

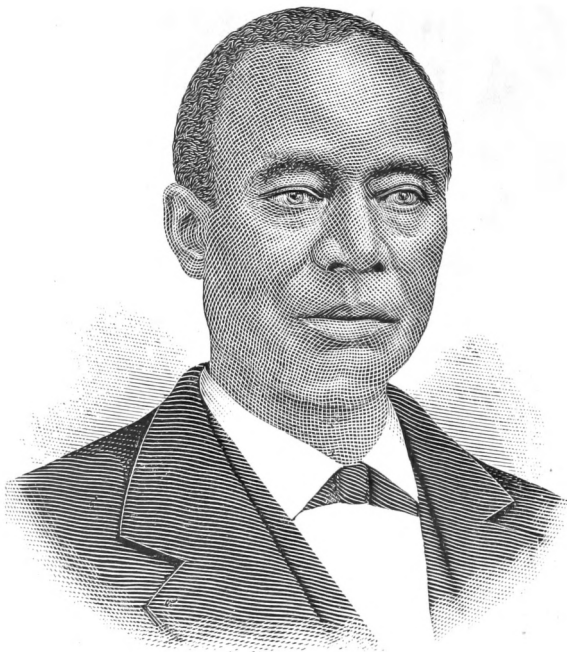
LIFE OF  
REV. DANIEL A. RIDOUT

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# THE LIFE

—OF—

## REV. DANIEL A. RIDOUT,

LATE MEMBER OF THE BALTIMORE AN-  
NUAL CONFERENCE, OF THE AFRI-  
CAN METHODIST EPISCO-  
PAL CHURCH.

BY HIS SON,

## REV. D. ARCHIE RIDOUT,

OF THE DELAWARE CONFERENCE METHODIST EPIS-  
COPAL CHURCH.

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WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY REV. A. W. WAYMAN, D. D.,  
BISHOP OF THE AFRICAN METHODIST  
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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*“The proper study of mankind is man.”*

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WILMINGTON, DEL. :  
J. MILLER THOMAS.  
1891.

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## PREFACE.

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The author of this little volume is simply a Methodist preacher, and "claims for this book no especial literary merit." The reader will not find it full of "philosophical reasoning." But facts that are absolutely true are recorded. In presenting this book (my first) to the public, the writer is simply fulfilling a promise. If it take the last dollar that can be got, the book must be published. If there be a word that seems to reflect, believe the writer when he tells you, "it was not his intention." We trust that this little book may come into the hands of some young minister who may be benefited by perusing it.

D. ARCHIE RIDOUT.

*Cambridge, Md., Sept. 21, 1891.*

## INTRODUCTION

TO THE LIFE OF THE LATE REV. DANIEL A.  
RIDOUT.

I have been requested by the Rev. D. A. Ridout, the son of the deceased, to write an introduction to his book, the life of his father, a late member of the Baltimore Conference of the African M. E. Church.

Having known the deceased intimately for the last thirty-six years, I presided over the quarterly meeting Conference that gave him license to preach; I also signed his recommendation to the Baltimore Conference for admission, and when he was ordained Elder in April, 1860, by the request of the Presiding Bishop I preached the sermon, from Acts, 6th chap., 3d verse: "Wherefore brethren look ye out among you seven men of honest report full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom."

The manuscript prepared by his son having been sent to me and thoroughly examined, I readily comply with that request.

For years, the people of all civilized nations have felt it was a duty for them to erect monuments to the memories of their warriors, scholars and statesmen, so that, when coming generations look thereon they may be reminded that beneath these monuments sleeps the dust

of some great men who figured conspicuously while living, and now, that they are gone, their memories are cherished!

The church has had her great and good men, and when they have passed away she has never felt it to be her duty to erect many monuments to their memories, believing that every good man erects, while living, a monument more lasting than those of marble, and which shall stand when the monuments of earth have crumbled into dust.

It is said, "the lives of the good and great, are the heritage of the age, while they are with us. When they depart from us they bequeath the still greater and richer legacy of the memories of their noble deeds and exalted virtues."

The late Rev. Daniel A. Ridout entered the Baltimore Annual Conference of the African M. E. Church in April, 1856, and continued a faithful and acceptable member to the day of his death.

When he entered the Conference it was thought by some, that, on account of the timidity of spirit he appeared to possess, he would not succeed. They finally concluded to try him, and for thirty-six years there was never a word of complaint uttered against Daniel A. Ridout.

At the meeting of the Baltimore Annual Conference of 1888, he was entirely too feeble to meet it, and the Presiding Bishop was

requested to appoint a committee to visit him at his home, Mount Winans Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to bear to him their Christian sympathies and well wishes for his future happiness. The Bishop appointed on that committee, members whose given names were all John, and they were called John's Committee.

When the committee reported, they said Bro. Daniel A. Ridout was very feeble, but that he requested the committee to say to the Conference, that should he never answer again to roll-call at another Annual Conference, he expected to answer to the roll-call at the "general assembly of the Church of the First-Born, which are written in heaven."

Rev. Daniel A. Ridout wrote no books, while living, to fill the libraries of his former colleagues in the gospel, perhaps not many manuscripts of sermons, to which reference can be made by his son and others, but he has left indelibly written on the memories of many now living, the sermons he preached, and perhaps in the better land there are many that were brought to Christ through his instrumentality.

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

A. W. WAYMAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

## BIRTHPLACE—ANCESTRY—GUARDIAN.

The habit of reading should be cultivated by every one. To read is one thing; to read well is another. The question asked by Christ, "How readest thou?" is just as appropriate now as it was when asked. It is not only interesting, but absolutely beneficial, to read books that speak of the life and services of good men. These books, not like the lot of miserable trash given to the public, elevate morally, socially, religiously and intellectually. Hence, whenever opportunity presents itself, for me to read an interesting biography, I ought to seize it. It is true that many books have been written about good men, and they have been read with avidity, but still there is room.

And we certainly need more books, whose authors are colored men. The author of this humble volume, claims for it no especial literary merit. In it will be found no rhetorical flashes, no sublime flights of oratory, but simple facts will be given in language which will conform to the rules of grammar, we hope, and yet be easily understood by the youngest reader. The author is nothing more than a humble

Methodist preacher, heaven-born and heaven-sent, and such he intends to be until his feet "touch the other shore."

"Long usage has established a custom that cannot be broken at this late day. In biographical writing, the author must give dates and facts so elaborately and accurately that no possibility of dispute can arise." In writing this biography of my father, one of the best of men, I give the facts, as I know them, and as they have been related to me by him.

I promised him when he was lying upon his bed, unable to turn without aid, that I would give to the world an account, if brief, of his life and labors in the ministry. I have laid my pen aside several times, thinking that I am incapable of doing justice to the memory of my father.

I look up; hanging on the wall before me, I see a portrait, the eyes of which seem to follow my pen, and the lips seem to smile approvingly and say, "*Write!*" I close my eyes, I still see those eyes looking at me; I imagine I see those lips move and that sonorous voice repeat, "*Write!*" That is a portrait of my deceased father, the Rev. Daniel A. Ridout. This Christian man was born in April, 1824, four miles beyond Herring Run on the Belair road, Baltimore county, Md. The State that Dr. Tan-

ner, in his "Apology for African Methodism," says, "has produced many eminent black men, but is barren in the production of great white men, except the late H. Winter Davis and the living Judge Bond."

The place where he was born is, or rather was, a small farm belonging to a Mr. Stirling. The farm contained about fifty-seven acres of land, thirty-nine cultivated, the rest woodland. I remember, years ago, when I was quite a small boy, passing that place, with father in a stage-coach, on our way to Baltimore from Harford county, where father was then stationed, it was shown to me. "There Daniel," said he, "is the place where I first saw the light." It looked antiquated; indeed, it was a sorry looking place to me. I will describe it, the best I can, after an elapse of twenty-one years.

The main building, a frame, built somewhat on the style of Noah's Ark, was on its last legs. Several out-houses were "propped up." The "Quarter" had long since been torn down. The barn was crumbling to dust. A large oak tree, that had stood in the yard as sentinel for many years, yet remained on guard, but time had given him some terrific "bouts." A brindled cow lay on the front lawn calmly chewing her cud; a bob-tailed steed and eight recently sheared sheep were waiting in the pound for

their dinner. A sow with seven pigs, two of which were fiercely contending over a corn-cob, were all the live stock we saw. I said: "Father, is that the cow you used to milk, and the horse you used to ride?" "Oh, no," said he, "they must be dead, for it has been about thirty-six years since I lived here." "Well," said I, "it is a bad looking place." As the stage rolled on towards the city, I recited that poem familiar to every boy:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollections present them to view."

I added several other lines composed on the spur of the moment, that I cannot at this writing recall, but they convulsed the occupants of the stage. I presume father thought his son would make a first-rate poet.

His parents were Archibald Hollingsworth and Clara Ridout, both of whom were born free, and, at the time when father was born, were servants on the farm described. When he was about seven years old, his mother died. I have often heard him speak in endearing words of his mother, a sainted woman, and how on the day of her burial he tried to die, too. In later years the counsel and biblical instruction that fell from her lips (for she had by some means learned to read) he never forgot.

They were as a "lamp to his feet and a light

unto his path." He lived there about three years after the death of his mother, during which time his father married again, and very little, if any, attention was paid to "Dan." From this union sprung other children, and "Dan" really became the scape-goat of the family. The step-mother, of course, only had time to look after her own children, and they were increasing at the rate of one a year. The father, only had time to look after the place and play the violin at all the parties for miles around, for both whites and blacks; therefore family cares were not thought of. When it was found that Dan was absolutely in the way, he was given to a woman, Mrs. Harriet M—— to raise.

If little Dan's life was a hard one before, it was doubly so now, after coming under the supervision of "Aunt Harriet." She was a regular termagant. The hardest kind of work he was made to do. From daylight in the morning, till dark in the night, he worked; poorly fed and miserably clad. I never hear the name of that woman mentioned without feeling a species of indignation.

I have heard him tell often how she treated him: tied to bed-posts, whipped until the blood ran. He has repeatedly showed me the ugly scars left by the hickory gad of that shrew.

The last time I saw them was when he lay on his cooling-board, cold in the embrace of death. Several of the scars, on his legs, were as large *as the palm of my hand*. Reader, can you think hard of me for having felt a little cross toward Mrs. M——?

Had she been a white woman, possibly I would not have had such strong feeling in the matter. She died several years ago, aged and very penitent for her treatment of my father. I have long since forgiven her, but be it remembered, Daniel A. Ridout was my father, and "blood is thicker than water." He often visited the old woman after he had grown to manhood, and never left without giving her some money. She would smile and say: "Daniel, you were always a good boy." Yes, he was, and, in many things, too good-natured.

I would present her with a copy of this book if she were living. He staid with Mrs. M—— for several years, during which time she moved into the city (Baltimore). While in the city he caught the small pox; that was in the fall of '34; it was very bad throughout the city, and it happened to "catch on" to little Dan. He had no nice bed to sleep on, no warm broths, no loving mother to sit and watch over him and bathe his feverish brow; none of the many comforts that a sick person ought to

have, had he. His diet, he said, consisted of corn bread, fat meat, cabbage and dumplings. He drank as much cold water as he wanted, and scratched himself to his heart's content. He found the cellar door, in the sunshine, a very comfortable place, and there he frequently "took up his abode."

He often said, had he received attention, he would have died. Indeed, I do not doubt it, for I have observed often in cases of small pox, that the patients who are kept at home, with all the necessary comforts and medical care, *generally die*. Those who are taken to the Lazaretto *generally get well*. A paradox, I know.

After having "pulled through" that loathsome disease, he got to be a burden in the hands of his sainted (?) guardian. What to do with this child of misfortune, was the question.

I do not think his father and step-mother ever took the trouble to hunt him up. Too much interested in the other set. The conclusion was finally reached, that the best thing to do was to let the Orphans' Court dispose of him. And it did.

