

You are left to imagine the scenes in camp when officers and men alike had no change of clothing and no washing done for nearly a month. Men sat down and picked themselves. I recall no month that tested endurance more than this forced march to the relief of Knoxville.

The events of the winter of '63 and '64 were drill, picketing, camp duties and target shooting, in which one day I stood first best, another day second best. During the winter I received a box from brother John and Libbie of Albion, Michigan, containing dried fruit, cookies, doughnuts, butter, etc. I took up study of "School of Soldier," passed the examination and was recommended for a major's commission in a negro regiment, but declined. We made one reconnoissance toward Trent, were gone three days, but saw no rebels.

As spring came everything was made ready for the campaign. The army was reorganized; General Sherman commander in West, Grant in East, 11th and 12th corps consolidated into 20th, Hooker commanding, Geary commanding our division.

On Wednesday, May 4th, we started on the campaign which ended when Atlanta was captured, September 2, 1864. For four months we had been under fire nearly every day. In the main battles my regiment (and I was with the regiment all the time except a few days, just a week before the capture of Atlanta—then in the field hospital) was in the thickest of the fight. Among others we participated in "Rocky Faced Ridge" May 8, Resacca, Pumpkinvine Creek (Burnt Hickory, sometimes called), Pine or Lost Mountain (where Confederate General Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, was killed), Kenesaw Mountain, Culp's Farm, Chattahoochie River, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta. At Rocky Faced Ridge we suffered severely, 14 killed, many wounded. I remember feeling in this battle quite sure I was coming out all right, and I stood well to the front, for which I was made sergeant for corporal, to which I had been promoted after Mission Ridge. At Resacca was in the charge on the rebel battery on the left and helped to dig out and drag off guns after dark. At Pumpkinvine Creek I had command of the company, all the commissioned officers being sick or absent. Here it was that General Sherman came up to the skirmish line and I conversed with him under fire. (See scrapbook article for *Sioux City Journal* with full account of the same.) At Kenesaw Mountain we knew the night before we were going to charge at daybreak and during the night I could not shake off the impression that I was to be mortally wounded. I had a "premonition" as I thought. It was the hardest time I ever had to keep from running to the rear as we advanced. But I was not hit. This shattered my belief in "premonitions." I kept to the front line, but it was because I feared disgrace more than death, which I fancied was sure. If it had been dark I should have skulked, I am afraid. It is a singular thing, worth a study, why men—for it is general—fear or dread battle so much more sometimes than others. The hardest time to hold one's self is under fire, when you are not allowed to fire in return. As soon as one has something to do—gets to work—he gets control of self. In the fury of battle the animal instincts all seem to be in

control, and man becomes practically unfeeling, an animal, fighting for self-preservation, rejoicing over seeing his enemy torn to pieces with shells. But, the battle over, the better part of human nature returns, with full force, and there he—being safe—will give a “tack” of water to his fallen foe with gladness, sooner than give it to his own comrades, a thing which I have noted many a time. My heart was never moved more deeply in the army of suffering than by the sight of a young Confederate prisoner I picked up in our counter-charge at Peachtree Creek. He was shot across the face, putting out both eyes, but otherwise not much injured. I’d like much to know what became of the poor boy—about 16 or 17 years old. I found him close behind a tree, begging for someone to lead him away. I took him to the stretcher bearers and never heard more.

Atlanta was a sight, riddled by shells, people gone, train loads of shells blown up, engines run together, etc. A few days after we entered Atlanta I was detailed as regimental commissary, turned over my gun, etc., and went to bunk with Quartermaster Shannon, my good friend. Our 20th corps garrisoned Atlanta—we took quarters in a deserted house. My time had come to have an easier time. We remained here until about November 15, 1864, while Sherman with the rest of the army was chasing Hood back toward Nashville. Finally Sherman, with four corps, gathered in Atlanta for a campaign, we knew not where, but with confidence we followed our leader.

The last night in Atlanta I well remember. All property available for the Confederate army, not needed by us, was heaped up in the old railroad station—an immense amount of it—and fired. This indicated that we were to abandon the city. Some guessed we were going to the sea, but none knew.

The first day the regiment was hilarious, to be on the move again, and through a new region, where our army had not been before, where were plenty of provisions, good roads, fair weather and no enemy except small squads of cavalry. This was my first march out of the ranks and without a gun. I was with the wagon train looking after provisions to feed the regiment. This was easy soldiering, though as yet I had no horse. Theo. Haines, our wagoner, brought me a horse a few days later. Then foraging was easier and more successful, bring in corn, fodder, hams, chickens, sweet potatoes, flour, meal, horses, mules, cattle, sorghum, etc., for which, as commissary, I gave receipts to the foraged, payable after the war, if the parties proved their loyalty. It was a picnic all the way until we reached the rear of Savannah, when rice only could be obtained. A soldier said of rice: “I would as soon lie on my back and let the sun shine in my mouth.”

