

OUR WOMAN WORKERS

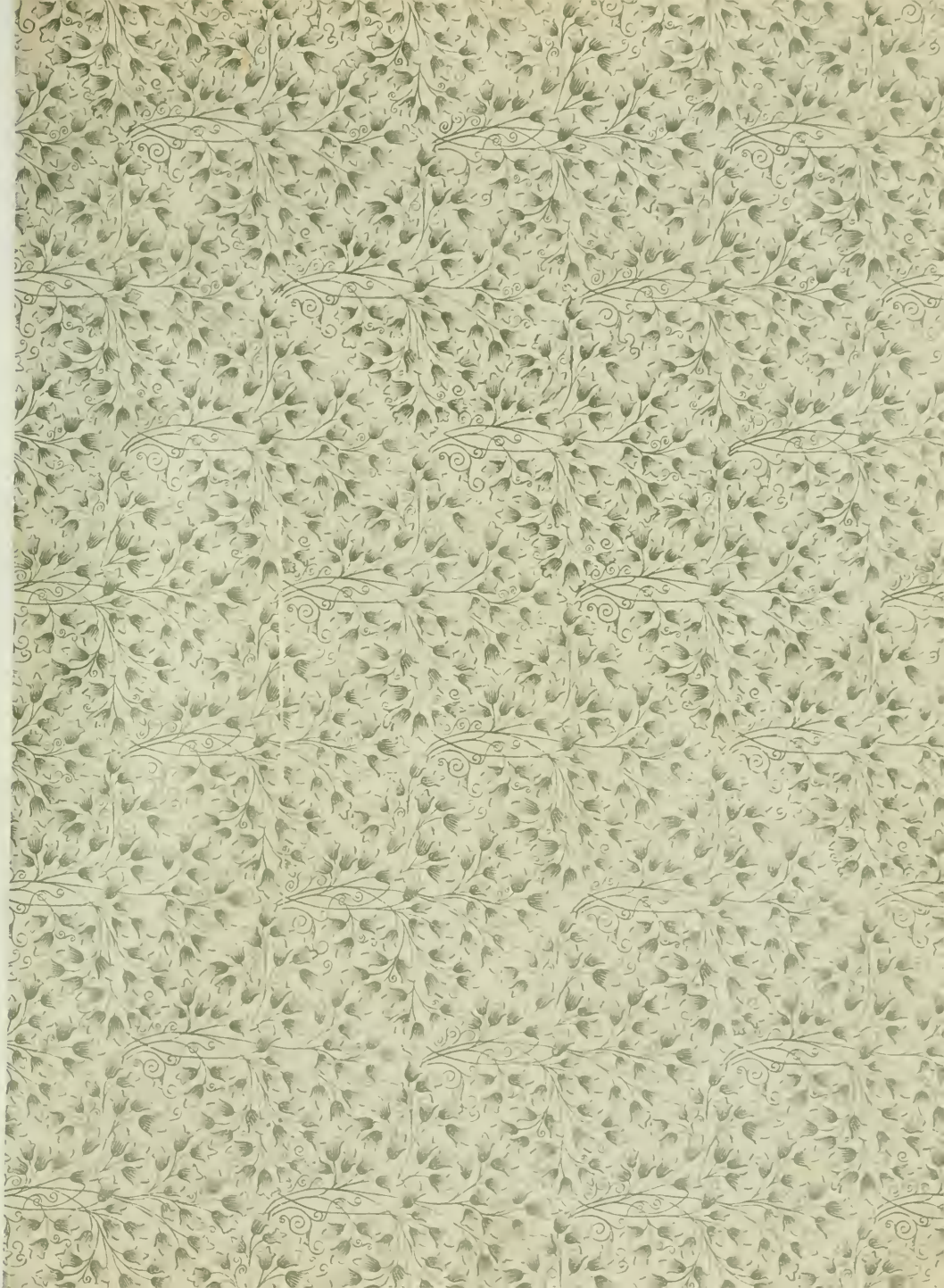
BY



E. R. HANSON



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Yours truly,
E. H. Cobb.

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

WOMEN EMINENT IN THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH FOR LITERARY,
PHILANTHROPIC AND CHRISTIAN WORK.

BY MRS. E. R. HANSON.

SECOND EDITION.

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PRÉFACE.

Some two years since, when traveling on an Iowa railroad, I fell into a conversation with a lady of a partial faith, when, with no little incredulity she inquired, "What women of your church have distinguished themselves by a manifestation of Christian, or philanthropic zeal?" Casting about for an answer to her question, I was astonished as the long and brilliant procession moved across the field of my mind's vision, and the longer I dwelt on them the greater my astonishment became, and at length I said, "Never did a church include a larger proportion of noble women."

Then followed the thought, How rapidly their names are growing dim? How soon it will be difficult, if not impossible, to rescue the data of many of their lives from oblivion. Even in the next generation much that is now obtainable will have gone beyond recovery. Would that some pen might be employed in the delightful task of recording their life-histories, and giving to others who love the church they loved, at least a brief compendium of their lives. With this thought came the impulse to begin the pleasing work, and as my inquiries have extended the materials have increased, until they became to me what I am sure they will prove to be even to those most familiar with the history of our church, a revelation, causing mingled surprise and delight.

In preparing this book I have greatly needed courage for the delicate task of writing the full truth of the loving and tender work of those who are living; to write it in such a way as not to fall below the credit due them, and in so doing not to bring blushes upon their kindly faces by seeming flattery. Indeed, I have tried to imagine them all as dead, that I might speak the truth with a clear conscience, and I do not believe I have in any one instance overstated the estimate of those who knew her. I say this because I have found some who were unconscious that they had done aught deserving of mention.

My earnest wish has been not only to refresh the memories of justice-loving people, and preserve a record of the Christian devotedness and mental abilities of our women, but to do, as nearly as possible, exact justice to their relative worth.

I had intended to print my sketches chronologically, but found it impossible to keep up with the printers, and prepare the articles in chronological succession, and therefore the plan was soon abandoned.

It was also my purpose to give to each subject a space proportionate to her relative merits, but the materials in some cases were easy and in others difficult to procure. This will explain any apparent disproportion between the sketches.

The reader should bear in mind that the most of the names here presented are representative. Could all those faithful and consecrated women who deserve places

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in such a book as this be described, a library and not a volume should contain the splendid record.

A delightful experience has been mine in my correspondence. More than two thousand letters have been written, to all of which came courteous answers, and but two refusals to co-operate with me have been received, one, with courteous regrets, whose name I have not chronicled, and one, an unimportant one, of whom I was able to collect all the essential facts. Men and women in and out of our church, persons high in office, and social standing, all have kindly responded. Even one of the coroneted heads of Europe promptly furthered my request, as will be seen in the sketch of Clara Barton. I desire to record the fact that men, even those who are supposed to have little sympathy with what is sometimes called the "woman movement," have exhibited the greatest willingness to aid in recording the splendid work of our "Elect Ladies," and have afforded me most welcome assistance. I have met none of that hostility to the work of women which is sometimes attributed to men.

In some cases it has required months to find some "missing link," a fact or incident desirable to record correctly. But sooner or later I have obtained most of the data sought, so that I feel confident in saying that the accounts given will in all cases be found trustworthy, and as nearly complete as the most persistent effort could make them.

This book is not only designed to refresh the memories of our older people, but to teach our children the grandeur of those women who in the first century of our church have given freely from heart and mind in aid of the "faith once delivered to the saints."

With the conviction that I have done my best, I present my offering to the denomination in whose communion my life has been spent, with the hope that it will find a place in the hearts and by the fire-side altars of our people, and that they will take an honorable pride in these, the consecrated and beautiful lives of those who have been the products and the exponents of the grandest religious faith ever yet cherished in the heart of man or woman.

Some among the writers quoted are not, though some are, of the gifted few whose words arrest the attention of a generation, but they belong to those who have had and improved the great opportunity

To write one earnest word or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

She who does this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in her day,
But surely shall be crowned at last, with those
Who live and speak for aye.

There are larger, older, richer communions than our own, that can point to more richly endowed institutions, and greater material trophies than our own possesses, but as our Church considers such names as those that are recorded in these pages, she may well look with delight at the bright array, and exclaim with Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi,

"THESE ARE MY JEWELS!"

INTRODUCTION.

When Christianity came from the hand of its author, it was the revelation of a Father whose love is absolutely undiminishable for each and all his children; a love so re-enforced by infinite wisdom and power, that it will finally place the entire family of man in an unbroken and eternal home. Scarcely, however, had this sublime revelation dawned in brightness on the world, when it began to enter an eclipse. Converts from Paganism accepted Christ, but most inadequately comprehended him, and brought in their gross and cruel conceptions of God and religion, until the purity and beauty of the divinest of all revelations were obscured and concealed by heathen errors.

The culmination of this baleful influence of darkness and deformity was produced by one of the most powerful of the Christian Fathers, who was also one of the most unhuman of men,—Augustine,—a man of gigantic intellect and influence, which were exerted in behalf of darkness and error. In his "Latin Christianity" Milman says that Augustine "compelled" that total change of Christian thought and feeling which was to influence the Christianity of the remotest ages. Having, by his own confessions, spent his youth in the brothels of Carthage, he devoted his vast abilities, after his conversion, to the task of reconciling Christianity and Paganism. He discarded the woman he should have married, contrary to the earnest wish of Monica, his mother, because he thought a celibate life essential to holiness. His only son was born without legal father or mother, and his whole life was in direct hostility to that sacred relation, the paternal, on which Christianity is built, and on which all true society rests. Such a man knew nothing and could teach nothing of the cardinal idea of Christ's religion. He buried the Father out of sight beneath the Lawgiver and Executioner. He transferred to the God of Christianity the savage characteristics of barbarous tyrants. He transfused Christianity with the blood of heathen Rome, until its penal code, its false system of obligation and contract, and the entire spirit and genius of Pagan error were made to overshadow the teachings of Christ. He invented Calvinism before Calvin, and his statement of Christianity was literally man-made; for the head, the heart, the hand of woman never assisted the fierce masculine artificer in the construction of the harsh, cruel, and perverted form in which, for fifteen centuries, the religion of Jesus was

destined to be travestied to the world. It ignored those relations that are most sacred to woman, and crushed her divinest aspirations and affections, and lay like a nightmare on the race. Every cradle was regarded as a nest in which a moral viper was cherished. Every human mother propagated a race of monsters. Only the omniscient God can tell how woman was tortured and crucified during the long ages of that reign of terror. If man held the prevailing religion endurable by reason of its masculine traits that gratified the intellect, millions of women found it unspeakably repulsive, as it crushed and lacerated their divinely-human affections. Who can doubt that the monstrous deformity that so long usurped the place of a genuine Christianity would have been an unborn horror had the wife and mother of Augustine co-operated with him in the interpretation of the teachings of Jesus,—had he recognized the sacred relations of husband, and son, and father?

No mother, looking on the face of her babe, ever invented or tolerated the idea of total depravity; no woman, thinking of her son or daughter, however old,—for to the mother the son or daughter always remains a child,—ever conceived the possibility of endless torture for that child. Only the celibate monk in gloomy cell, divorced from the sweet relations of domestic life, ignorant of that best type of heaven, a happy earthly home, could have invented the mediæval Christianity. Calvinism, Arminianism, Partialism in any form, is in the worst sense of the words a masculine faith, destitute of all feminine grace, and it was not until the potent voice of woman was heard in its interpretation that a perverted Christianity began to slough its asperities. It was not until the brain of man and the heart of woman, his intellect and her affections, were combined in the study of Christianity, that its character was understood, and our blessed faith appeared.

The long eclipse began to disappear with the dawn of the Reformation, and as the principles of Christianity asserted themselves, woman advanced more conspicuously to advocate them, no longer the nun, or the sister of charity, with shackled mind and heart oppressed. She began to think and speak and act untrammelled, under the inspiration of the word of life, and as that word was spoken in its fullness, her voice was heard as never before, for not until the accents of the divine fact of Fatherhood penetrated her heart, unrefracted and unperverted, did she reply with the best utterances of her own spirit; and it was not until that fact began to be admitted that she took her place at the side of man, his co-partner in the religious work of the world.

When the distinguishing truths of the Universalist Church were first proclaimed in modern times—about a century ago—woman,—so long repressed—was almost a stranger in our religious gatherings. Men came at once in throngs, but women were “like angels’ visits, few and far between.” But as the glad tidings spread apace it was discovered that the new-born faith was more essential to the

highest needs of woman than to those of man. Neither had ever been satisfied with the old; both found all that could be desired in the new statements of God's disposition and man's destiny. The writer of these lines can remember when in an assembly of Universalist worshipers only here and there a woman could be seen in the crowd of level-headed men, but she was usually one who, "through the much tribulation" of trial and bereavement, had entered the kingdom; but ere long the number increased, until now the excess of women among our workers is almost as great as was then the excess of men.

It should be said, however, that outside of our organizations, among the great "cloud of witnesses" who have testified to this truth in the supreme court of genius, woman's voice has often been heard in literature, and her spirit has been active in philanthropy, under the inspiration of this faith. From the nature of the case the millions who, in humble and unregarded ways have lived and labored in its light, and died and made no sign, are unknown, and must forever be unrecorded in our annals, while only the few have left "foot-prints in the sands of Time."*

In Europe such women as Joanna Baillie, Anna Letitia Barbauld, Mary M. Sherwood, Sarah Flower Adams, Alison R. Cockburn, Lady Byron, Frederika Bremer, Harriet Martineau, Elisabeth Frye, Mary Carpenter, Charlotte Bronte, Elisabeth Barrett Browning, Florence Nightingale, Frances Power Cobbe, Helen M. Williams, Adelaide Procter, Mary Howitt, Elisabeth Arundel Charles, Jean Ingelow, Dinah Muloch Craik, Elisabeth C. Clephane; and in America, besides those named in the body of this work, Lydia Maria Child, Margaret Fuller, Dorothea Dix, Harriet Beecher Stowe, A. D. T. Whitney, E. H. J. Cleaveland, Eliza Sender, Lucy Lareom, and a host of others, not any of them professedly belonging to our communion, have left definite declarations of our faith, or have breathed its beneficent spirit in their recorded words. Indeed, with the rarest exceptions, the great and increasing multitude of women who have become eminent in philanthropy and literature, have exercised a potent influence in melting the icy rigors of ancient error, and have helped to hasten the coming of the present era of liberal thought. Some of them would not have confessed, perhaps, even to themselves, that they consciously cherished the faith which their lives really promoted. "They builded better than they knew." But most of those mentioned above have, in definite language, explicitly uttered the universal faith, and all those named, and multitudes of others have helped to swell the volume of influence that woman has given to restore Christianity to its original purity.

*The reader will find the expression of the thought of universal salvation traced through literature, in a volume by the author of this Introduction, entitled: "A Cloud of Witnesses," containing selections from the writings of poets and other literary and celebrated persons, expressive of the universal triumph of good over evil.

It was a happy thought, which this volume has been prepared to execute, to perpetuate the memories of the best known and recognized of the women who, during the first century of the existence of the Universalist Church, have identified themselves with its fate, or who had been instrumental in promoting its growth. They well represent the great multitude of devoted ones who, though less known, were equally consecrated and faithful, and possibly no less influential in establishing that church which, alone among Christian sects, advocates the blessed hope expressed by one of the sisters Bronte:

And oh, there lives within my heart,
A hope long nursed by me;
And should its cheering ray depart,
How dark my soul would be!

That as in Adam all have died
In Christ shall all men live;
And ever round his throne abide,
Eternal praise to give.

That even the wicked shall at last
Be fitted for the skies;
And when their dreadful doom is past,
To life and light arise.

I ask not how remote the day,
Nor what the sinner's woe,
Before their dross is purged away;
Enough for me to know

That when the cup of wrath is drained,
The metal purified,
They'll cling to what they once disdained,
And live by him that died.

The writer of these sketches has produced an array of names that would shed glory on any church, or any cause, and their words and characters can not be read and studied without causing an increase of love in the hearts of their sisters and all others of like precious faith, for their Alma Mater, and new zeal and devotion in behalf of a church which can point to such a shining galaxy of noble women, the product and exponents of its benign and gracious spirit.

Chicago, September, 1881.

J. W. HANSON.

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IN the inception of this book the first thought that came to my mind was to give word-pictures of those women who helped to lay the foundations of our church, and who dared, in the old days of persecution, declare to the great, hungering world the blessed truths that had set them free. I felt that the hearts of all Universalists who could be made acquainted with the heroism that had helped those women to endure obloquy and despise the shame put upon them, would be drawn very near to them, and would beat warmly in sympathy with them. I gave my thought to a friend, and his reply was: "Yes! it took men and women, in every sense of the word, to live and discourse our faith with Christian bearing before the ignorance of the days of the infancy of our church." My immediate mental response was,—“It takes men and women to-day to tell the beauties of our faith, and Christ's tender sympathy, and God's all-conquering and boundless love, in a manner to touch the hearts of those who believe in a partial salvation: and we have them, and their love, philanthropy and hard work must be chronicled with those who first rose in its defense.” And so I shall give to my readers sketches of our earlier and later workers, who not only deserve but possess our love and sympathy.

It will not be out of place, even in a book which is to treat exclusively of women, to allude to the remarkable circumstances accompanying the founding of the faith in America, that these grand women so nobly defended, and so faithfully lived; for it is one of the strangest stories in all the annals of religious history. As it is related by Rev. John Murray, in his wonderful autobiography, it possesses an irresistible charm, and fills the

mind of the candid with the conviction that the great and tender-hearted modern apostle of "the faith once delivered to the saints" was a Providential man—an agent of the good Father, to bear to his children the glad tidings which had so long been concealed by the darkness of superstition. His flight from England to bury his sorrows in the American wilderness, and to escape the burthen which he felt to convey to the world the new and unpopular truth revealed to him; the anchoring of his ship by stress of weather on the wilderness coast of New Jersey; his interview with the simple-hearted Thomas Potter, who had built a church in which should be preached the doctrine of universal salvation, and his recognition of Murray, of whom he had never heard, as the man God had sent to preach the unsearchable riches; the question,—“Will you, sir, speak to me and to my neighbors of the things which belong to our peace?” Mr. Murray’s refusal, on the ground that he must sail as soon as the wind changed, and the assurance of Mr. Potter that the wind would not change until he had spoken the great message that God had surely sent him to deliver; and the fact that the wind did not change until Mr. Murray, September 30, 1770, in this sea-coast chapel, did preach to these anxiously waiting souls, in his own words, “a redemption free as the light of heaven,”—all this reads like a strange dream. And Mr. Murray was one of the first to herald in this broad America what he truly calls “these glad, these vast yet obnoxious tidings,” that the women of long ago, who now rest in peace at the end of life’s journey, fearlessly defended, and labored to up-build. Removing to Gloucester, Mass., in 1774, Mr. Murray at once found a generous following, and among his staunch supporters was Winthrop Sargent, a daughter of whom became the devoted wife of the great apostle of a world’s salvation.

It is a matter of history that there were several families in Gloucester, Mass., that had accepted Universalian views before John Murray’s advent. Rev. Richard Eddy, in the “Universalist Quarterly” for April, 1881, declares that they were brought from England, derived from Relley. Undoubtedly there were other nurseries of the good seed in other portions of the land, for Murray found much fallow ground as he toiled. Perhaps there were many women consecrated to the great truth so soon to appear in all parts of the land, whose names have perished, but who, if known, would adorn the annals

of our faith. But it seems especially fitting that the wife of the first great modern organizer of this truth, who was one of the most accomplished of the "Women of our Church," should be the first to be described in the pages of this book.

JUDITH MURRAY.

Judith Sargent was the widow of John Stephens before she became the second wife of Rev. John Murray, to whom she was married in Salem, Mass., in October, 1788. Mr. Eddy says: "She was born at Gloucester, Mass., May 5, 1751, and was the oldest of eight children of Winthrop and Judith Sargent. Her father descended from William Sargent 2nd, who settled in Gloucester in 1676, and was an enterprising and successful merchant, of whom the historian of the town has recorded that he was 'an intelligent and benevolent man, whose qualities of head and heart secured him universal esteem.' He was an officer in a sloop of war at the taking of Cape Breton in 1745; member of the Committee of Safety in 1775; Government Agent for Cape Ann during the war for Independence; and delegate to the State Convention for ratifying the Federal Constitution."

Very little can be learned of this lady's personal appearance. Mr. Eddy remarks: "Very few persons are now living who ever saw Mrs. Murray. A niece, the venerable Mrs. Worcester, is still living in Salem, Mass., who spent several years with her aunt after Mr. Murray's death. Two very intelligent aged women who well remember her still reside in Gloucester. These unite in describing her as possessing remarkable personal beauty, gifted with wonderful conversational powers, and much beloved and sought after by the better portion of society. The late Rev. Sebastian Streeter, who often met her, describes her as being of commanding person, of very strong determination and nerve, but always discriminating, intelligent and polite." She possessed a strong will—with energy to persevere in whatever she undertook, and a conscience which was ever alive to defend what she thought right, and

to disclaim any ownership in the ideas of others, whether she approved of them or not. Well-authenticated tradition describes her as ever on the alert to defend the sentiments advocated by her distinguished husband, sentiments which she had embraced with the most ardent enthusiasm, going so far, on one occasion, as to prevail upon a member of Mr. Murray's congregation to arise and protest against obnoxious sentiments uttered by Hosea Ballou, in Mr. Murray's absence. Mrs. Murray's decision and zeal were not pertinacity, but a conscientious conviction of duty to combat whatever she considered wrong, and her invincible courage caused those who did not accept her ideas to regard her persistence as obstinacy. I believe these views agree with those of Rev G. L. Demarest, who says, in his introduction to the "Life of Murray,"—"While we are interested in the traditions which give glimpses of Mrs. Murray's disposition to rule, and her strength of purpose, we infer, from what we know of her, the possession of strong affectional magnetism, as well as of masculine energy and intellect, and I respect her conjugal consideration and her spiritual earnestness."

Mrs. Murray was a very devoted and tender wife; her love for her husband amounted almost to idolatry. She says in her biography of him:

It was upon the 19th day of October, 1809, that the fatal blow was given to a life so valuable, so greatly endowed, so truly precious; but, although the corporeal powers of the long-active preacher became so far useless as to render him helpless as a new-born babe—although he was indeed a complete cripple, yet the saint still lingered; was still detained by the all-wise decree of the Most High, a prisoner in his clay-built tenement, nor did his complete beatification take place until the Sabbath morning of September 3, 1815, lacking only a few days of six complete years.

I give the above to show the beautiful and simple style in which the biography is written, as well as the tenderness expressed therein. Mrs. Murray, with true, wifely wisdom and love, was a patient nurse, never once forgetting her duty, and performing it thoughtfully and tenderly; and she persevered until the end of the long illness, until the "beatification" took place. Rev. Richard Eddy, who has made the history of our church a careful study, writes to me: "During Mr. Murray's lingering illness his wife was untiring in her efforts, not only to contribute to his personal comfort at home, but also to add to his fame and secure the perpetuity of his memory in the

widest possible extent. With patient industry she gathered his widely scattered correspondence, selected from his large stock of sermons those which most fully set forth his distinctive theology, and superintended their publication in three large volumes. After his decease she completed the memoir of his life from 1775 to the date of his death, and published it in style and size corresponding with the Letters and Sermons. No book read by Universalists has had a larger sale nor a more deserved popularity. The fascinating style in which the wonderful story is written, the strange and manifestly Providential character of many of its incidents, the history of the manner in which his preaching of universal redemption was received in the many and widely scattered fields in which he labored, the strongly manifest friendship of the warm hearts which sympathized with him, and the bitter intolerance of his opponents, with many charming literary peculiarities, make the book a noble monument of her devotion, earnestness and ability."

Her strength of intellect is unquestionable, and the knowledge of the men and women of letters displayed in her writings shows, as she said of Lady Jane Grey, that "her great mind had improved by uniform application."

Mrs. Murray commenced in February, 1792, to publish in the "Massachusetts Magazine" a series of one hundred essays entitled "The Gleaner," under an assumed masculine character. These essays show conclusively that she was one of the ablest of the woman authors in her day in America. The essays were subsequently published in three volumes, in book form, by I. Thomas and E. T. Andrews, in Boston, 1798, dedicated to John Adams, President of the United States. In the preface she quaintly says:

My desires are, I am free to own, aspiring, perhaps, presumptuously so. I would be distinguished and respected by my contemporaries; I would be continued in grateful remembrance when I make my exit; and I would descend with celebrity to posterity.

Before the publication of "The Gleaner" Mrs. Murray obtained eight hundred subscribers, and the character of those who desired the book indicates in what estimation the essays were held. Among them were John Adams (then President), Fisher Ames, Benjamin Barton, M. D., Nicholas Brown, Maj. Gen. Cobb, Hon. Elbridge Gerry, Capt. W. H. Harrison, Thos. P. Ives, Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, Hon. Harrison G. Otis, Josiah Quincy,

David Ramsey, Increase Summer, Lucius Manlius Sargent, William Tudor, George Washington, Mrs. Martha Washington, John Warren, M. D., etc. In her acknowledgment to her patrons Mrs. Murray says:

To my very respectable and numerous patrons and patronesses I am largely indebted. It would be my pride to enhance their pleasure. Could I, in return for the liberal countenance by which they have honored me, bestow on them tranquility with every attendant blessing, it would be equally my duty and my felicity thus to do; but although my efforts are inadequate to any important effect, I can not, however, suppress the fervid emotions of gratitude with which my breast is replete. The most ardent wishes for their happiness are wafted warm from my heart.

In the conclusion of the work she gives the reason why she assumed a masculine disguise in her essays:

Observing, in a variety of instances, the indifference, not to say contempt, with which female productions are regarded, and seeking to arrest attention, at least for a time, I was thus furnished with a very powerful motive for an assumption which, I flattered myself, would prove favorable to my aspiring wishes. Another strong inducement was the opportunity it afforded me of making myself mistress of the unbiased sentiments of my associates. A few persons were very partial to my essays.

We conclude, by the list of distinguished subscribers, that a large number were. Her husband, who was not made acquainted with the secret, became intensely interested in the essays as they appeared in the "Magazine," and insisted upon reading them aloud, but Mrs. Murray adds:—

I had the good fortune to elude his penetration until my thirty-third article; when in that I gave the story of Eliza, which he had previously given to me, he at once declared his conviction that I was the real author.

After seeing the above, the reader would draw the inference that she had some weakness for the recognition of the equality of the sexes. She presents in "The Gleaner" nearly all the arguments that are now, a century later, employed in behalf of woman's equality with man, and even prophesies her accession to suffrage with an ability that the most brilliant modern writer and speaker can not surpass. Mary Woolstonecroft never has had a more able or eloquent disciple than Mrs. Murray proves herself to be in the pages of "The Gleaner." She says:

In this young world the rights of woman begin to be understood; we seem, at length, determined to do justice to the sex, and improving on the opinions of

Woolstonecroft, we are ready to contend for the quantity as well as the quality of the mind.

And if evidence proves anything, she has shown that the female mind is naturally as susceptible of every improvement as the mind of the male. She gives many brilliant examples, which shone forth even under the oppression and ignorance of men who did everything to "clip the wings of the female mind." She proves very conclusively that women are equal in enduring hardships, "as ingenious and fruitful in resources," "their fortitude and heroism can not be surpassed," "they are equally brave and patriotic," "as influential," "as eloquent," "as faithful" (which no one doubts), "as capable of supporting with honor the Government." Every point she accepts for discussion is admirably sustained. She proves too much on one or two of the points, in our judgment. To establish the fortitude and heroism of women, she instances the courage of the Spartans, and tells most thrillingly the story of the Roman Arria, the wife of the Patens, whose love for her husband conquered every selfish fiber of her being, and is an illustrious instance of that transcendent elevation of which the female mind is susceptible. Quite unlike the Spartan women are those who, as Mrs. Murray says,—

In successful combat, have shed tears of joy over the bleeding bodies of their wounded sons.

But true womanly heroism is not all confined to the Greeks and Romans. The reader of Mrs. Murray's life would not fail to see in her tender, careful and affectionate watching of the beloved husband, paralyzed for six long years, heroism, fortitude, patience, and endurance, which sit more gracefully—yes, and divinely—upon a Christian woman than a host of Spartans could display. Read her description of Justice, which is unique and grand:

Were I to personify Justice, instead of presenting her *blind* I would denominate her the goddess of fire; she should possess a subtle essence, which should penetrate through, and pervade the inmost recesses of the soul; by every insignia of light I would surround and designate her; while among the ornaments which composed her crest, a broad and never-closing eye should stand conspicuous; she should possess the power to unravel the knotty entanglements of the most sophisticated web; piercing as the forked lightning, instantaneous and penetrating, she should disclose at a single glance the secret and crooked windings of the most profound labyrinth, while patient and unerring she should listen with calmness to

the various disquisitions of the interested claimant; and, careful to investigate, her decisions should always accord with her own important nature and office. Uniform in her awards, neither youth, beauty nor innocence should possess a charm to soften her firm inflexibility; dignity, age, the venerable head of snow, these should not awe; adversity should not excite an improper compassion, nor should the tears of the widow or the orphan unduly persuade. Of unbending integrity, Justice should feel, hear and see, but *truth* alone should be the polar star by which she should shape her movements, and equity only should constrain her determinations. To the ravages of wayward passions she should be at all times superior; and her administrations should be under the regulation of wisdom. Elevated beings are dishonored by supposition that they can possibly be influenced by improper or foreign representation, and my delineation of Justice, armed at all points, should be inaccessible even to the suspicion of imbecility.

In his biographical sketch, Mr. Eddy says: "A very interesting series of letters written by Mrs. Murray to her parents while she was on a visit with her husband to Philadelphia, in 1790, is preserved. They are of value as furnishing us with the names of some of the most eminent Universalist laymen of that day, and as indicating the respect shown to Mr. Murray by noted public men of that period.

"They went to Philadelphia to assist in organizing a convention of the Universalists of the United States,—the first attempt in our history at a general organization—the 'association' formed at Oxford, Mass., in 1785, being purely local in its aim, and temporary in its purpose, and holding no session after 1787. The Philadelphia convention assembled May 25th, and continued till June 8th, the longest time ever given by our people to convention purposes.

"At that time the prospects of Universalism in Philadelphia were most flattering. Christopher Marshall, the family of Benjamin Franklin, Dr. William Smith, President of the University, and several of the professors in that institution, and Dr. Benjamin Rush, are among those named by Mrs. Murray as favoring the doctrine, and attendants on her husband's preaching. 'The sentiments of the Universalists,' she writes, 'are growing every day more and more respectable in this city. The family of Dr. Franklin is among the foremost of their favorers. Mrs. Bache, the doctor's daughter, says it was her father's opinion that no system in the Christian world was so effectually calculated to promote the interests of society as that doctrine which shows a God reconciling the lapsed world to himself.' Of Dr. Benjamin Rush Mrs.

Murray says in the same letter: 'Dr. Rush is a man of sense and letters. He is well known in the medical and literary world. I am happy that I can name Dr. Rush as an open, avowed professor of, and ornament to the religion of Jesus. Addressing Mr. Murray this morning with much candor, he thus expressed himself: Why, my dear sir, you have stood much alone. How have you buffeted the storm? What a torrent of prejudice, tradition, mal-evidence and calumny have you had to encounter! Twenty years ago I heard your name,—you were preaching in Bachelor's Hall. No consideration would have induced me to come within a mile of the place, and had I met you I should not have conceived it could have been you, except I had found you with the cloven foot and with horns! But now peaceful to myself is the revolution. The Bible is a consistent book, and everything that is excellent it contains.' "

Mr. Eddy's account continues: "Like many literary women, Mrs. Murray was an admirer of the drama, and 'The Gleaner' contained two plays written by her,—one, 'The Traveler Returned,' being full of the patriotic spirit of the Revolution, and of stirring incidents of the war for Independence. The other is more sentimental in its character, and was entitled 'Virtue Triumphant.' Both were produced on the stage of the Boston Theater, the former in 1795, and the latter, under the name of 'The Medium,' in 1796. They were critically noticed in the papers of the day, both in the way of attack and defence, the author being at that time unknown, and were, on the whole, highly commended. They display ability, and no little skill in plot, but it may be said that the author's genius is not so manifest in them as it is in her essays, many of which are of superior merit. Her fame as a writer crossed the Atlantic, and arrangements were entered into for the republication of 'The Gleaner' in London, but the death of Rev. Mr. Redding, who had the matter in charge, prevented the consummation.

"Mrs. Murray survived her husband about five years, her death occurring at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Bingaman, near Natchez, Miss., June 6, 1820. Her last thoughts were of the deserving poor widows in her native town, to whom she left a generous bequest. None of her descendants are now living; but may we not hope that the Universalist women of America will gratefully cherish her memory?"

Mr. Eddy closes his article in the "Quarterly" thus: "Mrs. Murray had two children; a son who died in infancy, in 1789, and a daughter, Julia Maria, born in August, 1791, and married in 1812 to Adam Lewis Bingaman, of Natchez, Miss. Their marriage took place the evening of the day that Mr. Bingaman graduated from Harvard College. After their daughter's marriage, Mrs. Murray arranged and supervised the publication of her husband's sermons and letters, he having been an invalid since 1809. After his death she published his memoir, written by himself to 1774, and brought down by her till the close of his life. She then took up her abode with her daughter, at Natchez, where she died June 6, 1820. At her death she left a large and valuable collection of manuscripts, including her husband's diaries, covering nearly the entire period of his residence in America; his correspondence; many of her own unpublished essays, poems and other papers; and a large number of letters from General and Mrs. Washington, General Nathaniel Greene and his widow, and many other illustrious persons. These papers, Mrs. Worcester, above referred to, informed the writer, were stored in an unoccupied house on her son-in-law's plantation, and when an effort was made to remove them a few years afterward, they were found to be utterly rotted and spoiled by the mildew."

We have only space left for the following extract, which illustrates the literary style and the sentiments of Mrs. Murray.

Toward the close of the month which closeth our year, the Savior was born. So in the last day of time, when the divine arrangements are well near completed, the restitution of all things shall be made manifest, and the winding up of the great drama, bringing forward the accomplishment of the design of an all-wise Creator. Crimes of every kind shall be banished from the family of man. The train of ill which has infested the works of the Eternal Mind, shall accompany their origin; and sin being annihilated, sorrow shall be no more.

Evangelical month! Again I repeat it. Surely I will love thy days, O December, and the event produced under thy domain shall ever be right precious to my soul!

The doctrine of guardian seraphs, this also makes a part of my creed. Some bright celestial was commissioned at my birth to preside over my infantile years, and to continue the attendant of my mortal career. During the hour which shall terminate my present mode of being, he will be busy round the bed of death, and he will gratulate, with ineffable transport, the liberated spirit.

LUCY BARNES,

Eldest daughter of Rev. Thomas Barnes, was born in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, March 6, 1780. When a child she was sweet in disposition, gentle in deportment, but very undemonstrative, unless an opportunity presented itself by which she could serve some one, or reconcile contending parties; "and then," says the "Christian Intelligencer" of 1825, "she would wear a smile of complacency and satisfaction that was beautiful and heavenly." Her opportunities for an education were very limited, but she was an omnivorous reader, and could repeat what she read as easily as most could repeat the chit-chat of an afternoon.

Lucy made no creed profession until she was nineteen years old. At about that time her father removed to Poland, Maine, at which place a frantic "reformation" was going on. She attended the meetings, and gave all the arguments and all the warnings a most careful and respectful consideration; "for," she said, "if their explanations are correct, and this singular work is sanctioned by divine authority, I am perfectly willing and ready to embrace Methodism." She was always interested in religious discussions, and read the Bible with great interest, but now she read verse by verse, and conscientiously considered the import of every word; but the more she read the more clearly she saw the fallacy of the popular explanations, and the more truthful seemed the doctrine that she ever after lived by, and at last died believing.

As soon as it was known that Lucy had openly proclaimed that she could not put bounds to the love of God, and announced her belief in the doctrine of God's universal goodness to his children, and in the salvation of all, crowds visited her for the purpose of either driving or persuading her from that "anchor of the soul which is both sure and steadfast." Lucy had a peculiar aptitude for logical reasoning, and presented her points so persuasively, and in so amiable and loving a manner, that the most intelligent became convinced that her "weapons were not carnal but mighty," and were generous enough to say she was a "real Christian," even if she had embraced the awful doctrine of universal salvation. She had not prayed

over the Scriptures for comfort alone, but for knowledge also, and in receiving the one the other was added.

Her father did not disturb her travail of soul, but, when she came out of the mist into the light of God's truth, he fell upon his knees and gave thanks.

Lucy's wish to do good seemed to blossom afresh after the true meaning of the Scriptures had been revealed to her. She was constantly trying to impress upon the young the principles of morality, and their duty to live true Christian lives. In her conversation at all times, in her written addresses or short sermons, it was her constant aim to influence for good.

Soon after her death some of her letters, dissertations and poems were collected and printed in a pamphlet of 71 pages, entitled "The Female Christian." I have used every effort to secure one of the books, but it has been impossible. I find in the "Gospel Banner," of 1858, a review of the pamphlet by Rev. J. W. Hanson, D. D., then editor; but the book has been misplaced. I have no doubt, however, that he then gave the quotations that would be most satisfactory now. This is the first book I have been able to find written by a woman in defense of Universalism.

Dr. Hanson says,—“The passages from the letters, verse and prose of the fair, frail hand that has for fifty years been cold can not fail to be read with interest.” I will quote generously, to show “how an unlearned maiden could speak of the faith we cherish, in the early dawn of the light we now enjoy.”

In a letter to “a friend who could not believe in the final holiness and happiness of all mankind,” she proves that she held her faith understandingly:

The Scriptures declare that God is love; that he is a good Being; that he is no respecter of persons, but is good to all, and that he has all power in his own hand, and worketh all things after the counsel of his will. All nature, likewise, proclaims aloud this blessed and divine truth, and also bespeaks his wisdom to be infinite. He kindly condescends to call us his children, and permits us to address him by the endearing appellation of Father. Is it possible that so good, so kind and loving a Father can punish his tender and beloved offspring with the most exquisite misery, to the endless ages of eternity, for their disobedience to him, and even for the most trivial faults? Can it be supposed that so wise and powerful a Being is under the necessity of punishing with endless misery, in

order to secure the peace and honor of his government? If the infinite goodness of our Heavenly Father is sufficient to inspire him with a wish to make all his children perfectly and eternally holy and happy, is not his infinite wisdom sufficient to form a plan for the completion of his wishes? and his infinite power sufficient to execute that divine purpose, that he might not be eternally disappointed and frustrated in so benevolent a wish?

I suppose you are now ready to tell me it is time to drop this subject, and to speak of the justice, severity and vengeance of our Heavenly Father, and to consider his right and his power to punish us as he pleases. But I do not dispute his power nor his right to punish the disobedient with endless misery, but it is his will or inclination to do it which I dispute. Neither do I think there is a single passage of Scripture which represents a state of endless woe, though I know the chastisements of the Almighty are very severe—"vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord"—and the curses and judgments threatened against the disobedient are great indeed; therefore it behooves us all to be good and obedient children, lest they fall upon us. For I do not think it is inconsistent with the divine love of our Universal Parent to chastise the transgressors of his law sufficiently to subdue their hardened hearts and stubborn will, and to subject them to his holy government. But can justice require more? Certainly not. But, on the contrary, whatever punishment is inflicted, after they are completely humbled and subdued, in my estimation may justly be termed cruelty and revenge. And shall we presume to impute those hateful passions to the Almighty which he himself has taught us to despise in each other, and which we absolutely abhor even in a savage, who is not contented merely with the death of his enemy, but puts him to the most cruel death which malice and revenge can possibly invent, roasting him alive in such a moderate manner as to prolong his life and misery to the utmost extent of his power? But what is that when compared with endless misery? You are a mother, and doubtless possessed of as tender feelings as ever warmed the heart of a parent, and were I to say that you could with pleasure behold your children punished with such exquisite misery, even for an age, you would think that I was either beside myself or entertained a most unjust opinion of you. But if you could not endure the sight but for one age, what reason have you to suppose that the tenderest, most loving and best of Fathers could endure the shocking scene to the endless ages of eternity? But perhaps you will say that those who are to suffer thus are not the offspring of God, but the children of the devil. I know the wicked on account of their disobedience are called the children of the wicked one; but if they are so in reality, we can not reasonably expect they will be punished so severely for being too obedient to their father, Satan, as children are in duty bound to honor and obey their parents, even by a command from the great Eternal himself. It is said that sinners justly merit endless punishment, because they sin against an infinite law, etc. But surely the Almighty knew, before he created them, that they would sin against him, and likewise what punishment they would merit. Then was it an act of love, justice or wisdom in him to force into an existence millions of human beings, whom he absolutely knew would transgress his law, and thereby incur his displeasure, and necessitate him to make them eternally miserable? Had he provided a thousand Saviors for them, and given them a thousand times better chance to escape that dreadful place of misery, what would it avail them? For is it possible for them to avoid what the all-wise God absolutely knows will happen to them? Now, if a Being of

infinite love, justice and tender mercy, and a kind, benevolent Father could do such a thing, is it possible for us to conceive what a being of infinite hatred and revenge would do? It is believed by many that the parable of the rich man and Lazarus is a real description of heaven and hell, and that it evidently sets forth the misery of those who are damned, roasting in flames of fire, and begging for water, even for one drop to mitigate their sufferings, while those in heaven must incessantly behold their distress, and hear their groans and cries and dreadful lamentations to all eternity without having the power to relieve them. If that is really the case, what person is there who possesses any real love for his fellow creatures, who would not much rather be annihilated, and be as though he never had been, than go to such a heaven!

What would avail to me the joys of heaven,
And all the splendor of the golden coast,
If I must know millions of human souls
In misery groan, and are forever lost?