## CHAPTER II.

BOUND OUT—THE HOOD FARM—LEARNING—A  
MIDNIGHT EXCURSION.

In the year 1836, April 1st, Daniel was “duly indentured” as an orphan, by the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel County, to Mr. John Hood. This change was not at all disagreeable to him. He would have gone anywhere with pleasure to escape the rod of Aunt Harriet. This change introduced him to new scenes, strange faces and a pretty good home considering the times.

It is not my purpose to comment, the reader knows what evil was in full blast at that time. Indeed I shall refrain from alluding reflectively to the times prior to the emancipation, they were bad enough heaven knows. I am writing the life of a good man, who was reared in those times and felt, in a measure, the iron heel of slavery, but who taught me in my boy-hood, to be always mindful of the Golden Rule: “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” Therefore I shall strive to give facts without a scintilla of vindictiveness. Our hero, for indeed he was one, was much pleased with his new home. After an

introduction to the various members of the family, he was informed that that was to be his home until he was twenty-one years of age. No particular task was assigned him, he was to be boy of all work. I do not remember how many slaves, pardon me I mean servants, he said were on the place; only a few however.

The Hood farm (I think it still belongs to the family) is located in Howard County, Md., a few miles above Ellicott City; it was then in Anne Arundel County. Howard Co. had not been formed. It had been, possibly about the beginning of the present century, one of the prettiest, most healthful, best located and productive farms in the state. But at the time father went there to live, it had fallen from its "original splendor" and pristine productiveness, to a commonplace, non-productive farm.

I have heard my father say, that during his stay there, the land did not yield a good crop of any kind of grain. The colored folks said that the place had a curse put upon it. The legend runs somewhat on this wise. Some years before, there lived on the place a colored woman, with several children, all slaves. The woman was taken up and sold South, forever separated from her children. On the morning of her departure, she got down on her knees, and with a loud voice and tearful eyes, called

on God to everlastingly damn the place and never let it yield enough to maintain the owner. Said she: "Let the corn be nubbins and the wheat tares and may it go speedily to ruin."

And this condemnation, which was almost as sweeping as that which Isaiah pronounced against Babylon, seemingly was verified. It was, at least, as long as father remained there.

As I have said, the new-comer was not given any special work to do. The first year or two, his work was mainly in the house; he assisted the cook, waited on the table and took part in the chamber work. It was his delight to go to the mill, for he always rode a horse, and nothing suits a boy so well as horse-back riding. The reader has observed that I have said nothing about his schooling, because he had none. His sainted mother had taught him his alphabet, these he had quite forgotten, as Aunt Harriet had whipped them out of him. Having seen several of the younger members of the family studying their lessons, he became much interested and thought that he would like to know something.

He finally came in possession of a John Comly spelling book, and after repeated efforts, helped by a youth who lived near by, and who claimed to be "thoroughly learned," he succeeded in learning the alphabet. He had by

this time grown considerably, and was put to work on the farm. With his John Comly, several of the leaves of which had been lost behind the plow, inside the hay stack, astraddle of old Ned, the over-worked, under-fed steed, that would have made Cervantes blush, he studied his lessons. Naturally a smart boy, he learned very fast; certainly he dare not be seen with his book, and what he got he stole, (which was perfectly right.) One night while lying on his stomach before the fire, studying his book by the glare of the same, for he had placed several pieces of lightwood on it, he heard footsteps approaching, he quickly put his book under him and feigned sleep. None too soon, for in came Master B.—“Daniel,” said he, “are you asleep? I want you to go to E.— and bring home a bundle; you can go in the morning.” Daniel, who was always willing and ready to go on errands, was so elated that he forgot his book was under him, and jumping up, said, “all right sir,” but “terribile dictu!” the book was seen by Master B.— at the sight of which he became indignant; (righteously I presume, as he was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church; bear in mind reader, this was before the “revolt” in 1844.) Said Master B.— “you unpronounceable scoundrel, where did you get that book? you have no time to study,

you are here to work," and proceeded forthwith to chastise Daniel. Be it told however, to the honor of the old gentleman, that the chastisement consisted in simply rubbing his cane over Dan's head and saying; "I've a great mind to mellow your head, sir." He, nor indeed any of the family, never struck Daniel a blow the whole time he staid on the place. The only thing done when these "fits" came on the old gentleman, (they frequently came,) was to rub the boy over the cranium with his cane, and say; "I've a great mind to mellow your head sir." This little *denouement* of course did not deter Daniel from studying his book whenever opportunity presented itself.

His teacher, a colored youth by the name of —— Jason, still gave him lessons. This young man, whom the writer has often seen, was a great help to father, they were always fast friends. He died at his residence on Dover street, west of Fremont, Baltimore, in the year, I think 1871. He had acquired some property, and at the time of his death, was keeping a small grocery and provision store. At a meeting of the youths of the neighborhood it was decided that young Jason should open a night school. It was done accordingly, but the white folks got wind of it and young Jason's night school was closed and finally sank into "innocu-

ous desuetude." Young Ridout, or Dan as he was called by everybody, with that firmness of purpose and "go-aheaditiveness," so strongly developed in latter years, continued to study, and as he said: "I got along so well I surprised myself, for I could read pretty well, knew the multiplication table by heart and had begun to study grammar." I have not a John Comly spelling book at hand, but the grammar referred to, was only the vocabulary in the end of the book, beginning with Abel, N. man's name. Able, Adj. having power, capable, etc. After acquiring so much knowledge and indeed excelling the other boys, he certainly must learn to write. But how? Who was to set the copy? Where was he to get his slate, pencils, pens, ink and all the necessary stationery? These were questions fraught with much interest to him, and not a little discouraging, as young Jason had moved out of the neighborhood. He, however, despite the discouraging circumstances that stared him in the face, was determined to learn to write. He got on the "right side" of a white boy who kindly consented to instruct him in that necessary art. He tore the leaves out of Master B.'s old account book, purloined several of his quills, made ink out of poke-berries, and thus equipped, went to work to learn to write. If

learning to spell and read were hard, learning to write was harder. Night after night he copied and recopied, or as he was wont to put it, "scratched and scribbled," but made little improvement and became almost disheartened.

But after hard work and constant practice, he learned to make all the letters of the alphabet and to write his name. He never made what we call a good penman, but he was a very rapid one. The writer has often heard him say that his first letters looked as if flies had fallen in the ink and crawled over the paper. He declared he never saw such characters before nor since. The other branches of study, geography, arithmetic, etc., were not thought of. These he studied in later years and became passably familiar with them, but did not, as he said, know enough about them to teach school. He was very good in arithmetic for one who had had no special instruction in that study. Of course he could do examples better "in his head" than with slate and pencil. When the writer was a school boy he frequently gave him sums in double rule of three to do and he generally gave the correct answers. Many amusing incidents occurred while he was servant on the Hood farm, one of which I will relate.

Dan had always been honest from principle,

the idea of stealing had never suggested itself to his mind. He considered stealing an unpardonable sin, hence had never acquired the habit. A youth about nineteen years of age came to live on the place; this young man liked to dress, visit the girls and in fact was quite a "dude." In order to have the esteem of the fair sex, money was necessary.

He told Dan that he intended to steal, or rather take, several bushels of corn, sell it to a colored man who dealt in stolen goods, and appropriate the money to himself. Dan was asked to take a hand in the enterprise and receive a share of the profits. Dan at first positively declined, but after much persuasion, he consented to go along for company. The time was fixed and the arrangements all perfected. The dearborn was loaded and away they went, it was now between midnight and day.

The man was knocked up and unlocked the door, grumbling and managed to make a great deal of noise emptying the corn out of the bags. Poor Dan sat in the dearborn trembling from head to foot. The fellow kept up such a racket that his wife hallooed down the stairs, "Tom for mercy sake don't make such a fuss, you'll wake the neighborhood." She was told to go straight to that place where "overcoats are superfluous and fans are at a premium,"

and which from all descriptions is a great deal hotter than the island of Terra del Fuego. He wound up by saying, "I reckon dis corn aint stole;" but it had been stolen and he knew it. He never went on another similar expedition. The division was made and it amounted to seventy cents apiece.



## CHAPTER III.

## HIS CONVERSION—MARRIAGE—FREEDOM.

Master B., who, as I have said, was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, was very earnest in the work of the Master, and was careful to instil religion into the minds of his family and servants. Every morning, regularly, a Scripture lesson was read and prayer offered, to which all the servants were compelled to be present. His orisons were remarkable for their power, and the Giver of all good and perfect gifts was fervently appealed to in behalf of the colored people.

He prayed that "righteousness and truth might cover the face of the earth, as the water covers the sea." He delighted to preach for colored people, this he did whenever opportunity presented itself, which was nearly every Sunday, as the colored folks worshipped with the whites, or rather after the whites. He was anxious to be the instrument in the hands of God of saving souls. The sermons of Master B. were, as a rule, textual in their construction and didactic in their application. He had his hobbies (tell us the minister who has not), one of which was: "Servants, be obedient to them

that are your masters according to the flesh.”—  
Ephes. VI, 5.

With what eloquence and persuasion the duty of servant to master was descanted upon! How he would rise on tip-toe and declare the essentiality of menial obedience! How terribly was depicted the result of the non-observance of this very important and instructive passage of Scripture!

In fact, the burden of his preaching was obedience to masters rather than to Christ. I have often wondered, as I never heard father say, whether or not he ever preached from the 9th verse of the same chapter, which reads thus: “And, ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatenings: knowing that your Master also is in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with him.”

Up to his 16th year there had been no serious reflections awakened in the mind of Daniel concerning the salvation of his soul. He attended services regularly, every Sunday, and occasionally, by permission, through the week.

He was by nature a good boy, addicted to no bad habits. In the Fall of 1841, when he was seventeen years of age, a great revival broke out. The meetings were held in Hobb's old school house every night. One night a minister preached from the text: “Repent ye, there-

fore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the time of refreshing shall come, from the presence of the Lord." The sermon was a powerful one, and when the appeal was made the house was in an "uproar."

Men started for the door, fell and were brought forward. Women rushed to the altar crying for mercy. The time of refreshing had truly come from the presence of the Lord. Our hero became alarmed about the condition in which he was; he made up his mind then and there to seek Jesus. He went to the altar and there, in the humility of his soul, inquired, "What shall I do to be saved?" In a short time, that peace which "passeth all understanding" was shed abroad in his heart. He arose, rejoiced, and declared himself to be a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

There was no excitement in his conversion, he saw no light, was not prostrated in the dust, like many others on that same memorable night. Calmly, but positively, he told what the Lord had done for him. Let me digress at this point.

Is there any way to explain the difference in mens' conversion? Here is a man who, in seeking Jesus, screams, rolls over the floor, and gets himself into all imaginable postures, but finally finds him precious to his soul.

Here is another man who could not possibly

get religion that way ; but calmly and earnestly he seeks the Saviour, finds him and tells the fact in an undemonstrative manner. There are only two ways to explain this difference :

*First*, we are differently constituted, physically and mentally. *Secondly*, the harder the sinner, the harder he has to pray for the forgiveness of his sins. This is the writer's view.

Certainly I have no right to doubt the conversion of that individual who rolls, screams and is easily enthused. That individual has no right to question my religion and say that I am insincere because I do not scream, roll and am not easily enthused. Instance: look at the conversion of Saul, who did all in his power to impede the progress of Christianity; he was a hard sinner. His conversion was miraculous; he was prostrated in the dust, saw a light, and was blinded before he found Jesus. On the other hand, hunt for Timothy's conversion, who was always a good boy, raised under Christian influences, received wholesome religious food; he saw no light, was not knocked stiff, but who doubts his conversion? Reader, this is interesting, think about it. An incident occurred during the progress of this revival, that borders on the ludicrous.

