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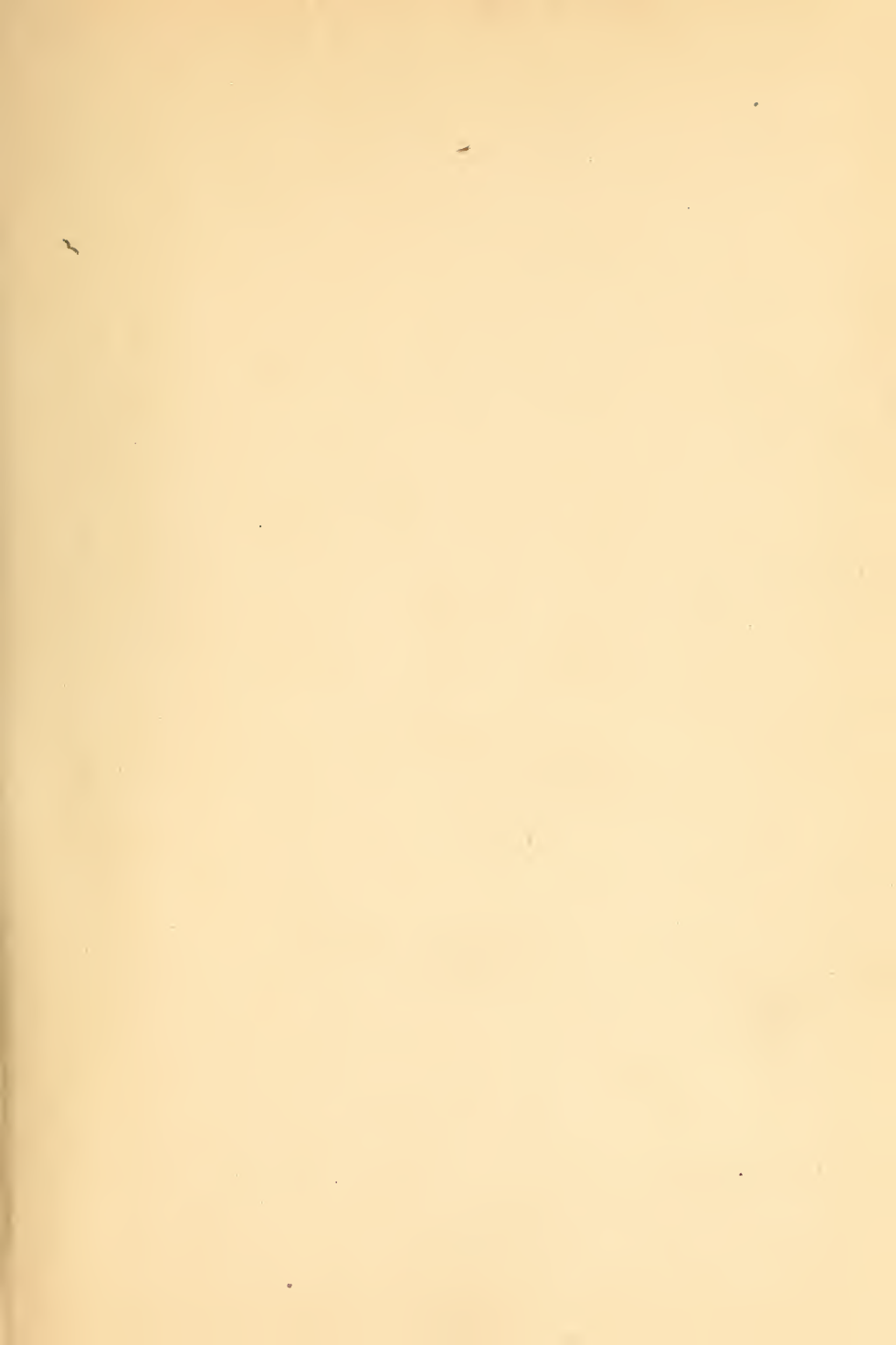
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THE RICH LEGACY

Memories of

HANNAH TOBEY FARMER

Wife of Moses Garret Farmer

BY

AUGUSTIN CALDWELL

1937

WASTON
GENESEE PRINTED
1880

[Handwritten signature]

THE RICH LEGACY

Memories of

HANNAH TOBEY FARMER

Wife of Moses Gerrish Farmer

BY

AUGUSTIN CALDWELL

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BOSTON

PRIVATELY PRINTED

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ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED BY
GEO. H. ELLIS
141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

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Dedicated

TO

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

AND ALL OTHERS
LENDING A HAND

“IN HIS NAME”

“King's Daughters were among thy honorable
women”

As we returned to the home,—not desolate, but sanctified by this visitation of God,—thoughts and inspirations crowded upon us, while contemplating the influence of a life dominated by the spiritual. We felt the power and *possibilities* of a woman's life, with its unwisdom and limitations in a worldly sense, but with its broad aims, its faithful and persistent accomplishments; and we have thanked God for the rich legacy it has left to its own and the world.

AMELIA C. THORP.

WEST LEBANON, MAINE,
July 11, 1891.

PREFATORY.

THE portrait of Mrs. Farmer — the frontispiece in this volume — gives as true an impression of her personality and presence as a picture can convey. The singular mobility of face, the charm and fascination of voice, can never be else than a memory until we find her again in the Everlasting Home. This photograph, by Mrs. Emily Stokes, is from a crayon portrait lately made by Mrs. Eva D. Cowdery, from an oil painting by Frank H. Tompkins. The original is a monument to Mr. Tompkins' patience and skill as well as to his rare intuitive powers; for he had only a sketch, made after death, and a photograph of "twenty years ago" from which to develop on canvas a face so living that the one expression of all is, "Will it not speak?"

The silhouette in Chapter I. is of Mrs. Farmer's mother, Mrs. Olive (Tobey) Shapleigh; her

father, Richard Shapleigh, is shown by a silhouette in Chapter II.

In Chapter VII. is inserted a fac-simile of the posters used by Mr. Farmer while lecturing on electricity in 1847.

Chapter XXVI. has a reproduction in heliotype of the music of Mr. and Mrs. Farmer's song, "The Patriot's Grave."

The picture of the "Island Home," United States Torpedo Station, Newport, R.I., is found in Chapter XXXIV.

"Bittersweet-in-the-Fields" in Eliot, Mrs. Farmer's last earthly home, may be found in Chapter XXXIX. It is from a photograph taken by Mrs. Farmer's niece, Miss Marguerite Rogers.

The fine portrait in oil of Mr. Farmer, by Frank H. Tompkins, is reproduced, in Chapter XLIV., by the Boston Photogravure Company.

"Rosemary" and "Rosemary's Guests," a typical group, and the one present at the burial service, are shown in Chapter XLI.

Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua, sketched by the artist, Arthur W. Dow, is included in Chapter XLIII. At the close of the chapter is given a

fac-simile of a tribute from the loved poet, John G. Whittier, to Miss Farmer on her birthday.

The design of the cover is a tribute of love from Mrs. Farmer's gifted artist friend, A. W. Dow.

[By the request of many lifelong friends and relatives of the family, the portrait of Rev. Augustin Caldwell has been inserted in Chapter XLVII. (since the completion of this memorial volume). The photogravure was made from the remarkably fine oil painting, which Frank H. Tompkins, the artist and owner, kindly loaned to the Boston Photogravure Company.— S. J. F.]

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OLIVE TOBEY SHAPLEIGH.

I.

BLACKBERRY HILL.

HANNAH TOBEY SHAPLEIGH, whose story these pages tell, was born at Blackberry Hill, a precinct of Berwick, Me., March 20, 1823. She was the third daughter of Richard and Olive Shapleigh, and the chosen one to bear the maternal grandmother's name; the chosen of God, too, to be loved wherever she was known, and to be longed for when she passed out of sight forever. Only five of the twelve children of the Shapleigh household lived beyond babyhood and youth. The little row of graves is a sorrowful picture even to-day, with its white headstones; but, in contrast, the Father's "many mansions" are joyful places and full of joyful faces. We shall know more about them some time.

Richard and Olive Shapleigh were born in Eliot, lived, loved, and were married there; but Blackberry Hill was the earliest and for a score of years their established home.

"My precious father," wrote Mrs. Farmer in her later years, "was one with whom my dear mother took sweetest counsel. Hand in hand they journeyed till twelve children crowned the joy of their

union. No wedded life ever brought more happiness. He was the star of mother's life; and in his life she walked contentedly, feeling that woman's place was where she could do most for God, her family, and the world."

The increasing calls of public duty and service caused Richard Shapleigh to transfer the happy household to Great Falls, a home eventually endeared to the family, and sacred as the dying place of the choicest and most loving of fathers and the brightest and most winsome of the children. From that threshold was borne Mary, the queenly daughter, aged nineteen years, and, four weeks later, Elizabeth, remembered always as the family saint, aged sixteen years, the singularly spiritual Albert, and the father, too, at the vigorous age of forty-six, never forgotten and never unmourned. Then the widow and her little brood, with Hannah as the eldest of her surviving children, took her final abode at Eliot, with something of the sense of desolation that Naomi had when she came wearily back to the land of her birth.

The trio of sisters nearest of age, and who especially brightened the father's life because of their years and companionship, were Mary, Elisabeth, and Hannah. As was natural, these daughters clung to the father, and were pets. Girls are apt to hover about the father,—not that mother is loved less, but daughters and fathers have close sympathy.

The mother of our household had abounding cares

with her ever-increasing flock, yet she never for a moment lost her sense of motherliness. How beautifully the daughter Hannah wrote of her, when the long story was ended and she had gone to God:-

“My dear blessed mother was a woman of superior natural talents. Her opportunities of mental development were of course limited compared with ours; but she so profitably improved her advantages that her influence for the beautiful, true, and good could scarcely be excelled. She was a blessing to all who came within the range of her life, ministering to soul and body. She went about doing good with the most complete self-abnegation, as unselfish as it is possible for any human being to be and as perfect as the dear Lord ever made any of his children without taking them at once to heaven. If there is one seat in bliss higher than another, I shall look and see if my blessed mother is there. How can I ever be grateful enough to God for such a holy, praying mother? Her children rise up and call her blessed, and so do all who knew her.”

Truly are these words written; for children and grandchildren, neighbors and friends, speak in kindly remembrance of her gentle demeanor, and repeat her little fragments of domestic wisdom. Do we not hear her say, “If company comes and finds us unprepared, we must give a welcome and a cup of tea, and never apologize”? No unexpected guest ever went from her hearthstone with memories of multiplied excuses that lasted as long as the recollections of the visit. A quaint little habit she had

of hanging such curtains at her windows as the evening lamp could illuminate. "A lighted window is always a cheer," she would sagely say. Mrs. Farmer would smilingly recall her mother's habit at Great Falls not to draw the shades till the evening stage had passed. "It will look brighter to the passengers to see an open room and happy faces." Yes, the heart that has a cheer for a passing stage-traveler will hardly fail of a beaming light through the open portal and the smile of the heavenly Face when the eternal threshold is reached. And the light of the motherly and now angel face is a radiance which illuminates unconsciously to us the road that we are traveling. She had also a dear love of flowers. Her garden was her delight. Before winter's ice had yielded to the spring's breath she began to watch for first indications of life and greenness. Among the pencilings of Mrs. Farmer, as dear a lover of flowers as was her mother, is a little rhythm which brings up the memory as freshly as if we looked from the window and saw the dear lady upon the lawn in the morning sun of a spring day:—

MOTHER'S GOOD-MORNING.

How oft I've seen my mother walk,
 In early spring-time hours,
 Along the paths about our home,
 To see her "blessed flowers"!

What watchful care she gave to them,—
 A constant pleasing zest,—

As every morn at break of day
 Her feet the pathway pressed!

To see them wake from winter's sleep
 And look up in her eyes,
 Each one was welcomed back by her
 With such a sweet surprise.

"You little dears, where have you been?"
 Her precious lips would say:
 "I've felt so lonesome all the while
 That you have kept away."

And thus she made on every one
 Her sweet good-morning call:
 Did they not feel her presence near,
 Her benediction fall?

Oh, who shall say what loving voice
 That pure white soul has heard,
 When budding leaves and opening flowers
 By God's sweet breath were stirred?

Perhaps three sisters were never more dissimilar than Mary, Elisabeth, and Hannah Shapleigh.

Mrs. Olive Perkins, of Great Falls, who was a school-girl with them, has given us a memory of them all:—

Elisabeth was my pet playmate. Mary was older, and more select in her choice of girls. Elisabeth was all loveliness, and yet with a manner and spirit that did not generalize her. She had her own intimates. But Hannah was *universal*. She was open to anybody, irrespective of notions or dispositions; and hence she was everybody's playmate. Whoever came first, she was at home with."

Elisabeth and Hannah, being nearest of age, were dressed alike on Lord's Days. Yet the dress never blended the characters. Elisabeth was the pink of precision in voice and manner. Beautiful in face,—so beautiful that she was acknowledged as surpassing her mates,—she was also exquisite in all the appointments of her attire and behavior.

Never did one discover an unnecessary fold or a wrinkle. Never did she misplace shawl or school satchel. She dressed and stepped as if she were consciously in order and ready at every moment.

Hannah, with a wealth of raven hair, a face as fair and clear as spring sunlight, yet less in beauty than Elisabeth, never gave thought to what she wore or how she wore it. The methodical Elisabeth was distressed about her, and daily adjusted the more careless sister's shawl, ribbon, or gown; but the free, open-hearted Hannah, neither in youth nor in womanhood, gave any attention to dress or fashion. "I never like a new dress," she wrote after her marriage, "for I do not get acquainted with it till it is half worn out." But, if Mrs. Farmer was thoughtless, it was also singularly true that no one who called upon her would be able to describe her dress. She drew people by the personal and indefinable charm of her presence, and never by externals. As Whittier said of his mother's friend:—

"Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair;
And beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware."

In her later years she did not change even the arrangement of her hair, combing, as long as she lived, the dark glossy locks over her ears, the style all the while to the contrary. Yet she was never *careless*; thoughtless, indeed, but never lacking comeliness and appropriateness, even if the looking-glass shared not in her equipping.

One who was much in the family well remembers the difference between the sisters Elisabeth and Hannah, as they came in from school. Elisabeth's invariable and peculiarly thoughtful query as she hung up her shawl and hood was, "What can I do, mother, to help?" Hannah as quickly seized a book, and was ensconced in the comfortable chair, and drifted mentally with the story or the history. Hannah also had her dream-days, as the family called them. For several successive days she went without speaking, without interest in the domestic externals; and "Hannah's dreams" finally became a family cognition. But, as soon as dream-land was passed, the spell shattered, the girl life rebounded; and the overflow of spirits, the complete reaction, was so apparent and outbursting that all the propriety of Mary, the elder sister, was brought to the surface. She would exclaim, "Hannah will be the distress of us, for she will never be more than a hoiden,"—a gentle way, perhaps, of saying tom-boy.

A laughable story is told by an old schoolmate of the love of a boy scarcely in his first long boots. His ideal girl was the Hannah Shapleigh of our

story. He made up his mind that no larger boy should drag her on his sled or walk beside her going from school; but, alas for the lad and his sled! Hannah's preference was to go afoot. When he urgently asked why she did not ride, "Well," she answered, "your house isn't painted white." The zealous lad thought he could easily make up a deficit no more important; and, when for days his mother sought in vain for her tallow jar to have another dipping of candles, the son made full confession that he was appropriating it to rub over the clapboards, that they might thereby live in a white house, and so conciliate Hannah Shapleigh.

Mrs. Elisabeth (Quimby) Libby recalls, among many little incidents, a story of Hannah's girlhood illustrative of her simple faith in what she read, and a foregleam, perhaps, of her confidence through life in the written word of God. "There was a maiden lady," writes Mrs. Libby, "in Berwick at that date named Andrews; and she was the sister of one Simon Andrews. Hannah was reading in the New Testament one day of Jesus entering the house of the brothers Simon and Andrew (Mark i. 29, 30). Finding Simon's mother-in-law sick, he healed her of the fever. Hannah in her childish innocence supposed she had found a reference in Scripture to the family of Simon Andrews, and the enthusiasm of the girl over this biographical intelligence from such a sacred source provoked the mirth of her auditors."

But, even in these uncertain and half-fledged

days, the *true* Hannah, which was so markedly defined in the mature life, now and again was manifest, like the freshening of the spring leaves. One morning, when she was not more than fourteen years, she passed a house where a father, under the control of a flask, was cruel in his blows upon the back of his little nine-year-old, motherless son. With the presence and power of the grown-up woman, Hannah seized the boy, and commanded the heartless parent to desist. He insolently told her he should continue the stripes as long as it would gratify him. She doubled her girlish fist, and defied the man to strike another blow under the penalty of the law. Taking the child's hand, she told the irate father that she would find a home for him, and place him beyond his cruelty. And she did. She took the motherless lamb from house to house till a kindly and continued home was guaranteed. Ah! how many child-hearts did she make glad in the years that followed, and how many in the heavenly home will kiss her very feet in thanksgiving for the deeds of her boundless heart and the sympathy which in her was a heavenly gift and grace!

Another pleasing memory of her childhood gleams out in a letter which she wrote from one of her Salem homes to the gentle sufferer Mrs. Souther, of Hingham, whose name in print, attached to her poems, was *Anemone*. She asked of Mrs. Farmer the story of her childhood, and she was told this among other reminiscences:—

“It was only necessary for me to read my lessons once to recite them word for word. Recently my first Sabbath-school teacher came to see me. She is now my dear aunt Apphia. She related the story of one Sunday in my young girlhood which she remembered. She had told her class that she would give a book to the one who would recite the next Sabbath the greatest number of Bible texts without prompting. The day came; and, as I sat at the head of the seat, she naturally asked me to recite first. I began to repeat, and continued through every moment allotted to the school session; and, when the superintendent gave the closing rap, I said to her, ‘I haven’t recited half the texts which I know.’ Not one of the other dear little children had the chance to compete for the book that day. To make amends, the somewhat amused as well as puzzled teacher told the rest of the class that they should have their opportunity the next Sunday. They all did so well that she invited us to her house to tell us who was to have the prize. When we went, the dear generous soul had a book for each of us. I told this dear woman, as she recalled the incident at my bedside, that I could show her the very book which she gave me, with her autograph, Apphia Locke, still upon the fly-leaf.”

This beloved Sunday-school teacher, afterwards the wife of Mrs. Farmer’s uncle Thomas Shapleigh, still lives in the beauty and mellowness of her autumn days, a benediction to the children and

grandchildren who cannot but love and bless her.

To Mary Shapleigh, the eldest of the group of Berwick sisters and the first to die, the younger sisters always showed a deference. She unconsciously commanded it, and her memory has been beautiful for the more than fifty years since her transition. Mary was wholly different in character from every one in the family save in feature. She inherited her father's face, but never his gracious recognition of all ages, grades, and occupations. Neither did she have her mother's arms, open to any distress. She was unique and excessively individual. With a complete consciousness and balance, she had a native separateness, which gave her an intuition of the people she needed or desired; and all the rest of the world was obsolete. It is remembered that a new family came to Blackberry Hill. 'Squire Shapleigh, with his marked politeness, had called upon them. His wife had taken special pains to recognize them at the meeting-house on Sundays; and, when the newly arrived matron returned these civilities, and came to the Shapleighs, Miss Mary, with a queenly indication that she saw nothing in her or the family which was specially winsome, refused an introduction, and never condescended to enter herself on the list of associates.

When Mary and her most intimate school-girl had bought silk dresses alike, and delighted in their becomingness, she discovered that a third

young woman, likewise charmed by the pattern and style, had duplicated the same for her wedding gown. Mary, indignant at such presumption, laid aside the prettiness; for its charm to her had gone forever.

She was the affianced of Timothy G. Senter, known to us as the late respected Principal of Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass. So tender and abiding was his love that, for the thirty-five years that he survived her, he made an annual visit to her grave; and, when he was dead, the lock of her hair which he had devotedly kept was sent by his widow to Mary's sisters, as a memorial of unquenched affection. Love is everlasting life. And yet, with this strength of soul union, a quaint tradition has floated down the more than half-century of years of the *raspingness* of the two young loves and lovers, and the way in which the resolute and independent Mary relieved her wounded heart. What occasioned the ripple or which was to blame, it matters not now. We are talking only of Mary. But the ripple came, and her proud nature repelled any effort of conciliation. She announced to her father and mother that she should be missing some day, and they need not ask where she was going or when she should return. They understood her too thoroughly to be anxious, and the stage carried her away one delightful morning in 1835. The spunky girl went, it seems, to Lowell, that *desideratum* of wholesome New England girls of the last generation, which has been so livingly pen-

pictured by Lucy Larcom, Harriet Robinson (wife of *Warrington*), and others; and there she stayed three months. One little waif of her Lowell life comes down to us like the far-away echo of her voice. It is a letter which she wrote to her dearest girl, Dorcas I. Shorey, now Mrs. Horace Littlefield of Wells, and dated fifty-six years ago. It is a glimpse of girl life at seventeen years, of offended love, and is a memory also of the thread so soon broken, but picked up again, who can doubt, in the Beyond, and woven into the eternal fabric. The letter bears the postmark of Lowell; and, as its postage was ten cents, we dare say that the correspondence of young misses was not overflowing.

“LOWELL, Oct. 12, 1835.

“*Dear Dorcas*,—I have seated myself in Lowell to devote a few moments in penning lines for your perusal. Probably you will be much surprised. O Dorcas, you do not know what changes have taken place since last we met. I will just say before I go any farther that I went to the post-office the whole of one week to get a letter from you; and at last I *did* get one, but not in season to write you from Great Falls. I went to the office on Wednesday before I came away, and Shackford told me he had a *pair* of letters for me; and I was very much gratified to receive yours. The *other* you will very well know who it was from; and it remains unanswered, and will, I guess, for as much as a

month. Dorcas, I wish you *could* have read it, my dearest. Oh, dear! I know not what will come next. You, I hope. They want you here very much indeed. Don't you content yourself in Newmarket another day after you get my letter. O Dorcas, fly to Mary's arms, and find a home in her warm heart. They are very much in want of girls in the spinning-room, and good wages will be given. The least they make is \$2.25 per week. I can look from my window to the mill where they want help, and see the girls at their work. It is about as far as the Falls to the covered bridge. I stop with Mrs. Dennis on the Merrimac Corporation. If you should come here, you would never want to see Newmarket again. The factories there would look more like State prisons than anything else. There is something in Lowell to take up one's attention all the time, and I am contented and in pretty good spirits most of the time. The recollection of friends far, far away and of past enjoyments sometimes depresses me. If I had you here, I should not want any one else. The people are not so particular as at the Falls. There is a great variety of dress,—cloaks, pelisses, white dresses worn yesterday, and furred capes and boas. I have got me a green cloak; and you shall have one, too, so that we can both dress alike again. I am going to have green trimming for my bonnet. I have a new dress; and you shall have one, too, as soon as you get here, and a boa to keep your neck warm. I have got to ruffle a cape to-day; and I

will ruffle one for you if you want me to. I am in the midst of Baptist folks. They are trying to make one of me, but I guess they won't. I went to the First Baptist Church in the forenoon yesterday, the Second Baptist in the afternoon, and again in the evening. We will go to the Universalist when you get here. I shall not write you anything about the week I spent after you left the Falls. *You know whom you left.* I will tell you when you come. Don't forget, don't forget me.

“From your friend,

“MARY P. SHAPLEIGH.”

And so this girl of seventeen, in the busy but interesting Lowell life of 1835, prattled on, and then sealed her letter with a great red wafer, and stamped it with her thimble top.

The following December she dates another letter from her Berwick (Great Falls) home, and tells Dorcas she is “to go to Eliot and spend the winter, and attend school” at the academy. Then, with the natural courage and anticipation of youth, she adds, “If nothing happens, Dorcas, in the spring, you and I will go to Lowell and spend the summer.” And she closes the page with the intelligence that “Timothy [her betrothed] was up Thanksgiving Day with his sister. He called to see pa and ma twice, and he sent pa a newspaper yesterday; and I am going to send it back. Wouldn't you, Dorcas?” The paper; perhaps, was never remailed;

and Mary and Timothy, like many other lovers, became once more in full sympathy, so that at New Year's she writes, "Timothy is to come for the holidays." She wishes Dorcas not only a happy New Year, but "fifty on the end of it"; and then, with the interest in dress which was characteristic, she writes that her "Sunday bonnet is lined with satin, and has plumes upon it"; and "you cannot think how the white bow made my head ache. I could not go to the afternoon meeting." Then comes the maidenish wish, "If I were only with you to-night, I would fix you up for the dancing school in good style."

It was when she was returning from one of these evening assemblies, fashionable then, that her fatal disease became apparent. Full of mirth and life, magnetic in her power, she was covering the entire company with laughter, when suddenly came the unmistakable cough and hemorrhage. From that moment the steps to the Unseen were certain. One year later she died in her lover's arms. Instead of the altar was the bier.

Timothy Senter came to spend the New Year, 1837, with her. She had grown feeble, but her courage had not faltered. The day after the New Year he went to her room to give her his greeting. In an instant she was gone. His immediate summons brought the household to the spot, even to the feeble Elisabeth, who had ceased to be dressed. She sprang from her bed, and, entering the room of death, fainted, and was carried away. There was

not a word of farewell, not a look of love. Mary was with God. How tenderly the father's pen conveyed the intelligence to his brother Thomas Shapleigh, at Hallowell:—

“Oh, how can I inform you, my dear brother, that my dear Mary is no more? On Monday last the summons came. Sitting in her chair, and no one present but Timothy, she put her arms about his neck, kissed him, and died, leaning her head on his shoulder. Brother Thomas, I cannot say with one of old, ‘If thou hadst been here, my child had not died’; but I can say, if you had been here to sympathize with us in our affliction, it would have afforded great relief. It seems sometimes as though my trouble would be too great for me, and I could not endure it if it were not for the promises and the grace of God.”

He closes his letter with the comfort, “Thanks be to God, she died not before we had evidence that she was prepared.” But the father's hope of his daughter's safety did not satisfy the mother's anxious heart. Mary had never united with the church of her parents' choice, though she was true to her training and regularly attended Sunday meetings. Her mother, troubled that she left no expressed desire for public confession, grieved long lest the soul was not in peace. The sympathetic Hannah, while she doubted not for an instant the welfare of the departed girl, longed to convey a substantial and convincing relief to the mother-heart. As if in response to her daughterly yearn-

ing, unto her was given a dream, so real and so vivid that it was like a vision or revelation. Mary, beautiful and glistening like an angel, came to her with a wide-open New Testament, and, pointing to a text indicative of the joys of the redeemed, left a lasting impression on the young sister's mind that the words specified the eternal life and experience of the departed. The unction and fervor with which Hannah related her dream relieved forever the heartache, and gave the maternal bosom peace. God has a thousand ways of revealing his love. "So will I comfort you."

In the little enclosure at Eliot, the spot which Mrs. Farmer called her garden, is the monument which reads:—

MARY PAUL SHAPLEIGH.

BORN MAY 17, 1817.

DIED JAN. 2, 1837.

AGED 20 YEARS.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

One little month passed, and Elisabeth died of the same subtle disease; and again the sorrowful procession went to the burying-ground, and one more inscription gives the brief tale:—

ELISABETH YEATON SHAPLEIGH.

BORN MARCH 9, 1821.

DIED FEB. 6, 1837.

AGED 16 YEARS.

"Forever with the Lord."

And again the dear father wrote to Thomas, his brother: "Our dear Elisabeth died in triumphs of faith in the blessed Saviour. From Wednesday previous to her death she had no doubt to becloud her mind. On Sunday she kissed us all, and took an affectionate farewell. About five minutes before she expired she asked Dr. Smith if she had any pulse; and, when she was told that she had, she replied that she was sorry, for she was in hopes it had ceased to beat."

The death of another of this interesting family is linked with a legend which seems like the Bible stories of the voice of God. Albert was evidently *spirituel* in his make-up, and his departure at eight years was but little distinct from translation. It was in this wise. The Shapleigh children were at play in the barn; and Albert exclaimed, "Mother calls me," and he ran in quick response. "I did not call, my son," said the mother, in that gentle tone always familiar to her children. He ran to his play, and shortly repeated himself, "Mother *does* call me," and again he hurried to her side. "Mother, what do you wish, for you *do* call me?" "Nay, lad, mother hasn't spoken." The third time he hastened within door, saying, "Why, mother, you must be calling me, or else God is; and, if I must die, I must." It *was* God. A little white headstone to-day has his name, "Albert." It was simply another whisper of God, such as he breathed into young Samuel's ear, only unto Samuel was granted length of days and the eye of

the seer, while to this child was given the years that are forever.

When Mary and Elisabeth had been laid side by side, everybody said Hannah would go next and speedily. The same consumptive cough, the face of pallor and the hectic tinge. What could save her? To her it would have been a salvation from a life of agonies, to us a loss of the myriad benedictions she only could give. She heard the predictions, and into her heart came the intuition that she was needful to her father, the idol of her intense being. It saved her. It gave power to the will and brain. She defied death, and had more than half a century of additional years.



RICHARD SHAPLEIGH.

II.

THE FATHER'S MEMORIAL.

RICHARD SHAPLEIGH, the father of Mrs. Farmer, was the son of Samuel and Betsey (Yeaton) Shapleigh. He was born May 30, 1794, and died Oct. 11, 1840, aged forty-six years, his very prime. "He died before his work was done," said Horace Littlefield, of Wells, who well knew him; and so say all in whose memories he lives. But God says, "Our works follow us"; and, if they do, others bring them to a full completeness, and Mrs. Farmer never doubted her call and equipment to accomplish what her father had greatly desired, but died too early to complete. She was in actual character a duplicate of her father's mental, moral, and religious life; and perhaps the only one of the many children of his household who was in face and character his exact image. She frequently affirmed that she should live to evolve the broken ideals of the father she idolized, and for whom she yearned until her earthly days were all counted.

Richard Shapleigh's mother, Betsey (Yeaton) Shapleigh, was born in Epping, N.H., and is remembered because of her shrewd grasp of the

earthly goods which were hers by right of dowry, and for the temper which sometimes manifested itself by very crisp silences, broken now and again by words which were sharp, quick, and cool as a rifle. In her husband's disposition of a part of the real estate, she did not always add her autograph to the deeds; and, in her widowhood, she claimed the yearly rent of her legal thirds of the said property. It is now remembered that the wife of one of her sons (Mrs. Jane Shapleigh) sometimes went quietly and paid the old lady her quarterly due; and the son, who had purchased the father's land, was kept in ignorance of his mother's demand, and thereby spared the rebellion and honest indignation which might have stirred his otherwise quiet breast.

Samuel Shapleigh, the father of Richard, was the counterpart, fortunately, of Betsey, his wife. He was impressive in his pleasantness. His memory is genial and fresh to-day because of his genuine, natural goodness and willingness,—traits which he transmitted with abounding interest to his son Richard and his grand-daughter Hannah.

Samuel and Betsey had six sons and one daughter; and of this group, who lived to maturity, it might be enough to say of the son Richard that he was the father of Mrs. Farmer. But a fuller revealing of this true man may the better help us to understand the singular goodness and continued zeal of the daughter of his love and joy.

Richard Shapleigh was a perfect type of a country 'squire of fifty years ago. One who well

remembers him, and who is himself of reputation to-day (Haven Butler, Esquire), says: "Not five men in a hundred would equal him, and probably none excel him." It is strange how varied were his duties and professions in church, town, and State. He was not a lawyer, and yet he was so well read that he had his office in association with another (Shapleigh & Burleigh). He drew up wills, filled out deeds, settled estates, was legal adviser in all sorts of county needs, disputes, and difficulties, collected debts, made arrests, and by wise adjustments and prudent counsels saved many a case from trial by jury. He was justice of the peace, deputy sheriff, representative for two terms (1828-29) in the General Court at Augusta; a teacher for years, perhaps as long as he lived, in the public schools of the different towns in which he resided; a practical and accurate surveyor, having a natural love for mathematics, and his dimmed and rusty instruments are to-day among the treasured relics which the grandchildren, whom he did not live to see and love, treasure in respect to his memory. He was possessed also of the dental instruments of his day, and was an adept in relieving forever the sufferings of aching teeth; and what is quite surprising, considering the exquisite kindness of his heart and the constant deeds of benevolence and love of his hands, he excelled in the use of the gun, and was unflinching in bringing down the game,—a bit of cruelty pardonable perhaps in the days when the Society for the

Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had not even been a dream, and never a word to mitigate the distress of beast and fowl had been uttered. With this love of the woods and the gun was combined a desire for pets. He secured and fondled his turtle doves, entrapped and educated the gray squirrels, and delighted in their encaged pranks; while the dog and the cat were always a domestic incorporation.

It was not alone that he had native tact in these varied professions and pursuits, but his daily demeanor was more than his acquirements. The universal testimony is that his stately bearing, his strong and balanced brain, his invariable courtesy and politeness, his thorough as well as his general information, gave him the respect of the entire county; for he was known abroad as well as in his town and home. He probably settled his relation to God and the church in the freshness of his life, and his religious strength and power increased with his years. Whatever was honorable became a graft in his life, and was made the more honorable by his practical and experimental development and use of it. Mrs. Farmer, a little before her departure, wrote of her father's religious history:—

“My own sainted father became a Christian in early life; and, if ever a man was faithful to God, I think he was. He had the courage to stand for the right in the face of the world. Those who held different theological views loved him for his fearlessness. He was mild and sweet in his ways,

but the moment he saw wrong-doing connected with even a good movement Satan knew his effort was a lost one."

This unflinching will to be true and correct gave 'Squire Shapleigh the parish confidence, and it is not strange that he is recorded as a deacon of the church and its clerk. He was the right hand of the clergymen under whose ministrations he sat, giving them his constant and vocal support in the mid-week prayer sessions as well as in the executive and financial needs.

He began what may be called his public career as a naval seaman in the War of 1812. All young men of that period were obliged by law "to train." Every town had its military company, which was usually its pride; and the "general training-day" was the gala event of the year. Richard Shapleigh and his three older brothers had preference for the navy, and entered as seamen, and served during the war in that capacity.

As a public school teacher, as well as a family disciplinarian, he can never be forgotten. The magnetism of his voice, presence, and eye, is yet a vital power, though the text of the book may long since have faded from memory. Mrs. Farmer, in a letter to a young friend, gives a delightful reminiscence of this sterling teacher and father, as well as a glimpse of the days when the Puritan spirit was a cherished inheritance; and, as Mr. Shapleigh was educated under the tutorage of the parish minister, Rev. Samuel Chandler of Eliot, it is

quite remarkable that he did not imbibe the constant flavor of the veritable Puritan in its severity as well as its delightful integrity. "My father," writes Mrs. Farmer, "was a teacher, and governed his schools with *his eye*. Once, when taking up school duties afresh, he found a collection of rods under the desk. He asked if the scholars knew what they were for. A young man, as tall as my father, said promptly, but rather roughly, 'They are to whack us over the head.' Father responded, 'Since they can be of no use *to us*, I will burn them.' Another big boy said, 'I guess you'll find a want for them before the week is out'; and all the scholars laughed outright. My father stood as erect as a statue, and turned his eyes from one part of the room to the other; and in a moment the house had the stillness of the grave. He had twelve children of his own, and not one of them ever felt the weight of his hand. The spirit that governed his home was taken into his schools,—the home where the voice of prayer and song was heard every morning. What would he say to-day if he could visit some places where boys and girls are preparing for life's battles? I never heard a cross word spoken by my father or my mother to one of their children, and I was almost eighteen years old when the shadow fell which changed the course of my life's current."

Of his family discipline and manner of training, perhaps no incident will reveal the method clearer than his response to Hannah, when she de-

sired to enter a childlike but very natural complaint. She came one day from school in high dudgeon because a mate had decidedly maltreated her, and her indignation was righteous according to the accounting of her companions. To her father she began the dire story, and he very quietly interrupted her by asking,—

“Hannah, what day is it?”

“Wednesday, father.”

“Well, supposing you tell me all about it a week from to-day; that is, next Wednesday.”

“Next Wednesday? Why, I shall forget all about it before then.”

“Well, dear, if you forget it in less than a week, maybe you had better leave it unsaid.”

The child saw the point in a twinkling, and the lesson was lifelong. Many and many were the *unsaid* words of her divinely human days.

A show of very uncertain character, but of great fascination, arrived at Berwick; and the sagacious Shapleigh children agreed not to mention it to mother, but to make an immediate appeal to father. With assurance of success, they ran and made their requests known. He quietly smiled upon them; and, with the love of a great heart, and yet, with a look that indicated that he quite well understood and read the childlike escapade, he answered, “Go, dears, and see what *mother* says about it.”

As deputy sheriff and justice of the peace, several interesting and amusing incidents are family remembrances. He went one early morning to

serve a writ. Knocking at the door, he asked if the man were within. "Well," said the wife, "it depends on who you are. If you are Sheriff Shapleigh, he's gone away, and you can't find him; but, if you are anybody else, he's out in the hay-mow." He had an unflinching courage, and never failed to go where official duty and philanthropy called. It is remembered that a lusty and brutal inebriate had beaten his wife and defied his neighbors, when 'Squire Shapleigh was sent for to do what others had failed to accomplish. Before Mr. Shapleigh appeared, the infuriated animal had supplied himself with a club like a weaver's beam, and had brandished it with the threat that the 'squire's brains should be scattered to the four winds. Mr. Shapleigh, with the serenity of a summer day, walked up to the fury, looked him in the eye, shackled his fists,—the man's vim was as a wilted weed. Trouble was over. No word of authority, no brandishing of club, no apparent human effort; but the evil had succumbed. The presence and balance of a well-ordered intellect and life is a mighty factor sometimes.

During his terms of legal office he was occasionally overtaken by night, and could not reach the county jail with his handcuffed prisoner; and he was obliged to keep him at his house until morning. He would appeal to the prisoner's honor, tell him he would take off his shackles, and carry him to his house without a word to embarrass him, if he would prove himself worthy of his liberty.

He would give the man a bath, a clean night-shirt, a wholesome bed; and never did a culprit break the integrity of his promise or cease to respect the sheriff.

When Mr. Shapleigh was elected representative to the General Court at Augusta, it was not so much as a partisan that he was sent as because of his fitness as a man and a citizen. His Democratic opponent was Sheldon Hobbs. A quaint incident of the election is told by Haven Butler, Esq., of Berwick. His father (Oliver Butler) had purchased a new and brightly painted sleigh before the eventful day of the ballot. In his zealous desire to secure the votes of all the Whigs to send 'Squire Shapleigh to Augusta, he drove up street and down to carry the aged, the decrepit, the incapacitated, to the polls. And when, in the flush of the successful election, he appeared at his dinner table, and with beaming face announced to his family the desired result, he found no radiance in the eyes of his spouse, and only the rather tart response, "But you have worn all the paint from the runners of the new sleigh in doing it." All victories cost a good deal, and all joys are liable to be dampened.

III.

FIRESIDE LEGENDS.

FROM the memories of the father, Richard Shapleigh, we can turn now to the glimpses of his wife and the mother of his children, Olive (Tobey) Shapleigh, and unveil the home days of her ancestral New England family in the simple, sincere period of but few embellishments, and when all the interests of a neighborhood or parish were in common. The joys intermingled. The sorrows were one.

Olive was the third of the seven children of James Tobey, ship carpenter, and Hannah (Shapleigh) Tobey, his wife. James Tobey died at Eliot the day after Christmas, 1846, aged seventy-eight years. His birthday was June 22, 1769; and his wife Hannah, whom he tenderly loved to the end, was born two days later. They were married Nov. 5, 1792, and journeyed in most endearing fellowship till the Golden Wedding had been passed four years. At the time of his departure, Alfred Little of Boscawen, a guest at a delightful "Tobey Gathering," wrote the following verses, which appeared in local prints:—

JAMES TOBEY.

June 22, 1769—Dec. 26, 1846.

The good old man is dead,
Gone to his heavenly home,
While weeping mourners strew
The cypress o'er his tomb.

Once, only once, did I
Before this old man stand,
When, leading her, his wife,
He eager grasped my hand.

Together then they stood,
And these words did he say :
“ Our ages are the same
Within a fleeting day.

“ For four-and-fifty years
We've shared each other's joy,
And ne'er a word unkind
Been suffered to alloy.

“ Our children, they are seven,
Have risen to fill our place ;
Nor in our home has death
E'er left his cruel trace !”

Oh, I remember well
That beauteous, aged pair,
As hand in hand they stood
So eloquently there.

And, when the fading eyes
Were closed in Death's embrace,
A smile of heavenly glow
Beamed o'er the old man's face.

Hannah, his loving wife, lived until her ninety-second birthday, June 24, 1861. She had the singular desire that the date of her birth should be the

date of her death. God indulged her in her wish. She was a woman of rare poise of nerve and muscle. In her girlhood she was returning through the woods to her home on horseback. Suddenly the bridle was grasped by a ruffianly hand, as if the intent was to end her progress, and possess either herself or her horse. With perfect control of the situation and peril, she struck her steed a blow, which startled him to an instant spring, and with the same breath she gave the arm that had presumed to interfere with her progress a stroke like the weight of a cudgel; and she only knew that the demon was left somewhere sprawling in the underbrush, while she rode on like a princess. She neither sought to know his name, his purpose, nor what became of him. She did not allow the sudden adventure to frighten her from any further horseback journeys when occasion demanded them. She was perfectly at ease on Dobbin's back, and one of the grand old willows on the margin of Tobey Pond grew from the riding stick which she pressed into the yielding soil as she one day dismounted at the pasture bars.

Her perfect self-possession was an inheritance, it may be, from her own grandmother, whose tragic death even did not rob her of the careful, unselfish remembrance of others or fill her with anxious thoughts of her own well-being. This grandmother of Hannah Tobey (on her mother's side) was Dorcas Bartlett. She lived in the fearful time of Indian warfare and revenge. It was Lord's Day;

and, sitting upon the pillion behind her husband, she was returning from the meeting-house. The worthy couple in the strength of their days were riding through the pasture (now owned by Chandler Shapleigh); and the unerring bullet of an Indian brought her to the earth. Her husband sprang in his fright and agony of heart from his horse to lift her up; but, with the fainting breath, she said: "It is death to me. Escape, and save the children." He perceived the inevitable, jumped upon his horse. Others fled with him to his own farm-house, and the barricade of himself and his neighbors proved effectual. From that hour the desperate grief of the husband nerved him to hunt the red men; and once, when he was obliged to escape and secrete himself in a hollow tree, he heard savage threats as swift feet passed in deadly pursuit.

Hannah Tobey earned the reputation in her very girl-life of "a lass with a great deal of pluck," and she was also exceedingly agreeable in her companionships and a favorite with all her mates. One of the legends yet told of her is the novel way she undertook to reconcile an old man and wife. The irritated dame had domiciled herself below stairs, and had left the entire upper rooms to her husband's convenience and pleasure. Both lived in glum silence. Hannah was but a girl, yet she understood the parish gossip. One evening, walking home with her mates, she determined to give the old lady a scare, and send her to her husband

for protection. Loitering behind the young people, she stepped softly to the door. The latchstring had been drawn in for the night, and the candle was extinguished. It was an ancient door and rickety. The resolute Hannah gave such an unearthly rap that every peg in it rattled, and the frightened woman hurried upstairs to her husband's protection. The sudden terror broke the silence, and the couple made up.

When Hannah married James Tobey in 1792, she went to live in his father's house and family, as James could not be spared from the paternal hearth. It was the date when property was delegated by the fathers to the sons, and the broad acres were kept in the family name for generations. The Tobey land was first possessed as a grant, and was still in the name in 1861, when Hannah Tobey died.

In the year 1800 the original house of the Tobey grant was vacated for a new house a few rods away. The date of this new home is identical with the birth of the fourth of the seven children, the babe born June 3, 1800, whom they named Isabel, and who is now the last survivor of the household and saintly matron of ninety-two years, whose name will necessarily blend again and again with the narrations of these pages. Olive, the mother of Mrs. Farmer, the third of the seven, was the last birth in the earliest house.

When James Tobey was married, he was not "a professor," but had both the principle and the moral courage to read the Scriptures aloud every

Sabbath afternoon after the sermon. The family reading for the week-days was the "Columbian Orator," "The Preceptor," and the weekly *New Hampshire Gazette*. "And we never dreamed," said old Aunt Isabel, "that we should ever have any more books or better ones."

All the children of this household were allowed to go to singing-school. Widow Rogers rented a room in her house to an elderly man, who came once a week in a boat. His son came with him, to have a care of him in crossing the Piscataqua, lest some evil befall him in the darkness of the return: for the tin lanterns of that day were of but little service, and friction matches were hardly in the market. Both James and Hannah were lovers of song, and in their youth sat in the Sunday singing seats; and the sweetness of Hannah's voice continued till her daughters were grown up and married. And, even then, mother and three of her wedded daughters, Olive Shapleigh, Lydia Adams, Isabel Knowlton, sang together in the old sanctuary, and listened alike to Parson Chandler's wisdom.

Allusion has been made to the willow which grew from the riding stick of grandmother Hannah. The grand old trees, which are an inspiration to artist and poet, as well as the delightful shade of an August day, on the border of Tobey Pond, are all indebted for their origin to the thoughtful care and, may we not say, the poetic taste (unconscious perhaps) of the plain but sensible couple, James

and Hannah Tobey. The husband struck the crowbar into the marginal soil of the refreshing waters, while Hannah, the young wife, carried the sapling willows in her arms, and placed them in position; and so we have the grateful trees, old, shaggy, and catching to the eye, and of peculiar interest to those who know them as *grandmother's* trees. Is there not an Arab aphorism that every man is honorable who begets a son, owns a horse, or plants a tree? Desert wisdom is not to be despised. Let us give grateful words to grandmother's memory.*

The simple domestic life of Hannah Tobey was charming. She was the incarnation of quietness and kindness. When her seven children realized that mother kept steadily along under every circumstance, and was never confused by her own or her neighbor's haps, one of her lads determined to disturb, once at least, her equilibrium. He loaded the old king's arm, and crept stealthily beneath the open window, where the mother sat darning the weekly stockings, as ancient mothers always did. But even the most unexpected explosion in the most unthought of place and moment did not cause the quiet face a shade or expression of alarm. She kept along with the darning needle and her placidity; and her roguish son was foiled, and the mother only smiled.

A delightful feature of her every-day life, in the

* While this page is being written, an artist, F. H. Tompkins of Boston, while at Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua, charmed by this ragged stretch of willows, puts them on canvas, and thus gives them a perpetual remembrance.

absence of books, was the repetition of old ballads and Puritan hymns and the frequent singing at her work. The twenty-six stanzas of "The Factor" and the twenty-eight of "Daniel in the Lion's Den," as popular a hundred years ago as the latest novel is to-day, the riddle of Jonah's house, and the yet ruder rhyme of Adam as the "Top of the Tree," which would hardly be tolerated in the *Woman's Journal*, she recited over and over to her little brood as they helped in the household duties or sat before the winter hearth; and to-day the dear aunt Isabel can render unhesitatingly these old-time ballads and sing her mother's hymns, though she never saw one of them in print. How far that mother's candle throws its beams!

This ancient Hannah had the frugal ways of the wise woman of Solomon's proverbial pen, for she spun and wove her flax, and her deft fingers made her own wedding outfit; and her wedding linens have been in use one hundred years. Unto this day are preserved the table covers which she wrought before her marriage, from the pulling and rotting of the flax to the weaving of the threads. She taught her daughters whatever she had learned; and they, too, knew what it was to pull the flax, then to rot it, then to break, swindle, and comb it, and then spin it into the threads which were woven in the homely loom. It was *homespun*, to be sure; but no wonder matrons and daughters were proud of a toil that was serviceable for a century and as white as the riven snow. In addition to all this,

she caught the happy art of that day of weaving the fringes that gave beauty and finish to certain fabrics of domestic service.

The thrift of the family enabled the mother to be kind to the people of fewer comforts than her own. It is remembered that one came to her saying, "Mrs. Tobey, you haven't any so and so?" giving names to some necessities. "Well," Mrs. Tobey responded, "you *say* I haven't"; and she at once brought forth the desirabilities.

In September, 1814, a curious event occurred in the family. Mary, one of the daughters (afterwards Mrs. Oliver Paul), was taken distressingly ill. She was nine years old the previous February. The history of her sufferings is in part *inspirational*, and should surely be woven into the family story:—

James Tobey, her father, had a fine vegetable garden at his Eliot home, the household pride. Hannah, the mother, was walking in it one afternoon, looking after its interests, while the father was at his ship-building in the Portsmouth yards, four miles away. Her daughter Mary came to her, and said, "Mother, my head aches, my throat is sore, my ears ache, and I ache all over."

"You have taken cold, child; and mother will put you to bed and sweat you."

The mother instantly repaired to the house, and made the hot porridge usually administered when people were in chills and fevers. The child pleaded that the cradle might be brought below stairs and

she lie in it. It was a wide cradle, made when twins had been added to the family. The indulgent mother did not object, and sat by it during the evening, thinking the child would wake and go to her usual bed. By the light of the candle she noted that the tongue had protruded. A little later there was an increase, and at a third look the astonished mother discovered the swollen tongue was below the chin. Dr. Emery was called, and in a few days the physicians of neighboring towns came in consultation. Eventually, the teeth were pressed out by this enlargement, and for five months the swollen tongue hung lower than the chin. The child could neither speak nor hear. No medical treatment helped or revealed the disorder. The silent, suffering, deaf child became a skeleton.

In February, 1815, when the emaciated Mary had reached her tenth birthday, she sat in her sister Isabel's lap. A feather was upon the table, and the child motioned for it. It was given her, and she signified a wish to write. Isabel told her mother, who at once brought a quill and the ink-horn. The child by signs asked for the bellows as a paper-rest. The mother, seeing her actual intent to write, took her into her own lap; and, placing the paper upon the old-fashioned press-board, the child wrote an inspirational prescription, which was a mystery to the family at the time, and always remained so. And surely no explanation need be ventured three-fourths of a century later. The old yellow sheet, with Mary Tobey's girl signature,

remains; and we wonder not, as we read it, at the mother's surprise:—

“You must git some fishes Livers and fry them out and take The oil and put it on my Tongue, and you must take A Piece Of Boiled Pork and cut it in thin slises, put it on my throat, and put it two Thicknesses on my throat. It is the Dropsy on my tongue. The inside of my head Is all swelled up and that is the reason i cant hear. It has been made known to me by some higher powers than there is on earth or ever will be till the day of judgment: it was the lords doings though it is marvel In my Eye. I want you to git it As soon as you can to put on. With my Poor hands i have ben inabled to let you know what the lord has mad known unto me.

“The Lord is good and kind to me
And O how Thankfull i ought to be.”

“MARY TOBEY.”

This was the writing, as serious to the household as the handwriting on the walls of Belshazzar's palace. The mother was too sensible to let her amazement bewilder her, and she was too practical not to allow the apparently inspirational paper to be tested. At once the pork was put on to boil, and a messenger despatched in his boat to James Tobey, to ask him to bring home the fishes. When James saw the hasty approach of his neighbor, his heart pulsed as he said, “Is my poor Mary dead?”

But the strange paper was given him; and, with a loving and sensible father's quickest step, he went for "undressed fishes," and then rowed his boat across the Piscataqua as perhaps he never had before. Implicitly was every direction obeyed; and, shall we say *strangely*, within twenty-four hours the tongue had shrunk naturally within the mouth. Dr. Emery came and pressed the teeth, and within the next twenty-four hours they were in line. The child was in normal conditions once more, except the hearing. That was not restored. But again the little Mary wrote:—

"I Wish i could speake and hear, but I hope I Shall be patient To wait till the lord sees fit to let me. I hope I am Thankfull to think I can eat Again. I know that I Cant be half thankfull enough for the Lord's mercies Unto me for sparing me so long as he has. I want all of you To praise the Lord for what he has done for me. Praise god from whom all blessings flow, praise him All creatures here below. I suppose that there is some That wont blieve what I wrote, but that is no matter as long as the Lord Has made it known unto me and through his Goodness it did me Good: but if it had not ben the Lord's will to have made it known unto me, my Tongue must have been out of my head now: but He was pleased to spare me A little longer and blessed be His holy and ever blessed name, praise farther, son and holy ghost: wonders on wonders To my view now open. A few more words, i am a Going to write in regard to my mind.

I think I can say that i have felt the Love of God in my Soul. I trust I can and I hope every one else does: praise God.

“Come down from above,
Thou farther of Love.
And Let thy works shine
Thou sperit devine.”

“MARY TOBEY.”

And now comes the sequel. Mary's married sister, Lydia Adams, heard of the child's recovery; and, with a sister's joy, she came with her little babe to see her. The baby proved such a gladness to Mary that she was allowed to have it laid upon her own pillow at night. At midnight came a thrill of delight; for the completely restored Mary filled the house with exclamations: “My ears are healed. I can hear the baby breathe. Praise, praise the Lord!” The mother awoke, and the father and all the children; and the midnight assembling of the whole house was of such sympathy and glad astonishment that the rest of the never-to-be-forgotten hours were given to prayers and songs. It is no wonder that these things were the theme of town talk for days. But the simple folk called it divine.

In her old age Hannah Tobey went to see her grand-daughter and namesake, Mrs. Farmer, as we glean from a newspaper editorial. It was while the Farmer home was on Pearl Street, Salem,—a house of God, indeed. The editor said: “There

is at present in Salem a venerable lady from Eliot, Me., ninety years of age, on a visit to some of her descendants. As a specimen of her industry, skill, and wonderful physical ability, we were shown yesterday a pair of nice double-twist cotton stockings which she had just completed, and which, for evenness of workmanship and elegance of finish, would do no discredit to the skilful and nimble fingers of the most expert young knitters. This lady, who is a memorable example of the mothers of the olden time, is Mrs. Hannah Tobey; and she is connected with the family of Moses G. Farmer, Esq. (a gentleman well known for his ingenious inventions and scientific attainments), where she is now visiting." The editor added, what might perhaps have been left unwritten, "Her active habits and industry put to shame the tribe of modern young ladies who loll on lounges, inert, listless, dreaming away life without a thought of doing anything useful, or waste their energies in fashionable amusements."

When Hannah Tobey was separated in 1846 from the fifty-four years of companionship with her husband, it was a most tender sorrow to be left behind. They had never ceased to love each other, and neither had ever spoken an unkind word; and when in 1861, on her ninety-second birthday, she, too, rested on her coffin-pillow, children nor grandchildren could remember that ever, as it was expressed, was "she put out in mind or temper with one of them." It is a rare but beautiful

tribute. She lies at her old husband's side on the rim of the beautiful Piscataqua and under "the tree of walnut high." And this is the story of the home of Olive Tobey Shapleigh; and, with such a genial early development, it is no wonder that Mrs. Farmer never spoke of her but to say "my blessed mother." And it is no wonder that a gentle benediction fell upon the grand-daughter's life, and completed or perfected a character as full of simple excellence as was Hannah Tobey's, and, we may safely add, her children's, too.

IV.

PULPIT AND DESK.

GLIMPSES at the early surroundings of Mrs. Farmer's parents would be very incomplete if we did not visit the pulpit and school desk which had, possibly, formative influences equal to, if not more positive than, father's rule and mother's sway. Eighty years ago the preacher and pedagogue were unquestioned. The pulpit was the parish throne, the pedagogue the child's terror.

Richard and Olive and the fourteen brothers and sisters of the two families were trained under the same mental and moral *régime*, for Parson Chandler was both preacher and schoolmaster. Thirty-two years he held the unquestioned dominion by week day and holy day, and was so strong in his elements that nobody would have presumed to disturb or dictate. And perhaps there never was an occasion; for he was a true and noble Puritan, and the day of fresher thought was hardly at dawn.

There was but one parish in all Eliot, and the Rev. Samuel Chandler was called to it as the colleague of the Rev. Mr. Spring. He fell in love with Lydia Spring, and married her; and, as the years increased, one of his own daughters (Mary

Ann) married Dr. Emery, the town physician, and another (Hannah Lee) married a well-to-do farmer, Waldron Shapleigh, and so the man and his family became as much a thread of Eliot life as the ledges were a portion of its physical make-up. He and his were a parish necessity.

Parson Chandler's zeal equalled the strength of muscle and brain. He was a miracle. Not one pulpit man to-day in ten thousand could do the work this minister of Eliot did ninety years ago. He began domestic life when kitchen gardens were a novelty, and the cultivation of berries and fruits a visionary scheme. But the parson took in at a glance the usefulness and family comfort of well-tilled soil, early and later fruits, berries and grafted trees. He inspired the parish with these things, and set a proper example. He donned a calico wrapper, open in front and tied at the back, that the strings might not interfere with spade and hoe handle; and his garden was a perfection. Two market women earned the summer's bread and butter by taking the products of it across the Piscataqua to Portsmouth as retailers of the vegetables. This garden patch in the rear of the parsonage stimulated the town till kitchen gardens were the pride of the families.

Mr. Chandler preached three sermons on Lord's Days. Mornings and afternoons he discoursed in the great old meeting-house. At the noon intermission the people went to the parsonage to warm themselves, if it were winter; and Mr. Chandler

read papers or books to them during the hour. The colored Hitty kept the three fires aglow, and the minister stood in the hall while the people listened and ate a pocket luncheon.

Mrs. Chandler, with wifely solicitude, would say, "Husband, let me give you a plate of refreshments?" "No, Lyddy, no"; and he would continue the reading till the afternoon bell. Then he gathered his cloak around him, and all the saints followed him to the sanctuary and the second sermon. In the evening he preached his third sermon in any dwelling-house to which he was specially invited; and sometimes it would be a mile away from his home.

Besides his really four services every Lord's Day, he was the week-day schoolmaster. He did not, like Richard Shapleigh, burn his rods. He had a firm conviction that a spared rod developed inevitably a spoiled child. His voice corresponded with his rod of correction, for it was the scholar's terror. One of his pupils, now living, says he always spoke with such power that the tones jarred the school-room benches.

Of his disciplinary methods, a few fascinating reminiscences linger in the mind of Olive Shapleigh's sister, the dear aunt Isabel, the twain going to these schools hand in hand; and Hannah Lee Chandler was the dearest of school-mates and lifelong friend of our nonogenarian, who, almost alone, can now remember these tales.

One man-grown youth was quite rude one day,

as overgrown lads are apt to be; and the clerical pedagogue commanded him to stand in the floor, while he sent for a birch. Levi watched his chance, and started for the door; but the dominie was more alert than the refractory pupil, and seized him by the arm. The youth turned instantly, and gripped the master's neck. "Do you collar me?" said the stentorian parson; and, shaking him off, he laid him quick as a breath face downwards on the floor, and, not waiting for the expected rod, he seized a ferule, and administered a punishment which so mortified the youth that he never entered the school door again. He spared not the rod, but he lost his child just the same. When the oldest class in the "Columbian Orator" was upon the floor one day, a restless, nervous boy exhausted both the patience and power of moral suasion; and the master sent him out for a stick of the proportion he would willingly have applied to his back. The lad speedily returned with a *back log* upon his shoulder, so very solid that it required his full strength to sustain it. "Very well," said Parson Chandler, with the utmost serenity, "you may hold it till I find ready opportunity to apply it." The joke had turned upon the boy, and muscle and bone paid a dear penalty. Class after class recited, till the last was dismissed, and the session closed. Then the subdued lad was allowed to put the log on the fire-dogs; and, listening to reason, he gave his master no more trouble for the winter. These were the days when the Shapleighs and the Tobey

were growing up, and gathering gradually the knowledge and the experience which made life more than gold. Richard and Olive were both teachers in later years; and, when children of their own gathered about them, these old school-day memories were among the reminiscences which could never be too often told.

Parson Chandler died suddenly. He had been at work in the kitchen garden, and hastily left his work to visit the sick. On the way, he gathered and ate berries, which did not assimilate kindly with the system over-tired and heated by his toil. A sudden illness followed, and Death came with quick pace. The Portsmouth minister came over to prepare his soul. "You are very sick, Mr. Chandler," said he. "Sick unto death," was the response of the voice that faltered not even in death. Hundreds gathered at his funeral; and his name is green to-day, though his congregation and his pupils are all among the departed, and in that land which is but dimly known.

V.

FATHERLESS.

THERE is a special circumstance in every young history which, apparently, determines the lifelong character and career. The heaven or the hell develops from that hour the positive good or the drift unto failure.

The decisive day of Hannah Shapleigh's young life was never forgotten by herself or her acquaintances. It was recognized as a day of God. Her feet were upon the threshold of womanhood. There came a shock which changed the entire plan and anticipations of life. The father, loved by her with intensity, honored, as we have already seen, as few men are by the community, most unexpectedly came down to the river we call death. He paused a moment on the shore, long enough to give his advices and wishes to her who had been wife and comfort and blessing, gathered his children to his bedside in benediction. "I shall leave you well provided," he said, with thoughtful, thankful voice, and with gratitude that the heavenly Father, though calling him in his prime, had given him success in the accumulation and investment of that which would be the bread of the fatherless and the widow.

He spoke to his then eldest and favorite child, Hannah, of her relish for books, and gave her of his wisdom in regard to her future. He advised a course of study at an academy, and then the use of her acquirements as teacher, if that should be her choice. The girl of seventeen, overwhelmed by the inevitable separation, gave her father her unbreakable covenant to make the most of life. So closed he his eyes; and the once strong arms were forever crossed on his breast, and over the breathless body was stretched the snowy sheet of death,—the *mountains* of death as the plaintive pen of Elisabeth Akers records the death-room:—

“First is the pallid, smileless face,
 Turned forever away from tears;
 Then two pale hands, which will keep their place
 Folded from labor through all the years;
 Then the knees, which will never bow,
 Never bend or obey again;
 And then the motionless feet, which now
 Are done with walking in sun and rain,—
 These are the mountains; and over all
 Sinks and settles the winding-sheet,
 Following sharply the rise and fall
 From the pallid face to the quiet feet.”

No wonder with these appointments there was an awe and chill in the chamber of death fifty years ago. And all that house had been sanctified by the holiest Presence. Is not *Death* the usher into unlimited expanse and beauty of life to the soul that has the outreach and desire for life and love?

Mrs. Farmer, a score of years after that day of dying, wrote:—

“1863. May day.—I cannot for a moment doubt that God has given his angels charge concerning me. It may be the blessed father who cared for me so tenderly through all the helpless years of childhood, and whose heart clung to me all the more tenderly as his dear ones were taken from him, who went down to the grave triumphing over death as only a faithful soldier of the cross can. Oh, such songs of rejoicing as went up from that bed of suffering it has never been mine to hear again! He was not only sweetly resigned, but gloriously happy. Almost the last of his words was a reply to a dear friend, ‘Is the grave dark?’ He opened his beautiful hazel eyes with a look of most perfect astonishment. ‘Dark? No: how can it be dark? My blessed Saviour goes with me.’”

In another letter Mrs. Farmer expresses the interest of that passing away and her own unceasing love:—

“It was a bright and beautiful October morning when my dear father’s arms lost their hold upon my neck, and his soul went up to our Father and our God. Such a song of triumph I never heard before or since from dying lips. His eyes closed on my face to open on the Saviour’s, to see him as he is. I do not wish him back. I thank God that he is in heaven, but I love him with a love Death never quenched. I miss him even now,—miss his smiles, his words, his kiss at morning, noon, and

night,—the kiss he gave to us all for so many years. I shall see his dear face in glory, but one must be near to God to enter readily upon the state he reached and the home to which he so joyfully went.”

The room in which Richard Shapleigh was lying in death, and which to the family was the vestibule of eternity, had been in his life and health his own special apartment of choice and business, and the brightest room of the house because of his sunshine. Many and many an hour had he sat at his books, papers, and studies; and within the desk against the wall were the accounts—minutely, methodically, unerringly written—of all his transactions and arrangements. “These books,” said he to his wife, “will be to you the distinct statement of all financial affairs; and their signatures will be equivalent to, and as reliable as, the notes of the bank.” But into that very room, hushed and solemn with the presence of the dead, came sin-inspired feet and hands. They minded not the sheeted face or the wickedness of the deed. Blackness of night and heart enshrouded. Every book, paper, receipt, signature, memorandum, was clutched: the desk was left *empty!* When the widow, after the burial, lifted the cover to obtain a practical knowledge of the estate which was to yield to her the daily bread, her eye fell upon *nothingness*. She had already faced the painful fact of widowhood: now she was appalled with the sudden discovery of penury. She was, indeed, “a widow and deso-

late." The surreptitious removal of the contents of that cabinet to this hour remains a mystery. In her double bereavement and surprise, the bewildered mother sought Hannah and revealed the loss. The two consulted the legal counsellor; but, when the days lengthened into weeks, and when her devoted Hannah was stricken with grief and disease and brought to the very verge of death, and when followed the thousand distractions which so naturally result from deathly breakings up, that dearest of mothers leaned upon her God, and let the question stare her in the face, "Where is the daily bread to be found?" Mrs. Farmer, in the letter to Mrs. Souther from which quotations have already been made, gave the story of these days of tempest, and the utter annihilation of the singular and sweeping ambitions of her girlhood. The death of the sire and the fever which ate up the very powers of her youth became to her the very steps into the heaven life. At the time they were but agonies and despairs. There is only a step between death and life. We will give her own pen:—

"Had the one wish of my soul been gratified and the mind received all the nourishment it craved, it would have been, I fear, at the expense of the heart's education. There was a time when *ambition* was the vital spark of my being. When a child, I turned my eyes to the laurels won by heroes, and my resolve was taken to reach the highest round of the ladder. It was the one great desire of my young life to be a *teacher*. God for-

give me! I humbly pray. What a teacher I should have made! If my precious father had been spared, my wish would have been gratified. Let me tell you my life as associated with him: Nature lavished her gifts freely upon his mind and person, and from him I received that stimulus which came near to costing my life. His education was only begun with his school-days under Parson Chandler. His life motto was 'Excelsior'; and, when at last he consecrated himself to the noble task of teaching, he brought to the work a sanctified heart and a mind well stored with all that was needful for him to impart. He proved to his generation what a self-made man can do. While he taught others successfully, he was himself a scholar. His mind, grasping and hungry, was always reaching for new treasures. Every drop of his blood was true and loyal, and eternity only will reveal the good he accomplished in a life that stretched but a little beyond twoscore years. He gave his heart to God in his early youth, and the noble powers which proved a help and blessing were thereby held in consecration to the God of his fathers. My every wish would have been gratified, had he lived longer; for all my cravings were bounded by him. Three years before his death I lost by consumption my two elder sisters, with only one month's difference in their departures. From that time my father's blighted loves and hopes centred in me. My mind, eager for knowledge, was ready to follow him. But the poor, little, frail body was unequal to the

demands, and brain fever was the consequence of disobedience to Nature's limits. Then I lost the only beauty with which God ever endowed me,—my beautiful hair. How proud I had been of it! how much time I had spent in arranging it! But my head was shaved in the beginning of my fever, for the doctor said it would be impossible for me to live if the hair were retained. I presume he was right, for such a wealth of hair one rarely sees. It was more than a yard long. To curl it, I only needed to twine it about my finger. I never used even water upon it, it was so glossy and beautiful. My vanity was satisfied. What did I care if my face was thin and pale, as long as my hair was always pronounced 'beautiful'? The raven's wing was not blacker; and now I think my heart was its only rival in blackness!"

Mrs. Farmer's cousin, Mrs. Fannie Heywood, of Boston, remembers that the friends who were about the sick-bed told of the return of consciousness and the discovery of the loss of the tresses which had gratified the natural and, doubtless, the reasonable pride of the young life. Putting her weak hands to her head and discovering the scissors-ly change, with the piteousness of a bruised dove, the convalescent said "Why did you not cut off my head as well?" But even then, in that sick-room, and in the grip of a wasteful and violent disease, her girl wisdom came to her help; and she accepted the inevitable. There was a super-abounding *natural* religiousness she had not then learned to under-

stand, which gave her entire life the *lean* to the side of God and wisdom. If the surface life were for a time in her youth rebellious, there was also a strong sub-consciousness of the Divine Hand; and this gave her a peculiar *silence* when she found that plans and purposes were divine, though they differed from her own human. The letter from which we are drawing this story of a part of her young life continues:—

“When my consciousness returned, I do not think I was thankful for my life. But, when I began again to realize that I had *father* to live for, and was now his eldest daughter and love, I thought I could endure anything, even life itself. My studies were again resumed, though the regular course at Bradford, upon which I was to enter when I was taken sick, was relinquished (in my mind) for the present. O my darling, what could a little, frail body like mine do, chained to an indomitable spirit, but surrender to its irresistible force? My dear father and mother saw that my life was bound up in my books, and they feared to take them wholly from me, lest I should get discouraged. So a show of doing something was kept up, while really I accomplished scarcely anything.

“When I was too feeble to go to the school-room, I recited to my father, and took all my outdoor exercise with him. This was no little part of my every-day duty; for, as he then understood the laws of health, I was obliged to observe them. It was no effort for me to commit and recite my lessons.

My brain could bear more than my body, and the one consumed the other. Thus the days passed till the autumn of 1840. Then came the agonizing suspense: the grave opened at my feet; my idol was shattered forever and ever. None but the fatherless—and but few of them—can understand my sorrow. Life was no longer worth holding. Gladly, yes, joyfully, would I have welcomed death. I could not bear even the sunlight. I wanted to darken it forever. Why should the sun shine when my father was dead? My soul hated God,—my father's God,—who had taken my earthly all. It was to me mockery when the neighbors spoke of God as *just* in all his ways. And the minister told me of the joy of heaven when he went, of the seven children who had preceded him and waited to welcome him. He told me of the good father did, of the abundant entrance there, of the crown, the harp, the praise of God and the Lamb. I heard every word he said, and then, looking him full in the face, asked, 'Mr. Adams, are *you glad* that my father is dead?' Somebody who has been afflicted said that life dies out of us when there is nothing for which we can wait or look. This was true in my own case. I was laid speedily upon my bed, sick of fever, and for six long weeks never spoke a rational word. In my delirium I called only for my father, and asked only for water, which in that day, strangely enough, was never given to the sick. The New Year, 1841, found me creeping slowly back to life,—a wreck. My ambition was buried

in the grave of my father. A fixed despair took possession of me. Life became aimless. In my self-engrossment others were forgotten. Days and nights alike I brooded over my grief. At last it seemed as if life or reason would go under to this mental agony. Earth afforded no solace, and my heart was too full of hatred to God to desire heaven. One night—and I shall never forget it—I was longing to die, and the thought came like an arrow from a quiver, ‘If you die, you would not meet your father: you are not fitted for his glorious home.’ O my darling, can you think of one’s condition *without hope*? Ah, the long suffering of God! With such winning sweetness he entreated, ‘*Come to me: I will rest you!*’”

This is a sorrowful page in the life of a girl of seventeen years. It was the way of God with her. It was only through death that she could reach life. Mrs. Heywood remembers that, in conversation with Mrs. Farmer, she unfolded an hour of her happy girl days before a ripple had disturbed her abounding ambitions. The narrative was in this wise: She went to Sunset Hill, in Eliot, when she was visiting the dear grandmother Tobey. Gazing from that delightful elevation on the expanse above and around, there came to her undisciplined ambition the thought that there was no height she could not reach and no attainment to which she might not aspire. This girl outlook and outreach had much to strengthen and encourage it till the broken home circle crushed and chilled the fancies of an eager

and poetic brain. Shall we say that the ambition was *chilled*? Was it not divinely modified and its true channel developed? In later years, as she recalled the hour at Sunset Hill, she said, "Foolish little child that I was to allow an unbounded thought!" But a child's foolishness is often undeveloped wisdom. Nothing but Mrs. Farmer's sense of *possibility* enabled her to work as she did every day in labors of love, and carried her through the eventual Soldiers' Fair and the upbuilding of the beautiful "Summer Rest,"—the memorial Rosemary. In anticipation of that hour in Mrs. Farmer's life when the night of despair was exchanged for the everlasting day of joy, we insert a fragment of her pen, written probably at this date:—

GOD'S NAY.

How strange that God should follow my steps,
 Keeping me low in his sight,
 When I wanted to choose my own life-work,
 And have shown such a spirit of fight!

He held my hand, and led me along,
 While he tenderly whispered, "Nay."
 How glad he must be that I've yielded at last,
 And shown him my choice to obey!

Wherever he leads, I follow him now
 With a simple, childlike trust.
 He knows that I do it for love of him,
 And not because I must.

I may not need to be kept in his school,
 Since I'm learning at last to be still:
 He knoweth best, and is training me now
 For some place that he wants me to fill.

My daily prayer is for grace and strength
To come from this fiery test,
With my armor burnished and buckled on,
And God will take care of the rest.

He has been so tender and good to me,
I long in some way to show
My love for him, and how thankful I am
That he should have followed me so,—

Followed me till I kissed the hand
That was holding the chastening rod.
No other way would have led me home
Or have kept me close to God.

VI.

NEWNESS OF LIFE.

PAUL says that every baptism into death is the initial of a walk in newness of life; and never did a young creature have a deeper dying to all that made life glad than Hannah Shapleigh in the latest weeks of her home life in Great Falls. That it terminated in the resurrection of powers which she had never before discerned, and of energies which were like wings of the morning, she never failed to testify. The poet Isaiah, had he seen distinctively and prophetically her very need, could not have expressed her advancing steps more vitally,—

“Then shall thy light break forth as the morning;
Thy health shall spring forth speedily,
Thy righteousness shall go before thee.
The glory of the Lord shall gather thee up.”

And the glad new dayspring was ushered in on this wise, as her own dear words tell it:—

“My cousin, Rev. N. D. Adams, was the Methodist preacher at Rye. He visited us, and suggested the benefit of a change for me. He carried me, therefore, to the parsonage for a visit. He did

not ask about my spiritual state; he did not know of the rebellion,—the hate I felt to God. On Sunday I was at his church. To his surprise, and the surprise of the whole congregation and myself, I arose at the end of the afternoon sermon, and told the people of my mental sufferings. I spoke of my years of sunshine, and then the dashing of the cup and the midnight stupor and blackness that was over my life. I confessed that I did not love God, and could not love him, for he had dealt unkindly and unjustly with me, but I wanted to go where my father was; that I should be willing to spend eternity in hell if my father were there. How I dared to stand in God's house and thus unfold myself I never knew. But 'Glory to God!' was the voice from the pulpit, and 'Amen,' came, it seemed to me, from every pew. As these echoes of human sympathy and prayer fell upon my ears, they conveyed to my soul the first feeling of rest that I had known for months. I knew the people's prayers were going upward to God's heart. I was told later that my own eyes were the only tearless ones in the congregation. Strong men wept like children; and, while they prayed audibly, the petitions were broken with sobs. My dear and faithful cousin came from his pulpit to the pew, but I was not then willing to kneel with him. O the struggle of my soul before its victory! A few days later the proud heart came into subjection to Christ. The first ray that broke the spell of darkness was a sense of the *forbearance* of

Christ, then his perfect right to do what seemed him good; and, at last, his infinite love and compassion for me — *for me* — melted my heart. All at once I lost sight of my father, and saw *only God* and his willingness to forgive. I prostrated myself, and offered my soul to him; and he never turns away from a sincere prayer. But his terms I had to acknowledge and accept; and the very moment I was willingly obedient in the opening of my lips in prayer in the presence of others he spoke the word, '*Peace!*' My heart was filled inexpressibly full. I sang songs of thanksgiving. The assurance was mine that I was for time and eternity his own. Long years have passed since then, and through all my varied life the anchor has held sure and steadfast. No power has separated me from the love of Christ; and I wait the hour when I shall reach the port, and there shall be no returning wave."

This transition produced a wonderful change in her practical, every-day life. She determined that, for her mother's sake and for the fatherless lambs, the graduation at Bradford should be forever foregone; that she would take her needle and earn the family bread, if she could. This decision was a lifelong joy and a lifelong pain; for, with her respect and appreciation of book culture, she always carried the sense of her needful sacrifice, — a sacrifice made needful because of the surreptitious destruction of her father's papers, which prevented that stricken family from presenting the legal

claims. Ah! evil deeds have telling power on the many years of the victims, and the penalties can never be measured till the cups fill to the brim; and then the perpetrators must face the wrongs and their accumulations.

The house at Eliot, saved from the unexpected wreck, was the chosen abode of the family. It was within shadow of the widow's childhood home. No wonder Mrs. Shapleigh desired the sheltering wing of her father and mother. There were perhaps advantages in the larger and busier Great Falls; but, bereft as she was, and with a group of little lambs at her knee, no place in all the world seemed so desirable as the old Eliot scenes and neighbors, the father's strong arm and the mother's wisdom. Besides, the dead husband's desire had always been to return to this early and beloved town for his declining years. The household chattels were therefore carried thither, and Eliot became the mother's continuous home for thirty-four years; and at fourscore she was carried over its threshold one October day into the garden, and, with the beautiful flowers and crimson leaves about her, she was laid upon the long, long pillow,—a home from which no stealthy midnight hand could rob her of any good which belonged to her, for it is written, "Where moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal." When the fact of her earthly loss was first impressed upon her, and was weighing down her gentle and naturally loving heart, she dreamed that the books con-

taining her husband's financial statements had been buried with him in his coffin. The singular impression was as lasting as life.

At Eliot, in 1841, a new life began with Hannah Shapleigh. Delicate, inclined as every one thought to an early grave, wasted by the fevers that had been desperate in effort to destroy her, unused to the limitations and confinements of toil, she started forth. She carried in the bag upon her arm her thimble, her needles, and her scissors, and at *twenty-five cents a day* the girl of eighteen brought as best she could her tribute to the family welfare. Girls of to-day would stare at the daily pittance of the mantua-maker of half a century ago. But Hannah Shapleigh neither stopped nor stared. She took up the self-appointed life, and joyed that she was the eldest, and could bear its brunt and burden. With the abnegation of self which became at length proverbial, she sewed from house to house, as the neighbors had need; and the days in length were, according to the custom of a half-century ago, until nine o'clock in the evening. How many gowns of girls and matrons she cut, basted, and made in those stretched out hours we do not know; but every seam, plait, and hem had its developing power, and the girl of the book became the damsel of the needle and the right hand of the widowed mother.

God has his gates of circumstance. He opens them wide. Many and many look in and shrink, and the joy of harmony with life's designs is

missed. Others accept the situation, and become the women and the men who make the divine as well as the human impress. It can be unhesitatingly said of Hannah Shapleigh that never from the hour when the light of the new life broke in upon the darkness of her father's death did she fail to do as best she could the duty that came next. She entered the gates; and, when riper years came and broader experiences of maturity, society, as well as the years of un murmuring pain, she not only did the next thing, but she mentally and heartfully grasped interests that but few assume, even among the charitable.

Two years of Eliot life passed with this busy exterior. Then gradually came the indications that the mother's home would be exchanged for one of her own, and that the oversight and effort which she had especially borne would be delegated to the younger children, who were fast outgrowing childhood, and beginning to know the meaning of responsibility. She always smiled as she recalled her first glimpse of her future husband, and neither of them ever forgot the wintry noontide when they beheld each other's face. It was a bitter day. The youth, a Dartmouth student as it afterward proved, whom the world was yet to acknowledge as the electrician whose penetration was to invent the fire alarm of Boston, and the man to light his house with the reined thunderbolt thirty years before any other domicile was thus illuminated,—the man, too, who carried passengers in electric cars

across public halls of Dover, Portsmouth, Saco, Biddeford, and Portland forty years before any such cars ran through city streets,—came down from Boscawen to Portsmouth, and from thence across the Piscataqua and up the Eliot road afoot, in search of a winter school. Overcoats were not often worn by youths fifty and sixty years ago, and this youngling from New Hampshire had not donned one. His face was crimson with the sting of the merciless wind. Hannah saw him from the window at the moment her mother was bringing a dish of savory soup to the table. It was before the days of tramps or of very much travel. With an impulse perfectly natural, but not seconded by a thought, the maid of eighteen said: "O mother, such a frozen-looking fellow is going by! Do let us ask him in, and give him some of our hot dinner." "Yes, child," said the mother, whose heart was never a shriveled one, and whose sympathies touched the wide world as well as a traveler. Out the door bounded the girl to bring the wayfarer in. As she reached the gate, the "ridiculousness" (as she afterwards expressed it) of such an invitation rushed over her; and, quicker than she went, she rebounded within the house. The young man saw the maiden; and, when he reached the door of Lydia Stone, the only person in Eliot whom he knew, he laughingly said that a miss, evidently starting on an errand, received a sudden shock from his frozen and wayworn appearance, and in her scare made a sudden vanishing. He added,

jokingly, that she was not very unlike the girl he might like to marry some day; and, when the next forenoon in church a new voice was heard on the men's side of the singing seats, the surprised Hannah discovered that it was the shivering youth who almost ate of her mother's toothsome viands the day before, and that he had become the guest for the Sunday of her uncle Samuel Shapleigh, the eldest brother of her late father. As this uncle was very stern, and never deviated from his severeness, unless it was while he was listening to music, no doubt the young singer of the choir was making him a happy day of it. But neither the swain nor the damsel looked into their palms on that Lord's Day to read the destiny of years in advance, and neither knew then that life everlasting would only be long enough for the wealth of love and blessing that would be measured to them. It was in the winter of 1842 that Professor Farmer made this search for the school; and, not succeeding, he went into the office of a civil engineer at Portsmouth. It is always and everywhere true that, if one door closes, another opens. In a brief time he became assistant in a private school in Portsmouth; and, while thus employed, the trustees of Eliot Academy asked him to assume the charge of their school, as Mr. Israel Kimball, its preceptor, had accepted an invitation to Dover. Like a dutiful son, young Farmer went first to Boscawen (now Webster), N.H., to see his widowed mother, and returned to begin school at Eliot Monday, March 1, 1843.

The reminiscences of the journey from Boscawen to Eliot in 1843 will scarcely seem fact in this day of quick and easy transit. The young professor was carried in the domestic wagon to Concord; and then himself and trunk were committed to the tenderness of the lumbering stage, which made its daily trip to Portsmouth.

A March storm of snow and wind piled the drifts so high that, when Stratham was reached on Saturday noon, the driver refused to go further until Monday. The young teacher told him of his engagement at Eliot, but the man of the reins was unmoved by eloquence or necessity, and could in no wise help him, but he agreed to take charge of the trunk, and faithfully deposit it in Portsmouth when the journey could be accomplished. Then the zealous youth began the eighteen-mile walk from Stratham. The drifts were almost insurmountable, and, when suddenly these were supplemented by a tremendous thunder-shower, the situation was not especially enviable. Drifts were changed to slush, and the traveler sank not infrequently to his knees. Long before reaching Portsmouth, he was wet to the skin, and, as his trunk was still strapped to the stage at Stratham, he had no change of clothing. At the Franklin House in Portsmouth he wrung the water from his saturated garments, and hung them as best he could about his bedroom fire. Lord's Day dawned, and still the garments were not dry; but, true to his Puritan principles and bringing up, the wet clothes were

donned, and all day he was at the sanctuary. By Monday every article was as "dry as a bone," and, with the elasticity of youth, the walk to Eliot was taken, and promptly at nine o'clock, according to agreement, the term began.

The Eliot home for the summer was with Mrs. Jeremiah Libbey, and the girls and boys were in the various stages of mental development which children were likely to reach who worked much of the time with father on the farm, and who thought that "reading, writing, and ciphering to the rule of three" made up the curriculum needful to any ordinary life. And, indeed, it did serve our sires in their daily transactions and necessary wisdom. If they lacked, the 'squire and parson gave the needful information. As might be expected, the social nature of the teacher, his natural fondness and skill in music, the quickness and sparkle of his *repartee*, speedily gave him open doors in the town, but it was neither of these that gave him an introduction to the Shapleigh home. That door opened more curiously. It was at this date that mesmerism, phrenology, and kindred topics were having special and much doubtful discussion. The teacher had examined these subjects, and discussed them freely, and, when Hannah Shapleigh was prostrate upon her pillow with an aching tooth, a very swollen face, and all the accumulated neuralgic accompaniments, Lydia Stone recommended a *mesmeric call* from the experimenting and investigating pedagogy. The spirited Hannah resented the solici-

tation, and absolutely revolted; but Lydia, an earnest apostle of the new phase of bringing relief, was importunate, and finally the call was permitted, — the first call upon her who was to be the unclouded sunshine of the next forty-eight years of his marked and ingenious life. In after days he would playfully tell her that he not only mesmerically soothed the facial muscles, but ventured his skill in the new and mystical science of phrenology, and settled it in his own mind that, if the cranium told the truth, the invalid had qualities that would not be very unlikely in a wife. And so the friendship began.

A little later the young people clamored for an evening drawing school, and Hannah attended, and, before its sessions were ended, it was discovered, perhaps intuitively understood, that the teacher showed more attention to Hannah than to the rest.

At the beginning of the second academic term Mr. Farmer's engagement as teacher was renewed by the trustees, and his home was in the family of Mrs. Shapleigh, but, when this term ended, he became the principal of the Belknap School in Dover, and later of another school in the same city. As winter came on, the snowy roads made his weekly walks to Eliot severe and toilsome journeys, especially as he carried his melodeon under his arm. His natural thought was, "Why not establish a little home of my own in Dover?" But the sagacious Hannah did not respond. She had an-

other and unexpected proposal of her own. She did not say so in words, but she determined in her heart that she would never marry, not even for love's sake, till she had seen her future husband in his own early home, and made quiet observations of his demeanor to his mother and sisters. Therefore, she proposed that they visit Boscawen,—a proposition she had a right to make, as a sister of her intended husband had already visited her as the representative of the family. She knew that a life-long happiness was at stake, and that love was not always an assurance of blessedness. Sometimes "the saddest of all is loving." In later years, as she told of her advent in Boscawen, and her introduction to her husband's mother and the household, she smiled at the bashfulness that dreaded to ask for a heavier blanket for the old-fashioned company bed in the wintry nights of the New Hampshire hills. But the welcome to that home was all her heart could ask. She never forgot it: that would have been impossible. When that gracious home of her Moses was broken forever, she recalled the season of delight with many tears:—

"How little you thought, when you sent me the willow blossoms, how many dear memories are to be stirred with the coming of this spring! I have been whispering all winter, 'When spring comes, the dear old home at Boscawen will be ours no more.' That precious hearthstone where my beloved Moses first opened his baby eyes to the light of day, that open door into which he took the

chosen of his heart before the vows were breathed which made them one before God and man, must now pass into the hands of strangers. That blessed home where he led a timid, blushing girl up to his dear mother, and said, 'Room in your heart, mother dear, room for her, close by my side?' How the tender arms of that mother folded around us both, and she said, 'Thank God for another daughter!' More than twenty years have passed since then, yet there has always been a welcome for us there. But the dear Jennie Little writes us to-night: 'There is to be an auction in the old home, and it goes from us all forever. Come up once more, and see where dear mother lived so many years.' So you see we shall soon have only the *graves* left us, and even them in the care of strangers."

