The general contents of the work are of especial interest to members of the family, containing as it does a complete history of the Waid family for many years back. The series of articles from the pen of the donor, consisting of personal experiences and practical advice on subjects of every-day life, are such as will interest anyone who is so fortunate as to receive a copy of the work. Mr. Waid is what the world recognizes as a practical farmer, and by his own industry and thrift has profited mentally as well as financially. In the articles in which he offers instruction to young men and women, and to older persons engaged in business or following some of the various occupations in life, he speaks from the standpoint of successful experience, and the wise reader will weigh his words carefully and well.

Of the work in question, six hundred copies have been printed, to be distributed among members and friends of the family. The following paragraph, reproduced from the preface of the book, shows the aim in view and the spirit which prompted its publication:

"In presenting this volume 'without money and without price' to his kinsmen and friends, especially to the *youth*, Mr. Francis C. Waid does so with an expression of his untold kindness toward the receiver

of the book, and with a desire that the compliment be accepted in the same spirit which he intends shall accompany it—a spirit of philanthropy, good will, sympathy and fraternity.”

The *Souvenir*, and such it will certainly be, represents a great amount of patient labor and was only made possible by the methodical manner in which Mr. Waid has conducted his affairs in life. Such a compilation, date and family statistics can only be secured where careful records have been kept. In presenting the work to his kinsmen and friends Mr. Waid aims to do good, and certainly the aim will be accomplished. In later years the volume will prove of great value in the family, and will perhaps be followed by another, giving further family history yet to be made. In the idea of publishing such a work the donor does not claim originality—he simply follows in the footsteps of many others who have caused similar compilations. Family biographies, carefully compiled from year to year, and finally bound into attractive volumes, are not unusual, and certainly the idea is a good one. Strip it, if you please, of all colorings of sentiment, and the fact remains that the most interesting reading any of us could find, were such in existence, would be an accurate history of our own family ancestors; and the author of the *Souvenir* of which we write may well feel that he has prepared for his friends a gift which will find appreciation untold in the years to come.



MISCELLANEOUS.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE PHELPS FAMILY.

I take a pleasure in placing the following biography of the Phelps Family on record in my SOUVENIR. It is not enough for me to say of Levi M. Phelps that I loved him. He helped me much in my lifetime, and God only knows how much he helped me on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, when he knelt down and prayed for me in the old State Road Church on January 10, 1851. I loved Levi M. Phelps before then as a man and a friend, but from that day forward I loved him as a man, a true friend and as a father of the church until his death. And I yet love him, and cherish his precious memory with sincere reverence. It was his son, Nathan, who led me to the altar where I was converted, so it may not be wondered at that I love the Phelps Family.

Levi M. Phelps was born August 3, 1803, in Maryland, and died March 31, 1857, in Minnesota. When he was but four years old his father died, and the boy was reared without education or any chance of improvement. He was a good father, a man who impressed all with whom he associated with the right, and was looked up to as a leader. He was for many years exhorter, steward, class-leader and trustee of his church; was several times school and town officer. He died as he had lived. Shortly before he passed away he said: "I thought religion was good, but I never expected such a triumph. All joy, all peace, all Heaven!" *And though dead, he yet speaketh.*

His wife, Phebe M., was born July 28, 1808, in Allegany County, N. Y., and died July 29, 1875, in the town of Marion, Minn. She always despised wrong, looked with contempt on anything unchaste or dishonorable. She instructed her children in the right, and left a salu-

tary impress on all she had to do with, and died in the faith. The children of Levi M. and Phebe M. Phelps were as follows:

(1) Nathan S., born February 23, 1826, in Steuben County, N. Y.; married Margaret Waldron February 18, 1870, and has three children, all girls. He resides in Olmsted County, Minn., a wealthy farmer and a man of prominence in church and municipal affairs.

(2) Eleazer C., born March 22, 1827, in Steuben County, N. Y.; married Electa A. Rorman in September, 1750, in Crawford County, Penn., and has four daughters married. He is now a resident of Rochester, Minn.

(3) Thomas W., born April 28, 1829, in Steuben County, N. Y.; married August 29, 1858, at Faribault, Minn., to Eliza Jane Hooper, and has four daughters and one son—Sadie P., Mina E., Thomas L., Emma B. and Jennie L., all living and well to do. He resides in Chester, Olmsted Co., Minn. [At page 340 will be found a brief autobiographical sketch of Thomas W. Phelps.—F. C. W.]

(4) Sarah J., born October 15, 1850, in Steuben County, N. Y.; has never married. She has taught school nearly thirty years, commencing in 1848 in Crawford County, Penn. She is also a resident of Olmsted County, Minn.

(5) Mary A., born April 15, 1832, in Potter County, Penn.; is married and has four children. She was the first of a family of eleven, converted at the meetings held at State Road Church, Crawford Co., Penn., in 1850-51. She now lives in St. Clair County, Mo.

(6) Sylvester N., born September 17, 1833, in Potter County, Penn.; is married and has one child, a daughter. He was converted in December, 1850, at the State Road Church, attended Allegheny College in Meadville, Penn., and moved to Minnesota in September, 1855. Joined the Conference in 1856, and preached nearly twenty years. He owns a very fine farm.

(7) Letitia P., born August 15, 1835, in Steuben County, Penn.; is married and has three children living, all girls. He resides in Rochester, Minn.

(8) Loretta P., born August 8, 1837, died in April, 1874, in Marshall County, Iowa, leaving two children living—one son and one daughter.

(9) Margaret E., born February 18, 1840, in Crawford County, Penn.; married in 1858, and had two children by first marriage; in August, 1864, she lost her husband in the war, and in 1870 she again married, by which union she had three daughters. She died February 9, 1887.

(10) Amelia S., born July 26, 1846, in Crawford County, Penn.; is married, and resides in Marshall County, Iowa.

(11) Emma, born in February, 1848, in Crawford County, Penn.; is married and has one child living. She resides at Crook City, Dak.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS W. PHELPS.

(WRITTEN FOR HIS SINCERE FRIEND FRANCIS C. WAID.)

The record of my birth and parentage, etc., is included in the biographical record of the Phelps Family, and will be found at page 339 in this book. When I left home, just before I was twenty-one years of age, I had no property I could call my own, and had but little schooling. However, during the winters of 1850-51 and 1851-52 I attended school, and in September, 1852, I commenced college, following which I taught school in various places, alternated with further studies at college. In 1856 I moved to Minnesota, and located at Marion, where I went to work immediately, and followed surveying several years. I was town superintendent of schools in 1860-61, and county superintendent several years. Have held nearly every town office; was a justice of the peace many years; was in the Legislature, 1871 and 1877; was president of the Agricultural Society, 1877-78-79. I have been district treasurer ever since 1874, and am now supervisor and treasurer. I have held nearly all the offices in the church; have been lay delegate, district and recording steward (many years); have held the office of class leader, steward, president of building committee (during the putting up two new churches); am at present steward and Sunday-school superintendent.

On my farm we raise cattle, horses, hogs and the various kinds of grain and seeds—hay, clover and timothy, for seed, doing well here. We have a comfortable living, enough for ourselves and whomsoever may visit us; and I wish you, my dear friend Mr. Waid, could come and see us and stay a long time. You and yours would be welcome and twice welcome. Things taste better when we have our friends with us. Come! Come!! Come!!!

Your sincere friend,
THOMAS W. PHELPS.

CHESTER, MINN. }
February 8, 1887. }



THE HENRY O. ALLEN FAMILY.

The following record of the Henry O. Allen family I received in April, 1888, from his widow, Mrs. Rhoda A. Allen, of Winterset, Madison Co., Iowa:

Henry O. Allen, born August 18, 1821, at Meadville, Crawford Co., Penn., died October 29, 1885, at Leavenworth, Kas., at the age of 64 years, 2 months and 11 days. [Had he lived till November 11, 1885, he and his wife would have seen the forty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day.]

Rhoda Ann Caleb, born October 11, 1820, at Danby, Tompkins Co., N. Y.

Above named were married November 11, 1840, at Ovid, Seneca Co., N. Y., and their children were as follows:

Oscar Monroe, born May 10, 1843, at Athens, Bradford Co., Penn., died at Pleasantville, Penn., December 14, 1874, aged 31 years, 7 months and 4 days.

Francis Elijah, born July 13, 1846, at Athens, Bradford Co., Penn., died at Ottawa, Kas., May 6, 1879, aged 32 years, 9 months and 23 days.

Adrian Leroy, born August 10, 1851, at Athens, Bradford Co., Penn.

Ida Bell Estelle, born August 4, 1857, at Meadville, Crawford Co., Penn.

I here also give some other names that may be of interest to the reader, and which I jotted down from time to time when visiting cemeteries:

Clinton Cullum, born November 17, 1819, died at his pleasant home on Liberty Street, Meadville, January 28, 1888; interred in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville.

Nicholas R. Stull died at his home in Woodcock Township, Crawford County, February 9, 1888, aged 68 years and 1 month, interred on 11th in Blooming Valley Cemetery, the funeral services being conducted by our pastor, M. Miller, whose text was: *Our fathers, where are they?* Brother Stull had been a member of the State Road Methodist Episcopal Church for about twenty-five years.

James H. Allen died November 24, 1888, in Campbell County, Dakota, while his wife was visiting in Crawford County, Penn.

Robert Quinn died October 16, 1865, aged sixty-eight years; Jane, his wife, died November 12, 1856, aged sixty-years. They are interred in Lakeview Cemetery, Jamestown, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., and by their side rest the remains of Leander Simmons.

Reuben E. Fenton, born July 4, 1819, died August 25, 1885, and is also buried in Lakeview Cemetery. [The Fenton vault is a small, plainly beautiful structure, bearing upon one end the words, *I am the Resurrection and the Life*, and upon the other side the legend, "Rest in peace."]

Cordelia A. Stephenson died March 13, 1889, in her sixty-sixth year. Her husband, John Stephenson, died in 1878, and both are interred in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville, and I attended both funerals: they were relatives of mine. On that beautiful spring afternoon, March 14, 1889, I read on a monument in Greendale Cemetery the following:

*Through the grave and the gates of Death
We pass to a joyful resurrection.*

DARWIN A. FINNEY,
1814-1866.

I here give the record of several departed ones not already mentioned in my 1886 SOUVENIR:

Franklin, son of M. S. and M. Morehead, died September 15, 1862, aged 3 months. [Interred just east of our last monument erected.]

Angeline, wife of Henry Thurston, died September 1, 1856, aged 26 years, 5 months, 26 days. [This lady was a schoolmate of mine. Three of her children—David, Allen and Mack—are interred by her grave.]

Daniel Cowen died May 15, 1864, aged 71 years, 1 month, 4 days.

Basheba, wife of Able Ellis, died April 1, 1885, aged 80 years, 9 months.

Samuel Floyd died July 11, 1849, aged 84 years.

Catharine Pitcher, daughter of A. and J. Pitcher, died April 20, 1854, aged 17 years.

David Pitcher, son of A. and J. Pitcher, died December 19, 1849, aged 20 years, 1 month, 18 days.

Nicholas Pitcher, died April 30, 1854, aged 23 years.

Eliza A., wife of Leland Braymer, died November 25, 1879, aged 34 years, 11 months, 6 days.

Susan, wife of Luther March, died April 13, 1845, aged 36 years, 6 months, 26 days.

O. E. Adams, wife of H. L. Boyles, died December 12, 1873, aged 29 years, 6 months, 6 days.

Frank T. Deusmore, 1856-1885.

Marillie, wife of John Pochey, died November 16, 1884, aged 27 years, 4 months, 24 days.

George Lemmon, born November 13, 1885, died February 1, 1881.

Jane, wife of J. Lemmon, died October 8, 1868, aged 73 years, 3 months.

Charles Stewart died March 11, 1873, aged 45 years.

Henry B. Baxter, born December 17, 1827, died July 4, 1882. [I pause a moment here to make a remark, as the date of Mr. Baxter's death comes so near home to me as I write it. I had always loved him since our first acquaintance. He lived several years in our neighborhood; was superintendent of Sabbath-school at State Road, and I have always been acquainted with Phebe C. Baxter,* his beloved wife. She is a daughter of J. F. Breed, of whom I have spoken in this volume, and when I think of my own beloved wife, Eliza, whose name and memory to me are imperishable, never to be forgotten, died on the 4th of July, 1888, just six years to a day after my friend, Henry Baxter. Is it any wonder to the reader that I stop to think? But I continue to give the list of the departed ones. On this monument, which I may say is the largest and perhaps one of the most attractive in the cemetery, is inscribed the name of his wife, or widow: Phebe C. Baxter, born April 3, 1841.]

Fannie S. Falkinburg, born October 1, 1838, died April 21, 1885.

W. W. Baxter, born November 12, 1851; Hulda A., his wife, born January 24, 1842, died February 17, 1884.

Preston D., son of A. and S. Rider, died March 21, 1878, aged 18 years, 10 months, 7 days.

G. J. Wykoff, wife of R. Roudebush, died July 7, 1870, aged 23 years.

Janett E., wife of W. L. Wykoff, died May 3, 1878, aged 28 years, 2 months, 12 days.

Lydia, daughter of R. and S. A. Teasdale, died March 25, 1876, aged 19 years, 11 months, 5 days.

Temperance Ferguson, born December 20, 1796, died† March 11, 1869. Interred near the Waid Twin Monuments. James A. Ferguson, born December 25, 1795, died April 22, 1858, and is interred in the cemetery in Meadville.

*Phebe C. Baxter attended the Moore school where I taught in 1856, and later on she taught our district school where our children attended.—F. C. Waid.

†Temperance Ferguson died at the home of my brother, Robert L. Waid, where she was visiting and took sick.—F. C. Waid.

John H. Marvin died November 3, 1881, aged 21 years, 7 months, 28 days.

Samuel Barrett, born May 18, 1834, died October 20, 1882.

Alice, wife of G. Gilmore, died March 14, 1867, aged 22 years, 10 months.

Athan A. Williams, born October 5, 1813, died March 28, 1877.

Polly, wife of T. J. Odell, died November 7, 1870, aged 54 years, 9 months, 15 days.

Stella M. Hays, wife of J. D. Barr, died January 14, 1884, aged 36 years, 1 month, 12 days.

Elizabeth, wife of John Ring, died March 28, 1874, aged 80 years.

Hattie Dickson died October 22, 1873, aged 35 years.

Dwight Dickson died October 23, 1871, aged 22 years, 6 months, 13 days.

Louessa, wife of Henry Marker, died August 13, 1886, aged 73 years, 4 months, 27 days.

Henry Marker died November 11, 1887, aged 77 years, 3 months, 14 days.

George P. Marker, son of H. and L. Marker, died February 18, 1856, aged 21 years, 3 months, 16 days.

Charlotte, wife of Henry Kelly, died October 20, 1851, aged 52 years, 2 months, 25 days.

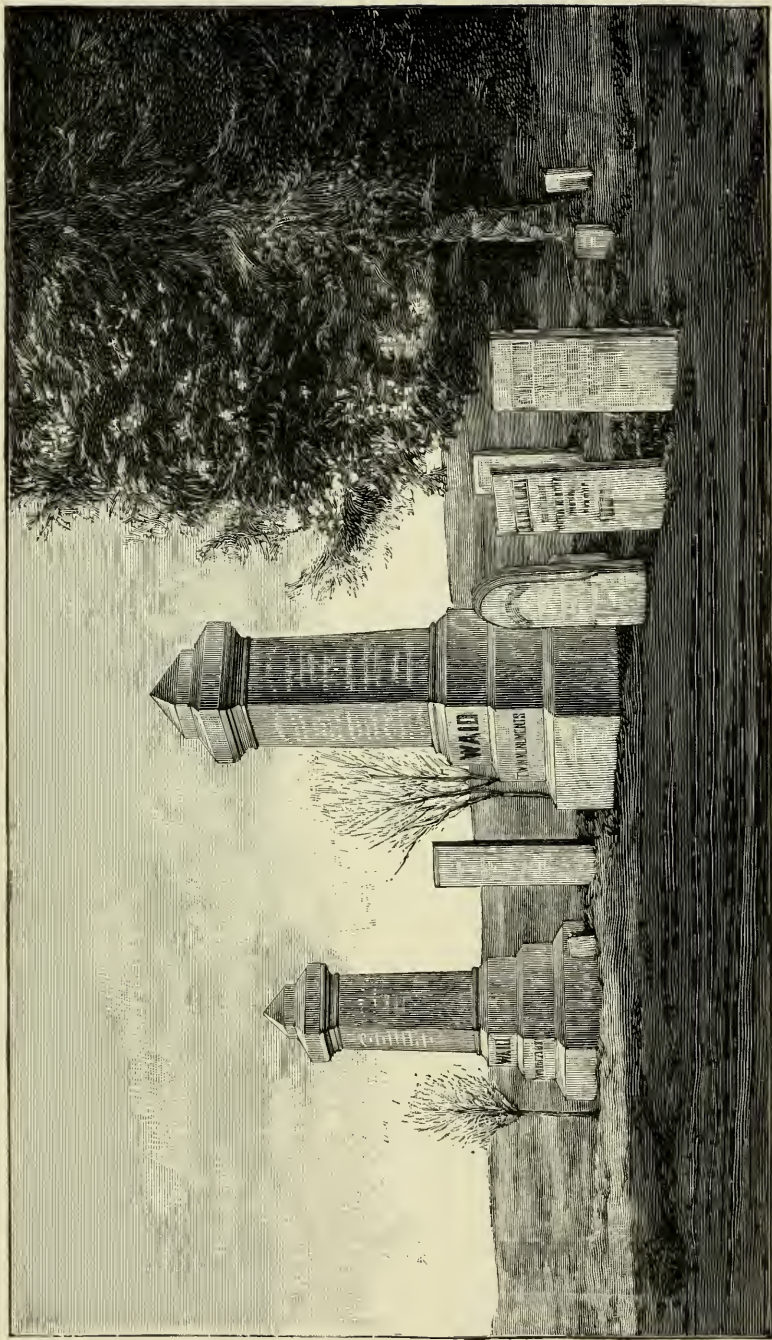
Almira Fleck died March 6, 1845, aged 23 years, 7 months, 10 days.

Peter Marker died October 31, 1841, aged 26 years, 5 months, 9 days; Delilah, daughter of P. and S. A. Marker, died March 4, 1860, aged 19 years, 8 months, 13 days.

Sally Ann, wife of Peter Marker, died December 10, 1860, aged 40 years, 6 months.

In memory of Thomas Mifflin, died April 4, 1853, aged 57 years.





WAID TWIN MONUMENTS—BLOOMING VALLEY CEMETERY.
ERECTED AUGUST 13, 1884, AND DECEMBER 11, 1888.

THE WAID TWIN MONUMENTS

IN BLOOMING VALLEY CEMETERY.

The one was erected August 13, 1884, the other bearing the date November 30, 1888, although it was not placed in position, owing to delay in shipment, until December 11, following. The chief object of this monument being to perpetuate the memory of my beloved wife, Eliza, it was a happy coincidence that it should be erected on the birthday of our little two-year-old granddaughter, who was named after her—Edna Eliza Waid—only daughter of Guinnip and Anna Waid. On this monument are the following inscriptions:

(On West Side.)

In memory of

ELIZA,

His beloved wife;

FRANKLIN,

His twin brother;

Parents and Kindred;

These twin monuments are dedicated by

FRANCIS C. WAID,

November 30, 1888.

(On South Side.)

FRANCIS C. WAID,

Born April 23, 1833,

ELIZA,

His wife,

Born April 13, 1832, died July 4, 1888.

(On East Side.)

RECORD OF KINDRED.

Pember Waid had seven sons and five daughters.

Ira C., son of Pember Waid, had four sons, namely:

Robert L., who had three sons.

George N., who had six sons and four daughters.

Twins } Francis C., who has three sons.
 { Franklin P.

Francis C. Waid's three sons are Franklin I., who has four daughters, Guinnip P., who has one daughter, Fred F.

Record of Jacob Masiker's Family.
 Six sons and two daughters.
 Jane, wife of G. W. Cutshall.
 Eliza, wife of F. C. Waid.

TEMPERANCE FERGERSON,
 Born December 20, 1790, died March 11, 1869.

(On North Side.)

“Have Faith in God.”

Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Oh, that my words were now written; Oh, that they were printed in a book, that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever. For I know that my Redeemer liveth.

Jesus saith, because I live she shall live also.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

The Waid lot in Blooming Valley Cemetery is east of the center of what was known as the first purchase (or old lot), located on the north side of the driveway. Adjoining this lot, both to the east and to the west of it, are interred near relatives. East of my twin brother's grave is that of my uncle, William Morehead. The lots of Washington Waid and William Morehead bound our lot on the east, and the lots of Cyrus Goodwill and George Roudebush on the west.

Elsewhere I give the record of others interred in this cemetery, not already mentioned in my 1886 SOUVENIR.

THE BIBLE.

At page 45 in this book I have said something of this BOOK OF BOOKS, and placed on record the following appropriate sayings from the pen of John Locke, the eminent English theologian, which are well worthy of repetition here:

It [the Bible] has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter. It is all pure, all sincere, nothing too much, nothing wanting.

The Bible is a library in itself, not only on account of the vast amount of knowledge it contains, but because of the multitude of its Books, Chapters, Verses, etc., and as a matter of interest to the general reader, particularly the juvenile portion, I here append a summary of Bible Facts, a portion of which already appear in this volume at page 238.

The Bible contains as follows: 39 books in the Old Testament, 27 in the New; 929 chapters in the Old, 260 in the New; 23,214 verses in the Old, 7,929 in the New; 592,439 words in the Old, 181,253 in the New; 2,728,100 letters in the Old, 838,380 in the New. A recapitulation of these figures shows that there are in the entire Bible 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,143 verses, 773,692 words, and 3,566,480 letters.

The middle chapter is Job xxix; the middle verse is Psalm cxviii: 8; the shortest chapter is Psalm cxvii; the shortest verse is John xi: 35, "Jesus wept;" there is another in the New Testament as short in point of words, but not in letters, viz.: First Thessalonians v: 16. "Rejoice evermore;" the shortest verse in the Old Testament is, "Remember Lot's wife." Ezra vii: 21 contains all the letters of the alphabet. The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times, in the New 10,684; total, 46,227 times in the entire Bible. The word "reverend" appears but once, and will be found in Psalm cxi: 9. The word "girl" appears twice in the Bible—in Joel iii: 3, and in Zechariah viii: 5; the word "boy" three times—in Genesis xxv: 27, Joel iii: 3, and Zechariah viii: 5. The nineteenth chapter of Second Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike. There is no date from beginning to end in the Bible. It comprises some sixty documents, and is supposed to have been written by about forty men. Fifty-four miracles are recorded in the Old Testament and fifty-one in the New, total 105. In the book of Esther the Deity is not once mentioned.



OUR NATIVE LAND.

OUR LAND is indeed a land of liberty. No tyrant have we to reign over us, to bind us down in oppression's chain; but we are a free people who enjoy the rights and privileges of a free and moral government. We have no king to rule over us, and make laws of injustice, and compel us to submit to his authority, who could, if he pleased, reduce us to poverty and wretchedness, and make us miserable by his own power, which he could exercise over us at his own will if he chose. No, thank Heaven, we are not under such a Government as this; but we are in a land of liberty, a land of freedom where we enjoy the smiles of Heaven, as it were, and have the privilege of hearing the gospel preached, and also of reading the Bible, which is the best of books, and which teaches men the way to heaven, revealing to us what we must do in order to inherit eternal life beyond the grave.

Truly if there are any people who enjoy liberty and freedom they are the American people, who live at the present period of time. And who is there among us Americans that does not love and admire his native land, which is so dear to us? It was for our native land that our ancestors fought so bravely, and died so willingly on the field of battle! They were faithful and true to their country, and looked forward with the expectation of finally achieving a glorious victory over their cruel oppressors; and after a long and hard struggle they succeeded in their attempt, and came off conquerors over their enemies. We are the people who now enjoy the fruits of their victory, and we ought to cherish FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and PEACE.

FRANCIS C. WAID.

Blooming Valley, 1851-52.

In connection with the above I have thought it not out of place to add a list of the Presidents of the United States, in a condensed form necessitated by lack of space.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the "Father of our Country," was born in Westmoreland County, Va., February 22, 1732, a son of Augustine and Mary (Ball) Washington. His great-grandfather, John Washing-

ton, emigrated from England to Virginia in 1657, and became a prosperous planter. He had two sons, Lawrence and John, former of whom married Mildred Warner, and had three children, John, Augustine and Mildred. Of these Augustine, the father of George, first married Jane Butler, who bore him four children, two of whom, Lawrence and Augustine, reached maturity. Of six children by his second marriage, George was the eldest, the others being Betty, Samuel, John Augustine, Charles and Mildred. Augustine Washington, father of George, died in 1743. As the life of George Washington is a portion of American History as familiar to every true American as household words, nothing more need be said here, even did space permit, further than to give a brief record of his presidential life. In February, 1789, he was unanimously elected President of the United States; at the expiration of his first term he was unanimously re-elected, and at the end of this term he absolutely refused a re-nomination. January 17, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha (Dandridge) Custis, a widow.

The Presidents who have come after George Washington have been as follows:

Year of Qualification.	NAME.	WHERE FROM.	TERM OF OFFICE.
1797	John Adams.....	Massachusetts..	4 years.
1801	Thomas Jefferson.....	Virginia.....	8 years.
1809	James Madison.....	Virginia.....	8 years.
1817	James Monroe.....	Virginia.....	8 years.
1825	John Quincy Adams.....	Massachusetts..	4 years.
1829	Andrew Jackson.....	Tennessee.....	8 years.
1837	Martin Van Buren.....	New York.....	4 years.
1841	William Henry Harrison*	Ohio.....	1 month.
1841	John Tyler.....	Virginia.....	3 years, 11 months.
1845	James Knox Polk.....	Tennessee.....	4 years.
1849	Zachary Taylor†.....	Louisiana.....	1 year, 4 mo. 5 days.
1850	Millard Fillmore.....	New York.....	2 years, 7 mo. 26 days.
1853	Franklin Pierce.....	New Hampshire	4 years.
1857	James Buchanan.....	Pennsylvania..	4 years.
1861	Abraham Lincoln‡.....	Illinois.....	4 years, 1 mo. 10 days.
1865	Andrew Johnson.....	Tennessee.....	3 years, 10 mo. 20 days
1869	Ulysses S. Grant.....	Illinois.....	8 years.
1877	Rutherford B. Hayes.....	Ohio.....	4 years.
1881	James A. Garfield§.....	Ohio.....	6 months, 15 days.
1881	Chester A. Arthur.....	New York.....	3 years, 5 mo. 15 days.
1885	Grover Cleveland.....	New York.....	4 years.
1889	Benjamin Harrison.....	Indiana.....	

* Died in office April 4, 1841, when Vice-President Tyler succeeded him.

† Died in office July 9, 1850, when Vice-President Fillmore succeeded him.

‡ Assassinated April 14, 1865, when Vice-President Johnson succeeded him April 15,

1865.

§ Assassinated, and died September 19, 1881, when Vice-President Arthur succeeded him.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

“ Look here, upon this picture, and on this.”

Sometimes in life we have to work and wait many years before our prayers are heard, or before we find the object of our wishes. I am led to these thoughts by the pleasure I feel in being enabled to place in this volume portraits of myself and members of my family, including my deceased wife, Eliza, and myself; my present wife, Anna, and myself; and the family group consisting of my deceased wife, Eliza, myself and our three sons, Franklin L., Guinnip P. and Fred F., as well as portraits of my father and mother—Ira C. and Elizabeth P. Waid—and of my two brothers—R. L. Waid and G. N. Waid.

Twenty-seven years ago (in 1862) my cousin Henry O. Allen painted portraits of my father and mother, also of my wife, Eliza, and myself; and so industrious was I then (and my friends say I am so still) that I took a pen and wrote on the back of my portrait my name and date of birth, thus: *Francis C. Waid, born April 23, A. D., 1833.* Eliza's portrait represents her holding a book in her right hand resting on the stand; my mother, who was noted for her industry among her many other amiable qualities, was attending to her knitting, as shown in her portrait; my father, who was a prudent man, and wiser perhaps than any of the rest of us, had his portrait taken without being represented as engaged in any kind of work; yet I will vouch for it he did not lack in any good qualities we may have possessed. We should never be discouraged. My desire to have my likeness taken in the act of writing is now granted, and I am happy in the thought that I can put it in the hands of kindred and friends, for it alone brings out a trait of my character—

a trait peculiar to myself. My mother, it is true, was fond of writing, for besides the household accounts she kept a sort of journal or diary, something she continued till the close of her life. Oftentimes before her death, and more frequently since, have I perused her writings with pleasure and profit; and it is real happiness to me now to read my father's old copy-books written in Connecticut in his boyhood, before he came to Pennsylvania. Then to be able to trace their lives, knowing them as I do, in their own handwriting, by diary, by book accounts, by letter or by journal, to the close of their days, brings an untold amount of good to me that I wish I could transfer to others.

These thoughts have been housed up in me long enough, and they now seek utterance. May they DO GOOD, and I hope that the portrait of myself, "only a plain farmer," will benefit the reader, by giving a comparatively correct idea of what the author of this book is like when at work with the pen.



The following letter from Mr. W. F. Oldham, of Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, Malay Peninsula, India, appeared in a Meadville paper December 27, 1888. In introducing the letter the editor of the paper makes the following remarks:

"Our friend Francis C. Waid having received the following letter from W. F. Oldham, now a teacher and missionary in India, has kindly handed it to us for publication, knowing that it will prove interesting to a large number of acquaintances and friends. Mr. Oldham was formerly a student at Allegheny College, and while pursuing his studies here gave many lectures in the vicinity. He is a native of India."

SINGAPORE, Nov. 3, 1888.

Dear Brother and Sister Waid: We were pleased to receive your letter of April last, which I unhappily mislaid soon after receipt. Now that I have found it again, I write at once.

I am, as you will see by consulting a map, at the southernmost extremity of Asia, within eighty miles of the equator. This is a lovely place, where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. As I am presiding elder of a district, pastor of an English church, and principal of a large and growing school, you can imagine my hands are full. God has prospered us beyond our expectations, as the little school I commenced among a few heathen boys is now a flourishing institution, educating 300 boys, paying its own current expenses, and paying half the expense of its \$14,000 building, into which we have just moved. We have now a membership of sixty, and a promising congregation. We have great joy in upbuilding a Methodist Church from nothing. We have also services in Malay and Tamil, and one of our number is learning Chinese, which is very difficult. We visit hundreds of heathen homes, and witness for Christ to scores of heathen souls. We pay some attention to the American captains and sailors who come to this port. As a result of these multiform activities, I must confess to being utterly worn out. For four years I have had no single holiday, except when sick once for ten days and another time for six. I have taught on an average forty hours a week, and preached four or five times a week. I mention this to explain why you may probably see me in 1890 back to the U. S. (D. V.) to once more see the beautiful snow, and be invigorated by the tonics of cool weather and renewed Christian friendships.

With much interest shall I then revisit State Street Church, and shall be very glad, if you will have me, to preach once more the Gospel of Jesus Christ to my old friends.

Please remember me to Brother and Sister Reynolds, the Sacketts, Auntie Brown, the old brother class leader (I forget his name) and all others whom I learned to love in the Lord.

Mrs. Oldham is not well, but improves.

Yours sincerely,
W. F. OLDHAM



In Memoriam.

MRS. ELIZA C. WAID,

Who died at Blooming Valley, Penn., July 4, 1888.

"Farewell, Francis dear, farewell,
 Adieu, farewell to thee;
 And you my children all,
 Farewell, farewell to you."
 Our mother is gone, and we are left
 The loss of her to mourn.
 But then we hope to meet with her
 With Christ before God's throne.
 Call not back the dear departed
 Anchored safe where storms are o'er;
 On the border land we left her,
 Soon to meet and part no more,
 Far beyond this world of changes,
 Far beyond this world of care;
 We shall find our missing loved one
 In our Father's mansion fair.
 'Tis hard to break the tender cord
 When love has bound the heart;
 'Tis hard, so hard, to speak the words,
 "We must on earth forever part."
 Dearest loved one we must lay thee
 In the peaceful grave's embrace;
 But thy memory will be cherished
 Till we see thy heavenly face.
 Through all pains at times she'd smile,
 A smile of heavenly birth;
 And when the angels called her home,
 She smiled farewell to earth.
 Heaven retaineth now our treasure,
 Earth the lonely casket keeps;
 And the sunbeams love to linger
 Where our sainted mother sleeps.
 Yes Eliza, sleep, but turn I
 Back to a busy world of strife;

*Written on the death of Mrs. F. C. Waid, by a devoted friend, Mrs. M. N.

For a place awaits my coming
 On the battlefield of life.
 But ere I go, a promise sweet
 Is to my spirit given,
 That we shall meet beyond the grave;
 Yes, meet again, in heaven.

These lines appeared in print—first on July 6, 1888, and again, in a slightly amended form, on November 29, 1888, in the *Pennsylvania Farmer*.

The following beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Eliza C. Waid, a woman who held so enviable a position in the affection of husband, children and friends, appeared in a local paper. It was sent to the bereaved husband by his esteemed friend, J. Y. Gilmore, editor of the *New Orleans Sugar Bowl and Farm Journal*, accompanied by a warm letter of condolence and sympathy.

“She is dead.” Simple words are these, lightly spoken by many, and scarcely heeded by the masses, ordinarily; but when it has reference to one who is near and dear to us, either from lifelong friendship or of kindred tie, how differently sounds that sentence!

School ourselves as we may in the belief that death is a natural event, which should be expected, and by which we should not be grieved when it comes, there is another natural consequence—that of strong attachment, which grieves at parting—that completely overcomes all cold philosophy when the trial comes.

These reflections are caused by the receipt of the unexpected news of the death of Mrs. Francis C. Waid, *nee* Eliza C. Masiker, a lifelong friend and early schoolmate of this writer. Meeting, as we did, but a few months before, she apparently in perfect health, with that pleasant face and roseate hue for which she was always noticeable, none, unless told, would have suspected that a fatal malady was daily doing its deadly work. She knew the end was approaching, but, with that Christian fortitude so characteristic of her, she murmured not; but that noble life, which had been one long sacrifice to a deep sense of duty, was laid upon this last altar, and, while painful, she peacefully passed away. Although gone before, her memory lingers to bless her friends who are made better by remembering her example, if they but seek to emulate it. She has passed to a more blessed state, and may we all so live that our lives may be as pure and our reconciliation to death as complete as was hers.

ADDENDA TO LETTERS RECEIVED FROM RECIPIENTS OF
MY FIRST SOUVENIR.

MEADVILLE, PENN., January 4th, 1887.

FRANCIS C. WAID, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—I desire to thank you for the interesting volume, containing the biographical sketch of yourself and some of your family and friends, which you so kindly furnished me recently.

It is doubly interesting to me from the fact that my relations with you, and many members of the family to which you belong, have given me some personal acquaintance which I would cherish.

Old memories are awakened by looking over the pages of your volume. Here are the names of old friends: Ira C. Waid, George W. Cutshall, C. R. Slocum and others. There are the engravings of persons, places and objects which recall other and pleasant days. Your treatise on money lending, and the address to youth, are full of valuable suggestions. Your book seems valuable as illustrating the fact that men may cherish high aims and good habits, and obtain "the life that now is, and that which is to come."

It has been written [see 1st Psalm] of certain persons: "He shall be like a tree, planted by rivers of water; his leaf shall not fade, and *whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*" Your volume will be interesting to your family and friends as a *genealogical record*, and will be profitable in illustrating the path of success in life, and stimulating others to *hope* and labor efficiently.

You have been a laborer; you did not use up all the products of your labor in useless, or worse than useless, expenditure. The surplus products of your labor became capital, or accumulated labor. Those who denounce *capital*, but praise *labor*, forget that *capital is only accumulated labor*. This is a *rule*; there may be some exceptions, but they are few.

Excuse delay in acknowledging the receipt of your volume; it was mislaid a few days. Wishing you continued success and much happiness, I remain

Your friend,

G. B. DELAMATER.

LAWRENCE, KAS., March 19th, 1890.

F. C. WAID, ESQ.,

My Dear Brother:—I was at Conference when your letter came, with that very welcome \$10. It has been added to the S. S. window fund, and is on interest until needed for the special purpose.

The book which you sent me should have received earlier notice. Your collection of Historical Sketches of relatives, friends and neighbors must afford reflective people of that region of country very great pleasure. Like myself, many are now far away from scenes once familiar. This book calls back many of the brighter places and the sweeter experiences of the earlier days. These pictures of rural life under Christian surroundings are eminently calculated to "Do Good."

Fraternally,

JAS. MARVIN.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

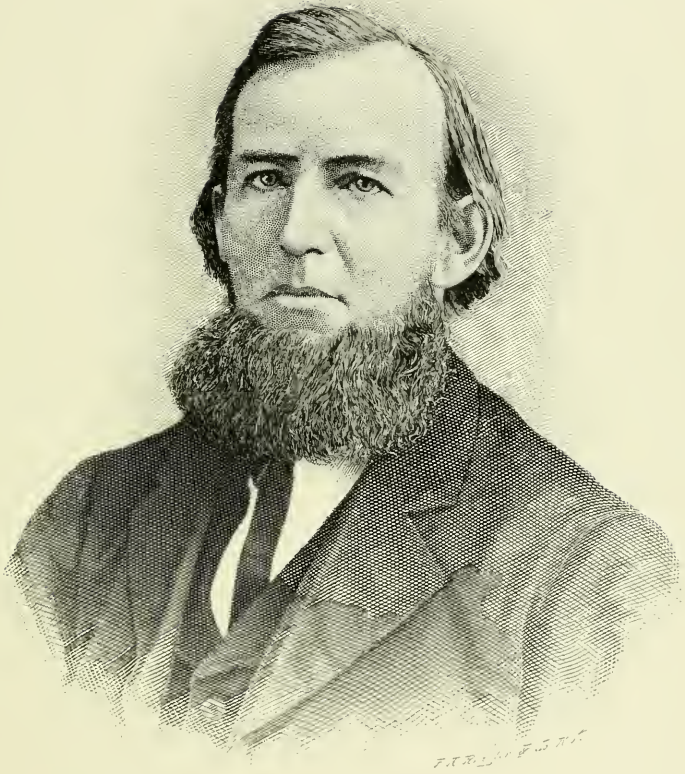
Among the personal sketches which were published in my first *SOUVENIR* were those of my brothers, R. L. and G. N. Waid, and of my brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall. To these sketches I added, in the spring of this year (1890) a few more "wayside thoughts," for the most part retrospective, which appear in the following few pages, under the respective names.

 ROBERT L. WAID.

Sitting in the old farm home to-day, May 15, 1890, where we four children of Ira C. Waid grew to manhood, and in this community where we so long lived, and where my only brother, G. N., and myself, with my children, still live, I was perusing the sketch of R. L. Waid as it appears in my first *SOUVENIR*, and concluded that a few more items in that connection might not be uninteresting to the reader; so, "with pen in hand," I chronicle some additional reminiscences.

Many changes take place in life, even in a day, a week, a month, a year—and oh! how very many in fifty years; for the reader must bear in mind that my thoughts are thrown back half a century. To me it does not seem nearly so long. If you want time to appear long, look ahead; in a retrospective view, it certainly seems short to me when my twin brother, Franklin, and I, at the age of seven years, played about this old familiar home with our other brothers. I remember R. L. Waid used to "hitch up" myself and twin brother to "drive," as he called it, calling us his "match team," because of our being twins. When we were seven, he was fourteen, and could easily handle both of us in the way of play, and do twice as much work. But we gained on him as we grew older, and he found that in our play it was not so easy to handle both of us at once as it used to be; neither could he, in hoeing corn, do as much as both of us.

Yes, indeed, the remembrance of our happy days on the



Robert L. Weir

farm, fifty years ago, brings this day good cheer to my heart. I love a joy that is lasting. Youthful days are happy days when spent in Wisdom's ways; that kind of day is beautiful, and in the words of the poet: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." As my brother, R. L., always lived near by, I knew him from my first recollections to the close of his life—a period of over forty years. I had been with him many a day on the old farm here, on his farm and on my own, working as my boys are doing, from time to time changing work or helping each other. I have been with him at home and abroad, and to-day, while in Blooming Valley, along with my brother, G. N., we met an aged man, Mr. Carpenter, in the post-office [his son, M. L., is postmaster], who said: "Francis Waid, when a boy, was with Lyman when we thrashed at our place years ago." Mr. Carpenter lives near Guy's Mills, in this county. I was glad to meet my aged friend, and hear him speak of "Lyman," as he called my brother, R. L. Many are the friends here and elsewhere, whom I frequently hear speak of my departed brother in words of lasting benediction to his memory. As the leaves of a rose breathe a sweet perfume long after being plucked from the stem, so a good name will live. *The righteous are held in everlasting remembrance.*

I come now to the close of his eventful and useful life; and here let me say that during his last sickness, which took place at his own home in May and June, 1880, not only his wife, but also our mother, as well as our elder brother, G. N., and myself, all the members of my father's family then living, besides his own two sons, together with relatives and friends, were present to do what we could in administering to his wants, and by our presence and words of cheer to comfort him as he neared the end of life. Among the innumerable blessings that throng life's pathway, are those given at its close—at the last setting of our sun. In this familiar home, where I am writing to-day, my twin brother, Franklin, died, nearly thirty-six years ago; it is over nineteen years since my father died, and on January 7, 1882, my mother departed. After the death of R. L. half of the family died in this dear home.

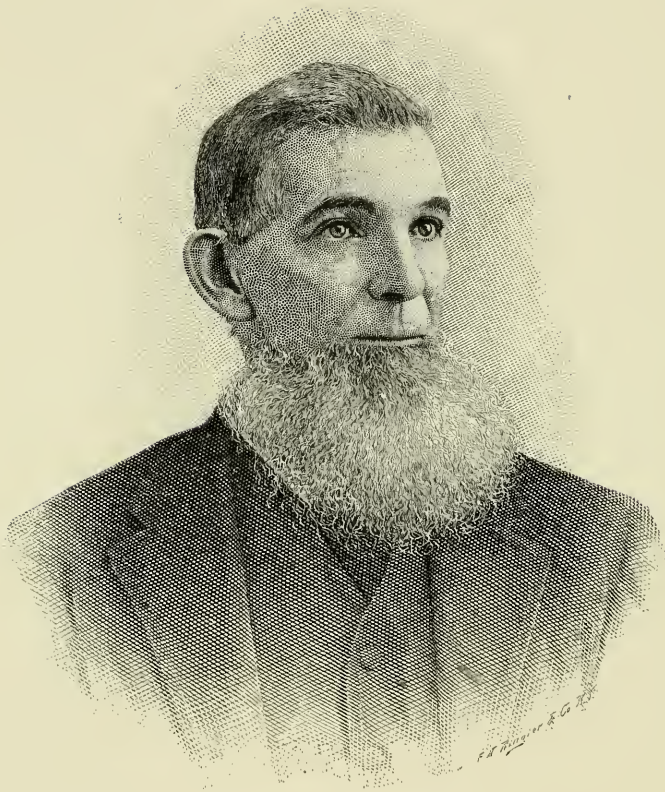
And now, in concluding my retrospective thoughts about the subject proper of this sketch, I will add that one day, as mother and a Christian friend, as well as myself, were at his bedside in silent devotion, in compliance with his request in regard to his welfare and recovery, mother asked him if he expected to get well. "That, mother, is just as the Lord wills," he replied, "I am in His hands, and if He sees fit to bless the means used for my recovery, I may get better." Then after a few days, when I was there, he again called my attention, saying he had had a dream, and on relating it to me at a subsequent interview, he said: "Francis, I do not think I will ever get well." I did all I could to encourage him, and so did mother, but to no avail, for nothing we could say or do had any impression on his mind. He expressed himself willing to do the Lord's will—to live or die, as would best please Him. Our hearts were glad to know that he trusted in the Lord, and had found peace.

Our Aunt Eliza Phillips, on visiting at our home, after having spent a short time with Lyman during this his last illness, expressed her great satisfaction, in words of kindness and sympathy, that he had found peace, and that he had in his dying words declared his willingness to do the Lord's will, and submissively bow to His decree.

The Good Master had said to him: *Come unto me, and ye shall find rest to your soul.* And so the spirit of R. L. Waid drifted down the River of Peace to the boundless Sea of Eternity.

F. C. WAID.





George N. Waid.

G. N. WAID.

After my brother and family returned from the West they lived with father until the following year, when a home was built on the farm that is located by an excellent never-failing spring. This home they occupied till 1865 when my brother sold his interest in the crops then on the farm, as well as his entire interest in father's estate, both personal and real, I purchasing the same. Up to the time of my brother's enlistment father and he did the farming, also managing same till July, 1862; and while he was in the army I assisted father in doing his farm work. When my brother returned home, he and I worked the farm together (till he moved to where he now lives), assisted in same by father, who also directed us as to what was best to do in the way of planning on the farm.

I am glad, to-day, that I always had my father's advice as long as he lived. No one but myself ever knew how much I missed his counsel when he was gone; but his memory is blessed forever. During my life-time I have been highly favored as I think of my father's family, our lives having all been spared till we were of the age of twenty-one. What a golden opportunity was this for us to become acquainted with each other here! Unceasingly do I think of the many days, weeks, months and years we were permitted to spend in that ever-to-be-remembered pleasant farm-house where a MOTHER'S LOVE and a FATHER'S CARE never grew weary or ceased in the interest of both the present and future welfare of their children. But to again speak of my brother, G. N. Waid. I have traveled more miles with him than with any other member of our family; and I have traveled at different times with my parents and each of my three brothers, thoughts of which events bring to me pleasant recollections. But one may ask—are there no ills in life? Was life to us always smooth in the family, on the farm, at home, or abroad? There is a cure for all the ills of life, and it is found in the BIBLE. When we

go astray, confession is good for the soul. Faith and repentance bring us to Christ, with whom we find *forgiveness*; and if we are like Him, as we are required to be, we also will *forgive one another*, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Did you ever notice, after a storm, how beautifully the sun shines? So in the Christian life we are so much nearer home if we abide in Him.

My brother made a trip to Oklahoma on April 22, 1889 (the day of the opening of that territory), in order to see the country, and with a view of buying land or locating there; but, not being suited, he returned home. Had I not been sick at the time, at Freeman Tyler's place, in Franklin County, Kas., I would have been glad to have accompanied my brother on that trip. By reference to page 90 in this book, the reader will find an account of our delightful trip to Athens, Penn., and other places, the many thoughts of which tour oftentimes bring to us pleasant recollections in our hours of labor, like rays of sunshine smiling through a summer cloud.

On September 11 and 12, 1889, my brother was present at the meeting of the G. A. R., which was then being held at Gettysburg, and on that occasion also I would gladly have accompanied him, but my health at that time was not of the best; moreover my wife and I had been invited to be present at the celebration of the sixtieth birthday of my sister-in-law, Mrs. M. J. Cutshall, which we had the pleasure of attending. My brother has now also passed his sixtieth year, having reached it on October 27, 1889.

In writing this sketch it occurs to me to say a few words on the labor question—I mean early labor, or being taught how to work when a boy. I have recollections of my twin brother and myself working with a cross-cut saw, father or one of my elder brothers holding one end of the saw and we the other. Many a log was cut off in this way till we were large enough to make full hands ourselves. Labor is something I do not despise. What have we that is not produced by labor? If I were asked how to solve the labor question, I would reply: "Could it not be solved by doing right?"

Everybody doing the same amount of labor they should or ought to do, and follow it for a life-business?"

The saw-mill on my brother's farm was burnt April 13, 1888, and has not been rebuilt. My wife Eliza and I visited him on that day—her birthday. Often since I have visited her grave, and while I write I think of her blessed memory. Having been absent from home several months, I found that the return of her birthday reminded me of so much in our lives; and I was glad it was my privilege and pleasant duty to visit her grave Sunday, April 13, 1890, in company with my cousin, Ralph Roudebush, with whom I was stopping in Blooming Valley. Eliza, if living, would have been fifty-eight years of age.

The life of my brother, in regard to the various vocations of life, has been as changeable as that of any other of our family. Before he came of age he began work in the lumber country, since when he followed that business to a considerable extent till the burning down of his mill. At one time he also followed peddling, selling wooden bowls, in company with Hosea Smith, our nearest neighbor; and I think that he and Eleazar Slocum were in partnership at one time. Before his marriage he spent nearly a year in Michigan, lumbering and working on the farm of his uncle, Gilbert Waid. My brother, as is well known, was a soldier in the Civil war, fighting valiantly for his country. Hosea Smith, of whom I have just made mention, was in the same regiment, the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and was instantly killed at Gettysburg (his remains being brought home and interred in the Smith burying ground, which is half a mile south of State Road, and in view of our home), while my brother was so severely wounded in the same action that he had to lie on the field of battle, expecting death every moment. It might be asked by some: "Why speak of this?" And my answer would be: "Would you ask me to pass over the greatest sacrifice in my brother's life without making some mention of it?" I honor the soldiers of our country, my brother certainly not excepted; and I would like to add that I believe

there were true, loyal and brave men, not only in the army, but also at home, who did the best they could for the preservation of our Union. While I live let me honor the memory of the departed, and respect the name of the living.

As I have recorded only a few items of my brother's life, gleaned from the many which might be collected (did time and space permit), I will add in conclusion, in copying from my diary of April 16, 1890, that on the previous day I visited him, and that on my way to his residence I called on the oldest person in our community—Aunt Maria Long, so called by nearly everyone, who is now living with her youngest son, John Long, near my brother's place. Her home where she lived for many years up to last fall, on State road, is near my own. She has been in failing health many years, and I was glad, indeed, to see my old neighbor yet alive. When I informed her of the death of my Aunt Mary Ann Simmons, of Jamestown, N. Y. (who died April 4, 1890, and whose funeral was held on Sunday, April 6, 1890), she said: "Pretty girl, I always liked her when I used to play with her; how old was your aunt?" I replied that she was in her eighty-eighth year. "Well, I was older," Mrs. Long said, though not intimating how much her senior in age. I think Mrs. Long has been a pattern of industry, even down to her present sickness. When my wife and I came home in July, 1889, we saw her, *over ninety years of age*, laboring with her hoe in the garden where I had so many years seen her working. We stopped, and I introduced my wife, and we were mutually pleased. This morning, while at the breakfast table at my brother's, I remarked (as I observed the five boys all present): "Your boys are all at home, but your four girls, who are all married, are absent." It was a real pleasure to me to sit at table with them, a happy and contented family.



GEORGE W. CUTSHALL.

My personal acquaintance with my brother-in-law, Mr. Cutshall, began in our youth, before we became related to each other by my marriage with his wife's sister, Eliza C., April 23, 1854. Since then I have learned to regard him and his wife as brother and sister, and *true friendship* is the reward of over thirty-six years' acquaintance. It is time the world knew something of the good men who have befriended me so long, and I desire now and at all times to acknowledge my gratitude, and continue the payment of the debt as long as I live; for it is written: *To whom much is given, much is required.* Let us be honest, and not shirk responsibility. I love the kind of friendship that outlives ourselves; a friendship that our children can take up when our last breath is breathed, and continue it throughout their lives. I am glad Mr. Cutshall and I started out on this line; and like David, who said of the Lord, *Thou hast known my soul in adversity*, so may we say of each other. We have known one another in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity; nay, more, we have helped each other to bury our loved ones who have preceded us to the Eternal Home. Such, in brief, is a part history of these few years that are gone—years freighted with innumerable blessings; and when disappointment came, and dark clouds o'ershadowed our path, *true friendship* stepped in and reminded us that "every cloud has a silver lining." True friendship stood the test, and by it each of us have often been blessed. Many are the happy days that are passed and gone, but like the rose, they have left behind a sweet perfume, refreshing as the welcome incense-breathing winds of summer. I recall them only with pleasure; and I hope my sons and all others may build on the same sure foundation—a substructure of solid, immutable friendship.

Those peaches which we four—Jane and George Cutshall, Eliza and myself—ate in Jacob Masiker's orchard on that beautiful afternoon before Eliza and I were married, became

an introduction to the many good times that followed, to the rare pleasure of the true friendship that we enjoyed not only at home but also frequently abroad, even in the West—Iowa and Minnesota. But then this is not all; let not the reader forget that, in my opinion, the greatest happiness of life, after all, is *at home* in the family circle, and when our best friends visit us. Now catch my thought, dear reader, read and study this a little. Think of the two sisters in Jacob Masiker's family—Eliza C. and Jane—so closely resembling each other that some called them “twin sisters,” because they used to dress alike, their dispositions or tempers were almost identical, and they did their work in nearly the same way; so, added to this their being brought up together, and their being together so much after their marriage, is it to be marveled at that they loved each other? Is it any wonder they were called “twin sisters?”

As George and I were farmers (and we both still follow farm life), we used to change work on each other's farm, and thus pursue our pleasant calling with advantage to both of us. This “trading labor,” if I may so call it, was carried on many years, and to some extent we were “changing work,” or helping each other, till I rented my home farm to my youngest son, Fred Francis, in 1889. And now this brings me back to the pleasant thought above cited—a *home visit* with such friends and relatives as I have introduced. For me to essay to illustrate or describe a visit of such a nature is, I apprehend, scarcely necessary, even if it were within the possibility of my humble pen; it would be like trying to introduce the reader to the sunshine. We all know what that is; and how all nature—man and beast, tree and herb—rejoice when, after the sun's face has been hidden from us for a long time, with magic power he places aside the murky clouds, like a curtain, and once again from a lovely clear, blue sky pours his radiant smiles on us. Do we not then appreciate all the more his gentle life-giving warmth and light? So we, as a family, very many times, during a period of over thirty-four years of our married lives, have appreciated one another's *home visits*, and enjoyed each other's company.

In this volume will be found narrated many incidents where real joy and gladness have been expressed, on occasions of meetings between Mr. Cutshall and myself, or between his kinsfolk and my own. I will cite one instance: When I returned home from Kansas last November (1889), and visited Mr. Cutshall's family after their old farm home had been destroyed by fire, my brother-in-law placed his hand in mine, and, with a warm grasp of unmistakably *true friendship*, uttered these never-to-be-forgotten words: "France, I have often seen you when I was so glad that I could hardly express my thankfulness, but never in my life have I been so glad as *now*;" and with a hearty shake of hands, and a look that spoke naught but true friendship, we greeted each other in misfortune's trying hour.

In conclusion permit me to add that, in regard to my brother-in-law and his wife, whose friendship toward me is well known between us, though I fail to find adequate words to describe it, I congratulate them at this age in life that they have deservedly won the many friends who greet them now in the prospect of their new house, for which material is on hand and forthcoming: in their possession of a well-cultivated farm, and fine herd of cattle, reared with so much care.

Many thousands of miles have Mr. Cutshall and myself traveled together, strengthening, by mutual observation of the varied scenes in other parts of this fair land, the bond of true friendship that has, by virtue of its long life, become a second nature to us. One of our number in the family has gone, my wife, Eliza C., who died July 4, 1888, but our friendship is so strongly cemented by years of steady growth as to remain unshaken; and I am now looking forward to a grand re-union, when the battle of life is over, in the "better land" where there are no sorrows or bereavements, but joys for evermore. For I believe the words in the Scriptures: *In His presence is fullness of joy, and at His right hand are pleasures for evermore. Surely God is good, God is love!* What I have already received I know, and what he has promised I have faith in: *My soul shall be satisfied when I awake with*

His likeness; peace on earth and joy in Heaven, whither our friends have gone. Who would not do right and be a Christian, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come?

That all prosperity and happiness may continue with my dear friend and brother-in-law, and his kindred, to the end of their lives, is the sincere wish of their true friend,

F. C. WAID.



In my first SOUVENIR appears an autobiography, together with some old-times reminiscences, from the pen of my dear friend, Mr. C. R. Slocum, in connection with which I desire, in the following open letter, to publicly express my gratitude for his life-long, unbroken friendship toward me.

MEADVILLE, PENN., MAY 14, 1890.

C. R. SLOCUM, Esq.,
Mosiertown,
Crawford Co., Penn. }

My dear Friend and Christian Brother:

About fifty years of friendship (from 1840 to 1890) such as ours can neither be overlooked nor forgotten, nor should it be. As I reflect on this sympathetic friendship, I am reminded of the bonds of harmony of the same nature that existed between David and Jonathan, as related in the Bible.

Ours began in our childhood, was cultivated in our youth, and, ripening in our manhood, culminated at the present day, after an uninterrupted growth of half a century, in what it now is—a solid bond of TRUE FRIENDSHIP, cemented by all the early associations of childhood and youth, and later on by the Christian fellowship and brotherly kindness manifested by us toward each other. And, Charles, the remembrance of

these many years deserves more than a passing notice from your friend, who has shared so largely in the sunshine of your life. I desire to thank you, and express my gratitude for the benefits resulting to me and my family from this friendship. Your parents were very kind to me, and I am glad that cherished friendship has ever been manifested toward me by their children. I well remember the last visit your mother* with her husband made at my parents' home—this same dear old home where I now sit penning these thoughts. Eliza and I had come in to visit with them, not having seen them for a long time, as they were then residing in Indiana County, Penn. And this was the *last visit*. All the incidents and friendships of over a score of years of our lives were here clustered, many being rehearsed. Pleasures such as my pen can not fully describe were ours to enjoy as we reviewed our past lives, unconscious of the fact that it was our last visit on earth. Yet such it proved to be.

What a noted visit that was for all of us! How we were greeted by those we loved! That kiss from your mother, which Eliza and I received as she met us, and her last visit to me are ever worthy of remembrance. Of the six persons who formed that happy group of friends on that occasion, only the present recorder of that incident remains. The old place here is occupied now by only my son and his family, with whom I am at present making my home. Such is life! But the friendship lives on, and my heart is cheered from day to day as I think of the past, and look forward with a hope of a reunion in the future.

Much of our time before we came of age was spent in each other's company. Those school-boy days and farm life, referred to in your autobiography, open out a large field of thought, in which I mentally roam with delight. And I think, too, that of the teachers who taught in the old Cowen school-house, when I was one of the scholars there, only two are now living, John Donnelly and G. B. Delamater, whom I had the pleasure of remembering in the distribution of my first SOUVENIR. But few of our old teachers are living now.

* Lois M. Slocum, mother of C. R. Slocum, died May 1, 1863.

The multitude of blessings which throng life's pathway are not all confined, as some suppose, to childhood's days and youth—the years of our minority. I know that many are there; but friendship—social, domestic and religious—has proven to me, and teaches me in my own experience, that the greater number and the larger blessings are reserved for maturer years.

Charles, my honored friend, of whom so many speak well (and I may say hosts who have grown up in this community and other places where you and your good wife have taught school for so many years), you are truly held in high esteem, not only by those whom you have taught, but also by the people generally. Seldom do I go to any place where the name of C. R. Slocum is known and mentioned but what I hear some one speak well of my friend. And, as you have said of Mr. Donnelly's influence as an instructor of youth, so your teaching and Christian life is already bearing the fruit of a golden harvest. Permit me, in metaphor, to make a few comparisons: Without the nursery, where would be the fruit trees? Without the buds where would be the foliage or blossom? Without the blossom where would be the fruit? All are essential in their natural order of succession. Youth spent in doing good produces gratification, but advanced age brings satisfaction in full, and of this I gather some from nearly every day's experience.

Fifty years of *true* friendship are none too common in this life, and, Charles, may our friendship and love continue until we meet where the real treasure is—in *Heaven*. Our home visits and Sunday-school and church privileges, so often enjoyed, have endeared us to each other in the bonds of a Christian fellowship never to be forgotten, I trust, on earth while we live.

In conclusion, my faith is that we shall know each other in Paradise, in the manner that we shall be known in those realms of bliss.

Your sincere friend,

F. C. WAID.

Family Record.

Marriages.

Marriages.

Births.

Births.

Deaths.

Deaths.

Memoranda.

Memoranda.

LINES.

Suggested to Mrs. Inez A. Hall, of Meadville, Penn., on her viewing the picture of the family group, as here presented, and knowing it was to grace the pages of this volume:

Descending, on the snowy pages
Of this book, to coming ages,
This group shall go—whose pleasant faces,
Each replete with special graces,
Gaze back on me, in sweet content
Of happy lives, and years well spent.

And ev'ry year 'twill grow more dear
To those who view their lov'd ones here:
When by death the band is broken,
Sweeter still must grow the token
Of a father's thoughtful love and care.