We came in sight of Milledgeville, then capital of Georgia, in time to see the legislature, citizens, etc., “skeeaddling” out on the other side. A soldier said: “See them—you could set a teakettle on their coat-tails.” We entered the city, organized a mock legislature in the capitol, voted Georgia back into the Union. We found great bundles of

Theo. Hains

Confederate money in the capitol. I carried out a bundle and slept on it, "rolling in riches."

As we came near Millen, Ga., where many thousand Union prisoners had been confined in a stockade, I was anxious to be first in, for a Mr. Moore of my company, captured at Rocky Face, had been there and escaped, coming to our lines in front of Atlanta, saying he had seen and been with my brother Deloss. I was with the first three to enter the prison pen, but found the prisoners had just been removed, except two or three not yet dead but in an unconscious condition, who soon died. Here was a sight, the very marks the poor fellows' bodies had left in the sand where they had lain down. I picked up many relics, such as wooden and bone spoons, etc., but they were all lost on the march when once the wagon overturned. I looked for some record or mark made by Deloss, but found none.

Foraging was most exciting and dangerous, going out beyond the lines, where, if caught, they generally shot the foragers instead of making them prisoners. Poor Job Dawley, of my company, a brave and good soldier as ever wore a uniform, my dear good friend, was thus shot down in cold blood. I can see him standing and never flinching, when they shot him, as others escaping reported he did. Such is horrible war. I was chased and narrowly escaped several times, with the resolve never to go out so far again, resolved when I was closely pressed, but next day was likely to repeat the process.

The men burned fat pine knots, and having no soap, very soon they were so sooted that they looked like negroes. But the boys were joyous all the way. In December we came up in the rear of Savannah and lay siege to the city. We were on river bank, about four miles up the river from the city. Here, while issuing rice from the rear end of a wagon, a gunboat came up the river; the first shell they threw raked our camp, killing one or two men, and going on, went clear through one of the lead mules on our wagon. After a few days we were ready to charge the works, but behold, that night they evacuated, crossing over into South Carolina. We entered the city at daylight, doing thereafter the provost duty of the city as our division, 2nd of 20th Corps, was the first into the city, as we were first into Atlanta.

In entering the city of Savannah, I was looking out for provision for my regiment. I found a basement where there were some twenty bushels of sweet potatoes. I put a guard at the door and bringing the wagon we loaded in the sweet potatoes and issued them to the men. They counted it a "good haul." We camped near the Pulaski monument. A few days after entrance—Christmas of 1864—we prepared a feast for our mess: a bushel of oysters in the shell, a pound and a half of butter at \$1.25 a pound, one dollar's worth of raisins, and with a huge rice pudding and oysters we celebrated Christmas.

We thought the war must be nearing its end, but so often before had we thought this and been disappointed, that even when it was nearing, we dare hardly expect it.

By February the army was on the move northward. We marched up the river on the west side of Sister's Ferry, crossed, went west five miles and into camp for two days. Here I received a letter telling of Deloss' death on January 16th at Annapolis, Md. Poor fellow, how much he suffered in all these 18 months and more we can never know. But such is war, in its hardest possible features. What I experienced was easy compared to this poor brother's sufferings.

We crossed the river above Columbia, on and on through South Carolina, without communicating with the North, hearing through rebel sources of evacuation of Charleston and other strong rebel holds; on into Cheraw, where I remember, I became 21 years old, March 9, 1865; on to Goldsboro, N. C., where we received mail, clothing and provisions. In this long march I cannot now recall any personal incidents worth recording. The spring was beautiful, the peach trees in abundance were in blossom, and the march was enlivened by only one fight which ranks as a battle, that was Bentonville, in which I was not under fire.

As we were nearing a junction with Grant's army at Richmond, we felt sure something must happen soon, as it really did. We left camp at Goldsboro about April 9, going in the direction of Raleigh, with skirmishing now and then. We reached Smithfield April 11th or 12th, on Nense river, where we encamped for the night. With Jno. Brothers, commissary at 134th New York, I stayed in a house and slept in a bed, the first I remember having slept in since leaving home, except in the summer of '63 when in the hospital. Early in the morning, off at a distance, shouting was heard. The men were just at breakfast. The shouting came nearer, and then we saw General Geary riding down the line slowly, and as men fell in line he said something, and shouting was renewed. We thought little because such things were not uncommon. But when he came to our part of the line he halted and said: "Dispatch from General Grant announces that Lee with all his army surrendered on April 9, at Appomattox." And then we shouted and threw our hats in the air. So the news came and we felt sure the war must soon close. Oh, but it was glorious news! But Joe Johnston was in our front and we must push on. We crossed the river and were in Raleigh before noon, going into camp just beyond the insane asylum. Soon it was given out that Johnston had surrendered and there was more shouting. But the terms were not approved at Washington and we started on. But at Durham Station a few days later the final surrender was made and we marched back to camp with singing and jubilee to camp about Raleigh. The joy was so great at the close of the war, with the success of the Union cause, that we slept little for a night or two. Soon Confederate soldiers from Lee's army began to arrive home, and we sat down together to rejoice and recount the campaign of four years. They were fully as happy as we were over the results, for the common people, soldiers, were never anxious for war, except as the politicians and agitators roused them with appeals false and full of lies. The march homeward, up through the country to Richmond, was a glad march.