The result of the first visit to Boscawen was that Mother Farmer fell in love with Hannah, and not only gave her cordial consent to the marriage, but urged its speediness for her Moses' sake.

Professor Farmer remembered a local adage, "If you wish to secure your girl, carry her to see the Shakers." He practically experimented upon it by taking her in the old-time chaise to the curious settlement not far from Boscawen. And a delightful memory floats back of a ride to Northfield, where his uncle Joseph Gerrish resided, and where also they met the loved "Mattie," afterwards Mrs. Baker, a lifelong friend and correspondent of Mrs. Farmer, and one of the cherished company who gathered finally about the burial casket, to

gaze on the face transfigured into the beauty and image of the heavenly.

Those early friendships were the choice gems to Mrs. Farmer, and one of the tender comforts that came to her family when she went away forever was the kindly memories of the people who knew her in her girlhood, and who had never ceased to hold her name and to watch with interest the labors of her love and blessing. "We have nothing to remember but that which is good and pleasant," said a dear old lady who had hardly seen Mrs. Farmer from the days when they had played together at Blackberry Hill. Nearly twenty-five years ago Mrs. Farmer, in writing to one who was most sisterly to her, said, "There are three persons that I pray God I may see on the occasion, if my life is spared,— Mrs. Pray, Mrs. Baker, and Mrs. Brown. I have loved Martha Baker ever since I was fourteen years old; and not many years later you, Charlotte, and Miss Furber came knocking at the door of my heart, and, when you were once admitted, it was to go no more out forever." Again she writes to Mrs. Pray: "If I never heard from you again in this world, I should not for a moment believe that your love for me was changed or that you could ever forget me. There is no grave in my own heart where a broken friendship lies buried. If I love once, it is for time and eternity. If I could sit down by your side, I could tell you things that can never be put upon paper, but God knows there is no change in my love for you, that I hold you in

my heart as one beloved rarely holds another, that, while I live, you will never be without one sincere, loving friend."

These earthly ties increased and strengthened, and, when the home began in Dover, the pillar of it was the never-flagging affection which ripened more and more, and made it the attractive place for old and young, rich and poor, bond and free, as long as she had voice to welcome. A few days before her transition she stood at the top of the stairs in her Eliot cottage, and, spreading her arms wide to welcome a visitor, said to her, "If I go home before you do, Annie Caldwell, you will find me at the top of the stairs waiting to welcome you." Surely, we believe it,— we who have so many times had the welcome she only could give to her home below.

VII.

HEART AND HOME.

THE wedding was at Eliot on Christmas evening, 1844. Few girls have had a truer sense of the weal or woe that comes with bridal pledges, but Hannah Shapleigh did not burden her guests with her sense of the responsibilities she assumed. Therefore, that Christmas evening was bright with the wit and sparkle of the clever company of witnesses. If she opened not her heart to friends, she "went and told Jesus" all the same. Tenderly did she write of it a quarter of a century later to one on the eve of a similar occasion:—

"I was just as sure, when I rose from my knees, Dec. 25, 1844, with the dear hand of Moses clasped in mine, of the happiness we have experienced as I am to-night. The bridal party was in the parlor. Bridesmaid and groomsman were waiting; but *we*, who were so soon to be made one, could not present ourselves before the marriage altar until we had once again offered ourselves anew to Him who instituted this, the holiest of ties. I felt then as now that God accepted and smiled upon the union of hands where hearts were already united, and that his blessing would go with us, crowning all our

days with a glory that has grown in brightness from year to year, and will till we pass on."

It is not strange that the bride entered her mother's parlor that Christmas evening with the full assurance of a life of wedded joy, if "environments" mean anything, for her husband's antecedents through generations touched the best Puritan blood. His grandmother Farmer was a Russell, a lineal descendant of Lord William Russell, whose pathetic execution in the tower of London is a page of history, and whose godly wife, the Lady Rachel, was an honor to the faith and integrity of a Christly life. His mother (Sally Gerrish) descended from Colonel Moses and Jane (Sewell) Gerrish, married in 1677, the said Jane being a sister of the quaint Judge Sewell, whose "Diaries" are like unto the Scripture Chronicles. The ancient portrait in oil of Colonel Moses hangs, a choice relic, on Professor Farmer's library walls. The grandmother of Sally (Gerrish) was Joanna (Hale) Gerrish, an aunt of Nathan Hale, the heroic and youthful spy of the Revolution, and the woman whose faith touched God in the abounding prayer that to every descendant God's saving grace should come. That grandmother's prayer has been a most precious legacy, tingeing the very blood of the legatees.

The clergyman before whom the vows were spoken, the Rev. Josiah B. Clark, was the Eliot pastor. Forty-seven years after that wedding night he still lives; and, when this venerated man wrote

an opening address for Rosemary in 1888, he made personal allusions to this twain whom he made one in 1844. His words are apt here:—

“I knew Moses and Hannah Farmer when they were entering mature life. The gentleman at about twenty, a pure, honest, amiable youth, came into our family at Eliot as a teacher, with the privilege of feeling and acting as at home. No one saw in him any word or act out of propriety. I think he was not a professor of religion, but evidently he had been trained in its school.

“The lady was a specimen of unqualified and unequalled kindness. The only objection I ever saw in her character was pure loveliness without consciousness of it.

“Neither of them was brought into the world in affluence. They began life in weakness. They toiled hard for success, and in much discouragement and infirmity. They passed through the trying ordeal of affliction, and, what is the best of it, they neither murmured nor repined. Yea, they kissed the Hand that smote them, and fixed their hearts with sincere purpose to enrich God’s world by deeds of kindness, and especially to enrich the poor by proving that ‘it is more blessed to give than to receive.’”

This was the good man who gave the benedictions of the wedding evening, and his voice of fraternal wisdom and grace was always remembered and loved.

In 1844 wedding tours were not a part of the

prescribed programme of new life and new homes, and therefore the young couple simply rode out to Dover, and in Fifth Street, the house of William Robinson, the first home was established, and for three happy years it was to them an earthly paradise,—we may rightly say, the beginning of their paradise, for every year added to the strength and comfort of their united hearts. The increase of home joy Mrs. Farmer expressed: “There is something so holy and precious in the daily communion of husband and wife I often feel that the land to which we are going can have for me no purer joy than I have known in this sanctified relation.” And this sense of holiness as well as happiness in domestic life and relations led her to say again: “Woman is the presiding angel of the home. Her unseen influence there is *more than all the pulpits of the land.*”

This quiet and satisfied love did not permit her to leave mother’s heart and mother’s home without a throb which was well-nigh to physical pain. “The day I left my mother’s house,” she said, “was the saddest of my whole life. Yet the step was my own calm choice; and, if ever I thanked God for anything, it was for that day of all days when he gave me the husband of my love and blessing.”

It was the sisters of Professor Farmer, Sarah and Jane, and his only brother, John, who made the Dover house a kindly cheer for the new-comers. “They were there a week before our marriage,” wrote Mrs. Farmer, “and only came to Eliot a few

hours before the ceremony; and, when husband and I reached Dover, they had preceded us, and we found the table all ready for tea." She added to this: "I loved the dear sisters dearly, but in our new home it was a relief to be alone, for I believe I should have been afraid of my Moses to this day if we had always had somebody in our family. We had been engaged more than a year, but I had never ventured to call him anything but *Mr. Farmer*. What a mystery I am to myself!"

It was the design of Professor Farmer's pupils to "receive" the bride. Knowing her frailness, he took the responsibility of a veto. For this she was so grateful that she remembered it with a sense of relief for years; and, when one of her acquaintances was to have a similar evening arranged for her by the young people of the parish to which she was to go as the wife of its pastor, Mrs. Farmer could not rest until she had delivered the bride, a frail child, from the weariness and excitement of it, and her advice, therefore, to the expectant husband was:—

"When I was married, Moses was a preceptor in Dover. The pupils were young ladies. They wished to be at our house in a body when we arrived, and receive us. Mr. Farmer did not refer the matter to me, lest, if I declined, it might cause a withdrawal from me. He knew I should enjoy the friendship of the girls as I gradually came to see them. So he told them I should be tired with the ride and sorrowful in leaving mother and home, that I was physically frail, and, if I came quietly

and rested awhile, then a reception would be very nice. So two weeks later they came. Now, do not let your wife be *stared at* on her arrival. Tell your flock that she is not strong, but is as good as wheat. Let them know that you do not consult her in the matter, but use your own judgment. They will see that you are grateful for their kindly design, even if you subvert it."

It has been pleasant to listen to people who retain memories of the life of the young Farmers in Dover. There, as everywhere, they left the indelible impression, the one of boundless heart and love, the other of wit and genius. Mrs. Farmer kept a daily memorandum of the Dover life, and from it can be perceived that the very beginnings of the home were marked with that peculiar "open-door" life, by which everybody had the welcome of disinterested love and sympathy. One of the family friends wrote a few years ago, "I cannot ask if you are without visitors, for ever since I knew you the Farmer home has been equivalent to a *continental* hotel." Never was a truer word uttered, for callers and guests could not be numbered from 1844 to the very hour when the last sorrowful and joyful group looked upon the beautiful repose which never again could be broken. The wish of the first birthday of Mrs. Farmer was literally fulfilled by the heavenly Father:—

"March 20, 1845. I am twenty-two years old. When I think how long I have lived and how little good I have done, I am surprised. Father in

heaven, implant within me *one desire*, to do something in thy cause."

This *one desire* led her to join the Dover Anti-slavery Society only four days after the wedding ride, and a few days later a transient society "to help the poor this winter," and again a "Benevolent Society"; and she went to see a dying girl, "a stranger to me, but I must say I loved her." These are the little notes of daily life. Was she happy in it? Yes. "With pleasure I can write to-day that I *am* a happy wife." At the return from a visit, she penned: "Came to my own dear home, the sweetest spot on this earth. But I have, too, a *home in the heart*, and that is dearer than all together." Her happiness never made her forgetful, and three days after her birthday she rode out to Eliot to see her mother, and jotted down, "If ever I was glad to see anybody in my life, it was that dear old lady."

After a few months' residence in Dover her husband's duties called him away now and again, and her sensitiveness to gladness and sorrow she expressed to him:—

"O how delicate is the poise of the scale that holds my joy or my pain! Will the time come when every shadow that passes over me will not leave its impress? Yet life is worth more than the price we pay for it."

Perhaps a truer sentiment was never expressed; and yet it seems sometimes as if we gave double cost, so high is the required price.

As the Dover friends became more and more intimate with the new home, the truer became the friendships and the estimates. "We came to the conclusion," said a gentleman, "that Mr. Farmer could do anything." It is not strange that this thought prevailed, for the ingenuity of the young man was developing in a thousand ways. He went to Dover as a teacher, and he blended music with this, and had the ear and skill to tune the pianos of the few people of fifty years ago who had such an acquisition and joy in the house. He played the organ at the meeting-house, was a teacher, and an attractive one, in the Sunday-school; and one day, while calling upon Dr. Stackpole and wife, he forgot for a season to be sociable, being wholly absorbed and enveloped in mathematical observations on the gyrations of a top.

At this time a new enterprise was entertained in the mind of this young and ingenious man. It was the printing of window shades. Deacon John Busby, of Dover, was manufacturing shades of linen, and Mr. Farmer could see no reason why shades of stamped paper could not be of equal service, and much cheaper. The linen shades were then retailing at one dollar each. Mr. Farmer's inventive faculty produced a new pattern and a new machine on which to print them, and this adventure on paper sold at one-fourth the price of the previous linen. "Two heads are better than one" (even if one is a genius), and an old pedler suggested that the paper mills of Newton Lower Falls and the ink

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ENGINE & RAIL-ROAD.

Messrs. M. G. & J. P. FARMER,

Will exhibit on *Wednesday Evening* at *Levee* HALL,
A BEAUTIFUL MODEL OF THEIR NEWLY INVENTED

Electro-Magnetic Engine,

To which they have adapted a Miniature

RAIL-ROAD AND ENGINE CAR,

Which will be drawn by the LIGHTNING-STEED.

A variety of interesting **EXPERIMENTS** will be
performed, with Remarks, illustrating the power of

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

Among these a BAR of IRON, will remain suspended in the Air without visible
support, in opposition to the LAW of GRAVITATION.

THE MAGNETIC RING,

Which will defy the strength of any TWO MEN to separate its halves, when
under the influence of ELECTRICITY. The operation of the

TELEGRAPH,

Will be illustrated by a small model. The SUBMARINE BATTERY will be
introduced, showing the safety with which Vessels can be blown up, and Castles demolished at any distance.

THE VIBRATING MAGNETO ELECTRIC MACHINE,

So useful in the cure of Chronic Diseases will be introduced, and a

·\$5 GOLD PIECE

will be placed in a dish of water, which any person may have who will take it out
when properly connected with the Machine. The Lecture and Experiments will be repeated with Amusement and Instruction.

Doors open at 7 1/2. Lecture will Commence at 8 o'clock.

TICKETS 25 CENTS.

T. W. Caldwell & Co. Printers, over Dover Bank.

1857

works of Boston be patronized, and materials be thus obtained at first cost. The young man followed the old man's suggestion, and the result was that forty thousand curtains were printed and sold; and the manufacturers received fifty per cent.

While the hands were busy with the mechanical work of the curtains, the brain was developing an *electro-magnetic motor* in 1845. So delightfully absorbing was this interest that the curtain trade and all the apparatus went over to another; and heart and mind were engrossed in the revelations of power which this motor would give to man. But it was 1845-46, and the young electrician, as well as his interested and devoted young wife, had to learn the simple, veritable fact which Daniel, the seer, received ages before, that certain truths must be "sealed up till the time of the end." The patient young man waited till his hair was grizzled to see his prophetic gleams fulfilled. But the year 1846-47 will have its scientific as well as historic interest, for during the year his *electric engine and car* were made, and tracks were laid in the old City Hall at Dover, and in the public halls also of Great Falls, Saco, and Portland, and at exhibitions children rode in this electric car across the halls of these cities of New Hampshire and Maine.

Mr. Farmer remembers that F. O. J. Smith was erecting telegraphs at that date, and found that his wires stretched like molasses candy, and Mr. Farmer bought three hundred yards of these condemned wires for his engine.

The exhibition of this electrical locomotion, though a novelty, was not a mint to its inventor. He had called his brother, John P. Farmer, to his financial help as well as to his mechanical labors, and the two had worked busily at the paper curtains, while at the same time the brain was developing the engine. But, when the experiment was tested before the public, the curiosity of the populace was not sufficiently born to furnish the inventor's household with bread. It was nicer in 1847 to have a paper curtain at the window than to ride in an electric car, and the two young men discovered that these public exhibitions had depleted their pockets, and that fifty dollars were needed to balance accounts. Dr. Stackpole, of Dover,—let his name be praised!—gave the adventurers a temporary relief by sending to them at Portland (the last place of exhibit) a check for the needed amount. Poor Bronson Alcott came back from his philosophic lecture tour at the West with a somewhat brighter plumage. He had one solitary dollar to show to his patient and loving wife, who had never ceased to believe in him. And Hannah Farmer had a no less open-arm reception for the "my Moses," who was to her the man who would one day be recognized as possessing the unmistakable intuition which read the wisdom of God in the lightning's flash, whether it were in the cloud above or condensed in wires below. She never mistook her husband. As memories float back, the husband in his peculiar tongue says, "We did not make a mil-

lion and a half a minute, but afterwards I repaid all those who were entangled with me in the financial embarrassments of those Dover experiments."

One laughable incident of these exhibits has been remembered, perhaps by all who were present. A five-dollar gold piece was deposited in a jar of charged water, and it was to belong to the person who could remove it with his hand. A man with much assurance went to the dish, and lifted the coin without let or hindrance. The astonished exhibitor began to investigate, and discovered that the bundle of wires had been left out of the coil. This was explained to the audience, and the man was promised another golden coin if he would replace the one he had removed. "No," said he. The audience took it up, and offered another and yet another, until eighty dollars were pledged. Then the man, with a somewhat tremulous voice, said, "No, it would hurt me more than a month's work" ; and he bore away the gold unshocked.

These are some of the interests that came to the first happy fireside at Dover, but they were not all. Other incidents sometimes had divine teachings, even if they were very simple. Mrs. Farmer never forgot the little cousin Fannie (now Mrs. Heywood), not three years old, who sat at her table, and, looking at the cup of tea before her, asked if she could have more when that was gone. She was assured that all she wished could be supplied. "Because," she prattled on, "if I cannot have more, I wish to eat this with a spoon, and, if

I can have more, I want to drink it right down." Perhaps older children take God's supplies by the spoonful, when he so gladly and soulfully would afford overflowing draughts from the cup.

Among the family papers is the first letter written by Mrs. Farmer to her husband, during one of his absences. It is dated Feb. 4, 1845, and directed to Portland, Me. She had just received one from him, and playfully tells him that anybody would think he had a number of wives, as he called her "the dearest." Then, more seriously, she says: "A letter from my own blessed husband. How sweet to say *my own!* Others may call you Gerrish and brother and friend; but I, the favored one, can say *husband*. How sweet the name! There is none dearer." In another letter she tells her chosen companion: "The ties are strong now by which I am earth-bound, and I pray for life, that I may gladden our home nest for thee, my chosen one, where you may ever come with the sweet assurance that the White Bird's wings are folded, waiting the return of her mate."

Those early Dover days,—glad ones were they, and free, with perhaps never even an anticipation of the time to come when her pen should falter as it wrote: "My blessed husband, I will not trouble you to-day with a long letter. My heart is so sad that I cannot think of a time when it was glad and free. Was it, Love, when I gave it into your keeping? How faithful you have been to the sacred trust our Father knows. If no other feeling is in

my heart, I am conscious of thankfulness for your love and your care of me since the glad day that made me your wife."

When ten years were gone since the bridal hour, and she was spending a Lord's Day in the early and loved home at Great Falls, she wrote: "I cannot bear to be parted from you. Each day seems a loss irreparable. I believe I cannot endure the separations as well as I could ten years ago,—the year we first lived and loved together. I cannot believe that I love you now more than then. Yet, if we are truly one, is not this the case? The longer we love, the greater, I trust, will be the love. We shall better understand each other. I have been so happy all these ten years of wedded life that, if I were asked when I had been happiest, I could only say, *Now*. It is good to be loved, but, oh! it is more blessed to love."

But, above all things, the joy of that little Dover home was the prolonged life of Mrs. Farmer. On the wedding evening, 1844, the neighbors predicted of Hannah Shapleigh that a face so white and strength so precarious would take her to a swift grave. The family doctor whispered to the groom that he did not think it possible for her to tarry in the body six months. "See what loving care has wrought for me," said the pleasant voice, when the prophets "ceased to have honor." The young wife touched the heart of her God with the outreach of her faith and prayer, and she lived.

In the third year of the home life at Dover came the joy which is as infinite as the wealth of heaven, the gift of the baby daughter. Its mother had been called before her bridal the "*White Bird*," because of the striking contrast between the pallor of her face and the raven blackness and wealth of her hair; and, when the babe was upon her bosom, the memory of this name came over her, and she wrote a page of verse which, while it commemorates, reveals the trustfulness of the two hearts in that Love which is willing to listen when prayer in its simplicity is left to Him. "There is no inborn longing," says George MacDonal, "that shall not be fulfilled. I think that is as certain as the forgiveness of sins." The longing of the young wife was for length of days, and her cup God filled. The poem has the signature "*Mabelle*," by which she was known in later years widely, but which she probably used for the first time in publishing this waif of her pen:—

THE "WHITE BIRD'S" BRIDAL.

BY MABELLE.

"Bring flowers, bring flowers," to deck the bride,
 For a manly heart is by her side;
 He looks on her now with a tearful eye,
 And thinks perhaps she soon may die.

But he asks of Heaven to grant him this boon,
 To call her his, if ere it is noon
 Her sun shall set, and her bridal bed
 Be far away with the silent dead,

And the cypress wreath be around the brow
 Where the orange blossom is twining now ;
 For he feels, if but *once* he could call her wife,
 It would give him joy through all his life.

To gaze on the depths of those dreamy eyes,
 'Till they close on him here to ope in the skies,
 That, if on his breast her head might lie,
Perhaps he then could *see* her die !

They've breathed their vows, and I see him now
 Humbly before his Saviour bow,
 And ask of him to spare her still,
 If it can but please his holy will.

His prayer was heard,— she's still by his side,
 But she looks not now like the pale, wan bride ;
 And there's hope in his heart, and it stronger grows
 As he looks on her cheek, for 'tis *couleur de rose*.

For health is now hers in answer to prayer,
 And her brow is as yet unmarked by care ;
 For home to her is a place of rest,
 Since love hath e'er lined the "White Bird's" nest.

We see him again,— she's yet by his side,
 And he looks on her *now* with a holy pride ;
 For he feels she is *his* by another claim,—
 Oh, joy to *her* who bears that name !

'Tis another link in the golden chain,
 To bind them anew in its bonds again ;
 For there is a union formed on high,
 Its life is love,— *that never can die !*

When thirty-three more years had glided by, and the sun-lighted paradise of Dover had been several times exchanged for other and larger homes, and had increased every year in the wealth of affection, the same pen wrote for the husband's eye and heart a

tender page, which proved that the venture of setting up the first domestic altar was no failure and no mistake:—

MY LOVE AND I.

Come, let us count the blessed years
 We've walked Life's path together,
 And tried to keep a thankful heart,
 Unmindful of the weather.

For, if some days were dark and cold,
 And all outside were dreary,
 We had within the loving trust
 That makes all things most cheery.

Faith always looked behind the clouds,
 Where God's dear face was shining.
 So, when we could not sing for joy,
 He kept us from repining.

Though oft the way has been up-hill,
 Each trial proved a blessing;
 And what the coming days would bring
 We've spent no time in guessing.

Nor have we thought in all these years
 Much of each other's duty,
 But tried to make rough places smooth
 By clothing them with beauty.

The love we laid in youth's bright morn
 Upon the marriage altar
 Has bridged the places all must cross
 Where Hope and Courage falter.

The vows then made to each and God
 Have never yet been broken;
 And he has known the thanks we feel,
 Which never can be spoken.

Life's sunniest days, full well we know,
 Have seemed to lack completeness;
 But somehow we, my Love and I,
 Have found in all some sweetness.

For every milestone we have passed
 We've found each other dearer;
 And every day we live on earth
 Our home above grows clearer.

Now, on the summit of our lives,
 We look the long path over,
 But what the charm in each has been
 We cannot yet discover.

We only know two human souls
 In harmony have blended,
 That songs of peace begun on earth
 Will ne'er in heaven be ended.

Now we have reached Life's aftermath,—
 The glory days of living,—
 So happy in each other's love
 That life is one thanksgiving.

Thus Love and I will surely face
 The coming wintry weather,
 Praying that, whatsoe'er befalls,
 We two may be together.

And when our latest Christmas comes,
 Opening for us the portal,
 God give to us his welcome hand,
 And crown our love immortal.

The choice of "*Mabelle*" as the *nom de plume* for the printed articles of Mrs. Farmer was by her husband. She writes of it in 1865 to her friend, Mrs. Maria Kemp Crockett, whose soldier husband

was one of the martyr dead of Hooker's Corps at Lookout Mountain, Oct. 29, 1863:—

“And now, my dear Mrs. Crockett, please remember me with much love to Rev. Mr. Ayer. He was one of our dearest friends at Dover. No guest ever could be more welcome under our roof than he. My respect for him has been constantly increasing. A man more sincere or truer cannot be found. You will be surprised when I tell you that he never knew till last summer, when he was here, that I ever attempted *rhyme*. He asked me how I became acquainted with you? What could I say with those blue eyes looking me full in the face? Nothing but the truth; and I did, dear, though it was a cross. I told him of the verses upon your husband's death. My dear husband never knew that I used the pen in this way for some time after we were married. When he found it out, he asked me to take the name of ‘*Mabelle*,’ a name which he gave me in the days of our betrothal for its significance; and so I assumed it about the year 1849. Before that time my articles were signed ‘*Anna*,’ or published anonymously. I wrote regularly for a Salem paper twelve years before the publisher discovered who ‘*Mabelle*’ was. My own precious sister Fannie [Mrs. Edwin Rogers, Lillie's mother] heard a company of ladies speaking of an article; and they wished they could know who ‘*Mabelle*’ was. Fannie said to me, ‘I would give anything to know, and maybe *you* can find out, Hannah.’ Dear child! she little thought then who ‘*Mabelle*’ was.

My own blessed mother was in the same ignorance, for I wanted nobody to know it. I wrote for the same reason that the birds sing, because they can't help it. Now, dear, do you wonder that it was hard to tell Mr. Ayer?"

VIII.

MOTHERHOOD.

ONE of the little poems which will never die is the "*Babic Bell*" of T. B. Aldrich. It touches a chord which vibrates when the baby voice is heard and the little one comes close to the bosom. Many a mother knows what it is, even if she never wrote a line or felt within her the power of song. The following expression of maternity found among Mrs. Farmer's papers is not a poem; but we doubt if more soulful paragraphs were ever penned, or if any babe was ever baptized with truer prayers or more sincere consecration than the one folded in her own arms. This story of motherhood was evidently intended as a letter to some friend, whose name has not been preserved with the pages:

"The love which has crowned my life with unspeakable happiness came to me as a gift of God. In each of his visits after our betrothment Mr. Farmer and I knelt together, and thanked him for the pure love that was daily lifting our hearts nearer to him. When I left my dear mother's home for one of my own at Dover, I felt the sweetest assurance that God's blessing would rest upon it, and that angels would fold their snowy wings above its peaceful, happy dome. Morning and evening

the incense from grateful, loving hearts was laid upon our dear altar, and it seemed to us then that we had in each other's love all that we needed to make a heaven of that sweet earthly home.

"Almost two years of this bright, beautiful wedded life had passed when I found myself walking under the shadow of maternity. From that glad hour I tried to so order my life that it should be in harmony with all God's laws, that no impression save that for good should be made upon the pure little life linked with mine for time and eternity. Every breath was one of praise that he should confer such an honor upon *me*. Often I said to myself, 'I am the mother of one of God's angels.' The very thought of it would thrill me through and through, and fill my soul with adoration. I knew, so it seemed to me, how Mary, the mother of Jesus, felt, when the holiest of all secrets was revealed to her. The physical weaknesses were cheerfully borne for the sake of the little sinless child sleeping so near my glad and happy heart.

"Then came the week when there seemed no hope from day to day that even one life could be given for the other, but that both would perish together. God was better than our fears. O, eternity alone will reveal the joy and thanksgiving which that precious soul brought to her father and mother, and what she has been and still is to us whose every hope on earth has centred in her, bringing daily with her presence all the light and sunshine which has gladdened our home, over which suffering has so often cast its shadowy wings.

“Looking back to the time when this new life was consecrated to God (long before we looked upon the face of our child), I can see God’s hand leading us step by step in the path which his love marked out for us; and, if ever a father and mother felt the responsibility laid upon them through the birth of a child, I believe we have. As far as we know, we have faithfully tried to discharge each duty required of us. I can recall no instance in her life when her best good for time and eternity was not the first consideration with us. We have the assurance in our own souls that God has accepted the offering which we have daily lifted to him.

“She had been with us two years when God saw that we needed a new baptism for the work he had laid out for us to do for him and the world. One hour she was seemingly in health, and the next critically ill. A few days later all hope of her life had been abandoned; and our physician left her, as he said, beyond the reach of human aid. When this awful truth came home to us, there was no pulse at the wrist, and a glass held to her lips was all that gave any signs of life in the precious little wasted body. *Agony* is the only word which can ever express the mental distress of the awful hour when we felt we must give her up. We had taken her as a gift from God. Could we give her back to him joyfully? Holding her dear little baby hands in ours, as icy cold as death can ever make them, we fell upon our knees by the side of her bed, and

prayed as only parents can under such circumstances. We thanked him that he had given her to us, that he had spared her life so long; and we begged him to help us to yield her up if it was his will to take her from us then, and we asked for her life if that would be for his glory. We promised him that we would never hold her again as ours, but as his child, *loaned to us*, to be trained for a life of usefulness here on earth, and as a messenger for his service in heaven when she could no longer do his work and bidding here with us. The prayer was heard and registered. It was answered here upon earth. A few hours later the tide of life turned slowly backwards; and 'God be praised, the child will live,' fell from the lips of our physician.

"From that day to this we have had God's own child in our care and keeping, until she has become to us our household evangel. If our life-work were to end for her this very hour, I think we could conscientiously say before him and the world that we have honestly and faithfully tried to keep the vows we made when she was given back to us as one raised from the dead, as well as when we accepted her at her birth as a gift from him. God has certainly set his seal of approval upon our life-work for her by giving us the desire of our hearts in making her an angel of good influences to all with whom she comes in contact. By this, thank God, we know that our work has been acceptable to him, and that our daily prayers for this dear one have been heard and answered."

In 1889, when this consecrated daughter was visiting in Boston at the residence of her uncle (the Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin), Mrs. Coffin desired a longer stay, and asked Mrs. Farmer to *lend her daughter* a few more days. To this she wrote responsively: "Tell Aunt Sarah that I cannot *lend* you to the Lord, because I *gave* you back to him when you were two years old; and I have never felt the least desire to recall the gift from that day to this. Ever since then it has been a mystery why he asked me to do it, but now it is all made plain. I thought I should have to wait until I saw him face to face to understand it. The vow I made then has influenced my whole life, and I can never be released of its obligations until he takes one of us to himself."

Hardly a letter did this most lovingly conscientious mother write but she revealed the wonderful maternity by allusions to this daughter, upon whom God did indeed give an endowment, kindred to that of her mother, of divine thoughtfulness and perception of human cries.

"We are greatly blessed in our daughter dear [wrote the mother]. She was consecrated to God while she was yet sleeping beneath my heart; and, when he said to me, 'Take this child, and rear her for *me*, and I will pay thee thy wages,' I believed just what he said, and have lived to see his word verified. When she was three years old, I sat down, and wrote out what kind of woman I wanted her to be; and that was always before me as some-

thing to work up to. God has blessed my feeble efforts beyond all I dared to hope."

It would be a pleasant interest if we could find among Mrs. Farmer's papers this mental and spiritual chart and standard to which she aimed to develop and lead this God-given daughter. When it had served its purpose, probably it was no longer preserved; but the mother's prayers and her wealth of love and wisdom can never be consumed. On the child's eighth birthday the mother noted in a day-book:—

"Dear little Sarah is eight years old to-day. How grateful I am to the Giver of Life that our dear home has not been clouded by the removal of our darling child! If it can be, Father, for our good and thy glory, I ask for life, that I may help mould her character. I want to live until I see her step forth a *true woman*,—the heart and mind developed, the good and the noble of her nature expanded, the intellect cultivated. I would unite sweetness and strength, gentleness and firmness,—all these happily blended; the mind both poetical and practical, the taste refined and pure, and a love for the excellent as well as the beautiful in art and nature,—this is the outline I would draw for a *home character*."

And, when the mother had so written, she added upon a diary leaf:—

"Dear child, remember that the secret you are tempted to keep from your mother is one which will bring grief to your heart. Let your life be as

open to her as the day. Love truth and sincerity, and never let them fade from the heart. This is your mother's prayer."

Many years later she wrote of one way which her wisdom dictated as a development of the child:

"We began early in our daughter's life to take her into our own conferences, hoping thereby to hold her confidence; and now she is a part of ourselves in all that relates to our domestic and business arrangements. We depend upon her to advise as well as to comfort us."

Once, when the entire family was expected to be at a sanitarium, by some inadvertence the head of the institution had not comprehended that the daughter was a part of the house, and wrote to know who the lady was who would accompany them? 'Had they a daughter,' etc.? To this query was sent the playful yet truly maternal response:—

"Give my love to doctor. Tell him *Miss Farmer*, if so it please God, we will bring, and will let him see what kind of a girl she is; and, until then, he will please think of the best girl he ever knew (his own dear wife excepted), and then imagine that mine is a little better, and he will not be far from right."

On one of the child's birthdays she drifted into melody:—

OUR BUD, WITH ITS LEAVES YET FOLDED.

How varied are the thoughts to-day,
As I review the past,
And live again those precious hours,
Each brighter than the last.

They come to me with rainbow hue,
 Their tints are fair and bright ;
 And 'tis your life, my darling child,
 Which gives them now the light.

Though few the years since first you came
 To gladden hearts and home,
 Long may it be, if thus God will,
 Ere angels bid you "come."

And now, my dear and precious child,
 Of all that's in my heart,
 What would you ask of me to-day
 If *that* could be your part?

This is the blessing that I crave,
 This is my earnest prayer,
 That you in youth may come to God
 And seek his watchful care.

I ask not for you wealth or power,
 I ask not wit or fame,—
 I would not have you strive to win
 Alone an earthly name.

Nor would I ask for beauty's gift,
 Only in heart and soul :
 If *this* is *yours*, an angel's hand
 Shall carve it on his scroll.

Then if, sweet child, I go away
 While yet your years are few,
 I trust some lessons I have *taught*
 May not be lost on you.

And, if it is not mine to guide
 Your feet from day to day,
 May loving hearts be ever near
 To watch you lest you stray.

Your mother's heart is yearning now
 To shield you from all harm ;

For love like hers would gladly save,
But *powerless* her arm.

Then learn to trust in God, sweet child,
And give him now your heart;
Before the "evil days shall come,"
Oh, "choose the better part."

Live every day as though it were
The last that might be given
For you to do what good you could,
For you to fit for heaven.

IX.

MATERNAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A BOSTON minister said, "Every child born to a household should be converted in the household." Mrs. Farmer gave emphatic credence to the remark, and urged mothers to the positive faith that saved the child while yet it was a child. In a letter to one whom she had learned greatly to love, she reminds her that she had yielded her son unto God by covenant, and asks if she had seen to it that this child, then grown to a youth, had added his own definite seal to the parental pledge:—

"I want to thank you for the paper containing the report of the meeting where your son Henry made such an excellent speech. How much he seems like his dear father! I can never forget that Henry was consecrated especially to God's work. Has he in any way ratified the vows which his parents made for him? He is a child of the covenant, and God has a claim upon him that has never yet been recognized unless he is living to-day with an eye single to God's glory. How I long to hear that he has taken up his father's work in the church, the Sunday-school, and among all those with whom he is daily brought into contact! Give

my love to him. Tell him the Master has need of him, and that I am praying that he may be a faithful soldier of the Cross."

To the mother of two dear and consecrated boys, whose father was with Jesus, she said:—

"The great work God has given you to do will not be finished until your dear ones are brought into the fold of Christ. How my heart yearns over those two dear boys, lacking only one thing! I cannot rest satisfied until they have sought forgiveness of their sins, and given themselves wholly to Christ. These little lambs of the fold had a place in their father's heart and prayers from the earliest moment of their lives; and, if he could speak to them to-day, his word would be, '*Come to Jesus.*' Give them my tenderest motherly love. Tell them from me that the Saviour is the dearest friend I have."

Another letter of wisdom, written evidently to some endeared friend, was left in duplicate among her papers. It is concerning the actual loss to children of home influences and life:—

"If the child continues to be often away from home, she will become estranged from it, and will learn to do without her father's counsel, advice, company, and society, and also his love. When old age creeps on, she will not be as ready to minister to his needs and wishes as if she had always been at home with him. That her relatives should be delighted to have the young and sprightly creature with them is no wonder, but they may not con-

sider the effect of the many and prolonged visits. If they do, they will love you enough to give you back what is rightfully yours,—the care and development of your child.

“Her mother is a noble woman, of sterling character and influence, which she would exert over the child in revealing her moral and intellectual traits; and she cannot afford to lose this training. Your daughter is now at the age when girls think it is nice to have liberty; but it is an age that does not distinguish between liberty and license, and license roams at its own strong will without hindrance from anybody. It is certainly not wisdom for young girls. The Bible says that it is good to bear the yoke in youth, and it is good to be brought up to respect parental authority. A daughter who grows up without the habit of obedience never will become of the truly good and great of earth. So very many young girls in your city promenade up and down the streets in the evenings; and, if one is tempted to imitate or join them, there will be danger of going astray. It is much better for the child that the evenings, as a rule, be mostly spent at home with father and mother, growing up in mutual love and confidence with them.

“Please pardon me for writing so plainly. I should not be a true friend to you if I neglected this word of caution. I wish the best of earthly and heavenly blessings upon all of you.”

Scores of mothers asked Mrs. Farmer perplexing questions when the overplus of child life bubbled

and exploded more perhaps in mischief and tease than in actual evil, and learned from her how to *direct* the buoyancy and frolic rather than *correct* with rod and severity. But, like all mothers, now and then in her own administration of discipline its effect upon her daughter puzzled and perplexed her. She remembered that neither her father nor mother applied the rod literally, and yet their words and ways were more keenly and indelibly fixed upon the minds and hearts of the children than a cuffed ear or an applied birch could have been. She, in turn, had no rods or ferules; but discipline was needful just the same. It always is, whether we be in child life or age. Her little daughter had a birthday party, and the child had anticipated it as only a child can. The yard was large enough for the appropriate games, and the garden gate had shut them in; and Mrs. Farmer had given the injunction that it was not to be opened. She was entirely restful in her mind about her own and her neighbors' children, for disobedience was not trite at Eden Home. Suddenly the mother became conscious of a silence. It was the hush of absence. Not a child nor a doll was left. The street, too, was still. The little daughter had not only opened the gate, but had turned envoy and had coyed the entire group out of the yard and out of the street and out of sight. It was a moment of sorrow to a heart and a conscientiousness like Mrs. Farmer's. She went for the lost lambs, led them back to the allotted garden, carried the

little ringleader away to the side of her bed, told her about the grief of disobedience, and then as a necessary penalty gave her a bath, as if it were bedtime, put on her night-dress, and put her to bed without any birthday supper. The child, to the mother's distress, did not demur or cry. She entered into her mother's plan as an angel would; and, lastly, her young and beaming face looked up from the pillow, and exclaimed in sweetest contentment: "Isn't this nice? Ever so much nicer than to be out in the sun." It was a phase of penitence wholly unexpected and quite outside of the mother's scope. She had looked for sorrow, and found the happiest birthday comfort. The rest of the children ate a delightful supper, and were dismissed; but the perplexed mother wondered if she had impressed her one household lamb with the fact that obedience is the key-note of all joy. In a letter about the discipline of children she related another incident:—

"My daughter was never allowed to have her playthings about nor to dress and undress her dolls on Sunday, although she always kept one of them with her, and could have her desire as to which it should be. One Lord's Day, to my great astonishment, I found her dressing them all in their outside garments. I sat down beside her, and said, 'Have you forgotten, dear, what day this is?' With a shake of her head, she very softly answered, 'No, I haven't.' 'Then why are you dressing your dolls, when you have been forbidden?' 'Oh, they are all going to Sabbath school, mother!'"

Mrs. Farmer did not write the termination of this new version of Sunday pastime; but, as if her own craving was to be right in all her gentle and yet positive demeanor before her child, she adds:—

“Oh, what a debt I owe my own parents! The law of love ruled our house. What passed between parent and child in mother’s room was never breathed into other ears. All we ever knew of those secret meetings was our own experience there.”

When the devoted daughter of Mrs. Farmer had grown to early womanhood, and was spending a week in town, her love of the beautiful revealed itself in the coveting of some article of a price which caused her to consider before purchasing, and to consult her mother. The mother-wisdom was not only full of tenderness in its response, but gives also a glimpse of the domestic life sanctified because it was a part of the God-way and love:—

“My precious child, I do not know what to say. I love you so dearly that I suffer to deny you anything. I see now that, if your father had been a rich man when you were born, I should have spoiled you. So our privations were a blessing, if they were the means of making you the noble, good woman that you are. But, oh, how little you know the sacrifices we have made! If I were to live my past days again, however, I would choose the same trials rather than the artificial wants of many who have money enough.”

No wonder that a mother who could write thus should say yet further,—

“Take good care of your dear self for the sake of the world that needs you, as well as for the father and mother whose lives and loves are bound up with you.”

Mrs. Farmer carried a most tender memory of a book she read in the early years of her domestic life, in which was given the method the venerated Joel Hawes pursued in inflicting the rod on the tiny hand of his daughter Mary, the greatly beloved. As the child held it out to receive the blow, he covered his face, and then struck her. It was not the *rod* that hurt, but the grieved and covered face. She committed to paper a very tender story which was told her when she was learning, what so many mothers need to know, the difference between the superabounding imaginations of the child and a deliberate falsity. Many a lamb has been whipped for an untruth whose mind was as free from deceit as the sparkle of clear water. She published the story after the death of the father alluded to in the article.

A LIFE LESSON.

I learned a lesson years ago that has been the means of making me a better mother than I should have been but for the instruction received. I will tell you of it, parents, hoping it will lead you to ask, “Have I always been sure the offence was committed by a child before I have inflicted punishment?” Answer unto God, lest you plant a thorn in your soul that shall fester till death.

It was a beautiful June morning. The whole air was fresh with the breath of flowers. Everything in nature seemed uniting in one grand chorus of praise of Him who had created all these beauties. In our bright and sunny home there were heavy clouds gathering. One little bud blossomed alone on the parent stem; and she, our wee, pet bird of four summers, had that morning been accused of telling her first falsehood. My heart was heavy with grief as I took her upon my knee to tell her the nature of untruth, and to ascertain, if possible, *from her* if she had been guilty.

As I was talking to her, a man whose head was white, but not with the snows of many winters, for he was yet in the meridian of life, came in. He had heard through the window a part of the conversation; and, as he opened the door, he said, "Don't punish the child till you are positive that she is wrong." He was a man in whose judgment I had confidence; and I said, "How can I be more sure than I am?" I told him all the circumstances. He replied: "You may be mistaken. If that child has never told you a falsehood, don't punish her until you know she has now." He then told me of the one great sorrow of his life, of that which had made him an old man at heart while he was yet young in years.

"I had [said he], at the time of which I speak, five children. They were all of them as dutiful and obedient as I could wish them to be. I had never used the rod upon one of them. The law of

love had always ruled the house. One day a man who had been in my employ many years came to me, and said, 'I am sorry to tell you that Henry has taken all the peaches from that young tree of yours.' It had never borne fruit before; and I was anxious to have the peaches ripen, to judge of the quality. I called my son to my room, and questioned him. He told me in positive language that he did not take a peach from the tree, had not even been in the garden for the day. I called the man who had accused Henry, and with whom he had been a favorite, who affirmed the fault; but still the child denied all knowledge of it. I said to him that the taking of the fruit would bear no comparison to the guilt of denying it; and, by every reason and persuasion I could command, I entreated him to tell the truth. He put his arms about my neck, and said, 'Father, I cannot say I did, for it would be a lie; and I cannot tell you a lie!' The proof against him was so reliable that I punished him severely, but still he made no confession. Guilty I felt he must be, though before this day his word had ever been implicitly relied on.

"A year passed slowly away, and he had made no acknowledgment. I could not have believed before that time that so much sorrow could be condensed into a year. One night he complained of not feeling well. As he did not grow better in a day or two, we had advice. The doctor said it was but the effects of a cold. The evening of the fifth day I felt an anxiety about him which I could not

describe. I told his mother that I would sit with him that night. She laughed at my fears, and said he was sleeping as sweetly as he ever did in his life. This I allowed to be true, and yet there was such a weight upon my spirits it seemed as though my heart would die within me. Near morning his breathing became almost laborious. He raised himself suddenly in bed, and with his blue eyes full in my face said, 'Father, do you remember that you punished me when you thought I told you a lie?' With anguish I told him I did. 'Father, do you believe me now when I say I never told you a lie in my life?' The thought had often come to me that perhaps he did tell me the truth. And yet, I reasoned, how could it be possible? for I knew the man who testified against him to be the soul of honor, and I *must* therefore disbelieve my child. But now, in this strange moment, I *felt* he was speaking the truth; and I told him so. His eye, glazed in death, watched my face with intense anxiety. He read every secret thought; and, with a look I can never forget, and with a smile that nobody but an angel could wear, he said, 'I am willing to die, *for you believe me.*' A few short breaths, a kiss, and 'a kiss for mother,' and I held in my arms the lifeless child. It was too late to atone for the wrong I had done him, for whom I would have died; but it is not too late to save others from what I have suffered. For this reason I lay bare my heart with all its untold grief, that *you* may be spared from gathering like bitter fruit."

The mystery of the peach-tree was all made clear by the confessions of a boy. For a year he had known that Henry was suffering unjustly from the accusation of theft and falsehood, and yet he had not the courage to acknowledge that he was the guilty one. But the cold white face in the coffin appealed to him, and he went and told all the facts; and then it was known that the departed soul had gone up to its Father in garments unstained by the sin of falsehood.

Of the sorrow of him who had loved Henry with almost a father's love, who had mistaken another boy for him, we will not speak, but pray God that a pang like that may never rend our hearts.

But I know something of the joy this knowledge must have given the bereaved father, when, a few days after the above conversation, I found that the soul of my child was still free from the stain of falsehood, and but for him the same pain would be cankering my remembrance of the wrong I had done her who sheds such light and joy in our household. As I see day by day her little heart unfold to me, with no desire to conceal aught from my watchful eye, sharing with me every childlike secret, I bless God for the lesson I heard, and send this forth with the soulful prayer that it may be a word fitly spoken.

X.

“MY T’OTHER MOTHER.”

A WRITER in the *Censor* of Fredonia, N.Y., speaks of Mrs. Barker, who was once a teacher of children in that town, and of a descriptive name given to her by the Indians:—

“I was told the other day that, when Mrs. Barker was young, she was much among the Indians; and she so won their hearts by her simple manner and kindly disposition that they gave her the name ‘She Makes Happy.’ It pronounced the character of her whole life. She ever sought the happiness of the poor, the sorrowing, and the unfortunate; and she did this for the sake of Christ, who died to give happiness to her. If I were asked for a motto for you, I know of nothing more suitable than this to write upon your banner, ‘She Makes Happy,’ and underneath write the words of the Saviour, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’”

It was said of Dr. Muhlenberg that he was so kind he was called “Everybody’s father.” And to Mrs. Farmer was given by a little lad a quaint but affectionate title, “my t’other mother.” Mrs. Farmer inherited from her parents such a loving de-

meanor that children went to her as readily as to the maternal arms. A lady, who well remembers the family in Great Falls, said of Mrs. Shapleigh: "We can all say, who remember her, that we loved her like a mother. No child anxious to play was ever afraid to go to her house to see the children. Whatever the hour or the inconvenience, it was a happy threshold to pass over." All children had the same experience at the different homes of Mrs. Farmer, or wherever she chanced to be. The very pleasant memory is distinctly in the mind of a cousin who, when he was but three years of age, learned to call her by her new name of "t'other mother." He never ceased to speak of her as such as long as she lived to bless him. He had been very sick; and, as he was convalescing, his mother was desired to minister at the bedside of the lad's grandmother. She gave the child strict injunctions not to go without the house, for he would surely renew his disease if he did. Mrs. Farmer said, "Supposing you trust him to me, and let me wrap him, and take him into the sunshine now and then." The mother acquiesced, and went away restful as to his safety; and the two left behind had a very satisfactory day. A second demand came from the same sick-bed; and, as the mother was again leaving, she began to renew the cautions, when the three-year-old creature exclaimed, "If my t'other mother says I may go out, it will be all right." This singular epithet, t'other mother, was the most appropriate that could be given, and was felt if not

spoken, by many. A New Year's letter and greeting which she once received said:—

“I began the New Year by writing to my mother in North Carolina, and will continue the good work by writing to my *Mother* Farmer. I want to see you so much. It seems as if you ought to be here to help me start the New Year in the right way. I know that you pray for me, and that is a great deal; but your *presence* is such a benediction. It is a beautiful, bright day, and I take it as an omen of good for the year and for all those whom I love. God grant that it may bring you strength and health and all the blessings you so richly deserve.”

In the soldier letters during the Civil War, how often was she called *Mother* by the boys in blue. One letter dated at Jefferson Barracks reads:—

“My dear Friend,—I had almost written ‘My dear *Mother!*’ You smile, but please forgive me. Your letters always come to me so fraught with motherly goodness that, while reading them, I am always translated into their atmosphere, and am made holy by the kind influences of my own dear mother, now lost to me except in fond and grateful memory. I know, were she alive, her good heart, like your own, would be with the soldiers everywhere in our armies. How anxiously and tenderly she, too, would have followed the rough marches of her only son, exposed to all the uncertainties of soldier-life!”

Her mails, even to the latest day of her life, had the tenderest of messages, which showed how

people, some of them strangers, were sensibly appreciative of her motherliness. A youth who was, perhaps, a waiter at a mountain hotel in summer and a medical student in winter, tells her: "We had multitudes to entertain, but none appreciated our efforts as you have, and let me thank you and yours for the many little tokens you have sent. I shall keep them all, and prize them highly." Another pen says, "We wonder how you can, in the midst of all your suffering, be so mindful of others." Yes, it was indeed a wonder unto many besides. An aged and trembling hand, even though her senior by a score of years, clung to her as a child, and told her: "The wide world has no home for withered hearts. The rains of heaven alone can freshen them. I know what Isaiah means by a root out of a dry ground." Mrs. Farmer became to her the heaven's refreshing rain; and the tired old soul called her "the mother heart," and leaned upon her with comfort.

She had some specially adopted children of her love, and we read in the margin of her Scripture day-book at October 8: "Frederic Farmer Rowe's birthday. He is my boy now, for his own dear mother has gone to live with Jesus." The mother spirit increased tenfold when her heavenly Father had transferred her own little baby Clarence to the Saviour's bosom; but, before that day of her sorrow and tears, she writes to her early friend, Mrs. Charlotte M. Pray, on the death of her first-born:—

"Dear Charlotte: Your dear letter was received;

and it was to us a mournful interest to read the story of your angel child. Oh, Charlotte, though you have passed through the soul's baptism of tears, yet you have joy in your heart that you have added a jewel to the crown of our blessed Lord. I can say nothing more to you, dearest, by way of sympathy or hope than that you have a child in glory. I know all the love of a mother's heart, but I know nothing of the agony of separation. Oh, it must be dreadful to give up a darling child, though we know it has gone where it will be cared for with all the parent's love and heart! I am grateful to you for the prayer that the time may be long ere we shall be childless. God grant it may. We have given our lamb to him, and I try to be willing that he shall do with her as he sees best; but I know nothing of a parting, for it has not come. Our dear child is well, and she talks a great deal about your Mary. I love to have her, and I never want her to forget her. Some time I want you to give her something that belonged to Mary; but things that once were hers are sacred, for they belonged to an angel. Dear child, I loved her, and the day is far distant when she will be forgotten by any of us."

Years after the date of the above, when her pains and her grief had widened her loving interest in everybody, she was in Boston. At the same boarding-house was a youth not over-familiar with city deceptions and snares, and she became interested that he should preserve the innocence of the life he had brought with him from the parental home. He

was a pleasant young creature, and it may be that the winsome have the greater or at least the *oftener* snares set for their entrapment. Wholly unknown to this young heart, she watched with constant prayer his nightly home-coming. She had the thought that, if he were safely housed, his character was unstained. One night he came not. It was ten of the clock, and eleven, then midnight, and finally the clock had struck *one*. The youth was comparatively a stranger to her; and why should she be troubled? Was it *her* burden? He was somebody's son, and that was enough. If he had been her own boy, would not her heart have wrestled with God for his earlier return? She wrote upon slips of paper such words as her Lord breathed into her brain. She carried them to his apartment, and slipped them into the frame of his mirror, where he would be sure to see them at morning, if not at his return. It was such a surprise to him as he read them; and how kindly he sought her when he could! "I never dreamed that anybody in this great city cared whether I was in the house or out of it," said he.

"I want you always to remember," she answered, "that one heart in Boston, while I am here at least, will never cease to be interested to know that you are safe from evil."

Ah! our *t'other* mothers! God multiply them, and thereby save many and many from the steps that lead to positive sin!

On a slip of paper in her folio was written a

single stanza, which may have been the beginning of a rhythmical expression of her interest in the soul welfare of some young person:—

“When your thoughts are homeward turning,
Do you ever softly say,
There a faithful eye is watching,
Praying for me night and day?”

It did not seem possible for Mrs. Farmer ever to forget the children of her heart; and, therefore, years after “her boy Paul” had left her employ she wrote to him:—

“My dear Paul: You will never know in this world how glad I was to receive your good letter. I could not keep back the tears of thankfulness when I read it. We received a letter from you just before we left Newport, and Mr. Farmer answered it at once, and sent in it a letter of recommendation; but your letter to him was packed, and none of us remembered positively your address. I do not want to lose sight of you as long as I live; and you must keep on writing to me, even if you do not get an answer. You may be sure that our interest in all that concerns you will never be less than it was the day we parted from you in dear old Newport. You were a good and faithful boy to us every day you were in our employ, and you never did a thing to give us a moment’s care or to grieve us; and we shall never forget your kindness or that of each member of your own family. We were made very happy by seeing them all when we were at Newport, and I was so grateful to you and to

them for the beautiful flowers. I had them two whole weeks. It seemed as if they dreaded to fade, and I am sure I dreaded to have them. The picture of our Island Home, which you so nicely painted, always reminds us of you; and the beautiful gifts which you sent from California hang in my sitting-room. I have sent you the Newport *Mercury* ever since we left, and I shall as long as I live. This will show you that my boy Paul is always remembered by 'Mother Farmer.' Mr. Farmer has a long article in a recent *Commercial Advertiser* upon 'Rapid Transit.' You shall have a copy. I hope we shall hear from you; and, if in any way we can help you, we shall be thankful to do it."

When the war broke out, not an incident escaped the heart that took every soldier in. Not even the little drummer-boy was overlooked. Her then feeble hand grasped a pencil, and retold in verse the simple story; and it floated out in the tide of war songs:—

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY.

"In the Twenty-sixth Iowa Infantry is a little drummer-boy, eleven years old. His father is a lieutenant in the same regiment. We have two ladies on board going to Milliken's Bend to see their husbands, and they are quite a God-send to us in taking care of our wounded. The little drummer-boy is running around in the cabin, picking up the balls that dropped on the floor, while they are still whistling and the splinters are flying in every direction. He seems perfectly regardless of danger. His name is John R. Durgin. We can hear heavy firing in the direction of Vicksburg this morning, and the boys

are very anxious to be on the battle-ground and take part with the rest." — *Extract from a letter by George W. Madden.*

Where grape and shell were flying fast,
 With naught to bring us joy,
 We watched with wonder and surprise
 Our little drummer-boy.

How firm he stood at danger's post
 Bright histories will tell;
 Though all around the leaden hail,
 Naught could his courage quell.

Still but a child! his years how few,
 But yet a hero now!
 And we should joy to wreath for him
 A crown for that pure brow.

Not of the fading laurel made,
 For this he soon might lose,
 But one to keep his spirit pure
 Would be the wreath we choose,

To make him valiant, firm, and brave,
 That sin might never coil
 Round him its folds, but be a "charm"
 The tempter's arts to foil.

Proud should we be to lead him now
 Up to his mother there,
 Then promise that her child should be
 Remembered in our prayer.

She watches now beside the couch
 Where wounded men we see;
 But Jesus yet will say to her,
 "Ye did it unto me."

He saw the sacrifice she made
 To give both sire and son;
 But, if they fall, we trust 'twill be
 With all their "armor on."

God bless them still, we ask of Heaven,
 Though strangers but in name,
 Each in our heart shall have a place,
 If never known to fame.

In a letter without date she relates the following bit of infant innocence:—

“My precious Birdie: The little prattler, is always close beside me; and she wants to be petted and loved as much as I do. Last night she climbed into my lap, and said, ‘Auntie, do I comfort you any?’ and I told her yes, she did, a very great deal. She answered, ‘Well, I feel all day and all night as though I wanted to comfort somebody.’ In a moment after she looked up, and added, ‘You look kind of happy now!’ Dear little innocent, how hard it would be for her to understand the heart’s mysteries!”

One of the latest letters she wrote developed the fact that she “knew our griefs and carried our sorrows,” even as he did who said, “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.”

“*My dear Mrs. D.*,—My mother-heart has gone out to you in the tenderest pity, and I have longed to be a comfort to you. God alone can know how thankful we are that Nellie is even now looking forward to a time when she can be in her own dear home once more: What a red-letter day it will be to you both! I wish I could go as far as the door with her, and then shut her in with you, and let God and his angels be your only guests. I think Nellie has a great work to do, and that the present

discipline is a part of the Master's training. I wrote one of her friends recently that I thought some new work would be given her; and, when the dear Father shows her what it is, I trust she will be ready to say, 'Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.' How much we shall have to do for God and humanity to show our gratitude to him for sparing her precious life! 'What shall I render?' is the daily cry of my heart."

In urging a labor of love for children, she once related a tender story, to develop the fact that even in a child-heart there may be a most beautiful recognition and appreciation of all that is of true character. Her mother-heart instinctively read the child-heart:—

"Hoyt was an only son, one of the most beautiful children I ever saw. A few days before he went away his mother noticed a little boy about his own age near the house. She asked him if he knew who it was. 'Yes, mamma, he is one of my play-mates. Papa told me, if I found any little boy at school who always told the truth and never swore, I must not think anything about his clothes, for his father might not be able to give him as good clothes as I wore; and I must never let that make any difference, but play with him just the same. And so I always play with this boy.' The day after Hoyt went to God this poor boy came to the door with sobs and tears, and the servant told Hoyt's mother; and, when she heard of it, she led the boy herself to look upon the idolized face, and had him ride with the family at the burial."

In one of her letters to Margaret Merritt, a dear friend who preceded her but a few months to the eternal land, she told of her efforts in behalf of a young and very interesting German girl, who was a mother, but husbandless, and then added: —

“If ever I have been of any help to the tried and tempted, if any influence has gone forth to turn one poor soul back from the path of sin, I owe it all to God, who opened the fountain of motherhood in my heart from which so many streams are flowing to-day. In every young man who needs a mother’s helping hand *I see my own son*. May God forgive me for the *selfishness* that his eye may detect, which has too often prompted me to make some sacrifice to add one stone to the temple which I would have every young man build for himself with the help of Almighty God!

I must not think of the glory beyond,
Or dreamily rest on my oar,
But turn to the wrecks on every hand,
And try to draw them ashore.”

And, when the mother of Margaret Merritt died, she sent her a tender word as a birthday remembrance: —

“I did not forget that your birthday came on the 18th of March. I prayed for you, as my heart was filled with the tenderest pity, knowing this was the first birthday you ever passed *motherless*.

‘We cannot be of all bereft
While we have God and mother left.’

“How often I repeated that when all the waves were going over me! And now our mothers are waiting for us on the other side! I want you to let me be a mother to you in place of the dear one gone, as far as I can be; and, God helping me, I will never be weighed and found wanting. God is good to us, and our dear mothers’ blessings fall on us as benedictions. As soon as the birds come, I want you to make us a visit, and write often to your loving foster-mother,
H. T. S. F.”

She must have impressed her motherliness on her own little daughter’s mind and heart; for, in writing from Washington in December, 1855, to Mrs. Baker, she relates an illustrative incident:—

“My dear mother is at our Salem home, so I am sure Birdie will get good care while I am away; but I have been with the child so much that I cannot bear to leave her. She seemed very happy when we came away, and said there was but one thing she wanted to have me bring her, and that was *all the little children who have no homes!* Dear child, she little thinks what a family I should collect in a short time!”

XI.

ANOTHER RAILROAD.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S children came from school one day, and told him that the composition subject for the week was "The Building of a House." He responded, "You must be sure to say that no house nowadays is perfect without having a nook where a *fugitive slave* can be hidden away."

We do not suppose that the Dover home of the Farmers had been built with special reference to the secretion of runaways, but the young wife was equal to all emergencies and necessities. Her heart was as ingenious to plan and arrange for deeds of human good as was her husband's brain to suggest motors and fire alarms. The first kindly thing the bride did when she reached her new home was to file her name as a philanthropist, and it must be remembered that in 1844 it required a courage more than we dream now to be a sympathizer with bond-people. Five days after the wedding she made this record: "Dover, Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1844. Went to the *Anti-slavery Society* at Mrs. Flagg's, and gave my name as a member. Hope I may be the means of doing some good." If

the faded memories of those early, loving, quiet days could be freshened and enlivened by her own voice, we should be able to weave into this fabric incidents that would surprise us. While her good young husband was intensely interested in his electric railroad, the pale-faced bride was no less enterprising, and certainly quite as successful, in the transportation peculiar to that date, known as the "Underground Railroad." It is like an echo to us of this free-breath day that a half-century ago the silence of night and the hush of foot and voice was the only security a slave had of his life in our beautiful New England. The inspiration which intensified the energies of Mrs. Farmer's life in 1861-65, and resulted in the Mayday Fair, was the fire in her bones and heart when in 1845-46 she gave shelter now and again to man or woman of a black face and many lashes, creeping through Dover, *en route* to the realms beyond the reach of whips and hounds.

Twice did she bring over her threshold and secrete beyond all discovery the fugitives who were "guided by the sweet north star." Once it was the man of ebony with a back scarred with most cruel lacerations. Again it was a woman, solitary, but eager for free air. She fed them, succored them, sent them on in the darkness of the night, and heard from them when the Canadian line had safely separated them from the danger of recovery. Once she discovered an actual case of slavery in New York City, and poured out her soul:—

“*Dear C.*—I thought I should write Monday with the package; but I got completely *roiled*, and my blood has been at boiling heat ever since. I will tell you about it; and, if you do not say something desperate, you have arrived at a strange state of grace. F. is boarding in New York with a family from the South. She did not know of this when she took her rooms. There are two colored children, a boy and a girl, who are *slaves*. One day last week the young girl was taken down cellar, every article of her clothing was taken off, and she was whipped dreadfully. Never in my life did anything touch me so near the quick as this does. What to do I know not. I have wept tears enough since I knew of that terrible lashing to wash away all the sins of that wicked family, if tears could do it; but I cannot yet pray, ‘Father, forgive them.’ Neither can I write you, dear child, any more now; for my heart keeps time and tune with my throbbing brain. God bless you.”

When slavery received its death-blow, she said:

“Did you ever realize what the glorified Lincoln did when he put his hand to the Emancipation Proclamation? God knew that he couldn’t go to heaven too soon after that, and he was good not to keep him waiting for his reward. How I wish I could have seen the blessed Jesus when he said to Lincoln, ‘Ye did it unto *me!*’”

In 1861, the year never to be forgotten, she opened her honest thought to a friend:—

“I was very much surprised that you for a

moment thought that Richmond would be taken! Do you suppose God will bless this nation until it is purified? No. He will never give us peace until we are purged. We shall wade through a sea of blood before our feet stand upon the delectable mountains of peace and prosperity. If our army should be successful *now*, the Union would still be on its old basis, and the North would still roll slavery as a sweet morsel. This cannot be. The war is God's. No voice can bid his chariot wheels turn back. How can we ask for peace till we are willing to obey God's command, 'Let my people go',—not as a military necessity, but as a *right!* Justice is what our Father asks. If it is not given, it will be taken, and God's curse rest forever upon our guilty souls."

In full sympathy with this letter, she again expresses herself in verse during that first bitter year of the Rebellion:—

"IT AM GOD'S WAR."

A lady missionary reports the following opinion of the war, as given by a colored woman ninety years old, who has just been relieved from the house of bondage. "Dis ain't de Yankees' war, missus, nor de secesh war, nor de niggers' war. It am God's war; and he'll take care de right come, in spite 'em all, dat's so, missus."

Hurrah! with glad and joyful shout
 For every blow that's given
 Which strikes a fetter from the slave,
 Our hands so long have riven,
 And in our blindness thought that God
 Would smile on us from heaven,

Till now it seems too much to hope
 This sin can be forgiven.

O God of Justice and of Right,
 How dare we bow to pray?
 Or hope, through Christ's dear, precious blood,
 We are his friends to-day,
 While clanking chains and iron bolts
 Lie all around our way.
 But on, still on, the work must go :
 No voice can bid it stay.

"Dis ain't de niggers' war, dat's so!"
 She said, who now is free,
 Who bore the yoke for ninety years
 With patience, Lord, for thee,
 And waited with the trembling hope
 This day her eyes would see :
 Now fill her soul with peace and joy,
 Blest fruits of liberty.

"Dis war am God's, dat's so, missus,
 And he will yet take care
 De right shall come, in spite 'em all,"
 In answer to the prayer
 Of those who wrestled oft with him,
 Who will their burdens bear.
 Oh, in this glorious work of God,
 Who would not have a share?

But if we stand aloof, and let
 The chariot wheels pass on,
 We soon shall hear the bondman's shout,
 The victory has been won!
 Then we, alas! may find too late
 The time to work is gone;
 While on our brow God's curse shall rest
 For what we have *not done*.

When an "Underground Railroad" was no longer a need, Mrs. Farmer worked with prayer, faith, and effort to bless the freedmen, though at that very date her specific call was in the interest of the blue-coat boys:—

"I have not forgotten your Fair table in behalf of the freedmen. Their claim upon us is real. I send with this a few articles which I hope will prove salable. If they bring a dime or a dollar, God will accept it. My heart is ready with sympathy, and large enough to take in all who have so long tasted the gall of bondage and worn the yoke of oppression. I feel like shouting, 'Glory to God in the highest,' when I note the strides of freedom. We know who leads us, and I long to see him face to face and thank him for the hour."

Mrs. Farmer forwarded a prettily assorted box to the children of black faces at the Portsmouth, Va., schools; and Julia M. Bartlett, a teacher, sent her the following pleasant story:—

"I teach a morning session of five hours, then after dinner a private pupil, the pastor of the Zion Baptist Church, at night a class of fifteen men. The work is very interesting. We watch the progress of our pupils, and count the prospective results; but it is self-sacrificing, and a great drain on the physical and mental energies. I thank you for the kind sympathy of your words and works. I prize the *works*, for I have heard that you are a great invalid. May God sustain you in your love to the soldier and the freedman! The pretty things in

the box I am holding up as rewards to scholars for punctuality and good behavior. They are a fine stimulus. A pretty doll I gave to Miss Draper for her room, the primary. She offered it to the one who should not be late or whisper or be spoken to for being out of order for a month; and little Georgia, a girl as white as myself and yet born a slave, received it. Rewards act admirably, and seem indispensable."

XII.

THE HISTORIC HOUSE (FRAMINGHAM).

WHEN the heavenly Father has his eye upon the lambs of his fold, with special designs for them, each step is an advance. Each change of life and locality is an actual developing power. It proved wonderfully so to Mr. and Mrs. Farmer. The divine thought made it most natural and delightful for the one to magnify Him by simplifying and utilizing the mystical elements of nature, the other to open the fountains of love, and make everybody know and sensibly appreciate kindness and sympathy. The world is hard sometimes, and hearts are crusts. Mrs. Farmer's divine word and manner was to make a depressed, suffering, and even an outcast soul know that one at least loved him for Christ's sake; and in Christ's name pitied him and would fain bless him. So, when God opened new doors for this happy twain, each was an admittance and unfolding of the advancing thought of God; and the new steps were in the true direction of the appointed path.

At Dover the life and home were experiments. They had stood the test. Mrs. Farmer never regretted that in the very youngness and poverty of

days she blended all her interests and loves with her husband. "It is better," she said, "to begin with a limited substance, and each learn the art of accommodation to means or lack of means."

And now, in the midst of Dover life and a very delightful circle of acquaintances, whose friendship was never to break, with the babe upon her bosom a joy as well as a care, it was evident that a distant removal was to be made. In 1847 F. O. J. Smith (of whom Mr. Farmer had purchased the wires for the electric railroad) was in telegraphic work, and he offered Mr. Farmer the position of examiner of wires between Boston and Worcester. At the same time Zimri Wallingford desired him to enter the machine shop at Dover. It is not singular that the young man leaned with a steady interest to telegraphic work. Nor is it to be wondered at that the young wife was willing to forego the comfort she had received from the nearness and easiness of access to her old Eliot home and the mother's ever affectionate heart and to her many and constant friends at Blackberry Hill and Great Falls. She could make any sacrifice, if so be her husband's brain could have wider scope, and the world begin to know him as her own intuitions apprehended him. She affirmed therefore her willingness to enter with him into her distinctive part of telegraphic and inventive unfoldment,—a heartfelt sympathy and co-operation.

It was decided to take a rent at Framingham in Massachusetts, a lovely town, half-way between

Boston and Worcester, and to compress themselves to the income of twenty-five dollars a month. The removal followed close upon the decision. Dec. 21, 1847, they left Dover, and went first to Boscawen, and were present when the gentle Jane Farmer gave her hand and heart in marriage to the kindly and always affectionate Ephraim Little. Both are to-day in the realms beyond the sun, and never will know again the sorrows of a separation. New Year's Day, 1848, the new home began in Framingham; and "I do not like it" is all the word that the wife wrote in her diary, as she entered it, and probably that is the only expression of her dissimulation that she ever uttered. Among the many reminiscences which she told in her genial way was the advent into Framingham. The rented house belonged to Rev. Mr. Gale, an ex-Baptist clergyman, who newly painted the floors for their reception. This house could be seen *en route* from the depot by looking across the cemetery. As this point of view was reached, the young wife, tired with the journey, and with the babe folded upon her bosom, heard her husband's voice above the rattle of the wheels, "There's your new home, my dear." Her lifted eye fell upon the tombstones of the field of sepulture; and the poor thing scarcely comprehended whether life at Framingham was to be a preparation for her final pillow or an increase of strength, power, and blessing. But her never varying cheer gave her the smile in that moment; and, brief though her residence in Framingham, yet it was the very place that was to

give to her life eventually its richness and fulness of hopes, anticipations, cravings.

It was at Framingham that the inventive genius of Mr. Farmer developed that fire alarm which, more than anything, will make his name a part of history. That tenement at Framingham, too, may yet be noted as one of the homes worthy of preservation. Nevertheless, it was a cheerless one the day the stranger wife entered it. The new paint of the floor stuck to her soles painfully. Because of some lack of mixative skill, it would not dry. Boards had to be laid down, and for days her house-keeperly ways were restricted to the length and breadth of the plank. To vary the step was to lose her slipper. The neighbors were not long in finding out that sunbeams multiplied by her coming, and they ceased not to live in the light of them.

Professor Farmer's new duties, lying along the rails between Boston and Worcester, necessarily made him familiar with the engineers; and they in turn were not slow to appreciate the quickness and sparkle of his every-day wit and repartee, and an acquaintance with him came also to be an acquaintance with the bright little home, its cheers and blessings. The same charm of presence, kindness, and soulfulness, which made everybody her willing subjects, won from them the kindly little deed of a signal whistle when her Moses was upon the train. His work made the time of his return uncertain. It was late or early, as his duties held him. So these willing engineers gave the peculiar

signal, and she knew then in how many minutes the desired face would greet her. He came "across lots" from the station; and on moonless nights it was a desolate way, like the haunt of owls, and the wifely anxiousness was ajar till the well-known step touched the threshold. Then the evening lamp gave its golden glow, and the supper table was the culminated joy of the day.

Do you suppose the heavenly Father will also signalize to her the home-comings of others of her chosen ones; and, when they are borne upwards to the threshold, will the heart that never failed us here have a word of welcome

"When the Angel of the Shadow
 Rests his feet on wave and shore.
 And our eyes grow dim with watching
 And our hearts faint at the oar.
 Happy is he who heareth
 The signal of his release
 In the bells of the holy city,
 The chimes of eternal peace."

In this winter of 1847-48, when a storm of sleet had prostrated and broken the wires from Boston to Brighton, Mr. Farmer started on earliest train with insulators and ladders, and continued his labors till after the latest Saturday night train had passed homeward. He knew the anxious ear, eye, and heart would be on the *qui vive* all the night through; and he started afoot for the welcome sure to meet him. Unexpectedly, a train of platform cars passed him, at the rate of twelve miles an

hour. It was the thought of a moment, and the venturesome creature threw his basket and ladder upon one, and then leaped upon another. Not a sparrow falls without God's notice, or we think Moses G. Farmer would have had an instantaneous ending of his earthly story. The right arm of God is of matchless safety; and even our darings he regards as the dash of a child, and saves us as a mother would, to do his further will.

The winter evenings at Framingham left a holy and indelible impression. Comparative strangers, the trio were much alone; and side by side, though often in silence, the husband pursued his studies, and the wife sat with her babe in her arms, and read or watched with interest the face and the hand, as both moved and changed with some revelation or as a supposition was verified and became an established and tested fact. The researches, estimates, and calculations came thick and fast sometimes. One night, too weary to read, for the day had multiplied the housekeeper steps, the wife took the babe on one arm, and with the other hand she held the old-fashioned oil lamp to aid her husband in an experiment. It was an interesting trio. The pleased and watchful eye followed the investigations. The interest became like a balm, and the silence intensified the soothing and quieting power. The lamp drooped, and not only drooped, but dripped on the dress of the babe and its mother. The husband glanced from his work, and found the young, helpful, willing, but tired wife in a restful

sleep. The beauty of the picture was more to the loving eyes of the husband than the powers of electric flashes and wires. On many and many walls are the engraved representations of Alfred Elmore's painting of William Lee and his faithful wife and tiny babe, and the *stocking loom*. It is a thing of beauty. Some artistic brush will yet commit the similar scene in that Framingham sitting-room, at the almost midnight hour which was developing and perfecting the renowned fire alarm. Some hours are eternal. When years had passed, and Professor Farmer's labors had been recognized, understood, and had given him a reputation, the dear wife recalled that winter night at Framingham, and wrote of it in one of her pleasant letters from her then Newport home:—

“A gentleman has just been in and has asked for some account of Mr. Farmer for a book to be published, entitled ‘Rhode Island's Distinguished Sons.’ What State will claim him next, do you think? Mr. Coffin was here a few days since; and, in crossing in the launch to Newport, the engineer inquired for Professor Farmer, and added, ‘I am told that he was born in New Hampshire, and so she will be the State to have the honor of building him a monument. All the better for New Hampshire, but bad luck for Rhode Island.’ Mr. Farmer is one of that man's saints.”

And to this bit of recital she adds:—

“I want you to write the history of Mr. Farmer's life-long works, when you can stop your own labors

to do so. I have just expressed this wish to Mr. Farmer; and he says he shall want a picture in the book,—a picture of *myself* with the baby Sarah on one arm and an oil lamp in the other hand, half-tipped over, with the oil dripping over the front of my dress, and I *fast asleep*. Won't that be a theme for Mr. Dow's canvas? But that is just what happened when the first machine that was ever made to give an alarm of fire was being invented at South Framingham. I want Mr. Dow to make a drawing of Rev. Mr. Gale's house, for that is where the first fire alarm machine was built; and the house in Pearl Street, our dear Eden at Salem, was the first house in the world ever lighted by electricity."

When this reminiscence was written, thirty years after the invention of the fire alarm, Professor Farmer was in feeble days; and the faithful companion of his love and labors added:—

"It is now impossible to crowd another thing into my busy, anxious life; for it is certainly an anxious one, and I cannot help it in Mr. Farmer's present feeble condition. I fully believe I have held him up by the sheer force of my will for the last three years, and I must still do this till God shows me that my work in this direction is no longer called for. He seems to be gaining, and my burdens are correspondingly lighter. He has grown in grace a great deal during his feebleness, though I did not think he could; for he has always been spiritually-minded. I, too, have grown more restful for leaning on the Strong Arm."

Truly was the word written that she "held him up by her will and heart," and not him alone. Hers was the God-granted power to sustain and manage the people and the hours of weakness, darkness, perplexity, until she went where the light of the eternal dissipates the shadows; but for all this she had the compensation of her husband's love:—

"My blessed Moses hears me read letters to him sometimes; but his mind will be so full of inventions that he often forgets what I am doing for his entertainment, and is too abstracted by the time I finish to say a word. But he loves me, and that is worth more than all the world to me."

Thus passed her days and her ways at Framingham, a brief home; for in six months (July 27, 1848) a newer life and a broader one began in Salem, the quaint city of peace, and to Mrs. Farmer a home of memories for which only the pen of God and the pages of the Book of Life are sufficient.

XIII.

THE CITY OF PEACE, 1848.

JULY 17, 1848, Mrs. Farmer made this brief entry in her diary: "Gerrish went to Boston this morning. This afternoon he has gone to Warren. He had a letter from Mr. Hudson to-day, who wishes him to take the office in Salem."

July 29 she laconically adds: "Well, we are here, and almost in the graveyard. We moved to Salem the 27th."

This was the beginning of the life in the interesting and historical city which was to cover the fourth of a century, a life which was eventually to tell upon public influence and make the name familiar.

Professor Farmer was appointed operator in the telegraph office, which was at that date in the block of the East India Marine Society, where also were the post-office and two banks. The salary of the young man was but \$350, and seemed a meagre income for hearts of natural benevolence and sympathy, and for hands never empty when Want stood at people's doors.

The young couple had never been pledged to others or to themselves for missionary work, but

they had begun life with a native understanding that they actually belonged to the public woe as well as its weal. Hence the weekly income was always associated with kindnesses to be done.

The first rented rooms in Salem were on Howard Street; and no wonder Mrs. Farmer wrote "almost into a graveyard," for directly before her window was an old and now closed cemetery. Not a week went by but funeral trains passed within the gates. Mrs. Farmer would sometimes speak of the six months of her life on that street as prolific of most intense sympathetic suffering, not because so many died, but because people were buried with so much indifference. With her intense love and her clinging and worshipful nature, she could not comprehend how families could pass into that field of graves with the cofined forms, and be so cool about it. Time and again she questioned, "Are we of so little need that, when we die, we are simply buried as a matter of necessity?"

"It would have broken my heart to have lived another year on that street," she would say. Death came to the very door-post of their own little tenement; for the baby Sarah rolled down the stairs, and the mother-heart not only throbbed with fright, but with reason also, for the fall was followed by a brain fever, which seemed for a while to antagonize the little life and devour it. But God has his definite purposes; and his plan was that the child should be given anew to her mother, and prove the light of the home. When one goes steadily to the

gate of the grave, and is then turned back, the redeemed life is usually a distinct power for good. A specific work is accomplished for which the life was renewed.

Years after the entrance upon Salem joys and griefs Mrs. Farmer published a few memories of her long life there, entitled "Looking Backward," and spoke of her first days and friends. Its opening paragraph was:—

"March 7, 1891. When one of the first telegraph operators of Salem entered the city with his young wife more than twoscore years ago, he had to leave her sitting, with her babe in her arms, upon a stick of timber where the depot now is, while he went to the Essex House to get a carriage to take her to their new home on Howard Street. The depot was then scarcely roofed in, and the sound of the saw and hammer was heard on every side. It seemed a cheerless welcome to the tired mother on that hot summer day; but, through the efforts of kind, helpful friends, who were met on every side, dear old Salem soon took on a more agreeable aspect than that seen from her unfinished depot."

Of the multitude of friends there was a woman who, won by the lovingness of her face, clung to Mrs. Farmer as long as her old life lasted. It was Hannah Bowland. She was the first to greet her in her new Salem home, the first to ask her to the church she loved, the first to talk with her of the poor and discouraged who needed kind words and

right hands. The memory of the just flourishes when they sleep in dust, and the mention of Hannah Bowland's name brings up ten thousand memories and traditions. Mrs. Farmer kept the photographed face of this singular fellow-helper near her as long as she lived. There is an inspiring power in a face, and many a noble deed has been wrought because of the impulse given by the pictured canvas or the photograph. Mrs. Farmer continued her narrative of earliest Salem friends as follows:—

“The first caller in that quiet, unpretending home in Howard Street ushered herself in through the back door at high noon with the simple announcement, “I am Hannah Bowland, a member of Howard Street Church; and I hope you will excuse me for coming in at your back door, as I am in a hurry.” The stranger's heart was won at once, and a friendship formed that day which ended only when the beloved teacher entered the school above. She was one of the truest women, and her memory is still most reverently cherished. Her faith in God as a hearer of prayer was unbounded, as the following incident will testify: One morning her scholars were gathering in the Walnut Street school-room, when a message came that one of her friends was not expected to live through the day. She rang the bell. The children were soon in their seats; and then she told them of the life that seemed drifting away, but which she still hoped God would prolong in answer to prayer.

Then, kneeling with her scholars around her, 'the fervent effectual prayer' that 'availeth much' was heard in heaven. Her friend's life hung trembling in the balance through the day; but the next morning hope took the place of despair, and, when the children gathered in the school-room, they were told by their teacher that the friend for whose life they had pleaded so earnestly the day before was better, and expected to live. One little girl sprang up, saying, 'O, Miss Bowland, God did hear us yesterday, didn't he?'

"Who of us can say what effect this had upon the lives of those children in the faith of their later years? From that day until the close of the school forever, the name of the teacher's friend was remembered daily in the morning prayer of those dear little children."

If one should look to-day into the Puritan face of the pictured Hannah Bowland, would he think it possible that ever a romance was associated with her name and story? Salem people who remember her would surely answer, "*No*," and speak only of the bluntness and severity of words and ways. Yet her austerity was probably not of the heart, which went out after every form of suffering and sorrow. It was owing doubtless to the religious atmosphere which she breathed. No written record of the good woman's deeds is preserved, save that made by the recording angel; and his page will be the immortal story, which will be told and read when the time fully comes for the revelation of the white-robed and redeemed.

Poor Hannah, noble Hannah! Yes, life and love once made her happy and cheery as the morning song of a bird. She was betrothed to a young clergyman. The day of his ordination came, and he naturally desired the wedding day to speedily follow. The mother of Hannah grew suddenly feeble, and apparently a stretch of helpless years was before her. Hannah, her only child, decided that her first duty was to her decrepit mother. It cost her an unspeakable struggle; but, with the firmness and squareness and extreme common sense of her day, she told the young man her decision. He pleaded to wait with her. Her pronounced word to his every argument was *No*, and they separated. A few months later came the rumor, natural enough, maybe, that he was to marry a bright, suitable girl; and Hannah recognized it as the proper thing, and nobody knew her hidden grief but her Lord. Again a few months, and her mother was dead, dead sooner than human conjecture; and, going into the sanctuary, Hannah found her old lover in the pulpit as the preacher of the day. When the sermon was read, he sought her pew, and asked permission to call next morning. Hannah, supposing he wished to tell her of the joys of his new relations, quietly rode out of town in the early stage; and he, discovering her withdrawal, took it for granted that she was broken in her heartfelt interest in him, so he, too, went away. And after many years of bachelor life he at length married an excellent woman, and quite soon died. The

sequel of the story was that the rumored engagement, always believed by Hannah, was a fabrication; and two devoted hearts were made hungry for a lifetime.

This excellent Miss Bowland was a member of the Howard Street Church; and, through her solicitation, the Farmers attended it until it became extinct. It was a church of peculiar history, and one characteristic was its pronounced anti-distillery and anti-slavery views. One of its ministers, the Rev. George B. Cheever, will forever be remembered for his authorship of "Deacon Giles' Distillery," for which he was mobbed. Dr. Lyman Beecher, too, in his extreme years, preached several months in this pulpit.

A letter of Hannah Bowland to Mrs. Farmer is so very like its writer that for memory's sake we copy it here:—

"*My dear Mrs. Farmer,*—Your precious gift to me on your natal day was exceedingly grateful, and would be reciprocated, were it not for want of the *pecuniary*; but, though minus the silver and gold, the heart prompts to congratulations to yourself, your husband, and daughter. I will desire that your useful life, with your husband's, may be prolonged to a hundred years in the full vigor of mental activity, and cheered by your daughter, a fruitful vine, bringing with her the children whom God will give with their children, so that a numerous progeny may rise up to call you blessed, and present their love tokens to Grandma and Great-

grandma Mabelle on your ever-returning birthday anniversary; and also, in lieu of a better expression, would desire your acceptance of Cowper, whose value may be enhanced by knowing that holy martyrs of abolition, now in glory, have handled with their hands and read with their eyes these volumes. Travelers tell us that on ascending high mountains the stars from these lofty heights seem to be higher, brighter, than when seen from the plains; so your poetical and cultivated talent will see more in one hour's reading than I might in my slow development in a year. Dr. Cheever said every Christian ought to read Cowper once a month.

“The scholars have come, and are scattering all my crude thoughts by letting off their nervous fluid vociferously; so, as usual, in haste, yours for long life, with your continued activity in the cause of Christian philanthropy.—HANNAH BOWLAND.”

And, when the later days of the Rebellion came, and Mrs. Farmer's sick hands were making ready for the May-day Fair, this same grateful Hannah Bowland sent what was once a possession of her English father, and described it. “A box, covered with the skin of a rattlesnake, brought from India in Haskett Derby's vessel by a Revolutionary officer, who lost a limb in the service of his adopted country.” Within the box was a slip: “Get much for this. It is the sacrifice of a beloved Benjamin.” Yes, Hannah Bowland willingly sacrificed to her Lord; and her name shall have praise for his sake.

Mrs. Farmer makes note of a call made one day in 1863 by this sterling woman: "The last time Miss Bowland prayed with me, she said, when pleading with God for Birdie's early consecration: 'We want her to be thy child, and thus fitted for the holy cause of missions. Make the parents willing to give her up to that holy work, for which she will be so eminently fitted.' How much I have thought of that prayer and of him who gave his only Son!"

Perhaps, as the reminiscences already quoted in part contain memories of other sheep of the Howard Street fold, we may glean more, though the paragraphs cover more ground than we have yet reached in the story of Mrs. Farmer's valued life: —

"Miss Bowland's love for and devotion to Howard Street Church were deep and intense. The day she called so unceremoniously at the new home in Howard Street it was to present the claims of her beloved church for consideration. It was poor, and needed all the help that could be given by newcomers. She spoke also of a picnic to be held by the church near the Derby farm the coming week, and invited the mother to attend. The invitation was accepted for the sake of seeing the people of that struggling church; and the young stranger was accompanied thither by one of the deacons, Thaddeus Osgood. How the heart thrills to-day as the name is recalled of this disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, this friend of the poor and unfortunate! It was the privilege of but few in Salem to

follow him to the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, as the writer did; and, if time and strength permitted, a story could be told of how he saved a family of seven from starvation with *six cents!* His reward is on high with him who said, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat.'

"Turning our thoughts back to the picnic, we see happy people going hither and thither, enjoying Nature's panorama and the soul in it. Among them was the stranger, unknown to all. While straying about, she came to a young mother sitting on a rock, trying to soothe a tired, restless child. The eyes of the two mothers met, and in this silent greeting a solemn compact was formed that death itself cannot annul. The friend that day found has been a 'bower of strength' in every hour, day or night, when help was needed, always giving of herself in every time of trial, having even then the wisdom and judgment possessed by few mothers until their children are grown up about them.