AUGUST, 19, 1891.



FRANCIS C. WAID AND GRANDCHILDREN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MEADVILLE, PA., JULY 25, 1891.

THIRD SOUVENIR

OF

FRANCIS C. WAID,

CONTAINING

FAMILY AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES,

TOGETHER

With an Appendix including Treatises, Family
Records and Miscellanea.

ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO, ILL.:
J. H. BEERS & CO., PUBLISHERS.
1892.

“What I have written I have written.”

PREFACE.

On presenting my THIRD SOUVENIR to my kindred, friends and others, my primal object, to DO GOOD, remains unchanged, and my desire in that direction I find increased and expanded within me through the generous welcome my many friends have given my previous efforts, and by the gratifying approval evinced in the columns of the Press, both at home and abroad.

Adverse criticism seldom comes unexpectedly to public writers, and I am not disappointed that the humble productions of my pen have not been overlooked by those who have the privilege to publicly pronounce the works of any author perfect or defective; although it is a maxim that a true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than upon imperfections, having always in mind that

“Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.”

Notwithstanding, however, the detraction to which it has been subjected, I am wonderfully encouraged to pursue my labor of love and gratitude, for the good of mankind, especially the youth of our land, my own kin and my many friends whom I dearly love. Yet I would not have it understood that in this I am inclined to be partial; far from it. I seek only an outlet for the unbounded love that ought to dwell in every true Christian heart—a love that is at once the parent and the offspring of that heaven-born ennobling desire of man—to benefit his fellow being. To me it seems so Christ-like, that I want to bear the greater share of the burden; indeed it seems to me only a *duty*, which I must cheerfully perform, for I have been all my days abundantly blessed of the Lord. Whatever else may be done, all honor to His name first, and good results will be certain to follow. *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. There shall no evil befall thee . . . for*

He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

“Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless can not change;
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.”

Faith and works are essential to our success in whatever we may undertake. I began writing my FIRST SOUVENIR (1886) in *good faith*, accompanied by *hard work* and earnest prayers to the Lord for His blessing on my efforts; and I know that I *have* been wonderfully blest and favored in my endeavors. I believe in both Divine and human aid, and while acknowledging that I owe everything to the Lord, I am not unmindful of the many friends who have lent a helping hand in my work.

I desire the readers of this SOUVENIR to consider that it comes from the hand of a *true friend*, even though we may have never met, and are total strangers. *Strangers* have often on life's journey helped me; let me in return do more than pray “God bless them;” grant me the privilege of doing some kind act also. The world needs more love and charity from every Christian. We belong to one common Father, in whose vineyard we should all be busy laborers for God and humanity, each doing what is possible for us, impossibilities not being either asked or required of any of us.

Of the reasons I have for publishing my SOUVENIRS, the chief one, as I have already frequently endeavored to make known, is to DO GOOD. I have received much, and I want to give in due proportion. The Scriptures say: *God loveth a cheerful giver*, which I not only believe but know, for my lifetime experience has fully convinced me of the truth of this passage. A certain Christian writer has said that “a good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.” Then in this world there is a great deal of good and a vast amount of evil, and it is for us to choose between the two; if it is in my power to guide anyone into the path of rectitude, or lead him from the one that tends to destruction, then duty teaches me so to do.

Here is, also, the incalculable amount of happiness that comes

of doing right. A little seed produces a large crop; even a small investment may bring good returns. Moreover, I delight in the work of book-making—writing, studying, thinking, collecting ideas and incidents; at home or abroad—in the quiet seclusion of my study in my old home, or in the midst of the “madding crowd” in a noisy railway car—I am ever in search of some knowledge by which others may be helped as well as myself. “Knowledge is power,” and in my own humble way I wish to make it a power for good. Multitudes of pleasant thoughts have come to me, and many happy hours have I spent in this way, and the benefits my labors may produce is all the reward I seek. My time and means I freely give, not for profit or from any mercenary motive, but simply to do good, and bless as far as possible all mankind. “If there be nothing so glorious as doing good,” wrote the Rev. William Law, “if there is nothing that makes us so like God, then nothing can be so glorious in the use of our money as to use it in works of love and goodness.”

I may compare my work at book-making to my labor on the farm, which I love; the more I do and the longer I continue in it, the more real satisfaction and pleasure it brings to me. I do not forget that our labor in the vineyard of the Lord will surely bring its reward; and the Bible teaches us that there is reward in this life as well as in that to come. I desire to consecrate my life here below, my means, my all, to every hour and every day teaching the salvation of all men as set forth in the Scriptures, given us through the Son of God, who died to save the world, and bring us back to Him; and if this be not in itself sufficient reason for my writing the *SOUVENIRS*, thereby endeavoring to prove to the world my love for Christ and humanity, then I fail to know how to express myself. To God we owe our existence, and subsistence out of His bounteous storehouse, and it behooves us to make an effort to repay Him in some measure, and do His will, that it may be well with us now and forever; and I trust that my efforts in that direction may be acceptable and blessed.

As it has not infrequently been inquired of me, for the most part in some indirect manner, as to the cost of publish-

ing my SOUVENIRS, I do not think I need offer any apology for here making it known: The outlay for my work ordered for the History of Crawford County (1885), together with the cost of publishing my FIRST SOUVENIR (six hundred copies printed, three hundred being bound for immediate distribution) was two thousand dollars; the cost of my SECOND SOUVENIR (two thousand copies printed, seven hundred being bound for immediate distribution) was in the neighborhood of two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, while that of my THIRD SOUVENIR (sixteen hundred copies printed, six hundred being bound now—three hundred copies in my TWIN SOUVENIR, and three hundred separately) amounts to about twelve hundred dollars.

In order to make my THIRD SOUVENIR of more interest to my friends, I have had prepared for insertion in it two family illustrations, the one group containing twelve subjects—my three sons, their families, and myself—the other group representing my five grandchildren and myself.

To dear friends and kindred I return sincere thanks for kind and encouraging words—both spoken and written; also for valued literary contributions to the SOUVENIR, received from time to time. And I feel under special obligations to Mrs. Inez A. Hall, of Meadville, for the graceful lines written by her on the subject of the “family groups” as they appear in this volume.

This book, as were my previous SOUVENIRS, is dedicated by me to my kindred, friends, the youth of our land and humanity at large, as a token of my love for them and for the Truth, the Gospel, the Word of God, the Bible, and as an earnest of my desire for the bettering of the condition of both reader and author, and the salvation of all mankind, my sincere prayer being that God’s blessing and His divine love may rest upon us and abide with us all for evermore.

Faithfully in the service of God,

F. C. WAID.

Blooming Valley,
Crawford Co., Penn.

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ERRATA AND EMENDATIONS.

- Page 29: Thirteenth line from top, read *Valley Chapel* for Chapel Valley.
- Page 34: Seventh and eighth lines from top should read: *Soon after my arrival at the station I met Andy Pitcher up town, driving transfer wagon.* [I wish to here add that our next happy meeting was in Meadville, Penn., on my return home from Michigan, August 14, 1891.]
- Page 39: Twentieth line from top, read I saw the largest *corn* for largest field of corn.
- Page 44: In first footnote it should read that Mrs. Frank Jackson is from Titusville, Penn., and Mrs. Almira Jackson from New York.
- Page 80: In footnote (Andrew G. Waid's letter), read *the* wooden bowls for their wooden bowls.
- Page 83: Sixth line from bottom of last paragraph, read in her *ninety* year for eighty-ninth.
- Page 93: Second line from bottom (of last paragraph), read *Rudle* for Rudle.
- Page 97: Third line from top, read *Mrs. Olive Heller* for Oliver Heelyer.
- Page 97: Sixth line from top, should be stated that I helped to chain or measure off the lot.
- Page 113: Fifth line from top, read *S. K. Paden* for S. R. Paden.
- Page 113: Nineteenth line from top, read *J. H. Reynolds* for J. R. Reynolds.
- Page 136: Second footnote: Mr. Washburn died May 9, 1891, in his eighty-eighth year.
- Page 190: End of first paragraph: Mr. Danford Van Guilder died August 24, 1891.
- Page 194: Eleventh line from top occurs the name of Mrs. Jane Adams; since it was in type I have learned of her death.
- Page 197: In last paragraph appears name Morris—should be *Norris*.
- Page 206: The date in fourteenth line from bottom is 1845.
- Page 207: Twentieth line from top, before my arrival should read *at time of my^s arrival.*
- Page 231: Last two lines, read Goodwill for Goodwille.

Page 232: Seventeenth line from top, read *Francis L.* for Francis D.

Page 233: Fourteenth line from top, read *Frances* for Francis.

Page 237: Eleventh line from top, read *Ridle* for Riddle.

Page 252: I am truly glad I received the letter from Mr. David S.

Keep, ex-register and recorder of deeds for Crawford county, Penn.; more satisfaction came afterward, however, in shaking hands with him and his wife and son at our home. The desire he expresses in his letter was granted, but the visit we both wished for was not then made, and never will be in this life, for he died October 17, 1891; yet I believe *we shall know each other there—in HEAVEN!*





JOURNEYS.

MY FOURTH TRIP TO KANSAS AND THE WEST.

COMMENCING JANUARY 21, 1890.

"Nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind as traveling; that is, making a visit to other towns, cities or counties, besides those in which we were born and educated."

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

HAVING made necessary arrangements for an extended trip to Kansas and other points in the West, my son Guinnip P. and I set out from Meadville, on Tuesday, January 21, 1890, via the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio and the Chicago & Atlantic Railroads for Chicago. Here I did some business with my publishers, J. H. Beers & Co., after which we visited Lincoln Park; but the weather proved cold and uninviting. In the evening we continued our journey westward via the Santa Fe route, and on the morning of the 24th arrived in good health and spirits at the home of my father-in-law, Freeman Tyler, near Norwood, Franklin Co., Kas., our only break worthy of mention in the run from Chicago being at Kansas City, where Guinnip and I took a jaunt on the cable cars, along with my old friend John Cavinee, whom we met at the station. I found the Tyler family all well except my wife Anna, who was still in delicate health, although

somewhat better than she had been. They are having fine winter weather here, and the sleighing is excellent.*

On Sunday, January 26, Rouelle† Tyler, Guinnip and I went to the Christian Church at Norwood, where we listened with pleasure and profit to an able sermon preached by Rev. Johnson, whom I heard when here before. After the services I had a brief interview with him, and also saw many members of the congregation whom I had met on previous occasions. Among them were Albert Tyler and his wife, and in the afternoon Guinnip and I went to their home for a brief visit.

January 27 is one day in the year I always hold in the deepest respect and reverence. It is the anniversary of the death of my revered father, Ira C. Waid, who peacefully passed from earth twenty years ago. During the day Rouelle, Guinnip and myself went to Ottawa where I transacted some business at my banker's. The snow has disappeared, and the ice is broken up on the river (the "Marais aux Cygnes") which is much swollen, and is carrying down immense quantities of ice and driftwood. On the following day, in company with Guinnip, I visited Albert Tyler, and took a look over his place, which embraces 160 acres farm land, and 40 partly covered with timber, about a mile from his home. On the 29th Albert drove us to Ottawa, where Guinnip took train home to Meadville via Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, &c. I am glad two of my sons, Franklin and Guinnip, have visited Kansas and seen my father-in-law's folks. It has all along been my desire that they should become acquainted with each other, the tendency being thereby to

*In fact the best sleighing I ever saw in Kansas. It was not only unexpected but the first I had seen this winter. The winter of 1889-90 was, in this part of Kansas at least, the mildest known for many years; also in Crawford County, Penn., the winter was so mild that fruit trees were advanced and the fruit afterward killed by early frosts.

†His full name is Rouelle Putnam Tyler.

produce good rather than evil, which is my purpose—in short, to promote the peace and harmony which I hope may ever exist between us all; and may the Lord help us so to live that our days may end with tranquility and under His blessing. My object in life, as already proclaimed in my writings, is to DO GOOD, and when accomplishing this object I ever feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities—a still and quiet conscience.

Sunday, February 2, being unpleasant outside, and the roads in bad condition, was spent indoors by us at home. Rouelle read to us—Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Hattie, little Vera and myself—from a very interesting book by Rev. J. H. Ingraham, entitled “The Prince of the House of David, or, Three Years in the Holy City;” I consider it one of the best Bible stories I have ever read or heard read. It is written in the form of letters with answers thereto, the headings of some of which are: “Heaven our Home” and “We have no Saviour but Jesus, and no Home but Heaven,” and are supposed to be a correspondence in writing carried on between one “Adina” and her father, “Rabbi Amos.” I love the book, for it is so replete with Bible truths. It presents Holy Writ in a manner I have never seen excelled in beauty; in fact both “Adina’s” letters and her father’s replies are too full of Scriptural language for my pen to describe them with anything like justice; they seem to bring one to the actual spot where Jesus may be, and into His very presence.

The weather is now (Monday, February 3,) getting springlike, and there are many noticeable indications, such as wild geese flying northward, and the ever-welcome frogs heralding spring’s advent in their own peculiar euphonious manner. On Tuesday the thermometer stood at 74°, so we thought it a good day to drive to Ottawa,

which we did—Hattie, Vera, Anna, Rouelle and myself. While there I called to see my old friend, Maurice McMullen, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., having been so requested by his mother, who lives in Meadville, Penn. I also met Harry Brown, formerly of Meadville, Mr. Cook (merchant) and Rev. E. C. Boaz, who officiated at the marriage of myself and Anna; and I am here reminded that last Saturday I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sherman, and also Mr. C. C. Minton, cashier of the First National Bank of Ottawa.

Shortly after three o'clock we started for home, and as coincidences are sometimes interesting in the relating thereof, I will briefly mention one that occurred to-day: We drove to Ottawa and back with a span of horses, and at a particular spot on the road near home, where it was muddy, one of our single-trees broke, and on our return home, at the very same place, our double-tree came to grief in a similar manner! These accidents did not, however, detain us any great length of time.

On Wednesday the thermometer took a drop to 42°. but that "set-back" in the weather did not deter many of the farmers from prosecuting their spring ploughing, a duty essential to the existence of mankind, a sense of which duty no real farmer is devoid of. Man has five senses—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling—but some writer speaks of a sixth sense, the "sense of *duty*." On the evening of Thursday (February 6,) Anna, Rouelle and I visited a near neighbor, Mr. Patterson, and during that night the snow fell two or three inches, but by Friday afternoon it had entirely disappeared.

On Saturday, February 8, accompanied by Rouelle and Hattie, I drove to Ottawa, and while there we visited the Free California Exhibit, which consisted of two railroad cars filled with specimens of the products of that

great State; and so delighted and interested was I in the display that I went to see it in all four times. Among the numerous things shown, as evidences of the wonderful fecundity of that favored portion of the Union, were two Irish potatoes weighing seven pounds and three and a half pounds, respectively; a pumpkin that tipped the scale at 150 pounds, and others even larger; there were also a sweet potato weighing twenty-four pounds, a grape-vine measuring in height thirty-six feet, eight inches, an ostrich's egg, and a young ostrich fourteen days old; also the section of an orange tree fifty-six years old, which attracted much attention; while the samples of grain on the stalk—wheat, oats (nine feet high), rye and barley—for size and quality were simply wonderful! There was a magnificent display of all kinds of Southern California fruit, and the pears shown were the largest I ever saw, some weighing five pounds each; silk, cotton, honey, native wines and other liquors were also exhibited.

On Sunday, February 9, I attended the Christian Church at Norwood with Anna, Hattie Ringer and Rouelle, and heard an excellent discourse from the lips of Rev. Johnson, with whom I again had a brief conversation at the conclusion of the services. He spoke of the Huidekoper family, of Meadville, also of Mrs. Shippen,* with whom I am acquainted, particularly the latter, as I used to furnish her with many farm products in the "days of long ago" when I marketed in Meadville. I was in time to enjoy a portion of the Sunday-school exercises, and I found everything profitable and interesting to the very close. The day was beautiful, and as I was in comparatively better health and spirits, I enjoyed this Sabbath day and its privileges all the more. Anna, as I have said, was enabled to accompany me, although her health is

*I ever think of Mrs. Shippen as a dear friend and Christian woman whose influence lives. The nobility of the soul exists for ever in kind hearts.

still far from satisfactory; and I was glad to have her with me, for this is the first (and only) time, so far, we have had the pleasure of attending church together in Kansas, though while she was in Pennsylvania we attended church regularly, her health being then apparently better.

In the afternoon Rouelle completed the reading of that interesting little work I have already mentioned, "The Prince of the House of David, or, Three Years in the Holy City." Taking it altogether I believe we spent a very pleasant and profitable Sabbath, in a manner, too, that I trust has brought us "a day's march nearer home" in safety.

On the following day, the weather continuing fine, Anna, Rouelle and I proceeded to Ottawa, where Anna consulted Dr. S. B. Black in regard to her health, and he spoke favorably as to her going to Clifton (Kas.), to visit her brother, Dr. DeWitt C. Tyler, and also as to her returning to Pennsylvania in April or May. After a final visit to the California Exhibit I bade Anna and the others good-bye, and took the train for Admire, Lyon County, same State, as I was longing to make a call on my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Putnam. I got off the train at Admire about 4 p. m., and walked back on the track about a mile to 142-Mile Creek, where Sidney Putnam, Fred's father, lives, only a short distance from Fred's place, which I reached about 5 p. m. About the first thing I said to Mrs. Lydia Putnam was, "Is the strawberry ripe?" in allusion to an incident that occurred May 16, 1889. On that day I was here on a visit, and a single strawberry which had turned red was brought in, attracting our attention. They then wished me to stay till they would have strawberries to put on the table, but I had to leave before they were sufficiently ripe.

(This is my third visit to Mr. and Mrs. Putnam's). Mrs. Phillips, a half-sister to Fred D. Putnam's mother, and whose mother died twenty years ago, sat down to supper with us. Her husband, who is a farmer living between Mr. Putnam's place and Emporia, drove over to Mr. Putnam's this morning, and leaving his wife here went to a horse sale near Admire.

In the afternoon of the 11th I went with Mr. Putnam to 142-Mile Creek, a little beyond which his farm extends, and here he showed me his bit of timber land. We fed the herd of cattle and cut and took home a load of poles, with which Mr. Putnam intended to build a fence. Soon after getting back, home, Mr. Phillips called for his wife, and in the course of conversation with him I found he had come from Pennsylvania some thirty-four years ago. On the 12th I returned to Norwood, where I found, to my great sorrow, my dear wife very unwell, having been taken suddenly ill during my absence. I am pleased to be able to say, however, that she recovered sufficiently to accompany me to Clifton, a pretty town distant from Norwood 143 miles, whither we set out by rail on the morning of the 15th, our route being via Media, Baldwin, Vinland, Sibley, Lawrence (change cars), Williamstown, North Topeka (junction), Topeka, Silver Lake, Rossville, St. Marys, Wamego, Manhattan, Ogdensburg, Fort Riley, Junction City (change cars), Alida, Milford, Wakefield, Broughton and Clay Centre.

CLIFTON, KANSAS.

We arrived at Clifton at 6 P. M., where we found Dr. Tyler* awaiting us at the depot. His home is a short distance from the station, and here we were most cordially welcomed by the Doctor's wife, Mary, and her sister Florence, as well as by Frank, the Doctor's bright little five-year-old boy. On the 16th (Sunday), Dr. Tyler having a consultation engagement at Grant (a place about seventeen miles from Clifton) with Dr. Hovey, of Haddam (a town six miles from Grant), in the case of John Lindsey, who had a serious attack of the "grippe," I accompanied him, and on the way we saw corn lying in large heaps on the ground, some of it being shelled; indeed, we learned that nearly all the farmers thereabouts keep their corn in that way.

On our drive we passed the farm of Frank Seibert, an agriculturist of considerable note, and we observed that a good deal of limestone is used in the building of the farm and other houses about Grant; years ago, so I was informed, there used to be a limekiln in operation. In the evening I went with some of the Doctor's family to the Presbyterian Church in Clifton, where we participated, as auditors, in two services, one by the "Christian Endeavor," the other being the regular service, with sermon by Rev. Wilson.

February 17.—I learned that 230 loads of corn were taken in on Saturday, and that three cars were loaded this morning, it taking thirty minutes to load a car, each load holding from fifty to sixty bushels. After dinner little Frank and I walked to a place called Vining, in

*When some time ago I saw Dr. Tyler's photograph, I intuitively knew that I would like him, and when I became personally acquainted with him during this visit I was in no way disappointed. On our meeting, as above mentioned, Anna asked me whom he looked like, and I replied after a second look, that I thought he looked like Dr. D. C. Tyler; yet afterward I said that I thought he more resembled her brother Albert.

Clay County, about one mile from Clifton, while Anna and Mrs. Tyler went to see Dr. Frank Tyler, a cousin and partner of Dr. D. C. Tyler, and who lives close by. Little Frank and I strolled about Vining, visiting the grain elevator, etc. Three railroad lines touch at or pass near Vining, viz.: The Union Pacific, the Missouri Pacific and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific.* The town has a smaller population than Clifton, and has but one church and one elevator, whilst the latter has two churches and three elevators. On our return we found Mrs. Scovell visiting Mrs. Tyler: afterward, Anna and I, in company with Mrs. D. C. Tyler, called on Dr. Frank Tyler, and while we were there Mrs. Wilson, wife of the Presbyterian pastor, called to see Mrs. D. C. Tyler.

GRAND ISLAND. NEBRASKA.

On February 18, leaving Anna at her brother's, on account of her poor health, I proceeded alone (with her consent, as she was desirous I should go to see my friends) to Grand Island, Neb., 253 miles distant by the route I took, and which I had visited in November, 1880, with my brother, G. N., and brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, on which occasion we called on Judge Fleming at St. Paul, the county seat of Howard County, Neb. The scenery on the journey I found very picturesque and varied—hills, valleys, bluffs, woods, rocks and prairie land, with occasional deposits of snow where it had drifted—then there were to be seen, here and there, some “dugouts,” relics of the homes of early settlers. At Marysville I arrive at 6 P. M., and am informed that there will be no train for Grand Island till 11:40 that night, so have fully five hours wherein to chew the cud of patience.

“How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?”

*These same lines come into Clifton.

The time I utilized in part in strolling about the town, which has a population of some 2,800; the Union Pacific Railroad runs through it both from east to west and from north to south. In the waiting-room at the station there were a lady and her dog (her sole traveling companion) philosophically passing away the time, like myself, till the arrival of the same train I was waiting for. I thought of the line in Shakespeare: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." She told me her name was Mrs. Truax, that she was of French descent, that the name of her canine friend was "Prince," and that she was on her way to St. Paul, Neb. She also informed me that she was acquainted with Mrs. Fleming, widow of Judge Fleming, who had died since my visit to St. Paul in 1880. Great was our relief and pleasure when our train pulled into the station and we found ourselves once more steaming along the iron road, although we had another "lay over" of over three hours at Fairfield. At last I arrived at Grand Island, and at 10 A. M. on the 19th found myself in the office of Dr. G. W. Weter, my arrival being quite unexpected though most welcome. Dr. Weter, a Christian friend and brother, now more than ever fully realized and appreciated—separation for a time makes a glad reunion!

I had really been looked for as a visitor ever since their coming to Grand Island, November 29, 1888. The Doctor had been our family physician in Blooming Valley, Penn., and he attended my wife, Eliza, in her last illness, so he seems to me almost like a member of the family. Miss Sadie Braymer, who lived with the Weters in Blooming Valley, came into the room along with Mrs. Weter, and in the evening, though very cold, we attended the Methodist Church, where revival meetings were being held under the direction of Rev. H. L. Powers, the pastor,

who reported over one hundred having come into the fold of Christ up to that time.

Grand Island (the city) is situated on the Platte River, which here opens out into channels, forming a large island called "Grand Island," from which the city takes its name, and on this island, so I am informed, the first buildings were put up. Afterward, however, they commenced building on the north side of the river, which is higher ground and more eligible for a town site, and now the entire city is on the north side. Grand Island is a thriving, busy place, having a population numbering some 14,000 souls.

February 20.—To-day I visited the Nebraska Soldiers and Sailors' Home, which covers a quarter section of land. This is a State institution provided for not only soldiers and sailors, but also for their wives and children; hence suitable and convenient cottages have been built for the use of families. The Home, which is situated about two miles from Grand Island, is reached by street cars, and I was shown over the place in company with some eight or ten others, among them being Mr. Bates and Gen. Bates, of Pennsylvania, and Capt. Henry, of Nebraska. From the main building a fine view is to be had of Grand Island and the surrounding country. Among the 103 inmates I saw some aged veterans, whose march through life had about reached its close.

In the evening Dr. Weter and I visited the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and took a stroll through the business part of the city, the Doctor pointing out places of interest, and occasionally introducing me to friends of his as we met them. He also made me acquainted with his business partner, Dr. Sumner Davis, also with Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and her mother, the former of whom has the care of the Doctor's rooms.

Among the many things the Doctor showed me in his office, in connection with his profession—things that a farmer knows little or nothing about—was the electro-magnetic machine, which he operated for my edification. It reminded me much of the electric apparatus my son and I once saw at Niagara Falls, where at night-time the electric light, which was produced in a building in Prospect Park, was thrown alternately on the American Falls and the Horse-shoe or Canadian Falls, illuminating in its range the museum, Goat Island, &c. I was in all sincerity pleased to hear from the Doctor's own lips that he has prospered in both temporal and spiritual things, and that as a member of the most beneficent of all professions he was making many friends, good and true.

February 22.—To-day Dr. Weter drove me in his buggy about the town, showing me some more points of interest new to me, and then we paid a visit to the beet-sugar factory, which is in course of erection some three miles from the town, and which can be reached by street cars. The concern covers ten acres of ground, and the building is to be two and one-half stories high. I believe it has been started with a capital of \$500,000, and I think there is only another of the kind in the United States, in California. The open prairie lying between Grand Island and this factory will soon be dotted with dwelling-houses, and already several building lots have been sold at good prices. On our return to the Doctor's office from our drive, I was introduced to a few more of his friends, among them being the principal of the school which the Doctor's children attend, and who had come from New York.

On Sunday I had the pleasure of hearing Rev. H. L. Powers deliver a stirring sermon from the text, as he announced it, "From Genesis to Revelation," and at that

meeting over one hundred individuals testified for Christ in less than ten minutes! On returning from church in the evening we found waiting at Dr. Weter's Mr. A. G. Greenlee, attorney at law, of Lincoln, Neb., so my desire to meet this gentleman was unexpectedly gratified. Mr. Greenlee at one time taught school in Blooming Valley, Penn.,* where he was favorably known, and he and Dr. Weter are very old friends; they are within two days of being exactly the same age.

Among other places of prominence Dr. Weter drove me to was the Fair ground, which covers 160 acres, and has a very level half-mile track, round which we drove. The sugar factory, Fair ground and the Soldiers and Sailors' Home are all west of the city, nearly in a line and not very far apart. Afterward we made a call on Rev. W. H. H. Pillsbury, pastor of the Methodist Church on the "South Side," which the doctor and his family attend; Trinity Methodist Church, where they are holding the revivals, is on the "North Side." We were disappointed in finding Mr. Pillsbury from home, he having gone to attend a quarterly meeting in the country; Mrs. Pillsbury, however, entertained us most hospitably. They have seven children, the youngest of whom, Margaret, is a bright little girl of about five or six years of age, whose picture Mrs. Pillsbury handed me to give, on my return to Pennsylvania, to Dr. C. C. Hall (a college class-mate of Dr. Pillsbury), pastor of the First M. E. Church at Meadville, Penn., and with whom I am acquainted. She also spoke of Rev. T. L. Flood and others whom I knew. This visit, though brief and shorn of much of its enjoyment by the absence of Mr. Pillsbury,

*My daughter-in-law Anna M. (née Slocum), Guinnip's wife, attended school in Blooming Valley when Mr. Greenlee was teaching there, and she boarded with my mother in the very house of which she is now mistress.

was a very pleasant one to me, and shed some more sunshine on the pathway of my life.

Dr. Weter next drove me to the City Hall and the Security National Bank, then to the old M. E. Church, a small building, "like a sheep pen," as Mr. Savage, the pastor, remarked, one that would not hold half his audience. Thence we drove to the railroad shops where we had a fine view of the high railroad embankment, where it crosses the streets and extends on down toward the Platte River. We next proceeded down the main road, which is an embankment similar to the railroad one I have just mentioned, but which is provided with deep ditches or channels like canals. We did not drive as far as Wood Creek,* probably half-way, and on our return homeward we passed the ice-houses and Harris' Park, a pleasant place shaded with abundance of trees. Thus ended what to me was a most enjoyable and profitable drive, rendered doubly so by the company and conversation of my friend and guide, Dr. Weter.

Sunday, February 23.—A beautiful day! The sun is shining resplendent in all its glory, and under its influence the garb of winter is fast being removed from the bosom of Mother Earth. How I wish my dear wife were here to enjoy the day with me!

In the morning Dr. Weter and I attended the Presbyterian Church, and were refreshed by listening to a remarkably interesting and earnest discourse by the pastor, Rev. Samuel Wykoff,† his subject being, "Excuses," and his text Luke xiv: 20: *And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.* Mr.

*Wood Creek assists Platte River in forming the island the city is named after.

†Mr. Wykoff was at one time a resident of Crawford County, Penn., where I met him; in fact, my opinion is that he was born and raised in our township, and I think he told me of his boyhood days having been spent on his uncle's, Samuel Wykoff's, farm, where he grew up, as I understand.

Wykoff introduced his subject to his hearers in a practical manner by speaking of a certain thorn bush which grew by the line fence on his uncle Samuel Wykoff's farm in Pennsylvania; of how the cattle on each side of the fence would come to get the fruit of the bush, or to enjoy its shade, in consequence of which the fence was frequently thrown down. Thus "it was troublesome." Uncle Wykoff would many a time cut off the limbs of the bush, to apparently little purpose, so one day, in order to make sure work, he took an axe and cut down the thorn bush close by the root, thus effectively putting an end to the trouble. Rev. Caldwell, who had come to assist Mr. Wykoff during the revivals, was present. Five individuals were received into the church—two young women and three young men—four of whom were baptized; and I was forcibly reminded of my own conversion and admittance into the M. E. Church, at State Road, Crawford County, Penn., in 1851, then a young man of seventeen. As I was drawn toward Mr. Wykoff in his discourse, his eyes seemed to be attracted toward Dr. Weter and myself, and at the conclusion of the sermon he came down the aisle and shook hands with us.

In the afternoon Dr. Weter and I went to the Y. M. C. A. meeting, the subject for the day being "Building," and in the evening we attended the revival meeting in Trinity Church. This church has now a membership, I believe, of 300, showing an increase of 140 members since the commencement of the revival meeting, a period of about five weeks. For this lovely and profitable Sabbath day I am devoutly thankful to the Giver of all good. I have had shown to me, in His infinite goodness, so much favor and mercy that I ought to rejoice alway, pray without ceasing, and so continue in His love, that each Sabbath may prove another Lord's-Day journey

nearer to my Heavenly Home. To this end there is one cardinal duty for everybody:

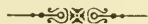
“Do some good every day,
Be industrious, obedient
And honest.”

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

One hundred miles east of Grand Island, and in the very center of Lancaster County, Neb., stands the town of Lincoln, where reside my old friends Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bowman, whom I wish to see before leaving this part of the West. Accordingly on Monday, February 24, I set out thither, as it is on my way back to Clifton, Kas., (for I have bidden adieu to my kind, hospitable friends at Grand Island). Mr. and Mrs. Bowman and I have not met for thirty-eight years, and the reader may well imagine that our reunion was a cordially happy one. I was sorry, however, to find Mrs. Bowman invalided and confined to her couch, yet we had a mutually interesting conversation about old times and old friends. Among many other things I learned in the course of our confabulation, was something about the late Matthew Smith's family, and Mr. Bowman jotted down as an aid to my memory some facts, in part as follows: Matthew Smith died March 31, 1884, Nancy, his wife, having preceded him to the grave, March 11, 1878; Jane (Cowen) died in October, 1881 (A. J. Cowen, her husband, lives on the old farm in Waterford, Erie County, Penn.); Elizabeth Smith died in June, 1884; Wilson Smith* lives at Rouseville, Venango County, Penn.; Hunter Smith is a resident of Sheridan, Wyoming; grandmother Smith died in March, 1854. I will here relate how I became acquainted with the Matthew Smith family: In the fall

*I visited Wilson Smith during September, 1890, but did not know where he lived till informed by Mr. Bowman.

of 1852 C. R. Slocum, E. T. Wheeler and myself boarded with Matthew Smith, at Waterford, Erie Co., Penn., as we were attending the academy in that town, and so I became well acquainted with the family—Elizabeth, Jane, Catherine (“Katie,” as she was called, now Mrs. Bowman), Wilson and Hunter—and their parents and grandmother I also knew very well.



In the evening I continued my journey to Clifton by way of Wymore, Odell, Washington, Greenleaf, &c., and from Wymore to Washington I was glad to avail myself of a freight train rather than wait for a regular passenger. By this I gained about two hours time, and had the jolting and bumping thrown in, which was something like the weather outside—*rather rough*; but as I sit in the caboose and try to write a little in my diary, I console myself with the reflection that “variety is the spice of life,” and that “sweet are the uses of adversity.” A violent storm of wind and rain prevailed as we crossed the State line between Nebraska and Kansas, which reminded me that I landed in Grand Island in the middle of a snow-storm, and was leaving Nebraska under a similar meteorological condition of things.

On the morning of the 25th I once more find myself in Clifton, and at the home of Dr. D. C. Tyler, my health improved by the journey, and my soul refreshed. I find all well, including Anna, I am happy to say, and all at home excepting the Doctor himself, who had been summoned to a distance on business; and as Anna and I are now about to return to Norwood I fear we will not be able to bid him adieu, and thank him in person for his generous kindness and hospitality.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

On the evening of the 26th we pay a farewell visit to Doctor and Mrs. Frank Tyler, and next day at noon, having wished Mrs. D. C. Tyler and little Frank an affectionate "good-bye," Anna and I set out, via the Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, for Topeka, Kas., arriving about 4 P. M., and we then immediately drove to the residence of Francis L. Sexton, where we met with a most cordial reception. Mr. Sexton, who is related to my wife, has been twice married, his first wife having died November 3, 1887, aged fifty-eight years, two months, nineteen days, leaving one son and two daughters, and Mr. Sexton married February 14, 1889, his present wife, a Pennsylvania lady. He is now sixty years of age, and bears his years remarkably well. Sylvester Sexton, his father, will be ninety-one years old on July 9, 1891, and his wife will be eighty-five in April, same year. Francis L. Sexton I love as a brother for his Christian walk in life, his social standing and his geniality of temperament.

February 28.—We visit the State Capitol, where there is on view Col. Goss' collection of specimens of the feathered tribe, 800 in number, which in itself is worth going a great distance to see. The Historical Department was also very interesting, being replete with many relics, such as cannon balls picked up at Harper's Ferry; one of the 500 axes carried to Virginia by John Brown*; a dinner plate that once belonged to George Washington; a copy of every newspaper published in the United States, etc. In the State Agricultural Department there were on exhibition various products, including raw silk, millet, several

*The relics and pictures and bust of John Brown very much interested me as I live only about six miles from his old home, the noted Tannery in Richmond Township, Crawford Co., Penn., built in 1826, now remodeled into a pleasant and attractive home, owned and occupied by Capt. Austin Cannon.

kinds of grain and clover, as well as stuffed animals, sugars manufactured in Kansas, and many other things. We also visited the House of Representatives and other places of interest in the city.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

On Saturday morning we bade our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sexton, farewell and took the train for Lawrence, Kas., only twenty miles from Norwood, where I stopped over to see some friends and spend the Sabbath, while Anna, on account of her health, proceeded homeward. At Lawrence I hunt up and find Emery F. Hobbs (partly at the request of his mother, Mrs. David Roberts, made before I left Meadville), a son of Abraham Hobbs, who died in 1876 (I think), and with whom I was well acquainted. I knew Emery as a boy, but had not seen him for twenty years, and was now pleased to find him a prosperous carriage painter and trimmer, with a comfortable home, a loving wife and a bright little three-year-old boy to cheer his hearth.

Sunday, March 2.—I attended, along with Mr. Hobbs, the M. E. Church, and heard my good old friend and brother in Christ, Rev. James Marvin (formerly of Meadville, Penn.), preach from Psalm cxxxvi: 1: *O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.* His discourse entered into my soul and refreshed me much; the more so as his familiar voice brought home to me happy reminiscences of days gone by—some fifteen or sixteen years, I think, since I last heard him preach. In the evening I again attended the M. E. Church, and as I entered the audience-room I was met by Mr. Marvin, who, in shaking hands with me remarked: “Mr. Waid, you are a good listener; I am

glad you have come again." His text was from Matthew v: 14: *Ye are the light of the world.* The subject "light" is almost inexhaustible, and there are true and also false lights; some that lure to destruction, others that direct to harbors of safety. "*Which light do you shed?*" Mr. Marvin parabled his subject by speaking of the various kinds of light that are and have been from time immemorial in domestic use—of the old tallow candle, for instance, that required frequent snuffing to keep it from dying out. "Some Christians need 'snuffing' badly," continued the preacher, "for their light, through sheer neglect, has become very dim and feeble." The only way to keep one's light ever burning bright is to be *always* DOING GOOD. So thought I, Francis C. Waid, as I "trimmed my candle" a little, so to speak, by subscribing ten dollars toward the children's Sunday-school window in the new M. E. Church. *Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in Heaven.*

Before leaving Lawrence I visited the Indian school, known as the Harkwell Institute. The farm in connection covers 480 acres, on which have been erected some five or six large stone buildings arranged in horse-shoe form, as well as several smaller ones, and they are all placed on a rising piece of ground; in fact it is just like a little town "set on a hill, which cannot be hid," and in the center of all stands a beautiful little park. Being shown through the Institute by one of the inmates, an Indian boy of about fourteen summers, I was not a little instructed by what I saw and heard. There is at present an attendance of about 440, both sexes, and nineteen different occupations are taught. The boys and men are for the most part put to learning trades, for which there are separate workshops. Everything is conducted in

the best of order, and the whole is under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Andrew Atchison, to whom I am indebted for much information regarding this benevolent institution.



On the evening of March 3, I arrived home at Mr. Tyler's, having completed one of the most interesting, instructive and enjoyable trips I have yet made. I now found much to keep me busy indoors, considerable mail matter having accumulated during my absence, so I find that for some days there is nothing of any special moment to record in my diary.

On Sunday, March 9, I attended the M. E. Church at Chapel Valley, including Sunday-school, the lesson for the day at the latter being "The Great Physician." In the afternoon John Slaven (who is at present working at Mr. Tyler's) accompanied me to church at Oak Grove School-house, where we listened to a good sermon from the lips of Mr. Alfred Hamilton, a young student from Baldwin University, the subject of his discourse being Exodus xiv: 15: *Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*

In the *Pennsylvania Farmer* I read of the death (on February 27th last) of E. B. R. Sacket, of Mead Township, Crawford County, Penn., in his seventy-fourth year. Among the last words he uttered were, so it is recorded: "My friends are exceedingly kind, and God is good." How simple, and yet how beautiful! *God is good*, the essence of all the teachings in the sacred book, from Genesis to Revelation, and, when uttered by a dying man, a sermon requiring no commentary. *For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.*

March 12.—This is the eighty-eighth birthday of my uncle Robert Morehead, the only surviving member of Grandfather Morehead's family, so I wrote him a congratulatory letter. Spring work has now fairly opened up, and everything is awakening into new life, and everybody is busy.

OTTAWA, KANSAS.

On Saturday evening, March 15, I went to the Christian Church at Ottawa, where I heard a good sermon from Rev. Reeves, the subject being: *Can you be baptized with the baptism I am prepared with?* On the following forenoon, there being no preaching at the M. E. Church in Ottawa, as the pastor, Rev. E. C. Boaz, had gone to Conference, I attended the Baptist Church, where I listened profitably to a good sermon delivered by a stranger whose name I did not learn. His text was selected from the gospel of St. Matthew, Chapter iii, Verse 15: *Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.* At noon I stepped over to the M. E. Church for Sunday-school, and as I was crossing Main Street I heard an aged gentleman, a Mr. Devenport, say to a friend, "I am going to Sunday-school," which attracted my attention; so I waited for him to catch up with me, and then we two children—the one aged eight-one years and the other nearly fifty-seven—went together to Sunday-school. The lesson for the day was the miraculous draft of fishes, and the subject of discourse was the text: *Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men* [Luke v: 10]. Afterward I took a ramble through Forest Park amid scenes not unfamiliar to me; the sun was shining brightly, and all nature seemed to rejoice at the advent of spring.

"I come! I come! ye have called me long!
 I come o'er the mountain with light and song!
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass."



In the afternoon I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, where I found some new friends, and met some old ones. Mr. Maurice McMullen, the secretary, on shaking hands with me at the close of the meeting, asked me how I enjoyed it, to which I replied, "Very much." The subject was "Investment," and several who were present spoke, giving their experiences, etc., and I fully intended to stand up and say something; but I allowed opportunities to pass, one by one, till the meeting terminated without my having opened my lips. *It was a trick of Satan*, and I had not made the right INVESTMENT. How prone man is to seek some excuse for neglecting duty!

Now, of this "Investment" I would here say something: When, on January 10, 1851, at the old State Road Church near Blooming Valley, Penn., I called on the name of the Lord in sincerity and truth, I made my "Investment," which has been paying me liberal interest ever since—the best investment I have made in my whole life, satisfaction in full, the security being *where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal*. There is nothing for mortal man that is not included in this investment—our wants are all supplied. *They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing*. There is another grand thing about this "Investment"—it is always "on the market," and can be made at any time during life; and the best time to invest is early in life, in the morn of youth; the sooner you invest, the sooner will you get good returns. Do

you ask what they are? The Bible tells us in language that can not be misunderstood: *Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.* Thus by investing you have the promise of the life which now is, and that which is to come. Can we in any way make a better investment than to do right, to obey God when He says: *Son, daughter, give me thy heart?*

In the evening I heard another remarkably good sermon at the "Stone Church" on the west side of Main Street, the subject of the discourse being the Prodigal Son. From this interesting lecture, the best on that particular topic I think I ever heard, I learned new ideas; our faith harmonized, which makes heaven and brings peace to us. Before leaving Ottawa for home I visited the college (where I had been on a former occasion), and along with another visitor went to the top of the building whence we had, with the aid of a telescope, an excellent view of the surrounding country.

March 18.—The thermometer to-day stands at 76°, summer heat, and every farm is a hive of industry. Prairie fires were seen last night in almost every direction, at first appearing in the distance, but later in the evening our neighbors started fires where they wished the ground burned over, and the aggregation of fires lit up the sky grandly. The prairie-grass, weeds and rubbish are usually burned out here once a year, either in the fall or spring. To-day Albert Tyler had thirteen cattle dehorned. They were driven to Mr. Eeley's place, in the neighborhood, whither several other droves were taken for the same purpose. Freeman and Rouelle Tyler and myself were present to witness the operations. Three men, provided with necessary equipments and tools do the work, their charge being ten cents per head. They

cut or sawed the horns off, either way to suit customers, though cutting is quicker and was preferred. This de-horning of cattle seems cruel, yet vicious or cross animals by the operation may be prevented from injuring other animals, and perhaps even taking human life.

GIRARD AND FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

March 22.—I set out for Girard, Crawford County, Kas., where I wished to see an old Meadville friend, by name John Ramsey. On changing cars at Chanute I asked the brakeman if he was acquainted with one John C. Ramsey, "Yes," said he, "he is conductor on this train." So we soon met and had a pleasant chat about old times, and when we arrived at Girard I went direct to his home. Girard is a pretty town pleasantly situated on a rise of ground, having in its center a new brick courthouse* surrounding which is a fresh-looking park.

On Sunday, March 23, Mrs. Ramsey and I attended the Presbyterian Church and heard an excellent sermon from the lips of Rev. John Curren, his text for the occasion being Psalm xxiii: 3: *He restoreth my soul*. The discourse was very comforting, and came home to me with much force; the words, *He restoreth my soul*, are so full of truth, and I felt just as David did. I thought of how the Lord had helped me over hewn places, and when sorely tried how graciously He had delivered me in the hour of affliction and deepest sorrow. His grace has been sufficient for me; I want to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. This Sabbath in Girard is another day's journey Heavenward, and I love to sit in the sanctuary where I can hear the Gospel. My desire is to praise the name of the Lord, for it is good and excellent in

* It was in course of construction, while I was there.

all the earth. In the afternoon I went to the Y. M. C. A. meeting, where I was invited to speak, which I did, and in the evening again heard Rev. Curren at the Presbyterian Church. His text was the third commandment, and the sermon was truly a remarkable one.

March 26.—Left Girard for Fort Scott, Bourbon County, Kas., and about the first person I saw at the station on arriving there was “Andy” Pitcher, who drives a transfer wagon, and whose nephew George, Samuel Pitcher’s son, was killed on the railroad near Springfield, Kas., January 3, 1890. I knew George when in life, and in deference to his memory as well as to show my respect for the living, I visited Evergreen Cemetery, some two and a half miles from Fort Scott. This is one of the most beautiful, largest and best located cemeteries in the West; it was laid out in 1869 on the gentle slope of an eminence, and covers eighty acres of ground; the interments up to date number 2,163. To the superintendent, Mr. R. Garber, and his wife I am indebted for their kindness in pointing out to me the last resting place of poor George Pitcher. On my way back to Fort Scott I saw the National Cemetery, which also rests on a sloping piece of ground. It is ten acres in extent, and is enclosed within a stone fence, the grounds being kept in the neatest of order by Frank Barrow, a good, practical man, whom I knew when he lived in Meadville, Penn., and with whom I had a good visit while in the cemetery.

Among other points of interest visited by me at Fort Scott were the water-works, and from the top of the stand-pipe belonging to it (about 100 feet high) I had a fine view of the town and surrounding country. The old fort also attracted my attention. There are four Government buildings, one of which is used as a hotel; and as I

write these lines in my diary the landlady is preparing for me a lunch or supper, to be eaten where many a hungry soldier had eaten his meal.

PAOLA, KANSAS.

March 26.—Returning to-day to Ottawa, I spend a few hours at Paola, Miami County, and visit the high school, which is built on a hill, from the roof of which I could see the Insane Asylum at Osawatomie, seven miles distant, and the hills and bluffs in Missouri; I am told that on a clear day, one might see twenty-five miles off. On descending from the summit of the school building, I was invited to look through the school, and was introduced to the superintendent, a very genial gentleman. In one department I found a class of five ladies reciting astronomy, and here I soon discovered what I much admired—the plain, practical method of teaching carried out in this institution. I much wished to remain longer and see and learn more, but my time was limited, so I had to hastily thank and bid adieu to the Professor, and take my train to Ottawa, whence I soon found my way home.

Sunday, March 30.—Attended the M. E. Church at Ottawa, and heard Rev. E. C. Boaz preach a kindly sermon from John xv: 14,15: *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends.* This discourse greatly helped me in my Christian life, and I would that space permitted me to say something about its teachings of command and obedience, and the wonderful blessings they bring, when complied with, in things either temporal

or spiritual. In the evening I heard Rev. Myers preach at the Christian Church from James i: 27: *Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*

March 31.—To-day I start on my return trip to Meadville, via Kansas City, Chicago, etc., having wished all my friends and relatives “good-bye,” including Anna, who has decided to remain on account of the delicate condition of her health. At Kansas City I stop over for a short time, and again meet my old friend John Cavinee, and also A. A. Whipple, with whom I drove about the city. At Armington, Tazewell County, Ill., I expected to see my cousin Steven M. Morehead, but found he had moved to Minier, same county, which place I reached April 2, and there found him. With him I went to Tremont (also in Tazewell County), where we met Temperance Gibbs, who told me of Augustus Waid’s three children—two boys and one girl. Horace Waid is now thirty years old, is married and living on a farm; Aunt Roxey is married to John Tolle, and lives in Rushville, Schuyler County, Ill. Steven also accompanied me to Mackinaw and Hopedale (both in Tazewell County),* at which latter place we took supper at the home of his son-in-law, Peter Eichelberger. It is eighteen years since I last met Steven Morehead and his family, and I think nearly as long since I last saw Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs and his family. To all of us this visit was most interesting and I might say remarkable; to me it was one of the most sociable and delightful I had yet made, and it

*Minier is eight miles from Armington, Tremont sixteen miles from Minier, Mackinaw being about half way between them, where they change cars; Hopedale is five miles west of Minier on the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

proved to be my last one with Mr. George Gibbs, as he passed from earth May 13, 1891.

Mr. Morehead and I having parted company, I proceed on my way to Chicago, where I arrive April 4, and find myself the guest of a brother-in-law of Steven Morehead, Charles H. Gibbs, a resident of Chicago, who kindly showed me about the city. I first became acquainted with him several years ago in Meadville and Blooming Valley.

After a short business call at my publishers, J. H. Beers & Co., I again take train eastward, and on the 6th arrive at Marion, whence I proceed to Springfield to visit my cousin, R. B. Devenpeck, who had recently moved thither from Brocton, N. Y. On the evening of April 8 I arrive at my good old home, my fourth trip to Kansas and the West having come to a close. Physically, I am much improved in health; intellectually greatly refreshed; and why should it be otherwise? "To have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands."



TRIP TO JAMESTOWN, N. Y., LAKE CHAUTAUQUA AND OTHER PLACES.

JUNE 27 TO JULY 4, 1890.

"True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest:

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

POPE.

At the hour of 4 o'clock P. M. on Friday, June 27, 1890, I took train for Union City, Erie Co., Penn., where, after arrival, I called on Mr. and Mrs. Anderholt and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Housnick and their respective families, all of whom I found in good health. From there I walked into the country some two or three miles, in order to pay a visit to my much-loved old Sunday-school

teacher, Charles Breed,* whom I had not seen for forty-five years; but learning from his wife that he had gone to Union City, I returned thither, where I found him at the home of his son-in-law, William Hubble, and the reader may well imagine the delight, to me especially, of this our first meeting in nearly half a century of time.

I arrived in Jamestown, N. Y., on Saturday night, and was there well entertained by my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colt. On the following forenoon, in company with my cousin, Angeline Colt, I attended the M. E. Church, where we heard Rev. A. C. Ellis preach an eloquent sermon from the text Deuteronomy xxxii: 11: *As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings.* Comment is unnecessary; but how wonderfully I was helped and blessed in my Christian life, by hearing this sermon! We may dine at home and forget it, but when abroad, how we cherish the friend who has given us good counsel! What a lesson I learned that day from his description of that noble bird and its care for the young eaglets, then *God's care for us!* In the afternoon Mr. Frank Simmons and I visited Lakeview Cemetery, where many of our relatives rest. Here also repose the remains of ex-Governor Fenton, the inscription on whose vault reads as follows:

IN MEMORIAM
REUBEN E. FENTON,
BORN JULY 4, 1819, DIED AUGUST 25, 1885.
REST IN PEACE.

From the first day I met Mr. Fenton, when introduced to him by Mr. Simmons years ago, I have loved him;

*The names of the members of the Sunday-school class taught by Mr. Breed at the time I speak of are George A. Goodwill, A. S. Goodrich, C. R. Slocum, Franklin P. Waid, Francis C. Waid, and two others, one of whom was named, I think, Andrew Moore, all yet living, except my twin brother, Franklin P., and Andrew Moore. I believe my brother, G. N., was in our class part of the time.

and to-day when I looked into the vault I thought of a good man and a true friend gone to his reward. In the evening Mr. Simmons and I went to one of the Baptist Society meetings, which are being held in the Opera House till their new church building is completed. We heard an excellent discourse by Rev. Waffle, the words of his text being: *The path of the just . . . shineth more and more unto the perfect day.* On the following day I visited William and Martha Cobb, the latter of whom is my cousin; also called on Harvey Simmons, another cousin, who was out hoeing his potato patch. Harvey, who is somewhat older than myself, reminds me not a little of my father, both in looks and in his habits of industry. When I found him in the field I got me a hoe and helped him finish his job, which brought pleasure and satisfaction in full to me, for I wanted to help hoe those potatoes and have a chat about other days. Just as we got through, his brother, Adelbert, and his son, Frank, came in. Here I would say that on Henry Simmons' land I saw the largest field of corn that has come under my notice this season. From there I continued my journey, and on Tuesday morning, July 1, I was traveling by stage, first to Busti (where during the few minutes' wait to change mail, I had time to bid "good-day" to my cousin who keeps the store and post-office there) and then to Jamestown (where in the afternoon I take boat for a trip to Mayville and return). Just as I was going to the boat landing at that point I fell in with an old friend, King D. Fleek, who was raised in our neighborhood, and whom I have known from childhood. His father, David G. Fleek, who still lives near us, has a family of eleven children—five sons and six daughters. King D. Fleek is now owner and proprietor of the "Erwin Hotel," at Lakewood, whither he invited me to come

and see him and his youngest brother, Frank, who keeps store there, which I promised to do on my return from Chautauqua.* When I reached the latter place I put up as usual at "Matthews' Cottage," and here I learned, for the first time, of the death of my old friend William H. Matthews, who passed from earth September 30, 1889, after an illness of but one day. Such is life!

"Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That hath not here an end."

The Chautauqua Assembly, of New York, is now in session, and I avail myself of the occasion to attend some of the lectures and exercises. Prof. Eccleston's lectures on some of the writings of Dante, one of the greatest poets the world has ever produced, and who lived 600 years ago, were good. The lecturer had selected Dante's "La Divina Commedia," the subject of the first lecture being "Inferno," the subject of the second "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso."† These two lectures were exceedingly interesting, the more so as they were illustrated with stereopticon views explanatory of the several subjects. I believe in the doctrine of future punishment, and of eternal bliss, as taught in the Bible, and if these two conditions can be made more impressive on the minds of people by illustrations in any intelligible form, I say all the better for mankind. I also went to see a sort of dioramic view

*I have often thought of Mr. Fleek, our neighbor. He is such an industrious man, I do not wonder at the enterprise of his children. Mr. Fleek, whose health has not been very good for several years, holds out remarkably well, though this spring and summer he has not enjoyed very good health.

†Dante was born at Florence, Italy, in May, 1265, and passed a peculiarly checkered life; he was a student of theology, a soldier, a politician, a chief magistrate, an exile, and the foremost among Italian poets. Dante's greatest work among his poetical writings is his "La Divina Commedia," a poem of world-wide fame, written while he was a poor wandering exile. It consists of three poems, or acts: *Inferno* (Hell), *Purgatorio* (Purgatory) and *Paradiso* (Heaven.) He died in Ravenna, Italy, September 14, 1321.—ERRORI.

of the Holy Land, well worthy of a visit and careful attention and study, and attended Mrs. Emily Wakefield's lecture on "The Literature of the East," the subject matter of which was good, but the delivery I thought not good.

In my more leisure moments I walked about the beautiful grove city of Chautauqua, which afforded me considerable diversion and not a little food for study. The streets presented a gay scene of activity, the pedestrians jostling one another as they hastened hither and thither—the studious man, the busy merchant, the industrious mechanic and the merry pleasure-seeker—each on his own special mission bent. On the 2d I had the pleasure of meeting and having a long chat with William Glenn, who has lived here nine years, and who was formerly a resident of Meadville, Penn.

On the morning of the 3d I set out for Lakewood, arriving there before noon, and here I remained about seven hours, the guest of Mr. King D. Fleek, whose hotel, the "Erwin House," compares favorably with other inns at Lakewood. He showed his hospitality and kindness toward me by taking me to many points of interest in and about the town—such as the park, the cottages (including the double cottage known as "Gray Stone,") the "Sterlingworth Inn," the "Kent House," etc., from the cupola of which last named hotel we had a grand view of the lake and its beautiful surroundings:

Ever charming, ever new,
Ne'er will the landscape tire the view.

After dinner Mr. Fleek and I called on his brother Frank, already mentioned, but who, unfortunately, was absent in Jamestown, whither business had called him;*

*Since then I visited him at Lakewood, and enjoyed a visit, at our home, from Mr. Frank Fleek.

but I had the pleasure of a visit and chat with his wife and father-in-law. Thence Mr. Fleek drove me to Ashville, some two and one-half miles distant, where I expected to see not only my cousin, Mrs. Leander Simmons, but also Mr. and Mrs. Fayette Fleek; on learning, however, that the latter had gone to Jamestown, I called on Mrs. Jane Simmons, but had to make my visit very short as time was limited. On our return to Lakewood we saw Frank Fleek at the dock, just as I was about to say "good bye" to my kind friends and set off by boat for Jamestown, where I again remained over night at the home of Mr. Colt. Next morning I proceeded by rail from Jamestown to Meadville, where I safely arrived after an absence from home of a little over a week.



MY FIFTH TRIP TO KANSAS AND THE WEST.

FALL OF 1890.

FRIENDS: OLD AND NEW.

" Make new friends, but keep the old,
 Those are silver, these are gold;
 New-made friendships, like new wine,
 Age will mellow and refine.
 Friendships that have stood the test—
 Time and change—are surely best;
 Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
 Friendship never knows decay.
 For 'mid friends, tried and true,
 Once more we our youth renew,
 But old friends, alas! may die,
 New friends must their place supply.
 Cherish friendship in your breast,
 New is good, but old is best;
 Make new friends, but keep the old,
 Those are silver, these are gold."

Since we can pass along life's journey but once, why should we not make it as useful and pleasant as possible,

and by so doing share much of the enjoyment of this life with our friends? As the pleasures of the world are much like flowers, whose beauty and fragrance are free to all, so what is ours to give, that might brighten the pathway of others, is not ours to withhold; and it is with these reflections, and the intent of doing good, I launch upon its voyage among my friends, in company with my previous writings, the record of my fifth trip to Kansas and the West.

At 4 P. M. on Tuesday, September 30, 1890, I left Meadville, Guinnip's wife, Anna, and her sister, Bessie, seeing me off at the station. At about 9 A. M., following day, I arrived at Chicago, and at once paid my publishers a business and social visit, and at 2:30 P. M. I was on my way, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad to Monroe, Ogle County, Ill., arriving at 3:30 same afternoon. Here were waiting for me my father-in-law, Freeman Tyler, and his son, F. A. Tyler, to whose home, four miles north of Monroe, I was immediately driven, and there I found my wife and her mother as well as some other friends. There was joy unalloyed in this meeting. It was one I had been anticipating many weeks before leaving home, as my wife had written to me from Norwood, Kas. (where she had been living for some considerable time on account of her health), that her parents had decided to pay a visit to northern Illinois, where they formerly lived, and that she was to accompany them.

Mr. Freeman Tyler came to Illinois in 1845, and lived at different times at Belvidere, Roscoe, Beloit (Wis.), Monroe and Sycamore, so that he not only became well acquainted with this section of country, but also knows a large number of people. True, many of his earlier friends and acquaintances have passed from earth, or removed to other parts; but some are yet left to greet each

other when they meet. We have to catch the golden opportunity while we may, and such opportunities after years of separation are rare; yet occasionally we find them, as on the occasion of this propitious visit I am now speaking of.

Ten years ago Mr. Freeman Tyler and his family moved from Sycamore to Franklin County, Kas., during which decade many changes had taken place; and it was while they were on the cars on that occasion that I first met them as I was traveling west to Columbus, Neb., in company with my brother, George N., and brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall. And now here, in Illinois, I find myself, nearly ten years thereafter, enjoying the pleasure of a visit, with Mr. and Mrs. Tyler and Anna, to many spots familiar to them and endeared by old associations.

BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

On the following Thursday F. A. Tyler drove us (Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Tyler, Anna and myself) to Monroe, and there we took train for Beloit, Wis., thirty-five miles distant, where we paid a visit to Freeman Tyler's sister, Mrs. Almira Jackson,* and her husband, Mr. A. D. Jackson, at whose home we stopped during our four days' visit at Beloit. Anna and I walked out together, and among many, to her, interesting spots, paid a visit to the house where her sister Hattie was born, and we met from time to time, while here, many of Anna's old friends. While we were at dinner Mrs. Frank Jackson and her mother, Mrs. Coombs,† called.

On Sunday, October 5, I went to church with Mrs.

*Mrs. Jackson is from Titusville, Penn., where I met her son's, Frank's, wife, who, with her mother, Mrs. Coombs, was visiting in Beloit while I was there, as above related.

†Mrs. Coombs has died since my return home, I think in January or February.