One event: While at Raleigh news came that the man all the soldiers loved most was assassinated, President Lincoln. The news was allowed to leak out slowly, by rumor, I suppose lest there might be some outbreak of violence, later it came officially. You can imagine no more sudden and shocking reversal of feelings—from joy to sorrow! But the war was over, and we were going home—what was left of us.

At Richmond we rested two days, then crossing the river in sight of Libby Prison and Belle Island, we passed through the city out five miles to camp. Then on toward Washington—over many old battlefields.

One event of interest here: Somewhere half way between Richmond and Washington, Jno. Brothers and I went out one day on our horses, took dinner at a house, with two Confederate soldiers, paid for dinner and were riding back to join the marching column, when we met two Confederate captains who said they had been down to see the army pass. After they had passed us a few rods they turned about and called to us. We halted, they came up, saying they would go back with us, but suggested we go by a shorter route through a bridle path. They were mounted. I had a suspicion something was wrong, but Brothers afterward said he had no suspicion. So when we entered the bridle path through thick pine trees, I held up my horse to let both Confederates pass me, as one was ahead of both of us, and seeing he stopped his horse and would not pass me, I was more suspicious. But the other two were going on and I had nothing to do but follow, or halt then and there. Going into the thicket a few rods, the one behind both of us said, in a clear, loud voice: "This is far enough," at which they instantly held revolvers at our heads. Brothers was then, all at once, aware of the trap. They searched us, found no guns, told us to dismount, hitch our horses and sit down on that log. Then I said: "If you are going to shoot us, we want a few minutes." At this one of them said: "Oh, we won't shoot you unless you try to get away." They went through our pockets, took everything we had, even to knives. I lost a silver watch, about \$5.00 in money and some pocket trinkets. Brothers lost \$25.00, a watch and other things. They kept our horses, of course.

They would not let us go till dark, fearing we would send cavalry after them, as they said. Their excuse was that they had been in Mosby's cavalry, had nothing to live on, and though the war was over, they must have a living. Of course it was highway robbery.

We were released after dark, started for the road where the army had gone along about 2 p. m., but in going through a piece of woods had lost our bearings and traveled round and round for two hours or more. We finally came to a by-path, followed it to the road, then to a house, where, after much hesitation, we rapped at the door and heard the reply: "What do you want?" A man came to the door. We said: "We are lost and want to know the way to the road the army passed on during the day." He directed us kindly. In crossing a plantation we came suddenly up into the back yard of a large house, and out came several dogs after us. We took to the bushes and fortunately there was a little stream here. We ran down (or up) this stream, splashing the

water all over us. But the dogs lost the scent and we finally emerged out of this trouble and found the road. But here was new trouble. Which way had the army marched? Finally by getting down and feeling with our fingers, we determined by the tracks of horses and men in the mud which way they had gone. We hastened on, arriving at the picket line about daylight, made ourselves known, and got into camp about sunrise, without anything to eat since the noon before. Shannon says the first thing I said was: "Where are those hard tack?" So thereafter we walked, content to stay in the road.

We passed over the battle grounds of Spottsylvania, Wilderness and Chancellorsville, where about two years before we had fought. Then there was war; now there was peace. Some returned Confederates had split a few rails to fence in a little lot for planting right where we lay in the line of battle. It was, I remember, a pleasant reflection, that the war was over.

The bones of men were thickly strewn over the ground, wagon loads of skulls could have been picked up. Though once buried in shallow graves, or first covered up on top of the ground, the two years or less had been sufficient to uncover them and leave most of them exposed. Such is the aftermath of war.

We arrived at Arlington Heights, went into camp in sight of Washington, where nearly three years before we had looked out on same city waging a terrible war with indifferent success.

Now the war was over and we were headed for home.

We had been around the Confederacy, fought some 25 battles, captured three state capitals, Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, and capturing or causing evacuation of several large cities, as Atlanta, Savannah and Charleston, S. C. Sheridan's army cut the Confederacy in two, by the march to the sea, cutting off railroad lines of supply, and so very effectually weakening Lee's army and making Appomattox possible. But no story can tell the incidents and the varied experiences of camp and march and battle. But now it was all over and we were at Washington, to celebrate the great event.

A little New Testament is found among my army relics, found here at Arlington as I was unpacking a barrel of dried apples to issue to the men, put in the barrel by "Esther Moore," of Springfield, Mass.