The law was, to close the meetings not later than 10 o'clock. In fact, the colored people held no

services at night without the august presence of a man who was of the "orthodox complexion." The night in question, the gentleman who usually came to keep guard, got drunk and failed to make an appearance. The services were so interesting, they forgot all about the closing hour, but continued to shout and praise the Lord until nearly 12 o'clock. The probability is that they would have gone on longer, but Mr. S., the constable, passing by, heard the noise and proceeded forthwith to investigate. Dismounting from his horse, whip in hand, he pushed his way into the house and in a stentorian voice adulterated with rum, yelled: "You niggers git out of here; shut up your infernal clap-traps," and did "lustily lay about him."

To say that the meeting was closed, would be putting it too mildly; there was no doxology sung, nor benediction pronounced. Confusion reigned supreme. The brethren (be it said to their shame) jumped out of the windows, followed by the sisters. Daniel essaying to get out the door by Mr. S., was struck at, but evaded the blow, made a dive and gliding between Mr. S.'s legs like an eel, made tracks for home.

It is needless to say that more caution was observed at their future meetings. Daniel, after he had found the "pearl of great price,"

became a useful young man in the meetings.

He joined the church, which was the Methodist Episcopal, and was a regular attendant. The little congregation was so delighted with him, they made him a class-leader. The only fault they found with him was, he was so quiet in his method of leading.

The old "regulators" declared that young Ridout needed more fire. He admitted that his first attempt to lead class was a dismal failure. Before him, sat old and tried leaders and exhorters, who were disposed to feel a little jealous at the sudden exaltation of this stripling. Said he: "What else could I do but fail?" Albeit, he improved and after a while was looked upon as the most instructive leader in the church.

The church had her eye on him and saw in this beardless youth "fruits abundant for the Master's use." He was therefore licensed to exhort in 1843, at the age of 19 years.

If Daniel was prominent in the eyes of the people before, he was more so after receiving license to exhort. It was about this time that he became acquainted with Miss Eliza Carr, daughter of Jacob and Lilly Carr. He paid his particular addresses to this young woman, who was a fine Christian girl, and, if colored, very aristocratically connected.

Being pretty, high-toned and virtuous, she had many suitors; but Daniel being the most learned and having such high standing in the community and also a prospective preacher, was the successful suitor. They were married May 25th, 1844.

The writer often heard him say that he married most too soon; yet said he: "After all, it was, I guess, well enough, as it more than likely saved me from falling into the many snares of the tempter." Their married life, though brief, was pleasant. Daniel, though but twenty years of age, cared for his family in a manner that would have been creditable and praiseworthy in a much older man. Unto this young couple several children were born, namely: James Henry, Catharine Elizabeth, Margaret Drusilla.

James H. was wounded in the battle of Petersburg, and died in the hospital at Alexandria, Va., 1864, aged 19 years.

Catharine E., now Mrs. Hill, is living at the home place, Mount Winans, Baltimore county, Md., a beautiful suburban town of Baltimore city. Margaret D. died in infancy.

Family cares did not prevent Daniel from attending the church. His companion was as much interested in the work of the Master as he was. He was still at the Hood farm, but looking forward with pleasing anticipation to

the time when Master B. would present to him his "free-papers."

A year after his marriage, April 1st, 1845, when he was twenty-one years of age, he received the long-looked for paper that nominally declared him free. (The reader will remember he was only a bound boy, but I presume it is six of one, and half dozen of the other). I have the original paper before me, and will give it *verbatim et literatim* :

"APRIL 1ST, 1845.

"This is to certify that the bearer hereof, Daniel Ridout, man of colour, much pock-marked, was duly indentured as an orphan, on the first day of April, 1836, unto my late brother John Hood of Benj. until he attained the age of twenty-one years as will more fully appear by reference to the Records of Register of Wills office of Anne Arundel county, it being previous to the erection of Howard District of Anne Arundel County—which term of service expires to-day. He is well disposed, and addicted to no bad habits as far as I have had an opportunity to judge.

"BENJ. HOOD JR.

Executor of late J. Hood of B.

After receiving his "free-papers" he continued on the farm and in the neighborhood for several years, during which time he labored in the interest of the church. Getting tired of Howard county he decided to remove to Balti-

more county, in the neighborhood of his birth-place. Packing all of his furniture in a one-horse wagon, bidding good-by to the old farm, where he had spent many pleasant as well as unpleasant days, he started for Baltimore county. Being an industrious young man and an excellent farm hand, he soon found employment and got along well.

Getting tired of country life, he moved into the city and drove lumber wagon for the firm of Messrs. W. & T. This firm paid him \$6.00 a week, on which he lived very comfortably.

While employed by this firm his dear companion was taken sick; after a short illness she departed this life May 21st, 1852, aged 25 years. Her end was peaceful, her hope was in Jesus. He promised to meet her in heaven; *he has met her there*. This was the greatest affliction he had ever undergone. With tears of the deepest sorrow, he laid her to rest in Bethel burying ground.

It was in this year, 1852, that he severed his connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and united with the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He joined "Big Bethel" under the pastorate of the Rev. W. H. Jones, who staid four months, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. R. V. Morgan. In this denomination he labored until called from earth to heaven.

## CHAPTER IV.

MARRIES AGAIN—CALL TO THE MINISTRY—  
JOINS CONFERENCE, ETC.

Our hero did not remain a widower long. He felt lost keeping house with his two little motherless children and concluded the best thing for him to do was to marry again.

He had sometime previously formed the acquaintance of a young widow, who was also a member of Bethel Church, Caroline M. Allen. These two hearts soon beat as one, and July 1852, they were married. The Rev. Jacob P. Hamer performed the ceremony.

The writer often joked him about marrying so soon after the death of his wife. He would laugh and say "It was the best thing I could have done." He now began to carry the hod, and saw wood for a livelihood. The Lord blessed him in his second marriage, by giving him a wife in whom were these traits of character: honesty, energy, religion and virtue.

The writer thinks she has no superior on the face of the earth—that is natural, for she is my mother. While engaged in carrying the hod and sawing wood, the spirit made the impression on his mind that he was called of God to

preach. This troubled him a great deal. He, Moses like, offered the pretext that he was incompetent. But it would force itself upon his mind in spite of his efforts to get rid of it. He applied for local preacher's license and received them. He thought that was sufficient and he could work for God at home. But that very striking passage of scripture, "go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature," would ever present itself to his mind. To get rid of this impression made by the Holy Spirit, he, Jonah like, concluded to leave the city.

He embarked, not on a ship, but on a wood vessel running from Baltimore to some point on the Eastern shore. He made one trip and came very near being drowned. While struggling in the water he said he heard the voice of God unmistakably calling him to preach. He was rescued, and made a vow that by the help of the Lord he would obey the call. He returned to the city and told his wife of his narrow escape, who also had a premonition of it and was much worried. After consultation with his wife, he determined to make application to the next ensuing Annual Conference for admission. Purchasing some books, among them being "Barnes' Notes on the New Testament," "Scott's Bible," and "Buck's Theological

Dictionary," he went to hard studying to "show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

The Baltimore Annual Conference was held this year, April 1856, in Union Bethel Church, Washington, D. C.

To this Conference young Ridout, who was just thirty-two years of age, was recommended from Bethel A. M. E. Church, Rev. A. W. Wayman, now Bishop, was then the pastor. He was successful in passing the examination, and was received as a Licentiate, or as we of the Methodist Episcopal Church say, "admitted on trial." He enjoyed the Conference especially after he had finished his examination.

He was pleased and benefited by the sermons he heard during the session. He said the address of Rev. J. P. Campbell, now Bishop, who was then editor of the *Christian Recorder*, was the most eloquent he had ever heard from the lips of a colored man.

At the close of the Conference, when the appointments were made, he was sent to the Long Green Circuit. Returning to Baltimore, he moved his family, which consisted of wife and three children, two by his first wife and one, Martha Ann, by his present wife, on his work. The writer of this Memoir was not then "thought about." This circuit, if my "memory

serve me right," was composed of four or five preaching places. He was signally successful this year in building up the work, and many souls were added to the churches.

His salary this year was about \$180.00. He met the Conference of 1857 at Ebenezer Church, Baltimore, with a good report. At the close of the Conference he was returned for another year. He was successful this year also. Nothing worth relating transpired this year, except another addition to the family.

On the night of the 25th of December, the writer made his advent into christendom, and proceeded forthwith to sing his first tune in the key of C sharp.

Our hero wound up his year's work and went to Conference, which was held in Israel Church, Washington, D. C., April 1858. Bishop Payne presided. At this Conference he was ordained Deacon by the presiding Bishop. The sessions of the Conference were pleasant; Bishop Wayman says in his "recollections" a great many distinguished ministers visited the Conference.

When the appointments were read out, Daniel Ridout was sent to the Frederick and Washington County circuit. This circuit was made up of several Churches in each county. It was a long hard circuit; of course he walked

to and from his churches. His salary was so little that he was compelled to work by the day to support his family.

But he was young, hearty and strong, and used to work, hence it did not go hard with him. He had not been there long before he was called upon to marry a couple, this was his first marriage. The parties lived away over the mountain. Having found the hut (for such it was), everything was made ready for the marriage; he proceeded to read the ceremony and found he had the Discipline upside down; righting it, he began tremblingly, and sometimes read it right, and frequently got it wrong.

When the question was asked, "wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, etc," the fellow yelled out at the top of his voice, "if she likes me I likes her, if she not likes me I not likes her." The ceremony was finally gone through with and the feast was spread, which, in spite of the looks of the place, was excellent. I often heard him say, when relating the story, that he ought to have done that job over again, as he made such a fist of it.

He pulled through the year without anything special happening. He went to Conference, which was held at Bethel Church, Baltimore, feeling that some good had been done. The

amount paid him on salary was about \$90.00. Bishop Payne presided at the session and Rev. J. M. Brown was the Secretary. Rev. Stephen Clark died while the Conference was in session. The funeral was a large one. Rev. A. W. Wayman preached the funeral sermon.

At the close of the Conference he was returned to the Frederick and Washington County Circuit. If the year previous had been a hard one, this was still harder, for it was the year of the John Brown insurrection at Harper's Ferry. It caused a great deal of excitement in Western Maryland. Every prominent black man was looked upon suspiciously. He traveled his work, however, without being molested. He was compelled to do daily work to keep his family comfortably. Whenever he found time he studied his books.

He succeeded in pulling through this Conference year without any serious mishap and met the Conference, April, 1860, at Union Bethel Church, Washington, D. C. Bishop Payne presided, and this was an important session, as delegates were elected to the General Conference. He went before the Committee on Examination of Elder's Orders and passed very creditably. He was ordained Elder April 22, 1860, by Bishop Payne.

At the close of the Conference he was read

out for Cumberland Circuit. This charge was composed, I think, of four preaching places: Cumberland, Hancock, Frostburg and Clear-spring. It was a long, hard circuit to travel, but better, financially, than the one he had just left. On this charge he labored hard for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

His labors were attended with success. Very often he walked from Cumberland to Hancock, a distance of ——— miles, but being strong, he did not mind it. He generally left home Friday morning, and would be gone for weeks at a time.

This year, Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and then "the war clouds began to gather dark" and ominous. "The colored people were watched with almost sleepless vigilance."

His salary being better this year, he bought a few more books. He did not have to work by the day this year, although he frequently helped to kill beeves at the slaughter house, for which he was always doubly paid. He went to Conference with a good report, both spiritually and financially. His salary this year was about two hundred and seventy-five dollars. Of course, when I say salary, I mean board, fuel, and house rent.