"Not long after this meeting a cloud began to gather over the stranger's Eden home. The death angel folded its silent wings above it; and day and night, through leafing June, a frail little life hung in the balance. Then it was that the fainting courage was held up by the new-found friend, who was always near with some strong, courageous word. When at last there seemed to be no longer any hope, she said: 'I have not believed yet that the baby will die or that the last thing has been done

to save her life. We will still keep on praying, and God will hear, and if it is for the best will show us what to do.' Dear brave heart! God was even then revealing his power to save; and a miracle was wrought when the beloved physician said, 'God be praised, the child will live!'

"Through all the sickness that preceded and followed these days the husband of the brave woman, who had never failed in hope or courage, was also the good angel who came to the door three times daily to ask if there were anything which he could do. How much they did to bridge over these days of hope and despair Heaven only knows!

"The life given back has thus far been a useful and God-fearing one; and, when words of grateful appreciation were spoken, he who helped to sustain the fainting hearts was wont to say, 'I have had my reward for anything that I *seemed* to do in the good which —— is trying to do.'

"Years later Death came to that Eden home, and took from it an only son, who finished his life-work on earth in one day, and then passed on to higher service above. The precious baby form was clothed for the last time by the dear, helpful hands of her who for these many years had been indeed a ministering angel to this household.

"God bless her! is the tearful prayer of our hearts to-day as she sits, widowed and bereft in her home, surrounded by brave, noble children, on whom the father has leaned through his declining years. The blow has fallen so suddenly that it is

hard to realize that this dear friend is forever beyond our mortal sight, but our hearts are comforted with the thought that our loss is his eternal gain. 'The memory of the just is blessed,' and his virtues are worthy of imitation. It can be truly said of him that he was an 'honest man, the noblest work of God.'

"In all our sorrow, the thought comes to us as a solace that the chain of this beautiful friendship with him and his family has no missing nor broken links; and, if the power were given to-day, how thankfully would we lay an unfading and immortal wreath of love, gratitude, and affection upon the new-made grave of the friend beloved! —

BENJAMIN ARCHER GRAY.

- "Who lived to lend a helping hand
 In every cause he thought was right;
 Who dared to face the tide of wrong,
 And turn it back with all his might;
- "Who never cringed with abject fear
 When others thought the day was lost,
 But hurled defiance at the foe,
 And never paused to count the cost.
- "His heart was tender as a child's
 When Pity touched it with her wand,
 And we who loved him best could see
 The heart went with the helping hand.
- "The good he did while here on earth
 Lies far beyond our mortal ken,
 But History's pen will write his name
 As one who loved his fellow-men."

Of that strong character, at the time of his death, Mrs. Farmer wrote: "You will probably never know how I valued Mr. and Mrs. Gray. He has been one of the few men I have been thankful to call my friend. I never met one just like him. The nearest to him was my own and now sainted father." He certainly was a man who had the courage of his convictions, and his peers of Howard Street parish were all angular in character, firm in convictions, pronounced abolitionists; and because of this a Salem Christian said, "It was a good idea to have such a church as a reservoir of peculiar men." But, if it were a despised church, its members have left an impress; and principles tell if their advocates turn to dust. In this little company Mrs. Farmer became a life-long blessing to such women as Hannah Bowland, Jane McAllister, and the whole company of whom Paul would have said, "Assist them in whatsoever business they have need, for they have been succorers of many." A little poem having reference to a church gathering was published by Mabelle among her earlier Salem inkings:—

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY AT THE HOWARD
STREET FAIR. •

Amid a gay and joyous throng,
Where youth and beauty shone,
Was seen a form bowed down with years,
Whose morn of life was gone.
But still upon that aged brow
The trace of beauty lingers now.

She glided in so like a ghost
 We knew not whence she came;
 And just as silently she went,
 That none might know her name.
 If unseen hands her basket bore,
 We know it went, and nothing more.

(And this would be our choice through life,
 Had we the power to-day
 To come and go, do good to all,
 Drop flowers along the way,
 Then, as we mount the golden stair,
 Leave at the foot the name we bear.)

Though days have passed, we see her yet,
 And bless her for the smile
 With which she took our offered hand
 And gladdened us awhile,
 Then turned to those who, waiting near,
 Would catch a glimpse of one so dear.

Thus other lips her name will bless,
 While for her weal they pray,
 That God will guide her through the tomb
 To realms of endless day.
 May his sweet peace on thee descend
 Like evening dews, my aged friend.

The Howard Street home was speedily exchanged; and, before the many years of residence at the Eden Home of Pearl Street, two others became temporary resting-places,—one on Bridge Street, the other on Church Street. In these shelters, with the growing fellowship of the people who “labored much in the Lord,” Mrs. Farmer was not slow in finding her level. Her missionary life began.

XIV.

EDEN HOME, 1848-65.

EDEN HOME, blessed are its memories! The story of it can never be written, and yet it is indelible on hearts below and in the Book of Life above. It was the first homelike place into which Mrs. Farmer's whole being nestled after leaving her mother's roof and bosom. Her previous shelters had been transient. She knew they would break, and the charm of association was not with them. At Eden it was different. She had the conviction of permanency as she stepped on its threshold. Forty years ago the city had not crowded its way into Pearl Street; and her newly selected retreat was therefore a breath of rural freshness, and at the same time within easy reach of church, trains, market, of life in general. "Oh, my sunsets!" she would say as she looked out of her windows at the unhampered view of all the westering skies. It was a charming outlook,—that western one. A gentle slope, with its shade of locusts, stretched to the rim of the North River; and in the distance was the historic bridge, with its flagstaff, where the red-coats of Revolutionary days were foiled in their Sunday search for Salem guns and powder. One

could almost hear the echo of old Nurse Tarrant's voice of rebuke as she bade General Leslie go back, and cease to break the peace of the Sabbath. Mrs. Farmer gave a pen picture of this divine home in a letter to Mrs. Souther, of Hingham:—

“The air was fragrant with June roses when my beloved took me to a charmed spot on the banks of the North River. It was in the City of Peace, and beyond its streets of noise and bustle. A green field was the background of the beautiful picture, and the placid river beyond reflected the blue of the sky. The birds made their nests so near the windows of my room that I could hear them whispering to their young as they came and went for the morning meal or were rocked by the evening winds, which came as a lullaby to them, and fell also as a benediction upon a brow and cheek flushed for the first time in many years with a tint of health. In front of that home was a field of waving grass, where the little ground sparrows delighted to hide their nests. At the right was the street and at the left a field, which stretched to another street parallel to Pearl, a fruit orchard and garden, beautiful as the eye could wish to rest upon.”

The “brow and cheeks were flushed,” as Mrs. Farmer writes it, one little year, a gracious season of comparative health; and then she adds:—

“When the sweet June roses blossomed again, I was hovering between life and death. The beauty of the outward world was unchanged, but dear, loving eyes were too anxiously watching to mark it.

My Birdie was then three years old; and how often she used to stand by my bed and tell me of the flowers and the birds in her lisping tones of love, for she had a heart to love everything God had made, and she could then, as now, find beauty even in a pebble at her feet and in any blade of grass that drank the dews of heaven! For years hopes and fears alternated, until the year before my angel baby Clarence came (1859). Then without any apparent reason the hue of health rested upon my cheek, making me look, as my dear Gerrish would say, just like myself. For months I called myself perfectly well. Then the strength I had so delighted in waned; and for six months before my babe was given to me I could not leave my bed. Of the agony which sealed those months of suffering with such a sacred gift God only can know, but the joy of being the mother of an angel compensates. Three more years passed, the cup filled to the brim with the waters of Marah. I do not think I could have lived, with all my faith in God, if it had not been for his inspiration of the desire to help in the saving of my country (1861-65). It seemed to me I must not die until she was redeemed and purified."

Those earliest days at Eden Home will always remain to Mrs. Farmer's friends a most pleasurable memory. More indeed might she have added of the outside and interior fascinations of her home. The open field before its door gave a sense of room and freedom of breath which she could heartfully

appreciate, as did also her loved ones. Not yet had the brick sidewalks reached the length of the street; and the house was approached therefore by the foot-worn path, like a country way. How restful was Eden without! When it was only a memory to her, she greatly desired her young friend, the promising artist, Arthur W. Dow, to give, if he could, upon canvas the old scenes which were the delight of her eye; and her pen, if not her brush, gave another picture:—

“Over the door was a large trellis with running roses on one side and honeysuckles on the other. In the yard was one of my flower-beds, the slatted fence bordering one side of the yard and the grassy plot the other, with a wide path between. By a window next the street was a large locust. I planted it when it was but a baby locust. When we moved into the house, Birdie was just as tall as the largest locust in the field, and we lived there to see the trees grow so tall as to be noticed above the house. Dear, blessed Eden Home! Oh, if the walls could talk, what a revelation there would be! I believe nothing is recorded that the angels in glory may not see. The life that I thought so wasted then I sometimes hope may be like the beautiful tapestry rugs, woven all on the wrong side, and only that side open to human eyes. It may be that God will look upon the other side, and see threads that he can bless.

“I know just how little I have done; but I do not dwell upon such things as I used to, but trust

that God will accept the *desire* to do, where the effort has been a seeming failure. No home on earth can ever be to me what Eden was."

These outward glimpses only shadow the delights of the home within. If you walk under the roses and honeysuckles, you will cross a threshold baptized with the beauty of the Lord, the Martha and Mary and Lazarus abode, where Christ centres his thought and love. I wonder if there ever was another shelter like the Eden of No. 12 Pearl Street? It is not there now. The arm of trade and gain has gripped it. The workshop and tenement have crowded in. It has lost its beauty and charm, but the memory of it is everlasting. The one attraction of that Eden life was the singular, sympathetic voice, heart, life, and power of Mrs. Farmer. And yet in her self-forgetful way she once wrote to another:—

"When the secrets of Eden Home are unfolded, what a surprise it will be to you to know how much you have done there for Jesus, that which will reach far, far beyond time! Oh, those blessed years! Never pass that house without a 'Thank God' in your heart for all that Mabelle passed through beneath that sacred roof. You say truly, 'Sorrow has been there.' But some leaves are never fragrant till they are bruised.

"The wound that bleeds, the tears that flow,
 May bathe the Saviour's feet;
 And he can make a suffering life
 For any service meet.

“Dear, blessed Eden Home, my heart thrills at all its precious memories! Dear feet stepped there whose lightest tread was music to my soul. I shall hear those footfalls again on the golden floor. Friends long tried and true have been welcome there, and they wait to meet me in the star-gemmed road to Father’s house.”

Yes, it would be very interesting to count the people who centred there for the good to be wrought. Her dearly loved Rev. and Mrs. Beaman (of Howard Street Church) knew the path well. How tenderly she loved them both! Mrs. Beaman was one of her saints; and, when this dear woman was glorified, on the margin of her Bogatsky, Mrs. Farmer penciled: “Feb. 22, 1875. Mrs. Beaman’s birthday in heaven. An angel now, and little less while here.” At March 26 she writes: “My dear Mrs. Beaman’s birthday on earth. She is very dear to us all.” Indeed, she was very dear at Eden, and to everybody besides.

And Michael Carlton, that tall, gaunt frame and benevolent eye, found Eden Home one of the places where “Lend a Hand” was always the sure watchword, even though the King’s Daughters were not then a fact. How well we remember the tender word and care to a young and dying Mary, over whose welfare this man of God assumed a guardianship when others fled from her,—a poor girl, fallen and disowned, but gathered up into this missionary heart and care! He had only to tell of the young creature’s sorrow, when Eden Home

smoothed the last pillow, and followed her to the grave. No wonder that Mrs. Farmer wrote of the saintly man:—

“We may never expect to find again a Michael Carlton; for, when God requires any special and peculiar work of his children, he fits them pre-eminently for it. In good Mr. Carlton (as in dear Father Cleveland, of Boston, who is still going about doing good, though now in the ninetieth year of his age) were and are qualities so harmoniously blended that the help of even *woman* would seem to mar the beauty of *their* lifework.

“When the Master’s voice was heard, ‘Come up higher,’ it was as joyfully answered by the ever-faithful Mr. Carlton, as it always had been through a long and useful life; and he entered upon his rest and reward. That his mantle may fall upon some one in our midst should be our unceasing prayer, while we earnestly endeavor to profit by examples so rare and worthy of imitation.”

The dear nonagenarian, Father Cleveland, of Boston, was a visitor there. Time and again the benevolent face and voice and blessing were within those dedicated walls, and his wife often accompanied him.

Very like unto Hannah Bowland for goodness and zeal was Miss Sarah Kimball, for a year co-operative with Michael Carlton’s mission. She was of Ipswich, and of Puritan character. Almost as soon as her year’s work among the Salem poor began, she exclaimed one day, “I have found a jewel, the

happiest heart and hearthstone in all the city." She could not forbear to share this newly discovered blessedness with her friends, and she carried to Eden those who needed its homelike influences and cheer.

Over that threshold, too, stepped Rebecca R. Pomeroy, that gentlewoman of the soldiers' pallets, that comforter and blessing to little Willie, the dying boy of our own Abraham Lincoln, and later the matron of the Orphan Girls at Newton. How beautiful her face, her voice, her spirit! These two daughters of the Lord loved each other, and corresponded to the end; and, when Rebecca Pomeroy had gone to see him face to face, Mrs. Farmer in her tears said:—

"I was thankful they draped the dear old flag around Mrs. Pomeroy's coffin; and I hope, too, that her precious body was wrapped in the stars and stripes that were so dear to her. When I was so near the angels' home in 1863, I asked Mr. Farmer to let my winding sheet be the flag for which my soldiers were fighting. I thought my body would rest the sweeter if the stars were folded over my heart; and I asked him to let another flag be draped about my coffin. My dear ones will do this for me when the sufferings of this life are over."

Elisabeth Comstock sat by Mrs. Farmer's side with her friendly "thee" and "thou"; and how hallowed her messages, too, when the Spirit moved her pen as well as her voice! On a slip of paper she mailed a message, brief, and yet dear because the Spirit moved it:—

“*My dear Friend*,—May the peace of God that passeth all understanding be thy blessed portion in all thy physical weakness. The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms. May it be so to the utmost verge of life is the prayer of thy affectionate friend, Elisabeth L. Comstock.”

Clara Barton, with her great life and generous and positive benefactions, came into touch with this home, though the twain did not meet face to face until after Eden had been exchanged for the great, old Linden Castle, as we shall see in future pages; but, catching inspirations from the loving atmosphere of Eden life, it is not strange that she wrote in the daughter's autograph book:—

Will I write in your book? my dear friend,
 Can you ask of me?
 Yes, as willing a line as ever was penned,
 But I write for three:—
 The mother, who taught me long to love her
 Through painful years,
 Till I almost dreaded the angels above her
 Had wiped her tears;
 The father, who gave to the groping world
 The light of his skill,
 Like a tossing ship close reefed and furled,
 Majestic stil;
 And thou, my child, of both the light,
 So dear, so true,
 My name in richest, purest love, I write
 For you.

CLARA BARTON.

In the early days of the Rebellion, when Eden Home was a name familiar in many a soldier's

camp and to scores of godly helpers of the war, no influence upon Mrs. Farmer was more grateful than the presence and voice of Miss Eliza A. Story and of her sister, Miss Henrietta. Mrs. Farmer was always too intent upon the benedictions of life, the hunger that was somehow to be satisfied, to be worshipful of the person. She admired beauty and grace. She noted it as quickly as the eye fell upon it; but her foremost thought was of the open door to help, the uplift of the life. Everybody was to be saved, if possible. As she said herself, "I am an admirer of beauty in art, nature, and life; but I want all my home surroundings to minister to the wants of the soul and body. Things made only for show give me a heart-throb, and I do not like people any better than things who are made for no real use." But in the Misses Story, Mrs. Farmer found a fascination; and she would say, "Miss Henrietta is a queen." The kindest sympathy existed between Miss Eliza and her own benevolent heart, and nobody was such a power to her in her labor for her army boys. With Miss Eliza at her right hand, Mrs. Farmer was sure of her fair for the soldiers, wounded and sick. At March 17, in her book of daily texts, Mrs. Farmer writes: "Dear Grandpa Story went home this morning, aged eighty-nine years, six months, twenty-eight days"; and at June 30, "Dear Henrietta Story is with her father. Gladness for her, sorrow for us." Years later Miss Eliza completed the home circle above.

Thus from 1848 onward, through the war days of

1861-65, name after name appears linked with the joys as well as the shadows of that never-to-be-forgotten Eden, the place of all places in Salem, the City of Peace. We can see to-day that simple but always cheerful parlor, its carpet of green and crimson velvet tapestry, its chairs of hair, Professor Farmer, the melody of the house, often at the piano, and oftener absorbed in those scientific explorations which were more than song or diet. Sickness came, sorrow, death, agony; but it was always Eden Home. It was the abode of the Christ, and his sweetness was the breath of the house forever. Blessed Eden! glad are we that its name and savor will pervade the pages of this book as well as the zeal and fervor of scores of lives forever and ever.

And we should not do justice to that home of God if we did not copy a register which Mrs. Farmer's pen made of her husband's inventive labors within it. At Framingham, as we have already noted, the first fire-alarm machine was invented. The progressive labors of Professor Farmer made the Eden Home to be *historic* by his inventions, as well as holy because of its constant benevolences. From a letter whose leaves have been partly lost or mislaid we copy her wonderful account of her husband's toils in perfecting the fire-alarm telegraph. Later in the volume will be found the illumination of this house by electricity. Of the fire alarm she says:—

“If there was ever a work on earth that was of God, the fire-alarm telegraph is of his creating

power. The year of its building was my first tangible hold upon God as a Present Help. Not a step was taken that his help was not sought. I say *we*, not from any possible help I could be to Mr. Farmer in perfecting his work, but because we lifted it up together to God. All I could do individually was to show him by my interest in all he was doing and by my love and sympathy for him that I would help him if I could. My faith in his final success was absolute. From the first hour that I held the lamp for him to work by, I knew the thing was of God, and would not come to naught. You will not wonder that, when the glittering prize was within our reach, we could give it up to God and the world without even a wish to be linked with it if God saw fit to take us then and there out of the work. It may seem strange to you that I should still say *we*, but it would not if you only knew how much of my very life was absorbed by it. I was then sick and suffering, confined almost to my room a greater part of the time; and yet there was never a night after Mr. Farmer began his work on the fire-alarm telegraph that he did not get up in the night to make drawings or notes of something that came to him that might be of use in his work, and, if I was able to leave my bed, it was my invariable custom to get up and sit with him. If I was too sick to do that, he always sat down by the side of my bed; and I have seen him sit there and work until the veins in his forehead stood out like cords. What could I have done then but for my belief that

it was God's work, and that he would help us? Oh, if the walls of our sweet Eden Home could only speak, what a story they would tell! The angels of God held their nightly vigils with us; and, as night after night we knelt there together in the midnight hour, and begged God for the help no human hand could give" [the concluding sheets of this letter are missing].

XV.

SCATTERED SEED.

WHEN Mrs. Farmer entered the home on Pearl Street, her name had become familiar to the poor of its neighborhood. She had grown abundant in labor, even during her brief stay at the residence of Bridge Street, not far away. It is remembered most tenderly of her that she had hardly sufficient time to arrange the house to her domestic taste before the knowledge of a neglected wife and her little brood became known to her. If the husband spent his children's bread for beer, it was no reason that the children should be hungry. When winter came and the fire went out, it was no reason that the little lambs should be left in the cold. So Mrs. Farmer began her efforts to reclaim the erring man and to bless his bruised wife. Many a time did she take a basket of bread, and her co-operative husband a basket of coal and an armful of wood, and the two thus furnished carried warmth and succor.

One entire year she labored with an inebriate. She wrote to him, talked with him, prayed with him and for him; and God subdued him. He bartered his shoes for rum. He walked barefoot into places

where people would not venture unless decently dressed; but, coatless, bootless, enslaved, he was touched by the divine finger, and never did a gladder woman live than was Mrs. Farmer when he became a new creature in Christ and the appetite for rum had been paralyzed.

She came to the knowledge of the peculiar temptations that Saturday night brought to the men on a certain street not far from her home, and she attempted the salvation of their week's wages by making a Saturday evening specially for them. Instead of saloons, she asked them all to hot Saturday night suppers. In a room in a tenement house she prepared chowders, tea, and coffee; and the men of beer, won by her persuasive way of asking, would consent to leave the week's earnings at home, and come to the room which she had fitted for their entertainment. It would not be possible for the strange company she gathered ever to forget that one heart, at least, wished to make better men of them. She gave an interesting chapter of this early Salem work in one of her epistles, and of a stab the enemy gave her and her triumph over it. Who ever worked much in God, and was without a wound?

"I am going to turn to your eye a page of the dear old past. Perhaps you do not know that, when I first came to Salem, I used to visit the poor a good deal, got children into the Sunday-school, etc. My district was between Winter Street and Beverly Bridge. In one family I found a young

girl who greatly interested me by her pleasant, sweet face and unselfish disposition. I never lost sight of her; and years after, her younger sister was left by the mother's death wholly to her care, and we all then saw the good which had seemed to be slumbering. The little sister had hip disease, and suffered intensely. How I pitied her! The sisters took me into their hearts, and always seemed glad when I visited their rooms. One day Katie, the sick one, said, 'If I could only do something to pass away the time, I should be so happy.' 'And would you like me to teach you to crochet?' asked I. She was delighted; begged me to begin at once. I went for cotton, hooks, etc. In a short time the dear child could do any pattern. I arranged with Mr. Shepherd to furnish her with cottons at cost; and she sold her work at good profit, and thus helped the family income while lying upon her back. A lady heard of the child's long sickness, and called to see her. She asked who taught her the beautiful patterns; and, when this visitor made her report to the ladies who sent her, she repeated the circumstance, but added, 'I hear this Mrs. Farmer spoken highly of, but there must be something *low* about her if she can sit with people and teach them any kind of patterns.' Ah! was Christ, my Saviour, *low* because he talked with fishermen?"

It is a delightful fact that God in his efforts to bless always lifts men to his level; and Mrs. Farmer, without stopping to reason about it and without a consciousness of her power, invariably lifted people

to something better. Possibly this divine uplift, more than holy magnetism, can be explained by one of her own letters, detailing the way she received a country lad, who had come to the city to learn a trade, and who previously had been acquainted with the assistant missionary of Michael Carlton:—

“Dear, good Miss Sarah Kimball, whom you had known at Ipswich, said one day, when she came in on her mission errands, ‘That boy is as pure as the snowflake when midway between heaven and earth.’ What a holy compliment to pay to a young boy of God! Could it have been sweeter? Forget it was said of you, and answer me. How often my prayer went up to our Father for you at that time that you should never receive an impression that would leave a stain! When you came to the parlor, the prayer was, ‘Lord, help me to lift him higher.’ And, if ever you received the freshness of a cup of cold water, God has the glory. We had no power then to see what that bashful shrinking boy was to become to the family; but, from that evening in the sweet month of roses, when Miss Kimball brought you to our house, you were to go no more out of our memories forever. The door of Eden Home always opened joyfully to you, and you never came when the hearts of our household did not bid you welcome. Since then every marked period of our lives has found your feet turning towards us, even if no human voice called you. Something seemed to tell you to come and share that which the dear Lord saw fit to send, either of joy or sorrow.”

Surely, a mother could not do more wisely for the son of her heart than to pray, as did Mrs. Farmer for this country youth, that the influence of her home might prove a benediction whenever he called. Another most tender chapter of this special earlier Salem interest she wrote as an encouragement to a woman whose love for Jesus led her to undertake many and many a step for her Lord, but who had been puzzled evidently concerning a case which seemed fruitless to human thought:—

“In my earliest Salem work of soul-saving, I followed one man *twenty years* before God saved him. More than once that man cursed me to the very depths as he answered my pleadings with his, ‘I *won’t* heed you.’ But there is no man to-day who is doing more for God and drunkards than he. God saved him, and he will save the soul you now crave.”

She then tells another sorrowful story of one whom she loved for his mother’s sake and Christ’s, and her heart throbbed at the rehearsal of temptations which proved the wreck of the young life full of charm and promise:—

“You never did me a more real kindness than in writing me the letter of yesterday. When we are in trouble of any kind, the best way to bear it and master it is to look it squarely in the face. This I have tried to do in the needs and failures of this young man. Do you know, dear, that *whiskey* is the trouble? Yes, that is what brought him where he is. Sarah has a wonderful influence over him.

He told her the whole story of his going back to his cups, and he promises to conceal nothing from the doctor. This is his sorrowful story: He was in the employ of one of the largest dry-goods merchants. He took his first glass of wine at his employer's home and table. He was invited to the house often; and the merchant was very kind (?) to him, speaking of him always as one of the best of book-keepers. That very merchant to-day says he would unhesitatingly take him again if he would let drink alone, and yet he started him on the road to ruin. He told me that, in the days when he was workless, it seemed as if his angel mother kept telling him to come to us. He walked to and fro before he could gather courage to ring our bell. At last he came in. We were all ready for our yearly vacation; but we saw that the child must go West, and the only way we could send him was to give up our outing and furnish him with the money. We did it. He proved faithful to his word at the West until his employer required that boy to open the store *every Sabbath*, and he has stood behind that counter every Lord's Day for six years. No man on earth can bear such a business strain; and, when he began to give out, he most naturally wanted a stimulant to brace him up, and the doctor *prescribed whiskey*. He took it, and soon he took it without prescription. The rest you know. If that merchant had been faithful to his own soul and to his God, our boy would not be in the physical condition he is now. If his angel mother could speak, what would she say? The

end you cannot see, neither can I. But you hold on to God's promise, and you keep on praying; and I will, too. You have no idea of the *hold on* there is in me in these hard cases. I never give one up until his soul is saved or God takes him out of the world; and that is why I once followed a man *twenty years*. Don't let the doctor get discouraged, if you can help it; and, above everything else, don't let him tell our boy that he can do no more for him."

The following journal letter seems to have been a response to some suggestions from her concerning the use of tobacco. Whoever is the writer, it is a wholesome page from a young man's life:—

"*My dear Mrs. Farmer*,—Who told you that I smoked? When the clerk handed me the letter, he said, 'Pretty good hit on you, Charlie'; and so, before opening, I read the back of the envelope, and, as the coat fitted me, I had to put it on. Since reading your letter, I have taken into consideration whether it is best to give up smoking or not. Where the letter speaks of *the gentlemen* worries me more than any other portion. I have not decided. Sometimes I think I will. At other times I know I shall miss it *so much*. Mind you, I have not smoked but two or three times since, and it is because I do not want to leave off on the spur of the moment. It may not agree with me afterwards.

"December 20. I have just eaten my dinner, and *partly finished my after dinner smoke*. In all probability I should have finished it, had I not been

interrupted by receiving two letters, one of which was yours; and I am almost ashamed to say SMOKE. I had made up my mind some time ago to commence the New Year, and see if I could not come out victorious over the pipe. There are but few days between now and then. So, if you will accept my old strong pipe and tobacco for Christmas, you are very welcome to the same. Good-by, smoking!

“February 5. I certainly do believe I am the happiest *little boy* living; and you, I am sure, have been instrumental in doing much towards it. I must tell you that I stand true to my pledge with you. As I left off the use of tobacco forever the twentieth day of December, to-day finds me true and firm to that pledge. I am so glad I have left it off. Your prayers, I know, do me much good; and your letters I have read and re-read to my friends, and have taken a good deal of pleasure in so doing.”

When a child whom she had tried to benefit on her Bridge Street route of labor was for a season at a reformatory, she followed her with letters of helpfulness; and this was one of the responses:—

“I am trying to be a very good girl. I am trying to overcome the habit of getting angry; and, if I overcome it, it will be a blessed thing. I mean to try. You said my teachers were my best friends. I find that, the longer I stay with them, the more I love them; and I think my stay with them will be the making of me if I try to improve, and I am

trying very hard to prepare myself for a useful woman. You say that the Salem friends behind me will rejoice at any improvement I make. If so, I will give them the chance to rejoice. I have felt since I received your letter as though I should like to be a Christian, and I am trying to love my Saviour. You wrote about my being unselfish. I hope that trait will never leave me. My teacher requested me to give her best regards to you, and to tell you that she thinks I can be very good when I am a mind to be. She says she hopes I will have a mind to."

Some poor child, for whom she had obtained a needed gown, evidently had a severe time, and wrote to tell her:—

"Mrs. Farmer, i left ——, on monday Sept. 2nd, and when i asked him for money, he would not give it to me, and he through me about the house and tore that dress that you gave me, and now i have to go to court about him, so no more at present."

To another who went to Mrs. Farmer about what *seemed* a mistaken marriage she sent the following expressions of advice":—

"It seems as though I have thought of everything in the world as the form which your trial had come in, and still I had never thought once of *intemperance*. Even now I cannot make it possible, though I know it is true. I had thought of your husband as a weak man, but not a wicked one. God help you to bear it, dear, loving soul, in the spirit of Christ your Master, who will not leave or forsake

you. Don't blame yourself for any step you have taken. You did it for the best, and you must leave the result with Him who can see the end from the beginning. Perhaps you were led into this marriage to save his soul. God has a plan of his own in all that he does. Hold fast to his dear hand, and he will lead you home. The angels are watching you with tender solicitude; but they understand why all this is needful, and they are satisfied. I wish I could fold you close to my heart, and let you feel how dear you are to me."

To the Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford she wrote:—

"*My dear Mrs. Hanaford*,—I read not long since of your efforts in behalf of a poor, misguided girl in the depot at New Haven, and I wept over her folly in turning from such a friend and counselor. But your labor of love will not be lost. In the great hereafter you will see that it all counted in the eyes of him who said, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' Life to you has a broader and deeper sense than ever before. I pray God to follow you day by day with his blessing. My heart is with you in the work to which you are devoting soul and body."

Mrs. Farmer took home heartily to herself what she wrote as advice to a student at the Bridgewater Normal School:—

"We doubtless have a *special* work. To be sure, some of us blunder, and sometimes in our confusions we scarcely know why we are created. But, if one does not see his exact place, or thinks

he has no ability to excel in any direction, yet even poured out water is of value. It is exhaled, and becomes dew on the flower or the make-up of a fleecy cloud. Even dew may refresh a flower till its fragrance is noticeable, and to scatter fragrance is a divine mission truly."

In the same spirit of making all things subservient of good, she told a minister:—

"God has given you rare qualities for your work of public ministry. Good will naturally flow from it. Use all your studies, your readings even of newspapers, for the glory of God and the good of your parish. His blessings rest upon all who do his will."

How sincere was her testimony when a friend wrote to her of her abiding spirit of help and uplifting! "God is my witness that I never did a thing in my life to be seen of men." And again that holy generousness and self-forgetfulness appears in a word of her pen: "If a poor, sorrowing heart can only say that I have been a comfort, it would be a sweet peace to my soul." And yet once more: "It will add to my joy in heaven to hear these poor despised ones, whom I have tried to bless by loving words and kindly deeds, tell me of the cups of cold water given unto them."

Most appropriate for the close of this chapter of some of her earlier Salem efforts is an incident which occurred when the burden of a family debt had been forever removed. It shows how she exhibited gratefulness:—

“Let me make you smile by telling a story. The day we paid the last dollar we owed I was in Boston; and, walking through Tremont Street, I saw a poor old blind man, who had pencils, combs, shoestrings, for sale. I picked up every pencil, and paid for them. Then I took the combs, and finally the ties. When I had paid for them all, I laid every one back; and the old creature was too glad for words. But at last he stammered,—

“‘What do you want me to do?’

“‘Go home and get warm.’

“‘I wish I could see you.’

“‘You will when you get to heaven.’

“Then the poor old woman went along, the happiest in all Boston; for that morning was her own. Nobody could say to her, ‘You had better pay your debts before you buy out blind beggars.’ That was the proudest day of my life.”

XVI.

CANDLE-BEAMS.

“HOW far that candle throws its beams,” is an oft-repeated breath. Eden Home was doubly illuminated; for loving kindness radiated to everybody who came within its influence, and within its walls the ingenious husband lighted his *electric candle*, thereby making that dear old home to be a historic place, as he had already made his Framingham residence by the fire alarm. In 1859, in the month of July, the parlor of Eden Home was lighted evening after evening by the strangely subtle agent, electricity. It was the earliest room in all the land to be thus continuously illuminated by the incandescent electric light. It was a clear, beautiful gleam, and people of culture and of scientific interest came to see it and wonder. It was a new impulse, a forecasting of the multiplied electric lights of to-day. Was it not also a prophecy of another era, when even electricity will be but a candle-beam to the fulness of Christ-life and Christ-light? Clear and genuine as that experiment proved, not more so was it than the earnest sincerity of the shining love of the wife, who was lifting beacons wherever the darkness needed to be dissipated. From 1850 to the days of

the Rebellion her candles were never untrimmed. They still shine. We may see by the light of them the various ways in which the dear woman left the cheer of her smile on hearts younger and older.

It was in 1852, May 24, that she accompanied her husband to New York and Washington. Her uncle Thomas was of the company; and, next to the memory of her father, she loved this, his youngest brother the best. It seemed a journey forty years ago to go down to Washington. She wrote out her days of travel for the press. In New York she sat mellowed and entranced with the voice and wonderful simplicity of the queen of song, Jenny Lind. Professor Farmer sent as a little message to "Aunt Apphia," the beloved wife of Uncle Thomas: "Your niece is taking lessons in New York life and shopping. She is getting the hang of the streets and omnibuses pretty well. I think she would even venture out of sight of the hotel all alone."

She touched the key-note of the ten blessed years between 1850 and 1860 in a written passage:—

"My time is not my own. I have a work given me to do, and it is not for me to direct my steps. How often have I asked my Father to keep me in that place where I can honor and glorify him!"

And, when the beauty and sweetness of her home life came sensibly over her like a satisfying breath, she said:—

"How good God is to crown my life with the blessed gift of love; to give me dear hands to so

tenderly anticipate all my needs; to leave me no wish ungratified; to bless me with affection that has never diminished since the glad hour when the precious word 'Wife' was first spoken, when the dear angels smiled upon that union of the hearts which in their presence were sealed as *one*! Those hearts are yet bound together by a tie no human hand hath woven."

Another's estimate of her daily walk during these years may be gathered from a little fragmentary note sent to her with a package:—

"Shall you *fret* because I send you a package *via* your brother? What a question! When *Mabelle* frets, we shall think the world has reached its climax, and that the All-of-evil is unharnessed."

Many of her letters at this date may be called candle-beams, as they were written to children, youth, and students. On the birthday of her little daughter she said: "My dear little Sarah is five years old to-day. She asked me this morning if God had not been good to give her to me so long. My heart replies, Yes, he has been good, and he still is good."

To a youth at Phillips Academy, Andover, she gave motherly counsel: "You have committed all your interests for time and eternity to the care of God. You will find the Arm of Strength. It is not always in this life that the benedictions are received, but our Father holds them in his hand. Be willing to keep in your lot. Never be craven-hearted. Go out strong, and meet every trial half-way."

She had a very high reverence for Principal Taylor of that academy, and a deal of thankfulness for a word spoken by him to her husband while he was taking the course preparatory to entering Dartmouth College. The incident is related by the Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin in his excellent volume of *Boscawen History*:—

“Professor Farmer entered Phillips Academy in the autumn of 1837. At that time music was with him an all-absorbing passion, and other studies were often neglected in consequence of it. One day while seated at his organ, when he should have been preparing his lessons for the morrow, the door suddenly opened, and the calm, stern face of Dr. Taylor was before him. ‘Farmer, you are disappointing the best hopes of your friends,’ were the only words that fell upon the ear of the boy musician, and the door closed between them. Great was the influence of those words upon the man who has ever found in duty his highest pleasure.”

With the knowledge of this most abrupt but characteristic interview with her husband in his youth, she again wrote to the Andover student:—

“Remember me kindly to ‘Uncle Sam,’ as you are pleased to call your revered preceptor, and tell him I hope to have the pleasure of thanking him in person for the part he so nobly performed in moulding and perfecting the character of him with whom I have enjoyed years of the most uninterrupted happiness that it has been the fortune and the joy

of a woman to know. I am sorry you find Latin so tough, but you will never regret the pains you take to master it. I am sure you will be glad of Mr. Farmer's letter which accompanies this."

The letter of Professor Farmer is so like his living voice that we cannot forbear its presentation. After a Latin introduction, he goes on:—

Principal Taylor will lead you along gently, but surely, over its rough and rugged moods and tenses; and, though *your* moods be at times *tense* and gloomy, yet be assured light will by and by break in upon you brightly, and you will see a beauty in Latin which now is *non sed reformatitas* (rather fragmentary Latin). Seriously, Latin was to me hateful, undesirable, abominable at first. I could see no use in it, supposing I did become proficient in its mastery; but give me mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, something that I could make use of in practical life, and I foolishly thought that I should be *made*. And so I should have been,—one-sided, humpbacked (mentally), precise, confident, sceptical. I can now see that the discipline of mind acquired in *root-ing* after the groundwork of Greek and Latin words and idioms, tempered with a due, and perhaps overdue, investigation of the exacter sciences, has been of vastly more use to me than either would have been alone. Could I go through it again, I would not have it different, only more so. Therefore please present my compliments to Dr. Taylor (or, as we rather irreverently *sometimes* called him, 'Uncle

Sam'), and say from me that, as far as I can judge, I owe more to him mentally than to any other two teachers or men, living or dead; and may God bless him now and hereafter. If it is God's will, may he long be spared to direct others through the tangled snares and wildwoods of Greek and Latin roots and flowers (?); and in another and better world may his gems shine with a brightness and lustre that will never pale or dim. Such is the prayer of his wayward pupil and your sincere friend,— M. G. FARMER."

To a young man studying for the ministry Mrs. Farmer wrote:—

"I hope to see you in Andover before the vacation. I cannot refrain from alluding to the time when I shall hear you preach Christ. Gird yourself for this. He will be strength for every hour of life. Draw water from the Living Fountain, and you will never thirst; and remember that the jewels of the crown will be the souls your faithfulness has fed and helped."

We find among her correspondents a youth who was at Wilbraham Academy and boarding himself. He rather amusingly tells her:—

"Last night a lady sent me a plate of doughnuts, mince pie, plain cake, and a thick slice of cheese; and she is an utter stranger, too. She sent them, as the bearer said, because I 'look good in meeting.' I am sure it is very desirable to have a face that will bring a dish of doughnuts; but, dear me, at prayer meeting hereafter, I must sit behind a

post, or I shall certainly think of it, and, if I think of it, I may smile. And to smile will not be very becoming in the sanctuary; besides it will be breaking the rules of the school. But there is this happy thought. If ever I get to a starving point, I can sit where all the Wilbraham cooks can see me, and then I shall not only have enough, but shall abound. My dear, good mother wrote me that she was not surprised that I had found so many good friends in Wilbraham; for, if God's promise is true, I shall find them anywhere."

The following letter is evidently Mrs. Farmer's response:—

"Tell that lady who was attracted by the student's face, and sent him doughnuts and mince pie, that, if I had the said student in charge, I should furnish plainer and more sensible diet. But *be* as good as you can, and you will always *look* good. And what would you say if I told you that I have wished in the past that God had endowed me with beauty? It is true, every word of it. I do wish I had a beautiful face. Do you know what a world of power there is in beauty? How much more good one can do with a handsome face than a homely one! But, when I see beauty made subservient to other purposes, I always think what a record of lost opportunity of good. It may be God perceived that, if he gave me beauty, it would be my ruin."

In anticipation of a visit to Northampton, a town of many memories, she said to this student: "I will ask Jesus to bless you and make your visit to

hallowed ground an hour of the open vision of his face. If you stand at the grave of David Brainerd and visit also at South Hadley the resting-place of Mary Lyon, you will, I know, be impressed with the Scripture command, 'Put the shoes from off thy feet, for the ground is holy.'" The young man evidently went to these places, for he wrote:—

"Here I sit, dear Mabelle, on the old red slab over Brainerd's precious dust. My very heart is tender. My prayer goes up like a breath to be holy and good like Brainerd, to be of use as he was. I have gathered the little clover or shamrock leaves as souvenirs, and enclose them. By Brainerd's side sleeps Jerusha Edwards, his affianced, a lovely girl, transfigured, so legend says, with spiritual beauty. A white slab (a cenotaph) bears Jonathan Edwards's name, and still another the name and memory of the young and sanctified Henry Lyman. It must be that Lyman's mother lies buried in this ancient graveyard. I love her very name; for she said, when the intelligence came over the seas, that the wild and cruel islanders had destroyed her boy, 'Had I another son, I would send him, too.' Heroic woman. Yes, Mabelle, I have found her grave. It is here. The stone reads: 'Susannah Willard Whitney, Widow of Theodore and Mother of Henry Lyman; was reunited to them June 12, 1855, aged sixty-seven years.' What an appropriate epitaph, 'the Mother of Henry Lyman'! It might inspire any heart with resurrection power to visit graves like these."

This student correspondence may well be supplemented by gatherings from missives written by her to Fannie, a little daughter of her uncle Thomas and aunt Apphia Shapleigh. The little cousin had written a child-like letter in the unformed hand of earliest effort, and Mrs. Farmer responded:

“It is very gratifying to me to know you can write so well and compose so readily. I want you to be particularly careful, in whatever you write, that every word is spelled just right. If you are attentive to this now, you will find it of untold value when you are older. Ask your dear father from me to buy you Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary. I think he will do it. And, then, I want you to read very carefully one page of words and definitions every day. You will be surprised to see how easily you can find the time to do this when once you make up your mind to it. Have a system in everything; and, Fannie, remember this is the result of Cousin Hannah’s experience,—that there can be nothing well done unless it is done systematically.”

Again she wrote golden words to the child,— words that may well be tested by a thousand homes and hearts, and every time be found divine:—

“Let the whole family be bound together by the cord of which *Love* is the strength. Then we shall see the dear place called *Home* just what He designed it when he created such a source of untold happiness for all who are willing to unite in making up this home. All must take an active part.

There must be no drones. If but one hand be wanting, the Altar of Blessedness will never be wholly reared. Now, dear Fannie, begin to-day. See how much you can do towards making your own dear home the pleasantest place on earth. Be good to your dear father and mother. Be a loving, patient sister to dear little Belle. Remember that she is younger than you, and teach her now to look up to you. Do all you can to improve your own mind, that you may thereby be a help to her. Remember, too, that there are two dear little girls still younger than Belle, whom you will influence for good or for evil. Their mother is a kind sister to you. Repay her by being a help to her in forming their characters. You may ask, 'What can I do, for I am only a little girl myself?' I know this, Fannie; but you can do a great deal. In the first place, rule your own spirit, and you will help them to govern theirs. Do not speak an angry word. Try it, and tell me when you write how you succeed."

In another letter she wrote what we all discover sooner or later; and well is it that we do,— not that we shall thereby think the less of books, but the more of actual experience:—

"You have a great deal to learn besides what you get from books. Books are but a small part of our development. I would have you do a little every day to bring out the good, and thereby diminish the bad in your nature. It is just like your flower garden. If you keep the weeds thinned out, the

flowers will have *all* the benefit of the moisture and nourishment of the earth. Strive to add every day to your garden of such virtues as you would best like to possess. Cultivate patience as the one prominent trait of your character. There is none other you will need more."

Not unwisely did she suggest to the child what she likewise enjoined upon her own little daughter:

"I want you to have a day-book, and write just what may occur to interest you. In this way you will bring out some new idea every day, and thereby increase your little stock of knowledge; and you can have no idea how much you will have gained in a year. This book must be open to your father and mother, for you should have no secrets from them. To your mother ever go with all your hopes and fears. In her you will find a heart keenly alive to all that concerns you. I say your *mother*, because girls find it so much more easy to talk with her than with father. But from neither should there be any secrets."

Last, but not least, did she write a simple word concerning the hour when the definite choice is made to let the bent of the mind be Godward, the time called by church people conversion:—

"I want to hear, Fannie, that *you* have chosen Christ for the guide of your youth, and that you are willing to give yourself to him and live to the glory of God. You are still young. Life's cares are new to you. Before the dew of life is gone, come to Jesus. You can never know how much I

love you or how my heart yearns over you. As I see what a hold you have upon my affections, I would save you from all things as I would my own daughter."

Oct. 11, 1857, the dearest of her uncles, Thomas Shapleigh, fell asleep. She loved him so much that his photograph stood upon her table as long as she lived. "He was my father's youngest brother," she wrote, "and died of the same disease (typhoid fever) in the same month and the same day of the month and within a few moments of the same hour in the morning. It was a singular coincidence. Father died in 1840. They had lived together almost uninterruptedly,—that is, in the same town and most of the time on the same street; and it is very seldom that brothers enjoy so much of each other's society. And will not this very love bind them more closely in heaven?" To her aunt Apphia she wrote out all her soul:—

"Oct. 28, 1857. To tell you that I loved my dear uncle is what you already know; and, knowing as I do that those lips I have so often kissed will never more return the token of affection, there is not a remembrance connected with him that I would forget. I always loved him; and he knew it, and he returned it with interest. I can hardly tell you what a source of comfort it is to me now to think of my last interview with him. He came to us tired and cold, and found me sitting up and waiting for him. We had a good warm fire, and warmer hearts to bid him welcome. How little I

thought when he left us that I was looking upon him for the last time until we meet in Eternity, that I was not to look upon him even when the spirit had gone to Him who gave it. The tidings were withheld from me until the grave had received all that was mortal of him I loved. On the day of the burial I took no work in my hand. I could do nothing but weep. If I tried to read, the tears filled my eyes; and I could not see. At last I sat alone above stairs, and wept till there were no more tears. When Gerrish came in at night with the telegram, which had been delivered in Boston, I was as one paralyzed. I could not speak. O Aunt Apphia, it did seem as though I should die. Dear Uncle Thomas dead and buried, and this the first I had known of it! Then I thought of you and your dear, fatherless children; and I wanted to fly to you, that I might whisper a word of comfort. I rejoice that he knew in whom he had believed, and was willing to leave himself in His hands. And now he is with my own blessed father, with whom my very life went half away. There is a new link that binds me to Eliot, now that my dear uncle is resting there."

In January, 1858, she writes of a lesson hard to learn, even by children of older years than the "little Georgie" of her letter:—

"Dear little Georgie is still very lame of hip disease, and has not been dressed for four weeks. He told his mother he did not think he should live; for one day last summer, when he was in the barn

alone, he knelt down and prayed to God to make him well, and he has not done it yet, and now he does not think he ever will. Poor child, it is hard to learn the fact that God does not answer according to our words, but as we need."

In Boscawen, her husband's early and endeared home, and the home also of his sister Jane, she dates a letter of narrow escape from injury, Oct. 11, 1858:—

"At Boscawen, with dear little sister, Jennie Little. She is as good as she can be; and her dear husband, Ephraim, is as near perfection as he can be and live in this wicked world. I have a great deal for which I am thankful. Saturday Gerrish took me to ride. On our return I attempted to step from the carriage to the veranda, when the horse started, and threw me. I am very much bruised, and have suffered considerable pain, but have no broken bones. This to us all is a matter of wonder and thankfulness. God is ever mindful of me. I want to love him wholly."

July, 1859, a letter from the Eliot home revealed the illness of the aged grandmother: "On Saturday mother wrote us that my dear old grandmother Tobey is very sick. You know how dear she is to me; and you know, too, that I do not feel willing for those dear, tired feet to rest yet. I keep saying, 'I cannot give her up now.' But the dear saint is ready and waiting. For years she has lived on the verge of the heavenly world to which her steps are now going."

Turning from the apparently dying, we find among her papers the following letter to the living, a young and bewildered girl. When she wrote it, heart and head were in pain; but pain was secondary to her desire for the present and eternal welfare of anybody:—

“The hand is tired to-night that would gladly clasp yours and wrest you from the destroyer of your peace. But the strong *mother-heart*, beneath which my own precious child has slept, goes out to other mothers’ daughters with longings that must find expression in words. At the first thought of your danger, it seemed as if human help must fly to your rescue. Then the Voice, to which I have listened through all these days of suffering, said, ‘Lo, I am with you always’; and my trust grew firm as the mountain. I can now bear you in arms of faith to the Mercy Seat. Remember that you have an angel mother watching you from heaven. It may be that God will give her ‘charge concerning thee.’ If he does, who can doubt but that she will be ‘the angel over the right shoulder.’ Your feet are standing where but a step lies between you and your ruin. He who can so far forget his vows before God, angels, and men, he who could forget the innocent children who bear his name, who has disgraced his manhood forever by his unholy passion for you, would degrade you, dear, to the level of the beasts. Scorn him as you would the viper that warns you by his rattle that he is about to strike you. Turn from him this very

hour as you value your good name, which has hitherto been without spot or blemish. He is your bitterest foe. Never again allow him to address you. You took a noble position when you refused the written page from his hand. Maintain this resolution at the price of your life. True love is founded upon respect. If the vile man (may God forgive him!) has made a mistake in the choice of a wife, then, if he possesses one spark of true manhood, he will understand that his present duty is to make that wife all he once thought or hoped she was. God has told us to say, 'Deliver us from temptation.' If we put ourselves in the way of the tempter, can we expect the keeping power? The moment Satan persuades us to reason, we are lost. Clothe yourself, child, in the armor of God. In this dear Eden Home, your face is unknown; but from this pillow of suffering, prayer will go up to the great Listener, through all the watches of this sleepless night. God will hear and respond. To his watchfulness I commend you, assuring you of the love and sympathy of your stranger-friend. H. T. S. F."

XVII.

THE QUARTETTE.

A LITTLE band of songsters met face to face in Eden Home, and were united in a delightful and perpetual friendship. It is rare that four sisters blend in a life of such hallowed concord. They were Mrs. Farmer (Mabelle), Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford, Mary Trask Webber ("Mary Webb"), and Caroline A. Mason. The musical harmony and the continued correspondence linked them in heart. Though all sang for the public, and published often in local columns, yet neither asked nor aimed for recognition. Three of them are now before the throne. One, Mrs. Hanaford, yet pursues the busy God-life appointed for her. What was said of Mrs. Mason at her burial can be said truly of them all. Her pastor (Rev. William H. Pier-son) called her the *local sibyl*; for, when a word of comfort, gratulation, or commemoration was needed, "her pen was the happy one to do it." The acquaintance of this quartette began in a poetic

address, "Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Hanaford, by Mabelle." She introduced her song:—

"Stranger! Friend I dare not call thee,
 Though thy loving face I see
 With the pictures I've been hanging
 On the walls of memory,
 And how oft in joy and sorrow
 Turns the eye to rest on thee!"

The poem closes with a recalling of a beautiful summer day when Mabelle first saw Mrs. Hanaford at a rural gathering of the Essex Institute:—

"And with joy I now remember
 In the past a summer day,
 When the air was rich with fragrance,
 As we watched the sunbeams play,
 Quivering through the leafy branches,
 Scattering pictures by the way.

"Then thy voice so low and tender
 Fell upon my listening ear.
 Now I hearken for thy footstep,
 For it seemeth very near;
 And my home has been made brighter
 By thy words of hope and cheer.

"And among thy flowers gathered
 In the heart's herbarium prest,
 Is there yet a vacant chamber
 That is waiting for a guest?
 Tell me, loved one, though a stranger,
 I may enter there and rest."

It was not long before the response found its way into the same literary column, Mrs. Hanaford quoting as a text for her poem the words of Fredrika

Bremer, "The human heart is like heaven,—the more angels, the more room."

"Mabelle! Friend I now shall call thee,
 Though, perhaps, I never see
 Thy face 'mid the dear ones hanging
 On the walls of memory.
 Mabelle, as a friend draw nearer
 And reveal thyself to me.

"They who can in tuneful numbers
 Touch with joy the poet's lyre,
 They upon whose spirit altar
 Burns the poet's holy fire,
 Surely they can ne'er be strangers,
 Members of the same sweet choir."

And the closing stanza of the response was a soulful expression never withdrawn by the writer:—

"Yes. I have a vacant chamber.
 Thou shalt be a welcome guest,
 If my love, for Christ's sake given,
 Can make thee a moment blest,
 Whispering the eternal password,
 'Mabelle, enter there and rest.'"

And next we read in the margin of Mabelle's Spiritual Treasury: "1861, Feb. 23. Have seen Mrs. Hanaford. I am going to love her dearly." And love her she did unto the end. Her final letter to her friend was written when the sun already was burying itself in the western horizon.

The first call of Mrs. Hanaford at Eden Home followed an address of Peter Sinclair at the Howard Street Church, and the friendship began. It was

rapidly followed by the introduction of the refined and shrinking Mary Webber. And, when Caroline Mason came to see her old classmate, Mrs. Webber, it was most natural that she, too, should find her way to Eden Home; and the Quartette was complete. Caroline Mason had long been known in Eden before her presence there by her little popular song, "Do they miss me at Home?" And Mrs. Farmer had entered with all her spirit into the equally well-known poem,—

"I have done at last with dreaming."

It was wonderfully interesting, when these pleasant women had blended their loves, to study their personalities. Neither could live to herself. Of the four, Mary Webber was the most retiring; and a thread of quaintness woven into her fabric gave an interest to her conversations and letters. "I do think," she said one day to Mrs. Farmer, "that the person who returns a borrowed newspaper should be next on the calendar to the saint who brings back an umbrella." And once, when asked for a commemorative word for hearts grieving at the side of a fresh grave, she said, as if she knew: "What are words in sorrow? They only break the monotony of a grief they cannot assuage." But, retiring and quaint as she was, Mary Webber had a public eye and a living grasp of outside life. She greatly admired the ingenuity of Professor Farmer, and used her pen to write out the observations and descriptions of his works, the creations of his brain.

A photograph of Mary Webber found its way into Eden Home; and Mrs. Farmer wrote of it: "Dear Mary Webber has sent me an excellent photograph of herself. I love to look at it. The expression is so quiet that husband has christened it 'Resignation.'" Mrs. Hanaford was the *energy* of the quatrain. Her calling was undeniable. The Voice was within her. She must speak it, write it, live it.

Mrs. Mason must have had a twinliness to Mrs. Farmer in her sympathy for the Magdalens, as she wrote: —

"Who seems most lost some day may lie
Nearer God's heart than you or I.
We cannot tell, we do not know.
Be merciful: the Christ is so."

Certain it is that what Mrs. Mason wrote Mrs. Farmer put into most practical, constant, and unflagging experience.

Mrs. Webber and Mrs. Mason were educated at the Bradford School, the same old seminary that Mrs. Farmer would have enjoyed but for the sudden translation of the wise and beloved father. It was the school where Harriet Atwood Newell and Ann Haseltine Judson were taught, and where Harriette Briggs caught the missionary impulse to go forth as the wife of David Stoddard, the rarest and holiest of young men. Possibly, the religiousness of the mature lives of Mrs. Webber and Mrs. Mason was an outcome of the savor of the precious days when the missionary spirit filled the atmosphere.

It may be, too, that Mrs. Webber, in her Beverly home, was influenced by the often-told memories of Fanny Woodbury, another Bradford alumna, who formed a lifelong fellowship with Harriet Newell, and, like her, was buried early and with many tears. Magnetisms and influences like these may have shaped in Caroline Mason's brain and led her to put upon paper "En Voyage," by which she will be long remembered: —

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

Beautiful and abiding was the fellowship of song in these daughters of the King, the Miriams with their timbrels. "And Miriam answered, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."

XVIII.

BABY CLARENCE.

THE year 1860 was an era in Mrs. Farmer's life. It was the beginning of sorrows and the multiplying of joys. She was never the same afterwards. The very doors of her being were opened to pity, love, and sympathy. The bereaved, the sick, the limited children of God, were clasped to the Infinite within her. Her exquisite sympathy seemed a divine indwelling.

On the 26th of May the most beautiful of earliest flowers, a baby boy, was laid in her arms. One day later he was in the bosom of God. The quick ending of hopes, cheers, and faith fell strangely upon all the household, and all the more so for the months of physical agonies,—months which literally stretched into a score of years. It would be useless to attempt any picture of the mother's sorrow. She wanted her lamb in her own bosom. Her love, which was like waves of the sea, could only dash against the very rocks and moan even as the wind does.

When the baby of a day was laid in his tiny bed, the father placed with him a little token, which was

copied for the mother, and always kept among her most sacred souvenirs:—

BABY CLARENCE.

Those little hands ne'er did a wrong,
 Those feet ne'er went astray.
 He saw the gates of Heaven ajar,
 And glided up that way,—
 That shining way all angel-lined
 That leadeth up to God.
 We bow, and meekly kiss the hand
 That holds the chastening rod.

May 27, 1860.

M. G. F.

The tender story of this babe of a thousand loves and of tears that never dried has been told by the mother in every beam and nail of the beautiful Rosemary, built by her love and grief in 1888, when the son would have been twenty-eight years of age, had he been spared to reckon his ministry by months and years. Dear Rosemary! open summer by summer for tired mothers and their children. But, besides the substantial expression, the thousands of letters which she wrote are all blended with his name and her sorrow. The following word-picture of the day when both mother and child were almost together in the bosom of God was written to a clergyman, who had told her of a burial at which a young mother, with a most holy serenity, at the end of the service kissed her only babe, and then closed the little coffin-lid forever. When the letter reached Eden Home, Mrs. Farmer responded:

“The day without is bright and beautiful; and,

strangely, the sunshine brings no pain. My blinds are open, and I have been looking upon the street, and the ever-living tide of human beings. But my heart is not there. I cannot forget the mother who closed the lid which shut the light of her soul away forever. I do not think I could have done it. Oh, these little coffins,—how much they sometimes hold! Tears fall like rain in sympathy for that young and tearless mother; and I am thankful that you were near to point her to him who loves little children. What a comfort to sorrowing mothers that he holds them in his arms! Shall we ever find them again after the dusty march of life? I thank God that they are not lost to us, but have passed before and beyond us for a little while.

“The touching story you wrote us of this baby, Charlie Spencer, carried me once more to that day in Eden Home when the little, tiny coffin was laid upon my bed. It was the *cradle* for my only son, my precious blue-eyed Baby Clarence. But, oh! how could I let them lay my darling within it until I had felt with my own hand that it was soft and warm? One dearer than life to me put one of my weak hands upon its pillow; and then I said, ‘Leave me alone with God.’ How I wrestled for submission in those moments none but the All-compassionate can ever know. Kisses covered the bed of my darling; and, when it was taken from me, the whole lining was glistening with tears. When Baby found his pillow there, a moment later, the tears touched the precious head, and shone like

diamonds upon his soft brown hair. But no entreaties of mine prevailed with those who loved me to let me kiss that clay cold covering which once enshrined my priceless gem. Both of my attending physicians said that, if I should faint, I should never rally, and a chill would be the final death-blow. So they held me here when it would have been so easy to go with my baby. Since then I have thanked God every hour of life that I was not taken; for I think heaven will be more glorious for the pain I have suffered and the experience through which I have passed; and out of the crucible have come those opportunities of sympathy and love which have made, I trust, my life not wholly useless. Again I thank you for the letter about little Charlie Spencer. God bless you for it! is the prayer of Baby Clarence's mother,—

“Who waits this side the golden gate,
And scans its glories o'er and o'er;
For she has reached the longed for place
Where she can see from shore to shore.”

To another sympathetic soul she wrote out yet more of the story of her lamb:—

“As dear Fannie laid my feeble, trembling hand upon that pure baby brow, my lips, which seemed almost closed in death, whispered, ‘Did ever God make anything so perfect as that dear little head?’ To my quickened ear there came the answer, ‘No, dear: I don't think he ever did.’ Baby rested for a moment beside me; while I, all unconscious of his presence, saw not the angel host who were call-

ing him away until they had clothed him with immortality. Glory to God and the Lamb that the peace which they brought to my soul has never been dissipated! The little hand which clasped mine so tightly in the last struggle holds it yet; and I feel sure it will lead me safely over the river and up to the city of God. Hopes born that day have never lost any of their brightness or purity. That dear, little, blessed baby is still all my own; and, when through suffering I have been made perfect, I shall surely hear him call me '*Mother.*'

“Was ever more to mortal given,
When here the earthly tie is riven,
Than this sweet ray, all undefiled,
With *me* there dwells an angel child?”

“God helping, I will never do anything that shall come between me and that pure presence. The waiting is only for a little while. I will pray that I may never murmur, but be willing to tarry till they need me in the Beyond.”

As the courage of faith took more and more its old attitude and assurance, she said to her dear Mrs. Souther:—

“I am more to be *envied* than *pitied*. My faith in God never grows dim. My trust in his care is as unflinching as my courage. If the raising of my hand would restore me to perfect health, I would not dare do it, so surely do I see and know that my Father has ordered every event of my life.”

And yet, in the midst of this sweetness of resig-

nation, she could whisper in the ear of this same precious sister in sorrow and pain:—

“My very flesh is so sore and so sensitive that it affords no protection to the bones which seem made up of pain; and I find it extremely suffering to be in any position, except upon the softest bed, and even then a large frame must support the coverlids. This is the way I pass my days, my blessed Anemone. I do not write complainingly, for my heart is as quiet in Christ as the little baby’s who never knew a sorrow of earth.”

Another day her mother-heart so yearned for the baby in heaven that she relieved her over-charged heart by penciling:—

“Oh, I shall never cease to wish that your arms had held my precious blue-eyed boy, if only for a moment, that you might have told his poor mother how beautiful the form which God had fashioned to hold the priceless gem of immortality. How often I wish you could have smoothed that wealth of sunny curls, and marked the perfect contour of the head, if only that I might hear your lips say, ‘He was beautiful!’”

It is too early in our story to give the history of that beautiful rest for weary mothers and restless children,—the endeared and consecrated Rosemary; but this brief story of the Baby Clarence will be made more perfect by a letter which his mother wrote to Mary Webber, May 15, 1889, when she had received one of the dedicatory hymns from Mrs. Webber’s pen. The epistle’s date was two weeks

prior to the delivery of the keys of Rosemary to the trustees of the Boston City Mission:—

“How glad I am now that I have been willing to let my sweet little Baby Clarence live in the home eternal, so far beyond my empty arms! Never a day has passed in all these eight-and-twenty years that I have not thanked God that he took my baby from me, and never a day that I have not looked forward to a time when I could build his monument. God be praised that it is finished, and will so soon be given to God to show my love and gratitude in taking from me that which would have been an idol! But for this, Rosemary would never have been built. What should I have thought or cared if other mothers were suffering? My arms were not empty. God was good to take the child. It will be impossible to tell you how happy I am over your ‘Dedication Hymn.’ We all say, ‘It is just what we want.’ As Birdie laid it down, she said, ‘How lovely it is, mother!’ It is as sweet as the first breath of spring. God bless you, dear Mrs. Webber, for the spirit of willingness and effort to make us happy, as the crowning work of our lives lifts its glad face up to heaven. Our dear Caroline Mason has written a beautiful hymn, too; and Mrs. Hanaford will be able to say or to send us some good word for the dear Rosemary. What will you say when I tell you that your first-born—Allan—has sent me forty dollars in *your name* for a bed in that blessed home? This summer will be the happiest of your life in know-

ing that some poor mother or little child is made comfortable thereby in Rosemary."

The tender story which we have been trying to tell in this chapter was expressed by herself in verse. It was a memory of the eventful May 27, 1860. It was entitled "Anchored," a word which she often used to express the power divine which saved her life from being a wreck of pain.

ANCHORED.

O'er a trackless sea I drifted
 Once upon a bright May morn,
 Loved ones tried in vain to hold me,
 But their strength and power were gone.

Home had been to me like heaven,
 And it was so precious still.
 Oh, the pang it cost to leave it !
 Yet it seemed my Father's will.

I had then the blest assurance
 I should safely cross the tide ;
 For I saw my angel envoy
 All around, on every side.

In my arms I held my baby,
 Nestled closely to my heart.
 Oh, I was so glad and thankful
 That we should not have to part !

Heaven, our home, was drawing nearer
 Friends beloved had crossed before.
 I could hear their voices calling,
 As they signaled from the shore.

Far across the waters gleaming
 Shone a glorious beacon light.

I supposed the many mansions
 Soon would burst upon my sight.

So I waved farewell to loved ones
 Dearer than my life to me;
 And I knew, if I must leave them,
 God would bring them home to me.

“Glory be to God the Highest,”
 Sang the angels loud and clear;
 And my heart took on new courage,
 For the crossing seemed so near.

Soon I heard my Pilot saying:
 “Drop your anchor! Let it go!”
 Oh, the agony it cost me
 Only God himself can know!

For a little moment only
 Held I fast my sacred prize:
 Then I saw my Saviour near me,
 Pointing upward to the skies.

Quick I knew he needed Baby
 In his heavenly home above;
 That, while going on his errands,
 He would still be mine to love.

Never had a gem so precious
 Sparkled in a monarch's crown.
 I had taken it from Jesus:
 Now his voice said, “*Lay it down.*”

Oh, the glory of that moment
 Would repay a life of pain!
 So I handed him my baby,
 Turned my face towards land again.

I have never, never drifted,
 Knowing not which way to go,
 Since I anchored with my angel,
 Three-and-twenty years ago.

XIX.

“MANY SHALL BE PURIFIED, MADE WHITE, AND
TRIED” (DAN. XII. 10).

AN elderly pen can hardly write the date, 1861, even at thirty years' distance, without a shudder. It was the year of the plunge of the steel into the midst of the stars and stripes which had floated almost a century in the fresh atmosphere of freedom of will and life. Mrs. Farmer received the universal baptism of the hour, or its equivalent,—the quickening of love for the flag and for the boys who carried it. “My boys” she called them evermore. Because her own lamb was with the Good Shepherd, all others became hers by soulful adoption. She was but a suffering invalid in 1861; and, though stepping feebly about, her feet could not carry her outside of the fires of pain. But she was only one of the many who were then being purified with the flames that burned only to “try to make white.” How often she said, “I have no boy to offer in sacrifice in this fiery day,” as if, because she was sonless, all other sacrifices were uncounted! God knew her heart and her powers of enduring love. As the processes of purging went on in the midst of the

people and in her own life, her busy hands and brain became the busier; and she finally, when utterly prostrated upon her bed, promulgated and carried through the May Day Fair of 1864, which turned a wide public thought to her, and she became to hundreds, upon battle-grounds and in homes, a preacher of love, kindness, and sympathy,—a definite revelation of Christliness.

We cautiously follow her in her steps from 1861 onward. It is not easy for one in health to know the throbs of a life developed only in pains. A careful pen must write of the loves, prayers, counsels, which grew to fruitfulness in the prostrations of Eden in 1861-62, and at Lillie's home in the busy tides of Boston in 1863.

Eden Home was within the easiest reach of a railroad crossing over which the regiments of Eastern New England passed *en route* to the field. Mrs. Farmer was utterly void of the merely curious eye to watch from her window the regimental trains. The blue of the uniform, the music of the band, even the drum and fife, might go and come, and the progress of troops, as the sensation of an hour, would not have called her even to her window. Yet she did not lack observation. She was quick to see sunbeam and shadow. But it was the *abundance of heart* that swallowed completely the natural and eager glance, and gave to her the zest which made every interest her own. From the moment the war-note sounded, her work began. She did not dream that it was to be a definite work. It was

simply *the next thing*. She began with little children — her daughter's schoolmates — as co-laborers. She had most easy access to them. Her voice captivated the child. A *mother-voice* echoes forever and ever in child-life. She told the little ones of a regiment on the wing to the South. Would they get flowers and make bouquets and write a kind wish, and, when the train paused at the crossing, at the slope below her western windows, would they be all ready to distribute these affectionate tokens in the train? Indeed they would. Every child felt an electric impulse. No, it was not the magnetic impulse: it was the *divine thrill*. Flowers came in baskets. Cards were written. The soldiers came, paused a moment at the crossing, and went. Some of them never passed that way again. But the glance of the sunlight of the fragmentary rest at Salem went even into eternal life. It was only a little thing. Any other woman could have done it. Mrs. Farmer never thought of doing any but little things. Yet her little things counted. The grain of mustard-seed became a tree. It was the *littlenesses* that made her life a perpetual comfort, and give a sense of something gone now that she is away. When a memory of the early Rebellion days came back to her, she wrote:—

“The day that the tidings reached us of the attack upon Fort Sumter I solemnly consecrated myself anew to God and to the service of my country. That her interests should be paramount to every earthly consideration was the resolve I then formed; and, in

the performance of this pledge, I waited for whatever opportunity offered itself. I laid aside all my own work, and took up that for the soldiers, knitting or sewing as was most needed. Every regiment that passed I met at the crossing, and gave pin-flats, flowers, written articles, books of war melodies, and everything else I could get, to the men who were on the way to fight our battles. Once our little family sat up all night, watching for a special train, and went down to see the soldiers just as the day was breaking."

One of the little tags on a bunch of flowers was returned to her months after it had been sent away. It is only a text and a prayer; but a gracious relic of her life at that time:—

"Choose ye *this* day whom ye will serve. May God help you to do it! is the prayer of your friend,
"H. T. FARMER."

She encouraged her little disciples to respond with kindly letters when the soldiers acknowledged these passing gifts; and, after all the intervening years since the pæans of peace, comes back a letter written to Major Alfred B. Soule (of the Maine 23d) in the school-girl hand of her own little daughter Sarah, who blended her child sympathies with all the mother's labors:—

"When I read your letter, I was so much interested that I thought I would like to write to you. I have seen every regiment that has gone from Maine and Massachusetts, and have gone down to the

crossing with flowers for them, so that they might know that we thought of them. My dear father and mother are Christians; and I have been religiously educated, and, I trust, have given my heart to the Saviour. I have tried to. Every morning and night when I pray I unite with my prayer a petition for our brave soldiers. It makes me happy to think that there are some praying soldiers in the army. I wish there were more, because the Bible says that the effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much. I attend Sabbath-school, and my teacher is Mrs. Beaman, our dear pastor's wife. I love her dearly. Yesterday I received two letters from some soldiers, thanking me for flowers that I had given them while passing through Salem. It was pleasant to know that some one had received them who loved flowers. When you write to your dear wife and children, please send my love to them. I have many dear friends in the army, and a dear uncle [Charles Carleton Coffin] is a correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, over the signature of 'Carleton.' I hope that you will be the means of bringing many souls to Christ; and my prayer shall be that he will bless and guide you and restore you to your home. Yours very respectfully, Sarah J. Farmer."

It was in September, 1861, that Mrs. Farmer wrote anonymously a poem, which was read in a public meeting of the Union Drill Club. It was perhaps the largest war meeting that had then been held in Salem. Mechanics' Hall was filled to overflowing. The city officials, the clergy, the citizens,

were there; and hundreds could not reach even the door of entrance. The Drill Club, composed of the fairest and most promising of the city youth, enlisted in a body. There was more than applause. Peal after peal of rapture went up from the inspired throng; and the "Glory Hallelujah," the "Star-spangled Banner," and Dr. Holmes's "Army Song" seemed really like the "New Song" of the Apocalypse. It was at the close of this surge of patriotic eloquence and fire that a city minister, having no knowledge of the author, read her poem, modest enough in her own estimation, but read as if the tongue had been touched with a living coal. It was to her a sweet and grateful satisfaction that the very modulations of the reader's voice, inspired by the Holy Ghost, gave pathos and thrill to her offering that evening. In it she acknowledged God.

FOUND READY.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
UNION DRILL CLUB.

Our country, she is calling
With an agonizing plea;
To us she is appealing,
Oh, help me to be free!

Will you lay upon her altar
Your sons so true and bold,
Or cringe and see your heritage
Pass from your hands for gold?

Have you forgot the patriots
That fell upon the sod,
And changed its green to crimson,
With the life-tide of their blood?

Have you enjoyed the blessing
 For which they nobly died?
 Have you forgot old Lexington,
 Where they turned the battle's tide,

And gave you back your liberty,
 With the free land they had bought?
 You know for what they suffered,
 And shall it be for naught?

Now later still, "through Baltimore,"
 Your brave troops fought their way,
 With steps that never faltered,
 Till cold in death they lay.

Their blood to you is crying,
 "For every man that falls,
 Oh, send us thrice their number
 To go where duty calls!"

Go, raise the glorious standard,
 Then nail it to the mast
 (Like "Hart" on proud old Sumter,
 Where balls were flying fast).

Then he, the God of justice,
 Will nerve your arm to fight,
 And lead you on to conquer;
 For Right alone is Might.

Now shall we pass, unheeding,
 McClellan in the van?
 While To arms! to arms! is sounding
 From "our prisoner," — Mulligan!

No! stand we here together,
 With hearts true as the steel;
 We will not bow to despots,
 Or feel their iron heel!

We never will surrender,
 Our birthright never yield!

We'll raise the cross of Freedom,
Or die upon the field !

The dear old flag is precious,
Now floating proudly high,—
Let it be pure and stainless
For "our heroes when they die."

Then mothers, wives, and sisters
Go with us through your prayers !
You may send forth an angel,
" Though so blindly unawares."

And, if we fall in battle,
Your hearts we know will bleed ;
But would you have us waver,
In this our country's need ?

If the place be always vacant
We are leaving by your side,
You know the cause is holy
For which we fought and died.

Then sully not our garments
By tears your love would shed.
We want them bright and shining,
If found upon our dead,

To nerve us for the conflict
As we answer Duty's call,
And hither bring our sacrifice,
Our life, our hopes, our all.

One of the delightful efforts of her love in 1862 was the labor in unison with Miss Emma Lord, the teacher of the Select School in Pleasant Street. The girls and boys, twenty-six in all, made a patch-work quilt, and also held the first parlor sale in the city for the soldiers, realizing more than fifty dol-

lars for the childlike effort. It was an occasion of charm to the children, and not less so to Miss Lord and her helper. The moneys were expended in hospital stores, and sent to the Rev. J. W. Alvord and to the beloved and ever-to-be-cherished Mrs. Pomeroy. The boxes were at Mrs. Farmer's. The day appointed for packing was July 22,—the birthday of her daughter. It was a peculiar joy to the family to have such a remembrance of that birthday of 1862. She wrote to a friend:—

“Miss Lord came down with her whole school and as many friends as the pupils chose to invite. Mr. and Mrs. Beaman were there, and ‘Carleton’ and his wife from Boston. After the work was done and our friends were all gone and our own little trio was left alone, we knelt and committed the sacred contents to the care and keeping of Him whose poor, sick soldiers were to be nourished and comforted by this, the work of dear, little school-children’s hands. From that moment of consecration I never doubted that all would go safely. It was months of silence in regard to Mr. Alvord’s box, but, through it all, I knew that God had those needful things in his keeping, and that at the right time they would be found where they were wanted most.”

Most gratefully in another letter did Mrs. Farmer write of the interest in the soldiers, of this teacher of these patriotic children:—

“The soldiers had no truer friend, nor is there one in our city who has worked harder than did

Miss Emma Lord during the whole period of the war. She was among the first in the ranks, and with the latest to leave. She did a great deal for my May Day Fair, and was of much assistance in the distribution of funds."

Mrs. Farmer and Mrs. Pomeroy had not met face to face at this date, but a loving recognition was already established; for they were indeed

"Two hearts that beat as one."

When Mrs. Pomeroy acknowledged her box for the sick boys at her hospital, she said:—

"Please say to Mrs. Farmer, who feels such a deep interest in the soldiers, that what she has done we highly appreciate; and could she see the poor, wounded, and dying boys, when I give them of the things that were sent, her heart would yet more go out in love to God as he giveth her the means and opportunity. We are losing many by death, as the amputations do not do well. The cry comes, 'Oh, if I could only see my mother!' or 'my wife,' or 'my children.' And sometimes they say: 'Mother Pomeroy, teach me how to pray. Will you pray with me, for I want to meet my mother in heaven.' Such are some of the soul-stirring scenes I am now passing through. But the Saviour is here with us, and blessing us in our daily ministrations."

We are not surprised that the saintly woman closed her epistle by saying that she had been in hospital work from the beginning of the strife, "and, if it be the Lord's will, I hope to remain till

the cruel war is over; for my whole soul is alive to the wants of the brave boys." Neither is it strange that, when these two consecrated women grasped hands a little later in Eden Home, Mrs. Farmer wrote, "It is the angel of the Lord that has been here."

The Rev. Mr. Alvord's letter, read to-day, revives the memory of thirty years ago, when any tribute from camp or hospital was eagerly received and became an actual page of life to us:—

"WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 4, 1862.

"I have just returned from the battle-fields where I have been with the soldiers for nearly six months, and find your letter and list and a copy of a beautiful poem addressed to me, dated September 23. For all these I thank you, and am sorry that I could not have received the originals duly, that I might have thanked you sooner. These also I have now received, and I am happy to add that the box, too, has come after long delay, and in excellent order. The things which it contained are very nice and precisely what the poor, suffering soldiers need. I may add that already a good portion of these comforts and delicacies have been distributed, and it would do you good to see the beaming countenances and hear the expressions of gratitude of those to whom they are given. Soldiers have no such pantry full of goodies to go to as was in this wonderful box of yours, and, when they are sick, such luxuries not only help to cure them, but make them think of

home and bring the tears to their eyes. How I wish you could go with me into some of these hospitals! You would almost be frightened; and yet you would follow along with me through the great rooms, and from bed to bed of the poor, wounded boys, very happy to stop at each one and do some little thing for them. I think it would be as good as medicine for them to see a string of *smiling little girls* coming along. Wouldn't the soldiers from Salem laugh if they could see your little society clustered around their cots, chattering away, and asking how do you do? and how do you do? won't you take a little of this? or won't you take a little of that? I am sure the very sight would *half cure them*. Well, I seem to see you at this with your precious box; and the poor fellows, when they know that these good things come from you, see you, too, in their imaginations. So it is, what you have done is excellent in a double sense. I wish all *little girls* knew how much good they can do. They would hasten before they became grown to do this double work. But I must make some explanation, lest you may think I trifle with the anxieties you have felt for so many long weeks about the box. You know I could not answer your interesting letter or acknowledge the beautiful poetry until I received the package which contained them. Why was it so long in coming? I will tell you. It was sent about the time we were in the swamps of the sickly Chickahominy, and only reached the 'White House Landing' in time to be taken back in our

retreat to 'Harrison's Landing,' and then it did not reach the latter place (as many things did not) until we had to retreat from there. It was then taken to Fortress Monroe, and then to Acquia Creek, and so on to Alexandria, not really reaching me until we were in Washington, or, rather, on the march and in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. You see God would not let the rebels get it. It was saved for the *wounded thousands of those dreadful battles*. If you ask why I did not answer your kind letter of inquiry of July 22, I reply it was not sent on to me. Only the most urgent correspondence was forwarded, as amid the terrible scenes in which I was engaged there was no time for writing. Thank God that the box comes at last and in just the right time. And now, my dears, God bless you and love you, and make you his own dear children; and, when the war is over, or in heaven, I shall hope to meet you.

“Very affectionately your friend,

“J. W. ALVORD,

“*Sec. Am. Tract Society.*”

Of the little quilt made by the twenty-six girls and boys, it is remembered that Mrs. Farmer wrote an historical stanza, which was printed upon the central square with the names of all the donors:—

“In Pleasant Street Hive is a bright swarm of bees,
 Not a drone can be found there to-day;
 While each with her work has gone to her cell,
 You shall hear what these busy bees say,

‘We are making a quilt for the soldier’s sick-bed.
 Each one in our school will contribute a square;
 And, if stitches could speak, we should teach them to say,
 We will do all we can your burdens to share.
 For the help of our Queen Bee and teacher, Miss Lord,
 Our generous thanks now with love we accord.’”

With such gentle and yet abounding ministries the year 1862 came to its close. The letters from her hand of feebleness were constant, but in the long interval they have slipped away with many of the soldiers to whom they were addressed. But unto God were they written as well as unto the boys in blue and their co-laborers at home; and the savor of them is unto Life Eternal. A tender tribute of Caroline, widow of Major A. B. Soule, pictures to us the life of the endeared friend of the soldier at this time:—

“If I have not the dear letters she wrote me previous to 1864, when my husband was in the army, and also when I became a sorrowful widow, yet in my own heart she will never lose the place she has long occupied. I have lost but few friends I so deeply mourn as the dear one who now occupies the longed for mansion. There is a tie stronger than that of nature. When I first met Mrs. Farmer, she was on a bed of suffering in her little Bethel, as she called her bedroom at Eden Home. I took her hand, but we could neither of us speak. She was physically very weak, and wept like a child. I laid my head upon her pillow and wept, too. I was not in spirit a stranger to her,

for she had written me so many messages of heavenly love and trust that I could not doubt that God was caring for me and for mine. None can understand how much I needed such a friend unless they, too, have had friends exposed to the perils and hardships of battle-fields. God gave Mrs. Farmer to me, and eternity will be none too long to thank him for the precious gift. I was not the only one who shared her loving words. If she heard of Christian soldiers, she urged them not only to defend the dear old flag, but to repel the hosts of Satan, too, in faith and zeal, within the camp or on the battle-fields. To the soldier who was not a Christian she sent her loving messages, telling him that by the power of a good life he could transfer the prisoners from the ranks of careless living to the glorious encampment of the Lord. Her many messages brought back responses of plain, honest hearts; and the good accomplished by her pencil, often feebly traced, Eternity only can tell. If she heard of a soldier's death, she was not long in ascertaining the friends who were left; and she would send such soothing words that '*God bless her!*' would be the utterance of heart and lips. She seemed to understand the power of verse and song; and, when she wrote, she raised the mind to heaven.

"When I first met her, helpless as she was, she was getting up a Fair. It was to be in her parlor. But God so blessed and helped her that it was necessary to secure a public hall, and the largest one in Salem. She did much with her needle her-

self; but she did more with her pencil. She lay upon her bed and prayed and planned and penciled."

As the year was dying, there came to Mrs. Farmer one of those unexplained premonitions of some coming ill, which gave a weight to her spirits and a tinge to her whole life; as she plaintively expressed it, "unfitted and unharnessed me for any duty." It proved to be a foreshadowing of months in Boston, when her whole body was torn with pain, and death would have been a glorious release. A little poem, written by her in the latest hour of the year, says,—

"There's a dread in my soul
Like the coming of gloom,
Like the silence of death
Pervading my room."

January, 1863, bore from her the little Lillie, a darling niece of three years,—a child of such singular loveliness that she was born more angel than human. Hearts broke when she went away. In "Lillie's home" at Boston was fulfilled the prophetic glimpses of the suffering Mabelle. In a letter she tells this story of the ending year:—

"I am sorry that the old year left you sad. The experience was like my own. I could not grieve to see it go. In the last months of 1862 there was a weight upon me too great for human endurance. I tried to leave it all with Him who bears the heaviest end of the cross, but I could not reach the sunlight with my will lost in that of my dear Father's.

I could only wait and trust. I went out all I could, and far more than my weakness approved, if weakness only had been consulted. But I did not trust myself alone lest this grief should sweep over me like the torrent of the mountain. I did not dare to speak of it, and think I never did, with a single exception to husband. Surely, 'coming events cast their shadows before' me.

"Last week I opened my portfolio, and found 'At midnight,' written on the last night of 1862. I had forgotten the stanzas. As I reread them, they seemed prophetic. The day I left my Eden for Lillie's home in Boston, I had the most singular feeling of loneliness that ever came to me. I said to husband, 'If I never come back, what do you think I most wish to take with me?' The dear eyes turned to mine with such an earnest gaze that I did not feel to tell him more. I only remarked, 'We never know what our coming home will be.' The vision of that day haunts me still. Do not think that I mean to go back,

As mourners bear their dead.'

Though, if my earthly days close in Boston, I should want to be carried to Eden Home, where those I love could be with me a little while, and I think I should see them. God bless you all, and give us a meeting on earth where the warm hand-clasp is more powerful than words. Jesus is precious, and has told me he will go with me unto the end."

XX.

THE GARDEN OF PIN-FLATS.

A NURSE in one of the many Soldiers' Hospitals, who communicated with Mrs. Farmer, directed a letter very quaintly and facetiously to "Eden, the Garden of Pin-flats and other Fruits." This was significant. Eden Home *was* the centre of that most important and indispensable of all little conveniences in a hospital or camp,—the *pin*.

Mrs. Farmer was one who never stopped to ask *what* she should do. She had the positive intuition to see and supply a need. The call to arms in 1861 found her most of the time upon her bed, gradually sinking into the helplessness of those whom we now call the *shut-ins*. To be useless was never a part of the will of God concerning her, and she began her sick-bed efforts by making pin-flats, socks, patchwork, aprons, and picking lint. Could you have seen her upon that pillow in 1861-65, a brow white as the snow, oftentimes definitely wreathed with lines of exquisite suffering, you would have said that she was excused from any

manual efforts. But the generous and outgoing soul only made her helplessness the reason for her super-abounding labors. She began with pin-flats.

Her brother-in-law, whose name became a heritage almost as soon as the war opened (Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin), said in one of his letters of 1861: "It depends upon *little things* whether the army is to be active or passive the coming winter. The *little things* are to be done not wholly by the army, but by the fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers at home." Yes, said Mabelle in her heart, little things,—the very crumbs. In writing to Mary Webber, she expressed it: "If the simple acts of my life seem to be productive of no good, it may be they will be crumbs for the need of the hungry." So she joyed to begin with the least of the little efforts, and she took the pin-flat. It was easy work for her sick fingers to hold. She had been in so many places where surgeon, doctor, nurse, had called for a pin, that an actual inspiration possessed her. Will you wonder if we tell it, that her own needle stitched and filled *three thousand flats!* Every one was baptized with prayer and not infrequently with tears. God gave her a gracious reward in the knowledge of the blessings these pins became. It is not strange that among the household souvenirs is the sick-bed thimble worn when these gems of helpfulness were stitched.

"Carleton" wrote yet again: "Let every woman obtain a contribution from fathers or brothers of sufficient warm woolen yarns, and then knit a pair

of mittens and a pair of socks. How easy it would be for every soldier to have a pair of mittens and an extra pair of socks if the ladies would only take hold of it in earnest! There is many a smart girl who can knit a pair of mittens in a day." The journalist went on to say that he had received a letter from one who, though an invalid, was fired with energy and patriotism, and that she had asked her husband if he would willingly sacrifice a pair of socks she had completed for him, that some soldier's feet might be clothed and warm. The letter was from Mabelle, and is like the very tone of her voice, and will be as a phonograph to those who knew and loved her, and even yet hear the echo of her words:—

"*Dear Carleton*,—Laid aside as I am from the active duties of life, I have not thought it was in my power to do anything for those who have gone forth with their lives in their hands, in defence of the dear old flag, only to follow them with a tearful benediction and an humble prayer to our Father that he would give his angels charge concerning them.