Grant's Army of the Potomac and Sherman's army were brought together about Washington. A grand review of both armies was ordered. May 2nd the Army of the Potomac marched up Pennsylvania Avenue in solid column, passed the reviewing stand where President Johnson with his cabinet and all the chief generals and officials of the government were seated. May 24th Sherman's army passed over the same route, and we went out to camp near Bladensburg, Md., in sight of the great dome of the capitol. Probably no grander sight, of its kind, was ever witnessed on this continent than the review of those two great victorious armies. Citizens had come to Washington in great numbers to witness the final scene before the armies were disbanded and the men allowed to go home. The sides of the street were lined

with people, flowers were thrown and strewn all along the line of march up Pennsylvania Avenue. The generals were cheered, and it was a proud day. But, with the soldiers, one thought was so great that they took small interest in the military display—they were going home—and they wanted no delay for mere military display. For my own part I shared this to such an extent that I did not go out of my way to see the display—not as now—when I would go half way round the world to see that army of comrades go by.

One feature of Sherman's army attracted more attention and interest and enthusiasm than any other of either army. It was this: A brigade of "bummers" was fitted out, *i. e.*, the squads of men who did foraging for the army in our long line of march through Georgia, South and North Carolina, were brought together, and they were fitted out with everything as nearly as possible as they were seen on the marches, mules loaded with bags of flour, live chickens tied onto saddles, camp kettles and all the equipment—it was a sight to a civilian. Everywhere they cheered and laughed. It was the funny side of war, of which they had read much in the newspapers, "Sherman's bummers." Even the president and officers on the reviewing stand were greatly amused.

We remained in camp at Bladensburg, preparing rolls and final reports for mustering out the men. On June 11, 1865, we were mustered out. This is not same as discharge. We remained together and after a few days took cars, box cars, for Elmira, N. Y. It was a glad, joyous ride homeward, greeted all along the road by groups of citizens, girls and boys, who often gave us presents, cakes, coffee, flowers, etc. The one large fact, which no one at this distance can appreciate, the war was over.

At Bladensburg, after all dangers of war had been passed, I came very near losing my life. With canteens of water for use in camp I was walking on one track of the B. & O. R. R. while a train was passing on another track, a train approached on the track on which I was walking, from my rear, its noise being completely drowned by the first train, till the engine was close upon me. I jumped and barely saved myself. Since that day and moment I make it a rule never to walk or stand on a track without most carefully looking about.

At Elmira we camped out in a field, but the men needed few rations, finding restaurants more to their tastes. Each day I went into the prison where some rebel prisoners were still held, and drew soft bread for the men.

On June 22nd the regiment was assembled for the last time, Lieut. Col. L. D. Warner read his farewell address. It was brief, but the brave and stalwart colonel was more broken up than ever I saw him in battle, where he was always cool and brave. Tears flowed, but there was a strong effort at self-restraint, thinking how we had marched and fought side by side for so long a time, trusting in each other, supporting each other, dividing rations, caring for wounded and dead and sick. Mutual hardships had made us brothers, one and all. And now all this was to



MARCELLUS DARLING, at Albion College

come to an end. We parted, even from these hardships, with a sense of pain around the heart.

June 23rd we marched by companies to the paymaster's office, receiving the last pay and each man his discharge papers, and he was again a citizen. It was about 4 p. m. when I received my papers. I had everything ready to go—went first to a clothing store and bought a citizen's suit and put it on, then to a hotel for the night, where there was little sleep. In the morning I took a train for Cattaraugus station, with several others. I recall with what nervousness I watched for someone I might know. There were one or two I knew about the station; here I took the stage for Leon, arriving home about supper time, meeting brother Charlie in the road a few rods before coming to the house. He had

changed almost beyond recognition. Well, home at last! after nearly three years, eating at table, sleeping in bed. You who may read this can imagine the feelings of those at home, father, mother, brothers and sister, and my own feelings.

Then I saw what I had thought before and written home, that the war had been harder on those at home, father and mother especially, than it had been on me.

The Sunday following I went to the little Methodist Church in Leon. I remember I wore a paper collar and tie, and they were so new to me that I was conscious of them. How the girls and boys had changed!

The change from camp to home was so great that I soon took sick, low fever, loss of appetite, etc. But with care I recovered after three weeks or so. Following a plan of taking up my studies, an opportunity for school offered by brother John at Albion, Mich., I went to Michigan in August, worked on his farm till September, when I resumed study in the preparatory course at Albion College, boarding at brother's, three miles away, and going back and forth with J. A. Parkinson. Study came hard at first.

By economy and judicious investment, I had saved during the years about \$650.00 from monthly pay (at first \$13.00 per month, later \$20.00 as sergeant), bounty, etc. This with work during vacations, and some teaching, with \$100.00 borrowed, put me through college, graduating in the class of '70. The fall of 1870 I went to Grand Haven, Mich., as Superintendent of City Schools, on what I deemed then a princely salary, \$1,200 a year. At the end of the year I had paid up debts and had \$650 to the good. I was elected Professor of Greek at Albion College in July, 1871, at \$700 a year. Was married



CLARA WOOLSON, at Albion College

December 25, 1871, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, to Clara R. Woolson. Returning to Albion we soon went to keeping house, on a salary of \$700. On October 19, 1872, a son, Frank Woolson, came to bless our home, and he has blessed it ever since.