In April, 1861, the Conference met in Balti-

more city. As war had unsheathed its sword, and the times were critical, it was unsafe for a body of colored men to meet together

I shall give an account of this Conference in the language of Bishop Wayman. I quote from his "Recollections"; this is what he says: "The police authorities notified the ministers of our church that we could hold no Conference this year in Baltimore. I happened to be in Baltimore one day, and at the request of Rev. J. M. Brown, I went with him to see the Police Commission respecting our Conference. He said the Bishop lived in Ohio, and therefore could not come here. I told him we could hold Conference without Bishop Payne, for there were provisions made for that. Then, said he, of course, there could be nothing to prevent us doing so. I went from Frederick City to Carlisle, Pa., to see the Bishop respecting the matter, and he said, that, after examining the Discipline, he found there was no law authorizing an Annual Conference, in the absence of the Bishop, to elect an Elder to hold the Conference; and, furthermore, he said, the Discipline required two Bishops to be present at an Annual Conference, and, therefore, he could not see how an Elder could be trusted when one Bishop could not be. I told him we must have a Conference.

“When the time arrived, a majority of the members were present. There were two of the Elders, who were figuring to be the President of the Conference. However, after the members had voted, I was declared elected President of the Conference. We had a very pleasant session. When Conference adjourned we all went back to our former charges to await further orders.”

Father set out to work for God another year. It was a year of sorrow, danger and scarcity. He had fightings without, and fears within. The war had begun in earnest, the country was upside down, and “dangers stood thick through all the land.” He faced many dangers while traveling from one point to the other.

The Spring of '61 he moved his family from Cumberland to Hancock. He thought the change would be more convenient. Whenever he left home he was always cautioned, by my mother, to be very careful. In June my sister, Martha, died, after a short illness, of intermittent fever. Father was not home at her death or burial, and there was no way possible to get word to him in time. There was no telegraph office in the town; indeed, just then very few telegrams were sent by colored people. I, a boy of four years, thought strange that sister should be put in a hole and covered up. She

was laid to rest in a "corner" of the white folk's cemetery. When father returned, he was almost prostrated over the death of his favorite child.

The writer remembers, very distinctly, the encampment of soldiers near the town. He delighted to see them drill. There were frequent exchanges of shots between the "Blues" and the "Greys." The Potomac river separated them; the "Blues" were on the Maryland side, the "Greys" were on the Virginia side. The firing always excited him, and, young as he was, he declared he wanted to be a soldier to fight the "Rebs."

An incident occurred in the Fall of that year, that is worth relating. An Irish family, I think their name was Roke, lived next door to us. They were splendid neighbors. One night, between 12 and 1 o'clock, when the whole town was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, a soldier passed the guard and broke into Mrs. Roke's. What his purpose was, I do not know, but I presume it was criminal. Old man Roke ran and left his family, yelling, as he ran, "Corporal of the guard!" We were all awakened. Father jumped up, seized a musket, and rushed out in his night clothes. Mother rushed out after him, in her night gown, seized him (then she was a powerful woman), brought

him back and made him put down his weapon. It was well she did, or it might have ended seriously. The officers came, and the next day the fellow was punished.

That year was an eventful one in the itinerant life of my father.



## CHAPTER V.

ITINERANT LIFE CONTINUED—HARD TIMES—  
BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

The Baltimore Conference met April, 1862, in Israel Church, Washington, D. C. This was an important and interesting Conference. The reports of the brethren showed that they had encountered many hardships during the year.

When the appointments were made, Daniel A. Ridout was sent to the Frederick and Washington County Circuit. This was that long, hard, mountainous circuit that he had traveled in '58 and '59.

He went from that Conference feeling despondent, but without a murmur. He made up his mind to do the best he could, by the help of the Lord. The year 1862 was the hardest and most dangerous of any year of his ministerial life.

His family lived not far from Burkettsville, Frederick county, at the base of South Mountain. It was a picturesque, but lonely spot. Everything passed off very well during the summer. The war, of course, had assumed a general plan; the Confederates were successful in nearly every battle. Barnes, in his incom-

parable History of the United States, says: "Washington City had not been in such peril since the war began."

The first of the Fall of this year, 1862, General Lee, "flushed with success, crossed the Potomac and entered Maryland, hoping to secure volunteers and incite an insurrection."

One morning we were awakened by shouts, and the rumbling of wheels. Arising, we found that the Confederates were all around us; they were pitching their tents and planting their artillery a few hundred yards from our house, and were making themselves generally comfortable. Things looked gloomy, I assure you; father was not home, and we did not know when he could get home, as the "rebel" pickets were scattered all over the mountain. They remained there for a week or more, during which time they were frequent visitors at our house. Mother, who was a courageous Christian woman, showed no signs of fear when they came, and, woman-like, would have her say.

A private came in one day, and made an insulting remark, whereupon she grabbed him by the nape of his neck and the seat of his gray breeches, and "fired him out" the house. She then put on her bonnet and went directly to the Confederate camp and reported him. The

officers made him come and apologize. At night, after committing us to the care of our heavenly Father, a duty which she never forgot, she would put us to bed and sit up all night with an ivory-handled dirk knife in her hand. During the day she carried it in her bosom.

We were all very much worried about father, and he was worried about us. He tried, three times, to get home, but he was turned back each time by the "rebel" pickets.

His prolonged absence became unbearable, and mother had concluded to send us to a neighbor's and go in search for him. But on the morning of the 13th of September, he arrived home; that was the day before the battle. He said: "I had a hard time to get here; I passed all the guards safely until nearly home, when a sentinel leveled his musket at me, telling me at the same time to "halt." After answering all his questions, he said, sneeringly, "Darkey preacher, eh? well, pass on."

We were all highly elated over the return of father. I came very near exploding; I showed him the amount of money I had made by dipping water from the spring in the end of our garden, with a little wooden pail, for the "rebs" to drink. They always paid me Confederate money, of course.

The next day after father's return, was a day

long to be remembered, and a memorable one in the history of our family. It was the day of the battle of South Mountain, September 14th. We were all up at day-break, no one had appetite for breakfast, except myself.

After the table had been cleared off, and we were sitting gazing out the windows, a rebel soldier called. He was a young man, and made himself very agreeable. I will give his conversation, with my mother, as well as I can recollect it. Said he: "Auntie, we expect a fight here to-day; the yankees are coming, and we are going to make it hot as h— for them." Said mother: "Yes, and you had better take care of your own precious hide." Then he began to dance and sing:

"I wish I was in dixie, look away, look away,  
I'll live and die in dixie, look away."

Said mother: "Take care, young man, that you don't die in Maryland." How truly prophetic were the words of my mother, for he was the first dead man we saw after the battle, not over two hundred yards from our house. But as an eye-witness, let me describe that battle. The rebels held the vantage-ground, for they were in position with artillery planted and men in line, waiting for the yankees. From where their first cannon was planted to our gate was not more than two hundred and fifty yards. It

is now about noon; the yankees, I see them coming, bayonets glistening in the autumnal sun. They are nearing the rebel line, coming within range of their larger 'guns.

They cross Mr. Whipp's field of recently planted wheat; they are now behind the stone fence. As they scale it, the command is given to the rebels to "fire." It seemed as if heaven and earth had collided.

The battle now begins in earnest; and nothing is heard but the incessant pop, pop, of the musket, and the boom of the cannon. The yells and shouts of the men are as deafening, as the reports of their weapons. The yankees charge, but the rebel line stands firm. Balls fly in all directions, one enters our house and imbeds itself in the wall; for safety we repair to the cellar. The firing subsides, father and sister go out in the yard to "reconnoitre."

A rebel cavalier passing by, sees them; maddened by the fact that the battle is almost lost to them, he aims a pistol at father, pulls the trigger, but the weapon misses fire. Three times he aims and pulls the trigger, each time it only snaps, and refuses to kill "God's anointed." With an oath he rides on.

Again the firing begins and the fight "waxes warm." The pop, pop, pop of the muskets,

intermingled with the sullen boom, boom of the cannon.

Ah! but look, the cavalry are now engaged, we see them directly in front of our cellar window. Look at those splendid chargers on which the Union cavalry ride. See their distended nostrils; they smell the battle, they paw, they snort, their very "necks seem clothed with thunder." The Confederate cavalry gives way, before the fearful charge.

For six consecutive hours the battle rages; the rebel infantry have yielded only a little. The command is given to the Union soldiers to "advance, double-quick and sweep the field with the bayonet." This is too much for the "Johnnies;" they run like sheep over the mountain, leaving their dead and wounded behind. The Unions have gained the victory, but it is a dear one. Hundreds of the "boys in blue" lie dead and dying.

It is now dark; we come up out of our uncomfortable quarters and breathe more freely. None of the family slept that night, except the writer, who was too young to realize the danger through which we had just passed, and who thought the whole thing was simply "immense."

Next morning, September 15th, old Sol arose, in all his splendor. Father took us out on the battle field, the sights of which are now vividly

portrayed in my mind, although at the time, I was only five years old.

The dead and dying lay, as "thick as leaves," upon the ground. Union and rebel, side by side, in the embrace of death. The features of some were pleasant; of others, intense agony was depicted on every lineament of their countenances. A leg here, an arm there; a head here, a foot yonder. Horrible! horrible!

The young man whom I have alluded to, was lying on the side of the public road, with a hole in his head, into which you could put your fist. "That is he," said father. "Yes," said mother, "he died in Maryland." It took several days to bury the dead.

On the 17th of September the great battle of Antietam was fought. We visited that battlefield also, but I cannot give a description of it. It was one of the bloodiest battles of the civil war. The Federal soldiers were around about there for quite awhile. The home church was taken for a hospital, and there were no religious services held in it for some time.

Father "weathered it out" until Conference, which met April, 1863, in Baltimore, Md., Bishop Payne presiding. His report to this Conference was, necessarily, a poor one. At the rise of the Conference he was sent to the Ellicott's Mills Circuit. This, with one excep-

tion, was decidedly the best appointment he ever had.

This charge was composed of four churches: Ellicott City, Crowdensville, Mt. Gilboa (then the leading church), and Elkridge Landing. The people were hospitable, kind and willing. The circuit was an easy one to travel, and two pleasant and profitable years were spent there. Being near Baltimore, he frequently purchased books, and had, at the end of the first year, a respectable library. The parsonage was in Baltimore county, near Mt. Gilboa Church.

There was no school in Ellicott City for colored youth, but father established one, which he taught for nearly two years. The writer was sent to Mr. Nathaniel Hall, "Uncle Nat," we called him. He taught in the Mt. Gilboa Church. He was a scholarly old gentleman, and a good teacher. I can never forget Uncle Nat Hall. I see him now in my mind's eye, with a class of boys and girls before him, and with the indispensable rod in his hand.

He was a stern old gentleman, very eccentric, but we all loved him. With swallow-tail coat, white cravat about a yard long, which was carried several times around his neck, and spindle shanks, he was the very representation of Ichabod Crane.

Father was very successful during his two

years' labor on this charge. During his revivals many sinners were converted to God, not a few of whom yet live to vouch for my words. His quarterly meetings were always largely attended; people came from all directions. I have seen several four-horse omnibus loads—they came from Baltimore—drive up to the church.

These meetings were always attended with success, spiritually and financially. The people all loved him, and peace and harmony prevailed. The second year of his administration on that charge, his oldest child, James Henry, was wounded at the battle of Petersburg, and died some days after in the hospital at Alexandria, Virginia.

Father was with him when he died; his end was peaceful; he went to reap a soldier's reward. He was only nineteen years of age. This was a sad bereavement to father, but they have met and they are now together in that better country, where there are no "wars nor rumors of wars." Having wound up his second year's work, he met the Conference with a splendid report.

The Baltimore Conference met this year, April, 1865, in Bethel Church, Baltimore, Maryland.

## CHAPTER VI.

HIS LABORS IN HAVRE DE GRACE, EASTON,  
AND LONG GREEN.

The Conference was presided over, this year, 1865, by Bishop Payne. It was a pleasant session. Several instructive papers were read, by members of the Conference, before the meetings of the literary society that had been organized, I think, the year previous.