But I can not believe that such a place of misery ever did exist, or ever will, until there is a change wrought in the Almighty himself, and we behold the great wheel of nature rolling backward. We are told that when we go to heaven we shall there behold the justice of God so plainly in the eternal condemnation of the ungodly that we shall finally rejoice in their misery; if so, why are not the saints here on earth now rejoicing in it, who profess to be born of the spirit of the ever-living and true God, and to know their Master's will and to obey it? and who fancy they have met with all the change they ever shall see, as they suppose no one will ever be changed after death; but surely they must meet with a much greater change than they ever yet have experienced, to *endure*, much more to behold with pleasure, such a shocking scene to all eternity. Various indeed are all the arguments which might be produced from Scripture, as well as reason, to prove the final restitution of all mankind to their former state of purity and holiness, since the Lord hath spoken of it by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.

I will quote verbatim from the "Christian Intelligencer," of 1825, sent me by S. H. Colesworthy, of Portland, Maine, publisher of her father's memoir: "Miss Barnes from infancy had in warm weather been sorely afflicted with asthma, but for several years before her death the complaint became more severe and alarming. Though the distress and pressure at the lungs were frequently so great that she seemed to be in the agonies of death, the first language she uttered would be intended to console and comfort her parents. Her individual hope in Christ, and her faith in the universal salvation, remained firm and unwavering to the last, and even in the dread struggles of expiring nature the smile of heavenly serenity was visible on her countenance, evincing a willingness to sleep in death, that she might rest in God."

Never did a respectful and loving child enter upon a journey to visit her absent parents with more alacrity than Lucy Barnes resigned herself into the hands of a merciful God, to be transported to "that country from whose bourne no traveler returns." In writing to an old lady who had recently been brought into the light of the glorious truth, she says:

I know the punishments of the Almighty for sin and wickedness are very severe; but although our heavenly Father visits our transgressions with a rod and our iniquities with stripes, yet St. Paul tells us "He doth not (as our earthly parents have done) chasten us after his own pleasure, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness."

With regard to my health, it is very low indeed. I am not able to walk out of my room, nor to sit up but a few moments at a time, so that I have been many days in writing these lines; but although they are penned by a feeble hand, yet, through the grace of God, they proceed from a heart strong in faith, though on the verge of eternity.

I will give a short quotation from the last written exhortation of Miss Barnes, finished only the day before she died:

Let us, therefore, be humble, and endeavor to pursue the paths of peace, and to walk in the straight and narrow way. And whenever we discover any going on in vice and wickedness, and walking in the broad road in search of happiness, let us pity their weakness and folly, and mistaken ideas of bliss, and endeavor, if possible, to restore them in the spirit of meekness, "considering ourselves lest we also be tempted." For if we had their temptations, *we* might perhaps do equally as bad or even worse than they. May every blessing attend you which can contribute in the least both to your temporal and spiritual welfare. May the God of peace be with you always; may you be patient in tribulation, remembering that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and that these afflictions which are sent for our profit are but short, but the joys which will soon dawn upon us are of an endless duration.

I can think of nothing more sublime than such meekness and patience from one who had struggled for months for every breath which sustained life.

The writer in the old paper remarks,—“Though the style is not ornamented with the tinsel of rhetoric, it is enriched with all the unstudied fervor, gravity, and resignation which would be requisite to a chapter of an inspired volume.”

This beautiful woman—beautiful mentally, physically and spiritually—

went to rest on the 29th of August, 1809, in the twenty-ninth year of her age.

She not only inherited the great independence of her father, but, as did all of the daughters of that revered man, those wonderful Madonna eyes, which could preach sermons, render sympathy, and plead with others to come up higher, without uttering a word.

Miss Barnes was a diligent student of the Bible, and was able to state logically the careful deductions of her studious hours. The reader will not often find a document more pointed, clear and unanswerable than the following, written by a girl of twenty-nine, seventy-five years ago:

SERIOUS AND IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Q. What is the will of God with regard to mankind?

A. That all men should be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth; and having made known unto us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself, that in the dispensation of the fullness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in him.

Q. Can the will of God be frustrated?

A. No. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. He hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. He therefore worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?

Q. For what purpose did God send his only begotten Son into the world?

A. God sent his Son to be the Savior of the world, to destroy the works of the devil, and to save that which was lost; to finish transgression and make an end of sin, and through death to destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and to give eternal life to as many as the Lord hath given him.

Q. How many hath the Lord given him?

A. The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand; he hath given him power over all flesh. He hath said unto him, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him.

Q. What is eternal life?

A. This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

Q. Will all mankind be blest with the knowledge of God?

A. Yes. For they shall not teach every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least to the

greatest; for I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.

Q. But Christ saith, Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life; and will they, even all, come and receive eternal life in him?

A. Yes. All that the Father giveth shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me; and this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day.

Q. Can any one enjoy the kingdom of God except he is born again?

A. No. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.

Q. What is the new birth?

A. Being born into the glorious liberty and spirit of the Gospel, turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

Q. Will all mankind be blest with the new birth?

A. Yes. For in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things, full of marrow, of wine on the lees, well refined. And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering east over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations. And all the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

Q. But will not some remain in a state of misery to cry and groan to all eternity?

A. No. For the Lord God will wipe away all tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of the people shall he take away from off all the earth, for the Lord hath spoken it.

Q. And when will this be accomplished?

A. When the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Q. Who are the ransomed of the Lord?

A. All mankind. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.

Q. But will not some be punished with endless or eternal death, for their disobedience to the commands of God?

A. No. For the Lord will swallow up death in victory. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

Q. When will death be swallowed up in victory?

A. When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?

Q. Will not some remain in a state of enmity against God, and in opposition to his will and government, and blaspheme his holy name, to all eternity?

A. No. For thus saith the Lord, I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear, surely shall one say, In the Lord have I right-

cousness and strength. And thus saith St. John the divine, every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honor, and glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever.

Q. Will all these promises ever be fulfilled?

A. Yes. For God is not a man, that he should lie, neither is he the son of man, that he should repent. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? Hath he spoken and shall he not make it good?

Q. Will not the unbelief of some exclude them forever from the enjoyment of these promises?

A. No. For what if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid! Yea, let God be true but every man a liar. For God hath concluded them all in unbelief that he might have mercy upon all.

Q. The Scripture saith the wages of sin is death, and that death is passed upon all men, for that all have sinned; and will not the greater part of mankind remain in this state of sin and death to all eternity?

A. No. For in this seed (which is Christ) shall all the families of the earth be blessed; therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men unto condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life; and as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

LEVISA BUCK.

Rev. Thomas Barnes was the father of eight children, all from their earliest youth exhibiting remarkable literary talent. Lucy, of whom the preceding sketch gives an account, and Sally, with the subject of this sketch, were among the ablest women of their times. Levisa wrote much beside the life of her father, which is simply and modestly written. The work is a small 12mo. of 105 pages, entitled "Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Barnes, written and compiled by his daughter, Mrs. Levisa Buck, and edited by Rev. George Bates, Portland; S. H. Colesworthy, publisher, 1856." Mr. Barnes was born in Merrimaek, N. H., Oct. 4, 1749, and died in Poland, Me., Oct. 3, 1816. She also performed the incredible labor of versifying Job and Psalms, with the thought that they might be read by those who would not read the originals.

It has been a great task to collect the few facts I am able to present concerning these noble women, who stood in the front ranks when our friends

were few, and who were in their quiet way a tower of strength to our clergy in those darksome days. They were all so unconscious of themselves that they always left themselves entirely out of their work.

Levisa was not an educated woman, but she had that "low, sweet voice which is an excellent thing in woman," the first note of which quieted and charmed every one within hearing. She talked neither slowly nor rapidly, but her words were as the dropping of honey from the honeycomb. She delighted in reading the Scriptures, and when she read aloud, to the lovers of poetry they became poems, and to the lovers of history they seemed to be living realities. She resembled her sisters in personal appearance. Mrs. A. M. Pulsifer, of Auburn, Me., writes: "Being an enthusiastic worker in the church, she used often to travel long distances on horse-back, as was the fashion of those times, to attend meetings in the surrounding districts, carrying with her in cold weather her little foot-stove, for the meetings were held in rough, cold buildings, with often no means of heating them, and the people who attended could keep from suffering, in the cold season, only by means of warm clothing and foot-stoves. She gladly assisted the sick and needy, and was ready to give help at any call. She kept herbs and simple remedies always at hand, which she freely dispensed to the sick, often nursing them back to health or quieting their last sufferings to the best of her ability. She was a woman of vigorous intellect. Her children, I understand, are all intellectual; two are lawyers in California; a daughter, in Boston, was married to Hon. S. B. Shaw, deceased."

The following passage is a brief extract from the memoir of her father, who was the first Universalist minister ordained in Maine, Jan. 6, 1802:

At the age of thirty-four we find him the father of seven children, and situated in the town of Jaffrey, N. H. It was from this place that he went to hear the Rev. Caleb Rich, preacher of universal salvation.

Mr. Barnes was one of those benevolent Christians who could not rejoice in view of the hopeless prospect of the supposed finally impenitent, however his creed might lead him to expect he should in a holier state of existence. Therefore, after hearing Mr. Rich, and candidly weighing his arguments, he was led to conclude that God might be more merciful than his doctrine had taught him to suppose. It was pleasant to his mind and delightful to his throbbing heart to follow the first dawn of divine light on a subject of such thrilling interest to every human being. He began to wish, and shortly after to hope, that the doctrine of impartial grace was true; it had enlisted the holiest sympathies of his nature; it

had touched a tender chord in his soul, and, if true, would fill him with all joy and peace in believing. He did not nourish a spirit of vindictive wrath against the new doctrine, nor against its advocate in the person of Mr. Rich. He, therefore, concluded to go the second Sunday to hear the glad tidings of a world's salvation. His wife expostulated with him with much earnestness on the impropriety of his attending that meeting again, but he replied that he much desired to go once more, that he might prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. And thus were the remonstrances made by his excellent wife attended by the same reply for several succeeding Sabbaths. In the course of the week, Mr. Barnes would relate to her the arguments he had heard in support of the doctrine of universal salvation, until Mrs. B. was fearful her husband would become a believer in what she then thought so fatal an error. One day she urged him, with much feeling, to hear Mr. Rich no more. Mr. Barnes made but little reply to her request, but said, when leaving her—"Can my dear Mary set bounds to the love of God?" She imagined she could; at least she would try. God could not love sinners. But had she not herself been a sinner, and did she not now believe herself a partaker of the love of God? And was he not unchangeable? The supposed non-elect passed before her imagination, and the promises of God. Was it possible they could be impartially applied to all mankind? At length she found it impossible to set bounds to the love of God. The more she tried, the more she found his love overleaping every barrier, until it overcame all sin and death; for infinite love can not be bounded by a finite being. We can not help remarking here that if all Christians would endeavor to study the boundless love of Jehovah, rather than "limiting the Holy One of Israel," it would be far better for the cause of virtue and religion in the world, and the more surely would the happiness of mankind be secured. On her husband's return, Mrs. Barnes communicated to him her unsuccessful efforts to set bounds to the love of God, and of her hopes in a world's redemption; and after a prayerful examination of the Holy Scriptures, they both openly avowed themselves Universalists.

Let us imagine ourselves on the solid earth in plain view of a noble ship, freighted with human beings, contending with the wind and waves. We are expecting every moment to see hundreds sink from our view forever. And then let us behold a pilot as he goes to their relief; let us see him bring every one on shore, not leaving a single soul to perish, as a manifestation of his sovereign will and pleasure; let us hear the shouts of joy and the hymns of thanksgiving as they float upon the air from the tongues of those who have been rescued from a watery grave, and who now have the blissful prospect of greeting their wives, their little ones and their parents. Such a scene might give us a fair conception of the joy in the transition from the torments of the doctrine of endless sin and sorrow to the glorious certainty that all mankind shall be safely landed on the "other side of Jordan." This heart-cheering truth was truly refreshing to Mr. Barnes and his wife; they were eminently qualified for its enjoyment; their whole souls went with its doctrinal sentiment; they now found their sympathy and love flowing to their whole race, and they fully believed the Lord was good to all his works. This faith was nourished, strengthened and confirmed by a careful perusal of the word of life, until they were both "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

SALLY DUNN

Was the youngest of the remarkable daughters of Rev. Thomas Barnes, and was born in Woodstock, Conn., in the year 1783. She was the ablest woman advocate of our faith, of her times, and a royal mother in Israel. Rev. A. Dinsmore, who married one of her daughters, and from whom I get many facts, says: "The first time I ever saw her was at a convention, in 1827, at Livermore, Maine, and my attention was particularly drawn to her on account of her majestic appearance, rapt manner, and the earnest attention she was giving to the speaker, who was the lamented Russel Streeter. As soon as the meeting was dismissed I saw at once by the affectionate title by which she was called by old and young, clergy and laymen, 'Mother Dunn,' that she was a favorite among the people." There was no woman in all that region more widely known and respected, and her influence in establishing our church was as great in Maine at that time as that of any of our ministers. She was what would be called an evangelist. To have called her a preacher would have disquieted her more than anything else, for she especially felt that one should be *called* to preach the Gospel, although she would sometimes make a conference talk that would fill every heart with yearnings for the better life, and sometimes fill every eye with tears.

Her education was slender in her youth, but Mr. Dinsmore says,—“She never forgot any knowledge once acquired, and being of a studious habit, and having a purely literary taste and a great love for the Scriptures, she was continually adding the right kind of material to her mind.” Early in her youth she took to her heart her father’s religious views, and through life was a distinguished advocate of them. Her addresses, or sermons, as I must call them, were highly appreciated by the educated of the day. “Her insight into and mastery of the Scriptures were truly remarkable, and her clear, easy and graceful manner of explaining difficult texts was a wonder and a delight to our people,” and, others have said, a fear almost amounting to nightmare to the more intelligent of the darker faith, for she made the dry bones of Orthodoxy rattle. Josiah Dunn, the husband, was a gentleman of much force of character and high moral tone, nor was he at all behind

his wife in clear, intelligent apprehension and approval of Universalism, but he could not use heart and brain to the same advantage, and make the people see and feel what he saw and felt, as did his noble wife.

In appearance Mrs. Dunn was a queenly Quaker, and one friend said of her,—“As a hostess she was charming. At my coming, in her extended hand I always felt her heart throbs.” Knowing this, no one can be surprised that their home was the rendezvous of clergy, philanthropists, and literary people.

Mrs. Dunn became the mother of thirteen children, five sons and eight daughters, of whom two sons and the youngest daughter are now living, viz:—Hon. R. B. Dunn, of Waterville, Me., aged seventy-nine; Hon. Sebastian Streeter Dunn, formerly a Representative in the Massachusetts Legislature, but now living in Dakota, and Mrs. N. C. Clifford, of Monmouth, Me. They all took honorable positions in society, and revered her memory with sweet and tender recollections.

I think it will not be out of place to speak of this lady's looks, and to relate a pleasant little anecdote concerning her. She was very handsome; her eyes were a changeable dark brown, filled with liquid light, that sometimes were so happy in their expression that she had the appearance of looking far away from this world of mortality upon fields of immortal glory, and then again, whenever she heard an argument made in favor of “Orthodoxy,” it would bring the expression of her beautiful eyes back to this world, and fill them with pity and beneficence, and she would look as though she would if she could take all the wandering ones into her own arms, and cleanse and save them. Is it any wonder that she should have crept into the hearts of the people? Add to these eyes a clear complexion tinged with red, a remarkable feature of hers late in life, and auburn hair, and a mouth by which one could read her feelings, and a winning voice, and we have her likeness as it has been given to me.

When she was about seventeen she accompanied her father on one of his appointments, and there met a gentleman not of our faith, but one who had a heart that could appreciate such a woman as she. They met as strangers, but, before she and her father had departed, the gentleman offered her his heart and hand. The dear girl, with some confusion, rose and

extended her hand, saying: "I wish you had not spoken, yet I thank you, but I would rather go home with my father." On their way home, to the question of her father, "What did you tell him, Sally?" she repeated: "I told him I would rather go home with you." "Oil and water will not mix," the good father said, "and I rather expect you thought his hell and your heaven would not get on well together." "I should want to be sure, first, that I could turn his hell into my heaven," was her reply.

After the most of this sketch was in type I received the following from Mrs. A. M. Pulsifer, the great grand-daughter of Mrs. Dunn: "At a semi-centennial of the Elm-street church, Auburn, Me., in response to a toast, Rev. G. W. Quinby, D.D., related the following anecdote: 'I preached my first sermon in Poland, forenoon and afternoon; for, in those days, a minister who didn't preach twice on Sunday was no minister at all. My knees knocked together with anxiety, and I noticed that in my congregation was Mrs. Dunn, a notable woman, who could preach as good a sermon in ten minutes as most ministers could in an hour. I knew she was a great critic, and I went to one of the brethren and told him I was discouraged—I didn't know as I could preach my first sermon before such a critic. 'Now, don't be exercised,' said my friend; 'I'll give you a good clue to her opinion. If, when you are preaching, she takes out her snuff-box and takes a pinch of snuff, you may be sure she is pleased with the sermon. It will be all right.' I preached universal salvation. I remember the text and the line of thought just as well as I do what happened yesterday. I kept my eyes on Mrs. Dunn. Pretty soon out she fished her snuff-box, and took two of the longest pinches of snuff a woman ever took in this world, and then cried out 'Amen.' I never thanked God for anything more heartily. I have preached against tobacco and snuff, but always with a mental reservation in favor of those two pinches. No pinch of snuff ever encouraged a man like that. It took all the knock out of my knees.'"

The "Gospel Banner" relates: "Rev. T. B. Thayer, D.D., exclaimed, after having listened to her for the first time, at a convention in Saco, twenty years ago: 'Tell me, who is that woman! She has unfolded more of the Gospel in ten minutes than any minister here can in a whole sermon!' She inherited the characteristics of her father, but unquestionably excelled him in her clearness of perception and logical deductions. Her method was more

nearly akin to that of Rev. Hosea ('Father') Ballou than of any person we ever listened to. The Bible was her delight. She read it and comprehended its teachings, and at that time, when all sects were so generally intent on bringing our cause into disrepute, she deemed it her duty to embrace every opportunity that presented itself to speak in its defense. But few clergymen of the opposing sects, who called on her for the purpose of 'convincing her of her error,' would venture 'to call' a second time, notwithstanding their positive promise to do so."

This remarkable woman died in 1858, aged sixty-five years. We regret that persistent inquiries have produced no more than this brief sketch.

SALLY MCKINSTRY

Was the daughter of Captain Abner Hammond, who was one of the founders of our church in Hudson, N. Y. She was born in 1798. As a child she was peculiar, thoughtful beyond her years, especially considerate toward old people, and she ever showed great satisfaction if she could be of any service to them. The first act of charity that is remembered of this noble woman was enacted in her childhood, and is characteristic. One day, when very young, she was walking in the street with her father, when they met a little girl whose dress was so tattered and torn that it could hardly be called a dress. The young philanthropist looked after her for a little while, white and eager-eyed, and then, placing her hand upon her heart, she said to her father,—“That little girl makes me ache here,” and in a moment flew after the poor, distressed little one. Her father saw her unbutton her apron, and heard the words,—“Never mind, I have more,” and in another moment she was by her father’s side, and with her face bathed in tears, she said,—“God is good to some, sure; but why can he not be so to all?” The father replied,—“His ways are wonderful, and past finding out, oftentimes, but this morning it is very plain that he sent the poor unfortunate to touch the heart of my little daughter to deeds of charity.” From that time on to her death this Universalist sister of charity was on the *qui vive* to ameliorate the suffer-

ings of others, and as the poor learned this in after years, she was obliged to devote not only her days to their relief, but oftentimes her nights.

Hon. Robert McKinstry, to whom she was married in early life, seconded and assisted her in all her charities. He was a gentleman of wealth, high social standing and influence, and mayor of the city for some years. He was a genuine Universalist and a staunch friend to our church. In his will he bequeathed \$20,000 to the First Universalist Church of Hudson, N. Y. The home of the McKinstrys was a most comfortable mansion, but it very soon became altogether too small for the great numbers of poor unfortunates who relied on Mrs. McKinstry for all the necessities of life, and who were received into it as welcome inmates until another home was founded for them. Indeed, so many resorted to her that she was obliged to rent rooms outside to accommodate them. Previous to this, however, she kept a reception-room in her own home for the poor. One day a friend from out the city called to see her, and hearing the babel of voices, asked of one of the kinswomen the occasion, and Aunt Becca, whose heart was also filled with love for such, replied,—“They are Sally’s Arabs.” Of these “Arabs” Mrs. McKinstry took the entire care, thus realizing the dream of her childhood of doing for others.

How to systematize her work, that she might be able to do most, was her great anxiety, and in considering this question the thought of the Orphan Asylum, which has reflected so much honor on the city of Hudson, was born. Many feared it was a Quixotic idea, but her father, understanding his daughter’s foresight, sagacity, and perseverance, was so sure of its success that he cheerfully co-operated with her by giving a suitable site for the building. She immediately began to solicit funds. The history of her county says,—“It ever after absorbed and controlled her entire energies, becoming her paramount and ruling passion, till the work was completed, in 1850.”

Men of means were most earnestly besought to assist, and few turned deaf ears, and she always put the most charitable construction upon the refusal of such as declined to render assistance.

The history of the county where Mrs. McKinstry lived, says,—“She sought information in all directions, wrote articles, presented the subject before public meetings, sent committees to the legislature, and indeed never faltered until her effort was crowned with success and the asylum we

erected, and its permanent continuance provided for. She was immediately, by general consent, chosen chief directress of the institution, an office she held and the duties of which she discharged with singular capacity and devotedness during the rest of her life."

She had great influence with the politicians, and always had friends of the asylum at Albany, during the legislative sessions, at work for appropriations. It was well known that any man who wanted office kept on the right side of "Aunt Sally," which was easily done by aiding the Orphan Asylum. She was undoubtedly the most influential citizen of Hudson. Rev. L. C. Browne, who was her pastor at one time, says,—“She had great influence among the women of the city, in securing coadjutors. Old and young, high and low, were at her service. She knew what was going on in the homes of the poor, and, wherever there was want or brutality to women or children, over such places she kept close scrutiny, and the appearance of her earnest, kindly face in the doorway of an Irish hovel, in either case would bring joy to the face of the abused and shame to the face of the brute; and there were many of that class, could they have had their own way, who would have canonized her, Catholic or no Catholic.”

Her obituary says: “The life of this remarkable woman will probably never be written, except upon the records of heaven. The writer of this would gladly have entered upon the pleasing task of giving her biography to the world, but soon discovered that it would be impossible to bring to light a life so full of faith, so full of private benevolence, so bound up in secret, stealthy deeds of kindness, love and mercy; and that very many of these were so delicately connected with the secret happiness and the heartstrings of living parents and children that it would be wrong to publish them during the present generation. Besides this, to do anything like justice to her memory one must collect from all over the face of this country those thousands of letters, written by her own hand and by her dictation, which alone would form a monument to her praise, and teach such a lesson of self-sacrifice and Christ-like devotion as the world has rarely witnessed. No one can read her appeals for aid, her more than motherly counsels to her scattered and apprenticed orphans, her forgiving and imploring appeals to the wayward and vicious whom all others had abandoned, without feeling, as the writer

of this has often felt and expressed, that God's grace had made of her a wonderful woman. Mrs. McKinstry had no prejudices that even the most intimate could discover. Her charity was unbounded. In her severest disappointments she blamed no one—always had an apology for the most selfish refusal, and a word of praise for the smallest aid to her pet lambs. She seemed to know nothing of Christian sectarianism, but called around her all who would do good, of whatever name, sect, or nation. The excellent ladies that were associated with her in the management of the Orphan Asylum will bear witness to the truthfulness of all that is here written. The mantle that fell as she ascended no one will be willing to put on. The many deeds that her love and patriotism, her faith and prayers enabled her to perform, scarcely any three would be willing to undertake. These ladies will undertake and fully perform all that the best interests of the asylum require. They will endeavor to find out the many precious channels through which her unseen benevolence flowed, and to fill them; and every week they will discover some new evidence of the patience, power, and perseverance of that feeble, faithful woman."

Mrs. McKinstry was very handsome in early life, and she could have been a leader in fashion, for she inherited quite a fortune, but instead of adorning her person with finery, she dressed very economically, and spent all in benevolence, even foregoing the pleasure of traveling, for twenty-five years never leaving the city.

Some of the boys of her asylum rose to positions of honor, which gave her great pride and satisfaction. One of them was a member of the New York legislature at the session of 1853. Rev. L. C. Browne relates that the gentleman came to Hudson and passed a Sunday while he (Mr. Browne) was boarding at Mrs. McKinstry's. "Aunt Sally" was very happy, and took great delight in introducing him to friends and callers at the house.

All over the country there are those who have been saved from the oppression of poverty by her, and, better still, from ill-spent lives. She had no children of her own, by birth, to "rise up and call her blessed," but there are scores of the world's children who venerate every letter of her name. God seems to have made her childless that she might be a mother to many of his poor, and she certainly inherited as few have done, the blessing, —

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Is it any wonder that the good people of Hudson are not only proud of the memory of such a woman, but worship her for her manifestation of that charity which is greatest of all?

Although a firm believer in our ennobling faith, and ever ready to assist in its promulgation by encouraging and giving, she seldom attended church. Her health, which was very delicate, she sacredly expended in the work to which she had consecrated her life. She had great regard for the members of our clergy, and one day when she was extolling their virtues, a friend said,— "Aunt Sally, why do you not attend church more?" She replied,— "My strength is all needed in my work for the Lord's poor, and as he has called such noble men into his vineyard, and entrusted to them the teachings of his life, I am content to leave the work with them, and to such as you to help them. Women must not be idle."

Amanda F., wife of Rev. Gamaliel Collins, writes: "I first met Mrs. McKinstry in the Fall of 1846. It was at the end of a wearisome day's journey. The street lamps were already lighted, as we drove rapidly from the depot, stopping before a spacious mansion ablaze with light. We were received by Mr. McKinstry with a stateliness and dignity that, feeling homesick as I did, being the first time I had left my New England home, chilled me. I had not then learned what a warm, generous nature lay hidden beneath that cold exterior. The family were at supper. Mrs. McKinstry soon appeared, and her cordial greeting made me feel at home at once. She was dressed in a faded black and white calico, made in the style of what we women call a loose wrapper, fastened at the waist with a belt. Her head was tied up with an abundance of cotton batting, she having had an attack of neuralgia the night before. Her cap was awry, her hair disheveled; yet, notwithstanding all this, she looked a very handsome woman. Her figure, though a little given to *embonpoint*, was trim, and her dark grey eyes, pure complexion, fresh white teeth, and classic features are indelibly impressed upon my memory. She had not expected us quite so soon, and our room was not ready, and that evening a large party was to be given in honor of a young bride and groom, who had just come there to board; the relatives from out of town were already arriving; an extra supper had to be prepared, and

to crown all a gentleman and lady called at that moment to have a conversation about a little girl they had recently adopted from the Orphan Asylum.

“During the week that elapsed while awaiting the arrival of our furniture, I had many opportunities of learning the past history of this remarkable woman, and of the routine of her daily life. Fearing I might be lonely, she kindly offered me a seat in her own room; and to sit in ‘Aunt Sally’s’ room, as she was affectionately called by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and witness daily the living panorama of all sorts of people on all sorts of errands, was an event in one’s life not soon to be forgotten. While every other part of the house was attended to and kept in perfect order and neatness, in this room, only, disorder and discomfort reigned supreme. She who never turned away the poorest beggars, or refused to minister to their needs, seldom had a moment to think of her own wants; indeed, I do not think it ever occurred to her that she had any. To recall this room is to remember a comfortless bed, folded away in the daytime into a pine wardrobe; an old settee covered with faded calico; a few chairs, a stove, a square table in the corner with an accumulation of books, papers and writing materials,—for the moments she could snatch from other duties were devoted to a voluminous correspondence, consisting mainly in appeals for aid for her Orphan Asylum. To found this home for the orphan had been her dream from early womanhood; and, at this time, a plain structure recently erected, and which sheltered from thirty to forty little children, was the fruition of the hopes and efforts of many, many years. To realize this dream, she who was the child of wealthy parents and the wife of a successful business man, had dressed herself in cheap calico; had denied herself the commonest luxuries, even the comforts of life; had been willing to take upon herself the charge of a large and fashionable boarding-house. ‘For,’ as she said to me, ‘I could not have the face to call on Mr. Mac for all the aid I require, and by keeping up this establishment I can feed and help, somewhat, all who come to me for assistance.’ This was true; and hourly the applicants came. They were always welcome. No matter how ragged or dirty the beggar-child, his hand was kindly taken in hers, his needs inquired into, and when sent to the kitchen it was with a message to the cook to furnish the food he required. Nor were the children the only recipients of her bounty. The poor and afflicted of all

ages and all conditions sought her presence for sympathy and assistance. Servant girls in want of places found with her a temporary home, till, at last, her house became a sort of incipient intelligence office, and I, with many others, often found it convenient to apply to Mrs. McKinstry when a new servant was wanted.

“Only once did I know of Mrs. McKinstry leaving her home during the six years I resided in Hudson, except to visit the Orphan Asylum, her parents and sister, who lived directly opposite, and a few indigent families in her immediate neighborhood. I never knew her to treat herself to a drive, or any amusement whatever. The one exception was an unexpected visit paid to myself. I had often jestingly invited her to take tea with me, never supposing, knowing her habits, that she would do so. Much to my delight and surprise she walked in one day, attired in a fresh cap and an old black silk, the only dress she possessed except calico, and never indulged in except on Committee days. I will here say a number of ladies connected with the asylum held a meeting once a month at Mrs. McKinstry’s house, at which she presided. She laughingly told me she had come to take that cup of tea with me. I had to prepare it early, for she became anxious as night drew on, and I found her nervously pacing the back piazza when I came to announce that it was ready. I considered the visit a great compliment, and told her so.

“Mrs. McKinstry was thoroughly imbued with the spirit and belief of Universalism. She was ever interested in all that pertained to church affairs. Her house was the temporary abiding-place of all stray ministers, as well as the place of rest and cheer of the resident clergyman and his family. It was our privilege to pass the last weeks of our stay in Hudson in her hospitable home, and to make it our headquarters in our subsequent visits to that city. A few weeks after her decease I crossed the threshold of her late residence for the last time. A beloved and competent relative had succeeded to the charge of affairs. Except the stream of besieging beggars everything was going on as usual. Busy life prevailed, and the broad halls still echoed to the tread of many feet. But for me the house was silent and void; its inspiration was gone; the charm of *her* presence had departed forever.

“I next proceeded to pay a visit to an upper room across the street, where resided Mother Jenison and her widowed sister, who for a long time

had been Mrs. McKinstry's pensioners. With streaming eyes they talked of their loss. She had come in, the night of her decease, as she always did the last thing before retiring, to make her kind inquiries, and see if their wants were all attended to. She talked of her plans for the morrow, and, bidding them a cheerful good night, left them. An hour later, by the moving lights and apparent confusion in the mansion opposite, they felt that something unusual had happened. Too soon the dreadful news came; their protectress was no more.

"In company with a mutual friend I sought the place where reposed all that was earthly of my beloved friend. Long and reverently we stood by that sodless grave. For us it was a hallowed spot. As yet no stone marked her resting-place, but an offering of flowers lay at the head of her grave. 'They are always here,' said my companion; 'a fresh bouquet every day, placed here by unknown hands.'

"Many years have passed. I know not what monument rises above that sacred sepulchre, nor on what tablet her virtues are commemorated. I only know her memory is enshrined in the hearts of the poor, and thus she is ever immortal."

Mrs. McKinstry died June 22, 1862, aged sixty-four years. She was followed to the grave by the inmates of the asylum, and a crying crowd of poor unfortunates from all over the city, and every day for years after her death the hillock in the graveyard where her remains repose was strewn with fresh flowers, the tribute of unknown hands.

SARAH BROUGHTON.

Although this beautiful woman is where neither pity nor sympathy can reach her, yet every letter I receive in regard to her life calls out all the sympathies of my being for the suffering she endured here, and I can not help wishing that she could know how many of her earthly friends revere and love her memory.

Sarah Sumner was the daughter of Daniel Sumner, of Lamoille, Vt.

She was born in the morning of the 29th of Oct., 1802. The morning was bright and radiant; and when the babe was placed in the mother's arms the mother said: "If betokening signs are true, my babe is to have a pleasant life." But before midday the sun was darkened with angry and forbidding clouds, and a storm of rain and wind succeeded. But the evening of the day was made beautiful by the shining forth of the sun, and its peaceful setting. If that mother could have lived to the rounding of that dear one's life, she would have recalled the typical omens, and perhaps would have asked the question,—“Why is it that God deals so severely with his bright and good ones?” A friend of Mrs. Broughton said to her, at a time when she was suffering from some great trouble,—“I pity you! why are you so afflicted?” and the patient one replied,—“I must need affliction. If we judge of our bodily needs by the violence of the medicine given, we must judge of our spiritual needs by what our spiritual physician administers.” This sentiment she expresses in her poem entitled “Sorrow:”

“I know there are afflictions like the soft Spring morning showers,
That drench in tears the opening buds of May's sweet-blooming flowers,
Yet add new beauty to the leaf, fresh vigor to the stem,
And teach the lily to outvie the proudest diadem.”

And this would have been the reply to the mother's question.

Sarah's family were plain but kind and large-hearted people, fond of reading; and in her girlhood she showed mental superiority and poetical genius. When but four or five years old she would gather blossoms and hide herself among the tall grass, and make what she called verses of the flowers; her artistic eye as well as poetic soul would blend the colors until they were pleasing, and that she called poetry. She was too young to realize that those were to be the only sorrow-free days of her earthly existence.

Sarah lived by the banks of the winding Lamoille; and soon after her death, Mrs. L. F. W. Gillette wrote an article for the “Ambassador,” in which she said,—“Sarah would frequently steal out from her low chamber when the family were at rest, and, with her glistening purple-black hair hanging around her white robe, would glide noiselessly to the river, with her small feet hanging down the bank, her ear drinking in the music of the singing waters, and her gaze riveted upon the starry skies, or watching the dappled shadows cast

by the waving tree-leaves and the silver moonlight. Nor would she seek her pillow until her soul was filled with the gathered loveliness; then she would return with her large black eyes gleaming with clear, poetic fire.

"She had few advantages when a child. The great natural world with its beauties, and the angels with their white wings and soaring love, were ever by hersidé. These were her true instructors, for there was no one wise in hidden lore, or who could understand and guide her warm, enthusiastic nature, and sympathize in her peculiar and eager desire for mental improvement. And more than all, the great tide of tenderness that ebbed and flowed in her child-heart was doomed to roll on and in and around the heart-walls, for there was no human being who knew their depths, whose heart could give back in exchange the same deep, mellow sentiment; and in the deep, dark valley she moved alone, her young spirit fearless amid the beauty and grandeur that surrounded her."

When about twelve years old her parents moved to New York. Her father died soon after—a great grief to her. At fifteen she supported herself by teaching. When eighteen years old she moved with a friend to Malone, N. Y., but continued her teaching until she was married, which was at the age of twenty-three, in 1825, to S. H. Broughton, of Malone, N. Y. Her only surviving child, Mrs. L. J. Watkins, San Jose, Cal., says: "I can not give you as much as I would about my mother, for I was not eighteen when I left home, and I have never set eyes on her dear face since, and that was thirty years ago. By nature my mother was a 'Mary,' but by circumstances a 'Martha;' that is, her cares turned the current of her life from the ideal to the practical. She was very fine-looking—large, dark, lustrous eyes, glossy blue-black hair, and an expressive, broad forehead; and her friends used to say that her smile was the most radiant that ever spread its sweetness upon a human face. In her early life my mother was a Presbyterian, and I have heard her say that she became a Universalist by reading the Bible."

Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Broughton found that she had not only herself to provide for, but a husband inclined to indulge in drink; and her first effort toward it was in keeping young lady boarders for the school; and Mrs. Gillette relates the circumstances which introduced her to the public. One "composition day" a young lady desired to exchange work. If Mrs. Brough-

tion would write the composition she would perform the labors of the morning. The exchange was agreed upon between them. The composition elicited great praise, and was called for as a contribution to the village paper. The young lady consented, and revealed the name of the author. Soon after Mrs. Broughton became one of the favorites of the "Magazine and Advocate," "Universalist Union," "Ladies' Repository," "Rose of Sharon," and other Universalist publications, and ever devoted her time and strength to our denominational literature.

Mrs. Broughton was the mother of six grown children—Sumner, Celeste, Harry, Laura, Charles and Maria. Laura is a resident of San Jose, Cal., with whom her father resides—now, alas! debased by appetite, unable to appreciate or enjoy his only child's tender care. Intemperance had brought the husband and father so low, and his cronies were so many, that it was thought best to change their residence, and Michigan was chosen as a place far enough removed from his old haunts for their home. But the change made no improvement; he continued in his old habits until the family was reduced to the lowest poverty, and was supported only by the pen of that crucified heart. It was in 1849 that she came to Michigan and lived within eleven miles of Rev. E. M. Woolley; and longing for sympathy from some true heart, she left home for a visit with the Woolleys. Neither Mr. Woolley nor his daughter, Fidelia, had ever met her until she walked into their modest home for a visit. They saw at a glance that she was the wreck of a once gloriously beautiful woman. Mrs. Gillette says that her long, shining black hair was then threaded with white; her large, black eyes dimmed by years of sorrow; her features, sharpened by complicated cares and sickness; her slight form emaciated; and the great, massive head seemed too heavy for the slender neck that upheld it. To hear her speak and observe her manner, one felt that tender, deep, passionate, all-sacrificing love was her nature. We can but believe that this grand and sorrowing woman went back to her cheerless home comforted by the words spoken to her by the great-hearted Woolley, and cheered by the communion with our then youthful singer, who says: "In the Autumn of 1848 I passed two weeks in her home on the banks of the blue-lipped Clinton. The golden memories of that happy visit will, I trust, be kept by all then there, in the holy home to which we are all hasten-

ing. To others, perhaps, they would be nothing. It were enough that the wife, the mother, the friend was far more than the world can ever know her to have been. One year more and I was with her again. But the little light that hung about her heart and home at the time of my first visit had all departed. A young bride was on the eve of departure for the land of the setting sun; two sons were very ill—one with chills and fever; the other, upon whom she had hoped to lean in her declining years, it was feared was in consumption; and her first-born lay in his coffin-home, ready for the bearers. That night, as I sat by her side, she looked up from her pillow and said,—‘I fear insanity;’” and Mrs. Gillette continues by saying,—“When I looked upon her great brain, and thought of the deep tenderness of her nature, and the crushing circumstances of her life, I was only surprised that the spirit had not ere this cut itself away.” A few years later her eldest daughter passed into the life beyond.

Another writes: “She was a woman of commanding presence, but when I last saw her, her large dark eyes, through which her heart ever spoke, told a story of not only a buried and broken heart, but a brain that had begun to give way beneath the pressure of blending burdens.”

But she so far recovered her health as to be able to write, and among her last productions was the following, to her now only surviving child, Laura, the bride who had gone to the Pacific coast:

THE FAREWELL.

The hour has passed, and thou no more shalt see
 The mother who watched o'er thine infant years,
 Who through grief's weary season cared for thee,
 While the bruised heart-strings wept their crimson tears.

No more thou'lt see me; o'er the waters bright,
 In whose clear depth the circling rainbows sleep,
 Thy onward path shall be, while mournful light
 Comes to these eyes that can not cease to weep.

Thou wilt roam gaily on the far-off shore,
 Where the unclouded Summer sunlight gleams,
 And list at eve the breakers' solemn roar,
 That greets the swelling song of rushing streams.

Soft, odorous gales, from many a sea-rocked isle,
 With balmy wing may fan the orange flowers,

And birds of gorgeous plume may sing the while
 Their merry carols 'mid the fadeless bowers.

The morning sunlight on the ocean wave
 May shed a radiance like the smile of God;
 Wild mountain torrents golden sands may lave,
 And flowery gems inlay the verdant sod;

But in the lonely hours thy soul shalt turn
 With restless longings to the hallowed shrine,
 Where, till life's latest flame shall cease to burn,
 Thy mother's deathless love for thee shall pine.

Upon that heart where thy young head did rest
 So tenderly, in the bright, sinless years,
 The weary clasp of sorrow's chain is prest,
 And through the gathering gloom no star appears.

God bless and keep thee; though we meet no more,
 Amid the green paths of the pleasant earth,
 I'll wait thee on the high, immortal shore,
 Where time's frail children gain the angel-birth.

The mother-heart shall know thee, in that elime,
 Where the redeemed ones walk in robes of white,
 And greet thee with the song of bliss sublime,
 And wreath thy brow with flowers of golden light.

And we will walk beside life's crystal stream
 That flows forever from the glorious throne,
 And tune our lyres to love's exhaustless theme,
 While the eternal ages circle on.

Her son Henry, thinking only of his mother's comfort, went to Lake Superior prospecting, and fortune smiled to such an extent that he was soon able to send for her, and not only make her comfortable but give her all the luxuries of those days. They had anticipated much pleasure and happiness in their new and romantic home, and she had promised her son that she would take no care, but devote the remainder of her life to literary labor. But I give below a letter written to Mrs. Gillette a few months after she arrived at her new home:

"It was not until a day or two before her death that I admitted a fatal termination to her disease. She assured me she should recover. How fervently I prayed she would! She revived so much the day or two before her

death, and spoke so cheerfully of her recovery, that I left her a few hours, to go out to the mines, where business required my attention. When I returned in the evening, mother did not know me, and she did not speak except to ask for water. Her poor, shattered frame was nearly wasted away before her spirit left it. In a few moments, I saw there was no hope. She died on the evening of the 20th of December, 1853, after an illness of three weeks, of typhoid fever. She died without a fear. The dark valley of the shadow of death had no terrors for her. This cold, frigid region is not where I should wish to consign her precious dust to its last abode; but she was anxious to come here, and here she was willing to die. We are alone now, and we feel that she loved us with a love we shall never know again." And this dear boy, forgetting everything but his mother's love and his loss, adds,—"She was in the completest sense a martyr to her love for her children." But the daughter, remembering the long sufferings her mother had endured, says,—“No! She was a martyr to rum.” However this was, we are reminded of what Lord Byron says of the oak: “The tree hath lost its blossom; and the rind, chopped by the ax, looks rough and little worth, but the sap lasts.”