Before coming to Michigan I went to the "Oil region" in Pennsylvania with Edgar Shannon and brother Milo prospecting for business. But the promise was not such as to win me away from my desire for schooling. After three years of teaching in Albion College, we had about \$650, a sum often repeating itself. We went to Ann Arbor for a year

of post-graduate work in philosophy and languages, obtaining the degree of "A. M." The \$650 was used up. We went to Forestville, N. Y., as principal of "Regents Academy" at \$1,200 a year. At the end of a year we had recovered to the amount of \$650 again. Here comes in one of the turning points of my life. When the school year was closed, and everything seemingly settled, some time after school had closed, to my complete surprise, I received a note from the Secretary of the School Board that another man had been elected in my place. Politics in the School Board did it. It was too late to make arrangements for another year. Such experience, without warning and without a word other than perfect satisfaction, made me resolve to abandon teaching. I was offered \$2,000 a year to take charge of the Helena, Mont., schools (\$600 advance in gold) by Senator W. F. Sanders, but I resolved to give up the business which I had prepared for, though I liked the work very much. It was then I resolved, under a sense of duty, to preach the gospel. I had passed through a period of religious doubt, and came out with a tried faith in the simple, essential and practical truths of the Gospel. It was a liberal faith, but it was real, vital to myself, and I felt it my duty to try to make such a faith real and vital to others, cost what it might in sacrifice. The Methodist Conference meeting at Niles, Mich., sent me to Norwood, Mich., on Grand Traverse Bay, 40 miles from any railroad, shut in by winter, where they were to pay us \$500 a year and house. They paid us \$69.00 in local script, and the rest in provisions, sharing gladly and freely with us the best they had. And we have often said, it was one of the happiest years of our life. October 21, 1876, another son, called Jay Norwood, came to bless our home, and he, too, has been a constant blessing.

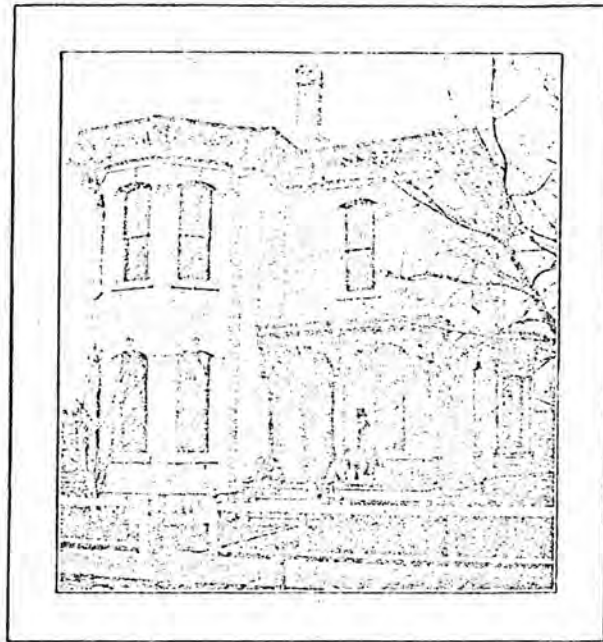
In the fall of 1877 we were sent to Cambria, Mich., in the southern part of the state. Here, too, we were happy on \$800 a year until



PROFESSOR DARLING
Picture Taken Just After His Marriage



MRS. CLARA WOOLSON-DARLING
Picture Taken Shortly After Marriage



THE FIRST HOME WE EVER OWNED, at Elkhart, Indiana

May, 1879, when desiring a change in church relations, we accepted a call to become the pastor of First Congregational Church in Elkhart, Ind., at first for \$800 salary. We were happy in our work, both of us, the church grew and the salary was made \$1,200. No better, truer friendships in the world than the ones we made at Elkhart. I felt I had not made a mistake. People really did desire a sane, vital and practical religion.

In 1886, after seven years, I received a call to First Congregational Church of Sioux