At the close of this Conference, Daniel A. Ridout was sent to the Havre de Grace Circuit. This charge, a comparatively good one, was composed of three churches, namely: Havre de Grace, Gravely Hill and Darlington. His first Sunday he went to all three of the points and preached, and was cordially received.

Having moved his family, he went to work to build up, and was signally successful throughout the year. The Sunday school, at the home church, Havre de Grace, was an immense one. The teachers were above the average in intelligence, and they threw their whole souls into the work.

The central figure, and the most intelligent worker, was the public school teacher, Miss Mary Anderson, now Mrs. Mary Thomas. I

can never forget the wholesome instruction and excellent advice that I received from this talented lady, both in Sunday and day school. She was a lady of the highest Christian culture.

The congregations were usually large and attentive. Father did good work, and good seed was sown. Several debts were cancelled, and the people generally were delighted with their pastor. The churches were some distance apart, yet he never missed an appointment; rain or shine, he went, and usually walked.

He did not have to labor by the day to support his family, but he always helped a farmer, Mr. Herbst, to harvest and thresh his grain. He was a prime hand at feeding the machine.

He was much interested in and very careful of the physical and moral development of the writer, his only son. He taught me to fish, bought me a small gun and instructed me how to use it, and taught me how to swim.

We would go into the town—the church and parsonage were about a mile out—then, walk up the tow-path about three-fourths of a mile, and swim in the canal. Indeed, we often varied the pleasure between the beautiful Susquehanna and the canal. He was an expert swimmer, and could make himself as comfortable in deep water as most men. I, boy-like, was quick to

learn, and soon became proficient in the art. As a marksman I was not excelled by any boy in the neighborhood.

The winter of '65 was a severe one, albeit, our family was comfortably cared for. At the close of the Conference year he met the Conference at Israel Church, Washington, D. C., April 19th, 1866. Bishop Payne presided, assisted by Bishops Wm. Paul Quinn, A. W. Wayman and Jabez P. Campbell. I have before me a copy of the Minutes of 1866, and I find them very interesting. The admission of Rev. Dr. James F. Sisson (white) was eloquently discussed. The most interesting, however, is the meeting of the Literary Society of the Conference.

After the approval of the Minutes of the last meeting, the President, Bishop Payne, inquired, "as to the studies pursued." Father reported as having studied during the year, Grammar (Pinneous), Horne's Introduction and Church Government. In looking over the financial table, I find that he raised: on salary, \$200.00; board, \$300.00; fuel, \$22.00; rent, \$36.00; Sunday school, \$10.86; Church Mission, \$8.00; Sunday School Mission, \$2.00; Book Concern, \$3.00; worn-out preachers, \$3.00; bishops, \$20.00; widows, \$2.00; semi-centenary, \$2.00; a total of \$615.86.

This, in my humble opinion, is a fine report, for that day and time. At the close of the Conference he was returned to the same charge for another year. As he had gotten along so well the first year, certainly he was pleased with the appointment. Success attended every effort, spiritually and financially, that year. There were several prominent members on the charge died that year, among whom was Horace Skinner. In the death of Uncle Horace, the church sustained a heavy loss.

A wonderful revival broke out during the Fall and Winter of '66, which resulted in the conversion of over a hundred souls. It was not local, but the fire spread all over the community. Literally speaking, there was a general awakening all along the line. Many young men and women were added to the churches, not a few of whom are yet living to vouch for my words.

He closed his second year in peace, and met the Conference, which convened at Bethel Church, Baltimore, with a creditable report. At the rise of the Conference, he was returned for the third year. This year was spent pleasantly and profitably, and much good was accomplished.

The government, with the assistance of the people, built a splendid school house in the town (Havre de Grace), the second story of

which was used for religious services, occasionally. He had, to assist him with his revival, Sister Harriet Lee, the famous evangelist. The writer, who was interested in sermons, remembers, very distinctly, her introductory text; it was from Ezekiel, xvii chapter and 3d verse: "A great eagle with great wings, long winged, full of feathers, which had divers colors, came unto Lebanon, etc." It is needless for me to say that preach she did. The meetings were very successful; many sinners were converted and several backsliders reclaimed. Father wound up his third year in peace and prosperity, and met the Conference at Ebenezer Church, Baltimore, April 9th, 1868, with a good report. Bishop Wayman presided at the sessions of this Conference.

D. A. Ridout was honored with a place on the Committee on Memoirs. At the close of the Conference he was sent to Easton Circuit. This charge had three churches, namely: Easton, Miles River (now Unionville Station) and Ivorytown.

It was about half as good a charge as the one he had just left. Certainly the people were hospitable and kind, but they were not so well disciplined in church work as the congregations he had served the five years previous. There were several consequential brethren who

were important in their own eyes, and whom we must call chronic grumblers. These Christian (?) brethren wanted to run the whole machine.

He was successful in church work, however. He held a very successful camp meeting in a grove near Ivorytown. He was assisted by several brethren, whose names are not, at this writing, suggested to my mind. Nothing of interest, outside the usual routine of ministerial life, transpired, except the writer was seized with bilious fever, with which he hung between life and death for three weeks. A loving and watchful mother, a kind and attentive father, and a good physician, were God's instruments in restoring us to health again.

As Conference drew near, father made preparations to meet it with a good report, which he did. The Conference met in Quinn Chapel, Frederick City, Md., April 29th, 1869.

The sessions were interesting, and the reports of the brethren showed faithful work done the past year. The most important feature of the Conference was the annual sermon preached by Dr. James A. Handy, theme: "The Apostolic Ministry." The sermon was pregnant with great and interesting truths, and presented in Dr. Handy's inimitable manner.

At the rise of the Conference, Daniel A.

Ridout was returned to Easton Circuit. He returned, went to work, but was soon prostrated with bilious dysentery, with which he suffered all the summer. I have known him to start to Ivorytown, a distance of four miles from Easton, absolutely too ill to be out of the bed. I accompanied him, for fear of serious consequences. He attended a funeral one day; it was intolerably hot. At the grave, while reading the burial services, he was taken violently ill, and would have fallen had he not been supported by mother. He was taken into the church until he recovered, and was then carried to Mrs. Ellen Dickerson's. I was very much frightened, for I thought he was dying.

At a meeting of the official board it was decided to have a camp this year. It was opposed by the same set of brethren who had given trouble the year before; but despite opposition, and, sick as he was, the camp was held and with signal success. He was assisted, this year, by Bishop Wayman, who preached some sublime sermons. An incident occurred at this camp that deserves notice. Bishop Wayman, the writer, and father slept in the church; the rowdies were very annoying. The Bishop and father provided themselves with clubs for protection, should we be disturbed; but we were not molested, although sleep was

out of the question on account of the bachanalian hilarity that continued throughout the night.

One day, while the camp was in progress, father was feeling so ill that he was compelled to go and lie down. Missing him, I went to look for him; I found him breathing laboriously. I touched him and called him, "Pappap" (we called him nothing else but pap), and asked him how he felt. He raised up, looked at me with tears in his eyes, and said: "Daniel, my son, I am so sick; where is mother?"

Reader, I cannot describe my feelings; I can only say that I cried as if my heart would break, and went out behind the church, fell on my knees and asked the Lord to spare my father. Although, but twelve years old, I believed that the Lord would answer my prayer, and He did. At the close of the camp, the report was read, and it was declared a success, financially and spiritually. When cool weather set in, his health improved.

His protracted meetings were good, and not a few souls were added to the church. Notwithstanding he had been prostrated the greater part of the year, he went to Conference with a good report.

The Conference met this year, 1870, in Hagerstown, Md. It was a pleasant Confer-

ence. Father was sent, from this Conference, to the Long Green Circuit, Baltimore county, Md. This charge he had served in 1856 and 1857. There had been several changes; the charge was composed of the following churches: Mt. Zion (Long Green), Stevenson's Chapel (Quaker Bottom), Mt. Joy and Fairview, Harford county. It was a long and hard circuit to travel.

I give the distance, as near as possible, from Stevenson's, which was then the leading church: from Stevenson's to Mt. Zion, ten miles; from Mt. Zion to Mt. Joy, seven miles; from Mt. Joy to Fairview, fifteen miles; from Fairview to Stevenson's, twenty-five miles; a total distance around, fifty-seven miles. He was compelled to walk it the greater part of the time; none of the points were situated on the railroad. Stevenson's was the nearest; that was about one and a half miles from Spark's Station, on the N. C. R. R. Fairview, the farthest point, then, was not less than twelve or fourteen miles from the railroad. The Maryland Central (narrow gauge) runs near by now. Nothing of special interest transpired this Conference year. As usual, he was successful in building up the work. He succeeded in getting a public school at Quaker Bottom, which he taught until other arrangements were made.

The Spring of 1871, the Conference met in Easton, Md., and Bishop Wayman presided. Father was placed on the Committee of Examination of Candidates for the second year.

The annual sermon was preached by Rev. John F. Lane. I have the sermon before me, it is a masterly discourse. D. A. Ridout was reassigned to the Long Green Circuit. He moved his family on his work this year, the writer remained in Baltimore at school. Much work was done this year. (I forgot to mention about the new Mt. Zion Church being dedicated the year before by Bishop Wayman).

I have remarked elsewhere that the charge was a hard one. Indeed, it was a long, lonely and dangerous travel. I have known him to make three churches in one day, and *walk the whole distance*. On reaching Mt. Zion he was too fatigued to preach, and Brother James Owens, a faithful local preacher, was substituted. My brother-in-law, who took that famous walk with him, says: "When we came to the foot bridge crossing Gunpowder river, father was so tired that he got down on his hands and knees and crawled over, as he dared not trust himself to walk over, for fear of falling in." It is no wonder that he was unable to fill the pulpit when he arrived. God blessed his efforts, and gave him health, and April,

1872, finds him attending Conference at Union Bethel, Washington, D. C. Dr. Revels preached the annual sermon.

The Conference visited the President (Grant), in a body. Dr. James H. A. Johnson read the address, which was not only rhetorical, but logical. The President, with his constitutional brevity, responded.

The sessions of this Conference were interesting and pleasant.



## CHAPTER VII.

## HIS LABORS ON OTHER CHARGES.

From this Conference, father was sent to Baltimore City Mission. This Mission was composed of a few loyal Christians who formerly met on Sarah Anne street, but were now worshiping in a rented shop on Raborg street, west of Carrolton avenue. He found no church, and, hyperbolically speaking, no congregation; he was not discouraged, however, by the dismal outlook, but went to work with that wonted zeal, which was one of his cardinal traits. His first sermon was preached to eighteen persons, from Luke, XII chap., 32d verse: "Fear not little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The sermon was didactic and palpable, and a good impression was made.

He succeeded in building up a fine congregation. The members were delighted with their pastor and used every effort, and made many sacrifices to support him. There was, however, a golden wedge hidden, that retarded, in a measure, the progress of the church. It had been in the way for several years, consequently little advancement had been made.

One good brother carried the bag, or rather the box, that held the money. This man, a local preacher, had been boss of the church. If I mistake not, he was trustee, steward and class leader, and treasurer of each of the boards. The plan they had to keep the money safe was thus: They had a box nailed up, with a hole large enough to receive a silver half dollar. This could not be opened without the consent of the official board.

After several meetings of the board, the box was always brought to the meetings, it was discovered that it had got considerably lighter in weight. The question naturally came up, "Why was this?" The brother flew into a passion at once, and declared that he had been accused of robbing the box. (No one had even intimated such a thing). After a fifteen-minutes speech on his honesty and fidelity to the church, he wound up by daring any man present to repeat that he had stolen any of the funds. Silence reigned supreme.