Almira Jackson, and heard an excellent sermon delivered by Rev. William Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, the subject of his discourse being taken from Genesis vii: 16: *And the Lord shut him in.* Before leaving Beloit we paid several visits, among those with whom we spent a pleasant hour or so being Mr. Jackson's son-in-law, L. J. Rogers,* and his wife, who have a beautiful home; another visit was to the old home of Freeman Tyler on Wheat Street, where incidents of interest to me were related.

SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS.

On Monday we went to Sycamore, Ill., where we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Peters, the former of whom kindly drove me over the town, and whose friendship I shall ever remember. Our five days' visit at Sycamore were full of enjoyment, and among the many places we went to was (accompanied by Mr. John Sphon, a friend whose kindness is still remembered with pleasure) the old farm home where Mr. Freeman Tyler had lived thirteen years. We also drove to Elmwood Cemetery, where sleep their last sleep that good couple, Deacon David West and his wife, of whom I had heard so much; I also stood by the graves of the Waterman and Ellwood families, and jotted down in my memorandum book some of the tombstone inscriptions. Deacon West died February 4, 1890, aged eighty-four years. While visiting his son Elias C. West, who lives on the old homestead, he showed me over the farm, *a good one*, and made a call with us on his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Loves; we also drove to De Kalb to see other relatives, and I will not forget the kindness shown us by all whom

* Anna and I met Mr. and Mrs. Rogers at F. A. Tyler's, in Monroe, in July, 1889, when we were coming home.

we visited. Family prayer at the old home of Mr. West and other places, and many other pleasant experiences, all left good impressions on my mind.

Mr. Peters and I paid a visit to the water-works, pumping station and the stock sheds. Among the latter is one for sheep, a very large building, having accommodation for many thousand animals, there being at the time of our visit no less than 7,000 enclosed therein. We saw the "good" sheep separated from the "poor" ones, and the process was very simple. The sheep were driven along a narrow passage way, the best grade animals being let into a yard by themselves, while the inferior ones, by a turn of the gate, were passed into a separate pen. While in Sycamore I got a very fair insight into their method of farming in this part of the country, and availed myself of much useful information which I shall take home with me to Pennsylvania.



We returned to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Tyler's farm, near Monroe, October 11, and time passed away in a pleasant manner during the remainder of our sojourn with our kind friends. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Tyler stayed at the home of Uncle Silas Tyler, Anna and myself at that of his son-in-law, Mr. E. Raupp. I may here mention that Asa L. Tyler, who had been a soldier in the War of 1812, died October 2, 1882, at the age of ninety-one years, eighteen days, and his wife, Fanny, on November 14, 1871, when aged eighty-seven years, eight months. We spent a day with Aunt Abbie, who gave us much interesting information about her six children, all of whom were at that time at home. On the 14th I went out with Mr. Freeman Tyler to the field, where his son Frank was ploughing with three horses and sulky-riding plow. I

rode one round by myself, and then went several rounds along with Frank. From this field, which lies in the northwest corner of Ogle County, we could see several towns, among them being Belvidere, eighteen miles distant; and we also had a view of three other counties besides Ogle, viz.: Winnebago, Boone and De Kalb.

Friday, October 17, being the twenty-ninth anniversary of the wedding of Uncle Silas D. and Aunt Frank Tyler, there was held a surprise celebration, during the evening, at their home. Forty people were present at this happy gathering, but among them there was only one, Mrs. Tyler's mother, who had attended the wedding twenty-nine years ago. On the following morning yet another friend came in, Mr. George Blackman, from South Dakota, a little late though none the less welcome.

Among many others whom we visited in the vicinity of Monroe was Mr. L. Summers, who lives south of the town.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

Our trip to Rockford on October 22 I must not omit. Mr. Frank Tyler, whose kindness is worthy of remembrance, and whose hospitality I will not forget, drove us (his father, his wife and son, Berna, Anna and myself) to that lively town, fourteen miles across a beautiful piece of country, by way of New Milford. Anna and I remained at Rockford a day or two with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Blackman, Frank and his wife and father having returned home. This is a busy city of nearly 25,000 inhabitants, and is noted for its factories of various kinds, its schools, seminaries, churches, railroads and its fourteen miles of electric street-railway. There is a fine square here whereon stand the courthouse

(built in 1836) and jail. Anna and I paid several visits in this town, where she had spent many happy days in her girlhood, among her old friends whom we called on being Mrs. Kelsey, with whom she learned the millinery trade; also Mrs. Kelsey's daughter, Mrs. Rowe, and Dr. E. J. Johnson, dentist. The Doctor's mother, I understand, was still living, a wonderfully well-preserved old lady, considering her patriarchal age of ninety-three years. Mrs. Johnson had recently returned from a visit to relatives in Athens, Penn., and Elmira, N. Y.



On October 24 we returned to Monroe, and at once began making preparations for our departure for Chicago. Our several visits while in Ogle County have been the occasion of not a few large gatherings of relatives and friends—old and new—whom I shall ever remember with feelings of cordial fraternity. *Heaven bless you and prosper your affairs, and send you peace.*

On the evening of the 27th Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Tyler, Anna and myself find ourselves in Chicago, and for the night we put up at the home of Mrs. Gibson, in Evanston, Ill., some twelve miles from the Union Depot. Mrs. Gibson is a daughter of Horace and "Aunt Abbie" Tyler (the former of whom is deceased), and her husband is at present residing in Denver, Colo. She and her nine-year-old son, Harry, came to Monroe on the 11th of this month on a visit to her mother, and while there invited us to call and see her when we should come to Chicago. While at Evanston we made a pleasant call, along with Mrs. Gibson, on Mrs. Eleanor Skelton, widow of Rev. Skelton, who was pastor at Sycamore for over three years; also called on Mr. Milton George, editor of the *Western Rural*, No. 158 Clark Street, Chicago, whose

excellent paper my father-in-law has taken twenty-eight years, and which I now take, having commenced as a subscriber since my return home to Pennsylvania, for I learned its value by reading it at Freeman Tyler's.

Next day we proceeded to Galesburg, Knox County, Ill., where we were the guests of Mr. Chris. Tyler, a relative of my wife's people, a good-natured, pleasant man, whose family circle consists of himself, his wife and his mother, the latter now eighty years old. A Mr. Benedick, who was visiting at Mr. Tyler's, drove us about the city, which has a population of some 20,000, and out to the cemetery. We enjoyed a very fine view of the place and neighborhood, including the two colleges, Sunbury and Knox. I had often heard Anna speak of Mr. Chris. Tyler, and I was now glad in having made his acquaintance and in spending a day in his company.

BROOKFIELD, MISSOURI.

From Galesburg we journeyed on westward to Brookfield, Mo., where we arrived early in the morning of October 30. Mrs. C. H. Jones and her daughter met us at the station and escorted us to their comfortable home, half a mile distant, Mrs. Jones carrying a lantern, although the moon was brightly shining and the diamond-like stars were twinkling high in the heavens. Mrs. Jones is a widow, her husband having died three years ago, leaving her with one son, Charles (now twenty-two years old, unmarried, cashier of a bank at Mendon, twenty-four miles from Brookfield), and two daughters, Nellie and Ada, both at home. Mrs. Jones owns a farm some twenty miles from Brookfield. I had been suffering for some days with a sore foot, which pained me much in walking, and as a consequence I was quite used

up by the time we reached Brookfield, but a good rest fully recuperated me. This is a live, growing town of 5,000 inhabitants, famed among other attractions for its excellent college. We were present at a well-attended entertainment given in the Y. M. C. A. rooms by the Ladies of Temperance in aid of the cause, and here Mr. Carter and family, with whom we went, introduced me to many prominent people. Dr. Brown, president of Brookfield College, Prof. F. M. Bradshaw and several others assisted in carrying out the program. Before our leaving Brookfield, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Benson, of Laclede, Mo., and Mrs. Jones' son came to add to the enjoyment of our visit, which I will always remember with a great degree of pleasure.



Early in the morning of November 1, we bade farewell to our kind friends at Brookfield, and took train for Ottawa, Kas. On our journey we had a "stop over" of a few minutes at Kansas City, long enough to again shake hands with John Cavinee, of whom I have already made mention, and about noon of the same day we arrived at Ottawa, where we were met by Rouelle and A. W. Tyler with a team, and Anna and her parents went direct home with them, leaving me to follow later in the day, as I had some business to transact at my banker's. I found a large mail awaiting me, a budget in all of thirty letters, chiefly from friends acknowledging receipt of SECOND SOUVENIR sent them; and I was glad I did not have these letters to read and answer while visiting, as it might have proven "too much of a good thing" all at one time. I can enjoy life better when its "sweets and bitters" are, so to speak, spread over equally or evenly, not coming in a lump. Mundane pleasures much re-

semble the uncertain glory of an April day, and they are the sweeter to us when they arrive in small parcels, for "small showers last long, but sudden storms are short."

On Sunday, November 2. I attended, in the morning, the M. E. Church at Valley Chapel, and felt myself much benefited spiritually by the discourse delivered by the worthy pastor, whose text was from Matthew xxvii: 22: *What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?* I was thankful to have the privilege of hearing this excellent sermon, for it brought rejoicing to my heart in reflecting that I had sought and accepted Christ in my youth. I thought, as I listened, of His preciousness to me, and I thanked, and continue to thank, His holy name for His great mercies vouchsafed day by day to me. In the evening I took part in the meeting of the Young People's Endeavor Society, held in Christian Church, Norwood. I love the good developed in all Christian societies, and I am thankful, I again repeat, for this day's privileges, as during the past month I had not opportunities of enjoying them as often as I wished.

The day for State elections being close at hand, and political meetings being the "order of the day," on the evening of November 3, Rouelle P. Tyler, Mr. Patterson, John Slaven and myself drove to Ottawa, in order to attend a Democratic meeting. Charles E. Robinson,* ex-governor of the State of Kansas, a man of about seventy years of age, spoke with much force, his arguments on all the points at issue being very clear and instructive. His remarks on temperance especially pleased me, for they were sensible, impressive and to the point, plainly indicating that he was something more than a politician; in fact he did not leave the impression that he was not a

*When I was at Lawrence, Kas., I was in sight of Mr. Robinson's home, looking at it wistfully and wishing to visit him, but for want of time was unable.

Christian. I was led to love the man for his human sympathies, and felt toward him as I do toward all good men, whose aim in life is to better the condition of the rest of mankind. There were some other addresses made, and the large audience did not disperse till a late hour, it being midnight when my friends and I reached home.

On the following day the elections took place, and my brother-in-law, A. W. Tyler, drove me to Centropolis, a town about six miles west of Norwood, whither he was going to cast his ballot. Freeman Tyler and Rouelle P. voted in Norwood; I myself had no vote here in Kansas, but I could look on and wish myself just long enough in Woodcock Township, Crawford County, Penn., to cast my vote for the man of my choice as governor of Pennsylvania, and otherwise support the Republican ticket; but being, as I am, many hundred miles away I can only console myself with the thought (and here "the wish is father to the thought") that when I hear from home I will learn that all for whom I would have voted were elected, and that my ballot would simply have added a unit to the Republican majority.

I had never been in Centropolis before, so in this little trip I enjoyed a double advantage. There are three churches in the place, which is a fair index to its population, and it stands in the midst of fine farm land. As we drove along the road between there and Norwood we had a good view of the surrounding country, and were able to see as far as Baldwin City, in Douglas County. Minneola school-house, near Centropolis, was at one time, so I am informed, the State Capitol.

On our return home I received a letter from Mrs. A. Bryant, of Amherst, Lorain Co., Ohio (formerly Miss Adelaide Wykoff), at one time one of my scholars at the old Cowen school-house, near Blooming Valley, Penn.

The reading of this letter caused me much pleasure, recalling as it did thoughts of those I love so dearly—father, mother, and my dead wife, whose memory I ever cherish. We are all now busy husking corn, and expect to be finished by the early part of next week. Mr. Tyler has this year about fifty acres of corn and twenty-five haystacks—twelve in one group—besides which he raised oats, flax, potatoes and other farm products. It would open the eyes of any eastern farmer who has never been in this western country to see the vast fields of corn and the immense cribs filled to overflowing, besides great quantities piled up on the ground. Mr. Tyler's potato ground having been grown over with a thick mantle of grass and weeds, it was thought advisable to set fire to it in order to facilitate the gathering in of the potatoes; so toward evening, there having been a light sprinkle of rain, sufficient to considerably reduce the risk of adjoining crops catching fire, we set ablaze the grass and weeds which soon disappeared from the field. A few days afterward, we set to work to gather in the potato crop, which was done by plowing them out first; then, after picking all the potatoes that may have been turned up, the harrow was brought into use three or four times, the crop being gathered up after each course of harrowing; and I believe that is the speediest way. Four of us (Freeman and Rouelle Tyler, John Slaven and myself), with one team, gathered in during nearly a whole day only thirty bushels, hard work at that, as the crop was light; but the market price was high—\$1.00 @ \$1.25 per bushel.

Well, this labor in the potato field and husking corn have helped to harden our hands, and it is said "there is no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand." I enjoy work and sunshine, for they bring with them cheer into our lives. Within the issues of *labor* is the fountain

of *good*, which ever bubbles up a clear current of contentment as refreshing to the wearied son of toil as the cooling stream is to the panting hart when heated in the chase. One day I timed myself in husking corn, and found I could husk one hundred ears in eight minutes, a little better than twelve ears in one minute; but this was a variety of corn easier to work than another kind we had been husking, and of it Rouelle Tyler, John Slaven and myself husked about three wagon-loads, or nearly a third more than we usually got through with in the same length of time with the other variety.

On November 15, I received a copy of the *Meadville Republican*, which contained the sad notice of the death of two of my aged friends, at one time neighbors of ours; I allude to Mrs. Catharine Boyles, who died at Blooming Valley November 9, 1890, aged eighty-six years, and Rev. E. P. Pengra, who died in Mead Township, near Meadville, November 11, 1890, aged eighty years. I had known Mrs. Boyles from my boyhood, as Charles Boyles' farm was only a mile south of our home, and the last time I saw her was shortly before leaving home on my present trip. Mr. Pengra I had known for over thirty years, and his kindness and Christian advice I always appreciated; his memory with me is blessed, as I knew him, not only as a minister of the Gospel but also as a friend and neighbor, for he lived many years on his farm just west of us, and near the State Road M. E. Church. It is no wonder I loved him, for it was during a revival meeting in 1859, under his care, that my first wife experienced religion. When at home last summer, I paid Mr. and Mrs. Pengra a visit, and while there Dr. E. C. Hall, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Meadville, called in. Mr. Pengra was at the time in very poor health, and at the close of our visit Brother Hall led us in prayer, followed by our

dear Brother Pengra, whom I had so often heard pray. That was the last prayer I ever heard Brother Pengra offer.

November 18 was a beautiful fall day, a fine one for husking corn, which we are now nearly through with. To me the 18th of November is a "red-letter day" in my life, for it was on that date, in 1880, I first met Miss Anna E. Tyler, who is now my wife.

On November 19 we had still sixty-four rows of corn to husk, and at about 1 o'clock I had the honor of husking the last ear of this year's crop on the Freeman Tyler Farm. The two large corn-cribs standing on the hill are heaped with corn so high that they present a grand appearance to the passer-by, containing as they do, between 3,000 and 4,000 bushels. So our labor on Freeman Tyler's farm is about ended, and our work, on reviewing it, has been satisfactory and profitable. We are thankful to the Giver of all good for His abundant mercies, for the honest labor He sends us that brings to us the calm rest of which the poet sings: "How sweet the rest of laboring man."

My next husking was in assisting my brother-in-law, Albert Tyler, to get in his crop of corn, which also brought me much pleasure, for I went to the work with a cheerful will. Quail and rabbits are numerous in the fields, and one day I saw John Slaven (who had also come along to assist Albert Tyler), kill a quail with an ear of corn which he threw at it, and at another time I observed him knock over a rabbit with a similar missile.

On Saturday, November 22, I went to Ottawa on business, and remaining there over Sunday I attended some of the religious exercises held at the M. E. Church. I was in hopes to hear Rev. E. C. Boaz preach, but was disappointed as he was absent in the country; his place,

however, was ably and eloquently filled by Prof. Charles Quail, president of Baldwin University. His text was in three parts or divisions, with a view to collation, the subject of the first part being "John;" the subject of the second, "Christ;" the subject of the third, "Satan." The words were: *In those days came John preaching in the wilderness;* then (2) *Christ came to be baptized of him, suffer it to be so now, for it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness;* and (3) in our Lord's temptation, Satan's words: *If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down.* Here were three individuals, of whom Christ and John, *both good*, met, and Christ and Satan, *one good, the other evil*, this last meeting illustrating the incontrovertible fact that wherever *good* is, not far off will *evil* be found.

"O what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!"

I wish space would permit of my speaking more fully of what is known as *individuality*, as portrayed by Prof. Quail—that is, the character of any one individual as compared with that of another; as, for instance, the contrast between such men as Martin Luther and Napoleon Buonaparte; the professor leading up his argument until touching on the distinctive characters of the three individuals spoken of in the text—John, Christ, Satan: How nobly grand that of John; how magnificently sublime that of Christ; how contemptibly mean and diabolically malevolent that of Satan, with his sneering, cynical "if!"

In the afternoon I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, the subject of the day being "Putting away sin," as set forth in Proverbs xxviii: 13: *He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy,* and "Man's part, God's part," [Isaiah xliii: 8 to 13.] In the early part of the evening I attended the young people's meeting, which was also

addressed by Prof. Quail, the subject for the day being "Cross," and afterward I went to the Baptist Church, where I met at the door one of the ushers in the person of my old friend Harry Brown, the first time I had seen him during my present visit to the West. He kindly showed me a seat "well in front," where I was able to hear, without any effort, a most interesting discourse from the lips of Elder Wood, his subject being chosen from the first Psalm, wherein David sings of the happiness of the godly and the unhappiness of the ungodly. The subject is so full of instruction and interest, and I so love this beautiful Psalm that I may plead no excuse for giving it a place in my Souvenir.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

I could not wish this remarkably good day to close better than it did, filled as it was with privileges and religious instruction; and I am glad I came to Ottawa to spend this Lord's-Day, for it has been to me a feast of good things, and I leave for home refreshed and better fitted for life's duties and cares. How true it is that labor in the Lord's vineyard not only raises the feeble up, but supports him afterward!

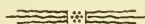
Thursday, November 27, is "Thanksgiving Day," and it is as fair a day as one could desire. All nature seems

to be shouting pæans of thankfulness to the all-wise and benevolent Creator, and hymns of praise ascend to Heaven from every plain, every mountain and every valley: *Let them praise the name of the Lord; for He commanded, and they were created; let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.* I am thankful for all the favors of life, and I ponder over the many blessings our Heavenly Father has poured on me. Hearing that Thanksgiving services were to be held in the M. E. Church, Ottawa, I proceeded thither, and had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent discourse delivered by Rev. Morrell, an Episcopal clergyman, who chose for his text Psalm xix: 1: *The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork.* Mr. Morrell spoke of God's goodness, and as to how we should pray and render thanks, *For His mercy endureth forever.* In the evening I attended another meeting held in the same church, and on the following day called on Rev. E. C. Boaz, whom I had not yet met during this my fifth trip to Kansas. Afterward I paid a short visit to W. H. Sherman, who formerly lived at Shermansville, Crawford Co., Penn., and who, till recently, held some county office here, with residence in Ottawa. Last summer he and his wife had been East on a trip, going as far as Boston, Mass. On their return they stopped over at Meadville, Penn., revisiting, after an absence of seventeen years, their old home in Shermansville.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

On Saturday, November 29, I took a trip to the town of Lawrence, which I had visited last spring, and again saw my friends Mr. and Mrs. Emery Hobbs, whom I found still well and doing well, as was also their little

son Wilber. On Sunday I went to the M. E. Church, Sunday-school and class-meeting. Dr. James Marvin, the incumbent, preached an excellent sermon from Matthew xi: 5: *And the poor have the Gospel preached to them.* These words are Christ's own, uttered just before giving testimony concerning John the Baptist; and to properly understand the whole subject the chapter should be read from its commencement. In the afternoon, in company with Mr. Gibson, I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, the subject for the day being "The problem of life, and how to solve it." Then in the evening Mr. Hobbs and I went to the Congregational Church, where we were much edified by listening to a dissertation on the text John xx: 27: *And be not faithless, but believing.* Before leaving Lawrence I called at Dr. Marvin's home to pay my respects to him and his family, and say "good-bye;" and with the same parting salute to my excellent host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Emery Hobbs, I started for my Norwood home.



"Tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are
From home."

SHAKESPEARE.

I am now come to the commencement of my fifth return journey from Kansas to my Meadville home. On December 2, having bade farewell to friends and relatives, including my wife, who, it was deemed prudent, should, on account of her health, remain for the time at her Norwood home, I took my departure from Mr. Freeman Tyler's happy home. On the following morning I took train at Ottawa for the East, by way of the several cities and towns of which I will, as I proceed in my narrative, make some brief mention. On arriving at Kansas

City I stopped over in order to visit Wyandotte, where I saw the bridge the train recently broke through, the engine and five cars plunging into the river below. I also visited the cemetery, stand-pipe, &c. While in the old Indian burying-ground I noted down the following, which I found inscribed on one of the tombstones:

H. L. Long.

THROUGH SUNSHINE AND SHADOW
 HE WAS ALWAYS THE SAME;
 OF THE TRIALS OF THIS LIFE
 HE NE'ER WOULD COMPLAIN.
 ON EARTH HE WAS HUMBLE,
 HE SOUGHT NOT RENOWN,
 HE BORE HIS CROSS NOBLY,
 HIS REWARD IS A CROWN.

I find in these two verses something *so good*, something that satisfies me and fills a vacant place in my long-soul for good. I know there is much *dross* in our lives, but here is *gold*, nobility of a true manhood; may it shine forth in our lives as described on the tombstone of H. L. Long.

DAVENPORT (IOWA), ETC.

At Davenport, Iowa, I had a chat with my old friend, Michael Pitcher,* a farmer, who has lived here many years, and whom I had not seen since his coming West, in 1857, from Crawford County, Penn. His farm lies five miles west of Davenport, and he appears to be in very comfortable circumstances. Mr. Pitcher and I came to Davenport in the morning, and during the day I visited Rock Island, just across the river, then returned to Dav-

*My visit with Mr. Pitcher was a very desirable one, for I had long been wanting to see him, and enjoy a look over his well-cultivated farm, on which he has some magnificent cotton-wood (I think) trees which he planted twenty-six years ago.

enport, where I again saw Mr. Pitcher, and, wishing him good bye, revisited Rock Island, which place I left in the afternoon for Lausing, Iowa. I enjoyed this ride very much, as part of it, from Rock Island to Savanna (Ill.), I had never been over. The broad Mississippi Valley and the bluffs were nicely covered with a thin coat of snow, and in its purity the scenery was simply beautiful. I noticed that the hills or bluffs are much lower here than I have seen them elsewhere, and that they gradually rise in height as we go north; at Lansing, and perhaps a little farther north, they seem to be highest—said to be from 400 to 500 feet in height.

At Savanna I was agreeably surprised to find on the train a conductor, W. A. Wolcott, whom I at once recognized as having met first in 1880, when my brother, George N., and brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, and myself were coming West; and afterward in the fall of 1881, when I traveled over this road in company with my wife, Eliza, and Mr. and Mrs Cutshall, both going and returning. I intend to send him, at Christmas, a copy of my SECOND SOUVENIR, for he is one of the kindest of conductors I ever met, and I wish him to have something to remind him at times of his wayworn, traveling friend, Francis C. Waid. At Lansing I had a cordial meeting with my brother-in-law, Willis Masiker, and family. On the Sunday I spent there we went to the M. E. Church, and heard Rev. Wyath preach from Luke x: 40, 41, 42. Then followed the Sunday-school, and here I found myself so interested in the lesson that I omitted to contribute toward the collection; but I afterward said to the good brother who sat next to me: "I wish to double your Sunday-school collection, which your secretary reported as sixty-five cents," and handed him a dollar. Soon afterward this brother rose to his feet and said: "A friend and brother from Meadville, Penn., has just doubled our

collection." I was then hastily thanked, and requested by the superintendent to address a few words to the meeting, which I did.

At Lansing there is a very steep bluff, almost perpendicular, from 400 to 500 feet high, to the top of which we ascended and had a fine view of the town, river and surrounding country. Now, in the Sunday-school I had seen a young lady, Miss Nellie Van Amberg, teaching a class, and I was told that not long since her fifteen-year-old brother Charlie, while trying along with some play-mates to reach a cave in this bluff, known as the "Indian cave," expecting to find some relics there, fell to the bottom of the bluff and was instantly killed. In the evening we first went to the young people's meeting at the M. E. Church, when by invitation I again addressed a few remarks to the audience, and then we proceeded to the Presbyterian Church, where we heard an excellent sermon by Rev. Hotchkiss, his text being from the 23d and 24th verses of the first chapter of St. Mark.

The weather had lately been getting very wintry, the thermometer coquetting with the figures below zero, and as a consequence the Mississippi was frozen over, which enabled us (Mr. Masiker and myself) to cross it on foot into Wisconsin.* From Lansing my brother-in-law and I went to New Albin, about twelve miles distant, in order to pay our regards to Mr. W. H. Botsford† and family.

Then Mr. Masiker returned home to Lansing, while I continued my journey to Winona and St. Charles, Minn. While waiting for my train at Winona (for I had to change cars there as well as at La Crosse, Wis.),

*This was the first and only time I ever crossed the Mississippi River on ice, and in our walk over I was possessed with both fear and pleasure; but my friend assured me of our safety, for he was used to it.

†Mrs. Botsford, who died in the fall of 1881, shortly after my visit there with Jane, Eliza and George, was my niece.

I went to see the celebrated water-works tower, 210 feet high, the courthouse and many other places of interest. At St. Charles I visited my old schoolmate, Simeon B. Dickson, and his wife.* They have five children—two sons and three daughters—Vernon L., the elder son, being in California, Elgin R., the younger son, at home, and one daughter married. In the afternoon we all dined with Mr. G. H. Miller, Mr. Dickson's son-in-law, and after dinner Mr. Dickson and I drove out to his farm of 120 acres, situated about five miles from St. Charles.

The next place I journeyed to was Chester, in the adjoining county, and here I visited Thomas W. Phelps and some of his family. Much change had taken place among them since I saw them last in September, 1881. However I was more than pleased to find still at home the son T. L. Phelps (a school teacher), who is of the same age as my youngest boy, lacking one day. From Chester I went to Rochester, a lively town about six miles from Chester, and from there I went to Pine Island, sixteen miles distant, where I found my friend Mr. Warren Cutshall at work in his mill. He showed me over his property consisting of a snug little farm of seven acres well tilled, and his mill where he does various kinds of work—grinding, sawing, planing etc. He and his wife are now alone, their children, a son, L. A., being in Sioux Falls, Dak., and a daughter, Mrs. F. A. Howard, being married and living in Sibley, Iowa. Mrs. Warren Cutshall was, while I was there, getting ready to set out on a visit to them.† This is my third visit here,

*Mr. and Mrs. Dickson seem to be well situated, having a good home in St. Charles and a fine farm five miles out, besides some property in St. Paul, Minn.

†A thought comes to me which the aged will appreciate, if the young do not. In my later years I have visited many homes where the parents, if living, have been left alone—children gone off (like young birds from their nests) to fight the battle of life for themselves, located, perhaps, near the old home, or, mayhap, far away from it; yet the parents continue to toil on just about as they first commenced. Such is life!

and although I am unaccompanied by any one I enjoy it very well; yet I cannot help thinking of my last more happy visit in 1881, when my first wife, Eliza, was with me to share the enjoyments of the trip. Much of the pleasure I have now, at my time of life, is indulging in the prospect of some day again meeting those I love who have gone before to the "better land." This is a *hope* that springs eternal in every human breast, and, in the words of Coleridge,

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live."

O Lord give me pure thoughts, a clean heart and a contented mind, and let me pursue my journey onward like a true Christian till I finally arrive at my long home, in the "house not made with hands, eternal and secure." O Lord, who lends me life lend me a heart replete with thankfulness for all mercies vouchsafed me. I have often spoken of a "contented mind," and for all the mental troubles that poor humanity is heir to I know of no better panacea than to BE HUMBLE AND GOOD:

"Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perched up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

On December 13, I find myself at Kasson, Dodge Co., Minn., whither I had come to visit Mr. Robert Taylor,* and his wife Amelia, the former of whom I do not think I ever met before, but the latter I have known from her childhood, as she was one of my scholars when I taught school in the Cowen district, near Blooming Valley, Penn., in 1853-54. They have three sons, George, Robert and William—the youngest being eighteen years of age; one of

*My acquaintance with Robert Taylor, the Christian influence of his pious example, and the kindness of his family to me, will continue in cherished memory while I live. True friendship never dies. The Scripture teaches us that *a friend loveth at all times*.

the boys is at home, and the other two at school, I think in Erie, Penn. There is also living with them Samuel Lord, Jr., a young man, whose father I knew well; he is in partnership with Mr. Taylor in the law business at Mantorville, the county seat of Dodge County, two miles from Kasson, whither Mr. Lord drove me to see the town and surrounding country. Among other points of interest we visited was the cemetery, where sleep many who had come to this part of the West from Crawford County, Penn., among whom I may name the Bancrofts, Russells and Lords; but I was most interested in the grave of Samuel Lord, Sr., his wife and child, and that of James Russell and his wife. Samuel Lord, Sr., died in the spring of 1880, James Russell following him within three weeks: Mrs. Russell died in 1868. I alighted from the conveyance, and for a few moments stood silently looking on the dear spot of earth where rest the mortal remains of those whom I once knew and loved so well, and whose memory I yet cherish. The following couplet covers all I could add:

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

On Sunday, December 14, I attended the M. E. Church at Marion, whither I was driven by brother T. W. Phelps and his wife, and I must say I found blessings and favors specially poured out to me this day. I had met Thomas and Eleazer Phelps since their going West, and Thomas had visited me in Pennsylvania, but their brother Nathan I had not seen since the spring of 1854 (before I was first married), as he left for the West with his father's family on April 12, that year. And now here, on this Sabbath morning, after a separation of nearly thirty-seven years, as we were driving to the church, who should overtake us in their conveyance but Nathan

Phelps and his family! Without waiting to get out of the carriage I grasped and heartily shook the hand of my good old friend, and, on alighting, together we entered the Sabbath-school. Thirty-six years and nine months had passed since I last saw him, but he was still Nathan Phelps, with some sprinkling of the salt of time on his honest head. He has a family of three daughters, one being in Florida. I understand he is living on the same farm his father settled on in 1854, but has added to it. Nathan is a helper, and I remember how he helped me in my start on my Christian life.

The subject of the sermon in the forenoon was: *Behold I stand at the door and knock*, and the afternoon subject was: *Whosoever will be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me*. While in the Marion cemetery I copied from the Phelps monument the following inscription:

Father, Levi Phelps,

DIED MARCH 31, 1857,

AGED 53 YEARS, 7 MONTHS, 28 DAYS.

Mother, Phebe M. Phelps,

DIED JULY 30, 1875,

AGED 67 YEARS, 2 DAYS.

On the following day (Monday) Nathan Phelps took me over to his brother's, where I bade him good-bye, this time perhaps *forever* on earth; who can tell? Then what will our meeting be in eternity?

“Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.”

From Chester I traveled to St. Charles, Minn., my second visit this trip, and from there Mr. S. B. Dickson

accompanied me to Lake City, in the same State, where we visited friends and relatives, among them being Mrs. T. Brown (whose husband died November 12, 1880), Mrs. H. M. Reed (whose husband died March 29, 1873), Mr. Dickson's brother, Zachariah, and sister, Cena, old schoolmates of mine, the former of whom is yet single, but the latter is married to a Mr. Wm. B. Rodgers.

From Lake City Mr. Dickson and I proceeded to the "rival cities of the West"—St. Paul and Minneapolis—and at the latter place made a short stay over night with Mr. Eleazer Phelps and family. We visited Minnehaha Falls, St. Anthony's Falls and numerous other places of interest in and about both cities, which space here forbids me particularizing. We then returned to Lake City, and thence journeyed to Winona, where I was pleased to meet, on this my second visit to the town, my old schoolmate Mr. William Franklin, now proprietor of the American Hotel at Winona. On Sunday, December 21, Mr. Dickson and I attended, in the forenoon, the Congregational Church (I think); in the afternoon we went to the Y. M. C. A. meeting, and in the evening to the Baptist Church, where we heard an excellent sermon, of which the subject was: *Little children, love not in word and trying, but in deed and truth.* Here, at the American Hotel in Winona, are met we three old schoolmates—William Franklin, Simeon B. Dickson and Francis C. Waid (myself the youngest by two or more years)—a never-to-be-forgotten reunion; and as I shake hands with and bid adieu to these my kind old friends, I can think of no better words than those of the hymn: "God be with you till we meet again." On December 22, I find myself once more at Lansing, Iowa, under the hospitable roof of my brother-in-law, Willis Masiker, for a few hours. Thence he and I proceed to Chickasaw (Ionia

postoffice), Iowa, in order to visit our cousin, Mr. J. F. Cunningham, who is postmaster and proprietor of a general store. Twenty-one years ago, last fall, Mrs. Cunningham (at that time Miss Lottie Walker) visited at our home, and she and I have never met since till this occasion. After dinner came in Uncle A. G. Walker, who lives on a farm near town. On Christmas Eve we went to an entertainment given at the Congregational Church in connection with the Sunday-school, where a large audience was assembled. There a beautiful Christmas tree was set up, and an excellent program presented, all the numbers being admirably rendered. Mr. Cunningham, as the Sunday-school superintendent, managed the proceedings, which were opened by the chanting of the Lord's prayer, after which came recitations, declamations, singing, etc., followed by the distribution of the many presents that bedecked the tree. On the evening of Christmas Day Mr. Cunningham enquired of me if I would like to accompany him to the prayer meeting at the church. "Yes," I replied, "I would like to go, and I am glad you asked me to accompany you to church." I felt that there could be no better or more Christian-like way of closing Christmas, 1890, than by giving my humble services to the good God who gave us that day.

Willis Masiker and I, after having for several days traveled and visited together, with mutual pleasure and profit, reluctantly parted company at Prairie du Chien, Wis., my train being about starting for Milwaukee, and my last words to him, as I grasped his hand, were: "Willis, God bless you."

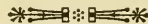
December 27th finds me at the home of my relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Ally Washburn, in Milwaukee, whom I have not met for several years. He is night assistant trainmaster at the Northwestern depot. I first became

acquainted with them in 1869, before the death of my father. On the following day (Sunday) I went to the Grand Avenue M. E. Church, and heard an excellent sermon delivered by Rev. S. Halsey, D. D., his text being Luke ii: 11: *For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.* In the afternoon I visited Forest Home Cemetery, then, on my return, the Sunday-school at the M. E. Church, after which the Y. M. C. A. meeting. In the evening I took a quiet, meditative stroll under the moonlit canopy of Heaven, and enjoyed, with my friend, a grand view of Lake Michigan, whose waves dashing against a sea-wall, and the splashing of sparkling spray, presented a beautiful sight.

On Tuesday, December 30, I arrive in Chicago, and am the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Cromwell, of No. 7000 Sherman Street, in that part of the city known as Englewood, some seven or eight miles south of Chicago postoffice. Mrs. Cromwell (who was Miss Mary Williams before marriage) was once my pupil when I taught school in the Cowen district, near Blooming Valley, Penn.; she has two sisters, Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. DeShon (also old pupils of mine), living on Evanston Avenue, near to Lincoln Park, and I believe it is twenty years since I last saw them. Their mother, Mrs. Christina Williams, is living with Mrs. Cromwell. Mr. Cromwell was kind enough to present me with a complimentary ticket of admission to the Board of Trade, which enabled me to see through all the different departments intelligibly, such as the buying and selling of the various descriptions of produce, the market quotations, etc. Afterward I went to No. 162 Evanston Avenue, where I found Mrs. Cromwell and her two sisters, already mentioned, and their husbands, at their home, and we passed a very pleasant visit.

Having been taken suddenly unwell while in Chicago, I did not spend much more time in that "Enchanted City," but concluded to hurry on homeward; accordingly at 11:30 on New Year's Eve, within half an hour of the demise of 1890 and the birth of 1891, I resumed my eastern journey. By the time I reached Crestline, Ohio, where I got a cup of coffee and a sandwich, I was feeling better. On the cars I bought a couple of books, "Sermons by Rev. Sam Jones," and a work containing selections or "gems" from the sermons and addresses delivered by Talmage, Beecher, Moody, Spurgeon, Guthrie, Parker, etc.—which proved the best of companions to me during the remainder of my trip, and the reading of them gave me great comfort and consolation.

At 8:10 P. M. January 1, 1891, I arrived at Meadville, Crawford Co., Penn., where I put up for the night (which by the way was a very rainy one) at S. C. Derby's. On my return to Meadville I looked for the first time on the Soldiers' Monument, not then dedicated. Next day I proceeded to the home of my son, Franklin, where I remained till Saturday; then made a call at my son Fred's after which I came to my son Guinnip's home, and wishing to rest and recruit my health I here remained in peace and quietude.



It is a little over three months since I left Meadville on this my fifth trip to Kansas and the West; and to me it has been a remarkable one, including, as it did, labor, business and pleasure, and many good visits to old friends and new. I think now as I sit in my old home, surrounded by its many sweet associations, of the dear ones whom I met; of the pleasant incidents that oftentimes lent to my journey the spice of adventure; of the various

places I visited, and, above all, what I hold in undying remembrance, of the favors and blessings our all-wise Heavenly Father has at all times bounteously poured out to me—favors and blessings that seem to me to have been multiplied since I gave Him my heart forty years ago.

Time flies and our days soon pass away. Some one may look in after years on the spot where our remains are then reposing, and think of us as we do of those dear ones “not lost but gone before.” May we have treasure in Heaven, and be ready, when called, to join the angelic throng in that land of pure delight where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; where there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor pain, for all former things shall have passed away.

“Two worlds are ours; ’tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within
 Plain as the sea and sky!
 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee
 And read Thee everywhere.”

GOD IS GOOD.



DIARY.

“Stand like an anvil! when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast ;
Storms but more deeply root the oak
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

“Stand like an anvil! when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower ;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

“Stand like an anvil! when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast ;
Duty shall be life’s leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

“Stand like an anvil! Noise and heat
Are born of Earth and die with Time ;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.”

DOANE.

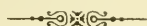
1890.

Wednesday, January 1, 1890.—Another year has glided into the realms of the Past! Another drop of time has fallen into the infinite ocean of Eternity! Another year has been born, in its turn to ceaselessly throb out its life, moment by moment, to the end of its appointed course, till it, too, shall have irrevocably vanished. Yesterday was the to-morrow of Monday, to-day is the to-morrow of yesterday; and so will run the record till time shall be no more.

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.”

As I review the several events of the past year in which I was called to play an humble part, I feel myself deeply grateful to my merciful Creator for the many

blessings He has vouchsafed me, and for having brought me safely to the shore of a new year, endued with renewed health and strength. And as I think of the changeable condition of health I experienced, I am forcibly reminded of this saying of Emerson, the sage: "What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of health!"



My diary for the year 1890 commences in Jamestown, N. Y., for yesterday, the last day of the old year, I betook myself by rail to that beautiful town, arriving at half past seven in the evening. My object was to visit my aunt Mary Ann Simmons, who is living with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colt. My aunt is in her eighty-seventh year and in fast-failing health.* I enjoyed my New Year's dinner at the home of Frank Simmons, in company with the Williams Family, twelve people sitting down to the first table, and fourteen children, besides a few adults, to the second. All was bright and cheerful within the house, a pleasant contrast to the gloomy, wet and uninviting condition of things in the outer world.

"Kindness by secret sympathy is tied:
For noble souls in nature are allied."

On the following day, after making several calls among my friends, and transacting some business with Mr. F. Bush, I took the stage for Frewsburg, in order to call on Mr. E. T. Burns and family, whom I found in good health, although Mrs. Burns had been ill during the fall. On my return to Jamestown Mr. Burns accompanied me, having some business to transact there. I called on Mr.

* Since above was written, my aunt Mary Ann Simmons departed this life April 4, 1890, in her eighty-eighth year, and I regret that I did not get home from the West at least a day sooner, so I could have attended her funeral.

Bowen, and bade my aunt "good-bye," which meeting proved to be our last on earth, as I have already intimated.

From Jamestown I came to Union City, Erie Co., Penn., to see my niece, Mrs. Blanche Underholt, and family, but I found her rather unwell; her two children, Eva and Fred, however, had a grand romp with their "Uncle Francis." On Saturday morning I took train to Saegertown, specially, I may say, to call on my old friend, Lorenzo Wheeler, whom I had not met for a long time, and who was living with his son in Saegertown. He lost his wife last March, I think, and had been very ill himself, at which time he was living at Little Cooley, Crawford Co., Penn. After a brief visit at the new residence of Hon. Salvador Slocum, and a business call at the bank in Saegertown, I returned to Meadville.

Sunday, January 5.—This is the birthday of my eldest son, Franklin, who is now thirty-five years old. At church I enjoyed listening to an excellent sermon by Presiding Elder J. A. Kummer, from the text Isaiah lii: 1: *Awake, awake: put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city.* I contributed toward the dues for the presiding elder, not forgetting that money is useful, and that to it the Lord has a prior claim, in our recognition of which He blesses us. On Tuesday I proceeded to Meadville on business, and while there attended the Teachers' Institute meetings being held there during the week in the courthouse, and also the lectures delivered in the Academy of Music, all of which I found of much interest and profit. On Saturday I was present at the quarterly meeting held at the M. E. Church, and heard another interesting sermon from the lips of Elder J. A. Kummer. For some days after this I was not in very good health, but through God's blessing recovered.

Thursday, January 15.—Mr. G. W. Cutshall was here with his daughter, Mrs. Sadie Russell, and her children, Leon and Lynn,* they having stayed at our house over night; and thinking it might improve my health, I accompanied him to his home, where I remained till Saturday, when I returned to my own home.

January 21 to April 8, 1890.—[Here comes my fourth trip to Kansas and the West, an account of which commences at page 9.]



During my absence in the West, certain resolutions of thanks to me were adopted by Advent Church, of which I here give a copy:

WHEREAS, We do fully appreciate the benevolence of our kind friend, Mr. F. C. Waid, who has so generously aided us, therefore,

Resolved, That we, as a church, do extend to him our hearty thanks for his generosity in contributing fifty dollars to aid in erecting sheds for the benefit of the public attending our church.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Waid, also furnished the *Pennsylvania Farmer* for publication.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) W. G. OXLEY, *Secretary*.

On my arrival home from the West, on the evening of April 8, I was informed at Meadville, by my cousin, S. Phillips, of the death of Aunt Mary Ann Simmons, her funeral having taken place on the day before my arrival. This is the first news I receive after setting my foot once again "on my native heath"—tidings of death: and but for the grace of God, instead of my aunt in her tottering years of fourscore and eight, it might have been Francis C. Waid in the prime of life! I feel that I cannot too often proclaim my thankfulness to the Lord, even in my disappointments and discouragements. I

* They were on their way to Cleveland, Ohio, to their new home, where Mr. Russell was waiting their arrival, and I have since visited them there, at the time of the dedication of the Garfield Monument, May 30, 1890.

think it is well for us to remember Him and praise His name for what we have, and for our hope in Heaven. He who is thankful for a little is in a fair way to get more; he who in adversity remembers the Lord, will in prosperity praise him—thus we should always be faithful. I am thankful this morning, as I sit by the window in one of the rooms of my old home, the home of my birth, writing on the same desk I bought, when a young man, of David Finney; I say I am thankful for the Lord's unbounded goodness to me. I believe He heareth our prayers, and I *know* He does bless us when we call on Him. I am glad my mind and heart rest in His promises, and I delight to trust in Him, and, as far as possible do His will. How can I refrain from being sympathetic in my feelings and reflective in my thoughts in this, to me, precious home, by this chamber window, through which I can see, in one direction, the same old pear trees in the door yard that stood there when I was a child; and, in another direction, fields wherein I had played in infancy, and worked in boyhood, youth and manhood!

“How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view:
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
 And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew.”

Amid these old-time associations I cannot but think of my parents; of their family; of my dead wife and our children; of my children's children, and last, not least, of my dear wife Anna, absent from me, in Kansas, because of her poor health, myself being also far from well; but

“What fates impose, that man must needs abide
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.”

I know I should not burden my remembrance with a

heaviness that's gone, but rather bear in mind that *sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*, and consider the many thousands who in this transitory life are in sorrow, need, sickness and other adversity, and rest thankful that fate has not been more unfriendly toward me.

In writing the record of my fourth trip to Kansas, which will be found in the earlier part of this work, I endeavored to portray in my own way the different phases of life—particularly its joys and sorrows. The real test of these comes through the experience of them, and I will here confess that in my latter writings I have not spoken as much of the sorrowful or dark side as I have of the brighter or more hopeful. It is better for each individual to bear his own burden than to ask his brother to bear it for him. Do thoughts live? *Yes*. Are our prayers heard? *Yes, when offered in faith*—but it may be a long time before they are answered. Parents have prayed for their children, and not till long after their death have their sons and daughters given their hearts to the Lord.

I desire here to place on record some of the sincere wants of my soul, my earnest prayer, and I humbly trust it may be in keeping with the will of my Heavenly Father who hears when we pray. I wish to be a living witness for Christ as long as I live; and, while I desire the salvation of all men, I devoutly pray more especially for my own family, and every one endeared to me by the ties of nature, that they may be all brought into the fold of Christ under the divine Shepherd's care. And in order that this greatest desire of my life may be accomplished, I know that I must consecrate all to the Lord—life, friends, property, and everything I have from this day forth and for ever. It is good for us if we can keep all these on the altar. An every-day consecration is better than

only one in a life time. We are liable to forget our obligations, and either remove something from off the altar of the Lord, or neglect to place thereon something we may have obtained since the consecration. That the reader may understand more clearly what I mean, I add: let every dollar, as well as everything else we may possess, honor the Lord in doing good—if it is worth anything at all it should speak something for the Lord. Each individual has his own conscience in that respect, and happy is the man who seeketh no witness from without, for it shows that he has wholly committed himself unto God. But I must now continue my diary.

April 11.—To-day I visited Lewis M. Slocum, and at his house met Mrs. David Roberts and Mrs. Armitage Roberts, so I was enabled to hand the former the portrait of her grandson, Wilber A. Hobbs, which had been entrusted to me by Emery F. Hobbs at Lawrence, Kas., when I was there. On the following day I rode to Meadville with my brother-in-law, Moses Masiker, and was pleasantly surprised to meet there Mr. Maurice McMullen, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Ottawa, Kas., who had been called to his old home through the serious illness of his mother. I also had the pleasure of handing to Dr. E. C. Hall, of the First M. E. Church of Meadville, the "photo" of the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury, of Grand Island, Neb., with which commission I had been entrusted by Mrs. Pillsbury while I was visiting them.

April 12.—Again at Sagertown, where I called on Mr. and Mrs. George Floyd, but regret to say found Mrs. Floyd quite unwell, as she was when I and my wife visited her last summer. On the following day, Sunday, Mr. Floyd and I attended the M. E. Church, where we heard an excellent sermon preached by their pastor, Rev.

A. J. Parsons, from the text Matthew xvi: 19: *And' I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.* For the missionary cause in distant lands the sum of nearly one hundred dollars was collected, and I increased the pleasure I enjoyed in listening to the discourse by adding my mite of five dollars toward the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. In the afternoon I rode to Blooming Valley, from Sager-town in company with their pastor, and in the evening again heard him proclaim the good news of salvation, his text being Matthew xxviii: 6: *He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.* It seems to me that none but a true Christian can fully appreciate all the blessed benefits the resurrection our Lord assures. O how good it is for us to trust in the Saviour of mankind, and to know that He has robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory! What great consolation it brings to our hearts to have a true knowledge and just conception of and faith in Jesus Christ! What comfort it brings to the soul of man!

After the services I paid a visit to my cousin, Ralph Roudebush, and together we walked over to the cemetery where in peaceful rest my departed wife, Eliza, awaits the resurrection; and as I stood by her grave I thought of Jesus, the Light of the world who gives to us the hope of a reunion beyond. *I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever believeth in me shall never die.*

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit rest thee now!
 E'en while ours thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

“Dust to its narrow house beneath,
 Soul to its place on high!
 They who saw thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.”

Wednesday, April 16.—My nephew, Grant Waid, and I left quite early in the morning in order to pay a visit to his brother-in-law, Walter Josling, who lives in Richmond Township, some five miles distant, and on our way I called on a sick neighbor, George Dewey, who has been ill a long time, owing to a stroke of paralysis he received several years ago. Eliza and I visited him at that time, and I have called on him frequently since, as opportunity presented. We were glad to meet, and he appeared to be much better than when I last saw him. Mr. Josling we did not find at home, as he had gone to my nephew's (Nick P. Waid), but Mrs. Josling and family we saw, and found in good health. On our return my nephew and I called on my uncle, Horace Waid, where we heard from my aunt news of my uncle, Gilbert Waid,* in Michigan. She had also heard by letter from my three cousins—daughters of Samuel Waid.

*I have before me an old letter written in 1847 to his friends in Crawford County, Penn., by Gilbert Waid, after his arrival in Washtenaw County, Mich. It is in substance as follows:

WEBSTER, WASHTENAW CO., MICH., May 10, 1847.

MR. GEORGE ROUDEBUSH AND FRIENDS:

We are all well, and hope you are the same. We took the boat Saturday morning at 2 o'clock at Erie; stopped at Cleveland, Sandusky and Detroit, and arrived all safe, none of us seasick. Traveled from Detroit across the county to Webster; sold their wooden bowls; traded horse and wagon for 25 acres of land. It is good land, I like it very well, and I have got three acres to put in with corn and a piece for potatoes. I have a job to do for eighteen dollars, and am going to do it as soon as I get my corn and potatoes planted. Tell my brother, Samuel, I like the country very well, what little I have seen; there are good crops of wheat, and it looks well. Tell father we are all well and hearty. I am satisfied this is a good country, and we are not discouraged.

ANDREW G. WAID.

Friday, April 18.—Proceeded to-day to Randolph Township, where I visited Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Cutshall; afterward Mrs. Cutshall and I called on Mrs. Mary Jane Seaman, who has been sick since last fall; then on my return home I paid Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, of Blooming Valley, the visit I had last February promised their son-in-law, Dr. Weter, of Grand Island, Neb.

Saturday, April 19.—To-day I find myself in Vernon (also in Crawford County), visiting relatives living there—my uncle and aunt, Robert and Polly Morehead, and their youngest son and only daughter (who live with them), my cousin, R. A. Ferguson and wife (who have no children) and John C. Morehead (who has one son and three daughters). Mrs. Polly Morehead has been unwell for a long time, but while I was there she was able to sit up to table with the rest of the family; uncle Robert Morehead is now a venerable patriarch enjoying his eighty-ninth year. On the following day, Sunday, I attended with some of the family the M. E. Church at Vernon, known as the “Trace Appointment,” as well as the Sunday-school.

Wednesday, April 23.—My fifty-seventh birthday! I do not know that I could do better here than repeat, in part, what I had written in this connection for the *Pennsylvania Farmer* of May 1, 1890, as follows:

LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

I am this morning at home in my father's, Ira C. Waid's, old home, my second son's, Guinnip P. Waid's, home, and my own dear home, where all the fifty-seven years of my life on the farm have so pleasantly flown. I am looking at the figures on the milestone and wondering how and where all these years have gone. Nearly all have been spent on this farm in actual labor—indeed memory stamps them so; and yet I do not complain, for often with my brothers, in early days, and later on with my family, kindred and friends have I been permitted to enjoy the blessings and share the pleasures of my father's home. I am glad it remains in the family. I think of my parents,

who were more to me than all the world besides; and I think to-day that faith in God's promises and obedience to my parents have been worth more, and brought a greater amount of good to me, than any other investment I ever made. I love the Bible. I can also say that my parents loved me, and I loved them in return, and tried as best I could to manifest it to them. There is a good thought in thus coupling obedience to parents with obedience to our Heavenly Father, to whom we owe all we possess. I would like to say to all, and especially to the young, it brings pleasure to-day, as we, my children, my grandchildren and myself, celebrate this day at the homestead. I only wish my wife were here to complete the enjoyment, but her impaired health detains her at her parents' home in Kansas.

This birthday brings reflections of the past, of opportunities that have come to me, some improved, some not. The thought arises: Why try to provide a home for children? What have my parents done for me? Provided twenty-one years' board and clothing, my schooling, and the best care in sickness and health they could afford. What do I owe my children? I leave the Bible to answer the question, and I turn to ii Corinthians, xii, 14: "For the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children." Then again, "A good man leaveth an inheritance to children's children."

I wish in heart to honor the Lord as well as pay a tribute of respect to my parents for the blessings already received; and I want to do and acknowledge it on my fifty-seventh birthday, and every day to the close of life. Over forty years ago I sat in this home, as I do now, improving my spare moments writing in my diary.

My loneliness on account of the absence of wife, and my not feeling very well did not prevent the coming of my fifty-seventh birthday, and, like hurrying to catch a train, we made use of the day. I said to Anna, my son's wife, "I would like to have Fred and Minnie come to dinner, and have a family gathering to celebrate my birthday." My desire is granted. My children and grandchildren have gladdened my heart, and I am better in body. There is an advantage in a family gathering, and it is so convenient where children live near each other.

It has been said: "The man that makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, benefits his race." I am reminded that on my thirty-fifth birthday Henry Smith and myself planted some maples along State Street in Meadville, nine on his lot where he then lived, which shed their beauty on the landscape and their blessing on the traveler. I read when quite young, "Young Man go West," and I have often studied the subject since. My first trip in response to this advice was in 1860. Since then I have made several trips, and during the last two years four, traveling in several States and seeing

a little of the great West. It is my honest opinion that, although I have always lived in Pennsylvania, yet, should my life be spared, my future home may be in the West. Men have been going West ever since the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and the geographical center of population has shifted from one place to another until many places have claimed the distinction.

When I was at Fort Riley, Kas., I was told that was the center. Many States, indeed may I not say every State and Territory, claim some advantage in preference to others; but that best location for farming or any other occupation is, in my opinion, like the Garden of Eden—difficult to locate, though the entire race of mankind has been ever searching for it. The majority have, like myself, had enough to do to secure a living and provide for their families. I think it right for every one to learn what he can in reference to the occupation he wishes to follow, and then seek the location that suits him. I did this, and on this, my fifty-seventh birthday can say I am contented. After my first visit to the West the question was often asked me, "Did you see any locality or farming country you liked?" I did, many such places; and would be as contented and happy as now, had I chosen to have lived there. But after my first trip West I weighed the matter, and came to the conclusion that I was better suited with my own little home in Pennsylvania, and every trip I have made since, whether west, east, north or south, I have returned with greater love for home. But the knowledge gained by these trips has done me good, and I am glad of the knowledge so gained.

While I believe a man can get a living and perhaps do well in any State or Territory in the Union, I also believe more depends upon the man than the place where he makes his home. I think the all-wise Creator has distributed His blessings more evenly in the country than we give Him credit for. Men once tried to build a tower to Heaven, but failed. There is a surer and better way to get there. "Trust in the Lord, do good, and verily thou shalt be fed"—here and hereafter. I believe it is the experience of my fortieth year of Christian life that, though I became a Christian in youth, my only regret is that I have not been more faithful, and started earlier in life.

What adds most to the comforts of my earthly home is the assurance of and title to the Heavenly home. One incident of this day has been a visit to Aunt Polly Kiser,* our nearest neighbor, whom I have known from boyhood. She is in her eighty-ninth year, and standing close to the banks of the great river which separates the Heavenly land from ours. By the way, I am reminded of the death of my aged Aunt Mary Ann Simmons, of Jamestown, N. Y., who had passed away shortly before my arrival from Kansas, on April 4th, in her eighty-eighth year.

*I visited her again July 7, 1891, and found her fast failing.

Let me sum up my fifty-seventh birthday: Family celebration with children and grandchildren; trip to Meadville; wrote a letter to a friend; put up 200 bushels of oats for market; wrote check for the sum of one hundred dollars as my contribution to Soldiers' Monument.

“One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 I'm nearer my home to-day
 Than I ever have been before;
 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be;
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

“Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down;
 Nearer leaving the cross;
 Nearer gaining the crown!
 But the waves of that silent sea
 Roll dark before my sight
 That brightly the other side
 Break on a shore of light.

“O, if my mortal feet
 Have almost gained the brink;
 If it be I am nearer home,
 Even to-day, than I think,—
 Father, perfect my trust!
 Let my spirit feel, in death,
 That its feet are firmly set
 On a rock of a living faith.”



Sunday, April 27.—How thankful I am to find myself in better health and able to attend church, Sunday-school and other religious exercises at the old State Road, and to enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary with my brethren, after an absence of three months. The Lord, through our pastor, Rev. James Clyde, had graciously revived the good work in the vineyard during the winter, and new converts had united with old ones in praising the Lord for what He had done for them. And

this day we older members undertook to say that we, too, had great reason to be thankful to the Lord for His goodness and mercy to us. *O that men would praise the name of the Lord for His goodness, and His wonderful works toward the children of men.* If joy on earth be so great, what must it be in Heaven? Like Rev. Sam P. Jones, *I want to get there!* YES, GET THERE! From church I went to the house of Lewis M. Slocum, my son's father-in-law, who is in poor health, and here I remained over night. In the morning I drove the daughter, Lucy Slocum, to the school she teaches in the Kiser district, Mead Township, about five miles distant, and on our way saw three cemeteries or burial grounds, viz.: one at Wayland, the Ewing Graveyard and the Kiser Cemetery, just opposite the school-house where Lucy is teaching. This is her first school, her scholars being already thirty-two in number, and I could not help thinking about my own first school with a class of more than double the number they average nowadays, and of how my good friends used to help me along the rocky road to learning.

May 2.—To-day I attended the Farmers' Convention held in the Library Hall, Meadville. We were met together in a good cause—to become more united in our political effort to be represented in our legislature and general government, and to have farmers nominated to represent us and look after our interests. Were I a politician I would perhaps say more here, but I hope to be able some time to express my views on this subject as a *practical farmer*, one who has worked long enough and studied sufficiently as he went along to have gained something by experience. On May 3d I called on my aged friend, Rev. E. C. Pengra, who lives less than a mile southeast of Meadville. I have known him for many years, and was truly glad to see him. Brother

Pengra had owned a farm just south of and near the State Road M. E. Church for several years prior to his moving to his present home. While I was enjoying my visit with Mr. Pengra, Dr. C. E. Hall and his wife came in to pay the aged and respected couple a visit, but of this event I have already made mention.

My visit to Mr Pengra reminds me of a certain event that occurred December 22, 1870, the day he left his farm and had his public sale. I had gone with G. W. and P. M. Cutshall to Meadville, where I saw them leave by train (they were going West to buy some cattle), and on my way home I went to the sale at Mr. Pengra's. While there my son Guinnip arrived in haste on horseback to inform me of my father having been stricken with paralysis, and also went posthaste to tell my brother G. N. of the sad event. My friend, David Roberts, who was present at the sale, accompanied me as I hastened to my father's side,* so alarmed was he, as well as myself, at the unexpected news. In that hour of distress, and up to the day of my father's death, January 27, 1871, Mr. Roberts proved himself a *true friend* to him and to the entire family.

"He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need."



"O spring, thou fairest season of the year,
How lovely soft, how sweet dost thou appear!
What pleasing landskips meet the gazing eye!
How beauteous nature does with nature vie."

WEBB.

Sunday, May 4.—This is a lovely day, and it is and has been what every farmer most delights in—"fine growing

*I shall never forget the expression on my father's face when I first saw him after the stroke: the one half of it was very much changed, but it afterward was partially restored to its normal condition.

weather." *The Christian's growth*, wherein should it be found? IN THE PATHWAY OF DUTY, especially on the Sabbath day, in seeking the means of grace at the Lord's house. While approaching, on this bright Sunday forenoon, Blooming Valley Advent Church, I thankfully thought of the privilege I was about to enjoy, as I had not been within the portals of that house of worship for several months. I was blessed in this, and still further blessed as I listened to a beautiful sermon from Hebrews xii: 1: *Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.*

May 7.—Went to Meadville on business, and while so engaged met several friends including Judge Henderson, whom I had not met since my return from Kansas. On my way home I called on Henry Smith, with whom I had a most enjoyable visit, and with the rest of the family met his father-in-law, William Chase, now eighty-two years of age, with whom I have been acquainted many years. At one time he owned a farm about a mile south of us,* and when I taught school in the Moore School District, in Mead Township, in 1856-57, his children—two sons and two daughters—were attending that school. Mrs. Henry Smith was the eldest in the family, and now she has two children of her own—Jennie and Hettie—both grown to womanhood.