From a manuscript volume of her poems, kindly loaned by her daughter, Mrs. L. J. Watkins, of San Jose, Cal., the following are extracted:

SUNSET.

Softly the sunbeams gild the distant mountain,
 Veiling with purple light its frowning crest,
 Flinging their radiance o'er the silvery fountain,
 That mirrors back heaven's richly-broidered vest.
 How beauteous are the sunset-banners, waving
 Their golden-peneled folds along the sky,
 While liquid pearls the folded flowers are laving,
 And the bright lamps of love are lit on high.

The gorgeous drapery that veils the azure
 Is folded as no other hand can fold
 Save his who bids the whirlwinds do his pleasure,
 And in his grasp the slumbering thunders hold;
 Whose chariot rolls above the whirling billows
 Borne by the darkling pinions of the storm;
 Whose throne is based on truth's enduring pillars,
 While love and power his high behests perform.

It seems as if the angel-band, descending,
 From the bright realms of glory far away,
 Their flight to some fair orb awhile suspending,
 With heaven's own radiance crowned the fading day,
 So softly bright the soul, with sweet emotion,
 Bows reverently, as if before that shrine
 Where seraphs veil their brows in deep devotion,
 And myriad harpers raise the chant divine.

With low and silvery tones the gales are sighing
 Their farewell echoes through the quivering boughs,
 Like the hushed spirit's moan, when friends are dying,
 Ere yet the icy garland twines their brows,
 Darkness and shadow o'er the vales are creeping,
 Blendings of twilight veil the crystal rill;
 The lowly wild-flowers' gentle tears seem weeping,
 And mystic influence the spirit thrill.

Sweet star of even, on the horizon beaming,
 How beautiful thy teachings to the soul!
 From the mysterious depths of azure gleaming,
 Thou speak'st of climes where floods of knowledge roll;
 Like the blest star, that beams in smiling splendor,
 When round us sweep the shadows of the tomb,
 Drawing us upward, where, in dazzling splendor,
 Love's glorious sun dispels each shade of gloom.

In this blest home the spirit fondly lingers,
 Above the hallowed mounds where sweetly rest
 The cherished dead, and memory's busy fingers
 Thrill with sad touch the wildly-throbbing breast.
 And as the rainbow tints are fading slowly,
 And night her jeweled coronet puts on,
 The spirit trusts, with resignation holy,
 To meet them on the resurrection morn.

STANZAS.

How fair is the tinge of the young, vernal rose
 As in bright blushing beauty its petals unfold,
 And with diamond-drops sparkling the carnation glows,
 When in glory the banners of morn are unroll'd.

But the violet fringe of those pennons will fade,
 And the tempest's breath darken the carnation's glow;
 And the rose where the pencil of beauty hath stray'd,
 When the storm-cloud hath passed shall lie mournfully low;

And the pure gems of light that so brilliantly beamed
 In a circlet of love round the fond mother's heart,
 One by one must go down in the dark-rolling stream,
 And like shadows of glory, at sunset depart.

But a beautiful region is beaming afar,
 Where the crystalline fountains, o'er-shadow'd with bloom,
 Cast their spangles of light on the sweet-scented air,
 And the wings of the cherubim scatter perfume.

There the flowers that withered 'neath time's chilling sky,
 Transplanted shall live in perennial prime,
 While the anthems of glory are sounding on high,
 And the arches of sapphire ring back the loud chime.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

How fair is the land to the eye!
 How lovely her prospects appear!
 The cedars of Lebanon flourish on high,
 And the roses of Sharon are here,
 The milk and the honey and wine
 From the land of the chosen are flowing;
 Mount Carmel is spread with a carpet of vine,
 And the balm is from Gilead blowing.
 The lily and rose in the valley are seen,
 And the hills of Judea are sunny and green.

Jerusalem! proud is thy story,
 With splendor and pomp and high daring allied;
 Here glitters thy temple, the pageant of glory,
 The crowning of Palestine's pride;
 The sound of the tabret and sackbut is heard,
 As nations go in at thy gate;
 The heathen the gleam of thy panoply feared,
 And named thee the mighty and great.
 Art thou guiltless? Ah, no; for the groans of the just
 And the blood of thy martyrs cries out from the dust.

Art thou guiltless? O answer, thou tears
 That fell upon Bethany's plain!
 Bear witness, the scourge and the fears which appeared
 On the hill where Messiah was slain!
 The angel of death with the sword of thy doom
 Shall the hand of Omnipotence stay?
 Speak, prophet of Nazareth! speak from the tomb
 Where thy murdered mortality lay.

Art thou guiltless? Ah, never! for damp is the sod
With the blood of thy prophets, the tears of thy God.

There's a curse on thy green, sunny bowers;
The voice of thy thunder comes fearful and loud
From the cloud hanging over the turrets and towers,
And red is the fringe of that ominous cloud.
Ah, hushed be the song of thy mirth;
Let guilty delinquents turn pale;
The swift march of earthquakes re-echoes through earth,
And a rumor of conflict hath laden the gale.
O ye innocent! flee to the mountains, for nigh
Is the doom of the guilty, and sealed from on high.

Proud city, thy glory is fading;
The armor of David is covered with rust,
And the Roman avenger through carnage is wading,
To trample thy splendors in dust!
See! proud o'er that battle array
The Julian banner is streaming;
And bright as the sunbeams that gladden the day
The lance and the helmet are gleaming.
Abandoned Solyma! the vial is poured,
And famine and faction combine with the sword.

O where is the shield that was spread
When the infidel came in his might?
For the hearts of the valiant were throbbing with dread,
As he bared his strong arm for the fight.
And oft was the proud pagan there,
To rob and lead captive away;
Yet the lion of Judah awoke from his lair,
And rent from the spoiler his prey,
Mourn, hapless Judea! in sackcloth and dust;
Thy God thou hast crucified! where is thy trust?

Now the Ottoman sits on thy throne,
And sways his curs'd rod o'er his subjugate lands,
On the hills where the temple of Solomon shone
The mosque of the Saracen stands,
The hand of oppression hath scattered a blight,
And hath her anathema spoken.
In vain, ye crusaders, ye rush to the fight;
For her bondage is not to be broken;
Not yet to be broken! Accomplish'd her curse,
The page of her doom the Most High shall reverse.

EUNICE HALE WAITE COBB.

Eunice Hale Waite was born in Kennebunk, Me., Jan. 27, 1803, the second child of Capt. Hale Waite and his wife Elizabeth (*nee* Stanwood). The health of her father failing, he returned to Old Ipswich, Mass., from which they had removed but a short time before her birth. Eunice was in her fifth year when her father died, leaving a widowed mother with four daughters. The two younger than Eunice passed away in infancy or youth. From her father's death until the age of ten she was cared for by her grandparents, and consequently reared in the midst of the very hot-bed of the extremest Calvinism, which, in its most terrible forms, and in all its nakedness of horrors, was her daily and hourly spiritual pabulum; and her son, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the author, says: "Do not forget that this was at the most impressionable period of her life, that period when the mind is supposed to take on its most lasting forms of thought and feeling, and this period was wholly under the influence of Calvinistic Limitarianism, pure and undefiled."

A great and blessed change came to Eunice at the age of ten. Her mother took for her second husband Samuel Locke, Esq., one of the good Father's own men, a man of liberal education, a school preceptor by profession, a great-hearted, liberal-minded, Christian man, and a Universalist. His residence was in Hallowell, Maine, on the Kennebec, thenceforth the home of Eunice Waite. It was not long before the quick-discerning mind of this precocious child saw and felt that the faith of her step-father harmonized with the desire of her soul, and she went to him for spiritual guidance and help. In his wisdom he said: "I will not try to shake your faith, but I would have you study candidly, patiently, intelligently, fearlessly, the Bible. Study it in the light of God's character as a universal parent. Study the New Testament in the light of what you know to have been the purpose and plan of your Father in heaven in sending his only begotten Son to earth, and you will forget the old dogmas that haunt you by day and by night." She did as advised, and the result was "The First Article," and

from that time to her passing into everlasting day her soul basked in the full light of the glorious Gospel of the blessed and universal Redeemer. The article above mentioned was written for the "Universalist Magazine" of April 21, 1821, a paper published by Henry Bowen, in Boston, and edited by Rev. Hosea Ballou. The paper was a folio, each page $10\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ inches. The article occupied one-fourth of the paper.

At that time *men* were scarce who dared to come boldly to the front as ministers of the Gospel, willing to declare God's universal goodness; and Mr. Ballou, while reading the article for the first time, congratulated himself to the close, believing the author to be a man, and a new candidate for the ministry. The signature, Eunice Hale Waite, dispelled the hope that it was a male convert who would be willing to come into his Master's vineyard and work for the redemption of souls. In those days a woman ministry was unheard of; so "Father Ballou," as we will affectionately call him, was conscientious in not urging this young girl to enter a field of labor which it was almost a disgrace for even a man to occupy. And we hope that women will never forget that men made this new field of labor not only respectable but easy for them to walk therein.

Mr. Ballou was not wanting in appreciation of a spirit that had burst its fetters; and he said to Rev. Thomas Whittemore,—“What shall we do to show our appreciation of this sister who has dared to face the criticising world for Christ's sake?” It was decided to have this first article printed in sheets and distributed for the purpose of strengthening others who stood between the old and the new theologies, doubting. Two copies were printed on white satin and sent to the author.

It was not the Bible alone which taught young Eunice to believe in the liberation of every soul from sin and suffering; it was not that alone that lifted her above the accusation which was almost universally given to God, that he would with pleasure condemn a large portion of his children to eternal wretchedness, but it was our great and beautiful world, lavishly decked with every beauty and grace and needed comfort, that breathed his divine and universal love into her seeking soul.

The article referred to above, in its original form, was sent to me by Rev. Anson Titus, of Weymouth, Mass. It here follows, and this letter is

Eunice Hale Waite's simple testimony to the beauty and value and glory of the blessed Abrahamic faith:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE—*Sir*:—Undoubtedly you will be somewhat surprised at the reception of a letter, at this time, from an utter stranger, but although we are strangers to each other, I trust we are not strangers to that Being who has, I humbly trust, by his grace enabled us to obtain a full belief in his Son Jesus Christ. I have long premeditated writing to you, but have deferred it, realizing my own weakness and inability of writing to one so far superior to myself; but I have now ventured, relying entirely on your charity and Christian disposition to pardon the many errors which may present themselves on this sheet. It will be my object in this epistle, as it may not be uninteresting to you, to give you a short sketch of my life, and conversion to the Abrahamic faith. I was born in Kennebunk. My father dying when I was a child, I spent much of my time with my grandparents, whose object it ever was to store my mind with usefulness and lessons of piety; but they, being strict Calvinists, taught, as many others do, after the old traditional form, that

There is a dreadful fiery hell,
Where wicked ones must always dwell.

It was the custom of the family, for those of us who were young, every Sabbath to recite to my grandmother lessons in the catechism, and repeat hymns which we had learnt from the primer and other small books, and my mind being young and tender, thereby became the seat of tradition and error. When I was at the age of ten my mother again married, and removed to Hallowell. My catechetical lessons now became unpracticed, and my hymns almost forgotten, and nothing particular occurred until the Autumn of 1817, when Winthrop Morse, a Baptist preacher, came to Hallowell. He being much liked as a preacher, and his fame much talked of, consequently excited much attention among the people; and I, feeling a curiosity to hear him, accordingly went and heard him preach from Amos,—“Prepare to meet thy God.” He set forth two characters—those who were prepared to meet God, and those who were not; and upon his expatiating upon those characters, I found myself to be one of those who were entirely unprepared; and feeling in some degree sensible of my situation, my mind became much exercised, and I felt sensible of the necessity of a preparation being made in this world to meet God in the coming. But tradition, which had been for a long time asleep in my breast, now awoke in its most glaring colors, and would often cause me to answer in the affirmative to some of the most inconsistent questions that were ever asked by man, some of which were the following,—“Do you feel willing to be cast off forever? And do you feel that it would be just in God to consign you to irrecoverable woe?” To these and many others I would readily assent, being totally ignorant of the erroneous nature of them. I was young and unacquainted with the Scriptures of divine truth; therefore did, like many others, put my trust in an arm of flesh, as it respects religious principles. After I thought I had evidence that my sins were forgiven, I strove for a long time to support error, to support the doctrine of election and endless misery, but something would always whisper,—“All is not right.” I would read some, and converse much with those who would spare no pains in trying to convince me that such tenets were compatible with the word of God, but still there was something which I could not

reconcile. My mind continued in this unsettled frame for more than a year. I had heard the doctrine of universal love contended for, but like all others who never peruse the word of God for their own instruction, thought it to be one of the most erroneous principles which man could imbibe, but never could give my reasons for thinking so. At length I heard a few words read in your "Notes on the Parables," which convinced me there was a treasure contained in the word of God which I never diligently sought after. My step-father being a man of liberal sentiments, and much acquainted with the Scriptures, I would often ask his opinion on such passages of Scripture as I could not fully comprehend, being very ignorant of them myself; but he would ever refuse giving me his opinion, knowing my mind was not established, but always commend me to the word of God, assuring me that was the only sure guide which I could take,—and would likewise tell me of the necessity of reading for myself. Finding there was no other resource, I now felt a determination to read, and as far as my abilities would admit, judge for myself. I found the Scriptures were very plain, and contained many precious promises, which appeared to be for all; but still my mind was not established, nor ever would have been, had not more powerful means been applied than is possible for the greatest divines to make use of; it was indeed God alone who could have confirmed my mind, and blessed be his holy name. One Sabbath morning, my mind being very much exercised, and feeling sensible that it was the word of God alone which I ought to take as the man of my counsel, and to him alone I had ought to look for instruction: after committing myself to his care and protection, and beseeching of him to enlighten my understanding, and give me a clear and perfect view of the holy Scriptures and the doctrines therein contained, I opened the sacred volume, and immediately cast my eyes upon a chapter which I had no recollection of reading before—it being the second chapter of 1st of Timothy; and never could the cooling streams give more joy to the thirsty traveler on the scorching sands of Arabia than these blessed, comprehensive and universal sentiments gave to my thirsty mind. That thick cloud of error and tradition which had so long beclouded my understanding was now dispelled, and I could behold the universal goodness of God not only exhibited in the Scriptures, but in all the works of his bountiful hand. It was here that St. Paul was made an instrument in the hands of God, of converting one to his most holy faith; and may God, as long as he shall grant me breath, grant faculties capable of praising his holy name for bringing me out of nature's darkness into his great and marvelous light.

I spent sixteen years of my life, before I enjoyed a mind free and established; since that, which has been two years, for the most part of the time I have enjoyed uninterrupted happiness in contemplating and meditating on the universal goodness of God; and although I have been, and am still, often assailed by the enemies who have begged of me to renounce such erroneous principles, and often told even by professed Christians that it was only the works of the devil, yet I still feel a determination to advocate the cause in which I feel a great desire to be assiduously engaged. I have often been told that a belief like mine would do to build upon in prosperity, but would fail in the day of adversity; but, indeed, I have found their assertion to be false, for I have found a firm belief in the mercies of God to be a covert from the storm, and a hiding-place from the tempest; and, when trouble has surrounded me, it has made the day of adversity appear calm and serene. I was called about five months since to part with an only sister,

who, being but only two years older than myself, the separation was rendered indeed painful; but how comforting beyond description is the reflection that it is not eternal; indeed, I felt a great desire for her life, but, when I was called to see her resign her breath to him who gave it, viewing her so far through this troublesome, sinful world, and about to launch into an unbounded ocean of eternal felicity, how willing did I feel to leave her in the hands of that being who "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." And I trust it will be but a short time before I shall be permitted to meet her in the realms of everlasting day, where we never shall be again separated.

I never have had the privilege of hearing the universal love of God publicly contended for but once, and that was soon after my conversion to the faith. As I am deprived of this privilege, I often look forward with acclamations of joy, in anticipation of that all-glorious period when the praise of God shall become universal; when, I trust, I shall be permitted to join the whole human family, to compose one universal assembly, who will all surround the spotless throne of God's eternal love, and there, free from all interruption, join in ascriptions of never-ceasing praise to *him* who died on Calvary's summit; who cried,—"It is finished!" bowed his gentle head and gave up the ghost; who wrought out and brought in an everlasting salvation, which is unto all, and upon all those who believe.

Mr. Ballou, I trust I have sufficiently apologized for the liberty which I have taken of writing to you, therefore, I shall now give my reasons for doing it; it was not because I thought myself qualified to fulfill a task like this, which prompted me to undertake it, but the great desire which I have long felt of informing my brothers and sisters in the cause of the great and unbounded goodness of God, of his goodness to one of his most unworthy creatures, and the great satisfaction which I have derived since I have lived in the enjoyment of a firm belief in that glorious doctrine which tends at all times to comfort and animate the believer; and if possible convince its enemies, that there is that joy and comfort in believing which the world can neither give nor take away. Should you think this, after much correction, worthy a place in your Magazine, you have the liberty of inserting it.

After begging an interest in your prayers to God, that I may prove faithful to the end, I take the liberty of subscribing myself your unworthy sister in Christ.

E. H. W.

The following, which relates the process of her conversion, is from her diary, copied by her son Sylvanus for this book, but, on account of her many old friends in Maine, "The Gospel Banner" has been permitted to print it:

* * * * *

It was while this revival was in progress that my father, who was a daily reader of his Bible, received, through a friend, Rev. Hosea Ballou's "Notes on the Parables," and his work on Atonement. With these works in hand he set himself to read the Old and New Testaments through in course, the result of which was that his faith, long ago broken loose from Limitarianism, became firmly fixed, and he knew that he was a Universalist. I had been watchful of his religious and Biblical studies, and knew when he had finally embraced the Universalist faith. I dared not converse with him on the subject. I really felt—felt it in my heart—

that it would be sinful in me to converse willingly on religious subjects with one who believed that God would save everybody. I even felt that it might be, on my part—seeking for light and salvation as I was—an unpardonable sin for me to deliberately come in contact with such a dreadful doctrine!

* * * * *

Something of my suffering may be gathered from the fact that, when my father would take up the Bible to read to my mother, I would flee from the room, knowing that it was his habit to analyze and explain as he went on. Often, when he was reading aloud from one of Mr. Ballou's works, I would find that the thin partition between my chamber and the room they occupied was not sufficient to deaden his rich, sonorous voice; and then, when I found the heretical arguments reaching my understanding, I would stop my ears with my fingers, and so sit until he had finished his reading for the evening.

At length, the church government, having become satisfied of the genuineness of my experience, and desirous of enlisting me in their ranks as a convert from Congregationalism, proposed that I should be baptized, and make a full and public profession of religion,—*i. e.*—of Calvinism in its strictest sense. As I have before remarked, I felt deeply upon the subject of baptism, and desired that it should be by immersion. Finally, the edict went forth. It was arranged that I should unite myself with the church, and the day was set for my baptism.

Having reached this stage, I thought what a glorious thing it would be if I could get my dear father to see the error of his way, and come to Jesus, as I had done. The thought, once entertained, burdened me. I pondered long and earnestly. At length I resolved, if it were possible, to bring my father and my minister together, for I fully believed that Mr. Morse, if he could have the opportunity, would not fail of effecting a change in the dear man's views and feelings. Never mind how I went about the work. Suffice it for me to say that I contrived the meeting as I had wished. My father had consented to receive and entertain the clergyman who was to baptize me, and dismissed his school much earlier than usual in order that he might properly entertain his guest. But I had not let him know my object. If he suspected it, I had made no sign. I had, however, duly informed my minister of my object, and had urged him to come prepared to lead my erring father to the true Gospel light and life.

The hour arrived, and with it came my minister, with my father at home to receive him. The tea table was cleared and set aside, and then followed conversation. My father was a modest, unobtrusive man, and would not begin an argument with an opponent in his own house; but his head and face betokened an intellect of exceptional power, and evidently the young minister was not eager to assail him. At length I discovered that I must bring on the controversy myself, and I did it by remarking to the visitor that my father had embraced a faith that I feared would result in his final and eternal ruin.

"Ah!" said the minister, "what is that?"

"Why," I replied, "he professes to believe that God will eventually save every human being. Really, he does not believe in the eternal torments of the wicked, nor in a hell set apart for that work."

The minister appealed to my father to know if I had stated the case truly, and was briefly answered in the affirmative.

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Morse, with much surprise. "I can not understand how you can give credit to a doctrine so utterly opposed to the Word of God."

My father replied with perfect good nature and calm sincerity, that he did not think he could be induced to believe anything opposed to the Word of God. "As for the doctrine of the final holiness and consequent happiness of all God's children, I find it taught, first, in the very nature of the almighty and omniscient Father; and, next, I find it plainly set forth in the Bible, from beginning to end."

I may remark here that three simple words from my father's lips sent a strange thrill to my heart. He had said, "final holiness, and consequent happiness, of—what?—all God's children!" How differently it sounded from "all mankind," or "all men," or "everybody," as we Limitarians were fond of putting it.

But the minister had come prepared, and he set himself to the work. He commenced in a sort of pitying tone, as though in sorrow for the ignorance of one who knew so little of Scripture. Then he assumed a patronizing air, as of one who was willing to instruct; and he concluded in true heroic style. He had put forth the grand force of argument of which he was master, quoting freely and glibly from the Holy Text, pouring out assertions and propositions fresh from use in his late revival work, and winding up with an earnest appeal to his hearer to save himself while yet there might be time.

I saw an easy, waking smile upon my father's face as he prepared to speak in reply. He had listened in silence, and with profound attention. He commenced by presenting what he deemed to be the true character of God. From this he made four direct propositions: First—Did God have in mind a definite purpose when he entered upon the work of creating and peopling the world? Second—Considering that he created children in his own image, what, from his known character and attributes, must have been the nature of that original purpose? That is:—If he had an end in view in creating man, what was that end? Third—Considering that God is the sole and only creator,—that all things are by him created,—would he have been likely to deliberately create a power whose whole end and aim of life should be to frustrate the grand and holy purposes of his Maker? Fourth—All things considered,—if God had a plan in view in the morning of creation, may we not have faith to believe that he will carry it out to the end. Or, if he is to fail of accomplishing his purpose, what reason have we to put faith in anything under the sun? "And, sir," said my father,—I can remember his very words and his wondrous look,—"you would tell me that even after God himself has come down to earth, taken on the human form, and offered himself, through a cruel, ignominious death, upon the cross, for the purpose of accomplishing a salvation, which he so lamentably failed to accomplish when he had the work fresh and new in his hands,—you will tell me that, after all this, the result so earnestly desired by the Almighty Father must depend upon the will and caprice of the poor, finite, erring and bewildered child and subject!"

Mr. Morse, it was plain to be seen, was feeling uncomfortable. But he rallied, after a strong effort, and presented more argument. My father, however, with the Bible texts fresh in mind, met him at every turn, and bent back his own arguments and admissions upon himself. At length with a tremor in his frame, which I could not fail to see, my minister looked at his watch, and said he was sorry to leave, but he must do so, as the hour set for his prayer-meeting was nigh at hand.

I was in an agony of doubt and mental unrest. I could not bear it that the argument should end as it then stood—with all in my father's favor. One point

which I had deemed conclusive, and beyond any one's power to demolish, had not yet been put forward; and I determined to present it; and I did it, boldly—desperately:

"Father," said I, "one thing in the New Testament you have forgotten: the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. How can you dispose of that in a manner consistent with your belief?"

He laid his hand upon my head, tenderly and affectionately. "My dear child," he said, with a warming, happy smile, "that is one of the plainest and most simple stories told by our Savior—and told for a purpose,—a figure, as you can see, borrowed whole cloth from the heathen legends of the old Mythologies. Surely, you can not imagine that Christ intended to present a literal hell in that figure of *Hades*, with Elysium upon one hand, and Tartarus upon the other, and the River Styx running between,—Lazarus upon one shore, and Dives upon the other, conversing over the Stygian abyss!" And he was going to explain further when the minister's watch came out again, and he said he must go. I asked him to wait a moment, and I would accompany him. I could not bear to be left alone, just then, with my father. On our way to the meeting-house we were mostly silent. Not a word was spoken in allusion to the late discussion. Arriving at the vestry, I took my seat with my sisters, and then gave myself up to thought. At this meeting, called for meditation and prayer, I was to relate my experience for the last time previous to my baptism and admission into the church. When I was called upon to speak, I arose, and tremblingly (for my heart was painfully wrought upon) asked that my baptism might be suspended (that was the word I used); and I further said that I made the request after serious deliberation.

An old lady, sitting a few pews removed from me, spoke up quickly and excitedly:—"Aha! I guess you've been taught in Master Locke's school since you were with us last!" (My father is even to-day remembered in Hallowell as "Master Locke.")

The remark, so impudently uttered, gave me strength. "No," said I, firmly and steadily,—"I have been taught in Christ's school; and I will seek further instruction from the same divine and blessed source."

The minister said not a word; he only bowed acquiescence. He knew what I meant. I will only add, that I went to my home and sought the instruction of which I had spoken. I sought it earnestly, humbly, and honestly; and, thank God! very soon my soul was basking in the full glory of my heavenly Father's boundless and unswerving love. I had become a Universalist.

In May, 1821, at the age of eighteen, she commenced a diary, which she kept to the day of her death. "There are many volumes," writes her son, "which are left to us who prize them as a blessed inheritance," and he kindly copies the opening and significant entry in her journal.

MAY 8th, 1821:—Have been indulged this evening with a privilege never before by me enjoyed; have heard the universal love of God publicly contended for by Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, a preacher of the Universalist order. Indeed, my soul has been abundantly feasted! How animating—how heart-cheering—the subject of God's universal and impartial benevolence! To me it seems the most glorious theme men or angels can dwell upon; and though I have never before heard the doctrine

publicly proclaimed from the pulpit, yet I have long enjoyed a firm belief therein, and have derived great satisfaction therefrom. It is now about a year and a half since I fully burst the harrowing bonds of the narrow creed of partialism—man-made—and found light and joy in the glorious field of God's universal and impartial love; and I find I can gather daily of its wholesome and delicious fruits a fresh supply; and should I be spared to the common age of man, and be permitted to range the same broad field of glowing grace, and partake of the heavenly bounties, I surely shall find a spiritual food sufficient for all my wants. In the good Father I fear not to trust.

The preacher of the sermon which Eunice thus describes, in a little more than a year became her husband, and from that time on in his household she wrought "good and not evil all the days of her life."

They were married in Hallowell, Me., at her step-father's house, on Sept. 10th, 1822. Mrs. Cobb became the mother of nine children, all of whom lived to call her blessed. Sylvanus, Jr., the celebrated author, who has been most helpful to me in gathering facts relative to his noble mother's life, was born June 5, 1823; Samuel Tucker, born June 11, 1825; Eunice Hale, born April 15, 1827; Eben, born Jan. 17, 1829; George Winslow, born March 31, 1831; Sarah Waite, born Dec. 1, 1832; Cyrus and Darius (twins), born Aug. 6, 1834; James Arthur, born Dec. 22, 1842. The youngest of these, James Arthur, died Feb. 24, 1852; Sarah Waite, died Jan. 17, 1853; Eunice Hale (wife of Lafayette Culver), died Sept. 29, 1871. Rev. Sylvanus, D.D., the husband and father, died Oct. 31, 1866, aged sixty-eight years and three months, of hypertrophy of the heart. Dr. Cobb was among the most eminent of his own church, and of the clergy of his times. He was author of a "Commentary on the New Testament," a "Compend of Divinity," and several other works. As a preacher, he was eloquent, a deep scholar, and profound thinker. He founded, and for many years edited, the "Christian Freeman."

As a minister's wife, Mrs. Cobb was first settled in Waterville, Maine; her second settlement was in Malden, Mass.; her next change was to their twenty-two years' home in East Boston, with which church she was connected forty years. This home was so pleasant a resort for students, and they at all times found such a spirit of unity and loving communion among its inmates, that they named it the "Castle of Peace." Rev. J. G. Adams, D.D., says of our sister:—"No woman, since the Christian church began,

ever had more unquestionably been called to the office of a minister's wife than she. Faithful to all the interests of home, she took an equally active interest in the work of her husband. She ever waited upon the Lord with joy and gladness. She was sincere, sunny-souled and sympathetic." Mrs. Cobb was also constantly alive in all the great reforms. In the cause of temperance she was an effective worker and speaker. In her speeches she was cheery and pathetic by turns, and consequently was welcomed by all who listened. She wrote a good deal for our papers, wrote in prose and verse; she wrote and published a very tender memorial of her son, James Arthur. After her son's death, many of our people will remember that while her heart was full of sorrow, she would often say that for years she had been "proud to be the mother of men, but now she was prouder to be the mother of an angel."

The most and best of her writings were of personal and local interest. In her correspondence with friends, in her letters of condolence to the bereaved, she was touchingly tender and sympathetic. She was so sincere in her sympathy that bereaved ones felt she had drunk with them the cup of bitterness. One of her friends writes me,—“If you had space in your book, I could tell you stories of her ministrations at the bed-side of the sick and dying, that might truly be deemed sublime.” We know that many are living to-day who hold her in sweet remembrance, and who never think of her but with blessings welling up from their hearts. Her eldest son, Sylvanus, writes,—“The heart, the great and noble heart of the woman shone forth in its fullness of goodness, in its Christian trustfulness and faithfulness, most clearly, when she wrote of hope and faith, as inspired by her religious belief. It was when her pen was winged with the spirit of Universalism that her powers were most fully shown.”

Her last letter was written to the ladies of the Physiological Institute, of which she was a member for thirty years; twelve years its president and fifteen years its corresponding secretary, both of which offices she filled with ability and grace, so say the friends of the Institute. A memorial service in honor of her, acknowledging the great benefit she had rendered, was given under the direction of the ladies of the Institute, in Boston.

Her first sign of failing health was a paralytic shock, and there is some-

thing very sweet, as well as pathetic, in the resignedness of her spirit over her great calamity. In her reply to a letter from the Institute, she says:

Indications, I think, are favorable for my going out before a great while. Of course I must be cautious and move slowly. My general health is good, and the arm and hand are beginning to behave very kindly. It is a great blessing to me, and one I wish to be thankful for, that my right hand is preserved to me; that if I can not be with my dear sisters in person, I can be with them in spirit, and let them hear my voice through the silent language of the pen. I shall always be with you in spirit, and most devoutly will I ever pray for your prosperity and happiness, and I hope there are yet many happy meetings in reserve for us; and at last may we meet in the shining courts above, where separation is never known, and where we shall unite in songs of praise to God above, the God of everlasting love.

In all troubles she recognized the hand of God, and bowed submissively.

The following, as will be seen, is in response to a letter written to Sylvanus, Jr.:

"You ask me to furnish you a letter of my mother's, that you may publish it in your forthcoming work. I have looked over a great many of her familiar missives, but do not find one which I would be willing to print entire. That which came to her loved ones, fresh from her gushing heart, with so much of warmth and thrill, would not interest a stranger. She wrote most emphatically *to* her friends, and *for* her friends. But, I will give you a few extracts, and they shall be from the few last letters that she wrote, written with one poor hand hanging limp and helpless with paralysis, with weights to hold her paper in place. Here is one under date of January 31, 1880:—"

MY DEAR DARLING BOY:—Here it is Saturday P. M., and I will begin my Sunday's letter to-day. Bro. Adams (J. G.) will be here to-morrow, and I must save strength to talk with him. Oh, darling! how much I have thought of you to-day. How much I think of you every day,—but particularly to-day, because it is the last day of the month, and the swift passing of time brings me nearer and nearer to the home above and beyond this present home. And your last letter has done me so much good. I have read it over and over again. Dear one, every word you say is true. O! *so* true! What would life on earth be worth if there were no glimpse through faith of the glorious crown of immortality! It is not that I should fear to die. I do not ask this faith because I shrink from paying the great debt of nature. But I ask for it that I may have respect for myself,—that I may feel that life is worth living,—that good is worth striving for above and beyond its mere return of earth. And, above all else, I ask for that faith because it makes

life grand, and gives to us sublime possibilities. And, further, it gives a substance of joy and bliss which nothing earthly ever gave, and which nothing of earth can take away.

Oh, the Christian's faith! Here, in my quiet chamber, with the things of earth passing away, and the evening drawing nigh, I realize, as never before, the worth of that faith. It bridges the dark valley of shadows, and uplifts the soul to visions of the better life, even while lingering on this side of the vale. Once more, my darling,—Blessings on our glorious faith!

Shall I come to you in June,—my month of fragrance and delight,—sweetest month to me of all the year? You know June has been my favorite time for enjoying your beautiful grounds at Hyde Park. We will live in hope; and, meantime, with our blessed faith to sustain us, we can cheerfully say to the good Father,—“Thy will be done!”

Sunday Morning, Feb. 29, 1880.

MY DEAR DARLING BOY:—I come again, on this Sabbath morning, to talk with my first born. I can not tell you what comfort your last dear letter gave me.
* * * * I have spent two happy and blessed days. There has been pain of body, and unrest; but the sweet love of my dear ones—and of my friends everywhere—gives me a peace and comfort which earth, even by its pains, can not steal away; and my faith in the dear Redeemer gives me rest when the medications of my physician fail me. * * * *

Darling, I have been thinking—thinking—thinking. Tell dear Molly that she must not think too much of June. I do not dare to. I will let it rest till June comes. I think it is very doubtful about my going out again. If I can be any way comfortable here, in my quiet chamber, I will be content. I wait patiently. To go to Hyde Park and be with the dear ones there, or to “go home,” and be with the dear ones THERE—I intend to be prepared for either. And I am not afraid of the result: let what will come, I will feel it to be the best. * * *

I might write more—and write, and write, but it would only be to tell you how much I love you, and that you know already. So, dear boy, I will lay down my pen for now, you can see that my hand is tired; one poor hand has to do it all.

I love you! I love you! I love everybody. Take it, with the blessing of

MOTHER.

The following was written and sent to her son not long before her death. Her hand had become very weak and tremulous, the lines were straggling, but it is a pleasant gleam from the thoughts of a devout Christian woman:

THOUGHTS ON CREATION.

When the creator spake, and light appeared,
His great command chaotic darkness cleared.
The sun, the moon, the stars to being came,
Bathed in the glory of celestial flame!
And then, in furtherance of his wondrous plan,

In his own image he created man,
 (In his own image. O! and shall we add;
 Of his own kith and kin, for good or bad.)
 Above all other things of living kind
 To man was given a progressive mind,—
 A mind sufficient for the life of earth,
 Progressing still beyond a heavenly birth,
 And, as creation now before him stood,
 He looked on all he'd made, and called it good!

Ages have rolled on ages since that hour,
 When once again appears th' Almighty Power,—
 Again that grand command: Let there be light!
 And Bethleh'm's star breaks through the gloom of night.
 Man shall not die! The sleep which we call death
 Shall find a waking with angelic breath.
 A solemn joy my yearning soul enrills;
 My waning life has triumphed o'er its ills.

I am well aware that I am giving a good deal of space to this saintly woman, but, nevertheless, I must make an extract from a letter written just one week before she passed away. To-day it seems fresh from her willing, trusting heart—from her very "heart of heart"—and we can not but see and feel the full measure of her unswerving faith:

Monday, 6 P. M. April 26.

MY PRECIOUS CHILD:— * * * * It may not be too late for me to say to you, if you have not done anything yet about the doctor, you need not. I am feeling somewhat differently to-day; I have much, very much to live for; but I can not help accepting St. Paul's words: "To die is gain." I really feel so in my ease. I am ready and willing to go; and I do not feel that life is so desirable that I should shrink from submitting to the will of the good Father. Let it be as he shall will. Surely, and from the depths of my quickened sense, I am willing to "go home, to die no more." Indeed, it has come to be my desire that, if my health can not be restored—and, Oh, I could enjoy it yet to live,—but, if my good health can not be restored, then let me go home, to the "dear ones gone before." For health and longer life I will praise the Lord; and, if he has ordered it otherwise, I still can bless his holy name! The future is bright and beautiful; and in all the broad expanse—narrowing it may be, to the final sleep—there is no shadow of gloom. I know you will love your own dear mother all the same, be she here on earth, or with the ransomed of the beyond!

I bless my children again, and again, and they will never cease to love

MOTHER.

And her beloved son adds: "Surely, of that aged mother, as of those little ones whom our Savior held in his warm embrace, it may be said, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

Toward the close of the scene, when it became evident that the end was approaching, during one of the visits of Sylvanus, Jr., the following occurred. Read it with interest, for it is her loving boy's account of his visit, in the "New York Ledger:"

"There are such things as saints on earth; and if mortals may ever be apotheosized, I see not why the apotheosis may not be given in life, as well as after they are dead and gone. Living saints, so recognized, might be a source of emulation to others.

"Let me speak of one dear old Mother in Israel, who, I firmly believe, is drawing near to the shadowy vale with garments white as snow, I have known her many years, and know whereof I speak. Not long since I visited her—confined to a chamber which I fear she will never quit in the flesh. But she is ready for the transition, and waiting patiently the summons to join the loved ones on the other side; willing to go—willing to stay, if it be the Father's will. The last time I saw her, I spoke of the purity of her life, as I had seen it. She shook her head, and feared there might have been short-comings, which my love had not seen. Yet she had tried.

"Yes; she had tried to keep the faith. And finally she took from her bosom a tiny silken bag, suspended from a button, and bade me see what it contained. One of her arms was paralyzed and powerless. I opened it, and found a little book of six leaves, three inches long by two inches wide, and in it written,—'Rules of Life I Will Try to Live.' She told me she had worn that book in her bosom for many years. Every night, on retiring, she pressed it to her lips—'Once for my husband in heaven; twice for my children; three times for all the rest of the world; then once more for myself.' And then she prayed to God for help.

"I copied the rules she had there set down, some of them of her own volition, and some derived from others. They are very simple, and you who can not sympathize with an aged mother, grown into the trusting, winsome childhood of life's evening, need not read them. Let me, however, premise that she had given her heart, in childlike love and trust, to her heavenly Redeemer many years before. Thus were the rules set down, in her own fair, nervous hand: (They are set down curiously as to order, but it is, probably, the way they occurred to her.)

Avoid repetition.
 Avoid loud talking—surely.
 Avoid unfavorable remarks of any one.
 Avoid all unpleasant allusions.
 Avoid telling your own troubles.
 Avoid unnecessary complaining.
 Avoid all sarcasm. Flee from ill-tempered speech as from a venomous serpent.
 Avoid all fault finding.
 Avoid making unfavorable comparisons.
 Avoid interrupting others in conversation.
 Be careful to observe all proper rules of etiquette at table.
 Do not forget your glasses!
 Always take an extra pin!
 Be careful and look, before you sit down, where you are to sit.
 Avoid putting your hand familiarly on another's person in conversation.
 Be careful what you say; where you say it, and how you say it.
 Avoid unnecessary conversation with strangers in public conveyances.
 Avoid putting anything in another's way.
 Avoid conversation by whispering, when another is speaking, singing or praying.
 Put things in their proper places when you are done with them.

“And that is the list of rules of daily life as she had them set down. As I have before remarked, or hinted, the grand lessons of Christian life and living, those sublime precepts of the divine Master, as shadowed forth in the Sermon on the Mount, had been incorporated into *her* life in the years of long, long ago, before I had seen the light. With this in mind, I think we may regard the list as well chosen. I know it is simple; and so is all truth simple. In short, the Master was pleased to set up a little child as the type to be copied by those who would surely be worthy of his blessed kingdom. At all events, the incident was a pleasing one to me, and God grant it may be of profit to us all.”

One morning, some time before we were called to mourn, or rejoice, over the translation of this beatified spirit, Dr. J. G. Adams called upon her “in that upper room,” as she expressively called it, where he found the invalid in her evening of life contemplating the outlook upon the city and harbor, and the golden evening sky. It had lifted her heavenward, and she talked of the coming dissolution as though it were but the brushing away of a cloud. At his departure she said, with a beaming smile:—“Tell my friends I am waiting at the river, in joyful hope.”

Mrs. Cobb died at the residence of her son, George W. Cobb. Her obse-

quies were attended by Rev. Drs. J. G. Adams and A. St. John Chambre, the latter a former pastor. Dr. Adams was eloquent in the recital of her Christian graces, and his words of sympathy to the friends. Dr. Chambre said that her life was "hid with Christ in God"; and her chamber of illness was radiant with Christian hope and confidence, and peacefully as a child she went out from us."

From the "First Article" to the last, all the time, in every thought and in every aspiration, she was ever ready and willing to pass on to the brighter shore, for what is called death, was to her but the passing on to meet the loved ones gone before. To her death was "not so much as the lifting of a latch; * * * only a step out of a tent already luminous with light that shines through its transparent walls."

The following is a beautiful picture of mother-love and tenderness. This good woman was noted for being careful not to wound the feelings of any human heart; and what was true of her in life, we may say was true unto death. Only two days before she closed her eyes upon the scenes of this world, her son saw her for the last time. She was so glad to see him, and for a few minutes talked lovingly and cheerfully, but finally she laid her head upon his shoulder, and said to him, with an infinite pathos, a tender, wistful longing, and a childlike trustfulness:—"Darling, I am homesick! I want to go home." And then, fearing he might think she wished to leave them, she added, with eagerness:—"You do not blame me, do you?"

The last part of a private letter from her eldest son, Sylvanus, Jr., I will quote in full, and hope he will not think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty. It certainly must be read with interest, if not with profit, by every mother and son. He says:—"Through all her sickness (and her entire sense, keen and intact, never left her while she breathed), through it all she contemplated the coming transition with a faith and trust that was unshaken, unshaken, sincere and heartfelt. In her 'heart of heart' she was ready and willing to go whenever it might please the good Father to call her home. That was the way she was pleased to speak of it always. I am writing of a mother whom I loved—whom I worshiped. Think of it! The last time I held her living hand in mine, I could look back over more than half a century of clear and well-defined memory of my mother's life. I

was never a wrong-hearted boy, *but I was a boy*, strong, viminy, head-strong, and sometimes reckless. I gave that mother many, many seasons of anxiety and travail of soul. I had been wayward, and I had wandered; yet, in looking back over all the years of my mother's life, I can say this: She never struck me; she never, never spoke to me a hasty, angry word—never! She never bent upon me an unkind, unloving look; she never, in short, spoke to me a word, or cast upon me a look which I could ever wish to forget, or to blot out! How many, at the age of seven-and-fifty, can say that? Do you wonder that I loved my mother? O, what a blessed thing to me is the memory I hold of her! We are told by the preachers of the day that no man can live and not sin. Such a belief is an outrage upon humanity and a slur upon the God who made us. I am happy in the belief that man, if he will, can live without sin; and I shall always, while sense and memory are mine, cherish deep in my heart the blessed belief that my now sainted mother did, while a dweller on earth, walk her round of daily duties for many an hour and many a day—aye, for long, long seasons, without sin. She may have erred; that is human."