Finally, said he: "Yes, you are all afraid of me." This, of course, brought father to his feet. I give his words as they have been told me often by Mr. Joseph A. Pratt, who was a member of the board, and was present on that memorable occasion. Said father: "No, sir, Brother B., we are not all afraid of you. I,

for one, am not, sir. I say, sir, that that box has been robbed. I cannot say by whom, but it was in your care. Afraid of whom, what, you? No, sir, the Lord never made one man to be afraid of another. That box has been robbed, robbed, **ROBBED**. I thrice repeat the charge (Pratt says, he was foaming at the mouth and shaking his index finger at the object of his philippics). You must; you shall, sir, take back what you said."

And Brother B. did, really and truly, take back what he had said. When the box was opened there were only a few pennies in it. The brother soon after withdrew from the church and the denomination, and died out. His death occurred in the Spring of 1889. The golden wedge being found, things moved along smoothly afterwards. During the winter of '72 and '73 the small pox raged in the western section of Baltimore, six or eight of his best members died; among whom were Brothers Pollard, Roberson, Turpin and Jones. In the death of these brothers the Mission sustained a heavy loss. Despite the havoc made by that dreadful disease upon the members, and the severity of the winter, he closed the year with great success. The membership had increased about fifty per cent. The Sunday school was in a flourishing condition, and the building had

become entirely too small to accommodate the congregation.

He met the Conference with a good report. It met May 1st, 1873, at Bethel Church, Baltimore; Bishop Campbell presided. At the rise of the Conference he was sent to the Chesapeake Circuit, much to the surprise and regret of the members of the Mission. This charge, which was a very good one, was composed of four churches, namely: Chesapeake City, Bohemia Manor, Cecilton and Elkton. This circuit required a great deal of labor, which he gave it, and was tolerably successful the first year in paying off some long standing debts.

The Autumn of that year, he received some interesting letters from the members of the little Mission in Baltimore, one of which, from a young lady who was converted during his pastorate there, I give an extract:

BALTIMORE, Aug. 29th, 1873.

*Dear Brother:*—It is with pleasure I sit myself down to write you a few lines. I hope you are well. I now take the liberty of sending the remembrance of all the members to you, and also a part of all the classes that were down to Waters' Chapel on Wednesday night. We had a nice time. We hope that you will succeed in your present place of ministration, as you did with us, for I am sure you have the

prayers of the congregation, as much so as my own. We hope that your labors may be long vouchsafed to us, and, here, in our midst, where you have so long and faithfully labored, may many souls be brought to the saving knowledge of the truth, and at last shine as a diadem in the crown of your rejoicing. May the grace of the Lord even be with you, and may he give you health and strength that you may be for many years a faithful servant in the vineyard of the Lord, and at last may your harvest of souls be glorious, and may you find peace and rest in heaven. (He has found that peace and rest in heaven). I will close by asking your blessing. Your obedient servant, and sister in the Lord,

HENRIETTA ROBBINS.

This, I consider a model letter.

He finished the year in peace and prosperity, and met the Conference at Cumberland, Md., April 29th, 1874. Bishop Campbell presided. At the close of the Conference he was returned to the Chesapeake Circuit.

The Circuit being large, he bought a horse and carriage, which, of course, gave him a better opportunity to prosecute the work. This year was a decidedly successful one in church work. Nothing of special interest transpired outside the regular routine of pastoral work.

The Conference met April 24, 1875, at Annapolis, Md., to which he presented a creditable report.

He was appointed to the Chestertown Circuit, which consisted of five churches: Chestertown and Butlertown, Kent County; Roseville, Centréville and Church Hill, Queen Anne's County.

This was a long circuit, but he got along very well, as he had his horse and carriage. The writer went home as often as he had the opportunity (we were at school) and always enjoyed himself. He spent two prosperous years on this charge. His fame, as an effective pulpit preacher, went far and near. The Spring of 1876 he purchased some property at Mt. Winans, Baltimore county. He said: "I am getting along in years, and when I get disabled I want a comfortable place."

In 1877, April 18th, the Baltimore Conference met in the beautiful town of Cambridge, Md. Bishop Brown presided. The sessions were interesting and pleasant. He was sent, from this Conference, to Allen's Station, Baltimore, Md. Some of the official members "kicked like fine fellows." They wanted a scholarly man. The idea of sending to that aristocratic church, a man minus that essential.

They were indignant, and, then, they had

about as many who attended services as would make up a respectable pan-cake toss. The church was, absolutely, spiritually and financially dead. If ever a church had an ignorant, contrary and inconsistent set of men as leaders, Allen's Chapel had. They thought they knew a great deal. I have been in their Quarterly Conferences when they were from 8 P. M. to 3 A. M. getting through. I have seen them get so excited that it was difficult to keep them from blows.

But they had a pastor who was not only a good chairman, but was versed in the law of the church. I do not mean to say that Allen's Chapel was entirely made up of such characters; nay, but, unfortunately, it was a majority of the officials. That church had then, and has now members who are loyal to the core. Certainly, things have changed for the better since. Of that set, some have been changed, several left the church and several have died. Father, however, despite the opposition, went to work, and, after three months of preaching and pastoral work, the congregation was built up surprisingly.

The church, especially in the afternoon and evening, was crowded. It was conceded by all, even his opponents, that such sermons had never been preached in Allen's Chapel. A

brother being asked how he liked his pastor, said: "I love him; he is a Christian gentleman, and he is a host within himself; even his very hands preach."

The membership increased, the church flourished and become then, and is to this day, the leading church in the western section of the City of Baltimore. I recall to my mind two very remarkable sermons father preached during his pastorate there; they were from the text, "The Lord is risen, indeed," and the "Great day of his wrath is come." I never heard anything like it, before nor since. He staid there two years and they were the most successful years of his ministerial life. The Conference met May 3d, 1879, at Washington, D. C. Bishop Brown presided.

At the close of the session he was sent to Mt. Zion, Long Green. This was the third time he had served that church; it was now a station. He staid there two years, and did good work. An incident about which he always laughed, and was pleased to tell, occurred while he was on that charge.

One night, returning from a meeting of the official board, going through the woods he lost his way, and was compelled to stay in the woods all night. He made his bed of leaves, and in them spent the night as best he could.

When the Conference met at Easton, May 7th, 1881, he was sent to the Ivorytown Mission—nowhere. He staid one year and suffered, but did not murmur.

In 1882, May 4th, Conference met in Ebenezer, Baltimore; Bishop Payne presided. He was sent to Unionville Station, a considerably better charge than the last. The summer of '82 the writer visited him and preached for him. While I was preaching he cried like a child; I never shall forget the occasion.

In 1883, May 10th, the Conference met at Hagerstown, Md. The Unionville charge being, I presume, too good for him, he was removed and sent to the Keedysville Circuit. He went willingly, and staid one year in the mountains. I have tried in this little volume, to write nothing harsh; but his appointment to that circuit was an absolute outrage, for several reasons that I shall state: First, he was succeeding finely; the people loved him and desired his return. Secondly, as he was an old veteran in the work, true and tried, and he might have been given an easier charge. If ever I felt indignant toward "the powers that be" of the Baltimore Conference, I felt it when he wrote me of his removal from Unionville. I was at that time stationed in Bridgeton, New Jersey. By referring to the Minutes, I find he received on salary \$125.00.

April 17th, 1884, the Baltimore Conference met at Frederick. When the appointments were read, Daniel A. Ridout was sent to Randallstown.

This charge was much better than Keedysville. It was my pleasure to have him visit me that year, which he did, and preached some sublime sermons. I was then stationed in Smyrna, Del.

He was successful this year, for which possibly he was removed (I can give no other reason), except a brother had pulled wires to get there.

The Conference met May 6th, 1885, at Havre de Grace, Md., and father was sent to Camp-parole Circuit, the poorest place, with several exceptions, in the Baltimore Conference. He received the remarkable salary of \$105.00. I was removed from Smyrna in June of that year, 1885, and stationed in Wilmington, Del.

The following September we had a grand rally, in a pleasant grove three miles from the city. We sent for him to come and assist us; he came and preached three sublime sermons. There were not fewer than six hundred persons in the grove, one half of whom were white. The white people declared they were the most instructive sermons they had ever heard. We were in Wilmington three years, and each year the white friends would have me send for father.

I visited him that year and preached for him. I enjoyed myself with my parents, but, indeed, I was glad to get away from Camp-parole. He staid there one year, which was certainly one year too long.



## CHAPTER VIII.

HIS LAST CHARGE—FALLS WHILE ON DUTY—  
DYING MOMENTS—FUNERAL.

The Baltimore Annual Conference met April 28th, 1886, in Mt. Moriah Church, Annapolis, Md. Bishop Wayman presided.

This was a very interesting Conference. Mayor Abram Claude delivered an address of welcome to the Conference, to which Dr. J. H. Handy responded. It was brief but thoughtful.

The annual sermon, preached by Dr. Shaffer, was not only eloquent, but profound and logical. Rev. D. A. Ridout was on committee of examination of candidates of second year, and at the rise of the Conference, father was appointed to the Crowdensville Circuit. The charge was a fair one; it was composed of three churches. The change from Camp-parole was an agreeable one to him. Crowdensville was but a short distance from home, Mt. Winans. He could easily attend to the work and at the same time live in his own house. This he did. He moved along successfully; peace and harmony prevailed on his work. The congregations were pleased; by the way, he was no stranger to many of them, having served that circuit

twenty-three years before. It was then the Ellicott City Circuit. His salary that year was \$250.00.

He made a good report, which was his last, to the annual Conference which met April 27th, 1887, at Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C. Bishop Wayman presided. The sessions were lively and interesting. The annual sermon by Dr. James H. A. Johnson, and the Missionary sermon by Rev. C. W. Mossell, were perfectly sublime.

At the close of the Conference he was reappointed to the Crowdensville charge. He returned to the work with pleasure and laid plans for the year. Nothing of special interest transpired during the summer and autumn. He attended Wayman's Grove Camp, preached, and was justly complimented for his wonderful exegesis of the scripture. His visits to us in Wilmington, Del., to which we have already referred, were pleasant.

He began a series of meetings with the beginning of the winter, which were successful. His health up to this time had been very good, except occasionally, he had slight attacks of rheumatism. He was not affected otherwise; he could preach three times every Sunday and not feel it. In the month of January, 1888, he visited Rev. P. H. Green, at Havre de Grace,

and spent several days with him. He rode some distance in a sleigh and caught cold in his limbs, which, in my opinion, hastened on the attacks.

After being home a week or so he complained of feeling sore in his limbs, and had several slight attacks of vertigo. On the evening of the 21st of February, 1888, he was to have preached for Rev. Daniel Draper, pastor of Bethel Church, Baltimore. During the day he complained of feeling very unwell. His wife and daughter tried to persuade him not to leave home. He said that he had promised Rev. Draper to preach for him and he must go. He left home in the early part of the afternoon, went into the city and called to see an old friend of his, Emanuel Watkins. After supper he started for the church, feeling very poorly. Arriving at the church he ascended the pulpit and selected the hymn. His articulation being imperfect, it was discovered that he was very ill. He was placed in a cab and sent home alone, a distance of about four miles. The writer wonders why some one did not ride out home with him. When the cab reached the house, he was found down on the bottom, speechless, helpless and almost lifeless. He was carried into the house, bathed and put to bed, but did not speak until the next morning. It

was discovered then that he had suffered a stroke of paralysis, his left arm and leg being useless. He could talk, but indistinctly. If there ever was a distracted family that was the family. All were beside themselves with grief. His grandchildren, who thought there was nobody in the world like grandpap, wept as if their little hearts would break. The following message reached me on the 23d: "Father is very ill and desires to see you, come". I left Wilmington at 2:44 p. m., and at 5:30 p. m., I arrived at Mt. Winans. When I entered his room he burst into tears from excessive joy. I kissed him; it was sometime before either of us could speak; indeed when I did speak I could only utter, "father." "Daniel," said he, "I am so glad you have come, I thought I would not get to see you any more in this life. I can only say in the words of John Wesley; 'and are we yet alive and see each others face.' This was a favorite hymn of his. I sat up all night with him and wrote much of what this book contains. In the morning he said: "Son, I feel quite bright, raise me up, call the family and have prayers, don't forget that

'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.' "

I never could pray publicly like I desired,

but that morning I know I did make a prayer. I talked with God as I had never done before. I was completely entranced. It seemed to me that I was kneeling in the very gates of glory. Jesus was there. We were all happy. I staid with him several days; he seemed to get better; his speech improved but he could not use his arm nor leg. I did some writing for him and straightened up some important business concerning his property. I then left for Wilmington, my own charge. I remained home five days, during which time he got worse. I left home to visit him again. I found him very sick. When I went to the bedside he had his cry. Conversing with him on the subject of religion, I was interested and benefited. I staid with him till the next afternoon, then left for home.