May 9.—The poet Gray has sung of "The breezy call of incense breathing morn," and I think when he wrote that beautiful line he must have been luxuriating in a simple early morning ramble in the country, any time in the merry month of May. "God made the country, man made the city," and midst the charms of rural scenes

*Now owned by Smith Galey.

how refreshing it is to look from nature up to nature's God! These May mornings are incomparable in their beauty and sweetness, and as I look around me, viewing the fine fields of grass and grain, I do not feel that I can fully endorse the opinion that we are having a "backward spring"—indeed, as I passed down the fertile Woodcock valley this afternoon on my way on foot to Saegertown, I became impressed with the idea that if the early blossoming of wild strawberries, which I saw by the wayside, is any indication at all, we were having rather a "forward spring" than otherwise.

Spring.

"The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
 Played the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
 And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers."

Remaining over night in Saegertown with my friend, Mr. George Floyd, I was pleased to find Mrs. Floyd looking and feeling better than when I called on them in April. In the evening I attended, with Brother Floyd, the prayer meeting in the M. E. Church, which I the more enjoyed as it brought to me pleasant memories of the past, when in former years I experienced so many similar blessed privileges in company with Mr. Floyd's father at other places. There is great help in true prayer, and sweet music in Christian song.

"Music," wrote Martin Luther, "is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us." Yes, dear reader, the ele-

ments of music are in everything around us; they are found in every part of creation; in the chirping of the feathered choristers of nature; in the calls and cries of the various animals; in the melancholy murmur of the waterfall; in the wild roar of the waves—"The voice of the great Creator dwells in that mighty tone;" in the hum of the distant multitude and in the varying winds—alike when the dying cadence falls lightly on the ear as when the hurricane sweeps past, dealing destruction as it goes.

"There's music in the sighing of the reed,
 There's music in the gushing of the rill,
 There's music in all things if men had ears,
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres!"

Next morning on my way to the train, I dropped in to see and shake the friendly hand of Hon. S. Slocum at his home, where I was pleased to form the acquaintance of Mrs. Slocum's mother, Mrs. Manville, who was there on a visit, and whose husband I had often met.

Sunday, May 11.—This day I passed in Meadville, in the forenoon attending church and Sunday-school at State Street, where I heard our own pastor, Rev. James Clyde, preach from the text: *Thy will be done*. At the close of the Sunday-school exercises the superintendent, Brother St. John, remarked to the meeting: "We have still five minutes, and I see Brother Waid is here from State Road. You all remember how our library was increased by his offer which we accepted, and we will now be glad to hear from our friend." Well, if I had been asked for a *dollar* or so, that would have been quite another matter; but to expect from me a *speech!* I was reminded of the school-boy's lesson—the most difficult question or problem often comes first, and demands our strongest efforts; so I did the best I could, knowing that we get credit for what we do, not what we think we will do and then leave undone. Men

may be unmindful of the little duties of life, like children forgetting to obey their parents; but our Heavenly Father is not thus unmindful of us, as even for a cup of cold water He gives a reward. *No duty cheerfully performed goes unrewarded.* Now, I could not say much to the Sunday-school class, but what I had to say I did willingly for the Master, because I owed it to Him for the thousands of blessings He has bestowed upon me. When Brother St. John asked me to speak, I hesitated, as I thought time could be better improved than by my trying to say anything; but he quietly said to me, "Mr. Waid, you can at any rate say 'How do you do?'" So, as I do not believe in "giving away" friends, but rather in profiting by what they may say, I addressed the school in substance as follows: "*How do you do?* This is a lovely Sunday morning. I am very glad to be with you in this Sabbath-school, and share with you the benefits from our lesson. To-day I am contented and happy in the thought that I have enjoyed this privilege so long. It is probably fifty years since my parents took my twin brother and myself to the Sunday-school at the old State Road appointment, and I have been enjoying it ever since. I was there last Sunday, and it is no wonder I am here to-day; I love the Sunday-school and church. I became a member of the M. E. Church at State Road in 1851, and my scholarship as a member of the Sunday-school is about ten years older than my membership in the church. I look upon the Sunday-school as the nursery of the church. Children, it is an excellent conservatory for the producing of good men and women and true Christians. Some writer has said that we answer our own prayers. It is true we are co-workers with the Master for good, and what we can do ourselves He does not do for us. We are to work for ourselves and for the

good of others, not only in the Sunday-school, but everywhere else as opportunities present themselves. Opportunities are God's *offers* to us; we do the work, and He pays us for doing it. We ought often to ask the Lord, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' And in all things our duty is to obey. You will find that obedience and submission to His will bring their own blessing. The child, in health, asks for a drink of water; the parent says, 'There it is, wait on yourself.' But when the child is sick, and unable to help itself, how willingly the parent will come to its assistance! In that manner our kind Father in Heaven helps us. I had intended to go home yesterday evening, but on account of the rain and some business engagements did not get away; but I am cheered to-day with the thought that I am on my journey to my Heavenly home where I expect to meet you when our work on earth is done." After hearing by the Sunday-school report that the collection was not large, I doubled it by handing the superintendent \$1.50, which he said he would see duly credited. In the afternoon I attended, along with my friend Mr. Derby, the Y. M. C. A. meeting held in the Richmond Block, where we listened to an excellent discourse on "Temperance" by Rev. Hays, of Meadville, a Presbyterian minister.

May 12.—To-day my son Fred, who has for some time back been very ill, was, I am glad to say, sufficiently recovered to visit his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Haines, in Brookville, Penn. Frank and Guinnip, my other two sons, have been baling hay for several days, with the aid of a hay-press which they had bought, rightly thinking that they could dispose of pressed hay to better advantage than in bulk, as they could sell it either at home or abroad, with a choice of markets; moreover baled-hay is most economical as regards storage in the barn, as com-

pared with hay in bulk, and they could do a good deal of baling for neighbors and others, which in the course of time would in itself pay for the press.

May 15.—While sitting alone in the house to-day writing in my diary, my brother called in. He had just returned from Enterprise, Warren Co., Penn., whither he had gone with his two sons, Grant and Plumer, who are filling a contract for bark-peeling. After some little conversation, chiefly on some business in which we wished to consult each others' interest, we set out to look at some property known as the old mill property of Daniel Cowen, situated on Woodcock Creek, one mile north of Blooming Valley, and built in 1832. We went on foot, and on our way entered the cemetery grounds and viewed the spot where our kindred sleep. The old mill property, which includes five acres with grist-mill, house, barn and other buildings, looks to us very desolate and dilapidated, it having been tenantless and empty for some time back. It did not need anyone to tell me that change and decay are written on everything that pertains to earth, when I fix my eyes on this old mill that was built a year before I was born. I have not said it looked inviting, but my brother owns it and wishes to rent or sell it, notwithstanding its weather-beaten condition.

Sunday, May 18.—Again I had the privilege of attending our own church at State Road, and was profited much by the services. Our regular pastor, Mr. Clyde, was assisted by Rev. Chamberlin, of Meadville, an aged gentleman who had been forty-four years in the ministry. Mr. Clyde spoke from the text, *He that was rich for our sakes became poor that we might be made rich.* After the services he announced in substance the following: "Our basket meeting, or gathering of the people far and near at this place for one week, will begin May 31. This

meeting, which takes the place of camp-meeting which used to be held, is expected to produce good results. I am looking for a large number to be present, and we have to get things in readiness."

May 19, 20.—We have had a remarkably wet spring so far, and but few farmers in our vicinity have had their oats sowed or potatoes planted yet—in fact it is altogether too wet for either garden or farm work, and there is a good deal of ground and many a garden not plowed for spring crops. Some one remarked in my hearing the other day, "We have had so much rain, what will farmers do?" The answer is: "Have faith and wait patiently, for all will be well," remembering that seed-time and harvest are promised to the end of the world: *While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.* [Genesis viii: 22.] God's promises are sure: Go forth to the duties of to-day trusting in Him. He will guide thee and it shall be well with thee, and the earth will bring forth fruit for man and beast. He openeth his hand and the wants of all living are satisfied.

Being in Meadville I called on an old acquaintance, Benjamin McNeil, who is in his eighty-second year. He is in poor health, and has been unable to be out since the death of his son James, which occurred, I understand, four weeks ago, aged thirty-two years.

May 21.—On my way home I was informed by Homer Ellsworth, a near neighbor, of the death, on the 18th instant, of his father, aged about four-score years; and later in the day I learned through P. M. Cutshall of the death, on the 20th, of his sister, Mrs. Mary Jane Seaman, in her fifty-ninth year. I attended her funeral to the Rudle Cemetery,* and heard the sermon preached on the occa-

*This cemetery has been enlarged and improved during the past year, and now presents an attractive appearance.

sion, by Rev. H. McClintock, the subject being: *The righteous hath hope in his death.—A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth.* Her seven children were present—three sons and four daughters—all married except the youngest son and daughter.

On the 22d, in the morning, my cousin, Charles Morehead, and I took a look over his farm, and afterward made a call on Mrs. Israel Morehead and daughter, who live on a well-tilled farm near by, and whom my wife, Eliza, and I visited three years ago. Charles Morehead is the youngest in the family of my uncle, the late William Morehead, with whom I worked so many days on my father's farm in my youth and early manhood, and it brings to me very many pleasant memories as I walk and talk with Charles, who is so kindly caring for his aged mother, whose health is good and whose industry is great for her time of life. On my way to see Mr. D. H. McCrillis, Mr. H. Sutton, with whom I staid over night, accompanied me, and thence I proceeded to William Fleek's, near Tryonville, where I called to see his son, who two weeks ago had received a severe cut on the head by accident, but is now fast recovering. My next visit was with my cousin, George A. Goodwill, who accompanied me to Frank Sturgis' place, where I met my aunt Phebe at her daughter's, which was quite a pleasing surprise to me, as I had not heard of her being here.

May 24.—To-day Frank Sturgis drove me over to Titusville, about seven or eight miles from here. In the palmy days of oildom, from 1860 on, I used to find a good market in this town for my farm produce, and with no small degree of pleasure do I think of the good prices and ready sale I got. Then, as now, I had friends and relatives in Titusville, always pleased to see me. To-

day I am stopping with my brother-in-law, Avery W. Masiker, who has his twin sons, Emery and Emmett, with him at home, but his two daughters are married. Among many other calls in the town I went to see an old acquaintance of ours in the person of Wilson Smith,* also Mrs. Angeline Brown, who married, for her first husband, Oscar Allen, a second cousin of my own, by which union there are yet living four children. In the evening, after a stroll about the town, Avery and I attended the meeting of the Salvation Army, and were eyewitnesses to the ceremony of "commissioning officers," religious exercises quite new to me; so I learned something profitable in that line also. Before the day closed I met Asa Davis, whom I had not seen for several years. Next day, Sunday, we went to the M. E. Church, where we heard my old friend, Rev. John Lusher,† preach from the text, *We know thou art a teacher come from God*; also attended class-meeting and Sunday-school, all of which deeply interested us.

In the evening we went to vespers at the Episcopal Church, and afterward called on my old scholar and friend Walter W. Thompson, who drew the record for the Blooming Valley school in 1852, and this was a mutually very pleasant reunion; then we attended the memorial services at the M. E. Church, which was crowded to the doors, and found the exercises very interesting and impressive. Mr. Lusher chose for his text Judges v: 8: *Then was war in the gates*, which he formed as the groundwork for his argument in speaking of wars and rumors of wars from time immemorial, both by Bible chain of evidence and by secular history, down to our

*His mother is still living and is our nearest neighbor. Wilson was a particular friend of my twin brother, Franklin, and I shall never forget how sad he felt when I informed him of my brother's death.

†Rev. John Lusher was the officiating minister at the marriage of my son Fred, at Brookville, Jefferson Co., Penn., March 7, 1889.

own Civil War. Avery, in the course of my visit, gave me some information about my relatives living in the West, especially making mention of J. Cunningham, who he said lived 104 miles from Lansing, Iowa, and seventy-seven miles from McGregor.

May 26.—Called on Dr. W. H. Coombs, a dentist in Titusville, in order to see Mrs. Frank Jackson who, I was told by her husband when he visited us (myself and Anna) some time since, was living with her mother in Titusville; the Doctor, however, informed me that Mrs. Jackson had just gone to Buffalo, N. Y., on a visit. I then proceeded to Grand Valley, about twelve miles distant, to see my cousins Cyrus and Martha Brown, who lived a short distance from the town; and as I walked to their place on this bright sunny morning, I thoroughly enjoyed the balmy air and the view of the green-clad hills, feeling as did Milton when he perpetuated on paper these beautiful lines: "In the vernal seasons of the year, when the air is soft and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicings with Heaven and earth."

I found the Brown family busy—Mrs. Brown house cleaning, and Mr. Brown and their son working out road-tax near their home. After dinner I went to the farm of Mr. R. Hutchinson, and took a look over his place, which is chiefly timber; there is one shingle mill on it, and another in the vicinity, both of which we saw in running order; also viewed the old oil well. I next dropped in on my cousin Horace Goodwill, who has a good farm of about sixty acres, quite well improved, with excellent grass lands and luxuriant meadows of timothy and clover. The night I spent at Mr. Brown's, and following day I called on Mrs. Hannah Lord, but found her not at home; thence went to see her son Adolphus Smith,

a blacksmith by trade, with whom I dined; after which we called on Isaac Teasdale,* and had a social chat with Andrew Smith, Oliver Heelyer and other friends' formerly from Blooming Valley. Adolphus Smith had just bought a lot, which George Bush surveyed for him, I carrying the chain.

MAY 28.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

LONGFELLOW.

This is another never-to-be-forgotten day on the calendar of my life, being the anniversary of the death of my twin brother, Franklin P., which occurred May 28, 1854—thirty-six years ago. As the "whirligig of time" brings around each anniversary I think of my departed brother on that day as much as I do on the anniversary of our birthday. To me it is a day for thought, a day for what I might call a sentimental journey, in which I have time to reflect that "the furnace of affliction refines us from earthly drowsiness, and softens us for the impression of God's own stamp." It was also a day of practical journey for me, as well as sentimental, for I returned home to Blooming Valley from my trip to East Branch, Warren County, Penn., a distance of probably over thirty miles.

May 30, Memorial Day, finds me in Cleveland, Ohio, whither I had come yesterday to be present at the dedication of the Garfield Monument. I am making my home during my stay with my niece, Mrs. Eugene Russell, and her husband was kind enough to show me around the city, which was handsomely and appropriately

*I have since learned of Mr. Teasdale's death, which occurred some time this spring.

decorated, and thronged with visitors. The monument stands in the beautiful Lake View Cemetery, and there were congregated many thousands of loyal people to witness the imposing and impressive ceremony. There were present the President, the Vice-President, members of the cabinet and other government officials. There were for sale among the people copies of the last letter written by President James A. Garfield to his mother, and I bought several for distribution among friends. The letter reads as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 11, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER:

Don't be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true I am still weak and on my back, but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through. Give my love to all my relatives and friends, and especially to sisters Hetty and Mary.

(Signed.)

Your loving son,
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

On my return home I stopped at our church to attend meeting, and after the sermon I remained to the quarterly conference, as I knew not how much our society had to pay our pastor, nor had I heard how we were to raise the money. It was referred to by our pastor, Mr. Clyde, and in the report he said in that conference he would take me or his chances for \$25, his claim being \$125 for the year. This responsibility he took without my knowledge. I was pleased to hear of his confidence in me in regard to my supporting our pastor, so when the opportunity came I arose, having in my hand a hymn book which belonged to the church, and said: "I thank Brother Clyde for his confidence in me in this financial matter. If I owned this book I hold in my hand, I would want it to praise the Lord, as I need nothing in this world but what will do good and praise the name of the Lord. Everything I have belongs to Him; I myself am His

property; it was in this house we made the contract, when I, a *miserable sinner*, gave myself to Him. He gave me life and salvation, *set me free*, and in the joy of my heart I began to praise His name and work for Him, because He has made me a free man, and I love to do His will. I subscribe \$50, this day, for the support of the Gospel among us." Our pastor's \$25 investment was thus doubled in a very short time. There is real pleasure in doing good and serving the Lord; *God loveth a cheerful giver!*

Sunday, June 1.—This is "Basket Meeting" day at our church, and services will be held three times a day for a week. This morning there is Love Feast, and preaching by Elder Kummer, which I attended, as well as the evening service. In the afternoon I went to the funeral of Mrs. Cook (mother of John Cook, of Richmond Township, Crawford County), who died at the age of eighty-six years. The funeral services were held at Advent Church, Blooming Valley. While in the cemetery I visited Eliza's grave, and was cheered in my heart by finding it had been decorated on Memorial Day with flowers, indicating that her blessed memory lives in other hearts besides my own. Verily, from the peaceful bosom of her grave spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

June 2.—I can truthfully say I love traveling, and I can with equal truth confess I love home, that rallying place of all the affections. Yesterday, in church, when speaking, I said, "If I could sing just now my words would be, 'My heavenly home is bright and fair.'" I thank the Lord at all times for the hope He has given me of a future life; and is it not true that those who place their hopes in another world have, in a great measure, conquered dread of death and unreasonable love of

life? But this morning I am thankful to Him for the home *here*. If we would be truly happy—happy every day, every hour of our lives—we must be thankful for everything we receive, spiritual or temporal, God to be paramount in all things—in thought, word or deed. Thompson, the poet, in his ode to Spring, says that happiness consists in

“An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven.”

I would like to say something of my dear old home. After breakfast this morning I took a scythe and mowed the yards, both back and front; and while at work I thought of how my father was wont to do the very same thing, and of how he taught us boys, his sons, the method. In those days the lawn mower was little known in our part of the State, and to be able to mow well with a scythe was considered quite an accomplishment. In my school days I was often encouraged and sometimes flattered by my school teacher saying to me: “Francis, you love your book;” yes, and I can say now that I love my occupation, farming. Mowing by hand in my early-day experience was no small item in our harvest work, as we usually had a large hay crop to take in; and perhaps I loved it because father loved it, and I learned it of him. Last year, at this time I was in Kansas, and my father-in-law’s people gave me credit for mowing their door-yard so well that they declared they “had never seen it done better;” and this morning I was encouraged in my work by my neighbors who in passing commented on the lawn looking “natural, old style,” etc., “you can mow as well as any of your boys, or better,” said some, and so forth; and as I heard them I confess I felt a proper pride glowing within me.

June 5.—To-day I went on foot to the primary election which was held in the town-house about five miles from here, and at the same time made several calls—on D. H. Miller, then to the Alms House to see my cousin Julia Ann Morehead, who is older than I, and whom I have known for years. After this visit I went to Saegertown, thence to the mineral springs, where I drank of the waters; then to the home of George Floyd, whom I found very busy; also saw John Barr, a relative of Mr. Floyd, and whose wife attended school at Cowen's school-house, where I did many years ago. At the Republican primary Mr. Floyd was nominated judge of election. I voted soon after the polls opened, and then left for Meadville.

I had what I call a special privilege to-day, the pleasure of calling on my aged school teacher, Mr. John R. Donnelly, who lives near Meadville, not very far north from Allegheny College, on the old pike road. He was as glad to see me as I was to meet him, especially when I told him that I had called to thank him for the good he had done me in my boyhood. I am not mistaken when I say that this visit was both interesting and profitable to me; I had but little to impart, but I received much. Mr. Donnelly I have always esteemed and loved for his general benevolence and humanity, regarding him as a man such as Epicurus had in his thoughts when he said that "a beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth and spreading fertility."

Sunday, June 8—This is "Children's Day" at the State Road M. E. Church, and I will here give in part what I wrote at the time for the *Pennsylvania Farmer*, as I believe it expresses about all I could say were I to sit down and attempt to rewrite an account of the interesting event:

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Children's Day comes but once a year, and on this occasion some came from a distance. I was truly glad my friends, C. R. Slocum and wife, had remained to spend the Sabbath at State Road. It was a rare opportunity. He and I took our first lessons in Sunday-school here, he nearly fifty years ago, while I, with my brothers, was brought here by my parents over fifty years ago, and my heart swells with thankfulness when I reflect that I have been permitted to attend church and Sabbath-school here ever since. It is written, *Delight thyself in the Lord*, but I am unable to express all the joy and peace I have found in His service since first my young heart was turned toward Him and my feet toward His courts. Boyhood days are not easily forgotten, and how eagerly my anxious soul waited to enjoy this happy event. I was so glad that my friend had come on a visit at this time, so that we could enjoy Children's Day together at State Road. I only regretted that my absent wife was not here, otherwise my cup of joy would have run over.

I called early at Lewis Slocum's in order to accompany him and Charles to Sunday-school and church, as in the olden time, and we took sweet counsel together as we walked by the way. Then our country church was so pleasingly decorated with ferns and flowers and cages of singing birds, indicating that peace and happiness dwelt here. The mottoes on the wall were precious reminders, "You are welcome" made us feel so, and "Jesus loves the children" found a responsive "amen" in our hearts.

Much credit is due the school for the manner in which the program was carried out. The address by C. R. Slocum, in which he related some of his early experiences at State Road, was most interesting. Among those present who attended with him forty-seven years ago, he named Francis Waid, G. N. Waid and Orlando Reed, who were present; all the rest were gone. Brother Slocum was listened to with marked attention during his entire address. So also was Brother G. H. St. John, superintendent of the Meadville State Street Sunday-school, who spoke words of encouragement from his experience in the Sabbath-school as a scholar in youth and as a worker in the good work.

I was full of the spirit when my turn came to face the large gathering of familiar faces, and speak my piece with the rest. I was happy in the thought that the Lord is good to all; who would not praise His name? And yet how much am I personally indebted to Him for the blessings I enjoy?

"I see here G. N. Waid, my only brother now living. Here are my children and grandchildren with neighbors' children," I said, and I felt especially blest in making a few remarks to them and casting in my

mite to swell their contribution to the Lord's work by doubling it, making my love and attachment to the church and Sunday-school stronger than ever. Brother Slocum, my brother G. N., and myself attended Sunday-school in the old church which stood on the corner in 1847, soon after Mr. Slocum's family moved on the George Smith farm on State Road, near Ira C. Waid's, in 1840. About this date, or a little later, Cyrus Goodwill, my uncle, was superintendent, and at one time, Charles Breed was our teacher. The children of that time that are now living are among the older persons in the community, while most of them have passed away. I am so glad to have lived to see the advantages of the present day. My school privileges were the common school, two terms in Allegheny College, one term in the Waterford Academy in Erie County, and one term in Meadville Academy. These were all enjoyed in company with my friend, C. R. Slocum. No wonder I have enjoyed this Children's Day in his company. I recently had the pleasure of meeting Charles Breed, our Sunday-school teacher of near fifty years ago, and he remembered each boy of his class, comprising George Goodwill, A. S. Goodrich, C. R. Slocum, Franklin Waid, myself and one other whose name neither of us could recall.

I also have here the pleasure of adding what I contributed about that time to the same paper, the *Pennsylvania Farmer*, under the heading.

NOTES FROM A VISITOR AT OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL ON CHILDREN'S DAY.

Having the opportunity of attending morning services at the Second M. E. Church, in Meadville, with my friend, I improved it with pleasure. The program and decorations pleased me much, and though the latter were plain yet they were appropriate and beautiful, and the eye was satisfied with seeing, the ear was pleased with hearing, and my heart was instructed in the good way of life, and made glad by the sweet songs and recitations of the children. The dialogue by the infant class—in which many little ones took part by repeating a passage of scripture, and then contributing a bouquet to decorate a cross till it was hid from view with the beautiful gifts—touched my heart with the sacred thought which it inspired.

Then the quotations from the Bible were so appropriate to the occasion that I wanted to join them in this exercise, which I did in heart, and longed to join them in the work of decorating that cross; and I thought of two roses a friend had given me, which were in my pocket, and which, though faded, were all I had to give. Had I offered them I should have said: "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Again: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." I

was prevented for the moment from intruding out of respect for the occasion, but my desire was granted through the superintendent, Brother St. John. In shaking hands with him I informed him of my desires, and the two faded roses were placed with the children's gifts on the cross. I said to my friend, "Put them on as a token of my love for the Sunday-school. I am glad my parents taught me to attend when a boy, and I have loved the Sabbath-school ever since; both it and church are very dear to me. I am glad to enjoy this favor and means of grace, where one can do good and receive blessing from the hand of the Lord. Now permit me to double the children's collection to-day, and let the faded roses teach us to do good as we have opportunity."

My Children's Day opportunities in Meadville were improved and appreciated. They included the evening services at the First M. E. Church, where I listened to a most helpful sermon from Dr. C. E. Hall. I, also with a friend, had a view of the fine decorations at the Baptist Church in the afternoon, where banks of flowers and appropriate mottoes, with a sparkling fountain, made the scene most beautiful. What I saw in Meadville on Children's Day suggested Psalm cxlviii: 12, 13: *Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is excellent, His glory is above the earth and Heaven.*

The tiny blade of grass and flower speak His praise, how good is His name. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord, and all nature join in the song!

June 17.—This is the anniversary of the death of my brother, R. L. Waid, who passed from earth just ten years ago. I regard each date of a death in the family as a day of note, to be remembered and revered; hence there are four days in the year by which I am reminded of the departure from earth of members of my father's family, viz.: January 7 (my mother died in 1882), January 27 (my father died in 1871), June 17 (my brother, Robert L., died in 1880) and May 28 (my twin brother, Franklin P., died in 1854). But of all days in the year the one that claims my deepest reverence as dearest to me among such anniversaries is "Independence Day," July 4, the day on which, in 1888, my beloved wife Eliza C., was called from earth to spirit-land—called by death into life, for is it not true that *death is the parent of life?*

“Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering in the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise.”

In the afternoon I paid a visit to my brother-in-law, Moses Masiker, calling on my way to see Miss S. Braymer, who had recently returned from her visit to the West. I met her at Dr. Weter's last February while I was spending a few days at Grand Island, Neb., as already treated in full in the account of my fourth trip to Kansas and the West [see page 17]; also drove and walked to G. W. Cutshall's; thence walked to Hickory Corners, and from the hill near there I had a grand view of the country around me. Descending this long hill, and musing as I trudged along, my eyes reveling in the beautiful landscape, I presently found myself in Woodcock Valley, by the banks of the creek that bears the same name. Here are to be found, not only pleasant homes and good farms, but also kind-hearted, industrious people. At any season of the year Crawford County is noted for her beauty, but in the month of June, when in velvety verdure clad, with myriads of sweet-smelling flowers adorned, and arrayed in all the glory fair Nature can supply, there is no other county in the State that can excel her in comeliness, fertility and grandeur. Here reign health, peace and quiet, and as I look about me I find it is a very hive of industry. Mr. Cutshall's new house is fast growing with the assistance of masons and carpenters, while he himself, son and hired man are busy in the fields cultivating corn and plowing a piece of ground for buckwheat; and last, not least, among the busy ones I find Aunt Jane (Mrs. Cutshall), my wife Eliza's only sister, whose faithful work in the house can never be too highly commended.

On my return I called on Orlando Sutton, postmaster at Hickory Corners, and still nearer to my home I stopped

and took supper with my cousin, Mrs. George Sutton, daughter of William C. Morehead, whose husband and their daughter had gone visiting a sick relative at Enterprise. From there to my home I had a beautiful walk amid umbrageous trees that lined both sides of the road;* all the surroundings being the more endeared to me by associations and pleasant memories of the past, of happy hours when Eliza and I oft drove along this same sequestered pathway in the days of long ago.

June 18.—Wrote to Anna enclosing draft for fifty dollars, with the request that if it should so please her she may for me remember her father and mother, Hattie and little Vera, by giving each of them five dollars. My desire is to treat them kindly in my own way, for I know that peace and harmony are worth more than money. In such respect I wish to be as my father when he prayed to the Lord for the evidence whereby he might know that whatever he did was right; that is, his desire was to avoid thinking, saying or doing anything he was not convinced the Lord would approve of. And I want to imitate my father also in acts of benevolence and kindness. Washington Irving says somewhere, in speaking of benevolence and kindred virtues: “How easy it is for one benevolent person to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!”

June 19.—Being in Meadville, I walked from there to the house of my uncle and aunt, Robert and Polly Morehead, about four miles west on the State Road, in Vernon Township, and as we met they expressed themselves very glad to see me. From there I went to my cousin, Robert A. Ferguson, where I spent the evening

* Our wood lot of six acres lies just west of Mr. Sutton's farm, adjoining it, and fronts on the north side of the road.

and night. In the morning I made a call on my relative, John C. Morehead, living near by, and while there viewed his strawberry patch, rich with ripe fruit of many varieties, and also his apiary containing, I should think, about fifty hives. I would also here speak of Mr. Ferguson's two-acre farm which by industry he has brought to such a high state of productiveness; then his garden, profuse as it is with many kinds of flowers, invariably commands the admiration of the passer-by. After another brief stop at Uncle Robert Morehead's, I proceeded on my way homeward, dropping in as I passed to see a sick aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kyeenceder, the former of whom was born in 1803. He knew my father and mother and also my grandfather, Pember Waid. He said my father "was an honest man," and that he loved him. The venerable couple thanked me for calling on them, and invited me to come again.

Sunday, June 22.—There was a large attendance to-day at church and Sunday-school, and while at the latter I had the pleasure of sitting beside Mrs. Handly, one of the three aged ladies who had "thanksgiving dinner" with Eliza and myself a few years ago; these three old ladies—Mrs. Handly, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Kiser—are yet living.

June 26.—This is "Commencement Day," class of 1890, Allegheny College, and I went to Meadville on purpose to attend the exercises which were held in the First M. E. Church building. It was a noted day for Meadville in other respects, for in the evening the Republicans and friends of Hon. Wallace W. Delamater, State Senator, who was nominated for governor of Pennsylvania, was given a grand general reception on his return home to Meadville. Irrespective of party politics, all united in giving our candidate a welcome reception.

worthy of so prominent a man, one of good record and noble character. Before leaving Meadville for Jamestown, N. Y., and other points (for I am now on my way thither), I called on Hon. W. W. Delamater, just to shake hands and congratulate him on his success, etc., and I need hardly add I was greeted with a most cordial and friendly reception by him.

June 27 to July 4.—[Here comes my short trip to Jamestown, N. Y., and other points, for an account of which the reader is referred to page 37.]



JULY 4.

“ Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
 Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd:
 You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

The “ Fourth of July ” is a day to be ever remembered by me, and held in calm and peaceful reverence. Two years ago, to-day, Eliza passed from things temporal to things eternal. On her fell on that bright summer morn the mantle of immortality.

“ Cold in the dust her perish'd heart may lie,
 But that which warm'd it once shall never die.”

Should any one ask how it is I think and speak and write so much of my dear departed wife, my reply would be, “ Can a *true* lover forget his first love? Am I different from other men, that I should forever banish from my thoughts the memory of her who was the wife of my early and later manhood, and became the mother of my children? ” No! I cannot forget, nor do I wish to have obliterated from the tablet of my memory thoughts of my departed wife, the most devoted of mothers, a true

Christian woman, kind-hearted, noble and amiable, the leading star of my life!

In the afternoon of the day I went with an excursion party to Conneaut Lake, where a large gathering had assembled to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth." The three little ferry steamers—Queen, Nickel Plate and Keystone—were as busy as shuttles in a loom, as they ran to and fro between the different wharves on the lake. And I lacked only one thing to complete my comparative happiness—the presence of my dear wife Anna, who, alas! is still absent from me, many miles away, seeking in her quiet paternal Kansas home restoration to health. But who has not seen sunshine and storm on the same day; joy and sorrow within the same hour; the rose and the thorn on the same stem?

"Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

A heavy rainstorm in the early part of the day threatened to mar the prospective pleasures of the excursionists; but it soon cleared up, after cooling the air and laying the dust, whereat those who lamented on account of the rain were the first to rejoice when the sun shone again; verily, *every cloud has a silver lining*. At the lake, which I had not visited for several years, although quite near to my home, I met many of my friends, with whom I had pleasant greetings, and when I returned home in the evening I felt refreshed and well rewarded by my short "Fourth-of-July Trip" to the crystal waters of Conneaut Lake.

Sunday, July 6.—This Lord's day I spent in Meadville, in company with Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Derby, with whom I usually stop when in town. In the forenoon we

all three attended the M. E. (State Street) Church and class meeting, Rev. J. Clyde officiating, and in the afternoon Mr. Derby accompanied me a mile or two west in order to pay our last tribute of respect to the late Joseph Kycenceder,* who died, at his home in Vernon Township on the 4th, at the age of eighty-seven years, having been born in November, 1803. He was interred in the Denny Cemetery, in the presence of a large assemblage of mourners, among whom were Uncle Robert Morehead, Robert Ferguson, and other relatives of my own, but Mr. Derby and I did not go to the cemetery as it is distant several miles from Mr. Kycenceder's late home. At 4 p. m. Mr. Derby and I attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting, where we heard Brother H. McClintock and others address the members, and in the evening we listened to the exercises of the M. E. Society in their church at Meadville, of which Dr. Hall is pastor; but on this occasion Brother G. S. W. Phillips, a graduate of Allegheny College, class of 1890, filled the pulpit. The text he preached from was Romans iii: 23. *For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.*

Tuesday, July 8—Being in Meadville on business today, I availed myself of the opportunity to pay a visit to my relatives, Smith Leonard and family, who live near Meadville. Mrs. Leonard, who is my niece, I always thought resembled my wife Eliza in looks. I had the pleasure of dining in the company of Mr. David Compton, who was taking the census and happened to be in the neighborhood; he and I attended school together, one term years ago, and we have ever since been friends. I also called on William Magaw and Aunt Maria Lord, and, later, on my friend Hiram Blystone who also has a very pleasant home near Meadville. On Wednesday I

*Mr. Kycenceder's widow did not long survive him.

was present at the funeral of Rev. W. H. Marshall's child, which died in its second year a few days after Mr. Marshall had sailed for Europe, and on my return home, being caught in a severe storm I remained over night at James McKinney's house, where a relative of mine is living at present. For some days after this, not wishing to abandon active work, which I enjoy, and which I always find beneficial to my health, I helped my son Guinnip in the hay field—mowing *with a scythe* (the boys used a mower), hauling, loading and unloading—and also mowed and trimmed the front yard at both Guinnip's and Fred's place. The wheat and hay crop are both good this year in our neighborhood, but fruit generally, such as apples, pears and peaches, is a failure. To-day (July 12) in the afternoon, I went to Meadville, where I received a letter from Anna, who, I rejoice to be able to say, writes in good spirits as her health is much improved. While in the city I learned of the death of Capt. Leslie, and on my way home I dropped in on Henry Smith, where to my surprise and pleasure, I found my venerable friend Mr. Ebenezer Harmon, who had left his home in Michigan* on Tuesday, 8th instant. He reported our relatives there all well; and I might here mention that his son, James (who lives on the Harmon Farm in Michigan), is married to my niece Anna Waid, daughter of Samuel Waid. Mr. Harmon who, by the way, is now in his eighty-second year, visited us three years ago last June. It was quite a pleasure and diversion for me to listen to the chat and merry jokes between him and Mr. William Chase, Henry Smith's father-in-law, who is in his eighty-third year, as we sat on the verandah in the cool of the evening; they

*Mr. Harmon moved to Michigan in 1833, and still lives on his farm there at Lake Ridge, Lenawee County. During August of 1891, in company with my brother G. N., I paid a visit to our relatives in Michigan and called on my aged friend Mr. Harmon, an account of which visit will be given in my FOURTH SOUVENIR.

talked, among other things, of "rastlin" and such like gymnastic exploits, and, both being farmers, had a good deal to say about their agricultural experience, etc.

Sunday, July 13.—To-day my brother G. N. and I attended the funeral of Capt. Leslie, who died on his farm near Meadville at the age of eighty-three years, having been born May 25, 1807; the interment was in Greendale Cemetery, and the services were conducted by Rev. Craighead, of Meadville. While in the cemetery, G. N. and I visited several of the graves of our kindred, including those of Uncle Joseph and Aunt Sarah Finney and their family, and those of other relatives and descendants on my mother's side. On Monday Mr. Harmon came to spend a few days with us, and we were reminded of having been favored in November, 1888, with a call from his daughter-in-law, Anna, and her two sisters, Clarissa and Lovina. He is making a trip, alone, to his native place, Phelps, Ontario County, N. Y., visiting friends in Ohio and elsewhere *en route*. I drove Mr. Harmon round a good deal, making calls on relatives and friends, and the reader may be sure we did not forget the busy hay field, where I lost no opportunity of doing some share of the work, which becomes a second nature to me.

" 'Tis the first sanction Nature gave to man—
Each other to assist in what they can."

In looking over some old pictures and daguerreotypes, while visiting with Mr. Harmon at the home of my cousin, Lucinda Gillett, near Townville, Penn., my eye alighted on a clipping from an old newspaper, preserved in the case along with the pictures, and which read as follows :

Pember Waid* departed this life in full hope of endless life. He experienced religion in one of our revivals last year in the 77th year of his age, and left for the good world in his 78th year, giving to all

*Pember Waid was my paternal grandfather, of whom special mention is made in the biographical sketch of myself elsewhere in my SOUVENIRS.

who knew him a Christian example of one year and one month. He was noted for being an honest man, all his life. His class-leader told me that "Father" Waid attended every class meeting but one, after his profession of religion up to the day of his death.

S. R. PADEN.

Sunday, July 20.—Along with Mr. Derby and family, of Meadville, I attended State Street M. E. Church and class meeting, and heard a young man, by name McKinney, preach, and in the afternoon we went to the cottage prayer meeting held at the residence of Mr. McKinney, father of the gentleman we listened to in the morning. This was a good meeting, some eighteen being present, among them being Sister Wilson and her brother, Ephraim Williams, for many years members of the old State Road Church. In the evening Mr. Derby and I attended the Park Avenue Congregational Church, where an interesting discourse based on the day's Sunday-school lesson delighted and instructed us. On the following day, Monday, I called on Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reynolds of Mead Township, to express my sympathy with them in their recent sudden bereavement, their son Earl having been killed at Bairdstown, Ill., while employed as brakeman on the C., B. & Q. R. R., Tuesday, July 15, 1890, at the age of twenty-nine years. On Wednesday I attended the funeral of the Rev. J. V. Reynolds' wife, and afterward went some four and one-half miles into the country to visit my friend, Jeremiah Cutshall, who owns a good farm pleasantly located on the west side of French Creek, well watered and sloping to the east.

July 25.—Two cases, being first shipments of my SECOND SOUVENIR, 184 copies of the 300 ordered bound, arrived this afternoon from my publishers in Chicago, so I now have plenty of work on my hands in addition to my regular labor. In the forenoon I visited my aged friend, Isaac Blystone, residing on College Hill, Mead-

ville, who is very sick and not expected to recover; also called on Hon. G. B. Delamater, in behalf of his son, Hon. W. W. Delamater, State Senator, who presented me with a copy of "Birds of Pennsylvania," an elegant work containing fifty illustrations.

Sunday, July 27.—I am very thankful to be at home again to spend the Sabbath amid my old familiar associations, and attend my customary places of worship. Our church, State Road and Blooming Valley, "Pilgrim's Home," is at present undergoing some repairs and remodeling, so meeting was held in the grove, in the churchyard, under the shade of those beautiful trees which some members present and myself had helped plant years ago. The day was pleasant, the sermon good, and the meeting profitable, I trust, to all.

I am very busy now on week-days preparing for delivery, and also delivering some of my SECOND SOUVENIRS, taking as many as thirty in one day to my neighbors, on foot. May the Lord bless them, and help me in the work, for I do not want to eat the bread of idleness. I wish to do something to help make the world better, and I think the most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures and happiness of others.

August 1.—I avail myself of the "Grangers' Excursion" to-day to Chautauqua, to take twenty copies of my SOUVENIR for distribution among friends in Jamestown, Chautauqua and other places. He who goes on a mission of good can not but be rewarded, for His promises, which never fail, are sure to be fulfilled. We are privileged to partake of as good fruit as the seed we sow can produce, and often better, for the seed literally is improved by cultivation. The personal effort of taking those twenty books seems so closely allied to me by nature that I can

not exempt myself from it, and I do not wish the good I desire accomplished to be done in some indirect way, but rather to prove beyond a doubt my willingness *personally* to DO GOOD *with my own hands, money, talent, and whatever else I may possess.*

My intention was to return home from Jamestown on Saturday, August 2d, but while on my way, with valise in hand, to Mr. Colt's in the evening, whom should I overtake but Mr. Devenpeck, also carrying a valise, and Clara! "Well!" exclaimed I, as we cordially shook hands, "I'll not go home to-night, as I intended; I am so glad to have overtaken you, it is worth all my trip!" Our joy at meeting here in Jamestown was pure and unalloyed, like our friendship which is love refined and purged of all its dross. So it was truly a feast of good things to me to spend the Sabbath day, August 3, with such an aggregation of friends in Jamestown. In the forenoon Frank Simmons and I attended the M. E. Church and Sunday-school, hearing a good sermon from the lips of Prof. J. T. Edwards, of Randolph, N. Y., his subject being Naaman, who washed in the river Jordan seven times and was cleansed of the leprosy. I heard Prof. Edwards preach in June, last year, at Ottawa, Kas., and I was very glad of another opportunity of listening to his eloquent exposition of the Gospel. The afternoon was passed in social chat among relatives and friends, some ten or twelve in number, in the grateful shady grove adjoining the residence of Mr. Colt. I did not feel very well myself, so joined but little in the conversation, which afforded me a better chance to listen and opportunity to think; and on that refreshingly bright, balmy afternoon there naturally came to me such thoughts as were suggested to Rev. George Herbert when he penned his elegant Sabbath-Day reflections:

“ O day, most calm, most bright!
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
 The week were dark but for thy light,
 Thy torch doth show the way.”

My time is still much occupied with my SECOND SOUVENIR distribution, and on Friday, August 8, George Cutshall drove me to Guy's Mills, where I left several books with friends and for the Sunday-schools; and on the home trip I stopped to see Hiram Baldwin, a very old acquaintance of mine, whom I had not met for years. His parents lived south of the State Road Church for many years before they moved away, and Hiram and I used to attend Sunday-school together; the parents both died in Erie County, Penn., the father, Aaron Baldwin, on April 19, 1881, aged 81 years, 2 months, 19 days, and the mother, Permelia Baldwin, on July 1, 1873, aged 63 years, 3 months, 18 days. On Saturday, August 9, I heard, incidentally, through a friend, in Meadville, of the death of Mrs. Morehead (“Aunt Polly”), but the date I could not find out; so I immediately set out for Kerrtown, where, on arrival, I learned that the funeral was to take place within an hour. I was thankful to have heard of it, even at the eleventh hour, but much regretted the absence of my brother, sons and other relatives. The interment took place in Denny's Cemetery, four miles northwest of Meadville, and the service was conducted by Rev. Hamilton McClintock, of Meadville, the text for his homily being Revelations xxi: 4: *And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.* Robert Morehead was born March 12, 1802, and was

twice married, first time March 19, 1835, to Sarah Dunn, by whom there was one son, James S., born August 28, 1836, died —; his second marriage was May 14, 1840, with Mary McKelvey, born October 6, 1807, died August 7, 1890 (fifty years married life with a second wife seldom occurs), and the record of the children is as follows: John C., born February 11, 1841; Robert W., born November 10, 1842; Lydia Ann, born November 17, 1844; Harriet E., born March 29, 1848, died —; of all these, Mrs. Sarah Morehead, James S. Morehead and Harriet E. Morehead were all interred in the old graveyard at Meadville, but years ago their remains were removed to the Denny Cemetery, where Mr. Morehead had purchased a lot. After the funeral I repaired to the home of my cousin, Robert A. Ferguson, where I remained till Monday, in the course of which time Uncle Robert Morehead came to dinner, and after the repast he and I walked a short distance about his place, talking and musing by the way; then we proceeded to his own house where we sat down to comfort each other. I was glad to find my aged uncle so well and cheerful under the circumstances, and had found grace in the Lord to help in this time of his great need. Later on, Mrs. Mary Ferguson, my cousin, came along, and we then went over to see her father, Mr. John Curry, who is unwell, and here I may mention that John Curry, a son of William Curry, died July 15, 1890, at the age of 16 years, 4 months. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and I called on Mr. and Mrs. Davis, where we spent the evening in a pleasant, profitable manner.

On Monday, August 11, I returned to Meadville, and after attending to some correspondence I recommenced on my SOUVENIR distribution, in which connection I am pleased to say I received not only much encourage-

ment and profuse thanks, but also blessings which more than reward me in these, my efforts in seeking to benefit mankind. In delivering the books with my own hand I see and learn much of real life; and I love to visit homes of all sorts and conditions—homes of the high and low; homes of the rich and poor; homes of the learned and unlearned; in all of which I receive a warm and spontaneous welcome, for they know my sole object is to DO GOOD; and may the Lord and their prayers so keep me that I may be faithful in the work. A certain gentleman, a most worthy Christian, said to me to-day: “My son is so interested in your book that he is going to read it through from beginning to end,” and another noble Christian, a lady, to whom I had presented a copy for her husband, and left one for her son with a message to that effect, replied: “Yes, I will hand it to him, many, many thanks.” Others also say “God bless you,” while some enquire “How can you afford it?” “Well,” I reply, “the good Lord has been blessing me all my life; my friends have always been kind, and now I feel I ought to do something.” I rejoice to think there is a book of remembrance, and that kind acts will outlive our natural lives. *May we never sow any bad seed.* [The several letters of acknowledgment and thanks, which I received, will be found in the Appendix to this SOUVENIR.]

August, 13.—To-day I set out across the fields in the direction of Saegertown, to deliver twenty copies of my SOUVENIR, carrying twelve in a valise and six in a hand-grip. I walked as far as the home of my nephew, Nick P. Waid, who drove me to Saegertown, by which time I had delivered ten copies. Here I received a hearty welcome from old friends; and I will confess I had another object in coming to Saegertown, and that was to attend the picnic held there by the State Road M. E. Church Sunday-

school, and present to the pastor, scholars and others copies of my SOUVENIR. The picnic was well patronized and all went as merry as wedding bells.

August 16.—On handing a copy of my SOUVENIR, to-day to a friend in Meadville, he said in simple words: "*I will never forget you.*" Days of my childhood and boyhood came at once into my thoughts; and I still have in my possession scraps of paper and some little memorandum books written on, one of which in particular is of good size and bears on the title page the following legend: "WRITE AND BE REMEMBERED," underneath which many of my schoolmates and others have written their names, date of birth etc., giving a specimen of their handwriting. Now, the outcome of this is—*They are remembered*, and as my friend said, *I will never forget them.*

August 19.—My brother and I, with horse and buggy, and taking fifty copies of the SOUVENIR, set out from home this afternoon on what I might term a "delivery trip" to Little Cooley, Centreville, Titusville, etc. We first drove to Blooming Valley, where we commenced the work of our mission, and the many kind friends who greeted us on our journey (a most pleasant one indeed to both of us), were too numerous to name. The towns or villages we stopped at after leaving home were Blooming Valley, New Richmond, Little Cooley (where we visited W. V. Wheeler,* who was very ill, and whom we saw for the last time; near Little Cooley we stopped over night, with my nephew, Orlando Waid), Townville, Tryonville, Centreville, Titusville, Grand Valley, Sanford, East Branch, Spartansburg and Riceville; then back to Little Cooley, and so home. At Titusville we saw our old friends, Asa and Elizabeth Davis, the latter of whom is a daughter of William Smith, once a near neighbor of ours, and to whose

* Mr. Wheeler is a brother-in-law of R. L. Waid.

place I was taken in infancy in order to be inducted into the art of eating bread and butter, in other words— weaned. Mrs. Davis reminded me of it to-day, by saying “I used to hold you in my arms, I could not do it now; I am sixty-six, but I did it once upon a time.” So ended my short Warren County trip, delightful in all respects, and very profitable.

On August 22, at the home of the bride’s parents, were married Rev. G. S. W. Phillips (a second cousin of mine) and Miss Clara Smith of Meadville, toward the former of whom I feel myself much attracted, as I think him an excellent, industrious young man. He studied with much diligence both at the Normal School, Edinboro, Erie Co., Penn., and at Allegheny College, Meadville, from which latter he graduated in the class of 1890. I would like here to add a word of comfort for his mother who has taken such a deep interest in his welfare and in his education. I think no little sacrifice has been made, and no pains have been spared in helping him along in his course of study for the ministry; and I pray that the Lord may continue His blessing on both families, and prosper the young man. To these two families—the “old” and the “new”—I presented a copy of my SOUVENIR, and also to several other specially respected and beloved friends, such as Alfred Huidekoper (of whose father, H. J. Huidekoper, my grandfather and father bought the homestead farm), Elizabeth Huidekoper, Hon. William Reynolds (whose father, John Reynolds, paid me the first dollar I ever owned, which was for wild strawberries I sold him) and others.

On August 30 I met in Meadville my aged Christian friend, Ross Lane, and passed our usual kindly greetings, heartily shaking hands. We spoke kindly and seemingly more tenderly to each other than we had ever done be-

fore, which might be interpreted into premonitions of some impending calamity; but, be that as it may, it was the last time we were destined to meet on earth, for next day, Sunday, at noon, Mr. Lane died in the M. E. Church in Meadville. The account that I received of this sudden and melancholy taking away was in substance as follows: Mr. Lane went to church as usual, listened to the sermon, went to his class, gave his testimony, sat down and (in the words of his pastor, Dr. Hall, when he gave out in the evening the announcement of the death) "fell asleep." Brother Ross Lane was a member of our church at State Road, and his brother Isaiah, a Methodist preacher, assisted in the protracted meetings during 1850-51, at the same church.

Sunday, August 31.—I was glad to learn that Rev. W. H. Marshall, Baptist minister, had returned from his trip to Europe, as I have always profited much by his sermons and had a desire to hear him once more. And my wish was gratified this forenoon, for, in company with Mr. Derby, I attended the Baptist Church in Meadville, where we listened to a most interesting discourse by Mr. Marshall, his subject being Matthew xxviii: 20: *And, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.* How I would like to dwell on the good things spoken of in this sermon, and tell of the help I received from it! At the Sunday-school I was invited with my friend into Mrs. Wallace's Bible class, and while reciting we had the benefit of advice and instruction from Mr. Marshall on the lesson. I was pleased to see present Mr. Luce and other friends whom I met at church. In the afternoon I went to prayer meeting at State Street M. E. Church, and in the evening attended the First M. E. Church, where I had the pleasure of listening to an excellent sermon from the lips of Dr. C. E. Hall, his subject

being "Building," his text taken from the advice given by David to his son, Solomon, about the building of the temple. Dr. Hall is deserving of my heartfelt thanks for his interest manifested in my welfare. How is it that ever since I first saw and made the acquaintance of this good man at the funeral of my aunt, Eliza Phillips, July 25, 1887, at Townville, Penn., I have been continually attracted toward him? His sermons, his friendship, his presence and help have had a truly wonderful influence in building me up in the faith of the Gospel. I have a right to say I love him. When I grasped his hand in the vestibule of the church this evening I said to him: "Dr. Hall, I love to shake your hand, in it is the grasp of friendship; let me thank Christ and respect you for thus honoring me."

On the following Tuesday I attended the funeral of the late Ross Lane, the services being held in the church in which he expired, Dr. Hall and Dr. T. L. Flood officiating. Thus ended the days of a good Christian man, one ripe in years like a shock of corn that cometh in in its season. He passed suddenly away (and he often expressed a wish to so die) in the service of the Lord, from his church on earth to his eternal home in Heaven, honored of God and beloved by men for his Christian character. Not long since I met him on the street in Meadville, and after greetings he said to me. "Brother Waid, over fifty years ago I gave my heart to the Lord, at which time I was a wild, reckless young man. The good Lord tamed me, and I have been tamed ever since." What a sermon! How true in my own experience! The Meadville Daily *Tribune* of September 12, 1890, gives the following account of Mr. Lane's sudden decease, and pays to his memory an elegant tribute:

HE DIED HAPPY.

DEATH OF THE VENERABLE ROSS LANE AT THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

The community was startled Sunday afternoon when it was announced that Ross Lane, one of the oldest citizens of Meadville, was dead, he having passed peacefully away while attending class meeting after the regular service at the first M. E. Church. Mr. Lane was as well as usual, early in the morning, and had remarked that the day was a glorious one, just before the hour for church service arrived. He listened intently to the sermon, and appeared to be in a happy frame of mind. After church he found his way to the classroom and attended the meeting presided over by Mr. D. R. Coder. Mr. Lane arose and related his experience with much earnestness, saying that he was firm in the faith, and felt that the Lord was with him. As Mr. Lane sat down it was noticed that his body was swaying, and finally he rested his head on a chair, a groan escaping from his lips. His head was bowed longer than usual, and when those present went to his assistance it was found that life was gone. He had passed away without a struggle, and all efforts at resuscitation were unavailing. Later the body was removed to the residence of F. E. Wilson, No. 990 South Liberty Street, where Mr. Lane had made his home during the past four years.

The writer is without the necessary information for an obituary notice, except a few words concerning Mr. Lane's life, dropped during conversation at various times. He was born in the State of New York in the year 1806, and followed the business of lumbering in early life. More than a half century ago he came to Crawford County, and an ordinary lifetime was spent in Meadville. Several years ago he retired from active duty, but as his health was good for one of his years, he was able to appear on the streets daily, and always had a cheerful greeting and pleasant word for his friends. He was always a Methodist, and no man was ever more strict in his attendance on divine service. Even when his body became somewhat feeble, and his eye dim, he was always in his pew in church at the proper time. He lived a consistent Christian life, and his faith in the promises of his Maker never faltered. We have never known a man whose belief in the reality of religion was more intense or earnest. His was a life of never wavering faith, and he was a servant who was never untrue to his Master. He had often expressed the wish that the end of his life might come suddenly, and he dreaded the thought that he might become weak in mind and body, and linger on a bed of sickness long before the vital spark should finally go out. Had he been given the power to choose when and where he should die, he would undoubtedly have said: "Let

me be called to my rest on the Lord's day, in the church which I have always loved."

Those who have no faith in the theory that the Supreme Ruler is mindful of His creatures, and grants their wishes, might learn a valuable lesson from the death of the man who was known among the members of his church as Father Lane. On Sunday, August 24, he attended class meeting, and among other things said: "I can only hope to live to once more give my testimony for God." This wish was gratified, and after being once more permitted to declare his faith in Divine goodness, he was called hence. His death removes an old and highly respected citizen. Mr. Lane's wife died several years ago, and of his family but one is living—Mrs. George H. Hamilton, at present a resident of Jefferson, Ohio.

The Meadville *Tribune*, in speaking of the late Ross Lane, says, he "was a Methodist, and no man was ever more strict in his attendance on Divine service." This reminds me of my mother—of how she loved the house of the Lord, and of how faithfully she sought all the means of grace; yes, and found them too. She visited the sick, and soothed their sufferings; she was present at funerals, and wept over dear departed friends; she was constant in her attendance at church, and prayed devoutly, for all mankind; in all of which duties I, also, desire to be regular, for the Lord comforts my heart in being faithful in His service. How appropriate was that sheaf of wheat that lay on the plain coffin, wherein rested all that was mortal of Ross Lane! The good pastor said in his discourse that had he selected a text for the occasion it would have been Job: 26: *Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.* I went to the cemetery, where I lingered for a brief space to meditate and see the last respects paid to this aged pilgrim, whose cheerful voice we shall never hear again, and whose happy face we shall see no more on earth. Good-night till the blessed Resurrection Morn dawns on an Eternal Day! Peaceful is the repose of those who slumber in the Lord!

Before leaving Greendale Cemetery I visited other dear resting places, among them that of Dr. David Best, whose new monument brought to my recollection the occasion of his funeral which my wife, Eliza, and I attended. On a certain elegant monument I read this inscription:

THEY HAVE AWAKENED ME FROM THE
DREAM OF LIFE.

This was surmounted by an angelic figure beautiful to behold.

Thursday, September 4.—At family worship this morning I read some Scripture passages, one of which was *A friend loveth at all times*. I want to be that friend, so that I may be Christlike, and move on to perfection in this Heavenward journey, *always remembering that a friend should bear a friend's infirmities*. The greater the cross, the more grace is given. Family devotional exercises afford me great pleasure and comfort, and while engaged in them I always think of my childhood days, and the altar family worship we were wont to attend, in which my pious mother always took an essential part. How good a thing it is to have a portion of Scripture read! How beneficial and helpful is family prayer! My mother never neglected the sacred duty—Bible reading and prayer; a blessed memory to me, your son, dear mother! I have a desire to thank my Heavenly Father, and reverence the memory of my parents for the influence of home worship. While I live let me bless the Lord for the privilege of having worship in my own family, which was so nobly kept up by my good wife, Eliza, who has gone to enjoy her reward.*

* I thank the Lord that even now July 18, 1891, while my home is part of the time with my children, I am permitted to enjoy the blessed privilege of having family prayer. The reader will remember that life is a changing scene—tomorrow our lot may not be as to-day; certainly we will be one day older, and we may be fortunate or unfortunate. *Life is uncertain.*

I was very much pleased at receiving a present from my honored friend, Mr. Alfred Huidekoper, a book of much value, the title of which is "Meadowside Musings and Songs of the Affections." I also received by express from my publishers, J. H. Beers & Co., Chicago, two complimentary copies of my SECOND SOUVENIR, bound in full morocco, and gilt-edged, which I highly appreciate. How true is the Bible saying: *Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap!* A harvest is sure to follow, the outcome of which may never be known in this life.

September 8.—To-day I called on our pastor, Rev. James Clyde, and handed him my check for fifty dollars, as quarterage at State Road Church. On his thanking me I replied that I believed I was only doing my duty, but that I would like to have, as a favor, my pastor's picture, which was granted. This reminds me of a similar incident which occurred on September 12, 1888, when I gave my check for one hundred and thirty dollars to Pastor Brother M. Miller, which paid his entire claim for salary at State Road, and left a balance of ten dollars toward the support of worn-out preachers. I understand the Society raised an equal amount, same year, to buy an organ. I would not have it thought that in the relating of this I wish to boast, for I do not so intend it; *I owe the Lord, let me pay Him.*

Saturday, September 13.—To-day I set out for Oil City, Penn., in order to attend the Erie Conference and spend the Sabbath there. It is about thirty miles from Meadville to Oil City, and on my journey I found the creeks flooded, with much water lying in the ditches and on the low lands, owing to the heavy fall of rain we have just had. Erie Conference never had a better day than this bright Sabbath, and there was a great gathering of ministers and laymen. My testimony in that love feast

was: *Let all the people praise the name of the Lord, for it is excellent in all the earth*; and truly is this so now in my heart in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Oil City, where the Conference is being held. Let Zion rejoice! What a good day it was for everybody, and how indulgently the Lord remembered me amid the multitude who worshiped there that day. I met one friend there whom, I believe, I would have journeyed almost anywhere to see—and that friend was Mrs. W. F. Oldham, the Christian lady missionary from Singapore, India, who, as I have already related elsewhere, once sang a beautiful hymn in our parlor, and whose husband was our pastor when he was attending Allegheny College. She told me she had heard that Brother Francis Waid, from State Road, was at Conference, so it came to pass that we were looking for each other when we casually met on the street on which she was then residing, and were formally introduced to each other by our former worthy pastor, Rev. J. F. Perry, who was at Conference along with his son, also a pastor. I met many other former pastors as well as acquaintances, old and new, and among the many “shining lights” to whom I was introduced were Bishop Thoburn, Chaplain Dr. McCabe, and Bishop J. M. Mallalieu, of New Orleans. I wish that space on these pages would admit of my speaking at length about the excellent sermons, the good songs of Zion sung by the choir and congregation, and the touching spiritual pieces played and sung by the White Brothers, occasionally assisted by Dr. McCabe. I do not know and am unable to say how much good the missionary work advocated at this Conference will do in the world, but of this I am sensible—I am like the blind man whom Christ healed, in that I can see better than I did before I went to Erie Conference. May the Lord help me to do more

good, not only in this but in every other way within the limits of my ability, for I wish to be fully His, now and forever, and to serve Him out of a pure heart. O, how wonderfully the endless story of Jesus and His glory leads me to exclaim with David: *O, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth toward the children of men!*

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

On Monday I again met Mrs. Oldham, when I presented her, for herself and husband, with a copy of my **SECOND SOUVENIR**, desiring to be remembered to Mr. Oldham. She requested me in return to remember her and her husband to the State Road and Blooming Valley Societies, where they were at one time well known, and after our interview, a too brief one, we parted, perhaps for ever on this earth. I afterward went to Rouseville to see a beloved friend, Wilson Smith, whom I had not met since boyhood days when I attended school at the Waterford Academy, Erie County, Penn., in 1852. Fourteen years ago he was converted, and he is now living a Christian life. Our hearts were glad as we talked together in his house, about four miles from Oil City, up Oil Creek, and also as we *walked* together to the town, in the evening, in order to attend church. After the service, which included the closing of the Conference, I returned with Brother Wilson Smith to his home, and on the following morning I bade him and his wife adieu, and proceeded by train to Franklin.