"But your appeal has found its way to my sick-room,—and need I say to my heart?—and I have decided to forward to you, for the use of feet that will not run before the foe, a pair of stockings that I knit during the summer for *dear feet*, as the owner thereof has most patriotically offered to go without all winter, if need be, to add to the comfort of even one of our noble volunteers. Though

they were not knit originally for the army, yet they are warranted true Union stitches. Please accept them with the promise that more shall be coming when weary hands are again able to resume this labor of love. Until then I shall try to remember that there is a blessing for those who 'only stand and wait.' If it is mine, it will be 'well' with me."

To this gift of knitting she added a rhymed penciling, and told "Carleton" to send the socks to "the bravest soldier at the battle of Ball's Bluff."

IMPROMPTU TO A PAIR OF STOCKINGS
FOR THE ARMY.

Go forth on thy mission this work of my hand,
Make warm the cold feet that now shivering stand;

For they wander from home and loved ones to-day;
But tell the brave hearts that for them we pray;

That our work with our prayers shall follow them now,
Till the wreath of the victor is placed on their brow;

That our Father will guide their feet from all harm,
And shield by his love from danger and storm;

That he'll give his strong arm the strength of his might,
And peace to the cause that is right in his sight.

"Carleton," with his usual ready sense and responsiveness, sent the socks and the verses to Colonel Devens, to be disposed of at his discretion. Two weeks later, as the morning paper entered Eden Home, the eye met a recognition of the gift:

“Your readers will remember that not long since I received a pair of stockings knit by an anonymous lady,—an invalid who, in her patriotism, desired that they might be forwarded to the ‘bravest man in the battle of Ball’s Bluff.’ Not knowing who most deserved them where all were bravest, if the expression is allowable, I sent them to Colonel Devens of the Fifteenth, and have received the following reply, which will probably meet the eye of the invalid, who welcomes *The Journal* in her sick-room each morning:—

“POOLSVILLE, MD., Nov. 28, 1861.

“*Dear Sir*,—I received the ‘pair of stockings sent by a Massachusetts lady.’ I can hardly decide who was the bravest man at the battle of the Bluff, but I bestowed them on Captain Philbrick, Company H, who commanded the advance-guard of the Fifteenth Regiment, and told him to wear them until I found a braver man in the fight. I think they will be worn out before I do.

“Yours truly,

“CHAS. DEVENS.

“The donor may rest assured that they have been most worthily bestowed. Capt. Philbrick through all the terrible fight was in an exposed position, but was cool and collected, and did his duties faithfully. The gallant captain would doubtless be glad to return his thanks if the donor had not, like the Orientals, veiled herself from the public.”

In one of her letters Mrs. Farmer told an acquaintance, "I always put something in prose or verse into all the stockings I knit." One day a printer who had read of the destiny of the socks of Ball's Bluff told her that his grandmother [Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, of Ipswich], verging upon the nineties, had knit eight or ten pairs for the army lads, and asked her for verses to accompany them, also; and she furnished the following lines, which were printed, and not only accompanied Grandmother Jones's work, but were slipped into scores of other pairs of stockings as they were knit for absent ones:—

"You were knit for feet that will not run
 When they meet the rebel foe;
 And, since our work of love is done,
 We simply bid you go!
 But keep in view our parting charge,—
 That no *retreat* you'll know!

"For brave hearts wait your coming now,
 Though on their cheeks are tears;
 But 'tis for our heroic dead,
 Not through their craven fears;
 Then, Father, hear our tearful claim,
 'God bless our volunteers!'

"And watch them with thy loving eye,
 While far from us they roam.
 Grant to *us* strength *our* pledge to keep,
We will be brave at home;
 And may they bring a spotless name,
 When back to us they come!"

Two years after the battle of Ball's Bluff Mrs. Farmer received a letter from Captain Philbrick, which she reckoned as the kind thoughtfulness of her heavenly Father. It is a noble letter, and dated, Lawrence, Oct. 19, 1863.

"I received a letter from Mrs. Derby a few days ago, and learned for the first time the name of the lady who knit the stockings presented to me by Colonel Devens after the affair at Ball's Bluff. I believed then and believe now that not a single officer in the regiment but deserved the compliment as much and more than your humble servant. But, as a beloved commander saw fit to bestow them upon me, I shall ever keep them as a memento of an occasion where I tried to do my duty. My greatest regret is that I was disabled, and had to leave the service. But my sympathies are with the Union and on the side of Liberty. Hoping that you may live to see our government firmly established, with liberty for its basis throughout all the land, I remain yours most respectfully. C. PHILBRICK, *late Lieut. Col. 15 Reg. Mass. Vol.*"

The pin-flat letters as well as those concerning the socks have a peculiar interest as we read them now. She wrote to a fellow-helper and soldier's widow, Mrs. Maria Kemp Crockett:—

"I very unwisely promised beyond my strength to make something for *three Fairs*. I was obliged to give up a part of my plans. But I finished my pin-flats— one hundred— for the little black children at the South. Miss Kimball of Salem is

teaching the children, and she gives the flats as 'Rewards of Merit.'

The following letter, written to one whose birthday she never failed to remember, is probably a fuller version of the "one hundred," as well as an uplift to the curtain which reveals the days of pain when she ceased to work only as consciousness ceased:—

"When your birthday morning dawned, it brought work for the little ones, and the Master said, 'Do it in remembrance of me.' It is a privilege to work for him. You will be pleased, I know, to hear about it; and I will tell you, thankful that you are interested in every good word and work that I am. Early in December a lady, who is an entire stranger to me, sent me a Southern letter to read, and added that she hoped I should be able to render the school some assistance. I learned from the letter that a school at Portsmouth, Va., is taught by ladies of our Salem. Their room takes but twenty yards of carpeting, yet they gather forty scholars within it. The weather has been so cold that water froze in the room while they were teaching. 'The Son of Man had not where to lay his head,' so he understands all inconveniences. When the letter came, I thought I should be able to make some articles with my own hands; but my work has been to suffer. But my heart has borne those dear little colored children to the throne of grace every day; and he hears and answers prayer. I made, months ago, one hundred pin-flats, without

pins, and had laid them all away. I thought of these last Tuesday, and knew then why I had made them and kept them. So on your birthday, instead of sending you the annual letter, I was as busy as a bee filling them with pins. It was very exhausting work. I am so weak that my hands tremble, and I could not get the pins even. The tears blinded me; for I could not help thinking of the tender, pitiful Christ, and how long he had been saying, 'Let my people go!' and how slow we have been in our obedience. All the while I was at work I saw his beloved face turned upon me; and my soul was filled with peace such as the world never gives and is not able to take away. The work, sweet as it was, proved too great; and, when doctor came yesterday morning, he found me completely prostrated and unconscious. I remained in that condition all day. The distress in my head, before I forgot it, was dreadful; but even then I found comfort in thinking that the little pin-flats had gone to the contrabands. Dear, watchful ones have not yet found out that I am writing. They let me use the pencil sometimes, but not after such a headache as yesterday. So good-by for now."

When another hundred of the round little conveniences went to the Sanitary Commission at St. Louis, she received a marked paper, with the signature of E. A. L.

“ROOMS WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION,
“ST. LOUIS, March 1, 1864.

“*Editors Missouri ‘Democrat’* :

“The following note was received a few days ago, with a parcel of one hundred pocket pin-cushions. It will show that the soldiers are cared for, and what sometimes comes of it. The sick and wounded are *sure* not to be neglected. Think of this sick lady in Salem, Massachusetts, devoting her ‘year’s work’ to the soldiers of Missouri! There is ‘no East, no West.’

“‘These pin-flats are the work of a lady who has made them lying on her back, and very ill. They are her year’s work. I feel this fact will assure the men they have some warm friends everywhere. A surgeon on the Rappahannock, who dressed the arm of a private badly wounded, said, “I have no pins or fastenings for this.” “Put your hand in my pocket,” replied the soldier, “and you will find a flat.” The surgeon begged it to continue his work.’”

A hospital assistant wrote to her: “Now what do you suppose I did with your pin-flats? Well, at the Winchester fight we had 225 men; at the Cedar Creek, 100; besides officers. So your pin-flats are a sort of *Cross of Honor*. And they are prized, too, no humbug about that. Then it is good for a soldier to tell how and why he got it.”

Another soldier wrote from Deep Bottom, Va., after an engagement: “During the fight over the

river the little pin-flat you sent was very useful. I used it in pinning the bandages of the wounded, and I read your letter to the soldiers."

Lieutenant Alfred B. Mitchell of Company B, 24th (colored) Infantry, wrote to Mother Dix at Woburn, "I distributed all the contents of the box except the pin-flats of Mabelle: those I will keep till inspection day." And after the day was over he added: "Well, the pin-flats are *done gone*. You would have been gratified if you could have seen them received by the Darks. They could not imagine why a person should do so much for them, who had never even seen them. Do you remember the pin-flat sent me by Mabelle two years ago? I carry it yet."

Lieutenant A. E. Ball, Company C, 3d Iowa, wrote from Fort Pickering to the same dear Mother Dix: "Mabelle's gift of a pin-flat I am very thankful for: it is so useful and so small, which is the chief value of a gift to a soldier. Many think that a knapsack is very extensive, and the soldier a Samson. Her gift is no trouble."

A teacher of the freed children, in a pretty and entertaining letter to Mrs. Farmer, said: "A number of the pin-flats have already been deposited in little colored hands, and have caused the eyes to sparkle. I have told the children of the kind lady at the North who thinks of them, and who made the pretty pin-flats when too ill to sit up."

A curiously penciled memorandum from some now unknown dispenser of Mrs. Farmer's sick

hands gives us these unfoldings: "One pin-flat was given to the Inspector-general of Cavalry. He was in a battle in the evening, so dark that his aid found himself acting aid for a rebel general! He spurred his horse, and, on reaching Colonel Noyes, asked for a pin. The colonel took one from *the* pin-flat, when the aid grasped it, saying, 'That's just what I need.' The colonel now has another. This occurred twenty miles from Nashville. I supplied four surgeons. They use them continually, and now send them to be refilled. Nine were given to boys in the 40th Massachusetts. Twenty-five were packed in a box going to a soldier; and I never write a soldier's letter without enclosing one."

Another, who was laboring with the colored folk, wrote: "You said I should excuse the stitches in the pin-flats you sent. Indeed, Auntie Mabelle, I did not find any; but I suppose that is what you meant."

The peace of God no doubt will fall upon us if we include in this chapter about *little things* a letter of the gentle Friend, Elisabeth Comstock, whose labors of love, like Mrs. Farmer's, closed only with her earthly days. It was written long after the war, but has the spirit of kindness which was so magnified in Elisabeth during that period:—

"ROLLIN, MICH., 7, 23, '81.

"*My dear Friend, Hannah Farmer,*—Remembering how, while an invalid, suffering, thou wast

interested in preparing the pin-cushions that so delighted our poor little refugee children and their mothers, I have thought perhaps it may interest thee a little to hear how we are getting along with our work, and, if able, thou mayst incline still to help us a little. We are now turning our energies and strength toward employing those who are able to work, and training and teaching the children. I have had a few thousands of the enclosed chromo struck off, and think by their sale we may derive help. How silently the little colored girl, as she sits in her simple attire on the old, broken chair, with a crust of bread in her hand, appeals to the petted child of luxury on the velvet-cushioned seat, for help! By this mail, too, I send a few circulars. If thou wilt kindly distribute them where they may do good, thou wilt greatly oblige. I shall be much interested in hearing of thy health and welfare. If thou art not able to write thyself, perhaps thy dear daughter will kindly favor me with a few lines. May the peace of God that passeth all understanding be thy portion, thy dear daughter's also, in health and in sickness, is the prayer of thy sincere friend,

ELISABETH L. COMSTOCK."

Elisabeth Comstock's secretary enclosed such a quiet, beautiful tribute to her worth that we are sure it cannot be inappropriate to weave it into the same page with the cherished name of Mrs. Farmer: "I have been writing for Mrs. Comstock a few weeks, and I never saw the Saviour's life lived

so perfectly, so patient under provocation, so forgiving when assailed, so cheerful as she goes about doing good: her sweet words fall like pearls from her lips, and such a great desire springs up in my heart to live nearer her blessed Master."

No wonder, as we review the far-reaching power of what to the many may seem trivial effort and work, that we enter into the spirit of the

"Old English motto
Down by the sea,"

which has been a spur to the real and earnest, "Doe ye nexte thinge." Mrs. Farmer in one of her playful pages told Mrs. Soule in a summary way: "During the war I made between three and four thousand of the little pin-flats, and of course exhausted all the patience of my friends in supplying me with pieces. The handsomest always went first; and I always felt as though nothing could be half good enough for my soldiers. Some day I will write out what good a *pin* can do." No, she never wrote it. It has been left for us to do. But most fitting is it that she tell in her own words, once so gladdening to us, the story of one of the little flats. It was written to a colonel at Fort Fisher.

"A friend who believes that 'charity begins at home' said to me, 'You have given four years of your time to the soldiers, and now what have you to show for it?' I answered that it was true,—nothing have I in my hand to bear me witness that my time has not all been wasted; but I have this

hope in my soul, that the recording angel has registered, 'She hath done what she could,' and I would not exchange that heavenly indorsement for hoarded wealth. I tell you this, my friend (for one who loves our country well enough to offer his life for it is no stranger to me), that you may know how joyfully I took into my feeble, trembling hand the little pin-flat which has followed the bugle-blast as it sounded, 'On to Richmond!' and has been through all the varied experiences of a soldier's life, and, having faithfully performed its simple mission, has now returned to the hands which sent it forth like Noah's dove to the ark, bearing an olive branch green as the laurels that will ever rest upon your brow. God bless you for your willingness to take up arms in your country's defence; for the sacrifice you made in sundering ties of affection which bound you to the dear ones at home; for the honorable part you have borne in the cause of right against the powers of darkness, and last, but not least, for your kind and thoughtful care of the little gift which went forth to you on the breath of prayer, and now returns to bless and cheer the weary heart of one who has lived to suffer at home. As I took it from the letter, I seemed to hear its story at once; and I said, 'Thank God! I have something now to show that the last four years of my life have not been wasted.' It may breathe no word to mortal ear, but it will whisper to my soul every time my eye rests upon it. Your little gift is to me better than gold. It will be most sacredly

cherished, and left as a legacy to some one who has been willing to labor for God and our country. I shall hold it until it can no more gladden the heart which is now reaping golden fruit from seed scattered by the wayside."

XXI.

LILLIE'S HOME, BOSTON.

THE divine plan strangely interferes at times with human arrangements. On the evening of Saturday, Jan. 8, 1863, the family went to Boston, to the home of the little Lillie who was, to Mrs. Farmer, more than a joy. In the loss of her Baby Clarence, the little Lillie had crept into her heart like a substitute. It was the design, when Eden was left, to visit until the following Tuesday. The divine thought was six months of agonies in that Boston home, and then to be borne back upon a bed in a coach, hardly knowing whether the journey would be longer life or transition to glory on the way.

The story of these months we must let her tell in her penciled pages. Jan. 15, 1863, she writes:—

“Our precious baby Lillie has been very dangerously sick of diphtheria, but, God be praised! is to-day considered out of danger. One week ago I took my bed, and have been under the doctor's care. Hope to be better soon. Shall go to Salem the first day I am able. We are thankful that you are pre-

paring a sermon for your new work, and wish that we could hear you preach it. We have not seen the dear Robson yet, but really anticipate with a great deal of pleasure his coming to our house. He has already endeared himself to us all. What a good young man he is!"

The "out of danger" alluded to was but the brightening of the spark before it went out. January 19 was the final day. Of the overshadowing she wrote to Mrs. Stiles, a mother who had given her little lambs, one by one, to the Saviour's bosom:—

"This trembling hand has often tried to do the brain's bidding and failed in the effort. Your letter so tender and touching came to us in a dark hour, when all the waves were going over me, when tearful eyes could no longer see the light beyond; but even then my faith in God was firm as the everlasting hills, and all was peace. I have no words that will express my gratitude to you for your letter conveying such a grateful sense of your sympathy; but, when you come to me in my Eden, I trust the heart will find expression in language. Again I read your letter, and the tears fall like rain; for the words of your precious angel Maria were those of our blessed Lillie, and they were spoken for the last time a few moments before she went over the river. She looked up at poor Fanny, whose heart was breaking, and said: 'What is the matter, mother? Don't cry.' Oh, how those words and tones will ring in my ears until I go to meet her!

It always distressed her to see us weeping; and the last night of her life she wiped the tears from her mother's eyes, even when the blessed little hands were chilled with death. When Chislon first told me of you, I wept at the thought of what you must have lost. How little I dreamed that the cup would soon be pressed to my lips! Lillie, the precious lamb, was with me then. As I clasped her to my heart, I felt that dear little Maria's mother never loved her as I did Lillie, or she could not live without her. God has answered this question for me, my poor, suffering friend, and I pity you while I rejoice with you.

"Dear little lambs! they are safe. Maybe they will find, love and commune with each other. But this we know: if we reach our Father's house, we shall find them safe. There is joy untold in this thought. Sometimes I want to see the dear Saviour face to face, and tell him how good he was to take the dear child from us in all her innocence. What an honor God has conferred upon us! The mother-heart will quiver and bleed, but her faith will triumph in the darkest hour of her life."

Again she recalled the memories of the little child:—

"I never in my life saw so much sympathy expressed by a child of her years. Oh, what trial would have been hers if she had been spared! The little children with whom she played would sometimes make her believe that they were going to strike each other, to see what she would do. The dear

little heart would be ready to burst; and she would cry in terror, 'Oh, don't hurt her, don't hurt her!' Then no entreaty could keep her longer with them. She would fly to our arms to be comforted. Sometimes it would be hours before we could distract her thoughts from it. What would have been the fate of such a child, had the mother been taken and she been left alone to battle with the storms! I tremble to think of it, even now that she is saved forever from it."

To another lonely heart she wrote this story:—

"When my sister Fanny's little Lillie was here, she said to Sarah one day, 'Don't you wish God would invite us to heaven to spend the day?' 'Yes, I do.' 'Well, I am afraid if he should, I might not want to leave him and come home; and then mamma would be so lonesome without me.' Lillie never wanted to go out to play with the other children for fear that her mother would be lonesome. But, when the angels came for her,—and she must have seen them,—she said: 'Don't hold me, mamma. I must go.' Her mother told her she *couldn't* spare her; and she said, 'You must, mamma, let me go; for I am so tired.' What should she know of the 'rest that remaineth,' when her life on earth was but three years long? I was very ill then at her father's house in Boston, and, when the doctor told me that Lillie was dying, I wanted to see her. They took me in their arms, and carried me to her bed. She lifted her dear little white hand and laid it upon my cheek, and

said in a clear voice: 'Don't hold me, auntie, will you? Let me go: I am so tired.' I laid my face against hers, and she wiped the tears from my cheeks, kissed both of them, and said again, 'Now let me go, won't you, auntie?' Her mother nestled the sweet face to her bosom, but no tears were on Lillie's face then, and no thought of the long, lonesome years before her mother. The dear eyes turned heavenward, and the words came faintly, 'Let me go, mamma. Kiss me, papa. Let me go, I am so tired.' The doctor took me up, and turned me from the bed lest I should see the upward flight of the dear child who had been to me almost an idol. As the door closed between us, I knew that our next meeting would be with him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' This gracious text she repeated only an hour or two before she left her earthly home. The picture of Christ blessing little children hangs on my wall now, and Lillie's above it. Dear little lamb!"

The memories of Lillie caused Mrs. Farmer to enter into a most tender sympathy with another babe, left behind when a very dear mother was taken, and of her she wrote:—

"Her aunt says she is the handiest child she ever saw about the house, and that all she wants is *somebody to love her*. One day her aunt saw her in a room where a dress of her dead mother hung, and there stood that dear little child covering it with

her tears and her kisses. God only can tell the grief of that little soul who had no other place to pour out the agony which seemed always to be hidden within."

As weeks waxed into months, the prolonged and painful days were beguiled by her letters and the callers who knew her by name, but who had never seen her face. It was at this time that she met the woman whose love for her became as true and as lasting as a mother's,—Mrs. Dix.

"Mrs. Dix, the mother of Hervey Dix, has been to see me. She is very motherly, and brings flowers and the most relishable things for my appetite. She brought me also a holly leaf from a soldier in Tennessee, and wished me to write some lines about it. I made sorry work of it. And Rev. J. W. Dadmun calls, and we are all becoming much attached to him."

One most tender memory of Lillie's home was a brief morning call from Major Soule:—

"I shall never forget his call upon me at Lillie's home. Captain Hall was with him. They left the regiment, Maine 23d, at the Beach Street barracks, eating breakfast. The major was the highest officer in command that day, as superior officers had been separated from them for a special reason that morning. One would have supposed that he would have taken pride in crossing the city at the head of a returned regiment. But, because he stopped at my bedside to pray with me, another officer had that honor. How little he cared for

worldly display! He had left orders for the march as soon as breakfast was over; and, if he was late, he was to meet them at the station. Sarah went with him to the depot, and said, 'It will be too bad, major, if the regiment is gone.' He answered: 'There is never anything lost by doing a duty. It was for me to thank your poor sick mother for what she has done for me and mine since I have been in the service of my country. God will care for the rest.'

We gather from another letter which she wrote the gratefulness of an invalid for a cheerful letter:

"I was glad to see your letter's pleasant face. You never write a word to grieve me or to make me feel that the world in general and myself in particular is going wrong. Some whom I really love write me such letters as this. Did *you* ever get one, or does God see that only Mabelle needs the trial?"

Once, when some of her dainty needlework had been sold to increase her soldier purse, she said:—

"Did you ever feel particularly thankful that *giving* does not impoverish our blessed Lord? How often I think of it, and what a comfort it is to me!"

It was so natural to tell Mrs. Farmer the passing joys or perplexities of life that many of her letters were narrations of personal interests and often of domestic affairs. One letter of this date was from a young man who had written a war melody which had been set to music by William F. Keyes, who was then a member of an army band. The author

and composer met one Lord's Day at church, and the following letter recounts the brief exchange of greetings, as well as the history of the transient song:—

“I have a pleasing little story to tell you, Mabelle. Do you remember the fascinating music to ‘Put me down gently, boys’? and do you remember also the photograph I sent you of the composer? Well, yesterday, at Lafayette street church, a young man was ushered into the pew directly before mine. His face was very familiar, and I looked at him a long time to recall the place and circumstances where I had seen him. I judged he had been recently of the army; for he was browned by the sun, as are all the boys in blue when they return from the field. At last it flashed upon me that it was the young creature, William F. Keyes, who had set ‘Put me down gently, boys,’ to music. He is tall, wholesome, healthful, with a sensibly good face, which one respects at first sight. When sermon was out, I reached out my hand to him, and told him my suspicion. I introduced him to Robson, and then to Mr. Osgood and others of our choir, because they had familiarized themselves with his music. He told me the song was first sung in public from his manuscript on the last day of the Kennebunk Methodist Episcopal camp meeting, a year ago. The Rev. A. J. Church of the New Hampshire Conference asked for the loan of it, and sent the manuscript to the publisher. No further communication ever passed between

them, and he knows only that the sheets are before the public. Mr. Keyes has been connected with the band (Maine 27th), and returned only three weeks ago from the South. He is now visiting his sister in South Danvers, and has met our Mrs. Stiles. His sister's family move to South Berwick this week. So it was a pleasant bit of Father's kindness and personal interest that I should have met this young fellow just as I did, and have made his hasty call at Salem a greater interest to him and to us all. Robson and I walked the length of Essex street with him on his homeward way."

A quiet little comfort came to her in a brief correspondence about *The Little Corporal*, several copies of which she then distributed. She wrote to a friend of it: "I had some money which my sick hands had accumulated from the sale of articles made upon my bed. I sent it to Mr. Sewall to furnish six copies to the orphans of soldiers." And, when the publisher acknowledged the money, he wrote that he had heard of her previously, as a soldier's widow had expressed it, that "earth has no honor suitable for Mabelle: Heaven alone can reward her for her works of love." To this Mr. Sewall added: "Such a tribute from a soldier's widow is one of the dearest rewards earth can give; not that you seek reward or praise, but, after all, it is sweet to feel that even our feeblest efforts are appreciated by those for whom we labor. It is sweet to be loved as you are. May God comfort and bless you!"

Of the six little letters which she received from the orphans, we have discovered one among her papers:—

“*My dear Friend*,—For such I feel you must be to send me the nice little paper, *The Little Corporal*. The editor requested me to write to you, and I want to; for I think you must be a very kind lady to think of and to do for the soldiers’ little children. My father went to the army from Iowa, and died when he had been gone only three months. He got cold marching from Springfield, Mo., to the battle of Pea Ridge, and was very near Fayetteville, Ark., in 1862. I have a dear mamma, and sister Laura, five years old, and brother Howard, three years old. We do not go to school this winter, but mamma teaches us at home. Mr. Editor said you were a sick lady. I wish I could sometimes come and see you, and read you some pretty stories from the *Corporal*. I can read better than I can write. How did you know about me and my name? Please write to me some time, if you can. Your little friend, A. B. H.”

When June came with its wealth of New England loveliness, a letter “written on the cover of a book” went on its mission to Beverly:—

“*My dear, precious Mary Webber*,—I am not yet in dear Eden. It is all right. I have been so sick they could think nothing about it. When it is God’s will, I want to go. Ask the robins to leave a few cherries on the trees till I come. Dear Caroline Mason has written me a very interesting letter,

which you shall share. One day last week I had my wrapper, and was laid upon the lounge. The change produced the terrible cramps from which I have suffered so much for months; and here I am again, as I was weeks ago. My courage is good, but that is all there is good about me. But I will not waste strength to tell you of this frail body.

“Sarah wishes to go to Mount Auburn with you; but no, dear, you must not go on the Fourth of July. A part of my experience was to visit it once on a public day. No one could be admitted without a pass. At once I fell to moralizing, and thought of the Gate Beautiful above, and questioned my soul as to its right to enter there. Before I had time to settle the point, I was attracted to a lady in the deepest black, whose young face bore unmistakable proofs of a breaking heart. My being yearned at once to comfort her, and I said, ‘I am sorry for your sake more than for my own that we cannot be admitted.’ She replied, ‘There are little graves here that I have come all the way from New York to see, and I leave to-morrow.’ If I had had a baby in heaven then, I should not have asked, ‘Then you have children buried here?’ Not a tear followed the question, but a shaking of the whole frame as though soul were separating from body, and then a voice as from a cavern of desolation: ‘When they took them from my arms, they were laid in a beautiful spot, *but I am not with them!*’ I felt that I must help this woman, and we succeeded in her admittance by pledging Mr. Far-

mer's name as responsible for any trespass of the ordinary regulations of the cemetery. God help her! was my thought as we parted. Now I can pity her, as never before, for I have a baby under the daisies. And is not Lillie, the precious child, who was as dear to me as my own, now sleeping beside him, where loving hands every day strew bright flowers? How large my heart has grown since that day! Now it pities *all* the Rachels who refuse to be comforted."

Mary Webber, to whom the above letter was addressed, sent to the bereaved home in Boston a tender tribute, precious as gold, in memory of the transplanted child. Reread after these many days, and now that Mary herself has gone, it seems like a very note of her quiet and chastened voice:—

LILLIE'S GRAVE.

Earth has one pillow, only one,
 By tears unwet;
 One couch no fevered dream distur'
 Nor vain regret.

Here grief and joy, here love and hate,
 Alike are still;
 No human voice hath power to wake
 Again their thrill.

God sends his blessed sun and rain
 To cheer the spot;
 Nor have his guardian angels e'er
 Their charge forgot.

Yet Lillie's cheek upon that couch
 We lay with tears,
 Saying, "Give back, O grave, the form
 Our love endears."

For like a fount that meets at noon
 The pilgrim's need,
 Whose silver waters gleam afar,
 And then recede,

Was that sweet snatch of life and hope
 Our Lillie brought.
 Our hearthstone is so desolate
 Now she is not.

We cry: "Give back, O Paradise,
 Our bud of love!
 Our Lillie bloom will not be missed
 In fields above!"

What do ye, friends, who would say, "Nay,"
 When Christ says, "Come,
 Come, little pilgrim, to the rest
 Of home, sweet home?"

"A child shall lead." Then heavenward press,
 O mourning band!
 Lillie and Clarence both are there,
 Clasped hand in hand.

One beautiful custom evolved from this life of pain was a premonition or foreshadowing of what we now call the Flower Missions, so grateful to thousands of fevered pillows. Both Mrs. Hanaford and Mrs. Webber, with great tenderness and devotion, sent basket after basket of flowers from Beverly to Boston; and the feeble Mabelle sent them out again

to other sick-rooms which had no loving ability to provide them. Once, when the church which Mrs. Hanaford attended celebrated a Sunday-school anniversary, through her kindly intercession, the floral decorations of the sacramental table were thoughtfully and willingly forwarded to Mrs. Farmer's sick-chamber, and became to her as sacred as the breath of God. Her worshipful heart took them as direct from the gardens of Paradise. She wrote a poetical thanksgiving, which concluded as follows:—

“Each has a language to my soul
That makes the hours less long.
Look in my heart, ye holy flowers,
And hush each thought that's wrong.

“Then break to me the living Word
You heard but yesterday,
Hosanna! then, my heart will sing,
When you have passed away.”

In the local paper which published the poetical response, the editor added a paragraph:—

“At the close of the Sabbath-school anniversary services the bouquets which adorned the church were distributed, and one was sent to a gifted lady who is ill, in Boston. Although a great sufferer, having been obliged to keep her bed for several months, she was yet able to respond, in the touching poetic effusion to which we gladly give a place on our first page, with the remark that only the great truths taught in our Sabbath-schools could so support and cheer a weary spirit as to

secure such a song of praise and submission from such a couch of pain. Should any errors be noticed, let it be remembered that it came from a hand just able to pencil it. We know it will be read with interest by those who were present on that anniversary occasion."

"*My dear Mary Webber*,— I must thank you for the beautiful *wild flowers* you have sent me in such abundance. What a pleasant reminder the water lilies are of the happy day at Field Meeting! I have shared all my flowers with a young man near our door, who is almost home. The dear child is tenderly cared for, and loves his Lord."

"Yes, dear Mrs. Webber, I am very tired, but I must assure you of my love, and again thank you for *more* beautiful flowers. How thoughtful you are of my happiness! Last week my head was crazy with pain. I have written Mrs. Hanaford that it is now like a sieve, and everything runs through it. But my *heart* never forgets. I was constantly oppressed with the thought of so many favors which God's dear children were heaping upon me, but a few nights ago the thought came as an inspiration: 'They do it not for *you*, but as unto the Christ: are you not willing they should do all they can for *him*?' From that hour I have answered, 'Yes,' and accepted all these proofs of love to him, as a child would take from your hand a gift for his mother. I often think how dear Sarah used to bound in from school with a joy too full for words, because she

had some little present for mother which had been sent by her hand to comfort me. As the angel directed Hagar to the hidden spring, the blessed Spirit, true to his name and office, directs his people to the waters of comfort, giving new glory to the promises, investing the Saviour's character with new loveliness and beauty."

Most carefully did her heavenly Father guard her on the Fourth of July in Boston. With an unspeakable longing had she desired to be carried to Eden before the noisome day came. Neither doctor nor family would venture a *yes* to her pleading. When the patriotic morning came, she found that God had made his own arrangements for the comfort of her sick head and mind:—

"*My dear, good Mary Webber*,— The dear Saviour has proved to be a present comforter in every hour of trial. It seems the depth of ingratitude to distrust him. You well remember how anxious I felt to be borne home before the Fourth, supposing I should be distracted with the noises of the night. But all felt that the hour of my going had not come. Well, just before the dreaded darkness came, a *policeman* took his position on our doorsteps, and said that my Dr. MacFarland had left the order at the station, and that he was to be relieved by others until the Fourth was a day of the past! and that others were to be specially upon the streets near by, to keep all noises as far from the house as possible. This was most faithfully done. Do you not think God gives his angels

charge of me? I have not had a more quiet day since I have been in Boston, not even on the Sabbath. The doctor said nothing to us of his plans for my comfort, nor did we know anything about it until the police came and told us. How good everybody is to me!"

Notwithstanding the all-absorbing kindness of her heart, she had a sense of *duty* to people, which led her sometimes to a very common-sense talk; and at one of these conscientious pressures she wrote a minister, then in his first year of sermons:

"No: I do not pity you because of the letter of the excellent Mr. Cox. You must get over the morbid sensitiveness of which he warned you. If you do not, you never can feed Christ's lambs; and, as this is your life-work, I shall ask God every day to help you to rise above it. If you do not, God will see it needful to discipline you, and in ways doubtless that will be harder to endure than any present depression."

When it became evident that she could be carried in a coach to Eden, she wrote her last message to the two dear Beverly children, who had been so unremitting in their love and thought:—

"I shall get a new lease of life at Eden. When you know the door is open, you will also know the loving heart awaits you. I am sure neither you nor dear Mrs. Hanaford will tarry for a *public notice* of the event, though I am vain enough to think I have friends who would read even that newspaper item with a glad heart. If our Salem editors do not ex-

press the joy for me, I shall have to write a card myself. Imagine me doing it!"

The old home regained with an effort that carried her to the threshold of the grave, how joyful were her friends to find her once more! No joy in heaven can ever be sweeter than the gladness which now and then comes to us in the earth. The labors which followed her recruiting from the jar and weariness of the ride belong to future pages of this memorial. We close this mysterious story of her Boston days with a few of her penciled allusions to the sorrows which indelibly stamped the year 1863.

"*Thanksgiving Day*,— My wrapper was put on, I was fixed up very nice, and they set me in the great chair at the dinner table to-day, with the dear ones who still make earth home to me. It was a happy hour; though Fanny's tearful face across the table told me more truly than words that the dear child who was with us one year ago was not forgotten. How thankful I ought to be that it was not in my power to fill that little empty chair by taking Lillie back to my arms and heart! Oh, my heart was aching so to see her once more! I am afraid that, if the power had been allowed me, I should have recalled her."

"Your beautiful little kitten is lying upon my bed curled in a heap. You know that her mother was our dear little Lillie's kitten. We lost her coming from Boston, but she found her way back to Eden Home. [Who that had ever been there, would not find the way again? — ED.] Oh, Eden,

sweet Eden! shall I remember your beauties in heaven? The morning our Lillie left Eden forever, her kitten could not be found; and I said, 'Your kittie, dear, isn't anywhere in this house.' She folded her little meek hands on her lap, as she always did when grieved. For the moment the face turned toward mine seemed changed to marble; and then the choking sobs could not be suppressed as she said, "O auntie, what shall I do without her?" — words to me now so full of meaning. How often they trembled on my lips! I could only find relief in prayer that God would fold her in his arms, and seal her as his own for time and eternity. Only two short months, and she was with the angels. The prayer was answered. Even now I am afraid that I am not a cheerful giver."

The strange experiences of the year ended with one of interior inspections and searchings, which to Mrs. Farmer, as to other spiritual beings, usually result in a higher stride in life. As she walked with her Lord in one of her Gethsemanes, a December rose from a soldier then in Tennessee came to her. It was a gift of God. Its fragrance was a fresh incentive. Her bitterness and perplexity of spirit waned. She wrote months later, "That hour of sorrow held the germ which blossomed into the May Day Fair."

XXII.

MAY DAY FAIR.

FOR Mrs. Farmer to will was to do. The sorrows and pains of 1863 evolved the divinely Herculean effort which blessed hundreds of soldiers, and drew to her the truest and sweetest of lifelong friendships. She projected, conducted, completed, the *Soldiers' Fair*. Her holy *Amen* to the heavenly command which she heard from her Father's lips as 1863 expired became a *Hallelujah* when the toil of her heart and hand culminated in May, 1864. She labored in love unto God. She received the reward of childlike obedience and the peace which is always hand in hand with divine harmony. How tenderly do we now gather up the memories of that far-away May Day! She was asked time and again to write the history of the Fair. Her sensitive shrinking from publicity forbade it. She did, however, gather up the letters which the venerated Father Cleveland wrote to her, and other valued and endeared pens; and she clipped the newspaper helps which the local editors with kindest courtesy gave her, and these she boxed in 1867, and committed to the care and control of one of her

acquaintances. The box remained unopened until the preparation of this chapter. Like her own dear voice is the penciling upon a slip of paper, dated June 5, 1867: —

“I never had such a realization that the May Day Fair was God’s, and not man’s, as I have had this morning. It seems like a miracle. I am humbled in the dust as I recall my past days, and see how I have despised small efforts and the doing of little things. Our God indeed is a wonder-working God. To think of his noticing the puny efforts put forth to help our dear soldiers! Oh, I want all the world to see what our God can do! But I shrink with untold dread when I know that my name, so unworthy, must go with it.”

Caroline Mason, knowing the nature of Mrs. Farmer and the peculiar hesitance concerning the use of her name, wrote very practically to her: —

“In regard to *nom de plume*, I have always found the people prefer the name in full. I formerly had the signature *Caro*, until I found others claiming my writings; and so, urged by my friends, I consented to use my name in full. I feel queer to this day when I see it in print. Still, I do not shrink as you do. Please get over it; for *Mabelle* will be known, whether she wishes it or not. Her devotion to the soldiers alone *will make her immortal.*”

No: Mabelle will not crimson now at the sound or the sight of her name. Amid the comforts of the Beyond will be her Lord’s divinest approval.

Before committing the Fair papers to her friend, she wrote to him: "All my memories of the May Day Fair are to be given to you, dear Chislon. If God lets you stay here longer than I do, then you can fix them as you think best. It is all that will be written about me after I am gone. There is nothing else to say."

Within the box she had laid another slip of paper: "My dear good Mother Dix thinks poor Chislon could not perform this labor of love if Mabelle were lying under the daisies. But, dear child, I shall never be far away from you if the tired, weary spirit flies away and is at rest before the work is completed. All I ask is that you will give *God* the glory. If he sees that his cause can be advanced by showing to the world how little I have done, my hand shall never hinder it."

So, when she had sealed the historic material, it was left a quarter of a century, to be read and compiled when she is gone away.

To Mrs. Soule she told the probable inspiration of the occasion:—

"*Dear Mrs. Soule,*—My first duty is to God; the next to my family; and then my country and the boys who saved it deserve all I have to give. Who can wonder that the cause is dear, when it is one for which I am willing to die? My friends shall have no cause to complain of want of love to them. God only knows how dear they are to me. But time is short. My life-work has been so imperfectly done that I feel as though I must be about my Father's business."

She labeled a little printed paragraph as follows:

“This was the first word in our local papers concerning the Fair. Do you remember coming to Eden the day I was writing to the different editors of Salem, and saying to them that not a word should be in type of the one who was to hold the Fair? Do you remember what you told me?”

No, we do not remember; but it was evidently some desire that she should have the meed of praise from hearts and tongues, for she wrote:—

“I bow my head with shame. The only credit I can take is the suggestion of the Fair; and that belongs not to me, but to Him who gave me the tenderest and most motherly love for his dear and suffering soldiers. If all the success belonged to my skill, energy, or executive ability, I do not want it. There is no element in me to which it would minister. From my present standpoint the praise of people is of little value. God be thanked that I do not crave it.”

The first local card which came to the eye of the Salem public reads:—

“A lady of Salem, who has been for more than a year unable, on account of sickness, to render any material assistance to our sick and wounded soldiers, has been collecting articles for this object from her friends in different States. These will be offered for sale at Mechanics’ Hall during the day and evening of Monday, May 2. Each article will bear the name of the donor. Major Alfred Little will be present with his melodeon, and will pro-

vide a rare musical entertainment. 'Father Cleveland,' the aged missionary at large of Boston, now in his ninety-second year, still daily active and useful, has promised, 'God willing,' to be present with his wife. Seldom will we have an opportunity to see a man retaining his powers unimpaired so late in life! Carleton, the war correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, has been invited to be present and speak. This may be expected, unless movements on the military chess-board demand his presence elsewhere. Several novelties are to be introduced, of which mention will be made hereafter."

As soon as the New Year's impulse had shaped itself, she prepared a letter for the department in the *Temperance Visitor* called "Uncle John's Table." Mrs. Farmer knew that prayer and a lead-pencil would stir hearts by hundreds, so she began her diligent task:—

"EDEN HOME, SALEM, MASS., Jan. 15, 1864.

"*My dear, young Friends*,— It is very pleasant to me to stand outside and look in upon the happy group around your good 'Uncle John's Table'; but I am afraid, if I should ask you to let me come in and join your circle, that you would shake your heads wisely, and say, 'Oh, no, indeed, we could not think of such a thing: you are too old, auntie.'

"As I cannot plead 'not guilty' to such a charge, I will just ring my little bell to attract your attention, as I have a real nice story to tell you; and it

is all the better because it is a true one, and that is the only kind I ever tell, for the world which I live in, alas! it is real. Then how can I roam in the poet's ideal?

"To me, for more than a year, my world has been bounded by the walls of my room; and the most of that time I have been confined entirely to my bed. But I would not say this complainingly, for I feel that it is ordered in love by One who knows just what kind of discipline I need. But, while I have been thus isolated from the world, I have not lost my interest in it; and my desire to be useful and relieve our suffering soldiers, who have so nobly defended the dear old flag, is just as strong as it was in the days of health. But weak, tired hands can do but little now, and my brain must be made subservient to them by invoking help from you.

"I propose to get up a little Fair for the soldiers' benefit, and would invite each one of you and as many of your friends, old or young, as you can find willing to assist you, to send something for my table. If you do, I want your names and residences affixed to each article, that all my friends who may come to buy of me may know whose work it is. This will be a new feature in a Fair, and the table will be quite a curiosity, as I expect to have a great many States represented.

"I would like to have the sale on May Day, if I can, and I have already begun to collect my articles for it. This invitation is extended to the boys of

your circle, as well as to the girls; for all of them write too good letters not to be able to do something. If you engage in this, it will be purely a work of love, and I think you will find it 'more blessed to give than to receive.' My own soul will, I know, be strengthened by attracting to me the sympathies of the dear children whose happy faces I wish I could see in my chamber; though, if one of them should happen to be a sweet little girl, three years old, the tears might come too fast for me to see them, for only one year ago our angel Lillie went up the shining way, and we still miss the little pattering feet, so quick and ready always to do our bidding. We miss the dear little meek face that was so fair and beautiful to look upon, and the voice is lost to our mortal ears which filled the house with music; but the knowledge that she is safe brings us peace, and we have lived to praise God that 'it is well with the child.'

"Pardon me for thus turning to you this leaf in my heart, and do not think of me as being sad and unhappy; for I am cheerful always and willing to suffer, knowing that by and by I shall find our Lillie blooming in the paradise of God.

"It would make me very happy to receive a letter from you all; for, as I read yours in the *Visitor*, and see where they are written, I find I have friends in the same States. This brings you very near to me. If you should write or send me anything for my Fair, you may direct to Mabelle, Salem, Mass., Box 277, and it will reach me safely. If I am not

able to answer you separately, I will thank you each by name in a letter to the *Visitor*, if your good Uncle John will print the rhyme for us.

“But, if he don’t, I won’t call him ‘cross’ or ‘bald-headed,’ but I’ll tell him about a pair of ‘witch hazel eyes’ that would sparkle like diamonds if they could look up and see ‘my Uncle John,’ from the Old Granite State.

“But a truce to joking. While you are working for me, do not think that I shall be idle; for I expect to make a great many things myself, lying here. I am very grateful to you for listening so patiently to my story; and, when the Fair is over, if God spares my life, I will write you the sequel in verse. But will you ask Uncle John to send me something, too? My courage fails me.

“Affectionately yours,

“AUNT MABELLE.”

The facile pen of *Carleton* was enlisted, and he sent a column to the press which proved an inspiration, perhaps the most effectual of anything written upon the occasion. The confidence and strength imparted by his very signature were well expressed by Caroline Mason, as she wrote of his article, and then added: —

“I always read *Carleton’s* letters in the *Boston Journal* with satisfaction. He is hopeful without being sanguine, moderate, yet earnest, and there is the stamp of truth on all he writes. He makes no attempt to mislead or delude with false hopes or

special promises of speedy success. Yet always in his words is a prophecy of the good time coming. I cannot help sending him, through you, my kindest regards."

Professor Farmer recalls a pretty little history of the article written by Carleton. It was a few days before the opening of the Fair. Carleton came to the Pearl Street Home, and saw the accumulation of articles for the tables. They filled perhaps a dozen boxes.

"Is this collection all?" said the practical man.

"All," was the quiet response.

"And you have engaged *Mechanics' Hall!*" he continued, more in exclamation than query.

"Engaged *Mechanics' Hall,*" was a second quiet rejoinder.

"Why, Hannah, you are crazy."

"Then you must write an appeal," said the sufferer with womanly wisdom that matched the sageness of the philosopher who had pictured battles and hospitals as if his quill were fire and blood.

Her words fell. The soil was good. The pen was dipped afresh. The appeal went out, and *Mechanics' Hall* tables were filled with beauty and daintiness. The article of Carleton is not only a revelation of Mrs. Farmer's effort, but is also a historical fragment of days never to be forgotten:—

"DEVOTION TO THE COUNTRY.

"When the records of this great struggle for the preservation of the country are gathered up, they will present a patriotic devotion and sacrifice un-

paralleled in the world's history. There is but one spirit animating the hearts of the truly loyal,—to bear all and do all to preserve the Union from destruction and the country from desolation! From the soldiers on the battlefield, facing the storm of shot and shell, to the poor needlewoman earning her scanty subsistence, there is the desire to do all that can be done. Great cities and country villages have held their Fairs to aid the soldiers, and millions of dollars have been freely contributed; but there is no abatement of enthusiasm. The hearts of the people have taken fire from spontaneous combustion; but, like the burning bush which Moses beheld, it burns, but is not consumed. The reason is manifest. The cause is holy. While the most wonderful Fair ever gotten up is being held in New York City, there is another one (which in some respects is not less wonderful) in preparation in our neighboring city of Salem. It will be truly wonderful, in that it will be an instance of the overflowing of pure patriotism under the most adverse circumstances. There is a lady in that city who has been confined to her bed more than sixteen months, suffering acutely and intensely at times; but, though shut in from the world, she has loved the cause of the country. The welfare of the soldier has been her constant thought, her theme of religious devotion. How could she, so weak and feeble, obliged to be ministered unto, so hedged in, contribute to their welfare? How could she help save the country? This

question, of so much importance to her, was settled Jan. 1, 1864. Every heart must have its course, and every mind its work: she must *do* something. She determined to hold a Fair, although at that time perfectly helpless. The wish was made known to a few friends. Some opposed it, fearing her life would be sacrificed: others thought it simply impossible. But, her resolution taken, there was no turning back with her who conceived the enterprise. The work has gone silently on: the articles are being gathered, and the Fair will open on Monday, May 2, in Mechanics' Hall, Salem, Mass. Contributions are coming in from persons in very many of the loyal States. From the Aroostook in the far down East, from Chicago of the great North-west, New York, Ohio, and all the New England States.

“One of the many affecting incidents in connection with this enterprise is that of a little blind girl, who heard of what this lady had undertaken, and her sympathy was at once aroused. What could she do for the soldiers? The active brain and tender heart soon found work for the willing hands. Various kinds of bead and needle work were soon fashioned into forms of beauty by her delicate sense of touch. Her heart was in the work, and she did what she could. When they were finished, she gathered them up in her arms, and was led by two little girls to a house where they were being collected, and there she presented her gifts to the soldiers' Fair.

“There will be many a moist eye by the camp-fires along the Rappahannock, beneath the shadow of Lookout Mountain, in the hospitals of Vicksburg, as this incident is read. There will be stronger arms and braver hearts in the hour of battle, from the courage inspired by the tender memories of ‘Mabelle’s May Day Fair.’ What a subject for the painter,—‘The Blind Girl’s Offering to her Country’! Who of our artists will make it historic upon the canvas?

“Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the picture entitled ‘The Spirit of ’76,’—the hurried departure for the war, the old man’s blessing to his son, the pale face of the mother, the sister packing the knapsack. It stirs the blood to behold it. But the thought of this little blind girl’s gift touches all the finer sensibilities of the heart. There are thousands of our readers who, we doubt not, are ready to contribute to this Fair, not merely because they can aid the great cause by so doing, but to show their appreciation of this effort of an invalid woman and a sightless child.

“CARLETON.”

Mabelle herself published an appeal which one of the editors prefaced with a very kindly and true commendation. “The whole affair,” said he, “is an outgrowth from the eager desire of a sick and suffering invalid to do something for her imperiled country, that which was originally designed for a little neighborhood undertaking having culminated

in a Fair for which the largest hall in the city is none too large, and for which contributions have come in from many cities and from distant States. The following appeal from the author of the Fair, written from her bed of sickness, is earnest and touching enough to soften all hearts: —

“SALEM, May 2, 1864.

“In the providence of God, I cannot say to you, ‘come!’ but in the name of a suffering Christ, of his dear soldiers who sleep to-day in ‘unremembered graves,’ of those who have been borne back to desolate homes and breaking hearts, as ‘mourners bear their dead,’ of those who are forming for us such an impregnable breastwork behind which *we* are so safely sheltered, while they are waiting ready to do or die, of the thousands of wives, mothers, and sisters whose agonizing cry is going up to heaven, ‘Let not thy hand, O God, fall *here!*’ In the name of all these memories, I tenderly and earnestly invite *you* to *go*. Put your shoulder to the wheels of the little feeble load now struggling up the hill, and God grant that it shall receive such an impetus from your strong right arm, nerved by a loyal heart, that its wheels shall turn forward, not backward, bearing help and succor to those whose cry may soon reach our ears, ‘Come over and help us.’

“Christ, my master, bids me *suffer*,
Not to *do* his blessed will;
Bids me fold my hands in silence,
That he may some others fill;

Bids me wait beside the river
 Till revealed his hidden will.
 Oh! it needs the strongest patience,
 But I'll love and trust him still!

“MABELLE.”

Besides the press, Mrs. Farmer had the most devoted and efficient co-laborers,—women who helped with hand and heart, if they did not hold the pen. Of one of them, whom she loved with utmost devotion, she wrote:—

“Mother Dix is such a blessing to our soldiers. She has given time and money. She has cared for all alike, whether friend or stranger; has written *more than a thousand letters*, for the whole Iowa Third was her special care. When the records of this war are revealed in the glow of Eternity, what a glorious page hers will be! What a harvest will be gathered in her name from the seed sown upon the sod which covers the dust of her son Hervey's grave! Did you know that her daughter is a nurse at Port Royal? and her services are invaluable.”

To another she suggested the kind of work she wished her to do:—

“*My dear Mrs. Stiles*,—Not long ago I read in a paper of a woman who presented to Governor Andrew, for the use of a hospital, a scrap-book arranged by her own hand. Another paper suggested that our girls go to work and make scrap-books for the same use. This was what I was intending to do one year ago. My book and the pieces were all ready. I gave Chislon one like it

at the same time. But you know, dear, that the last year is a lost one to me. Its record, however, I must meet again. What shall it be? Ever since the New Year came in I have been trying to do something for God in those around me, but all has thus far seemed a failure. This week I got out all my pieces again, and the book to paste them in, but I can do nothing with them upon my bed; and here I must lie, you know. When I found I could not accomplish it, I could think of no one else but you to undertake it. It will occupy you a week, using all your spare time. Tell me truly if you can conveniently spare that? The pieces are about the war, for such selections will be more interesting to the soldiers than anything else,—their thoughts are turned to that subject so exclusively. I like the work myself very much. It is never a trouble to me; and to relinquish the scrap-book to another is a sacrifice. But, if you will fill out the pages, I will send clippings, book, flour, and the oil of cinnamon to savor the paste; and I shall exhibit the book at the May Day Fair. Ah! this war has imposed on us all such duties and sacrifices. I have no son to give, but *I give myself.*”

How truly she expressed it,—*I give myself!* and to her friend at Eliot, Miss Susan Hammond, she used the same words, shaping thereby a vow of consecration:—

“With God’s help, I will no longer live for myself. I consecrate all that I have been, am, or ever hope to be to my country’s service, counting

not my life dear, if I can only be the means of good. God never requires of us anything we cannot do. Here is my hope,— that he will accept the efforts I am making in behalf of those who have been willing to lay down their lives. What do we not owe them? What would our homes be worth to-day but for them?”

To a lady who freely offered to be present and help according to her ability, Mrs. Farmer sent a gladsome page:—

“What a song of thanksgiving went up to our Father this morning when I read your promise to help at the Fair; and to think you wrote it as the first words of the letter, too! It makes it of double value. The Lord reward you, and I know he will. It may be the reward will come by permitting the angel, which nestled in your bosom a few short years, to minister to you while you are at work for your divine Lord and Master. This war is his; and all that we do for his soldiers is accepted as though the service were rendered to him in person. What a privilege that we are allowed to do our little for him in this glorious war! Your darling child, now one of God’s dear angels, will smile upon you in your lonely hours, and you will often seem to hear her little fingers at work with you; and then you will realize as never before that she is helping you. Once she thought, ‘Mother can help me,’ and now you know she will help you bear the cross to the end of the journey.”

Caroline Mason, in behalf of her little boy, sent a letter:—

“*My dear Mrs. Farmer*,—My little boy wants to give his mite to the Soldiers’ Fund which you propose. God give you success in your noble plans, and crown you with health in his own good time, and be it soon. I have lately busied and interested myself in making a ‘comfort bag’ for some brave soldier. I filled it with everything that I could think would be serviceable. My sympathies, or rather my special labors, are with the freedmen. I would I could do more for both; but I fancy the contrabands have less immediate and efficient aid. God bless *all* endeavor for suffering humanity, black and white. The enclosed is a contribution by my little son, Atherton P. Mason.”

Again Mrs. Mason, “forwarding a collar for the Fair,” breathed from out her careful spirit: “God support you and comfort you on your bed of pain, dear friend. Do not call your life *wasted*. It is one full of experiences which are leading you to the true life which is hid in Christ our Lord. Your effort for the soldiers does not look like *waste*. Only do not exert yourself so much that the soul shall wear out the body. What shall I do for your Fair? You suggest a poem. I write so often that I am all used up. My husband quite talks at me for such incessant use of the pen. But, if *you* can do perpetually, I certainly should do something.”

From the New Hampshire hills a woman sent a token and a letter written at the bedside of a suffering soldier husband, in which were the inspired

words: "The morning light is breaking: let us trust in our God. He governs the battles." A New York gentleman furnished a medallion of Longfellow. One of the tenderest communications which she received came with an offering from Mr. Ripley Ropes, once a Salem lad; and, after an acknowledgment from her, in which she alluded to the pathetic ordeal of his then recent bereavement, he again sent a missive which has all the more interest to-day because he in the strength of a noble manhood has passed out of human sight:—

"Your beautiful letter, dear Madam, is at hand. My tribute to the May Day Fair has proved the truth of the proverb: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.' It has brought me that which I value beyond words. We shall prize it as a rich treasure. Your allusion to our angel Alice touched us deeply. Two weeks before her departure her little brother went home. The tender patience of the dear boy taught us rich lessons of childlike trust. But the cup was not full; for on the Fourth of July God called Alice by the awful baptism of *fire*. When I reached her, burned as she was, I put the cup from me; but the dear one taught us to drink it. The last hour of her life was full of sweetness, eclipsing all the horrors of the burning. 'Father, I am going to die. I shall see little brother. You will all come. We will welcome you.' Then gazing upward, her whole face lighted with supernatural brilliancy, seeing what we could not see, she passed

into the final home. God give you strength, dear Madam, to carry out all the work you have so faithfully inaugurated. RIPLEY ROPES."

Mrs. John H. Meader, of Hamilton, whose patriotic husband went to the army, and whose beautiful baby boy went to the Infinite Bosom a little after, gave a tribute which had been baptized with the tears of a mother's desolation:—

"Please accept, dear Mrs. Farmer, the little gift which I send to the Fair. The stockings were knit for the little feet that passed through death's cold river before they were needed to be worn. That dear babe was all that was left to cheer me when papa went out to defend his country. Now I wait his home-coming with mingled feelings of joy and tears, for Milly is in heaven."

From Gassett's Station, Vt., came a quilt from a child five years old: "Little Lily read your letter in the *Temperance Visitor*, and wanted to do something for the soldiers. I could not think of anything but patchwork. So she pieced it all alone, though I cut the squares and basted them. She says, 'Tell the lady your little girl pieced them up'; and she sends her ten-cent piece for the soldiers. When she came to the last square, she was sick, coming down of lung fever. But she could not be persuaded to put it by. 'I want to get it done, and you can send it to the lady.' But she grew so tired she said, 'Lay it up, ma,' and I added the last stitches. She was very sick, but is now recovering. God bless your undertaking."

(The quilt bore the child's name and age at the Fair.)

One of the letters she received will vividly recall the war days to the wives and housekeepers who were obliged to plan a thousand new ways of economy, because of the extreme prices. The writer told Mrs. Farmer of her *joy of benevolence*, even though she "turned our old dresses upside down, and pressed our children's hats over on a strawberry box,—now don't laugh at me,—and cut and made the pants and vests, because I cannot only save money, but cloth, which is quite an item in these days. A lady saw my little daughter at church, and came to me to ask for the pattern of the child's new sacque. 'It is the neatest thing I have seen,' she said. I was obliged to respond, 'I have no pattern'; for I fitted it by my eye out of an old cape, badly moth eaten, given me by my aunt. I run under a dozen little patches, bought some galloon, took the buttons for it from her winter cloak, and really it is a garment as pretty as I could wish."

An affectionate letter came from her "dear Aunt Effie," as Mrs. Farmer always called the widow of her uncle, Thomas Shapleigh:—

"*My very dear Niece*,—Your letter I perused last evening with much pleasure, and feel a very true interest in the good cause. I will do all I can to aid you, and will endeavor to send my four children, and be there myself, if possible. Mrs. Burnett, a lady once of Salem, offers to send a loaf of cake

with a pure gold ring, and will use her influence to draw others to the Fair. I wish I could step in this morning, and give you one kind embrace. I shall never forget the kindness you bestowed upon your dear Uncle Thomas the last time he visited you. I often think, if his precious life had been spared, what a pleasure and interest his growing up children would have been to him! Our blessed Lord ordered it otherwise. I trust we shall ever feel as he, dear soul, expressed on his dying-bed, a perfect reconciliation to the Holy Will."

A stranger writes to her: "How many mothers, sisters, and wives will call down blessings upon the head of her who, though suffering in body, has a strong, loving heart filled with interest for the soldier and sympathy for the friends of the dead heroes!" And to this she adds: "Though your trials are manifold, yet, with Mr. Farmer for a life-long companion, you cannot be long unhappy: he is so good and tender and affectionate, so patient and cheerful. He has been tried, and not found wanting."

And one who had never seen Mrs. Farmer, in writing to Professor Farmer, said: "Although Mrs. Farmer is laid upon a sick-bed, yet how much she does to cheer our brothers in arms! All have her sympathy and friendship. All love her, and find in her a friend indeed. She speaks always the words of hope."

Of the child interest in the Fair, Mrs. Farmer was exceedingly pleased with the frankness of Allie

R. Seabury, a lad of twelve years. She kept his two letters. He sent a beautiful handkerchief case, and said to her:—

“When my *Temperance Visitor* comes, I walk right into the parlor and peep into its ‘Letter Box.’ I read your appeal to the girls and boys to aid the dear old flag. I thought, ‘What can a boy of twelve do?’ I guessed my sister would help, and I found her more than willing; and now I send my present.”

In his second letter he told her:—

“I love to work for the soldiers, though there are not many things a boy can do. In the spring I collected two barrels of vegetables, and sent them to the Christian Commission. This summer I gathered a great many herbs, and my mother dried and packed them. Doctor said there were fifty dollars’ worth. Mother and sister meet with the committees and sew; and the ladies send a box a month to the Christian or the Sanitary Commissions.”

Another child-gift was a quilt for a disabled soldier from five little girls in Ludlow, Vt., and another bearing twenty names. A wounded soldier, made warm and comfortable, wrote a thanksgiving letter which eventually found its way to the five different homes.

When Mrs. Farmer’s appeal reached Benton Barracks, a boy in blue wrote to Mother Dix, “Many daughters have done nobly, but Mabelle excelleth them all.”

A pretty little sheet of encouragement came from a visiting doctor of McLean Asylum:—

“*My dear Moses*,—This morning a man came in and paid me a fee long due, and which I hardly expected would be brought to me. I enclose it. God bless your undertaking.”

Mrs. Farmer’s dear friend, Mrs. Rowe, added to a letter of fellowship the story of a soldier’s mother, sad enough, but only too real:—

“I have been to see that poor, distracted soldier’s mother. She feels as if she never should get along without her darling boy, who, she says, was the head of the family. She would like to have his body. I hope she will get it. May God help her! I look upon my own manly boy, and think of God’s mercy. Fred is a well-spring of joy to me. How good God is to spare my darlings to me!”

Mrs. Maria Kemp Crockett, who wore the weeds of a soldier’s widow, sent a collection that she had made for the tables, and Mabelle’s response was:—

“When I think of *your* gift, your *real* gift, laid so cheerfully on freedom’s altar, I can never feel that I have done anything; though God sees the heart, and knows I want to be of some use in the glorious cause.”

When a quilt, given to the Fair, came unlined, Mabelle appealed to the dry-goods merchants of Salem. To her joy, so noble was the response that not only was the quilt completed, but with the generous residue a comforter was made, and eighty aprons, and every article sold.

It is remarkable that the three years’ efforts of Mrs. Farmer met with but *two* personal repulses. One of them called out this word from her pen:—

“I sent a penciled note, asking for assistance. The appeal was made by a hand so feeble that it could not, unsupported, hold the pencil. It was answered in the most tense and abrupt language. Her words burned into my heart and brain, but they did not palsy a single effort or tempt me to turn back. My heart filled with unutterable pity. What a golden opportunity she lost for enriching her soul!”

The language of the above letter expresses the manner in which Mrs. Farmer met any opposition in any work. The spirit it reveals perhaps had its birth in her father's wise teachings; for she once wrote of him to a clergyman who had held some social evening for the *mental* as well as spiritual development of his flock, and in his effort had been sufferingly misapprehended by critical lambs of the fold:—

“My father was a living proverb, and to me he will never be anything less. I used to be vexed with the school-girls, and then go to him with my trouble. Once he said, ‘Sit on my knee, and sing to me.’ When I had finished my song, he said, ‘Run, dear, to your books, and remember that your father has always found that molasses catches more flies than vinegar.’ Try this in your parish. I am glad that you gave that fretful woman a dollar for her needs, provided that you prayed for her then and there. Now let me say, What do you care if they did report that you had a parish ball? Don't you allow such a word to be spoken to you, as you

value your peace of soul. The one who would tell you is worse than the person who first uttered it. Go on with your direct work every day. Silence in you is more expressive than direct words."

As we read the autographs of some of the May Day Fair letters, we find they have already become historical. One letter was from Governor Andrew:

"COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
"BOSTON, April 29, 1864.

"The accompanying silver spoon has been given to Mabelle's May Day Fair at Salem by a daughter of a patriot of the Revolution. The father, its original owner, received honorable wounds in his country's service; and the daughter desires by this gift to aid the same worthy cause."

"JOHN A. ANDREW,
"Governor of Massachusetts."

The never-to-be-forgotten Samuel Hartley Taylor, LL.D., of Andover, called the Arnold of New England, under whom Professor Farmer fitted for Dartmouth College in 1837-38, sent the following:

"*Mr. Farmer: My dear Sir,*—I regret that my time did not allow me to get up something special for your good and patriotic wife's Fair to-day. I hoped to have been able to send you some Dead Sea water; pebbles from the Phalarian Harbor at Athens, where Demosthenes used to declaim, holding them in his mouth; relics from various places .

in the East and on the continent, etc. In default of all which I enclose a small sum, merely as a token of my admiration of the efforts of your wife and my love for the soldier."

Professor Alpheus Crosby of the Salem Normal School dated a very courteous recognition of her work April 20, 1864:—

"*My dear Mrs. Farmer*,—I rejoice in the successes of your efforts for the noble cause which combines so eminently the claims of both patriotism and philanthropy. I hope that the benefits which you are conferring upon others will return to yourself in the relief of pain and the restoration of health as well as in the joy of beneficence. Mrs. Crosby joins most cordially in regards to you both, and in the best wishes for the May Day Fair, and for the noble object it is intended to promote."

Albert D. Richardson, the journalist, Artemas Ward, the humorist, Father Cleveland, the patriarch and nonagenarian, are names of interest, and are blended with many a public weal and knowledge.

And of Father Cleveland, she said, "Remember, I would not take the weight of these letters in gold."

Soldiers' mothers wrote most tenderly, for they loved the devoted Mabelle. Mother Dix was almost daily sending words of cheer. Mrs. Derby, the mother of the slain Captain Richard Haskett Derby, wrote of Carleton's speech in Boston, and his exhibition of the auctioneers' slave steps. Miss

Eliza Story sent a written message, as gracious as the lips that would have uttered it:—

“I am gratified that Mrs. Farmer will have funds to bestow upon the Army and Navy Union. May others follow so good, so cheery an example! and our poor sufferers, who want so much heart sympathy and aid, meet it, and be encouraged to be happy, and to believe they have friends in the world. Mrs. Farmer’s soul never sleeps: it is always vital, and awake to all good influences. Her guardian angels must be many, not one alone, which we poor creatures are allowed to believe is at birth allotted each of us. But love to her; and all good wishes to you whose happiness is so bound up in each other.”

XXIII.

THE DAY CHRONICLED.

THE day of the Fair came. A pleasanter company never entered the hall. The press had been exceeding kind. The notices had been well spread and well read; and, as a consequence, it was a large company. It was not an ordinary occasion or gathering. Many came directly from a communion like that of Jacob, when he said, "Peniel, the Face of God." Mrs. Farmer's pen has revealed a picture too sacred for print and yet too expressive of the hearts of many to be withheld:—

"Major Soule had died on the 7th of February, and Mrs. Soule and her daughter Emma came to us on May Day. It was a sore grief to Mrs. Soule to come. Her own dear soldier husband was where she could no more give the ministreries which we were endeavoring to bestow upon the sick and wounded. In that early morning, while yet the dew glistened upon the sod, the two knelt by his precious grave, and sought strength for the duty before them. How tenderly their angel folded his wings above them, and whispered comforts to the hearts that ached! What could they do without a Saviour now? Major Soule said to me that they

had been able to cheat themselves into the belief that they were the happiest family on earth, and we may surely believe it."

People equipped by prayer and endowed with holy courage would certainly make the Fair a success. For the opening hour Mrs. Hanaford prepared a friendly

GREETING.

Dear friends, you have come from a home of joy,
 To cheer the heart of the soldier boy ;
 And God will bless you in giving now,
 That his parched lips and his throbbing brow
 May be bathed by nurses your gifts may send,
 O'er the hospital couch in love to bend,
 That the brave young hero, whose mother far
 Is longing to be where the sufferers are,
 May not in his weakness and pain be left
 Forgotten by men and of hope bereft,
 But the comforts prepared by a distant hand
 May be given to him by a loving band,
 Who nobly have left each home and friend,
 'Mid our brave defenders their strength to spend.
 Then buy to-day with a right good will,
 And strive our coffers with gold to fill.
 Ye are toiling for God while ye purchase here ;
 And God will say, as he beckons you near,
 " Inasmuch as ye did it with will so free,
 And for Freedom's friends, it was done to *me*."
 Perchance your dear ones are far away
 On the field of strife near the foe to-day.
 Your hearts are thrilled as you think of them,
 Your eyes with a mist, love-born, grow dim ;
 You think of the farewell tone and word
 Your ears with a burst of anguish heard,
 Your aching hearts tell the same true tale,
 Which we all have told, as our cheeks grew pale,

When the tidings came of a battle won,
 And the cry rang out, "Oh, where's my son?"
 "My brother, where?" "My husband, say,
 Does he rest in a soldier's grave to-day?
 Or is he safe from the rebel foe,
 Yet wounded and suffering? We long to know!"
 O mother, sister, wife, or friend!
 You would have some gentle hand extend,
 In the hour when wounded or sick they lie,
 The draught of life that they may not die.
 Then send to-day by our willing hands
 The balm for the wounded of many lands,
 Your dear ones, ours, or the stranger's love,
 All heroes, with our best flag above,
 And the peace that is born of duty done
 Will fill your hearts as the means are won
 To cheer the suffering soldier boy,
 And give him a taste of *home's sweet joy!*

Mabelle herself wrote an appeal which was widely scattered before the Fair and among the gathered people on the occasion. That it was effective is evident from a letter which says: "Your little poem of appeal moved many hearts. The more of them you send me, the more I can circulate. God prospers willing hands and hearts, doesn't he? Your words are absolutely true:—

"Then your soul may crave His blessing,
 And our country yet may live;
 But we must not be unmindful
 That *He* knows how much we give."

This soldier's appeal was entitled "How Much shall I Give?" and its response was:—

- “ Give as you would if the Union
 Could be saved by you alone;
 Give as you would if you're grateful
 To brave men for what they've done.
- “ Give as you would if the angels
 Waited for it at the door;
 Give as you would if to-morrow
 Found you where all alms are o'er.
- “ Give as you would if your brother
 Was the one your gold would feed;
 Give as you would if the future
 Would be sealed by such a deed.
- “ Give as you should to the soldiers
 What our flag is worth to you!
 Give as you should, largely, freely,
 If your work their hands must do.
- “ Give as you would to the Master,
If you met his searching look;
 Give as you would of your substance,
If his hand your offering took!
- “ Then your soul may crave his blessing,
 And our country yet may live;
 But, dear friends, be not unmindful
 That *he* knows how much you give.”

The hall was an enchantment. The magic of Mabelle's universal love held, balanced, and beautified the throng, even though she was not present. The easy pen of Mrs. Hanaford has told the story of the day, and her report rendered to the *Visitor* twenty-seven years ago will again give us the picture:—

“ Mabelle lives twelve miles from me in the city of Salem, Mass., and cannot therefore control my

pen, so I will tell you a little about her. She is a model of patience and submission; and her sick-room, though often the scene of severe suffering, is yet cheerful with the light of her trustful spirit, reflecting the radiance of heaven. She is a marvel to those who know her best for her cheerful resignation and mental activity, and more than ever a marvel now that, after more than a year of confinement to a sick-bed, she has had the self-denial, patriotic devotion, energy, industry, and perseverance to accomplish more than most who are well can or do accomplish for the suffering soldiers of our noble army. We who have health fairly feel like pygmies beside her. But she will not thank me for words of praise, however well deserved; for she prefers the 'Well done' of the Master to the applause of his servants.

"Let me tell you of the Fair. It has proved a wonderful success. Help and helpers came from all quarters. Mabelle's pastor (Rev. C. C. Beaman) and his wife were there to render efficient aid. So also was Mabelle's sister-in-law, the wife of Charles C. Coffin, whose letters in the *Boston Journal*, signed 'Carleton,' you have all read with interest. I hope you have also read his book, 'My Days and Nights on the Battlefield,' for it is a book all loyal young Americans should read.

"There was a *Portland* table at the fair, entirely furnished by Captain Winthrop H. Hall, who has served in three enlistments, and has now enlisted for the fourth time. As a private, he was with

the Massachusetts Sixth when it went through 'bloody Baltimore.' He was present at the Fair to assist. There were separate tables, well filled, from Boston, Chelsea, South Malden, Roxbury, Lynn, and several from Salem. The Auburndale table was wholly furnished by the family of the late Captain Richard Derby, who fell in the battle of Antietam. A beautiful portrait of the hero was exhibited, and his mother and only sister were present to attend the table. The articles on the South Malden table were collected by a lady who lost her only son in battle. There was a song and music, entitled 'The Patriot's Grave,' composed in reference to his death, for sale there. By the way, all of you who have pianos ought to have that piece; for the touching words were written by 'Mabelle' and the plaintive music composed by her husband, who is, as perhaps you know, the electrician and inventor, Moses G. Farmer. On the Roxbury table were articles made by a little blind girl, who heard of the Fair, made the articles neatly, and then got two young companions to lead her to the place, that her own hands might place them among the gifts of hallowed patriotism.

"Major Alfred Little was present, and contributed largely by his musical entertainments to the success of the Fair. Everything was conducted in admirable order; and the gross receipts amounted to over a thousand dollars, over eight hundred of which will probably be clear gain, to be used for our suffering heroes.

"I must not forget to say that Rev. Charles Cleveland, the venerable city missionary of Boston, now in his ninety-third year, was present at the Fair, but was taken ill and was obliged to leave. His picture was for sale there, and some excellent lines composed by our dear Mabelle in reference to it.

"Mabelle did not attend to all this in person, of course, but she planned the whole; and so great was her care and effort that during the week before the Fair she was very ill, and the physician said she must give up the care of the Fair, or she would die. 'I cannot give it up,' was her characteristic reply; 'but I will ask God to take it.' She did ask him; and he took it, and furnished abundant help. She first thought to do all this on January 1; and, until ten days before the Fair, all the planning was done by herself. Then intense suffering compelled her to receive aid from others. Nor was it all in planning that she labored. She wrote many letters soliciting aid; and with her own hands she performed wonders in making cushions, dressing dolls, etc. How many of us lying on a sick-bed could do so much?"

One of the Salem papers made a pleasant historical reference to the table of Mrs. Derby, mother of Richard Haskett Derby, the lamented young officer:

"The descendants of Elias Haskett Derby, whose splendid mansion once occupied Derby Place where the market house stands, came from Auburn-dale, and opened a table at the fair,—four ladies; namely, the widow of Elias Haskett Derby (the

grandson of Elias Haskett Derby, whose house is referred to), and her daughter and grand-daughters. On this table were the pictures of the only son of this widow, who fell at the battle of Antietam, a lieutenant of great bravery and having the most amiable qualities of character. The love for this young man, regard to his memory as a soldier, and grief for his loss brought here persons in the direct line of descent from our merchant of other days, whose fame it is that he sent the first ship from America to the East Indies, and thus opened a door for that lucrative trade so associated with the renown and prosperity of Salem. Sad, indeed, are the bereavements of war; but, in this case, it was pleasant to welcome these ladies who came to aid in succoring the wounded and sick soldiers."

Another table attracted a sorrowful attention. It was designated "The Hospital Table," and was furnished with articles solicited or made by the patients in the House of the Good Samaritan at McLean Street, Boston. Miss Mira Eldredge, one of the sufferers at this resort of the sick, originated this table. Mrs. Farmer, wishing to share the beauty and zest of the Fair with her bed-ridden sisters, sent a box of dainty needlework the day before the sale for the McLean sufferers to examine and enjoy. Miss Eldredge from her pillow of pain responded: "The box, which was open for an hour in our ward, made us feel as if we, too, had been at the Fair. I have prayed earnestly that God's smiles may attend you in your work, and it result

in a successful May Day. Poor soldiers, how much even the sick can do for them!"

A little after, when Professor Farmer left another joy at McLean Street for them, Miss Eldredge's response gives us a glimpse of some hours in suffering life which those who are in the health of God may not comprehend:—

"Excuse me that I sent no word to the door to Mr. Farmer when he brought the package from you. I was just then indulging in a violent fit of weeping from actual pain,—quite a rare thing for me. I had suffered so constantly night and day for several weeks and my nerves were so jaded that, when my dinner was brought, I felt too sick to eat, and so concluded to *enjoy* a good cry. But, after enjoying the contents of your box, I almost forgot my pains, and was as happy as ever. The beautiful wreath hangs at the foot of my bed, and reminds me always of your sick and delicate fingers, which arranged the leaves with so much taste. Almost every visitor admires it."

One very noticeable attraction of the hall was a huge pyramid of pop-corn. Nathaniel Knowlton, the son of the dear Aunt Isabel whose name appears in these pages, prepared a bank of parched corn. It is thus described:—

"A beautiful pyramid was made of these bags of corn for the centre of Mabelle's table. A huge branch of pine cones was placed at the apex, and on the cones tiny flags were arranged very tastefully. It was a great ornament."

The dear old mother could not let the barrel of corn go to Salem without a gracious word to the niece she loved so much, and for whom she had unceasingly prayed; and so she wrote:—

“*My dear Niece*,— I write a few lines to put into Nathaniel’s barrel of popped corn. I think he felt, while at work, that it was a great privilege to do something for our poor, suffering soldiers. I wish you had been here to see him catch the spare moments, when he came in to eat, to make the paper bags to put his corn into. He thought it would sell to better advantage and look prettier on your table. I hope, dear Hannah, that you will be able to attend. I guess people would buy of you sooner than of any one else.

“My dear niece, how is your health? Do you have to lie and bear your afflictions yet? How good is God to give you so much patience and grace to bear all he sees fit to lay upon you!

‘We will wait till Jesus comes,
And then be gathered home.’

“Is Alfred Little to be with you at the Fair? I should like to hear him again play his melodeon.

“I suppose you will have Aunt Kenney’s hooked rug for your table. She had but just got it done and laid away to press, when the paper came from you, sent up by your mother. After her tea she was thinking of the May Day Fair. She wondered what she could send you. ‘There is my rug,’ she said; and at last she concluded the soldiers should have what it would bring, more or less.

“Dear Hannah, do you not hope the war and fighting is almost over? But what will become of all the wicked men? God have mercy on their souls. I think of the poor soldiers every day, away from friends, home, and standing in defence of our country. I think of those in the hospitals, and know not how soon, poor lads, they will be gone. Two of my sons are volunteers, and their families are now with me.”

Among the donations to the tables were photographs of the venerable missionary, Father Cleveland. In connection with them was distributed the tribute to his name from Mrs. Farmer’s pen:—

How calm and beautiful the face
Which lies before me now,
As if God’s hand had set his seal
Upon that noble brow,
And left no mark for it to bear,
Save Christ’s dear image mirrored there!

Bow down, my soul, with reverence now,
And here behold the power
Of holy deeds and words of love
To gild life’s evening hour,
And shed a halo round the night,
Sweet prelude to the morning light.

But, when God’s angels take him home,
Will heaven to him be
More perfect than the one on earth,
Whose glories he can see?
And is the song far sweeter there
Than his, whose breath is praise and prayer?

With childlike trust and *filial love*
(His life hath made it meet),

I crave his blessing on my head,
 While kneeling at his feet.
 If once his hand could on it rest,
 My soul would feel it had been blest,
 And gather strength to bear life's cross,
 Nor wish to lay it down.
 For, though I bend beneath its weight,
 No thorns are in my crown,
 Like those my blessed Saviour felt,
 When in Gethsemane he knelt.

Dear living Christ! Thy ways are just,
 Though dark my path is now;
 But thy dear hand will lead me home,
 I will not question—how!
 But, while the storm is passing by,
 In thy strong arms secure I'll lie,
 And bless thee for this earthly love
 That strews my way with flowers;
 And for this last, most precious gift,
 Which came in life's dark hours.
 Now, from this face so saintly pure,
 I'll learn in patience to endure.

Dear "Father Cleveland's" blessed work
 Will ne'er on earth be done.
 The good he's wrought can *never die*,
 Though he the crown has won.
 And God himself will bid him come,
 To bear his ripened sheaves all home.
 God bless him still, and spare his life,
 To guide those who would stray;
 And, when he can no longer work,
 May he still live to pray!
 For prayers will bring the blessing down,
 And give him stars for his bright crown.

Carleton, called to Washington not unexpectedly,
 but to the sorrow of all who desired to listen to his

“Battlefield Experiences,” wrote Mrs. Farmer a letter with a breath divine in it:—

“WASHINGTON, 26 April, 1864.

“*Dear Sister*,—I send a note stating why I can’t be with you as you desired. I don’t think I shall be missed in your grand combination of attractions. We are on the eve of a terrible struggle. I do not doubt that fifty thousand men will need care and attention before July. It makes me shudder to think of it. Oh, how much it costs to establish justice in the earth! But we cannot avoid it. It is God’s wisdom and man’s necessity. The struggle must go on till the foundations of justice and equity, equal rights for men of all colors and climes, are established. We are meeting with reverses, but we shall succeed and triumph in the end. It is God’s work, or rather he has made it ours. We help him. Glorious privilege!

“I am waiting the preparation. I have no speculations as to what will be.

“Your affectionate C.”

With arrangements like these, and helpers inspired not only by the hour, but by the Holy Ghost, was the May Day Fair inaugurated, carried through, and stamped by the divine approval. The entire sentiment of the people and the occasion was voiced in the motto which shone through the stars and stripes on the wall,—

“*Honor to the Brave,
Our highest glory!*”

XXIV.

THE GARNER.

EVERY work, divine or human, has its hour of completeness. There is never anything left finally undone. The May Day Fair, a labor in the Lord, became a finished effort. It was an interesting company which waited with a heavenly curiosity to learn of its fruitfulness. Grateful was the hour when they could make public the following report:

“The subscriber would here gratefully acknowledge the service so kindly rendered by the many friends who assisted him in conducting Mabelle’s May Day Fair. Her very severe illness at the time rendered this valuable aid all the more acceptable to a novice in such matters.

“He would announce that the receipts were something above one thousand dollars, and the net proceeds were eight hundred.

“The articles left on hand (which will soon be offered for sale at No. 12 Pearl Street), with sundry voluntary contributions, will probably increase this amount one hundred dollars or more.

“A portion of the funds has been expended as follows: \$300 given to the Christian Commission; \$50 to the Camden Street Hospital, Baltimore;

\$100 for Mrs. Pomeroy, Columbian Hospital, Washington; \$15 to assist a soldier here, who has served three years without bounty, in procuring a 'Salem Leg'; \$5 to a Salem soldier, who, it is to be feared, may not need assistance long, and it is hoped that he will not be left with a want unsupplied. The balance, \$330, is still in the Salem Bank."

No doubt Mrs. Farmer wrote with a gladder pen some months later:—

"It will be pleasant to you to know that the eight hundred dollars collected by my friends for the suffering soldiers has been increased until the amount is more than twelve hundred above expenses. The good this has done, the sufferings it has relieved, eternity alone will tell. God shall have all the glory. The good work is still going on in an unfailling stream. Everybody has been good to me."

The intenseness of her interest in the May Day Fair resulted in a prostration, which, but for her miraculous endurance, would have been fatal. Yet, as Dr. MacFarland came to see her from Boston, he said in his quiet way: "I find your face as calm as ever and your heart as hopeful. You are a wonderful woman, Mrs. Farmer." As soon as she rallied, she penciled her increasing joys to her friends. To Miss Susan Hammond, of Eliot, she wrote:—

"The first disposal of the proceeds of the Fair was to the wounded from the battle of the Wilder-

ness. A young soldier was carried to the Columbian College in Washington who was 'too far gone to spend any time over,' the surgeon said. The faithful Mrs. Pomeroy felt that his life might be regained. All night she stood over him, forcing open at times the cold white lips and moistening them with the brandy we had sent her from Salem. The next day the powers of life began to rally, and the dear boy was soon pronounced out of danger. As his strength returned, he began to realize what would have been his condition if he had died. His resolve was at once made. The life that God had spared should be devoted to him. He asked Mrs. Pomeroy to kneel by his bed, and help him make the consecration for time and eternity. In his far-off home a patient, loving mother waited for tidings of the safety of her only son. When the joyful news reached her of his welfare, it was to carry a double joy; for she could say, 'My son who was lost has been found.' His greatest desire to see his mother was to tell her what God had done for his soul. As soon as he recovered his health he returned to the regiment; and the colonel soon after wrote Mrs. Pomeroy that he did not leave his religion in the hospital, but worked like a veteran of the cross. A few weeks later he was out on picket, and a bullet from a rebel musket sent him to his rest and reward. The last time he was seen alive it was with his Bible before him; and we cannot doubt that he heard from the Saviour's lips, 'Come, ye blessed,' as he entered the New Jerusalem. His

dear mother waits for him no longer; but, where the sounds of war will never be heard, he is watching for her.

“Go on, then, dear Susan, in your labors of love; and, if you are ever tempted to weary in well-doing, think of the good you have done, and take courage. What I say to you I say to your dear mother and sister. God bless you and reward you for what you have done for my soldiers. I received some beautiful things from dear Mrs. Israel Kimball, of Portsmouth. She has done a great deal to help me.”

In one of her letters printed in the local sheets she says: “The money so generously placed at my disposal by the contributors, patrons, and friends of the May Day Fair in 1864, for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, has been expended for their comfort, returning an interest far exceeding that of simple or compound in the gratitude of those for whom too much cannot be done; and not a dollar has been spent that I have not heard from, giving all interested the pleasing satisfaction of knowing how much suffering has been relieved and what good it has accomplished. This, with the knowledge of the work there is yet to be done before we shall be a happy and united people, is an encouragement for continued efforts.”

Not often have we found among her papers any expression of ire, but the following seems to be that somewhat peculiar and perhaps indefinable state which we express as *righteous indignation*:—

“Your heart would ache if I should tell you of

cases that have been brought to my notice. I have time to mention but one. In a town not far from Salem is a soldier of the Massachusetts 23d. He enlisted a strong man, served faithfully his term of three years, and has come home to die. His sole support since the 1st of October has been the scanty pittance of eight dollars a month, and with this he must provide for his wife and child. His rent is three dollars, leaving him only five dollars for fuel and bread. He has struggled on with that through the winter; and now he is needing medicine and more nourishing food, and finds it impossible to keep free from debt. I wrote to three ministers of the town concerning his needs. No response. A friend then went for me to one whom she thought would be willing to render assistance, and was told by the woman that the poorhouse was probably the place for him, *as that was free*. My indignation surpasses all bounds. What can she say when the Master affirms, 'I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat' ? We should be willing to give up our homes to the returned soldiers, and go to the poorhouse ourselves, if need be." After the May Day Fair Mabelle held two smaller ones; and for one of them she wrote what was termed

A PRACTICAL RHYME.

READ AT THE SOLDIERS' FAIR, IN EDEN HOME,

AUG. 25, 1864.

We've been counting the months, and find them scarce four,
 Since a plea for the soldiers was left at your door;
 And now we are coming to ask of you more.

But, in paying the debt which so justly we owe,
The heart with the hand should most willingly go ;
For the adage is true, "We shall reap what we sow."

Where are the brave men for whom we sought aid,
On whose shoulders the weight of our burdens was laid ?
And for whom, can you tell me, was their sacrifice made ?

Those brave hearts are sleeping, high pulses are still,
Which the bugle's clear blast had the power to thrill.
Now the place where they stood another must fill !

Go ask the warm sun why he veils his bright eye,
And the soft cooling rain falls down from the sky,
Where the death-wounded soldiers in agony lie !

Shall the answer we hear shame the part which we bear ?
Or *we* for our heroes less tenderly care,
Since it is for *our sake* they are now dying there ?

Each drop of the rain gems their brows with a tear.
It is pity's sweet way to comfort them here,
And it tells the poor men that God's angels are near.

Here's a lesson of love which the full clouds would teach,
And the moral our conscience most gladly will reach,
When we give to our deeds such expression of speech.