"Glory!" was the last word that was heard from the lips of this saintly woman, responsive to the sweet music of the Sabbath morning bells, the solemn melody of which filled her chamber, and, as peacefully as a babe closes its eyes in slumber, she closed hers upon all that was earthly, and passed from that "upper room," into the Golden morning of the hereafter.

MARY CATHERINE PRAY.

Whose maiden name was Evans, was the wife of James B. Pray. She was born in Portsmouth, N. H., April 12, 1806. Mrs. Jane L. Patterson informs us that:—"When but a young girl she began to write verses. In looking over those which have been saved from the many which she wrote, it is plain that her inspiration, in its largest measure, came from her faith in God and his purpose of good to the world. Almost every poem hymns his

praise, and portrays the exultation of her perfect living faith. In that pleasant home where she passed nearly all the years of her mortal life, and where she reared her family of three sons and two daughters, it was her custom to weave her rhymes while about her daily cares, and never commit them to paper until they were complete, a mental process requiring strength of memory which few possess. Not always did she write out her singing fancies. To her they were a personal resource, and she cared very little about seeing them in print. Few, even of the large circle of her friends, knew how apart from the daily cares in which she was engaged was the thought which upheld her, and the inner realm in which she revelled. Sometimes she sent her sympathy to mourning friends, or wrote a hymn for a church dedication, and in this way some of her poems were published: but by far the larger number were heart and home songs alone.

“But Mrs. Pray, as one of our church workers, was always ready when any call reached her for help. Skillful with the needle, she wrought for the increase of the revenue in the Samaritan Society, and through its fairs, and deemed no offering of strength and time too precious to lay upon the altar of her faith. Few have loved their church more reverently and intensely than she. She gave it the devotion of a long and faithful life. Never absent from the Sunday services when it was possible to be present, she was indeed one who sat at her Master’s feet in all humility, like Mary, while she remembered with equal fidelity to serve as did Martha. The long line of pastors, some of whom are alive at this time, and some have gone to the life immortal, had in Mrs. Pray a true and considerate friend. She took the minister at once into her friendship, and believed in him and listened to him as one who meant to find the good and pass lightly over all imperfection and fault. The gray-haired sage and the young man but just equipped in the Christian armor shared alike in her wide love and charity. The faith which they proclaimed was a bond of indissoluble union between their hearts and hers. The many ministers who have been entertained at her house remained as happy inmates of her memory, and became an inspiring circle of unseen spirits, to cheer the after days.

“Hers was indeed a home of hospitality. Its doors were swung wide open to a large retinue of devoted friends, and its bountiful table, spread by

her own careful hands, was the center of unsparing labor as hostess and entertainer. Of the multitudes who have gathered there, through the years, none will ever forget the cheerful grace with which she filled her sphere, or the delight which she always manifested in the presence and service of her friends. The void was widely felt when that social center became a thing of the past, through the translation of its life and light.

"No picture of Mrs. Pray can be complete which fails to make manifest her wifely and motherly devotion. She lived in the love of her family in an eminent degree. Her husband, sons and daughters were so much a part of herself that her own life would have known incompleteness without them. When one of her daughters passed through weary months of illness to the other shore, though she was very quiet in her grief, and though she leaned upon the everlasting arm with a trust which death was powerless to disturb, she felt the absence keenly, as though some portion of her own being had been divided from her.

"Among the sick of her neighborhood she was a wise and ready helper, giving her time and sympathy freely, and lighting the shadowy valley by the reflection of her sure faith in the life immortal. Of this life she had an inward assurance stronger than knowledge, of any of the places of this world. She saw its beautiful river, its tree of life, its happy angels, and Jesus, the Savior, sitting on the right hand of God. Her faith knew no wavering or temporary eclipse. Of earthly sorrows she had her portion, but any shadow of this world only brought out in clearer relief the exceeding glory of the world to come."

We regret that we have space but for the following selection from her writings:

THE HOME OF THE HEART.

The home of the heart, where, oh, where is it found?
 Say where shall we seek it, above or around;
 In what clime, sphere or realm is this mansion so blest,
 Oh, where is the ark for the dove to find rest?

Is it found in affection? Too transient its joys;
 Affection's bright blossoms time quickly destroys;
 Our dearest hopes perish, our loved ones depart;
 Then surely affection's no home for the heart.

In friendship? Ah, no, not the friendships of earth,
 Although this bright gem is of heavenly birth;
 Wealth brightens its lustre, there homage is paid,
 But soon it grows dim in adversity's shade.

Where then shall we seek for this haven so blest?
 There sure is some home where the heart can find rest,
 Else why these soul-longings for something more pure,
 That the world can not give, that will ever endure.

Oh, yes, there's a bright clime, a bright world of joy,
 Where love's blossoms fade not, nor death can destroy,
 Where the pure and the good their sweet influence impart;
 In the friendship of heaven is the home of the heart.

There the sad heart will rest from its sorrow and pain,
 And the glad heart, its blissful emotions retain;
 There the cold heart be warmed by the joys of the blest,
 And the fond in the spirit of sympathy rest.

This Christian woman lived to the age of seventy-three years, and died Nov. 14, 1879. We will close the memorial of this faithful life with the following on that expression of the Savior's divine self-surrender, "The cup which my father gives me, shall I not drink it?"

Dear Savior, when the dews of death
 Are gently gathering on my brow,
 And faint and few the pulses beat,
 And life's swift stream is ebbing low,
 Sustained by thy example then,
 May I from pain nor suffering shrink,
 But take the cup my father fills,
 And drink, without a murmur, drink.

FRANCES DANA GAGE

Was one of the great forces of the nineteenth century. Eminent in the literary world, and rich in all womanly endowments, she was one of the principal of the many who aided in the work of reform during the dark times of the nation's peril.

Frances Dana Barker was born in Union, Washington Co., Ohio, Oct.

12, 1808. Her parents, Joseph and Elizabeth (Dana) Barker, were from New Hampshire, and were twenty years before among the early pioneers of the West. Her father was a farmer and cooper, and the daughter was early inured to the tasks that occupied her father's hands in the new country. She acquired the rudiments of an education in a rude log cabin in the woods. At the age of 21, Jan. 1, 1829, Frances Dana Barker was married to James L. Gage, of McConnellsville (Ohio), a lawyer, and an earnest abolitionist, whose principles she had adopted. Engrossed with family cares, having been the mother of eight children, she became, notwithstanding, a great student, and contributed to many journals stirring articles on temperance, anti-slavery, and the rights of woman. In 1853 she removed to St. Louis, Mo., and with her constitutional fearlessness she bearded the lion of slavery in his den. The penalty of those days was social ostracism, with threats of violence and destruction of property. Her husband's illness compelled her removal to Columbus, Ohio, where she edited an agricultural paper, but the war destroyed its circulation, and her mind was directed to the great events transpiring in the South. Four of her sons had entered the union army, and in 1862 she went to Port Royal to look after the welfare of the soldiers. She labored with tremendous energies among the soldiers and freedmen in Beaufort, Paris and Fernandina, and proved herself to be a genuine sister of charity. Seeing so much to be done she turned her steps to the North to engage the zeal of others in the great work which she saw must be done. Without remuneration she went from city to city, organizing and addressing aid societies. She went South again as the agent of the Sanitary Commission, and visited Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, and other places. In September she was crippled by the upsetting of a carriage in Galesburg, Ill. She began her philanthropic labors on her recovery, and was a vigilant laborer in the cause of temperance when her activity was ended by a stroke of paralysis in August, 1867.

Mrs. Gage has been a voluminous writer. Over the signature "Aunt Fanny" she wrote sketches, stories and poems of great popularity. "Elsie Magoon" is a temperance story of great interest. "The Saturday Visitor," edited by Jane Swisshelm, the "New York Independent," "Ladies Repository," and other publications have been enriched by her vigorous and versatile

pen. Few men or women exerted a wider or better influence during her useful life, than this earnest and loving philanthropist, whose level head and warm heart were impelled by the generous religious faith she cherished and professed. Her own words are, "Temperance, freedom, justice to the negro, justice to women, are but parts of one great whole, one mighty temple whose builder and maker is God."

The name of Frances Dana Gage will forever stand among the noble, faithful women of the first century of the American republic.

She writes to us under date of June 2, 1881: "Yours of yesterday is in my hands to-day, and as my invalidism makes me feel that it is not wise for me to put off till to-morrow what should be, or may be done to-day, I rise from my bed to answer your note. I was born in Ohio, almost in the wilderness, seventy-three years ago. Nearly all my friends were orthodox believers except my father and mother and one brother. I never could accept the belief or doctrine of total depravity or of special providence, or the power of any being by prayer to move the universe, or any having right to do so if he could. Consequently I was led into association with the Universalists, more as a disbeliever in the doctrine of eternal punishment than any fixed faith. My home, after my marriage with James L. Gage, who was a friend of Stephen R. Smith, of New York, became the home of traveling preachers of that liberal faith. Father Stacy, Father Kidwell, Strong, Jolley, Davis, Sadler, George Rogers, Woodworth, Biddlecome, Billings, Flanders, and many others whose names are forgotten, were our guests for days, weeks and even months.

"But there came a time when they refused to go with me as an abolitionist, an advocate for the rights of women, or earnest temperance pleaders. Then it came to me that Christ's death as an atonement for sinners was not truth, but he had died for what he believed to be truth. Then came the war, then trouble, then paralysis, and for fourteen years I have not listened to a sermon because I am too great a cripple. I have read much, thought much, and feel that life is too precious to be given to doctrines. I feel at ease about the future, and ask my soul as did Whittier,

"Of what's to be or what is done
Why quariest thou,



1840

Engraved by J. H. Wall

Anna

Lucas H. Wall

The past and the to be are one,
And that is now."

"I have no pros, no cons about it, know nothing nor seek to know. I don't think you can truthfully call me anything but a believer that all is well."

The following is a favorable specimen of her style:

DARE TO STAND ALONE.

Be bold, be firm, be strong, be true,
And dare to stand alone.
Strike for the right, whate'er ye do,
Though helpers there be none.
Oh! bend not to the swelling surge
Of popular crime and wrong,
'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge
With current wild and strong.
Strike for the right, tho' falsehood rail
And proud lips coldly sneer;
A poisoned arrow can not wound
A conscience pure and clear.
Strike for the right, and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high,
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers by.
Those who have thought, and felt, and prayed,
Yet could not singly dare
The battle's brunt; but by thy side
Will every danger share.
Strike for the right, uphold the truth;
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and soon no more
Be left to stand alone.

JULIA H. SCOTT.*

Caroline M. Sawyer, in her excellent biography of Mrs Scott, truly says:
"A nobler example of devotion to religious principles, of never-sleeping effort

*Julia Scott's Life and Poems are published in a fine volume by the Universalist Publishing House, edited by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer. The facts and recollections in this book are from that work.

to sustain, both by precept and example, the doctrine of her Savior, we believe can scarcely be found; and it is our great desire and prayer to God that that example, however imperfectly it may be presented, may perform its legitimate work by leading many others of our sex to the same devotion to God, the same love to our Savior, and the same overmastering desire to live the life of a Christian woman, that filled and animated her."

Julia H. Kimney was born in Sheshequin, Penn., Nov. 4, 1809, the eldest of a family of nine children. She was fortunate in passing her childhood and youth amid scenes as beautiful as earth contains. Mrs. Sawyer charmingly describes the locality from personal observation: "Far away from the confused and noisy world, embowered like some sweet picture in the depths of a gigantic emerald vase, lies the charming valley of Sheshequin, hidden among the beautiful Alleghenies. The northern branch of the noble Susquehanna, with many a green island sleeping on its breast, pursues its tranquil course through the valley, while all around, on the north, the east, the south, yea, on the west also, meet towering mountains, which, lifting their shaggy heads above the clouds, seem to shut out the whole world. Never did nature more fully realize the description of Johnson's 'Happy Valley,' than in this little mountain fastness. It is but a strip of intervalle of the richest soil, scarcely two miles in width at its widest point, and six or seven miles in length; and like the 'Happy Valley,' permitting ingress and egress only at the narrow gorges where the river itself has broken its jagged way through the mountains."

When but four years of age, her father was stricken with blindness, and it became the duty of his little daughter to conduct him by the hand from place to place, a habit that became a second nature to the darling child, who learned much from the outward world while performing this weary task. As she grew older, she became interested in books, and easily learned the rudiments of an education from the common school, but the marvelous beauty amid which she moved was photographed on her mind; and a passionate love for all natural objects gave to heart and spirit a precocious development. For years her sole reading was the Bible and Burns. With these books in hand she sought the many lovely spots about her dwelling, and the sights and sounds of nature mingled with what she saw and read, and she grew

mentally and spiritually with each succeeding year. The body sympathized with the spirit, and the chubby incarnation of health grew into a slender woman, whose lustrous, soulful eyes expressed the imaginative poet. At the early age of twelve she became a contributor to the Philadelphia "Casket" and the New York "Saturday Evening Post," and from this date onward her writings for the press were frequent and copious.

In January, 1826, a Universalist paper, called the "Candid Examiner," was started in Montrose, Penn., and during the two years of its existence, Julia, then sixteen, frequently wrote for it. Her articles were imbued with a deep religious spirit; indeed, the then new and rising faith in universal salvation was embraced by her with all the ardor of her enthusiastic nature. It was the religious faith of her home, which she had inherited from her honored father and beloved mother, and which found a congenial soil in her bright intellect and affectionate heart.

In 1831, when she was twenty-two years old, she was brought to the notice of Rev. A. B. Grosh, the then editor of "The Magazine and Advocate," and at his request she began to write for his paper. It is impossible to realize to-day the impression that was created among our people by the appearance of her poems. Our ministers were few, and were under continual warfare with opponents from all quarters. The doctrines they advocated were hated with a relish, "despised and rejected of men," and as her sweet voice was heard, singing in fitting strains the new gospel, it seemed to them as though an angel were encouraging them in their arduous, but loving duty to defend nobly Christ's cause. She was hailed as an "angel helper." It was as when the army of France was well-nigh overwhelmed by its enemies, and the beautiful Joan Darc rallied them to victory over their foes. Stephen R. Smith, A. B. Grosh, A. C. Thomas, T. B. Thayer, and a few others, mostly young men who have since immortalized their names in our church, were cheered by her advent to new efforts. Mrs. Sawyer describes the joyful excitement that seized her, and that pervaded our few struggling and gallant men and women, as the letters "J. H. K." appeared attached to her inspiring poems. "Julia" came to be a beloved name wherever our people were found. A contemporary minister is quoted by Mrs. Sawyer as saying:

"It was at the season of ministerial trials and privations of which I

have spoken, and 'J. H. K. appeared as a co-worker with the little band of religious reformers who gave themselves with such untiring devotion to the cause of their crucified Redeemer, as heralds of unlimited salvation. Although the views cherished were so congenial to the heart of woman, and so likely to be embraced with all the fondness and attachment peculiar to the female heart, yet the reproach and calumny that prejudice and persecution at that time threw round the profession of such faith, were highly calculated to deter the gentle and retiring spirit from giving public countenance to doctrines that would involve repudiation from certain classes of society, and limit sociality to a proscribed few of corresponding views. Under such circumstances, the noble stand taken by Julia H. Kinney seemed to elevate her above her sex. By the young servants of the cross she was regarded as an angel helper, whose smile of approval would encourage to renewed efforts, and as a moral heroine that merited the sympathy and friendliness of all the household of believers. To them she was like Martha and Mary to our blessed Lord, when he labored and suffered and died for a sinful world."

In response to the suggestion that she could lighten the sorrows of the world by singing her precious faith, she wrote:

To be able, in any way, to benefit, interest, or even amuse, any of the weary beings that toil their way through this "vale of tears," whether our efforts are known and appreciated or not, whether we live within the halo of fame, or sink beneath the pall of obscurity; but to have it in our power to wipe one tear from the cheek of the despondent, to cast one ray of light upon the haggard features of misery, oh, the individual who would not, at this gladdening prospect, feel a deep glow of gratitude for the power and the warm promptings of ambition to put it in exercise, must possess a heart colder than the misanthrope, an imagination which nothing can rouse! And is this power mine? The bare idea of its possibility has gilded the dark images of life with a glow which they never wore to me before. What would be toil and privation? How would these small considerations sink into insignificance when contrasted with the rich, the ample reward of feeling that our efforts have met with success, and that those efforts were impelled by disinterested benevolence! Should I ever, through the emanations of my yet unexperienced pen, reap this sweet harvest of perseverance, I should then remember a few encouraging words from Brother G. as a powerful and, I had almost said, first stimulus to exertion.

Her appearance at the age of twenty is thus described by Mrs. Sawyer: "She seemed full of hope and happiness, yet looked pale and somewhat thin,

for even then the shadow of that disease which ten years afterward laid her in the grave, was falling around her. We well remember the depth and darkness of those large, soft eyes, so full of thought and feeling, and radiant with that peculiar luster which is rarely seen, save in those marked for early death.

"A slight embarrassment was at first perceptible in her manner, but it soon disappeared, and she conversed with ease and fluency, passing from grave to gay, and from gay to grave, with a charming facility; discussing various subjects of an interesting nature, particularly those connected with her religious faith, with a fine enthusiasm, which was quite inspiring to those who listened, and which brought a beautiful glow to her somewhat pale cheeks. We left her, after an hour thus delightfully spent, with a mingled admiration and regret, which we shall never cease to remember."

In May, 1834, she removed to Towanda, ten miles from Sheshequin, and began the occupation of school-teaching. Here she "met her fate," and on May 2, 1835, she was married to Dr. D. L. Scott. A beautiful home in a wilderness of flowers, a fond and beloved husband, and all the elements of happiness, stimulated the flow of her poetic thought, and she seemed destined to a life of unbroken happiness. During these years she was cheerful, delightful in her communication with the public, never, however, losing that devotional spirit that was her nature. Two years after her marriage came a daughter to the home circle, and at the same time was formed a new and blessed friendship with one of the rarest spirits that was ever clad in clay, Sarah Edgarton, then just rising into a fame in our church which no other woman has ever achieved. They seemed made for each other, and their correspondence was a continual delight and joy to both. Those who would know more of these rare and kindred spirits than our brief limits will allow should read Mrs. Sawyer's "Life of Julia Scott" and Rev. A. D. Mayo's "Biography of Mrs. S. C. Mayo." They are books that should never be out of print. During this happy period her pen was busy, and some of her sweetest poems were then produced, in the "New Yorker," "Christian Messenger," "Magazine and Advocate," and other papers, and her reputation was continually increasing.

The great grief of her life came when her darling Marian Almena

was removed from her tender care by death, at the age of thirteen months. She never recovered from the sorrow.

In 1838 she attended the General Convention in Boston. Miss Edgerton describes her appearance at this time, after sorrow, and the illness of which she ultimately died, had begun to tell upon her. "We had heard her appearance," she writes, "described as 'majestic,' and in younger and healthier days this term would have been singularly appropriate; but at the time of our first meeting with her, sickness and sorrow had made melancholy ravages both upon her face and form. Her figure, which was strikingly tall, was bowed and emaciated, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes languid and full of touching sorrow; but there was something in the very droop of her figure which seemed to us eminently graceful, and her countenance, with its fitful color, that came and went with every transition of thought and feeling, and its glorious black eyes, that were one moment radiant with spiritual joy, and the next drooping with the intensest melancholy, was one of the most striking and intellectual that our eyes had ever rested upon."

At the Convention she was the "observed of all observers," and the extension of her acquaintance among our ministers and others, and the social and spiritual enjoyments of the occasion were many and great, and did much to assuage her sorrow. She thus alludes to the Convention:

How like a dream does that sweet meeting now seem to me — dim and shadowy, and yet thrilling. Not one countenance there that for an instant caught my eye, but is indelibly pictured in memory. I shall remember them all, a hundred years hence, in heaven.

"The Last Conference" perpetuates the Convention in her sacred rhymes.

THE LAST CONFERENCE.

I saw a glorious multitude
 Bow down in worship there;
 While lips, at heaven's own altar fired,
 Sent up the glowing prayer;
 And hymns of lofty praise were sung,
 In stirring airs of old;
 While love's white banner waved aloft,
 In many a silken fold.

I saw the eye, grown dim with years,
 Flash forth unearthly light;

The mourner's care-wreathed brow became
 With heavenly visions bright;
 And loveliness seemed lovelier there,
 In the blessed garb of truth;
 And hisping infancy more wise
 In the golden lore of youth.

It was a glorious jubilee —
 A high-wrought happiness—
 And tears, warm, heart-felt tears alone,
 Could tell of its excess.
 Oh! many an eye was moist that ne'er
 Had wept for joy before,
 And many a callous heart grew soft
 Ere that blessed eve was o'er!

Was not our Master in the midst?
 Ye cross-tried soldiers, say;
 Did not his holy spirit breathe
 In every burning lay?
 Did not his melting voice supply
 Those hallowed words, that fell
 Like manna from the hand of God,
 To fainting Israel?

Yes, in our midst that form beloved
 Stood as in days gone by;
 We knew it by the deep-drawn breath
 And the uplifted eye.
 We knew it by the love which linked
 So close each fervent heart,
 Yet gave us strength with smiles of hope
 In the last sad hour to part.

Oh! never more, in earthly halls,
 Shall meet that happy band;
 Already some have traveled home
 To the glorious Fatherland,
 And one by one, we're following on,
 To a conference above,
 Where all may break and eat the bread
 Of everlasting love.

A second child, a son, was sent to bless her home, and with returning health came increasing vivacity, cheerfulness and literary industry. Some of her best poems were contributed to the "Rose of Sharon." But the return of health was only temporary, and it was soon impaired. At this time, 1840, Julia was made happy by a delightful visit from Miss Edgarton, who

wrote: "We found all that was lovely in the poet beautifully illustrated in the daily life of the woman. Genius was, with her, no glittering mirage hovering over a barren and arid life, it was like the rainbow mist uplifting itself from the bosom of a pure and fertilizing stream, and soaring up to heaven in incense wreaths too sweet to be wasted on an earthly shrine. We rambled with her through the mountain passes, and bathed our brow in the silvery waters of her native valley; we stood with her by the bed of the dying, where, on her own sweet voice, the departing spirit was wafted up in triumph and rejoicing to the throne of the Father; we sat at her side through the simple family devotions that were wont to ascend from her own fireside, and in all these varied scenes and acts, it is sufficient to say of her, that the poet and the woman were scarcely different phases of the same pure, yet lofty and fervent soul; that the priestess wore into the Holy of Holies the same Urim and Thummim that dazzled the eyes of those who saw her only in the outer court of the Temple; and that, as of the Master she loved, so might it be said of this faithful servitor, that

'In every act, in every thought,
She lived the precepts that she taught.'

Miss Edgerton, by earnest entreaties, prevailed upon Mrs. Scott to return with her as far as Utica, N. Y., for the purpose of visiting their very dear and mutual friends, Rev. A. B. Grosh and lady. Miss Edgerton says the journey was comfortless, and that though Julia was feeble her perception and enjoyment of the ludicrous were never more active. They arrived safely, but on the second day after, Julia was taken violently sick. A letter from Mr. Grosh referring to this visit, says: "Soon after their arrival, Mrs. Scott was prostrated by severe illness, which Dr. Newland considered so critical as to require utmost quiet and very careful nursing. Sarah constituted herself chief nurse, for which she was admirably qualified, and Mrs. Grosh did all in her power and means to aid her and benefit Julia. Her convalescence was almost as speedy as had been the attack. But even when able to sit up in an easy chair, the doctor still prescribed careful attention and every amusement and employment which would engage the attention pleasantly, without wearying it, and prevent thinking and anxiety. He understood well his patient, whose mind and heart were too active and strong for her body. And

who that saw (as I often delighted to see) her glorious eyes and perpetually changing features glow and brighten in reflecting every flitting thought and feeling of her soul, as the lights and shadows of sun and cloud change the hues and forms of field and forest — who that saw such play of features could fail to second his conclusions? During the day, inexorable duties to a large family and office business compelled wife and self to devolve nearly all care on the sweet and gentle chief nurse, for whose use we provided all means in house and office and collectable from friends, especially some paintings and pencil sketches from the studio of an artist friend, and rare shells from some collectors, for Julia had once playfully said that she never felt like coveting anything except shells and pictures, and the saying was remembered.

“But when evening came, we met in the invalid’s room, all prepared to be ‘at our best’ for her amusement, with anecdotes, droll incidents, and light stories of amusing adventures. It was in reference to these meetings that Sister Julia afterward sometimes spoke of ‘Bro. Grosh’s Dutch stories,’ and, verily, I exhausted my entire budget, down to the very bottom of my memory, for the dear invalid.

“As soon as Mrs. Scott felt able, and the doctor permitted, she and Sarah went out ‘shopping.’ On their return, ‘Aunt Hannah’ and others of the family had loving evidence of the kind regards of our guests; and that evening, poor I was called to stand up, and, in due form, receive from Julia’s hand, in behalf of herself and Sarah, a gold ring, placed on my finger by herself. Its only ornament, externally, was a double heart, or twin hearts, token (as she said) of the sisterly affection of herself and Sarah for each other, and of both for me. Inside the ring were engraved the initials, long and well known and ever admired, ‘J. H. S.’ and ‘S. C. E.’

“That ring, how proudly I wore it! How tenderly it stirred my memory every time I saw or felt it! And after the donors had ascended on high, to our Father’s house, and our immortal home, how priceless became the jewel, and how unspeakably rich its associations! I wore it till, to my sorrow, the circlet became very thin and the dear initials threatened to become illegible, but not until the ring broke, could I prevail on myself to lay it aside. I could not feel it right to have it mended. It is as it became and was intended to become, and I would not have it otherwise. It is a relic among

other relies, and will so remain to me until I rejoin the beloved givers—the two once most admired and best beloved among ‘the sweet singers’ in our earthly Zion, now the sainted and glorified among the stars that shine and sing in the Saviour’s galaxy of heavenly hosts.”

Soon after this happy visit a dangerous illness seized her, and she writes in January, 1841:

I have been very sick, much worse than when in Utica, and have about done looking for even comfortable health in this sickly world more. Everything has a bilious, consumptive look to me, except religion. No shadows, thank God! can ever darken the face of the angel of light. Her smiles are ever upon us.

From this time on her illness was almost constant, but she was able by spells to write some of her very best productions, though her efforts were interdicted by her husband and physician, as they proved so injurious to her health, which failed more and more. Her last entry in her journal was this:

It is now nearly a year since my last entry was made, and it may be that length of time before I make another.

For the past year I have had much poor health, and consequent low spirits; have taken one journey in the time, and enjoyed much happiness at home; think I have made some advances in religion—I mean that of the heart; think really I am somewhat better than I was a year ago, though still led astray; can control my passions better, and am better guarded against besetting sins. God be blest!

From this on she rapidly declined until her departure came. Her husband writes: “Julia died last evening, March 5, 1842, at seven o’clock, as she had often wished, easily and quietly, without a struggle or a groan. The most of her time for ten days before her death was spent in communion with her God. She told me yesterday that she had strength given her to pass the preceding night, and it was passed happily. I am alone in the room with her. She looks calmly, serenely beautiful.

“During the night she fancied she saw—and it amounted to a firm conviction with her—her little daughter wading about in a limpid stream with pebbly bottom, with beautiful flowers in her hands. She told me of it in the morning, and it seemed a real, tangible thing to her. O! if I could realize it as she did, I should have no other wish than to arrange my temporal affairs and go home to her.”

Miss Edgerton, Mrs. Sawyer, Rev. D. K. Lee, and others, wrote affecting tributes to her memory, and her death created a profound sensation

throughout our church. The death of no woman was ever more deeply mourned by our people. Mr. Lee's poem was one of great merit, as these stanzas show:

Another spirit of entrancing song
Lifts holy anthems in our Father's palace;
One seraph more, communing with that throng,
Presses with radiant lips life's sweetest chalice.

The world's attractions, dear and bright to some,
Were dull to her;—the skies contained her treasures,
God's loveliest angel came and bore her home—
She drinketh from the river of his pleasures!

As some bright bird, just broke from wiry cell,
Against whose bars its struggling pinions fretted,
Sprang o'er the rainbow's arch with notes that swell
More exquisite, more ravishing than ere 'twas netted.

So that tired spirit burst these fleshly bands,
Rested her wings upon her angel's pinions,
Sprang warbling up to greener, sunnier lands,
And breathed her holiest songs in love's dominions.

The subjoined brief poems illustrate the strains of this sweet singer:

CHRISTIANITY IS WHAT?

Is what, dost thou ask? 'Tis the sunbeam that dries
The night-gathered tear from the violet's eyes—
That warms the cold earth round the valueless thorn,
And flings through the darkness a beautiful morn.

What is it? The perfume that steals from sweet flowers
When the sick heart is pining for Summer's loved showers,
The raindrop that falls on the desolate leaf,
The oil that composes the billows of grief.

What is it? The young breeze, whose pinions unfurled,
Stays not till their choice gifts have circled the world,
A harp-tone at midnight, when nature is still,
Or the voice of a dove by a pine-shaded rill.

What is it? A star on the wild-heaving sea,
Prostrating the proud on a prayer-bended knee,
A fire that refneth the metal within,
The canker which gnaws at the vitals of sin.

What is it? 'Tis mercy, 'tis justice, 'tis truth—
The staff of the aged, the glory of youth;

The rainbow of promise, to brighten our tears
A lamp in death's valley dispersing our fears.

What is it? thou askest, thy answer is there
In thy own swelling heart, with its beautiful prayer,
It breathes through all nature, it centres above,
'Tis our own spirit's essence, 'tis Infinite Love.

THE REVIVALIST.

He stood by the altar, a being of gloom,
With a visage as wan as a ghost from the tomb,
And he lifted his voice as a messenger sent
To make the unsanctified sinner repent.

But what were his words? Were they such as were spoken
'Mid the wilds of Judea, when fetters were broken,
When the poor burdened soul burst its shackles of fear,
And rejoiced that the kingdom of heaven drew near?

Did he preach to his people the gospel of peace?
The message which causes the mourner to cease?
Did he melt the proud heart with the language of love,
With the spirit that breathes from the Changeless above?

Ah, no! nothing like it. From Sinai's scathed height
He had snatched the last phial of wrath in his might,
And he hurled forth its contents of vengeance and ire,
Till he made every hope of the wretched expire!

He heaped o'er each vision thick clouds of despair,
Till the frozen heart sunk with its ha-futtered prayer;
And then, like Markanna, he turned him and laughed,
When he saw that his victims the poison had quaffed!

Ye, ye, who have listened to preaching like this,
Till ye hung, as it were, o'er the pictured abyss,
Did it never occur that ye possibly might
Have been led by a teacher deprived of his sight?

Come away—come away from the samiel's breath,
It bears on its pinions the arrows of death!
It will wreath for your future a chaplet o' care;
'Tis the whirl of the tempest—the Lord is not there!

Come away! for as well might ye stand on the verge
Of Etna's red crater, unharmed by its surge;
Or as well might you drain the fell dews that distill
From the dark upas tree, unattended with ill.

Come away to the beautiful gardens that lie
 All smiling and bright, 'neath a soft vernal sky—
 To the fair promised land where the waters of life
 Glide smoothly along, unembittered by strife.

Peace dwells in its borders—the penitent one,
 Though crimsoned his hands with the deeds they have done,
 May find a sure refuge, from guilt and despair,
 'Neath the banner of Truth, for Jehovah is there.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

What was the love of which he spake,
 As bearing to those chosen men?
 Was it the love which time can make
 Indifferent and cold again?

Was it the love whose strength is based
 On vanity and worldly pride?
 The love which one slight jar may waste,
 One evil breath may turn aside?

He bade them love as he had loved,
 With that deep, faithful glow of feeling,
 Which lingers on unchanged, unmoved,
 'Mid blight and death its smiles revealing.

O child of frailty, if within
 Thy soul's dark book one leaf remain
 Unlettered by the hand of sin,
 One bright page free from vicious stain

There write these words my Savior. Be
 The influence of thy spirit given,
 That I may ever love, like thee,
 My fellow-travelers to heaven.

STANZAS.

If thou wouldst wake within thy heart
 A music that can never sleep—
 Wouldst bid care's shadowy gloom depart,
 And smile where 'erst thou couldst but weep—
 Go! clothe the shivering orphan boy,
 Who wanders lonely through the streets;

And thou shalt know such depths of joy
As the world's votary rarely meets.

If thou wouldst have thy midnight dreams
More beautiful than dreams by day,
Like perfume'd flowers by woodland streams,
Softer in moonlight's trembling ray—

Go, watch the eye of waning health;
Go, whisper words of hope and peace,
And thou shalt have a store of wealth,
Which time shall bounteously increase.

If thou wouldst have thy latest breath
Pass softly as an infant's sigh—
Wouldst fall into the arms of death
As gently as the flowers that die—

Speak pardon to thy kneeling foe,
E'en on his head thy blessings pour,
And angels shall their smiles bestow,
And bear thee to their own bright shore.

ELMINA R. BALLOU WALDO

Was the fourth daughter of the late venerable Hosea Ballou. She was born April 3d, 1810, in Portsmouth, N. H., six months after her father removed to that place, and five years of her child-life were spent in this more than beautiful and historic city. Books were not as plenty then as now, and Elmina must have realized it in her child-mind, for, young as she was, she commenced in Portsmouth to treat with care any little scrap of paper containing printing; she did this even before she could read much; would pick up the scraps, fold them, and carefully put them away in a box for future use. In 1815 her father removed to old Salem, Mass., but remained there only two years, when he was invited to Boston and accepted the call.

We can say with truth that Elmina was born with a taste for literature. At the early age of ten she showed wonderful discrimination and judgment in regard to the standard literature of the day, which she mastered with ease.

Her familiarity with the solid literature of the times was the subject of wonder to the older heads, to whom she not unfrequently gave abstracts from books with which she was perfectly familiar. She was also dowered with a bright fancy, vivid imagination, quick sympathies, and a retentive memory. She wrote and published very creditable poems at the early age of fourteen. Her son George C. Waldo writes me: "One of her earliest productions was entitled 'The Myrtle.' It was published originally in the 'Bay State Democrat;' but in the life of Hosea Ballou, written by his son, M. M. Ballou, this poem was inserted by mistake as a specimen of Mr. Ballou's remarkable poetic facility, and so far is it from all evidence of immaturity that it would have done credit even to him. She wrote both prose and poetry, as opportunity offered, during her entire life, and left a collection of poems far above the average in literary merit, and all breathing of the high and lofty spirit and genuinely religious feeling which were a part of her character. She wrote for the 'Christian Messenger' as early as 1823." Like her father, Universalism was the atmosphere in which she lived, moved, and had her being.

Elmina was married at the age of twenty-two to Rev. J. C. Waldo, and her wedding trip was to the great West, a trip not taken, as similar trips are taken nowadays, to waste time in enjoyment, but to assist her husband in teaching his people how to enjoy the better way. But the Western ague made sad havoc with Mrs. Waldo's health, and they were obliged to return. She performed her duties as a minister's wife in West Cambridge, Mass., at Troy, N. Y., and at New London, Conn. Her son continues: "The life of a country minister's wife, no matter what the denomination, occupied largely in the engrossing cares, small economies, ever-present and ever-pressing demands upon time, patience and endurance consequent upon the rearing of a family, and the faithful performance of those other duties which the parish demands, affords so few opportunities for the development, and so little encouragement for the practice, of the ornamental accomplishments, that we may well wonder if they are developed and nourished at all, instead of becoming withered and decayed under the demands of daily and never-completed toil." Mrs. Waldo, however, while fulfilling to the utmost all that the position of wife, mother and pastor's helpmeet could require, still found time for the generous cultivation of her mind, for wide reading and study, and

firmly fixing in the minds of her children the foundation of a love for literature, art and science, as well as for all the higher, nobler and gentler amenities of life. A friend writes me that "her society was a liberal education, and, whatever were the conditions of her immediate surroundings, she adorned them with the graces and refinements which were the innate qualities of her mind."

Mrs. Waldo became the mother of seven children, five of whom lived to be grown, and four of them survived their mother. George C. (from whom I have received great assistance) is a resident of Bridgeport, Conn., and is one of the editors and publishers of 'The Daily and Weekly Standard.' Clementina G.'s home is in New London, Conn.; and Maturin Ballou lives at Sandusky, Ohio. The two daughters, Ella and Frances, died some years since. Mrs. Waldo's death occurred after a long illness, on the 20th of June, 1856, in New London, Conn. Just before her death she wrote "The Ideal of the Spiritual," a poem which well illustrates her poetical abilities.

THE IDEAL OF THE SPIRITUAL.

The lofty walls are tapestried superbly
 With scenes of glory, changing evermore;
 And light—not of the sun or moon—is streaming
 O'er golden dome and tessellated floor.

Far-reaching aisles, with everlasting pillars,
 And jewelled pavement mortal foot ne'er pressed;
 Such is the inner temple, at whose altar
 My weary spirit folds her wings to rest!

It is a haunted spot—a spell is o'er it,
 And all around, on terrace, lake and tree,
 Enchanting bird-notes mingle with the perfume
 Of flowers, that bloom to live eternally!

I said 'twas haunted,—not in the old fashion,
 By restless sprites whose coming I should fear,—
 But by the angel forms of the true-hearted
 Who seek my earthly pilgrimage to cheer.

I see their radiant smiles, and hear their voices
 In dear, familiar tones, repeat my name;
 Fond arms enircle me, and joy ecstatic
 Pervades my soul, and thrills my trembling frame.

Some smile when I describe this habitation,
 And say I am deceived; but well I know
 That he who gave me powers for such creation
 Would never mock my yearning spirit so.

Not half so real is my outward being,
 Wearing itself away in earthly strife;
 While stronger, brighter, grows this blest ideal
 The sacred earnest of eternal life.

Her son says: "This poem fully exemplifies her faith in the better life, and her desire to realize that which had through trial, bereavement, sickness and suffering come to be more to her longing spirit than anything which this world could afford." It is doubtful if any poem was ever written more redolent of the spirit of the writer, or more abounding in that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." At the same time its method testifies to the culture, refinement, nice discrimination and correct taste of the writer, and to a literary ability of no mean rank.

The following must have been written in the old Washingtonian days:

THE SOCIAL CUP OF FRIENDSHIP.

Light up the hall and spread the board,
 Bring on the festal cheer;
 We'll drink and merry be to-night,
 For those we love are here.

Let music lend her joyous breath
 And mirth her jester bring,
 So fill the tempting goblet full,
 With water from the spring!

Let not the false, deceitful wine
 To friendship's board be brought,
 For well we know its coral depths
 With ruin's seeds are fraught.

Shall pure affection's pledge be drunk
 In poison's dregged bowl?
 And doth this emblem shadow forth
 The feelings of the soul?

Oh, no! the pure and generous spring
 Affection's type should prove;
 From this alone our cups we'll fill
 In pledging those we love!

Then light the hall and spread the board,
And mirth and music bring—
Go, fill the tempting goblet full
With water from the spring!

SARAH C. EDGARTON MAYO.

No other of the women who have glorified the annals of our church has more truly lived the highest Christian life, or better illustrated that sweetness and grace that exalt and ennoble womankind, than did Sarah Edgerton. The melody which she breathed in song was the utterance of a spirit that existed but to love. Her face was the faithful index of her beautiful spirit, full of sweet grace and womanly loveliness, and to her the spiritual was as real as the tangible. This sweet singer of God's unbounded love was born in Shirley village, Mass., March 17th, 1819, the tenth of a family of fifteen children. Her home was a model household. Her father was a man of genuine generosity and simplicity, and her mother quiet, womanly, and of an all-pervading goodness, whose personality touched every inmate with the charm of her motherly character.

Shirley village, though a factory settlement, is surrounded with charming scenery of hill, stream and forest, verdure and foliage, in the midst of which Sarah lived and enjoyed until the age of twenty-seven. A love of nature was her all-engrossing passion. Every flower and change of sky and all the phenomena of the coming and going seasons were to her a delight, and she never tired of endeavoring to preserve in her own pure rhetoric what she saw and heard and felt. The district school, supplemented by a single term in Westford Academy, comprised her technical education, but the books in her father's library and in the neighborhood were all read with avidity; the book of nature was always open before her.

Her first attempts at writing were at the age of twelve, and at sixteen



Portrait of Mrs. [Name]

Engraved by [Name]

she first wrote for publication. At seventeen she experienced religion, of the type which always prevailed in her happy home, and she became at that early age what she remained to the day of her too early death, a pronounced Universalist. At this time she wrote her first article for the "Ladies' Repository," and the next year, 1837, her name appears as a regular contributor. At about this time she wrote "The Palfreys" and "Ellen Clifford," "Spring Flowers" and "The Poetry of Woman." She evinced an increasing literary merit, and always displayed a purity and sincerity that were perfect, first and last.

Her magnetic disposition at once won the esteem and love of such of those eminent in our church as Rev. Henry and Mrs. E. A. Bacon, Mrs. L. J. B. Case, Julia Scott, Rev. T. J. and Caroline M. Sawyer, Revs. A. C. Thomas and T. B. Thayer, and the early called Charlotte Jerould. Her correspondence with these and others is scattered through the admirable memoir written by her husband, published by Abel Tompkins, Boston, in 1860, and the selections from her writings photograph the beauty of her disposition, and invest her character with a continual charm.