September 16.—From Franklin I went into the country in order to visit my second cousin, Fayette Goodwill (son of George A. Goodwill, who lives at Tryonville,

Penn.), whom I had not met in sixteen years, and who is now living on the Miller & Sibley Stock Farm, Venango County, Penn., five miles from Franklin, in whose employ he has been, I think, over fourteen years. When I reached his place I found he had gone to Franklin, so it behooved me that I should introduce myself to the family, as I had never seen any of them before, which I did in this wise: "Is this Mrs. Goodwill?" "Yes." "Well, I suppose you do not know me." "Yes, I know you, *I have seen your likeness*; this is Mr. Francis Waid."*

Enough! Our good visit had a pleasant commencement, and increased in interest, especially to me, as my cousin, Fayette, presently came in from Franklin. He took me over the farm, 200 acres in extent, on which, so he informed me, there are at present thirteen producing oil wells; and I also viewed the live stock. The well-known valuable horse, "Bell," I saw on my return to Franklin, when I again visited the Miller & Sibley Stock Farm, and also had a look over the commodious buildings and the trotting course.

September 17.—I had the pleasure, to-day, of attending the second reunion of the Foster Family, held in the M. E. Church, on Bull's Hill, which is surrounded with beautiful groves where the company assembled in groups and sat down to a plentiful feast. Mr. James Foster, Sr., will be eighty-one on February 14, 1891, and his address at the banquet, coming as it did from so aged a man, was replete with interesting recollections and anecdotes of pioneer life. On this trip I distributed several copies of my SOUVENIR, some by mail, most of them personally, and I received at all hands nothing but thanks, blessings

*I have found on several occasions, when introducing myself to strangers, that I was identified through their having seen my picture somewhere; and this has even been the case with children, as instance, when calling on Mr. Cromwell, in Chicago, his children knew me at sight, although they had never seen me before, only my picture.

and kind words of encouragement. The evening of the seventeenth closed my visit to Franklin, and I returned to Meadville and to my home near Blooming Valley.

September 20.—Early this morning my relative, George Reeves,* of Azalia, Monroe Co., Mich., came to see us, and by mail I received an invitation to a wedding, a copy of which invitation I know will interest my young lady readers at any rate, so I here give it:

GRANT B. BABCOCK.
KATE M. SIMMONS.

The pleasure of your company is requested at the marriage of Kate M. Simmons to Mr. Grant B. Babcock on Thursday, September 25, 1890, at 8 o'clock P. M. Residence of Henry Simmons, Busti, N. Y.

While I was absent in Oil City, my uncle, Robert Morehead, and his daughter were at our place on a visit, and I much regret not having met them, as I had been wishing to have Uncle Robert's picture taken—"to secure the shadow ere the substance fades." He is now eighty-nine years old, and I am sure it would please his family and the rest of his relatives to have a photograph of him as he now appears.† To-day we were made more happy by a visit from Lewis M. Slocum's eldest son and his mother-in-law, from Mansfield, Ohio, Maudie, Charles C. Slocum's little girl being along with them. It is a happy thought to me, and therefore becomes natural to say that I was pleased to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Slocum had named their little boy, Francis, after me.

Sunday, September 21.—Yesterday I walked (as is my usual custom) to Meadville, and to-day attended Sun-

* In company with my brother G. N., I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Reeves at his own home, also his brother James, at Raisinville, same county, August 10, 1891.

† This desire was subsequently gratified, as will be shown farther on in my Diary.

day-school at the M. E. Chapel, Kerrtown, the services of which were very pleasant and profitable. At the close of the services I asked to be informed of the amount of collection, adding in effect the following: "I have loved Sunday-schools and been profited by them from my boyhood, and to-day I have spent a very helpful hour with you. There are different ways of manifesting our love for the Sabbath-school and the church. The little drops of rain water the whole earth; let me have the privilege of doubling your collection." This privilege, you may be sure, I was readily granted, and, rejoicing, I passed on my way to my uncle's, Robert Morehead's, place, whence I proceeded to the home of my cousin, R. A. Ferguson, where I remained over night; and this Sabbath-Day milestone, placed on the highway of life by God's own hand, was further sanctified by us in family worship and prayer. On the following day I succeeded in getting a dozen photographs (copies) of my venerable uncle, Robert Morehead, and I was glad, for I had for a long time, as already intimated, been desirous of having his likeness to distribute among a few friends as keepsakes. I have already mentioned that I had received a copy of a book, "Meadside Musings," from the author, Hon. A. Huidekoper, of Meadville, and to-day I was the recipient of two more books from the pen of the same author, the titles being "Gathered Leaves" and "Glimpses of Europe," all of which I prize most highly. The latter came by hand, accompanied by the following letter:

MEADVILLE, September 19, 1890.

MR. FRANCIS C. WAID,

Dear Sir: As you seem to have been a person of correct views of life from your boyhood, bent on self-culture and the education of your family, and working your way up to a comfortable competency for yourself and those dependent upon you, while not neglecting the claims of society upon you as one of its members, may I, as a member of it, express my appreciation of such a record by asking your accept-

ance of two books, viz.: "Glimpses of Europe" and "Gathered Leaves," to keep, or to give to any of your family, at discretion.

Very truly, yours,

A. HUIDEKOPER.

P. S.—If you have any local library where you prefer to place the "Glimpses of Europe" for your neighbors to read, you can act as you prefer.*

In the evening (and, by the way, this is Guinnip's thirty-first birthday) I drove to Townville, on business, and back to George W. Cutshall's, where I tarried till next day.

September 24.—Going to-day to Union City, Penn., I there attended to some business, and made a number of calls on friends, including my niece, Blanche Underholt; thence, in the evening, I proceeded to Jamestown, where I remained with my cousin, Frank Colt. On the following day I attended the wedding of Henry Simmons' daughter, Kate M., and Grant B. Babcock, as already announced. Harvy Simmons accompanied me to and from the bride's home, and much did we enjoy the drive, about eight miles, it being a beautiful, placid, moonlit evening. After the marriage ceremony, performed by Rev. Lowell, a Baptist minister, and customary congratulations to the happy couple, the company, nearly one hundred in number, sat down to an excellent repast provided by the parents of the bride. The remainder of the evening was spent in a most happy manner, "and all went merry as a marriage-bell," and in peace and harmony; I should not forget to add that the bride's wedding gifts were numerous and appropriate, the best wishes of myself being accompanied by a Bible and a blue-covered copy of my *SECOND SOUVENIR*.

Sunday, September 28.—To-day at State Street Church, Meadville, I heard our new pastor, Rev. Laverty,

* I have read the book from beginning to end, and found it most interestingly descriptive. Scenes of travel so well portrayed I love well, and I intend to place the "Glimpses of Europe" in the Sunday-school Library, for the benefit of others. [July 20, 1891.]

preach his initiatory sermon. Our old pastor, Rev. James Clyde, was present, and he accompanied me out to State Road Church, where I listened to his farewell address, which was touching and full of sympathy and love. I was glad to be present, as I, too, was aware of having shortly to leave my home and brethren for weeks at least, perhaps months, maybe for ever—who can tell?* “Man proposes, God disposes.”

September 29.—My brother and I went to Saegertown on business, and I availed myself of the opportunity to distribute a few more copies of my *SOUVENIR*; then on my return home was very busy with many things in preparation for my setting out West. I hope to see all my three sons before starting, but at present Guinnip and Fred are from home threshing in the country; however, I may see them to-morrow. Life is not an empty dream—it is full of hope and good cheer; yet we often tread it with caution and between the hedge-rows of doubt and fear as to the future. We know not what may be near, what dangers, rocks and shoals, so we had best trust in Him as long as we are here, and Heavenward our frail bark He will assuredly steer in such safety and peace as to His children He imparts when

“The sun has gone down in a golden glow,
And the Heavenly city lies just below.”

[From September 30, 1890, to January 1, 1891, comes my fifth trip to Kansas and the West, an account of which commences at page 42.]



* I here refer to my projected trip to the West, to meet my wife, an account of which will be found elsewhere.

1891.

Sunday, January 4.—To-day I went to State Road Church Sunday-school, and to each of the scholars present under twenty years of age I offered a copy of my **SECOND SOUVENIR**, requesting the superintendent to send me the names of all those who would like to have one. I feel as if I want to do something for our Sunday-school where I have shared the blessings of the Lord in some manner or another for the past fifty years—since I first commenced to attend both it and the church with my parents.

January 5.—My eldest son, Franklin, is thirty-six years old to-day. In company with G. W. Cutshall I went to Meadville on business, and we then came to see my brother, G. N., my first call on him since my return from the West, and following this I made, at different dates, a good many visits among friends and relatives, all of whom cheered me with kindly greetings of welcome. On the 8th I learned of the death of Mrs. Maria Long (the oldest person in our community), at the patriarchal age of a few years under one hundred. "Aunt Maria," as she was called, always lived near us, and was ever noted for her industry and honesty; she was a woman who I always thought did the best she could, and was universally beloved and respected. Her funeral, which took place on Sunday, 11th instant, was largely attended, although the day was very wet and uninviting; and so desirous was I to be present that, after listening to Dr. T. C. Beach's sermon at the M. E. Church at Meadville, I walked from there to Blooming Valley, and thence proceeded to the cemetery.

January 10.—This I always regard as a most notable day in my life, for it dates the commencement of my Christian life; my return to God; my seeking after better things; my starting on the Heavenly journey; my con-

firmed hope of Heaven. Why, therefore, should I not thank and praise my Heavenly Father this day for having mercifully spared me to reach the end of the fortieth year of my Christian life? The Lord is so good to me that I will ever praise His name, thank Him for His manifold mercies, and worship Him in the beauty of holiness.

“Grander than ocean’s story,
Or songs of forest trees—
Purer than breath of morning
Or evening’s gentle breeze—
Clearer than mountain echoes
Ring out from peaks above—
Rolls on the glorious anthem
Of God’s eternal love.

“Dearer than any lovings
The truest friends bestow;
Stronger than all the yearnings
A mother’s heart can know;
Deeper than earth’s foundations,
And far above all thought;
Broader than Heaven’s high arches—
The love of Christ has brought.”

Sunday, January 11.—I have already stated that in the forenoon of to-day I attended the M. E. Church in Meadville and Mrs. Long’s funeral. The text was 2 Timothy iii: 16: *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.* It was the first time I had heard Dr. Beach, and I was in no small degree edified and helped by his able discourse on the above subject. This was indeed a glorious day for me in all respects, and well worthy of being preserved on record as the “New Year’s Day” of the forty-first year of my Christian life. I want to begin the year aright; yet I know I must be careful, though not *too* careful in doing good. I take for my own use, and that of others

in my present home, five county newspapers besides the *Chautauquan*, all published in Meadville, and I have now ordered over twenty copies, that is a year's subscription for each of some friends from January 1, 1891, to January 1, 1892, many of which are renewals, others being new subscriptions.

January 16.—To-day I set out for Jamestown, N. Y., and on arrival there immediately proceeded to the home of Mr. F. Colt. On Sunday following, Gertie and Mertie Colt accompanied me to the Methodist Episcopal Church and Sabbath-school, where we listened to an eloquent sermon delivered by Rev. A. C. Ellis, from John iii: 4: *How can a man be born when he is old?* In the evening, along with Mr. Frank Simmons, I went to the Opera House, where the Baptists are at present holding their meetings while their new church is being built, and here I had the pleasure of listening to Miss Kate Bushnell's address on "Social Purity."* On Monday I made a call on Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis, with whom is living Mrs. Davis' father, Mr. Washburn, now in his eighty-seventh year†; also called on Mr. S. Phillips to see blind Hattie Howard, who used to visit at our home with her sister years ago. Among other calls I made was one on Mr. and Mrs. Grant M. Babcock, at whose wedding I was present September 25, 1890. On the evening of the 19th I attended Russell Conwell's lecture, the subject of which was "The Jolly Earthquake in India in 1605—A Legend." From Jamestown I proceeded to Ashville, in

* This address was listened to by a large and evidently appreciative audience. I, myself, think it was simply grand, and would like to hear it again; it is worth repeating several times, even to the same audience; and I believe it would prove a universal blessing if the whole world could have an opportunity of listening to it, for then, I feel confident, truth and righteousness would prevail.

† Mr. Washburn had been in failing health for some time when I visited him last summer. I can not give the exact date of his death, but think, from what I have been informed, that he died in May, 1891.

order to visit other friends, especially Mr. Burns and family, but I found they had moved away, intending to go to Ohio; so thinking I might find Mr. Burns in Jamestown I returned thither, but was disappointed, as he had gone, so I learned, to Olean to see his daughter. On Tuesday I went to Lakewood, where I again saw my friend, Mr. Fleek, as also his brother Fayette, at Harmony, and enjoyed, taken all in all, a most pleasant visit. Then on Wednesday I journeyed to Corry, where I visited an old school acquaintance, Mrs. Henry Thurston (formerly Delia Dickson), whom at one time I used to see frequently, but of late years have seldom met. From there coming to Union City, I here called on my niece, Blanche Underholt, and family; also the Housenick boys, with whom I am well acquainted and glad to meet again. In the evening of the same day I came on to Saegertown, from which place a walk of a mile and a half brought me to the County Alms House and Farm, in Woodcock Township, of which my brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, is superintendent, and Mrs. Cutshall matron. As I tarried over night with them, I had an opportunity of visiting them in their recently appointed positions, and, for aught I could see, everything seemed to be going on harmoniously and satisfactorily. I registered as a visitor, and learned that the present number of inmates in this excellent charitable institute is 106. *Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.* Thus ended my six days' trip to Jamestown.

January 23.—On my return home this morning I dropped in to see my sick neighbor, D. H. Miller, and while there learned of the death, yesterday afternoon, of George Dewey, in his sixty-fourth year, after an illness of several weeks, I might even say *years*, from a stroke of

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paralysis. On the following day I attended his funeral; Rev. Barber conducted the services, and the interment took place in Blooming Valley Cemetery.

On this same day also died Lorenzo Williams, an old acquaintance of mine, who was born in Massachusetts in July, 1816, and came to Crawford County many years ago, and I regret that I had not heard in time to attend his funeral. In the evening I took train for Cochranton, a few miles southeast of here, in company with a friend, William Adams, for the purpose of attending the dedication of the M. E. Church at that place. It being late when we arrived there, I stayed for the night at a hotel, but next morning, after breakfast, my friend, Mr. A. T. Brown, called for me, having heard I was in town. Accompanying him to his pleasant home, I there met his wife, whom I formerly knew as Miss Emma Hunter, and the rest of the family, and most happy indeed were our mutual salutations. I was also glad to meet Dr. T. C. Beach, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Meadville, who preached in the new church building at 10:30 A. M.; from the text, 1 Corinthians, iii: 11: *For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.* A very large audience, probably 800, listened attentively to the eloquent Doctor, and at the close of the discourse the sum of twenty-one hundred dollars was collected toward paying off the church debt, which was in reality less than that amount. St. James declares that *in doing we are blessed*, and my own experience bears witness to the truth of his doctrine. I was blessed in hearing the sermon, the more so as these beautiful words fell on my ear: *They shall prosper that love thee.* Who would not love Zion? Who would not wish to help on the Master's cause and kingdom? Here, then, on the occasion of which I am writing,

was an opportunity for all to do something, and, while the contributions were pouring in, Elder Kummer, who had the management of that portion of the exercises, announced that a little boy* had come forward and given a penny, and that the opportunity had now arrived for some one to contribute one hundred dollars. "How many," asked the elder, "will give one hundred dollars?" I realized, just then, that my time had come to subscribe, and so I expressed a desire to stand beside that little boy who had just given his mite; my request was granted, and they accordingly put my name down for one hundred dollars. Again was I made happy by simply *doing good*; and I was glad that I had followed the example set by that fine little boy, Floyd Fleming. In the evening the presiding elder preached a highly appropriate sermon to another very large gathering of people. The M. E. Society in Cochranon have now to be congratulated on their having a fine brick church, for which they have labored faithfully. Success has crowned their efforts, and my earnest prayer is that the Lord may bless them more and more, both spiritually and temporally, for this new church building has cost them eight thousand dollars in money, besides much time, labor and patience. In the course of his remarks in the forenoon the presiding elder said: "Mr. Waid has written a book, I have read it; he is a self-made man." Hours of toil, days of thought, and years of opportunity to DO GOOD have been allotted to me, and yet I wish to do more, to open the book, so to speak, and write some kind word that might help a friend to a better life, and cheer him onward on the path of Christian rectitude.

*I afterward met, at the home of his parents, this bright little boy, Floyd Fleming, son of James G. Fleming, one of the Church Dedication Committee, and have recently learned, with regret, of the death of the boy's father.

In the evening of this same day I went down to my brother's, and on my way thither heard of the death, in her fifty-eighth year, of Martha Smith, wife of Ira Smith, who lives on Hatch Hill; I had known them both many years, even before they were married. On the following day, on returning from my brother's place, I called on my aged friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Breed, who were married in 1833, the year of my birth, and I was informed by Mr. Breed that he would be four score years old on February 5, this year. How good the Lord is to us! "Yes," says some one, "but He takes our friends away." "True, *but we are left*, with this comforting hope, that if we do right, and lead Christian lives, we can go to them." These thoughts come to me as I sit writing in my diary in the old home of my childhood, where the spirits of my twin brother, my father and my mother all took their flight to the better land, that Heavenly "Home eternal, beautiful and bright, where sweet joys, supernal, never are dimmed by night." I doubt not but some may think these reflections of mine are strange; to me, however, they do not appear so. It is just twenty years ago, to-day (January 27, 1891), since my father died in this old home. Why should I not ponder it, and try to be ready when I am called?

" Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

" Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

I remember the prayer of my parents that we—they and their children—should also live that finally we might make an unbroken family above, and to-day I offer a

similar prayer: May the Lord grant to each of us the same spirit, that all the families on earth may be saved! In the evening I went a mile south of Blooming Valley to visit my aged friend Mrs. Dickson, according to my promise made to her son and daughter when I met them in Minnesota. I was glad to find Mrs. Dickson well, and still able in her advanced years to attend to her household duties; she was even able to be present last Saturday at the funeral of George Dewey! She had two lady visitors while I called—Mrs. George Bush and Mrs. Hellyer—who added to the mutual pleasantness of the visit. I left Mrs. Dickson's about 10 o'clock for my own home, a walk of about two miles, and as I plodded on my moonlit way I fell athinking about life's duties. What a startling array of responsibilities does even a single day carry! Probably no one studies his duty toward God and his fellowman better or more profitably than he who realizes the fact that a day, gone, never returns, and that we will be individually accountable for what we have done and what we have left undone—for our sins of commission and sins of omission.

On Wednesday, January 28, I attended the funeral of Mrs. Ira Smith, of whose death I have just made mention. She was interred in the Smith Cemetery, and the services at the church and at the grave were conducted by Rev. Hamilton McClintock.

Sunday, February 1.—Having, according to my usual custom, walked to Meadville yesterday on business, I decided to remain over Sunday, so went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hites, whom I can call "old friends," for I have known them both since long before their marriage. I met some of their relatives in Jamestown, N. Y., who requested me to call on them when I could, as I had photographs of some of their friends to show them.

Together we went this forenoon to the First Presbyterian Church, and there listened to an excellent sermon from the lips of Rev. Hays, the regular pastor, whom I had heard once before—text, Matthew xiv: 31: *Wherefore didst thou doubt?* After the service I bade my kind friends adieu, and betook myself to Mr. Derby's, my regular stopping place in Meadville. Then in the evening I attended the Baptist Church, where I heard a very able discourse and appeal to the unconverted, the text being Joel iii: 14: *Multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.* I love to hear the Rev. W. H. Marshall preach the Gospel, and I am never tired of standing on the housetops, figuratively speaking, and proclaiming to the four quarters of the globe God's immeasurable love toward mankind, and that the more we partake of His love (and *God is love*) the more friendship and kindness will we exhibit in ours. I often think of this; and yet the charity of the world is cold. With the prophet Joel, I wish that multitudes, multitudes would come to Christ, and be sheltered from the storms of life in a haven of rest. Christ wants us all to preach His Gospel by leading lives of devotion to Him. *Come let us work in his vineyard now, to-day, ere we find it too late; when to-morrow has come we may not be here.*

“Work for the night is coming;
 Work, through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling:
 Work, mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.”

February 2.—I thought it best to remain in Meadville till after the funeral of my old friend and acquaintance,

Joseph Taylor, who had died at the age of seventy-two years, and whom I have known for a long time. Rev. W. H. Marshall delivered the funeral sermon, the text he chose for the occasion being Ecclesiastes vii: 1: *A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth.* The pastor demonstrated well and clearly that to the righteous the day of death is better than the day of his birth. I am thankful for having heard this discourse, as it did me good; building me up on a sure foundation. How I love them that love the Lord! I would always be Thine Lord, Thy word is so dear to me.

Besides doing some business to-day in the city, I purchased six Bibles to present as gifts to my friends, and I enjoyed the pleasure of a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Quick, whose relatives I called on when I was in Chicago. Mrs. Kate Quick was once a pupil of mine in her girlhood; it is a pleasure not only to remember but to be remembered. Surely there is something in every hour of life; we can either help or be helped as the moments pass by, bringing opportunities either to be seized or lost forever! On my way home I called on Henry Smith, with whom I tarried over night, and spent a most pleasant social evening with his family and aged father-in-law, William Chase, who, I believe, still enjoys good health for one of his age; he had been an active and industrious farmer, and retains his usefulness longer than most men. I will here chronicle the death of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, whom I knew well in my youth and early manhood, and at whose house I used to attend prayer meeting: "Permelia Baldwin died July, 1, 1873, aged 83 years, 3 months, 18 days; Aaron Baldwin died April 19, 1881, aged 87 years, 2 months, 19 days."

February 3.—This evening I had the pleasure of presenting to my friend and relative Mrs. Ralph Roudebush of Blooming Valley, a copy of the best of all books—a Bible—for which she thanked me kindly. No one need say to me it does not pay to do good; *I know the value of it.* Every effort in the right spirit and with proper motives on my part has brought reward to me. We should always bear in mind that even in this life the righteous are promised “Thirty, sixty and some an hundred fold,” and, in the next, life everlasting. How necessary, then, for us to sow the good seed if we would reap a golden harvest! The Lord will help us to do it, if we only try to help ourselves.

This cold, wintry day, requiring some letters and books to assist me in collecting matter for my THIRD SOUVENIR, I went over to my old home, only about eighty rods distant, where my youngest son, Fred F., lives, and I found everything about the house and farm in such good order, that I could not refrain from complimenting him and his wife. I was much pleased at the advancement they had made within less than two years, or since they were married; I mean in the way of housekeeping, farming and in the general conducting of things, both in doors and out of doors. Indeed, I may truthfully say, the same of my other sons, Frank and Guinnip, and their wives. It naturally affords me much pleasure to see for myself that my boys are trying the best they know how to get along in the world. May the Lord bless us, and help us all to do right.

But I must now speak of my old books and letters, from which to gather some of the best thoughts for my SOUVENIR, in the compilation of which I find that my old diaries and some of my school records and compositions do not come amiss. But as I pause for a moment and at a glance span the journey of life with many of the relics

before me—letters, books, pictures, mementos, keepsakes, etc.—I find nothing more dear to me than those reminding me of Eliza, my dead wife. Time will never efface her memory. Anna's letters are undoubtedly dear to me, but Eliza's recall to me visions of youth and their happy halcyon days. Then how dear to any one are old school books and their associations! To-day, from among others, I pick up my old "English Reader," on the fly-leaf of which appears, in the handwriting of either my father or the school-teacher, my name and the date when I commenced to dive into its mysteries: "Francis C. Waid, Dec. 2, 1846." I am glad I studied and made myself acquainted with the contents of that book. I remember, when my twin brother and I, along with others, were thought capable of being advanced a grade higher than "Cobb's Third Reader" (which we had just been studying), to the first class in the "English Reader," that we required new books; and we got them. Father bought each of us two a copy of the "English Reader," and that was a grand day for us. He told us to make good use of our books and keep them, which we did, and I have mine still, while that of my twin brother is, I think, either in possession of my brother, G. N., or some other relative. I love the "English Reader" and always did, for long after leaving school I used to take it off the book-shelf frequently, as did also Eliza, and read it to our children as well as for our own pleasure. And I do not even now wish to let this opportunity pass without selecting one piece of poetry from the second part of the "Reader." It is by Cowper, the English poet, and the verses are supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode of four years and four months on the island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific Ocean:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the center all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

"I am out of humanity's reach;
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own;
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

"Society, friendship and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man!
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth—
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

"Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford;
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

"Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial, endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more!
 My friends—do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O, tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

“ How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

“ But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There’s mercy in every place,
 And mercy—encouraging thought!—
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.”

February 5.—To-day until noon I was busy at home writing, and looking over old letters, over a hundred in number, written to my father and mother by kindred and friends, and so long carefully preserved for me to review now after many or most of the writers, besides the recipients, have departed for the other shore. What a pleasure and comfort they bring to me! Then the afternoon had yet another sweet pleasure in store for me in my having the privilege of presenting a Bible to John F. Breed on his eightieth birthday, to give to his great-grandchild, Shirley Chipman, a seven-year-old boy, who was present when I handed the book to Mr. Breed. This boy’s grandfather, Edward Chipman, was a schoolmate of mine, and also at one time a pupil. A number of relatives of the old gentleman were gathered at his home to congratulate him on the occasion, and I had an opportunity of thanking Mrs. Phebe Jones, of Buffalo, N. Y. (Mrs. Breed’s youngest daughter), for her kind letter of sympathy, conveying a tribute to the memory of Eliza. From Mr. Breed’s I went to see my brother, who accom-

panied me in a walk to our friend, William Smith, living about two miles from town, where we remained, each of us enjoying an old-fashioned visit such as brings a three-fold pleasure in Anticipation, Participation and Remembrance. You know, friend reader, there are such visits, and this was one of them. We had each over fifty years of life from which to gather our experience, and we had not met together for a long time; yet how quickly the evening passed away! On the following day I again called on my sick neighbor, Mr. Miller, whom I found no better; then went to Mr. Glenn Fleek's to see his aged father-in-law, Mr. Henry Kelley, in verity a patriarch, born September 14, 1800, and whom I had known from my boyhood.

Sunday, February 8.—This turned out a profitable day for me all round. Where labor is followed by rest and duty by pleasure, what a blessing they bring! In the morning I attended the State Street M. E. Church Sabbath-school, and at the close I was invited to address a few words to the children. One thought I expressed was the value of time and place when and where I love to see children. If time is more valuable than gold, why then not make the best use of it? And where can we make a better use of time than by employing an hour in the Sunday-school? I have seen children in many places, but I do not remember of ever looking on them with greater pleasure than in the Sabbath-school, where we all learn the most useful lessons, especially the young, for here they receive their equipment for life's journey. In the forenoon there was preaching by our pastor, Rev. J. Lavery, his text being John xv: 15: *But I have called you friends.* I love the Gospel, and, as I have often thought and said, let it do me good as it doeth the upright in heart, so as I can reprove and practice it in my life

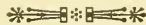
work. A good class-meeting followed the service, and in the afternoon a prayer meeting was held in the church, instead of the usual "cottage-meeting." In the evening I heard Dr. T. C. Beach preach in the First M. E. Church from Matthew vii: 20: *Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them*, a passage in Scripture I had many a time read, and heard expounded. I had heard Dr. Beach twice before—once in his own church and once at Cochranon, last month, as already related. He who loves home best has the greatest appreciation of good things when he goes abroad; at least that is how I have found it in the line of my experience. That passage of Scripture he spoke on to-night, *Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them*, reminds me that there is something about the Bible, the Gospel, that never loses its attraction to the Christian. It never grows stale or unprofitable by being read and studied over and over again. We love it more and more as the years roll by. *It is better farther on.*

"How sweet is the Bible! how pure is the light
That streams from its pages divine!

'Tis a star that shines soft thought the gloom of the night,—
Of jewels a wonderful mine.

"'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the poor,
A balm for the wounded and sad,—

'Tis the gift of a father—His likeness is there,
And the hearts of His children are glad."



February 9.—It is said that only one individual in a thousand lives to see eighty, and only one in ten thousand reaches the patriarchal age of a hundred years. In the married life how few live to see their fiftieth wedding anniversary! probably not one in a thousand. I can name, however, an exception in my own family, in the person of my uncle, Robert Morehead, who lived fifty years with

his second wife! Now the reader will perhaps be wondering what all this has got to do with February 9, 1891, and I must reveal the truth to him or her—it is the fiftieth anniversary—“Golden Wedding”—of my most esteemed and well-beloved old friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Roudebush,* of Blooming Valley, whom I have known from my earliest recollections, having lived within a mile of their abode all my life. That I received an invitation to join, with many other guests, in the appropriate celebration of this semi-centennial, goes without saying, and on my arrival at the home of the happy couple I received a most friendly and cordial greeting. My only regret was that my dear wife, Anna, was not with me to contribute to the pleasure of the gathering, and share in the many hospitalities extended. On account of her health she is still with her parents in Kansas, but I hope the day is not far distant when she will be restored, by the blessing of God, to sound health. Notwithstanding the day was wet, there was a large gathering of relatives and friends, young and old, who all heartily enjoyed themselves; and so eager was I to be present that I walked from Meadville, and on reaching my home stopped to get a couple of books I intended to present to Mr. and Mrs. Roudebush, as small tokens of remembrance, the true value of which would be found between the boards. These books were the Bible and a copy of my **SECOND SOUVENIR**, and in them I wrote the following:

* Mr. Roudebush was born April 18, 1818, in Bedford County, Penn., and has been a resident of Woodcock Township, Crawford County, Penn., since 1824; Mrs. Lucy J. Roudebush is a daughter of Joseph and Sarah Armstrong, early settlers of Troy Township, also in this county.

The Bible.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING GIFT.

Presented to Lucy and John Roudebush, by Frances C. Waid, Blooming Valley, Pa., February 9, 1891.

P. S.—If my request meets with your approbation, I wish you to leave this Bible, and also the Souvenir, with your children in remembrance of your Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary which I had the pleasure of attending.

F. C. WAID.

Souvenir.

Presented to Mr. and Mrs. John Roudebush February 9, 1891, on their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary, the "Golden Wedding," by Francis C. Waid, Blooming Valley, Crawford Co., Pa.

Remembrance and Friendship are valuable all along the journey of life, and real friends appreciate it. May we bequeath it to our children. Please give this book to yours as a token of our life-long friendship.

A Friend loveth at all times.

F. C. WAID.

After the banquet, to which all were freely welcomed, came congratulatory addresses and appropriate speeches, the first of which was a poem written for the occasion and read by Mrs. Nancy Floyd. The verses presented a brief sketch of the Roudebush Family, and was very interesting. This was followed by an address by Mr. Humes, who in the course of his remarks paid Mr. Roudebush and his estimable wife a well-deserved compliment, in saying that not only hundreds but even thousands in this county and elsewhere respected and honored them for their integrity and real worth. I also spoke a few words, and one question I asked was: "Are there any here who attended the wedding of our host and hostess fifty years ago?" To which Mrs. Roudebush replied: "No—they are all dead." Of Mr. and Mrs. Roudebush's eight children—five sons and three daughters—seven are liv-

ing, and four of the seven were present at the "Golden Wedding," viz.: Benton, Almond, Effie and Ettie; Clinton, Lorenzo and Frank are in Europe; the eldest daughter, Sylvania, is deceased. In concluding my necessarily brief account of this happy event, I will quote a few words from the "History of Crawford County," page 1159: "Mr. Roudebush has one of the finest farms in Blooming Valley; has served as a justice of the peace." This worthy and honored couple are among the best citizens of the county, and may they long live to enjoy the fruits of their labor!

February 12.—I received a very affectionate letter from my wife, to-day, the purport of which set me deeply thinking. Her health, which continues in an unsatisfactory condition, necessitates her still remaining at her Kansas home among her own people whom I know she loves well. I, too, love my native county, my home, my family, my friends, and have never lived or had a permanent home anywhere else; yet I do not say these are sufficient reasons why I should ask my wife to come here to live, were it not for a sense of duty and what I believe to be right. The problem, as I have presented it, I intend to solve by placing it trustfully in the hands of the Lord, do His will to the best of my ability, and leave the results with Him, a Rock on which to rest, either at home or abroad.

Since our marriage I have been spending part of my time in Kansas with my wife, and part at my home near Blooming Valley, in duty and business as best I know how. Now, I believe, in fact *I know*, the Lord helps us, when we rely on Him with faith, and the more obedient we are to Him, and the more we trust in Him, the better it is for us. He would not invite us to come to Him in the time of trouble if He could not deliver us; neither

would He say "cast thy burdens on me and I will sustain thee," if He did not mean it. *He is a present help in time of trouble, mighty to save, strong to deliver.* I trust the reader will properly comprehend my motive in alluding in my SOUVENIR to what might be justly called "purely private affairs;" but my reason I feel assured is quite apparent to the intelligent. My motive is simply to DO GOOD; and for the benefit of all who may be in sorrow, need, sickness or any other adversity, I have named the one reliable Physician, and the only remedy in the hour of trouble.

"He leadeth me! O, blessed thought!
O, words with Heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

"Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me."



February 14.—"Sugaring" has now commenced, and my son, Guinnip, and my nephew, Nick P. Waid, working together, have opened part of their sugar bush. They have 600 sap pails, and have tapped for about half that number. It seems early in the season, but the "first run" is considered the best. My son, Frank, is busy getting ready to build and move his barn, a no small undertaking, and my other son, Fred, is also very busy with his work—so we all have plenty to do. I think I know now better than before how it was that my father and mother were pleased and made happier when they saw their children doing well and working harmoniously together. The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they can not utter the one, and will not utter the

other. I know I delight in seeing my children doing well and getting along without any friction, and my prayer is that the Lord may help and bless them in so doing.

Sunday, February 15.—In the forenoon of to-day I attended the African M. E. Church, by invitation of a member of the congregation, Mr. Penman. The text was *Hallowed be Thy name*, and the discourse was extremely edifying, while the singing was particularly sweet; in fact, the whole service was peculiarly earnest and impressive. One of their pastors, Rev. W. P. Ross, used to preach occasionally at Blooming Valley years ago. In the afternoon and evening I attended State Street M. E. Church, where they are holding protracted meetings. On the following afternoon I attended the funeral of Fred Denny, which was well attended, in spite of the rain that had continued two days, services being held at the African M. E. Church. On my way home from Meadville I dropped in to see my friend Clark Ellis, and I had only been in his house a short time when Mrs. Ellis asked me if I had been in Jamestown, N. Y., lately, and, if so, had I seen Thompson and Lydia Burns while there? Well, I was just in the act of relating to Mrs. Ellis about how I had tried to see Mr. and Mrs. Burns when in Jamestown recently (an account of which I have already written), when who should we see, as we looked out of the window, but Mr. and Mrs. Burns getting out of a buggy! Certainly a most singular coincidence. Then came a cordial meeting and hand-shaking of genuine friendship. After considerable chat and “comparing of notes,” so to speak, I went to my son’s to apprise them of the news, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Burns following in their buggy. Here Mrs. Ellis remained, while Mr. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Burns and I proceeded to Blooming Valley in

order to pay a visit to my uncle, Horace Waid; after which we made several more calls on relatives and others. We then assembled at the old homestead of my youth, where Guinnip lives, and here all partook of dinner and enjoyed a long conversation about old times and familiar incidents and scenes. After dinner we went to Franklin's, called on Mrs. Almeda Waid, widow of R. L. Waid, and in the evening visited Mr. J. H. Reynolds, a near neighbor of Mr. Ellis', where I remained till morning. Next day was occupied in making many more visits, including one to the Alms House (in order to see Mr. and Mrs. Cutshall), a call on Mr. Eugene Burns, where are living a nephew and nieces of Mr. Thompson Burns; after which Mr. Ellis and I wished Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Burns adieu, as they had to proceed on their journey to Ohio.

February 19.—To-day I attended the second meeting of the Dairymen's Association held in Meadville*—a good school for both farmers and citizens. Dr. T. L. Flood, the president, and many prominent men from various parts of the Union were present, and delivered addresses, etc. Various questions of interest were discussed, as were also the good things provided for the inner man at the banquets, to the enjoyment of all present; then at the close of the last day's session I went with my cousin, R. A. Fergerson (who was present at the meeting), to his home, probably to remain a day or two visiting my uncle and cousins before returning home. Winter apparently is preparing to take its departure, for some of the harbingers of spring have already made their appearance—rain and sunshine and the ever-welcome bluebird. The farmer is busy sugar-making, and he can now go forth to his labor, and along with his friends, the

* The association met three days in Meadville, viz.: February 18, 19 and 20.

feathered songsters of the woods, enjoy the freedom of his native land, and sing its praises from morning till night.

Sunday, February 22.—This morning I came to Meadville, and in the forenoon attended the Second Presbyterian Church, where I heard a good sermon by Dr. Jonathan Edwards,* the text selected being Exodus xx: 1: *And God spake all these words.* In the afternoon I went to meeting at State Street Church, and in the evening, with my friend, Mr. Derby, attended the Baptist Church, where we listened with pleasure and profit to a discourse from Rev. W. H. Marshall on the subject: *For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.* (2 Corinthians v: 10:) I am never weary of hearing the Gospel, and through it learning the way of life.

February 23.—In looking over this morning's papers, my eye caught the notice of the death of Samuel B. Long, who was born November 3, 1806, died February 21, 1891, so in the afternoon I proceeded, in company with my brother, G. N., to his late residence in order to pay my last tribute of respect. A very large number of his relatives and friends were present at the funeral, for Mr. Long was beloved and held in high esteem in the community; by none more so than myself, for from my youth, when I taught school in our township, and he was one of our school directors, I have loved and honored him. The impressive homily delivered on this solemn occasion by

* Dr. Jonathan Edwards, who had been pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Meadville since the latter part of the year 1888, was born in 1817, and died July 13, 1891. It was my privilege, during his three years' ministry in Meadville to hear him preach the Gospel on several occasions, both at funerals and during the regular service in his church, and I was always deeply impressed with his words as they fell from his lips. Especially do I speak of the last sermon I ever heard him preach, by which I was to an exceptional degree instructed and benefited.

Rev. H. H. Barber was from John iii: 16: *For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.* Among many incidents that I could relate illustrative of the true friendship of Mr. Long toward me and mine, one is particularly fresh in my memory. On a certain day after my second marriage, as my wife and I were passing his pleasant home, I found the opportunity to introduce her to Mr. Long, referring at the same time to the warm friendship that had for so many years existed between him and myself, and Anna and I then received his congratulations and best wishes for our present and future welfare and happiness. I love a bond that severs on earth only when we are called to cross the River that divides that Heavenly Land from ours.

February 25.—Becoming somewhat wearied of writing and studying, I concluded this morning, for a change, to go into the sugar bush, where my son, Guinnip, and nephew, Nick P., were busy syrup and sugar making, having 650 sap pails in use. They make more syrup than sugar, it being the more profitable of the two, and they have everything very convenient for the business. When there is a good run of sap, as at present, they keep up the industry both day and night, having sometimes over thirty barrels of sap on hand. During the present month they made over one hundred gallons of syrup and some sugar. I found my walk over the farm and across the hundred-acre lot to the sugar bush quite reviving to me, and as I plodded on my way, I became absorbed in thought, dreaming of happy days gone by; of the many years (in fact all my life up to 1889) I followed the same business, in which I found both work and enjoyment—yes, and sometimes *profit*. Of the innumerable pleasant associations connected with farm occupations I think the

“sweetest” of all is the making of maple sugar and syrup; and one gets hungry while working in the sugar bush, in which connection I wish to speak of the pleasant times, not exactly in my boyhood, when my twin brother and I worked together in the bush. If we did not take our dinner with us, one of us could go home and get it; but when I was married, sometimes if I was very busy, my good wife, Eliza, would bring my dinner to the camp. Happy days then, and happy days now, and pleasant for me in the thinking of them. It seems we can love a good thing forever, and never grow tired; even the memory of such is blessed.

February 26.—I am assessed (1891) in Woodcock Township as follows: Farm, 200 acres, \$5,800; money at interest, \$40,000; total, \$45,800; and I may add that in 1890 my taxes amounted in all (inclusive of what I paid in Mead and Richmond Townships and in the city of Meadville) to about three hundred dollars. So you see a farmer helps not a little toward municipal revenues. But I am thankful for the occupation, and I rejoice in it; it is respectable and honorable, yielding a comfortable living besides accumulating a yearly increase, to me and my family a satisfying portion.

February 27.—What shall I write in my diary under this day’s date? Sunshine and shade, joy and sorrow, smiles and tears, were my experiences, and I found my first effort to work a failure. In traveling, when we arrive at a bridge, we must cross it or abandon our journey. I was anxious to continue my journey, but I was weary, my heart was heavy, and nature was struggling for relief, so weep I must and shed tears I did, as I threw myself down on a couch. Some of us are more easily touched, sympathetically, than others, yet I did not think I could ever shed so many tears as I did this morning. Our

Divine Master wept, and why should not we, for we have a work to do if we desire to fill our mission in life faithfully? My present labor, aside from business affairs, is to finish the preparation of material for my THIRD SOUVENIR, and being in poor health, in fact sick, my zeal and eagerness to accomplish the work became too much for me, and nature had to succumb, as I have just related. But Christ, who was a Man of Sorrows and who wept bitter tears more than once during His sojourn on earth, has bowels of compassion for all who are in trouble and will cast their burdens at His feet.

To me the day seemed sad; it was rough and wintry outside, and to me no pleasanter inside, as heavy thoughts crowded into my mind, and the horizon seemed to me darkened with somber clouds of melancholy. But the severest storms are soon over, and in the afternoon Hope loomed up in the distance, and the bright silver linings of the lowering clouds appeared in refreshing splendor. The starlit evening of my dark day was approaching, and when my son Guinnip came from Meadville, bringing my mail—newspapers and six letters, one from my dear wife, written encouragingly as to her health and our home—rays of hope lightened up my home, the burden of my heart was removed, and I was comforted. In the evening some more good cheer was in store for me, for Anna, Guinnip's wife, accompanied me to the commencement exercises of the graded school in Blooming Valley, where we were eye-witnesses to six students of the class of 1891 receiving diplomas. This was the first proceeding of the kind ever held here, and the scene was certainly very pleasant, while the exercises were most interesting and profitable, altogether very hopeful for the success and advancement of our Blooming Valley school. The teachers were Clifton Leach and Minnie Luper, and

the graduates were Earl Graham, Mabel Smith, Clyde Gilmore, Rebecca Hall, Otis Carpenter and Mertie Drake. The motto displayed was: "For life, not for school, we learn." Sometimes, as on this occasion, I become so interested and moved that I am filled with a desire to speak some words of encouragement, and so try to help those who labor faithfully to get an education, and those words are embodied in the simple little prayer, "God bless them," as I know He will, all those who seek after wisdom. To all of us what is life but a school for eternity? Let us have our lessons well prepared and be ready, so that not only our fellow men will say "well done" but also the good Master.

Sunday, March 1.—To-day I find my health somewhat improved, but the weather is cold, though pleasant, and the ground is covered with about three inches of snow. I much wished to attend church, Sabbath-school and prayer meeting, as usual, especially at State Road, "Pilgrims' Home," where I have been only once since my return from the West, two months ago, having been absent from home every Sunday except January 4 and to-day. Well, I did attend all three, and felt myself much comforted and helped by the several exercises; particularly in the Sunday-school and class was I wonderfully blessed and strengthened. There is a passage in Scripture that says: *The Lord strengthened me with strength in my soul.* How true it is that they who wait on Him shall renew their strength! So this calm Sabbath became a day of rest and peace to me, and I continue my life's journey rejoicing as I ought.

March 2.—Having learned at church yesterday of the death of my aged friend and former school-teacher, John R. Donnelly, and that the funeral was to be held from his late residence in Mead Township this forenoon, I

proceeded thither on foot. Rev. Dr. T. C. Beach, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Meadville, officiated, and the interment was in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville. Mr. Donnelly was born January 21, 1807, and was therefore at the time of his death in his eighty-fifth year. He leaves a widow and four children, a sister, a niece and a nephew to unite with a large circle of friends in mourning his departure. In my youth I loved him as my teacher, and ever afterward our friendship, born of love, was cherished and fostered with jealous care on either side, bringing with it the fruit of peace and righteousness which is the inheritance of God's children.

March 4.—A few days ago I was jubilating over the prospects of an early spring, so fine was the weather, and the proverbial blue-bird had been seen! To-day, alas! we are in the depth of winter again, for it snowed through the night in a very unspring-like fashion, bringing good sleighing to us, however. On the 5th I visited Mrs. Lucy Allen, who, on account of ill health, had returned last January from the West. Her husband, Mr. James Allen, and family moved to near Mound City, Dak., in the fall of 1885, where he died in November, 1888. The family have a farm both here and in Dakota.

March 6.—This is the twenty-third birthday of my youngest son, Fred F. The boys are and have been, lately, very busy—drawing logs, Fred gathering ice for summer, Frank preparing to build, Guinnip teaming, etc. The logs they are teaming from our wood lot in Richmond Township, southeast of Blooming Valley, to Mr. Dewey's mill in Woodcock Township, about three miles distant. I am glad my boys are all industrious and doing well. May the Lord bless them, and prosper their lives.

Sunday, March 7.—Having come to Meadville yesterday on business, I remained over to-day in order to attend

the funeral of Mrs. Frank Billings, who died in Chicago, whence her remains were brought here for interment, which took place from the residence of her half sister on Washington Street, Rev. Hamilton McClintock conducting the obsequies. In the forenoon I attended the Unitarian Church, and was instructed by hearing the Gospel and listening to the words of life both read and expounded. Then in the evening I went to the First M. E. Church, where Dr. Beach preached from the text, Matthew xxv: 10: *The door was shut*; and so ended another Sabbath-Day's march homeward.

March 12.—In the evening of this day I made a brief call on an aged friend, of whom I have already made mention, Mrs. Mary Kiser, who still lingers with us, though very feeble. After walking across the room she said: "At ninety I can't walk as I could once." Her youngest child, the only daughter now living, by name Ursula Roubush, is here taking care of her mother; Marvin Smith, her (Mrs. Kiser's) son, has lived with his mother many years, and is still single. Hosea Smith, Ursula Roubush's brother, was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863 (as already mentioned in my FIRST SOUVENIR), and his remains were brought home for interment in the Smith Cemetery. Ursula presented me with a letter that was written by him while at the front, of which the following is a copy.

CAMP, NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, June 10, 1863.

Dear Mother and Sister: I am happy to inform you that my health is pretty good, at present better than it has been for the last two weeks. I had a bad pain in my head and back, but it has nearly all left now. I got your letter a few days since, and was very glad to hear from you. It was the first time I had heard for two months. The weather here is very warm and sultry, and is very disagreeable when we are marching. We have had marching orders a great many times, and have even packed up our things, but have not started yet. Part of the army have crossed the river again, I think for the purpose of keeping the rebels from going up toward Bull Run. Our men are on the heights just above Fredericksburg, where Burnside was repulsed

last fall. They shell each other once in a while—that is all. I have just come in from picket duty. Our regiment does picket duty along the Rappahannock, the rebels being just across, on the other side. The soldiers sometimes exchange with each other, exchanging provisions or papers; two of the rebels swam across the river to our side, just below my post, and traded one of their papers for one of ours. One of them offered a large sum for a pair of boots, and they wanted to get some writing paper, which they said was twenty cents a sheet in the South. They wanted some coffee bad, but our lieutenant would not let them have any. He said coffee was five dollars per pound on their side of the river; sugar, two dollars; salt, very scarce, and they had but very little of it. At the last fight at Fredericksburg, when we went out skirmishing, we found a lot of the rebels' haversacks in the woods, and some of them had nothing but shelled corn in them, while some were full of tobacco, which I suppose they thought they would trade to the Yankees for something else, if they were taken prisoners. When we go out on the picket, we buy hoe-cake of the darkies, but they have no salt to put in them unless they get it of the soldiers. Sometimes we can get some milk by paying ten cents per pint. I expect we will go across the river pretty soon again, but it is hard to tell what we will do. The soldiers have all confidence in "Joe" Hooker. Things are very dear here; our sutler sells butter for fifty cents per pound; cheese, forty cents; fresh peaches, one dollar per can, which hold about one pint; and other things in proportion. We got paid about two months' pay about two weeks ago, and I thought I would keep the most of mine to get something fit to eat, I have got so sick of the army rations, and also my appetite is not very good. But I will send you five dollars in this letter, and will try and send more the next time. Nothing more at present.

Your affectionate son,

HOSEA SMITH.

Having known Hosea Smith from his childhood, and having a full knowledge of his kindness to his mother, his patriotism, his love for freedom and right, I revere his memory.

March 14.—To-day I set out for Meadville on foot, facing the wintry March wind and snow for five miles, specially to see an old pupil of mine whom I taught at Blooming Valley, viz., J. W. Thompson, of Madisonville, Monroe Co., Tenn., who is here visiting relatives and old friends after an absence of twenty years. I remember having heard, when a boy, of a certain Revolutionary soldier, named Upton, having said that he "would walk from Maine to the Valley of the Mississippi to look on the face of George Washington." So, as I rehearsed in

my mind that patriotic soldier's avowal, I thought I could well walk five miles to look on the face of an old friend and pupil. He was at the time staying with his sister, Miss Grace Thompson, in Meadville, who attended school with her three brothers—James, John and Walter. I feel that I owe and would like to pay a tribute to the memory of their deceased parents who were so kind to me, and whom I always afterward held in the greatest respect.

Sunday, March 15.—It is a good thing to make the best use of our opportunities. It is written: *The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.* I take it for granted that all Christians (and may I not say *all men*) wish me to DO GOOD; I know the Lord does, and I believe has called me into His vineyard to work to that end to the best of my ability. I want to do His will that my steps and my way may be ordered aright, and that I may be led to Him in all things I do. I am glad I love truth and righteousness, and I find it is good for me to commit my way to Him, trust in Him and wait patiently with good courage. I know from my experience that he strengthens me, and gives me the desires of my heart.

To-day I went to Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, which is situated on the northwest corner of what is considered the central attraction of Meadville—in my younger days simply the public square used for various purposes, such as training militiamen, shows, political meetings, Liberty poles etc., now Diamond Park, beautified with many varieties of trees, artistically setting off and shading with their umbrageous foliage the walks and spacious drive that pass round the handsome grounds; the monuments—Pioneer Monument and Soldiers' Monument—the fountain, the public stand etc., all combining to give to the park a graceful beauty. But to return to my Sabbath duties. Rev. Courtland Whitehead, bishop

of the diocese of Pittsburgh, preached an eloquent and impressive sermon from Luke ii: 49: *Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?* In the afternoon I again heard the Bishop, this time in the church at Vallonia, a village near Meadville, and at the close of the service enjoyed an introduction to the reverend gentleman, a hand-shake and short chat. I told him I had heard both his sermons, and was much helped by them in my path of Christian life, to which he replied, "I am glad of it." I said to him further: "I am a learner, seeking *Truth*, 'unsectarian,' as you said in your first sermon to-day, when describing the churchman, the good citizen, the Christian." Said he, "are we not *all* learners?" The warmth of the hearty handshake was proof that I loved the man who had helped me. In the evening I attended the Baptist Church at Meadville, where the text was Hebrews ii: 3: *How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?* Several were baptized, and I felt within myself that all the services and exercises of the day had helped me.

March 16.—In the Meadville *Morning Star* I read of the sudden death of S. W. Kepler, for forty years well known as a popular hotel proprietor, twenty-three years in Meadville. He was born June 19, 1821, died March 15, 1891. Since the death of James Irvin, April 3, 1882, I have stopped, when in Meadville, at both the "Central Hotel," kept by Mrs. Irvin and her son, and at the "Kepler House," and on Saturday, March 7, I had dinner with Mr. Kepler, who was in his usual good health, and cheery and merry as ever, meeting me with his ever pleasant smile.

March 18.—GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. LABAN SMITH, BLOOMING VALLEY.—*Let us always look on the bright side.* The record of the year 1891, as far

as it has gone, is heightened in interest, in this community, by two "golden wedding" celebrations*—the first one, on February 9, being that of Mr. and Mrs. John Roudebush, and the second, to-day, that of Mr. and Mrs. Laban Smith,† the former of whom is a son of the late Joseph Smith, whose home was within a stone's throw of my father's door—my home both then and now. Laban's mother is yet living, and is still our nearest neighbor. About 150 people—friends and relatives—were assembled in Blooming Valley, to do honor to the worthy couple and the interesting occasion, and among the guests from a distance I might mention Mrs. Smith's brother, Mr. James Shonts, of Faribault, Minn., and her daughter, Armita (Mrs. John Proud) and her two sons, of Aberdeen, Dak.

Fifty years ago, to-day, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were happy on the threshold of joint life, simply the commencement of what they now experience. Then they had the beginning, representing the sunshine of life farther on, the reality of which they have now reached; in 1841 they formed the bud; later on, the blossom; to-day, the fruit—fifty years of married life to thank the Lord for, and the presence in their old home, this day, of four sons and four daughters,‡ and many other relatives, in all representing four generations, besides hosts of friends,

* It is worthy of remark that within less than a year three golden weddings—the two here spoken of and that of Mr. and Mrs. John Braymer, near Blooming Valley, last fall while I was absent in the West—have been celebrated. Healthy, indeed, must be Blooming Valley and vicinity, for quite a number of couples can now be counted here who have passed their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

† Laban Smith had many friends when he was married, a large number of whom were present at the banquet, and even more at the golden wedding; notwithstanding many had died, the number of his friends had increased: *A generous man retains his friends.*

‡ Mr. and Mrs. Laban Smith have nine children living—five sons and four daughters—all of whom were present at the wedding, except one son, who was unable to attend on account of sickness.

all of whom were met to pour out their greetings and congratulations. On my way to this golden wedding I called on Laban's aged mother (who was unable to attend), and afterward I held in my arms her great-great-grandchild, the two representing the alpha and the omega of five generations! Many of the ancestors lived to very advanced ages, some of them to nearly a hundred years. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have twenty-four grandchildren (though not all present at the celebration) and two great-grandchildren.

*“When the bride and bridegroom were married I was only about eight years of age, yet I remember them very well as they then were half a century ago, and I may safely say we have been pretty close friends ever since. I do not think all the blessings of life are past. True friendship should at all times be cultivated, for it will bring lasting happiness to us, more durable than monuments of stone or iron. Laban Smith I look upon and respect as a man of generous heart and hospitable, in which virtues he is worthy of any and every one's consideration and imitation. But he has had *help*, and the quality of that help will be found described in brief yet potent language in Proverbs xviii: 22;† and I think that whilst giving due credit to our esteemed friend, Mr. Smith, we should not forget that noble, Christian woman, his faithful, honored wife, who has been so well helping him for the past fifty years! O, how much in this life have we to be thankful for! We are prone to forget the inestimable blessings the Lord pours out to us, and neglect to give Him due credit. Do you know what

* That portion of my account of the Golden Wedding, contained within the quotation marks, is in substance part of my address to the host and hostess and the assembled guests on the occasion referred to.

† *Whosoever findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.*

makes us rich? *The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.* If we were to remove or set aside the blessings given us, what have we left? What have we that we did not receive from above? It is right that we should rejoice and be glad on such occasions as this, when we ought to remember the goodness of the Lord toward us, and ever be thankful to do His will, and so finally meet Him in peace."

The lovely day, the happy guests, the pleasant surroundings, the music by the Blooming Valley Band, the excellent repast provided by the ladies for the occasion, the addresses—in short, every detail connected with this social entertainment, bringing unqualified enjoyment to all present, made the event of this golden wedding anniversary one of lasting remembrance in the community. Numerous gifts were presented to the bride and bridegroom as souvenirs of the happy event. Long life to this good Christian wife and her husband, and may blessings be multiplied to them!

March 19.—I received to-day ten letters from parties asking for copies of my *SOUVENIR*. Requests come now from abroad, the outcome, perhaps, of items, criticisms or other remarks which have appeared in newspapers. We sometimes *hear* of ourselves as others *see* us, and it ought to do us good. You and I, kind reader, love the man who loves his enemies as well as his friends. It is Christlike, and he who can not do good to all men, be they friends or be they foes, is lacking in Christianity. I know I have learned from those who have not always spoken well of me, or complimented me; and I am specially indebted to those who have pointed out my faults, my wrong-doings, my mistakes—*errors of the head, not of the heart*. Whether such adverse criticisms come from some friend, or from the other man who may not

like me, I know not; but of this I am conscious—come they from friend or come they from foe, there is no reason why I should not love the individual and thank him for his advice and his teaching. I will always be found willing to learn whenever and wherever comes the opportunity, for I am confirmed in the belief that there are people in this world, with whom we come in contact in every day life, who can and do influence us in the pathway of virtue or its opposite; their appearance, their words or looks or character (over which we ourselves have no control) are educating us. He who can gather the good and leave the bad is a wise man. Nevertheless we should thank our teacher for the lesson thus learned, and, mayhap, by our love toward him, and by doing him some favor when we can, we may win him to the cross for God and humanity. Yes, I respect the Press for all truth printed, knowing well, as remarked in the Preface to my FIRST SOUVENIR, that *it is much easier to be critical than to be correct*. In my boyhood, whenever I went into the woods to gather chestnuts, I invariably left the chestnut burrs behind, as I had no use for them.

I would here say to those persons who have written to me from a distance, asking for copies of my SECOND SOUVENIR, that I wish to supply them, and, as far as the remaining copies of 700 published will go, I will do so. I have the names and addresses of the several parties, and hope before very long to be enabled to grant their requests; for where an earnest wish (one not suggested by any idle curiosity) to possess a copy is made known, I take great pleasure in gratifying it. I would that all mankind could know how desirous I am to do good and benefit my fellowmen, in fact all humanity within my reach. I realize that the single leaf of a tree is as nothing when compared to the vastness of a forest, and that a

grain of sand is a mere microbe on the shores of the Atlantic or on the Arabian Desert; yet each exists, the leaf and the grain of sand, and each has its place in the economy of nature and its use in creation as much as either you or I, dear reader; and we should remember that, as reasoning creatures, we are either for or against truth and righteousness, for or against God and humanity!

Sunday, March 22.—Never will tongue or pen be able to express all the real pleasure and happiness that came to me this day, all confirmatory evidence of God's goodness to me, even beyond what I can think or ask. It is true His goodness and mercy are immeasurable and past comprehension to us in this world, even in His sanctuary here below and in His word with His people. In the forenoon, in company with my friend, J. W. Thompson, who had come to me on a visit last Friday, and of whom mention has already been made in this SOUVENIR, I went to Park Avenue Congregational Church, in Meadville, where Rev. Sutherland delivered an interesting and helpful discourse from Luke xix: 13: *Occupy till I come*. In the afternoon Mr. Thompson and I proceeded to Greendale Cemetery to look on the graves of dear ones departed, among them being the last resting place of Mr. Thompson's father and mother, marked by a monument on which is inscribed the following:

ELIZABETH, WIFE OF JAMES THOMPSON,
DIED JAN. 1, 1877, AGED 69 YEARS.

JAMES THOMPSON,
DIED OCT. 5, 1878, AGED 80 YEARS.