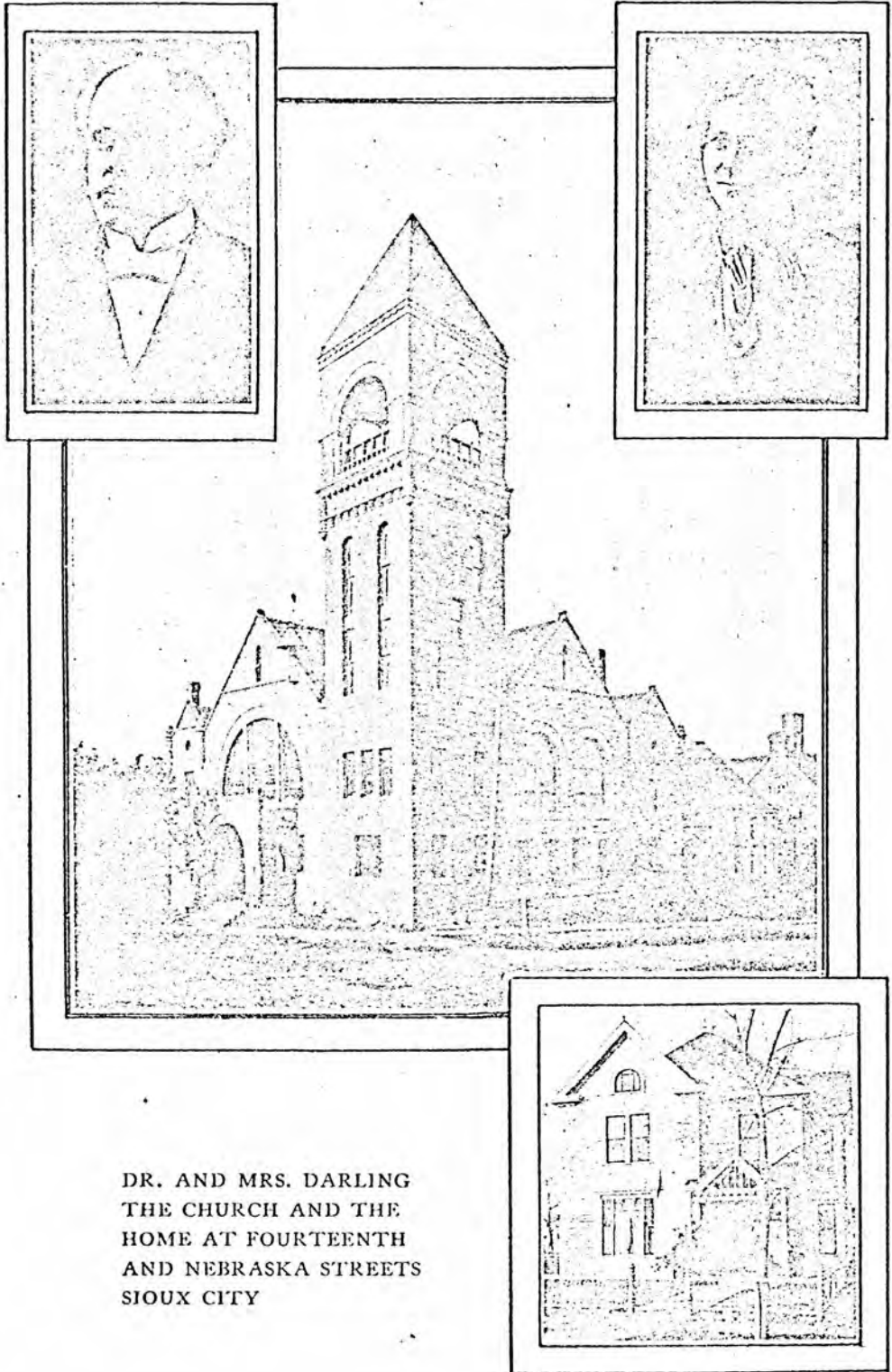
City, Iowa, at \$2,000 a year, increased after two or three years to \$3,500. Happy indeed were the years in Sioux City. We left Elkhart, as we desired, with no person there, in the church or out of it, who desired us to go. I had resolved that I would make everybody my friend, so far as I could, and be a true man, and it worked most happily for all. I suppose few persons have been happier in Life's work than I have, especially after I came into the Congregational Church and its ministry. After 14 years in Sioux City, Iowa, asthmatic trouble caused me to make a change. The happiest possible relations existed when we left, March 1, 1900. All were friends—and no enemies. Our going back is still greeted most warmly. We came to the Congregational Church at Glencoe, Ill., March 2, 1900, \$1,500 a year, with "Manse" free.

Up to date the work here has been very pleasant, though for some reason I have not had the same success in rallying people who heretofore have not attended church, as in Elkhart and Sioux City. The times are changed, and perhaps I have changed, though I follow substantially the same purposes.

Looking back over my life I can say: "I would like to go back and live it over again, if thereby I could profit by experience." I would begin differently. But there is no use to mourn over mistakes. I have made many, and they often made me sad, but I know it is a better plan to do today my best and not to be burdened with past mistakes or sins.

As I look back, I can say this: It has been a life of service, of hard work, of toil, as best I knew how. First on the farm, "working out," then in service in the army, then the hard work at 21 to take up studies and go through college. What I have won has come hard. Then, there is some consolation coming to me from some I have helped to a better view of life, a better view of religion.

The embers are beginning to burn lower—they must smoulder—and go out here—but I have hopes that I may be deemed worthy,



DR. AND MRS. DARLING
THE CHURCH AND THE
HOME AT FOURTEENTH
AND NEBRASKA STREETS
SIOUX CITY



CAPTAIN DARLING, as Chaplain at the National Home, Milwaukee

through a sincere desire to serve God in serving my fellow men, to behold a rekindled fire on another shore.