Now the work which these martyrs have left us to do
Is to guard the dear flag with its "red, white, and blue,"
As the symbol of all that is holy and true.

To comfort the weary by word and with deed,
To bind up the wounds which in agony bleed,
And be true to ourselves and to them in their need.

Then give of your substance, and increase it fourfold,
And thus keep what our heroes now give you to hold,
Or it *may be* your fate to be left out in the cold."

The Voice that had been the inspiration and zeal
of these months and even years of labors spake

again. It said, "Come into the desert place, and rest awhile." As a prelude to this rest, we find in a page to one who had sympathy with her zeal: "They tell me I must *die* if I do not rest. Pray for me and mine, who need so much strength. Live for Christ. Cling to the cross. He died for me." After these ejaculations, traced with fingers that scarcely controlled her pencil, she added: "I wish I could tell you about heaven. I have seen it with my mortal eyes. Glorious, glorious! Christ is all in all. Keep saying, 'Happy Mabelle.' I give you a sweet text, 'If ye loved me, ye would rejoice.' I dare not tell you how long I am in writing this."

And again to a minister she said:—

"How I wish you could bend your ear to catch my whispered words! I would tell you what a sweet season I had on Lord's Day pleading with God for you, that he would make this suffering life of mine a great blessing to you and the dear people at Mendon to whom you minister in holy things. No, I have not felt yet that I am going home, though they tell me that I shall die if I do not lay down my work and *cease to think*. When I do go home, Gerrish will send for you. I want you to hear me sing, as I go over the river, 'O Death, where is thy sting?' Patience, my tired heart. Not yet can thy beatings cease. In God's own time. Can you see Jesus holding me as he did the beloved John? I am happy, quiet, and peaceful. I forget the agony, and dwell only on this. Tell

dear Miss Eldredge all I tell you. I love her tenderly. Her arms uphold me. Bless her, sweet Christ. Everybody is remembered, all their love and kindness. I am at peace with all the world, loving everybody."

From the letter in which she tells the story of her laying down her direct labors and most unselfish devotion to the army boys, we make the following extracts:—

"You know the holy, blessed work that has entered into my very being, that has engrossed my almost every thought during the last four years? God is now about to take it out of my hands. It was sweet to 'Do this in remembrance of *me*.' I trust that I shall find peace as I lay down a burden too great for my failing strength. I have carried all my care to God, and know that his will is soon to be revealed. He has answered my prayer and raised up friends for the poor soldiers who will do more and better than it would have been in my power to do, even with health and strength. He gave me the work in the past, and now I give it back as cheerfully as I accepted it. I believe he has a great deal more for me to do here, but I am convinced that now my first work is to get well. The constant thinking is sapping my blood, exhausting my strength, paralyzing every effort of those who are making such strenuous exertions to save my life. My doctors say it is simply impossible to arrest this inflammatory excitement while the brain, so overtaxed, is constantly supplying it with nourish-

ment at its own expense; and the way I am to begin to rest is to pass over to the Army and Navy Union the amount on the bank book collected for the soldiers, and then be only a looker-on outside the ranks, but praying still to the God of battles. I have been trying for three weeks to complete a letter to Captain Whipple, and to-day my Moses added the last words I have to dictate. It seems like *making my will*."

The letter to Captain Whipple was printed, and the editor of the *Salem Gazette* prefixed a very kindly and truthful note:—

"The following letter, from the trembling hand of an invalid, whose signature is well known to our Salem readers, displays a spirit of patriotism as earnest and unblenching on a sick-bed as ever animated a soldier on the field of battle:—

"CAPTAIN GEORGE M. WHIPPLE, Treasurer Naumkeag Army and Navy Union:

"*Dear Sir*,—The action of the Naumkeag Army and Navy Union has found its way to a bed of suffering, thrilling my weary heart with a joy to which it has long been a stranger; and a pæan of thanksgiving and praise is going up to 'our Father' that the dear people of Salem have been 'weighed in the balance, and not found wanting.' It has proved to me, what I have so long felt to be true, that their *seeming neglect* of a well-known duty was from a 'want of thought, not feeling.'

"How nobly they have responded to each and

every call made upon them during our country's struggles, counting not even their own lives dear! But the absence of so many of our *truest* and *best* adds a glorious lustre to all the records of the triumphant past, and will shine yet brighter through all coming time, like the starry gems on high, which ever seem hymning forth the angels' song which heralded a Saviour's birth, 'Peace on earth, good will to man!'

"That I have been unable to offer the service of a strong right arm and feet that never wearied in well-doing in a crisis like this would be a lifelong sorrow, for which time could offer no balm, only that my Father has done it; and, while I could so plainly hear his voice saying, 'Be still, and know that I am God,' I have accepted the position to which he has assigned me with a thankful heart that he requires nothing of us from which he withholds the power of doing.

"If *waiting* instead of *servicing* will best promote his glory and the good of others, every wish for a more active service is silenced, leaving a heart so full of grateful love to God for the little he has placed within the reach of my willing though feeble hands that there is no room for a murmuring thought or word.

"Through the generosity of those who have so liberally responded to my every petition for help in behalf of our suffering soldiers, I am able to enclose a check for two hundred dollars from the 'May Day Fund,' to be expended by your 'Relief Com-

mittee' for the comfort of those for whom it was collected. If my unworthy life is spared, I hope to be able to add to this sum from time to time, and would in the present case increase the amount, only that I have promised help in several instances, and cannot as yet tell how much may be needed, and would not wish to embarrass the action of your 'Relief Committee' by any such contingencies or restrictions, preferring rather to leave it to the Master (whose servants they are) to guide and direct.

"But you will, I trust, pardon my seeming presumption if I say that your organization does not seem complete until *woman* is connected with your visiting committee, and thus identified with its interests. Her ready sympathy and quick intuition will find a way to the homes and hearts of women, where man (it may be), with his clearer and cooler judgment, might never find access to wants which would be borne in silence or breathed alone into the ear of the Great Listener above.

"We may never expect to find again a Michael Carlton; for, when God requires any special and peculiar work of his children, he fits them pre-eminently for it. In good Mr. Carlton (as in dear Father Cleveland of Boston, who is still going about doing good, though now in the ninety-fifth year of his age) were and are qualities so harmoniously blended that the help of even *woman* would seem to mar the beauty of *their* life-work.

"When the Master's voice was heard, 'Come up

higher,' it was as joyfully answered by the ever-faithful Mr. Carlton, as it always had been through a long and useful life; and he entered upon his rest and reward. That his mantle may fall upon some one in our midst should be our unceasing prayer, while we earnestly endeavor to profit by examples so rare and worthy of imitation.

"I well remember the remark of a soldier's mother in the early part of the war, who, in speaking of one who is now in the many-mansioned home, said, 'I can't help thinking every time she comes to see us how much she looks like an angel.' ('You know,' she added, 'how differently we feel about talking to a woman from what we do to a man, if they are just as good.')

"And who that ever looked upon the pure, sweet face of the dear sainted one, who vanished all too soon from our mortal vision, will wonder that she seemed to be clothed with the beauty and majesty of the angels as she went forth on her errands of love and mercy?

"Fitted by nature to honor and adorn any sphere of life, all the endowments that could add grace or beauty to her presence were bestowed with lavish hand; yet neither nature nor art had power to excel or dim the lustre of the priceless gem within.

"Pure as was the outward temple, the shrine on which were laid all the holy attributes of woman was to those who knew and loved her best without spot or blemish.

"Years ago one said of her in my presence,

'She would grace a throne'; yet, in all her sweet ministrations of love to the poor and afflicted, her divine nature so triumphed that she seemed as truly in her place while visiting the abodes of poverty as she would have been in a palace.

"When the clarion notes of war sounded 'to arms,' no heart responded more quickly than hers; and all that woman could offer was laid upon the altar of our country. From that hour she never wearied in well-doing until she went up the star-gemmed way, to be welcomed by her precious and venerated father, whose dear 'children rise up and call him blessed.' Even while her spirit was pluming its wings for an upward flight, the sick and suffering were not forgotten. One of her last requests was to 'send flowers' to one whose heart often found in their presence a solace for pain; who always loved them for their own sweet sakes, and now all the more for hers; who still sees in the gifts of friends, which so often take from a chamber of suffering all its gloom, the sweet hope that the dear angel one has whispered to their hearts, 'Send flowers,' in answer to the oft-repeated question of friend and stranger, 'What can I do for her?'

"Thus all the memories of a life which can never die are sacredly treasured, twining around life's weary cross the sweet blossoms of patience and hope.

"I trust you will pardon me if it seems invidious to allude thus to *one*, when so many in our own city have consecrated their all to the same high and

holy purpose. The remark of the soldier's mother bears so directly upon my suggestion for appealing to the noble-hearted women of Salem for help in your labors of love that I could not refrain from doing it, nor from paying this just and heart-felt tribute to the value of the seed the sainted one has sown, which will yet spring up in harvests of blessings for other hands to reap. If she could speak to us to-day, her language would be, —

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
 Be wise the erring soul to win ;
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 And gently lead the sufferers in.

“May the blessing of him who was rich, but became poor for our sakes, rest upon *you* and your co-laborers in a work so beneficent and glorious, is the prayer of one who is still in the furnace of suffering, but who, if there is *any* service that heart or brain can render in the cause to which you and your associate members have proved your loyal devotion, only waits for a knowledge of it.

“Yours respectfully,

“MABELLE.”

XXV.

THE MAY BASKET.

THE direct work for the soldiers laid down, it was a holy joy to her to gather up her letters, and fold them carefully away as treasures of more worth than a mint. Shall we not enter into her joy, now that her departure has given us the freedom to select from these papers that which must by its reflex power cause her own loving kindness to be more clearly defined?

The letters of Mrs. Pomeroy to Mabelle bring us into fellowship with that woman of grace of life and speech, and reveal her appreciation of the efforts of her fellow-helper:—

“How do I long to sit at your bedside, dear Mabelle, and tell you much that I have passed through which only my blessed Saviour knows!”

And, when her divine skill in hospital work gave many friends, Mrs. Pomeroy wrote:—

“Honors with me have brought many sorrows. I have often thought of Joseph in Egypt; but God was with him, and brought him out of them all. I should sink but for the Unseen Arm. We are expecting more wounded, and my old cottons or handkerchiefs will be much needed. For the postage-

stamps, dear Mabelle, the soldiers thank you much; and I thank you for the pin-flats you gave me when I was at your house."

One may be easily forgiven if the tears fall as one reads the following acknowledgment of a hospital box, written by Mrs. Pomeroy:—

"*My dear Mrs. Farmer*,— I shall never be able to let you know the half that your kindness has done for my poor, sick, wounded boys, as I can now give them many things the Government does not provide. When my very sick boys — sick unto death — have looked up so gratefully as I held the cup of tea sweetened with the white sugar your dear hands provided, I have wished you could look as their faces beam with gratitude. The silent tear is seen, but words are choked in their utterance. Dear Mabelle, all my beds have been filled, and I thought that *four* must die; but God in his great mercy has heard prayer, and I feel encouraged that they may once more see their friends. One has found the Saviour, and three are thoughtful; and my earnest prayer is that I may be useful, working for Him who has done so much for me.

"Yes, since writing the above, I have closed the bright eyes of my sickest boy, said the last word; and now the vacant cot is made ready for another wounded lad. The dead child was not only a scholar, but a Christian. He called me *Mother* all the time I was with him, told me often of his own mother in heaven. He said her prayers saved him, and he wanted to go to her and to Jesus. Just be-

fore he died he put his arms about my neck, and said, 'Mother, *dear* mother, how I love you! and I know that God will bless you for being so kind to us boys.'

"Then our surgeon had a dear little boy die; and I was in demand for four days, doing all I could for the stricken parents and looking after my large family of soldier boys. The four very sick ones, by the providence of God, have been able to go home. The postage-stamps are most acceptable, as the soldiers beg for one quite often. I feel hurried, as an order is here to make ready for a large number of sick boys."

From one more letter we get a glimpse of the dear woman's hospital days and various work:—

"*My dear Mrs. Farmer*,— On Sunday we all followed in procession from the hospital to the chapel the wife of one of the surgeons. She was only twenty-four; but, though young, she was rich in Christ. Her dear husband is left with a babe eighteen months old. We all do what we can, but he is inconsolable. My large family of soldier boys is doing well."

As an appendix to the motherly epistles of Mrs. Pomeroy is one signed by "All Mrs. Pomeroy's Boys." It was to Mabelle a sunbeam, and lighted her eyes with the beauty of the Lord:—

"COLUMBIAN HOSPITAL, Nov. 22, 1864.

"*Mrs. Farmer: Dear Madam*,— As I am one of those fortunate ones to be in Mrs. Pomeroy's Ward

in this Hospital, and so enjoying those articles you sent to the soldiers, I cannot help writing you a few lines to let you know how thankful we all are. We were all very much surprised on Saturday evening by our dear Nurse, Mrs. Pomeroy, coming into the Ward and telling us a box had come for us. We were all delighted, and more so when she told us that *tea and sugar* were in it; for a good cup of tea is very acceptable to sick soldiers. May God bless you and preserve you for your kindness to us! The boys all send kind regards. Hoping we shall soon see this cruel war over, we remain your soldier friends.

“JOHN H. FOREY, Co. K, 10th N.Y. Art’y.

“JOHN HAVERSTICK, Co. I, 12th N.J. V.

“JOHN MARTIN, Co. A, 5th Mich.

“SERG’T JOHN POST, Co. I, 152d N.Y. S. V.

“BENJ. F. ADAMS, Co. 1st Maine.

“HARRIS JACOBS, Co. D, 69th N.Y. V.

“GILBERT CHAPMAN, Co. K, 10th N.Y. Art’y.

“JOHN H. BOARDMAN, Co. C, 61st N.Y. V.

“FREDERIC BRINKLEY (rebel), Co. I, 41st Va.

“SAMUEL COBURN, Co. H, 7th Md.

“WM. BUTTERWICK, Co. F, 22d Vt. R. Corps.

“OTIS KIMBALL, Co. A, 1st Mich. Sharpshooters.

“All Mrs. Pomeroy’s Boys.”

The venerable Father Cleveland, as he read the foregoing letters, wrote the following tribute to Mrs. Pomeroy’s worth and work:—

“Dear saint cannot but possess the spirit of her divine Master while watching over so many sick patients from the battlefields, where they readily and at every hazard jeopardized their lives

in behalf of their dear country against the purposes of the Prince of Powers of the Air in his attempts to destroy the Union. CHARLES CLEVELAND."

It will be remembered that of all the war photographs none was more attractive than "Some of the Boys who Saved us," a group of six young men, all disabled in battles and each leaning upon his crutch. One of these noble fellows wrote to Mrs. Farmer the golden message:—

"When I lie suffering untold pain, I had rather be *envied* than *pitied*. I do not need sympathy. I want my friends to speak cheerfully.

"I hardly know what else to say to you. I received not only your letter, but a soldier's quilt and a memorial of Major A. B. Soule. These I prize. If I had never been disabled in battle, I should never have known how many were friends to me. I felt my own nothingness as I read the life of Major Soule. The poetry of the letter I received is beautiful. You write just what you wish to. Ask Mr. Farmer to send us two dozen of the paper in which it was published."

On the margin of a letter Mabelle has written, "A letter by one of my soldiers in response to a quilt made by little girls, and addressed to them":

"So you want a real soldier's letter? Well, you shall have one, and that from a soldier who has been in the service of his country for three years,—one that has been in twenty-one engagements, been wounded five times, one that has carried the stars and stripes over fifteen hundred miles in the

States of Louisiana, Texas, and Mississippi; and, if such a letter can be called a *soldier's* letter, you shall have one.

“Now, my little friends, you wish to do all you can for soldiers. That is right, for they deserve it. In this Home you will find faces that have been bronzed by Southern suns and blackened by the smoke of battles. Now they are pale. They have been bleached in the Hospital, some with loss of limb, others with loss of health, and many have no home to go to. Some are languishing towards the grave. Many have come back only to die. It is a sad sight to see these brave fellows in this Home. And now about the quilt? I have got it. It will keep me warm until my wounds get well. I thank you one and all for it. I am only a rough soldier, so do not criticise my letter too closely. Give my love to Aunt Mabelle. H. H. SWALLOW, Discharged Soldiers' Home.”

We find one of Mrs. Farmer's own letters referring to another quilt for soldiers:—

“A dear little girl, only five years old, whose name is Lillie, has sent four beautiful squares of patchwork; but it was a long time before I could see whether it was sewed neatly or not, the tears came too fast. I had not forgotten dear little fingers that tried so hard to sew, and could still hear our angel Lillie asking for a ‘needle, just like auntie's.’ I must not weep for *her* now, while so many little girls have given up their fathers to die for you and me, but must work; and this I am

ready to do, just where the Master sees I am most needed.”

Another of her boys wrote to her about the appreciative hearts of the soldiers:—

“Yes, the smallest article given towards the comfort of the soldiers is prized much more than many suppose it is. Would it not repay you to know that during the dreary winter some brave and true soul was kept comfortable? Could you only *see* how a gift is appreciated! I know something about it. I served in the army until the battle of Cold Harbor. There I received a severe wound, having had a narrow escape from death. While I lay in the Hospital, I saw many a pair of stockings and shirts given away; and, if you could have seen how glad the boys were, you would have felt paid for your effort with compound interest.”

A wounded soldier at Hampton Hospital, Va., wrote Oct. 7, 1864:—

“I received a comfort bag which you had the kindness to arrange and send. I perused your letter with emotions of thankfulness. I was wounded in the battle of Chapin’s Farm, south of the James River. The ball passed through my left lung. I feel quite unable to sit up. I trust I belong to the Army of the Lord, too; and with these hasty words I bid you a brotherly good-by.”

A soldier’s widow, only twenty years of age, writes from Ohio:—

“My brother was in the army more than a year, when he failed in health, and was discharged. A . . .

brother went when the first call came for seventy-five thousand. He was absent two years, then he was ill with camp fever. This week he has re-enlisted. Another brother has gone with him. A year ago my husband went. His regiment encamped at Vicksburg, near a swamp; and he fell a victim to malaria. If you are a wife, beloved and idolized, you can realize my grief. It is as fresh to-day as at first. The 5th of September, my twentieth birthday, my little baby daughter died. I am left a widow and childless. How often I think of you, lying upon your couch, yet ready to alleviate as far as possible the trials of our brave boys! I am at present engaged in making a war-quilt. In the centre of each block is the date of a battle. Father has now entered the army again, and is at Wilson's Landing. He is too old for a soldier, but he has twice enlisted."

Another letter from one who had a table at the May Day Fair tells of a soldier brother dying at Portland, Me., aged nineteen years, and saying, as he breathed his last: "I did my duty while in the regiment, and would have died in New Orleans, had I known you were all Christians. Be good. I am going home." And then, adds his chronicler, "We all kissed him, and wept." Yes, poor thing, thousands kissed dying lips and wept, while those years drifted by.

Mrs. Farmer's correspondence with the Rev. John W. Dadmun was a great consolation. She wrote of him: "I know from personal experience

what his ministrations are to the sick and afflicted. He came to me in life's darkest hour, and the memory of the suffering through which I passed in 'Lillie's home' will be forever sanctified by the remembrance of his angel visits, which were 'neither few nor far between'; and I can only pray that his sweet and tuneful voice may refresh and strengthen the weary soldier, leading him up into a clearer light, where visions of the glory yet to be revealed may dawn upon his soul, as it has so often vibrated over the quivering heart-strings of one who has not yet learned to 'suffer and be strong.' "

When she learned that this excellent and genial servant of God and sweet singer of Israel was to be her almoner at Washington, she was filled with a divine though silent hallelujah:—

“WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1864.

“MRS. FARMER:

“*Dear Sister in Christ*,—Doubtless before this you have learned that I am in the service of the Christian Commission. One week ago last Friday, when I called at Brother Demond's office to get my credentials before leaving for Washington, he said to me, 'Here are some papers from Mrs. M. G. Farmer of Salem, who, though an invalid, has managed to get up a Fair, and has raised the handsome sum of three hundred dollars for the Christian Commission, and wants some one delegate to have it who will see that its value is faithfully distributed to the sick and wounded soldiers.' I answered, 'I

am personally acquainted with Mrs. Farmer, and shall be most happy to bear her token of affection to our brave and suffering men.' Brother Demond said, 'This seems to be very providential that one she knows should be her almoner.'

"On arriving here one week ago yesterday, I found that all of the sick and wounded were being brought from the front to this city, and was informed by Brother Abbott, the agent here, that my coming was very timely and providential, for there was a great work to be done in the hospitals. I entered upon my duties at once, and such scenes of suffering I never witnessed before. For about a week they have been coming in by thousands, some with a leg amputated, some with a leg and arm gone, others with both legs off. One poor fellow that I have visited has twenty-four bullet holes in his body. But such patience, and in some — yes, many — cases such Christian heroism I never witnessed before.

"My work has been, first, to distribute such articles of food and clothing as would render their poor suffering bodies as comfortable as possible, then talk to them of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. It seems to me that God has called me to this particular work at this time. All seem willing to listen to the gospel of Christ; and very many are eager to have me sing some sweet hymn, then talk and pray with them. As an illustration of what we are doing here, last Sabbath Rev. Brother McDonald and myself went into Armory Square Hospital, and

commenced holding meetings in the different wards. We would first sing a hymn, 'Rest for the weary' or 'There will be no sorrow there,' then one would deliver a short address, and the other would pray, until we had attended seven services, including one funeral and one baptism, the baptism service being read by the chaplain, Brother E. M. Jackson, a faithful, devoted man of God. All this was done, besides talking personally with a great number of the men. Only think of sixteen hundred men in one hospital, two-thirds of whom will die, in all probability, within thirty days! The mortality here is doubtless greater than in the other hospitals, as this is nearer the landing, where the most severely wounded are brought. It seems to me the Christian Commission is the noblest institution of the land in this national crisis. Here Christian ministers of all denominations meet on a level; and the only question of interest is, How and where can we do the most for suffering humanity? Like Jesus, we break bread to the multitude, and then instruct them in the way to heaven.

"I will assure you that the avails of your Fair are faithfully and prudently distributed to the suffering heroes of our country. In all probability I shall go to the front the first of next week, as there must be a great deal of fighting done near Richmond. I will write you again soon, and let you know what I am doing. My time is so fully taken up that I can find but little leisure for writing. I hope you are enjoying great peace through our Lord Jesus Christ.

“I must here add one very interesting fact. From personal observation and after conversing with other delegates here in the hospitals, we are satisfied that two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of the sick and wounded are indulging a good hope in Christ. There was a great revival in the army before they moved ‘on to Richmond.’ Many a man has gone up to heaven from the battlefield that might never have reached there but for this war.

“Give my best regards to Brother Farmer and all my friends.

“Yours in the love of Christ.

“J. W. DADMUN.”

A wounded officer in Iowa, who received a box from Eden Home, wrote: “The soldiers cannot but love such people as you. They will never forget you.” And from Fort Lyon came a long and gracious missive from another wounded officer, Captain E. C. Dickinson:—

“Permit me and my comrades who are sharers of your kind-hearted gifts to sincerely thank you. May the gratitude of the *soldier* repay you and the friends for such kindnesses! Everything came in good order. I am rewarded for many days of suffering and want during the past three years by tender and encouraging words from loyal ones at home and the inspiring letters from strangers, known only by deed and name. It is a soldier’s inspiration to know that he is remembered. By your kindness I shall be able to distribute crackers and jelly to the

sick ones now in the Hospital, and the pin-flats and the reading matter. The government coffee does not agree with me; and you may well imagine how highly I prize the tea in the box, so carefully put in 'separate drawings.' The handy little teapot is a luxury, and I have real pleasure in drinking my tea from a *real* cup and saucer."

And one who signed herself as "Willie's Mother" wrote to her because of her love to stranger-mothers in their griefs:—

"He and his younger brother enlisted together, and have been in two battles besides skirmishes. They were at Donelson and Pittsburg. Willie contracted fever, and his father went to him at the hospital at Memphis. The meeting of father and son was very touching. The dying boy put his arms about his father's neck, and said, 'I knew you would come, and you won't leave me?' The next day the surgeon thought he might be taken home, as he desired it so much. They reached Cairo, and could get no farther. That night he died, saying: 'I am not afraid. I love Jesus.' These words we put upon his gravestone. I write all this because you are so interested."

Another donation from the May Day Fair was a library to Jefferson Barracks. Several of her most interesting letters bear the date of that hospital.

"JEFFERSON BARRACKS, July 20, 1864.

"M. G. FARMER:

"*Dear Friend*,— I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a box of books for this Hos-

pital from you, which arrived on the 16th inst. On opening the same, I was highly delighted with the selection; for my anticipations were to receive a goodly number and quality, but was happily disappointed on the perusal of the titles and quantity of volumes.

“Before delivering them to the library, a complete catalogue was made, and everything arranged that they might be immediately placed in the hands of the soldiers; and, if those books are not duly appreciated by them, I am in fault of my calculations of the noble defenders of our country. I am aware how thankful I should have been, at the time I was in the same situation that the eleven hundred inmates of this Hospital now are, to have had the privilege to choose a book from so choice a selection; and, believe me, they will do your efforts justice. After the box was opened, many gathered around it, and, on being told who they were for and where from, wondered that any one could make so good a selection without knowing exactly the condition of the library and the wants of the Hospital; and many asked me if some one here did not suggest most of the books. The scrap-books especially excited interest, and the works of Dickens are just what are needed. That vein of humor which prevails in all his writings will, I believe, have a beneficial influence. Could you have heard and seen the various expressions of joy and surprise that fell from their lips and covered their countenances while glancing through them, would have

doubly repaid you and all who were instrumental in that May Day Fair which has so kindly blessed us.

“I do not think that one book which the box contained was ever before in the library, and now they give the shelves such a variety that all tastes can find congenial reading. The newspapers and pin-flats I distributed among ‘the boys’; and all were greedily taken, and, when told they were sent to them all the way from Massachusetts, looked more than pleased, fairly delighted.

“The picture of Father Cleveland hangs on the library wall, where those who read will all see and learn of his good deeds and the interest which he takes in the cause for which they now suffer.

“Please accept our thanks and kindest regards for your welfare. ‘God bless the ladies of Massachusetts’ is the prayer of the soldiers of this Hospital.

“Yours respectfully,

“C. H. TALMAGE.”

Another letter contained a very good-sense criticism:—

“You may well imagine the joy of Charley and me in opening the box of books. They supplied our *need*. Sunday-school library gifts have scarcely met the *intellectual* want of the mass of our soldiers, however good they are in themselves. Your selection calls out our thanks for happy hours with Dickens, Shakspeare, Mrs. Stowe, *et als.*”

A few months later a soldier wrote again of this library:—

“I made an errand to the scene of my former work and the May Day Fair’s bounty, and inquired after the books. The incessant changing of the patients of the Hospital brings the volumes into constant requisition, being new to every fresh arrival. They are kept right well. The paper coverings preserve them from soil nicely. Not an army hospital, surely not one at the West, has so large and choice a selection of reading. All who enjoy the books know who is to be thanked,—an evidence of which you occasionally have through the chaplain’s daughter.”

When Mrs. Farmer asked her boys the exact relation of the life to God, several honest responses came to her:—

“Your words, Mrs. Farmer, revolve yet in my mind. Have I enlisted under the banner of the Prince of Peace? No, though it is not because I lacked moral training; for, if I had followed maternal wishes, my course would have been different. But I have needed conviction as to the actual way of salvation. Never desiring to evade the point, I am always ready to listen.”

An earnest spirit dated a letter from Deep Bottom, Va.:—

“I had lead of the regular soldiers’ prayer-meeting, and I read that portion of your letter requesting them to come unto Christ and to come *now*. Then I read them other portions of the letter. I met the colonel, and gave him your letter to read, and had a talk with him about Christ. I tried to

explain religious life as well as I could. I have prayed earnestly for our colonel. When he returned your letter, he said, 'Give my compliments to Mrs. Farmer, and tell her I am thankful for the interest she shows in the welfare of the soldier.'"

Of Mrs. Farmer's labors at this date, a journalist said:—

"Many have heard of a May Day Fair held by 'Mabelle,' a *sick* lady of the witchcraft city, whose *nom de plume* is well known to the readers of poetry in our vicinity. She is the wife of a well-known electrician and inventor, and a lovely Christian woman, gifted mentally and spiritually; and, when I think of her sweet face, with the speaking eye and pleasant smile, as she has looked up at me from the pillow where the dear head has rested so patiently for many long and weary months of intense suffering, I would fain add, gifted physically, too."

Another, whose signature was *Paraclete*, wrote:—

"I cannot but admire and love a character so patient, generous, and brave. She highly honors the religion of the Master by showing not only how it can support the soul in trial, but also how it can preserve in the heart a tender, loving, active sympathy for others, amid sufferings the natural tendency of which must be to centre all pity upon self."

Another said of her:—

"I can never forget the last time I saw her: it was the day of the Fair, and she was on that bed of pain, and yet dressing a doll. How sick she

looked! I must see her again, to have once more the old and *real* look."

Mrs. Farmer called some of her letters *balance wheels*. Her friends would send literally "reproof, counsel, and instruction." Her dear Mrs. Mason wrote one day:—

"*My dear Friend*,— You are not able to meet the constant demands on your energies. Are you sure you *ought* to exert yourself as you do? For me, I just do nothing. I feel as though my present work is to get well, if I can, for my husband's sake and my child's, if not for my own. It would kill me to attempt the half you are doing."

Yet this gifted woman was among the very first to send to her when the Fair was over:—

"I wish to congratulate you on the success of the Fair. It is indeed a worthy offering which you have laid on the altar of our beloved country. God grant that the healing which you have poured into so many poor wasted frames may flow back in abundance into your own pain-wearied limbs, so that the life you have given others may be quickened fourfold in yourself."

Another sent the following bit of terseness:—

"I am thankful for your interest in the soldiers; but I do not want you and Mother Dix to kill yourselves, for you both owe something to yourselves."

The writer, however, very wisely added a chapter of family patriotism which indicated that she was of the very same blood:—

"I have had four brothers who have worn their

country's blue, and one pulseless heart lies in his blue uniform in the old graveyard; one is at home, having seen no well day since his time expired; one is in the V. R. C. at Johnson's Island, having served two years, and is not eighteen years old till next June; the other is at Pensacola, in the Maine cavalry. So your works come near my heart."

These are the type of letters which filled up her correspondence at this date; and, though she laid down the direct and absorbing labors in behalf of the soldiers, yet her interest in them never ceased to find expression in her written pages as long as she lived, and to her latest year they knew her to be the true helper in the days of their pinch and hardship. "Not a week passes," she once said, "that I do not hear some soldier say, 'Come over and help me.' This very day a soldier sat by my bedside, who is almost persuaded to be Christly. For more than a year he has not entered the sanctuary for the want of suitable clothing. He told me to-day with a choked voice, 'I should like to go to meeting and to Sunday-school; but you know, Aunt Mabelle, 'tis money that makes the man in this world, and I cannot go as I am.' Dear, precious friend, do you wonder I wish to carry the soldiers over the direful places?"

A few years after the war, and when she was able to travel again, Mr. Bowen, the founder of the Gettysburg Orphanage, called upon her in Philadelphia, and she told out to a friend her fresh impulse of love for the soldiers' children :—

“And now, dear, precious Mrs. S., I cannot close without telling you something of the Home for Soldiers’ Orphans, for which dear Mrs. Crockett collected eighty dollars. It is at Gettysburg, and has now more than a hundred children from ten States of the Union. Dr. Bowen, the saintly man who was the means of founding it, came to see me three times while I was in Philadelphia, and would that I could tell you all he said. You will remember the soldier who was found dead on the battle-field with a picture of three little children in his hand, his sightless eyes fixed on their bright faces? And that photograph I have held in my own hand, and have seen the blood-stain the dying man left upon it. Never did I look upon any picture that thrilled as that did. Never was such a sermon heard through all my soul as it preached to me. God forgive me that I have thought so little of those who died for me. God forgive me that I have thought so little of the fatherless and uncared for. The dear children of the Gettysburg Home are to be in it until they are sixteen. I have photographs of ten of them; and, when you see them, how quickly your eyes will fill with tears! Dr. Bowen said several children cannot be received because of the present insufficiency of means. Now, dear, precious sister, I want you to *speak in meeting*, if you never did before; and please tell your good husband he must not hinder you. I do not know but he quotes Saint Paul, that women should keep silent in the churches. If he does, I will soon make a convert

of him; and you need not be surprised to hear of me out in public in behalf of the soldiers' orphans."

This chapter has been devoted to letters revealing the earnest life in behalf of boys in blue during rebellion days. Can we not also sprinkle into this May basket a few flowers, not gathered by soldier hand, lest we should forget that Mrs. Farmer, in her ardor for the soldier, never for one moment remitted her love, her thought, her deeds, for others who needed her?

Among the faces which she never saw, yet to whom she ministered in these days, by an occasional book or a remembrance of flowers or a helpful note, was that of Mary R. Staniford, a gentle, lifelong sufferer, with the touch of the divine upon her forehead. In return for Mrs. Farmer's quiet memories of her, Mary sent her one day the following word, which will be like an echo from the heaven where she now lives unto those who remember her: —

"Thinking of you, dear Mrs. Farmer, upon that sick-bed the other day (and there is hardly a day that I do not remember how tired you must be in your soldier work), I took up a book and read this quaint prayer: 'Lord, send this wearied one a borrowed bed from Christ!' And if that borrowed bed is Christ's *love*, the pillow his everlasting arms, and the covering his righteousness, I thought it would be easier to lie upon than any other could be. And might not such a bed rest on his promises?"

Again this choice spirit wrote what a great many besides herself have learned: —

“One of the hardest things for me to remember is that *waiting*, when He folds our hands, is as acceptable to our heavenly Father as the active services of other days.”

In another little page she added:—

“The loss of my voice and my strengthlessness are not worth one thought in comparison to one day of pain,—such pain as you have been enduring for years. ‘Doth not He see all my ways and count all my steps?’ has made *me* very glad lately. Perhaps it will be a ray of sunshine for you also while you read it. (Job xxxi. 4.)”

XXVI.

THE CHAPLET.

“ I SEND you a few poems by Mabelle,” wrote her friend Mrs. Stiles, after the departure. “ And they have been carefully treasured, because they speak her sympathy, her love, for us all in our sorrows. Our Mabelle was a great comfort to me in my season of affliction. Her influence was so soothing and elevating. She lifted us higher than the atmosphere of earth, into heaven. Her look and her voice, full of tenderness for those who were passing through deep waters are among the most sacred memories of my life. Dear Mabelle! lying upon her bed, suffering as the months passed on, with her mother love, her sister love for everybody. Such a fresh, evergreen memory of the precious seasons with her comes to me now that I feel as if I had just been to see an angel. Ah, yes! some sweet remembrances of earth will never fade away.”

One of the poems alluded to in the foregoing letter was the tribute of Mabelle to a little child gathered into the fold when but nine years of age. Of rare spiritual unfolding, she was the jewel of the mother's life; and, when the home in which she died was surrendered for a newly built one, it

is not strange that the parents grieved to leave behind so many tender associations. It was another funeral. So Mrs. Farmer sent to Mrs. Stiles the verses that have been read over and over for nearly thirty years by that still mourning mother:—

LEAVING LITTLE MARIA'S HOME.

Good-by, dear home! with quivering hearts
 We pass from out this door;
 God help us when we turn away
 And know 'tis ours no more.

Each room seems like a golden link
 Which keeps our darling near;
 And, oh! we sometimes almost feel
 That we shall leave her here.

The little songs she used to sing,
 In childhood's happy hour,
 Have echoed here from room to room
 With almost magic power.

The evening prayer from prattling lips
 How often have we heard!
 And known that God's dear angels came
 To bear on high each word.

Her little life was one of prayer,
 Though but nine summers long;
 For he who bears the tender lambs
 Had taught her heart his song.

How strange it seems that he should open
 To her the gates so wide,
 And we not see the angel host
 That beckoned her inside!

We held her by love's strongest cords,
 And felt they would not break;

She was the dearest part of life,—
 We lived but for her sake.

The hours of day passed slowly by
 Till, bounding o'er the stair,
 We heard her steps, and then the light
 Fell softly everywhere.

How oft she came with dancing feet
 A kiss to catch again!
 And, if she found dear mother sad,
 Her tears fell like the rain.

And then would say, "It won't be long
 That I shall be away;
 For, when the school is out, I'll run,
 And will not stop to play."

Dear child! how little then she knew
 The dark days yet in store,
 When precious words from infant lips
 Would comfort us no more!

The shadow fell; with untold grief
 We watched her day by day;
 But from the Saviour's loving call
 She could not turn away.

Her little heart she gave to him
 When life to her seemed long;
 And can we doubt that she has heard
 The blessed angels' song?

Our grief is less since this we know,—
 That they were waiting near,
 To take the precious little hands
 Which we were holding here.

Whene'er we reach our Father's house,
 How great our joy will be!
 For, oh, it would be heaven to us
 If we her face could see!

And all the memories of her life,
 Which cluster round her here,
 Will go with us from this sweet home
 To make our new one dear.

This one bright link from love's pure chain
 Will bind her to us still;
 And she will come in angel form
 The aching void to fill.

To God we consecrate the place
 Where we a home shall make,
 And feel that she, our angel child,
 Will love it for our sake.

And it shall be, as this is called,
 "Little Maria's Home";
 Whene'er we need her presence most,
 Our darling then will come.

To these dear rooms once more good-by,
 Though hard from them to part.
 We shall not leave our angel child,—
 She lives within our heart.

And her rill of poetic comfort flowing from Mrs. Farmer's ceaseless pen had a history revealed in the following letter:—

"Mrs. Soule, whose husband went out with the Maine 23d, has written me a very touching account of her neighbor who has lost her two little girls,—all she had. Katie died only two days before Carrie. And Mrs. Soule says it was 'heart-rending to see the poor, distracted mother try to warm with her kisses the cheeks that death had chilled.' She called and entreated her to speak just once more: 'O Katie, darling, open your blessed eyes, and

tell mother you have only been asleep!’ But tears and prayers were alike unavailing, as our own hearts have told us, when we have bowed in agony over all that was mortal of our own earthly idols, the prayer in our hearts struggling for utterance from lips cold almost as our sheeted dead,—‘*Thy will be done.*’ God be praised that by grace we have been able to say this with no reservation. Mrs. Soule wanted me to write something for the mother, hoping it might unseal the fountain of tears and quiet her. I have tried to comply, and the stanzas have gone to her, laden with humble prayer. May God’s blessing follow this feeble utterance of one who is not a stranger to sorrow!”

In this poem, watered with the tears of her own experience, she sent, as one of her prayers, the desire which, if heeded, will clothe many a sorrow with the sense of the more than mother-love of God:

“Walk not in the cold gray shadows
Which their absence here will cast:
Make a grave out in the sunlight,
Bury there *the dear old past.*”

Nearer to the universal heart were her soldier memorials. She wrote many. When Lieutenant Colonel Merritt was brought to his Salem home on his bier, and his mother, beautiful with her many years, wrapped him in the stars and stripes, saying, as she did so, that she had covered him many times in his cradle, and why should she not shroud him for the tomb, the wealth of Mrs. Farmer’s heart

went out for her, and she wrote a memorial hymn, which the Rev. Mr. Beaman read at the close of his Sunday sermon, and his choir sang it: —

“ He loved the cause for which he died,
 Though home and friends were dear;
 And, when the clarion voice was heard,
 He answered, ‘ *I am here,*
 With ready hand to grasp the sword,
 Unsheathed it still shall be:
 Whate’er the sacrifice it costs,
 My country shall be free!’ ”

Salem was again draped in weeds: General F. W. Lander lay in state in her city hall. The populace filed about his casket before the funeral dirges were sung. While the city thus paid its reverence, Mrs. Farmer in her room — Bethel — was writing: —

“ No claim has Death on souls like his,
 Save this, to set them free!
 From him fresh courage we would gain,
 His watchword ours shall be.
 He knew no fear, but dared to stand
 Alone upon the field,
 Where rebel tyrants bowed to him,
 Where vanquished foes must yield.”

When the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, the brother of Margaret, and the personal friend of her poet-sister, Mrs. Hanaford, died on the field, she carefully planted one of the acorns that the chaplain had sent to his Northern friends; and both she and Caroline Mason sent forth in lines, “Upon the Acorns from

The Soldier's Grave.

By Madelle

Musical by

Wm. J. Farmer.

Oh Arthur n' dear, we welcome thee here, for we want thy beautiful leaves.

Be strew on the ground, & cover that mound, 'neath the whispering & sad new grasses.

We will come, we will come from our costly home, and a bed there so warm we will make.

We will come, we will come from our costly home, and a bed there so warm we will make.

And the trees will stand as a sentinel band, their way to another we take.

And the trees will stand as a sentinel band, their way to another we take.

Fortress Monroe," the grateful expressions of his worth which thousands felt, but needed a pen to unfold. A theme at a concert was a poem read by her young friend, Louisa Chapman, on Mr. Fuller's words: "Call nothing mine but God."

Several of her tributary poems brought her very grateful words, and drew to her lifelong fellowship. Two widowed mothers, whose fair and titled boys fell thirty years ago, still live to grieve that they shall see her face no more. We may speak their names again, for their loves and their benevolences blend all along with the devoted Mabelle,—Mrs. Derby and Mrs. Dix. Of Mrs. Dix it is remembered that Mrs. Farmer said, "She is the only woman I ever wished to call *Mother* after my own dear mother's face was laid beneath the autumn leaves." Once, in writing to Mrs. Hanaford, she told her:—

"I shall send the volume of your poems to Mother Dix. She has always loved you for the comfort you were to her in the darkest days of the agony when her Hervey fell. But for you, dear, I should never have known her. God only can understand what that dear Mother Dix has been to me. Sometimes I think I worship her, and who would wonder if they knew how pure the gold."

Hervey Dix was a noble youth of twenty-three years, and Mrs. Farmer felt the touch of inspiration when Mrs. Hanaford told her of his martyrdom and his mother's grief. She dedicated to his name "The Patriot's Grave." Professor Farmer, sitting

at the piano, without thought of composition, took up the MS., and, as he read, it floated into song.

We do not know that verse or music was better than other pieces from the same lips and pen, but "The Patriot's Grave" was caught up, as occasional pieces sometimes are. It was sung in churches, it found its way into concerts, it became indeed a memorial of a brave young captain. Mrs. Farmer gave its origin in a few words:—

"I have just given Mrs. Dix the words of 'The Patriot's Grave,' and shall soon send her the music. Hervey Dix will always be associated in my mind with the stanzas, not because they were written expressly for him, but the lines were suggested by thoughts of his far-off grave. This led to the wish to link with it a pleasant thought as a comfort to other sorrowing hearts. The verses were written one Sabbath evening at twilight, while sitting at a window of my room, watching the leaves on the ground, which the wind whirled at its pleasure. In an hour we sang them to the tune which will some day be printed with them."

Of the many little newspaper notices of "The Patriot's Grave," we select one from a Boston daily:—

"'The Patriot's Grave,' a new piece of music and song, dedicated to the 3d Regiment Iowa Infantry. Words by Mabelle. Music by Moses G. Farmer, Esq. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, and for sale in Salem by Whipple & Co. It is the grave of a Boston boy,

Hervey Dix, whose father is editor of the *Boston Journal*. He was a noble-minded and brave youth, commanding a small detachment of federal soldiers at the time he was killed in a victorious conflict, at Kirksville, Mo. His last words were in reply to a summons to surrender: 'The 3d Iowa never surrenders.' The poetry and music are admirably in unison with the subject. Mabelle has sung in one of her most touching strains, and her husband, whose musical talents are of a high order, has produced in this piece a composition of unusual merit. It is adapted to the pianoforte, and will be found to be one of the best pieces the war has produced. The lithograph picture of the grave is a correct as well as a beautiful design, and makes a fine title-page."

The poem itself, without the music, freely circulated in newspaper columns throughout the war:—

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

O Autumn dear, we welcome thee here,
 For we want thy beautiful leaves
 To strew on the ground, and cover that mound
 Where the whispering wind now grieves.

We will come, we will come, from our leafy home,
 And a bed there so warm we will make;
 While the trees will stand as a sentinel band,
 As our way to another we take.

Sweet moon above, from thy home of love,
 We pray thee look woingly down;
 For the soldier sleeps, and the nation weeps,
 Though he weareth the victor's crown.

With joy we will shine on so pure a shrine
 As the faithful soldier's grave,
 And to kiss the bed of your glorified dead
 Is the boon we so tenderly crave.

O stars so bright, in your home of light,
 What part are ye willing to bear?
 Shall your watch be as pure, and strong to endure,
 As the soldiers we place in your care?

We will guard them well, and the angels will tell
 How true we have been to our trust;
 For a holy band will evermore stand
 Where sleepeth such sacred dust.

When the snowflakes white come down so light
 To rest on the earth here again,
 We know they will spread o'er our martyred dead
 Their snow-wrought counterpane.

We soon shall fall, and will cover all,
 Is the answer we hear from the snow;
 And will weave for your dead a soft white spread,
 That will crown them with green when we go.

The following letter, written from Lynn to Mrs. Farmer, alludes to "The Patriot's Grave," but more especially does it convey the kindness of a mother's heart whose two only boys, First Lieutenant Charles J. and Captain George W. Batchelder,—the one twenty-six years old, the other twenty-three,—had fallen on battlefields. They fought under General McClellan, and were the sons of Professor Jacob and Mrs. Mary W. Batchelder of Lynn, but previously of the Salem High School. Mrs. Farmer had written out her heart about them,

for great was the public sympathy; and a little later the mother wrote to her:—

“‘The Patriot’s Grave,’ a sweet little poem by yourself, I had read aloud to my family from the *Boston Journal* some weeks since, with sad pleasure, not knowing at the time that you were the author. Many times since the death of my noble sons (only God and ourselves know the greatness of their loss to us) you have shown me little kind and touching attentions, and particularly would I acknowledge our sense of your regard for their memory. I sent to General McClellan a copy of Mr. Shackford’s memorial address, and of dear George’s last letter and the lines by yourself, founded upon an extract of the same; and immediately I received from him a letter of sympathy and condolence. This sad war has called forth many beautiful poetic effusions and much that is truthful and tender in the hearts of this people, which has heretofore been covered by a natural reserve, inherent in the constitutions of our Puritan community. It seems to me in all the future of our country there will be an inexhaustible wellspring of thought and feeling which our true poets will delight to give to us in their choicest words and measure.”

It was not alone in rhythmic comforts that she entered homes and breathed uplifting thoughts. Sometimes she actually took the spiritual, mental, or physical states. She became acquainted with a soldier’s widow, and was very tenderly attached to her, and so truly in sympathy with her

bereavement that one day she seemed to be in spiritual fellowship with her griefs, though they were miles apart. She had received a letter from the young widow, in which was written, "I do not wish you to weep for me, only, when you are able, *pray*." Mabelle entered into that rare yet veritable fellowship with her which Saint Paul describes when he said of Jesus, "that I may know him and the fellowship of his sufferings." After the peculiar experience which to Mrs. Farmer was a revelation of the Unseen, she wrote to this friend:—

"*My dear Mrs. Crockett*,—Your precious letter brought to my heart a great deal of comfort. I have read it again and again; and the more I dwell upon it, the more clearly I see that it was one of God's providences which led my mind through a peculiar experience in your behalf. I trace the Hand divine through it all, step by step. I mark each trial through the preceding weeks; your weeping so bitterly when you never allowed yourself this luxury before, your being brought down to the borders of the Unseen Land, your seeing your angel husband so absorbed in worship before the throne that he did not notice you, your being led of God to take little Ella more wholly to yourself, all go to show me the striking evidence between your condition and my vision of it.

"I think, if you had seen your dear angel one as near to you as I saw him, you would have passed through the gates which lead to the Eternal City, and would be now where earthly toil is forever

ended. This was not your Father's will, and he sent you forth to make a home among strangers for purposes known only to himself. Your arm is to keep the precious Ella from falling. The danger to her where she was when I saw her was all unseen perhaps by you, yet you were led to make the change. God's hand was leading you. The poor, sorrowing people which I saw in vision may never meet you face to face with the heart-breaking cry, 'Pity me, O ye, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me'; but they are no less all around you. It may be that you are to lead them home as you go about, through your supplications in the closet, through your submissive spirit as you bear the daily cross, through your cheerful faith which looks beyond the present into the great Hereafter. All these ways open to you channels through which the heavy-laden are to be reached. Accept the work, my dear sister. Tell Jesus that you wait his will with a loving, obedient heart, trusting alone in his strength. An angel might covet your opportunities of doing good, and in eternity you will be amazed as you see the unfoldings of life's mysteries. As long as I live, February 3 will be to me a memorable day,—one that I shall set apart as a day of prayer and thankfulness. God was good to take from me all the burden I had so long felt for you. He saw that it would be needful to show me his loving care for you before I could lay this down. Accept the assurance, dear, patient one, that your angel husband is always with you; and

you will understand now why his face was turned from you when you saw him before the great white throne. But it will not be so when your work is done, and you are ready to go home. You will see him then, dear, before you cross the mystic tide. That our Father will keep you in the hollow of his hand until the joyful hour, and then present you faultless, is the prayer of one who loves you and hopes to meet you on the shining shore, if never here on earth. The grace, mercy, and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ rest upon you and abide with you until we meet where prayer is swallowed up in praise.”

Another hour of open vision was given her, and the influence of it was a strength to her all the rest of her days.

“I seemed, dear Mrs. Soule, to be in the immediate presence of angels. A cloud of golden brightness settled around me, shutting out the world entirely. Oh, such a glimpse of the glory that is yet to be revealed! Your blessed angel husband was so near to me that I thought he left a crown on my brow. I was lost to the outward world and held communion with those ‘who do always behold the face of our Father.’ The blessedness of this angel presence thrilled my soul. I laid down my pencil, and covered my face with my hands. I no longer seemed a living being, but like one out of myself entirely. I had conceptions of the joy of those who are ‘clothed upon.’ I cannot tell how long the vision lasted. I only know that sounds from the

outward world fell harshly upon my ear; and I felt that to take up duties again would be a burden. But I heard Jesus say, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' and I was strengthened. God be praised that I have seen the angels in this very room, and that the strength imparted by them is as needful to my soul's growth as the air I breathe is to my natural life!"

These are the ways which God chose to bless the hearts that were in grief over heroic souls who were never more to come home from Southern plains. And on one of the Christmas days she had a most unexpected tribute to herself. From "Little Maria's Home" came a *crown*. It was very beautiful. Mabelle's eye fell upon it with surprise, and yet with the most appreciative and receptive love. She was not long in writing:—

"*My dear Mrs. Stiles*,—What a surprise you prepared for 'poor, suffering Mabelle'! I have hardly recovered from it yet, and the tears will come every time I think of it. How unfitted I feel to be crowned on earth or in heaven! But I have faith to believe that I shall be when I reach my Father's house; for have I not already seen the *crown*? [She alludes to the crown in the last letter.] God bless you, my dear sister Maria, for your treasured gift, worth more to me than diamonds, expressing for me such unchanging love, so chaste, so beautiful.

"'Our broken buds,'

"'In heaven they will bloom forever.'"

“If I were worthy of this gift, I do not think I could suggest a change. You know, dear, with what feelings it must have been received. I shall never be able to thank you. I wish you could read my heart about it. Am I born only to receive? Gratefully, lovingly, and always happy. MABELLE.”

We may well weave into this chaplet her greeting to her Maine brothers, when a regiment *en route* to the South was to pass her windows. She remembered her dear old Berwick hills and her Eliot home, and so her pen sang for the young brothers of her native State:—

A MAINE GIRL'S GREETING.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MAINE 27TH.

Ye are going forth, my brothers, with the army of the Lord.
In the sadness of the parting, your lips may breathe no word,
But through your deeds of valor will the Maine boys soon be
heard.

To your brothers who are calling, ye have answered, “We will
come.”

Since the cause to you is sacred for which you turn from home;
Now for you the dear ones praying, wherever you may roam,—

May the God of battles guide you, that your feet may never
stray!

May a star from heaven shining be a beacon on your way,
And your eyes can see the dawning that will usher in the day!

Now the voice of God is saying, “*You must let my people go*”!
Ye may not all be willing, but your duty well ye know;
And this is now the weapon with which to strike your foe.

Let your banners bear the motto, My country shall be free !
For the flag our fathers gave us is where we yet can see
That the only hope of nations is the watchword — Liberty !

Then be ye true, my brothers, as ye raise the strong right arm;
In every hour of danger be ye valiant, firm, and calm;
And this boon I'll ask of Heaven, that your souls be kept from
harm.

When the dove of Peace is resting her weary foot again,
May the lessons taught the erring in our country's hour of pain
Be rich with every blessing while your manhood ye retain.

And now farewell, my brothers: your work is just begun.
May a crown of glory wait you when life's battles all are won !
Then from your Glorious Captain you will hear the blest
"Well done !"

XXVII.

THE EXODUS.

IT was the word of cheer, and not of regret, that fell from apostolic lips: "Let us go forth, for here we have no continuing city." In 1865 Mrs. Farmer realized this lack of *continuance*. The blessed Eden Home was to go under the hammer of an auctioneer. "Mr. Webb," she wrote, "who owned Eden Home is dead. This dear, dear house will be transmitted to another. We may be obliged to leave it. How can I? Will it kill me outright or shall I die by inches? Hush, my heart. I look around on all that makes it dear, and through sobs and tears falter, '*We've Jesus and each other!*'"

To another listening ear was poured the same tale: "My way is very dark. This home is to be sold, and we must move, we know not whither. It may be out of Salem. I have the impression that for me it will be through death to life. The dear Lord sees, perhaps, that I can never get strength in Eden, so he hedges this door to open another. I am sure he will temper the wind to the shorn lamb. You must pray for me, dear, more and more."

The fullest and tenderest recital of her going forth in the Lord's strength and power, from the

dearest spot she ever knew, is a letter to her sympathetic Mrs. Souther, of Hingham:—

“I am feeling a little rested this morning, and the gathered strength shall be devoted to you, my precious darling. I could not have you learn by another’s pen that Mabelle is an exile from Eden Home. O Eden, sweet Eden! God forgive me if my heart yearns for that blessed place as it never can for another. Hush, poor, breaking heart! It was needful to wean thee from that delightful home. There is a heavenly abode, to be won only through the stress of suffering. In March [1865] our good landlord went to his reward; and the dear, blessed place, which I had christened Eden Home sixteen years before, passed into the hands of strangers. I knew the cloud was gathering; but, when it fell upon us, I was like one wrecked. I clung to my Eden as a mother does to her dead babe. It was decided by the heirs to cut a street in the rear of the house and to sell the field of locusts for house lots. The view of the broad, beautiful river and western skies would be shut out, the entire enclosure desecrated by sheds, workshops, tenement-houses, etc. The grass plot before the door was overturned by the plough, and was prepared to be a vegetable garden until that, too, should go for workshops. As these changes thickened, I felt I must go, or my heart would break. Tearfully was my consent given that another house should be secured, where the White Bird (Love’s endearing name) could fold her wings. On the 24th of May,

the birth-month of my angel, I left Eden forever. Open your arms, precious one, fold me in love to your bosom while you kiss away these tears. Lay your dear hand upon the heart throbbings, and whisper to me of the home eternal.

“Our goods were all taken away, and at three o’clock I was left in Eden *alone*. This was the earnest wish of my heart. I knew that strength could come only from God, and that I must be alone with him. It seemed as if the one who was all the world to me, or our sweet Birdie, would come between me and my dear, loving Father. At seven o’clock, the hour I had named, dear husband came with the coach to carry me away. He unlocked the front door, and came to my room. I felt as I think a condemned criminal may when he hears the turn of the key which opens the door for his execution. I was lying upon a lounge which a near neighbor had sent in for my use in these last hours. I was watching from my window the final setting of the sun. O my darling, pen nor brush can ever transfer that sunset to canvas. Gloriously beautiful! The stately trees were a halo of glory. Dear husband folded me in his arms, kissed the tear-stained cheek, and said, ‘All that made this Eden will go from here with you, my precious dove.’ I could only answer, ‘*Pray.*’ He knelt at my side, poured out his soul in words of gratitude that the life so bound up with his was yet a comfort, and that dear Birdie was the sunlight of our dwelling, that Baby Clarence, our angel, would go with us to

our new home, that every sacred memory would be ours forever. As he recounted our mercies and none of our sorrows, my heart grew trustful, and I could say, 'The Rock of my Salvation, cleft for me.' I went out of Eden, supported by the strong arms of my own blessed Moses. I could not let another cross that threshold with us. At the door the coachman came to help me. He little knew that the physical tremor was the least of my trials then. When we reached this,—how can I call it *home*?—they were obliged to lift me as one dead."

Caroline Mason wrote her at this time a letter quite in spirit with her *En Voyage*:—

"Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

"*My dear Mabelle*,—How sorry I am you have left Eden Home! I can well appreciate your regret. But you will create another Eden where you are. Do not grieve too deeply for the dear old place. God's appointments are sometimes dark to us, but in the dear home above he will make them all clear. Your sorrow, however, is natural and proper, kept under the control of Christian resignation. I hoped to see you in Eden once more,—that lovely home. But I content myself with the thought of a call elsewhere, without any respect to your surroundings. I trust the new home will in time be as pleasant to you (though it may never be as dear) as your old one."

XXVIII.

1865 — LINDEN CASTLE — 1868.

WHEN Eden Home was resigned, the family belongings were transferred to the mansion of Essex Street, not far from the opening of the old Boston road. She knew not as she entered it if it were to be permanent or her transitory rest. As she was borne over its threshold, it seemed to her like entering a castle; and because of its beautiful linden-tree it pleased her to date her letters ever after from "Linden Castle."

"Here, dear child, I am. It is a grand old castle. Voices of the past are here. It was occupied once by the first senator from Massachusetts. George Washington spent one night here, and his chamber is the historic room of the house. But the home is not like *me*. I am a stranger here. My sweet, little Anemone will know that it can never be *home* to Mabelle."

Again she playfully told her story: —

"I read of a child who was sitting with her mother, when a servant opened the door and said: 'You rang for me, ma'am.' 'No,' said the lady. The child responded: 'I rang. Ma is so disagreeable, I wish you would take her downstairs.' I am

very like that ma, I expect. And I shall be more so if I stay much longer in this great castle. God help me and keep me from dishonoring him. But I have so much to test my patience every hour. I do not know why God keeps me where I am so unwilling to stay; yet it is all right, or he would change the plans."

How beautifully God does change plans by bringing us into such holy acquiescence that our sweetest cups are those we once repelled! The dear woman, in the lonesomeness of rooms so utterly strange to that home-iness of her heart, began to breathe out again the singular beauties of her utter harmony with the will and sweetness of heaven:--

"I have come into a great blessing and life. You remember that I left Eden without doing all the good I longed to see accomplished. Of late I have reached the willingness to wait until the harvest, and not know whether the seed that was there sown fell into good ground or stony. Results are always God's. Jesus saw my heart, knew that by precept and example I tried to teach some families to love one another and to bear with one another, to grow gentle and loving. Since I have left all results with God, I have been a great deal happier, and have heard Jesus say, 'Wherefore didst thou doubt?' Well, on Saturday I had a letter; and a poor child acknowledged that my advice to her was right, even when she turned away, and she wishes me to let her call and talk with me again in Linden Castle. And I sent her word that she would find

the same loving heart from which she used to turn away."

Again she writes after an experience of pain which her own pen will describe on a future leaf:—

"Alone with God and his dear angels. This great, icy room mocks me with its chill. Its stillness is oppressive. I hush my breath as I think of the history of this house and of the people who have called it *home*. Alas! where are they now? There comes no answer, and no response of fellowship or companionship from these silent walls. Their great empty arms are far beyond my reach. I look up for comfort to him who says, 'I am always with you.' Blessed Promiser, lead thou me to the rock higher than I. This room with all its loneliness is consecrated,—consecrated to *suffering*. Here life was given back from the portals of the grave. Here God revealed himself as he does not unto the world. Here his angels, who do always behold the face of the Father, minister to my every need. But here, too, my wings seem always folded; and I cannot soar into the clear sunlight, beyond the memory of crushed hopes, broken buds, that will bloom only in the garden of God. Here I am chained to the past; and my strength is wasted in the unequal struggle to keep my faith in God clear and my outward life calm as the unruffled sea,—placid on its surface, and yet with a deep undercurrent which bears its unresisting victim far on toward the great Unknown. And here I struggle: no power to turn my gaze from the picture so constantly presented:—

“ Before my mental vision
 The dusty wayside teems
 With struggling, toiling millions,
 Whose hopes are only dreams.
 I feel the heartfelt yearnings,
 The deep, despondent tone,
 That cometh from these sinking souls
 On life’s rough billows thrown.”

“ But I wait upon the Lord, claiming the word that I shall eventually run and not be weary, walk and not faint. He must renew my strength.”

Hitherto we have casually spoken of Mrs. Farmer’s days of physical suffering; but the reader has never been asked to stand at her painful pillow, and glance at the actual sorrows of the life of this marvellous woman. Shall we ask you now to a pen picture of a day at Linden Castle? Poor heart! she was tested to the utmost; but she was not found wanting. The story of this day was sent to her choice friend, Mrs. Souther, who was in the same sort of fires, but who was dismissed to her everlasting rest long before Mabelle had ended her God-blessed days:—

“ My sufferings grew very severe, and I could do nothing but cling to the cross of Christ. Sunday will be a day that I never shall forget. I never knew such agony. If you could have looked into my chamber, what a picture you would have seen! The doctor supporting me in his strong, tender arms; dear Fanny wiping what seemed to be the death sweat from my brow. Poor, dear Moses covering my cold, white face with kisses which I

could not return, and turning away with strength hardly sufficient to support his weight; and Sarah and Edwin asking now and again, 'What can I do?' until the sufferer was the only one who seemed to bear no part in this great struggle for life. Every breath was agony, and it seemed for hours that each one would be my last. The doctors begged of me to be etherized. But I was afraid it would not ease the suffering, only render me insensible, and then I should scream as I did before, so that the night police came under my window. That seemed dreadful to me; for you know that never yet, if I had my reason, did a sound of suffering pass my lips. But the dear ones could stay with me no longer; and then I left it all with the doctors to do with me whatever they deemed best, and I was etherized at once. I was insensible for the night. When consciousness returned, the intense suffering was relieved.

"On Monday there was another consultation of three doctors. They do not speak encouragingly of speedy recovery; but dear, good Dr. Macfarland says he 'shall never despair of my life.' I have been a great deal more comfortable since Monday: and dear Mira Eldredge is coming to-day. I am so happy, because she will pray with me. Jesus is the ever-present help. He never leaves me."

The allusion in the foregoing letter to the utter absence of any expression of pain brings fresh to mind an incident related of Mrs. Farmer. She went to Dr. Fiske, a Salem dentist, and sat un-

flinching in his chair for the removal of all her teeth. Suddenly he stopped, and exclaimed:—

“Mrs. Farmer, do you never scream?”

“Never,” was the quiet rejoinder.

“Well, do, I beg of you, or I shall never get your teeth extracted.”

Another day of her Salem life — a day of agony — floats into memory: a reverend gentleman, who had heard of her excellences and kindness, but who had never seen her, called, and she did not like to refuse him, though she could hardly speak for pain. So severe were the cramp-like attacks that the muscles were twisted like a chain. She nerved herself for the interview. So quietly did she receive him, and so living the smile upon her face, that the clergyman said to her: ‘Are you sure, Madam, you should be lying here? Does not *imagination* have something to do with it? I cannot believe that you ought to be shut up in this room!’ He went away with the impression of *nerves*, while every breath, as he sat by her bedside, had been a suppressed agony.

With the revealing of physical distress in the letter which we have quoted, it will not be strange to read the following reference to the “dear Moses” whose tenderness in all her years of weariness was equalled only by the Lord’s:—

“I never saw Moses so sad in my life as the last two weeks. He wrote dear mother, ‘We are all as sad as sorrow can make us while my blessed treasure is with us.’ I was not willing for him to

send the letter, and it is still upon my table. He seems to realize now that some time I must die. For a week he was not undressed, nor did he lie down upon his bed. He scarcely slept or ate, but watched me night and day. How can I repay such loving tenderness! Do you know what a happy family we are? I almost long to see the dear Saviour, and thank him for the blessed life we are living. I am still very happy, though I suffer a good deal. But with joy or pain my heart is fixed, trusting God. I feel that my work is not done, but that is not my care. I know God will go with me when earthly friends can no longer hold my hand."

Most tenderly did a child of sorrow write for her at this time, a letter which will bring recollections of the living sympathy she had with everybody's distresses:—

"When Mabelle's poor head aches so that she cannot write you, yet she thinks of you. It does seem to me that she is always thinking more of others than of herself. She tells me to write that yesterday her Moses, who is afraid lest a breath too strong should reach her and bear her away, begged of her not to even dictate a letter. 'But I want you to tell Mrs. Souther most of all,' she says, 'how happy I am. Oh, it seems as if the light of the beautiful city is shining upon the river: it will not be dark for me to cross.' Could you know all she passes through, your heart would ache. Saturday was a day of great anxiety; yesterday, of more comfort; to-day, again, of stronger pain. I have

just laid my head upon her pillow, and the tears would come. Oh, I have learned to love her; for when the severest sorrow of my life had come upon me, and my heart broke, when little Maria, my pet lamb, went to the angels, nobody so comforted me as Mabelle. Heaven bless her. L. M. S.”

A letter without date, perhaps, belongs to this period. It is one of the daybreak letters, indicating that a night of pain was passing eternally away:—

“Doctor said yesterday, ‘Thee looks better and more natural to-day than I have seen thee since thee has been sick: thee looks now like thyself.’ The first thought was, How thankful I am that I shall not leave any impression on Chislon’s mind, when he visits us, that I am sick! You wrote once, ‘I can never think of you as sick and suffering.’ How pleasant this must be to you, when you know that I must bear this burden of life to the end!”

A picture like this of physical suffering would seem to present a sufficiency of discipline, if so it may be called, for any human life. But some souls are so scorched or bruised that not a fibre of life is left untouched by the furnace heat or the anvil’s hammer. We have walked with Mrs. Farmer in the scorch of the flames: let us now step with her toward the blows of the anvil. From the home beneath the linden-tree she wrote to her early and beloved friend, Mrs. Pray, and told her of a new discipline, not of pain, but of its equivalent,—a

perplexity that brought its weight unbearable to her care-taking brain and heart:—

“I think, if my life is spared, I shall give to the world a ‘History of an Inventor’s Wife.’ If I do, even my nearest and dearest friends will be astonished at the way in which we have been led. But we have demonstrated one thing to the world already: that two can be poor, and at the same time perfectly happy. This life of self-abnegation is a blessed one, and that which is to come will far exceed it. Last Sunday the minister said that great and wonderful discoveries could never be wrought out unless somebody suffered in doing it. This is the inevitable connected with their birth. My Moses and I do not doubt it.”

And then follows the heart-opening,—a baptism of her pencil in tears. Dear soul! it was a moment when she was divinely blind to the future path. God sometimes makes a veil of clouds before he reveals the morning star or the rising sun. While this envelopment was upon her, she added to the letter to Mrs. Pray:—

“O Charlotte! it was twenty-two years last Christmas since I was married, and here we are without house or home, without even the means to procure what would *seem* to be absolutely necessary for my present comfort; and yet there are men to-day who count their hundreds of thousands realized from the inventions of my dear husband’s brains! Now tell me, dear Charlotte, why does God suffer this? Nobody could ever want while my husband

had a dollar or a dime. Nobody was ever more industrious or worked harder than he has for the last twenty-two years. Not a week has he taken for relaxation from business for more than seven years; and what has he to show for it to-day? Not a dollar or its value. Do you wonder that I lie here upon my pillow and think this all over till my poor brain reels? If we were only out of debt, I would never complain of being poor. I want to be rich only for the sake of doing good. All that dear husband has ever invented the world has the benefit of, and I have always been willing to help him, and humbly hoped the world would be the better for our having lived in it; and there is nothing I regret except our being brought to a position where we cannot discharge our present liabilities. I think it would have been right for us to have provided a home for ourselves before allowing others to enrich themselves by what rightly belonged to the dear Moses. Why do I turn to you this dark picture? I love you, Charlotte, as I have loved but few; and the affection is as undying as the Power which gave it birth. I would not have you feel that I am complaining. God is leading me, and with humble trust I wait his will."

God never left a lamb of his fold without the freshness of pasturage; and in Mrs. Farmer's darkest days there was nourishment for her courage. When she knew that her soldier cares must be laid down, she exacted a promise from the household:—

“The dear ones have said to me that no soldier shall be turned away from my door without my knowing of his needs. I could not be denied this. My thoughts are continually with them.”

Once, when a soldier came, she sold a piece of her silver to provide him with the money he needed.

God gave her a fresh joy now. She had known that a soldier's widow should have a pension, and she appealed to Mr. Lincoln. His death followed so soon that she knew not what became of her letter.

Singularly enough, in that dark, dark day of the Linden life, she joyfully wrote, “Do you know that *Andrew Johnson* has sent me the letter I wrote dear old Father Abraham?” And the widow's response was: “Thank God for my pension, and now ask him to give me wisdom to use it. Dear friend, under God, I owe all this to you.”

Another bright beam of her Father's face was to follow the welcome tidings of the pension,—a half-hour visit from Clara Barton, whose life of heroism she rejoiced in and whose name she always spoke with a gratefulness that God was bringing the day when the recognition of woman's work and woman's heart should be universal. Miss Barton gives an interesting revealing of her brief interview, in a letter to the Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford:—

“WASHINGTON, D.C., November, 1866.

“*Dear Mrs. Hanaford*,—Just a moment in which to thank you more than my pen will ever be able to

do sufficiently for your introduction of me to your angelic friend, 'Mabelle.' Reaching Salem in a late train, I could only see her previous to my departure the following morning at ten o'clock,—less than a half-hour in all. But, oh what a half-hour! Half-centuries have had less of heaven in them. I cannot tell you *what* was said. I best know that I listened and wept with her dear arms about me the whole time, and promised, when a day came that could be spared from the varying occupations of my life (if she were able), I would go and spend it with her. You said well that 'the angels seemed ever in her room.' I know it is so; for I have felt more grateful, happy, and loving toward all humanity since the moment I entered it. What patience, resignation, Christian faith, trust, principle, I found there! The subject is so pleasing to me, and I am so grateful to you, that I can scarcely bring myself to lay aside the pen; and, still, messengers wait, and I must obey. Believe me lovingly your friend,

CLARA BARTON."

It will be most interesting next to read Mrs. Farmer's letter concerning the meeting:—

"*My dear Mrs. Hanaford,*—I am wholly indebted to you for the honor which dear Clara Barton conferred upon me to-day. What shall I tell you of the glorious interview with this dear child of God, one whose highest aim is to live and labor for him and do good to all? My faith has had a new impulse, bearing me above this physical suffer-

ing which has so long held me in its iron grasp. To me Clara Barton has been a benediction, sanctifying me by her unselfish life long before the sweet, low tones of her tuneful voice fell upon my ear. How long have I followed her every step, watching eagerly for tidings from her, praying that the angels might have charge concerning her,—more than twelve legions, if so many were needed,—to shield her from danger and death. Through all these years in which our country has been in the sufferings of purification, to have touched the hem of her garment would have been life-long joy. And, dear Mrs. Hanaford, what do you think my feelings were when her name was announced, and I knew she was beneath this roof which had sheltered George Washington, and almost within reach of my claspings arms? Oh, the peace of that moment would more than repay me for all my years of pain!

“In the thirty minutes that she sat by my bedside she did not tell me much of herself. She seemed unwilling to do this; but the little that she did say is written where time will not efface it. Some time in the future she promised to spend one whole day in my room. The dear girl told me that it was harder for her to face an audience than to face a cannon. This is the only word I ever knew of her saying that I thought was *wrong*. I long to have you see her sweet face, and you will say as I did when she passed out of my sight:—

‘’Tis true she came in human guise,
But angel still she met my eyes.’

“I caught glimpses of those who do always behold the face of our Father, through her who has thrown a halo around the name of woman. This account is so meagre. But holy was her mission to me. I shall be a better woman for the half-hour interview.”

To a pastor among the hills, pinched for needful newspaper intelligence to evolve his Sunday sermon, she sent a word about the fresh interest in the Cretans (1866):—

“Yes, dear C., I am very thankful to send you clippings from all our newspapers concerning the present interest in the poor Cretans. My good Moses says that you are very correct in supposing that I should be among them in these days of their struggles, were I only on my feet and in comfortable health. But God knows best where I can do good, and I am now where he wishes me to be. The article I send you among the clippings in French is very interesting, and, if you do not read that tongue, your Mira will translate it for you. If it had reached us earlier, Moses would have sent it in English; and this is all I can do for the Cretan sermon.”

On a wedding day, she writes to the bridal pair:—

“How pleasant it will be to recall this, your visit to my bedside, as husband and wife! You met a tearful face, to be sure; but no words from my lips were necessary. The moments were too holy to be forgotten. As I held each of you by the hand, it seemed as if I were receiving a charge from

God that I was to watch over you as long as I live, and, if the time ever came when one should turn away from the other, that my hands were to bind you with a threefold cord, never to be broken. Remember, dear children, that *Love* demands more nourishment than your bodies. Are you prepared to supply the demand? If I could, how gladly would I point out the rocks where you may be wrecked! The little *Now* is nothing to be compared to the great *Hereafter*. Live for God only. Father Cleveland says, 'We shall have just such furniture in our souls in heaven as we have here.' Sarah said of the ceremony at the church, 'It was very impressive, and I wonder, mother, that we all did not cry.' But she made no mention of your personal appearance. This pleased me. It is the way to go through life,—nobody able to tell what you wear. The wedding flowers were brought to my room; and, as I look at them, of this I am assured, God will mete out to you that which is best."

["Twenty years later the beautiful temple reared that day by trusting love lay shattered at their feet, but from the ruins the husband penned this song of divine victory."]

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A score of years! I look behind,
 And scan that pleasant April day,—
 Its robin song, its blue-bird note,
 And bursting bud of every spray.
 One score of years! my very heart
 More filled that hour with light than they.

I woke this morn: the robins still
 On every breeze their warbles fling,
 I see the blue-birds on the trees,
 And watch the opening leaves of spring.
 And like a prayer the query comes,
 What now to me does April bring?

A memory,— nothing, nothing more ;
 A memory,— like a faded leaf
 Shut up in book or unused drawer,
 Or laid away like coffin-sheaf ;
 And yet a purpose, simple, true,
 To stronger be than any grief.

What if the mildew fell upon
 That Wedding Morning of the past ?
 What if the sunshine of that hour
 Too perfect was all day to last ?
 I am to take *to-day*, and say,
 “ No other portion will I ask.”

And though I cease to lean or trust
 On human love or proffered hand,
 One thing I've learned, the less of earth,
 The more of God is at command.
 And, laying down a broken staff,
 I by his inbreathed Presence stand.

Then let the robins sing to-day :
 My heart responds to higher thrill,
 The Love Divine,— the Living Spring
 That touches but with life to fill.
 'Tis God to-day, not human heart,—
 A wedded joy no blast can chill.

The dying of Jane (Farmer) Little in 1867 was an event to the family at Linden Castle. This gentle sister and wife had been brought almost to the grave, and then had gathered a refreshing from

Heaven and had tarried for months, but finally had passed along to join the company upon the shining strand. Of the first decline Mrs. Farmer wrote:—

“I fear my strength will fail. My heart is very sad. Our dear little sister Jenny is nearing our Father’s house. She is almost there, and mother—our angel Mother Farmer—is watching her coming—perhaps even now beckoning to her. Yesterday prayers were offered for her in the church at Boscawen, by her request. The dear ones are all there,—waiting, watching, praying: everything will be done that loving care can do. But I cannot share that labor of love. Here, alone with God, I must bide the issue of life or death. Sarah Coffin writes to me, ‘She is as patient as a lamb in all her agony.’ Moses is there. God only knows what my telegram will be to-morrow. If the change is unfavorable, Moses will be there to hold her hands till the angels take her. ‘One must go first, darling.’ Yes: his words are true.”

It was not death, only its foreshadowing; and later the Coffins went to the East, not dreaming the sister would quicken her footsteps to a holier land before their return. “I am very glad, my dear Mrs. Hanaford,” wrote Mabelle, “that you went to see the dear Coffins turn their faces to the East, the lands I so long to see. I hope your feet, too, will tread the hills of Judea, and your lips breathe my name in Gethsemane. I shall see the risen Lord when I have passed the Jordan, but I long to tread the paths his own feet pressed. God

bless the Coffins in their absence, is the prayer of their sister. You can never know what a dear sister Sarah Coffin has been to me,—all that is precious for twenty-two years. Heaven will reward her.”

June in its beauty was the time of the dismissal of the sister Jane.

“A telegram in my trembling hands,—‘Dear Jennie is dead.’ Did you ever think what a cold, bare fact a telegram is? No *voice* comes with it. If somebody could only add, ‘She has just begun to live.’ But I cannot weep for the dear little blessed sister who has loved me so long. There is one upon whom this blow will fall with crushing weight, separated by land and sea from all that is home and dear. Only a week or two ago Sarah Coffin wrote, ‘If I have an idol, it is my sister Jenny.’ But now there will be only the grave and its memories to greet her. Do you know that dear Sue Henderson is almost there, too? Dr. Morse says she will go to Father’s house with quickened steps now, as the symptoms of departure are appearing. Sarah arranged the flowers as you wished, and we sent them to her in your name. You will miss her, but do not weep for her.”

Another change of house became a necessity. The owner of Linden Castle was to dispose of the estate. It was not a grief as the leaving of Eden had been; for, with all her good cheer, she was lonesome in the great halls and rooms which failed to seem *home-y* to her:—

“This great house is to be sold very soon. The Nichols’ are going West. Now, what have you to say to that? Your heart will give a glad leap, for you have never wished us to stay in this place. But I have dreaded the thought of *living* here less than the thought of dying here. It would have been dreadful to have died here. No, the house has never been *home*. But the garden, with its perfect wealth of flowers and vines and fruit-trees, chains me; and I think, if the N.’s were to retain the estate, that we should live and even *die* in this ‘great, old, ugly, disagreeable house,’ as you denominate it. And yet the house is *precious*. The angels have gathered here day by day, and brought words of comfort from him who sitteth upon the throne. Here my life was given back from the portals of the grave. Here, too, have we had Heaven’s protection at midnight; for several efforts have been made to ‘break through and steal.’ The eye that never slumbers is above us still.”

It is no wonder that “life was given back,” when it trembled on the verge; for, in telling the story of the distribution of a box of “good things” which had been expressed to her love and care, she developed the fact that daily prayers had been offered in her behalf for years in a school-room:—

“Now I must tell you of your goodies, and who has shared them. My first thought was of dear good Hannah Bowland, who goes without, herself, to give to the poor and needy; but Jesus loves her for

it. She lives in her school-room alone. She has no conveniences for cooking, even if she had things with which to cook! I told Sarah that some of these good things must go to her. She said she would get into the next car and take them to her. So I fixed up a big basket and sent the dear old saint a portion of all you enclosed in the box. Sarah says it would have done you good to have seen her. She was so thankful she could find no words to express it. I am sure it will make you happy to know what you did that day for Jesus. There has not been a day since I have been confined to this room that Miss Bowland and the little school-children have not prayed aloud 'for dear Mrs. Farmer.' Do you wonder my thoughts turned to that teacher first? Oh, how the angels love to hover about that school-room! Husband said to-night, 'I don't know, dear, but *prayer* is all that has saved you in life; and I know, if it be so, that Miss Bowland's school will come in largely for the share of the blessing which we so often implore for all who have ministered unto you.' Isn't it beautiful to think of those infant voices raised in my behalf? They are delighted to think I am getting well; and they have caught Miss Bowland's faith that God will let me live. Who can tell the influence upon their lives of being taught to pray? May they never forget to call upon God."

A victory wonderful for her did Mrs. Farmer gain beneath that roof. When an editress had sent her in advance a proof-sheet editorial in which

references were made to her joyfulness in suffering and her hands of benevolent love, she gave a response until then unusual:—

“No, dear, I will not ‘find fault.’ I am slowly learning that I should give my Father the full benefit of my one talent. He has laid his hand upon me, and said: ‘She is mine now, to be used wholly in my service. Suffering must be her earthly portion, for that fits and prepares her for a place in my vineyard.’ I humbly trust I have responded, ‘Thy servant heareth.’ The time has been when it would have given me inexpressible pain to have had you refer to me as you do in your editorial; but now I see that such shrinking is not right. God has wonderfully furnished me with patience, cheerfulness, and courage in all this accumulation of physical suffering. If he sees fit to show through me what grace can do, should I not be willing that other poor suffering ones should be encouraged to taste, and see that God is good? The suffering laid upon me has been more than mortal could bear without the strength which comes from God. That he has spared me through it all, only goes to prove that he has some particular design in the affliction, and that he is not to be turned back until that is accomplished. If the raising of my hand, out of the divine order, would restore me to health, I would not lift it. I would not controvert one plan of God. Mercy and love crown me. His angels are with me day and night, and I almost mingle my songs with theirs. It is blessed to wait

between two worlds. Many thanks for the pleasant allusion to dear Moses in the editorial. He deserves all the good things you can say of him."

In one of her weary days she wrote, "It is hard to *wait* for strength, as it never comes so slowly as when you are waiting for it."

And then comes her latest penciling in Linden Castle, with its date of May 29, 1868:—

"My thoughts are much with you these tiresome days. It is such hard work to lie still and look on when there is so much to be done. We are packed, and go from Linden Castle when I am rested and the weather is favorable. You can never know how worn I am. Verily, I feel older than dear Father Cleveland! But my heart is strong and courageous. I am sure that I shall be well again."

XXIX.

1868 — PILGRIM'S REST — 1872.

THE new retreat of the family was the house on Essex Street on the northerly side of the Campus at the North Church. It was shaded by the elms of the sanctuary, and a pleasant refuge. The day of entering was the day of a most singular catastrophe. A Boston fire devoured without mercy the skilful utensils that Professor Farmer had been the fourth of a century in developing and making. The removal from Linden, also, was but another launching of the sufferer into prostrations and pains little less than death. To human thought death would have been the sweetest gift of God. She must tell the story:—

“*Dear Chislon*,—The silence between you and Salem has grown oppressive; and, though I am far too ill to write, yet I must do it, since I have pain enough to give me the needed strength. My good Dr. Morse thinks danger from ulceration is passed; and that, if I can be kept perfectly quiet, I shall rally. You understand how easy it is to keep me quiet; but I will do the best I can, since it seems to be Father’s will again to turn me toward life. Why did not God take me home? I presume you have

heard of the severe loss of my dear good Moses by fire on the 28th of May? He lost everything in the shop, laboratory, and office except his desk. The fire did not even spare the books upon the table. All the rare and beautiful electrical apparatus that he has been twenty-four years in perfecting went as food for the hungry flames. He says five thousand dollars would not replace what he lost. No insurance. It was not property that he could insure to advantage, as he was constantly at work upon a good deal of it. How strange that the dear Lord should take from him all the means whereby he earned his bread, leaving him only his willing hands and ever active brain! There is no murmur in my heart. God does no wrong. As for dear Moses, he bears it like a conqueror; and I think he is too thankful for the life of his poor, worn-out, useless wife, to mourn over his great and irreparable loss. I do not know what we are to do. He who fed the prophet by the ravens will care for us; and by and by he will come and take us to himself."

To Mrs. Pray: —

"Dear good Moses feels his loss more and more. It is so hard to get along without the things he has found of so much use all these years. He has now no office in Boston, and it is uncertain what he will do. I do not want him to decide just now. As soon as Sarah graduates, we shall go to Eliot if I am able to be taken there. A little grave is there which I have not seen for eight years. One

great longing has taken possession of me,—to go there; and go I must if I am taken on a bed. But, my darling, it will not do for me to turn my heart toward you to-night; for you would see it is almost bursting with unshed tears. God bless you forever.”

Considering the desolation of health and property, it is not singular that she writes, “I am so tired.”

“Dr. Morse has seen me every day since the 18th of last October, and sometimes two and three times a day. Dr. Gove also came with him a greater part of the time until he left Salem. Dr. Macfarland also came out from Boston to see me sometimes, and yet I am not cured. Shall I ever be? I am so tired, Charlotte; but I love you.”

But the joy bells will ring even if days are dark and circumstances bewildering. Interests will come into life which pick up our thoughts and our strength. So the rallying time came in the midst of the ruins of the summer of 1868. In July was the graduation of the daughter,—an occasion of the very sweetness of satisfaction to the parental hearts. The mother, in her gratefulness that her long months of pain had not deprived the child of the delightful privilege of completing the full course of study, wrote:—

“*My dear Mrs. Hanaford*,—Sarah’s graduation is to be July 22, her birthday. It is to me particularly pleasant that it should be on that day, as the arrangement was made wholly on her account,

though she knew it not until the plans were nearly completed. It is a comfort to me that she will leave school with the love and respect of all her teachers. How thankful I am that she has been able to complete the course! You know what I have suffered to keep her in school, though it cannot be called a sacrifice; for it was done unto Christ, the great Teacher, who has kept me long in the school of affliction. As I look at the dear child and see that all she has acquired and developed will be used for God, my heart is too full of thanksgiving for expression. My blessed Master knows there is no earthly ambition to be gratified, that all we have done for her has been unto *him*, that all the success which has crowned her faithful effort has been attained through his grace and mercy. Now my life does not seem to have been wholly a useless one. I give to the world a good daughter who loves God, and whose greatest desire is to do good. I shall not have lived vainly, even if my days have been filled with suffering. Still pray for us, that we may consecrate ourselves to the work of benefiting others."

Again the cloud rises, not in darkness, but as incense of sweetness unto the Lord:—

"*My dear Mrs. Hanaford*,—Tell the dear, suffering ones at whose bedside you minister that the religion of the cross has power to rob even death of its sting; that the chamber of suffering has been made to one soul, through the riches of free grace, the sweetest place on earth. Oh, the blessedness

of the suffering which draws so near to the All-compassionate, to him who loves us with an everlasting love, upon whose breast the weary head can rest when earth affords it none, when the loved and the loving can only watch with sleepless eyes and mark the agonies they have no power to alleviate! I have no thanks to lay at your feet which can be expressed in words for your sweet offering of flowers. The beautiful wreath lies now upon my bed. It is to me a marvel.

On every bud and leaf I trace
 Some promise of God's love,
 Which makes the many hours of pain
 Calm as the rest above.

“If I had not asked Jesus for these precious flowers yesterday, I do not think I could keep them all, even for a night. But I know the dear Lord put it into your heart to send them to me from his house of prayer; and I take them in his name, asking for you and for all whose eyes rested upon them the richest blessings he can bestow, even a heart renewed and sanctified by pardoning love.”