In 1838 she wrote to Julia Scott: "Your letter, my dear Julia (I love that name), while it afforded me the deepest joy, awakened at the same time emotions of painful sympathy. It is most painful to me to learn that the spirit is depressed and that its embodiment is weak—that your lot is to suffer, to endure, to weep and to pray. My prayers shall be for your recovery to health and happiness, and on these prayers may God yield his blessings. While I have health and friends and a strong heart, I humbly beg my Father to make me grateful; and as for poverty, I have ever considered it a most blessed evil. Wealth would bring me indolence; I am of that foolish kind who would love to lie all day under a green tree and dream Utopian dreams; but he who made me has work for me to perform, and I will perform it with gladness, knowing that it is for my own benefit I labor. I wish I could be with you awhile; it seems as if I should love you so that you would be happy. And I, who am sunny nineteen, and just in that season of life when to live is to be full of gladness—I have often thought that grief and sorrow would chasten and humble and renew me; but what grief could I specify from which I would not shrink and plead for exemp-

tion? A sharp steel and a bitter potion are in the hands of the physician, but their effect is ever salutary, and his will be done."

Her habits at this time she describes in a letter to her dear friend, Mrs. E. A. Bacon: "So many letters to write—three pages interlined to nearly all—visitors to attend to, of whom we have had not a few; calls upon villagers; work for our large family; editorials to pick up; books to read; berries to cull; walks to take; flowers to examine; astronomy to attend to; Sabbath school and Bible class, etc., etc. All these things have kept my mind in constant excitement. Now I mean to be calm and think—reflect upon things a little. The danger will be, I shall be assailed by my inveterate habit of dreaming. Do you know of any specific? Were you ever thus troubled? * * * Tell E— I rise about seven o'clock, eat breakfast, wipe dishes, sweep, make beds, sometimes churn; wash and iron, make toilet, then cloister myself in the study till dinner; when this is despatched and the dishes again in the cupboard, I return to my books and pen, and leave them not till night. Were she to look in occasionally she would see me sitting in my arm chair with a sheet before me, a happy countenance—sometimes frowning for a thought—a pile of books on the table in front, work-basket, unanswered letters, a dish of berries, flowers, scraps of poetry, etc., etc., all in a fine disorder. Sometimes sisters come in and we enjoy a fine laugh together. Sometimes she might see me thoughtful, and perhaps sometimes in tears. I have things to make me weep; but it is for others, not for myself, save when I am yearning for absent friends, of whom none are dearer than her own dear self. Some of my letters make me weep, for some of them are very sad. The clock strikes twelve, a warning to close."

In 1840 appeared the first number of the "Rose of Sharon," a handsome annual, edited and largely written by her, as were the successive numbers until her death, when Mrs. C. M. Sawyer assumed the management.

To the suggestion that she should enter the general field of literature she replied that whatever talents God had given her should be entirely consecrated to her own church. She wrote to that kindred spirit, Mrs. L. J. B. Case:

"I am gratified—I must not say flattered—by what you have written concerning my probable success in a more open and elevated literary field.

I confess I have myself often thought of going into the presence of high and mighty ones, but, not to speak of my probable speedy expulsion, I have always restrained my ambition by the thought, if I should be kindly received, if my name should become known to the gifted and the wise, surely I am in no way competent to sustain the dignity that would be imposed upon me. I am a timid, shrinking, simple thing, grown up like a weed without care or cultivation, ignorant of the great world, its rules and ceremonies and idle pomp. Oh, dear! Mrs. C——, a few such thoughts have soon tamed all my aspirations, and I have felt that, instead of venturing further, I would draw myself closely beneath the sheltering wings of our own household of faith."

Her letters, could they be collected in a volume, would make one of the most charming of all the collections of correspondence. She loved to pour out her observations and experiences to all her valued and trusted friends, and every letter is imbued with the love of Universalism or the charming influence the great book of nature had wrought upon her soul. In 1840, writing to Rev. Henry Bacon, from New York, she says:

"Universalism seems very prosperous in this city. 'All things work together for good to those who love God,' it is said. 'New Jerusalem' certainly looks not very desolate in the absence of the deserter, neither does 'Mystery Babylon' seem miraculously illuminated. A few shouts of defiance have been recently heard from some valiant Babylonish sentinel, and occasionally a little trumpeter sends forth a warning blast—Beware! beware of fatal consequences! But still bravely and beautifully waves the banner of love from Zion's tower, and on it is blazoned this glorious motto: 'Glory to God in the highest! On earth peace, and good will to men.'

"In the ties of this gospel, Your Sister."

Writing for the "Repository," the "Rose of Sharon," and the denominational press, and editing the "Flower Vase," and the memoir and poems of Julia Scott, occupied the next three years.

In 1842 her acquaintance with Charlotte Fillebrown began. Dr. Mayo says:

"The freshness and sincerity of Charlotte's nature at once gained the heart of her friend. Her sparkling humor and quick perception of the ludi-

crous were an additional attraction to one who was all her life a most devoted disciple to the religion of wit and mirth; while a congeniality of literary pursuits added the last bond necessary to cement this happy union of hearts. Sarah also was the older, and, in many things, the instructor and adviser of Charlotte. Their correspondence is beautifully characteristic, and a model of a high, sincere intercourse between friends; possessing the rare charm of discussing the most common details of news and domestic life in a spirit and tact as far removed from the sentimental as the prosaic. In the Summer of 1843 Charlotte spent several weeks at Shirley village. The friends, with Sarah's brother, led, for a few weeks, a life of perfect gypsy freedom. Every pond and stream, every hilltop or path running away into the woods, was explored; whole days spent out of doors, or, if anything detained them within, employed in a manner that would have upset the gravity of the most severe advocate of household discipline. At the close of this time they went together to the city and employed their leisure in reading, or visiting the rooms of artists, to which they were generously admitted by some friends who are now among the best-known in American art."

In 1845 she wrote to Rev. A. D. Mayo, to whom she was now betrothed: "My prayers go up for you to-night that God will send you health and strength and heavenly peace; that he will anoint you with power and grace to turn the hearts of men to love and practice goodness. Oh, may you be a faithful and useful minister of eternal truth!—so shall my heart be satisfied in all its longings, and you be blessed with the richest and holiest blessings that lie in the gift of God.

To a friend, after the death of her father, she wrote: "Thank you for this attention in our season of bereavement. Our dear father is indeed gone; we can never look upon his earthly countenance, but we think of the immortality and the incorruption which are now his, and we are truly comforted. Poor mother is, of course, deeply afflicted. A happy union of thirty-five years has been suddenly interrupted. How vacant must the world seem to her—no, not *vacant*, for she has many dear children and kind friends; but how sadly she must miss one voice, and the kindly beaming of one face that ever gazed into hers with the most devoted love. I wept for father while he suffered, but I weep only for mother now."

July 28, 1847, she was married to Mr. Mayo, and proceeded to their new home where Mr. Mayo was pastor, in Gloucester, Mass. Here the young people lived in a happy world of their own. Dr. Mayo writes, "We lived in a world of poetry and sacred beauty. The kindness of all around us smoothed every trial incident to the early days of professional life, and forgave all neglect of duty. We had many friends with us, and some of them will long remember the evenings when we sat in our room, the moon streaming in through the green branches and vines about the windows, listening to Sarah as she read to us in a voice that no one who has heard, can ever forget. Then there were pleasant parties upon the beach and the rocks, rides into the neighboring towns, daily visits about the parish, and one of the afternoon excursions to the old church in the "West Parish," where we held a religious service at sunset, for which Sarah wrote one of her best hymns. The Sabbaths were days of the purest enjoyment. She engaged with me in labors of our little Sabbath-school, and in every way relieved as far as possible my feeble strength. Much of our time was also spent out of doors in the pleasant Autumn weather. She was never weary of wandering about the seashore, and would walk miles in a storm to see the waves beating against the Bass Rocks or tumbling in upon Little Good-Harbor Beach. Thus passed away this beautiful period of time. She was as happy as any one is permitted to be in our earthly lot. She had gained all she had hoped for in life, the love of one entirely devoted to her, a sphere of active usefulness, leisure and a quiet atmosphere for study, and a residence among the grandest and loveliest scenes of nature. I can but faintly describe this period of five months. Of her constant gentleness and love, her devotion to me in all my hours of weariness, which continued ill-health made frequent, her large benevolence and earnest longing to make known her good-will to all about her, I can not trust myself to speak. Those who knew her will understand that this meager sketch is but the outline of a portrait to which their recollections must impart grace and finished beauty."

At this time Starr King, Mr. Mayo, and John Edgerton, Sarah's brother, formed a rare group, of which John Edgerton was unquestionably the chief, and the influence of such grand spirits was inexpressibly stimu-

lating and helpful to her. In October the rare spirit of Sarah's brother left earth, and Sarah writes to her sister Mary, "I hope, my dear Mary, we are all well enough instructed in Christian faith not to repine at this severe stroke. Never was a soul better prepared than his for transition into the immortal state. For a year past that has been his favorite theme. Recollect his thoughts and feelings expressed at the close of the article on "Regeneration and Faith," and his article this year on "Immortality." It is a great treasure to us to have his high views thus left to comfort us. May we all be as good and strong-hearted as he."

The following was written to Rev. Starr King, who was her brother's dearest and best friend, and the feeling was so fully reciprocated that the sister felt that her sympathy must be given to the friend:

"On this beautiful Sabbath morning, holy and serene, when all nature is composed and all heaven is at peace, shall I not make the hours of my solitude and weakness a season of grateful trust in God, and of consolation and cheer to myself and you? Would that you were here, dear Starr! the peace and courage that is in my own soul could not fail to impart itself to you. You would feel as I do, that our loss is not terrible, but that our gain is great. Yes, even in his dying hour itself I felt that the immortal was to be to me the nearer companion, the trustier guide, the more perpetual joy and strength than ever the mortal had been or could be; that I was losing nothing, but gaining all, by that great transition of his soul from weakness and bondage to the freedom and power of the spiritual and immortal life. Never have I felt him gone, never can I. Can we, who have talked together so much, and always in such perfect sympathy of faith, respecting the nature of the future life, can we ever be separated by any failure of the bodily senses to recognize each other?"

On Sept. 25th, before the death of John Edgerton, Mrs. Mayo's daughter Carrie was born, and a new fountain of love was unsealed in her heart. Of these months Dr. Mayo says:

"During the Winter and Spring, until the first of May, we remained at home, and I can truly say that I never enjoyed four months of higher spiritual peace. It was a daily blessing to live with Sarah, for she had overcome the world, and communicated the tranquillity of her own mind to all around

her. She dwelt in no mystical region of communion with heaven, but her daily life was glorified by the presence of God. Never was she more scrupulous in the performance of the minutest household duties than now, and her care for her child was constant. In the new sphere of maternal duty she displayed the same tenderness, directed by strong common sense, as in all former conditions of her life. As far as was consistent with domestic employments, her social relations were also resumed; but her time was principally occupied in her own house.

"The experience of the last year had elevated her nature to a higher plane of thought and meditation. In her social intercourse there appeared a chastened tenderness and self-possession more engaging than the enthusiastic manner of former years. Her intellectual tastes were purified; she read none but the highest books, and wrote nothing. In fact, at one time she determined not to publish again. 'I shall never write any more poetry till I go to heaven,' she said one day, in reply to my expressions of regret at this determination. The same elevation of feeling was discoverable in her religious nature. If her Christian sympathies had been liberal before, they now became universal. Any expression of sectarian partiality, from whatever source, was received in a manner which would have convinced any one that she was a member only of the great spiritual church of her Master. Our conversations of the departed were always cheerful. She felt their presence to be no interruption to the joys or the merriment of social intercourse. She was in truth ripening for another existence." Her last hours are thus described by her loving husband:

"On Monday and Tuesday she was slightly indisposed, but desired me to go upon a short excursion to recruit my energies, somewhat wasted by anxiety of the last week. On my return, Tuesday evening, I found her upon the bed, from which she never arose. Her illness hurried her on to death with a rapidity which no medical skill could arrest. On Friday she revived, and all believed she would recover. Her conversation was cheerful, and she assured me that the violence of her disease had abated. But at night it returned with increased power, and on Saturday morning I felt that she must be called away. Her intense suffering prevented her from talking with us till Sabbath noon. Then her pain left her, and she lay with a heavenly smile upon her

face, awaiting her departure. As we stood around her bed we felt the impotence of death in the presence of the immortal spirit. No anxieties for our welfare disturbed her, but the calm radiance of her eyes, and the low melody of her voice as she looked upon us and spoke of death, were like those of a spirit that has seen the heaven to which it is hastening. At sunset she sank into a state of unconsciousness, and when darkness fell upon the earth she passed to her eternal home.

“We carried her to her burial, arrayed in the flowers she loved. Her mortal remains now rest in the beautiful cemetery of her native village, almost under the shadow of the church spire, upon the brow of a hill whose base is washed by Bow-Brook.

“‘I have work to do in heaven, but I will always be with you,’ were the last words to me, and when on the Sabbath following I spoke to my people on the ‘Immortality of the Soul,’ we felt that she was indeed with us, and we trust that her high example has not been lost, but has aided us to accept the affliction of her departure in the spirit of him who said in his hour of trial, ‘Father not my will but thine be done.’

“If I have succeeded in presenting a faithful picture of the subject of this memoir, no one can fail to understand her character, whether expressed in her life, correspondence, or literary productions. Her nature was as simple as it was deep and beautiful, and can be expressed by no other word than that which was always upon her lips—love, love for everything great and good and beautiful, love for these qualities, so intense that it could separate them from the repulsive union with gross affections, in which they are too often found in human character, love so disinterested that her life was always more in the wants and sympathies of others than of herself—flowing out, not only in the form of benevolence and kindness, but of confidence in man, and a willingness to impart the richest treasures of her heart to bless the humblest one about her, rising like a constant hymn of praise to the Father of love, and giving to every act of life an unconscious grace and sanctity caught from a converse with spiritual realities. This is the beginning and end of her character. Of those arts by which we endeavor to supply the place of genuine emotion she knew nothing; for her own interest on

reputation she was not concerned; she was always so devoted to those nearest her that she had no time to study her own fancies or regret that they were not gratified. Neither was this a sickly or sentimental manifestation of affection. It was not that shallow affectionateness which takes the form of an incessant craving for sympathy and a boundless demand upon the good offices of others—a sentiment which at best is only the most interesting form of selfishness. Her nature was singularly healthy, her love as honest and hearty as it was refined and penetrating. She loved because she could not help it, and with the whole force of her being. The power of this sentiment was the source of all the strength and beauty of her character. It preserved her from a life of diseased introspection, to which the retired and studious are so much exposed. It elevated the lowest duties performed for the welfare of others to the dignity of religious acts; it made her content in any spot and under any circumstances, for deep and constant affection can annihilate distance and overlook present inconvenience in the intensity of its conceptions and its self-sufficing suggestions; it gave her faith in God in the darkest hours, for love in our own souls is the only thing that can assure us of the omnipotence of love in the universe; it imparted that unconscious gentleness and grace to her person, her manners and conversation that no one could resist; it was the seat of a reserved energy which the heaviest pressure of discouraging circumstances could develop, but never overcome; it was also the source of the ease with which she threw off the burden of care and became a very child in her enjoyment of humor and gaiety. Where love exists as in her nature, it is the great interpreter of all manifestations, however opposite, for it contains in a comprehensive unity the elements of the widest diversity."

The memoir from which we have abridged the foregoing is a picture of a beautiful life, and it should always be prized by our people as the record of one of the most sainted spirits our church has produced.

Our limits prevent us from referring to many of her poems, but we will quote enough so that our readers who have not been acquainted with her writings may see with what delicacy, simplicity and fervor she expressed the quiet musings of her heart and the earnest yearnings of her loving soul:

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

Oh, yes! there is joy in sincerely believing,
 No heart that is faithless can dream of or know;
 There is strength in the thought that our souls are receiving
 Such wealth as a Father alone can bestow.
 Then away with the dogma that sin is eternal;
 It dims the bright glow of Immanuel's name;
 For it was not to build up a kingdom infernal
 That Jesus, the friend of the sorrowful, came.

It was not to lay in the path of the blinded
 High walls over which they must stumble and fall,
 That he came, all sublime and serene and high-minded,
 And laid down his life—a redemption for all!
 It was not to slaughter, in anger and blindness,
 The wandering lambs that were dying of cold,
 That he lifted them up to his bosom in kindness
 And brought them all home to their rest in the fold.

He is good, and the heart that serenely reposes
 And lays down its burdens to rest in his love,
 Will find that the door of salvation ne'er closes
 So long as one sinner continues to rove.
 He loves the young lambs, though afar they are straying
 He seeks out the weary with tender concern;
 Oh, hear his soft voice in the wilderness praying,
 "To the arms of your Savior, poor lost ones return!"

VISIONS.

Before me, on the dusky air,
 I catch a gleam of golden hair;
 Far through the green copse I pursue;
 'Twas but a sunbeam glancing through.

When stretched upon the grass I lie,
 I meet the splendor of thine eye;
 I start—I search the shallow glen;
 'Twas but a violet gazing in.

Thy white hand beckons from the hedge,
 I grasp it to renew my pledge;
 A shower of bloom falls over me;
 'Twas but the flowering hawthorn tree!

From the dim wood I hear thee call;
 I fl—'twas but the waterfall!

Thy light step through the field doth pass;
I turn—'twas but the waving grass!

A sigh comes stealing from the grove—
The well-known sigh of slighted love;
I fly to throw me at thy feet;
The murmuring pine is all I meet.

Oh, did I murder thee, that thou
Shouldst haunt me with thy pale, dead brow
That everywhere thy form should be
A shadow between heaven and me?

Oh, worse than keenest sword or knife,
The worm that gnawed away thy life!
Love fondly given, and trust betrayed,
In this is all thy story said.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

There was a tender Shepherd, and he dwelt
In Palestine. His faithful lambs were fed
Upon the sweetest herbage, and they knelt
With grateful hearts, and found a welcome bed
Close at his feet. Devotedly they loved
Their gentle Guide, and followed in his track
Like waiting angels; or, if any roved
Unguardedly, he sought and brought them back.

He was so good a Shepherd, and his flocks
Were watched with such untiring care, and led
To such sweet founts—such as th' eternal Rock
Alone e'er yielded—were so richly fed
And kindly sheltered, many sought his fold
From other flocks, and humbly begged a share
Nor was the weakest pleader ever told
To turn away, for all were welcome there!

Then was the Shepherd summoned to a land
Far from the country of his faithful sheep.
He called together all his dear-loved band
Of brethren; and he bade them safely keep
His helpless flock, and feed his lambs, for foes
Clad in the guise of friends, would seek to win
Their guileless hearts, and many fearful woes
Would hard beset them—from without, within.

Then to his mourning flock he gently spake:
"Ye little ones, I go—'tis to prepare
A better place for you; but, for my sake.

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Be careful of your safety. Oh! beware
 Of false, enticing thieves, for they will seek
 To lead my little lambs astray. Ye know
 Your own true Shepherd's voice, and when I speak,
 Then shall ye follow wheresoe'er I go.

"Beloved, do not grieve that I depart—
 A little while, and we shall meet again;
 Then will I lead you, cherished of my heart,
 To a far sweeter pasture, to a plain
 Where living waters flow, and soothing shades
 Give peace and joy, where sorrow, pain and cold
 Can never enter, where no foe invades—
 But one good Shepherd guards one peaceful fold."

THE PERVADING GOD.

When but a child, there was to me
 A greatness and a mystery
 O'er all I saw;
 There hung about me everywhere
 In earth and sky and cloud and air,
 A brooding, penetrating awe!

The palest flower, that o'er the brook
 Hung trembling, had within its look
 A meaning deep;
 A spirit seemed to interfuse
 The frailest forms, the dullest hues;
 Each had an awful life to keep!

Such mysteries made me weep and pray!
 I stole from outward life away
 To that within;
 I asked my soul, with all its powers,
 To league itself with silent hours,
 Some answer from the deep to win.

So unintelligible then
 The voice that spake. But later, when
 My heart had grown,
 When waked by grief, and love, and faith,
 I bowed to what the spirit saith,
 I heard and understood the tone.

Oh, mighty now that awful Power,
 When in some lonely, listening hour,
 It speaks to me!

Ask me not why my heart swells high,
 Why gushing tears o'erflow my eye—
 Is it not awful, then, to be ?

To be! where all around us is
 Perpetual thought, perpetual bliss,
 In ebb and flow!
 Life never pausing, and time—not!
 In space no fixed, no central spot,
 From whence we came, or whither go!

Yet nature the great influx loves:
 Through the great swelling stars it moves:
 It lifts the sea;
 Mountains, pervaded, breathe and speak;
 The streams, o'erfull, in music break,
 And set the mighty Presence free!

Oh heart of mine! Thou, too, shouldst be
 An ever full, unsounded sea
 Of joy and love!
 Come Spirit! let me feel thee near;
 Soul, enter! Flow upon me here,
 From all beneath, around, above!

We could scarcely enrich these pages with poetry breathing a purer spirit and a loftier sentiment, expressed in choicer language, had we all literature from which to select, than is contained in the following series of sonnets on the Lord's Prayer, written by Mrs. Jerauld and Mrs. Mayo. We give them place here between the sketches of the two sweet singers, who now seem to those who remember them to shine like twin stars in the heaven to which they have ascended:

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

"Father in Heaven!" how many hearts are breathing
 That hallowed name, with reverent lips, to-night;
 On Southern plains, where graceful vines are wreathing,
 Or on some lofty, snow-clad Alpine height,
 The lonely dweller in the rugged mountain,
 The mariner upon the trackless sea,
 The peasant maiden by the wildwood fountain,
 And childhood lisping at its mother's knee
 All breathe alike the beautiful petition
 To thee—"Our Father who in heaven art."
 And thou dost own, most blessed recognition!
 The tie between thee and each human heart!

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Thy children! may we ever strive to be
Worthy, our Father! of that name and thee!

CHARLOTTE A. JERARD.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

Hallowed, ay, hallowed! not alone in prayer,
But in our daily thoughts and daily speech;
At altar and at hearthstone—everywhere
That temple-priest or home-apostles preach.
Oh, not by words alone, but by our deeds,
And by our faith, and hope, and spirits' flame,
And by the nature of our private creeds,
We hallow best and glorify thy name.
Nature doth hallow it; in every star,
And every flower, and leaf and leaping wave,
She praises thee who from thy realm afar
Such stores of beauty to this fair earth gave.
But these alone should not thy love proclaim—
Our hearts, our souls respond—"All hallowed be thy name."

SARAH C. EDGARTON MAYO.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Where shall thy kingdom come? In halls of state
Or old cathedrals where the mighty throng,
Where mitred priests in robes of purple wait,
And pealing organs chant the lofty song?
Where shall thy kingdom come? In cloisters dim
Where the pale nun in adoration bends,
While with the music of her vesper hymn
Some fond regret or cherished memory blends?
Or in the dwelling of the lowly poor,
Where humble hopes and meek affections spring?
There shall the dove of peace, her wanderings o'er,
At length find shelter for her weary wing?
Where shall thy kingdom come? Is not thy throne
Within the humble, contrite soul alone?

C. A. J.

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

Oh, beautiful and bright that world must be
Where life is but the doing of God's will!
Could we on earth as perfectly fulfil
Thy holy law, we, also, should be free!
For angels are not happier than are we

When in our hearts we take our Father's name,
 And with a resolute and steady aim
 Make all our deeds with his high will agree.
 Father! we love our land of human birth,
 Which thou to us for a brief home hast given;
 We love this beautiful and fair young earth,
 And fain would make it like our home in heaven.
 Oh! one thing more we truly need—but one—
 That here as in yon heaven thy holy will be done.

S. C. E.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

Our God, our Father, from thy throne on high,
 Amid the melody of harps divine,
 Wilt thou not listen to thy children's cry,
 Borne on prayer-incense to thy holy shrine?
 Father, we hunger! as we faltering tread
 The rugged pathway through life's wilderness,
 Oh, "give unto us each our daily bread;"
 Strengthen our footsteps as we onward press!
 Thou who of old thy mercy didst declare
 To Israel wandering in the desert land,
 Turn not away from this our fervent prayer,
 Nor let our frailties stay thy gracious hand;
 Thou who with blessings makest each day rife,
 Give to our fainting souls the bread of life!

C. A. J.

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS.

In our hard march through life, we may have offered
 A friendly hand to some poor fainting brother,
 And in our turn have failed, and no one proffered
 The aid we lent so freely to another.
 We may have lived a life of cheerful duty;
 Have gladly toiled and suffered for our neighbor,
 And aimed to fill his soul with moral beauty.
 Yet reaped but wrong and curses for our labor.
 Oh, if these debts are from our souls forgiven,
 Not even asking penitent confession.
 Then, Father, wilt thou from thy throne in heaven
 Bend down and kindly pardon our transgression;
 But, if we pardon not, can we petition
 The unerring God of heaven to give our sin remission?

S. C. E.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

From the low hut, where Poverty contendeth
 Bravely with Vice, the sumptuously fed,
 While from his heart an anguish-wail ascendeth,
 As' weak young voices vainly cry for bread!
 From the proud soul that burneth for dominion
 Over the mighty universe of mind—
 That fain would soar away on eagle pinion,
 Leaving life's tame realities behind;
 And from the beauty dowered, in humble station,
 Who for the world's gay pageants fondly sighs,
 From Hagar, maddened by her desolation —
 From every poor, frail heart this prayer should rise:
 "Suffer us not to fall into temptation!"
 Lead us, oh Father! where our duty lies.

C. A. J.

BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

Ere down the purple west the sunbeams sink,
 How many a snare may lurk around our way!
 How oft our trembling feet upon the brink
 Of Passion's stream unconsciously may stray!
 O Father! at thy feet we humbly pray
 That from its burning waves we may not drink!
 Most temptingly it gushes o'er our track,
 Flashing like jewels 'neath our eager eyes;
 Oh, place thine arm around us! Draw us back!
 For he who drinks that deadly water dies,
 Thou, Father! thou alone hast those supplies
 Which renovate and satisfy the soul;
 From thy great spirit like a tide they roll,
 And every heart may come and fill 'ts golden bowl.

S. C. E.

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER.

THINE IS THE KINGDOM! Everlasting God,
 In all thy works thy sovereignty is shown;
 Justice and mercy wait upon thy nod,
 And Truth upholds the pillars of thy throne.
 THINE IS THE POWER—to tame the rebel heart,
 To make the serpent gentle as the dove,
 Comfort and peace and wisdom to impart,
 And to do all things by thy wondrous Love!
 THINE IS THE GLORY—not of earthly kings,
 Not thine their empty pomp and poor renown.

But with thy goodness the empyrean rings.
Love is thy scepter, love thy glorious crown;
While earthly thrones return to dust again,
Thine shall endure forever more. AMEN!

C. A. J.

LUTHER.

'Twas night, black night, o'er Christendom,
And denser night within men's souls;
Thought slumbered in a human tomb,
And truth lay hid in dusty scrolls.

A voice rose clear, amid the gloom
And silence of this awful night;
A voice that rent the bolted tomb,
And called the mouldering dead to light.

A voice sublime, yet calm and sweet,
Was heard along the cloistered aisles;
It echoed through the crowded street,
And shook the old cathedral piles.

It was the voice of one who long
Had crouched beneath the papal rod;
He rose at last, sublime and strong,
The Champion of the Word of God!

Rome shook her sceptered arm in wrath,
And threw her snares along his way;
He swept them lightly from his path—
A giant with a thread at play.

Truth, mighty in his soul, spake out,
And Error with her midnight train,
Blind Superstition, Fear, and Doubt,
Fell, ne'er to rise so strong again!

When papal thunders shook the sky,
And hurled their red bolts at his head,
He raised the Word of God on high,
And shining helms were 'round him spread.

When proud philosophy, with sneers
Upon his holy "Theses" trod,
He poured within its startled ears
The wisdom of the Word of God.

Old monks peered out from gloomy cells,
And raised their cowls in mute surprise;

Fair nuns forgot their vesper bells,
And hope shone in their sweet young eyes.

The priests, like hissing serpents, spat
Their harmless venom in his face;
But at his feet poor sinners sat,
And wept to hear him talk of grace.

Young men, with true and earnest hearts,
Gazed on him with adoring eyes,
And left the lore of human arts
To learn the wisdom of the skies.

The stream of Truth ran freely forth,
And swept the cloister walls away;
Young vestals learned the love of earth,
And loving, better learned to pray.

Such fruits the great Reformer saw
Hang clustering on his planted tree;
And though condemned by human law,
He felt himself in Christ made free.

His was the lesson deep ingrained
Within the tabature of life—
That freedom of the soul is gained
Alone through battle and through strife.

Oh, be his holy lessons ours!
Let us pursue the path he trod,
And prove, in face of human powers,
Bold champions of the Word of God!

CHARLOTTE A. JERAULD.

“Charlotte,” as she was affectionately called by the readers among our people twenty-five years ago, was one of the five or six of the most popular of the women who at that time contributed to make our literature attractive. Her maiden name was Fillebrown, and she was born in Cambridge, Mass., April 16, 1820. The home of her parents, Richard and Charlotte, was near Harvard University at the time of her birth, but in early childhood



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they removed to Boston, where she obtained an excellent education in the common schools of the city, and at a very early age evinced a remarkable aptness for "compositions." They were so excellent that the teacher thought she was shining in borrowed jewels, and, to test her, gave her a subject and a certain length of time to write a certain number of verses. Charlotte's indignation was aroused, and with a defiant pride she took the stint, and more than accomplished it. Her school was visited one day by Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. The teacher read some of the compositions and the honorable gentlemen requested that the writer of one be pointed out to them. It proved to be Charlotte; an introduction was asked and favored; both gentlemen complimented her, and Mr. Clay said, "I wish you were a boy; I would make a statesman of you."

Charlotte and her father were very faithful friends; he seemed to fully realize what nature had done for his child, and she was his pride. She loved him in return most faithfully, and she was full of heart, and in sympathy with and eloquent for all in distress. Although but nine years old when her father died, she fainted.

At the age of fifteen years she was compelled to support herself by toil, and her preference was to go where she could have something to do with books, and consequently she entered a book-bindery, and it proved to be the place where the "Ladies Repository" was bound, and owing to this fact, perhaps, her first essay for publication was sent to that periodical.

Rev. Henry Bacon, in his memoir of Charlotte, describes the beginning of her literary life in the following way, "We availed ourself of the first opportunity to introduce ourself to the discovered 'Charlotte,' to whom, through the 'Repository,' we had said many encouraging things. We had felt a religious interest in her, from discovering that, while unknown to us, she had attended public worship wherever we chanced to officiate in Boston or its immediate vicinity. We first met her in the bindery, engaged busily in folding 'signatures' of the 'Repository,' and were charmed with the perfect simplicity of her deportment. She lost no time, at our request, in folding, while we conversed, and the unpretending frankness of her speech and look let us at once into her estimable character. We saw then what was more clearly revealed in after time, that the cheerful and vivacious

aspect which she wore was but as the stream that, sparkling, flows above the deep and strong river, holding its course steadily to the solemn sea. Her conversation was the speech of one who would be agreeable to her friends, that friendly feeling might increase, but which, at the same time, had a vein of deep thoughtfulness that made known the richness of the interior character. She felt aspirings that she could not gratify. She was environed with the necessity to toil, and toil brought weariness, and weariness unfitted the mind for intellectual effort when it would fain struggle and be free. The beautiful inducements flowing out of the pride which others take in the efforts of the one they deem 'gifted,' and to whom they would give every facility to develop their talent, were not hers. Few, very few, who imagine their lot hard, and no opportunities afforded them to be 'anything' are less favored than was she when she fixed her purpose and made her first efforts. She had the character that ventures where the soul points the way."

A very warm friendship at once sprang up between her and Sarah Edgarton, between whom and herself close affinities existed, and a life-long correspondence ensued, a beautiful illustration of which is the sonnets on the Lord's Prayer, written by them alternately. We know of nothing in our literature on that great topic finer than these splendid strains.

In 1841 Charlotte published her first prose, a pleasing story—"Emma Beaumont." Soon after appeared "Margaret Leslie," a story which, Sarah Edgarton said, "almost cheated her into the belief that the plot was real, which is a proof of no ordinary skill."

In 1842 she passed a week in Lowell, with Miss Edgarton, at the home of that rare man, who combines the poet and critic, the philosopher and the theologian, the genial wit and the tender Christian as they are rarely combined in one organization—Thomas Baldwin Thayer, and here she enjoyed her first communion, which she thus commemorated:

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

The table of the Crucified, the blessed Lord, was set,
 And round the sacred board the few, the well beloved, were met;
 While the young herald of the Cross, with earnest voice and eye,
 Told how the Son of God was born to suffer and to die!

He spake, in deeply moving tones, of dark Gethsemane,
 And bade his listeners behold the Mount of Calvary:

And, as the fearful scenes arose, their eyes with tears grew dim,
And each believing heart was stirred with sympathy for him.

The old, with deeply furrowed cheek and silver locks, were there;
The brightly beaming eye of youth, the pale, wan cheek of care;
The sinful came, with quaking heart, but met no withering frown,
And at the feet of Jesus laid their heavy burthens down.

And one there was amid the group, who ne'er had dared before
With Christians to commemorate the sufferings Jesus bore;
Although her spirit long had yearned, amid its deepest night,
To burst the iron doors of sin and hail the glorious light.

The maiden was not one to whom the flatterer paid his vow,
For beauty ne'er had shed its light upon her dark, sad brow;
Her voice had naught of music, and her step was void of grace,
And genius added not a charm to that unlovely face.

But, oh! she had a loving heart, that mourned, although in vain,
To see its wealth, poured freely forth, return unblessed again;
And so, with bowed and contrite soul—to him an offering sweet--
She laid its priceless treasure down at her Redeemer's feet!

Much of the development of her genius was due to the influence of Rev. Henry Bacon, whose appreciative biography describes her beautiful life in fitting terms.

Nov. 19, 1843, she was married to J. W. Jerauld, and subsequently she divided her time between domestic cares and literary pursuits, producing most of the stories, sketches and poems found in the volume "Poetry and Prose, by Mrs. Charlotte A. Jerauld, with a memoir by Henry Bacon, Boston. A. Tompkins. 38 Cornhill, 1860," which first appeared in the "Repository" and "Rose of Sharon."

On the last week of July, 1845, her child was born; on the third day after her mind wandered, and in a few hours she became a raving maniac. Her child died August 1st, and Charlotte followed on the 2d. On the succeeding Sabbath she was buried from Warren-street Church, Revs. Hosea Ballou, Sebastian Streeter, and Otis A. Skinner, officiating. Her body reposes in Mt. Auburn. Such are the brief outlines of a rare and beautiful life, that exhaled from earth at the early age of twenty-five, having made a lasting record in those few brief years. A rich harvest for the great Reaper!

Rev. Henry Bacon, who knew the writer intimately, and who, possess-

ing a rare psychological insight, was thoroughly competent to analyze her character, thus describes her:

“Charlotte lived to love. Her fondest wish was to be loved by the estimable and the good, and one of the chief sorrows of her life was the fear that she appeared frivolous to those whose love could be won only by that depth of character to which gayety was but as the foam of the wave to the sea. Her keen sense of the ludicrous was regarded by her as her ‘evil genius.’ It was active everywhere, and yet was accompanied by the most profound reverence for things holy, and appreciation of things beautiful. Such a union is not common, and we must vindicate it ere we enter upon the memoir. The merriest things have been written and said when the intensest pain was felt, and the deepest melancholy was on the soul. This vein was rich in our friend Charlotte, but it never threw a richness of humor over anything bad. It poured out its affluence as a bird sings, as a brook glitters, as the phosphorescence of the sea charms the voyager; but as that bird could fly heavenward, and that brook held its course to the river, and that phosphorescence took nothing from the majesty and glory of the sea, so the mind and heart of Charlotte possessed the loftier and holier tendencies. Throughout her diversified correspondence, gayety of thought and feeling is met, wit sparkles and glitters; but never does it minister to malicious feeling or ungenerous criticism. It is a play of words that adds to the garden its butterflies, to the mill-stream its foamy brilliants. Such a restraint of a spontaneous power is as fine an inlet to character as any revelation can give; for as we read of Jesus, he is known by his silence as well as by his speech. There is a weakness of character where fitness of time and occasion is not thought of in indulging wit and humor; there is strength when the proper restraint is continuously imposed.

“A new existence now dawned on Charlotte. She was brought into a society she was fitted to ornament and enjoy. Acquaintance ripened speedily into friendship, and friendship partook of the best elements of perpetuity. She felt what a world of feeling, sympathy and aspiration lies hidden within the soul, waiting the bidding of the appropriate power to call it forth. Timid, weighed down by the small estimate she formed of herself, and looking with an artist’s eye on superior works in the line of her efforts, she needed the help of natures on which she could lean in trustfulness, and to

which she could look up for confidence. To feel that ours is the friendship of the wise and good—to find them opening to us the rich stores of their well-freighted minds, as though we could appreciate the treasures they presented—gives to the shrinking and fearful a confidence in themselves by making them feel the powers thus addressed. It was thus with her. She had friends she revered. They were to her the wise and good. She felt the influence of their presence, their conversation, their letters. Instinctively her nature was richly developed, and ere she hardly knew of the change, she was intimate with them, and poured out the affluence of her soul with perfect and beautiful frankness and simplicity. She won upon her friends by this perfect freedom from affectation. She greatly disliked everything that bore any likeness to affected speech or manner; and nothing excited more overwhelmingly the sense of the ludicrous than the mask of ceremony worn where simple nature should only be seen. No matter where the mockery was seen, whether at church or in the parlor, incongruities were ludicrous; and we may be sure that in this case a true sense of the absurd was accompanied by an acute perception of order and harmony. Not lightness of feeling, but because of a profound reverence for religion, she was moved to irresistible mirth whenever stiff and starched ceremony came where only nature belonged.”

Sarah C. E. Mayo thus describes her friend: “She wrote, not from literary ambition, but from an overfull heart, as a bird sings, or a lamb sports, and scattered her melodies

As an oak looseneth its golden leaves
In kindly largess to the soil it grew on.

Poetry was to her the green tree under which she rested after her daily toils. She gathered no fruit from its boughs, but, listening with charmed ear to murmuring strains amid its foliage, her spirit caught the melody and warbled it aloud. Considering Charlotte’s poetry, then, as a spontaneous thing upon which she had bestowed no culture, and from which she expected no fruits, it would be in bad taste to apply to it any other than the simplest æsthetic rules. Was it pure? Was it simple? Was it true? There can be but one answer. Sketched she a little cottage, how clearly it stood out upon the landscape, with its mossy roof and overhanging elms. Was an old country

well her theme, how temptingly trickled the clear drops over the brim of its mossy bucket. And those fair young cottage maidens, all after Goethe's pattern were they, with their clear blue eyes, pure, loving hearts, and gay, ringing laughter.

"Her stories are written with much colloquial ease, and evince a talent which by cultivation might have insured her an honorable place among the story writers of the day. Her heroines are not all run in one mould. Lucy Murray, Margaret Leslie, Isadore De Vaux, are not three reflections of the same woman; they do not run together like raindrops, but preserve an individual character.

"Her poetry is simple, tender, and full of delicate rural pictures. In many of her poems she has displayed gushings of tenderness. It is a tenderness touched with pity—a pathos that melts, but does not rend our hearts."

Miss Edgerton says: "We count among the freshest and sweetest of her poems the dewy little stanzas,—'Violets.'" We quote but the closing three:

Pretty, modest violets,

* * * * *

Many a damsel twists
Your glistening amethysts,
Amid the rich luxuriant tresses
Which the soft South wind caresses,
In his sportive play.

Fairest of the flowers
Nursed by April showers,
When the long green grass shall wave
Luxuriant o'er my lowly grave,
Shed your perfume there!

Pretty, purple violets,
Soft, low-breathing violets,
I shall hear, at twilight dim,
The chiming cadence of your hymn,
Lulling me to rest!

Such is the character of "Carrie" and "Clara," "The Old Wife to her Husband," and "The Dying Wife to her Husband," this last a beautiful poem, and prophetic of her own fate.

Mr. Bacon thus closes his sketch of this gifted woman: "Poor, obscure,

required to toil, having but the limited advantages of education which are secured to the humblest, she put forth her powers timidly, but successfully, as the Russian violet springs up amid the frozen soil; and when sickness prostrated her energies, just as she was beginning to make better efforts, she murmured not, and only asked to have her pining for the sight of flowers and for the breath of the sweet-scented field answered. God's gift was better than she prayed for. She is now to us a memory and a hope."

From the volume compiled by Mr. Bacon we select the following poem:

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together, in happy days lang syne;
My heart has felt thy sorrows, and thou hast shared in mine;
But now, alas! that holy light has vanished from thy brow,—
We have been friends together,—why are we parted now?

We have walked and sat together 'neath the solemn forest shades,
We have laughed and sang together in the green and sunny glades;
And are they all forgotten now, those bright and gladsome days?
And shall those ancient woods no more re-echo to our lays?

Through the gay resorts of pleasure have our merry footsteps roved;
We have wept sad tears together, by the graves of those we loved;
And though the silver cord is loosed, let memory whisper thee,
"We have been friends together if nevermore we be."

We have been friends together; and oh, 'tis hard to part
The tendrils that have twined so close around my inmost heart;
Nor mine alone,—for still, despite the coldness of thine eye,
I'm sure thou can'st not quite forget the sunny hours gone by.

And when thy thoughts turn wearily to muse upon the past,
And thy mind reverts to former days, too beautiful to last,
Then let Faith's angel-finger point thy glittering eyes above,
Where broken friendships are unknown, for all is perfect love.

HARRIET G. PERRY.

This model Christian woman was born in Norwich, Conn., Sept. 11, 1812. Her maiden name was Haskell. The larger part of her youth was passed with her grandparents in Preston, Conn., where she had only the

advantages of a country school, but her thirst for knowledge aided her in overcoming every obstacle until she developed a mind of unusual strength and clearness. She wrote some very sweet little poems when about fourteen years of age, and from that time on poetry was the only pastime and recreation of a busy life.