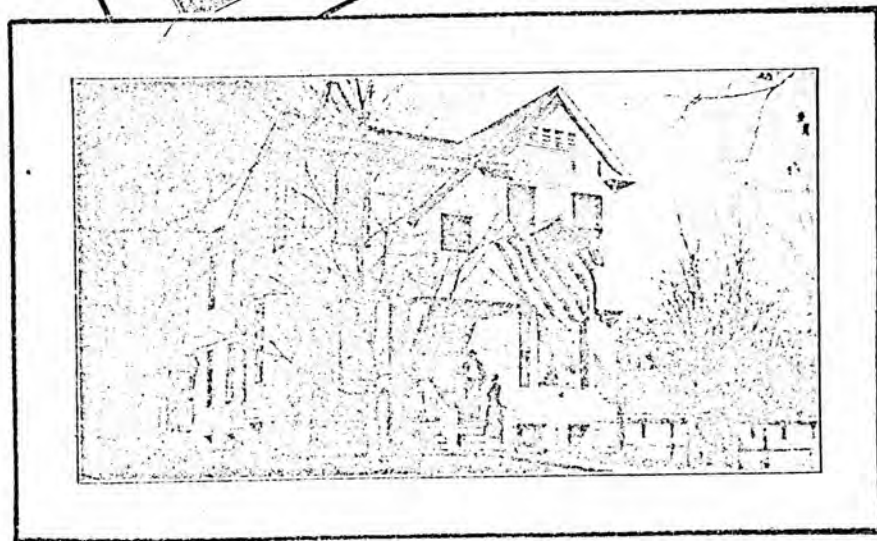
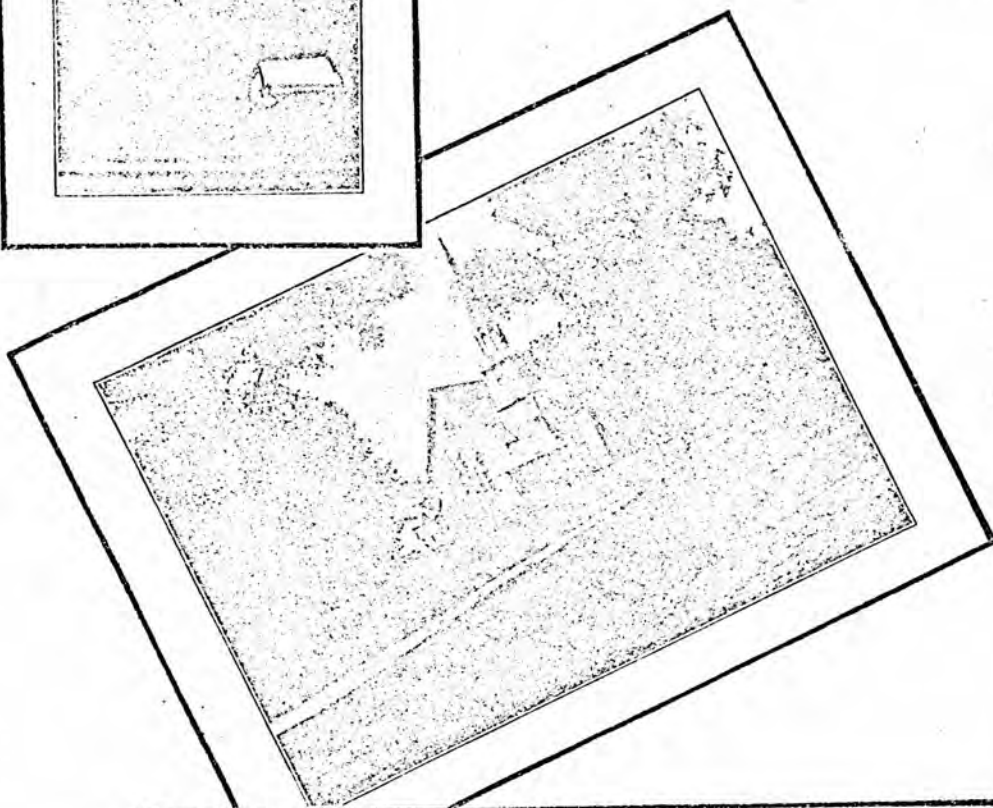
Closed my pastorate in Glencoe December 31, 1909. On December 30 we received a telegram that a son had been born to Jay and Genevieve. We went to Florida for three months, but I suffered from asthma there and returned to Glencoe March 27th, 1910, sooner than expected. I have preached several Sundays since our return at Winnetka and in Lincoln Park Church. While I come short in many things, I know one thing certain, measured by my desires and purposes I am a good man. I have no other motive higher than this, to be just and true and

right, with all my own family and with everybody else.

THE FOLLOWING NOTES WERE WRITTEN BY CLARA W. DARLING FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING A MORE COMPLETE RECORD.