When again the joy bells rang, it was at the return of the Coffins from “Our New Way round the World.” It was Dec. 11, 1868, and the wires announced the arrival in Boston.

“*Dear Chislon*, — Tired as I am, I cannot sleep until I have written you the joyful news. Dear Charlie and Sarah Coffin are in this house.

‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below.’

I trust we are praising him with grateful hearts. Oh, you don't know how thankful we all are! They reached Boston last night, and wired us this morning. Two hours later came the second despatch, saying they would be here this afternoon. I do not know how I waited. Gerrish had written them not to take me by surprise, hence their caution. But God himself prepared me so beautifully; for last night, at eleven o'clock I was writing for Alfred Little to his mother, and all at once Sarah Coffin came to my side and put her arms about me. When she folded me in her arms, a few hours later, it was no more real. Then I dreamed of her all night; and in the morning I told husband I thought she was near me, and I should see her very soon. As I was lying here, all at once I felt that I must be dressed. I called Sarah to assist me, and told her that Carleton and Sarah must be in Boston. Ten minutes later the despatch came. How good God was to prepare me! Now that I have heard Charlie pray, I will go to sleep if I am not too happy and thankful."

Her gladness found its expression in song, and Mabelle sent the following to the press. The allusions to the lost Jennie, who died on the 27th of June, 1867, and to the mother (Sally Gerrish Farmer), who had died before the journey was begun (1864, Oct. 26), completed the group which one day, when another long story is told, will be indeed in most delightful communion,—in the heaven where the word will be echoed truly, "Our loved ones all are here."

WE ARE ALL HERE.

"C. C. Coffin, familiarly known to our readers as 'Carleton,' completed his tour 'Around the World' last evening, when, after an absence of over two years, he reached this city.

"Mrs. Coffin accompanied her husband in his protracted wanderings, and bore the fatigue incident to the trip with great courage."—*Boston Journal*, Dec. 11, 1868.

Hands clasped again upon this side ;

Lips pressed once more to mine.

O Lamb of God, thy eye can see

What countless thanks are thine.

We bless thee for protecting love,

Which led the wanderers home ;

For faith to trust them in thy care,

Where'er their feet would roam.

We bless thee for the daily prayers

Which followed them so long ;

For grace to say, "Thy will be done,"

If we should ask thee wrong.

We bless thee for the influence wide

They left for God and Truth ;

And scattered seed that yet will find

Some patient, toiling "Ruth."

We bless thee for the Christian friends

They found from shore to shore ;

For loving hearts to welcome them

When journeyings were o'er.

We bless thee that our scattered band

Has all been spared so long ;

That voice and heart blend here, to-night,

In grateful prayer and song.

We bless thee for the perfect faith

That sees, through blinding tears,

A vacant chair, a lonely home,

Which memory still endears,

Without a murmur at the change
 That brought such bitter pain;
 But well we know the loss to us
 Was to dear Jennie gain.

And, as we welcome back once more
 The loved of many a year,
 Our hearts burst forth in thankful praise
 That all of us are here!
 Even the blessed angel one,
 Who faded from our sight,
 Has folded here her snowy wings,
 And shares our joy to-night.

We see the same sweet, sunny smile
 That beamed on us of yore;
 We hear the music round the throne
 Through heaven's half-opened door.
 We see our precious mother's face
 (Though she's with Jesus now);
 We feel her soft caressing hand
 Upon our weary brow.

Thus joy is mingling with our tears,
 While peace fills all the heart,
 Flowing from him, the Fountain Head,
 Where all these tendrils start.
 Life's heavy cross has lighter grown,
 And all our joys more sweet,
 Since angel ones have gathered here,
 The loved of earth to meet.

And now, O Lord, we bear to thee
 Our grateful hearts in song;
 Accept, and use it for thy praise,
 Forgiving all that's wrong.
 This night of discipline and pain
 Will have a morning clear,
 If we can say in heaven, as now,
 "Our loved ones all are here."

Among the souvenirs at Mabelle's disposal, at the return of the wanderers, nothing was more grateful to her than pebbles from Bethany.

"I have a beautiful agate," she wrote, "which dear Sarah Coffin brought me from Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha, and the home, too, which Jesus loved. I have had a breast-pin made of it; and the pieces which were cut from it I shall distribute among those who will value it as I do; and I do not think of one, Mrs. Hanaford, who will prize a fragment more sacredly than your own dear self."

With another piece of the treasure went the word:—

"Perhaps it came from the very roadside where our dear Saviour walked as he went out from the city to rest. It was nigh unto Jerusalem, you know."

Almost her first ride from Pilgrim's Rest was to Sunny Cove, at Manchester-by-the-Sea, for a few hours with Mrs. Meader, the mother who, when her last little lamb had been transferred to the fold above, and her husband was on the army march, sent the little socks which the baby feet had never worn as an offering to the Fair.

"Yes, dear C., we were amused at your surprise over our visit to Sunny Cove and the Meaders. We did not intend to tell you about it until I was rested; and then I was to surprise you. But Mrs. Meader's pen was ahead of mine. We had a delightful day, only it was not long enough. I wanted to go right

back, and I wish I could now. Mrs. Meader was like sunshine, and you know my veneration for him; for he was a soldier. All soldiers are kin to me. Dear, good, kind Mrs. Meader, how generous she is to everybody! Life is worth so much to one who has the faculty of doing 'a world of good.' I must see the dear soul again sometime, and shall go, if it please God, when the leaves are turning brown.

"I have been steadily gaining for a month. Can go about this floor with much comfort, even up the stairs. It seems like a dream. Now I have a new hobby: I want to go to the Peace Jubilee. I asked God two weeks ago to arrange for the tickets, if it were his will that I go. Last night a ticket was sent me. I never told anybody but God that I wished for this sign of his will. So, if you hear that I am in Boston, you may know it is a part of the divine plan."

Another pleasant episode which occurred in 1869 was the christening of a babe in the parlor of Pilgrim's Rest:—

"Now, dear children, about the dear little baby's baptism. It is to be here at Pilgrim's Rest. I have something to tell you that will make you very happy. Sarah Coffin has brought home waters from the river Jordan, and our Robie is to be christened with it. I long to know what you will say to it. I asked God to incline your hearts to come to us for the ceremony, and he inclines you. Dear children, God help me as I write it, do you

know that I never kissed my precious angel, Clarence? Sometimes the thought comes with such intensity that I say in my anguish, 'O Grave! give back my dead.' Sarah Coffin suggests that the water be saved and used if we (our little trio) unite with the church. Shall I ever sit at Christ's table on earth or at his feet in glory?"

XXX.

BY SEA AND BY LAND.

“ST. JOHN’S, NEWFOUNDLAND, UNION HOTEL,
Sept. 28, 1869.

“IT will doubtless be a great surprise to you to see where happy Mabelle dates her letter. It is, nevertheless, true that we are out of Uncle Sam’s dominions. We left Salem on a forty-eight hours’ notice. Mr. Farmer is inspecting the land lines and the cables of the New York, Newfoundland, & London Telegraph Company. He would not have considered the offer a moment but for the hope of the good the trip would do me. Dr. Morse thought the sea voyage the best possible thing for me. So here I am breathing the purest air this side of heaven. It is too soon to predict what the result of the experiment will be; but I am very hopeful, and filled with courage. The rest I leave with the dear Lord and Master. A moment ago my good Scotch attendant knelt at my bedside, and asked me how I could look so happy when I was so sick. Poor child, she does not know how long the storm of my life lasted before the sunshine broke through the cloud.

“I will try to tell you of our voyage. How dread-

fully I felt when the ropes were drawn in and we drifted from all I held dear save those whose arms were about me! It was an entirely new experience. It seemed as if I must reach out and cling fast hold of something on shore. There can be no different feeling in dying. But the sweet assurance is mine now that in death I shall be conscious that I am not alone, any more than in that never-to-be-forgotten moment. You cannot think what a weary night it proved, with the rocking of the boat and the water beating its monotonous time against the sides of the vessel. My Sabbath was spent in my berth, too sick to hold up my head or to get much rested. At Halifax we remained several hours. Of course, I did not go ashore. At Ship Harbor my good Moses was obliged to leave me, as he wished to make experiments there; and at Plais-tow, soon after he left, the wind began to blow and the gale was so severe I thought I should have to be tied into bed. But he who said, 'It is I, be not afraid,' was with me. On reaching Pictou, as we were transferred to the tug-boat, the gale seized my cloak cape, and it went over my head. But, before the cloak could follow, the captain and another man seized me, and held me together until I reached the landing. I know you will smile at my ridiculousness, but poor dear Birdie was frightened almost out of her wits for fear I should be actually blown away. But I was not disturbed. My only dread was a misstep which would carry me into the water, for I had so little strength I could hardly

control my feet. This trip will kill me or cure me.

“Husband rejoined us at Pictou; and on Thursday we left for Halifax, where we spent the night. We then took passage in the ‘City of Halifax,’ Captain Jamieson, for St. John’s. We receive the most unbounded kindness, the captain even calling at the hotel to inquire for us and sending us a large box of grapes. From my pillow I can see at least forty children at play in the street before the hotel; dogs ditto. Pigs run free in public thoroughfares, and a barefooted woman is not unusual. I really believe the houses are more than a hundred years old. It is the quaintest, cutest place on the globe. I do not think there is a *grave* on the island. I do not believe anybody can die. There is too much oxygen in the air for death. Every breath is a new lease of life. Its effect upon me is perfectly wonderful; for, notwithstanding all I have been through and all I am suffering now, I can rise from the bed without help and walk across the floor. At home with half this suffering, I should have to be lifted from one side of the bed to the other. Thank God for me.

“An hour after we reached the hotel Dr. Hayes and party arrived from the Arctic regions. So you can imagine how interesting it is for Birdie to hear them recount their adventures. Have you seen Bradford’s “Crushed by Icebergs”? He is of the party, and is to call upon me to-day with Dr. Hayes. What a day it will be to remember! The

evening of our arrival a gentleman called and placed his carriage at our disposal every day we wish to drive, and hoped we 'would do him the honor' to use it. Two ladies also sent up their cards, and invited us to drive. The next morning was an invitation to 'Twenty Mile Point,' and this morning a drive to the convent. Birdie is invited each evening.

"Nobody locks a door or fastens a window; and the guests at the hotel leave their doors wide open. Is not it a glorious way to live? I have views of St. John's for you, but one sees nothing he would much care to buy as souvenirs. I covet nothing but some beautiful wares that I have seen."

The family left St. John's October 17, waited awhile at Halifax until Professor Farmer finished his special duties, and on the 23d they registered at the Astor House, New York City. At New York, viewing some phases of life and society which she was obliged to meet by direct observation, she wrote, "If I stay here long, I shall believe everybody is bad." And yet she at once corrected herself, as she continued with her pen:—

"But I must tell you a story, because, first, you will be interested in it, secondly, you are a minister, and some time you will teach your people to sow beside all waters, and you will illustrate your theme by repeating this incident, and it will set somebody to thinking of a poor little boy or girl whose hand he can take and lead him on to a higher position. Well, now for my story: Mr.

Farmer meets in the parlors at evening a young man of thirty-one years, who seems to retain, with a fair, boyish face, all the simplicity of childhood, which really means much in a life such as is necessarily developed in a great hotel like this. His father died when he was nine, and his mother when he was fourteen years of age; and he was turned upon the wide world with only a satchel. 'But,' said he, 'if I am ever of use or do any good, I owe it to a man in Boston.' Then he told how this gentleman met him, and always spoke carefully and faithfully to him, and had a fatherly interest. And he added: 'I have always tried to prove my gratitude, but I thought the other day I would do more. I would send for him to come, and show him my friends, and let him see where I lived; and I wrote him that no guest would be more welcome. The answer came that he was dead, and the funeral is to-day at twelve o'clock. Mr. Farmer said the poor fellow looked as if he will cry himself to sleep, when he lays his head upon his pillow to-night.'

The dear woman who thus reiterated her husband's story little dreamed that a score of years later, as her words were being copied out of her letter for this printed leaf, a person of strong character and great force of will would be saying at the same time: "All I am I owe to Mrs. Farmer. My family was poor, and I was wild. My father beat me, and I would run away. I loved to be hateful at home, for I knew it plagued the family. But

one thing I could never forget,— that Mrs. Farmer *wanted me to be good*. She always smiled when she saw me, even if I had run away. She always said things that softened me, and my one only wish to be good was to please her. She was the only one in my childhood that I ever wanted to please. And, if I am good now, it is because of Mrs. Farmer.” So Mrs. Farmer had sowed beside all waters, and to-day ministers still by a thousand memories which are continual sermons. Mrs. Farmer added to her little story a very pretty sequel:

“But the old man, whose blessing still rests upon the life of his protégé, did have a reward; for a year ago, while on a visit to Boston, the young man met Governor Claflin, and the two were somewhat thrown together, and the governor did him the honor of a public introduction to the Senate. I do not know but the dear Lord has allowed this veil to be lifted just now, that I may see that something good is in New York, notwithstanding all my contrary impressions.”

Still another page of her letter is written with the quaint pen she held when an amusement came to her:—

“Smiles and tears are strangely mixed in this world; and, if you cried over the last page, you will laugh over this, as I do now. I have a Canadian girl to attend me; and she is as kind as my mother. She feels dreadfully about my sickness, and says of me every day to Sarah, ‘Poor thing! it’s a shame.’ When she had arranged me for the night, and was

leaving for her room, she knelt beside me, and said: 'I know why you are sick: it is the only way God could have kept you good. He made you so handsome that all the men would be after you; and then you would be vain, like all the rest of the ladies in the parlors.' I was very silent; but, as she was passing out, Mr. Farmer came in, and she courtesied, and said to his surprise, 'You ought to be very thankful, sir, that your wife is so sick.' It was such a new light thrown upon my years of discipline that we both cannot but laugh at the bewitchments of my beauty and the poor Canadian's simplicity."

In Mrs. Farmer's letters from Mrs. Souther allusions have been made to Mr. Ryan, a man of God in New York, who had often been a comfort to the sufferer at Hingham. By Mrs. Souther's suggestion, he came to the Astor House to pray with Mrs. Farmer:—

"Yes, dear Mrs. Souther, No. 170 has been sanctified to-day. Your precious friend, Mr. Ryan, one of the disciples whom Jesus loves, has been here, and these walls have resounded to his songs. Here prayer, too, has been offered for you and for me. God be praised! His tuneful voice vibrated in these dull ears of mine, and I heard him plead with Jesus who had power to make the deaf to hear. In that season of prayer a faith sprang up in my heart that he would thus be merciful to *me*. O my darling, if you could have heard that prayer! I tried to remember its every word, but my soul was

wafted to him who was listening. There comes a hope that the dear Lord will give me back my hearing. Oh, if he only would! that I might once more go to the sanctuary and hear the gospel, and commune with the dear children of the King. Mr. Ryan's visits have been to me like the rain. I do not wonder he brings heaven down, for it is the only air he breathes.

"And I have seen another person within the week wholly given to God, and he was an *Arab*. Eight years ago he was a follower of the Prophet, and had never heard of Jesus; and now he is preaching the blessed gospel. I looked into his blue eyes as his lips told of the luxury of doing good. When I heard him sing, I knew I was more than repaid for the sufferings I have known since I left the Pilgrim's Rest. Not a word that he spoke could I hear, but I saw his beaming face, and that gladdened my heart every time I looked up; and I silently plead with God to give me hearing or make me *willing* to be denied."

Then she made a confession to Mrs. Souther that has a tinge of the plaintive, and touches us with a pity in the reading of it which we might not have had in talking with her; for she was in presence so full of cheerfulness of heart and life that we never thought of *pity* then:—

"Yes, dear one, like Topsy, *I specs I'se berry wicked*; but, dear, precious child, I do want to be good all the way through, and you must help me. I will confess what you suspect, that there is a

growing reluctance to see strangers. Can I help it, when I cannot understand what they say to me? It is the same as speaking in an unknown tongue. I cannot define the reluctance if I try; for I am social in my nature, and my friendships are for life."

XXXI.

1844 — SILVER BELLS — 1869.

I N her daily text-book Mrs. Farmer has written: “Dec. 25, 1844. Moses and Hannah married. A happy union. God be praised.” The hand that could unhesitatingly make this record, only kept pace with the heart that desired to especially remember and recognize the silvery return of the wedding day of 1869. God gave the full answer to the prayer, and the joy bells rang as if they were angels’ voices. Dating a letter, Dec. 8, 1869, from Pilgrim’s Rest, she makes a request of the pen whose rhythm was always grateful to her:—

“*My dear Mary Webber,*—My silver wedding is to be celebrated Christmas night, if that is the will of my Father in heaven. I want very much to have you write me a poem for the occasion; and you will not refuse me? We have so many friends in the city that we shall not send cards, but make all happy who come, without formality. The Eastern Road will allow us an extra for friends out of town. You will see Carleton and his wife. I am a great deal better than I have been for ten years. How can I thank God for this respite from pain! He only can know how thankful I am. I have not for-

gotten the *holders* which I promised you so long ago. The material to make them went with me to that strange Newfoundland, and bore me company the entire two thousand miles."

The pleasant assurance of the poem was received, and she playfully wrote another of her dear friends, "Now, Charlotte, make up the pineapple silk as soon as you can, and be all ready for Salem at the silver wedding." On the 14th of December she wrote of the peculiar *wealth* her husband had accumulated during the twenty-five years of wedded life. It is a serious letter, and her soul betrays itself:—

"It is said that inventors die poor. Thank God a man can never die poor who has led such a self-denying life as my Moses. If he should die to-day, he would leave the world a richer man than George Peabody. If we had laid up for a rainy day all he has earned, instead of doing good with it through his inventions, he would have quite a little fortune. I thank God that he did not. He wanted to spend in that manner which would do the greatest amount of good, and his wife wanted to have him. Our life thereby has been one continued struggle with poverty, trials, and sickness. It may all end with dying in the poorhouse. I have no doubt I can go over the river, thanking God that heaven is as near the poorhouse as the palace. I have no fears for the future. All will be meted out to me in mercy. I do not think there is another woman in the world who would want to live if in my place, but, while.

Moses and Birdie are here, I must not want to go.”

To another she tells of the letter sent to Mr. Clark, of Clarendon, Vt., who married them; to Dr. A. Winn, of Farmington, N.H., who was the groomsman, and adds: “Our bridesmaid, too, is living, and all but three of the guests. The Rev. Mr. Clark’s wife, her sister, and our own Jenny Little have gone to their rest and reward. The remainder live to congratulate us.”

The day came, and Pilgrim’s Rest was in quiet beauty. The double parlors were decorated with evergreens from the Eliot home, the place where the early vows were registered. The company came and went through the afternoon and evening.

Mary Webber, modest as the violet, read her manuscript. “I know you will like it,” said Mabelle, a little after the occasion, “for it is just like herself.”

You scarce will need my song where Joy’s
 Full diapason swells;
 But yet, dear friends, my heart has heard
 Your Anniversary Bells.

The voices of the happy Past
 Leap from each silver tongue,
 Long years since Hope’s enchanted ground
 Their earliest peals o’er rung.

There lingers yet in Wedding Bells
 The cadence of that hour,
 When earth beneath its Maker’s smile
 Lay like an opening flower.

When life was beauty, life was joy,
 For man was one with God,
 And hand in hand with innocence
 Love walked the Eden-sod.

And better still, O friends, your bells
 Have caught the glad refrain
 From heaven's own diapase that charmed
 The angel-haunted plain.

Yours is the auspice of that hour
 When waves of music sped
 News of his advent in whom earth
 Once more to Heaven is wed.

Ye have his presence who himself
 Shall pour the festal wine,
 Where hearts united cling to him,—
 To him, the Living Vine.

Oh, not to sorrow's lone retreat
 Was his first presence given :
 At Cana's feast he smiled to own
 That Love makes earth like heaven.

Nor yet palm-shaded Bethany
 Alone invites his rest :
 No home so humble but may have
 The Master for a guest.

If his abiding, friends beloved,
 But make your hearthstone bright,
 From this glad centre, o'er wide earth,
 Shall radiate floods of Light.

Mrs. Souther, the friend long endeared by the fellowship of pain, sent a pretty hymn, which proved to be her last offering: a few more weeks, and she touched the strings of the lyre in the presence of God.

WEDDING CHIMES.

Welcome, sweet friends, to-night!
 And may Love's holy light
 Each heart enshrine;
 May joy flow full and free,
 And, as in Galilee,
 May Jesus deign to be
 Our Guest Divine.

Softly the silver chime
 Strikes on the ear of Time,
 Twenty-five years!
 Years fraught with golden bloom,
 With Eden's sweet perfume,
 Inwove with sorrow's gloom,
 With smiles and tears.

Heart joined to heart, we've trod
 The way marked out by God,
 Through weal and woe;
 Yet brightly o'er us now
 Love sheds the same sweet glow
 As when we made the vow
 So long ago.

Within this home of ours
 Budded two tender flowers
 To bless our eyes.
 One blooms with us to-night,
 But one — a lily white —
 Passed from our longing sight
 To Paradise.

And many a loving friend,
 Whose kindness knows no end,
 Our God has given;

And daily do we pray
That he will guide their way,
And lead them day by day,
From earth to heaven.

Chime, chime, ye wedding bells!
Richly your echo swells,
Divine your tone.
While angels, robed in white,
Twine garlands pure and bright
To crown the blessed night
That made us one.

Ring out, ring out, to-night!
Beneath the starry light
Let music swell!
While we our vows renew,
In joy and suffering true,
And strive by grace anew,
In God to dwell.

Caroline A. Mason did not withhold her offering of kindness; and the pen that has been attractive to thousands presented the following:—

SILVER WEDDING.

“A song,” dear friends, wherewith an added zest
To give to this sweet birth-night of two souls
Born into one? Ah, would that we had words
Divine enough! But what, indeed, are words?
O wedded ones! ye are yourselves a song
Set to completest music; your twin souls,
Accordant, tremble into one full strain,
Sweeter than any music ever sung,
Nobler than any poem ever writ.

Yet might we add our slender note, nor mar
 Thereby the perfect harmony, nor play
 Quite out of tune, 'tis thus that we would sing:—

O happy ones! whom, hand in hand,
 Through gladness, tempered still with tears
 Of patient pain, our Lord has led
 For five-and-twenty years,—
 O happy ones! we give you joy!
 To-night the cup of wedded bliss
 Ye quaff anew without alloy,
 And give and take Love's kiss,—
 As warm, as pure, as trusting now,
 As when it sealed Love's earliest vow.

O happy Wife! for all the pain
 They've brought you (borne with angel grace),
 The vanished years come back to-night,
 And smile up in your face!
 O happy Husband! wealth-endowed
 With the sweet love of child and wife,
 On you, as well, the past smiles down,
 With richest memories rife.
 Oh, still, as erst, above your home
 God's dearest angels go and come!

Your home! oh, "sweet, sweet home," his lyre
 The old-time poet tuned aright;
 Sung years ago, the dear refrain
 Is on our lips to-night.
 For still, 'mid pleasures, palaces,
 The weary heart may roam for bliss,
 And still in *home alone* 'tis found,—
 Ay, such a home as this.
As this! God bless it with his love
 Until exchanged for that above.

As a grateful close of the day were read the "silver rhymes" of Mrs. Hanaford. She was not pres-

ent in person, but kindly sent the manuscript as her substitute:—

SILVER WEDDING RHYMES.

Yes, ring the bells of Christmas, and their chiming
Shall be the song.

With all your hopes and memories sweetly rhyming,
Joy to prolong.

The joy which once was yours in Love's own crowning
You shared "lang syne,"

And with no thought save that of perfect gladness
Said each, "I'm thine."

Years have rolled on,—a quarter century rolling,—
Ye have not changed!

The Christmas bells will *ring*,—no solemn tolling
For love estranged.

For still your hearts in love are fondly beating,
Still ye are one;

And now this silver wedding season, greeting,
That love your own.

To be the brightest flower God ever gave you
Along your path,

The holy influence that will help to save you
In heaven or earth.

God has been with you, shade and sunshine blending
Along your way.

And at your silver wedding he is sending
Again love's ray.

The friends who gather here in love now greet you;
The friends from far,

Whose path was o'er the waves, have come to meet you,
Here gladly are.

The near, the far, in kindly purpose gather,
 To wish you well,
 While they unite in asking of our Father
 To bless you still.

Still in the fields of Freedom may you labor,
 And toil for Truth,
 Still blessing, as of old, each friend and neighbor
 In age or youth.

And, when your Christmas wedding days are ended
 Here on the earth,
 We'll gladly greet you, with the saints ascended,
 Round heaven's hearth.

The written words of this day of pleasant reception of friends from town and from Boston and its neighborhood are not many. Mabelle says: "I went into the parlors at five precisely, and received all who came. At seven Dr. Morse came, and said that I must lie down. I thought my head would burst. All at once, as I was upon the sofa, the 'Dying Swan' came to my memory,—'The sweetest song is the last she sings,'—and it rested me more than anything else in the world could have done. I asked help to rise so far above the physical as to welcome with restful, cheerful words all who came later. And just then you came. Never was I gladder to see you, dear children, than at that moment. I took a world of comfort from the little message upon your written paper. I knew that if God, as you wrote, was making me look as in the days of health, then surely my face was not betraying the fearful struggle to receive in that evening parlor.

The pain baffled word or pen. As the doors closed at ten, I was laid upon the sofa, and from thence assisted to this dear chamber a few hours later. Now I am resting in the arms of Infinite Love, and humbly trusting to be evermore a better wife."

To Mrs. Hanaford was sent a later letter, when the silver memories were yet echoing:—

"It was a great deal, my dear Mrs. Hanaford, for you to lay aside your varied work and write the 'Silver Wedding Rhymes' with which I am so pleased. It was an addition to your labors, but I was selfish enough to desire them. I must tell you the comfort of two lines of the poem:—

'The Christmas bells will ring no solemn tolling
For Love estranged';

and the angels take up the refrain and bear it to our Father. Can you find a more beautiful or a more truthful expression in the English tongue than this quotation from your poem? God only will ever know what a sorrow it was to me not to see you at the wedding. I could not be reconciled but in the thought that it was the will of God. I watched for you hour after hour, and could not give you up even when the last guest had departed. The gathering was a very large one, and all were happy. If you see Dr. Spaulding, of Hingham, he will tell you what I have not strength to write. But the heart would wander away for the missing ones. Full as our rooms were of some of the dearest friends I have on earth, they were empty, com-

pared to the angel host which folded their wings above us. At times it would seem as if I were one of that throng, and could almost hear the songs which blended with ours. As I looked over the gathering, it was sweet to know that Jesus had been invited to come in and sup with us. I heard the other day of a lady who said it seemed like going to heaven. And another said, 'It was the best prayer-meeting I ever went to.' I don't think, my dear Mrs. Hanaford, that you will ever go to a silver wedding like it."

XXXII.

AN OPEN DOOR.

THE silver wedding over, a fresh opportunity, as if by divine arrangement, came to find the path to health. Heretofore it had been like the olden search for the fountain of perpetual youth. But Mrs. Farmer knew no discouragements; and therefore she reveals another open door in letters dated at 69 West 38th Street, New York:—

“Since the memorable silver wedding I have lost ground,—less strength and vitality; the circulation so torpid and obstructed that my heart is the centre of much suffering; my hands numb and helpless at times, so that we have become anxious for results. Unexpectedly, dear good Moses was called to New York on business; and we decided at once to improve the opportunity of testing Dr. Taylor’s treatment. There is already a favorable change. I leave the rest with the great Burden-bearer.”

With the increase of “favorable changes” there was an increase also of the pleasant things which our Father is never loath to allow us as we journey towards his visible Face; and June 9, 1870, Mrs. Farmer had a day which she cherished among her many loving remembrances:—

“It is twenty-one years to-day since we moved into Eden Home. How little I thought of the life-long memories that would cluster around that sweet river-side house! And now another event is to make the day memorable. Dear Mrs. Hanaford is installed to-day, and my eyes have looked upon the face of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe two long delightful hours of this blessed June day. Mrs. Stowe came on Tuesday, with her eldest daughter. I could not get the courage to send for her to come to my room, though I have longed to see her ever since her published words ‘To Sorrowing Mothers.’ Wednesday night I told Dr. Taylor my wish to see her; and he said at once that, if I were able to cross the hall to his parlor, he would arrange it. Yesterday morning, as the patients were coming from breakfast, he invited Mrs. Stowe into his parlor. She told him she would return to it when she had been to her own. So he came directly for me, and I was just seated when Mrs. Stowe came in. The doctor innocently introduced me as a patient whom he had taken out for an early walk. She asked a question about me; and, as he answered, he drew a chair to my side, and said to her, ‘Perhaps you will speak with Mrs. Farmer while I see a patient.’ She took the chair, remarking, ‘My husband says I am a very poor talker.’ I asked her if ever he told her that she was a very poor writer. She shook her head, and blushed as the girl who reads her first composition. Now, dear, you will wish to know what I think of

Mrs. Stowe. I found in the first place that I had an *ideal* Mrs. Stowe; and, while I was talking with her, I became aware that she was another individual altogether. Just now I am thinking them both over to see if the ideal and the real will mix. At present they do not blend. She asked me if I had read the 'Changed Cross'? Of course I told her yes; and she said a good deal about the comfort it had been to her, and wished that she knew the author. I told her I had a letter upon my table from the author, and I wish you could have seen Mrs. Stowe's face. It lighted instantly with a glow of beauty, and she listened to every word I said about her. Sojourner Truth has been here, but I did not see her. Mr. Farmer and Birdie did. One remark was very like her. Concerning her photograph, she said, 'I have been sold a great many times as a slave; but I never thought then, Massa, that this ole woman would ever *sell herself*.'

"June 6, 1870. It was a great comfort that you should think of Mabelle on Memorial Day, and I do wish you could have mailed me a flower from one of the precious soldiers' graves. As I read your description of the memorial at Newton, my heart said, 'They died for you and for me.' You would be astonished to know how my heart thrilled and throbbed at the thought of the soldiers who gave up their lives to save mine. I seldom speak of it, for so few understand why I feel so; but you do, because the veil has been lifted, and you have read some of the pages of my heart. Dear, pre-

cious Mrs. Soule wrote to me while sitting by the grave, waiting for the procession to come. Do you wonder that there is but one grave she can see on our Memorial Day? Pity her, and pray for her, and pity all the aching hearts."

It was next her gladness to write of an hour and no pain :—

"The suffering grows less every day. Sometimes for hours I do not have a pain. Is it not wonderful? The limbs are warm, and the hands never numb. I have so far regained sensation in the left limb that I can tell when my weight is upon it, and this I have not been able to do for years; and I can bend the limb without cramp. Dr. Morse came to see me from Salem, and marks a decided change."

With the increasing joys of her intermittent relief from pain, God blended her tears at the departure of Mrs. Souther, the gentle saint and poet as well. Mrs. Farmer was most deeply interested in God's way of leading this sufferer through the valley and river of death. One day, when on the very rim of the Eternal, Mrs. Souther had a revealing of the Unseen. It was one of those kindly and most loving unfoldings which the heavenly Father is wont to give to the spiritual eye, if the courage and power of the departing one can thereby be increased or the willingness to stay be established. In the strength of this "Beautiful Vision," as she called it, Mrs. Souther tarried several weeks, and then was received into the gates. Her niece pre-

faced the story of the revelation with a word: "It was a great disappointment to dearest auntie to find that she must stay when she was so near home; but she has been perfectly resigned, willing to suffer, to wait, to endure, until her Saviour says come. I will enclose in her own words the account of her Beautiful Vision:—

"At first, I saw a brilliant sunset, from which emanated the most dazzling rays. The disc was beginning to disappear, when a whispering lip said, 'It is an emblem of the Sun of Righteousness.' Over dark, turbid water was a bridge, which extended from the sun to the place where I stood. Gradually the sunset and the bridge faded, and a high, dark archway appeared. Through this arch I saw a plank, very narrow, extending out, out, out, over the deep waters; and at the far-off end I beheld innumerable angels. There was a great white gate, which seemed to be the pearly gate, at each side of which stood cherubim. It was ajar, and, oh! the glory that was revealed. Truly the eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, neither hath entered the heart of man the things which God has prepared for them that love him. But God has revealed them unto us by his spirit. Just at the archway upon the plank stood the Saviour, with hands extended; but he said to me: 'Suffer a little longer. I have work for you to do. But, when I say, *Come*, you will enter this dark archway; and, taking my hand, you will be led in safety across this narrow plank and through the pearly gate to the bosom of your God.'"

After the departure Mrs. Farmer wrote:—

“*My dear Mira*,—My heart is full of grief. No words can express it. A little message, only four lines, tells me the dear, precious saint, Mrs. Souther, went to God on Wednesday morning, May 4, 1870. The poor little body was laid away on Friday, and I all unconscious of the sorrow that was to envelope me. On Tuesday night I slept but little, and was planning all night for her coming to Dr. Taylor as a patient. I talked with doctor about her in the evening. He thought he could increase her comfort, and maybe give permanent relief. And yet in all those hours no pitying angel told me he had been commissioned to bear her to the skies. The intelligence stunned me. It seems now as if I must be dreaming. God only can tell what she has been to me. Weak, suffering as she was, yet I have leaned upon her. We were one in spirit in our intense sufferings. But, dear Mira, God has dismissed her; and now I must cover her grave with all the beautiful things that were hers in life, and my undying love for her will keep them fresh forever.”

It seemed to Mrs. Farmer a gracious favor of her Father's love when Peter Cooper made a special call upon her. Professor Farmer and his daughter had met him, but the feebleness of the wife prevented. He came, and brought with him the memorial of Mrs. Cooper, for whom his grief was then in its freshness.

“Mrs. Cooper,” wrote Mrs. Farmer after the in-

terview, "was a treasure to him indeed for fifty-six years. She loved to do good as he does; and, when he spoke of her, he said, '*I have lost my guiding star.*'"

In July Mrs. Farmer and her daughter accompanied Professor Farmer from New York to Albany. From that point they went by carriage to Saratoga. Her letters will journalize the interests of the little party. To Mrs. Hanaford she dates her latest letter from 69 West 38th Street, July 10, 1870:—

"The Lord bless Phœbe, servant of a church at New Haven, is my daily prayer; and, if my steps were turning to your home, how thankful I should be! But, if God wills, we leave to-morrow for Albany. We are in that position to-day, darling, where it is impossible to plan for to-morrow. The reason of our going *from* home instead of *toward* it is that a telegraph line between Albany and Saratoga needs examination. Mr. Farmer tried to evade the job and the journey, but he could give no better reason than that his wife wanted to go home. You know, dear, that in business the wife is not of much account, anyway. I am afraid, therefore, that we shall not see you until the meeting of the Scientific Association in August. We shall come back to Albany with our team; and then Mr. Farmer goes to the Hoosac Tunnel, as he expects the privilege of lighting it by electricity. I did want to visit you now, but, while I feel that God is guiding, I can have no wish to choose paths. It may be he has a work for me to do among the people I shall

meet. My feebleness is an open door to every heart. How much the suffering invalid can do for Jesus! In this way only, perhaps, can I show forth his glory. Pray for the suffering but happy Mabelle."

July 18 she dates a letter at Templeton, Mass., three hours' ride by rail to Pilgrim's Rest: "The ride has been delightful. We are obliged to go slowly, so there has been nothing but pleasure in the trip."

July 21. "*My dear Children*,—You will be thankful to receive a letter dated once more in the City of Witches. We arrived yesterday, and came directly to brother Henry. Here we remain until our own Pilgrim's Rest is in condition to receive us. It seems as if a miracle had been performed in me, as I look back upon the grave that has been ever open before me so long. I do not know what the sweet Christ is to do with me; but I am every day adjusting myself to the new harness, and say often, 'Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.' Do you know how glorious this daily life of mine is? How can you know it, dear children? Yet of all the friends who love me none understand me better than you."

Aug. 15, 1870. "*My dear Mrs. Derby*,—My health has greatly increased under the treatment at Dr. Taylor's; and I am more comfortable than I have been for years. He is hopeful that I shall be quite well, though never strong. Our dear Mrs. Hanaford called while I was in New York, and I was delighted to see her always pleasant face look-

ing brighter than ever. She was not apparently worn with her many cares, and a useful future is before her. Mr. Farmer is now in Washington, but Sarah is with me."

The professor was called to Washington to test a new telegraphic line, and these duties were required of him during the week of the Scientific Association. The always acquiescent wife wrote:

"God only knows, dear Mrs. Hanaford, how disappointed I am not to be with you at the meeting. But I do not know of any electrician in America who has instruments delicate enough to make the required tests besides Mr. Farmer, and for this reason no one could take his place. It may be, too, that this is the God-provision for our return to Dr. Taylor's. I have faith that God will provide all that he sees we need. If we had lived only for ourselves, we should have constant means at command. But I grow more and more thankful that he gave us hearts to do just as we have done."

The spring of 1871 found her among the "Shut-ins," because of the exceeding ruggedness of the March winds:—

"*My ever dear Mary Webber*,—I would like to tell you of *Carleton's* silver wedding; but you must come to Birdie for the particulars. I was here, and upon my pillows; and yet, as truly as if it had been bodily presence, I was one of the guests. Moses and Sarah had a miraculous escape from sudden death on their way to the depot. The horses ran, and I cannot think of it with any degree of

composure even now. God was good to spare them. I know your prayers will be going up to God tomorrow in behalf of Sumner. May he have wisdom from above and strength to do his whole duty! I fear for his life; and, if the effort does not cost the country that, I shall have renewed cause for thankfulness. I feel as Anna Shipton did, that, 'If God can't help us, nobody can.'"

Another letter to Mary Webber is a foregleam of Rosemary:—

"My love for and interest in children generally, makes me desire to see them gathered into my own household. But this must be denied me. The little sinless lamb that tarried with me but a day opened every fountain of sympathy in my heart for all the weeping Rachels. Our darling little Lillie, too, has always been a connecting link between me and the bereaved. If ever I thanked God for anything, it is for their translation, and for the peaceful fruits of it blossoming in my own soul. I bless God for every gift that has crowned my life, but most of all for the trials which have led me to the Source of all blessing."

The allusion to the interests of children in the preceding letter will make the following practical effort for their happiness and health apt at this point, though the letter is of late date. It was written to Margaret Merritt:—

"I am helping to brighten some whose lots are harder than mine. I am very much interested in the Fresh Air Fund of Boston, and am trying to

find homes where some of the poor little waifs can be sent for two weeks. I have found a place for two girls who are very tired, also for two little girls under ten years of age. They are coming next week, and I trust I shall be able to say 'Come' to a good many more. My heart is in the work, and it is one that I love."

In the early autumn of 1871 came a joy to her heart that she had not known in years. She went to the home of her birth at Berwick:—

"*Dear Chislon*,—How pleased you will be to know that I shall take back with me photographs of my childhood's home! You will want to look at the windows where my baby face looked out upon this beautiful world. It is not possible for me to stop thinking in Berwick. I never lived so fast and so much as in this visit. Thank God for these days."

To Mrs. Olive Perkins, after her visit to Berwick and Great Falls: "My little visit to Great Falls was one I shall always delight to recall. It was a source of untold pleasure to see your dear old father, and find him looking so well, and to see how gently time was dealing with your good sister Mary as well as with yourself. If your father lives, I shall go to Great Falls again, if only to look at his beautiful face. Old friends are dear, and tears of thankfulness fill my eyes at the thought of being remembered by those I have loved so long and well."

No wonder that, in the delights of the increased

vitality of this year of a thousand new blessings, she set her seal to her Father's love, and said:—

“I joyfully add my testimony to those who have gone up through much tribulation that, since I first learned to look above for light, there has been no hour so dark as to shut away the face of my risen Lord and Saviour.”

XXXIII.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

MAY 5, 1872, Lord's Day, the entire family made a public confession of faith, and became church members. The central thought of Mrs. Farmer's life and conversation was Christ. "If one loves God," she wrote, "and works out the *Life*, I do not mind by what name he is called. I bid every one God-speed who saves souls." Her faith was so simple and childlike that, like George Herbert, she would have called the sweeping of a room divine. She lived Christ as naturally as she breathed, and the greatest beauty of her religion was the unconsciousness that she was doing and saying holy things. Her cousin Fannie (now Mrs. Heywood), when but a child, went with a company of bright people into the summer fields of Boscawen to gather mosses. It was an hour of peculiar beauty; and the mosses, when arranged, were a marvel of attraction to the young eyes, accustomed to life in Boston. When the child exclaimed that she never had seen anything so beautiful before, Mrs. Farmer caught at the words instinctively, and said: "And everything in life will be just as beautiful, *if you only think so*. It depends on how you look

at things." That expression was really an epitome of herself. Her birthright thought, twined, braided, blended, with every inch of her being, constantly evolved or re-created within her and around her the atmosphere of the skies. She lived this daily atmosphere herself, and brought others into it. Yet she was never an *interior* soul. Madame Guyon would not have impressed her. Thomas Bromley would have been figurative. Fénelon would never have won her into a nunnery. She read Fénelon often. She went through with some of Madame Guyon's pages; but she put her gleanings from them upon the wheels of her energies, and their silences became her speech.

Sitting one day with a young relative, who was folding her first-born in her arms, Mrs. Farmer asked her if she had ever made a soulful consecration to the Lord. An honest negative was the response. "But you are now a mother, and I do not know how a *mother* dare be consciously out of Christ." The words had their import; and, when a little later the young mother's arms were empty and the cradle put away, they came back with a newer power, and the step into Christ was distinctly taken.

It is singular that the prayerful and divinely energetic household of Mrs. Farmer did not until 1872 add their signatures to any church register. From the hour of the wedding vows it had been a home in which God was unhesitatingly honored. "The dear Jesus," she wrote, "was the guest whom we desired to honor."

May 1, 1872, she wrote to Mrs. Pierpont Hammond, Eliot:—

“*My dear Sister Lizzie*,—We three are to unite with the Crombie Street Church next Sunday, May 5. Is it possible for you and dear mother to be here? I want you to come, even if you go back Monday morning. It is forty years since the church was organized, and the services will be very interesting. To us it will be one of the eventful days of our lives. It is much to be thankful for that we are all three going forth together. Tell dear mother she must come if it be possible.”

To Mrs. Soule Mrs. Farmer wrote the experience of the day, and alluded to the vision of the crown, already given in these pages:—

“*My precious Friend*,—Yesterday I was carried to Crombie Street Church; and husband, myself, and Sarah made a public confession of our faith in Christ. It was a precious day to us all. I am too much prostrated to tell you more about it; but the dear sainted one, who held in his angel hand a crown for my unworthy head, was with us at the table of our Lord. The church was beautifully decorated, and the flowers were sent to my chamber when I was brought into it. This precious bouquet from the communion table I send you to put upon the sacred grave, and the angels will watch over it. God bless you all.”

This confession by no means limited her. The church was not printed rules to her; but the step was an increase of strength to her spiritual life,

and added to her fellowship with the saints. Very sincerely did she tell out her own life in some advice which she gave at that date to a clergyman:—

“Let your whole aim, brother, be to save souls, and not to add members to your church. Never, in all your parish labors, lose sight of this. Wear the *whole* armor until you go home to God.”

A young woman in spiritual darkness, perhaps carelessness, came under her direct influence, and told her:—

“For several years, dear Mrs. Farmer, my church relations have been unsatisfactory; and I have grown distrustful and cold, and perhaps worse. The Christian words, from none more than yourself, quicken again my spiritual life. I rejoice greatly that the thoughts and truths you have spoken to me will be my daily bread, and make me earnest again.”

Another young person just entering the fold said:

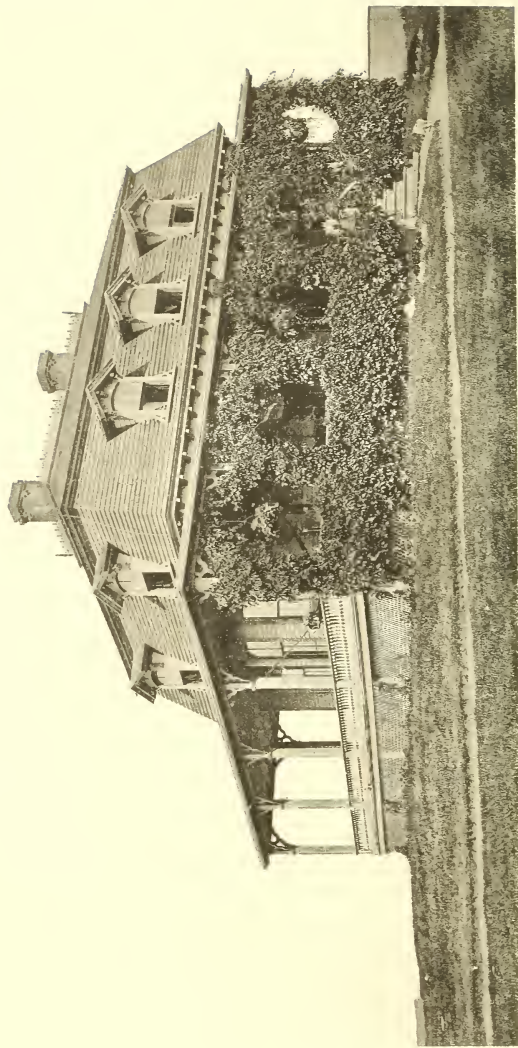
“*Dear Mrs. Farmer,*—I really think your letter gave me more faith than I ever possessed. Oh, if I can only be the kind of Christian that people will know me as one by a mere look at me! If you had a friend, and you were anxious to see a change in her, tell me how you would influence her? Talking is not the safest way, and yet I have so many opportunities to speak. Sometimes I fail through fear of talking the wrong thing, or else of saying the right thing at the wrong time. It is hard, this trying to do good. You are so good you can answer me in the right way.”

She developed her idea of Christ *life* as more than creed and profession in a letter to a man and his wife whose faith had been questioned, and whose church standing had thereby suffered reproach:—

“*My dear Children*,— The letter which Sarah has just received from you appeals so touchingly to my heart that I cannot help writing to assure you that I deeply sympathize with you in your church experiences. But do not let it be a trouble to you. Make it a stepping-stone to a higher and better life. If God be with you, what does it matter whether your religious views coincide with others or not? When you come down to the river of death, how different these matters of creed will look to you! Standing, as I have often done, between two worlds, God has taught me that *doubting will never tend to soul growth*. Now, I want you to feel that God, and not Pastor W., has assigned you your present place. If you are shut out of Pastor W.’s church, you are not shut out of God’s heart. There, dear children, you will live forever. God has in store for you a deeper, richer blessing, that can be perfected only through this trial. Try all you can not to vex and starve your souls on creeds. They are unsatisfying to the heart that is hungering and thirsting after *God*. When we meet him face to face, we shall not have to answer whether we believe in an actual or legendary Adam, or if this beautiful world were made between Monday and Saturday. All we shall need in that hour is the sense of washed robes and the ‘Come, ye blessed.’

“Each soul must act for itself. ‘Come out, and be separate,’ indicates a dividing line. I see Christians all about me doing things which are wrong for me, but I cannot say it is wrong for them. God is their judge, and to him must they answer in their hour of judgment.”

With the Crombie Street Church of Salem, Mrs. Farmer remained associated as long as she lived, though her residence was never afterward in that city. The call to Newport broke up the home-life in Salem.



ISLAND HOME.—U.S. TORPEDO STATION, NEWPORT, R. I.

XXXIV.

1872 — THE ISLAND HOME, NEWPORT — 1881.

THE truest way to reveal the story of the “Island Home,” as Mrs. Farmer designated the Newport cottage which God gave unto her in 1872, and for the next nine years, will be to copy the newspaper statement, or summary, when the family finished its stay in the city. If no more were uttered than the following editorial, not a heart that knew and loved the family but could fill out the pages, and understand how her name and kindness impressed the city:—

“Professor Moses G. Farmer and family leave the Torpedo Station to-day and Newport as well, to the regret of the representatives of the Government and of many friends in this city. Professor Farmer arrived at the Torpedo Station in October, 1872, intending to remain six months as electrician. It was found, however, that his services were necessary to the success of the Station, and he was induced to remain and aid in its growth and importance. Commander E. O. Matthews, U.S.N., was in charge of the island at that time. Professor Farmer has witnessed the remarkable advancement of the science of torpedo warfare; and during his

stay the Station has grown in every sense of the word. The electrical laboratory, the new brick machine shop, the chemical laboratory, and other buildings have been erected since he went to the island. Owing to poor health, Professor Farmer has not taken such an active part in his department for the past three years as formerly; and of late he has been designated as the consulting electrician. His wise counsels and extended knowledge of electricity have been of inestimable value to the Government, and there is not now nor has there been an instructor or officer at the Station who was not willing to acknowledge deep obligations to Professor Farmer for the interest which he has taken in the matter. He has aided instructors and officers in every possible way, and has taken a commendable pride in the growth of the Station. The family goes direct from Newport to Eliot, Me., the home of Mrs. Farmer, where a visit will be made, after which they go to Dansville, N. Y., where the winter will be spent. Professor Farmer will take an active part in the management of the United States Electric Light Company of New York, of which he is the consulting electrician, and will give a portion of his time to the study of the distribution of power by electricity. The family will probably return to Newport next summer, and it is possible that this city may finally be their permanent residence. Newport sustains a great loss in the departure of Professor Farmer and his family. Many homes have been cheered by the presence of Miss

Farmer, a most estimable lady, who devoted over half her time, while in Newport, to aiding the unfortunate, and leading them to a higher and a better life. Acting under the advice of her honored parents, she has visited homes where poverty and want were plainly discernible; and by a wise distribution of pecuniary assistance she has been the means of aiding hundreds whose wants would never have been known but for her Christian visits in the most unfrequented parts of the city. No one was taken into her confidence. She preferred to go about her Christian mission without the knowledge of the world. Our boatmen will ever have cause to remember Professor Farmer and his family. Mrs. Farmer, although partially an invalid, and rarely visiting the city, was the light of many households; for she was quick to learn of the misfortunes which fall to the lot of all. The best wishes of every inhabitant of Newport will go with the family wherever their lot may be cast."

The kindly editor gave no fulsome praise. It is more than ten years since his pen wrote, and yet the name of the Farmers is breathed with gratitude by the people who knew the blessedness of their helpful words and their generous hands at Newport; and tearful eyes read the departure when the saint went to her reward. When the time of the Newport residence had nearly expired, her pen gave a glimpse of the *how* — God's *how* — the home was originally chosen: —

"Do you know that my conviction is that our life

in Newport is for something more than the specific calling of Gerrish? This home and work were not of our asking or seeking. Gerrish did not come for a year after it was open to him, and then only from a consciousness of duty. Some circumstances were so providential in our decision that I should be really afraid to make an effort to go from here unless I was certain God wanted us to depart. Until our work is done, we shall have to stay. God will hold us. I know that Gerrish's influence is good in any place, and only eternity will reveal the extent of it. It is the same with Sarah's power. We are surrounded now with society, with women whose lives for *benevolent efforts* would poorly compare with your mother's and mine. If there be any good in them, Sarah will discover it; for her life is, I am sure, the 'Christ in you,' or, as Paul again says, 'hid with Christ in God.' She lives to do his will."

To Mrs. Pray she speaks more about the home:

"At this Station the torpedoes are made that are used in the naval service. An electrician is needed to instruct the officers how to use them. They sent for Mr. Farmer, offered him a salary, a furnished house, a servant, etc. It seemed an opportunity for doing good, as well as a place of absolute rest for me, and therefore the place to make a well woman of me. We accepted the position, retaining our house in Salem. They needed the knowledge and practical experience Mr. Farmer could give from his thirty years of study. The Naval Department

fully appreciates him, and so does his class of twenty officers."

Her "absolute rest" very clearly defines itself in a note of the same date: "Let me ask of you if you have anything to give me for the Young Women's Fair, to be held at Boston? It is to get a Home for homeless girls." And to yet another she exclaims: "I never had such a desire to do good to everybody as now. All around me the harvest is great, and the laborers are few. Come and see me, darling; and together we will do all we can for Jesus."

In the following letter to Mrs. Soule none of us will doubt who the woman is "who took a deep interest in the soldiers":—

"*My dear Mrs. Soule*,— Sarah has a class in the Sunday-school; and one of her little girls, eight years old, is the daughter of a soldier, and he is soon going to live with the great Captain above. He has never seen a well day since he came home from the war. God lets him live, that others may see what grace can do for one of his children. He has been almost entirely confined to the house for the last two years, and he and his dear little cheery wife have supported themselves and managed to keep together. She takes in sewing, and he makes all kinds of fancy articles. There is a woman here who took a deep interest in the soldiers during the war, and she still remembers in time of peace what they did for her; and she bought for this sick soldier a fret saw, and Sarah was present when the

saw was given to him. I wish I could tell you how overjoyed he was that he had got one that was his to keep. He had seen it advertised, and wanted so much to get one, but could not, as he needed all his earnings to keep the wolf from the door. The poor fellow had fitted up something to take the place of it, but it was very hard and slow work to saw through the thinnest board he could get. Now, I only wish you could see the beautiful work that comes from his hands. The first thing he made with the saw was a little card-case to hang up. It has three pockets, and they are riveted together after they are glued; and it is just as nicely done as can be. This beautiful little thing he 'made for the lady who gave him the saw,' and he would make her take it. When you visit us, you shall go over and see this soldier, unless the Master calls to him; and, if he does, then he will be with your own precious soldier husband.

"This soldier did not give his heart to God until recently. He wanted to unite with the church, but he was too feeble to go out; and all the members went to his home, and so he sat with them at the table. Soon it will be the Supper of the Lamb. I am asking God to send the *Youth's Companion* to that soldier's children, and I believe he will put it into the heart of somebody to do it. A letter has just come from Mr. Caldwell; and he writes that Mrs. Crockett has laid away the darling little Ella at twelve years of age. She has joined her soldier father. Oh, that heart-desolated mother, left alone

to-day! The tears come so fast I cannot guide my pencil. Only God can comfort Mrs. Crockett now."

"*My dear Mrs. Pray*,—Moses is as busy as ever, finding all he can do in the care of the students. Sarah devotes her leisure to the study of German. I do nothing but learn 'to suffer and be strong.' I long, Charlotte, to have our children know and love each other as we do, and I want you and Lottie to come to us. Send me a picture of your Willie, and one also of that young man who comes to your house with his thieving propensity so apparent that you cannot fail to see he means mischief. Tell him he cannot be your son-in-law unless he will promise to believe that a mother-in-law can be an angel."

The home on the island with all its beauty had likewise its shadows. Mrs. Farmer became most tenderly attached to a beautiful young wife, whose father was an ex-governor, and whose husband was of rank in the navy. But beauty and loveliness of voice and character did not save her, and she left an agony of sorrow when her sudden but final good-by was given. "She lifted both of her beautiful hands, laid them in those of her husband, smiled once more upon him, and then her sweet eyes closed forever."

"*My dear Mrs. Webber*,—I do not know words to tell as I want to of this week of agony. My hair actually turned gray during the time, and I shall never think of it again without clasping my hands in pain."

Any one who ever came into Mrs. Farmer's sympathy will not doubt the intensity of her interest in that hour, which seemed like a calamity.

If she wept for those who departed, she smiled when the living came into the overshadowing of her home:—

“Our dear Mr. Beaman is here to attend the Channing Memorial. He was one of Dr. Channing's parishioners. Mr. Beaman is lovelier than ever. His hair is pure white, and his face is glorified beyond expression in human language. I do not think he ever lost an opportunity in his life to say a pleasant thing of an individual if he knew it.”

A few years later one of her correspondents said to her: “When the newspapers reported the departure of Mr. Beaman, your saintly old pastor, I felt like writing to you. As he crossed heaven's threshold it was to him an abounding entrance. You must have great peace in remembering his fellowship. Elizabeth wrote me that she never forgot his call upon Jean, ‘for her dead mother's sake.’ How very like him!”

In 1874 came the hour of transition for the dear mother, whom everybody loved. Life is well worth all it costs, if one can gather as much love into it as did Mrs. Shapleigh.

“My sweet saint of a mother has often said, ‘The death of a Christian is the least of all afflictions.’ I could not but think of this when I compared your trial to mine; for, O my precious friend, your dear letter found me in the furnace seven times heated.

My dear, beloved mother is with Jesus, and her children refuse to be comforted. He took her to himself on the 22d of October. I know whom I have believed, but only the motherless can tell how hard it is to give her up. Pity and pray for your loving friend, MABELLE."

It was just at daybreak when this woman of gentle life went away. A few hours of suffering, and then, resting her face on her hand, she said, "I am better now, dear"; and the eyes closed, and the smile of eternal peace rested on the face. The funeral service was in her own pleasant parlor, and yet, quiet as was the service, three hundred people gathered at her gate; for had she not been as a mother to them all? And, as the lid was lifted at the edge of the grave, one young girl, known by name to nobody, bowed over the peaceful face, weeping and kissing the lips that could give no response. Why she so loved her could not be told; but we all knew that somebody, in an hour of distress or perplexity, had received the counsel and help that the old heart never failed to impart.

In the garden, on the tall obelisk, is written —

OLIVE TOBEY,
WIFE OF
RICHARD SHAPLEIGH.

BORN JULY 16, 1794.

DIED OCT. 22, 1874.

AGED 80.

"With Christ, which is far better."

A month later, when the freshness of her loss was softening into that quiet acquiescence with divine love which follows all our griefs, Mrs. Farmer wrote:—

“*My dear Mrs. Hanaford,*—The death of my dear old saint of a mother has wrought a great change in me. So much has gone out of my life, it seems strange that I still live on. I was but seventeen when my father went up to the House on High, leaving four children younger than myself,—the oldest twelve, the youngest two. From that hour until my mother joined him I had a care of her which I never laid down. Now I do not know what to do with myself. I feel as one shut out from my own home. Yet I am resting securely in that precious love which won me even from her, the dearest and the best of mothers. The dear God be praised that she did not lose a daughter, but gained a son, when I left her home for my own,—a son who has done everything in his power to make her life happy, and one in whom she had great comfort. It is beautiful to think of the love and respect that Moses and she had for each other, and that they expressed it by deed and word at every opportunity. In these days of so many trifling words about mothers-in-law, I turn with thanksgiving to her; for unto the husbands of her four daughters she became another mother. Children and flowers were something that came to her direct from the Father’s hand, and I have sometimes thought that she would not be happy even in heaven without

them. You shall have the picture of her earthly abode, the home where I was married; but the charm of it is gone away forever."

And yet not forever, for the fragrance of Mrs. Shapleigh's life will be a consciousness as long as the memories of her continue; and without doubt the mantle which fell at that time upon Mrs. Farmer gave an increase of power in the multiplied ways by which she was meeting needs among the richer and the poorer. Sometimes she found more *need* in homes of beauty and money than she discovered in the externally scanty households. She realized often that all depended upon the *soul furnishings*.

"I was greatly pleased with your thought about *God's pansies*; and, when you described the sweep of hailstones, I wondered where they hid their little faces. The sweetest saints on earth are those who bow their heads, and let the storms of life sweep over them, as my dear, saintly mother did. Then, when the storm is over, they look up and smile. They are like the bow in the cloud to God. No rainbow in the east was ever more beautiful than my mother's soul."

Among the letters of Mrs. Dix there is an expression which shows how truly she appreciated the days that were passing at the Island Home:—

"You live, very dear Mrs. Farmer, in too big a world for me to keep trace of but few of your paths and steps. But I seem to know by a little what a great deal means. I see Professor Farmer at the

morning prayers. I hear his pleasant voice for us all; and so I know you cannot but be in Eden, even if it is not your old Salem home. The Lord has given me, in your family, friends indeed. When my Hervey fell dead on the battle ground, you stretched out your arms; and you have never forgotten me, even for a day."

No, dear woman, hearts of God never forget. Memory is too divine to lose its grip when God enriches it. As a comfort when Mrs. Farmer was lonely because her mother had gone away, Mrs. Dix told her of a visit to her own dear mother's last rest:—

"How beautiful is Gray's 'Elegy'! and how many times I have seemed to lay my head 'among the rude forefather's,' rather than in the artistic cemetery where my final resting-place is designed, and must be, because my husband lies there. Last summer Mary and I went six miles from Chelmsford to the grave in which my mother was laid forty years ago. It was so far from haunts of business, so quiet among surroundings of natural growth, the trees and the bushes of God's acre, that we both felt as if we would like to have our latest rest there. It was a comfort to us, and seemed to bring my blessed mother nearer to me than at any time since she died. She was a saint, and many are the memories of her heart and voice. I thought I would tell you this of the peaceful grave of the blessed woman I call *my mother*."

The wonderful beauty of the Newport home, its

freshness of sea, its delights of society, she shared with prodigal love. One could scarcely tell if it were bracing breaths of the water or the cheer of her house that imparted courage and power. The following is a letter of invitation dated at her island house:—

“*My dear Friend*,— I know by blessed (?) experience that, when my inventive husband gets an idea into his head, there is no rest or peace for him until he discovers if there be any life or breath in it. And Goethe says, ‘He who can *appreciate* merit has the germ of it within his own soul.’ Admit this, and you will see, too, that I am an inventive genius myself, and that while I cannot follow out into the broad way of thought him who is a blessing to the world, and all the world to me, still I can drink at the wayside stream, keeping in sight all the time my life guide and mentor. A year or two ago a man who died near Boston left money to found a hospital for the tired souls who find their bodies a burden, and long to get away from them. This is very good, but the number increases so rapidly that something must be done to thin them out. I propose to lend a hand, and cure all I can before that hospital is ready to receive them. Who knows but I may turn it to another and better purpose? I cannot do this without a *subject*, and that leads me to write you, and see if you are *willing to sacrifice yourself*, on the said altar.

“You remember I once told you that there is,

surely healing power in my Funnygraph [a cute scrap-book]; and now I want to demonstrate the fact that medicine is in it, if no money can be made out of it. So come, and stay until I have time to kill you or cure you. My charge will be the same either way. If I send you off with colors flying, I shall think I have a mission, and am no more worthy to be counted among the superfluous women. Having discovered that there is something for me to do, let me see if I can help you out of your drag? Sure I am that you will not rest and be strong where you are. Come down to this God-given Island Home. Its restful quiet does wonders. A sick child has just gone from us with a healthful recruiting. You have got your candle lighted at both ends, and there will be a grand explosion soon. If you wait until you get clear out to sea, I may not be able to pull you back; for I have constant work to hold on to my Moses. You are in that sleepless state which comes from excesses of brain work. You have no right to expect to sleep, even with Dr. Colby's night-cap on, while you persist in reading philosophy, metaphysics, to say nothing of listening to those lectures on Christianity."

When another was coming, not for the beauty of Newport life or for the ocean and its wonderful wine of ceaseless joy and delight, but for a day or two of holy communion, she wrote:—

"I can hardly keep from clapping my hands, like a little happy child, in the thought of seeing you in

my dear God-given Island Home, over which the angels fold their wings in loving tenderness, and where my precious Saviour is an ever-welcome and honored guest. How sweet will be our communion with him! Then I am going to my Eliot home, if I can. Our sister Rose [wife of her beloved brother, Henry C. Shapleigh] has a dying desire to see me once more; and Sarah will go with me, if I am able for the journey."

To her "dear Charlotte" of her youthful days she pours out her lovingness for "my Moses."

"We cannot go away at present until Captain Jeffers has been here, unless it be a case of life or death, as Mr. Farmer has the entire charge of the electrical department, and must be at hand to say what is needful to be done. A very nice building has been finished for husband's especial use. He will fit it up with instruments, as though he expected to stay at this Station forever. He says it will be so easy for some one to learn the use of the instruments after they are all contrived and adjusted to the work they will be expected to do. This is like him exactly. He will do all this, and then leave the ground for another to occupy; and, when another has performed some wonderful thing to astonish the world, he will look quietly on, and rejoice in the success, without taking to himself one particle of credit for all the brains he has put into the work since his connection with the institution. O Charlotte dear, there must be an unfading crown of glory awaiting this Moses on the

other side! But, if so it please God, may it be long before the Master shall bid him come.”

The records of personal efforts for the well-being of people at Newport (and other places as well) were never made in family books or in public prints; but it is peculiarly interesting to find among the thousands of letters which accumulated from her mails the gratitude of the needy. She found work places for servants. She opened doors of study in art and literature. She helped people in hard rent days. No phase of pinch and hardship but at some time she balanced it with her love. Close at hand is a letter from her Newport table:—

“*Mrs. Farmer: Dear Madam,*—I write to tell you how much I thank you for your kind interest in my sister and myself. I feel as if you were my mother. If I write anything out of the way, you will overlook it as a kind mother would a child. Sister is delighted with the place you got for her. She never had such a situation in her life before. Please accept my humble thanks a thousand times for my sister; for, when you were good to her, you were good to me. She has been everything to me since we lost our mother; and I hope, with the assistance of God, we shall never do anything to incur the displeasure of such a benevolent friend. I will tell you a little about myself. Husband gets his ten dollars a week. We put away two dollars and seventy-five cents for rent. The remainder I have got to be very economical with. Nevertheless, we do nicely, thank God. My hus-

band is a good and faithful workman. I am not praising him, but saying what he deserves. The children,—well, it is hard to go over another person's children, but they are good to me and loving. Sometimes I feel very bad. I will tell you why. Their father is an over-indulgent parent, and thinks they never ought to be spoken to. You know a child has to be taught right from wrong, and brought up in the fear of God. There are times when some little difficulty will arise; but I do as my mother taught me,—offer myself to the Almighty. The little boy is very good. He can do ever so many errands. He goes to his church, and I have him study one or two chapters in his catechism every day. The little girl is a very good child, but she has an obstinate little temper. She says her prayer nights and mornings, and says it very plain and correct. She prays for her mamma every time; but she will have it that I am her mamma, and the mamma who is dead is Johnnie's. If it is the will of God to leave us all together, I shall be glad. I hope you will not be tired of my letter. I have given you the same account I would give my mother. May God bless you."

Besides a vast deal of purely mission work in Newport, she took upon her during those years a very deep interest in prison life. She could gain a knowledge only by books and correspondence; but she found thereby opportunities to distribute reading matter in quantities to homes, reforma-

stories, and the like, and she quickly made some resorts understand that she had soulfully regarded them. We find, among the letters she received, a query which came from a Home for Released Prisoners: "We are often asked by our Prison Band what led Mrs. Farmer of Newport to become so deeply interested in our prison mission and work?" We do not know the answer; but she evidently asked in her return-letter about punishments in jails, of the "offences that must come," and the official wisely said:—

"No, Mrs. Farmer, birch rule is never *Love*: it is always *Law*. If the lash is used for incorrigibility, it will soon be used on defenceless women and insane men. If love and labor combined cannot reach men, brutality will not. The trouble is people do not feel enough in their own hearts of God's power to save themselves to believe it can save such men as we have among us."

Mother Dix, anxious lest Mrs. Farmer's multiplied Newport labors should distract and exhaust her, asked: "Does not the constant hearing and dwelling upon so many miseries unfit us for duties that come thick and fast? And how can your heart of love and kindness bear up under all these dreadful things?" But Mother Dix could not but commit herself in the very same breath as in most perfect harmony and kinship with Mrs. Farmer; for her confession is, "I treat always any poor souls who look to me for a kind word as thoughtfully and well as if they were my friends, and none

of them but must feel all the better for hearing my voice; and, when I can give help substantially, I do it, even if it has to be done in secret.”

At this time Mrs. Farmer met with a poem written by a prisoner, and given in manuscript to Mrs. C. S. Whitney of New York, a woman devoted to God and the distressed. Such was Mrs. Farmer's interest in the verses that she ordered a large edition for prison distribution. Mrs. Whitney wrote to her about the labors of love and life and her prison experiences:—

“I keep house, and do most of my own work, but am so deeply interested in suffering humanity that I cannot rest without reaching a helping hand. This burning love of Christ in me goes out after all the unfortunate. The prison work of which you ask has the strongest fascination of any. I did know M. J. F. at the time he wrote the verses for me. He was in our jail. One of the finest men of our city was a prisoner for *six years*. I had a pleasant talk with him, last night, of our first acquaintance, and how the dear Lord saved and advanced him. One man whom I tried to rescue gave me much anxiety; but I followed him with prayers and loving words, and last winter I heard that he was saved through the efforts of Charles A. Bunting, of New York. One sows, and another reaps; but we shall rejoice together when we get home. Do you know Mrs. Barney, of Providence? I have received letters from her and from Professor Ames. I am glad to know of you, and to become

acquainted, and shall wish to hear oftener from you.”

Mrs. Farmer’s interest in prisons continued as long as she lived.

It revealed itself constantly in the distribution of books and papers; and one of the pleasant labors since she went away has been to gather the papers and leaves which she had designed to send to the Western prisons, and to remember in her name the people who may be won to rectitude by love.

XXXV.

NOBLE WOMANHOOD.

IT is a singular stride from the glance at prisons and prisoners, with which we closed the last chapter, to the White House and its august occupants; but the woman of exhaustless efforts penetrated all phases of life and society, and did alike to the noble and the simple what came to her as a conviction.

Shortly after Mrs. Hayes's induction to the position of the first lady of the land, Mrs. Farmer read an article from the pen of Mary Clemmer, a prophetic chapter possibly of the effect of noble womanhood manifest in social positions. Allusions were made to the simple and really beautiful independence of Mrs. Hayes in matters of dress, arrangement of her hair, courtesy, etc. Mrs. Farmer read the column, and was seized with an irrepensible desire to address a letter to the President's wife. At that date the two had never met. Mrs. Hayes was to Mrs. Farmer only the woman whose name for years had been registered with the noble women of America who love God and the world well enough to labor for true upliftings wherever there is a chance. Her strong temperance principles,

her utter common-sense demeanor, had given Mrs. Farmer a general feeling of respect for her character. During the term of residence in the White House, Mrs Hayes visited the naval station at Newport. Great was the soul comfort the two had in an hour of fellowship. They sat together, and talked of God's inspirations in benevolent works.

It was very pleasant to Mrs. Farmer's familiar friends to rally her on a singular resemblance between Mrs. Hayes's face and her own. Every one of them who met Mrs. Hayes remarked it. One of her correspondents wrote her of an interesting hour at Washington, in which this facial fact is mentioned:—

“*My dear Mrs. Farmer*,—I reached Washington Friday evening, and yesterday was one of Mrs. Hayes's reception days at the White House. I knew nothing of it until, in passing, I saw a great throng and many carriages. Seeing Mr. Walter Allen of the Boston *Advertiser*, I hailed him, and learned that gentlemen went in ordinary walking suits, and that everybody was free to go. I joined the throng, and presently was presented to Mrs. Lucy Hayes, and also to the wives of every member of the Cabinet. Mrs. Hayes was charming. I was delighted, and fell in love with her at sight. She was the finest and best-looking lady of all those who received. Her cheeks were rosy, her complexion good, her eyes fine, full, clear, and kindly. ‘‘Rah for Mrs. Hayes!’’ say I. And I must tell you that Mrs. Hayes is very much like *Mrs. Professor Farmer*.

The resemblance is marked and unmistakable. I cannot for the life of me tell you what Mrs. Hayes wore, save that her hair was brushed smoothly back, and is black, and was very simply coiled at the back of her head, and fastened with a tortoise shell comb. My impression is that her dress was rich, but simple. There was a great throng. I saw many members of the Cabinet, General Devens, Mr. Evarts, and others.

“The ‘season’ is very lively. The city is full of giddy as well as scheming heads. Last night there were several receptions, and many ladies left the hotel in very elaborate dress. I like the wide streets, the superb views of the Capitol and public buildings; but I could not endure much of the ‘society.’ The girls already look jaded, and Lent will come none too soon to stop this tremendous dissipation.

“I was introduced to a pretty and talkative girl. She told me that the Hayes administration was awfully prim and dull. She said frankly that she wanted Grant again in the chair; for it was ever so much more grand and splendid, something like a court, and everybody spent money freely. She wished Grant was a dictator and in power. She supposed it took rather wicked men to run things that way, but she didn’t care. Why should she? She lived in Washington, and wanted that which made society lively. These were her very words. She was not trying to make fun. She really felt as selfish as her speech indicated.”

After an allusion to the supposition of Mary Clemmer that Mrs. Hayes might lose the artless, self-unconscious bearing which characterized her earliest receptions, Mrs. Farmer wrote:—

“I believe, dear Madam, that you have taken with you to the White House principles based on God’s word, that you possess traits of character that can never be separated from your individual life without lessening the influence you now have. The full extent of the power of a good woman can only be measured by eternity. If the years at the White House should rob you of this crown of womanhood, every true woman in the land will feel that we have paid a fearful price for our God-given President. I believe God has raised you up to restore and redeem the glory of our lost womanhood. Look at the women of to-day, bound hand and foot on the altar of fashion and as willing victims. To whom shall we turn to lift us from this degradation? Where shall we look for the woman who can do it? Many a woman is praying that God will help you.”

With the true wifely appreciation of the strength man acquires when he is sure of the power at his right hand, Mrs. Farmer queries:—

“If a change comes, will not the husband and President be first to feel it? Will not his courage falter and strength fail if, instead of his tower of strength, there be but the broken reed?”

And then, the wifely instinct melting into motherly love and desire for the lifelong purity of the sons, she again reasons:—

“Bare the arms and the bosom to the gaping crowds, and, if the moral support which you have always given to your sons be thus withdrawn, who will keep them unspotted from the world, and guide them safely through the whirlpool of sins by which young men are surrounded, and lead them up to a manhood without a stain?”

And the letter closes with the prayer that the pure atmosphere of the Western home may be transferred to Washington, and the crown of womanhood be still undimmed that to her brow was a halo of glory.

XXXVI.

THE OLD SOUTH.

A STRANGE chapter is this, but a real one, which sandwiches itself into the history of the days which Mrs. Farmer lived at the Island Home.

The years 1872-76 were now and again stirred with a patriotic and religious interest to save the Old South Meeting-house in Boston from destruction and desecration. This fervor culminated in 1876, when the edifice was secured and its permanency established.

The history of the old place can be better understood by a reference to Mary Norton, the wife of the Rev. John Norton, first of Ipswich (1636), where his old home yet stands, and later of Boston, where both minister and wife died and lie buried.

Mary Norton in 1699 gave the Old South real estate "for the erecting of a house for their assembling themselves together publicly to worship God, . . . and for noe other intent, use, or purpose whatsoever." After strenuous and oft-baffled legal efforts to change the legacy, the parish finally succeeded and 1876, centennial year, the property passed legally to other control. When it

was announced that the church was to be demolished, and, as Mrs. Farmer remarked facetiously, "people could have, if they wished, a brick of it to put into their hats," suddenly this excellent, devout, and patriotic woman felt the power of God come into her; and she was nerved to make the exertion to save the house, if she could not keep it open for worship. Her friends remonstrated; for had she not already been before the public, and could not the Old South Church and parish exercise its judgment religiously, financially, and secularly? But Mrs. Farmer had heard the Voice that but few know, and her pen must do its work. She tells the story of her effort (which, as she was afterwards informed, did actually save the edifice from destruction) in a letter to one of her family, which letter, though not earliest in date, we will insert first, and follow it by the letters and published articles which, Mr. Simmons assured her, proved the key-note of the song of deliverance from destruction of that landmark of religion and liberty:

"Your letter was received several days ago, but I have not felt able to answer it. The first hour of returning strength shall be given to this labor of love. As I laid your letter down upon my bed, before a thought had formulated itself, Jesus said to me, 'What is that to *thee*? follow thou me' (John xxi. 22). My soul instantly replied: 'Lord: I try to follow; and I *will*. But, dear, precious Saviour, give me some sign how long I am to plead with those who have power to give thee back thine own?'

He replied in a voice as distinct as if he had stood visibly at my bedside, 'Until the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate' (Isaiah vi. 11).

"One hand I gave to him almost seventeen years ago, and asked him to lead me. That hand, blessed be God, I have never withdrawn. Do you wonder that I instantly *reached out the other*, and asked him to grasp that also, and anchor me forever? And now, my dear Charles, if the path he has marked out for me leads to a martyr's stake or to the noose of a gallows, I shall follow it to the end.

"When this question of the preservation of the Old South was first brought home to me, I shrank with more than my usual timidity from having any part or lot in the matter. I knew God needed helpers, and I thought of everybody who could aid him better than I. Not once did I say, 'Here am I: send *me*.' I did not want to go. All the effort for him up to Sept. 16, 1876, was the little influence I could exert through those who were already pledged to the interests of that old Meeting-house. But in the stillness of the midnight of September 16, amid the wildness of a storm then beating about my Island Home, I heard his voice, I saw his blessed face. When I see him in glory, he will not be more real or visible than in the darkness of that night. I never expect such views of him again until my feet stand upon that shore where I shall be forever with him. I never knew till then

that I could be so near unto him. The sin of insufficient love to him has often *seemed* a separation from him. But, oh, the glory of that night! I nestled upon his bosom, that dear, loving bosom, where John, the beloved disciple, rested his head. I *knew* he loved me, poor, unworthy me. I had the clearest assurance that I loved him. Then it was that he whispered, 'If ye love me, *keep my commandments.*' I said, 'Blessed Saviour, what wilt thou have me to do?' Instantly my work was laid out before me, and I was ready to enter upon it as soon as the day dawned.

"My first duty was to write to Mr. Johnson and his committee. My belief will never be shaken that Christ told me to do it, and then helped me himself. But for that knowledge of his word, I could never have gotten the courage. You know me thoroughly enough, Charlie, to say that I must have been taken wholly away from myself to do it, because I naturally shrink from notoriety; and, in doing that thing, I was taking a position where it seemed as if I might stand openly before the public, and perhaps *stand alone.* But I knew God was in it, and that he would be with me. From that hour I began to pray for the *conversion* of that committee. God has promised that he will hear us, and I want you to believe it fully. If you could see their hearts as God can, I believe you would find them as restless as the waves that break into foam on the rocks around old Fort Dumpling as I write. May God in his grace give them no revelation of mercy

until they have made him restitution! The Old South Meeting-house and the land on which it is built *is God's*. Every hour that it is withheld from him only adds to the condemnation of the committee. If those men were doing rightly, why did God roll such agony upon my spirit?

“If God had distinctly stated that I only was answerable for the souls of that committee, I could not have had greater spiritual distress.

“This soul agony has not been confined to the committee. The pastor and the parish have also been a burden to my soul. But to-day the burden is lifting. God is after them. (I say it reverently.) He is going to bring them to himself. If I could only make you see it as I do, what a power you would be for him! Every word of yours would tell if the scales should fall now from your eyes. And they will. God wants to get you down very close to him first. And now, dear, do you help him. Do not fold your hands, and tell me to be quiet, and that God has all eternity to work in. I know it, you dear, blessed soul; but Christ gave himself not a ransom for *one*, but for *all*. If you felt as I do now, you would *rush* to tell lost souls there is a redemption. Something must wake Boston. It may be Moody or the songs of Sankey. It may be *you*. That church on the Back Bay is to feel the divine power. Dr. Manning says they must close the *Old South* in order to retain their identity, and you write that the committee's title will be vitiated if it be opened for religious wor-

ship; but, if my one vote to-day could open that Meeting-house, I should do it. I should not hesitate an hour. God is on the side of the Old South. If the committee opened it, you would see how quickly light would come out of darkness. Oh, the deliverance God would give if they would but stand up for Jesus! They could not help taking the house with the conditions of restriction; but, if they *hold it* on these terms, 'the partaker is on a level with the thief.' God have mercy.

"Look at the history of that dear old house, and see if you do not think God had a purpose in its salvation? You have scarcely to go back a year to see what a wonder-working God he is. You well remember the day when the hand of the executioner was laid upon it, when even my beloved, whose faith and courage had never flagged before, sat at my bedside in an utter despair, and said: 'We have done all we can, dear; but no power on earth can save it now. The dear Old South must come down.' The tears that filled his precious blue eyes were no shame to his manhood, but to his wife they seemed a glory forever.

"It will not be torn down,' was the answer that came at once from my lips.

"No man on earth can prevent,' said he.

"I know that no *man* can prevent, but *God* will; and I have no more doubt he will hinder its destruction than I have of its standing to-day.'

"But, dear, they are tearing it down *now*, and have been at work at it since yesterday.'

“Even if they have, that Meeting-house will not be torn down.’

“An hour later a little penciled letter was on its way to Mr. Roberts in Boston, and I had done a thing for the first time in my life that my Moses did not approve. His loving, tender approval had always been the day-star of my life through all our blessed wedded years. So clearly was God’s will revealed to me in that hour that I should have written, had I known that Moses would blame me as long as he lives. I knew that in eternity he would see that what I did was right. I could afford to wait. But, better, the blessed soul sees it to-day, and is satisfied.

“Dear Sarah hardly knew which of us to believe, and for a while the old Meeting-house was to her *on the fence*. I asked God to help her, and in a moment she said, ‘Stick to it, mother, and somebody will believe you by and by.’ Thank God, I did stick to it; and the dear, blessed old Meeting-house did not come down. The travail of my soul was satisfied; and it matters but little who saved it, as long as God gets all the glory. And now mark its history from beginning to end; and think you if God has no higher use in the salvation of his own house than to save it for a *curiosity shop*?”

A duplicate of Mrs. Farmer’s letter to Mr. Roberts is found among her loose papers, and is dated June 9, 1876:—

“MR. J. N. ROBERTS:

“*Dear Sir,*—To you personally I am a stranger, and our first meeting face to face will probably be at the judgment seat of Christ. That he shall *not* say unto me then, ‘Ye did it *not* unto me,’ I take up my pencil to add one plea more for the *preservation of the Old South*. I cannot think that Boston deserves this humiliation, which is to-day a chapter of her history, as she has allowed this precious memorial to be sold under the hammer. You may say that we have known for months that this would be the fate unless something was decidedly done to avert it. True; but I judge others by myself when I write that we have believed that those who have the matter in charge would present a plan to save it, and were waiting only to see when, where, and how to lend the helping hand.

“Now I write this to ask, since you have bought it to sell again, will you not name your price, and allow the

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to become its purchasers? Do not say, *No*. Without a doubt you can make arrangements with the trustees that will allow you to do this, and I think that we can also purchase the land. That the trustees have already expended three hundred thousand dollars for the privilege (?) of selling it goes to show that its sale for removal was never the intention of the donor, and that it never should have been done. But, since it has, if the house can be saved, it must be, even at the eleventh hour.

“I enclose some lines in behalf of the dear old church.

“Will you do me the favor to reply by return mail, as every hour is precious, since you mean to tear down the old church to-day. God only can know what a weight will be taken from my heart if you can tell me that the hand of the destroyer is stayed.

“HANNAH T. S. FARMER.

“MRS. MOSES G. FARMER.”

A telegram came in response to the letter, a joyful message to the earnest soul on her suffering couch in her Island Home:—

“Will save Old South if you can collect \$50,000 within six days. “G. W. SIMMONS & SONS.”

And back went the wire with its freight of joy:—

“Glory to God in the highest! The dear Old South will be saved. The world was made in six days. Will send letter by express.

“H. T. S. FARMER.”

The telegram was followed by a letter:—

“*Dear Mr. Simmons,*— Only God in heaven can know what a thrill of joy pervaded my whole being this morning when your message came to me, freighted with such joyful news. Over and over have I said ‘Glory to God in the highest. The Old South can be saved, *and it will be saved.*’ If it were possible for me to help you by my presence,

the wings of the wind would be all too slow to bear me to Boston; but I have been confined to my chamber almost four weeks, my face swollen and my eyes nearly closed. God be praised that my reason is spared, and that I have sight enough left to tell you with my own hand how thankful I am to do one thing more for the Old South!

“God bless you for giving us *six days* to work in, and now the question must be met instantly, How is it best to begin? This settled, a great point is gained. Two women on Washington Street have pledged \$500. The *Transcript* has their names. The *Transcript* has also [*torn*] for this purpose. This leaves only \$48,987 to be raised. Thank God, and take courage. We shall soon have it.

“To help what I can, I have written a ‘Plea’ for the Boston papers. I trust every daily in the city will give me a hearing, and that each will editorially say all it can to touch the great throbbing heart of the public that is now waiting to respond. Decide upon some place where contributions can be sent, and then call mass meetings on the Common or in Faneuil Hall. Send a crier to every street in the city of Boston. Let his voice ring out: ‘The Old South can be saved. Come and help do it.’ Soon there will be a company that no man can number. So great is the interest already awakened there will be nothing to do but take the contributions.

“But there must be a John Baptist in every positive movement like this. Who shall be the one?

It may be that God has raised you up to be the *Voice* in this wilderness. If he has, I have no doubt of your obedience. If need be, close your store, hang out a sign that you are to

‘SAVE THE OLD SOUTH,’

and take my word it will be the wisest of investments.”

Mrs. Farmer’s choice and wise thought of this Meeting-house was that it should never be secularized, but be used forever for the purpose of divinely uplifting souls and saving them from sins:—

“Let the women buy it, and keep it forever sacred as a memorial. Let its doors be open at the hour of noon. God and his angels will be there to welcome every waiting soul. It is none other than the very house of God and the gate of heaven. To use it for any other purpose would be like keeping our bodies after the spirit had departed forever. Take the spirit and life out of this Meeting-house, and it will be an index pointing to impending doom. What a mockery it would be to celebrate the coming Fourth of July with the work of demolition going on within those walls! But I will not think of it. It will not be done. Dear, blessed old Boston, of whom her children are so justly proud, will yet save her good name. She does not deserve to be called by hard names or to be made a target. Wrong-doing will be no part of the inheritance she leaves to history. She will come forth from this fire purified, and will teach her children to endure.”

Her address to the women of Boston and her poem were scattered hither and yon at the time:—

THE OLD SOUTH.

An Appeal to the Women of Boston.

“I send forth an appeal, as in the days of the war, from a bed of suffering, with the assurance that every cry for *Help* will be promptly answered by *Here*. There came to my chamber of suffering this morning a message like a voice from heaven, saying, ‘Will save the Old South if you can collect fifty thousand dollars within six days.’ ‘Glory to God in the highest!’ was the soul’s instant reply. ‘The dear Old South will be saved.’ To doubt this would be for me to doubt God’s word; and, oh, I am so thankful that my faith in this point did not even waver when the doom of this sacred memorial seemed to be forever sealed. One week ago to-day God led me to see that this Meeting-house must be saved if his judgments were to be averted from the dear old city of Boston. Having done all in my power, a little band of three knelt in my chamber at noon, and committed the whole matter to him; and from that moment to this I have never doubted that the Old South would be saved. But God works by human means, and now I call upon every woman whose eye shall fall upon this appeal to awake to instant action. Let every woman feel to-day that the salvation of this church rests upon her personally, and the work is done. God knows how gladly I would take my place with

the army of the women that we shall soon see moving upon the pockets of the people; but the 'thus far, and no farther,' is from God, and I thankfully accept the position at the rear, to which place he has assigned me, well knowing that other hands can better do the work, or he would not fold mine in helplessness.