She was married to John B. Perry, June 28, 1835, and became the mother of six children, of whom but two are living—Mrs. Lucy H. Chapman and Mrs. Harriet Perry Geer, from whom I have obtained most of the facts I shall present. She was a busy housewife and a most faithful and devoted mother, and her daughter says it was always a mystery to her family and intimate friends how, with so frail a constitution and feeble body, she accomplished so much. Until the very last of her life she was very watchful of the comforts of the sick. No one within reach of her was ever neglected, and she always conversed upon the comfort of her beautiful faith and perfect trust in it in such a manner that the darkened rooms were filled with sunlight and mourning hearts with faith.

Mrs. Geer says: "I have heard her say that she could not remember a moment when she was free from pain, but she never murmured at the divine will, but fought the battle bravely, striving to live for the sake of her loved ones long after life must have ceased to be a blessing to her." Mrs. E. Louisa Mather says of her: "I had glimpses of her saintly soul in letters written to me for thirty-three years. Her letters strengthened and helped me very much, each one was a sermon to my thirsty spirit, and helped me onward in the pathway of progress and truth. Living as I did where I could not have the religious privileges my soul craved, her letters supplied the missing sermons, for they were tenderly religious and encouraging. Then she was so unassuming, so modest, so true and loving, that all who knew her as I did—and the influence of her saintly living was wide-spread—must miss her helpful service and her heavenly counsels." Another friend who had known her for many years, and had been with her through many seasons of joys and sorrows, of which her life was full, writes: "She was one of God's saints, a perfect Christian, and none knew her but to love her."

The most of Mrs. Perry's writings were for the "Ladies' Repository." From 1849 and onward she wrote for our denominational papers, and every

thing she has written breathes the spirit of the faith she graced by her beautiful life. Rev. L. P. Blackford, her pastor, says: "Her life was very quiet and unostentatious, and the sphere of her influence was her family, her neighborhood and her church."

Mrs. Perry died Jan. 16th, 1881, of consumption. Her mind was clear to the last, and only a few weeks previous to her death she laid aside her pen never to take it up again, saying: "My brain is weary and my hand powerless. I must give it all up."

The "Christian Leader" soon after her decease published the following:

"Mrs. Perry was a poet, and possessed the poetic insight. She was especially sensitive to every appeal of the true, the good and the beautiful. In past years the 'Ladies' Repository' and other denominational papers contained poems from her pen. In recent years, however, owing to her failing health, she has written but little; but she has given to her family and her church the garnered wisdom of many years. With a fragile frame she had a brilliant mind and one of the purest and sweetest Christian spirits with which it has ever been our privilege to commune on earth. Of all the sainted sisterhood whose sympathy we have enjoyed during a ministry of forty years, there was in her a combination of intelligence, devotion, efficiency and untiring zeal which would place her at the head. We have never known one to whose approval or disapproval we should feel more deeply sensitive. She had a spiritual intuition akin to inspiration, and a sense of propriety in matters pertaining to religion approaching the infallible. With a retiring, an unassuming nature, she was always made a leader in the church, and had the gift of wise and ready utterance. Some of her poems have much merit, and one on the death of a son is worthy of preservation in 'The Library of Poetry and Song.' We had corresponded thirty years; and her last letter is still unanswered. She was a most devoted member of our church, and a beautiful example of our faith. She gave to the church her best thought and effort. In the conference meeting she will be sadly missed, for there she always spoke as though face to face with God; and to us, who heard her and saw her face, it seemed the face of an angel."

The record of such lives is not in what they have written in prose or verse; nor in results of which the senses can take cognizance. It is in the

hearts and lives of those who have been touched by their unseen and silent power.

We quote this from the many sweet strains of this saintly woman.

GOOD AND ILL.

God of the life whose troubled tide
Flows thro' creation, deep and wide,
Thy loving purpose threads all ill,
From Eden's gate to Zion's hill,

Rev. E. W. Reynolds.

The morn in joy and gladness wakes,
The sun rejoices in his might,
And all creation's harmonies
Awake to bathe in golden light.
Above, beneath, on every side
Glad sounds are heard, glad sights are seen;
Earth's fearful millions worship now,
With spirits trustful and serene,
They worship him the perfect One,
Whose blessings o'er the earth distill;
With reverent love they bow the knee
To him who does his holy will.

But let a cloud that sun obscure,
Let nature cease her joyful hymn,
Let stormy winds discordant roar,
Glad sounds be mute, glad sights grow dim!
Let flowing fount and fruitful field,
And flocks and herds fail, one by one,
Then will earth's trusting millions say
"Thy will, thy perfect will, be done?"
Alas! their day hath turned to night;
The good they worship'd changed to ill;
Yet high above their thoughts and ways
God worketh out his holy will.

When health is coursing through each vein,
And life all fresh and gay is ours,
When with light heart and feet we roam,
And "scaree can see the grass, for flowers,"
Or when, wrapt in luxurious ease,
We fear no cold of sky or hearts,
When the warm breath of human love
Its incense to our lives imparts;
When health and wealth and friends are ours,
And love and joy our steps attend,
Oh, then, how easily we trace
The hand which doth such blessings send.

But let a wasting sickness come,
 To pale the cheek and dim the eye—
 Bid all the streams of life run low,
 And sadly whisper, "Thou must die!"
 Let poverty with ruthless wand
 Our golden idols turn to dust—
 Let slander aim its cruel darts,
 'Till we no human soul can trust—
 Let health, and wealth, and joy depart,
 And love in kindred hearts grow chill,
 Still will we trust and humbly say
 God works through all his perfect will!

Aye! God can turn thy day to night!
 But night with him is like the day;
 'Tis out of foes he maketh friends;
 And both to him shall honor pay.
 Through changeful mediums he conducts
 The changeless good thou see'st afar!
 Ask not all light—enough to know
 His darkness never paled a star!
 Eternal Father! help thy child
 Thro' earth-born mists to see thee still
 To know through ill thou make'st good,
 For thou art Love! "Love works no ill."

A LEAF FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

I know not how it is with others, but I find the extreme heat of Summer unfavorable to mental labor. The mind is not inactive, but it lacks the power to condense and arrange, or to fix itself upon anything. Life becomes like a panorama, or rather a succession of dissolving views. Visions of the past come and go, visions of the future mingle with the past, and even the present seems dreamy and unreal. With the mind in this state, it would be impossible to write anything but a "Medley." Here and there, however, a page of the past stands out in such prominence as to have become a fixture, and the mind finds it always condensed and arranged beyond the possibility of change. I can turn to many such pages in my life-experience, one of which—if you will allow the egotism—I will transcribe.

It was in the Summer of 1841; three dear "little ones" blessed my home with the light of their winsome ways, with the joy of their innocent prattle. Being a zealous religionist, and a believer in the limitarian theology, and feeling all the responsibility a mother could feel for the safety and well-being of those dearer to her than life, I strove amid hopes and fears to lead them to Christ and to God; and as they kneeled around me, and, looking up into my face, said, "Our Father" and other little prayers, I really supposed I was leading them unto him who gave them to me; to the true God and Father. Ah! how little did I know that they were silently, yet surely, leading me instead!

Ah! those terrible misgivings which would come, as I gazed with love unutterable upon them—that I had been instrumental in giving them an existence

which might—and probably would, to some of them—prove an endless curse! while love grew with each added day, until it seemed that all my heart-strings were clasped in their little dimpled hands. Oh, how vainly did I strive to evade the thought of the terrible responsibility of a mother's position in the face of even a doubt of life's final issues. I pity the mother who feels what I then felt, and pity her all the more who—believing thus—could feel less; such experiences as that taught me that such a faith destroys all the rich blessings of maternity, and turns the noblest joys of life into a present and prospective curse.

Once convinced of the wrong, and my nature would not let me rest until satisfaction in regard to it was obtained; and with such agonizing fears for the darlings who were ever with me, you will not wonder that my search was honest and earnest to find where the error lay; and thanks be to God, I did not seek in vain! Praise to his holy name that he commissioned the "little ones" to lead me to a knowledge of himself.

While in this frame of mind, seeking and praying for light, I attended church (the M. E. Church, of which I was a member), and heard a sermon upon the parable of the "Rich Man and Lazarus." The preacher did not allow a parabolic, but gave it a strictly literal interpretation; spoke of the nearness of hell and heaven, of the groans made in the one being heard in the other, and *vice versa*; in short, he showed me the creed I had accepted from childhood in its true light. I had often heard this before, but now, weak in body and worn in spirit, I could not endure it; I wept during the entire service. At the close a good sister took my hand, and, with astonishment in every feature, begged to know what troubled me? She ought to have been more astonished had I been tearless. "The sermon," said I; "and, dear sister, if what we have heard be true, I have no motive left to induce me to strive to attain heaven, for I see no choice between the two places; I never could be happy in either." She did not attempt to console me. How could she! Returning home, I sent to a friend, who was a Universalist, and borrowed "Ballou on the Parables," just to read his interpretation of this one, but I did read the whole book. The morning dawned, not yet wholly free from the mists and fogs of error, but destined to grow brighter and fairer to the perfect day.

A new significance to life, to all life was given; and, if I could, how gladly would I tell to any mother the difference in the joy, the bliss, with which I embraced the next cherub which came to my home! I welcomed it to the earth as to a home prepared by a loving Father, welcomed it to the love of my own unbound nature, and welcomed it to a life which was to prove an endless blessing. It was but a short earthly life to which it was welcomed, however, for I was soon called to part with it, and also with another, a sweet child of two years. It was a severe trial, but I felt how seasonably the blessing of a new faith had been given me, and its support was "sufficient for me"; death itself now was better than life had been without it. How could I murmur? Love, too, had a new significance; before, it was bound; now, it was right to give it free course. No true love was idolatry now, and it grew at once into its immortal nature, and assumed its infinite proportions, and need never be suppressed, as it only led directly to the God of Love. I knew now that loved ones were mine in any world where my love could reach them. Since that time trials have seemed small, because of the greatness of hope, of faith, of joy; for though my sky be overcast with clouds, I feel

"That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love."

ELIZABETH LOUISA MATHER.

The maiden name of this charming lady was Foster, and she was born in East Haddam, Conn., Jan. 7, 1815. She is from a highly respectable family, and is on her maternal side a relative of Mrs. Abel C. Thomas. She was baptized in the Episcopal Church, of which her parents were members, and at the proper age was confirmed. June 18, 1837, she was married to E. W. Mather, of East Haddam, Conn. Her grandfather, Joel Foster, A. M., had a controversy with Rev. Hosea Ballou when the latter was a young man. Her father came from Massachusetts, and settled in Connecticut in 1809 or 1810. The family traces its descent from Miles Standish, the Puritan captain of Plymouth, on the father's side; on her husband's side to Richard Mather, the common ancestor of all the Mathers in this country. Her husband's father became a Universalist in his old age, and was excommunicated from the Congregational Church on that account. They lived in Millington Society, which is the eastern part of East Haddam, from 1837 to 1853, thence moving to East Haddam Landing, on the east bank of the Connecticut River. In both places occasional meetings were held in schoolhouses and halls, where Revs. H. Chaffee, J. Shrigley, S. C. Bulkeley, W. A. Stickney and, last of all, Father Abraham Norwood preached. In the early days of her marriage her husband took the "Universalist Union," and the writings of Mrs. Julia H. Scott arrested her attention, and she became a convert to the faith of the world's salvation. She writes me at the age of sixty-seven:

"How glorious are the pictures which memory brings before me in these later years, when my tired feet are going down life's western hillside, and the sands in my hour-glass are passing swiftly on! How I welcomed the 'Repository' to my humble home; how eagerly I read the writings of Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Jerould, Mrs. Mayo, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Soule, Anna M. Bates, and Miss Remick; how dear even as household names are those of Chapin, Bacon, Sawyer, Thomas, Ballou, and Whittemore—how I longed to listen to their utterances!

"There was no liberal church nearer than Middletown, which was more

than twenty miles away. I have attended only two general conventions of our faith, one holden at Hartford, Conn., September, 1847, where I saw Father Ballou, Bros. Greenwood, Bacon, Tompkins and several others. What days those were! I could scarcely eat or sleep, in my great joy of looking and listening. What a 'feast of fat things' was spread before us; what an unfailling fountain of love ineffable; what unsounded deeps of consolation, joy and peace! We also went to the General Convention at Middletown, Conn., in September, 1855. There I grasped Bro. Whittemore's hand, and Bro. Chapin's. Long and tenderly to be remembered are the incidents of that blissful time. It is a well-spring of pleasure to look back on those far-away times, when was fully revealed to my waiting spirit 'Our Father,' whose name is Love! To sum it up, I have had but few opportunities to hear liberal preaching; have never had the opportunity to connect myself with the Universalist Church, or to have acquaintance with but very few professing that faith; although, at different periods, I have corresponded with those of that faith—a few dear ones. Mrs. Perry was my correspondent from the time of my first acquaintance until her death—a period of thirty-three years—*half of my life!* I am but watching and waiting to go to her. In lieu of actual acquaintance, what comfort I took in writing for the 'Universalist Union,' the 'Ambassador,' the 'Trumpet' and the 'Repository.' Living in an out-of-the-way place, as Millington is, how I welcomed the denominational papers! Doing all of my household work of all kinds, I, of course, had but little time for reviewing or elaborating my productions. How well I remember receiving a letter from Mrs. Livermore, inviting me to write for the 'Lily of the Valley.' I had but two days to do a fortnight's washing, to iron, bake, compose, copy and get my poem off. Of course my productions were mediocre, but they seemed to make me one of the household of faith which I so loved—they drew me, as it were, into the charmed circle of the dear, dear names I so revered and cherished. Thus, but for the papers I received, I was as solitary of liberal friends as Robinson Crusoe on his island; and yet not so, exactly, for I had valued correspondents who were of *the* faith, and whose words and sympathy were invaluable. In fine, through all these forty-four years my heart has thrilled with this blessed

hope, even through toil, discouragement, trial and poverty. My love for Universalism and Universalists has never abated, although I know and have mingled so little with them. Mrs. Thomas says it is 'pathetic,' my clinging so closely to them.

"Now, as a sequel to this sketch, can you believe that I have joined a Congregational church? It is a small church not far from my home. There were several who wished me to join—the senior deacon said I ought to be one of them. I told him I was not 'orthodox.' He said I was orthodox enough for him. I told him I believed all would be saved. He said he did not see what difference it made whether I believed ALL or a *part* of mankind were to be saved; what *he* wanted was *Christian character*. When I appeared before the Examining Committee, I told them I did not understand the Trinity, did not believe in endless misery, etc., in fine, believed that our Father would finally bring home all his children to the blessed feast of love in the mountain of his holiness. I urged upon them not to receive me if they could not fellowship me, for I should still go to church and love them just the same. I felt that I could walk with them in Christian love and charity if they received me. I did not ask to be received into the church, but was invited therein. I told them that I should join the Universalist Church if I ever had the chance. Well, I joined them, and feel it my right to speak in favor of our faith at all convenient seasons, in Bible class and church. Was received into membership without assenting to the articles of faith, only on the covenant of love and helpful service. Election and reprobation no longer have a place in their manual of faith. Bro. Norwood and Mrs. Perry said I did right to join them; other friends dissent from this view. I go to the Universalist church whenever I can; in *this* home church I find progression and liberality; I trust, God helping, to do a little good therein."

Mrs. Mather has written essays, stories and poems for the "Ladies' Repository" from 1847 to 1874, for the "Trumpet," "Ambassador," "Golden Rule," "Odd Fellows' Offering," etc., on religious subjects, capital punishment, woman's suffrage, etc. We should be glad to quote many of her poems, but the following must suffice:

MY BIRTHDAY.

Upon my rosary of years
 Another bead is strung;
 And, on the pathway of my life,
 A sunset ray is flung!

I tell my beads—and, as they fall,
 Adown the tide of time
 Come ringing echoes of the past,
 Which with the waters chime.

I tell my beads—and those whose feet
 Were beauteous on life's mount,
 With me are ranging smiling meads,
 And quaffing Nature's fount.

I hear the gliding brook give out
 Its gentle roundelay—
 Amid the arching forest trees,
 Sunshine and shadow play.

Dimly I see the ruined trace
 Of castles built by youth;
 Amid the chaos linger yet
 Halos of love and truth—

A fond ideal, which shall spring
 To new and glorious birth,
 When passed to God's eternal home
 Beyond this changing earth.

I tell my beads—and childhood's door
 Once more is opened wide;
 My mother, with her angel face,
 Is sitting by my side.

Oh! to my rosary of years
 Will many more be strung?
 Or will my footsteps wander where
 The old are ever young?

My Spring and Summer both have gone
 Beyond the Autumn's verge,
 I stand amid the wintry winds,
 Where the sad sea-waves surge!

Through all these many years of life
 Have I been safely led;
 My cup of joy hath oft been full,
 My sorrow comforted!

I know that he who gives, can take,
And doeth both in love;
I gladly take his "strong right hand,"
That leadeth me above.

And so with joy I tread along
The future left for me,
Knowing I soon shall reach the land
Of immortality!

MARY HALL ADAMS

Was the daughter of William and Mary Barrett, and was born in Malden, Mass., Sept. 14, 1816. The mother of Mary was a sister of charity among the poor of Malden, and the father was one of those large-hearted men who are ever ready to do their duty cheerfully. Mr. Barrett believed in the principles of Christian Universalism, and with his wife Mary exemplified those principles at home and abroad. The worthy traits of these daily living Christians were transmitted to their daughter. But she did not wait for the mantle to fall, but commenced her labor of love before they departed. Rev. Dr. Cobb says: "When we commenced our pastoral charge at Malden, Mary Barrett was a little girl of twelve. Though her father was wealthy, and her associates were of the first class socially, she was ever modest and affable in her manners towards all. There was a combination of intellectuality and benevolence in her expression, and her highest concern was to enrich and adorn the mind. She entered heartily and efficiently into the work of the Sunday-school. Young as she was, she became a teacher and member of the Bible class. She joined the church at sixteen, and was ever one of the most earnest and faithful workers, and her enlightened and ever-glowing spirit of devotion added to the spiritual interest of the communion."

When quite young she was called to mourn the loss of sister, father,

brother and mother; all died of consumption, and needed great care, which she took upon herself with an unwearied heart; but friends saw that the frail little body was overdoing itself, but her comforting was so sweet to the invalids that they did not heed the wasting frame.

She was never a rollicking school-girl, but ever had that faculty and grace about her that permitted her friends to indulge in their gay pastimes without embarrassment, although she ever had a "half sad and half smiling face." Mrs. E. A. Bacon Lathrop gives, as a reason for her quiet pensiveness, "An early life of sorrow, and consequent care as an older sister for the broken family circle, and constant liabilities and pressure of ill-health, put this touch of sadness to her sweet face, added a singular grace and dignity of character that made us all love and reverence her."

In November, 1839, Mary was married to one of our most Christian and influential clergymen, Rev. J. G. Adams, D.D.

Quotations from her letters to friends will at once enable the reader to recognize the frank simplicity of a pure womanly heart:

"To be a clergyman's wife has from my childhood been the acme of my desire; and I regard the day of my marriage as the commencement of my duties and pleasures, in anticipation of which my heart is joyous. It may be a way of trials, vexations, grievances. Let them all come! There has been One to sustain and impart fortitude to my heart, and his hand will still guide and uphold me."

To another she wrote: "I am very sad at the thought of leaving so many dear friends, and this old home my parents lived and died in; and then, too, my dear mother, upon her dying pillow, gave into my charge my younger sisters to advise and counsel as far as was in my power, and that makes it hard indeed; but there is one whose home I am bound to bless and cheer, so think of me, dear friend, on the evening, about the time I shall stand at the altar, to promise, before God and the world, what my heart readily yields—allegiance to the laws of Christian love and a husband."

And so this beautiful woman, who, if she had been in the Catholic Church, would have been canonized as a saint after her death, took hold of the duties of a minister's wife understandingly. But she inherited the highest type of Universalism, that which refines, moulds and purifies the

heart, and puts it in sympathy with everything good, and so it was as easy as smiling for her to cheer the downcast, sympathize with the afflicted, and smooth the pillows of the sick. To be useful to others was the constant purpose of her entire life. "Home was her holiest place, and there she lived unobtrusively, but faithful to both home and church, strengthened in heart and soul by living faith in God." Twelve years in the home of her childhood she lived as pastor's wife, and with those old familiar friends sustained herself with a natural, quiet, sweet dignity and fidelity to her duties, that enhanced the feelings of her friends to a kindness toward her akin to tenderness.

Mrs. Adams edited the "Sabbath-School Annual," published by Rev. J. M. Usher, Boston, for three years, and through her influence the pens of the best authors in our church filled the "Annual" with the most instructive and attractive reading for our young. In a letter to one who assisted her by sending communications, Mrs. Adams wrote:

"I never more than at present felt the necessity of well-directed efforts to keep, to win, to reclaim the young from what is wrong and unholy; to kindle a love of pure and sound instruction within them, a love of Christ and his precepts in their hearts. I know you feel with me the importance of filling our juvenile papers and books with instructive lessons in morality and religion.

"We must think and talk more of heaven and God. We must not leave 'Father in heaven' and 'better home' to be mentioned only in prayers and in Sunday-school. We must talk of these things in the sunlight, over the needle, around the hearth on Monday or Tuesday, and not consider them Sunday or sick-bed topics nor leave them for the minister."

Among her warmest friends were Sarah Edgerton (Mrs. Mayo), Charlotte Fillebrown (Mrs. Jerauld), Mrs. E. A. Bacon Lathrop, Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D., Rev. T. Starr King, Rev. Hosea Ballou, Rev. S. Streeter, Dr. H. Ballou 2d, Rev. Thomas Whittemore, D.D., Rev. L. R. Paige, D.D., Rev. O. A. Skinner, D.D., Rev. J. W. Hanson, D.D. Mrs. Adams' real Christian fortitude shone forth when one of her heart-jewels was transported to heaven. She did not submit without a struggle, for the mother-love was strong and tender, but with a sorrowing heart she submitted to God's will, because he had taken his own and it was right. To a friend she writes:

"I think much of you with the little treasure in your hands or nestling on your breast; and I go at once from earth to heaven and find my own little jewel which the Savior hath taken to keep for me. I would gratefully love to fold an infant to my arms and feast upon its opening attractions, but I would not call the departed one back. I shall always have a child in heaven, and I shall be oftener there because she is one of its angels."

Mrs. Adams' health was lessening every day, and it was thought advisable to flee from the sea, and the strong east winds, and so Mr. Adams accepted a call from the people of Worcester, Mass., and removed there in 1852. Mrs. Adams, being unable to attend to household duties, remained with her Malden friends until her new home was made comfortable for her, into which she received a most tender welcome. Her health for a time seemed to improve, and, as it was "impossible for her to keep her light hidden," her heart and brain entered rejoicingly into her duties to the new friends. Her memoir says she found congenial spirits and good earnest workers in her new home. Her first communion in Worcester she describes:

"Here for the first time I sat with stranger sisters and brothers, away from that old sanctuary where I was christened, received into the visible church, married, and where my babes have been dedicated to the service and will of the Father. Here, on new ground, amid new faces, with stranger hearts all around me, away from kindred and home, I drew near to my God and Savior for their blessings, and the communication of the influence of the Holy Spirit."

But in speaking of this home among strangers, to another she says:

"Our home in this beautiful city is just one of the happiest homes that was ever blest with sunshine and starlight."

To a friend sorrowing over the death of a child, she writes:

"It is not grateful in his children to remember so keenly the bitter drops in life's cup, while they forget the many pleasant draughts which his hand has presented to them. Therefore, my dear friend, I trust you will not dwell too intently on the single bitter event of your child's death, but rather keep in mind all that you can remember of his happy youth. To be laid in the grave and sleep in icy coldness is not all—the release of the invisible and mysterious soul, its destiny in unknown regions—unknown to us, but under

control of him whom we trust. If God designed that the death of our friends should cause us to be enshrouded in darkness and gloom, would he have sent Jesus to reveal the resurrection life to us? The very fact that our relations and duties to the living do not stop when our friends die may be regarded as a proof that we are to leave the departed with God. In heartfelt prayer I know you will find consolation, and in every season of prayer your trust in God will increase."

To another she writes:

"When I think of and sorrow for such as you, a fearful idea of what the separation of wedded hearts must be comes like a terrible shock upon me. To bring the hand of Providence thus near to my own heart almost overpowers me; yet thousands are brought to suffer it. I will pity all, and try to console such as I may. To be made perfect through suffering is a hard experience for human hearts; but if, by reason of it, we are brought near unto God, and become like him whose life and death and resurrection were witnesses unto us of God's truth, we may always say, 'Thy will be done.'"

In 1858 the church in Worcester enjoyed a revival, and she referred to it in the following manner:

"We are having a revival of just such an interest as it becomes Universalists to have. Oh, that the washing of regeneration and the Holy Spirit itself may make it as pure and sincere and effectual in the lives of the disciples as the Lord himself could desire!"

In 1859 the health of Mrs. Adams rapidly failed; in December she had an attack of pneumonia, from which she never fully recovered. In 1860 Mr. Adams received and accepted a call to the Second society in Providence, R. I. Just before going there Mrs. Adams writes to a friend:

"I shall never drive business any more; I have turned that corner, and left it out of sight. Henceforth I am to all intents and purposes a 'slow coach.' I draw comfort, however, in contemplating the poor snail. He moves slowly, but he moves. He accomplishes his journey and work; and, by the blessing of God, I shall mine, in due time."

I wish I had space to quote more from this lovely woman's letters, who seems born to illustrate the beauty of the Universalist faith. Mrs. Lathrop says that "her letters were the breathings and aspirations of a Christ-like

heart, and the influence of them guided many a young person to sit at Jesus' feet." Dr. Adams says in the memoir of his beloved: "The invalid had come to a new home, but she could form but few acquaintances in Providence. Her earthly sphere was narrowing, while a new and grander one was about to open upon her. She was alive to both realities. As the outward receded, the inward view opened. This home-land she was nearing seemed to assume the aspect of a heavenly reality. On Thanksgiving Day she took her seat at the table; 'Once more,' were the low but emphatic words as the repast was ended.

"At her request we assisted her to the piano, that she might again touch the keys; and she selected the hymn, 'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.' In a few days those beautiful eyes, which ever looked as 'homes of silent prayer,' were closed upon all earthly scenes."

MARY ASHTON LIVERMORE.

On Dec. 19, 1821, in Boston, Mass., was born one of the most remarkable of the women of the nineteenth century. Mary Ashton Rice was the fourth of the six children of Timothy Rice, an old-fashioned Calvinistic Baptist, a firm, decided, rigid "close communionist," who instilled the stern religious views he held into the minds of his children, brought up by him in the nurture and admonition of the bluest of Puritanism. In a sketch written in 1868, printed in the "Ladies' Repository," by one whose opportunities for acquaintance with the subject of this sketch were only surpassed by his rare ability to perceive and describe her characteristics, the author, Rev. J. S. Dennis, says:

"As a child, Mrs. Livermore was noted for resolution and restless activity. She was the champion of the smaller and poorer children, and even of the animals when subjected to schoolboy torment. She was foremost in stirring sports, joining freely in the more athletic games of the boys; but proud-spirited and abrupt if rudely or unfairly treated. To this taste for healthful



MARY A. LIVERMORE.

out-door life, and the freedom with which her parents permitted her to indulge it during the first ten years of her life, Mrs. Livermore probably owes the remarkable powers of endurance which have carried her safely through the severe labors of her maturer years. It was a help in this direction, too, that her school studies were never tasks. Where many children plod, and wear out body and mind by protracted application, her wonderful verbal memory and quick perception made the lessons a delight, and left her ample time and strength for the hoop, the ball and the swing.

"Study became a pleasure—a passion; and aided by much more than common aptitude, she soon stood among the first scholars of the school. In some of the departments she had no equal. At ten years of age her compositions were so much above her years that she was openly charged with purloining them. Claiming them as entirely her own, but not being able to convince the teacher that such was the fact, it was finally resolved to put her to the test. She was placed in one of the recitation-rooms, with pencil and paper, and required to write a composition of a given length. The result was so remarkable that still greater doubt was entertained, and she was charged with writing out what she had committed to memory. At her own request she was tried once more, and this time a topic was given her,—a strange topic for a child of her age,—'Self-government!' In a half-hour she re-appeared, her paper covered. The composition was wonderingly read, her triumph was complete, and from painful distrust she was taken into especial favor. Her productions, both prose and poetic, were passed about and commended, and several of them published before she was twelve years of age. Her facile pen was in great demand in times of public and Sabbath-school exercises and exhibitions, and won for her a class of correspondents whose maturer tastes and purposes tended powerfully to ripen her own mind, and develop womanly lines of thought and feeling, while she was yet a child. She graduated from the Hancock School at fourteen years of age, taking a silver medal, and soon after entered the Charlestown Female Seminary, where she remained three years, most of the time in the double capacity of pupil and teacher. She taught Latin, French and Italian, and with such success that pupils, parents and principal were alike unwilling that she should leave.

“But a sad occurrence, one which changed the whole tone of her life, rendered impossible her longer continuance. It was the death of a sister, under peculiar and painful circumstances. We have already said that Mr. Rice, her father, was a sturdy Calvinist, and that he labored faithfully to impress his ideas upon the minds of his children. With the daughter of whom we are writing he thoroughly succeeded. She accepted the whole creed, and held it with a thoroughness of conviction and a sharpness of apprehension that made it the controlling force of her life. At the age of fifteen she was ‘converted,’ and baptized by the Rev. R. H. Neale, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Boston. Her ‘profession’ was not an idle one, and she is remembered as one of the most devoted and active members of the society, church, prayer-meetings, Sabbath-school, mission-school, Bible, general missionary, and all other organizations where one so young was admitted at all. Her religious ‘experience’ was looked upon as one of the most marked and promising; and some of the more zealous were anxious that her life should be devoted to the work of a foreign missionary.

“It was while she was in this frame of mind that she entered upon her duties as pupil and teacher in the seminary at Charlestown. She still lived at home and was under the constant influence of parents and pastor. But home had another attraction. For years it had held a saintly invalid sister, a pure, gentle soul, made ethereal by suffering; one for whom earth had no promise, to whom common aims, hopes and enjoyments were impossible, whose whole spirit was touchingly tender and sweet, and the tones of whose voice melted the heart to sympathy and tears. Her condition, so sharply in contrast with that of the young religious enthusiast who was daily at her side, had opened for her depths of spiritual need not often seen by those in health. She had found in her own experience new interpretations of the soul’s longings, of the life, words and deeds of the Master; she had felt the warmth of the Great Father’s heart, and could not accept the creed which had obtained such control over her gifted sister. In vain did that sister explain, urge, plead and pray; in vain were all the efforts of pastor, parents and friends; in vain did they urge that life is always insecure, and that her hold upon it was particularly frail. All was vain that they tried. Uninstructed in more hopeful views, held by lifelong illness from the great world where she might

have been taught that God is our Father, and heaven our home; not knowing, indeed, but her sister's creed was correct, she yet trusted the intuitions of her own tried soul and stood aloof. Of course this steady, continued refusal to follow the example of the older sister, was set down to the invalid's discredit. She was charged with 'resisting the Spirit,' 'neglecting the means of grace,' with 'hardness of heart,' 'perversity of the natural will' and the whole long catalogue of unkind sayings which are freely used on such occasions. They seemed to have no effect upon the one for whom they were intended, but upon the 'converted' sister, who had so entirely accepted the creed of her father, these harsh aspersions had the force of terrible fact. And they were all the more dreadful because she thought them really applicable to that dear one whom she knew to be so pure in thought, so gentle and kindly in spirit, so confiding in her Savior, and so trustful and reverent toward her Maker; all this—but of what avail since she was still unconverted?

"Rarely have sisters loved each other more. In their very differences was the sweet cement which held them like the halves of one heart. Into the midst of all those years of suffering, into that sick-room that had so little brightness of its own, had come the progress, promise and triumph of the sister to whom nature and kindly opportunities were so lavish; and no friend rejoiced with more unselfish gladness than did the invalid to whom all such progress was denied. And no one wondered over the patient endurance, the disarmed suffering, the gentle unconsciousness of deprivation, which were so constant in the sick-room, more than did the sister whose own experience had been so bright. And all the more wonderful these things appeared in the light, or rather shadow, of that conviction that the idolized invalid was still an alien from the kingdom of grace and truth. So angelic now, what would she not be if reconciled to her Savior? And—oh, horror too frightful for thought!—if she were to die in this condition, and all that purity, sweetness and love be thrown into the company of fiends! Prayers, appeals and tearful beseechings were redoubled.

"Thus the three years passed during which the religious enthusiast was pupil and teacher at the seminary in Charlestown; and thus many more might have passed in saintly, unselfish interest on the one hand, in tearful,

prayerful anxiety on the other—in the sweetest and freest commingling of the hearts of both.

“But the blow fell. The gentle invalid died, died suddenly, died as she had lived—‘unconverted.’ Taken without premonition, in violent convulsions, she lived but a few hours, and was wholly unconscious to the last. She had so endeared herself to all, that her death, under any circumstances, would have been more than ordinarily painful. But to die as she did, ‘unreconciled;’ to go into the grave among the ‘finally impenitent;’ to be lost, endlessly, hopelessly cast out from God, was overwhelming. The blank despair that rested upon every face and froze every heart was pitiable to behold.

“To no one, however, did it come with such horror as to the bereaved sister. Reason was almost dethroned. The school was abandoned; books, society, friends, all life’s duties and life itself were loathed. The one horrid picture filled the whole mind. Others, with less love for the lost one, or with weaker hold upon the old faith, could not understand her agony, and chided her want of acquiescence in the will of heaven; her father and pastor explained and prayed; her mother wept and soothed. But all in vain. The early instruction had been too thorough; the cruel creed was held too literally; the terrible situation was seen too vividly; the hopelessness was too certain. The crushed and tortured heart could not stand against the sharp, thorough convictions of the mind, and absolute insanity seemed inevitable.

“But a strange relief came; came not from truth, for the frightful dream was still thought a reality; not from reconciliation—that was impossible. It came from open rebellion against heaven; from a bitter sense of God’s injustice. The whole Calvinistic statement of the divine nature, decrees and providence, was still held to be correct; the Bible was still thought to teach the same old doctrines; no doubt upon any of these subjects had arisen. But such a God, such decrees, such a providence, such a Bible, such treatment of human beings, had grown repugnant to her sense of right, and were turned from with open and pronounced contempt. She was aware of the perils she was encountering; the smoke of the ‘unending torment’ rose directly in her path; still she could not, would not turn. The kind friends who strove to bring her relief, and warned her of the danger of so faulting heaven, found

her ready to meet all the consequences. She told them she preferred to be in hell with that pure, saintly sister, than be in heaven with *such* a God.

"After failing with everything else, it was resolved to try a change of scene for her relief. And as home, which till now had been the dearest spot of earth, had become the focus of cruel association, and as all the well-meant efforts of her friends, and even the tears of parents and prayers of her kind-hearted pastor, had become repulsive, and as she longed to escape somewhere—so longed that death would have been sought had it meant annihilation—she was more than willing for them to send her wherever they wished. She only asked that the spot should be remote from familiar persons and scenes, and where she might have plenty of hard, absorbing work.

"Accordingly, arrangements were made, and she removed to a lonely plantation in southern Virginia, and assumed the care and instruction of a group of children. The position she occupied was a peculiar one. The family was opulent, cultivated and influential; had accepted her services as governess for their children with particular reference to the *religious* influence she would have with them, and expressly enjoined a strict observance of daily devotional exercises. And yet it was a skeptical family; the father was almost an atheist. But so little comfort and strength had any of them found among their doubts, that they resolved to have their children reared in the full acceptance of the Christian faith.

"Repugnant as her old convictions had become, yet still holding them to be correct, the distracted, despairing governess accepted and discharged her duties in good faith. Nothing could have been more fortunate for her, at this time, than it was to be brought in daily contact with such skeptics as these: persons of more than ordinary intelligence, of culture and wide reading, with a library stored with skeptical works, close and shrewd in the doubter's defenses, and yet turning from all with a sad sense of want and weariness, which they could not bear to transmit to their children. Here, then, she saw the end of that bitter, distrusting tendency which had already begun in her own mind; this, and *only* this, would be found in that direction. She read and re-read every skeptical work in the house. But they brought no relief, produced no permanent conviction, and left her old faith substantially untouched. Two years passed away, and her heart grew colder, harder; God

and heaven were as unattractive as ever. But she had matured; had learned to mask her trouble; had evoked a superficial quiet; could smile and be gay, notwithstanding memory all the while burnt like a cancer. Feeling at last that she could hide her misery sufficiently to confront old scenes and old friends with calmness, she came North and took charge of a school in the town of Duxbury. Here she found the help which lifted the load which had been pressing upon her heart more and more heavily.

“One Sunday evening, by invitation of a friend, but not willingly, she attended a Universalist meeting. Through her girlhood she had been taught to believe and expect evil and only evil from such persons as Ballou and Whittemore; and she neither knew nor cared to know anything about the sentiments which these men advocated. Everywhere she heard them spoken against, and ‘what everybody said must be true.’ Now, for the first time, she was to hear one of the order speak. Her expectations were not high—the preacher was young; his topic was not especially adapted to her needs. Yet it opened a new era in her existence. It raised the query whether she had not been misreading the Bible; whether God’s character, decrees, and providence had not been misunderstood; whether the Savior’s teaching and mission had not been misrepresented, whether human nature had not been maligned, and human destiny horribly mangled, in the cruel enginery of her early creed. As soon as the services closed she pressed forward and asked the clergyman for his sermon, that she might examine it more critically; and read it thrice before retiring, sought its author as soon as her school was over the next day, and asked him to loan her any book which taught the same sentiments. With admirable judgment he selected for her ‘Williamson’s Exposition of Universalism.’ It proved for her both light and life. It blotted out that lurid picture of hell which had so long filled the whole foreground of her thoughts; it tenderly took that lost sister from unutterable woe, and placed her in the great home; it swept aside the clouds which had obscured the Creator and all his works, and revealed the infinite Father. It seemed to her that the book was inspired; and, fearing that she might not be able to get another like it, she copied it from beginning to end. Returning this work, she received next ‘Skinner’s Sermons,’ and these, too, she copied. The manuscripts now lie before me,

a monument of her anxiety to escape from night to day, from agony to peace. Dreading error, she undertook the task of learning Greek, and pursued it until she had read the New Testament. But, gaining access to those able works in which all controverted points are critically treated, she turned to them as more exhaustive and satisfactory. Thus the months went by, and her faith grew clearer and firmer.

"The help she had received in this direction from the young clergyman already referred to, had been constant, wise and delicate. Such anxiety on her part to learn, and such willingness on his part to teach, naturally brought them a great deal together, and so it came about that she became Mrs. D. P. Livermore."

After her marriage, Mrs. Livermore resided as "minister's wife" in Stafford, Conn., Malden and Weymouth, Mass., Auburn, N. Y., and Quincy, Ill. Active, untiring, efficient, during these years she was the model housekeeper of a hospitable home, a courageous advocate of whatever her clear mind perceived to be right and true, and a warm-hearted and indefatigable friend of the sick and needy. At the same time the productions of her pen appeared in the "Rose of Sharon," "Lily of the Valley," "Ladies' Repository," "Trumpet," "Christian Freeman," "Christian's Ambassador," and "Gospel Banner." In May, 1858, Mr. Livermore became proprietor and editor of the *NEW COVENANT*, the organ of our church in the Northwest, which paper he continued to conduct until May, 1869, when he was succeeded by Rev. J. W. Hanson, D.D., the present (1881) editor, who says: "During eleven years, Mr. Livermore evinced a superior business ability, a rare energy, great editorial skill, and a character for probity and consecration to the responsible duties of his position, seldom equaled, never surpassed. The Universalist denomination owes him a debt of gratitude for services as great as those that have been performed by any one man during the same length of time, but even his tireless efforts would have been less successful had they not been supplemented by the great abilities and wonderful capacity for work, possessed by his gifted helpmeet. When he was flying on the wings of steam to all parts of the West, in the interest of the paper and the great cause it represented, she was as competent in business, as full of tact in all the details of management, as watchful and industrious in the thousand-and-one drudgeries of a newspaper office, as though

she had no other task, and at the same time her facile pen was in motion early and late, moving through all the gamut of topics, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' It would be difficult to find two men capable of performing the amount of labor that Mr. and Mrs. Livermore wrought during those busy and useful years."

For many years her productions appeared every month in the "Repository;" the most life-like stories, sketches and poems of a high order. For eighteen years her articles adorned the "Rose of Sharon." She edited the "Lily of the Valley" three years, sometimes furnishing a third of its contents under various signatures. A series of war sketches, running through a year of the "Repository," would make a choice volume. Indeed, J. T. Fields asked to publish them in book form, but the Universalist Publishing House at that time intending to put them out with their imprint, objected; a work, I regret to say, never done. Of the self-sacrificing nature of Mrs. Livermore's work for the denomination the reader can judge, when it is stated by herself: "I can not remember that I was ever paid a cent in money—only books, annuals, sermons, etc.—for any literary work I have done for the Universalist denomination." Two volumes of her stories have been published, but several most readable volumes might be made from her scattered productions.

At the present time Mrs. Livermore is President of the "Massachusetts Woman's Temperance Union," an officer of the "Woman's Educational and Industrial Union," "Woman's Congress;" is Trustee of a Medical College in Boston, admitting Women; and she preaches in some pulpit during the Sundays of about six months of the year.

In Europe, where Mrs. Livermore has passed her vacations two Summers, she is very popular. In 1880 she was absent nearly six months, and lectured repeatedly in London and thereabouts in the vicinity. She scarcely took a meal at a hotel for three or four weeks, because continually invited out. She saw and made personal acquaintance of people eminent in reform, in liberal religion, in politics, among workers for women, temperance people, etc.—the Martineaus, Brights, Taylors, Conways, McLarens, etc. She preached in London several times, visited Rome, Pompeii, Naples, Florence, Genoa, Venice, Milan, Heidelberg, Constance, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Berlin,

Brussels, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Paris, Lyons, Avignon, Geneva, Rouen, Switzerland, etc.