Mr. Darling having consented to fill the office of Chaplain, vacated by Dr. Titsworth's leaving for a year in Europe, we moved to the National Home for Volunteer Soldiers, at Milwaukee, October 1, 1910. We occupied the Chaplain's cottage, a cozy little house. We found here not only beautiful grounds of many acres, but also the best of friends among the officers and their families, and the "old boys in blue." Indeed the genuine love and sympathy felt for the poor old veterans drew them close to their new Chaplain. He recognized the wrecked physical man, and the tragedy of the frail soul reaching out for help. While realizing their present weakness he remembered the courage it took to leave home and friends when the country was in danger, and the bravery of these men who had faced the enemy's guns and suffered the horrors of war—and *he loved them*. This was the secret of their strong attachment for him during the few months of his stay at "The Home." I am sorry Mr. Darling did not write of our stay there, for he was very happy in this work and in much better health than for some months, until the return of his old trouble, "gall stones," from which he had been a sufferer during his early teaching days. On the return of Dr. Titsworth to his place as Chaplain, we returned to Glencoe September 15, 1911, planning several visits to friends. Mr. Darling spent a few days with his brother Charles and Aunt Mary in New York. During

IN THE GLENCOE PULPIT
THE OLD CHURCH AT GLENCOE
AND THE "MANSE"



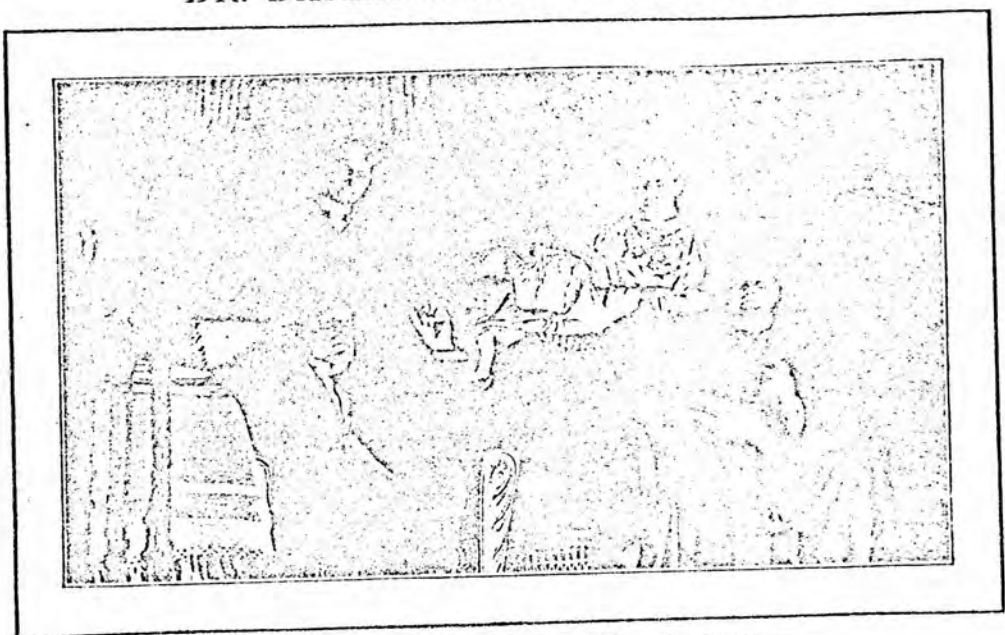
these visits he suffered recurrence of "gall stone colic," which was almost continuous for several weeks, but he carried out his program, stopping at Frank's only one night—and on to Cedar Falls, and dear old Sioux City. We had looked forward to his visit among the much loved friends, and anticipated great pleasure. We also planned to arrange for a monument in our little green plat in Logan Cemetery. Here the attacks became so severe and continuous we returned to Chicago, and November 22d, 1912, he underwent an operation for removal of gall stones by Dr. Ochsner, at Augustana Hospital. His recovery from this was marvelous in his return to strength, but the operation not being complete, a second was given in March. From this he did not rally so quickly, and a nurse's care was necessary for months.

On Memorial Day, 1912, he attended a reunion of his old company, in the same old church, in Leon, N. Y., where they had enlisted. He made the address dedicating the Soldiers' Monument, and though this was a great tax on him, it was a great joy to him. This was his last public speaking except for a sermon the following August, when he was unexpectedly asked to fill the pulpit one Sunday morning in the new church at Glencoe.

On October 20th the arrival of our little grand-daughter "Mary" was announced and we started on the 23d for Long Island to visit Jay and Genevieve and the babies. We were five weeks of this beautiful autumn with the Thompsons at Glen Cove, L. I., old Elkhart friends and with our children at Sea Cliff, L. I., spending Thanksgiving evening before the open fire with the babies and parents. The next morning we left there for Clifton Springs and the best sanitarium we have ever known. The nine weeks we spent there are a source of thankfulness to the present day, for the doctors, nurses and people, the very atmosphere of the place seemed helpful. Though in many ways the fine care seemed to count for good, the wound grew more troublesome and Mr. Darling determined to return to Augustana and Dr. Ochsner for a corrective operation. February 3, 1913, the operation was performed. The skill and devotion of all the doctors and nurses, and the loving ministrations and prayers of family and friends could not bring to him strength to hold on to life. After five days of suffering, lessened as far as possible by opiates, his strong, loving soul left the poor broken body. As the sun was sinking to rest at 5:17, February 8th, he quietly left us—

"But life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."

DR. DARLING AND HIS FAMILY



A GROUP PICTURE TAKEN IN THE
"MANSE" AT GLENCOE, ILL., DUR-
ING ONE OF THE HOLIDAY REUNIONS