"This dear Old South was the gift of a woman. God put it into her heart to leave a memento for his children through all coming time; and now let woman redeem it, and hold it forever sacred. To do this, there must be concentrated action. Rally your forces instantly, and you will find that you have strength enough to 'hold the fort.' Do not waste an hour in talk. Let every word that you utter in this cause *tell*. God and the angels are watching you from the battlements of heaven. *The Old South is saved* will soon resound, and God shall have the glory. All I can do now is to pray. Every moment shall be spent in asking God to be the Help. And he will. The Old South will be saved.

"MABELLE."

The poem is dated June 5, 1876, and indicates that it was the impulse of the hour. It was issued in several prints:—

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

O women of our glorious land!
 We beg, entreat, beseech, and pray,
 Don't let this idol e'er be touched,
 Or taken from our grasp away.

Turn back the strong and thoughtless host
 That would the baser natures show,
 And keep this dear old house of God
 For worship and the patriot's glow.

O Heaven forbid that it should be
 In ruins, or in dust low laid,
 When God has spared it year by year,
 And blood its price has paid!

Shame on the sordid love of gain
 That dares to lay a wasting hand
 On this, the bulwark of our strength,
 The glory of a freeman's land!

Shame on the men who live to-day,
 Devoid of love or patriot's pride,
 Who have not courage now to meet
 And face the wrong on every side!

The gold and silver are the Lord's,
 Not yours, proud man, to hold;
 And do you dare to say *his* church
 Shall for the sake of "trade" be sold?

You might as well ask for our souls,
 And think without them we could live,
 As yield the rights for which men gave
 The all they had the power to give.

Go look upon that dear old church,
 Then tell me, if you dare or can,
 That in your soul there is not left
 The loyal attributes of man!

She stands to-day silent and dumb
 To outward sense of listening ear;
 But is there yet a soul so dead
 Its voiceless pleadings will not hear?

Proudly we turn to years ago,
 When all the sorrowing land was rife,

When every breeze bore back to us
 Sounds of the awful, deadly strife.

We don't forget that in those days
 We found *men* valiant, brave, and true.
 We honor them for what they *did* :
 We ask them now what they *will do*.

Will dear old Boston idly stand,
 Unmindful of this wicked fray,
 And see this fortress of her strength
 Swept from her iron grasp away?

She has been weighed, and always found
 With ever true and loyal heart :
 A blow that falls upon that church
 Will strike her in a vital part.

When fire swept through her noble streets,
 And laid her costliest treasures low,
 Baptized anew was this dear church,
 Which *men* (?) for gold would now let go !

Thank God, we know that Boston waits,
 With righteous hand uplifted now !
 She will arise, and keep undimmed
 The crown upon her regal brow !

Last at the cross, first at the grave,
 Was faithful woman waiting found ;
 And to my far-off island home
 There comes a joyful, welcome sound.

We hear the coming of their feet,
 Nerved by a loyal woman's pride ;
 And well we know the *cause is lost*
 That has not woman on its side !

And now we reach them forth a hand,
 With earnest words of true God-speed.
 Oh, would that we could offer more,
 When willing hands and feet they need !

But here with folded hands we wait:
 The all-wise Master wills it so.
 The why we will not even ask:
 He says we shall hereafter know.

The Old South Church has power to thrill
 Beyond this weariness of pain;
 And for the loss sometime, somewhere,
 There will be found a higher gain.

What can weak woman do alone
 Against this onward surging tide?
 Why should we pause to answer back,
 When God and Right are on our side?

O women of to-day, be strong!
 Don't let a traitor's foot come near!
 Keep watch and guard around that fold
 Which holds so much for us that's dear.

If the invader dares to come,
 Ring out a mighty, warning cry!
 The echo will resound on earth,
 And answered be by hosts on high.

Close round this dear old house of God
 Till every inch of sacred land
 Is covered o'er with loyal feet,
 And there united firmly stand.

Say to the world, Those precious walls
 Are of our very life a part;
 And, if you dare to raise a hand,
 Each blow will strike us through the heart.

Another joy letter was at hand for her, dated at
 Boston, July 17, 1876:—

“TO MRS. FARMER:

“*Dear Madam,*—It may comfort you to know
 that in this *darkest hour* the most encouraging signs

of interest are appearing. It is not yet *public*; but I may tell you in confidence for a few hours that one of Boston's noble ladies, supported by the most influential names of the city, has bought the old edifice, to hold in defiance against destroyers. Aid will come quickly now. The joyful end is near.

“Yours truly,

“G. W. SIMMONS, JR.”

To this Mrs. Farmer returned a gladsome page: “*Dear Mr. Simmons*,—When you see Jesus face to face, he will tell you what joy and thanksgiving your letter brought to our home and hearts; but human language never can through mortal lips or pen. I fully appreciate your kind thoughtfulness in writing me; and I am so thankful that the joyful tidings came to me first from *you*, as I have no doubt but *you* saved the dear old house from demolition. Some time I want to know what led you to believe that its salvation was possible after its sale by auction, and what influence you brought to bear upon Mr. Roberts to effect this. But, glory to God, the Old South *is* saved; and I can wait patiently for all I need to know as to the *how* it was done. If anything *could* add to my joy, it is that the women of Boston hold it in their hands, beyond the reach of the demolisher. God forgive me for the wish that I could have been one of them. The suspense in regard to the fate of the Old South has been fearful, though I firmly believed it would be saved; but, when I looked at the human side, I

could but question where all this money was to come from? But God is able, and he helps if we trust. When your God-sent message came ('The joyful end is near'), then in this chamber, around which the angels keep watch, dear praying souls knelt, and returned thanks to Almighty God for this wonderful deliverance."

At this point Mrs. Farmer made a second effort to open the house for daily noon-tide prayers. No persuasion could effect this. What her arguments were can be gathered from the following letter:—

"What! no prayer to be offered in the Old South for *thirty years*? If war called again for our bravest and our best, could you ask them to gather in that God-consecrated place for the farewell, the last perhaps on earth, and then send them forth to die, with no word of prayer? Could you see your own son turn away from this house of God without knowing that blessing divine would go with him? Every spot in that house has been made holy forever by the truth. Turn it into a museum, and where will be the inspiration which is now the key-note of so many glorious deeds and the main-spring of so many lives?"

What the sacred as well as historic Old South Meeting-house will yet become, the prophetic voice has never told; but one soul at least poured out her prayers that it might be an open door of redemption to those who cry unto God for an eternal release from the bondage of sin.

XXXVII.

ALFRED LITTLE.

ALFRED LITTLE was an ever-welcome guest, not only at the Island Home, but wherever he chanced to be. Born in the old town of Professor Farmer's nativity, and likewise akin to him, the two were linked in most brotherly fellowship. A strangely diversified brain, full of drollery, music, rare common sense, an absorbing reader, an ingenuity that could make even a piece of nothingness to be serviceable, everybody who once saw him remembered him, and everybody remembered him because they loved him. But this great, noble creature stepped not on the strong man's feet. He had the lifelong need of the support of his crutches. And his melodeon, made and tuned by his own skilful fingers, was, more than anything besides, his ready means of material support. Hundreds knew him by his inimitable music.

When the Farmers were completing the long service at the beautiful Newport home, intelligence came that Alfred had swiftly taken the everlasting flight. It was a shock to the household. The Rev. Charles T. Brooks, who had often been charmed with his easy and sparkling conversation

at Island Home, sang one of his soulful melodies; and gratefully the music fell upon the ears of the wide, wide circle of mourners:—

“Alas that the marvellous music is ended

That held young and old in its magical spell,
Where Nature’s own voices so sweetly were blended,
And must we bid music and minstrel farewell?

“Ah, no! though the wizard has gone, and the fingers

That played on our heart-strings are rigid and cold,
Yet the voice, full of pathos, in memory lingers,
And the cadences charm as they charmed us of old.

“Yet not that weird instrument’s rich combination

Of rivulet’s murmur and ocean’s deep roll,
The range of its tone through the realms of creation,—
Not this made those moments most dear to the soul.

“That thousand-stringed harp, by the Father created,—

O friend, in thy bosom how finely ’twas strung!—
On that subtle music most fondly we waited,
As it thrilled from thy fingers and breathed from thy tongue.

“And is it now silent? Nay, mourners! Though never

On earth that sweet music may pierce our dull ears,
The harp framed in heaven shall in heaven forever
In harmony echo the Song of the Spheres.”

Mrs. Farmer epitomizes this rare soul in one of her letters written before his upward flight:—

“I had a good cry when I found Alfred had been at your home. If we had thought of his coming, we should have stayed with you. He is a comfort to everybody, and the best person I ever saw to go about to different families; for he is as wise as he is good. Everybody who is in trouble of any kind finds in him a comforter and counsel-

lor. I hope he will make his home with you whenever he is in Manchester. But, if I had my way, he would live always where I do.”

A glimpse of this gifted and musical life can be gathered from one of his letters to Mrs. Farmer, bearing the imprint of the *New Hampshire State Prison*. Alfred, by special invitation, visited the institution, and for the convicts' sakes touched his keys with music which was little less than human pathos and beauty. Perhaps we should say *a little more* than human; for his notes melted the hearts that words failed to reach.

“*My dear Cousins, Hannah and Sarah,*— You see I’ve *got in* again. Perhaps you will think it doesn’t speak very well for me, and is not very complimentary to you, that my letter should go from a *State Prison*. To imitate is easier than to originate, and thus it follows that *precedent* is a great thing in this world; and this will explain why several of us are in for a second term. . . . But, speaking of crimes that brought *us* here, I was put in and locked in, yesterday, on a two hours’ sentence. Guess my crime? I was riding through one of the streets of Concord with the warden, and he said to a man on the sidewalk,—

“‘I’ve got him.’

“‘What are you taking him to prison for?’

“‘For being *light-fingered* [on the melodeon]; and, what may seem a little paradoxical, to do a little *stealing* after we get him in,—*i.e.*, to steal away their hearts.’”

While the great-hearted Alfred sang, he had also permission to talk to the convicts; and he wrote Mrs. Farmer a conclusion to which others perhaps will respond as well as herself: "But, the more I see and learn of these prisoners, the more I believe that some of them are more sinned against than sinning; and that some people outside and inside these thick granite walls deserve to change places."

A merry little day at Island Home he describes in a letter to one whom he calls "Dear Frank":—

"At the Naval Station I gave a concert one evening, at Cousin Farmer's suggestion, on the United States Navy tug-boat, 'Nina,' to the sailor boys who belong to the vessel. They decorated the cabin with the flags of various countries in honor of the occasion. Professor Farmer went with me,—the man who teaches the naval officers,—and he enjoyed it much to see the boys so happy. I could not help looking at the professor—the man, superior in mind and knowledge—trying to make sailor boys happy. Nor was he ashamed to spend the evening with them on their boat. The reason why? He is a Christian, and follows his Master in visiting the poor.

"And, again at the professor's suggestion, I went to the Government Machine Shop, and played to the workmen while they sat about on the benches and on the great red torpedoes, and ate their dinners.

"Then I wish you could have been with me to

take several rides with Captain Tom Shay, a noble fellow, in the swiftest sail-boat in Newport. He takes the government laborers to and from the city every morning and night. Also he takes the officers and their families to ride in the bay. So Professor and Mrs. Farmer and Sarah went with me several times, all about the island, past Ida Lewis's light-house, Fort Adams, the Dumplings. And one day the daughter of the captain of the Naval Station asked Professor Farmer if I would go out with the young ladies; and three of them came, and took me and my melodeon. Two young ladies rowed and one steered, and we rowed till sundown. I played 'Row, brothers, row'; but I should have changed it to 'Row, *sisters*, row.' It was the captain's 'gig,' carpeted, etc."

The following letter, written by Mrs. Farmer to Alfred's sister, Mrs. (Chaplain) Little, not only has a tender reference to the sudden departure, but is a revelation of the spiritual insight which was as real to Mrs. Farmer as if she had attained to what our Scriptures term *vision* and *open eyes*. The annual gift of the lilies, which her pen delineates, continued as long as she lived:—

"Your long and beautiful letter, dear Emma, was a great comfort to us, and we thank you for it. The last time the dear Alfred was with us in our Island Home he came for two weeks, and we kept him two months; and he only got away then to fulfil a promise made a year before. Every morning, as soon as prayers were over, he came for a

talk with me. These talks were golden; and I knew then, just as I do now, what they were to me. Oh, how little I thought they were the last with him on earth! But, Emma dear, he is not far away from me; and, wherever heaven is, I know it is near, for I can almost talk with Alfred. Last night I sat alone in the chamber and held sweet communion with him, and I told him I would do all I could to help you to fulfil his wishes in regard to the disposal of his personal effects. I think he knows all I shall write for him. I do believe that sin alone separates from those on the other side; and I should as soon think of doubting the existence of my soul and spirit as not to believe that the angels who do my Father's bidding are near me every moment. I have the most veritable proof of this. Here let me tell you of instances of God's continual remembrance and ministrations:—

“My baby Clarence has been in heaven twenty years. When they carried the precious little body to its last rest, our Eden Home was fragrant with the lilies of the valley. From that hour they have always seemed a link between my angel baby and me. Who will wonder at it, when I tell you that the month of May has never passed without the same sweet flowers being sent me, and often from those who are entire strangers, not only to me, but to the association of my thoughts and life with these flowers? One May a lady in Newport gave direction to a servant, who wished to come to see our cook, to bring a large bunch of these lilies of

the valley to me, with her love. Her conservatory was filled with every flower one could name; and why did she especially select the lilies? Who told her to send them? All she knew of me was the simple fact that one of her servants wished to be absent awhile to visit in our kitchen. God sent me those lilies just as truly as if he had come visibly from his home in heaven.

“Still stranger was an incident which occurred two years ago. I was in Boston, spending a May Sabbath with the Coffins. We went to Dr. Cullis’s chapel at the Highlands. After service Mrs. Coffin spoke with Dr. Cullis. While I waited for her, I noticed a lady on the other side of the church go to the pulpit and take three sprays of this precious flower from a vase; and she came to the group around the Doctor and gave them to him, and he handed them to me. I held them a moment, and then returned them. But he said, ‘She requested that I give them to you.’ Who told her to do that but my Risen Lord? Going out to that chapel in the street-car, I thought how near the end of May it was, and no lilies had been sent to me. I mentally queried if I should be justified in thinking that God had forgotten me if none came. I begged him not to allow me to be led into doubt, and told him I would still trust him, though no flowers came. When I entered the chapel, my heart was in peace. I was sure that I was still his care; and, when I left it, my heart was singing songs of triumph for the proof he had given me

of his love. Do you wonder that I feel the Everlasting Arms under me, and that his angels minister to my earthly needs?

“Heaven is nearer and the Father is dearer since Alfred went up the starry way. But the loss of his earthly presence falls upon me with crushing weight. His departure was so unexpected that for a time everything dropped from my hands. He has been associated with all my work for thirty years. From nearly every paper that I have cut up I have saved some clipping for him, and there has never been a time when a box was not kept to hold the things especially valuable or interesting to him. Dear, blessed soul, what would I not have done for him! My own brother was scarcely dearer.”

One can hardly think it strange that Alfred's life proved so vitally a power of goodness, when the following revealing of his mother is given us from Mrs. Farmer's letter to Mrs. Maynard, at whose home the very sudden departure was made:

“God gave Alfred a very remarkable mother. Like Enoch, she walked with God. As her children were laid in her arms, each was given to God. A fairer, sweeter babe than Alfred was never given to a mother, and she poured out her thanksgiving for the precious gift. A few beautiful years were hers with no impending shadow, and then this child of so much love was crippled for life. To our short sight her mother-heart must have sunk as she saw this child of prayer laid aside from activities forever. But God could have said, ‘I have

not seen such faith in Israel.' She told me the sweet story herself: 'I had given him so fully to God, that I could not take him back, and my faith in him was so sure and steadfast that I had no wish to withdraw the consecration. I never a moment doubted that my prayer had been heard in heaven and would be answered in earth; and through the years of pain that followed, when even Alfred's life was despaired of, I never lost hope, faith, or courage. I had given him to God, and I had only to fit him for God's service.'

"And did not God do it by making Alfred a missionary of good and pure influences, and by showing the miracle of a life that was apparently a burden transformed into a perfect wellspring of joy?"

"From that far-off Western home, where his dear, blessed mother still bears cheerfully the weight of eighty-two years [1881], there comes to us no cry of agony that Alfred is gone before her. Faith is triumphant as she says, 'Alfred's life of love is ended on earth, but it is begun in heaven.'"

Very beautiful was the tribute paid to this "singer and player upon instruments" by the Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin, in a letter to his cousins, dated at his Boston residence, 81 Dartmouth Street, Jan. 30, 1881:—

"*Dear Cousins,*—It was a great gratification to be present at Alfred's funeral. He was indeed a brother to me. We had many things in common. Our friendship began when we were eight years old, and through all the years there was no jar be-

tween us. I remember the beginning of our acquaintance. I was at Ephraim Little's, and was going with him to drive a flock of sheep to pasture. We passed your Grandfather Jesse's house. Alfred was in the dooryard, hobbling about on one crutch. An ox-cart stood in front of the house. 'I can run and get into that cart first,' he said. I wondered that a lame boy should make such a challenge. I little knew the spirit that was in him. We had a race. Of course, I beat; but he laughed just as heartily over his defeat as he would over his triumph. Of these boy days, I recall a training at Swetts's Mills; and the beating of the drums came to our ears. I remember his make-up of a band which he would like to hear: ten violins, six double-bass-viols, a bugle, a French horn, bassoon, and a drum. I thought it a funny make-up for a military band. He never had heard such instruments in combination, but it was his intuition. In that respect he was remarkable. If he had received a thorough musical training, he might have been a brilliant composer. I am indebted to him for my first insight into harmony. I remember his return from the West after your father's death. He had a violin. He spent several weeks with me at my father's house, and could play several pieces through, but knew nothing of harmony until his work began at Concord. The tuning of instruments led him into it. During the years we lived at Boscawen he was with us often. I have gone to Concord many times purposely to get him, and we

have sung and discussed questions all the way to Boscawen. We each of us had a fund of stories; and I sometimes let the horse take his own course, that we might prolong the communion.

“I think that my dedication to him of the story of ‘Caleb Krinkle’ gave him a great deal of pleasure.

“I remember the gratitude he expressed when I informed him that my character of Dan Dashaway had himself for an inspiration. ‘I am not good enough for such a character,’ he said, with tears in his eyes.

“It was an especial gratification to Sallie and me to have him with us last winter. We had several gatherings of musical and intellectual people on his account, and tried to make it pleasant for him. The beauty of it was that he gave them unalloyed pleasure. I took him as my guest to the Congregational Club, which he greatly enjoyed.

“Quite likely the friends at Webster have written that a tune which I composed at the funeral of Aunt Jane Gerrish — ‘We are but strangers here’ — was sung at Alfred’s funeral. He always liked it; but he liked much better ‘Till He come,’ which I enclose. I composed it while he was here, and had his aid in the work of the harmony. I thank God that I had so much of him. He has been an inspiration to me. His loss will be felt in a great many households. He never had an enemy. He did what he could to make the world brighter and better, and there are fewer tears than

there would have been if he had not lived. There is less of sorrow and more of joy, and that is the difference of heaven and hell. He was true to his convictions; and they were all for truth, justice, righteousness, and goodness. He will be a blessing and a benediction to scores of children who will never forget his unvarying cheerfulness, his play of humor, his wonderful music, his influence for good."

Alfred Little and Professor Farmer were of the same genealogical descent, Colonel Moses Gerrish and Jane Sewall, his wife, already alluded to in this volume, being the common ancestors,—the old portrait of the colonel on the walls of the professor's library making the far-away progenitor to seem like a present and familiar presence. Alfred wrote a letter in rhyme to Mrs. Farmer, and very quaintly brought into it the name of the old-time Jane (Sewall) Gerrish:—

“Point Judith, on Long Island shore,
 Where oft is heard the breaker's roar,
 From Judith Quincy took its name,
 A family allied to fame.
 Captain John Hull, who showed his skill in
 Coining ye ancient Pine Tree Shilling,
 This lovely Judith made his wife,
 And with her lived a happy life.
 Their daughter Hannah, it is said,
 Chief Justice Samuel Sewall wed.
 Her sire, the bouncing bride to favor,
 Her weight in Pine Tree Shillings gave her.
 Chief Justice Sewall was the brother
 Of my great-great-great-great-grandmother.

Jane Sewall was her maiden name.
Your Moses is allied the same.
I'll make you no apologies
For 'endless genealogies.'"

Among the printed articles from Alfred's pen is a quaint question of the little daughter of Professor Farmer:—

INFANT ASTRONOMY.

"Mother [asked the little daughter of a celebrated inventor], *what do the posts stand on that hold up the stars, or, if the stars hang down, what do they tie the strings to?*" How could a child too small to appreciate the law of gravitation ask a more sensible or philosophical question?

XXXVIII.

LAST DAYS AT NEWPORT.

THE two souls who had journeyed so lovingly together since the wedding day of 1844 were to enter into a new fellowship in the home of singular beauty at Newport. Heretofore the pain-bearer had been the wife. The physical endurance had been the husband's dowry. The last two years at Newport, Professor Farmer also touched in sympathy what Saint Paul describes as "the fellowship of *his* suffering." With him it was not the acute agony which had claimed dominion in the frail tenement of Mrs. Farmer, but that painless disability which is the test of nerve and spirit. The dear woman, whose strongest thought was her husband's weal, wrote of him:—

"It is now two years since Mr. Farmer's limbs began to trouble him about walking. They are still weak, but seemingly a great deal better. His head is as clear as ever, and he is as capable of doing brain-work. But his work is now wholly confined to the Station, as it consumed too much of his strength to attend to his business in Boston. All this has made such a change in me that sometimes I look at myself in the glass, and wonder

who I am, anyway. I feel as though I were *a hundred years old*. I do not think you would know me if you should meet me in the street."

And to Mrs. Soule she wrote at this date:—

"This will be our last season here. Husband's health may oblige him to lay down his life-work and rest for a year. If it does, we shall change our residence. No public work has been done here for a few months, but that in no way interferes with his investigations or with his experiments. He had a good deal of apparatus of his own that he could use; and he went steadily on with his chosen work until he broke down with the harness on.

"Have I told you about my soldier? He went to heaven a month ago; and his dear little wife is almost heart-broken,—four little ones, and only God to depend upon. It will do her good to see you. I think you could comfort her a good deal. Come and see if you can."

A letter about "my dear Moses" gives us another glimpse of how the two feeble children of the King were drifting through the latest days at Newport:

"My dear Moses is certainly better, can bear more light, can sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four. How thankful I am that God has been so good to spare him a little longer! The other night I was sitting with him alone, and he said: 'I do not think, dear, that either of us will stay a great while longer. It seems as if we are almost home. And, when we get there, how glad we shall be that we have left our earthly work as worn-out pilgrims,

and that we have not rusted out!’ The cold shivers run over me yet. Can you think what this world would be to me if Moses should enter the eternal home before I do? And yet, if it is the will of God, I hope he will not be the one to know the loneliness of waiting for another tide.”

Decoration Day was the day of all days of the year to her. A letter written with a tired pencil says:—

“I send these blessed little flowers, bedewed with tears, for the grave of the sainted one. Leave them upon the sacred mound, and then thank God for a love that is stronger than death. I wish I could be with you on Decoration Day; and I shall be, even if I am here. I have a dear friend in Portland who laid in the grave last August all that made earth home to her. She refuses to be comforted. She does not find the precious Saviour bearing a part of her heavy burden, and she sinks beneath the weight. Ask God to raise her up, and to comfort her, even as he has you. The way may be rough for you both, but it will not be long.”

The comfort of her fellowship with her tried and true ones found expression:—

“You have never known, dear, loving soul, what your friendship has been to me. God gave it to me as a token of his love, and now I am asking him to let me see again your dear earth-face. The veil is thin between us, and I almost wonder at your silence. You seem near enough to me to hear what I am saying to you. Why is it that you seem

so much nearer to me at one time than at another? Are you in a place where you need me, or do I need the strength for some trial yet in store,—that peculiar strength which your presence always gives? The dear Lord alone knows, and I will trust him. I have felt for days a nearness to him which is indescribable. And this oneness with God always brings to me his disciples; and I know that you are one of them, and that he loves you with an everlasting love. Hold fast his dear hand, and he will lead you safely home, where the loved are waiting to welcome.”

To this same friend, whose sympathy was so real to her, she wrote again:—

“I was reading yesterday of a very aged man who had given his heart to God when he was but ten years old, and had served him faithfully seventy-four years. His last hours were full of triumph, and at length the weakness took away the thoughts of the dear ones who could scarcely tell whether he were breathing or not; then he suddenly lifted his dear old, dying hand, and said, ‘Dear Jesus, take it.’ Who can doubt that God grasped that uplifted hand, and led him on? Let us cut ourselves loose from everything that will impede our upward flight, and follow those who have reached home before us.”

From the scores of letters she received, letters which increased in numbers every added month of her Island Home life, we gather a few fragments indicative of her divine mission:—

“I have often heard my husband speak of you and Miss Farmer in the highest terms, and of your benevolence in cases of need; but I never thought to have the honor to address you. No words can express my gratitude for your letter of sympathy. I was beginning to cherish bitter feelings to God, but he put it into your heart to send me those promises and tell me of the assurance of faith.”

And another wrote:—

“You have been so kind, I shall never forget you. I cried for joy when I got your good letter and the money. It will help me much. When it came, I was sick in bed.”

Another tells her that “it is hard to be sick and not have a mother.” And one whose heart must have led to benevolent labors wrote: “I will write you as fully as if writing to my mother, for I believe you have the noble heart-beat for the troubled, and I thank God for just such women as you; and I shall feel, too, that the poor girl of whom I speak will have a helper in yourself.”

Is it any wonder that such written messages were the daily allotment of her Father, when she herself was saying with almost her latest Newport penciling:—

“I am interested in everybody who is sick; and your own heart will tell you that your dear suffering sister will find a ready sympathy from me. Give my love to her. Tell her from me that the religion of Jesus has power to comfort when earthly friends can only look on with pitying heart

and tearful eye. The Saviour invites her to come. His arm is the only place of rest. I trust that she will be willing to give herself soul and body to him.

We have already given a newspaper review of the Newport life; but it will still further please us to complete these glimpses of the Island Home with another paragraph from the city press:—

“The electrician, Professor M. G. Farmer, although born in the Granite State, spent the greater part of his eventful life in and about Boston. His numerous inventions of electrical apparatus have made him equally well known as Edison. To a great extent, he has made the Torpedo Station what it is to-day. He nurses and cares for its interests as carefully as a mother does for her offspring; and, when the future history of the Station is written up, his name will occupy its proper place.

“In this connection, it can be stated that Professor Farmer and his estimable daughter are two of the best friends which the poor of Newport have ever found; and many families are sought out by Miss Farmer, who need pecuniary and other assistance, and her sweet Christian spirit, coupled with kindred graces, has illuminated many dark homes where want and distress were pictured in the faces of those who occupied them. Many, very many instances could be recorded where Miss Farmer has honored her sex; but it is enough to say that she and her revered parents spend thousands of dollars in alleviating the wants of the needy, and it should

be stated that it is always done with the greatest secrecy. Some time ago the professor's family was obliged to be absent from Newport for some time; and the fact has come to the knowledge of the writer that before they went they made arrangements with a gentleman to continue the payment of ten dollars per week to a family the head of which was slowly dying of consumption."

XXXIX.

HARVEST DAYS.

THE chosen retreat when Newport became a memory was the dear old Eliot homestead. It was the shelter of the final decade, and the spot called above every other during that time—*Home*.

“*My dear Birdie*,—I wish you could feast your eyes on the beauty to be seen from the piazza. The grand old trees are like poems; and, if my harp had not hung upon the willows until its strings were rusted, the inspiration of everything in the outside world would certainly find expression in songs of praise. ‘Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.’ So my thankful heart goes out with glad thanksgiving to Him who made this beauty. Oh, if my dear, sainted mother could only come back to me, and plant with her own hands the flowers she loved, and live here again in this blessed home, what a comfort it would be to me! But in the house not made with hands she hath now her dwelling-place; and she knows, too, all about her earthly home. Because she is happy, I must be, also. I feel her presence with me in every room of the house. By this I know her benediction rests upon all we have done.



BITTER-SWEET-IN-THE-FIELDS.

I wish you could go upon the veranda with me, and see for yourself the loveliness. We have nothing to do but to plant the vines, and make the place blossom as the rose. When you are strong again, you will enjoy the rest and beauty of this home so fully crowded with comfort. I am in father's wheel-chair; but I shall have the strength to walk in a very little while."

But the Eliot cottage, with its vines and flowers and attractive lawn, was only the pivot. The family, in all the last ten years of Mrs. Farmer's life, was revolving as calls and necessities demanded.

The first thought in the dear woman's mind was the comfort of her husband. She ceased not to test the skill and help of any sanitarium that could lift him from his wheel-chair. "Do you know what it is," wrote the feeble man, "to feel prison walls coming closer and nearer? not to be able to help one's self to things needful?" And his wife, in a sketch of him and his invention of the fire-alarm, and her own sympathetic stepping at his side, adds:

"Through life it has been so easy for *me* to suffer if I could only keep my dear husband far above it; and now the dear Father has seen it needful to add his feebleness to my own full cup. The tenderest part of my being is daily touched at the sight before me, as I see my beloved meekly bearing his heavy cross; and it often seems as if the angels in glory must look down upon him with wonder and surprise, as they mark the uplifted soul so far above

his natural surroundings. The busy brain was never more intensely active than now; and yet the hands must be folded, and the willing feet go no more about on their errands of love, mercy, and duty."

Writing of Professor Farmer's scientific investigations resulting in such wide helpfulness to communities and the world, she truthfully added:—

"God has called us to do no common work for him; and, when he assigns a task to any of his children, he fits them for it in his own way and uses his own tools. The agony of the process in our own case has been known only to him, but nothing else would have prevented us from living out our own lives in a far different manner."

For the husband's best welfare as well as for her own, the sanitariums at Dansville, N.Y., Delaware Water Gap, Pa., and of Drs. Taylor and Moore in New York City, were each resorted to during the latest years. All proved pleasant places: the fellowship of the homes had much that was desirable; friendships were formed of great comfort, and in every one the good woman was a pillar of strength to somebody. But, scattered as the good deeds and words were, the *harvest* was not scattered. She was a constant reaper, though sometimes she seemed not to know it. The whole helpfulness of her life to her husband's work cannot to-day be revealed; but of her deeds, which from their daily commonness we strangely call the *lesser* ones, we gather up as we can, and they are a praise unto

God and a gladness to her memory. Mrs. (Chaplain) Little wrote a very sensible paragraph to her:

“I have had to educate myself into throwing away things I would like to keep, because I have no home. As you are sick, do you not believe it would relieve you of some care if you would do the same? It is *things, things, things*, that bind us down.”

Probably Mrs. Farmer was counseled a thousand times to lay not only things, but also peoples and sorrows and needs, forever and far away! But her harvest days would have missed the ripened corn and the golden sheaf. We have found scores of grateful letters, which no eyes but her own had read, which touch upon things and peoples. Some told of rent-days when the landlord ceased to be a dread, for she antedated his coming. She furnished homes with literature, books for the South and West, a list of more than forty names had yearly papers. She paid the expenses of half a dozen youths at the schools at Northfield. Two at least were able to gain the help of a European school and climate and travel. She helped more soldiers, to the day of her death, than anybody will ever know, and then add to the list the dumb animals, people in hospitals, reforms, etc. It is useless to attempt the *things* she did and the words she said. The dear friend, Margaret Merritt, wrote to her:—

“I can tell, my dear Mrs. Farmer, *by the pencil-ing* how the patient’s strength is. You dear

soul! why cannot something be found to give you strength? Is it not as Dr. Hurd used to say, 'You take up too much of your vitality in doing for others?' That is, when you are climbing up-hill and have reached a nice resting-place, you reach down and exhaust all your strength in pulling others up. Dear Mrs. Farmer, tell me, do you not think it would pay physically for you *to be a little selfish?*"

When this same interesting friend again mistrusted that Mrs. Farmer was indulging too richly in angel toils, she sharpened her quill:—

"I am glad to know that it is so well with Professor Farmer and Sarah, but I am not so happy about *you*. I am almost sure you are taking the burdens of too many. I expect every troubled soul in town and out of town comes to you. This keeps you weak and tired of heart. What can I do to stop all this? You will never shut one away. It is true, as I said to dear Sarah, that you will wear out soul and body for other people. I often think of you as I saw you in your room in that 'Isle of the Blest' [at Newport]. You were busily working,—and when were you ever otherwise?—I stood and looked at you several minutes before you lifted your eyes and saw me. I had never seen you so tranquil, so, as it were, at rest."

After this sisterly chiding, she unconsciously goes on to say the very words to touch a chord in that heart of love, and call forth its sympathy:—

"It was only when you were gone from Dr.

Taylor's that I realized how much that was comforting went away. All the winter, when I have felt badly, and have thought of my mother, I would have given everything to be able to go to you. Even Ellen [the cook] came to me, and said she had a *longing* to see you, and bought a card and wanted me to send it; for she did not know how."

Another writes:—

"I have thought of you so much since we parted at the cure. You have helped me, dear Mrs. Farmer, and have been a mother to me. I shall never forget you. When I read of Mrs. Hopkins's death, it was a great shock. Mother and she were so often together at Dansville, and now God has called them both."

One of the several who were sent to the schools wrote and told her:—

"I can hardly realize that my school-days at Northfield are over. I cannot write you how badly I felt to leave the dear friends and place where my life has been made so happy for four years; and I trust it has been made better, nobler, and more wholly consecrated to my Lord and Master. To you my heart goes out with gratitude and thanksgiving for placing me in the school, and for all you have done for me while there. You told me the way you wanted me to repay you was by doing the same by some one when I was able. And it is my purpose to work and send one whom I know, that she may receive the good from the school that I have."

Sometimes odd bits of trial were confided to her. A very precious and most unselfish saint wrote of a woman who was despised:—

“As I was passing quietly along, this Mrs. A. B. C. came to her gate, and spoke to me in a friendly way. The news of it had reached our tea-table even before I got home. The result was all looked askance, because I allowed it. I told my landlady that she was giving me no chance to rejoice, as Jesus did, over a sinner that repenteth. It is rather hard on me: I love to forgive every one who repents ever so little. It seems as if we are purer and clearer after we have sinned and repented than we were before. At any rate, I am almost happy when I am sorry for any badness; but the rabble seems to be utterly ignorant of how this is. It is such a pity that they do not understand that a spirit of forgiveness gives us wings.”

The kindly Mrs. Dix, in the last letter from her pen, which will, perhaps, be quoted in this volume, said:—

“Can you realize that you and your blessed husband and Saint Sarah and I are the same beings who began to know each other in 1861? Well, here we are; and when shall one of us open the gate for another? Are we better freighted for the long journey than we should have been without our daily experiences,—some of them very bitter? My own later trials seem only to ripen the teachings laid down by him who was born as we are, and died setting his seal to his ministry in his

life's blood. I wish I could press to you how clear this is to me,—so natural and simple a plan of salvation in comparison to the long-time darkness of earlier days. Patience and submission are creeping into my soul, and they bring enough of their dewy mornings to let me see how beautifully our paths are laid out for us. Even my Hervey's smiling and loving face seems to come peering in at the door as of old. These things are new to me; but you three have been thus sustained in all your years. I trust not to have my hard teachings taken away. I shall get on the road by them, and everything will be easier day by day. Put me into your prayers the morning after you receive this. Pray that I may hold on to that which I have, and that it may be the nucleus of great stores."

There was now and then a ripple of pleasantness as she opened her mails and found a letter which hung her side by side with some portrait in the gallery of saints. When the memoir of the Princess Alice was in its freshness, a friend wrote:—

"I thought of you yesterday, dear Mrs. Farmer, for I read the 'Princess Alice,' and she was *so like you*. From beginning to end of the volume I thought she was your sister. You must believe, therefore, that you are of royal blood. Indeed, we have all of us believed it for years. But may be *you* do not realize it. When you are comfortable you must surely read this story of the princess. Do not undertake it until you are strong enough to cry a little; for, every now and then, one must

shed a tear or two over the pages. She was all heart, like her great and good mother, the queen."

A letter dated in 1888 brings out another resemblance:—

"*Dear Mrs. Farmer*,—In the March *New England Magazine* is a portrait and sketch of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson. The likeness to both you and Mrs. Gurtin in face, brain, and figure, is clear. That forehead tells why you three are so unselfishly benevolent. Such a life as Mrs. Thompson's must be classed with Count Tolstoï."

From these extracts of her harvest letters we turn now to her own pen. To a minister, invited to address an historical society, who had been questioned as to the propriety or consistency of mixing his religious duties with a secular work, she wrote very sensibly:—

"A one-sided life is not safe for any of us. So use all the talents God gave you, and expect the divine blessing. Do all you can to add to the world's interests. Dear child, it will be strictly in your line to give the address; for it is something pleasing to God. In your desire to do a *religious* work, you are in danger of forgetting that *all* things are to be done unto him. The secular and religious go hand in hand: they are as one. If you so consider them, you will not narrow and contract your life."

When a gentleman, a summer resident of the beautiful Newport, took a noble attitude against bird-shooting, and newspapers proclaimed the same,

it stirred her long-established interest in the Prevention of Cruelty Society, and she sent him directly her thanksgiving, though she had not met him in society:—

“*My dear Sir*,—You are a stranger to me, personally; but I think I shall be sorrowful if I let one opportunity pass without speaking an encouraging word. So I come with no apology whatever, and thank you from the depths of my heart for the course you have taken. No words will convey to you the gratitude I personally feel for an act that will be so far-reaching in its influences and so beneficent in its effects. Two of my friends who are greatly interested in the Dumb Animals have recently visited me, and have told me of the reports in print in regard to a recent law passed, prohibiting pigeon-shooting, and that in Newport it will be defied, and the sport go on as usual. I said to them, ‘Here is one man’ (meaning yourself), ‘whose voice will help this question. If *he* elects to respect this law, it will be done.’ It is said, ‘More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.’ So we will pray night and day that God will give you the wisdom and strength that dare to do right. Do you wonder that the paragraph thrilled me through and through? My heart has sung pæans of thankfulness every time I have thought of it. Having thus proved yourself amenable to the laws of your State, shall I not have the assurance that you will, in obedience to the law of Christ, take an equally decided stand in regard to

the fox-hunts so soon to take place in glorious old Newport? Hunted down as they are by hounds, torn limb from limb, yet the grace and beauty of Newport lends its presence to this far-famed sport (?). I have thought of all this until my heart cried out in its deep distress, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' Woman — Heaven bless her! — was last at the cross and first at the resurrection. And so may her voice now raise such a cry against the cruelty inflicted upon God's helpless creatures that women, and men, too, will awake to the nature of the awful sin!"

The allusion in this letter to the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was but one of many in her various correspondences. When she bought the hill in Eliot, for her God-inspired Rosemary, she wrote:—

"The hill at Rosemary is long and very hard for horses with heavily loaded teams. For a great many years the people have wished to cut a short road at its base. As soon as we bought the land, they applied to us for a permit. Of course, we said, *Yes*. Who would not who love dumb animals as we do?"

Again her joy bell rings as she writes:—

"*Dear C,*—I have somewhat to say that will make you very, very happy. I have been able to save up *one hundred dollars* for that dear boy who is over the sea; and I can get it any moment his studies demand it. What a glad, quick throb your heart will give at the very thought of it: then you will fall on your knees and pour out your thanks

unto him who gave me this fund. Oh, how I love the precious Father for all he does for me and mine! And 'mine' includes everybody of the household of faith. I have not yet talked with God for any more for our boy, and do not intend to now. What we have will go a good way, and then God will have more."

While at Dr. Moore's, she had the joy of a box of books for the South:—

"When your letter came this morning, I was almost wild with joy. I did not think to hear of the books for a month. I thought it would take that time to get at bottom facts. Oh, I am so glad! What a comfort it will be to Mrs. Gilmer, who has been at work a year. She is nine miles from a railroad; and the people to whom she will carry some are ten miles further from her own house. But, if the box gets to the end of the railroad, strong, willing hands will make the rest easy."

On the thirty-ninth wedding-day (1883) she wrote on a slip of paper for her husband's eye and heart:—

TO MY FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

Though nine-and-thirty years have passed
 Since first I called thee mine,
 The heart and hand I gave thee then
 Are both, sweet love, still thine.
 Each for the other, both for God,
 Has made this love divine.
 So all we are or hope to be
 We'll lay upon his shrine.

Your ever loving

MABELLE.

In 1886 came a fresh trial to work out its "more exceeding reward."

"*My dear Charlotte*,— I should say I am about worn out. I do not say this in any complaining spirit. I only admit it as a hard, cold fact. Still, the brain was never more active; and this constant thinking is like a sponge, and absorbs all my strength. I am up and about every day, and drag my tired feet from room to room on this floor, feeling all the while as if I should fall. The trouble is a lack of strength. The awful suffering seems to be a thing of the past, and yet may return any day; but I never allow myself to think of it. If God sends the pain, he will send the patience to bear it. My dear husband is quite well for him, but is confined almost wholly to his wheel-chair. The doctors disagree in regard to the cause of his weakness. All we can do is to leave him in God's hands, and be thankful that he does not suffer. He is just as good as ever, and is still a 'blessing to the world, and all the world to me.' Just now we are too worried about Sarah to make any great progress health-ward. She is away from us, and ill. She left home expecting to be gone a week, and we have not seen her dear face since. A part of the time she has been ill in bed, but says, 'Better now, and sleep quietly.' I am not well enough to go to her, and that is the dreadful part of the separation. Her father has to be lifted in and out of the carriage; but I think he will go to her at Boston, and then we shall know just how she is."

To the absent daughter went a word of mother-love, after the father had reached her:—

“*My precious Birdie*,— I suppose you will expect a letter from me, although the other and better half of me is within reach of your arms. Think of the home left desolate to give light to your eyes! I never knew until now how dear this home is to my heart. Here I first learned to love your father, the one man of all the world whom I could marry. Oh, the years of blessedness that have followed love’s young dream. Now that we have walked the long path together almost forty-two years, I can truthfully say that I think he has been and is nearer perfection than any man I ever knew except my now sainted father. As far as I can judge, one life was as perfect as the other has been before God and man. O Birdie mine, be tender and good to your dear father while he is spared to you. I shudder when I think what life would be to me without him; and yet, if it were the will of God, I think I should be thankful that I had been spared to care for him until the last. I have never seen the time when I have felt willing to go and leave you and your precious father alone, even though agony is the only word that will express the sufferings much of the time.

I cannot go yet, thou angel band,
 For a life is linked with my own;
 And how would he live, if I go with you?
 A part of himself would be gone.

Still another cord is binding me here.
 There are tender little feet

To be guided home to the Shepherd's fold,
To pastures fair and sweet.

I ask for life till her wings have strength
To fly from the dear home nest,—
Till the loved of my soul has finished his work,—
And then I will think of my rest.

“Written in the long ago by your ever loving
mother.”

The result of the daughter's prostration was a proposed surcease from all toils of benevolent life and a season in Europe; and consequently a summer was spent among the delights of England and the continent. When the day of leave-taking came, the mother wrote her good-by:—

“*My precious Child*,—What can I say to you in these last hours more than I have been saying all your life? That you are dearer to me than my own self is what you already know; and, if you were not dearer, I could never consent to let you turn away from me, knowing that the ocean would soon roll between us. Even with this deathless love, it seems like laying a hand upon my living heart. When and where our next meeting will be is known only to God. To him I now turn with unfaltering footsteps, and beg him to be better for you than my prayers, to put underneath you the everlasting arms, and let you feel that you are in truth and very deed his own dear child, and to help you ever to be faithful at all times and in all places to the solemn vows we made unto him in the long ago. We are

thankful to him that your precious life has been spared to us so long, and that you have been through all these years a messenger of good to all around you. In this our prayers have been answered. To his tender, loving care we now commit you, begging him to hold the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hand, and to give his angels charge concerning you. Be faithful to him, my dear, blessed child, and do not fail to speak a good word for him at every opportunity. Your daily life can always be a witness for him if you go forth from the dear, sheltering home-nest in his strength; and I charge you now to do all you can for him who has loved us with an everlasting love. You cannot go so far from us that his eye will not follow you; and in his own good time we hope to welcome you back to the home-fold, where you have always been the centre of our every hope and joy. The love of the father and mother will follow you in all your journeyings, and their prayers will be unceasing that every home you enter may be made brighter by your sweet and gracious presence. Tell every burden-bearer, who is trying to walk through the Gethsemane of sorrow alone, that there is balm in Gilead, and that the Physician is there to whom they can go for help in every hour of need. Lift up the fallen; be patient with the tried and tempted; whisper hope to the weak and erring; be strong and full of courage in the hour when there is anything you can do for God and for the world; and through the labor of love for our Lord and

Saviour Jesus Christ must come the compensation, while we patiently wait here to do God's bidding through the long and painful separation which even now seems so hard to bear. We could not do it without God's help; and, leaning hard upon him, we shall find the needed strength to meet life's duties day by day. He has never failed us yet, and he never will. We are his for time and for eternity; and, when his plans are revealed in us, we shall see that no other way would have led us home. Your dear little baby brother is one of God's angels, and is doing his work there instead of here. Oh, it is so blessed to think of him as a messenger of God! What an honor God conferred upon me to let me be the mother of one of his angels in heaven, and of the household evangel he has left with me on earth!"

To Margaret Merritt, April 15, 1886:—

"It lifts such a load from my mother-heart to think that your eyes will watch the ship sail away that takes so much light and love from our longing eyes. I do not think I could stand on the wharf and see her leave our shores: I should fall dead in the moment. You would not call me brave if you could see my heart as God does. I am like the reed shaken with the wind. All I can do is to commend her to God, then watch and wait here, caring for her dear, blessed father. This upsetting has been a great tax upon him, but I trust all will be well. God loves us, and he knows what is best. I beg of you to come to me for the summer. You

shall lie under the trees all day, and drink in new life; sleep here has nothing to break its sweetness except the low lullaby of the pines and the birds pouring out their morning anthems."

When Sergeant Plunkett died at Worcester, a friend, remembering her ceaseless work and interest in the army boys, sent her a lily of the valley from a funeral wreath:—

"It is your birthday, dear Mabelle, and I ought not to send *a funeral flower*. But it is a fragment of the burial day of Sergeant Plunkett, the armless hero of Fredericksburg. The March wind blew it out of the carriage upon the walk; and I think the wind had you especially in mind, for the lily fell within reach of my hand. All the funeral flowers were carried the next day to the South Church and laid before the pulpit. Addresses were made, and a letter was read from 'Carleton.' Professor Roe of the High School said it was an honor to his pupils to have participated in the ceremonies."

In her response Mrs. Farmer said:—

"I thank God for the gift of the funeral lily. How kind to remember me! I have known the sergeant's story, and while he was at the State House I always desired to see him. I must wait until I get to heaven; for, where God is, there I shall find him who sacrificed those two arms for my country, and therefore for me."

One day, while in New York, she felt a conviction to send a Bible to a family who had the sacred volume in every room and in every variety of print. It was a singular gift, but of it she wrote:—

“Do you know what a strange feeling I had about sending that golden Bible for Robie? Mr. Farmer and Sarah urged me to get anything else, but I was impressed to send just that. When Mira saw in it something for Robie, I knew well that God had a purpose in the gift. You cannot see now what is before that dear child. Temptations meet him at every turn he must take. The tides of life have unseen forces; the currents are swift and strong. How many crafts drag their anchors! Somebody told me recently what you had been doing for a young man, personally, since he was introduced to you; and, but for your words, who knows but he might have been lost? I love to think that our dear Eden Home influences strengthened you for the battles. You told Mr. Farmer once that you could make a book of *Memories of Eden Home*. It was such a holy place, I do not know but the angels will be glad to see you if you should write it; and perhaps no person on earth could tell of the precious work of the Lord there but yourself.”

The kinship with every rank of reformers, whether she knew them personally or not, gleams out in a paragraph when Wendell Phillips died:—

“Wendell Phillips was one of my idols. I long to know what Mary Norton said to him about the Old South when she met him. I know that *God* said, ‘*Well done!*’ This world is much the poorer for his absence, but heaven is the richer for his presence.”

An exercise of heart and mind came to her through a call from a lady of saintly life who was at a cure with her for several weeks. We must let her tell the story:—

“*Dear Mr. Caldwell,*— One of the King’s Daughters has just left me, and I had a blessed season with her. She prayed with me, and my faith has taken a stronger hold of the arm that moves the world, though I am conscious of living close to him and of knowing whom I believe, through all these days and nights of suffering. This dear disciple of our Lord has been healed of God; and I send you to-day her printed statement of divine healing. I met her first at Dr. Hurd’s, where she was under his treatment. She was then very feeble indeed all the time, and a great sufferer. But she was so sweetly patient and resigned that she won the love of us all. In January she was taken alarmingly ill; and her sister in Brooklyn was sent for, though it hardly seemed probable or possible that she would live to greet her. For days her death was hourly expected; but there were a good many praying souls in the cure, and she was the subject of unvarying faith. Since then she is made every whit whole. And do you think God wants me to be healed ‘through faith in his name’? If you do, will you kneel down and ask him to do it *now*?”

When a money letter, sent in her name, was lost on the way to her, she said of it:—

“If it had reached me, I should have given the money to an old lady who has need of a warmer

dress and bed-clothing. She is the Lord's, and has been his through a long and very useful life; and now he is taking care of her through his children. Her family are all waiting for her on the other side of the sea that has no returning tide."

It was a great joy to her to belong to the King's Daughters; her silver cross she wore to her latest day, and it rested upon the robe of her burial. No paragraph of her letters did she write more joyfully than when she could say, "Over twelve hundred bouquets were distributed in Boston last summer, from the Eliot King's Daughters." It seemed as if her own were more fragrant because of them; and one of her bits of advice at this time was written to one who was intent on doing good: "One of my theories in regard to helping the needy is that, as far as one can do it, heart should speak to heart. Then one can help the soul and spirit, while he is trying to rest the tired bodies."

In keeping with this "heart to heart" work and life, she gave to a friend, as a ripened thought and comfort of her life, a statement which will bear to be printed the wide world over: —

"It is blessed to be measured by the Golden Rule, *when God holds it.*"

And, surely, with what measure she meted to others was it meted again to her; and here and there it most tenderly is revealed. Many a careful ride had she given the poor and sick, many a ticket for a journey which could not otherwise have been made; many had been the guests at her homes and

her table who had been provided with rail tickets to and fro. Did God remember *her*? How tenderly God softened one of her almost deathly rides:

“As a family, we are under a great many obligations to Mr. Sanborn; and, if ever gratitude can be a recompense, he will surely have a reward. When I was brought from New York to Eliot, he allowed the train to stop near the Staples Farm, until I could be safely lifted out of the car to the bed on which I was brought out to our house. My physician, who came on with me, said, if I had been brought up from the depot in a carriage, there would have been no hope of my reaching the house alive. Mr. Sanborn sent up a special car with seats removed for my bed, when I had to be taken again to the hospital in New York, with a special brakeman at each end of the car, ready for emergencies. Do you wonder we are grateful to him?”

But this story of our kind God and his care of her through his messenger, Superintendent Sanborn, would not be complete, did not Mrs. Farmer's pencil write out the gracious sequel to it:—

“I can see that this experience of kindness upon the road was needful to me, that I might feel the suffering which the poor and needy ones bear; and I do understand this, as never before, since I was *carted*—yes, that is just the word, unless *rattled* will do better—through the streets of New York in an ambulance. Heaven help those who cannot help themselves!”

XL.

THE FATHER'S WISH.

WHEN Richard Shapleigh was in his prime, and had the prospect of a long life, he anticipated a return to his native Eliot, and determined, if he did, to organize the old-fashioned *Circulating Library*. It was a helpful, developing power,—that old-time book list; and, though limited to subscribers who paid the annual tax, yet it elevated and widened the mental and moral scope of a good many homes, and was literally the progenitor of our beautiful public libraries, so generously erected by private or town munificence. Richard Shapleigh died, to be sure, at forty-four years; but his dream of Eliot books must have its fulfilment. All dreams come to pass if we wait long enough. “Air-castles,” Emerson says, “never fall, if they are well propped.” Mrs. Farmer remembered her father’s prophetic gleam of shelves of literature, and only wished that her bank account was “a million,” and then his as well as her every heart wish should be established. “Dear old town of Eliot,” she wrote, “how my heart yearns over the people! There is only one thing I want to do; and that is to work there until

the call comes to enter the service of the King of kings, in the house not made with hands." And again to her daughter she said: "I do not expect, dear, blessed child, that you will ever feel about Eliot as I do; for here is where we first found a home of our own, when my father was no longer the provider of our every want. Here, by the window where I now sit, I saw for the first time your dear, blessed father; here is where I first knew the meaning of the love that was to give color to all the rest of my life; and here my promise was given to walk the rest of the long path with him who is to-day the light of our very eyes. And, when I came back to this home for the first time as a proud and happy mother, it seemed to me the whole place had been glorified by an unseen presence. Later your dear baby brother was brought here by your beloved father, and laid awhile in this very room, while Death and Life were fighting hand to hand to see which would bear me away. And my steps have turned time and again for thirty-six years hither to this Mecca of all my hopes and joys. O my dear, blessed child, if you only knew what this home is to me! but you never can, until all you have left of your mother is her memory and her grave."

With her multiplied loves for the Eliot of so many sacred thoughts, the conviction never rested upon her that it was *her* definite work to fulfil her father's idea, and erect a library. She knew that God asked of her the Rosemary, which is yet to be described,—the Rosemary of her love and tears.

But the divine movement to secure books for the mental interests of the people God reserved for another. It came in due time. God has his specific hand for every specific work. When a joyful movement came for the foundation shelves, she gave a loving and helpful sympathy. Only the revealings of the Book of Life will tell how often she sat before the Lord in holy communion in regard to it, and how tender was her patience and her love. The story of the very interesting movement among Eliot young people is already in print; and the kindly help of names of intellect and fame,—the gentle Whittier among them. It is not so much a part of Mrs. Farmer's life as to require a blending with these pages; yet that soulfulness of sympathy, making everything her own, gives her a living name among those who have striven for this delight in Eliot town.

In the Newport *Daily News*, April 14, 1888, is a foregleam of the work in which Mrs. Farmer "lent a hand." "The *Penny Post* of Portsmouth, N.H., says: 'The readers of the *Post* will call to mind the frequent mention in our Eliot correspondence of the existing movement looking toward the establishment of a public library in that pleasant town. It may not be generally known that the inspiration and conduct of the movement are to the credit of a lady whose inherited philanthropy refuses to rest content with limited literary resources or to indulge alone in such advantages as are at the disposal of Fortune's favorites. The good of the

community was of the first moment; and the movement was made, and has been prosecuted in behalf of the town. Miss Sarah Farmer, to whom the citizens of Eliot are indebted for this most notable work, has been indefatigable in promoting the enterprise; and the list of subscribers of the library already includes over seven hundred persons. For the furtherance of the project Miss Farmer has in preparation a series of summer fêtes, for which have been secured the acceptances of several distinguished speakers, while other peculiar and timely attractions will give to the festival an *éclat* rarely acknowledged in this vicinity.

“ ‘It is proposed to erect a commodious building of brick, with such facilities as are appropriate to the best enjoyment of literary privileges. This is an education in itself; and even the sagacity and foresight of its accomplished projector cannot predict the full measure of its beneficent influence, as in after years her name is affectionately remembered in connection with so noble a monument.’

“Miss Farmer, who is mentioned as the originator of the movement for the public library in Eliot, Me., is well known in Newport, having lived here several years with her father, Professor Moses G. Farmer, who was electrician at the Torpedo Station.”

At the fêtes (marvels of interest to thousands) it was her joy to be present, and to thank God for such willing enterprise. During the preparations she gave heart and hand and strength to make

them successful. Her pen yielded for a time to the stern necessities of scores of needles, and what she recorded gives us a dear sympathy with one who could willingly make herself a sacrifice for any work of her Lord:—

“*My dear Annie Caldwell*,—Our household evangel sends her best love to you, but is not able to even say so for herself this morning; and so I say it for her. You have no idea what a life we are each of us living. Every moment seems crowded, and our household work is so far ahead of us that we cannot see beginning or end of it. The question has been *settled*: we cannot live for ourselves only. And, in order to do anything for our blessed Lord and Master, we must let some things go that we should otherwise desire to accomplish for ourselves. I do hope God will *give me a million dollars*. I need every penny of it to use for him.

“Next to Eliot the Social Union at Ipswich is nearest my heart. I must help you in some way. I am much interested in Mrs. Chittenden’s spirit and zeal, and some time I must see her.”

To Mrs. Soule she writes anew of her affection, telling her that she almost feels that she has loved her with an everlasting love, so continuously does she realize her presence. And then of the Fête she says:—

“I thank you for the love gifts to the Fête; and should have written before, but Mr. Farmer has not been as well as usual, and that always takes the last

bit of life out of me. You will never know what a comfort it was to me to see you on our grounds at the Fête. But I can hardly keep back the tears when I think that you did not go through the house, or even into my own room,—my little Beulah. You will not wonder at my forgetfulness when I tell you that I was up the night before until *two o'clock*, doing the last things; and that the daylight found me on my feet again. I was so tired when I met you that I should have cried like a child, had you been alone. Time has dealt so tenderly with you that I saw no change, except for the better. I could see that the soul was growing and being fitted for the home eternal, where your dear soldier husband is waiting for you. The things you left at the Fête, for Rosemary, never came to light. I have no doubt they went to make up the two thousand dollars which the sales of articles brought. I comfort myself with the thought that God's eye was on them, and that for some good and wise reason it was the way that he wished them to go. His blessing will rest on you all the same. You ask about the bags you so kindly made for the Fête? Yes, they were every one sold. You can never know the surprise it was to find that the beautiful jewel-case was for *me*. Did the dear Minnie think my gems were nice enough for it? I prize it all the same."

Again, as the huge tent was erected in her open field for a second Library Fête, she writes to Mrs. Derby:—

“I will not send you the mantel measurements until the Fête is over, and then we shall have time to think. Everything is rushing now that the Fête draws nigh, and I have to keep out of the way and not be run down. You have no idea of the Babel-like confusion this house is in; and it will be getting worse every day until the eventful date arrives.”

On the 9th of September, 1889, she writes of the occasion to Mrs. Pray; and her letter has a plaintive interest now as the daughter, Mrs. Day, has recently joined her babes in the skies:—

“*My dear Charlotte,*—Your letter finds us packing to leave home for a month, hoping to make up sleep and to get ourselves into working order for the winter. Sarah was so completely run down, when the Fête was over, that she went away from it all to Dr. Hale’s beautiful summer home at Matunuck, and tried to rest. She reported herself as wonderfully improved; and, when she came back, seemed a great deal better. But the numbness in her face and side continues, and we cannot but be anxious. When you see me, you will find me much changed outwardly. But old age can never take from me my old-time love for my friends, nor my faith and courage. These are parts of my inheritance, and I shall take them with me into the home eternal.

“I had such a delightful time with your dear ones last summer that I have been homesick for you all ever since. I had a feeling then that God

was fitting Mrs. Day for some special work which he wanted her to do; and, as the Friends say, 'it was borne in upon me' that her great trials have been sent for this purpose. There is scarcely an hour of my waking life that I do not think of her and of her little babes also, safe in the upper fold. It is so blessed to know of the joy to be revealed when we awake in Christ's likeness, and understand all his dealings with us."

And again, to this same dear friend, she completes the story of the autumn of 1889:—

"I long to see you and your dear daughter, Mrs. Day, who so wonderfully won my heart, and in this love the sweet and winsome baby Charlotte is included. I bless God that you have indeed a son in her father. You are a blessed woman. I cannot tell you what we shall do next. It depends entirely upon Sarah's condition. Three days before the Fête opened she gave out completely. Only by a strong force of her will was she able to go to the tent at the last moment. Since then it has been a constant care to keep her from a collapse. For this we have left our home and are at Topsfield, Mass., out of the way of everybody on earth whom we know, hoping to find rest for her father and myself, and to give her the chance, if possible, to regain the ground. The work she undertook was more than ten women ought to have done, and the result is in keeping with natural laws. I do not think we ought to expect God to work a miracle, while we are not taking the true mental and physi-

cal care. I do not want even to think of the year's work. It seems like the nightmare. It has been the hardest year of my life, and those who love me most say that I have changed more than in any ten years before. Late hours, want of sleep, irregular living, have left their marks all through me, and I am a changed woman. My light-heartedness is a thing of the past."



ROSEMARY.

XLI.

ROSEMARY, 1888.

ROSEMARY, the tenderest and most soulful work of Mrs. Farmer's life, the longing and prayer of a score and a half of years! "There has never been a work," she wrote to Mary Webber, "in which I have been engaged which is to me just what this is. It seems as if I were doing it for my dear little Baby Clarence, who has been in the home above, eight-and-twenty years." A few weeks after, she said to Mrs. Hanaford: "Rosemary is my dear little Baby Clarence's monument, a thank-offering to God for the gift of an only son. It was built wholly from my own funds, garnered for this very purpose."

When the cottage was in process of erection, Mrs. Farmer asked several of her friends to suggest the name by which it should be designated. Responses came, and each was appropriate; but in the following letter her eye fell upon a cognomen which at once fixed itself permanently in her thought:—

"COVENTRYVILLE, N.Y., July 18, 1887.

"*Dear Mabelle*,—After leaving you, we had a delightful car-ride to Ipswich, and were full of the

memories of our wonderful day at Eliot. We told the family of the health and cheer of you all, not forgetting your sick hand, and of our drive to the cottage on the hill. And now let me tell you the cutest dream I had this very morning: I was out by the rose-bushes,—those bushes by the old stone wall before the cottage,—groping about in the grass. I was startled by the most unexpected but very benign voice of an old man, who had approached with noiseless foot. He was tall, inclined to be portly, a beautiful full beard, and his thin hair white as newly fallen snow.

“‘Are you looking for blackberries?’ said he.

“‘No, sir. I am seeking a name for this memorial cottage.’

“‘And what do you mean by *memorial* cottage?’

“‘Oh, it is the monument of a little dead baby, and its name must be pretty and right.’

“‘A little dead baby,’ he repeated after me; and then he added, ‘Why, you should call it *Rosemary*, for that is always in memory of our dead.’ I can remember no more; but even now I can see the holy beauty of that dear old dream face.”

Rosemary was offered as a gift to the trustees of the Boston City Mission. When the response came, she wrote to her daughter:—

“*My precious Child*,—A burden will roll from your shoulders when I tell you that the members of the Special Committee of the Missionary Society voted unanimously to accept Rosemary.

Their wings are broad enough to shield it from all harm, and God himself will abide with them. It has never given me an anxious thought what they would do; for I knew that God was leading them, and that the silent, empty house was as dear to him as the apple of his eye. That he should accept this, my thank-offering for Baby Clarence, in a visible way, humbles me more than anything that ever came into my life experience; and I shall be able to do more for the needy than I have ever yet done. Mr. Waldron says, 'We will all sing the doxology now.' My heart has sung it many times. I have thought of that blessed home for a long, long while. As I read his letter, I repeated old 'Coronation'; and, when Rosemary is dedicated, one of the hymns shall be:—

'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all!'

"Mr. Waldron expects to meet you to-night at Cousin James Tobey's. I hope you will sing that hymn and the doxology, and then kneel and thank God for his tender, loving kindness to your mother.

"When you came from Ipswich and said that Annie Caldwell had asked you what I should do with Rosemary if it were not accepted by the Mission Society, it came upon me with such a surprise that I could not speak. To think what I should do *next* with my thank-offering was like expecting dying grace to help me to *live*. [Faith never has

any *next*.] The Lord is the shepherd, and he will lift the dear little lambs into that sweet, green field, where they will grow tender and good."

Its dedication was on the birthday of her father,— May 31, 1888,—a day of the holiest thanksgiving that her abounding heart ever knew;—a joy day to others also, for some four hundred people gathered in sympathetic appreciation, when, with God-given courage, she delivered its keys to the trustees, to be used by the society as a part of its Fresh Air department of comfort and blessing.

"Do you know," she wrote with one of her invitations to the dedication, "what it is to me to look upon that *finished work*? I have prayed over it twenty-eight years; and sometimes it seems as if I should be like Simeon of old, ready to depart, when I actually commit its keys into the possession of the Boston society."

The local papers, with kindly generosity, gave to her Rosemary many pleasant allusions. One of the first was a description of the attractive home:

"A benevolent lady, in memory of a dear little babe, to whom this earth was only a stepping-stone to heaven, has purchased several acres of land in the town of Eliot, Me., and has erected thereon a house containing twenty rooms, to be called 'Rosemary,' where tired mothers and their children, and overworked shop-girls, can find a temporary respite from the burdens of poverty and toil.

"The location for the purpose designed could hardly be better. It is easy of access, six miles



GUESTS AT ROSEMARY.

east of Portsmouth. It crowns an eminence which commands a charming view of the New Hampshire hills, and close in sight is the Piscataqua River. The house is admirably planned, with plenty of closet room, convenient kitchen arrangements, and a good bath-room. The dining-room is cheerful, with four windows, two looking east and two west. There are bay windows in several of the rooms, and a broad piazza upon three sides. The grounds are dotted with apple-trees, and there is an old barn in which the children can play on rainy days. Close by is a pretty, octagonal structure to be used for laundry purposes, thus keeping the heat of washing and ironing days away from the main house. A large, new cistern, besides pure water from a well never known to be dry, and an airy cellar are other excellent features."

To the trustees of the society Mrs. Farmer specified:—

"That its guests shall be selected without any regard to creed or color; that it shall be made a loving, happy, Christian home, where the Golden Rule will be the mainspring of daily action, where incense from grateful hearts will be laid morning and evening upon the dear home altar, and where God himself will love to come in and sup with them."

The day of the dedication was a blended Sabbath and holiday. On the early Boston train, seventy came who were of the Mission Society. Later, friends came from the old Salem home, and the

villagers joined the ranks. At high noon the King's Daughters of Eliot spread a bountiful luncheon in a large tent. It was an hour when the beauty of the decorated rooms corresponded with the Christian cheer of hearts made glad at every good work "in his name."

The dedicatory services followed the luncheon, Mr. Francis Keefe, associated in business with Professor Farmer, presiding. We give a reporter's account:—

"The services of dedication, to which a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen went from Boston, Salem, and the vicinity, were held in the open air on the grounds immediately back of the home. They commenced at about half-past one o'clock with the singing of the doxology and prayer. The Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Eliot, then read appropriate selections of Scripture; and, after a hymn entitled 'Open the Door for the Children' had been sung by a quintette of boys and girls, a letter was read from Rev. Josiah B. Clark, a former minister of Eliot, by whom Mr. and Mrs. Farmer had been married. After this another hymn was sung, followed by an address from the Rev. Hugh Elder, of Salem, who for many years had been Mr. and Mrs. Farmer's pastor. He spoke of Mrs. Farmer's work for the soldiers in the time of the war, and of her thoughtfulness of and care for the poor and needy always, and said that this last work of hers in providing a summer home for the children and for the poor of Boston was simply a fitting crown to all

that had preceded it. She did all this as a disciple of the Lord, and under the inspiration of his word, which says, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.' A letter from Rev. P. A. Hanaford was next read, another hymn sung, and then came a stirring address from Mr. C. C. Coffin, better known as 'Carleton.' He contrasted the charity of the past and of the present times, and spoke of the wonderful effect which the war had had in evoking among our people the spirit of charity and of self-sacrifice in the service of others. He spoke of the effect which such a charity as was being inaugurated that day in Eliot might be expected to have. It would attract attention, and would be trusted; it would be an example that would draw others into imitation of it. Through such charities as these, the spirit of Christianity would be exemplified, and the time be hastened when Christ would draw all men to himself.

"After this address, the Rev. D. W. Waldron, of Boston, introduced Mrs. Farmer, who delivered the title-deeds of the property and the keys of the home to the Hon. Arthur W. Tufts, of Boston. Mr. Tufts is chairman of the board of trustees who have been appointed by the Boston City Missionary Society to take charge of this noble charity; and Mrs. Farmer, speaking evidently with great feeling, charged him, in a few well-chosen and impressive words, to see that this charity was faithfully administered, and that the Lord's own poor, for

whom it had been instituted, received the full benefit of it. Mr. Tufts in a few words accepted the trust, and the Rev. D. W. Waldron led the audience in the prayer of dedication.”

The most interesting moment of the occasion was when Mrs. Farmer arose, and with a holy quietness of spirit presented the keys. Her voice, always attractive, was heard in its gentle distinctness in the utter hush of the assembled friends:—

“*Mr. Chairman,*—Looking to-day at the fulfilment of a sweet hope so long and tenderly cherished, I find that deeds, not words, must speak for me, as there is no language that can voice my joy and thankfulness that the hour has now come when I can place in your hands the keys of this dear, blessed home. I do it ‘in his name and for his sake,’ as a thank-offering to him, and to show my love and gratitude for the gift of an only son. Far more have I blessed him, through all the years that have passed since then, that he took him from my arms to his own ere he had become my idol or his baby lips had called me ‘*Mother.*’ And now, before God, angels, and men, I charge you to be ever true and faithful to the holy, sacred trust committed to-day to your care and keeping. Take its interests with you into your every-day life, and even to your own dear home-altar. Never, while you live, let a single day’s record be sealed for eternity in which you have not invoked a benediction of peace from above to rest upon the work being carried on here, abiding with each individual

who may ever come to this haven of rest which God in his infinite mercy and love has so wondrously provided for his little ones. Then we may confidently hope that many a hungry, starving soul will be led to feel that this is none other than the house of the Lord and the very gate of heaven.

“I have in my own heart the assurance that he has accepted this consecrated gift, so tenderly and gratefully offered; that he will hold it in the hollow of his hand, and keep it as the ‘apple of his eye,’ promising, ‘I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day’ (Isaiah xxvii. 3). Taking God at his word, I leave it in your hands, trusting that you are now ready to go forward, doing good, as you have opportunity, to all who may ever come to Rosemary for rest or refuge from the toilsome privations of life, never forgetting the debt of love and gratitude due him* through whose unselfish and sacrificing labors of love this home has been completely furnished and fully equipped for its holy service, thereby crowning the work with such a glorious promise of success. That God’s especial blessing may rest now and ever upon him, as well as upon each one who has been an Aaron and a Hur in holding up his hands, and contributing of their store to his grand and beneficent work, shall be a part of my daily prayer until I go to meet my dear little angel baby, where all prayers are turned to praises. If the Master can say then,

* Rev. D. W. Waldron.

‘She hath done what she could,’ I shall see him as he is, be like him, and be satisfied. Oh, what a glorious compensation for the loss of my beautiful, blue-eyed boy, with whom my very life went half away!”

Handing Mr. Tufts the keys of Rosemary, she added, “In his name and for his sake, Amen.”

Four original hymns were sung during the interesting hour, two written by the dear friends, Mrs. Webber and Mrs. Mason, who had contributed of their verses on all her special days, and one by Miss Larkin, a later but welcome name. The Hymn of Consecration was from her own hand and heart.

When the day and its gladness was over, no wonder she said:—

“God is good to let me live until I have laid the foundation of my baby’s monument. It is one that will never crumble or decay; and streams of good will flow on from it when my hands can no longer direct their course.”

And she remembered always the words of “the dear old lady who visited Rosemary, and while there said, ‘Oh, how near this home seems to heaven!’”

In a report of the hallowed occasion the *Portsmouth Journal* said:—

“Mrs. Farmer and her whole family have done good constantly, day by day, ever since they took up their permanent residence in Eliot, and have not hesitated to put their hands deeply into their own pockets in furtherance of their many beneficent

designs. As a summer resort for little people, tired mothers, shop-girls, and others, she has built Rosemary during her lifetime, when she could enjoy the personal knowledge of the help her benevolence was giving to those in whose lives joy is not too common a quantity."

To her friend Mrs. Soule, dear and dearer still, as her days were more rapidly telling, she wrote a fuller letter of Rosemary than to any of her correspondents:—

"Dear Rosemary! It is a Christly home in every sense of the word, and good seed is sown there daily. Eternity alone will reveal the influences of that sacred place. You never in your life saw a happier group of people than those received this season at Rosemary. At once they lay down the weary load of care, and enjoy everything that is so abundantly provided for them. They have the wholesomest food, and all they want of it. You would think, if you saw them, that Rosemary belonged to them. And well they may feel so. It was built for them; and its seven acres of land were given to them unconditionally. They have twelve hammocks, as many swings, two teeterboards, and there is a grand old barn for rainy days. The great tent has camp seats, settees, and tables. I tell Mr. Farmer that he ought to be very thankful that I do not go over to Rosemary and stay all the time.

"Will you be surprised when I tell you that I stood before the company on Dedication Day, and

made *a speech*. At first I said that I could not. I asked God what *he* would have me do. He said, 'Open your mouth, and I will fill it.' Now I am so glad that I had the opportunity to say that the gift was a thank-offering for the birth of an only son. If that little baby had lived, there would have been no room nor thought in my heart for the many mothers whose poor little babies are dying in the city's stifling tenements for need of fresh air.

"After we had finished the house, it was furnished wholly by friends. How beautifully it has been done! I long to have you walk through the house, and see its forty-two guests. The sick and tired mothers, as well as poor little babies, gain wonderfully in the two weeks they are there. And this work is going on and on, after my tired hands are folded forever, and I am with the saved above.

"Rosemary is three miles from our own cottage, but I can almost see it from my window. It is easily seen when passing through in the cars, and its stars and stripes are always floating from the staff."

When the season came that she could count the registered names of six hundred who had been guests at this gracious House Beautiful, she said:

"Do you know what a real heart comfort that home has been to me? Sometimes it seems as if the burden of baby's loss grows lighter and easier to bear, since I have seen that so many babies are spared to their mothers through God's call to mine. What a sweet-voiced angel it must be that makes

a baby willing to leave his mother. Dear little soul, how I long to see him! Wait, poor soul, till the earth-work is done."

When Rosemary had been opened, and its pleasant existence had become a veritable fact, Dr. William Hale, of Dover, sent to the public press this little waif, which he denominated "Mother Rosemary to the Children." It pleased him ever after to speak of Mrs. Farmer as "Mother Rosemary," an epithet which she never rejected in heart or word.

"MOTHER ROSEMARY" TO THE CHILDREN.

We are all God's dear children,
His love doth all enfold,
This world his House Beautiful,
His sunshine is our gold.

Children, thank God for the sunshine,
And thank him for the grass,
And thank him for each dear day
He kindly brings to pass.

Thank him for food and shelter,
Thank him for raiment warm,
For winter and for summer,
Thank him for calm and storm.

Thank him for field and forest,
Thank him for shore and sea,
Thank him for love unfailing
That boundless flows for ye.

Make each day sweetly sav'ry
With praise raised unto him;
Let each eve be a prayer,
And each glad morn a hymn.

Praise him, ye happy children,
 With thought and word and deed,
 Who doth your wee heads number,
 And soft your footsteps lead.

Praise him each blithe child-morning
 For grace his will to do ;
 Praise him for hearts — his best gift —
 That love ye, warm and true.

God is " Our Father," children ;
 He for each child hath need ;
 He giveth and he taketh,
 Unto our inmost need.

What though we lack earth riches ?
 He loves us as himself ;
 And for our lack he giveth
 Enough of his dear self.

Only a few weeks before Mrs. Farmer went to her babe in heaven, one of the Boston missionaries, dating a letter from Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury, wrote of the death of a most excellent woman who had rested her tired body the summer before at Rosemary. She closed her painful and yet most joyful story with a reference to the cottage, which certainly came to Mrs. Farmer in the sufferings of her final weeks as a rewarding word, spoken of God, through one of his earnest children: —

" I wish I were able to tell you, dear Mrs. Farmer, how highly we, missionaries, prize Rosemary, — your blessed gift to our poor people. I often wonder what we did, how we got along without its sheltering care for our weary, worn-out mothers, and restless, feeble little ones, until you provided

this loving, Christian home for their rest and refreshment. They look ahead to it and back to it through the whole year; and their lives are made *better*, as well as happier, by its Christian, uplifting influences. The good Lord bless you with every earthly comfort and every heavenly grace, until you hear his gracious words, 'Ye did it unto me.' "

The kindly friends who have followed the history of Rosemary with thought, prayer, and help, will read with interest the following from *Our Sunday Afternoon*:—

“FROM THE COTTAGE.

“A few days ago the editor of *Our Sunday Afternoon* wrote to Rosemary, asking for a letter from some one of those stopping there which should tell us just what we want to hear about the work and the play in that pleasant place.

“Back came this touching and cordial letter, of which we can't afford to lose a word:—

“ROSEMARY, ELIOT, ME.

“READERS OF 'OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOON':

“*Dear Friends*, who take such a kindly interest in our beautiful home, how I wish you all could see it! Words are so weak to describe our lovely views and charming surroundings, you must all come and see it, and judge for yourselves; but, as I know that many can't, I'll do the best I can to tell you just what a fine time we are having. We be-

long to the second company that came to the cottage; and, after a fine ride from Boston, we reached Eliot, and before the train stopped they told us we could see the roof of the cottage. And so we could, away up on a hill, looking down upon us as if to say, 'My doors and halls are all open to receive you, dear children.' Many kind friends were at the depot to take those of us who were too old or weak to walk. The rest ran ahead, with shouts of glee. At the door of the cottage we were met by more friends. Friends seemed to be everywhere. The 'Lady Mother,' as the matron, Mrs. Snell, is called (and 'Lady Mother' is a splendid name for her: she would be mother to the whole world if she could), welcomed us all, old and young; and soon our rooms were given us. And such pretty rooms, too! The walls tinted, soft white beds, bright-colored rugs on the floor, nice chamber sets, handsome commode covers, pin-cushions, and duster-bags, candlesticks, books, vases, for every room. And, when we had exclaimed and 'oh'd' and 'ah'd' over our views from each window, we went down to such a supper as you don't often see,—the sweet bread and butter (that smelt of clover blossoms), cake and strawberries, and big pitchers of milk, and, as fast as the pitchers were empty, filled up again; and didn't we eat! I forgot to tell you, as we went into the cottage, we saw an old gentleman sitting on the piazza in a big arm-chair, and near him a sweet-faced old lady, and they were in the dining-room while we were eating; and

then we found out it was that dear lady, Mrs. Farmer, that gave the cottage for all tired mothers and children and girls to rest in, and did it in memory of a dear child of her own that went away many years ago to God's beautiful home. She seemed to be so happy to see us all; and no one could look at her and not love her, she had such a sweet and peaceful face. And Mr. Waldron here, there, and everywhere,—everybody in Boston, and you might almost say in Massachusetts, knows his joyful face. Oh, everything was so happy! But I must tell you of outdoors, only I can't forget the flowers in every place you could put them,—daisies, wild roses, grasses, ferns, and a great many we didn't know the names of. There were forty-three in our company; and that's the number that comes every fortnight, the same day the others leave. We don't any one of us want to go; but we must, so others can have a good time, too. Well, outdoors we all went, over the wide, beautiful grounds, some to swing (there are thirteen swings), some to tilt, and all the sixteen hammocks were full. There was a large tent on the grounds, and croquet sets; and we had a splendid picnic in that tent, with ice-cream and all things that taste good, and so many helpings of ice-cream, you don't know. If it ain't a paradise for children, I don't know where you will find one. Why, we have lunches every morning and afternoon, all kinds of crackers and ginger cakes, and lemonade ever so often on holidays; but it is nice and cool here when it is hot and dry in the

city. And you never saw such a place for singing. Everybody sings. Lady Mother sings from morning to night, the cook sings, and out in the laundry you'll hear singing; and we sing out on the piazza evenings, and always at prayers. But one thing you would *never, never* tire of are the beautiful views from our broad piazza, that is so comfortably provided with settees, large and small chairs; and you can take any of the many books and papers ready for the guests, and sit and look and look at the blue hills in the distance and the lovely green valleys, with the pretty farm-houses dotted here and there. I heard one old lady say — and there are ever so many old ladies here, and we love them all very much — that it made her think about Job, when Satan said the reason he was a good man was because God had put all good things around him; and the old lady said she thought a man might be good, like Job, in this place. Wa'n't that a good thing to say?

“Most every one goes to the top of Great Hill, back of the barn, to see ‘all the world,’ as one little girl said, from the top. She said she knew the world was round now, as the geography said at school; for she had seen it. Why, we can see the Atlantic Ocean, and the sail coming and going, and the Piscataqua River, and the White Mountains away off, and — Oh, dear, I am tired telling, and I have only told so little; but every one says, ‘God bless the kind hearts that thought of so much comfort and joy for tired souls.’ Do

just as many of you, dear friends, as *can* come to see Rosemary.

“Good-by, dear friends.

“ONE OF THE LITTLE ‘TIRED SOULS.’”

When the records of Rosemary for 1891 (the year Mrs. Farmer went away) were completed, more than a thousand guests — mothers and little children, shop-girls and tired women — had received two weeks of rest and shelter beneath the hallowed roof.

ROSEMARY ON THE HILL.

Beyond the meadows flecked with golden wheat
And mottled kine and fruitful orchards, where
The cooling zephyrs bring wild odors sweet,
Rosemary makes the picture bright and fair.

Its porch bids *Welcome* to the worthy poor
From far-off city's smoke and din and gloom!
Those who go in through its wide open door
Find joy and comfort in that hillside home,

Environed with the emerald-bannered trees,
Whose shadows reach far out upon the lawn,
And ferns as lithe as palms stirred by the breeze,
And daisies mock the stars before the dawn.

Time's history records the living deeds
Of her whose charity, love, and good will
Has built, without regard to sect or creeds,
That dear Memorial Cottage on the hill.

T. P. CRESSEY.

DOVER, N.H., Aug. 6, 1889.

XLII.

THE WESTERING SUN.

“OUR time is getting very short,” wrote Mrs. Farmer to Mrs. Soule in 1890; “and only by doing good to the poor and needy can we lay up treasures in heaven. I must have treasures there, or the angels will not be glad to see me.”

She realized intensely the shortening time as the dearly loved began, one by one, to go into the Unseen before her. When Margaret Merritt, drooping with her fatal illness, went South to test the benefits of a climate new to her, Mrs. Farmer said:

“I must send you a God-speed from our little trio. When we went to Newfoundland, you said that enough prayers would follow the steamer to bring every passenger into port; and this comforts me now as you turn from home. God be with you all the way. There will not be a waking hour that you will not know my presence near you.”

And, when Margaret was in New Orleans, she sent her, for her cheer, chapters of Eliot life, which to the pilgrim were to be among her latest readings:—

“I am so thankful that Mr. Farmer has this quiet home to rest in, where old associations are all so

pleasant and as uplifting to him as to his 'spouse.' Sarah is almost too happy in the possession of a two-page letter from our dear old Whittier to come down to the daily duties of our home life. I wish you could have seen her face, perfectly radiant with happiness, when the letter came. You shall read his letter when you can come to us. Dear old man, how we love him!"

And then she turns her pen to a picture of domestic life which savors indeed of New England homes:—

"Our Barry dog is a splendid creature, and is inexpressibly dear to us all. He is very intelligent; and the beautiful Angora ('Vasca') is very happy with four dear little babies, to whom she is as faithful as a human mother. I pity those who think dumb animals have no other life to live. I expect to find all mine safe on the Happy Hunting Grounds."

Her allusions to "God's dumb children," as she called her domestic animals, was sometimes quite frequent:—

"The dog and cat are quite enough for me to look after; and you will think Barry needs a tutor to teach him good behavior when I tell you that he upset the dining-room table with a lighted lamp upon it, which did not break, thank God for that. No Canton ware was upon the table, and but few dishes of any kind. He was as frightened as he was when 'Homer' jumped at him, and there is no danger of his repeating the experiment."

The professor writes another story of Barry, the delightful Saint Bernard, who gets more loves than rods forever: —

“We went out the back road for our drive yesterday, and Barry brought himself into disgrace by chasing a sheep and disturbing the owner. Mr. Keefe had hard work to get him away, and deliver the frightened creature. The naughty dog thereby forfeited his right to go with this individual again.”

Mrs. Farmer adds a postscript to her husband’s pen: “Mr. Keefe whipped Barry with his hand very hard yesterday. I think it hurt Mr. K. and myself more than it did Barry; but father said, ‘Serves Barry right.’”

Another little “dumb life” came into her thought in a late letter to her daughter: —

“The day is perfect, and with its sweet, cooling air comes strength to your tired mother. I will not write you much, dear; for I want to stay out on the veranda. A dear little sparrow has made her nest in the vines that your blessed old grandmother trained at the side of our front door, and this morning I see one little blue egg in the nest. The mother bird takes kindly to me, as I gave her some of my hair to line her nest. As soon as she saw it, she flew away without touching it, came back in a moment with *him*, and they talked together a little. Then he stood on the branch, and pulled the hair towards her; and she fixed it in the nest. And now she has a lovely home in which to rear her babies. There is another tiny nest in the lilac at

the side door, and in that nest there are six eggs. How can the dear little sparrow cover them all?"

But the hour came when bits of rural life in Eliot cottage could no more be written to one, at least. Margaret Merritt passed along:—

"For forty years I have leaned upon her, and there has been no joy in our home and hearts that she has not shared. She saw Rosemary only once; but her heart was in the work as really and truly as was mine, though not in the same way. I feel sure that she will be one of its guardian angels, and may do more for it now than she could if she had been spared to us. She has left me one hundred dollars to dispense in charity in any way that may seem best to me."

To the children of her loved and departed Mary Webber she wrote:—

"I am forced to admit that I cannot work as I used to. My right hand has been disabled more than two years; and I have to hold my pencil in such an unnatural way that it cramps my finger, and I have gradually given up writing letters even to my own family.

And yet the "gradually giving up" was hardly perceptible. To her latest day she was livingly interested in every movement of welfare. And certainly people did not give her up. In a conjoint letter of the father and mother to the daughter in a brief absence, we have the picture of an Eliot day:

"*My dear Sarah,*—*Business* was good yesterday. I had only *twenty-six* callers. Mr. Waldron sent

your mother for perusal ten letters which he had received from the guests at Rosemary. It would do you good to read them. I wish I were with you, to drive with you about old Hanover, Lebanon, White River, Norwich, and Orford also, where I heard the great Daniel address a political gathering in good old Whig times, when we went up from Dartmouth in a hay-cart, and shouted our throats hoarse and sore for 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.' This was the last time I heard the voice of Dartmouth's greatest son. I say *greatest*; though, where so many have been great, it almost seems invidious to single out any one, but he was in his day the great star of the political sky."