As we spent some time in walking about the streets of this City of the Dead, I seized the opportunity to copy in my diary some of the inscriptions that met my eye:

DR. L. A. GARVER,

BORN JANU. 14, 1845, DIED OCT. 12, 1887.

ARTHUR CULLUM,

BORN 1816, DIED 1874.

ADELAIDE CULLUM,

BORN 1821, DIED 1887.

TO MY HUSBAND

ROBERT McMULLEN.

BORN 1811, DIED 1883.

JOHN McMULLEN,

BORN 1841, DIED 1885.

HIS WIFE, LOIS,

BORN 1846, DIED 1875.

In the evening we attended the First M. E. Church, where we heard Dr. T. C. Beach preach in his usual eloquent manner from the text, Psalm li: 10: *Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.* The hearing of this grand sermon was to me sweeter than the honey in the honeycomb, truly a blessed ending to this day's march toward the Celestial City, with our thoughts dwelling on Home and Heaven, and of the getting ready for the great change, by having our hearts cleansed and a right spirit renewed within us.

March 25.—Not only a beautiful day, but the anniversary of a memorable one in my life; for on this day.

thirty-eight years ago, was decided an important question, one influencing my future destiny. It is not for me here to ask whether the young men of to-day have such thoughts as I had in those days of long ago, and ask questions similar to the one I propounded about that time; it suffices me to know that *I did*, when a young man, and have never regretted it. We sometimes count the milestones on life's highway, halting, as it were, for an instant, to enquire how far we have traveled, where we may be, and how we are getting along. This day is another milestone for me, and in retrospect I find that just thirty-eight years ago, when I was not yet twenty years of age, I asked Eliza C. Masiker if she loved me well enough to marry me, and her answer is told when I state that we were married about thirteen months afterward. In the Christian life I have been wonderfully blessed, and I thank the Lord for it, and for sparing me to see this day.

March 27.—Wintry weather again, snow lying three inches deep on the ground. I was present, to-day, at the funeral of Leroy Smith, a child of one year and fourteen days, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Smith, who live on the Pitcher Farm in our neighborhood. The now happy spirit of the little fellow was wanted to fill a place in the Heavenly choir, and, being called, on angel wings peacefully took its flight. The interment took place in the Smith Cemetery. Robert Teasdale conducted the services, and being asked by him to say a few words on the occasion, I did so.

“Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
 Ah, how peaceful, pale and mild
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.

“ Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its Heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Tho' Thou take what most we love.”

Easter Sunday in Meadville, March 29.—In the forenoon I went to the Baptist Church, where I listened to a sweetly refreshing sermon from the lips of the pastor, his text being Psalm cxviii: 24: *This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.* In the afternoon I attended Sunday-school services in Kerrtown, which much pleased and interested me, and so feelingly was the beautiful hymn, “Help just a little, help just a little,” sung by the infant class, that I felt cheered and blessed by being among them, and for being *one of them*; for after all I was but a child of older growth. “Help just a little, *just a little*,” and I did so, when the collection was taken up, by dropping in a nickel—that nickel *for being “a child;”* and when I learned that the amount collected was something less than five dollars, I handed the secretary five dollars, telling him that I wanted to double the collection, and would accept no change back—that five dollars was for being *“a child of older growth.”* They have a neat little chapel in Kerrtown, in which they hold Sunday-school and meetings. Everybody was glad to-day, and like the kind superintendent, Mr. Dunbar, looked pleased and happy. Then in the evening I had the increased pleasure of hearing an able sermon at the First M. E. Church, on the “Resurrection,” and thus ended another Easter Sunday, a good day, replete with the promises of the Gospel and hope and joy for all Christians as they dwell on the glories of the Resurrection and Christ, the first-fruits of that eternal day.

April 2.—To-day was stormy, so I remained indoors and reviewed several old letters and some books. Among the former there were two that particularly attracted my attention—the one written by James H. Masiker not long before he was killed in battle, and the other written by George K. Masiker shortly before his death, both being addressed to their sister Mrs. Eliza C. Waid. During the Civil War we received many letters from very near relatives, as Eliza had four brothers in the Union Army, and I had one brother and several cousins, all of whom used to write us from time to time, and their letters have been affectionately preserved and read many and many a time. Two of Eliza's brothers, James and George, never returned; the other two, Avery and Moses, are yet living.

To-day, my son Franklin bought a part of the James Harris Farm, rather more than thirty acres, lying on the east side of the public road, the compensation being, I believe, one thousand dollars, and he appears to be well pleased with his new purchase. It is in full view of his house, sloping to the west, is well watered, all improved and has a large orchard, consisting of a variety of peach, cherry, plum, pear and apple trees. This orchard has been put out at different times, some of the trees being young and some old. The land is nearly all meadow now. The Smith Burying Ground lies in front of the central portion adjacent to the public road.

Sunday, April 5.—Winter still "lingering in the lap of Spring!" In the forenoon of to-day I attended the First M. E. Church at Meadville, and again had the pleasure of hearing Dr. T. L. Flood. On this occasion his text was 2 Corinthians i: 12: *For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience.* How attentively I listened, and how much was I benefited by hearing the

word of the Lord poured into my thirsty soul this day! My desire is to give a yet more earnest heed to the reading of the Bible, and to the hearing of the Gospel. I am reminded of what Daniel Webster said when a friend asked him what was the greatest thought that had ever entered his mind or engaged his attention. After a pause, Webster said: "The greatest question to me is my *personal* accountability to God." Conscience will never fail to tell us what to do in the way of duty to God and to each other, and we should never turn a deaf ear to its promptings. Let us cultivate a good conscience, void of offence toward either God or man, that we may live Christian lives.

In the evening, along with my friend, Mr. John Davis, I attended the Second Presbyterian Church, where Rev. Edwards preached a very interesting sermon (the last one I ever heard this good man preach) from Acts xvi: 30: *Sirs, what must I do to be saved?* That was the question asked of Paul and Silas by the keeper of the prison wherein they had been confined, and the answer given him were these simple words: *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.* In this brief sentence is discovered the grand solution to the whole universal question of salvation; words for the interpretation of which the services are needed of no philosopher, nor learned theologian, nor pundit of any school of divinity; there is nothing abstruse or ambiguous, nothing mysterious or inscrutable, a child can understand them. Dear reader, could anything be more plainly or simply prescribed in any language? *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Take all the books of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, add to them, one under the other, the Books of the New Testament, the Gospels, the Epistles and all the

other beautiful writings in that Book to the last word of the last verse of Revelations, draw a line, add up, and the sum you will find in Acts xvi: 31.

April 6.—Before coming home from Meadville I called at the office of the *Pennsylvania Farmer*, at the request of a friend, to leave notice, for publication, of the death of James Smith, who was born May 10, 1811, in Mead Township, Crawford Co., Penn., and died March 27, 1891, at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Smith had visited his relatives here several times, his last visit having been made during the summer of 1890; and having been well acquainted with him many years, in fact, from my childhood, I called to see him at the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, when there some time ago. In his death I feel that I have lost a friend, one whom I respected and honored for his integrity. I will here also speak of the death, on March 3, 1891, of little Willie Williams, only son of my relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, former residents of Meadville, but who moved to Findlay, Ohio, last spring. Their two children, Willie and Lotta, were bright and intelligent, beloved by all. Willie had written his uncle, William Fergerson, a very nice little-boy's letter on February 18th last, dated at Findlay, of which I here give a copy:

Dear Uncle Billy:

I wish you would come in the spring, when business opens up, and see us. The "Grippe" is in Findlay; Lotta has it, and mamma and I have it. * * * Lotta sends her love to you and her friends. Write soon.

Your nephew,
WILLIE WILLIAMS.

Over a year ago Willie and Lotta had their "photos" taken, and I distributed a number of them among friends, chiefly as Christmas (1889) gifts, everyone seeming to admire them very much.

April 7.—To-day a letter from my wife informed me of the death of Mrs. Coombs, which occurred on the eighteenth of last month; she and her daughter, Mrs. Ella Jackson, of Titusville, Penn., visited Uncle Avery Jackson, of Beloit, Wis., last October, at the time I did.

April 8.—Fine weather again, and I hope it has come to stay. Indeed, it is much too pleasant for a farmer of my age to remain indoors while outside attractions are so great and numerous. So out I go, and soon find plenty of work for a pair of willing hands. One branch of farm improvement that I am particularly fond of at this season of the year is caring for the fruit trees, especially cleaning and trimming the trunks and branches of old trees, which I think not only improves their appearance but helps to increase their productiveness, and I believe also tends to prolong their life. My boys are all very busy; Frank building a barn and, with Guinnip, baling hay near Meadville, in which Fred occasionally helps, all three attending, as well, to the other innumerable regular duties on their respective farms. While I worked among the fruit trees to-day many good thoughts came to me, several of them retrospective. I thought of my earlier manhood, when in the spring of 1858 I was hauling timber from the farm of my father-in-law, Jacob Masiker, in Randolph Township, with which to build the cider mill my father was putting up at that time. I remembered the bringing over some fruit trees from the same farm (Mr. Masiker having quite a nursery), as I was then planting a young orchard of about forty trees east of the old orchard on our old home—my grandfather's farm, afterward my father's, now mine; and here I am to-day, thirty-three years later, trying to better the condition of these very trees! I seemed to be living over the past again, and as I worked I thanked God for it, and for the

blessings of the present, as well as for the hope of a future inheritance with the righteous in Heaven. I am a great advocate of that practical, every-day religion that is not ashamed to manifest itself in all business affairs, in whatever occupation we may be engaged. If it is good on Sunday, it is good on Monday or Saturday, or any other day in the week; if it is salutary at home, it is none the less so abroad. I have found it good company at all times, and I know that it has lightened my life's burdens and cheered me on my way.

But to return to what I was saying about the orchard. That one which my grandfather, Pember Waid, put out before I was born has now twenty-five apple trees and three pear trees, the latter of which have been all along good bearers and noted for their longevity, being still in good condition. At the home of Guinnip P., my second son, where my father lived, is an orchard of about seventy apple trees and fifteen pear trees, most of which were put out before my recollection; but I remember when my father had it grafted, although I was quite a small boy at the time. Three men from Ohio went through the country doing that business, and I believe it was considered very expensive, but I think the outlay was well repaid in after years. These trees are still yielding some fruit, but when an orchard gets to be forty or fifty years old, it has seen its best days. As regards the eighteen pear trees I have just spoken of—the three on my grandfather's old place and the fifteen on my father's—I do not know of any other fruit trees that have been so profitable. The pears which we call "Common Sweet" or "Standard Bearers," are good for a variety of purposes, and generally find a ready market with fair prices; some seasons they brought a high figure, but that was when the apple crop was short. My observation and experience have led

me to believe that the pear trees are better bearers, taking a number of years together, than the apple trees; and people have been surprised to see the large quantity of fruit they bear some years. Of late our market for the orchard yield has been at home or at Meadville: but years ago, when pears were dear in Oil City and Titusville, it paid us to take them there, as we could command from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel. Our eighteen pear trees have been profitable friends to us, and are still in good condition; in 1889 they bore a good crop, and are holding out favorable promises for many years to come. The apple orchard on the Goodrich Farm, where my eldest son now lives, is perhaps the best producing of them all. Many of the trees are younger than those in either of the old orchards, but there are no pear trees among them, though there is a fine group of damson plums, which are profitable when they bear well.

There are still on my parents' old home a single peach tree and one quince, but neither of late years has born any fruit to speak of; they are simply mementos of the past, to remind us of the days when peaches and plums were abundant with us. On this old homestead we have grapes, as also on Fred's place, and at Frank's the plum trees are full of fruit; one peach tree yet bears on the Goodrich Farm, and there is still a quince tree there.

Now I have placed in writing a few thoughts about our orchards and their fruit, thoughts that came to me as I was caressing, so to speak, the older trees, not, perhaps, so much for what they are now doing for us, or for what I expect them to do in the future, but rather in gratitude for the good they have done. As a certain lady once remarked: "*Old trees and aged people ought to be taken care of for the good they have done;*" yes, especially if they have not outlived their day of usefulness.

Sunday, April 12.—I went this forenoon to the Baptist Church at Meadville; sermon by the pastor; text, Psalm xxvi: 8: *Lord I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth*; an excellent discourse. In the evening I attended the M. E. Church, and heard a good sermon by Dr. Wheeler, president of Allegheny College; and thus drifted into Eternity's ocean another blessed Sabbath day.

April 13.—This is the anniversary of the birth of my dear departed Eliza, who, were she living, would now be fifty-nine years old. Precious to us are the fond memories of our loved ones departed, and as we advance in life we become more and more conscious that we are nearing, every day and every hour, their home, our future resting place. It is a blessed thought that, while those who have gone before can not return to us, we can go to them when our work is done; and my heart was glad, this beautiful spring morning, as I walked homeward from Meadville with my mind filled with such precious reflections.

“I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

“I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom,
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

“Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon bright Heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

“Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.”

When I reached home I found two gifts awaiting me, reminding me in tangible form that when we do right, good things will be found constantly coming to us. My daughter-in-law handed me two packages, one of which contained a book entitled "Se-qua-yah, the American Cadmus and Modern Moses," by George E. Foster, * editor of the Milford (N. H.) *Enterprise*, illustrated by Mrs. C. S. Robbins; on the flyleaf of this book is written: "To Francis C. Waid, by the author, Geo. E. Foster, April 7, 1891." This work was written to show the capabilities of the Red man, and to keep before the American people the fact that there is something good and great in the character of the Indian when rightly used. The other gift awaiting me was a "Memorial Card," bearing these words:

"There is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF

JOHN R. DONNELLY.†

DIED, FEBRUARY 27, 1891,

AGED 84 YEARS.

A PRECIOUS ONE FROM US HAS GONE,
A VOICE WE LOVED IS STILLED;
A PLACE IS VACANT IN OUR HOME,
WHICH NEVER CAN BE FILLED.

GOD IN HIS WISDOM HAS RECALLED
THE BOON HIS LOVE HAD GIVEN;
AND THOUGH THE BODY MOULDERS HERE
THE SOUL IS SAFE IN HEAVEN.

* On the 10th of this month I sent Mr. Foster a copy of my *SECOND SOUVENIR*, also one to Mr. Theron D. Davis, of Ithaca, N. Y., the former of whom speaks highly of it, and also states that Mr. Davis complimented me by saying: "I have read many works, but have not seen any that seemed so full of genuine religious sympathy as this."

† My beloved old school-teacher and friend, of whom I have elsewhere fully spoken.

As a pleasant termination to this birthday anniversary, I enjoyed a visit from Mr. and Mrs. George Cutshall, with whom Eliza and I spent many happy hours, days, yes, even years.

April 16.—Yesterday I learned through the *Meadville Tribune* of the death of an old friend and acquaintance, Mrs. Margaret C. Irvin, in her seventieth year, and to-day I attended her funeral, which took place from the Central Hotel, Meadville, to Greendale Cemetery, Rev. R. Craighead (Presbyterian) officiating. There was a large attendance, as the deceased was widely known and much respected; moreover, the whole family have a very extensive acquaintance, having (as stated in one of the local papers) been in the hotel business some forty-three years. Her husband, James Irvin, had died April 6, 1882, and their son, John C., November 8, 1880. I was much impressed by the solemnity of the funeral service throughout—from the house of mourning to the grave—the reading of the Scriptures, the singing, prayers and the remarks made by the aged minister who had known the deceased many years. And then at the last scene of all, when the casket had been lowered into the grave, “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” I realized yet more that death was the most solemn of all earthly solemnities.

Horace Cullum died at his home in St. Helena, Cal., April 2, last, at the age of eighty years. I knew Mr. Cullum well when he was one of the best business men and most active of Meadville, where he had resided many years before going to California. My uncle, Joseph Finney, who was a carpenter and joiner by trade, did a great deal of building work for Mr. Cullum in bygone years, and I may add that my cousin, Robert A. Ferguson, worked for Mr. Cullum many years, having done work for him when in the employment of Uncle Joseph Finney,

with whom he learned his trade, and also did much labor for Mr. Cullum afterward.

April 17.—Yesterday I called on my friends, C. R. Slocum and Smith Leonard, at the court-house in Meadville, the former being prothonotary and the latter janitor. To-day I learn of the death, on the 15th instant, of a young relative, William Sutton, aged ten years, ten months, one day, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Sutton, but I was unable to attend the funeral, not knowing what time had been set for it.

April 18.—“Fine growing weather!” Yes indeed, and so I went down to Fred’s (my son) place, to help him out a bit with the many things he has to do about his farm—choring, ditching, repairing water-course, etc. The boys helped me on the farm before they were of age, and now I take pleasure in reciprocating, giving each in turn “a lift.” While I was toiling there by the roadside this forenoon, I received a good many greetings from passing friends, some saying, “This looks natural to see you working on the farm, Mr. Waid;” and I will not disguise the fact that I rather enjoyed their remarks than otherwise; and why not? I have been a farmer all my life, and am proud of my vocation, the most honorable of all that the sons of Adam can apply themselves to. I have not yet retired from labor, even though I may have an independent competence, for I do not forget that “the true nature of riches consists in the contented use and enjoyment of the things we have, rather than in the possession of them.”

In the afternoon I attended quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church, Blooming Valley, where I heard a good sermon delivered by Elder Kummer, and I also remained to Quarterly Conference. One item was reported as required for the proper keeping of church records, a register

for the circuit—Guy’s Mills, Blooming Valley, Mount Hope and Pine Grove—which would cost three dollars. The Elder wanted each society to pay proportionately for the book, and I gave one dollar, the amount expected from Blooming Valley Society, for which, after Conference, I was personally thanked by a kind friend, and the Elder added these words: “There is blessing not only here but also in Heaven for them that do His will.” Afterward I paid a brief visit to the family of Mr. George Sutton, who lives about two and one-half miles from Blooming Valley, and who, as I have just recorded, lost a young son, William, a few days ago. From there I returned to Meadville and to church, then later on, in the evening, went to see and comfort a sick friend, and thence proceeded homeward.

Sunday, April 19.—I am truly glad to have this day at home, and to attend church at Blooming Valley—9:30 A. M., Love Feast; 11 A. M., preaching—text, 1 Corinthians i: 23: *But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness.* In the evening I attended Advent Church along with my brother-in-law, Moses Masiker; text Proverbs xxiii: 23: *Buy the truth and sell it not: also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.* There is enough in this text to last a lifetime, even if that lifetime were a million years! TRUTH is the most valuable commodity ever put on the market, and no one who cares for righteousness can get along without it. Our success here on earth, and our welfare hereafter, in the world to come, depend on how we may deal with this article *truth*, which is for everyday use—to buy it, to keep it or to sell it again. *Veritas vincit*, truth conquers, truth will stand; no substitute can fill its place. *God’s word is truth*: let us all examine it closely, so as we may have a larger portion of this Heav-

only treasure so needful to our salvation; let us accept it for our life study, and never be without it. Truth will make us free, for it is written: *Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.*

April 20.—This day spent at home. At last we have Spring, beautiful Spring, “sweet daughter of a rough-and-ready sire.” How all nature seems to have awakened into life, and the fields are decked out in their garb of living green! how the feathered songsters most melodiously do sing, and the farmer goes forth to his work, more noble than a king; happy in the thought and hope of what the earth will bring, knowing full well, also, that the Lord himself is King. *The earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof; the sea is His, and He made it, also the round world and they that dwell therein.*

“Spring does to flow’ry meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore.”

With such good thoughts I went to work on the farm this morning, commencing by removing a rail fence, the last piece on the south side of State Road adjoining the garden which is surrounded with a picket fence. The removing of fences from along roadways, where not essentially needed, is, I hold, good economy, proving in the end a saving of labor to the farmer, while, at the same time, it enhances the appearance of the farm. I do not advocate the removal of *all* farm fences, but simply the retaining of only those that are really necessary. The average farmer has burdens enough that are real without having unnecessary ones which should be speedily dismissed or done away with. *A good man will guide his affairs with discretion.* The superfluous fences being now removed from our farm, it is decidedly improved both in appearance and in matters of convenience. So I think, at least, as I look out on the new sight this fine

morning. Any change from a burdensome condition to one of freedom is cheerful. These fences had their day, they were once necessary, and were kept up over fifty years; now they are no longer required, and their removal becomes a pleasant duty and a benefit to us.* A farmer in his experience in learning to save and drop useless expenses, gets wisdom; and those who may lack that commodity, which Solomon so forcibly advises us all to search after, have only to go to the Bible to find out how to proceed to get possession of it: *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally.* There is abundance in God's storehouse† for all who will seek after it *in faith, nothing wavering.*

April 21.—Good weather continues; farmers are very busy putting in their oat crop, and for several days in succession my boys and myself find ample work around us wherein to “improve each shining hour.”

April 23.—*My fifty-eighth birthday.* My heart is glad to see this day, and I humbly thank the Lord for the continuance of His mercies to me. God's goodness has been great to me, and I know that I should let neither day nor night pass without hallowing it by remembering what He hath done for me. It naturally becomes especially interesting to me, when I pause for a brief space, and reflect that my life is but a journey from the cradle to the tomb! The several years of our lives mark the milestones by the way, and to-day I read on one of these the figures 58, a silent witness that I am passing through the gateway from 58 to 59. And as my mind's eye is fixed on this wayside monitor, I am thinking where and how I can best make use of my time.

* Our farm is over a mile long from north to south, and had many division fences, making so many separate lots; now only the pasture land is fenced.

† The Bible is the best book on farming I ever read; you, who do not think so, please study it, especially the Book of Proverbs.

Morning comes, and I start out on the duty of the day, striving hard to fill my mission by the way. And, as in years gone by my birthdays I have somewhat noticed by sketching a little with my pen, leaving my thoughts and acts with my fellow men, I will adopt the same course on this occasion.

Early in the morning I paid a visit to my venerable friend and nearest neighbor, Mary Kiser, now in her ninetieth year. On my remarking that I had called in to see her on my fifty-eighth birthday, she said: "I am not very well; can't sit up any more, and I feel very poorly, but I am still here, Francis." From there I went to my youngest son's place, where I helped to do chores, working around till noon, and then, in company with Mr. B. Danford, who is now in his eighty-fourth year, I drove to Meadville to attend to some little business. My mail there brought me a letter from my wife, Anna, who is still residing with her parents in Kansas, on account of her health, preferring to remain there instead of in Pennsylvania, as she thinks the western climate better for her case than what we have here in the East. She speaks in her letter (dated April 20) of their early spring in Kansas, fruit trees being in full bloom, etc. From Meadville I proceeded to my cousin's (R. A. Ferguson), spending there a few hours, and then called to see my uncle (whose health is quite good for such an aged man) and some other relatives—just short visits—and I was pleased with the many congratulations I received in all quarters, which made it a day of welcome to me. In the evening there were assembled at the residence of my eldest son, Franklin, for a quiet birthday celebration, my brother and his wife and second daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Riddle, from Bradford, Penn.,* Mrs. Mary Ferguson, Moses

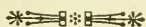
*Mrs. Riddle was visiting her parents at this time.

Masiker, and all my children and grandchildren. The party was a success, I think, in many ways. A very pleasant evening was passed, and I felt that if my wife, Anna, could be with us, my cup of happiness would be filled to overflowing. I know more of this life's experience now than I did fifty years ago; have learned not a little, and have studied the law of kindness, trying to make peace and preserve it among all my kindred and friends, by the fireside and in the field, at home and abroad.

April 25.—After a visit along with my cousin, Mrs. Ferguson, to my son Fred, we drove to Blooming Valley Cemetery, to once again look upon Eliza's resting place, as well as those of other of our kindred. On her grave I left a single flower as a simple token of remembrance from one who will ever hold her in blessed memory. From here we drove to the County Farm, where we had a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Cutshall, who showed us over the well-kept farm and surroundings; then, after thanking them for their hospitality and kindness, we returned to Mr. R. A. Ferguson's, four miles west of Meadville.

Sunday, April 26.—This forenoon I attended church at Watson's Run (Reformed Church), and heard a good practical sermon from Rev. D. H. Leader, his text being Revelations ii: 17. Afterward I went into the Brown Hill Cemetery, which is beautifully situated in the rear of the church on the slope of a hill, and with some friends visited the grave of John Curry, who had died July 13, 1890, when but sixteen years of age, much lamented by many who regarded him as a noble boy. The afternoon I spent with my uncle, Robert Morehead, who, as I have already stated, is in his ninetieth year and quite feeble; on the following day I came home to make preparations

for my trip to Warren County, Penn., on business matters, and to visit friends, a journey that I have been wishing to make ever since my return home from the West last January.



April 28.—I set off on my journey on foot, as my object was to make the trip across the county, traveling by rail when convenient; moreover I have long since learned that walking is one of the best of exercises, if not the very best, in a hygienic point of view, as it in various ways tends to promote health and vigor, without which earth loses its attractions and we our ambition. About noon, after a few calls on friends *en route*, I found myself at Townville, about twelve miles from my starting point, and here received a kind welcome from relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnold, and others. From there I proceeded on my way, in company with my kinsman, Mr. Phillips, who drove me part of the way to my aunt's, and the night I spent with my friend, Mr. Harrison Sutton.

On Wednesday I had a business call and several other tarryings on my way to Tryonville, where I would have remained longer than I did, had I not been obliged to hasten on my journey. Here I found old schoolmates and scholars, relatives and friends, all to be visited within the space of a few hours. I passed the night under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sturgis, and next morning I was favored with the company of their only son, Ira, a young man, as far as Titusville (a seven-mile walk), traveling by way of the farm place of Omri Goodwill, whom I was desirous of visiting, and who, I found, was building a new house. The four hours I could spare in Titusville I spent well, making several calls and meeting quite a number of friends, from some

of whom I heard about others in the West and elsewhere all helpful, I trust, to each of us: *As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man*—glad to meet. Taking train at 3 P. M., I was soon in Grand Valley, and then about a four-mile walk brought me to Sanford, where Cyrus Brown lives. Here I was a welcome visitor, and glad indeed was I to see them again, and enjoy their friendship. The weather hereabouts has been very dry for several weeks back, and fires had to be put out in places where they were doing damage. On the Goodwill Hill, where there are many oil wells and buildings in connection, I understand they were paying hands fifty cents per hour to fight the fires and protect property. While at Mr. Brown's, an aged neighbor, Mr. Danford Van Guilder, called in to have a chat; he once lived near us, but I had not seen him for many years.

My next calls, as I continued my journey, were on Mr. Brown's son-in-law, Mr. Wilson, and on my cousin, Horace Goodwill, who met with a misfortune March 26, 1891, in having his house and part of his furniture destroyed by fire. There was no insurance, but with characteristic energy Mr. Goodwill immediately rebuilt, and when I was there his new home was fast nearing completion. From there, in the afternoon, I went to see a Mr. Hutchison, an old acquaintance; thence walked a mile or two farther on, to the railroad station at Newton, where I took a train for Garland (my first visit there), especially to see my venerable aunt, Phebe Goodwill, who is living with her youngest son, Albert. Her health, although she is in her eightieth year, is remarkably good just now, better, in fact, than it has been of late. I here remained until Saturday morning, when I journeyed on by train to Corry, where, at the depot, I met my friend, Rev. J. A. Parsons, at one time pastor at Saegertown and

Blooming Valley. After a call on my friend, Rev. A. S. Goodrich, I walked out about five miles to see my niece, Mrs. Julia Brennesholtz (*nee* Masiker) and her husband, who live on their fifty-acre farm. After her father died, Julia came to live with us September 20, 1863, she being then in her twelfth year. She has now been married about seventeen years, and I do not think I have seen her or her husband since 1884, when they paid us a visit.

When some two miles on my way to their home I stopped at the State Fishery, to rest and enjoy the pleasant sights there—numerous ponds, stocked with a variety of delicious fish, such as brook trout, etc.; there was also a pleasant grove of pines, in a portion of which were an enclosure for fowls and a hatching or incubating house; but fish culture is the main purpose of the institution. After an hour's rest and writing in my diary, I continued my walk to Mr. and Mrs. Brennesholtz', where on my arrival I met with a most cordial greeting; indeed the happiness of the meeting and enjoyment of the visit were equally divided among us. I then walked back to South Corry, and met Mr. Goodrich at his appointment—Sunday-school and preaching. He and myself were Sabbath-school scholars together at the old State Road Church more than forty-five years ago, Charles Breed being our teacher; and here, now, in Corry to spend a Sabbath in each other's company was, indeed, a feast of pleasure.

Sunday, May 3.—According to promise, I went to North Corry M. E. Church in the forenoon, arriving before Sunday-school hour, and as Greenwood Cemetery, a beautiful "City of the Dead," some ten acres in extent, lies just opposite the church, I took, in company with a gentleman whose name I do not now remember, a meditative stroll through its silent streets. Sunday-school, however, soon called me back, the services of which were

most interesting, and at the close I was asked to address a few words to the meeting, which I did with a hearty assent. The sermon afterward (in the regular service), which was preached by Mr. Goodrich, was very helpful to me, and my heart was made glad as I listened to his eloquent appeal to his hearers to listen to Gospel truths. His text was from Zechariah viii: 23: *We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.* A truly grand subject, significant in its interpretation, expressive and impressive in its very simplicity. In the afternoon I accompanied Mr. Goodrich to his afternoon appointment at Carter Hill, a small town about six miles from Corry, where were also held Sabbath-school and service, in the former of which I was privileged to take my seat in the Bible class among my relatives—my niece and her husband. The subject Mr. Goodrich chose for his regular sermon was “Friendship,” and I do not remember of having ever heard a more sympathetic and edifying discourse. The remainder of the afternoon Mr. Goodrich and I passed at the home of my nephew and niece, and in the evening we drove back to Corry (calling, on the way, on a sick lady, Sister Staples), arriving in time to attend service at South M. E. Church, where Rev. J. A. Parsons preached from Psalm lxxxiv: 10: *For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.* A good sermon to close a blessed, profitable, wholesome Sabbath day, shared with Christian friends, and crowned with many favors from the Lord, which seemed to increase in blessings as the day sped in its flight from morn to night.

May 4.—In the morning, before leaving, I was shown through Mr. Goodrich’s new house, adjoining his own pleasant residence, and which I understand he is build-

ing for his son-in-law; then made a farewell call on Rev. J. A. Parsons who lives near by, and, just before taking train for my return trip home, I met an old friend in the person of Mr. Henry Thursting, who greeted me very kindly. The "steam-horse" was not long in taking me to Meadville, and I arrived at my Blooming Valley home on Monday evening, well and thankful for safe return. From my cousin, S. Phillips, at whose place I tarried on my way from Meadville, I learned of the illness, death and funeral of Lovina Ellis, whom I had known from her childhood. Our friends pass away, one by one, and the evening of life comes to all. But there is a Better Land where comes no eventide, and where the night is as clear as the day.

"The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou,
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now,
Where Thou art present darkness can not be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

"The weary world is moldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide."



May 5.—Yesterday Old Father Winter must have returned for something he had left behind, perhaps his overcoat, when taking his departure several weeks ago, judging by the snow-storm we had, the iciness of the breeze and the two inches of snow found mantling the

ground this morning, but which by nine o'clock was being fast thawed into geniality 'neath Old Sol's cheering smile. Fruit trees—apples, pears, plums and peaches—are now in bloom, and this chilly weather is anything but beneficial to them.

May 7.—Went to Meadville on business, and while there called at Mr. S. C. Derby's, where I learned that the daughter, Eunice Derby, had been married to Lewis Duvall,* and to the young couple I offered my best congratulations; also called on an old friend who lives on College Hill, Mrs. Jane Adams, whom I have known many years, and who I was sorry to learn had been a suffering invalid since last fall, her friends even despairing of her recovery. I also made a short visit with an aged couple, Rev. Morrison and his wife, the former of whom is in his eighty-third year, and nearly blind. After kindly greetings he said to me: "Brother Francis Waid, I never expected to meet you again here; but I remember you and your wife, and of the time I used to visit you; I thought you were such good, earnest Christians. I have often thought of you; how glad I am to meet you again." He then inquired about the church, and how we were getting along, in many other ways making my visit very agreeable and interesting. This good, honored, venerable couple have two sons living, both ministers in the South, and had one daughter, Mary, who died about two years ago. On my return home I thought of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Roberts, who live near here, and whose son, Emery, I visited while at Lawrence, Kas., last December. Accordingly, I set out and soon found myself

* The wedding was on Wednesday evening, May 6th, at the home of the bride's parents. They said had they known I was at home I would have been invited, as I was a home friend of theirs, a boarder and long acquaintance. This I appreciated as renewing friendship, for I would always rather add two friends to the list than lose one.

at their cosy home. The road thither leads to Hatch Hill, and the scenery on either side is enchantingly beautiful, Nature seeming to smile her sweetest in her graceful garb of modest maiden springtime.

Farm after farm, as I passed them, I looked on with delight: orchards in bloom, fields with verdure clad, here and there herds of cattle and flocks of sheep—all gladdening to a farmer's heart, even though all his lifetime accustomed to such refreshing scenes. My visit with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and their son, Armitage, was both enjoyable and profitable, and of Mr. Roberts himself I must say that I look upon him as a thorough farmer, a good citizen and a Christian man, his helpmeet a Christian woman.

May 5.—Visited my neighbor, Newton S. Chase, who lives one mile south of us, and I found all the family and help busy at work, both within doors and out on the farm, which bore every evidence of prosperity. It was the source of much enjoyment to me to look over the fine farm, ascend the gentle slopes of the hillsides, luxuriate in the valley beside the living stream of crystal water that ran there, or cool myself among the shady maple trees or in the orchard. As Mr. Chase owns a large portion of the Harris Farm, of which my eldest son, Franklin, bought the remaining thirty acres recently, he accompanied me over it, and I now looked upon it with perhaps greater interest than ever before. Our love for our children leads us to know what they have and do: and what parent is not pleased to see them do well? We visit a great deal sometimes in a few hours, indeed, a good visit does not always depend on the amount of time devoted to it. So ended a truly pleasant visit, and as we said "good-bye," my friends' "come again" brought from me the responsive "Our latch-

string is always out, come any time." All genuine, unsophisticated rural friendship!

Sunday, May 10.—It is ever pleasant and desirable to be among Christian people on the Sabbath day. My friends are all, so far as I know, kind to me, and I have a desire to reciprocate in some measure by being good to them, for I appreciate their kindness. Dr. T. C. Beach, of the M. E. Church, in giving his testimony for Christ in the class room, to-day, said: "I am satisfied with Christ." But, *is He with me?*—A very important question, and it does me good as I consider and reconsider it, and make a study of it with my friends and for my friends, for I love in this connection to remember their interests as well as my own.

A beautiful Sabbath morning dawned on Meadville, and there seemed to be nothing vile but man. I am this day privileged to worship my Maker in the company of honored friends—Charles Slocum, for one (the playmate of my childhood), as well as his brother, Emery, and wife, from Ohio, whom I had not met for years. How glad I was to meet them and accompany them to the M. E. Church to listen to the excellent sermon delivered by Dr. Beach, whose text was 2 Peter i: 5, 6, 7! I have listened in my lifetime to not a few good sermons that have fed my soul, and helped me in divine life, and this forenoon's discourse was one of them, for it was as manna to my hungry soul. Then the class meeting (led by Brother Reed Coder, who was converted at State Road Church revivals held in the winter of 1850-51) increased my satisfaction. After the sermon I shook hands with the good pastor, remarking that I had been "feasting on spiritual food," to which he replied: "Then you had faith." Well, I think it is a blessed privilege to come in contact with those who

have more faith than we ourselves have. His presence in the class room cheered us. How good it is to dwell in unity and love!

In the afternoon Charles Slocum accompanied me to Greendale Cemetery, where we viewed many of the graves of friends and relatives. Among the monuments there stands an attractive one erected by the students of Allegheny College to the memory of President John Barker, a man whom I always loved, and from whose Christian teaching and example I learned much. The inscription on this monument reads as follows:

Rev. John Barker.

BORN IN THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

MARCH 17, 1813:

DIED FEBRUARY 26, 1860.

In the evening I heard Hon. A. B. Richmond lecture, in Psychological Hall, Meadville, on the question, "Is Spiritualism a religion?" the lecturer's arguments being on the affirmative side.

May 11.—In the afternoon I attended the funeral of an old friend, Mrs. Adam Morris, who passed away in her seventy-fourth year, the death of whose husband, Adam Morris, is mentioned at page 232, SECOND SOUVENIR. Mrs. Morris had of late been living with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, near Waterford, Erie Co., Penn., and her funeral was from the Wilson school-house, in our township, to the Long Cemetery, myself being one of the pall-bearers; Rev. H. McClintock officiated, as he also did on the occasion of Mr. Morris' funeral. From the cemetery I went to Saegertown, to visit my friend, Mr. G. Floyd, who is in rather poor health at present.

On the following day I paid another visit to the County Farm to see Mr. and Mrs. George Cutshall, superintendent and matron, respectively, of the Alms House; then as I came through Germantown I called on my recently married niece, Jennie, my brother George's youngest daughter, my first visit there since her marriage. Other relatives and friends I also dropped in to say "good-day" to, among them being my near neighbor, Mr. Miller, who has been so long ill, and whose wife, Sarah, was badly injured last Saturday by being thrown from a buggy at the bridge across Woodcock Creek, while driving along with her son. In the house I found the daughter, Mrs. James Titus, and daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Miller, kindly caring for the aged couple in their affliction. In the evening I dropped in to see Mr. Jay Harris and Mr. Rider, at both of whose homes I was pleasantly entertained, particularly by Mr. Harris and his musical family.

May 15.—To-day the new large bank barn, 46x64 feet in dimensions, part two stories and part three stories in height, was raised on the place where my son, Franklin I., now lives, and known as the Goodrich Farm. There was plenty of help, though farmers are pretty busy, about fifty being present, forty three of whom sat down to dinner, ten remaining after 3 P. M. to complete some of the work. The hand of the diligent not only maketh rich, but doeth a great deal of labor! What a number of barn raisings, besides other buildings, and "bees" did my father and his family help on in days past! And now to his grandchildren the labor is being returned. No one can say, truly, that a kind act is never rewarded. *It pays to do good.* No farmer can raise a crop without sowing the seed, unless it be the crop of idleness, that bringeth shame.

Sunday, May 17.—I attended State Street M. E.

Church, this forenoon, and heard a good sermon from our pastor, Rev. J. H. Laverty, the subject being "Liberality," and the text, 2 Corinthians ix: 13. In the afternoon Mr. Derby accompanied me to the funeral of Dr. C. M. Yates, an old citizen of Meadville. He had recently been living at Baltimore, Md., where he died at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, and his body was brought to Meadville for interment in Greendale Cemetery, the services being conducted by Rev. Rogers Israel, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church (Christ Church), under the auspices of the Freemasons. In the evening my friend and I attended the Baptist Church, where we listened to Rev. W. H. Marshall's exposition of the narrative about Joseph's first imprisonment.

May 20.—To-day, at their home in Guy's Mills, was celebrated the "Silver Wedding" of Charles and Nancy Wygant, and as a matter of course I was one of the many who were present, walking all the way, some seven miles, in preference to driving. They were married May 20, 1866, by Rev. Eberman, in State Road M. E. Church; and I remember (for I was present at this wedding) that on the same day, at our church, Rev. James Wygant, Charles' father, married Homer Elsworth and his bride. The guests at this silver wedding were numerous and happy, "a right merrie companie," as our great-grandparents would have called it, and about each of the seven ages of man were represented—from childhood to senility. They enjoyed a rich repast, fine music (both vocal and instrumental), stirring speeches—in short, "had a good old-fashioned time," and at the close each returned to his or her home in a very happy mood. For myself, I left Mr. Wygant's about 4 p. m., and proceeded to Mr. P. M. Cutshall's, some three miles from Guy's Mills, where I made a brief visit, and then concluded my homeward journey.

May 21, 22, 23.—Sweet, refreshing showers have come to us, most welcome to the parched soil and thirsty growth of the land, so much in need of the reviving influence of rain. All nature seems to praise the Lord, and why should not man join in the glad song, and the tribute of His praise prolong?

We have no tears Thou wilt not dry;
 We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal;
 No sorrows pierce our human hearts
 That Thou, dear Father, dost not feel.

Thy pity like the dew distils,
 And Thy compassion, like the light,
 Our every morning overfills,
 And crowns with stars our every night."



Sunday, May 24.—This forenoon I attended the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. K. C. Hays, pastor; text from 1 John iii: 2: *We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.* In the afternoon C. R. Slocum accompanied me to a temperance meeting held in the First M. E. Church; address by Mrs. M. B. Ross, of Cambridgeboro, Penn., president of the W. C. T. U., and sketches of temperance workers, by Miss Warner—noble women in the cause. Then, in the evening, in the same M. E. Church, were held the Memorial Services of the G. A. R., a very large audience being assembled, who attentively listened, I will venture to say, to one of the most interesting and eloquent discourses they ever had the pleasure of hearing. Rev. W. H. Marshall, of the Baptist Church, Meadville, who delivered it, chose for his text the exhortation of Paul the Apostle to Timothy, to do the duty of a faithful servant of the Lord: *Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.* What a practical lesson was drawn from this text, and how faithfully was it

set forth by the reverend lecturer! It seemed to me like scattering seed on good ground, and I pray that what fell on my heart may bear fruit abundantly in Christ's name.

May 26.—As we were requiring about 40,000 shingles to cover the new barn my son is building, I accompanied him and his hired man, with two teams, to Little Cooley, where I purchased of Mr. Thomas F. Smith, at his saw and shingle mill, 40,000 good pine shingles—8,000 shaved, 32,000 sawed. I think it was in 1848 that my father built our horse barn, and well do I remember working on it, the following incident coming fresh to my memory: My brother, Lyman, and Justus Goodwill took the Masiker girls, Jane and Eliza, to the circus and menagerie, then exhibiting in Meadville, while I remained behind to help shingle the barn, a something in our experiences that my first wife and I often spoke of afterward. This old barn was built of durable material, the original roof, never resingled, being yet sound, proof enough that my honest friend, Thomas F. Smith, manufactures good shingles, and I told him so to-day, which gratified him as much as it pleased me. We loaded up our shingles in good shape, and started for home, stopping, near Cooley, at the farm home of my nephew Orlando Waid, with whom I had some business, and as he was raising his bank barn, 30x40 feet in size, we were in good season to give him, along with my brother who was there also, a lift on part of the basement story. Then, continuing on our way homeward with our loads, we halted at New Richmond to see a relative, Mrs. Silas Clark, who has been an invalid from dropsy several years, and is now very poorly indeed. As I shook hands with her and introduced my son, she said: "Franklin, I have not seen you since you were married," which somewhat surprised me; how time does fly! "What! he was married March 15, 1877, and you have

not seen one another since!" So we pursue the journey of life, some of us only meeting friends a few times here below. Starting our teams once more, we made direct for home, only halting a brief space to see my uncle, Horace Waid, and make a passing call in Blooming Valley.

May 28.—Just thirty-seven years ago to-day my twin brother Franklin died, but his memory yet lives. We journeyed life together a little over twenty-one years, and much of our joint experience has been, figuratively speaking, written in indelible ink, that never can be effaced from the tablets of my memory.

May 29.—There died this morning an old citizen of Blooming Valley (a resident since 1865), in the person of Mr. J. T. Odell, aged eighty years; funeral on Sunday at 2 P. M.; services at the M. E. Church. The road tax in our district is now being worked, my son, Fred, being pathmaster, and as our new road machine, a scraper, called "Western Reversible," seems to work very well, we will likely have even better roads than usual, although, for a long time back, our township road, from Blooming Valley (State Road) to the Mead Township line, nearly a mile, has been really good. Clean roads please the farmer, and speed the traveler on his way, and as we ruralists like to see clean streets in cities or towns when we visit them, so townspeople, when they come out to see Nature's garden, and inhale the sweet breath of Heaven, delight in rambling along neat, well-kept roads. "In rural life," says Washington Irving, "there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences." This is what gives the charm to country life, and nothing can detract from it save ragged-looking roads, dilapidated fences, and ill-kept farms.

May 30, DECORATION DAY.—A year ago to-day I was in Cleveland, Ohio, attending the dedication of the Garfield Monument, and to-day I enjoy the pleasure of spending Decoration Day in Meadville, visiting Greendale Cemetery, beautifully decorated with flowers and little flags, loving tributes to the memory of our silent heroes. In the afternoon a large concourse of people, including Peifer Post, G. A. R., was assembled to listen to the excellent address delivered by Rev. Dr. T. C. Beach, of the First M. E. Church, who was introduced to the audience with a few remarks by Dr. T. L. Flood. In honoring the memory of the brave soldiers who bled and died to save our Union from dismemberment, we must not forget to honor the good God who has given to the world a Christian land like ours.

Sunday, May 31.—I attended two funerals to-day, services for both being held in the M. E. Church, Blooming Valley. The first one (in the forenoon) was that of a child of Mr. and Mr. Leonard Smith, nearly five years old; sermon by Rev. V. F. Duncle, pastor; text Job xxxvii: 21: *And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth and cleanseth them*; the interment took place in the Smith Cemetery. How very dark it is here sometimes amidst our afflictions! And yet to the believer, to the true Christian, how radiant and resplendent appears everything beyond the conflicts of this life! He can realize how graciously God in His mercy deals with us here that we may be saved. The other funeral (in the afternoon) was that of J. T. Odell, whose death I have already referred to; sermon by Rev. W. H. Farrault, of Saegertown; text 2 Corinthians v: 8: *We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord*. At the cemetery, Blooming Valley, I observed that Eliza's grave had

been decorated the previous day by kind hands, showing that her memory yet lives in warm hearts other than my own.* “Sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced.”

June 3.—Among other letters I received one to-day from Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, of New Orleans, the third I have been favored with from him, and I have to thank him for the interest he takes in my welfare in presenting an earnest appeal for aid toward the endowment of eight professorships in the medical college at New Orleans. I here give copy of the letter:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 29, 1891.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yours of April 10 is now before me. The book has also been received, for which please accept my thanks. I have looked it through with interest—it is a SOUVENIR indeed! I shall place it in the library of the New Orleans University, where I trust it may remain for many years and generations. I am glad to know that God blessed you at Oil City Conference. It was a glorious season. I trust all our Conferences may be like it, only better and better as the years go on. I send with this a slip which will give you an idea of what I am trying to do. I want to endow eight professorships in our medical college. It will take \$10,000 to endow any one of them. I wish you would take one, and give it your family name, or your own name in full. If you really desire to *do good* there is no better chance. The people for whom I plead are very poor, and have few friends. I hope God will put it into your heart to do what I ask. In this way, and for Christ's sake, you can visit the sick. It will be a better and more enduring monument than marble or bronze.

Very truly yours,

W. F. MALLALIEU.

I quote one sentence from the “slip” spoken of by the Bishop as enclosed to me: “*Never from its portals shall any one be excluded on account of race, color, religion or sex.*” I confess I am glad to have had this matter brought to my notice, and am anxious to give the subject careful consideration, with the hope that with God's assistance I may arrive at a wise conclusion.

* I want to say, *the Lord bless them.*

June 5.—The boys (my sons) and myself have been as “busy as bees,” my own work consisting in mowing the door-yards, etc., whitewashing some pear and ornamental trees and shrubs, helping shingle, to-day, Franklin’s new barn, and, while the scaffolding was being removed, I finished trimming and scraping the apple trees in the orchard* (Goodrich Farm). Then after all this was done, boy-like I wanted to do not only a little more but something by which this day might be remembered; so I held a sort of formal opening of the New Barn by taking the wheelbarrow and putting in a load of old hay, and another of new-mown (cut to-day), remarking, as I did so, to my sons and others: “You can remember who put in the first hay into the new barn.” And yet this was not so much for the sake of my son as for his children (my four little grandchildren), something that some of them might perchance remember and interpret, when I am gone, as a simple lesson in industry and carefulness. While I was engaged in mowing, a passing neighbor said to me: “I saw you do that forty years ago when working with your uncle, William Morehead, on your father’s farm, and you have not yet forgot how!” “No,” I replied, “I enjoy it now, and am glad I am able to continue in the business. I want to mow the door-yards for the boys, and help do the hand-mowing, trimming and so forth with the scythe.”

June 6.—Came to Meadville on business, and in the evening went to see my uncle and other relatives in Vernon, four miles west of the town, remaining till Monday. During my visit my cousin, R. A. Ferguson, accompanied me to Geneva, and I had the pleasure of calling on an old schoolmate, David Smith, whom I do not remember

* The job of pruning the three orchards for the boys I began several weeks ago, and was really glad to finish it.

having met in many years; also saw his brother Peter, another schoolmate, and ere we left Geneva my cousin and I made yet another call on Mr. Harrison, a distant relative whom I have wished to see many years. While at Mr. Fergerson's I paid a visit to his father-in-law, Mr. John Curry, now nearly four-score years old, and very unwell at present; also saw my uncle, living near by, who is in his ninetieth year. On my way home on Monday, and while in Meadville, my cousin, S. Phillips, informed me of the death of his son's wife, which occurred that same morning at her sister's in Hancock, whither she and her husband, Leslie Phillips, had recently gone on account of her failing health. The funeral and services were held at Port Jarvis, N. Y., her former home. It is only a few weeks ago since I saw her, for the last time, at her father-in-law's house, but she was quite ill then, so her demise was not altogether unexpected. She was a most estimable, Christian woman. Our house, the "Old Home," is being repainted white, blinds green, just as it was first painted by my father in 1845; and I wish to help my son and the painter, Mr. Albion Bowman, on that, as I do on everything else about the place, for I do not want to be called a "retired farmer," while health, strength and courage remain to me. It is surely a pardonable pride that prompts me to say that I can still do farm labor, shingle, paint or look for a job at any other kind of work I can do. How good, indeed, it is for us if we can but labor and be contented within the limits of our occupations, making ourselves useful at whatever we can do.

June 11.—I went to-day to assist at the raising of Mr. David Roberts' bank barn (44x52), to me a pleasant duty, and there was a good turn-out, plenty of help—over sixty at dinner (I think), and more to follow to lend a

willing hand in the afternoon. Leaving Mr. Roberts' place,* I proceeded to Meadville, where I received my mail, and one letter, from my cousin, Frank Simmons, brought me the sad news of the death of Mrs. Martha Cobb, which occurred at 6 o'clock this morning. Another communication was bright and sunshiny—an invitation to a wedding, as follows: "Mrs. C. A. Wheeler requests your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Mertie Maud, to Albert E. Sherman, June 24, 1891, at eight o'clock, at her residence, No. 340 Footes Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y." During my short stay in Meadville I called on Mr. S. Phillips, where I met a relative, Miss Clara Arnold, of Townsville, Penn., who had been residing about six months in East Tennessee, for the benefit of her health, and was on her way home; also had a brief visit at C. R. Slocum's.

June 13.—Am in Jamestown, N. Y., having come to attend the funeral of my cousin, Mrs. Martha Cobb, announced for to-morrow, Sunday, but which, for some reason, took place to-day, before my arrival. Mrs. Cobb was born May 2, 1833, so was just nine days younger than myself. Rev. A. C. Ellis, pastor of the M. E. Church at Jamestown, officiated at the funeral. The electric street railway is now opened in Jamestown, and one can ride to Dexterville or the boat landing in a magnificently-appointed car, propelled by the mystic force of electricity. I understand the road to Lakewood, five miles, will soon be completed, at which time Jamestown will be able to boast of ten or twelve miles of electric railway.

Sunday, June 14.—Attended the Episcopal Church at Jamestown along with Vernon Wheeler and his sister,

*I would here say that Mr. Roberts has now one of the best barns in this section of the county; but he is noted for doing things well. There are larger barns, but this seems a model one.

Gertie; afterward, while on my way to Mr. Simmons', I stepped into the M. E. Church, where were being held "Children's Day" services, which I much enjoyed; then went with Mr. Simmons to look at the new Baptist Church, not yet quite completed, so they are holding services in the Sunday-school, and I found it was also "Children's Day" there. At 3 P.M. I attended the laying of the foundation stone of the Swedish Church; thence went to the cemetery to view the last resting place of Mrs. Martha Cobb and of Uncle and Aunt Simmons, whereon have recently been placed tombstones. A call in the evening on Mr. Hezekiah Williams closed this summer Sabbath day.

June 16.—Left Jamestown yesterday evening for Union City, where I remained over night with my friend J. Housenick, and this morning, being most desirous of attending the raising of Mr. George Hamilton's barn, I took train for Saegertown, whence I walked to the County Farm, one and one-half miles, as I wished to see my brother-in-law and his wife; thence walked to my home, about four and one-half miles, in the heat of the day, changed my clothes, had dinner and was off to the barn-raising. My three sons were all busy at Little Cooley, baling hay, but my daughters-in-law, Maggie and Minnie, had gone to the "bee" before I reached home, so they were helpful to us by assisting Mrs. Hamilton, along with other willing women workers, in getting ready the meals etc. It was an all-day raising, as the barn was 45x96 feet, requiring from forty-five to fifty hands, besides women and children, and so I was late in getting to the spot; but, as some one present remarked, the Waids were "well represented," as there were present my brother, G. N., and his sons, also my nephew, Nick P., besides my daughters-in-law and myself.

Sunday, June 21.—Having come to Meadville yester-

day on business, as I usually do on Saturdays, I remained over night at Mr. Derby's, having heard that the Memorial services for Mrs. Estella Phillips would be held to-day in the Baptist Church, and I wished to attend. With several members of the Phillips family I accordingly went to the church, and I am truly glad I did so, as the services were impressive and touching in the extreme. The good pastor, Rev. W. H. Marshall, chose for his text Revelations xiv: 13: *And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them;* and in his sermon he spoke most feelingly of the deceased; of her exemplary life; of her uniting with the church at Port Jervis, N. Y., and being baptized at the age of about fifteen, over a score of years ago. The bereaved husband has the sympathy of all, but what blessed consolation must come in the thought that his wife, Estella, left the world *a Christian*, to dwell in the house of the Lord forever—*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*

In the afternoon I went to "Children's Day" service at the M. E. African Church, where an interesting programme was well carried out, at the close of which I, as a visitor, was called upon to say a few words to the children, which I did, and afterward in a little more substantial manner aided their cause by doubling the collection, making the gross amount \$3.14. Then a vote of thanks for my visit, and an invitation to "come again" closed the happy proceedings. In the evening I attended the First M. E. Church, where Rev. Dr. Moore, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, delivered an eloquent sermon for the benefit of the Allegheny College Young Men's Christian Association, the subject being John, the

Baptist, in prison, and Christ on His mission on earth, preaching the doctrine of everlasting life.

June 23.—Yesterday my uncle Robert Morehead (now, as already related, nearly ninety years old) and his daughter came to visit me, and glad I was of it, for I was wishing to have him come and see me once more before I take my departure for the West. After supper I drove my uncle to Blooming Valley, in order to make a call on my niece, Mrs. Iowa Joslin, and after a short interview we returned home, having enjoyed a very pleasant drive. This morning we called on our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Mary Kiser, who is a few months older than my uncle, and has been in failing health for a long time. Paid visits to the homes of my other two sons; drove down to the County Farm to give our regards to Julia, a relative; then called on my brother, and afterward on my nephew Nick P., where we had supper before returning homeward, when I drove him to Blooming Valley, whither his daughter had gone to see Mr. Ploof, a relative. Thus ended what to me was a memorable visit, one recalling pleasant old-time associations, not unmixed with regretful remembrances; for as my aged relative and I viewed the old home of my boyhood and earlier manhood, and chatted about the days of long ago, my life history seemed to pass before me like a moving panoramic view, bright and gloomy scenes alternately passing before my mental eye—here a ray of joy, there a cloud of sorrow; here a noontide radiance, there a midnight darkness, till I found my thoughts unconsciously dwelling on my dead wife, and wandering away to the beautiful valley of Eden;

“ Beautiful valley of Eden!
 Sweet is thy noontide calm;
 Over the hearts of the weary,
 Breathing thy waves of balm.

“ Over the heart of the mourner
 Shineth thy golden day,
 Wafting the songs of the angels
 Down from the far away.

“ Beautiful valley of Eden,
 Home of the pure and blessed!
 How oft' amid the wild billows
 I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!”



June 24.—The last time I went to Jamestown, N. Y., was to attend the funeral of Martha Cobb; to-day my mission thither is a happier one—to be present at the wedding of Albert Sherman and Mertie M. Wheeler, in accordance with the invitation I had received. The ceremony was performed in the evening by Rev. E. B. Burrows, in the presence of a large attendance of relatives and friends, representing nearly every season of life from the bud of childhood to the mellow fruit of old age. Among those present, some of whom I never met before, and others not for years, I might mention Mrs. Addie Ogden, from Olean, N. Y.; Chan. Colt and wife, and his brother Henry, from near Brocton, N. Y.*; Miss Lorinda Wheeler, Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. John Childs, aunts of the bride, all three living in our own county.

Early next morning, after a call on Mr. Colt, I returned to Meadville, a little late, to attend Allegheny College Commencement (class of '91) exercises, held in the First M. E. Church, and of which the following is a copy of the programme:

* Henry and Chan. Colt are brothers of Frank Colt, with whom the bride, Mertie Maud (Wheeler), her mother, Gertie and Verner have lived many years.

PROGRAMME.

—o—

MUSIC, ORCHESTRA.

PRAYER.

Immigration, - - - - -	-	<i>R. T. Adams.</i>
The New Republic, - - - - -	-	<i>Howard A. Couse.</i>
Experience as a Factor in Life, - - - - -	-	<i>C. C. Freeman.</i>

MUSIC, ORCHESTRA.

Is War a Relic of the Past? - - - - -	-	<i>John A. Gibson.</i>
The Ends we Seek, - - - - -	-	<i>Gertrude V. Household.</i>
The Philosopher of Rotterdam, - - - - -	-	<i>Charles L. Howe.</i>

MUSIC, ORCHESTRA.

Russian Nihilism, - - - - -	-	<i>Clarence F. Ross.</i>
The Woman of the Twentieth Century, - - - - -	-	<i>Mary Warner.</i>
"The Grand Old Man," - - - - -	-	<i>Homer D. Whitfield.</i>
"Human Equation," - - - - -	-	<i>William W. Youngson.</i>

MUSIC, ORCHESTRA.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

Everything connected with these exercises passed off surpassingly well, and I would that space permitted me to dwell on them more fully. I can not speak too highly of President Wheeler's address to the "Class of '91," numbering twenty-nine members, coming from many States. I believe it surpassed anything of the kind I had ever heard—so rich was it, so rare, so full of good things overflowing with noble encouragements and lasting benedictions. All the numbers on the programme were finely rendered, and the audience returned to their homes more than favorably impressed with the day's proceedings.

June 27.—This morning I spent several hours working in the old garden wherein, no doubt, my twin brother and myself did some little child-work half a century ago. But it is more of those who taught me by their example how to love labor—my parents—that I am reminded—on the farm in general, of my father; in the garden, in particular, of my mother, for while she was young, or in middle life, yes, or even during the last year of her pilgrim-

age on earth, when seventy-seven years of age, she would be found diligently working in this same old garden where now I find myself with hoe in hand, assisted by my daughter-in-law, Annie, Guinnip's wife, and their four-year-old daughter, Edna, both industrious to the great discomfiture of the weeds, my little granddaughter very enthusiastic over her modicum. So here I have work and pleasure combined, everything to be thankful for, and in my heart I sing for very joy.

After dinner the barn-raising on the farm of Edmond Ellis,* a friend and neighbor, gave me some more pleasant work. This structure, which in 35x45 feet, was originally built thirty-five years ago on what is known as the Wilks Farm, and Edmond and his father, Clark Ellis, undertook to move and repair the same, but before they got it completed a storm came and blew the barn down, reducing it to a perfect wreck. It was no small job to sort out the ruin and rebuild, so when all was ready for the raising I was only too glad to give what assistance I could. It was heavy work, for the timber used in building barns years ago was much heavier than nowadays, but there were plenty of willing hands and the job of putting the frame up was completed before supper, after which I walked (in company with Mr. Ephraim Williams, carpenter, who was overseer of the work) to Meadville where I remained, as usual, over Sunday. Brother Williams was formerly a member of State Road M. E. Church, and lived here many years before going to Meadville. No wonder I loved him as a Christian brother and could enjoy a walk and chat five miles with him when our day's work was done!

* I am told Mr. Clark Ellis attended the first barn-raising thirty-five years ago, and some others who helped at the raising then were present. Mr. Ellis was (I understand) fifty-two on the day of the barn-raising.