He got much better after my second visit, and with assistance, could walk around the room. I did not get to see him again until after my Conference was over. May 9th, 1888, I went on to marry my niece. She was married home; father was assisted down stairs to the marriage, and was delighted.

My niece declared that grandpapa must see her married. As I had not yet moved to my new field of labor, Princess Anne, Md., I was compelled to leave immediately after the marriage.

During the summer of 1888 he improved so, that in company with mother, he went in the city to church several times, and frequently paid calls. All the family, except myself, had begun to think that he would get entirely well. He wanted to go out on his work, but certainly this was out of the question. This at times worried him considerably.

We visited him several times during the summer and autumn of '88. The advent of '89 found him about the same, indeed worse if anything. He had a light stroke that affected him, not only physically, but at times mentally. I visited him as often as I could during the spring and summer of '89. He was always willing and ready to talk of the hope that he had.

I found that after a long conversation his mind would wander. He could not remember anything done even the year before. One thing pleased us all; no matter how long he conversed on religious topics, his mind never wandered.

In September, 1889, I visited him; it was the last time I saw him alive. He was now absolutely helpless. I staid with him a week; it was a precious week to my soul. Just before I bade him good-bye, he called me to his bedside and said to me: "Daniel, my son, it is not likely that we shall meet together again in this

life. Now don't come any more until we send for you, it is too expensive. I want you, my son, after I am gone, to take care of mother. Make full proof of your ministry, live what you preach, as I have imperfectly tried to do. (Yes he did live what he preached.) I only wish that I had been able to have done more for you. I am now on the verge of eternity; I can look back and see more than forty years well spent in the service of the Lord. It has not always been calm; the seas have been rough and stormy at times.

'But out of all the Lord has brought me by his love, And still he does my help afford and hides my life above.'"

He continued to talk for a long time until I said, "Father, you would better lie down, you will worry yourself talking so much." "No, no," said he, "I will talk while I can, I may be in a condition before I go hence that I will not be able to talk."

He began again and preached the most instructive and edifying sermon I ever heard. It will be food for my soul as long as I live. I left him to return to my own work; I saw him no more alive. The following month, October, he had another slight stroke and grew weaker and weaker every day. "Though the outward man perish, the inward man was renewed day

by day." In November, 1889, he knew that his end was drawing nigh. Thursday, November 21st. the family thought he was dying; mother wanted to telegraph for me, but he would not consent, saying that it was too expensive. He made all the necessary arrangements for his funeral. Sunday, November 24th, he was stricken with death; the family were watching by his bedside. He lay like one in a peaceful sleep until Thursday. On Thursday he aroused, and was asked by my sister if he needed anything; he said, "no." She said, "Father, do you know me?" he replied, "yes." After an hour or so, he opened his eyes and smiled, and tried to speak. They bent over him, and he was heard to say: "Jesus said, 'it is I, be not afraid;'" these were his last words. He lay in that condition until Saturday morning, November 30th. At 1:30 o'clock a. m., that great-souled man, that powerful personality, passed from labor to reward. He died without a struggle.

Reader, do you believe in dreams? Let me narrate one that was literally fulfilled. Friday, November 29th, my wife and I retired at eleven o'clock p. m., I was restless and it was some time before I could get to sleep, when I did, I dreamed that my father was lying in his casket dead, and I stood weeping over him. I awoke,

got up, looked at the clock, and it was exactly half past one o'clock. *Just the very hour that father died.*

I said to my wife, father is dead I know. At half past nine a. m. I received the following telegram: "Father is dead." It was short but it was enough. I left Princess Anne at 1:21 p. m. and reached Mt. Winans at 11 p. m. I can not describe my feelings as I stood beside all that was mortal of that grand, good man. It was the greatest affliction I had ever known, and I felt almost heartbroken.

#### THE FUNERAL

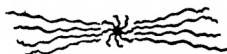
Services were held in Bethel Church, Baltimore, Md., Tuesday, December 3d, 1889. By his request, Bishop Wayman delivered the eulogy. What singular coincidences! It was in Bethel Church that he received local preacher's license; from Bethel Church he was recommended to the Baltimore Annual Conference, Bishop Wayman was then pastor; and in Bethel Church pulpit he fell, and from there he was buried. The funeral was largely attended, many ministers of the Washington M. E. Conference, as well as his own Conference, were present.

The order of services was as follows: Reading scripture lessons by Dr. F. J. Peck; hymn, "Servant of God, well done," was read by

Rev. J. H. Collett. The Bishop then delivered the address from Eccles. XII, 5. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." The Bishop very feelingly spoke of his long acquaintance with the deceased, his Christian character, and his affable disposition. The Bishop stated a truth that I wish to emphasize, it is this: "Brother Ridout always went to his charges, good or bad, hard or easy, without a murmur," (an absolute fact of which I am well aware.) The address was excellent and appropriate, after which the hymn, "Shall we meet beyond the river," was sung effectively. The St. James Lodge, Masons, of which he was a member, then performed their ceremony. The remains were then viewed by the congregation. The most significant floral gift was a sheaf of ripened wheat, from Mrs. Mary A. Roberts. The remains were taken to Sharp Street M. E. Cemetery and interred in the family lot. As the "clouds of the valley" fell on all that was mortal of my dear parent, I felt as Dr. Newman expresses it, "as if all the world was dead." "But as mists and vapors descend in rains, as fountains and rivers pour their fulness into the ocean, as every morning sun rises but to decline by the same necessity, the same inviolable order of nature, every man is born to die." And indeed it was

fitting that he who had been the means of bringing so many souls to God, should himself, at three-score and five, hear the voice of the great commander saying :

“ Servant of God, well done,  
Thy glorious warfare's past ;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last.”



## CHAPTER IX.

HIS POWER IN THE PULPIT—EXTRACTS OF  
SERMONS—ELOQUENCE, ETC.

Dr. Roche says of the life of Dr. Durbin, that it is to be not merely narrated, it should be construed. So with the life of Daniel A. Ridout; it should not be merely narrated, it should be construed and imitated. We know many ministers who are more learned than he was; but we know few, if indeed, any, who have more of that soul-stirring power, than he had.

He was, what I call an effective pulpit preacher. His sermons were always convincing, and never failed to edify and instruct. Although deprived of even a primary school education, he was a deep and logical thinker, and a fluent speaker; his language was chaste. "There was majesty in his manners; there was depth and richness in his voice. His diction dazed and his utterances awed men." His introductions were simple; he began calmly and frequently repeated a proposition; but the further he went the more interesting he became, and more attentive were his audience.

When his theme was reached the subject was

presented in all its grandeur. Thought after thought was eloquently and logically presented. Like Jonathan Edwards, his mind and soul seemed lost in thought. His voice, gesture and spirit harmonized. He talked with God on every occasion as if it were his last. He commanded attention.

“He pierced the ear, allured the eye and invaded the mind of the hearer.” He saw nothing but the crucified Saviour and the perishing sinner. His audiences were generally aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, not excitement.

There is a difference between these two words. One may be greatly enthused over a thing, and not the least excited. Father did not, neither does the writer, believe in excitement in religion. But there usually attends the effective preaching of God’s word a feeling that enlightens the mind, develops and lifts the soul up to higher aspirations, and brings it in communion with God.

When one is thus powerfully wrought upon, he cries, he shouts (jumps), he claps his hands, he sings praises to God. He *is enthused*, but not at all excited, and there is no use trying, as some are, to eliminate the emotional out of religion. But (pardon the seeming irreverence) like Banquo’s ghost, “it will not down.” Thank

God for religion that makes the soul happy. Father's sermons were always fraught with pregnant and interesting truths. He was versed in the theology of his church, and was also well acquainted with its genius and polity, and was "mighty in the Scriptures."

He preached extemporaneously, that is, he used no manuscript in the pulpit. When he preached he looked at the people. Seeing the writer with a written sermon from the text: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," he said, "Daniel, what is that?" "A sermon I have written, father," said I. Said he, "You may know how to use them, but I confess, I don't; I want nothing to do with them further than to treat them with manners and respect. My method of sermonizing is: I have the plan sketched in my head, then I transfer it to my heart, and when I enter the pulpit I ask God to help me preach His word, and I am usually blessed. However, don't think that I speak disparagingly of that method of preaching; it is a precise way I admit, but I doubt if it is as effective." Reader, I have concluded not to preach written sermons, except on very special occasions. How elegant he was in the pulpit for "an old school preacher."

There was nothing uncouth in word nor gesture. I have heard him preach on particular

sins, such as fornication, adultery, gambling and family quarrels, and denounce them vehemently, but in choice language. He was a power in the pulpit. At any time he was called upon to preach, he consented; and it was hard to find him at a time when he was not ready. He had his favorite subjects, that he used when opportunity presented itself. In this he was not unlike Dr. Durbin, and, indeed, all preachers have their "hobbies." I never heard the crucifixion preached more effectively and interestingly. Being never "lost for language," he painted the dreadful scene of Calvary in the most sublime and impressive manner. I have seen persons fall as dead, when he preached on that subject. His voice was musical, hence agreeable. He could speak three times a day with perfect ease; there was no strain, no "hunting for words," no affectation; he was simple, yet sublime; his illustrations were remarkable for their originality and appropriateness. He was not like the comet, that shoots athwart the sky, but like the fixed star, whose brilliancy can always be seen. I have seen, during his preaching, men and women standing in their seats, crying and wringing their hands.

A young man with whom we are well acquainted, tells the following anecdote: Father

was appointed to preach at John Wesley M. E. Church, Baltimore, of which the Rev. Robert Steele was then the pastor. This young man, being a phonographist, usually took down the sermons of strangers. The text on that occasion was "Lord, it is good for us to be here." He declares, when father "got under way," he was completely lost, not from inability to keep up, but he was so much interested. "Finally, says he, "when I came to myself, I was standing in the aisle near the altar rail, with my mouth wide open, and pencil and paper both lost. I never found out what became of them. I never in my life heard such a sermon."

I present to the reader a sketch of an excellent sermon he preached for me from the text, "The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad." Said he: "If there is a book in the Bible that should be carefully read, it is the book of Psalms; it comforts the Christian, it is helpful and interesting, it is beneficial to the soul, it helps the afflicted to rely on God, it increases the confidence the church has in him; it cheers the traveler. The church in the Mosaic dispensation suffered. God remembered the church in all ages. There is something due on deliverance. What ought we do? We can't find any fault in God's providence. It is impossible to tell all God has done for us. His

goodness toward us can be, First, Politically seen ; Second, Temporally seen ; Third, Religiously seen. Yet you ask, "What has God done for us?" Most important, he gave His Son to die."

The most effective and sublime sermon we ever heard him preach, was a special sermon on the "Destruction of Babylon," text, Isaiah 12: 19, "And Babylon, the Glory of Kingdoms, the Beauty of the Chaldees' excellency shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah." He began by saying, how the prophets in pronouncing woes upon other countries would allude to Sodom and Gomorrah. He then spoke at length of Babylon, its splendor and wickedness; but his peroration is absolutely sublime, and surpasses anything I ever heard. I shall give his exact words. When he reached this point he was "all on fire."