In addition to the herculean labors of the newspapers, monthlies and annuals, while in Chicago Mrs. Livermore was able to officiate as a hard-working member of the Board of Directors of the Chicago "Home for the Friendless," and to be diligent in the Bible-class and Sunday-school of the Church of the Redeemer, of which, during her residence in Chicago, Revs. A. C. Barry, D.D., J. H. Tuttle, D.D., T. E. St. John, and G. T. Flanders, D.D., were pastors. For several years she was the moving spirit in the Northwestern Conference, an organization that accomplished an immense amount of good. She had many coadjutors, but Rev. J. W. Hanson, D.D., says: "The work was largely accomplished by herself, through correspondence, the press, thousands of miles of travel, and eloquent addresses. A hundred thousand dollars endowment of Lombard University, the payment of church debts, and the general revival of our cause to a degree never known before or since in the West, were the work of this Conference."

Her toil during the war was simply tremendous. Beyond any other woman she was active, energetic, successful. Brockett, in his splendid book, "Woman's Work in the Civil War," devotes large space to Mrs. Livermore, and says: "Few of the busy, active laborers in the broad field of woman's effort during the war have been more widely or favorably known." THE NEW COVENANT blazed with appeals, and in the Sanitary Commission she became a conspicuous leader. She was appointed agent of the Northwestern branch, and she suggested, planned and carried to successful termination the great Chicago Fair, which netted almost \$100,000, and its successor, which realized even more; about \$1,000,000 in all. Mrs. Livermore had nothing to do in handling this great amount of money; and was in no way financially benefited for her labors; she was only one of the great forces that assisted in collecting it. Her visits to the army, to the hospitals, to Washington, to all parts of the West, to initiate and inspire other women in the patriotic work demanded by the times, could only be told in a volume. Her eye saw every need; and her eloquent tongue and equally eloquent pen told the story in a way to arouse all hearts; and volunteers, nurses, supplies

for soldiers and hospitals started up wherever she spoke, as Roderic Dhu's soldiers appeared at his call.

The following is a specimen of her treatment of the events of the times. The army had long been inactive, in the Winter of 1861-2. When our generals ordered the Hutchinson family out of the lines, Mrs. Livermore wrote in *THE NEW COVENANT*: "While the whole country has been waiting in breathless suspense for six months, each one of which seemed an eternity to the loyal people of the North, for the 'grand forward movement' of the army, which is to cut the Gordian knot of the Rebellion, and perform unspeakable prodigies not lawful for man to utter, a backward movement has been executed on the banks of the Potomac by the valiant commanders there stationed, for which none of us were prepared. No person, even though his imagination possessed a seven-leagued-boot power of travel, could have anticipated the last great exploit of our generals, whose energies thus far have been devoted to the achieving of a 'masterly inactivity.' The 'forward movement' has receded, and receded like the cup of Tantalus, but the backward movement came suddenly upon us, like a thief in the night. The Hutchinson family, than whom no sweeter songsters gladdened this sorrow-darkened world, have been singing in Washington to the President and to immense audiences, everywhere giving unmixed delight. Week before last they obtained a pass to the camps on the other side of the Potomac, with the laudable purpose of spending a month among them, cheering the hearts of the soldiers, and enlivening the monotonous and barren camp-life with their sweet melody. But they ventured to sing a patriotic song (a beautiful song of Whittier's), which gave offence to a few semi-secessionists among the officers of the army, for which they were severely reprimanded by Generals Franklin and Kearney, their pass revoked by General McClellan, and they driven back to Washington. A backward movement was ordered instantler, and no sooner ordered than executed. Brave Franklin! heroic Kearney! victorious McClellan! why did you not order a *Te Deum* on the occasion of this great victory over a band of Vermont minstrels, half of whom were girls? How must the hearts of the illustrious West-Pointers have pit-a-patted with joy, and dilated with triumph, as they saw the

Hutchinson troupe—Asa B., and Lizzie C., little Dennott and Freddy, naive Viola, melodeon and all—scampering back through the mud, bowed beneath the weight of their military displeasure.”

It seems incredible that one woman could perform such herculean labors, but they were only possible because of her possession of an endurance that is something marvelous. Seldom, during the years of the war, were her hours of labor fewer than eighteen daily.

After relinquishing the *NEW COVENANT* Mrs. Livermore became editor of a paper devoted to the interests of woman —“*The Agitator*,” and in 1870 she moved to Massachusetts, and was for some time connected with the “*Woman’s Journal*,” of which she was editor with T. W. Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Lucy Stone.

During “*Centenary Year*,” 1870, Mrs. Livermore performed a valuable work for our Woman’s Centenary Association. Rev. I. M. Atwood, D.D., the editor of the “*Universalist*,” now “*Christian Leader*,” truthfully declared that she did more work, and raised more money for the Murray Fund, than any other woman, if not more than any man. Strange to say, though she had filled so many spheres with such ability and success, it was not until she was fifty years of age that she found the position for which, more than for any other, she was born, and which neither she nor her friends had ever suspected—the rostrum. She had addressed public audiences during the war, and during her labors in the Northwestern Conference, but it was not until she occupied the lecture platform that she found herself in the position which of all others she was predestined to fill. By general consent she is denominated the “*Queen of the Platform*.” Rev. J. W. Hanson, D.D., says: “Her thoughts are logically arranged, her rhetoric is of the choicest, her imagination is vivid, her voice is womanly in all its modulations, her manner is that of a well-bred lady, and a halo of magnetism accompanies her in all her public addresses, so that she holds listening assemblies as by enchantment. During the last ten years she has averaged one hundred and fifty lectures each year, in all parts of the land, from Maine to California. Her services are eagerly sought in the pulpits of all churches, wherever she may sojourn on Sunday in her lecture tours, and her discourses never fail to

elicit unanimous admiration and delight." The topics of her lectures are such as these: "What Shall We Do with Our Daughters?" "Women of the War;" "Queen Elizabeth;" "Concerning Husbands;" "The Reason Why;" "Superfluous Women;" "Harriet Martineau;" "The Moral Heroism of the Temperance Reform;" "The Coming Man;" "Beyond the Sea;" "Our Motherland;" "The Boy of To-Day." From hundreds of enthusiastic criticisms of her lectures, I select the following from the Hingham (Mass.) "Journal," which gives my own views:

"Mrs. Livermore has been, and is, a power in the land on the side of philanthropic and reformatory movements. A wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a writer, an agent for the Sanitary Commission, a newspaper editor, a public speaker, a social power, a great correspondent, a reformer—these employments, carried in each case to excellence, indicate somewhat the busy, useful, intense way in which she has lived. Her conspicuous success, however, is seen in the department of public speaking. There is not a woman in the republic who ranks beside her in this respect. The secret of her unrivaled triumph lies not in one, but in several elements of oratorical ability. She never lays aside womanly dignity and grace; her calm and attractive spirit, earnest but courteous, always wins respect for her, even among those unqualifiedly opposed to the appearance of woman on the lecture platform. Time has not turned her feelings acrid. Those who know her best detect a tendency to the opposite,—an increase of gentleness and kindly expression. Her aim is to persuade; to rest her arguments on facts, on sound logic, on common sense. Gifted with a fine physical organization, she maintains a vigorous brain, apt at illustration, quick in analysis. Unfettered by manuscript, she speaks eye to eye, face to face with her audiences, and in fluent, forcible language presents her theme with unflinching earnestness. The listener is impressed at once with the conviction that this woman is not speaking for display, for notoriety, for money only. Her talent of oratory she uses as a means to an end. Whether one agrees with her or not, one can not despise her learning, or deride her style. Scarcely a preacher or political speaker or lawyer but would give all he has to possess her facile, incisive, captivating address."

Of her sermons the following is an average notice:

"Mrs. Livermore lectured Sunday morning in the Church of the Messiah, on the 'Immortal Life.' Incidents illustrating the many points of the discourse abounded, and Mrs. Livermore held her audience intent and immovable, only as they were moved by the touching pathos of her words and her own evidently sincere and heartfelt earnestness; and these often bring even strong men to tears."—Montpelier (Vt.) Watchman.

An accomplished critic, in whose literary judgment I have the utmost confidence, and upon whom I have made frequent calls, says

"Had Mrs. Livermore devoted herself exclusively to poetry, she would have ranked among our best poets; had she concentrated her mind on fiction, she would have been a novelist of a high order; as an editor she has few equals; but as a pulpit and platform orator she is unrivaled, and no one can survey her path through the world for the last forty years without perceiving that she has accomplished a wonderful work. Her example teaches one lesson to women, that all should remember: A woman need not 'linger superfluous on the stage' because her youth has fled. If she will but elect to employ whatever powers God has given her, she will grow in grace and general power and influence as her years increase. As her mind develops and her soul expands, they will record their inscriptions on the face and in the manner. Others will see 'the mind, the music breathing from the face,' and age will wear a dignity, a beauty of its own, not inferior to the attractions of youth. Mrs. Livermore at sixty is personally more attractive than at forty, and has wrought more and better work since she was fifty than during any preceding ten years of her life. She is somewhat above the ordinary height and size, with a face expressive of power, and yet not masculine; a pleasant mouth, magnetic, blue-grey eye, a full brow and a massive head. In repose her countenance expresses thoughtfulness and decision, and in conversation every varying mood is indicated by her mobile features. As a conversationalist she is fascinating, not only charming but stimulating her listener and *raconteur* to unwonted ease and fluency."

From the scattered waifs, the children of the mind of this gifted woman, I select:

DREAMS.

I dreamed: life lay a sunlit path,
 Besprent with flowers of rainbow dyes;
 Music thrilled all the listening air,
 And o'er me hung cerulean skies.
 Soft breezes fanned me with their wings,
 Coolness came up from crystal streams.
 Not fairer was the heaven of God
 Than the bright land of my young dreams.

But as I gazed, the sun grew dim,
 Forth from the clouds the thunder broke,
 A storm swooped down from out the sky—
 Groping in darkness, I awoke.
 No more I see a sunny way,
 With flowers and greenness all o'erspread;
 Rough and uneven is the track,
 And leading downward to the dead.

I dreamed again: and now came Hope,
 An artist of divinest birth,
 And sketched the future o'er and o'er,
 In colors all too bright for earth;
 And Friendship bound me fast and close,
 To hearts that throbbed against my own—
 Ah, what if weary were the way,
 So now I journeyed not alone!

But from my arms they fell away;
 Some wearied of the love I gave,
 And some, a-weary of the way,
 Sank heavily within the grave.
 And the dear artist of that hour,
 His pictures shine on me no more;
 Their hues were faded long ago,
 I see them not—that dream is o'er!

Then came the sweetest dream of all—
 We two walked lovingly alone,
 When lo, the sound of little feet
 Pattered along beside our own!
 I held the child with jealous love—
 The hunger of my heart was stilled—
 "O God!" I cried, "what, what am I!
 That thus with joy my cup is filled!"

"I'll smooth for thee the flinty way,"
 I said, "it shall not bruise thy feet;
 I'll shield thee from the tempest's power,

And from the noon-tide's torrid heat."
 But while I spake, athwart my path
 A pair of strong white pinions gleamed:—
 Once more we two walked on alone—
 My child was not—no more I dreamed.
 Now do I dream? Afar, afar,
 There lies a green and sunny shore;
 A glory bathes that land and sky,
 Transcending all I saw of yore.
 Sometimes the mists that hang between
 A moment lift their fleecy veil,
 And then I see that land of light,
 By which the noon-day waxeth pale.

And there the friends who from my arms
 Fell into those of death away,
 Await my coming o'er the flood,
 Outlooking for me night and day.
 And there—O heart, forget thy pain,
 O eyes, forbear your weeping now—
 For there I see my radiant child,
 With bliss and beauty on her brow.

Nay, 'tis no dream, what now I see,
 That will my unsealed eye-lids mock!
 Unfading are the coming joys,
 Which the hereafter will unlock.
 O night of death! when I shall sleep
 A dreamless sleep, to wake new-born,
 Draw near, and open on my sight
 The effulgence of that endless morn!

JESUS

"I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me."
 "He was despised and rejected of men, and we hid, as it were, our faces from him."
 "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example."

Angels trod the starry arches vaulted o'er the slumbering world,
 With their shining robes up-gathered, and their stainless pinions furled,
 Thrilling with their wond'rous music all the hushed and listening air,
 And the blissful tidings chanting, "Lo, the Son of God is here."

Where the waters stole up lightly, as if seeking place to rest,
 Jesus stood with eyes uplifted, and with clasped hands on his breast;
 There the unseen Father owned him, as he rose above the stream,
 And with heavenly light baptized him, in one full and softened beam.

Radiant wings, whose silvery glancings made the earth and sky grow bright,
 Lighted up the desert's darkness, changing to a noon its night,
 When the tempter quailed before him—the majestic sent of God,
 And the bright Shekinah's glory on the victor's brow abode.

Yet when rang throughout Judea the heraldic prophet's voice,
 Pealing to the noble's palace, rising o'er the city's noise,
 When he came, whose call could summon shining legions from on high,
 Pharisaic priests and Levites passed him with a scornful eye.

Pure as God, whose suffrage chose him to illumine the world with truth,
 Holy as the new-born angel, when in heaven begins its youth,
 With a heart attuned so finely, all its chords so nicely strung,
 That the faintest touch of sorrow thence a deep compassion wrung;

With a soul where every virtue as in constellation beamed,
 With a love that, ever gushing, into all his actions streamed,
 Jesus gauged the dark abysses where abode the foulest sin,
 And he fathomed depths the lowest, where the sinning had plunged in.

Oh, how deep his heart's affection, as he spoke those words of peace,
 Which brought weakness to his shelter, and the mourner's tears could cease
 Oh, how strong, and how o'er-mastering, was his bosom's secret grief,
 When he saw the world in madness, thrusting back its sole relief!

To his heart of God-like largeness none an answering throb could send,
 None the sympathy could render he was ever prompt to lend;
 Man could follow in his pathway, in his tracks of joy and life,
 But alone he chased the darkness, and fought out the fearful strife.

Midnight steeped the crested mountain, and the stars looked sadly down,
 When the man of vast divineness sought Gethsemane alone;
 There, with awe, the dark leaves shivered, and stood still the swaying air,
 Witnessing his mighty sorrow, listening to his anguished prayer.

There with grief alone he wrestled; lonely, bore that weight of woe,
 Reeling underneath an anguish which no lesser soul could know,
 Crimsoned with the oozing blood-drops, from his o'erfraught heart distilled,
 Yet not swerving from the trial which the Infinite had willed.

And while groaned the earth, in horror, shuddering to its very core,
 While the sun grew pale, and fainting, could behold the deed no more,
 While the harps above were tuneless, strewn along the floor of heaven,
 Wondering at the cup of anguish which to Jesus, lips was given,

Those he loved with tender yearning, whom he fondly chose his own,
 Who exhaled his best affections, left him e'en to die alone;
 He, the mate of tallest angels, who might wear the crown of God,
 Was by all he loved, forsaken, and alone the grave he trod.

What if, then, ye lofty spirits, ye of high and holy heart,
 Who to be the world's Messiahs are by nature set apart—
 What if, lone, betrayed, forsaken, ye must pass through mortal life?
 Jesus trod that path before you, God-upholden in the strife.

Joy for sorrow, truth for falsehood, and for hatred give ye love;
 For mankind endure and suffer, and your Christ-like mission prove;
 And though to your heart's pulsation not an answering beat be given,
 Yet press on, with steps untiring, to the open gates of heaven.

Mrs. Livermore is author of one of our best hymns:

Jesus, what precept is like thine,
 "Forgive as ye would be forgiven!"
 If heeded, oh, what power divine
 Would then transform our earth to heaven.

Not by the harsh or scornful word
 Should we our brother seek to gain,
 Not by the prison or the sword,
 The shackle or the clanking chain.

But from our spirits there must flow
 A love that will his wrong outweigh,
 Our lips must only blessings know,
 And wrath and sin shall die away.

THE SLAVE TRAGEDY AT CINCINNATI.*

Bright the Sabbath sun is shining through the clear and frosty air,
 Solemnly the bells are calling to the house of praise and prayer;
 And with hearts devout and holy, thither many wend their way,
 To renew to God their pledges—but I can not go to-day,

For my soul is sick and saddened with that fearful tale of woe,
 Which has blanched the cheeks of mothers to the whiteness of the snow;
 And my thoughts are wandering ever where the prison walls surround
 The parents and their children, in hopeless bondage bound.

*Margaret Garner, a slave mother, with five slave children, had escaped from slavery, had reached Cincinnati, was arrested, and under the "Fugitive Slave Law" was by the U. S. Commissioner remanded back to the custody of her master, who was waiting in the courtroom, with a strong force. As soon as she heard the decision, she caught up a knife, lying on the table, and stabbed her baby, with intent to kill all the children. All the same was she remanded back into slavery. This was the cause of the poem. The last stanza is prophetic. It was written five years before the war.

Oh thou mother, maddened, frenzied, when the hunter's toils ensnared
Thee and thy brood of nestlings, till thy anguished spirit dared
Send to God, uncalled, one darling life that 'round thine own did twine—
Worthy of a Spartan mother was that fearful deed of thine!

Worthy of the Roman father, who sheathed deep his flashing knife
In the bosom of Virginia, in the current of her life!
Who, rather than his beauteous child should live a tyrant's slave,
Opened the way to freedom through the portals of the grave!

Well I know no stronger yearning than a mother's love can be—
I could do and dare forever for the babe upon my knee!
And I feel no deeper sorrow could the light of life eclipse,
Than to see death's shadows settle on its brow and faded lips.

Yet, (oh, God of heaven, forgive me!) baby sitting on my knee,
I could close thy blue eyes calmly, smiling now so sweet on me!
Ay, my hand could open the casket, and thy precious soul set free;
Better for thee death and heaven, than a life of slavery!

And before the Judge Eternal, this should be my anguished plea:
"They would rob my child of manhood; so, uncalled, I sent it thee!
Hope and Love and Joy and Knowledge and her every right they crave;
So I gave her what they left her—her inheritance—the grave!"

And the Lord would judge between us, oh ye men of stony heart!
Even 'gainst the strong and mighty, for the weak he taketh part;
Think ye hunters of his children bowed beneath your iron rod,
With your heel upon their heart-pulse, this ye do unto your God?

But the day of vengeance cometh—he will set his people free,
Though he lead them, like his Israel, through a red and bloody sea;
For the tears and gore of bondmen, staining deep the frighted sod,
And the wailing cry of millions riseth daily up to God!

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

"Nature is not lavish of great men, but distributes them charily through the centuries. Often she evolves them from the obscurity where they have slowly crystallized into force and clearness, only when the crises appear for whose mastership they were ordained. Like the stars of evening they spring not into instantaneous being, but only appear after they have been slowly formed in dimness and mistiness, after long revolving, condensing and gathering, one by one, pale rays of light. Then they stand out, coruscating on the brow of night, like God's signets, ever after to be the guide and admiration of men.

"It was thus with our late beloved President, whose life was crowned with the glory of martyrdom. The discipline of poverty, and hard wrestling with Nature in the blended timber and prairie country of the unsubdued West, matured him to a late but sturdy manhood. The softening culture of the schools was held aloof from him. The civic honors, for which in early life he struggled, eluded his pursuit, and crowned his rival. The golden stream of Pactolus flowed far away from his feet. And so Nature and circumstance shaped him vigorous, cool-headed, warm-hearted, self-poised, strong-handed. A childlike simplicity remained in him that ever proved more than a match for the subtleties of political tricksters. Transcendent honesty and clear-sighted goodness stood him instead of genius and inspiration. For half a century his manhood was built up by gradual accretions of power, strength and wisdom, and the qualities which inspire trust, and then the great epoch burst upon us, for which Providence had been shaping him.

"Our country was tossed in the agonies of disruption, and the fires of a gigantic civil war were smouldering in her bosom, when Mr. Lincoln took the reins of government in his hand. Through many a Gethsemane of agony, up many a Calvary of blood, he led the nation steadily, on its sanguinary way to freedom, till the goal was won. Then the Lord took him. One moment he was charged with a nation's fate—the next, a shock—a dim, blank pause—and he beheld the King in his glory. One moment our noisy and capricious applause surged around him—the next, he heard but the One Voice, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' The nation sobbed its farewell to him, but in its yearning love it still reaches out into the immeasurable heaven of heavens after him. It hoards its memories of him as priceless wealth. It exhumes from the past the minutiae of his daily life, and laughs afresh at his rare humor, and weeps anew over the pathos and tragedy crowded into his history. Because it is a topic of which Americans never weary, and because I held in my heart of hearts with jealous affection my personal memories of this good, great man, I have thought to place on record in the 'Repository' some brief personal reminiscences of President Lincoln, which may not be wholly devoid of interest to those who loved him.

"I well remember when I first heard of Mr. Lincoln, and the impression made upon me by the first words of his which ever met my eye. It was in

1858—just after my removal into the West from New England—when he was put forward in Illinois as a candidate for the seat in the Senate Chamber, about to be vacated by Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, who was himself a candidate for re-election. The two aspirants for the same position ‘stumped’ the State, and met in joint debate at seven points of geographical importance. These debates created the intensest interest, and everywhere the people flocked to hear them. To this day, that memorable and peculiar discussion is known in Illinois as the ‘battle of the giants.’ One of the localities where these ‘giants’ wrestled in argument was Springfield, Ill., and the first time that I ever heard of Mr. Lincoln was in connection with the joint debate in that city. I shall never forget how I was impressed with his prophetic utterance in that discussion, which has since been so often quoted: ‘A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this government can not endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other.’ He seemed, even at that time, to speak thus with lips touched with prophetic fire. Mr. Lincoln lost the election—Mr. Douglas won it—but the former gathered to himself the trust of all haters of slavery and lovers of freedom, and prepared the way for his triumphant elevation to a higher post of honor.

* * * * *

“I was in the ante-chamber of the President’s room one morning, waiting the exit of Secretary Stanton, who was holding an interview with Mr. Lincoln, when, as my party was under the escort of a senator, we were next to enter. A member of the Cabinet takes precedence of all who wish to enter the presence of the Chief Magistrate; a senator ranks next, and goes in before any inferior personages; a member of the House is next in order, while persons unattended by any of these officials take their turn among those desiring an audience. As we were waiting the departure of the Secretary of War, who was making a long visit, I looked around upon the crowd who had got thus far in their claims upon the President’s attention. Standing, sitting, walking, lounging, talking, with hats on, and, generally, mouths full of tobacco, there were some fifty men in attendance, and besides ourselves only one woman. She was sitting in a corner of the room, with her face close to

the wall. Thinking she had shrunk into this place and posture from shame-facedness at being the only woman among so many men, I moved a little toward her to get a peep at her face. I was somewhat curious to look at a woman who feared to show her face before any number of *such* men as were congregated there. She was poor-looking, shabbily but neatly dressed, middle-aged, sunburnt and careworn. Her hands were tightly clenching a handkerchief, which she held close against her breast, with the evident effort to master the feeling that was shaking her whole frame, and she was quietly weeping. I saw by her manner that she was in great trouble, and my heart went out to her immediately. Putting my arm over her shoulder, I stooped down, and said as kindly as I could:

“My poor woman, I am afraid you are in trouble; can I do anything to comfort you?”

“She turned a most imploring face toward me, and clutched my hand nervously. ‘Oh,’ said she, ‘I am in *great* trouble. My husband is to be shot, and if I can’t get him pardoned, *nobody can comfort me.*’ A kindly-appearing man stepped forward, a country neighbor of the poor woman, and told her story. Her husband was Major of an Illinois regiment, and had served two years in the army with honor and fidelity. His Colonel, like too many of the same rank, was a hard-drinking man, and, when intoxicated, abusive, uncontrollable and profane. He was, however, a good soldier, and, in the main, popular with his men. While under the influence of liquor he had come fiercely in collision with the Major, and a most profane and angry altercation ensued, in presence of half the regiment. Foul epithets were hurled back and forth, until the Colonel called the Major a ‘coward,’ with numerous obscene and profane prefixes which can not be repeated. The Major was a sober man, reticent and unpopular, and naturally cool and hard to rouse to anger. But this stung him. ‘Take that back, Colonel,’ he demanded fiercely, drawing his revolver, ‘or you’re a dead man.’ The Colonel repeated the insult even more offensively. Before the by-standers could interfere, the Colonel fell dead by the Major’s hand. For this he was tried, convicted, sentenced to be shot, and was then lying in jail, in Memphis, awaiting his death. He had written his wife a farewell letter, entreating her to be reconciled to the event—a brief epistle, which she handed us to read.

full of tenderness for her, and accusation against himself, and also evincing great manliness. The Judge-Advocate had also written her, urging her to go immediately to Washington, and, in person, ask the too-forgiving President to commute her husband's sentence to imprisonment. A sympathetic neighbor had accompanied her, and they had been then in Washington twenty-four hours without having seen the President, simply from their modesty, and ignorance of the most expeditious method of getting an audience with him.

"Our expressions of sympathy broke the poor woman completely down. She could not stand, and sobbed so hysterically that she could not talk. She had been unable to eat or sleep since she had heard of her husband's sentence, and, as her townsman expressed it, it seemed as if 'she would be sent home in her coffin if the President didn't take pity on her.' Senator Henderson, of Missouri, was to introduce my friends and myself that morning to the notice of the President, and we entreated that he would also escort this poor woman, and give her an immediate opportunity to present her petition. He gladly consented. We sought to allay the wife's agitation. 'Now you must be calm,' I said, 'for in a minute or two you are to see the President, and it will be best for you to tell your own story.'

"'Won't you talk for me?' she entreated. 'I am so tired and worried I can't think, and I can't tell all his story. Do beg the President not to allow my husband to be shot!'

"We put our arms about the poor creature and pressed her to our hearts as if she had been a sister—for never, before or since, have I seen a woman so pitiable and distressed, or one who so awoke my sympathies. 'Don't fear,' we said; 'the President don't hang or shoot people when he ought, and he certainly will spare your poor husband, when he comes to hear all the facts.' While her agitation was at the highest, the door opened out into the ante-chamber, and Secretary Stanton came forth, with a huge budget of important-looking documents. Immediately Senator Henderson ushered us into the apartment the Secretary had vacated, two of us leading the trembling wife between us as if she had been a child learning to walk. The man was first introduced, who then led forward the wife of the condemned Major, saying, 'This woman, Mr. President, will tell you her story.' But instead of

'telling her story,' she dropped her trembling frame into a chair, only half alive, lifting her white face to the President's with a beseeching look that was more eloquent than any words, her colorless lips moving without emitting any sound. One of us spoke quickly in her behalf, telling her story, and urging her prayer with as much earnestness as though she and her husband were the friends of a lifetime—all the while her hungry eyes being riveted on the President's face, and tearless sobs shaking her frame. The chair she sat in, touching mine, beat a tattoo that made me nervous. The President was troubled. 'Oh dear!' said he, passing his hand over his face, 'these cases kill me. I wish I did not have to hear about them. What shall I do? You make the laws,' turning to members of Congress in the room, 'and then you come with heart-broken women and ask me to set them aside. You have decided that if a soldier raises his hand against his superior officer, as this man has done, he shall die. Then if I leave the laws to be executed, one of these distressing scenes occurs, which almost kills me.'

"Somebody ventured the remark that 'this seemed a case where it was safe to incline to the side of mercy.'

" 'I feel that that is always safe,' replied the President, 'and you know that I am to-day in bad odor all over the country, because I don't have as many persons put to death as the laws condemn.'

"The attendant of the wife gave to him an abstract of the case, which had been furnished by the Major's counsel, and which the President began gloomily to run over. Now and then he looked pityingly at the speechless woman, whose white face and beseeching eyes were still toward him, expressive of an intensity of suffering and desire that was almost fearful. He had turned over some half-dozen pages of the document, when suddenly he dropped it, sprang forward in his chair, his face brightened almost into beauty, and he rubbed his hands together joyfully. 'Oh,' said he, 'I know all about it now—I know all about it! This case has been before me, and I decided it ten days ago. The Major's sentence was forwarded for my approval, with a recommendation to mercy, and without any solicitation I have changed his sentence of death to two years' imprisonment. Major —— has been a brave man, and a good man, and a good soldier, and he had great provocations, and has had for a year. Your husband knows all about it before

now,' he said, addressing the wife, 'and when you go back you must go and see him, and tell him to bear his imprisonment like a man, and take a new start in the world when it is over.'

"The Major's wife did not at first comprehend, but we explained to her. She attempted to rise, and made a gesture as if she were going to kneel at the President's feet, but she only slid helplessly to the floor, in a heap before him, and for a long time lay in a dead faint. The President was greatly moved. He helped raise her, and when she was taken from the room he paced back and forth for a few moments, before he could attend to other business. 'Poor woman!' he said, 'I don't believe she would have lived if her husband had been shot. What a *heap* of trouble this war has made!'

"The expression of the President's face, as it dawned upon him that he had already interposed between the Major and death, will never leave my memory. His swarthy, rugged, homely face was glorified by the delight of his soul which shone out on his features. He delighted in mercy. It gave him positive happiness to confer a favor. Once after, I had the pleasure of seeing those sad features lighted up with holy feeling.

* * * * *

"What work is appointed him in the new country to which he is gone we may not know; but this we know—that henceforth 'joy is duty and love is law.' Never again shall his gentle nature be wrung by a stern necessity. No more shall justice and wisdom demand a severity which pity agonizes to mitigate. In the Land of the Lord whither he has gone there are no harsh measures to be enforced, no penalties to be inflicted, no pleadings to be withstood. The kindly heart may indulge to the full all its kindness, and yet be acting only in the line of stringent duty. All we can know or conjecture is but as the fringe of the border of his robe. Reasoning upward from the supremest delights of earth, we can but faintly conceive of the delights of Heaven. Our sweetest songs are but discordant echoes of the celestial harmony. Beyond these shadowy hints,

"O friend! if thought and sense avail not,
To know thee henceforth, as thou art—
That all is well with thee forever,
I trust the instincts of my heart."

CAROLINE M. SAWYER

Is one of the most gifted of American women, in whose heart dwell the voices of poetry and of song, and all the attributes of the earnest Christian. She was born in the quiet town of Newton, Mass., in 1812. Her maiden name was Fisher, and she bears relationship to the Gores, Danas, Gridleys, Foxcrofts and Kendricks, and last, but not least, she is a descendant of Thomas Cranmer, who pronounced the divorce between Henry VIII. and the kind, good Queen Katherine of Arragon. Miss Fisher's maternal grandfather (with whom she lived with a widowed mother and a highly educated but invalid uncle) was John Kendrick, who commanded a company at Concord and Lexington, and continued his loyalty by being a conscientious Abolitionist, who not only talked but worked and gave freely for the bondman.

The last part of the inscription on his monument, written by William Lloyd Garrison, reads: "If there had been ten like him in the States, the stain of slavery would not have darkened another star in the North American constellation. A forerunner of Abolition, he was a liberal contributor to the first society formed for that object in our country, and died its presiding officer." Mrs. Sawyer says: "I sucked in this abhorred heresy with my mother's milk." With her lofty faith, and such blood coursing her womanly heart, we can not wonder that she ripened apace in this home in which the inmates were lovers of science and literature, liberty and justice.

The first we learn of her scholarship and wonderful memory is at a Baptist Sunday-school, where the Bible and Watts' hymns were committed to memory. As Caroline took her seat in her class one Sunday, with her face all aglow, the teacher said to her—"Well, little curly-head, what have you for a lesson this morning?" "I have the first eight chapters of Mark," was the innocent reply. The teacher recalled the fact with great pride years after, saying—"That little girl of eight years recited the eight chapters without hesitating upon a word, and at another time the 119th Psalm at one bout, without a word of prompting! Nor was it a Poll parrot recitation, for the very tones of her voice showed that she appreciated the spirit of what

she had learned." Committing the Scriptures and Watts' hymns was not only her spiritual food, but her only intellectual pastime, for it is well known that sixty years ago children had few story-books besides "Mother Goose," which at that time was almost the only classic. Soon, however, we learn of her standing tip-toe at a bureau, when her chin just rested upon the drawer, in which was carefully put away an elegantly bound edition of Shakespeare, which belonged to the invalid uncle. Her eyes, through her mother's kindness, had feasted on the external beauty of the book, and she had also received the promise that as soon as she was old enough she could read it, for the good mother believed, as many another mother has, that she was her child's intellectual purveyor, and understood the compass of her brain, as well as the kind of fuel it needed for nourishment and life. Not so with the child; her whole being craved something that would help her to converse intelligently with the birds and the flowers and with human hearts. And so we can not blame her that her reading of Shakespeare was surreptitiously indulged, but recall the perplexities she must have encountered in reading that enormous book on tip-toe, patiently turning leaf by leaf without once removing the book from the drawer. Surreptitiously she thought she was breaking the promise given her mother; but, in fact, she was watched by the delighted eyes of her learned uncle. She said to a friend: "I knew I was wickedly breaking a promise not to read it until I was older, but the temptation was too great and my hunger grew by what it fed on, and my disobedient act continued until I completed the last volume." After this intellectual feat, Caroline was not restricted in reading material. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (which she says was even more fascinating than Shakespeare), Plutarch's *Lives*, and Hume's and Smollett's *History of England* were devoured. This was heavy reading for a child not ten years of age, but not once did she flinch until the task was completed, swallowing also at intervals every other book attainable.

We next hear of Caroline at school, where "noonings" brought great delight to the children, for as soon as the lunch baskets were emptied, she would mount one of the benches, and the children would gather around with open-eyed and open-mouthed wonder and delight, to listen to her improvised stories of the improbable and absurd doings of knights and ladies, fairies

and hobgoblins, with which she regaled herself as well as them. This continued until the uncle removed her from the meager advantages of a country school to his own supervision. Soon after this, as a labor of love, he prepared an herbarium of the hundreds of wild plants of New England growing within ten miles of Boston, for the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh, Scotland; and in all these collections and preparations, from the early days of Spring to the fading days of Autumn, she wandered forth hand in hand with the uncle; whose heart was filled with delight in instructing her in the lore of nature. They clambered hills, and culled the flowers that threw their petals to the careless lovers of blossoms, and explored the valleys, in which are found the floral bells that "toll their perfume on the passing air;" and in the coolness and shade of the forests they not only acquired botanic lore, but health of body, and cultivation in the young girl of that poetic sense and faculty which for a half century have placed the name of Caroline Sawyer high among those of the gifted daughters of song.

Rev. D. K. Lee said, in speaking of this beautiful relationship and the memory of it: "Such recollections must be arched as with rainbows, and breathings as with festive music; among the pictures and melodies we shall take from earth to heaven with us, to beautify our mansion there, and give us tender thoughts of the green little island world we left behind."

Mrs. Sawyer commenced writing when very young, but was as private with her youthful songs as a sweetheart with her lover's letters. The friends who did get a peep at her verses were among the lucky and favored ones. Their importunities to her to send her poems to be published were without avail. One day, however, she received a paper directed to Miss Caroline M. Fisher. She opened it without excitement, and commenced scanning its contents, when her heart gave a great bound of fright in recognizing one of her own poems. Some kind friend to the public had purloined it from Caroline's treasures, and introduced her to the reading world, with which she has ever since been a favorite. She was thirteen years old at this time. I think it was the "Burlington Sentinel" that published her first poem. At all events, young as she was, she was a most welcome contributor to the "Sentinel," and afterward to the "Boston Evening Gazette" and "Democratic Review."

Miss Caroline did not neglect her studies, but continued them with

energy, until she became one of the best-educated women in America. She delighted in French and German, of which she became a most graceful translator; and in history and mythology, with which she has enriched hundreds of fascinating pages.

In 1831, Caroline M. Fisher was married to Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D., the pastor of Orchard-street Church, in New York City. Thomas J. Sawyer has been a name long beloved in our household of faith. His voice and pen have been mighty in the defense of our doctrines; and, united in marriage with one of such marked talent, and a faith as lofty as his own, is it any wonder that our church should receive an impetus under their united energies? It owes them, indeed, a debt of obligation that future generations will not fail to recognize and hold in affectionate and perpetual remembrance.

Mrs. Sawyer has been one of the most prolific writers of our denominational literature; and yet one of the finest critics declares: "Her lyre was always in tune, and always put things in tune around it; and never do we remember to have read a line of hers that clashed a discord, or was harsh, or languid, or heavy. All was graceful, all was musical, all was harmony."

During Mrs. Sawyer's twenty-five years in New York her pen was constantly recording the music of her thoughts. For several years she was editor of the youth's department in the "Christian Messenger," and the children, who loved her, waited with impatient delight from week to week for the beautiful surprises they were sure to receive. Those children are now men and women, who continue to love her not only for the knowledge they received through her writing in that little corner, but for bringing out the latent good within them, and the lifting upward of their young natures into the light of Universalism.

Mrs. Sawyer, while a contributor to "Graham's Magazine," the "Knickerbocker Magazine" (of which she was a star), made an engagement in 1841 with the "Democratic Review," which she fulfilled with promptness and delight to the publishers. For several years she was a constant contributor to the "Odd Fellows' Magazine," published in Baltimore, Md.; for Horace Greeley's "New Yorker;" and that broad-brained man, it is said, read greedily everything of hers that appeared, and, if possible, his face beamed

with a more placid light after the reading. Park Benjamin, who was chary of every line in his paper that was not filled by accomplished writers, opened wide the door into the "New World" for Caroline M. Sawyer.

"The Merchant's Widow" is a tale that reached great popularity; and her stories, essays and poems would fill volumes. They are of a very even excellence. Scarcely a poor line can be found in all she has written; and her literary labors have always been self-sacrificing; for, while she might have achieved a great popularity, her manifold original productions, and her graceful translations from the French and German have been a labor of love to enrich and elevate the standard of the literature of her own denomination, to which she has been true in every hour of need. When our church was in its Spring-time, she gave to it the sweetness of her heart and the brilliancy of her mind. A grateful minister said some years since: "This large-hearted, scholarly woman came to us in our weakness and loneliness, and drew in voice after voice of a shining band, to charm us into graceful speech and eloquent thought; to set bright visions open before us, and lead our young and ardent church on its march up the hills of light."

Mrs. Sawyer became editor of the "Rose of Sharon" in 1849. She was a constant contributor from its first appearance, in 1840, during Sarah Edgerton's editorship. In 1860 she became editor of the "Ladies' Repository." Her fearless yet Christian manner so enlivened its pages that it not only sustained its high literary excellence, but constantly grew in favor with the best readers. At the present time (1881) Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D., is Packard Professor of Theology in Tufts College. He is a distinguished scholar and theologian, and his is one of the most honored names in our church. And Mrs. Sawyer, with her honored husband, is surrounded by troops of friends, and in the fulness of a ripened religious nature, and after fifty years of wedded life, faces the Autumn days serenely; the smile of her youth yet lingering lovingly after seventy years, as though loth to leave the face where so long it has been a constant guest. By forgetting herself and laboring for humanity, she has drawn the atmosphere of eternity closely and sweetly around her soul.

A volume of her prose and poetical works should be published; it would

be surpassed in literary merit by few, if any, of the works of American women. The writings of Mrs. Sawyer range through a wide variety of themes.

VIOLA.

A PICTURE FROM ZANONI.

On the low sill sits the singer,
 Youthful, pale and fair,
 Twining 'round her slender finger
 Dreamily her hair,
 While above her head the fruited vine,
 Purpling deep the trellised arches,
 Bowers the open door;
 Twines among the drooping larches
 And, athwart the floor
 Weaves the shadow with the shine.
 There she sits, her heart a mine
 Ever, evermore,
 Lulled with dreamings of Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars!

Scaree is she beyond her childhood,
 With a child's young face;
 Not a blossom of the wild-wood
 Hath a sweeter graee;
 Not a song-bird pours a sweeter lay.
 Rich and low, the wild strain gushes
 From her slender throat;
 Every bird its carol hushes
 As her traneeing note
 Mingles with the fountain's silvery play.
 Lone, unconscious, thus she whiles away
 Ever, evermore,
 Life in musings on Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

Ah, sweet maid! give o'er thy dreaming
 Of the youthful sage!
 Shun the light forbidden, gleaming
 From the mystic page
 Of his volumes weird and old!
 Waken! there is peril, danger
 In his glance, his smile;
 Wed thee with the English stranger—
 He will not beguile.
 Though his lips be sometimes cold,

He is yet of mortal mold;
 But forevermore
 Bar thy heart against Zanoni
 The Seeker of the Stars.

Rise! betake thee, silent, lonely,
 To thy chamber still,
 Though thy father's spirit only
 Crosses now the sill
 By the living crossed of yore!
 Though no eyes save his now meet thee
 By the twilight hearth;
 Though no voice but his may greet thee,
 Nor in song nor mirth,
 Friend or lover cometh more,
 Linger there and shut thy door
 Closely evermore.
 Ere glides in the pale Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

Warning vain! thy heart is fated!
 Thine is woman's lot!
 By thy side Love long has waited,
 Though thou knew'st it not
 In thy child-like innocence!
 Now a new, divine emotion,
 Fathomlessly deep,
 Wakes thy bosom, like the ocean,
 Nevermore to sleep;
 Never to be banished thence,—
 Never, until thought and sense,
 Lost forevermore,
 Die to earth and to Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

When thy song's full tide was filling
 Life's diviner part,
 Like a flash electric, thrilling
 All the thousands' heart,—
 Did not his smile wake thy wondrous power
 When, thy radiant robes around thee,
 All the mighty throng,
 With ecstatic plaudits, crowned thee
 Glorious Queen of Song,—
 In that proud, triumphant hour,
 Like a frail, dew-laden flower,
 Then and evermore,
 Bowe! thy heart not to Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars?

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Ay! as suns in Summers Polar
 Never set in night,
 So, o'er thy young soul, Viola,
 In ne'er fading light,
 Pours his spirit its bright, fatal beams.
 Haunted by his eyes' dark splendor,
 Closer, day by day,
 Visions beautiful and tender
 Gather round thy way,
 Till, through twilight's softest gleams,
 Through thy sleeping, waking dreams
 Ever, evermore,
 Looks the radiant Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

Strikes thy doom! the cloud is creeping,
 Closing o'er thy head,
 While thy Lares, vainly weeping
 Round thy maiden bed,
 Pour their warnings on thy deafened ears.
 Underneath the low vines, standing
 Glorious by thy side,
 He, with voice deep, sweet, commanding,
 Wooes thee for his bride.
 His henceforth—thy few, brief years,
 Interwrought with love and tears,
 Ever, evermore,
 Will be ming'ed with Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

 THE LOST GEMS.