Sunday, June 28.—Attended the Second Presbyterian Church, where I heard an excellent sermon from the lips of Dr. D. H. Wheeler, president of Allegheny College, who is filling the appointment here at present, Dr. Edwards, the regular pastor, being in poor health. The text, Matthew xi: 28: *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*, was ably interpreted by the learned Doctor who not only *made* but also *left* a lasting impression on his attentive hearers. As for my individual self, I had labored all the week, and was tired in body and weary in mind, much in need of rest and spiritual food, and here I found both. My soul was refreshed and blessed with the words of the text, and the invitation and promises held out to the weary. I had found what was wanting—rest, peace, life and salvation, the fruits of the spirit, joy and gladness—and I went forth from the church, a thankful Christian, to continue life's journey with renewed vigor and all the more zeal as yet other words of comfort came to my thoughts: *Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am weak and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.* Ever the same good soul-reviving old story.

“Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

“Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.”



June 30.—There are certain things we cling to more or less tenaciously as we pass our days on earth, for instance, life, home, friends and our earlier day associations; we cling to the business that brings us our daily bread; we cling to property that we may have something against a “rainy day,” something to help us when old age or sickness comes to us—something to help our children, something to do good with. So there are many things to which we cling, for we, every one of us, need support now, and assuredly will all the more in the future. But what is the best thing to cling to most tenaciously? what is the best to choose? what best pays? what brings us the largest income as our days and years go on? What is the best inheritance we can leave our children? Not wealth, but *a good name, a Christian character.*

Such were my thoughts this morning as I was reading a chapter from the Book of Books, and I found my answer to all these questions as ready as it is simple—*Cling to the Bible, cling to the Truth, cling to Christ.* O what support, what comfort, what peace and satisfaction there is in building on the one sure foundation! How I love to peruse the pages of that good old Book! I do not know how often the word “blessed” occurs in the Bible, but I do know that I love that single word as used in the good Book and pronounced by Christ in His sermon on the Mount, so many times especially in the first twelve verses of Matthew v, where it occurs no less than nine times. I love that portion of this ever-memorable sermon so much that I have committed it to writing in my Diary, words I learned at Sunday-school when a child, and now, over fifty years later, are bringing me comfort, peace and a prospect of Heaven.

1. And seeing the multitude, He went up into a mountain; and when He was set His disciples came unto Him.

2. And He opened His mouth, and taught them, saying,

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

7. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

This word "blessed" has so much attraction for me that I can not refrain from quoting a few other passages of Scripture where it occurs. How my soul loves it! I try to penetrate the depth of the meaning it contains as spoken by the Master and written according to His will by the inspired writer, touched by the finger of His love, and moved by His spirit.

Psalm xxxii: 1, 2: Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

Psalm xli: 1: Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.

Psalm lxxviii: 4, 5: Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising Thee. Selah. Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

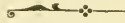
Psalm cxii: 1: Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments.

Jeremiah xvii: 7: Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

Joel ii: 14: Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him; even a meat offering and a drink offering unto the Lord your God.

James i: 12: Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

Revelations xx: 6: Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.



July 1.—Yesterday at noon I went on foot to Meadville, where I made several calls, and in the afternoon, by the same method of locomotion, proceeded to the County Farm, as I wished to see my brother-in-law, G. W. Cutshall, a walk in all of not less than twelve miles, so I remained there over night to rest. If I can get no one to accompany me, why then I go alone, for I can walk and think, and study nature as I pass along, always learning something new. This morning I went from Mr. Cutshall's to Mr. H. B. Stanford's (collector of State, county and poor taxes in Woodcock Township), a walk of probably some five or six miles. He lives near Mr. J. Wesley Lang's place, on the Gravel Run Road. I paid my taxes, and when I had done so Mr. Stanford said to me: "You, Mr. Waid, pay the largest tax of any one in our township, one hundred and sixty dollars and sixty cents. It is worth paying such a sum now, before July 4, and save five per cent." In the course of our conversation we talked about our late worthy commissioner, Mr. Lang, who died suddenly on Saturday, June 27 last, in his seventy-second year, having been born February 8, 1820, in Woodcock Township, Crawford Co., Penn. I would have attended his funeral had I known of his death in time; but to-day as I passed the Lang Cemetery, which is situated but a short distance from his late home, I stepped in and viewed his newly-made grave. While

there pausing for a few seconds I copied from the tombstone near by the following inscription:

Flora G.,

WIFE OF J. WESLEY LANG,

DIED APRIL 3, 1865, AGED 27 YEARS 20 DAYS.

My walk homeward, about five and one-half miles, on this lovely day, by way of "Twelve Corners," is indelibly carved on my memory, so beautiful were the landscape and the panoramic perspective, especially as viewed from a rising piece of ground about two miles northwest of Blooming Valley and the little town of that name, which could be clearly seen, as well as the placid Woodcock Valley extending several miles to the southwest, till the eye catches a glimpse of the hills west of French Creek and Saegertown—all charmingly attractive. Here and there, in fact everywhere, are to be seen prosperous farm homes with fertile fields, fruitful orchards and shady woods and inviting groves, all owned by contented and happy tillers of the soil, the humblest of whom appears to exalt in the comforts and embellishments which his own hands have spread around him. In less than an hour after feasting my eyes on this sublime picture of Nature adorned in summer raiment, I was at my home, my day's journey occupying about twenty-three hours, my walk, during that time, extending probably twenty-five miles in all. I was satisfied with my day's work, and with what I had seen and enjoyed.*

July 2.—While I was engaged in mowing the door yard this bright morning, I was favored and encouraged with many salutations from passers by, and was much

* All so near home. Let us live in the labors and beauties of home life as well as when we go abroad.

pleased when Dr. S. C. Johnson,* of Blooming Valley (Fred's brother-in-law), drove up in company with his brother, Mr. P. F. Johnson, of Independence, Kas., and we had a chat about eastern Kansas and other things; then, after they had left me and I had renewed my work, there came along, on their way to Meadville, my old friend Mr. David S. Keep, and his wife. This was our first meeting since his return from Ellendale, Dak., whither Mr. Keep had several years ago gone to reside from this his native county of which he was at one time register and recorder.

July 3.—To-morrow is the "Glorious Fourth," and I should like to attend the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in Meadville, as well as the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cutshall's† wedding; but as I can not conveniently be present at both, I send to Frank and his wife a token of our friendship in the form of a Bible for their only son (eleven years of age), as a remembrance of the event, accompanied with the following letter:

BLOOMING VALLEY, PENN., July 4, 1891. *Sat.*

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cutshall: I regret that I can not be present and share in the pleasure of friends and relatives, in celebrating your Fifteenth Wedding Anniversary. But having made previous arrangements to attend the Dedication of Soldiers' Monument, and general celebration of the Fourth of July in Meadville, it is necessary that I should deny myself the pleasure of being present. Yet I trust you will accept this token of my friendship—a Bible—sent as a gift to your son Harry in remembrance of the occasion. Wishing you all a good time, I remain respectfully,

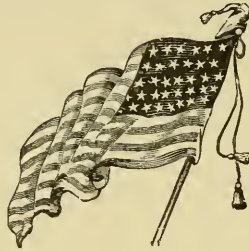
Your Uncle,

F. C. WAID.

*Dr. S. C. Johnson attended my first wife during Dr. G. W. Weter's absence attending the medical lectures at New York City, and, after, continued to come to our home, as consulting physician, to the close of her life.

†I would here say that Frank Cutshall, G. W. Cutshall's only son, married Miss Alice Haines; consequently my son Fred and Frank Cutshall are brothers-in-law as well as cousins, and both are brothers-in-law to Dr. S. C. Johnson, of Blooming Valley.

JULY 4, 1891.



“Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through our battlefield’s thunder and flame,
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave on us all who inherit their fame!
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
 While through the sounding sky,
 Loud rings the nation’s cry,—
 Union and Liberty!—One evermore!”



INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The pleasant little city of Meadville, with a population of over 11,000, was in her best holiday attire, and her numerous guests well provided for, many of whom had come from a far distance. The day was to be celebrated, as I have already intimated, by the dedication of the Soldiers’ Monument in Diamond Park. I had the honor of being appointed one of the vice-presidents, and was presented with a badge bearing the words, *Vice-President Dedication of Soldiers’ Monument at Meadville, July 4, 1891.* This entitled me to a seat on the platform,

from which an excellent view of all the proceedings was had. The medal struck for the occasion was very neat, and bore on one side a drawing of the Soldiers' Monument (showing the inscription thereon, *Crawford County's Tribute to her loyal sons*), and on the other side the words, *In Memory of the men of Crawford County, Pennsylvania, who served in the Union Army during the Rebellion, 1861-1865*. There were present to take part in the ceremonies several Posts of the G. A. R. from various points, with their several commanders, and they made quite a formidable and imposing appearance in the procession which started from Park Avenue at 11:30 A. M. for Diamond Park.

The details of the day's proceedings are too lengthy to give much of here, but I can not omit referring to the excellent address of Judge J. J. Henderson, of Crawford County, and the presentation speech of Dr. T. L. Flood, both of which were masterpieces of patriotic eloquence; and the accepting of the Monument on behalf of the city, by Col. S. B. Dick. The day could not be finer, and that part of the proceedings consisting of games, concerts, illuminations, bicycle parade, etc., was carried out in grand style; in addition to which there was on exhibition a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, in the shape of an "Automatic City," which took the German inventor of the same seventeen long years of patient labor in the constructing thereof. Every day in the year has its end, its close, as did this memorable one, July 4, INDEPENDENCE DAY, the most noted in the annals of the United States of America. And who is there among us who would not sing with heart and voice—MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE? Our free country and an open Bible, with the Gospel preached to all! And so may it ever be, as long as the sun and moon endure!

“ My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died!
 Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

“ My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble, free—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills:
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

“ Our fathers' God! to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King !”



But as I looked on the many joy-inviting events of the day, as they followed in quick succession, a cloud would from time to time intervene to darken my thoughts. For this great National holiday, this anniversary of the birth of our loved Republic, is also the anniversary of the death of my well-beloved wife, Eliza, an event never to be forgotten by me. I have written much on this subject, because it stands out in such prominent relief on the pages of my life history; and they who have been similarly bereaved know what it is, and can appreciate the value of sympathy. The evening of life has come to me, and the shadows are growing longer, while I am calmly waiting, waiting.

ONLY WAITING.

“ Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.

“ Then from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.”

In this faith I live on, and, best of all, *God comforts me.*
My pathway in life is oftentimes dreary and sad, but I trust
in the Lord. His right hand is ever near, though my sight
may be dim, but I never doubt His lovingness, and I
leave, my way with Him.





APPENDIX.



MY SECOND SOUVENIR.



In my preface to the SECOND SOUVENIR I spoke of the encouragement I had received in my undertaking, and of the reception my previous book had met with at the hands of those of my kindred and friends to whom copies were presented.

I have received many letters of acknowledgment, all testifying in the most gratifying terms to the popularity my SECOND SOUVENIR has been favored with, and I find myself thereby, through the blessing of God, much strengthened and encouraged in my purpose. Even had I undertaken the task, I would have found it difficult to discriminate in any manner among these letters—they are all good. I appreciate every one of them, and in return thank all my friends for the compliments they have paid me, and for the various expressions of kind sympathy they have extended to me in my humble efforts to do some good. May the Lord bless them! is my sincere prayer as I look over this large number of letters, all of which will be kept and treasured by me, while I live, and, I trust left, when I am summoned from earth, as an heritage to my children. Some of these letters are here given in full, but the majority of them, on account of limited space, have been more or less abbreviated. I also received some flattering press notices, a few of which I will here place on record, as they may prove of interest to some of my readers.

 A VALUABLE BOOK.

(From the *Meadville Gazette* April 17, 1891.)

Some time ago Francis C. Waid presented to us a handsomely bound octavo volume of several hundred pages, being a second family *Souvenir* published by him. It is gotten up in the best style of the typographer's art, and handsomely bound and illustrated. The work was intended for distribution among relatives, but enough extra copies were printed to supply a few friends, of whom we are glad to be considered one. The substance of such a work will naturally be of a per-

sonal character, dealing with scenes of a local nature and incidents involving the immediate family of the author; but in the life of such a man as Francis C. Waid there is necessarily much to interest and instruct. Mr. Waid is a typical American product. Born a country boy, with no better prospects than any one of ten thousand other Crawford County boys at that time, he has made a success of life such as few attain, and by such means as but few are content to employ. Industry seems to have been the sheet anchor of his life, stayed with the strong supports of honesty, truthfulness and piety, and, while earnest in his efforts for personal success, always scrupulously just toward others. From a poor boy on the farm, Mr. Waid amassed a large fortune, but he gathered it by honest planting, skillful harvesting and careful garnering in legitimate ways by honest means, and he never sought to build up his own house by tearing down that of his neighbor. It is not possible in a short notice to give a description or a criticism of this book, but we can truly say that it is a work which no young man, especially a farmer's son, can read without lasting advantage. There is no better method of teaching than by example, and the history of a successful life is one of the best lessons a boy or a young man can study. The life of this man is worth more as an answer to the question of how to make the farm pay than a perpetual subscription to the newspaper which hangs its harp on the willows of Babylon, while it passes its hat for contributions to reward its professional wailings.

SOUVENIRS FOR LIBRARIES.

(From the *Pennsylvania Farmer* of August 28, 1890.)

Mr. F. C. Waid, of Meadville, is the author and publisher of a book which he calls his *Second Souvenir*, containing much valuable information with reference to people, places and events pertaining to Crawford County and other localities, besides many thoughts to stimulate noble purposes and right living in young and old. He does not offer the book for sale, but takes pleasure in donating a copy to the Sunday-school libraries and public libraries in his native county as long as the supply for such purposes lasts. The original object of this Souvenir was to present to friends and kindred, but the success and popularity of his *First Souvenir* prompts him to place a few copies within the reach of all, in this manner hoping to exert an influence for good in his own way. It is a well-edited and finely-printed book of nearly 400 pages, and is an elegant volume for the library. The author's generous purpose in presenting so costly a book to his friends and the public is only to do good, which, in comparison with the usual aim of authors, awakens a feeling of interest not otherwise secured. Those to whom this is addressed may examine the book by calling at the *Farmer* office, or at any other newspaper office in this city.

(From the *Guy's Mills Echo*.)

Mr. Francis C. Waid, of Blooming Valley, called at our office a few days since, and presented us with a copy of his *Second Souvenir*, a neatly printed, and nicely bound book of 368 pages, containing a complete biography of the Waid family, and biographical sketches of

many relatives, and the immediate friends of Mr. Waid. As its name indicates, this is the second book of the kind prepared by Mr. Waid, his *First Souvenir* having appeared in 1886. He has ordered two thousand copies, and they are all to be presented to his relatives and friends. Mr. Waid has been and is at the present time, one of the most successful farmers in the country, starting in life, poor, but with a determination to succeed, he has by his untiring energy accumulated quite a fortune. Although Mr. Waid is what the world calls rich, yet he is by no means proud of it.



Preceding the several letters, I here give a record of the distribution of the 700 copies of my SECOND SOUVENIR.

RECORD OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE THREE HUNDRED COPIES OF 368 PAGES, AND THE FOUR HUNDRED COPIES OF 391 PAGES, ALL RECEIVED FROM MY PUBLISHERS DURING JULY AND AUGUST, 1890:

THE FOUR HUNDRED EDITION.

DATE.	NAME.
July 26, 1890.....	Anna E. Waid, my wife, Norwood, Kas.
26, 1890.....	Each of my three sons, F. I., G. P. and F. F. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	George N. Waid, my brother, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	G. W. Cutsball, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	C. R. Slocum, Mosiertown, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Lewis M. Slocum, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Henry Smith, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Nick P. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Orlando Waid, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Ralph Roudebush, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Ida Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Silas Clark, New Richmond, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	1 reserved one for myself, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	My nearest neighbor, Mary Kiser, an aged friend, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Ursula Roudebush, Warren, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	John Roudebush, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	James Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Charles A. Buell, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Zephaniah Briggs, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	David Nodine, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Matilda Barr, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Ann Eliza Odell, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Uncle Horace F. Waid, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Sally Hammond, New Richmond, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Hulda Bunts, New Richmond, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	A stranger whose name I did not learn.
" 28, 1890.....	D. H. Miller, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Freemont Bradshaw, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Robert Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Moore M. Odell, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Andrew Rider, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Iowa Josling, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Clark Ellis, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	J. H. Reynolds, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	S. C. Derby, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Edmond P. Ellis, Meadville, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
July 28, 1890.....	Newton S. Chase, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Smith Galey, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	David Roberts, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	William Smith, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Uncle Robert Morehead, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Robert A. Ferguson, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	John C. Morehead, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	S. S. L., Watson's Run (Reformed Church), Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., State Road, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	First M. E. Church S. S. L., Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Baptist S. S. L., Wayland, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Rachel Phillips, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Harrison Sutton, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Charles C. Morehead, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Allen Morehead, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	George Waid, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Albert Waid, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Joseph Morehead, Newton, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Pember W. Phillips, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Lucind Gillett, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Rebecca Arnold, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Aunt Clarinda Morehead, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	M. E. S. S., Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Robert E. Slocum, Mosiertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Caroline Cochran, Mosiertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Hon. S. Slocum, Saegertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	George Floyd, Saegertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Saegertown, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Annette Cutshall, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Frank Cutshall, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	William Crouch, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	William H. Hunter, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Moses Masiker, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Jerome Drake, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Sila Goodrich, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Maria Long, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	John F. Breed, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Frank Handley, Meadville, Penn.
" 31, 1890.....	Frank Simmons, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Harvey Simmons, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Angeline Colt, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Martha Cobb, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Fred Davis, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Frank B. Bush, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	William Bowen, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Henry Simmons, Busti, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Adelbert Simmons, Busti, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Mrs. Leander Simmons, Harmony, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Florence Skinner, Ashville, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Fayette Fleek, Ashville, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	King D. Fleek, Lake Wood, N. Y.
" 31, 1890.....	Mrs. W. H. Mathews, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Aug. 2, 1890.....	Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890.....	Gov. Cyrus G. Luce, Michigan.
" 2, 1890.....	Frank Fleek, Lakewood, N. Y.
" 2, 1890.....	Edward Fleek, Watts Flat, N. Y.
" 5, 1890.....	N. Rondebush, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	John Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Advent S. S. L., Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	David Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	George Sutton, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Andrew Cole, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Frank K. Clark, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Harv Hatch, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Joseph W. Heard, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Albertice Clark, Wayland, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Horatio Wright, Wayland, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Chancy Harris, Little Cooley, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 7, 1890.....	S. Phillips, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	S. Merrell, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. G. B. Delamater, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Col. S. B. Dick, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Maj. D. V. Derickson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Leon C. Magaw, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Cynthia Gage, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	A. M. Fuller, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. William Reynolds, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. John J. Henderson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Mrs. James Irvin (Central Hotel), Meadville, Penn
" 7, 1890.....	Smith Leonard, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hiram Blystone, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John D. Clemson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. H. C. Johnson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Melvin T. Ward, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Grace Thompson, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John Adams, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	J. H. Culbertson, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	O. H. Hollister, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	A stranger, name unknown.
" 12, 1890.....	Simeon Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Fayette Allen, Athens, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Willis Masiker, Lansing, Iowa.
" 12, 1890.....	Simeon B. Dickson, St. Charles, Mian.
" 13, 1890.....	Clara Devenpeck, Columbus, Ohio.
" 13, 1890.....	Marian Meechum, Meadville, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	John Housnick, Union City, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Jacob Housnick, Union City, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Ruric Douglass, Union City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	William H. Fleek, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Simon S. Waid, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Joshua Irwin, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	George A. Goodwill, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Walter Waid, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Isaac Clark, Tryonville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Glenn Beatty, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	J. Alexander Beatty, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Almeda Waid, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	William Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Fayette Delamater, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Dr. C. E. Hall, pastor First M. E. Church, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Rev. Hamilton McClintock, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Albert Burkhart, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	John Porter, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Aunt Maria Lord, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	A. R. Fowler, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Henry P. Marley, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	William Chase, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Henry A. Ellis, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Fred Stadler, Meadville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Avery W. Masiker, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Thomas Smith, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Alexander Smith, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	George Smith, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Andy Smith, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	George Fleek, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Lorenzo Wheeler, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	William V. Wheeler, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Lorinda Wheeler, Riceville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	John Childs, Taylor's Stand, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Elijah T. Wheeler, Bradford, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Frank Walters, Bradford, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	Mrs. George Fleek, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	John Walton, Townville, Penn.
" 19, 1890.....	D. H. McCrillis, Townville, Penn.
" 20, 1890.....	James Goodwille, Goodwill Hill, Penn.
" 20, 1890.....	Fletcher Goodwille, Goodwill Hill, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 21, 1890	Martha M. Brown, Grand Valley, Penn.
" 21, 1890	M. E. S. S. L., Grand Valley, Penn.
" 21, 1890	Horace F. Goodwill, Sanford, Penn.
" 21, 1890	Hannah Lord, East Branch, Penn.
" 21, 1890	Charles E. Allen, East Branch, Penn.
" 21, 1890	George Bush, East Branch, Penn.
" 21, 1890	One to a stranger, name unknown.
" 22, 1890	Layfayette Harroun, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 22, 1890	J. W. Farley, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 22, 1890	Charles Washburn, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 23, 1890	Walter R. Lindsay, Riceville, Penn.
" 23, 1890	Wesley Gray, Riceville, Penn.
" 26, 1890	Allegheny College Library, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890	Rev. G. S. W. Phillips, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890	Temperance Gibbs, Tremont, Ill.
" 26, 1890	Anna Harmon, Lake Ridge, Mich.
" 26, 1890	Francis D. Sexton, Topeka, Kas.
" 28, 1890	John R. Donnelly, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890	Thomas Ward, Vallonia, Penn.
" 29, 1890	Henry Shafer, Vallonia, Penn.
" 29, 1890	Frank Hartlerode, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890	Benjamin McNeil, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890	William B. Beyes, Meadville, Penn.
Sept. 2, 1890	H. M. Dickson, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890	Rev. E. C. Pengra, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890	Frank L. Wallace, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890	L. F. Edson, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890	Augustus Hites, Meadville, Penn.
" 2, 1890	Mary Ann Sackett, Dexter, Mich.
" 2, 1890	Ellery A. Burch, Lyons, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Elliette E. Wilson, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Margaret Cook, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Frank Shutz, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Baptist S. S. L., Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Rev. H. L. Powers, Grand Island, Neb.
" 3, 1890	Rev. Samuel Wykoff, Grand Island, Neb.
" 3, 1890	Dr. W. H. Pillsbury, Grand Island, Neb.
" 3, 1890	Ezra Wright, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Wellington Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Elizabeth Densmore, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Henry Baldwin, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Hannah Kellogg, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Mary Chipman, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Olive M. Dunn, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890	D. R. Coder, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890	A. T. Sackett, Meadville, Penn.
" 3, 1890	Uncle Andrew Gilbert Wald, Ann Arbor, Mich.
" 3, 1890	Clarissa Reeves, Azalia, Mich.
" 3, 1890	Louvina Reeves, Raisinville, Mich.
" 5, 1890	Sarah E. Russell, Cleveland, Ohio.
" 5, 1890	Cornelia Van Dorne, Cleveland, Ohio.
" 5, 1890	George W. Allison, Lyons, Penn.
" 5, 1890	S. S. L., Lyons, Penn.
" 5, 1890	Y. M. C. A., Grand Island, Neb.
" 5, 1890	M. E. S. S. L., Grand Island, Neb.
" 5, 1890	William Cunningham, Kent, Ohio.
" 5, 1890	Eliza Cox, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890	Samuel Gilmore, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890	George Gilmore, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890	Charles Gilmore, Bradford, Penn.
" 6, 1890	Seminary Library, Jamestown, Mercer Co., Penn.
" 6, 1890	Emice Derby, Meadville, Penn.
" 6, 1890	Ephraim Williams, Meadville, Penn.
" 6, 1890	William Boslow, Meadville, Penn.
" 6, 1890	Allen Pettitt, Little Cooley, Penn.

THE THREE HUNDRED EDITION.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 5, 1890.....	B. F. Haines, Brookville, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	V. A. Haines, Brookville, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Master Claud Haines, Brookville, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Samuel Johnson and wife, Brookville, Penn. An aged couple who celebrated their golden wedding August 3, 1890.
" 5, 1890.....	Dr. Samuel Johnson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Thomas Richardson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 5, 1890.....	Dr. G. W. Weter, Grand Island, Neb.
" 6, 1890.....	Wilson Hamilton, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Ebenezer Hites, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Ranson Robbins, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Homer C. Waid, Millerton, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Hon. T. W. Phelps, Chester, Minn.
" 6, 1890.....	Francis J. Tiffany, Essex, Conn.
" 6, 1890.....	Mary Dickson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Marvin W. Babeock, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 6, 1890.....	Matt. A. Sutton, Townville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	George Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Jennie Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hartwell Williams, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	J. W. Judd, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John McKinney, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Rev. James Clyde, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. G. W. Delamater, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	N. C. McLaughlin, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hon. Samuel P. Bates, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	S. T. Dick, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	City Library, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	T. S. Goodsell, Meadville, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Ira Hall, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Orlando Sutton, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	John Cook, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Hiram Baldwin, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Charles W. Wygant, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Ira C. Wygant, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Baptist S. S. L., Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Congregational S. S. L., Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	A. McLachlin, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 7, 1890.....	Seven Day Advents, Randolph, Penn.
" 8, 1890.....	John Williams, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 8, 1890.....	Sylvester Seaman, Hickory Corners, Penn.
" 8, 1890.....	John R. Wright, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 8, 1890.....	James Woodside, Miller's Station, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Russell Penman, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	A. M. E. S. S. L., Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Horace F. Waid, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Leslie Phillips, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Joseph Arnold, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	S. W. Kepler, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Joseph Davis, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Perry Shonts, Evansburg, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	Elizabeth Curry, Meadville, Penn.
" 11, 1890.....	William H. Carman, Meadville, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	August Rushlander, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Edson Sackett, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Daniel Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Alfred Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Eddy Harroun, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Isaac Vanmarter, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	S. L. Thompson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Catharine Stewart, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Mary McCullough, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	George Dewey, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Peter Schenber, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Jacob Braymer, Blooming Valley, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 12, 1890.....	George McCullough, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	James Dickson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Martin L. Carpenter, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Jeremiah Cutshall, Saegertown, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Samuel Long, Long's Stand, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	George P. Ryan, Long's Stand, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	A. Brink, Long's Stand, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	A. J. McQuiston, Saegertown, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Rev. A. J. Parsons, Saegertown, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	James Douglass, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	Edward Douglass, Blooming Valley, Minn.
" 13, 1890.....	Joseph Douglass, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Loren Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Marcus Breed, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Samuel Hobbs, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Zachariah Stull, Long's Stand, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Charles Breed, Union City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Wesley Davidson, Union City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Augustus Anderbolt, Union City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	William Riddle, Bolivar, N. Y.
" 15, 1890.....	George Eldridge, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Eugene Burns, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	William Magaw, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Otto Finney, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Samuel Pitcher, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	James Allen, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Edward R. Allen, Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	Cambridge Grange 168, Cambridgeboro, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	George H. St. John, editor <i>Penn. Farmer</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	W. R. Andrews, editor <i>Meadville Tribune</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	E. A. Hempstead, editor <i>Crawford Journal</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	J. H. W. Reisinger, editor <i>Meadville Gazette</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 16, 1890.....	R. B. Brown, editor <i>Meadville Messenger</i> , Meadville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	John J. Shryock, Meadville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Frank H. Waid, Custer City, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	New Richmond Grange, New Richmond, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Edwin J. Baily, New Richmond, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Elijah Flint, New Richmond, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., New Richmond, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Lorenzo Harris, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Caroline Drake, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	United Brethren S. S. L., Little Cooley, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Norman Scott, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Oscar Goodwill, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Baptist S. S. L., Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Frank Eberman, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Henrietta Sturgis, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Lewis Waid, Centreville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Tryonville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Omri Goodwill, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Wilson Smith, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Angeline Brown, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Frank Jackson, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Walter Thompson, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Asa Davis, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	Rev. John Lusher, Titusville, Penn.
" 18, 1890.....	M. E. S. S. L., Titusville, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	O. W. Braymer, M. D., Camden, N. J.
" 25, 1890.....	Sylvester Comstock, Phillipsburgh, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	Nathan Tiffany, Sag Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.
" 25, 1890.....	Luther Titus, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	Warren Chase, Meadville, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	John H. Wygant, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	William Densmore, Erie, Penn.
" 25, 1890.....	Bigler Roubush, Erie, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Elizabeth Huidekoper, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1890.....	Alfred Huidekoper, Meadville, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Aug. 26, 1890.....	Frederick Huidekoper, Meadville, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	William Hammon, Lyona, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	James Smith, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	John Lane, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Hiram Lord, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Martin Clancy, Kent, Ohio.
" 27, 1890.....	Sarah Corby, Athens, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Charles E. Corby, Waverly, N. Y.
" 27, 1890.....	David G. Fleek, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Oren Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 27, 1890.....	Walter Sweany, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Lucia E. Allen, Mound City, So. Dak.
" 28, 1890.....	John E. Robbins, Mound City, So. Dak.
" 28, 1890.....	Columbus C. Hatch, Mound City, So. Dak.
" 28, 1890.....	Joseph Hampson, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	William Hope, Jr., Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	A. B. Richmond, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Joshua Douglass, Meadville, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Ebenezer Harroun, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Jackson Shonts, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	A. J. Owen, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	Charles, Marvin, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 28, 1890.....	M. E. S. L., Forest Grove, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Prof. James H. Montgomery, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Hon. Pearson Church, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	James Kennedy, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	John T. Geary, Vallonia, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Sent by request of a friend to Mr. McFadden, Allegheny City, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	John Gibbons, Sugar Lake, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	Charles McIntosh, Sugar Lake, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	James Smith (Soldiers' Home), Dayton, Ohio.
" 29, 1890.....	Phebe Jones, Buffalo, N. Y.
" 29, 1890.....	Daniel Long, Harmonsburg, Penn.
" 29, 1890.....	J. H. Hamilton, Muddy Creek Station, Tenn.
" 29, 1890.....	Dr. George M. Burdett, Lenoir City, Tenn.
" 29, 1890.....	John Y. Gilmore, New Orleans, La.
" 29, 1890.....	Steven Wheeler, Mount Vernon, Ill.
" 30, 1890.....	Ambro Whipple, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	J. D. Dennington, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Andrew Whipple, Boston, Mass.
" 30, 1890.....	A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.
" 30, 1890.....	Frank Lester, Lyona, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	George Baugher, Lyona, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Ulala Phillips, Townville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Joseph Boyles, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	John Barr, Union City, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Y. M. C. A., Union City, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	William Hubble, Union City, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Andrew Hatch, Meadville, Penn.
" 30, 1890.....	Mrs. E. Brooks, Meadville, Penn.
Sept. 1, 1890.....	Steven M. Morehead, Minier, Ill.
" 1, 1890.....	Charles H. Gibbs, Chicago, Ill.
" 1, 1890.....	George W. Phillips, Townville, Penn.
" 1, 1890.....	John C. Ramsey, Girard, Kas.
" 2, 1890.....	Charles C. Slocum, Mansfield, Ohio.
" 2, 1890.....	Rhoda Ann Allen, Winterset, Iowa.
" 2, 1890.....	James B. Gilmore, Alton, Kas.
" 3, 1890.....	S. S. Library, Miller's Station, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Hon. S. Newton Pettis, Washington, D. C.
" 4, 1890.....	William Gilmore, Hope, No. Dak.
" 4, 1890.....	Fayette Bloomfield, Cambridge, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	George Miller, Venango, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	John McKay, Venango, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Rev. M. Miller, Du Bois, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Rev. A. S. Goodrich, Clarendon, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Lucy L. Slocum, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Frank Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.

DATE.	NAME.
Sept. 4, 1890.....	John Wilson Hamilton, Meadville, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	Rev. A. B. Hyde, Denver, Colo.
" 4, 1890.....	Nathan Phelps, Marion, Minn.
" 4, 1890.....	Eleazer Phelps, Minneapolis, Minn.
" 4, 1890.....	Jay Harris, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	George W. Townley, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 4, 1890.....	John Williams, Guy's Mills, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Ursula Wykoff, Calliope, Iowa.
" 9, 1890.....	Porter C. Compton, Ames, Iowa.
" 9, 1890.....	W. H. Bryant, Ammerst, Ohio.
" 9, 1890.....	Abram Wikoff, Oelwein, Iowa.
" 9, 1890.....	G. S. Magaw, Chicago, Ill.
" 9, 1890.....	Catharine Quick, Meadville, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Cora Williams, Findlay, Ohio.
" 9, 1890.....	Fayette Goodwill, Franklin, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Wilson Smith, Rouseville, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Flora Wilson, Millerton, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Samuel Smith, East Branch, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Julia Brennesholt, Corry, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Timothy Hammon, Sanford, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Zachariah Smith, Sanford, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Omri Hutchison, Sanford, Penn.
" 9, 1890.....	Lydia Trescott, Elmira, N. Y.
" 10, 1890.....	Mrs. William B. Trevey, Moundsville, W. Va.
" 10, 1890.....	Ally Washburn, Milwaukee, Wis.
" 10, 1890.....	Lysander Waid, Fentonville, N. Y.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. Elisha T. Wheeler, Geneva, Ohio.
" 10, 1890.....	Hiram Ayers, Pittsburgh, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	John M. Ellis, Waverly, Iowa.
" 10, 1890.....	Wilson Floyd, Everett, Colo.
" 10, 1890.....	Phebe Gray, Pittsburgh, Iowa.
" 10, 1890.....	Mittie Proud, Aberdeen, So. Dak.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. Sylvester N. Phelps, Woodstock, Minn.
" 10, 1890.....	Amelia Taylor Kasson, Minn.
" 10, 1890.....	Warren W. Cutshall, Pine Island, Minn.
" 10, 1890.....	James Thompson, M. D., Oak Woods, Ky.
" 10, 1890.....	John W. Thompson, Madisonville, Tenn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rebecca Dickson, Little Cooley, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Perry Blakeslee, Spartansburg, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. O. L. Mead, Sandy Lake, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. S. K. Paden, Clark, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. D. S. Steadman, Tidionte, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Melissa Scott, Wentworth, Dak.
" 10, 1890.....	Mary Ann Astrom, Cherry Valley, Ohio.
" 10, 1890.....	J. M. Runk, Indiana.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. J. F. Perry, Springboro, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. James Lewis, Pleasantville, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Rev. Sam P. Jones, Cartersville, Ga.
" 10, 1890.....	Samuel Falkinburg, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	U. S. Grant, New York City, No. 3666.
" 10, 1890.....	Emmett Densmore, New York City, 58 W. Fifty-fifth street.
" 10, 1890.....	Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Chicago, Ill.
" 10, 1890.....	T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y.
" 10, 1890.....	G. A. Baker, editor of <i>Souvenir</i> , Chicago, Ill.
" 10, 1890.....	Jacob Cutshall, Allegheny City, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Catharine Boyles, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Laura Hall, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 10, 1890.....	Maggie Hope, Meadville, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Ira C. Miller, Davidson Station, Mich.
" 12, 1890.....	S. S. Library, Custer City, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	Copy given to stranger.
" 12, 1890.....	William H. Gillespie, Millvillage, Penn.
" 12, 1890.....	One for Public Library, Millvillage, Penn.
" 13, 1890.....	L. D. Dunn, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Rev. L. G. Merrill, Oil City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	Y. M. C. A., Oil City, Penn.
" 15, 1890.....	1 copy from my diary the following: "When I left home for Oil City I had twelve books, six addressed, six I gave and ad-

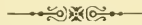
DATE.	NAME.
	dressed when given at Oil City, one to Mrs. W. F. Oldham, the two named above, one presented where I boarded, Mr. and Mrs. Orr, one to M. E. S. S. Library, Trinity Church, one for S. S. L. at Franklin."
Sept. 19, 1890	Rev. I. G. Pollard, Karns, Penn.
" 19, 1890	James Foster, Franklin, Penn.
" 19, 1890	M. E. S. S., Grove Hill, Penn.
" 19, 1890	A. Ross, Saegertown, Penn.
" 19, 1890	R. W. Satterlee, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890	T. D. Collins, Nebraska, Penn.
" 19, 1890	John Riddle, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890	D. B. Hotchkin, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890	James Brown, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890	Charles Arndold, Meadville, Penn.
" 19, 1890	William Cromwell, Chicago, Ill.
" 19, 1890	Sarah Brooks, Chicago, Ill.
" 20, 1890	Two copies given to a friend for S. S. Libraries.
" 20, 1890	Two copies sent to Millerton, Penn., to Homer C. Waid, for S. S. Libraries.
" 20, 1890	Frank A. Tyler, Monroe, Ill.
" 20, 1890	S. D. Tyler, Monroe, Ill.
" 20, 1890	Mrs. Horace Tyler, Monroe, Ill.
" 20, 1890	M. E. S. S. Library, Rouseville, Penn.
" 23, 1890	Amariah Wheelock, Townville, Penn.
" 23, 1890	James Ferguson, Alliance, Ohio.
" 23, 1890	William Ferguson, Meadville, Penn.
" 23, 1890	M. E. S. S. L., Kerrtown, Penn.
" 23, 1890	Alexander Gilbert, Meadville, Penn.
" 23, 1890	M. E. S. S., Vernon Chapel, Penn.
" 23, 1890	Kate Simmons, Busti, N. Y.
" 23, 1890	Christopher Hellyer, East Branch, Penn.
" 23, 1890	Isaac Teasdale, East Branch, Penn.
" 24, 1890	Public Library, Union City, Penn.
" 25, 1890	Jennie Pierce, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 25, 1890	Prendergast Public Library, Jamestown, N. Y.*
" 25, 1890	One to a stranger.
" 29, 1890	Lulu Mook, Saegertown, Penn.
" 29, 1890	Arthur Floyd, Bradford, Penn.
" 29, 1890	John Hites, Meadville, Penn.
" 29, 1890	D. C. Tyler, M. D., Clifton, Kas.
" 29, 1890	F. P. Tyler, M. D., Clifton, Kas.
" 29, 1890	Albert W. Tyler, Norwood, Kas.
" 29, 1890	William Davidson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
Oct. 6, 1890	Rev. A. R. Smith, Oil City, Penn.
" 6, 1890	Aunt Alybra Jackson, Beloit, Wis.
" 6, 1890	Aunt Elizabeth Sexton, Monroe, Ill.
" 14, 1890	Louis J. Rogers, Beloit, Wis.
	In October I gave eighteen copies, six to each of my three sons, to distribute. My wife also distributed some; the addresses of all are not given, and since my return home from the West, January 1, 1891, I have distributed as follows:
Jan. 8, 1891	E. R. Wilson, Meadville, Penn.
" 10, 1891	Lyman Davidson, Titusville, Penn.
" 15, 1891	Christena Flietner, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1891	James Burns, Meadville, Penn.
" 15, 1891	W. A. Wolcott, Savanna, Ill.
" 15, 1891	Mrs. Thomas Brown, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891	C. B. Brown, Selma, Dak.
" 15, 1891	Cena Rodgers, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891	Mathias Dilly, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891	Zachariah Dickson, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891	Mrs. H. M. Reed, Lake City, Minn.
" 15, 1891	J. F. Cunningham, Ionia, Iowa.
" 15, 1891	William Franklin, Whona, Minn.
" 15, 1891	W. H. Botsford, New Albin, Iowa.

* I recently visited this fine institution, the building and grounds covering one square, and I read the inscription—"James Prendergast Free Library. Erected 1889."

DATE.	NAME.
Jan. 16, 1891	D. S. Ploof, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 16, 1891	O. B. Cravens, Randolph, N. Y.
" 16, 1891	J. N. Gray, Buffalo, N. Y.
" 16, 1891	E. M. Gray, Hornersville, N. Y.
" 23, 1891	Mary Humes, Knapp Creek, N. Y.
" 23, 1891	Delia Thurston, Corry, Penn.
" 23, 1891	William McCullough, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 24, 1891	George H. Miller, St. Charles, Minn.
" 24, 1891	Willard Weeks, St. Charles, Minn.
" 24, 1891	F. A. Howard, Sibley, Iowa.
" 24, 1891	L. A. Cutshall, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.
" 24, 1891	N. E. L. Chambers, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
" 24, 1891	J. H. Chapman, Rochester, Minn.
" 24, 1891	To a friend, Minneapolis, Minn.
" 26, 1891	Emma Brown, Cochranton, Penn.
" 26, 1891	Floyd Fleming, Cochranton, Penn.
" 26, 1891	John Weller, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1891	William Adams, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1891	D. L. Kinney, Marion, Minn.
" 26, 1891	A. Holsburg, Norwood, Kas.
" 26, 1891	John Slaven, Norwood, Kas.
" 26, 1891	John Cavinee, Beagle, Kas.
" 26, 1891	Arvilla Ewing, Cochranton, Penn.
" 26, 1891	Alexander Kightlinger, Black Ash, Penn.
" 27, 1891	David McCasland Adams, Salem, Kas.
" 27, 1891	Warren Francis Peters, Sycamore, Ill.
" 27, 1891	Elias C. West, Sycamore, Ill.
" 27, 1891	Louise West, Sycamore, Ill.
Feb. 3, 1891	Edwin Baldwin, Edinboro, Penn.
" 3, 1891	Cornelius Benson, Laclede, Mo.
" 6, 1891	Rev. I. P. Darling, Randolph, N. Y.
" 6, 1891	Augustus Draker, Monroe, Ill.
" 6, 1891	Ansil Baldwin, Sprague, Wash.
" 6, 1891	Charles H. Jones, Brookfield, Mo.
" 6, 1891	Ex-Gov. A. R. McGill, St. Anthony Park, Minn.
" 6, 1891	C. C. Minton, Ottawa, Kas.
" 6, 1891	Joseph Marsh, Ottawa, Kas.
" 6, 1891	J. Nelson Henry, Galva, Ill.
" 9, 1891	Mr. and Mrs. John Roudebush, Blooming Valley, Penn. (Gold- en Wedding).
" 13, 1891	A. G. Johnson, Long Stand, Penn.
" 13, 1891	Ella Clark, Williamsport, Penn.
" 13, 1891	Leander Blackman, Rockford, Ill.
" 13, 1891	Cris. C. Tyler, Galesburg, Ill.
" 13, 1891	Horace R. Bennedick, Galesburg, Ill.
" 13, 1891	Seward Summers, Monroe, Ill.
" 13, 1891	Mrs. Elenor Kelsey, Evanston, Ill.
" 13, 1891	Dr. E. J. Johnson, Rockford, Ill.
" 13, 1891	H. Sherman, Ottawa, Kas.
" 13, 1891	Riley Sweet, Monroe, Ill.
" 13, 1891	George Blackman, Alexandria, So. Dak.
" 13, 1891	Willie Washburn, Milwaukee, Wis.
" 19, 1891	Hattie Howard, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 25, 1891	Fletcher Ellsworth, Jamestown, N. Y.
" 25, 1891	Samuel Ogden, Olean, N. Y.
" 25, 1891	Parker Miller, Frewsburgh, N. Y.
" 25, 1891	J. Stratton, Olpe, Kas.
" 25, 1891	Helen Gibson, Evanston, Ill.
" 25, 1891	Lewis Love, Sycamore, Ill.
" 25, 1891	D. A. Sphon, Sycamore, Ill.
" 25, 1891	James Walker, Sycamore, Ill.
" 25, 1891	Copy given to stranger.
" 26, 1891	Mrs. Samuel Barrett, Meadville, Penn.
" 26, 1891	Addie Boap, Monroe, Ill.
" 28, 1891	Y. M. C. A., Galesburg, Ill.
Mar. 3, 1891	Names of persons given copies at State Road Sunday-school intended as rewards for faithful attendance: Fred Galey, Ina Reynolds, Rachel Hampson, Lizzie Galey, Walter Hamp-

DATE.	NAME.
	son, Grace Bradshaw, Letitia Bradshaw, Mable Burns and Clarence E. Judd.
Mar. 3, 1891.....	William Armstrong, Wayland, Penn.
" 3, 1891.....	George Bradshaw, Washington, D. C.
" 4, 1891.....	Lysander Wheeler, Sycamore, Ill.
" 6, 1891.....	Catharine Luper, New Castle, Penn.
" 6, 1891.....	T. A. Duneka, <i>World</i> editorial rooms, New York City.
" 12, 1891.....	M. F. Riley, 91 South Edwards Hall, New York City.
" 12, 1891.....	J. J. McCanlis, 6 Wall street, Princeton, N. J.
" 12, 1891.....	Thomas S. Hasky, Albany, N. Y.
" 12, 1891.....	Charles H. Pennypacker, West Chester, Penn.
" 12, 1891.....	Charles Dens, 30 Ninth Avenue, New York City.
" 13, 1891.....	William Kelby, 170 Second Avenue, New York City, for the New York Historical Society.
" 18, 1891.....	Mr. and Mrs. Laban Smith, Blooming Valley, Penn. (Golden Wedding.)
" 19, 1891.....	Daniel S. Keep, Ellendale, No. Dak.
" 19, 1891.....	Jackson Braymer, Maquoketa, Iowa.
" 19, 1891.....	George Wilson, Blooming Valley, Penn.
" 24, 1891.....	Hon. Samuel B. Griffith, Mercer, Penn.
" 25, 1891.....	Hon. S. S. Menard, Mercer, Penn.
" 25, 1891.....	Rev. Isaac E. Ketler (Pres. Grove City College), Grove City, Penn.
" 25, 1891.....	C. B. Colgan, Addison, N. Y.
" 25, 1891.....	P. N. Edwards, Sterling, Ill.
" 28, 1891.....	James Walker, Sycamore, Ill.
Apr. 3, 1891.....	H. H. Hatch, Nashville, Tenn.
" 3, 1891.....	George E. Foster, box 822, Ithaca, N. Y.
" 3, 1891.....	F. O. Boswell, Montesano, Wash.
" 3, 1891.....	J. T. Waid, M. D., Ridgway, Penn.
" 10, 1891.....	Theron D. Davis, Ithaca, N. Y.
" 10, 1891.....	D. L. Moody, Northfield, Mass.
" 10, 1891.....	Willard F. Mallalien (Bishop of M. E. Church), 1428 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans.
June 24, 1891.....	Mertie M. and Albert E. Sherman, Jamestown, N. Y.; my wedding gift <i>Souvenir</i> , along with a Bible.
Aug. 26, 1891.....	My gift at wedding of Lena M. and Frank C. Simmons, Busti, N. Y.—Bible and <i>Souvenir</i> .

[N.B.—Some copies have been given to libraries and individuals without receiving their addresses.]



To facilitate reference to the many letters and testimonials I have received, or extracts therefrom, I have arranged them in the following alphabetical order :

Joseph McCasland Adams writes from Lebanon, Kas., as follows: "I have the pleasure of writing you to inform you of the receipt of your book. I am the son of David McCasland Adams, to whom you sent your welcome *Souvenir*. My father did not live to see the book, as he died January 16, 1891, from a stroke of paralysis. He was fifty-five years, ten months and twenty-six days old, and was born in Saegertown, Crawford County, Penn., February 22, 1835; was married in Cass County, Neb., in 1861. In 1874 he moved to Smith County, Kas., and settled in White Rock Township, where he lived till his death. He leaves a widow and two children. Mother's name is Elizabeth Adams; my sister is Frances Adams. Father's oldest sister, Elizabeth Adams,

is living with mother. As you requested father to send the names of any friends he might think of who would want your book, let me take the liberty to say I would like one; my sister wants one. We are married and have families. There have been four deaths since we moved to this State, first my sister's child; then father's brother Charles Adams, in 1890; then I lost a son in 1891. They are at rest in the Salem Cemetery, two-and-a-half miles from where we live. Father's brother, Fred, wants a book. Emily Buchanan wishes one if money would buy it. She wants to know what they are worth."*

From E. R. Allen, Meadville, Penn.: "Please accept my sincere thanks for the copy of your *Souvenir*. It is a splendid book, and I take great pleasure in reading it; also regard it as a keepsake from a true friend. It is a work of merit, and a credit to the author."

Mrs. Lucia E. Allen, of Applegate, Campbell Co., Dakota, writes: "I thank you a thousand times for your nice book you sent me. I take a great deal of comfort in reading it, as it seems just like revisiting our old home in Pennsylvania."

From Cousin F. A. Allen, of Athens, Penn., comes the following: "Your letter came to hand some days since, and with it your *Second Souvenir*, truly a surprise, as it was not expected. Many thanks for so valuable a present."

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Atkinson, of Emporia, Kas., kindly write the following: "Please accept our best thanks for your highly valued gift—the *Souvenir*."

From Edwin Baldwin, Edinboro, Penn.: "I received your *Souvenir*, for which accept my sincere thanks. I have taken great pleasure in reading it. It is a review of the past, better than a visit from a friend, as it remaineth with us to recall many things we may have forgotten."

Professor Samuel P. Bates, of Meadville, writes as follows: "I have received a copy of your beautifully published *Second Souvenir*, which you were kind enough to send me. Be pleased to accept my thanks. In looking through its pages many events are brought to mind in which you and I have been actors, and I am vividly reminded how humble my own part has been compared with what it might have been. Permit me to express my gratification in reviewing with you the past, and to congratulate you on your having accomplished so much."

From Cornelius and Vallie Benson, of Laclede, Mo., comes the following: "Please accept our thanks for the *Souvenir* you so kindly sent us. We highly appreciate your kindness, though we may be weak in expressing our thanks."

*I have already had occasion to say that I have frequently been asked to sell copies of my *SOUVENIR*, but I invariably refuse. I accept *friendship*, which to me is a treasure far better than pay, and something we all can give.—F. C. WALD.

From George W. Blackman, Alexandria, Dak.: "I received your *Souvenir* in due time, for which accept my thanks. It is very interesting, and I shall take pleasure in reading it."

F. P. Boswell writes the following from Montesano, Wash.: "I received the book you sent me, and allow me to thank you kindly for it. I shall keep and hold it dear, and spend many a lonely hour reading it. It brings back to my mind the thought of old Pennsylvania, where my mother and brother and sisters live. I am alone here."

Mrs. Katie Boyles, of Blooming Valley, Penn., says: "The beautiful present—a book containing the life of yourself and your devoted wife—has been welcome received. I am sure both deserve great credit, as it is a book elegantly gotten up, and one that will be prized highly by all who read it. I am wonderfully delighted with it, so please accept my sincere thanks."

From George Bradshaw, of Washington, D. C., come more encouraging words: "I thank you for sending me a copy of your *Second Souvenir*. I have not been in Crawford County for so long that I did not know but what my friends had forgotten me; but I find *your* memory is not short. The book is one that ought to be appreciated by your friends. Very few persons could, and still fewer *would* go to the trouble and expense you must have gone to in preparing and publishing such a fine book for their friends."

Acknowledgments from Charles Breed will be found in letter from his daughter, Mrs. W. M. Hubbell, of Union City, Penn.

My niece, Julia Brennesholt, of Corry, Penn., in an interesting letter says, among other things: "I went down to mother's [at East Branch, Warren County, Penn.] last Friday, and found that you had left one of your *Souvenirs* for me, for which please accept my thanks. It is very interesting for us to read, and my husband, as well as myself, enjoys it very much. I had never had a full account of Aunt Eliza's death until I read it in your book, in fact I turned to and read that the first thing."

From Mrs. Sarah J. Brooks, of Evanston Avenue, Chicago: "The *Souvenir* you sent me has been received, and would have been acknowledged much sooner had I been at home when it came, but Mr. Brooks and myself were both at Lake St. Claire at the time. I take this first opportunity, after reaching home, to thank you from my heart for the book. It is to me like a visit from a dear friend at home, after an absence of twenty-seven years. I read and reread it with the greatest pleasure, and seem to live over again, in imagination, a part of my younger life, both sad and happy. The names mentioned in the *Souvenir* are nearly all familiar to me, and many of their owners were intimate friends of mine. It brings to me many pleasant memories of the past. I well remember attending revival meetings at the old State Road Church, when a child, with my mother. I very much enjoy looking at the view of that church in your book, as well as the famil-

lar faces of your family and the home residences. There are no people in Blooming Valley or on State Road whose faces I remember better than your own and that of your first wife. I am happy to know that you found so nice a wife in your second choice. I can see by her picture that she is lovely and good."

Mrs. Angeline Brown writes the following from Titusville, Penn.: "I thank you for remembering me so kindly by sending me a copy of your *Second Souvenir*. It is pleasant to read about so many friends I knew and places I used to go to, bringing up incidents and scenes that I had forgotten almost. I shall always prize the book."

My cousins, Cyrus and Martha Brown, write from Sanford, Penn.: "It is some time since you and your brother, George, made us a very welcome but much too short visit, bringing us your *Second Souvenir*. We have read it, and found many things which interest us very much; we think there is a great deal of good advice in it, and hope it may do much good. Many thanks."

Mrs. A. T. Brown, of Cochran, Penn., writes for herself and husband a cheering letter: "Please accept our sincere thanks for your *Souvenir*, which we have received. It was a great surprise to us, and we could have appreciated nothing better than that. It will be a precious keepsake to us, and especially to myself, as I am acquainted with a great many of whom it speaks, some of them quite intimately. As I look over its pages it recalls to my memory much that reminds me of my school days at Blooming Valley, which were amongst the happiest days of my life. Your *Souvenir* will certainly do a great amount of good in the world, for it is so interesting one can not help but read it through, and, reading it, one can not help being greatly impressed by it, for it is so full of good advice and sound doctrine. The portraits of you and your first wife are perfect. It seems to me that I can see her *now*, for I used to think when I saw her, when I was a little girl, that she was the most lovely woman I ever met. That pleasant countenance I shall never forget. May you live many years yet to still continue in your good work; and at last, when you are called to receive your reward, may you have given you a crown with many stars."

II. Adelaide Bryant, an old pupil of mine, writes from N. Amherst the following: "I wish to thank you for the copy of the *Souvenir* I was so fortunate as to receive a short time ago. Words can hardly express the pleasure I have derived in reading it, and looking at the familiar places and faces. It leads me back to my happy girlhood days: First as a pupil attending school at the old Cowen school-house, yourself the honored teacher, and later when I was the teacher 'boarding around' and was welcomed by 'Uncle Ira and Aunt Betsy,' and you and your dear wife. That 'there is no friend like an old friend' I am more and more convinced every day."

From Ellery A. Burch, of Lyona, Penn.: "Your token of friendship, in the shape of your *Second Souvenir*, has been received, and I would say in reply, that words can not express my gratitude to you for

this grand token of remembrance. May the grand instructions and advice therein contained do the good the author has intended it should to all who may have the pleasure of perusing its pages."

George Burdett writes as follows from Lenoir's, Tenn.: "Your favor of August 29 received with the *Souvenir*, which I think is one of the most complete and exhaustive works of the kind I have had the pleasure of perusing."

From my cousin, N. E. L. Chambers, Fort Atkinson, Wis.:

"*Dear Cousin and Friend of long ago*:—It is with pleasure I sit down to acknowledge the receipt of the *Souvenir* you so kindly sent me. It came as a great surprise and greater pleasure. Pardon the seeming negligence in not writing sooner. I first began to read, and then, I must admit, could not take time to write until I had finished the reading of your book. I was once more revisiting old familiar scenes, old and valued friends and kindred, going with you to the graves of kindred, schoolmates and acquaintances, but let me say right here—*sad pleasure*; I think that expresses what I would say: It is like long and anxiously looked-for letters from home that have wandered away for a long time, and finally reached their destination, after many days' waiting, doubly dear for the news they bring. With the greater number spoken of in the *Souvenir* I was once well acquainted, my old home, as you know, was two and one-half miles east of Meadville south of State Road. So the relatives and friends all through that part of the county were well known to me. Then after my mother married Mr. James Smith I was with her at her home near Blooming Valley; was one of your pupils when you taught school in the Cowen schoolhouse at the foot of the hill, below the graveyard. I think that was the winter before Frank (your twin brother) died. How well I remember his happy disposition, always pleasant. Then, as a little girl, how well I remember the many acts of kindness rendered my father during his long sickness with consumption, from your father and grandfather, Uncle Pember Waid! Nor did they forget my mother in her widowed sorrow and poverty, yes *poverty*, for it was a hard struggle for mother to keep the wolf from the door. We had only a little rocky farm of fifty-two acres, nearly all timber and rocks, with no one to work it, for my brother Sam [afterward judge of the District Court, Dodge County, Minn.] was only fourteen years old when father died, and he was never robust or healthy, good as a student only; and George was only three years old, and we girls for help; no, there is not one act of kindness I do not remember with gratitude. As regards our early life I am very briefly reminded of these lines, especially since reading the *Souvenir*:

· Friends of my youth,
Ye are passing away!
Scenes that I loved,
Ye are mold'ring to clay.

"I learn for the first time of *Eliza's death*, and I think: 'One more gone, one less here,' but one more over there, just a little in advance. How little I thought when I stopped for a brief moment at your gate in August, 1884, there talked with you and Eliza, that she would cross over in advance of me! But I am writing a long letter and must

hasten. Pemelia gave me the engravings of your father and mother, also the family group. I can not tell as to the boys, but I think the others are most excellent likenesses, especially your father's. Let me thank you for them, and also for your kindness in remembering me. It is my earnest wish that your remaining years may glide on as peacefully and profitably as those already gone, though probably they will not be as many more, as we are drifting down the hill of time, and you are only two years in advance of me as years count. And ere long there will be a reunion of kindred families and friends on the other side of the 'evergreen shore.'"

From J. H. Childs, Riceville, Penn.: "It is with pleasure I acknowledge receipt of your beautiful book. Please receive my heartfelt thanks. I consider it better than gold, for it is a gift to be remembered—it speaks of the *Master's cause*. I wish you and yours all the happiness that this world can give, and an abundant entrance into the bright world above."

From Mr. Clancy, of Kent, Ohio, comes the following: "I have received to-day, at the hands of Mother Buel, the *Second Souvenir* which you had the kindness to send me. I find therein that which is instructive and interesting from the past, and a fund of advice that can but be of value in the future. If all men, who have the ability and means, would do as much for their time and age as you have done, they could truly say they had not lived in vain. For your esteemed gift I tender you my sincere and hearty thanks, and I assure you that nothing could have given me more real pleasure than your valuable book."

From C. W. Clark, secretary of Pine Valley (Penn.) Sabbath-school: "Received the book sent me by you. At our yesterday's S. S. session I presented it to the school in your behalf. The school tendered you a vote of thanks for the same, showing that they appreciate your hard work and high motives for doing good."

Mrs. Ella Clark writes in part as follows, from Erie, Penn.: "I received your *Souvenir*, which was forwarded to me from Williamsport, and hasten to reply. I am glad you have not forgotten me, and that I still hold a place in your esteem. Your interesting book will be a precious keepsake to us, and especially to me, as I have been acquainted with nearly every one mentioned in the book. It will be a treasure of great value, for it brings back the scenes of my childhood, and I can not help but feel sad when I think of the many friends 'gone before,' and of my dear father's death; but he has gone to reap the reward laid up for those that love Him. In his life you were his trusted friend and counselor, in adversity as well as in prosperity, and I feel we can never repay you for your kindness to us when we really needed a friend; but I trust you will receive your reward in Heaven."

From E. Clark, Wayland, Penn.: "Please accept my hearty thanks for the beautiful copy of your *Souvenir* which you sent me. It is a gift I appreciate highly, and I take great pleasure in perusing it. It is an admirable work."

From Percy J. Clark, secretary of Wayland (Penn.) Sabbath-school: "I am authorized by the Wayland Baptist S. S. to offer you their hearty thanks for the very kind gift of your *Souvenir*. It is a valuable and exceedingly interesting work, and an ornament to any library. It will be perused with interest and admiration by all."

Principal Frank A. Collins, of Jamestown, (N. Y.) Seminary, writes as follows: "Please accept my sincere thanks for the beautiful volume (*Second Souvenir*) of which you are the author. It has the honor of being among the first of our books. I was especially impressed with the spirit you manifested as a teacher in your manhood, and rejoice that some men retain that love for fellow beings which is such a source of pleasure and blessing to all. What a blessing it would be if more men could know the good they might do with their money!"

S. A. Comstock, of Essex, Conn., writes: "It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge your kind gift of a copy of your *Second Souvenir*, and to think that among your many friends and acquaintances we hold a place and are not forgotten. Accept my hearty thanks for the same."