To this was a marginal addition in the loving heart of the mother:—

"*My precious Child*,—Did not your dear father have a time of it yesterday? I kept up through the forenoon; but at noon I gave out, and had to go to bed. To-day, if I can sit up, I shall go to Rosemary. Yesterday a coach from Portsmouth drove by, inquiring the direct road to the cottage. Give my love to Mr. Moody and his wife and the dear old mother. Tell him I want his blessing and prayers for the dear Rosemary. Beg of him to come to Eliot in August, where the fields are ripe for the harvest, but the laborers are few."

How sensible her ever-present help was may be gathered from one who wrote to her from the Boston Hospital in an hour when she had the need not only of the sympathy of God, but of his

sympathy as he reveals it through hearts made divine by his love:—

“JUNE 1, 1890.

“*My dear Mrs. Farmer*,—When mother came to the hospital to see me, I did all I could to keep up her courage. We went to see the patients, and I assured her I was not afraid. But, then, *I* wanted the help of a friend; and there was no one here to meet my need, though all were kind. So I read *your letter*, and prayed to our Father in heaven to be my help; and he was indeed. In the morning I was calm, and made myself ready. At the last moment I read your letter again, and it comforted me as your real presence. In my ‘Day unto Day’ I read, ‘He shall come unto us as the rain’; and at the same instant the rain was pouring into the street. Then the ether was administered; but, when consciousness came, my first thought was, ‘As thy day, thy strength shall be,’ and then instantly I thought of you.”

Not strange, was it, that the friend of everybody in sorrow or need should have been as a “real presence,” or that her letters were full of solace, even in hospital days?

Mrs. Farmer’s last months, though full of pains, were also never so full of comforts. In May, 1890, she made her latest visit to Newport, the home of ten thousand memories, and, her Eden excepted, the most delightful home of her heart. On the 7th of May she wrote to a classmate of her daughter:—

“Yours of May 5, my dear Nellie, finds Sarah very busy on some problems for her father. So I write for her to tell you how sorry we are to hear of your illness, and how earnestly we shall pray that the dear, loving Father will reveal himself to you in this hour of trial, and that the sickness may not be unto death, but for the glory of God. ‘It lightens the stroke to draw near to the Hand that holds the rod.’ What a comfort to think that you found rest in his promise before the trial came! Now, my dear friend, we shall lift you up in the arms of our tender love, and claim for you these promises each day. ‘As thy day, so shall thy strength be.’ They come to us new every morning, and you have only to ask for his help to find that he has heard you while you were yet speaking. Whatever comes, hold on to your courage, and all will be well.”

On the 20th of May she writes to an old gentleman of her aunt Isabel’s approaching birthday. It was an event of great delight to her in anticipation, and its memory satisfied her as long as she lived:

“My dear, blessed old aunt Isabel S. Knowlton will be ninety years old, if she lives until June 3, 1890; and that will be two weeks from to-day. Her home is with her youngest daughter, Mrs. John D. Frost; and Mr. and Mrs. Frost are to give Aunt Isabel a birthday party. All the dear ones, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nephews, and nieces are invited. Now, I want of you a poem? It would make Aunt Isabel very happy. We shall leave Newport for Eliot next

Tuesday, May 27, baby's birthday in heaven. He has been there thirty years. If I had Aunt Isabel's grace and patience, this trial would not have been so hard to bear. She has walked with God as truly as Enoch did, and I do not know but she will leave us as he did by translation. It does seem as if God will take her home in some special way. She speaks and prays in meeting, as she did forty years ago. When she is at our Eliot home, I go up to her bedroom every night to hear her pray. She talks with God just as she does with people whom she loves. She is the last of seven children. My sweet sainted mother was her sister; and, when mother went to God, Aunt Isabel stood by her coffin, and kissed her cold dead face, and then she said: 'We never had a joy or sorrow, sister, that we didn't share together; and now I wish you joy that you are face to face with the Saviour whom you loved and served so many years. In a little while, dear soul, I shall join you.'

"Oh, what a sad heart will be mine if I am left on earth when my dear Aunt Isabel is taken! Do write her the poem, won't you? And, besides, I want you to preach your next sermon with her in your thought. Let the subject be 'The Blessedness of Growing Old Gracefully,' and then send the manuscript to me to give to her; and the next time you come to Eliot you shall see for yourself how beautiful Aunt Isabel is. Do come quickly, lest she slip away to heaven. And I may go, too."

Another joy awaited Mrs. Farmer in the gracious month of May. Her own pen must tell it:—

“May 30. On my own dear father’s birthday, and the anniversary of Rosemary’s dedication, I stood in dear Whittier’s Amesbury home. Does it not seem to you too good to be true? We came over the road from Topsfield; and, knowing that Whittier was in Amesbury, we stopped at his door on our way to the hotel, and made an appointment to call the next day. Sarah went in before we did. When we knew her call would be over, we drove to the door for her. She came to us at once to say he wished me to go in and see the portraits of his mother and his sister Elizabeth. Was there ever so much in a day before?”

“June 1. We reached home last night. To-day we find in our mail the verses for my blessed Aunt Isabel. I think you received a baptism to write them, or the benediction of some saint is resting upon you. I could write a week about that royal woman, did I only have the strength. But I am very tired.”

She was one of the pleasant birthday guests at the home of the nonogenarian. Seventy relatives and five clergymen made both the dinner hour and the intellectual feast delightful. A little reminiscence of this dear Aunt Isabel, written by herself, is interesting as a memorial of her domestic days:

“No one ever had a pleasanter husband than I. We lived together fifty-nine years. In all that time he never spoke an unpleasant word to me. I was once surrounded by a large family of children, nine in number. One died in infancy. Eight

grew up, and made a public profession of religion. Three of those are gone before me. When my eldest daughter died, aged thirty-two, she left three children, the oldest four years, the youngest nine days. I was anxious to know what could be done with the baby. The day Isabel was to be buried, I went alone into the room, where she lay in her casket, put my hand on her pale face, kissed her, and turned to leave the room with an anxious heart and thought, 'What will be done with the babe?' The Bible was on the table. I sat down, opened it, and read, 'Thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, *and take the young to thee*' (Deut. xxii. 7). I shut the book, left the room; but I felt as though a voice spake to me, and I knew I must take the babe home with me, and I did. She was with me twenty-one years."

At the family assembly on this aged lady's birthday Miss Farmer read the verses which her mother had solicited:—

- "I cannot think what it would be,
 Upon the holy summit standing,
 To overlook the land and sea,
 A stretch of ninety years commanding,
 And say, 'This very way of God
 I, step by step, have upward trod!'
- "And yet upon this sunset height,
 With harvest sheaf and Christly treasure,
 A gentle face reflects to-day
 The light of life we cannot measure;
 Life golden in its upward trend;
 Earth, heaven, and heart, a holy blend.

- “A life which, like a Presence, charms
 Where'er its quiet influence hovers,—
 A Presence written not in psalms,
 Or book with clasps and gilded covers.
 All that makes life lips cannot say,
 Yet she reveals it every day.
- “So from our standpoint, looking high
 And higher still in our progressing,
 We greet to-day the ninety years
 To us fraught with her love and blessing;
 And from our hearts, for love's sweet sake,
 A songful offering we make.
- “How beautiful her life that makes
 Its every duty highest pleasure,
 And finds in simple every day
 The light and strength of heavenly treasure;
 Its discipline a holy trust,—
 A diamond polished with its dust.
- “And as we look upon her brow
 Where ninety years have left their traces,
 And then turn backward to the smiles
 That sparkle on our children's faces,
 We're glad her benedictions fall
 On oldest unto youngest,—all.
- “And precious through the livelong days
 Will be the memories, never ending,
 Of standing side by side to-day
 With her whose age with heaven is blending.
 The light falls on her through the gate:
 We, too, receive it for her sake.
- “Once, when a last good-by was said,
 She stood beside her sister,* sleeping.
 ‘You've always been my joy,’ she breathed:
 ‘This shall be a joy, not weeping.’

* Mrs. Olive Shapleigh.

And we of her the same can say.
Dear heart! you comfort us always.

“And so we love the ninety years
Which God so lovingly has given :
We gladly treasure all their smiles,
And all they antedate of heaven.
A blessing on the natal day,—
The happiest, best of all the way.”

“Your letter, dear Nellie, from Topsfield is a comfort and gladness to us. It is much to be thankful for that you are in that dear old town of such precious memories to you and your patient, loving mother. There will be brightness for you, too; and I bless you for the brightness you brought into my life by sending to us your dear Topsfield friends. I became much attached to those people. They did all they could to make me happy; but, oh, how little they knew what a burden of care was resting upon me,—a burden that only God could lighten!

“And now there will be more brightness for you and your dear mother in your anticipated week at Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua. For our dear Whittier is there; and so is our dear friend, Mr. Dow, the artist. He is like a son to me. There will be a lawn party, too, the week you expect to be there; and, if you are not able to be out all the afternoon, your dear mother will be eyes for you, and let you rest within doors with Whittier. Think, dear child, what it will be to you to have the poet under the same roof with you! He is as lovely as he can

be. And you can look from the window, too, and see Miss Olea Bull dance the Spring (Norwegian) Dance. You will hear some grand music from her. She is the only daughter of Ole Bull, who played the violin as no other person ever did. I do not think you ever saw such willowy grace as there is in that child's every movement. She is wonderfully made.

"You will get a new lease of life at Greenacre. At sunset the sky is reflected in the Piscataqua for miles above and below the house. Whittier said the other day, 'It is the pleasantest place I was ever in.' There is an air about Greenacre unlike any other hotel where I have been entertained."

To a Greenacre guest she sent a brief pencil:—

"You have never spent a quiet hour with me. The days slip away quickly at the Inn as well as at Bittersweet. A new party comes to Rosemary to-morrow, and I want you to go over with me and help receive them. It will gladden your heart to welcome Christ's little ones to that blessed haven of rest and refreshment to soul and body."

We did not know it, but she was receiving that day the last of the happy companies who were ever to see her face or be welcomed by her magnetic voice and smile at Rosemary. But she will be in a better open door even than Rosemary when we next behold her, to welcome the scores who loved her for her divine goodness, and who were always made better by the power of her life and benedictions.

The while that she was making her latest days a comfort to others her own life grew mellow as the tidings came to her that Caroline A. Mason had preceded her to the Eternal; and most kindly did Mr. Mason, remembering the fellowship of the two souls, write to her:—

“*My dear Mrs. Farmer,*— Though I have never had the pleasure of seeing you, I deem that I am warranted in addressing you as though you were an old and familiar friend by virtue of your very kindly, sympathetic letter and by the kinship of spirit between yourself and my wife, which from your first acquaintance with each other bound your souls together by the golden chain of sympathy, which never knew a tarnish nor a broken link. Mrs. Mason always spoke to me of you in terms of the highest respect for your character, with warm affection, and with deep compassion for your sufferings; and you may be assured that your generous expression of admiration, of esteem, and of love for her would have been reciprocated in language not less clear and pronounced than yours, were she here to respond.”

And then, with words concerning the last months of this genuine poetess, he closes with not only the husbandly, but the most appreciative regard for the memory of one whose name had grown so familiar to the public ear:—

“I hardly need say it is most grateful and consoling to me on my own account to receive from

you and from many others, our best and most esteemed friends, letters expressive of warm and generous sympathy for myself in the sad deprivation of the companionship of my dear wife; but more precious still are they to me for the expressions of a just appreciation of the rare excellence and beauty of character and gifts of one whose good name is, and deservedly, dear to me as my own life. It often occurs to me to think that, if in the divine ordering it is hers to know the feelings and the acts of those she has left behind, it must be the crowning felicity of her earthly remembrances to witness the kind and loving appreciation with which she is uniformly regarded. CHARLES MASON."

And shall we close this chapter of the setting sun of this beautiful life with no reference to a fresh aspiration that crept into Mrs. Farmer's life when Rosemary had been given to God, and when her prayers and arms were reaching out unto Christ and his lambs? It would hardly seem that her life had a setting sun. Her days seemed literally a succession of *rising* suns that never knew any setting.

"*My precious Child*,—My father used to say, 'Everything comes in time to those who have the patience to wait.' God has wonderfully endowed me with this patience to wait for what I should otherwise feel I must have this minute. The one thing that I desire to do now is to build a *Sanitarium on Sunset Hill* (Eliot); and, if I can get

the land, that will be the first step toward it. I know all about that hill; it was upon its summit my sister Mary wished to be buried. If God wants me to carry out my present plans, he will let me secure the hill; and, if we do, I want you to be one of the witnesses of the deed; if I send you a check, it will be for the full amount."

Sunset Hill was secured, and without doubt it will yet be a home for a class of sufferers who need tenderness and love more than medicine.

XLIII.

A SUNDAY MEMORY.

THE summer of 1890 was to have its golden light and to be filled with a holy quiet and fulness of spiritual joy which perhaps no other year had ever known. Her fellowships as well as her glimpses of the outer world were to be ripples of gladness.

In the opening of Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua, a mile from her own cottage, she had taken a great delight. She knew that its summer guests were in a thousand ways to give tone and impulse to the Eliot of her many associations. When Whittier, gentle in words and demeanor, whom she had loved as a poet and still more as a sympathizer in the uplifting of one of her soulful projects, the Free Library, chose the inn for his retreat and rest during the summer heats, she felt a holy content. It seemed as if the heavenly Father was contributing to her own personal gladness, besides adding to the intellectual and social uplifts which a rural parish peculiarly appreciates. A few of these days of her gladness crept into the public press; and to those who loved Mrs. Farmer in life and now bless her memory there will be a grateful interest in the



GREENACRE ON THE PISCATAQUA.

reading of the names and pleasant festivities of her latest summer, and of a quiet Sunday morning especially, when she sat with the guests of Greenacre at a peaceful table of the Lord for the manna which means more to the soul than material bread.

Of the increase of social life we gather a few prints from the column of the local reporter of Greenacre:—

“Its quiet and tasteful appointments draw to it many noted people. Mrs. Lippincott (‘Grace Greenwood’), of Washington, was there last week, a guest of John G. Whittier; and this week Miss Harriet McEwen Kimball is taking a much needed rest as a guest of the distinguished poet, who has been her lifelong friend. His friend, Rev. J. W. Atwood, of Providence, R.I., who recently officiated at St. John’s and at Christ’s Church in Portsmouth, is also with him.”

“Mr. Arthur W. Dow, of Ipswich, Mass., the young artist who has lately been receiving much attention in New York by his exhibition of paintings, is at Greenacre, sketching.”

“Miss Olea Bull and Miss Amelia Shapleigh, of Cambridge, Mass., have arrived; and Mrs. Ole Bull, together with her brother, Mr. J. G. Thorp, Jr., and wife (a daughter of Longfellow), and Miss Lauder, the violinist, are expected to-day.”

“The Eliot Library Association has received a gift of twenty-six books from Mr. Joseph Cartland and wife of Newburyport, Mass., who were at Greenacre several weeks. John G. Whittier has

also just sent fourteen more new books. His interest in the library is unceasing and his generosity unbounded."

The very being of Mrs. Farmer responded to all this life of most quiet intellectual beauty; and, when one Sabbath morning she found herself able to drive out to an impromptu hour of worship in the beautiful Greenacre parlor, she sat in the stillness which her deafness imposed, but the faces of the guests were to her open books. She read upon them messages of the Lord. We give the reporter's account of that morning hour:—

"ELIOT, ME., August 6.

"The Bible reading by Rev. Augustin Caldwell at Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua on Sunday morning was most impressive. Many of the cottagers came in, and those who were present will not soon forget that scene before them. In his favorite corner sat Whittier, with clasped hands and bowed head. By his side, in the simple but dignified dress of a Quakeress, was his cousin, Mrs. Gertrude Cartland. The peace which shone from her face and was breathed like an atmosphere all about her impressed all who saw her. Not less uplifting was the influence of that dear saint, Mrs. Isabel Knowlton, who sat near Mrs. Cartland. Ninety summers have passed over her head, but they have touched her very lightly. The soft hair is only threaded with silver. The clasp of the hand is as firm and unshaken as in the days of her youth; and

her voice is strong and clear, as was shown in her recitation of 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' a poem of twenty-six verses learned at her mother's knee when a little girl. She is indeed what she loves to call herself, 'a monument of God's loving mercy.' As she ceased speaking, Mrs. Cartland rose, and repeated very impressively some lines written by Madame Guyon while in prison. They were called forth by a reference to Madame Guyon in the Bible reading."

If Mrs. Farmer could have selected an hour for her last meeting time with childlike worshipers, could she have had one that would have left more hallowed influences? Perhaps it was a special soul-lift for the sufferings which were to take her into the close neighborhood of the eternal and finally to dismiss her to her everlasting rest.

And another memory of this last pleasant summer was dear to her. By invitation the daughter supped with Whittier and his cousins at Greenacre on her birthday; and the poet, by chance detecting the occasion, wrote in her Album the impromptu given at the close of this chapter, which, though never designed by him for public eye, is greatly treasured by the few and select friends who were aware of the day and of this unexpected memorial of it.

Now that the gentle and childlike poet is with his Lord, we most tenderly transcribe the permission given to Miss Farmer to allow "the rhymes"

of her birthday to be included in this volume. Whittier was in most heartfelt sympathy with Miss Farmer in her efforts at Eliot, and made several donations of money and of autograph volumes to its Public Library.

“HAMPTON FALLS, N.H., Aug. 11, 1892.

“*Dear Friend*,—Mr. Caldwell inquires whether I am willing the Album verses I wrote for thee may be used in a memorial volume to thy mother. I think the *subject* much better than the rhymes; but I am willing. I wrote thee a day ago at Eliot.

“Ever thy friend,

“JOHN G. WHITTIER.”

To S J F
on her birth-day July 22 1890

What shall we bring to her,
What shall we sing to her,
Of our love & token
Here in her birth-day
What if her worth say
Written or spoken? —

Perchance, while these latter days,
Light up Pis calaquea's
Sunssets of glory,
Some bard of Queen-Aere
More worthy, may make her
The theme of his story.

God's angel we rank her,
If vainly we thank her
For all she has given,
Her years of right living,
Of blessing and giving,
Are counted in Gleason.

Of rough life the smoother,
Of sorrow the soother,
Of trouble the calmer,
For blinded eyes seeing,
God bless her for being
Just Sarah J. Farmer!

John Whittier

Queen-Aere
Elic

July 22 1890

XLIV.

LAST LETTERS.

“ I LIKE to feel that there are some secrets between our souls and God,” wrote Mrs. Farmer in the autumn of 1890. Possibly one of the secrets which she kept from affectionate hearts was the consciousness that she had already reached the vestibule of the Eternal. As we recall her latest months, we cannot think otherwise. It was no surprise to her when the angels came.

Her first registered words of her final pains are dated Oct. 8, 1890. “I am suffering from sciatica. The pain is intolerable. You will be glad to know that God is a present help. What should I do if I did not love him and trust him fully?”

To another her penciled words, full of hope always:—

“I have been trying for weeks to find some great thought to send you, that will anchor your faith in all the days to come. Yesterday God sent it to me in a little *Faith Magazine*, and it is so sweet and confiding I send it you. Dear child, if the time should come that you are too weak to think or pray, you can say with this old saint: ‘Lord Jesus, thou knowest me. We are on the same old terms.’ Was there ever a more precious testimony?”

The rheumatism was so constant and acute that she was held a steadfast prisoner in her eastern room above stairs, while her loved companion was a prisoner in his wheel-chair below. It was the comfort of both that one of the winter guests was the Aunt Isabel of ninety years. It was the perpetual joy of this shining old saint to carry the messages of loving remembrance between the two invalids. Time and again did slips of paper flit from the eastern windows above to the invalid's chair below; and even now, scattered about the house, shut up in books, are these last words, fragments of poems, memories of old hymns, exchanged during the suffering weeks.

Of her last days we must give her own pen in the order of the dates. Her last letter to Mrs. Pray, the friend of her entire years, is of peculiar tenderness:—

*“My dear Charlotte,—*I don't understand how it is possible that there is more joy in your home over the birth of that dear little baby than there is in mine. We are so thankful that God has loaned another jewel to Mr. and Mrs. Day, who are now so much better fitted to polish it for his crown than ever before. May they have all the grace and wisdom they need to train this dear child for a life of usefulness here, and at last for the higher service above with their little lambs now in the heavenly Shepherd's care! I send your daughter deep and heartfelt joy for the two she has with her as well as for those who are in Father's arms. I almost

long for wings to fly to you; and, in imagination, I walk softly into the chamber where that beautiful young mother is lying with her darling baby so near her heart, and I see Mr. Day, dear little Lottie, and the new grandma, as they look at the sleeping beauty with their hearts full of joy and thankfulness that another baby should come into that home. No person on earth is so associated with mine as you are, dear Charlotte; and this makes your joy so real to me. I will try to write that letter to you all very soon, but I have not been well enough yet. I have been confined to my chamber since early fall with acute inflammation of the sciatic nerves. The suffering has been dreadful, but I trust it is over. Still, I can sing, 'Just as God will.' He has been and is very near me, and more precious than ever."

"JAN. 13, 1891.

"Nothing can go ill, since our Father orders everything for his children. Hold fast his hand, dear; and he will lead you safely wherever it is best for you to walk."

"FEB 2.

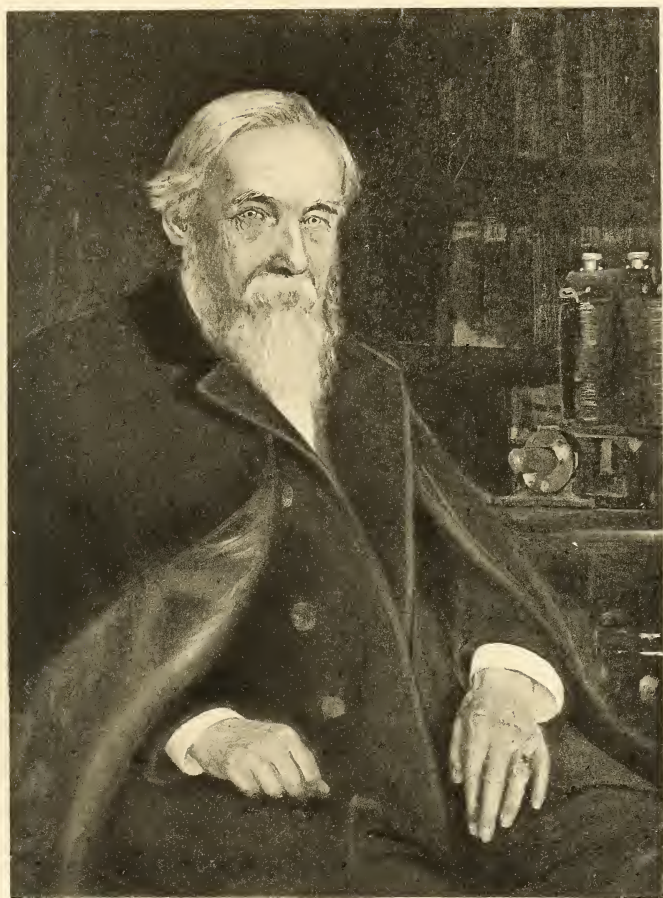
"*My dear Mrs. Balch*,— I find no words to thank you for your kindness in writing me about our beloved. My heart gathers new hope and courage with the thought, 'She is still with us.' We shall soon see that she is coming back to life and usefulness. It has been said that a life given back by God can never again be held as one's own. What will our dear friend do in the future for God and

for humanity? She has shown such a willingness to lend a hand to friend and stranger that it seems as if some new channel will be opened whereby she can show to the world that she has received a new baptism while standing so near the valley and shadow of death. We may never be able to see with our earthly eyes the connecting link between the prayers that have followed Dr. Packard and the nurses who have so tenderly cared for the patient sufferer, but the blessings that come into their lives may in eternity reveal that the Hearer of prayer did not turn a deaf ear to the petitions that have been going up to him day and night from so many homes. The dear patient mother, waiting in her Salem home, is not forgotten; and so completely have I put myself in her place that it seems sometimes as if it must be my own child on that suffering pillow.

“I am not well enough to write, and pains distract my thoughts, so that I find it very hard to express what I would be glad to say; but I trust you will be able to understand the gratitude of your stranger friend.
H. T. S. F.”

“MARCH 18.

“*My dear Mrs. Dole*,—Silence on my part does not mean forgetfulness, as your own dear heart will tell you. I have but little strength, and writing is hard for my head and back; and I have had to do a great deal lately, as two of my dearest friends have gone home. I know I ought to give them



Prof. L. B. ...

How ...

Moses G. Farmer.

joy, but now the loss bears heavily. I think you met one of them at Greenacre, Mrs. Wallingford, of Dover. Her father was my first minister; and she was the last link to bind me to the home of my childhood. We were born in the same town, Berwick; and the family was nearest us. She was one of the noblest women I ever knew. She was the last of her family."

To the Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford her last letter was as precious as if it had been intended as a parting word:—

"I could not forget you if I would, and I would not forget you if I could. And so I take up my pencil to tell you that I love you as of old, and that I long to see you. It is beautiful to think that our love for each other has not changed. You have brought a great deal into my suffering life. I want to thank you now and here. God bless you, my dear friend, for all you have been to me in the sunny past and all you will be in the glad hereafter. You will not be surprised to hear that the Master has called me back into his school to learn another lesson. He took me from my family cares last fall, and I have been a prisoner of the Lord ever since. The suffering has been extreme, but God has always sent me more patience than pain.

"My dear husband is still a living epistle to all who see him. He preaches a daily sermon to every member of his family. He takes a deep interest in all that is going on in the world; and, as far as

he can, he lends a helping hand to all who need it. How much good he has done in his long and useful life!

“With love to you and Miss Miles, I am ever lovingly your
 “HAPPY MABELLE.”

To the mother of the fallen brave, Captain Richard Haskett Derby, she sent a brief word April 24: “Not even our dearest can share our varied trials, but our Lord can.”

In the beautiful month of May she acknowledged once more and for the last time her gift of lilies:—

“The Lord sent me my gift of lilies of the valley this year as usual, to show me that baby was in his care. They have never failed once in the thirty-one years to come to me. There is something very comforting and tender in the sacred remembrance.”

The daughter, who watched daily the wishes and necessities of the invalid parents and brightened hearts and home constantly, went to a distant town to speak in behalf of an object of worth and necessity at a convention; and because of this there was a last letter to her (June 17), and the last of all her letters that has reached us:—

“*My dear Child*,—Your letter, coming so promptly the next morning after you left home, gave us the feeling of nearness to you, and that you were not really so far away from those to whom you are the sunshine of their lives. God bless you, dear. It is a comforting thought that he is willing

to use us in his service in any place or way. Do all you can to advance his cause and kingdom."

Then, with an allusion to a clergyman who had expressed a wish that she should give the story of Rosemary to some who had been much interested in its summer visitors, she adds:—

"I wish they could know what a glorious work that house is doing, watched over and cared for by the angels around the Great White Throne. Your precious little brother did not live in vain, since his mother's loving heart is the foundation stone of Rosemary."

Among her papers was an unfinished penciling entitled

ALL READY.

All ready to step o'er the threshold
 Into the realms of the blest,
 To walk with the beautiful angels,
 To know the heavenly rest.

I shall go where the fields will be greener,
 Fresher by far than we know:
 I shall walk on the banks of the river,
 And list to the silver tide's flow!

The pen she then laid aside. It had been most lovingly used "in his name and for his sake," and God was to exchange it for the branch of palm and the everlasting song.

XLV.

THE EVERLASTING MORNING.

THIRTY years before Mrs. Farmer's transfiguration and transition, Aug. 4, 1861, she wrote to Professor Farmer of the hour of all hours:—

“You know, my dear husband, that I have felt for years that, when the Messenger comes for me, the call will be sudden. I shall have no time to gather up the fragments of my life and bind them together. Then, what I would have done, it is my duty to do in the *now*. I shall be ready, if I live thus, when I hear that little baby voice calling *Mother*. I sometimes fancy how it will sound, and what joy it will bring to my heart to hear those little lips, that never uttered a word here, calling me by name.”

Her pen was prophetic. Friday night, June 26, 1891, the daughter of her love and blessing left her at midnight. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Coffin were to sail for Europe, and Miss Farmer was to take the earliest train to town to carry the family farewells; and so mother and daughter talked with each other until the clock struck twelve. The mother seemed in the usual comfort of the night, and, in reply to a

question whether any other offices of love could be rendered, replied, tenderly: "*No, dear: you have done all you can.*" Unconsciously, the kiss given was the kiss of separation.

The daughter had ordered the carriage to be at the door at half-past six in the morning. An hour earlier than this a sound in the mother's room indicated that she, too, with all her feebleness, was alert, and ready to send her latest benediction to the friends who were to sail that day.

A little later the daughter went to the door of her mother's room. As she entered, upon the pillow was a face baptized with a sweetness that was supernatural. The cheek rested upon the hand as beautifully as if a child had pillowed its face on the dimpled palm.

It was a strange moment, one that can hardly repeat itself. For a moment the daughter's heart was as still as her mother's; and then, with a fortitude born of the divine breath and with an awe akin to that we may have at the first look of *his* face, that daughter kissed the lips that for the first time gave no response. It was no hour of fear. The daughterly love bore the word at once to the father's ear and heart. The house was called. The doctor came in; and his word was that within an hour it had been written: "She is not. God has taken her." Were there tears in that wonderful daybreak? Do you cry if joy-bells ring? Yes, sometimes even music makes the eyes like a fountain. That early household by a silent intuition

let the heart's joy-bells ring; for the Lord was her everlasting light, and theirs, too, and the days of her pains were ended.

Did she leave no dying word? No, but she left *living* ones; and, as the close of her life, we have reserved a gracious epistle, written to one who had received more kindnesses from her hand than could be counted, and most appropriate to all who are grateful that they ever came into the sunshine of her presence:—

“Not a cloud has dimmed the brightness of our friendship. How pleasant to think of this, as I see the grave yawning at my feet! If you are spared to look upon my cold white face, you will have no memories to sadden your heart. Remember then how much you have done to make my life calm and blest. Remember how grateful I was for every look of affection, for every tender word, and say, ‘Because she loved much, she shall be forgiven much.’ My love for you will never die. My gratitude you will never know here. How I wish I could do something to prove it! If I go home before you do, it may be that a part of my mission will be to minister to you. They will lay me with Baby Clarence. When you are here, go to the spot, and cover me with flowers. I think I shall see you. One day, when I was very sick and not conscious, I looked up and said, ‘When I go home, cover me with flowers, and remember that I die in peace with all the world, loving everybody.’ Could I have expressed my feelings more truly if

I had known what I was saying? My peace is like a river. My patience is not yet exhausted. God is good to me. I have searched my heart in vain to find a murmuring thought. What shall I render?"

Was it not to her the everlasting morning and unto us as well? Yes, answer our spirits. The Lord was indeed unto her the everlasting light, and God became her glory.

"MOTHER ROSEMARY."

THE DAY AFTER. JUNE 28, 1891.

In rosetime, when the fragrant earth
Is most like heaven, she homeward pressed;
Beloved of all the flowers, she passed
Through flower-fringed portals to her rest.

'Tis but a step from our fair world
Of light and love and flower and song
Unto the next. And should we mourn,
We who yet stay? Nay! grief is wrong.

Nay! let us but the more rejoice
That she hath found the home above,
Where nothing ever fades or fails,
Or be it flower or song or love.

She fell asleep at eventide
To wake to heaven's deathless dawn,
Left sunset splendors dearly loved
For rapture of celestial morn.

We love to think that one so pure
And sweet as she hath walked the earth,
And one who of each tiny flower
Knew fondly the sweet way and worth;
Hath made our humble pathway brave,
And full of love and shine and cheer;

To think that her exceeding faith
 Hath cheapened life, and made death dear.

We love to think, Ah, sweet was she !
 That her dear, patient, saintly feet
 Have trod these shy by-paths of ours,
 To make them yet more brave and sweet.

How blest it is to feel that one
 Who oft before us came and went
 Hath gone to bless our holier home,
 To render heaven more redolent ;

That she who loved the children so
 Now bides at Home, God's grateful guest,
 While countless babes she mothered here
 All radiant rise, and call her blessed !

We see her gracious presence still,
 Serene amid the blooming fields,
 Clothed with the sweet humility
 That Christly efflorescence yields.

On this, her first Heaven-Sabbath home,
 To make her rich, full life complete,
 She breaks her alabaster box
 And pours upon her Saviour's feet

The spikenard of her faith and hope,
 The ointment of devoutest prayer,
 The precious oil of joy and love,
 Than frankincense more fragrant rare.

" She hath done what she could." Vouchsafe,
 O Lord, that we of thy dear alms
 Make use as brave, making our lives
 As sweet and solemn sunset psalms.

Shall we not, too, O thou that lov'st
 Thy creatures, though so weak they be,
 Render, for love's and friendship's sake,
 Our simple thank-offering to thee ?

No alabaster box have we,
 No costly spikenard may we bring,
 No mountain-moving faith, like hers,—
 Only a full heart's offering.

Only this bunch of fragrant thoughts,
 Of sweet *rosemary*, pearly with dew,
 Out of the fields of love, dear Lord,
 We pluck to-day for one so true.

Like her, we come all reverently,
 And lay our gift at thy dear feet:
 O Lord, to us as unto her
 Make manifest thy Presence sweet.

Keep us serene and patient, Lord,
 Until life's little race be won;
 Grant us at last our steadfast eyes
 To lift, and say, "Thy will be done."

"In His Name"—and hers.

DOVER, N.H.

WILLIAM HALE.

And with a beautiful quaintness the pen of Enoch George Adams of Berwick (the birthplace of Mrs. Farmer) carries us outside and beyond Bittersweet, where the dear casket lies empty in its peaceful repose, and brings us to the portal, and pictures the entrance into the eternal, as if by very revealing the eye had seen and the ear had heard:—

AT THE GATE.

(MRS. HANNAH T. S. FARMER.)

BY ENOCH GEORGE ADAMS.

"Peter, with the golden key,"
 Said the Lord Christ, "go and see

Who is standing at the Gate :
 Some there are who should not wait.
 'Tis a knock so soft and mild,
 'Tis a woman or a child."

Then his robe about his waist
 Girded Peter with great haste.
 As he turned, the golden key
 Rung out glorious symphony.
 Soon the gates began to whirl,
 Each one was a single pearl.
 As they outward fell apart,
 Peter moved with sudden start,
 Viewing suppliant at the place
 Of such beauty and such grace,
 While a nimbus round her hung,
 Though she was not over-young ;
 And demeanor the most meek, —
 Blushes glowing on each cheek.
 Soon she humbly asked of him
 Seat in heaven's outmost rim,

Quick a little child arose,
 From a group was clustering close.
 Said she to angelic crowd,
 In a voice both sweet and loud :
 "Sure has come to Heaven and me
Founder of the Rosemary !
 When I was an earthly child,
 In the city's heart defiled,
 Came she on me unaware,
 Led me from the sinful snare ;
 Brought me to a Cottage sweet,
 Where was happiness complete ;
 Home she founded for distressed,
 To recuperate and rest.
 Heart had she like gold refined,
 Full of love to human-kind.

She, like Jesus, loved a child ;
Like him was both meek and mild."

Then said Jesus from the throne,
"She is one that I would own ;
Give her crown that brightest glows !"
Then a mighty song uprose.
To that humble soul was given
Grandest crown of saints in heaven.
And the children round her hied,
Thick as stars at eventide
Or the white caps of the sea,—
Sung of her and Rosemary !

XLVI.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. HANNAH T. S. FARMER, WIFE OF PROF. MOSES G. FARMER
OF ELIOT, MAINE.

AT the request of friends who were not present at the burial services of the late Mrs. Farmer, we will endeavor to give some impression of the sacredness and beauty of the occasion. It was not death we saw and felt. It was the halo of the life immortal shed upon this earthly scene, where loved ones gathered to mingle their sympathies with hearts so newly touched with more of heavenly joy than earthly sorrow.

The atmosphere of the place was holy with the presence of unseen guests, who brought with them "the peace that passeth all understanding."

Every arrangement expressed faith in God and love for the departed. A truly Christian service. Conventional mourning would have been out of place, and we were grateful to find it unrecognized.

The precious form, tastefully draped and resting in its beautiful casket exquisitely decorated by filial hands, and the face still illumined by the soul which so recently animated it, made a picture not soon to be forgotten, which we loved to look

upon and linger near. Never have we seen what we call death so enveloped, so lost in the spiritual.

Not a cloud overshadowed the spirits of the dear ones who sat in this presence to hear the tribute of affection and gratitude eloquently and touchingly given by a lifelong friend of the deceased, Rev. Augustin Caldwell.

He told of her gifts and her graces. He told of her loyal service for her country in its hour of need; of her broad-mindedness and warm-heartedness, which were ever alive to the needs and the calls of the suffering; of her persistent labors in many reforms; of her gifted pen, which never revealed her name to the public for which she often wrote.

He told of the monument she had reared in memory of a son who died in infancy, which was to-day giving shelter and food and comfort to many a weary mother and restless child, and which would in the years to come speak more eloquently than words of the richness and fulness of a life consecrated to God and humanity.

"Rosemary for remembrance." Mother and child wreathed in one garland of memory, symbolized by the living wreath upon which was inscribed *"Our Friend,"* which the inmates of Rosemary placed at the head of her casket. At the foot hung a rich garland of passion flowers, emblems of her patient, sacrificing life, sent by the trustees of Rosemary.

The King's Daughters, of which order Mrs. Farmer was an active member, were recognized by

the Maltese cross inscribed with the letters I. H. N. They also made the home and the last resting-place bright with flowers.

By the side of the casket sat an aunt, whose years have numbered ninety-one, whom the deceased loved and honored, and to whom she paid her last earthly visit. At its foot sat Captain Tom Shay, of Newport, R.I., whose faithful service and rare Christian character, whose love and loyalty to her and hers in years that were past, she highly appreciated.

We hesitate as we allude to the home circle, the companion of over forty-six years, upon whose face we could read God's message of peace to his beloved. With his hand clasped in that of his only child, his strength and his solace, he sat as one listening to the summons that might call for "father" in a dear, familiar voice. He feels no loosening of the tie that binds him to his life's love:—

"Uttered, not yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer."

Of the daughter permit us to say that years ago this mother said to us, "When my child was still an infant, I wrote for my own satisfaction what I wished she should grow to be in person and character; and I have lived to see my wish fulfilled."

Everything connected with these services was informal. Words appropriate and comforting were recited feelingly by Miss Elizabeth M. Bartlett.

“Be thou faithful unto death” was sung impressively by Mr. William J. Winch of Boston, “He shall feed his flock” and “Come unto me” by the Misses Dame.

Rev. D. W. Waldron, the city missionary of Boston, who has charge of Rosemary and to whom its successful management is largely owing, offered a soulful prayer.

Then stood the daughter with eyes uplifted, and said,—

“Let one, most loving of you all,
Say,— not a tear must o’er her fall,—
He giveth his beloved sleep!”

and at her request there was a moment of silent waiting upon God before the closing benediction. Friends who had come in sadness now left with a deeper consciousness of God’s power to uplift beyond the reach of human sorrow.

The casket, borne by loved friends and followed only by near relatives and her faithful dog, “Barry,” was removed to the lawn, and carried without ceremony to the spot which she had been accustomed to call her “little garden,” near the summer-house where she often sat, and with prayer and song and the holy benediction was deposited in the cool of the evening in its last resting-place.

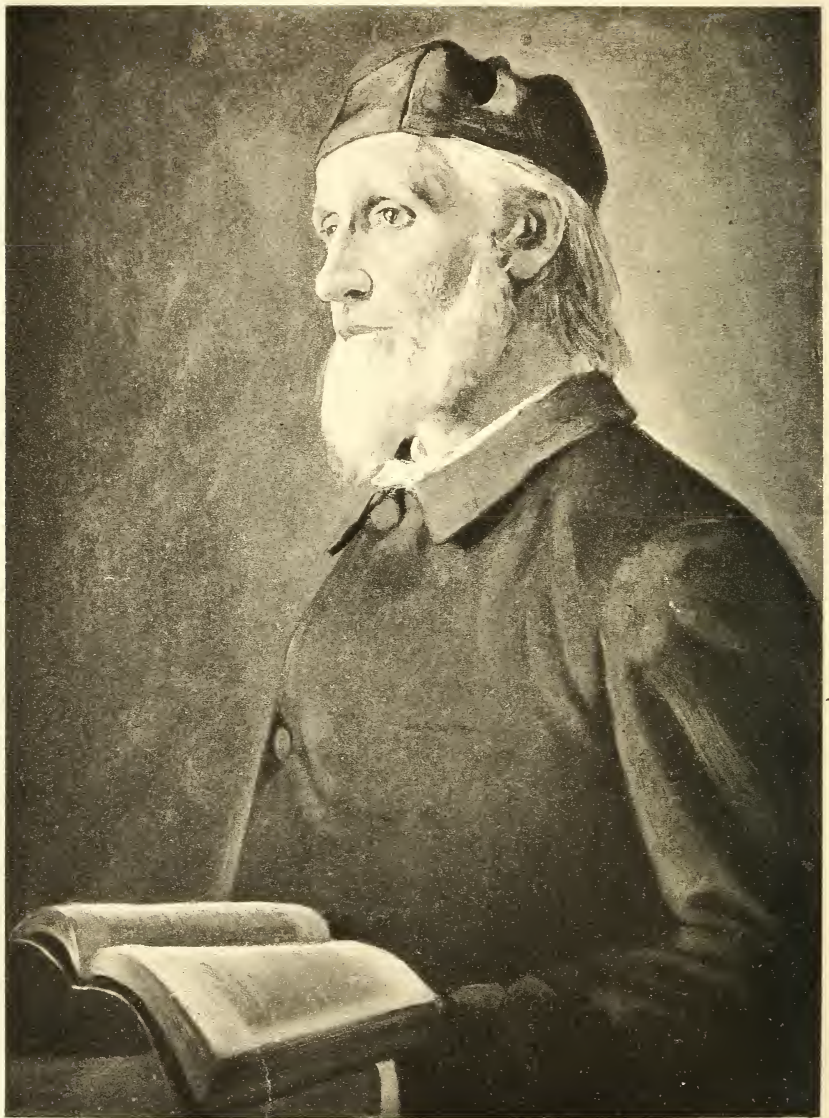
Beautiful in our thought as the day that dies in a glorious sunset was this blending of the earthly and the heavenly. We longed to say with the poet,—

“There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.”

As we returned to the home, not desolate, but sanctified by this visitation of God, thoughts and inspirations crowded upon us while contemplating the influence of a life dominated by the spiritual. We felt the power and *possibilities* of a woman's life, with its unwisdom and limitations in a worldly sense, but with its broad aims, its faithful and persistent accomplishments; and we thanked God for the rich legacy it has left to its own and to the world.

AMELIA C. THORP.

WEST LEBANON, MAINE, July 11, 1891.



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Augustin Caldwell

XLVII.

IN THE KING'S PALACE.

A TRIBUTE READ AT THE SERVICE OF BURIAL.

DAVID says, "They shall enter into the king's palace."

Again his proclamation is, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving."

Isaiah, the man of gracious pen and mind, exclaims, "They shall enter into peace."

And John, beloved of God and man, finishes the story by saying, "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

How beautifully Phillips Brooks speaks of the difference between Saint John's view of the soul's transfiguration and ours! John saw what souls *go to*. *We* see what souls *go from*. John's opened eyes saw the presence of God, the higher standard, the larger fellowship with all the race, and the new assurance of personal immortality in God.

As *we* know this, too, we cease to rake the ashes of memory; and there literally comes a burst of triumph as the soul we loved goes into such vast enlargements and such glorious consummations. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord and stand immortal before him.

They enter into the king's palace; and the gates are thanksgiving, and the very threshold is peace. And for this marvelous change, for this which we go *to*, the whole plan and purpose of life has been fitting us.

"God is in every history, and the plan of every day is his." And because this is so, because God is really preparing us all to become that which is the very highest and best possible, the whole of life and of death, too, should we be clothed in its cheer and its beauty.

Faber, the papist poet, uttered a truism when he said, "Saints on earth are the gladdest of God's creatures"; for they are in the will and development of God. And a dear Quaker preacher whom I knew, and who went to his Father's house at the sunrise of his being, said, "God is my element, and out of him I am like a fish out of water."

The true life and the true death are one, no division; and each is a part of that divine idea which is linking and blending the human and the divine. God is the atmosphere both of life and of death.

Standing as we do now on the threshold of the King's palace, with the records of a singular life upon one side of us and the broad glimpse of her light and her beauty and her glory on the other, it is hard to decide where the gaze shall be fixed. To some, maybe, there is the thought of the departure; but no, I believe as Hawthorne wrote, "that there are many things that occur to us in our daily life, many unknown crises, that are more important

to us than this mysterious circumstance of death, which so many deem the most important of all."

To Mrs. Farmer "the mysterious circumstance of death" was by no means a crisis. Greater things had come to her, which had wrought changes and interests and developings which make her life and name as hallowed as heaven. The ceasing of the breath was not a change nor a surprise. She only, like a child, entered a gate she had reached.

Emerson said, "The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck." Not Emerson himself had stronger perception of this than did the heart and the life of her whose history we delight to review. To her every neighborhood was all gates and all opportunities, and she never neglected one.

A dear child was once puzzled to know how to love the Christ whom he had never seen; and in his perplexity he went to his mother, and asked, "Is Jesus like anybody I know?" Of the dear one around whom we gather, we can say that in a thousand ways she imaged her Lord as he walked to and fro in his daily benedictions. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

We need not for one moment take our eyes from the wide open gates of the King's palace. We need not wipe any tear which flows, even if we cannot tell whether it be in grief or gladness. We can talk of her life of singular significance while she still keeps her hold upon us. We can see what

she has gone *to*, while the tenderest love takes up the thread of the life she went *from*.

To speak of her, however, needs the heart and the lips touched with the same marvelous love that was in her an incarnation. What she did and what she said can never be put upon paper, never be uttered by other human lips. She wrought and she spoke as a flower breathed its fragrance. She was a part of everybody. There seemed to be nobody else in the wide world but the sorrowful one who confided in her. She gave all her heart, her life, her being, to the one who sat bruised and grieved at her feet, no matter who it was or when it was. Sometimes it was a lad who had come from the country to the city to learn a trade, homesick and longing for his home and his mother's heart and voice. She became mother to him.

Again it was a poor girl, bruised, forsaken, left out in the cold and dank atmosphere of the perishing. But she would pillow that girl on her bosom, and never leave her until she had made every effort that could save her, soul and body; and, if she could not save her, she loved her still.

The look of her face, the peculiar soulfulness of her tone, opened every avenue of a wrecked heart and life; and the distressed ones told themselves out to her. She had more hearts and lives and sorrows breathed into her ears than can be counted.

She carried sorrowful secrets, too, of many a disappointed heart and life. Wives and mothers, sometimes, who knew the breakings and the dis-

tresses of lost loves, leaned upon her bosom, and for the hour rested themselves in her sympathy, her pity, her comfort.

She knew the prisoner behind the bars; and, when he went out, she remembered the day. She waited for his coming. Her door was ajar, and her help and her wisdom he could not forget.

And people came to her who dared not go elsewhere. Victor Hugo expressed what she actually lived and practised. "Do not," said he, "inquire the name of him who asks a shelter of you. The very one who is embarrassed by his name is the one who needs the shelter." Mrs. Farmer's instincts knew the people she cheered. She never had to ask.

Nor was it the evil only who were blended in her life and doings. She had the wonderful stretch of heart that took everybody in, the purest of the pure, the tenderest, and the most loving. People naturally sheltered themselves in her love and blessing.

She gave herself, literally, to the wide, wide world. Love always gives. Love knows no selfishness. And then, when came the echo of that gun that brought down the dear old flag at Sumter, — how can we tell it? Her life, her letters, her words, her poems, — ah! yes, the world says she brought hundreds in money into the treasury of help and pity. It is all true, and the half was never told and never can be; but those years of hers can never be measured by the ingatherings

of the treasury. What made scores of soldiers love her, and write to her, and bless her? What made hearts in the hospitals send her dying messages? What made soldiers' mothers give her so many benedictions that her letters multiplied by hundreds? No, it cannot be written; but God knows.

She took the boys to her heart. She sent them scores of motherly messages, and not one could be read without leaving that blessing which was a God-given benefaction.

How well I remember her first labor of love for her soldiers! It was after the Baltimore Sunday. Her heart broke, and poured itself out that day. And, when it was wired that the Maine boys would pass through Salem, she gathered the neighborhood girls and boys; and with all the soulful energy of her nature made wreaths and bouquets, and wrote cards and messages, and, as the train halted, every child bore out the prepared token of actual interest and tenderness. She did not think of any returning words, but they speedily came. Love begets love. And homesick youths sent her son-like blessings; and, though then in her strength and prime, she became at once a mother to myriads.

Dear heart! among all the hallowed and glorified ones, *who* will love her more in heaven than her soldier boys? They are gathered about her now, and are telling her of the comforts her own hands wrought for them.

And it was in these years, too, that the minis-

tries of pain — yea, of agonies — developed that marvelous endurance and holy acceptance which is scarcely paralleled. What years! We may not speak of them now. How she would put her hand upon our lips, did she listen to us, and silence us with the holy quiet of heaven! But out of all this grew that Paradise to weary mothers and restless children,—the *Rosemary* of her loves, her tears, her prayers, her cravings, the *Rosemary* that will tell her story all these summer days, while we in our yearning think of her and see her not. How her great heart welled with tenderness last summer, when a dying woman was there and *Rosemary* became heaven to her! She would weep at the memory of what was told her by an attendant of this fading one. Said the attendant, when the sick one was going back to her city tenement to die, “She never had a bright spot in her life before; but at *Rosemary* she has seen heaven, and is no more afraid to die.” Yes, the poor creature *did* die, with the green fields of *Rosemary* in her memory. *Rosemary* has paid. God bless *Rosemary* forever!

And there was another work which she did, such a silent work. It was her use of her pen. From girlhood to heaven’s threshold she held it. She never spoke of it, but she did it just the same. She never deemed it of worth, but she wrought with the talent just the same. She never made estimates of anything. She always *did*, irrespective of results.

How many, many times will we look and long

for the letter, the poem, the message,—the brightness of her sunshine. It will not come as it used to; but it will be in our future in the thousand memories,—memories which never die,—and in holy and spiritual influences and power, though we may not understand.

I dare not speak of her domestic loves. I dare not tell of her idolized father and of the charm of the young sister's life, whose deaths, years and years ago, wrought such a change in her life. Ever after they left her, she seemed to live *three lives* in one. Father's, sister's, and her own life seemed to be blended; and she has actually completed the work of the three.

She became in one sense at that early time the head of the house. Her mother, widowed and desolate, leaned upon her forevermore. The dear old mother,—to know her, too, was to love her. Oh, if we could penetrate the joy of heaven to-day, would not the gladsomeness of their meeting roll over us like waves? Unspeakable is the tide; and I am not sure if we do not have a sense of its rapture. I know she sees *his* face; but that does not distract the love and delight of the mother and the daughter as they gaze into each other's eyes, and love now with an eternity of affection.

The public library which Mrs. Farmer so desired to see well founded was a wish of her father's heart, and for his sake she gave her interest to it.

All we have spoken is of her outward labors. How beautiful the record, the Daughter of the

King! But, *within* all, there is that marvelous wealth of domestic love which was poured out on her home life, her domestic story. She never lifted the veil of her home life. It was her own unrevealed. Forty-six years of uninterrupted home life and love! "Dear old heart," she wrote of her husband only a week ago,— "dear old heart, what love we have got out of these years!" Ah, me! what love indeed! It was love like a ceaseless river, that made the life all it was,— love that we can never tell and never attempt to tell. God does not attempt some things. He keeps them as hal- lowed as the apple of his eye, and never tells the secret. And so we only say it was wife's love, mother's love, sister's love; and did she not take all the range in? She was every love.

The latest ride she took was to the home of her loved Aunt Isabel, dear saint of ninety-and-one,— a ride of tenderest interest. We never dreamed that the aged feet would outstrip her in the race.

And we who are here now, if not of her blood, still we, too, are in the tenderest relationship. She was unto us all that can ever be said as *Friend*. Not one of us ever had such another. Not one of us can ever have such another. We have told all the joys and sorrows of our lives to her. We never shrank from any unfolding. Our lips close now; for we miss the ear, the only ear but God's. Everything is associated with her; and, if we are dumb and numb to-day, it is because we have not yet become used to the change and the silence.

We understand what the beloved Whittier wrote to-day: "I have just heard of your sorrow, which overshadows your household. I know what it is to lose a mother. Let me in spirit sit with you in your circle of mourning."

We only know that her name is our absorbing thought. We know that we loved her, and that suddenly we have come to a chasm. And yet the void is bridged.

A year ago a traveler following his guide up the Alps suddenly came to an unexpected chasm in the path. He thought the upward steps must cease. But his guide measured the space, and sprang over; and then, throwing himself upon the brink, he stretched his strong right arm across, and said, "Master, cross on my hand." "Never," said the astonished climber. And the guide's noble response was: "Master that hand never fails. Step."

Yes, our bridge is thrown across. We give our whole weight to the strong right hand of our God; and, as we step, we can tell now where our thoughts dwell. It is on what we go *to*. It is the palace of the King. And, as we gaze on the transfigured face to-day, at rest upon its pillow, our only wonder is that even the precious body is left us. Translation would be no surprise. It is not death. It is glorification. It is the change, quick as the twinkling of an eye. It seems like Paul's pen,— "And there is the spiritual body." And the heaven-home and the earth-home are one. It is a threshold alone between.

These beautiful flowers of to-day, the lily of the valley in her hands, have always had a wealth of love from her. And over the threshold they wither not. She walks among them there. I am not sure but earth hereafter will be to us only the vestibule of the Eternal. And, with the veil rent as it is to-day, we may hardly be able to tell upon which side we are living. We are literally, she and we, forever with the Lord. Amen.

XLVIII.

WORDS OF LIFE AND LOVE.

IT was at break of day that Mrs. Farmer entered into the Gate of the City; but so quickly did the word go from home to home and from town to town that, while it was yet morning, Dr. William Hale, of Dover, wrote:—

“My heart is full. Though aware that human sympathy seems almost an intrusion in times of sacred sorrow, I have it in my heart to send you a word of brotherly cheer. Be assured of my tender sympathy. Keep brave and serene, just as our dear Mother Rosemary would have her friends always be.”

On the next day came another message from the same appreciative pen:—

“I must send this little message, because I cannot get dear Mother Rosemary out of my mind and heart. I want you to think of her as one not lost, but with you still and nearer.”

The Reverend Edward Everett Hale, D.D., most kindly remembered the family in this hour of God:

“*My dear Friend*,—The newspaper brings us the news of your sudden loss. Nothing had prepared me for it. I mean that I had not in any way heard that Mrs. Farmer’s condition was thought

more critical. But indeed, believe me, nothing prepares us for death. We are not made to believe it, or that we can believe it. I lost in the same year the brother next me in age and the sister equally dear. She had lingered in acute rheumatic pain for many years. He was swept out into the Gulf of Mexico in an effort to save some shipwrecked men. This was as sudden as could be. The other came after long illness. I was affected by one announcement exactly as I was by the other. That is, I did not believe either, and could not. And I know that, when my mother died, I felt a hundred years older. Here was the last person left to whom I was a boy. We were very near to each other. She sympathized in all my hopes and plans. So that I have so much right to express my sympathy with you now. I know your father will be brave, but it is half his life which is taken away. Pray give my love to him, and be sure you have all our sympathy."

Mrs. Bernard Whitman, of the editorial staff of *Lend a Hand*, said:—

"I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Farmer's sweetness when I saw her in Eliot, and I brought away such a pretty story of her that many a time I have told it to show what a true womanly woman she was. I always thought I should see her again. I always meant to, and hear more of the sweet life which she put into her words. And now we must all wait; but it will come, and the bright anticipation of reunion helps us in our journey."

The Friendly tongue, never so quieting as when we are sore at heart, found expression in a letter from Mrs. Cartland, whose home was one of the shelters of the poet Whittier:—

“My beloved Friend, Sarah F. Farmer,— We have just learned through Cousin Greenleaf,* who spent last night with us, of the decease of thy dear mother. I hasten to express our sorrow and the deep sympathy we feel for thee and thy dear father and all your family under this sad bereavement. We can in a measure at least realize the void which her departure leaves in her household and in the various charities she so lovingly and faithfully supported, and those who were favored with ourselves to meet her during our very pleasant days at Greenacre will not soon forget her warm welcome and saintly presence. Wilt thou not write us, as we long to hear from thee? My husband joins me in this feeble expression of our love and tender sympathy; and I am as always most affectionately thine,
 GERTRUDE W. CARTLAND.”

The Honorable Charles Carleton Coffin sent the testimony of his brotherly love and estimate of her life and character:—

“Words fail me to express my sympathy. I have not a tear to shed over her departure so far as she is concerned. Heaven is more radiant than it was before she went, and earth is poorer so far as

* John Greenleaf Whittier,—now in the unseen.

her presence made it beautiful; but the work remains. The world is better for her having lived here. I shall ever think of her as one of God's children and as *not dead*. The mortal part may suffer change, but that is all.

“Fannie Heywood's little Effie has written the enclosed tribute. We called to tell Fannie yesterday of the departure. As soon as we left, Effie wrote the lines. She is but twelve years old, you remember”:—

THE CALLING.

IN MEMORY OF HANNAH SHAPLEIGH FARMER,

JUNE 29, 1892.

The time has come for the parting,
Our dear one is called to rest,
To be a fair sweet angel,
Close to her Saviour's breast.

She has gently climbed the ladder,
And reached its highest hold,
And is now in the purest heaven,
Where shines a light like gold.

The patient feet were weary,
But now her toil is done.
She lives again in heaven,
A life that is just begun.

As we think of her who has left us,
We think of her life so sweet;
And now she has gone before us
To a world where we hope to meet.

Her faith was pure and holy
For the One so great above.

She heard her Saviour calling,
And went to greet his love.

Perhaps she was tired of waiting,
That she took her tender flight :
Perhaps she was needed above us,
To be a shining light.

Our grief is sad and sacred,
And a sorrow is in our heart.
It is hard to have her leave us :
It is hard for us to part.

But in the evening stillness
We can almost hear her voice.
Are we sorry she has left us ?
No ; for 'twas her Saviour's choice.

And some time, when he is calling,
We shall no longer roam,
But go, like our beloved one,
Up to our Saviour's home.

To Cousin Moses, with love from his little

COUSIN EFFIE.

Mrs. Farmer's long residence with the United States Navy very naturally drew forth many letters of highest respect from the officers and families whose names had been blended with the station at Newport.

Commodore George Dewey, United States Navy, whose wife (a daughter of ex-Governor Ichabod Goodwin of New Hampshire) passed from earth while the Farmers were at the Torpedo Station, dated a note of expressive tenderness from Washington:—

“I can and do most fully sympathize with you in

your terrible affliction. She was so kind and sympathetic with me at the time of my irreparable loss eight years ago that I feel I have lost a true friend. The lines found in her needle-book are beautiful, and remind me of those I found in Susie's portfolio at Newport. Give my love and sympathy to your daughter, and believe me most sincerely yours."

Lieutenant Commander Washburn Maynard, United States Navy, from Jamestown, gave a glimpse of the quickness with which Mrs. Farmer found her way into the lives of people and became evermore a memory:—

"For many months after we had lived side by side at the Torpedo Station I never saw Mrs. Farmer; but by a fortunate chance she came into the room one day while I was talking with you, and the personal acquaintance then begun became one which I most highly valued. I think our last meeting was in New York, when you were living near Central Park. May God help you to bear this great sorrow, my dear friend!"

The wife of Lieutenant Commander Maynard is a daughter of the late Reverend Charles T. Brooks of Newport, a man of rare and chaste beauty of life, whose pen built him an abiding memorial; and may we not include here a little breath of this father's verse, written one day in the album of Miss Farmer during one of his calls at the Naval Station? His allusion to his old Salem home, once the home, too, of the Farmers, is very beautiful to those who remember the loves and longings of his poetic heart and life:—

" In thy *Gedankenbuch*, dear friend,
 To write I had a hearty mind.
 I searched it through 'frae end to end,'
 But ne'er a vacant leaf could find
 On which a bird (or bard) might sing
 An unpremeditated lay
 Of Friendship's never withering spring,
 Of Memory's mild and soothing ray.
 So on this page I settle down,
 Here in this pleasant midland spot,
 Where forms of dear old Salem town
 Rise up that ne'er can be forgot.
 O Salem! for thy peace I pray,
 And for thy happiness, my friend;
 Perennial joy refresh thy way,
 Heaven's peace thy every path attend."

NEWPORT, Jan. 31, 1878.

Mrs. Newell, wife of Commander John Stark Newell, United States Navy, a grand-nephew of the old General Stark of Revolutionary fame, dated from the Ebbitt House, Washington, a note of kindness, always like grateful dew to hearts who know the parch of loss:—

"Allow us to mingle our tears with yours, dear friends, and assure you that our hearts and prayers are with you in your hour of need. Mr. Keefe's kind note came a few hours ago, and we also saw the notice in the *Herald*. How I wish we could be with you and do for you! Still, I know you are surrounded by friends. When you are able, write, dear, please; for we naturally long to hear and to know of your honored father and yourself."

General and Mrs. Samuel A. Duncan wrote, one

from the busy New York City and the other from the mountains of New Hampshire:—

“*My dear Friend*,— You cannot well comprehend what a shock I felt when your brief note came with the sad intelligence that your loved one had entered into rest. Be assured that our warmest sympathies go out toward you and yours at this supreme hour of your life. You have left you, my dear friend, as a precious legacy, shedding its benediction over all the years to come and hallowing those that are gone, the memory of your long association with a pure and noble life and the bright hope of a blessed and undying reunion in the not distant future. Be of good cheer, I pray you. Bear bravely up, ready to meet with your old-time faithfulness whatever of duty life may yet have in store for you. Mrs. Duncan is in New Hampshire with her aged mother. Were she here, she would join most fervently in sympathy with you, and also with Miss Farmer, who is never forgotten by us.”

“*Dear Professor Farmer*,— The news of your recent irreparable loss comes to me here in this remote New Hampshire village, where I have come to minister to my aged and feeble mother. I trust you will not think my sympathy intrusive. I had never the advantage of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Farmer, yet I knew I had a right to be interested in her through my love to you and your daughter, and through her many good works, which

illuminated her life all the more radiantly because of her long invalidism. What could we do without the hope of a future reunion? Upheld by this sublime belief, what can we not endure? Every time I look at my dear mother, who is gradually fading away before my eyes, my aching heart comes back to this comforting support. It is a long time since I saw you. Time has laid a white hand on my own head, and I dare not hope he has not dealt a similar token to you; but, as I recall your twinkling eye and smile, these surely are the same. Will you offer my loving sympathy to your daughter, whose sense of loss I well appreciate? Earth is never quite the same when mother departs. This hurried page will assure you of my sympathy; and that will atone, I trust, for its irregular and hurried appearance.

“JULIA J. DUNCAN.”

Professor George W. Dean, formerly of the United States Coast Survey, gave a perceptive appreciation of the ended days:—

“Hers was a missionary life; and no words of mine can convey to you and your dear daughter greater consolation than you now have in the remembrance of the many Christian traits of character which adorned her life, and enabled her to accomplish so much of good.”

And Professor Dean’s wife added to her husband’s words:—

“A beautiful end to a beautiful life. A change

from the things temporal to those which are eternal. More than ever shall I cherish the little volume of 'Seed Thoughts' which she gave me, and with her blessed memory shall I associate the lovely lily of the valley."

Professor B. A. Gould, the distinguished astronomer, for many years at the head of the Observatory in the Argentine Republic, sent a hasty word in the hour of his leaving for the continent:—

"*My dear old Friend,*—The newspapers tell me of your bereavement. Accept my sincere sympathies, and I know how to give them. In 1883 I was deprived of my precious wife, and with her of my ambition and hopefulness; but I decided what my duty was, and met it. In less than an hour I leave for Germany and France, going first to an Astronomical Convention in Munich, then to the Annual Session of the International Committee of Weights and Measures, of which I am a member, first representing the Argentine Republic and then representing the United States. I send you these lines of kind remembrance and sympathy as I go."

Franklin L. Pope, the electrician, spoke from personal acquaintance:—

"Her long life, filled with good works, and unselfishly devoted to the service, 'In His Name,' of her fellow-beings, will ever cause her to be remembered as one whom it is a privilege to have known."

Dr. J. Baxter Upham, to whose indefatigable zeal is due the credit of bringing to Boston the great organ, which for so many years in Music

Hall was the ornament and delight of music-lovers, sent from Young's Hotel, Boston, a message which had its root in a soulful experience which makes us all in fellowship when sorrow comes:—

“*My dear old Friend*,—It is in sorrow unutterable and with profoundest sympathy that I write this. I saw in the evening paper the announcement of the sudden death of your dear wife. Two and a half years ago *my* precious one left me as suddenly as yours. It left me with the light of the house put out and life seemingly bereft of all consolation and hope. A little before, I lost a dear and lovely daughter. And in a locket I have two locks of hair, one blonde, the other brown; and, as Longfellow has said,—

‘When I look upon the blonde,
Pale grows the evening red;
And, when I look upon the brown,
I wish that I were dead.’

“But no, my dear and good fellow and friend of so many years, that is not the way. There are those remaining who love us, and for whom we must live. I know how to sorrow with you, though any poor words that I can give are vain and feeble. May God bless and comfort you and yours!”

Harriet McEwen Kimball, the woman of graceful pen, whose pages have the breath of the life spiritual and eternal, gave that intuitive understanding of Mrs. Farmer which perhaps the eye of the poet most quickly perceives:—

“I never once had the pleasure of meeting your mother; but her *reality* is so embodied for me in merciful deeds that I can say that I know her, and that,—having this, the highest knowledge of her, as a living presence in the world,—for me, in an earthly as well as in an immortal sense, she can never die. But, on the other hand, the story of the home made desolate, the fireside no longer glowing with the warm personal intercourse and joy, I know only too deeply. One can only try to bear it patiently till the force of the great shock is spent, as it must be some day, or we could not bear it. There is nothing to be said. There is but one voice against which the ears of sorrow are not stopped, the voice of One who spake as never man spake,—‘I am the Resurrection and the Life’,—the great cry of victory, the meaning of which we can never realize till it rends the veil at last, but which we can divinely grasp at even now, stunned and stricken low as we are.”

Lydia L. A. Very, herself a poetess of distinction, as well as sister of Jones Very, whose pen always had the singular touch which we call genius, wrote:—

“It was with much sorrow that I learned from your letter that your mother had left you. We sympathize with you as only they can who have long felt the same grief. It was our misfortune that we never met your mother and enjoyed her society, but we felt acquainted with her from her writings and her good works. We are but two;

and it has been lonely, so lonely for years. But I try not to dwell upon the parting, but to think of that blessed meeting in a better home, where we shall all be reunited, never to part. You would have felt still sadder to have gone before her, and left her, perhaps, alone in this world. Now you have cared for her to the end; and she has only passed on a little before you, and is waiting for you. At my age and even at your age it is only a few earthly years that separate us from the loved ones gone before. Frances sends her love, and we feel deeply your sorrow."

Arthur W. Dow, a young artist whose name already is on the lists of "honorable mention," wrote:—

"I can hardly realize how heavily the chastening hand has been laid upon us, and I know not what to say. It is not a time for words. Oh that I could have seen her! but how many sweet memories I have of her! Hers was a blessed life here; and now what joy must be hers to meet her Saviour and all the loved ones! When she has greeted them all, I feel sure that she will seek out my own dear mother. We shall meet them there. How sweet a comfort in the midst of our tears! Your father's letter was beautiful. I pray that he and you and Mr. Keefe may have strength from above. God bless and comfort you!"

Reverend Hugh Elder, once of Crombie Street Church, Salem, but now of Farmington, Me., sent a pastoral word:—

“Your note made me glad for your sainted mother. She is indeed with her Saviour. Her heart has been with him for many years. Now she is with him herself. You say she fell asleep Saturday morning. Yes, so far as concerns the body; but, so far as concerns the soul, she, instead of falling asleep, did rather then awake. And, oh, what a blessed morning! She has long been ripe for heaven, and now she is there. Tell your father that long ago he took her to be his own till death should come and part them. He has just to wait till his own death again unites them, as it surely will one day. Meanwhile may the God of all consolation be with him, and give him the grace which shall be, even in this hour, the sufficiency!”

From Newport, the home dearly cherished, came a message from the Reverend G. W. Cutter:—

“My last sermon to my people was upon the subject of the company of the heavenly witnesses, the presence and companionship of loved and lost ones who still are near with their tender regard and loving solicitude. With every new departure from this life, that heavenly company becomes more full and sacred and beautiful; and, while we remain in the old places and pursue the old tasks, these angels of peace and joy walk by our side. To me it is a most comforting belief, a new incentive to be true, a new restraint against wrong-doing. I do not feel that I can speak of your mother fitly, but they who knew her best found much in her to ad-

mire and love. I know that your trust in the perfect, tender providence of our heavenly Father is so deep and strong that in this hour you will continue brave, serene, patient, and faithful, as you always have been."

From the venerable Reverend Thacher Thayer of Newport, the pastor as well as the friend of Mrs. Farmer, came an expression of sympathetic remembrance:—

"We can only utter words which, however sincere, cannot enter within the veil of heart loneliness. How grateful is the thought that you have the living Christ! and your long experience of his love assures you of it, and you know that the dear wife rejoices in that Saviour's glorious presence."

From the Reverend and Mrs. John Gibson, of West Kennebunk, with a basket of flowers for "the grave of the sacred dust of the dear wife, mother, and the friend of us, whose blessed spirit is before the throne," came also this message:—

"Last evening, as the sun was going down, we read that 'the sweet mother fell asleep in Jesus early yesterday morning.' The silent tears ran down our cheeks as we read, and looked in each other's faces in our quiet room. We prayed for you all. Your loss is surely her eternal gain; but the true heart, nevertheless, feels holy sorrow. We loved, as did you, to honor her. She loved Christ, and bore the marks to prove the same. Now she reigns with her much-loved Saviour. May God in great grace be with you!"

A letter, which has neither date nor signature, and yet doubtless from a familiar friend of the household, says:—

“We have been reading the published notices and records of your mother’s life and departure. They are all good. But, ah! there is something lacking, for she was all *heart*; and you cannot get heart into type. It is easy to say *Rosemary* and *soldier boys*; but your mother was more than words. She was the life and the love and the wealth—yes, the pith—of all that she touched; and now all this is transfigured and transferred. We are all in tears, and yet in such holy joy; for she sees his face. Oh, if it were I, would not I leap and sing to be there! Such a life, such a marvelous record, and what a reception by the King! ‘With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought.’”
(Psalm xlv.)

Charles Mason, Esq., the husband of Caroline A. Mason, addressed the family:—

“I received the letter announcing so tenderly the departure of your dear mother and speaking so feelingly and sympathetically of her dearly loved friend, my own precious wife. The discharge from service of such as they, under the circumstances of their lives, we may not regard as an evil, but rather as a kind and merciful interposition in their behalf, as a beneficent providence, by releasing their tired spirits from the pains of the flesh and rehabilitating them in their native clime. I doubt not you keep a vigilant and interested thought over

the Rosemary which your mother labored so devotedly and successfully to establish, and over which we may suppose her spirit ever hovers as a guardian presence."

"Cousin Emma," the widow of Chaplain Joseph Little and the sister of Alfred Little of pleasant memories, touched the heavenly key-note in her words to the household:—

"Sallie Coffin's letter, containing—shall I say the *sad* or the *glad*—intelligence of dear Hannah's departure, was received to-day. Unspeakably glad is it to her. It seems to us a very happy release. The suddenness of it, although so startling to you, must have been a pleasant way for her to go. Mother and I have been speaking of the loved ones she has met,—her idolized baby-boy, her mother, Alfred, best of all, her Saviour, who was so precious to her in her life on earth. I cannot say too much about her gain and her happiness."

Mrs. Derby, frequently mentioned in this volume as the mother of the gallant young Captain Derby, gave a glimpse of her heart as she wrote:—

"She was the dearest friend I ever had; and how can I realize that I am not to see her in the flesh again! Oh, but I am richer in affection for having enjoyed her acquaintance for nearly thirty years. I often think that in our afflictions those are our greatest comforters who do not interfere with our grief. But I hear the Voice saying again, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,' and once more a mortal has put on immortality."

The four boys of the Reverend C. C. Beaman, of Salem, in whom she had a most motherly interest, not only for the love she bore them, but for the memories of their mother and father, chosen of God and precious, each sent written words, which certainly would gladden the eyes of her to whose memory they were given, could she read them to-day. Nathaniel Beaman wrote:—

“On my way down from Windsor, where I had been a few days with Charles, I was pained to read in the dailies the sudden death of Mrs. Farmer. The Beamans have lost a staunch and true friend, one always interested in their affairs, one who rejoiced with them in any successes that came to them, and sympathized with them in their sorrows. It is more than thirty years since I first knew her. During all this time she has been an invalid; but what a power for good she has been! What great things she was able to organize and establish for the benefit of the needy and unfortunate! She will be held in grateful remembrance.

“You will permit me to say, too, that it has never been my privilege to observe elsewhere such a loving, cheerful, self-denying husband as you have been to Mrs. Farmer. She was a kind and devoted friend to my mother and father, and her friendship was fully appreciated by them. I shall always have pleasant memories of her.”

Charles C. Beaman, dating his letter on the same day from his office in Wall Street, New York, wrote:—

“You will know how sorry I am, as I have read that your good wife has passed away. Well can I remember years ago when she was so sick, and mother would go to her bedside. You have been happy in that she has been with you so long; and she has been happy, too, in sharing all that has made you happy, and also in sharing all that has made you sad. How much she has added to your life! and how little she has brought to you of sorrow, even in her own sufferings! We, ‘the Beaman Boys,’ will always think of her with great pleasure; and, whenever we think of the mother and the father we have loved, we cannot but also think of Mrs. Farmer. Together they were in many joys, and they must be together in their eternal joys also.”

William S. Beaman, from his office on Nassau Street, wrote:—

“I learned from Charles last evening of your recent great loss of the wife with whom you have lived so many years in such a happy home. No one but the husband and the daughter can appreciate the loss. I know you will believe us when we four Beaman brothers say we, too, have sustained a great loss in the death of one who was to us and to our mother and father one of the dearest and truest and oldest of friends. My memory goes back to 1857, when Mr. Jelly took our family in his cab from Salem depot to the house in Bridge Street. There we first met your good wife and you and Sarah. What changes since then! But the friend-

ship formed in those years can never change. I would like to grasp you by the hand, and assure you and Sarah of our heartfelt sympathy."

From Washington, D.C., came the memories of George H. Beaman:—

"Death to her is but stepping into a room of enlarged opportunities. She has done what she could in this world to make many a soul better and happier, and probably this work evolved powers for the heavenly life she has entered upon. My father said in his last illness, 'Death is mysterious.' So it must ever be, until we are ushered into the higher life. We may seek to unravel the mystery, but no doubt it is better to grapple with the problems of this world first. My wife and I remember with pleasure the greeting we had from Mrs. Farmer when we met her under the tent at the Fête in Eliot. We had been thinking we should see her again if we went to Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua this summer."

Mrs. Estelle E. Foster, of Lowell, who had loved Mrs. Farmer as a mother, after her own dearest and best of mothers had been laid away in surest rest, wrote from a true heart:—

"I cannot yet realize all that your sudden message brought us to-day, that I can never see your dear mother's sweet face again. I force the thought from me. I cannot bear it. I loved your dear mother, Sara; and I know how much. To-day I have lived over again all the tender recollections, the dear loving thoughts given me in my younger

life,—thoughts which still go with me. Your mother will live always in the hearts of her friends. I am selfish to dwell upon my own loss; but words are so empty, sister dear, to hearts that are breaking. If I could only do something for you and your dear father in your great affliction, I would be content. I love you both very tenderly. Amy will be with you; and I, too, shall be with you both in spirit and loving thought.”

A letter from E. A. Marsh, of Waltham, gives a glimpse of the manner in which Mrs. Farmer impressed entire strangers:—

“The few minutes’ interview with Mrs. Farmer on the day of the Library Fête, when she gave me the little leaflet of the King’s Daughters, ‘Send me,’ has been to me a delightful memory. In those few minutes she revealed to me the secret—no, not the *secret*, but the *inspiration*—of a life of sunshine and joy, her delight in doing good for Jesus’ sake. None knew how much she did as well as you, and such good as will continue to bless the world. But now she has gone, and you can be glad for her that her eyes see the King in his beauty.”

The Reverend Josiah B. Clark, the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony forty-six years ago, wrote:—

“I have just learned from the Vermont *Chronicle* the death of your companion, so dear to yourself and to me as well; and I must write you a few lines, not so much to comfort you, since you have

sources of comfort so much above what I can furnish as to render such an endeavor useless, but to express my tender sympathy with and for you in this bereavement. In her departure you have the daily exhibition of a true Christian life, as well as the sympathies of a most loving heart. She may in her inward consciousness have felt her spirit to be ruffled with irritated passion, but I never saw any outward signs of it. So far as I could see by any outward expression, everything she spoke or did was prompted by love. And who can tell the worth of such an example? Who can appreciate the happy influence of such a constant outflow of such a sympathetic nature in one's daily life? But I am writing what is unnecessary, for you know by experience of many years what a blessed current of love flowed from her full heart. Shall we say that that flow has ceased,—ceased to flow? But the fountain it has filled remains, in which you may bathe through life. Example lives.

“Then there is this to comfort: she lives in a higher life; and we must wait only a few days to enter the same blissful abode, which—may we not be permitted to think?—she will be permitted to fit up for you and others in the heavens?

“And, above all, she rests in the bosom of him who has loved us and given himself for us. We will wait then a little while till we hear the voice, ‘Come up higher.’ I know you will feel deeply afflicted, and the more so because of the nature of the treasure taken away for the time being; but

Jesus lives, and will send the Comforter. He can make up — yes, more than make up — for your present loss. Then your daughter will help fill up the void. Do you say, ‘She needs comforting herself’? I know it, but she will open a fountain for her own soul’s comfort by filling as far as she can the place of the dearest of mothers for her own dearest of fathers; but I must close. I should like to visit; but I hesitate to go much from home, as I know not what a day may bring forth.”

From Dover, the earliest married home, came a remembrance from the Garlands, one of the always remembered families of that pleasant city:—

“Dr. William Hale communicated to us the intelligence of your beloved wife. We all sympathize with you strongly in this almost overwhelming event. I say ‘*almost* overwhelming,’ for God does sustain his children under the most afflictive dispensations. The apostle Paul wrote that once under a very great trial the Lord said to him, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee.’ And in this hour may you, too, hear the very same! As I write these words and think of the suddenness of the event, I am reminded of the oft-expression of Rowland Hill,—‘Sudden death, sudden glory.’ As you think of the suddenness of the departure, may you also be cheered by the suddenness of her glory!”

From the scores of letters which were received, and from which many and many more kindly things might be gathered, we close these gleanings with one from a gentleman of large business and a con-

constantly employed life. Not only is there the sympathetic chord, but also a glimpse of the views a man may take of divine things who has his own independent way of interpreting truth and life:—

“Some one has kindly furnished me with a copy of the *Salem Gazette* of Tuesday morning, 28th inst., in which I notice, under the head of ‘In Memoriam,’ that you are at this time in great sorrow and full of tender memories of one who plainly was your life and your light, as far as this little world is concerned. We say ‘this little world,’ because, as we are talking, the mind in stretching out after the departed finds itself in a condition of things so grand, so broad and sweet and congenial, that we are absolutely chilled and cramped as we suddenly find ourselves where we are.

“I am not much of a theologian; but I cannot divest myself of the feeling that the grand and elevated taken, so far as the senses are concerned, away from those they love are given some volition, and do not hasten to form new relations amid new associations, but naturally and fondly linger about those and places which have been dear and congenial to them in life.

“In view of all this, then, dear friend, cannot you put out your spiritual hand, and again feel at least a faint but still perceptible pressure of that other hand like which there is no other for you? I believe it, and believe there is nothing inconsistent

in this view with what has been revealed to us with reference to the great and good Father's policy toward his children.

"You and your dear daughter must now draw a little nearer together, if possible, and, among other comforting things, think of the wife and mother and the little son, who passed into the higher life so long ago, as being now united, which makes, as I understand, two pairs, one in the lower and the other in the higher life. You cannot yet go to them; but they can visit you, and in my opinion are with you just as fully as they can be anywhere at the present time, so that the family is not really disunited or torn asunder, but the great process of elevation and sublimation has only commenced more vigorously, and, by the assistance of a little faith, to the increased happiness and peacefulness of all concerned.

"I have never had much conversation with you, my dear sir, on matters of theoretical religion. I really am an old-fashioned Calvinist, but am very much afraid that Calvin would think me too broad and too confident of God's overmastering love for all his creatures. Never mind, if I did not feel that the great and tender Father of us all had called your dear wife away from this world for the happiness of you both, Calvin would have occasion to criticise me even more than he has now, I am afraid.

"I believe God will now bless you and comfort you and console you, and steady your heart and your

mind, and keep you truly strong, until again you and the dear departed will be one.

“Fully appreciating the poverty of my attempt to say a single word for your comfort, believe me,

“Very truly and sympathetically yours,

“CHAS. F. WASHBURN.”

LXIX.

SHE YET SPEAKETH.

THE story is told. The memories of Mrs. Farmer have been gathered into the garner of grateful love. That nothing may be lost, we conclude this volume with excerpts of her letters which have not been included in previous pages, knowing that, brief though they are, they will be as precious to us as the dust of the diamond:—

“God’s bosom is a safe place for weary heads.”

“Do not be discouraged, for we shall have as many of the twelve legions of angels as we need.”

“Every act of life is a sermon, which results in the help or the hindrance of precious souls.”

“Some do more by dying than by living.”

“No place can be called *Home* unless love binds its inmates.”

“Phillips Brooks gave this thought in his last Sunday sermon, which Sarah sent to me, and which I now pass along to you: ‘We should never seek for happiness here, only for *goodness*; and then peace will come to us.’”

“God never sends a trial that we shall not feel.”

Silence is a good way to prevent an argument; but, when I note a *certain* stillness, I feel like saying, 'Free your mind, brother.'

"If all the world's men and women were good and true, we should have a heaven upon earth."

"If one must preach, let his text be Christ; and the world will be better for his effort."

"'Christlike' is my desire; and, if this prayer is heard, I will not complain of the *how*."

"Did you ever wish you could live one week without a trial? I am afraid we should wish to go to heaven when the week was done."

"Solomon said, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' If he had known my experience, he would have added, 'and the body also.'"

"The furnace flames purify, if the heart does not shrink from the scorching."

"I dare not look at the past, and I have not strength to look at the future. I am poised in the present."

"Oh, the peace that comes from living outside of self!"

"How intensely my heart loves! With what grasp it clings to the object of its affections. Such love cannot be of earth. By this I know that I shall live forever."

"The Master-workman regulates the heat, and watches the refining process."

“Everybody means to be good to me, but some have queer ways of showing it.”

“I should despise myself if I had not given all my strength to God and to my country in the hour of her great need.”

“I follow people by prayer in paths my feet can never walk.”

“Mrs. Dix, the woman who always brings the sunshine with her, and does not take it when she leaves.”

“It is blessed to help people to step outside of themselves, and to make them know that somebody else has lived a strong, true, self-forgetful life.”

“I love the saints of God with as pure a love as I shall ever know ‘when I am clothed upon.’ And this is the measure and evidence of my love to God.”

“I praise God more for my trials than I ever can for what we term his loving kindness.”

“There is no case that requires such peculiar instruction and care as a soul stirred by God’s grace.”

“If God does not absolutely *need* the service of any of us, he verily sees fit to *use* heads, hearts, and hands of his little ones.”

“No place can be dark where Jesus shines.”

“When we are instantly submissive to God’s will, the greatest thing of life is gained.”

“To do or to suffer God’s will is not our care, but to resign ourselves with unshaken confidence, knowing that, when his likeness is awaked in us, we shall be satisfied.”

“We cannot always think alike, but I never love a person the less if he differs from me. We are to be judged by God only. Of how little consequence are our own comparisons!”

“Some hearts we rest in with the full assurance that they will never change in love or life.”

“The first great lessons of life we seldom learn by heart. We only hear them read. After a while we discover that more is needed than the outward ear.”

“I am like a child who asks the whys and wherefores. But God answers by a merciful silence. Yet my nature is *to see some things done.*”

“Martyrs do not all die at stakes.”

L.

LIFE, NOT DEATH.*

BY MRS. C. A. WOODBURY.

She is not tired now. The weary hands
Which toiled so many years for others' good
Are folded now upon the silent breast;
The feet so swift to run on deeds of love
Shall rest forevermore; and the voice
Whose music brought such gladness to our hearts
Is hushed forever. Yet we would not weep.
This is the casket here. The priceless gem,
The immortal soul, has now put on the
Incorruptible. The wasted hands are
Holding out the victor's palm; the thin, white
Face is radiant within the sunshine
Of her Saviour's smile; and the brow so marked
With care and pain and suffering is crowned
With matchless diadem. The voice, though hushed
To earth ears, rises now in rapturous strains,
Singing the joyous hallelujahs to
The Lamb once slain.

We would not mourn for her.
Dear ones, long severed, gather round her there:
And words of loving welcome reach her ears,
While over all the gracious plaudit sounds,
"Servant of God, 'Well done.'"

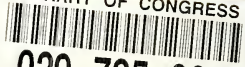
She is not dead.

* Lines received by Mrs. Farmer about two weeks before her transition, and recited by Miss Bartlett at the burial service.

The body only turns unto its own.
She has but entered on eternal life.
She is not dead. Her spirit clothed upon
With immortality reigns with the saints
Around the great white throne. She is not dead;
But, clad in garments of perennial youth,
She lives within the paradise of God.
So let your hearts be comforted; and, as
You gaze on the transfigured throng, of which
She now is one, think not of your great loss,
But of her blessedness. And raise your hearts
In grateful prayer to God that he has set
His mark on you, and made you sacred
With his touch. And thank him, too, that he has
Crowned her years of faithful, loving service
In his name by constant presence at his
Side, that from death's sleep she has awakened
In his likeness, and is satisfied.



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