Said he : "I imagine I am living thousands of years ago, in the days when old Babylon was in the height of her glory. I see, on a certain night, the night in which the cup of her iniquity was full, an angel flying over the doomed city crying, "Babylon is fallen." But who are these, in the early part of the day, that ride so swiftly, holding in their hands packages that bear the King's seal? They are Pages of the Royal household, delivering invitations to the Royal feast.

Have I an invitation to that feast? Nay, nay. Ah! listen, I hear the tramp of horses and the rumbling of chariots; I hear one say, "A high time in old Babylon to-night." That mighty angel's voice yet rings in my ears, saying, "Babylon is fallen." I see this mighty concourse, a thousand lords stop before the Royal Palace gate, and enter. The doors are thrown open.

Oh, the stupendous scenery; wonder upon wonder! What chandeliers of gold! dazzling, dazzling. The King, Belshazzar, a youth of scarcely twenty years, descends his throne and welcomes his guests. Then this impious feast begins.

After which the music starts up; they dance, they whirl, all unconscious of their impending doom. The King tastes wine and commands that the vessels of gold and silver, that had been sanctified unto God in the Temple at Jerusalem, be brought out and desecrated. They fill to the brim, and drink from them that which 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' His princes, wives, and concubines all drink. They reel, they totter; they praise the gods of gold, silver, brass, iron, wood, and stone. Let us leave them for awhile in their midnight debauchery, and stand upon the wall at the city's entrance.

Oh, King, you think you are safe compassed by the walls of your mighty city. But what is this I see? An immense host hard at work with pick and shovel; by their side lay their weapons, ready to be seized at a moment's warning. What do they there? The river Euphrates, that flows hard by the city, is being turned from its regular course. Cyrus, with his mighty army, for it is he, enters the very heart of the city. I ask again, what mean all this? And while I ask the question, my face is fanned by the zephyrs of that angel's wings, who, as he flies past and disappears in the darkness, cries, "Babylon is fallen." I hastily repair to the palace of the King, who is still revelling with his guests. Ah! but while the festivity is at its height, I see come forth the fingers of a man's hand; it writes over the candlestick on the wall these mysterious and ominous words: Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. The King sees the hand, he trembles, his cheeks blanch, his knees smite together, his eyes start from their spheres; the suddenly palsied hand drops the cup of wine. All are astonished; confusion reigns supreme. The astrologers and wise men are sent for, but none can read the cabalistic characters.

Daniel, the Jewish captive, is thought of by the Queen, and is brought in and interprets

the writing: Mene—God has numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Tekel—thou art weighed in the balances and are found wanting. Peres—thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Persians. In a short time Cyrus rushes in with his army. The king tries to escape amidst the confusion, reaches the gate and is killed. The city falls never to rise again; it is become the habitation of dragons, satyrs dance among its ruins; the bittern and owl fly over its marshy streets. The words of the prophet Isaiah force themselves upon my mind. ‘Sit thou silent and get thee into darkness, oh daughter of the Chaldees, the lady of kingdoms.’”

He then made an appeal to sinners to leave Babylon. At the conclusion, 48 stood up for prayers, and 32 came forward to the altar. Reader, I doubt whether Bascom was ever more sublime and effective. I have observed heretofore that he never used manuscript. He had a retentive memory, and frequently made quotations from the most eminent authors, such as Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, Bryant and Young. He always astonished me with his quotations. Preaching once on a certain camp ground from the text, “It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;” a young white woman

fell prone upon the ground, screaming and kicking. Her friends declared she had a fit, and would have taken her off of the ground, but she resisted with all her might, crying, "Let me go; I will not go home—I have not got a fit." They finally, by force, placed her in a carriage and took her away. She was simply overpowered by the preaching of the gospel. The sermon was one of power and thought, and much good was done.



## CHAPTER X.

## CONCLUSION.

I shall endeavor, in this chapter, to give "the inner life" of Daniel A. Ridout. He was, as I have remarked, twice married. In domestic life he showed the love of the companion, the devotion of the father, the kindness of a friend; and the affection and reverence of the family were rendered him as the head of the family and the priest of the household.

As a parent, he was loving, and kind and indulgent, but trained his children in the way they should go. In the correction of his children he was mild, yet positive. There was nothing harsh nor stormy. He had simply to speak; he never resorted to corporeal punishment. The writer, who was as full of mischief "as an egg is of meat" can remember well when he ought to have had a good application of birch, was let off with a good "talking to."

I forgot; he did whip us sometimes, but it was with a newspaper. I will relate how he did it. If I were the culprit, he would call me to him. "Daniel," he would say, "did you do such and such a thing? How often have I told you not to do so? Come right here to me, sir."

He would then seize a newspaper and rub it over me and declare that he had a great mind to "mellow your head, sir." Certainly I took it much to heart, but I pledge the reader my word that I did not feel it.

I would relate to my sister the terrible(?) whipping Pap had given me. I must say at this point, that there was a vast difference between the whippings of my father and those of my mother. I never appreciated mother's.

He took much interest in the physical, moral and religious education of his children. He made many sacrifices, and denied himself of many necessaries in order that we should know something. On a salary of \$250.00 a year I was sent to school; and how he managed to support the family, pay my board and tuition out of such a meagre sum, I cannot tell. I have often heard him say, that his children should have, at least, a good common-school education, if he had to live on corn bread and salt herring. He completely surprised me one evening by saying, "Daniel, I think I shall try to send you to Howard soon." For the first time in my life, I absolutely refused to agree to any such proposition. I said: "Father it is impossible, I am perfectly satisfied with what you have done for me—you cannot afford it. I am getting along fairly well, and the curricu-

lum of our school is as full as most of the colleges. Why, I can study Latin, Greek, the higher mathematics and the modern languages now; that is sufficient for me. I know your circumstances, and you cannot stand it. Were you receiving a living salary yourself, I would not object."

I have never regretted not having taken a course in college. I know a little about Latin, less about Greek, can demonstrate a few theorems in Geometry, have a "smattering" knowledge of Algebra, for which I thank the Lord, and shall continue to study.

Reader, I loved my father. He was my companion in many of my childish amusements. We hunted, fished, and swam together. He would sometimes run races with me, and occasionally we had our wrestling "bouts." I did not get beside myself, and never in my life gave my father impertinence by word or look. Being somewhat of a musical genius, I had a variety of instruments, my favorite one being the guitar, the music of which he was very fond. He used to convulse us when he tried to sing; there were only two or three hymns that he could sing, they were: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Come Saints and Sinners, hear me tell," and "I fell in love with the Son of man." His favorite was:

“Roll 'round, roll 'round, sweet moments, roll  
'round;

And let this poor pilgrim go home, go home.”

We undertook to teach him music, but he gave it up. Several years afterward I asked him how far did he get in music. Said he: “I got as far as ‘Do.’”

As husband, he lived in peace with his wife; eight years with his first, thirty-seven with his second. Forty-five years in all, and no fights, no brawls, no separations. He was an affectionate husband. As the head of the family, he never neglected the duties that devolved upon him. I do not remember a morning when family devotion was not observed. Mornings, the Bible was read, hymn sung and prayer offered. Evenings, simply prayer was offered. He did everything that contributed to the pleasure, peace and comfort of his family.

Being a devoted husband and having an amiable disposition, he made home what it should be and what God would have it be; a place of happiness and refinement. Friends, he had many of them, true and lasting. We say of him what Dr. McClintock said of Dr. Durbin; “He was always a gentleman through and through.” In personal intercourse he was very reserved, “quietly dignified,” but in an argument, held his point.

With friends he was jovial and humorous; he relished a joke. He was liberal and often extended his hospitality beyond his means. "Silver and gold had he none, but such as he had he gave." He was mindful, always, of the teachings of the Master that were handed down from the heights of Olivet. "Of a loaf, give thy neighbor half." His friendships were real and tenacious. He had no great honors given him by his Conference, he enjoyed being there. He pulled no wire, entered into no rings; jealousy, envy and rivalry were foreign to his nature. I have remarked elsewhere that at the various fields of labor to which he was sent by his Conference, he never murmured, were they good or bad. I regret to say that during the thirty-one years of his itinerant life, he only had two good appointments; namely, Allen Station and Ellicott City. We might throw in Havre de Grace for good measure, making three.

His upright Christian character, (and I defy the world to say, truthfully, that he was aught else than a Christian gentleman,) his sterling worth in the pastoral work, his practical sermonizing absolutely demanded more recognition from his Conference. But, if in heaven we shall receive according to our labor, he will be abundantly rewarded.

Before I conclude, let me give a pen portrait

of my father. He was about five feet six and one-half inches in height, weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds; his head was not large, his forehead was high and broad, denoting intelligence; his mouth "was that of an orator;" his eyes were small and "capable of an indefinable expression;" his hands and feet were small and his skin just as smooth as an infant's; his carriage was noble; his face, which was round and always pleasant, was slightly disfigured by smallpox. His voice, as I have already said, was musical and he had perfect control of it.

He was preaching one Sunday afternoon in one of his churches, when a company of white ladies and gentlemen, who were out riding, stopped in front of the church to listen. After the sermon, one of the ladies asked, "who was it that preached?" Father was pointed out to her; "why, she exclaimed, I thought I was listening to a white man; please hand him this dollar." The rest of the company followed suit, and eight dollars was the result.

While I look at his photograph which lies before me on my desk, why need I weep? It was not he who was laid beneath the little evergreen that adorns the family lot in Sharp Street Methodist Episcopal Cemetery, it was only the house in which he lived. Oh, my father, in the

lovely spring-time after the winter rains are over and gone, when the birds sing out their joyful lays, when the turtle-dove shall respond in notes of joy to her mate, I shall go to thy grave and drop a tear and say, "He is not dead but sleepeth here."

Oh, my father, thy wife, son and daughter in the lucid and balmy days when the myrtle is in bloom, when the lily is filling the air with fragrance, when the dew-drops kiss the rose, will see that thy "grave is kept green." Oh, my father, how often have I prayed for thy mantle to fall on me. Would I had been at thy bedside when the chariot descended, to have cried in the language of Elisha; "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Old warrior, thou hast left the mortal to put on the immortal, the corruptible to put on the incorruptible.

Old soldier, thou hast only laid aside the weapons thou hadst used in the church militant, to reap a soldier's reward in the church triumphant. Thou hast simply stepped down into the rest and quiet of the grave, to enter the land of Beulah.

Old Champion as thou wert, here was sorrow; there peace, joy, love, union. Here was the labor; there is the reward. Here the

battle; there the victory. Oh, how glorious when thou didst exchange thy toil-stained garment for a white robe; the sword for the palm; the helmet for the crown, and the din and smoke of the battle-field for the shout of victory.

I expect to see thee again; it may not be long ere I shall be called from labor to reward.

Thy dear companion of thirty-seven years still lingers on the hither side of the river, in serene old age calmly awaiting the summons from the Master to come over and join thee. I hear her often repeat thy last words: "Jesus said, it is I, be not afraid." How they ring in my ears, and sink in my heart! Glorious words, comforting words. In the language of Bishop Turner, let me ask: "Did David say more? Could Paul say more? Would any one desire more?" No. The flaming seraphs of heaven, if covet they can, covet the dying words of my father:

"With a harp of angel melody,  
And a palm branch in his hand,  
This saint midst circling spirits  
Round the golden throne shall stand;  
And his song shall be enduring  
As heaven's eternal day,  
And his victor crown of amaranth,  
Shall never fade away."

THE END.















**The life of Rev. Daniel A. Ridout, late member of the Baltimore Annual Conference, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church / by his son, D. Archie Ridout ; with an introduction by A.W. Wayman**

Ridout, D. Archie.

<https://hdl.handle.net/2027/emu.010002585954>



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