Cousin Charles E. Corby writes from Elmira, N. Y.: "I received the book you sent me, and wish to express the thanks of myself and wife for the gift. We both prize it very highly, and shall always think of the giver with feelings of kindness and gratitude."

From a lengthy and interesting letter from Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Cravens, of Randolph, N. Y., I cull the following: "Many thanks for the gift of your good book. Your advice to young men could not be better; it is right to the point, and is superior to many long orations delivered from the pulpit—they contain plain every-day facts, which we must all heed if we would prosper in this world. If people would only live up to these teachings there would be no need of lawyers, no need of court-houses and jails; and what a blessing it would be if the youth would profit by the advice given! You talk about 'Thrift and Economy,' the lasting foundation of all fortunes. Without economy all will end in poverty and disgrace, as you say. I think many will be helped by your advice, coming as it does from years of experience of a man who has been successful and has done much good. I shall always remember you as the unassuming model man of your county, and I think your book will do much good, and your teaching will be remembered long after we are gone."

From J. H. Culbertson, of Meadville, Penn.: "Your *Second Souvenir* was duly received. I have had but little opportunity to examine it except in a casual way, but it furnishes a synopsis of the history of many of my old Blooming Valley friends that will be very interesting to me. That you should have so kindly remembered me as one of your friends, in the distribution of your book, is especially gratifying to me, and I shall keep it and read it in kindly remembrance of the donor."

William Cunningham, of Boston, Ohio, writes: "We desire to thank you for your very interesting book. Your sketches of our old friends and neighbors have afforded us many pleasant evenings in the reading of them."

J. Cutshall writes most feelingly and kindly from Hayfield, Penn.: "I received a very nice book from you some time ago, and I do not know what I have done to deserve such a valuable present. Please accept many thanks for same. Now, Francis, if I never get an opportunity to do as much for you, perhaps I can for someone else. I will keep this book in memory of you so long as I live, and then hand it to my children in memory of you."

From W. W. Cutshall, Pine Island, Minn.: "It was with great pleasure I received your *Souvenir*, it brings back so vividly a great many incidents of the past, and reminds one of friends and acquaintances."

Rev. Ira D. Darling writes from Randolph, N. Y.: "Your *Souvenir* was received two or three days ago. I was much pleased to get it, and have given it a pretty thorough perusal. It must have been quite an undertaking, for one so busy in other affairs, to dip so deeply into literature. You have brought out a very nice appearing book, of which you may well feel just a *little bit* proud. Your treatise on money deserves to be widely read; your advice to the young is excellent."

Wesley Davison writes from Union City, Penn.: "I have the pleasure of possessing a copy of your *Souvenir*, and as I peruse its pages it brings back days and years of happy retrospect, with the memory of loved friends gone over the river, who are waiting to greet us on the other shore. As we have known each other from boyhood, I shall hold the *Souvenir* in high esteem for its good sayings; and the more so because you and your dear wife met with us so many times in church, where, together, we heard the word of God, and felt its saving influence upon us to our own good and to the good of others."

My cousin, Mrs. Clara M. Devenpeck, writes as follows from Columbus, Ohio: "Your interesting letter and valuable book, which we prize highly and have read with great pleasure, were received in due time, and my husband unites with me in sending many thanks."

From G. Dewey, of Blooming Valley, I heard as follows: "I am in receipt of your recent publication entitled *Second Souvenir*, for which please accept the thanks of my family and myself. I have not yet had time to give it the careful reading that, judging from the flattering reports that have already come in, it deserves; but at such time as I shall have occasion to refer to the history of the early settlers of this part of Crawford County, I have no doubt but that I will be able to obtain valuable and authentic information therefrom."

My old friend, Mr. S. B. Dickson, of St. Charles, Minn., writes a

long, interesting letter, from which I give a brief extract: "I received your *Second Souvenir*, for which I am very thankful—words fail me to express my appreciation. Your twin brother, Franklin, was my particular friend, and I think I never had a better schoolmate."

The following comes from Joshua Douglass, Meadville, Penn.: "I gratefully acknowledge receipt of the beautiful volume, your *Second Souvenir*, and I shall peruse the same with the deepest interest. Your widely extended reputation as a wealthy and generous citizen, and exemplary Christian gentleman, will lend great interest to this beautiful book, and enlighten, strengthen and encourage many in the pathways of a true life."

Mrs. J. D. Dunn, of Meadville, writes: "I am very glad to have been favored with a copy of your *Souvenir*, for which please accept my thanks. I have enjoyed reading it very much, doubly so on account of the sketches it contains of so many of my acquaintances. It is very interesting to me indeed."

From my cousins, Robert A. and Mary Ferguson, Vernon Township, Crawford County, Penn.: "We have thought in this letter to acknowledge receipt of both of your *Souvenirs*, which we have delayed doing until the present time. These books are very much appreciated, and are of value to us. We know you have spent time and money to accomplish the work and place the *Souvenirs* in the hands of your kindred and friends. Not only as a token of remembrance or as a keepsake do we appreciate them, but we realize that all who read and study them will profit by so doing. The contents are the results of practical experience, the pen who wrote them being in the hand of a man who commenced life at the lowest rung of the ladder, and who by perseverance and strictly honest business dealings with his fellow-men, is so situated in life as to enjoy some of the fruits of his labor, and share a portion of them with his fellow-men, by remembering the Golden Rule to set good examples, which both old and young would do well to follow. These books are ever interesting and useful to us, and we never tire of reading them. The several dates therein given are so accurate and useful to all friends and relatives, we would not part with our *Souvenirs* at any price, indeed, no money could buy them."

James G. Fleming writes from Cochran, Penn.: "The book sent by you to our little boy, Floyd, came to hand yesterday. He has been looking for it by every train since Monday morning, and I have never seen him so much pleased with anything as with this book. We let him open it himself, and when he turned the leaves to your picture, he said: 'That is Mr. Waid.' We are thankful to you, Brother Waid, for this beautiful and useful book, and for the good advice contained in it. My boys are interested in reading it, and I know it will be profitable to them. This book will ever be kept in our home in memory of you, and of the day we dedicated our church to God, and my prayer is that you may live long and be prospered in your way of living a devoted Christian life."

From Elijah Flint, of New Richmond, Crawford Co., Penn.,

comes the following: "When my wife and I returned from a visit, we found a copy of your *Second Souvenir* lying on our table, and were very happy to receive it. It is a splendid work, and I have read it with pleasure and profit. It should benefit all who read it, so full is it of valuable suggestions, etc. May you live long to bless humanity."

George E. Foster writes from Ithaca, N. Y.: "Some days ago I was in receipt of your unique volume—*Second Souvenir*. It was with pleasure that I at once mailed to you my work 'Se-qua-yah, the American Cadmus and Modern Moses,' which I trust you have received. It is needless to say that I have read your book with the greatest pleasure, and I have been greatly entertained, and I hope benefited. I commend you for your public spirit in printing and circulating the book, and I trust that you will be rewarded for this way of doing good. The book contains many experiences of every-day life, such as one likes to read of. While some may be at first thought trivial, I am not unmindful that the great whole is made up of small things—and so your book is of interest. I was pleased to read quite a portion of it aloud to my family, have shown it to a number of my friends, and have given it a place of honor in my large library."

From William Franklin, Winona, Minn.: "I write you to acknowledge receipt of your two gifts—*Second Souvenir* and *Pennsylvania Farmer*. Many thanks. Words fail to express all my gratitude for being so kindly remembered by an old schoolmate and friend. I am not only pleased, but delighted, as I am reminded of scenes I had forgotten, and your book puts me in mind of the days I spent in Crawford County."

Milton George, editor and proprietor of the *Western Rural and American Stockman*, Chicago, Ill., writes me, enclosing a copy of view of the School of Agriculture and Manual Training for Boys, on "Rural Glen Farm" of 300 acres, worth \$100,000, donated by himself. It is about twenty-five miles distant from Chicago, and when visited by Prof. David Swing, in May, 1891, 160 boys were out on this farm. Mr. George says, in his letter: "Your kind favor was duly received, and I write to thank you for the same. I remember the visit of Mr. Tyler and his family last fall. Shall be pleased to have you call at any time. Will see that your name gets on our list for the ensuing year. When one does what he can in this world for humanity, whether much or little, he is entitled to as much credit as those who do more."

Cousin Temperance Gibbs writes the following from Tremont, Ill.: "I want to inform you that I am so well pleased with your book that I shall always treasure it next to my Bible, and as a present from my noble kind cousin who is laying up treasures in Heaven by doing so much good to friends and humanity. I hope every one who receives a copy of your *Souvenir* will read it with as much interest as I do, and may it be a benefit to all, as I believe it is intended. Francis, I can not express my gratitude to you for your worthy *Souvenir*. I shall endeavor to profit by it."

Mrs. Ella Gibson, of Evanston, Ill., writes the following: "Please

accept the sincere thanks of myself and husband for copy of the *Second Souvenir* you sent us. We take great pleasure in reading it, and consider it a book of rare value. We also enjoy reading it to our little boy, Harry, who never tires of hearing us read; at his young age he is greatly interested in your advice to young men, and says he wants to do just as you advise young men to do. We hope you will pay us a visit when you make your next trip West, also that you will bring cousin Anna back with you. Love to Anna and kind regards to yourself."

S. P. Gilmore writes as follows from Taylorstown, Penn.: "Friends at home write me that they had received your *Second Souvenir*, which, like your *First Souvenir*, arrived during my absence from home, this being the reason why I did not acknowledge receipt sooner. It is with pleasure I now make amends for my seeming indifference. The *Souvenirs* are treasures I prize highly, especially coming as they do from a former schoolmate and teacher, and you have my sincere thanks."

From my cousin, C. L. Goodwill, Franklin: "It was a pleasure to receive your welcome letter and the three *Souvenirs* after your visit here, which we will not forget. I presented one copy of the books to James Foster, and I wish you could have seen how glad he was when I handed it to him, and told him it was from you, who had attended the Foster re-union held at the church on Bull's Hill. He said to me, 'Thank Mr. Waid heartily for me when you write him.' Another copy of the *Souvenir* I gave to William Richey, a worthy neighbor of mine, who appreciated it very much. I can not tell you how much we prize your gift; the *Souvenir* is indeed a keepsake."

From Mrs. P. A. Gray, of Pittsburgh, Penn., I received the following: "I take this opportunity to let you know I received the book you sent me, for which I feel very thankful, and for your thinking of me in my far distant home. My mind often goes back to the old home, and dear friends and neighbors, and good meetings that we have enjoyed together. I am still striving to so live that I may meet the dear ones who have passed on before, and all Christian friends. I shall read and re-read the *Souvenir* with pleasure, for it will bring to my mind many things that I may have forgotten."

From Ira R. Hall, of Randolph, Penn., I received a very cheering and welcome letter of acknowledgment. My friendship and acquaintance with him began in my boyhood, when he taught writing school and I was one of his scholars. I have some of his copies yet, and have ever since been learning something from him. Mr. Hall in part and in substance says in his letter: "Please accept my thanks in behalf of Advent Sunday-school for your kind and benevolent gifts you have made us at different times, and for this your last gift, your *Second Souvenir*, in remembrance of one so generous and kind to us. Also please accept my thanks for the copy you sent me individually, and may your life be spared to a good old age, doing good to your fellow-man. I must say that you are one in ten thousand—a wonderful man, and have produced a wonderful book, full of light and knowledge for the

present and rising generations. It is a history, also, of Blooming Valley and vicinity for forty years and more, on which account I prize it very highly as a book of reference."

My cousin, Anna M. Harmon, writes from Lake Ridge, Mich., a long letter, of which a portion relates to my *Second Souvenir*: "I received the book you sent me, and I thank you for your kindness in remembering me. I assure you I shall prize the *Souvenir* and appreciate the kindness yet more when I read it through. Then, it gives a sketch of many of my relatives on my father's side that I would never know anything about were it not for you and your generous heart."

E. P. Harroun, of Blooming Valley, Penn., writes: "I received the beautiful *Second Souvenir*, a token of true friendship, for which please accept my thanks."

Ebenezer W. Harroun writes from Guy's Mills, Penn.: "I hereby acknowledge receipt of your *Second Souvenir* per hand of A. J. Owen. I have not had time to examine it thoroughly yet, but I am sure that if it prove as interesting as your *First Souvenir* I shall do it ample justice. It not only requires talent to write such a book, but also means, for I know the expense of publication must be no small affair. I appreciate such a gift, and am not only glad, but thankful—very thankful—that I was a schoolmate and pupil of F. C. Waid."

From F. S. Hasky, of Albany, N. Y., I received the following: "Your *Souvenir* to hand, for which I kindly thank you, and shall take pleasure in perusing it. The Y. M. C. A. of this city would, I think, be pleased to add it to their library."

I received a grand letter from my old friend, C. C. Hatch, of Mound City, Dak., but space here will not permit of more than the following extract: "I received your *Second Souvenir*, for which please accept many thanks from myself and family, for all are highly pleased with it. I prize it for the portraits it contains of yourself and family, and also for the many pleasant recollections it brings to my mind. When I read the history of your friends and kindred, it seems as though I were reading the history of my own, you and I having been born and raised within two miles of each other, associating also with the same people."

From Harvey A. Hatch, of Hatch Hill, Penn., comes the following: "I received your highly esteemed gift, *Second Souvenir*, at the hands of Mrs. F. K. Clark. It is a well-written book, with a good moral tone prevailing throughout. The historical data are valuable for reference, and your advice to young men is good. The points are well taken and very instructive, and will do any young man good that will read and remember. It was very thoughtful of you to add a blank for Family Register, and have recorded my own family data in it."

From H. H. Hatch, of Nashville, Tenn., I received a souvenir

album containing fifty-one views of Nashville. The following letter accompanying it: "Allow me to express my sincere thanks for your handsome book. It is certainly the record of a life well spent, and but fulfills the poet's prophecy:

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

"By the same mail I send you a souvenir of Nashville, Tenn., and the homes of 'Old Hickory' and ex-President Polk."

Mrs. Addie A. Henry writes from Galva, Ill., that the copy of *Second Souvenir* addressed to J. N. Henry, in that town, and delivered to her, would be forwarded to his present address, Millerton, Kas., where he has resided, she says, for the past five years. Mrs. Miller adds: "After carefully looking through the book, I can say I consider it a very interesting work. In it I find the names of many I used to know, some of whom are dead."

From Adam Holsburg, Norwood, Kas.: "I return you my sincere thanks for your valued gift, *Second Souvenir*. I am highly pleased with the style; it shows that your endeavors have not been in vain, that you have prospered and never lacked in giving your part to build up a good cause. The advice to the young as well as to the old is grand, and it certainly must be like seed sown on good ground; may it bring a hundred fold. On every page we find words of encouragement for the weary traveler that is working his way onward and upward. May it be the means of adding many stars to your crown in yonder haven of rest."

From Maggie Hope I received these few brief but sterling words: "Please accept my sincere thanks for your book. I assure you I shall prize and always appreciate your kindness more than I can tell."

From Mrs. W. M. Hubbell, of Union City, Penn.: "I now take pleasure in writing you a few lines acknowledging receipt of the beautiful book you sent my father (Mr. Charles Breed), which he was so thankful to receive, and enjoys reading so much, as it brings fresh to his memory old friends and associates of his younger days."

From Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Irwin, of Tryonville, Penn.: "We wish to thank you very much for your *Second Souvenir* you sent us, and extend to you our best wishes in return for your kind remembrance of us as being among your many friends."

From the office of the *Saturday Times*, Frewsburg, N. Y.: "Accept our thanks for the copy of your *Souvenir* recently sent us. We have read it with profit and pleasure. Long life to the writer!"—P. P. J.

From Phebe C. Jones, Buffalo, N. Y., a life-long friend and old pupil, I received a welcome letter of acknowledgment, in which she

pays a touching tribute to the memory of my dead wife, Eliza, with whom she was well acquainted. Space will permit me of here, however, giving but a brief extract: "Your beautiful *Second Souvenir* is received, and I have read both it and your *First Souvenir* with pleasure and profit. While perusing them my mind reverted naturally to old scenes and incidents, and I can not remember when I did not know you, as you are a few years older than myself. You taught the Moore school, and I was one of your pupils, and here let me thank you, for you were the one that taught me to read more than any teacher I can remember of. Then afterward I commenced teaching, myself, and you were married and settled down to farming, and had sons whom you sent to my school. You always set us a good example, and your good works have followed you."

From Clarence E. Judd, Chagrin Falls, Ohio: "I feel highly gratified at being remembered by you in the gift of your *Souvenir*, and return my sincere thanks for the same. Our lives are much alike, running on parallel lines, and we can help each other. This thought ought to strengthen and encourage us for the trials and struggles in which we must daily engage."

D. S. Keep, of Ellendale, Dak., writes: "I received your *Souvenir* in due time, and have read it through. My wife appreciates your present fully as much as I, for she and your first wife, Eliza C., were schoolmates in their younger days. She thinks her picture in the *Souvenir* very good. She often speaks of Eliza and her sister, Mrs. Jane Cutshall, for they were both dear friends of hers. You will please accept our sincere thanks for the *Souvenir*, and I expect in the near future to grasp you by the hand and thank you personally."

"The New York Historical Society has received *Second Souvenir* of Francis C. Waid, containing Family and Personal Reminiscences, also Essays, Treatises and Memoirs, together with Appendix, including personal sketches and miscellanea. A gift from Francis C. Waid, Esq., for which I am instructed to return a grateful acknowledgment.—William Kelby, Assistant Librarian.—Library: Second Avenue, corner of Eleventh Street, New York City, March 18, 1891."

From Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, of Blooming Valley, Penn.: "Received your *Souvenir* with gladness, and can not tell how much pleasure it gave us to be so kindly remembered by a friend and neighbor, as well as former teacher. We sincerely thank you for both *Souvenirs* which we value much. Shall read them carefully, and try to be benefited by them."

From Smith and Orpha Leonard, Meadville, Penn., comes the following: "We acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of your most interesting book—*Second Souvenir*. A great many familiar faces look out at us from its pages, making its reading pleasant in every word. In returning our thanks to you for the volume, we wish to add our congratulations for the interest and excellency of the work, with wishes that your future years may be long and most pleasant, and that prosperity may come generously to you."

Rev. J. W. Lewis, of Pleasantville, Penn., writes: "Accept my many thanks for the *Souvenir* you sent me. I have read it through, and was much interested. I did not know till now there was so much of the author about you. I sent the book to my son Edward, who is in Dakota, and he writes that he is delighted with it, and sends many thanks."

Mrs. Maria Lord and her nephew, A. F. Leonard, thus express themselves: "Allow me to thank you on behalf of my aunt, Maria Lord, for your book, *Souvenir*, with which she was very much pleased. I have also looked through the *Souvenir*, and think the advice to young men very good. I will try and profit by it, and hope that many more may do the same."—A. F. LEONARD.

J. J. McCaulis writes from New York: "Your very interesting *Souvenir* was received, for which please accept thanks. It is a good book for every youth in the land to read, that he may learn the value of early economy and industry."

From Rev. Hamilton R. McClintock, of Meadville, Penn.: "Some time ago I had the pleasure of receiving a copy of your excellently written *Second Souvenir*, containing, I assure you, very many interesting things, which will be much more so in years to come to many of your intimate friends. When they can not talk to you about loved ones that have long since been in their tombs, they can turn to this book and learn when and where such a loved one lived and died; and also learn of Divine truths which are as pearls that I pray may continue to drop into precious and immortal souls through this your right and choice of using your money to do good. May your noble ambition be realized to the fullest extent."

Mary McCullough, of Blooming Valley, Penn., writes kindly: "Some one has said, and truly, too, that 'A book is next to a friend;' and in acknowledging the receipt of your *Second Souvenir* I am reminded that I possess both book and friend, for which I tender many thanks."

Geo. W. McCullough, of Blooming Valley, Penn., writes: "I received your gift, *Second Souvenir*, and was pleased to find you had not forgotten the tie of friendship for the once little boy who many years ago sat on the low front seat in the school, and was the first to give chase when the teacher, Francis C. Waid (after distributing half a bag of apples among the bigger boys and girls at Christmas) told us smaller boys to catch him for the rest of the apples! Many thanks for the book and the good advice contained therein."

From A. R. McGill, Minneapolis, Minn.: "The book which you so kindly sent me has been received. Please accept my warmest thanks for so kindly remembering me. It is a book which bears strong testimony to both your industry and intelligence: and I am glad to possess it."

Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, New Orleans, writes from Montpelier, Vt., April 22, 1891, as follows: "Yours of April 10th to hand, forwarded from New Orleans to this place where I am holding the Vermont Conference. I remember with great thankfulness the days of blessing spent at Oil City last fall. I am glad the grace you then received still cheers your heart. I hope, as the years go on, God may still continue to enrich your life with all spiritual mercies. I saw a volume of your *Souvenir*, and read quite a number of pages with great interest. I have always had a taste for such subjects as are treated of in the book. I shall be pleased to see the volume you have sent when I return to New Orleans."

From H. P. Marley, Meadville, Penn.: "I have just found on the desk at the office your *Second Souvenir*, for which I wish you to accept my heartfelt thanks. I have derived much pleasure as well as profit from the perusal of your *First Souvenir*, and have no doubt but I shall also from this one. At any rate I am much pleased with its outward appearance, and shall be pleased to try and profit by its contents."

From Joseph Marsh, Ottawa, Kas.: "Please accept my thanks for the book you sent me. Best wishes to you and yours."

Willis Masiker writes from Lansing, Iowa: "The *Souvenir* you sent me I received with much pleasure, for it reminds me much of old Crawford County, home, relatives and friends that are dear to me. I enjoy the reading of it so much that I cannot find words to express my appreciation; indeed I prize it highly, and I heartily thank you."

B. J. Matteson, superintendent of Randolph Baptist Sabbath-school, writes from Guy's Mills, Penn.: "A unanimous vote was passed thanking you for the book you so kindly sent to the Randolph Baptist Sabbath-school."

S. Merrell, Meadville, Penn., writes: "I have just received your *Second Souvenir* so kindly presented me, and I assure you it is with much pleasure I acknowledge receipt of it. I find much in it to instruct and interest, and especially so as coming from one and produced by one I esteem so highly. Many thanks for the favor."

S. S. Michael, of Mercer, Penn., writes as follows: "The copy of the *Second Souvenir* you kindly sent me came to hand some time ago. Please accept my thanks for your courtesy, and my apology for the tardiness of this acknowledgment."

Ira C. Miller, of Davidson Station, Mich., writes: "I received your book and return my sincere thanks for the same, which I place in my incomplete library for use as a valued gift. I also feel very thankful to hear that you are a friend to my brother, D. H. Miller, who has been so long in poor health, for I believe in my heart that you will do him good in his declining years."

From P. E. Miller, Frewsburg, N. Y.: "I hereby acknowledge receipt of your *Souvenir* of 1890, for which accept my kindest thanks. I have read it with pleasure as well as profit to myself and family. It brings to my memory scenes of my early days when I with an ox-team traveled from Miller's Station to Venango, Woodcock and Meadville, when my father, who is now eighty-four years old, sent me to mill and to buy groceries. I regret that I was not one of the fortunate ones to receive your *First Souvenir*, however that was a misfortune that came by not being acquainted with our neighbors."

C. C. Minton, cashier of First National Bank, Ottawa, Kas., writes: "I am in receipt of the *Souvenir*, for which please accept my hearty thanks. I shall peruse it with interest. I realize that this book is published in the interest of relatives and friends, and it gives me great pleasure to be classed among your 'friends.'"

J. H. Montgomery, professor of physics and chemistry, Allegheny College, writes: "If a book comes into my house I welcome it as a friend, and when your *Souvenir* was laid on my table I was very much pleased. Your kindness is appreciated. I have been thinking about the sound business advice which you give, and also of the many unselfish acts of kindness you have done; and I believe you have solved the problem, for yourself, of being contented and happy."

My cousin, C. C. Morehead, writes as follows from Townville, Penn.: "My mother* desires me to say to you that she thinks very much of the books you sent her—your *First* and *Second Souvenirs*—that she has read them through twice, and that she takes a great deal of comfort in reading them. 'God bless you, and may you continue to do good,' is her earnest prayer. I write this on my thirty-eighth birthday. Your *First* and *Second Souvenirs* I think are good books. I would not take a great deal for them; they fill the place intended—a token of remembrance, a gift of friendship, a keepsake—and will do anyone good who reads them. And then they do not get old; as you say, 'the common things of life are useful every day.'"

My cousins, Steven and Mary Morehead, of Minier, Ill., write as follows: "We received your welcome letter and *Second Souvenir* with real pleasure. We read it every chance we can get, and oh! it is so full of interesting points. Very many thanks, dear cousin, for this valuable book, which money could not buy; we will keep it in remembrance of you as long as we live."

From Addie Ogden, Olean, N. Y.: "I received your very interesting book, and was most glad as well as pleased to get it. I have been looking into it a great deal, and every time read something so interesting that it is almost impossible for me to lay it aside and do my household duties. I am very much pleased with it, and hope you will accept our thanks, as my husband thinks it is a very nice gift. I feel as though I were indebted to you for it, you can not imagine the comfort we both take in reading it."

*My respected, aged Aunt Clarinda Morehead.—F. C. WARD.

Charles H. Pennypacker writes from West Chester, Penn.: "Your book is the product of a careful, thoughtful and Christian man. In many of its personal details it may be the subject of criticism, but modern taste, as evidenced by the *Memoirs of General Sherman*, and 'the remarks' of Thomas Carlyle as selected by Mr. Froude, seem to justify this style of narrative. I congratulate you upon your success in life, and trust you may live long and prosper."

B. L. Perry, of Centreville, Tenn., writes: "The M. E. Sabbath-school at Riceville desire that I send you their gratitude as expressed in a rising unanimous vote August 24, for the gift of your *Second Souvenir*."

N. S. Phelps, of Marion, Minn., writes a lengthy and interesting letter, from which I give a brief extract: "Having received your *Second Souvenir*, I thought I must write to you and acknowledge your kindness in sending both books without anything from me. I am well pleased with them, and like to peruse them, as they tell of many persons and places I have been acquainted with, and recall old times to me. The several views presented in the *Souvenir* are very realistic, and of special interest to me is the Old State Road Church, the spot most sacred to me of all, where God came down in power to save hundreds of souls—the place where I consecrated myself to Him, and He owned me as His child. You must have bestowed a large amount of time and thought upon your *Souvenirs*, and truly they are interesting to me, and must be to all who were acquainted with the people and places spoken of."

T. W. Phelps writes from Chester, as follows: "I received a copy of your *Second Souvenir* and am more than pleased with it, it is worth thousands to a family, and I recommend it to my boy and girls. My mother-in-law, Hetty Hoover, is reading it, and says she will buy a copy for her children and grandchildren to read, if for sale; and my wife's uncle, a retired merchant of Springfield, Ill., who is at my place, has read the *Souvenir* half through, and says it is a grand book for young people. May God repay your efforts—we can not."

Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Pierce, of Jamestown, N. Y., say in substance as follows: "We thank you for the gift, your *Souvenir*, which we prize very highly, and shall cherish in years to come. Hon. Jerome Babcock, in speaking of the book, commended it highly, saying it was a great undertaking, and must have taken much time and experience."

From D. S. Ploof, Blooming Valley: "With pleasure I thank you for the *Souvenir* I received from you. I have read it through, and find it full of benefits for this life and for the life to come. It is a book that should be read by old and young in Crawford County, for you, the author, are known to every intelligent reader in the county and far beyond. In it I find much to remind me of my younger days, especially the happy year I spent with your uncle, Joseph Finney, and his wife at their home, and the friendships that existed between your brother Lyman and myself."

Rev. H. L. Powers, pastor of Trinity Church, Grand Island, Neb., writes very fraternally: "Your kind favor in sending me such an interesting book of your life I prize very highly. I shall read and re-read its pages with delight, and as I do so I will remember your earnest and kind prayers for our success in building our church. I admire your style of portraying real life; few men are gifted with such descriptive powers as you possess. I would be glad if your book could find its way into thousands of homes; 'nay, but it will.' Such books will live to bless the nations when the writer has gone to his reward. Now, dear brother, accept our kind regards for the book—it will find a safe place in my library and study room."

From Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Richardson, of Blooming Valley: "Please accept our many thanks for the volume you sent us. We find it very instructive, and take great pleasure in reading it. Also accept through us the Doctor's* thanks for his copy of the *Souvenir*, which I know he and his family appreciate, coming as it does from such a friend as you have been to them."

From Andrew Rider, of Blooming Valley, Penn., comes the following: "I received your book, and am much pleased with it, for it brings back many things to our memory in reading it. I will never cease to remember the pleasant associations of our past lives, and the many kind acts I have received at your hands. I also remember your father, Ira C. Waid. I will cherish your gift as coming from a true friend. Accept my warmest thanks, and remember me as a constant friend."

From J. E. Robbins, Mound City, Dak.: "With great pleasure I write you to thank you for your kind remembrance in sending your *Second Souvenir*, which I highly appreciate. It brings to my memory our school days of fifty years ago, when we went to the old Cowen school-house; and it seems but yesterday that you taught at Blooming Valley, where I attended my last term at school. How well I remember the protracted meeting held at State Road in 1850-51! I regret I did not start then, but I am glad my life has been spared, and that I have chosen the good way now. May you keep on in your good work; it brings many interesting thoughts of former years to our minds."

Cena Rodgers, an old schoolmate, writes from Lake City, Minn.: "Many thanks to you for the book you sent me. I assure you that your kindness will not be forgotten by your friend. Zack's book came along with mine, and I am sure he, too, will be much pleased with the *Souvenir*."

From L. J. Rogers, Beloit, Wis.: "I received your book yesterday, and thank you very much for the kind remembrance. Hope some day to return the compliment. I prize it very much, and shall read it with pleasure."

From A. Rushlander, of Blooming Valley: "Please accept my thanks for the *Souvenir* you gave my son for me. I have never yet

*Dr. G. W. Weter, of Grand Island, Neb. My thanks are due to Mrs. Richardson for taking several copies of my *Souvenir* to Grand Island, when she went on a visit to Dr. Weter (her son-in-law) in September, 1890.—F. C. WARD.

received any present that has given me more pleasure. I shall read every line with interest, the more so on account of being personally acquainted with several of those made mention of in the book, many of whom were my friends and near neighbors."

My niece, Sarah E. Russell, writes from Cleveland, Ohio: "It has been a long time since I received the book you sent me, and for which I express my thanks. I was so pleased with it, not only on account of its value, but also for your kindly remembering me. I have read it and like it very much, although I had to shed tears many times when I came to places where dear Aunt Eliza was spoken of. But your description of things you have seen and places you have visited are so vivid and real that I almost imagine I am seeing them myself. Lynn [her young son] has read some of the book lately, and declares it good, and I know that if all the books he reads are as good as that one, his mind will never be poisoned with bad literature."

S. P. Schiek, librarian of the First Baptist Sunday-school of Meadville, writes as follows: "It was with pleasure that the First Baptist Sunday-school of Meadville received your kind and useful gift, which was acknowledged by a vote of thanks by the school last Sunday, September 21, 1890."

From Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Sherman, of Ottawa, Kas., comes a very kind note: "Your esteemed favor, the *Souvenir*, came to hand, and after a careful perusal we are free to say that we deem it a very valuable book. The precepts and advice therein contained could not fail, if strictly followed, to result in good to every one. We thank you for the kind remembrance, and as a token of our sincerity extend to yourself and Mrs. Waid an invitation to come and see us when you return to Kansas."

Maria Wygant Sellew writes a feelingly kind letter, in which she says in part: "We received the copy of your *Souvenir* which you kindly presented to us. Allow us to thank you and say that we will ever cherish its treasures, which are more valuable than gold or rubies—true tokens of friendship in the form of biographical reminiscences of relatives and friends we have loved so much, have met so often, and enjoyed the society of, and warm-hearted shaking of hands together. Your book calls up recollections of things almost forgotten, and I live them over again. How pleasant to do so, especially things pertaining to Blooming Valley and its surroundings."

F. L. and Ella Sexton write from Topeka, Kas.: "We have just received your kind and friendly donation (*Second Souvenir*) for which our feelings swell with gratitude to our friend. Our time for reading the book is very limited at present, but what little we have read makes us think of what a wonderful amount of good a man can do for his fellow mortals when he is stirred by the Spirit."

From Mrs. Eleanor L. Skelton, Evansville, Ill.: "Accept my thanks for your book which I lately received, and have read with interest and profit. As a family *Souvenir* too much could not be said in its praise, and your first reason for writing the book will surely be realized by any one that reads it."

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From Wilson Smith, Rouseville, Penn.: "Your letter and book came to hand last week. I delivered the book you sent, to the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and you will likely hear direct from him. I have been perusing the one you gave me, and I find it very interesting. It contains excellent advice, and I am sure it will benefit me greatly on my journey through life. I will always remember the giver with the kindest of regards."

Rev. R. C. Smith, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, Oil City, Penn., writes in effect as follows: "I am very much pleased to receive your *Souvenir*, which I shall prize very highly. Please accept my sincerest thanks. In your book I find so many names of old friends and acquaintances. Your book leads me to think of old friends, and I shall read its pages with much satisfaction."

From D. A. Spohn, of Sycamore, Ill.: "Please accept my thanks for copy of your *Second Souvenir* received by me, and, believe me, I am more than pleased in reading its contents. The first evening it came into our possession, we sat up and read into the small hours of the night, and were so much interested we could scarce close the volume. I appreciate it for two reasons—first, because it was so kind of you to remember me on so slight an acquaintance; second, because we are all glad to have the pictures it contains of your relatives, among them being Anna, your present wife, who was for a long time a neighbor of ours. In looking through the *Souvenir* I find much to interest and profit me, for it is both temporal and spiritual food. In it I see you are casting your bread upon the waters, and the promise is it shall return after many days. I assure you I shall prize the book, and you may believe my sympathies are with you in your great and good work."

Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, of Sunny Side Ranch, Olpe, Kas., whom I had the pleasure of visiting with my brother-in-law, R. P. Tyler, send thanks for copy of SOUVENIR.

From H. A. Sturgis, of Centreville, Penn.: "I have read your *Second Souvenir* with great pleasure, and highly appreciate your kindness. I see so much in it that interests me that I do not know what part to speak of first, but my mind goes back to the old State Road Church—the 'Pilgrims' Home'—which was the first church I was ever in, and the only one I was ever in with my father (Cyrus Goodwill), as he died when I was small."

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Sutton, of Randolph, Penn., write: "It is with great pleasure we write to say we have read your *Souvenir* through, and found many interesting things in it, as well as lots of good advice. We can not express our thanks to you for being so kind and thoughtful, but we can congratulate you on being so successful in writing such an excellent book to give to your kindred and friends. It is something that will live after you have done with this life."

From Riley Sweet, Monroe Centre, Ill.: "I received your book containing a finely written account of yourself and family. The work is a good illustration of a man who has worked his way up in life, both morally and religiously, and also in the accumulation of wealth; but

while you have laid up treasures on earth, you have also laid them up in Heaven. I feel that through your own diligence you have gained a position among men, which you and your wife may well be proud of. Your book is something that will have a tendency to make people better. Your advice to young men is grand; it may be the means of saving many, and starting them aright in life. I thank you a thousand times for the *Souvenir*, which I have enjoyed the reading of very much."

From Grace Thompson, of Meadville, Penn., I received the following: "Please accept my thanks for the copy of your *Souvenir* which you kindly presented to me. It contains much sound advice, and recalls to my memory many places and things which were almost forgotten."

My cousin, Mrs. F. J. Tiffany, writes a beautiful letter from Essex, Conn., my parents' native State, which I have more than once visited. I here give a small portion of the letter: "I have taken pen in hand to thank you for your kind remembrance in sending me your *Second Souvenir*. Words fail to express the feeling I have in my heart for your kindness to me, but you must take the will for the deed. I have been very much interested in its perusal thus far, and shall often be reminded of the giver, as I continue to read. I also think how pleased my dear husband would have been, had he been spared to peruse it with me, he so enjoyed your *First Souvenir*, of which, when he was just getting up from a sick bed, I used daily to read a portion to him. But how changed the scene! Now I read alone, but a kind Father cares for me and leads me along."

From Mrs. James Titus, Tryonville, Penn.: "I have been taking great pleasure this morning in reading one of your books sent to my son, Luther Titus. I am much pleased with this gift to my son, and as I have one of your *First Souvenirs*, I would like to have a copy of your *Second*."

From Mrs. J. W. Trescott, of Elmira: "Your much-prized present of a beautiful book (*Second Souvenir*) came duly to hand, but found me quite sick, which will account for my not sooner acknowledging its receipt, and expressing my many thanks for the unexpected pleasure its perusal affords me."

Mrs. W. R. Trevey, of Moundsville, W. Va., writes in substance as follows: "Accept my thanks for the *Souvenir* you sent, which I have read with interest. It contains much that I appreciate. I will ever cherish it as a treasure, far more valuable than a gift of gold. The book is plainly written, and I doubt not will do a great deal of good."

From C. C. Tyler, No. 507 Brook Street, Galesburg, Ill.: "*Second Souvenir* received, and I wish to express my profoundest thanks for your kind remembrance. My wife and I are greatly pleased to read from the pen of one so well able to portray everyday thoughts to the printed page. The work will be of vast benefit to those who peruse the many valuable points you have so excellently illustrated."

Andrew G. Waid, my uncle, residing at Ann Arbor, Mich., writes as follows: "Your *Second Souvenir* sent me I received September 6, and I can not be thankful enough to you for it. I take pleasure in reading it, and the more I read it, the better I like it. Nearly all of the names mentioned in the book are familiar, and many of the persons spoken of were my schoolmates and acquaintances."

From my cousins, H. C. and A. Waid, of Millerton, Penn.: "We received the *Second Souvenir*; are more than pleased with it, and have learned many things from it which have been very interesting to us. Many thanks to you."

My much-esteemed uncle, Horace F. Waid, of Blooming Valley, Penn., says: "I have received your *Second Souvenir*, for which I render many thanks."

From Dr. J. T. Waid, of Ridgway, Penn.: "It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your *Second Souvenir*. I have read it with satisfaction, as many of the places and persons mentioned are familiar to me from boyhood."

Frank L. Wallace, of Meadville, Penn., writes: "Your *Souvenir* has just been handed to me. Although as yet I have but hurriedly glanced through it, I feel that its perusal will be of much interest to me. I am much interested in people who believe in agriculture and can make agriculture a success. Your topics are good, and useful for consideration. It would be a good thing if more American families had their memoirs published in book form. Too few Americans, in the rush and bustle of active business life, take time to do this work. A book like yours becomes more valuable as the years pass by. Accept my thanks for your kind remembrance."

Willard Weeks, of St. Charles, Minn., writes as follows: "Accept my thanks for the book received some time ago. I left it with my children to write and thank you, but they neglected it until this late day. Permit me to return my sincere thanks with the hope that I may always have the honor to remain your sincere friend."

From S. Louise West, Sycamore: "I hereby acknowledge receipt of copy of your *Second Souvenir* for which accept my hearty thanks. I assure you that I am glad of the remembrance, and have been deeply interested in looking over the work, although I am unable to read much on account of my health. We enjoyed the brief visit of yourself and party (last October), and hope you will again come to see us. While you were at our place I could not help thinking that the Christian life of your wife and yourself was having a beneficial effect on those about you. We none of us live to ourselves, and none dieth to himself."

From E. C. West, Sycamore, Ill.: "More time has elapsed than I intended before acknowledging receipt of your book. While we find some things interesting, for want of knowledge, yet there is very much not only interesting but also highly instructive. It carries an elevated tone, and your advice, etc., to young men is excellent. It is an every-day book, Sunday not excepted. Please accept thanks for your *Second Souvenir*."

Lysander Wheeler, of Sycamore, Ill., says: "It is with great pleasure I write you to express thanks for myself and entire family, for your *Second Souvenir*. It is not a usual thing for the author of a book to present his friends with free copies of his work as you have done. I am highly pleased, for it is a book by which all who read it will be profited, as its moral and religious teachings are of the very best; historically, it is interesting and, I think, correct. Its treatment of financial matters is of the best, and if followed will bring comfort and success. All in all, it is well written. I heartily thank you, friend Waid, for this marked compliment in remembrance of me."

From A. Y. Wikoff, of Oelwein, Iowa:—"I have received a very agreeable surprise in the form of a book from you—your *Second Souvenir*—which I have examined to some extent, and pronounce very good, and bound to do more good wherever it goes than many more pretentious publications. It does me good to look at the pictures, in the book, of familiar faces and scenes I have not set my eyes on for thirty-four long years; they all seem so natural that I feel as if I would like to visit Crawford County again, to see how many more persons and scenes would be as familiar as those ones in the book. I shall treasure the *Souvenir* as a token of unselfish friendship, and as a valuable memento of the past."

Ursula Wikoff writes from Caliope, Iowa: "I received your *Souvenir* ten days ago. It is always pleasant to be remembered by our friends, especially so when we are far from the old home and its surroundings. The plates in your book recall familiar scenes and faces, and reading the reminiscences is almost as good as a visit with some Blooming Valley friend. Allow me to thank you for the pleasure your keepsake has given me."

The following comes from H. G. Williams, Meadville: "Please accept my thanks for the interesting volume containing the biographical sketches of yourself, family and friends, which you so kindly gave me. It contains much that I appreciate, and I fail to find words to express the deep gratitude that I feel toward you. Nothing you could give would please as well."

A. Wolcott, of Savanna, Ill., kindly writes in substance as follows: "You do not know what a happy surprise it was to me on receiving your fine book, *Second Souvenir*, coming as it did from one of my many acquaintances. I recall your face as I look at your picture, and it carries me back with pleasure to the many chats we have had. It gives me more happiness to know that those who have been under my care should think of me, or have a kind word and a good thought for me. I try to treat all who come under my care with kindness and respect. I may fail many times, but such remembrances as you have presented to me will help me to be more watchful and care more for those that come under my charge. Love and kindness to our neighbors cause the clouds to disappear, and the sun to shine in their hearts. Your book carries me back to boyhood days when I worked on a farm and in the sugar bush. Please accept many thanks for your kind remembrance of me."

W. C. Wygant, superintendent of Sabbath-school at Guy's Mills, Penn., writes: "I presented your *Second Souvenir* to our Sabbath-school, and it was voted unanimously to accept your kind gift; also that a vote of thanks be tendered you, which was accordingly done. Please accept my thanks."

From an old pupil of mine, W. C. Wygant, of Guy's Mills, Penn., I received the following: "Allow me to thank you for your kindness in presenting me with your *First* and *Second Souvenirs*. I read the *First* through, and feel that I was benefited by your counsel. I shall read the *Second* carefully. I find that my name has been left out of the list of your scholars, but I am sure it was by mistake."

M. S. McMullen, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Ottawa, Kas., writes: "I hope you will excuse me for not sooner acknowledging your gift to our Association Library. Though thus tardy I beg to assure you that my thanks are no less hearty. I have enjoyed reading sketches in it very much, and am glad to place it among our books here. The *Souvenir* has an especial value to me because of the familiarity and dearness of the places and people both there [Crawford County, Penn.] and here, and also because of my acquaintance, and, I trust, friendship with yourself."

From B. F. Culp, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Oil City, Penn.: "Please accept thanks for the copy of your *Souvenir* you left for the library of the Y. M. C. A. in this city. Your kindness is greatly appreciated, and we pray the blessing upon your future."

From the Y. M. C. A. at Galesburg, Ill., by H. S. Stratton, secretary: "It is with a great deal of pleasure that we acknowledge receipt of your work. Please accept our sincere thanks. It is a valuable addition to our library."

The following letter I received from little Harry Cutshall, of Guy's Mills, Pa.: "*Dear Uncle*. I was over to Aunt Minnie's yesterday, and she gave me that nice present you left there for me, A BIBLE. Please accept my thanks."



In addition to the above, very many of my relatives and friends have thanked me in person for the SOUVENIRS. My aunt, Phebe Goodwill, who lives with her youngest son at Garland, Warren County, Penn., thanked me heartily in person for the SOUVENIR, when I visited her in May, 1891; and her words to me were these: "Francis, I don't see how you ever found time enough to write two books for nothing, and give them away. *They cost money.*" I replied that I used the fragments of time, and the money I had earned before I began writing the books, and that I wished a keepsake for my friends and kindred that would do good. "Well," said my aunt, "*you have got it!* and I can never be thankful enough for mine."



July, 1891
See p. 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY MOTHER'S OLD LETTERS.

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
 Make me a child again, just for to-night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore.”

E. A. ALLEN.

Among the many things I find near and around me in this dear old home of my childhood, where I am now writing, that at every turn remind me of my mother, and invite me into retrospective study, is a package of old letters written to her by numerous relatives and friends, some of them dated as far back as the days of her girlhood. And it seems to me, while I scan these old letters over, as if the liquid tears that I shed when my dear mother was called to her blessed reward had come again, but transformed to orient pearl, so precious have they grown by lapse of time.

My mother was as careful in preserving things as she was diligent in the acquiring of them. How thoughtful and frugal she was, for instance, in the gathering, saving and storing of herbs, and such things, against a time of need! What a supply of them would she carefully lay away for the sick, either in her own family or among neighbors! And not alone herbs, but also dried fruits and many other such necessaries for the sick and infirm, did she with Christian hands of benevolence distribute among those who were in need of them. How opportunely and refreshingly they came to them, and how sweet and comforting it is for me, to-day, to remember her, and her unselfish life of charitable works, by quietly reviewing these old letters lying before me, each one of which carries in itself a silent history of the past! I know that they are in the hands of a son who appreciates them, and can realize their true value and worth.

My mother, in her lifetime, never ceased to do good for her children, although they oftentimes failed to understand and set proper value on her acts; but I have since,

day by day, learned to appreciate the true worth of her love and blessings, and I feel that this very hour I am reaping some of the fruit of her motherly care and frugality. Her motto, judging by her daily life, may be said to have been, simply, "Never forget economy in using what you have."

One of these letters I hold in my hand just now. I find it was written to her eighty years ago (when she was ten years of age) by a friend, Ann Perkins, with whom she had lived some time in her childhood, and is dated "Hartford, Conn., April 14, 1810." This is the oldest among these letters, is clearly and plainly written, and bears evidence of having been preserved with jealous care, as I hope it will be for many years yet to come, bringing pleasure to all who may peruse it in the future, as it has in the past.

What I could say, dear reader, about these old letters would fill many pages of this volume, for they contain much, very much, that is both instructive and interesting to me and to those yet in life who knew my mother in days gone by. A friend of mine the other day remarked to me, in the course of conversation, that we are prone to give our fathers credit for their acts, but often fail or neglect to appreciate what our mothers may have done for us. The joint partners of a good firm have equal recognition and credit in the commercial world, and surely our parents are deserving of our love, gratitude and admiration coequally and conjointly. True, our first good impressions come from our mothers by natural intuition, and as our plastic natures are, year by year, being molded for use and service in the grand arena of life, these good impressions are clinched into us, so to speak, by paternal example. Many such good impressions were stamped on my mind by my mother in her lifetime, and have been, ever since, through my blessed memory of her, a remembrance that will remain the theme of my tongue and pen while life remains to me.

F. C. WAID.

Blooming Valley, Penn., {
January, 1891. }

THE SUCCESSFUL FARMER.*

Not long since I attended the seventeenth annual State Dairymen's Association held in Meadville, Penn. To me it was an excellent opportunity to see, hear and learn of something on both sides of the question, Does farming pay? After an experience of over fifty years spent on the farm, I answer, *yes*. I began poor, and am in sight of that station yet, but have had some success in farming, in pursuit of the occupation I chose when a young man, because I loved it then and do so yet.

Farming includes dairying—butter and cheese making—yet that is only one branch of farming. I never followed that industry to any great extent. I do not remember of having kept more than three cows at a time; my wife had the name of making good butter, and whatever we made more than was used at home, found a ready market in our own neighborhood or in Meadville. My sons excel me in dairying, and have better cows and more of them. I question whether they were born natural dairymen; I think they are inclined more to other branches of farming, as their experience proves. Such is some of my experience in dairying, and were there no other way of a man becoming a successful farmer except by dairying, I presume I never would have attempted to write this article, and I will here state my reason for doing so. The farmer has his choice of what part of his occupation he wishes to follow. Like the branches of a tree, there are many, all equally supported by the trunk and roots, from which they derive their living. Say what you will in regard to farming. Is there any better occupation, any surer way of getting a living, a home and a success, than farming? I wonder often why so many turn aside to other occupations, and leave the farm, the most important of all pursuits. I would advise any young man, who wants a home and the comforts and blessings of this life, to stay on the farm. A degree of success, peace and happiness are found here, as in no other occupation.

I want to help my brother farmer, and encourage the young men to stay on the farm, for I consider his chances not only as good, but in many cases far better than to leave the farm and seek other occupations. I never learned this by experience, I never wanted to. Of failure and poor choice we can learn all we wish to know from observation; and sometimes our sad experience turns us in the right way. Yet is not that so much time lost, and would we not have done better to have traveled on the road to success without it?

When I listened to the interesting addresses by noted men from

* Most of this article was written for the *Pennsylvania Farmer* of March 26, 1891.

abroad and at home, and heard farmers discuss the different questions on the dairy business, my sympathy was with them, and I would like to help them, and see them prove successful. As I profited by their experience, perhaps some one may by mine. I will say I was well pleased when a few of the dairymen reported favorably, and it was evident they were successful in their business, which proves that farming pays. I was glad to see those men and hear their words of experience and encouragement in these (so-called) dull times. It was sunshine coming forth in its beauty after a long storm of dreary days. Had I been capable, and had thought it not out of place, I would have spoken some words of cheer for the farmer who was toiling so faithfully to achieve success. It might have encouraged them; at least this was my thought, and although that opportunity is gone, there still remains another; and if the editor of our good *Pennsylvania Farmer* thinks it worth while to publish this article, they may yet have my thoughts and experience.

As I sat there in Library Hall listening to so many different experiences connected with the dairy interests, I thought it a good school for the farmer. Who would achieve success, must attend to business; work, learn and economize. I stood many a day at the ladder, many a month and year on the platform of poverty, anxious if possible to rise to moderate circumstances and a comfortable condition in life. If I never know what it is to be rich, I claim to know what it is to be poor. Now do not think that because I was in poverty that I was unhappy; that was not my condition. I was happy, and I can just as easily give a reason for this as any thing else. I trusted in the Lord and hoped for success, wishing some day to be as well off as farmers who were then much better off than I who had nothing financially. But let me tell you what I did have, a good wife and my health—here was the beginning of success. Married the day I was twenty-one, April 23, 1854, I rented an old house and garden for twelve dollars a year, and worked for my father at fifteen dollars a month on the farm (boarding myself part of the time). I worked eight months the first year, then taught school in the winter for about the same wages, and as it was in our own neighborhood I had my own choice either to board around or at home, and I did both. I continued working on the farm for my father, and teaching school in the winter, for four years. Then I began to farm on shares, and later on I bought fifty acres, where I first rented of my father, the piece of land being known as the Pember Waid Farm (my grandfather's place). This has been my home ever since.

Let me ask you, who are the successful farmers or business men of to-day? Some began life with some means, more perhaps, began with very little of this world's goods, and not a few began like the

writer, empty-handed. I would like to say a word of encouragement for all, and that is let us go forth and do the best we can under all circumstances, knowing that we have some of the burden of life to bear as well as to show its prosperity. But there is a young man, who like the forgotten farmer, may at times think his case is so peculiar that he can not even get a start, in life. I think if you work by this rule you can get a start, and travel safely toward success and achieve it. *Earn more than you spend.* Let your income for the first month exceed your expenses, and so on to the end of the year, and you will find a surplus in your favor to begin the next year. When you have solved this hard problem, which constantly faces us all, you will have attained a degree of excellence, and will be marching on the road to success.

There are two things that will help you—pay as you go, and do not go in debt if you can possibly avoid it. In conclusion permit me to tell you that if you travel in this good way you will like it best, for many comforts and blessings it will bring you, and crown your efforts with success.

F. C. WAID.

February 26, 1891.



PARTIAL LIST OF NAMES OF TEACHERS

who taught school in the old school building, in Blooming Valley, from 1851 to 1890, as far as existing records inform, some having been lost.*

Francis C. Waid, 1851-52 (first teacher), Lavancha Densmore (summer).

Ann Eliza Gilmore, 1852-53.

Emmett Densmore, 1853-54.

Mary Ann Lord, Samuel Lord, Nancy Ann Lord, Pamela Lord, Mary McCullough, Lavantia Gray, Tabitha Johnson, Sarah J. Doctor, Sue Keepler, Maria Keepler, Sarah Blair, Stephen Grubb, James Martin, Asa Cole, Annette Roudebush, Ursula Wykoff, Nancy McGill (several terms and two or three terms of select school), Lucinda McGill, Anna McGill, P. M. Cutshall, Sarah A. Harrown, Ida Roudebush, Amanda Halliday (1863), Maggie Knorr (1864).

*This list was prepared by Ralph Roudebush, J. W. Heard and Mrs. Ann Eliza Odell, who have my best thanks for their kindness.—F. C. WAID.

The above-named teachers taught in the first school-house, now known as the "old schoolhouse," but since used as a dwelling house, and now (1890) being remodeled into one of the pleasant homes of Blooming Valley, to be occupied by Mrs. Ohare, daughter of N. Roudebush.

Names of teachers who have taught in the new school building, Blooming Valley:

1869—Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Cutshall, Amette Roudebush; 1870—Horace Mann, Emma McKnight, and a summer school by Horace Mann and William V. Wheeler; 1871—Horace Mann, Miss Russell; 1872—Von Johnson; 1873—Nancy Ann Floyd, C. R. Slocum, E. P. Green; 1874—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Neyland, Ellen Judd; 1875—Mrs. J. M. Gehr, Mrs. Mary L. Neyland; 1876—Stanley Drake, E. J. McCrillis; 1877—Stanley Drake, E. J. McCrillis, Lydia Frost; 1878—Alta G. Harris; 1879—Florence M. Harrown, A. G. Greenlee, E. Ida Frost, Ursula Wykoff; 1880—Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Slocum; 1881—Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Slocum; 1882—Ursula Wykoff, L. M. Morrison; 1883—John F. Humes, Ella Donnelly (summer, Ella Donnelly); 1884—H. A. Peir, Eva Selew; 1885—D. W. Humes, Louise Miller; 1886—Mary E. Hanks, Minnie Luper; 1887—George M. Bradshaw (17 days), B. W. Hosmer, Silas Smock; 1888—A. H. Wiard, Silas Smock; 1890—James R. Kern—A. C. Ridout, Minnie Luper; 1891—C. C. Leech, Minnie Luper.



RECORD OF THE LORD AND WAID FAMILIES.

On the last two leaves of an old account book kept by my father, Ira C. Waid, and which dates from March 1, 1830, to 1839, I find a record or memorandum of births, deaths and marriages in the Samuel Lord and Pember Waid families:

SAMUEL LORD'S FAMILY.

Born in Lyme, North Quarter, Connecticut.

Samuel, born June 11, 1769.	Betsey, born May 16, 1778.
Nicholas, born Feby. 17, 1771.	Lydia, born August 31, 1780.
Katharine, born Sept. 6, 1772.	Lois, born August 6, 1782.
Solomon, born May 29, 1774.	Patty, born November 22, 1784.
Anna, born May 22, 1776.	Perlina, born October 21, 1787.

PEMBER WAID'S FAMILY.

Pember Waid and Anna Lord were married May 19, 1799, and their children were as follows:

Erastus S., born May 24, 1800.	Phebe Matilda, born Sept. 24, 1811.
Ira C., born Aug. 15, 1801.	Clarissa Ursula, born Jan. 26, 1813.
Mary Ann, born Feby. 26, 1803.	Henry Augustus, born Jan. 5, 1816.
Martha L., born May 18, 1804.	Andrew Gilbert, born May 11, 1818.
Eliza Emeline, born Jan. 18, 1806.	Horace Franklin, born July 12, 1820.
Samuel, born June 11, 1808.	
George Washington, born Jan. 21, 1810.	

Martha L. Waid and Lathrop M. Allen were married September 28, 1820; Mary Ann Waid and Philander Simmons were married January 18, 1821. Martha L. (Waid) Allen died June 22, 1833. Anna Waid died February 2, 1844; Pember Waid died February 15, 1852.

Ira C. Waid was married to Elizabeth P. Morehead June 12, 1825. Children:

Robert Lyman, born May 1, 1826.	Franklin P., born April 23, 1833.
George Nicholas, born Oct. 27, 1829.	Francis C., born April 23, 1833.

 RECORD OF FRANCIS C. WAID'S FAMILY.

Francis C. Waid was born April 23, 1833; Eliza C. Masiker was born April 13, 1832. They were married April 23, 1854.

CHILDREN.

FRANKLIN I., born January 5, 1855, married March 15, 1877, to Maggie E. Moore, born May 14, 1859 (their children were as follows: Ida May, born December 25, 1878, died October, 1881; Ina Bell, born January 28, 1882; Elma Irena, born June 14, 1884; Mertie L., born August 16, 1886; Effie Jane, born June 16, 1889).

GUINNIP P., born September 22, 1859, married March 31, 1883, to Anna M. Slocum, born November 6, 1862 (they have one child, Edna Eliza, born December 11, 1886).

FRED F., born March 6, 1868, married March 7, 1889, to Minnie Haines, born August 5, 1868.

Mrs. Eliza C. (Masiker) Waid died July 4, 1888, and on July 7, 1889, Francis C. Waid was united in marriage with Anna E. Tyler, who was born October 10, 1845.



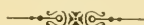
FRANCIS C. WAID, HIS THREE SONS AND THEIR WIVES, AND HIS FIVE GRANDCHILDREN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MEADVILLE, PA., JULY 25, 1891.

RECORD OF ANDREW G. WAID'S FAMILY.

Andrew G. Waid was born May 11, 1818; Jane Decamp was born June 29, 1820. They were married August 27, 1840. Jane (Decamp) Waid died May 19, 1884, aged 63 years, 10 months, 19 days.

CHILDREN.

Mary Ann, born August 28, 1841. Clinton D., born May 20, 1848. Abraham, born August 2, 1845. Abigail, born February 4, 1848. Clarrissa, born August 12, 1852. Elnora, born November 12, 1860.



RECORD OF CYRUS GOODWILL'S FAMILY.

Cyrus Goodwill was born April 5, 1810; Phebe M. Waid* was born September 24, 1811. They were married January 8, 1829. Cyrus Goodwill died May 16, 1855.

CHILDREN.

Lydia M., born December 4, 1829; married February 19, 1846. George A., born October 4, 1831; married May 1, 1851. Martha, born July 27, 1835; married October 4, 1857. Horace H., born August 18, 1837; married April 10, 1859. Lewis, born May 1, 1843; died June 3, 1843. Adelaide F., born August 30, 1844; died March 17, 1861. Henrietta A., born January 1, 1849; married May 14, 1865. Albert F., born October 24, 1854; married October 5, 1875.



FAMILY RECORD

OF

ELEAZER AND LOIS C. SLOCUM.

My second son, Guinnip P., being married to Annie, daughter of Lewis M. Slocum and granddaughter of

*I was present at Aunt Phebe Goodwill's eightieth birthday celebration, at which there were present some thirty persons, including her three sons and two daughters, four generations of her family being represented. I had both the honor and pleasure of being seated beside her at the dinner table, and I was able to observe that, in spite of her patriarchal age, she enjoyed the celebration with genuine pleasure. The tokens of remembrance I left, for the occasion, consisted of a picture (family group), a SOUVENIR and a piece of silver.—F. C. WAID.

Eleazer Slocum, and the entire Slocum family having been lifelong acquaintances of mine, I take pleasure in here giving the record of their births and deaths:

Eleazer Slocum, born April 17, 1812, died February 3, 1867.

Lois C. Slocum, born July 5, 1813, died May 1, 1863.

CHILDREN.

C. R., born December 10, 1834.

Robert E., born November 16, 1836.

Lewis M., born January 4, 1839.

Caroline M., born February 18, 1842.

Salvador, born November 15, 1844.

James E., born April 22, 1847.

Ira C., born July 25, 1849, died November 27, 1851.

Calvin Rood, born April 23, 1853, died June, 1871.

Edward Everett, born August 13, 1855, died November 11, 1867.