While I muse the fire burns.
 As I sit and watch the gleaming
 Of the faint and fitful blaze,
 Flickering up the narrow chimney,
 Shedding 'round a twilight haze,
 From the glowing mass, enveloped
 In a soft, gray, ashen wreath.
 Shining gems drop down and darken
 'Mong the embers underneath.
 Thus, I think, while quick emotion
 Stirs the fount in feeling's cave,
 You, my darlings—dear lost darlings
 Dropt and darkened in the grave!

As I muse the fire burns;
 All through memory's dim recesses
 Full and strong its light is shed,
 Showing me with life-like clearness
 Loved ones lost, estranged and dead—
 There a white hand coldly waves me,
 Baffling all my love, adieu;
 There a world of deep affection
 Looks from dying eyes of blue;
 There a couch, a fair child on it,
 Anguished weepers by its side—
 Oh, my darlings—Oh, lost darlings
 Hearts were breaking when you died!

As the fire burns I muse;
 Memory takes the chair beside me,
 Points me to a curtained shrine;
 Little need to ask the meaning—
 Unrequired is word or sign—
 Well I know! I see them lying,
 Small, bright robes of silken sheen;
 Slender chains and costly bracelets,
 Gems with golden links between.
 'Tis too much! a sense of loneliness
 Deep and strange is on me now;
 Oh, my darlings—Oh, lost darlings
 These are yours, but where are you?

Still the fire burns; still I muse:
 Back they come, those Summer mornings
 When I watched you 'mong the flowers;
 Down the garden alleys chasing
 Golden butterflies and hours:
 On your arm, perchance, a basket
 Filled with berries from the wood;
 All your fair round cheeks a-glowing
 With the rich, warm, rosy blood.
 Buttercups and daisies wreathing
 Like a glory round your head—
 Oh, my darlings—Oh, sweet darlings,
 Dear and bright, why are you dead?

As I muse the fire burns;
 Looking through my curtained window,
 All without is gloom and night,
 But the flames that light my chamber
 Every moment seem more bright—
 So while memory gathers round me
 Shadows darksome, sad and gray,

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Burns within a light that cheers me
 With a still increasing ray;
 Far through time it sends its beaming,
 Far beyond the silent sea,
 To the land, Oh, long-lost darlings,
 Where you're waiting still for me.

MY TAPER.

If in some low place, shunned of favored men,
 I set my candle-stick and trim the light
 And cheer the dismal nook where only night
 Reigned hitherto, am I not doing then
 God's works as truly, faithfully, as when
 The beacon fire I kindle on the hill,
 To light a thousand upturned brows, and fill
 With sudden radiance every glade and glen?
 Angels appeared to holy men of old
 In the dark prison, and none saw their light
 Beyond the walls! The heavenly ones who told
 The Savior's birth, shone on no mortal sight
 Save Judah's shepherds'. Let me take heart then
 And keep my taper bright, though shining for few men!

HELEN RICH.

Helen Hinsdale was born June 18, 1827, in Antwerp, Jefferson Co., N. Y. Her father, Ira Hinsdale, was a pioneer farmer, and she was born in a log cabin on the farm he cleared in 1821. Her mother died in 1879. In those days of log cabins, school advantages were few, and Mrs. Rich speaks of the influence of the need of such culture on her entire life with regret and sadness. She had but one term at Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, in addition to a common-school education. To Universalism she was born, and to that she was bred, and closely to its faith she has lived, and, when a child of twelve, expressed its beauty in rhyme. She was married at twenty, and notwithstanding her life has been one of constant domestic care, she has extorted

time to write voluminously and with remarkable force and beauty several hundred poems and a vast amount of prose, including stories, lectures, addresses, etc. Most of her studying has been done in spite of engrossing home cares since marriage. She was with Professor J. S. Lee, of Canton, N. Y., several months, in her thirty-seventh year. She writes:

"I appreciate the honor you do me to appear with the 'Working Women of our Church,' but blush at the comparison. Alas! I have had no such grand opportunities for culture as those blessed women, and have written only when others slept, or when others would have been too weary, soul and body, to write. I had only *one* academical term before marriage, and not until after I was forty did I see more than *one* city (Syracuse), and no lake or mountain or the sea."

In reading the following description of Mrs. Rich's present home, by a tourist, it is easy to see that she has now a more congenial abiding place.

"While in Brasher we enjoyed the generous and refined hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Rich. Their old-fashioned, one-story, but high-walled, neat and commodious house (one of the best in Brasher) quietly nestles amid the rich foliage of the surrounding trees, and, with its sloping lawn and profusion of blooming flowers, ornamental shrubs and plants, presents a vivid picture of elegant and reigning comfort, the thought of which will long linger in our memory. Mrs. Rich is a poetess of rare ability and high merit, and from her pleasant surroundings we wonder not that she is inspired with wonderful poetic fancies."

Mrs. Rich has written *con amore*, and not as a vocation. Her poems have had a wide circulation in the periodical press; but her chief productions, poems of great length, have never been published. Her rare facility of versification, and felicity of diction, may be illustrated by the following lines:

"Side by side two tiny hillocks, just as little lambs may meet,
That have wandered from the fallows to the daisied meadows sweet,
Sleeping in the blessed sunshine, hearing not the mother's bleat!

"One was borne to peaceful slumber when the sunset's crimson dyes
On her catafalque of lilies fell in royal draperies,
And a train of stately mourners looked farewell with tearless eyes.

"And I seemed to hear the mother, who had crossed the Silent Sea,
To await that angel voyager in her snow-white argosy,
Cry, Hosannah to the Savior, once a babe in Bethany.

"But the other, in the dawning of a bitter April day,
When the frozen tears of Heaven on the pale arbutus lay,
Was borne out in pauper's coffin by the sexton stern and gray.

"Never glow of bud or leaflet on that little sinless breast,
Never toll of bell or chanting holy words of quietness—
Only sobs of mortal anguish, of a sinner unconfessed."

Mrs. Rich has been a contributor to the "Rose of Sharon," "Lily of the Valley," "Ladies' Repository," "Overland Monthly," "New York Tribune," "Chicago Tribune," "Detroit Tribune," "NEW COVENANT," "Star in the West," "Springfield Republican," "Burlington Hawkeye," "Boston Transcript," "Boston Commonwealth," "Woman's Journal," "Universalist," "Christian Leader," and many other periodical publications. A fine critic, Prof. J. S. Lee, says of her: "She has studied nature and human character, and seems to understand the mysteries of life. She ranges all through the regions of the beautiful and the sublime, and tires not for her journey, and gives us her impressions in the freshest manner, and her thoughts come to us in the fragrance of freshly-cut clover and the flowers of Spring; and some of her earnest and whole-souled lyrics are worthy of Gerald Massey or Charles Mackay. And such lines as these, addressed to the Adirondacks, are worthy of Milton:

"At night to feel the heart-beat of the stars,
Alone with awful mysteries, to press
The pulse of centuries, to fold the wings
Of restless thought in heavenly blissfulness."

"She speaks of her friend:

"And other's grief was rainbowed by her tears,
Her lips dropped sweetness as a rose; no sting
Slept in the perfumed chambers of her soul."

Mr. Lee further says: "She is a very prolific writer, but she sacrifices not depth to profuseness. She writes because she can not restrain the emotions of her soul. Few genuine poets are so full of the divine impulse."

"Her eye is quick and keen, and she seizes the beauties of outward nature and the human soul, and reproduces them in terse and vivid language. Her observation is wide and her range of subjects varied. Her poetic vision glances from earth to heaven, and anon from heaven to earth

again, with lightning velocity. She mounts her Pegasus and rides into the empyreal skies without fear of danger, and quickly descends, safely and gracefully. Her figures are original, unique and striking. This is a rare thing at this late day, when the poets have visited every department of nature and life, and appropriated nearly everything to be found there.

“And in her description of Spring:

“Earth wakes from her long, icy sleep,
Puts on her yellow sun-robcs fair;
The water-nymphs have shining feet,
The wood-nymphs drop their ringlets there.”

“A delicate and dainty figure—wood-nymphs dropping their soft ringlets on the pearly meadows.

“She represents:

“Great, flaming suns, like mighty conquerors,
Taking as prisoners whole hosts of clouds”—

a figure as striking as it is sublime.

“She is a vigorous prose writer, as seen in her ‘Wills, Won’ts and Can’ts of History,’ ‘Literature of the Rebellion,’ ‘Madame De Stael,’ and other lectures and contributions to the press. She has lectured extensively on ‘Temperance,’ ‘The Rights and Wrongs of Woman,’ and is a most fervid and eloquent speaker. She has done much for moral reform and the regeneration of society.

“She is an influential and active member of our church, and she feels a deep interest in the form of Christianity which we represent, and her light is never hid when an opportunity presents itself of doing something for propagating it.

“No one can measure the sphere of her influence as a poet, a lecturer, a moral and social reformer and a Christian.”

Mrs. Rich is one of our most earnest temperance workers, and her lectures upon that subject are recorded as not only persuasive to the fallen, but of high literary merit. One critic said: “Your lecture would be creditable to a man, in power. Your shaft was polished, and glittered in the sunshine of truth.” Says another: “She has a firm, clear voice and an imposing per-

sonal appearance. She unites in an eminent degree the graces of her sex with the persuasive charms which have made oratory almost immortal in every age." A writer in the "Albany Express," after listening to a literary treat from Mrs. Rich, said: "She is one of the representative women of northern New York, and her writings, politically and poetically, have the true ring of genius."

Mrs. Rich has one daughter, Mrs. D. C. Lyon, of St. Joseph, Mo., an accomplished musician; and a son, Pitt C. Rich, of Chicago. We should be glad to delight our readers with many pages of Mrs. Rich's poems if it were possible, but we can only present the following:

LOST AND FOUND.

(To my Daughter.)

Oh, my lost bird, that sang to me all day!
 Wee bird, that found its voice within my breast,
 Trying its pretty wings, has flown away,
 Speeding to palace gardens of the West.
 There, in a lovely cage, with dainty fare,
 Her bright head flashing 'mid the glossy leaves,
 With organ trembles, blended song and prayer,
 The old enchantment evermore she weaves.

When morning sunshine dances on the nest
 (White, downy nest, deserted) mute I glide—
 My yearning kisses on that shrine are prest,
 And tears are welling in resistless tide.
 Oh, new-found nest! Oh, sunny head that lies
 Surely beneath an angel's brooding wing.
 Sings she, in "dreams," of weary, waiting eyes,
 And blind to half the glory of the spring?

If God cares aught for motherhood, I know
 When Summer lies in Autumn's warm embrace—
 Her dying roses with his lips aglow—
 That I shall look upon my darling's face,
 Note the first flutter of the song astir
 In her white throat, and, thrilling in sweet pain,
 Find recompense for every grief in her,
 And life's lost music live for me again.

* * * * *

When the first timid leaf with many sighs grew pale,
 And, shuddering, dropped upon the ivied arbor floor,
 When the blue haze, like misty bridal veil,
 Draped the far hills and kissed the pebbly shore,
 When all my flowers held carnival, and flung
 Their perfumed banners to the August air —
 My long lost starling 'neath the lattice sang
 Of Spring-time glory—sang to death grim care.

TO MRS. CHISOLM, OF KEMPER COUNTY, MISS.

I still see my brave husband murdered, hear his dying words, "Jesus—my wife, my dear wife." I see my little Johnny throw his arms about his father to protect him from the mob. "Mother, if I leave him they will kill him;" see his poor little hand shattered with their merciless bullets; hear my sweet Cornelia, dying, exclaim, "Dear mamma, you have a sick baby this morning,"—killed defending her father.—*Mrs. Chisolm's letter in New York Tribune.*

Sweet sister, woman, mother! thy sad story,
 Like Rachel's cry, goes wailing through the land;
 Nay, thou hast sounded all the deeps of glory,
 Swept every heart-string with thy widowed hand.

Bereft of home, despoiled of baby fingers
 (Brave Johnny's fingers, clinging not in vain)
 That martyr hand—its potent touch yet lingers,
 Stinging cold bosoms with a mighty pain.

And that meek "Mamma!" of thy winsome daughter,
 When I forget the pathos of its sigh,
 And fall of tears, bitter as Moab's water,
 Unheeded my own darlings' anguish-cry.

All motherhood through thy white bosom wounded,
 All wifehood wronged, our faith and honor fled,
 In vain our eagle's cry for freedom sounded
 When thou, wan martyr, knelt beside thy dead.

Sweet soul, be patient! drop by drop the measure
 Of justice fills—all nature takes thy part;
 Eternal truth gives bonds for thy lost treasure;
 Thy country wears the scars upon its heart.

Now Freedom mourns. The spoiler hath his hour,
 But "God is God" in Dixie as in Maine.
 For every exiled band there cometh power,
 And Grant shall bring them to their own again.

APPLE BLOOMS.

I keep this festal time of year
 As sacred to a love that died
 When winds were still, and skies were clear,
 And life was young, and hope and fear
 Walked with me side by side;
 And saddest of all earthly glooms
 To me the pale, sweet apple blooms.

I never saw the sunshine fall
 So warm and golden as it lay
 Aslant that woodland waterfall,
 As if the Father's love for all
 Had blessed each flower of May;
 And fair as frost of Eastern looms
 The haunting touch of apple blooms.

Ah! rare as gales of tropic climes
 These violets with brooding eyes,
 And fragrance of arbutus vines,
 With iris, royal as the wines
 Of prophet's paradise!
 The bee in honeyed chalice booms
 Just as in by-gone apple blooms.

Ah well! a child will weep to see
 The butterfly he held so fast
 Despoiled of beauty: thus to me
 The love I prized was mockery!—
 Its gold but worthless dross at last;
 And hence through memory's silent rooms
 Like ghosts they drift, white apple blooms.

IMITATIONS OF UHLAND.

THE ISLAND.

Like an emerald crown newly fallen upon the wave!
 And glistened with sunlight,
 The island lies upon the river;
 Ay, thus, my love, lieth thy sweet smile upon my heart.

THE ANGEL.

In my dream an angel with eyes like thine
 Came floating down to me;
 I awoke to sigh that such angels, alas!
 Come to me only in dreams.

MARY C. WEBSTER.

The experiences of Mrs. Webster have been the extremes of enjoyment and sorrow. The youngest and the indulged of a large family, she felt no care until her first husband's health began to fail. Mary C. Ward was born in Litchfield, Conn., July, 1825. Her father, William Ward, a gentleman of the "old school," was from a family somewhat inflated by family pride, but he was quiet and retiring in the extreme before strangers, though bubbling over with sparkling wit when surrounded only by well-known friends. William's grandfather, Rev. Solomon Palmer, was educated at Old Yale, preached the Presbyterian doctrine for several years, surprised his audience one Sunday by announcing his change of views, soon sailed for London, and there received ordination from the Bishop. After returning he took charge of a parish in New Haven. I mention this fact to show the cause of the tendency to Episcopacy in the Ward family. When it was first known that William (Mary's father) was to marry Charlotte Munger, the daughter of a poor mechanic, the inflated family pride received a direful shock. But this little Charlotte had sweet and winning ways, a poetic spirit, which beautified and enriched soul and body. She was conscientious, intelligent and loving; and before the husband's family were aware of it, pride and indignation had given way to love, and she was received as their own. Mrs. Ward was a member of the Episcopal Church for forty years. But through the influence of a beloved and very religious son who came into the blessed sunshine of faith in an impartial God, she carefully read and examined the Scriptures for two years, which led her into the happy belief of universal salvation, and, Mrs. Webster says, by which faith she was sustained through some of the darkest trials of her life, and whose mild effulgence beamed over all her declining years, making them rife with the very beauty of heaven; and to this blessed faith was Mary led by her mother, although her mother's name was never taken from the Episcopal church-book.

Mary was not systematically educated; for the older children, her parents were very anxious that they should receive the richest education, and

encouraged them to application, to their great sorrow, until the health of several failed, and they were removed by death. They did by Mary as most loving parents would have done—took the other extreme; and she was allowed plenty of books, but freedom from all schoolroom restraints, and free chance for exercise in the open air. She says: "I was turned out at the early age of twelve to browse at pleasure (like Charles Lamb) in God's open book and in the wholesome pastures of English literature. Her first published poem was written at the age of twelve. Mary was married when quite young to Mr. F. A. Grannis, a merchant, of Hartford, Conn., and immediately identified herself with our church in that city. The years 1859-60 she traveled abroad with her husband, and put the result of her experiences and observations into a most interesting series of letters called "Thither-Side Sketches" for the "Ladies' Repository."

After returning from their foreign trip, where she had realized to the fullest extent the dream of her childhood—of standing upon Italian soil, and visiting its art galleries—they built a beautiful suburban home, known to all their reading friends and others as "Lilfred's Rest." For several years Mrs. Grannis led a happy, quiet, intellectual life, reading what she most enjoyed, and writing only when the spirit was moved; and from which lovely home we can easily imagine the following was written:

COUNTRY SOUNDS IN MAY.

A murmurous hum of thronging bees
 Among the blossom-laden trees;
 The whirr of wings, the song and call
 Of music-throated warblers, all
 Responsive to the affluent tide
 Of joy and beauty, flooding wide.

The tremulous stir of leaf and vine,
 The rhythmic sound of sweet-mouthed kine,
 Cropping the fresh and juicy grass,
 While slowly through the lanes they pass,
 Treading above the soft brown mold,
 On verdant carpets, starred with gold.

The tinkling, as of fairy bells,
 Of tiny brooklets in the dells;
 The drip of mimic waterfall,
 The pipe of frog, and tree-toad's call;

The cadence of the river's plash,
Soft lapping, or with merry dash,
Rushing in silver waves along,
A joy to sight—to hear, a song.

Thus, through these wonder-working hours,
From tow'ring trees to simplest flowers,
That grandest miracle is wrought
Of life from death, a lesson taught
Where Nature's quick'ning pulse is stirred,
And her glad sounds of cheer are heard.
Thus doth she, from her brimming urn,
Pour lavishly, in rich returns
For many a dark and dreary day,
The beauty and the joy of May.

But the warp and woof of life is not always silver and gold. The health of Mr. Grannis was precarious, and a change of climate must be made in search of that precious blessing—health. The sylvan recesses of Turpentine Camp in the pine forests of Alabama were chosen as the most likely spot that would cause “the languid eyes to kindle with their wonted beams, and the pale, thin face to grow round and mantle with the flush of health, and vanished strength return.” But the soft, healing properties of the air, which was ever redolent with balsamic odors, did not put new cheer into the invalid's spirit, or rejuvenate the languid pulse, or clothe the pale, thin face or mantle it with health; and so, before it was too late, the dear wife says: “On a golden day we again mounted the ambulance and rode forth from that sylvan region so fraught with new and deep experiences to our souls. The parting from those kind friends, so strongly endeared to us by their many virtues and the loving care bestowed upon us, was a trying scene; while the long homeward journey, alone with the enfeebled invalid, rose up darkly in the future, as a mountainous undertaking fraught with difficulty and danger. But God is good; and through his protecting care the weary journey was at length accomplished. The blessed home threshold was reached. Loving hearts welcomed the weary wanderers, and willing hands ministered to every want. The peaceful light shining on my darling's face as he went through each familiar room, the whispered words and gush of thankful tears as he said ‘I shall be happier if I die to-morrow, now that we are at home again,’ are they not precious memories to my soul?” Mr. Grannis

continued to fail, and soon kissed the hem of His garment and entered into the rest that remaineth.

Several years after the death of Mr. Gramis, the widow married Rev. C. H. Webster, and was to him a helpmeet indeed. She assisted her husband in his pulpit ministrations while he was performing missionary work. She had never been ordained, but often supplied for absent ministers most acceptably. She has been Vice President of the Woman's Centenary Association seven years of its existence. She has intense interest in every project for the welfare of women, but does not believe that women should crowd themselves *too* much forward—"but just enough." Mrs. Webster delivered at a civil and military banquet in Montreal an address which was highly complimented. She closed by reciting a poem entitled "Victoria Regia." It was very complimentary to the queen, and was received with tremendous applause. Her letters from the forest of Alabama are instructive and entertaining. "Bear Ye One Another's Burdens" is a very touching little poem, containing a whole sermon.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

O mortals! bear ye one another's burdens,
 And thus the perfect law of Christ fulfil;
 Better than gold, or the world's highest guerdons,
 Is it to know and do his holy will.

Oh thou who, tenderly compassionate and lowly,
 Once trod these earthly paths in human guise,
 Thy sacred lessons we have learned too slowly,
 Too oft thy heavenly precepts we despise.

From the abundance of thine own compassion,
 By the exhaustless power of thy pure love,
 Do thou our wills and tempers kindly fashion
 Into some semblance of the life above;

That we, while here amid these scenes of trial,
 May never more thy blest instruction slight,
 And the unerring hand on Faith's clear dial,
 Point ever upward to the realms of light;

And thus this lower life of ours be glowing
 With radiance from thy spirit's holy light,

While from our souls kind words and actions flowing
 Shall make earth's saddest, darkest seasons bright.

An admirable volume could be made from Mrs. Webster's "Thither Side Sketches"; from her letters from Alabama; and from her many and able communications in prose and verse in the denominational periodical press. In 1877 Mrs. Webster was called to pass through another affliction in the death of her second husband. This poem followed his death:

TRANSFIGURED.

I said to Grief, "My portion, thou!
 My meat and drink this rain of tears;
 Henceforth on broken wing, as now,
 Shall trail the remnant of my years."

And dark days came and went again;
 And thought was without form, and void,
 Save as a sickening sense of pain,
 Of wasting want, of hope destroy'd.

At last the Mount of God was seen,
 And Grief became transfigured there,
 With angel vision, calm, serene,
 And angel presence, passing fair.

And from that travail sore of woe,
 When earth was brass, the sky aflame,
 Was born a Faith 'twas joy to know,
 And life's great Peace thro' suffering came.

Her home, "Sycamore Place," is in one of the loveliest villages of the Connecticut valley, surrounded by charming scenery which delights all who look upon it. Frequent articles from her pen, dated from Sycamore Place, adorn the pages of our periodical literature. Having no children, she leads a quiet life, and expects little enjoyment beside what comes through her church. She is deeply interested in all that pertains to the prosperity of our denomination and the spread of the Gospel of peace and good will in the world. Notwithstanding her great afflictions she says: "I wish to have it distinctly understood that whatever of sorrow, trial and care may be endured in this life, I firmly believe the essentially good far overbalances the evil, even of

this lower existence. And if this be the fact here, how much more will this obtain hereafter, when the weakness of mortality is over and the spiritual life is begun."

MELVINA J. MANLEY

Was the second wife of Rev. W. E. Manley, D.D., author of Manley's "Commentary on the Old Testament." Her maiden name was Melvina Jane Church. She was the thirteenth of a family of nineteen. She was a daughter of Capt. Richard Church, of Nunda, N. Y., and was in her cradle when her future husband was a boy of ten, separated from her only fifteen miles; and the subsequent man facetiously writes: "Had I known at the time that she would be my wife, I would have made her a visit." Her birth was Dec. 9, 1821. As a child she was very bright, active and cheerful, and self-sacrificing to her brothers and sisters. Her ambition for a superior education was unbounded, and Dr. Manley says this desire led to disastrous consequences. Her father, having faith in the Puritan process of hardening his children, obliged them to walk a mile and a half to school through rain or snow, which necessitated them to sit all day with garments wet about their limbs. This, Dr. Manley says, made no difference to the old gentleman, who was set in his determination not to have his children grow up with puny constitutions; so he kept two or three spans of horses in the barn, bedded with good oat-straw and warmly blanketed, munching hay, oats or corn, for the sake of putting his children through the hardening process, as he thought, but in reality sowing seeds of consumption. Mrs. Church, the Doctor writes, "had more sensible ideas; and her eyes without doubt followed her little loved ones with anxiety and fear. But her husband was the head of *his* family, and every thing went as *he* willed. With what complacency we all observe the diminishing of the self-appointed heads of fifty years ago!

This ambitious girl at the age of sixteen commenced teaching, and not only supported herself but supplied her brothers and sisters in little indul-

gences which the "great head" did not deem necessary. By teaching she was able to spend a few terms at the academy, and she contributed toward the education of her brother Lawrence S. Church, who settled in Woodstock, Ill., and became eminent as a lawyer and member of the Legislature.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Manley subscribed herself as M. Jane Church to most of her articles for the press. She was a permanent contributor to the "Ladies' Repository." She had great gifts in writing Indian stories, the material of which she obtained from her Uncle Rix, who was an Indian trader from 1815 till that trade was displaced by civilized society. Her best production, Dr. Manley writes, has never been published. It is a poem written in the style of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Some of her Indian stories were accounted by many equal to Cooper's. The unpublished poem is a legend entitled "The Braves of O-Wash-te-nonk." Miss Church left school-teaching to "fight the battle of life," aided by a Universalist minister without means and without health, in October, 1848. In one year from that time Mrs. Manley's exposure in youth began to show itself in her failing health. Their first-born was a son, who was cared for most tenderly, but he was not destined to remain long upon earth. He died at the age of eighteen months. "From that time on for fifteen years" says Dr. Manley, "we did little but to watch over our children and bury them. Only one survived as long as the first. He was named after Dr. Credner, of Germany, whose library was purchased and given to Canton Theological Seminary. All of our children were boys but one, and this one we named Eliza Throop, for Mrs A. G. Throop, of Chicago. Six children were born and buried before the departure of the wife and mother." Dr. Manley continues: "The sad termination of this life of struggle and suffering took place away from home, the last week in March, 1877. She was sick only four days, and passed to her reward the 31st." She rests beside her six little ones and the former wife and son in the family lot in Graceland, near Chicago.

Mrs. Manley had a fine education. Her judgment on the fitness and propriety of words and sentences in English composition was very superior, and was of invaluable service to her husband, the eminent commentator. I give Dr. Manley's exact words below:

"I do not suppose it would interest the reader to be informed of all our

struggles during the last thirty years, of which she bore her part nobly. She had a peculiar adaptedness to the business I am engaged in. She loved the study of the Scriptures, and was very skilful in defending them. She had a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, and of French and German among the modern languages. I greatly miss her presence and her encouraging words; but I rejoice to know that she suffers no more."

HARRIET S. BAKER.

Miss Baker was born in one of the loveliest of all the beautiful rural villages in New England,—Norridgewock, Me.,—Sept. 11, 1829. With few opportunities for the exercise of the great love for our church which from a child she has experienced, her life has been a continual influence for good in its behalf. Isolated from organized churches, she has not only nourished and cherished the faith in her heart, but its truths have been ever on her lips and manifested in her life. She is one of whom there are multitudes, who live on the blessed faith for which our church stands, and find it a light to their feet and a lamp to their path, and who are living and loving epistles in the eyes of all beholders. An invalid for nearly forty years, she has not only been sustained by her faith, but has found a sweet and continual employment in uttering its consoling and cheering words with tongue and pen. Making no pretension to literary ability, her own experiences are constantly saying to her, as the Voice to the Revelator, "Write!" and out of the fulness of her trusting inner life she has sent her messages to the world. "The Gospel Banner" and "NEW COVENANT" have been her chief media of communication. "She has done what she could," and what she has done has always gone from her heart's best love for that church to which she gave her covenant vows in 1861, in the church at North Auburn, the nearest organized church to her home.

Years ago this sweet-souled woman invited some little children to come into her home every Sabbath, for instruction upon the love of God. She be-

gan with three little ones only, who were poor and had never been to Sunday-school. The number increased till she registered over twenty names. This little class continued for more than eight years, there never being but a single Sabbath when she was able to have them come but some were there, no matter how rough the weather or bad the traveling. She saw them grow up under her care till they were quite young ladies, when her dear mother's long, sad illness obliged her to close her labors. She composed in rhyme each one's lesson, giving a lesson in each of God's love, the works of nature, etc. She printed them with a pen till they were able to read writing. She says: "God gave me thoughts and ways to instruct them; and I never felt more humble than I did to see them come so constantly, and with such unabated interest, to learn." She previously had three sisters to teach (until they grew up and left home), striving to instruct them in things pertaining to a better life. Thus she was both teacher and superintendent in Sunday-school instructions in her own home for twenty years. The following is a favorable example of the strains in which Miss Baker expresses that faith which is so clear to her:

MY FUTURE AND MY TRUST.

I can not tell—I can not know
 Whither my weary feet shall go,
 Or how be fed;
 But in God's love I will confide,
 And let whatever ill betide—
 By him I'm led.

Although thy tender hand, O God!
 Is holding now thy chastening rod
 Above my head,
 And fondest hopes lie all around
 Like Autumn leaves upon the ground—
 Withered and dead.

E'en in the darkness of the hour
 I own the mercy, love and power
 That's o'er me still!
 And some day thou shalt make me see
 How—and why—there came to me
 This sad, sad ill!

And as I trembling stoop to drink
 The bitter dregs (from which I shrink)
 Within the cup,
 I'll own thy ways are just and right—
 For faith is better far than sight,
 And I'll look up!

Thou'lt lead me better than I know,
 Out from the mystery of the woe
 That's mine to-day!
 Thou may'st e'en now have placed a sweet
 That waits the coming of my feet—
 To gladden all my way!

Then with the sealed book in my hand,
 That will unfold to me thy plan
 For coming years,
 I know that I no joy shall lose,
 For thou wilt give, as thou dost choose—
 Away with fears!

While as a little child I lean
 Upon thee—oh, thou great Unseen—
 Close clasp my hand!
 Thy "promises" thou wilt fulfil,
 Whether comes good, or seeming ill—
 In faith I stand.

JULIA A. CARNEY.

"Julia Fletcher" is one who subordinates outward show to intrinsic beauty; and this disposition secured to her many friends in her youth, who still regard her with great kindness and interest, and who speak of her as a most feeling and instructive talker. She was born April 6, 1823, in Lancaster, Massachusetts, and commenced rhyming before she could hold a pen; but her first effusions of verse were published in the Lancaster and Concord local papers at the age of fourteen. Very soon, and for years after, she occupied the "Poet's Corner" in the Boston "Trumpet." In a letter to us she says: "I can well remember my feelings were akin to jealousy when

I discovered the initials of 'A. C.' and 'P. C.' invading the corner I had begun to consider as my own;" but we know the solicitude for herself soon turned to admiration for Alice and Phœbe Carey, who sang and lived our beautiful faith, and who still continue to do so, though now beyond this vale of tears.

Miss Fletcher was very generous in furnishing articles, both prose and verse, for the "Christian Freeman" when it was established. Something from her pen appeared in almost every number of the "Rose of Sharon," and also in the "Lily of the Valley." In the "Universalist Miscellany" her articles bore the signature of "Rev. Peter Benson's Daughter," and were read with great interest. In 1840 she commenced writing for the "Ladies' Repository," under the signature of "Julia." Before our child's paper, the "Myrtle," became the "Myrtle," in all its changes she was its friend and contributor. In the "Orphan's Advocate" and "Social Monitor," published in Boston in 1844, appeared that touching poem that has been claimed by so many, and by one who was not born until after *its* birth:

THE ERRING.

Think gently of the erring:
 Ye know not of the power
 With which the dark temptation came
 In some unguarded hour.
 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of weakness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring:
 Oh, do not thou forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is thy brother yet.
 Heir of the self-same heritage,
 Child of the self-same God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring:
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace have gone,
 Without thy censure rough?
 It sure must be a weary lot
 That sin-crushed heart to bear,

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

And they who share a happier fate
 Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring;
 Thou yet may'st lead them back,
 With holy words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet must be;
 Deal gently with the erring one,
 As God hath dealt with thee.

It has been published in "Adams and Chapin's Hymn Book," but we can not see it too often if we will but profit by its lessons.

In 1845, when studying phonography in Andrews & Boyle's class, Boston, she was asked to give an impromptu exercise on the black-board. Only ten minutes were allowed, and in that time she wrote the first verse of "Little Things." It has been a favorite of children in Sunday-school exhibitions from that time on, and has been recited and sung thousands of times. It was first published in our Sunday-school paper, now called the "Myrtle."

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean
 And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the path of virtue
 Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our pleasant earth below
 Like the heaven above.

Soon after her little phonographic poem was published it appeared in the Methodist "Sunday-School Advocate," with an additional verse about

missionary pennies, to which she lays no claim. She was a regular contributor to the well-known "Boston Olive Branch." She also wrote two volumes, published by J. M. Usher, entitled "Gifts from Julia," and a series of Sunday-school question books most acceptable and useful to our church at that time. "Poetry of the Seasons" was published by Abel Tompkins.

Julia Fletcher was married to Rev. T. J. Carney, May 1, 1849. Since her marriage her writing has been chiefly prose, and for the "Phrenological Journal," "Science of Health," "Midland Monthly," and our various denominational papers, especially the "NEW COVENANT." In 1869 and 1870 she conducted the Home and Fireside department of the "New York National Agriculturist," and the "Bee-Keepers' Journal." As she was expected to fill several columns, and with continued novelties, she surprised her readers with a variety of signatures, some of which I will mention, that she may be recognized: "Minnie May," "Frank Fisher," "Sallie Sensible," "Minister's Wife," etc.

Mrs. Carney is the mother of nine children, but five of them are with their father, where trouble and sorrow are not known. One daughter and three sons are with her in Galesburg, Ill. The second son, Fletcher Carney, is a graduate of Lombard, and is practicing law in Galesburg, and bids fair to be a very able lawyer. James Weston Carney will graduate in the class of 1883; and the youngest, Eugene Francis, commenced his college course in 1880.

At the time of Mr. Carney's death, the family had just removed to Apple Creek Prairie, where the people had commenced a church under his ministry. He left home on horseback, and was returning to observe the anniversary of their wedding, when he was thrown from his horse and fatally wounded. At first it was supposed the injury would detain him at home for a few weeks, and he was sure of a speedy recovery; but soon the lesion of a vein in his back caused unconsciousness from which he never recovered. He died May 4, 1871, and was buried at White Hall. It was a very severe blow to Mrs. Carney, from which she had not recovered when her son William, a noble young man of twenty, died suddenly of sunstroke. In all his life he had never caused his mother's heart a throb of pain, but his death has nearly broken it. The daughter was in the Sophomore Class with William at the

time of his death. She is finely educated, and is a great comfort to her mother in these years of lonesomeness.

The following is from "The Cottage Hearth":

SOUL BLINDNESS.

How near another's heart we oft may stand,
 Yet all unknowing what we fain would know
 Its heights of joy, its depths of bitter woe,
 As, wrecked upon some desert island's strand,
 They watch our white sails near and nearer grow;
 Then we, who for their rescue death would dare,
 Unheeding pass, and leave them to despair.

How oft the word which we would gladly speak
 Might be, unto some darkly groping soul,
 The key to bid doubt's massive doors unroll,
 The free winds' breath upon the prisoner's cheek,
 Or, to the hungry heart, sweet pity's dole!
 We hurry on, nor know that they are near,
 As passed Evangeline the one so dear.

EMILY REBECCA PAGE.

The facts concerning this rare Christian girl, who was a true worshiper at the shrine of our most precious faith, I received from her aunt, Maria R. Baker, of Chelsea, Mass., and Rev. B. F. Rogers, of Marshalltown, Ia. Casper Page, of Greenboro, Vt., and Emily A. Alger were her parents. When the babe was but two weeks old, the mother closed her eyes for final rest. Her last request was, that her mother, and Eugene Baker, her step-father, should supply the need of parents; and most faithfully did they keep the trust throughout the girl's entire life. Emily was born May 5, 1834,

with a delicate constitution, which was most tenderly guarded against exposure by the grandparents and aunts, for they shared the fear with others that one with so vigorous and active a mind and so frail a body would never live to womanhood. For years she grew in health and grace of body, until strangers were dazzled by her sparkling beauty. She was slightly above the medium in height, graceful in form, with the daintiest little hand that ever plucked a blossom. Her complexion was clear and pearly, with fair, Saxon hair and lustrous blue eyes. Mr. Rogers says: "Her face was always beaming with intelligence and wearing the sunny candor of a child."

When young she attended a private school in Piermont, N. H.; when older the Bradford, Vt., Academy, and a short time at St. Johnsbury. It was in Bradford that Mr. Rogers was a schoolmate of hers, and he speaks of her as most thoughtful and considerate. She had a kind and cheering word for every one. She was full of enthusiasm, and had a keen sense of the ludicrous, with strong likes and dislikes; quick at repartee, but never a sting of sarcasm from her pierced the heart of friend or foe. She was too loving and tender-hearted to bring a blush of shame upon the face of the rudest.

Mr. Rogers remembers with great sadness the last time she appeared in the schoolroom. It was at the close of the academic year. She was so frail that she was obliged to lean upon another while she read her essay, which was scholarly and gemmed with fun and pure wit.

Her earliest poems were published in the local papers, when she was about twelve years old, and they elicited most favorable criticism; but it was a premature step, to which she referred in after years with regret. But her improvement was rapid and continuous, as is ever the case with the "poet born." If her life had been spared to middle age she would have risen high in the literary world, and would have done great service for our church.

She wrote both poetry and prose for our annuals, also for B. P. Shillaber's publication, and for the "Portland Transcript." The "Ladies' Repository" was one of her favorite mediums. Several years previous to her early death she assisted M. M. Ballou in his literary work. The first and revised edition of "Poets and Poetry of Vermont," edited by Mrs. Abby Maria Hem-inway, contains several of her poems.

The grandfather died in Bradford, in 1857, leaving his charge in the

tender care of the grandmother and aunt Maria. Soon after his death the broken family moved to Chelsea, Mass., where this beautiful girl, whose heart was like the primrose, opening most sweetly at the close of life, died Feb. 14, 1862. "Yes, on the day that Emily R. Page was dead, the light went out of our hearts and home," says her aunt. She was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, and the grandmother now rests by her side.

Her days were brief; yet the influence of her sweet life, and the ennobling words which she has left in prose and verse, still linger behind her, and are sacredly cherished by many who knew and loved her.

The following is a companion piece to "The Old Bridge":

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore 's steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time.

That meet and part at the neontide chime;
 And the shore is kissed at each turning anew
 By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
 I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
 And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
 Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
 And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
 And looked below in the broken tide,
 To see that the faces and boats were two,
 That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
 And I look below in the sluggish tide,
 The face that I see there is graver grown,
 And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
 And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
 Have grown familiar with sterner things.
 But I love to think of the hours that sped
 As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed
 Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,
 O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

In this beautiful poem we get glimpses of her sweet trust in her Father's love:

TAKEN HOME.

Like a sweet star, falling slowly
 In the morning's purple light,
 Day by day the dear one sleeping,
 Faded gently from our sight.

Scarcely knew we when the angels
 With their shining hands let down
 Softly to his waiting forehead,
 The immortals' starry crown;

Only that a sudden beauty
 Drifted o'er his face like light,
 Only that the smile grew holier
 On his lips so wan and white.

Shall we weep, that thus so early,
 Going from all care and sin,
 He has sought the golden portal,
 And the angels let him in?

Shall we weep, dear friends, with thinking
That the dew which childhood wears
Was not quenched from off his forehead,
By the gathering dust of years?

That his feet are saved from going
In these thorny ways of ours—
Led, instead, by silver waters,
Where the paths are full of flowers?

CORDELIA ADALINE QUINBY.

Mrs. Quinby, whose maiden name was Brooks, was born in Lewiston, Me., in 1833. Her parents were earnest doctrinal Universalists, and could defend their faith with a good deal of ability. One day a model deacon of the olden time (deacons have changed wonderfully since then) made a call upon the family, to enlighten them upon the wrath and vengeance of God. The point he was endeavoring to make was that they must *believe* in a *hell* or they would *go* to hell; and while he was expatiating with an apparent delicious delight over the punishment the non-believers in hell would receive, this Cordelia, who could but little more than lisp the name of her Heavenly Father, stepped up in front of this hard-shelled religionist, and said, "Hush! or God will hear you say these bad things about him." From that time on this child seemed baptized with love for God, and as soon as she could read and reason she too found that the doctrinal points of our glorious faith blended with her spiritual intuitions. She united with our church in Auburn, Me., in 1855. In 1861 she was married to Rev. G. W. Quinby, D.D., for many years the able and successful editor of the "Gospel Banner," Augusta, Me., and author of one of the best books ever published, "Heaven Our Home."

Mrs. Quinby has been a devoted Sunday-school worker, and is deeply and earnestly interested in everything pertaining to the prosperity of the church of her love. She was superintendent of the Sunday-school in Au-

gusta, Me., for several years; Vice-President of the Woman's Centenary Association; and always an able coadjutor of her husband in his arduous and manifold labors for the church.

With characteristic modesty, Mrs. Quinby would disclaim being ranked where those who know her best would rank her—among the philanthropists of our century; but her generous religious faith has impelled her to cooperate with the abundant labors of her husband, and she deserves a portion of the honor which belongs to those who have abolished the code of blood from the statute-book of the noble State in which she lives. Gov. Dingly has commissioned her as one of the Board of Visitors to the State Insane Hospital. Her sweet spirit and beautiful life reflect the holy religion she loves and for which she labors.

MINNIE S. DAVIS.

This long-suffering woman was born in Baltimore, Md., March 25, 1835. Her parents, Rev. S. A. Davis and Mary Partridge, moved from Vermont to Maryland soon after their marriage, and Mr. Davis became one of the early preachers of that section of the country.

Minnie inherited from her mother extreme delicacy of organization, and a highly nervous temperament, a vivid imagination, and acute sensitiveness, combined with those qualities which gave her power to cultivate self-control and composure of manner. When nearly six years old, an accident occurred, the effects of which cast a shadow over her whole life; she was thrown from a carriage, and one of the wheels passed directly over her back. The injury was apparently trifling, and not until years afterward was it suspected that the accident was the cause of a severe spinal complaint. As a cloud no bigger than a man's hand increases until it obscures the whole sky, so the delicate wounded nerve of the spine spread its infection above and below, until the whole column was incurably diseased. From her earliest youth she loved God as her Heavenly Father, and in her conversation of him she

showed perfect trust and a realization of his nearness and protecting presence. She never wearied in talking of him, and was ever begging her mother to tell her stories about God and Jesus and heaven and the angels. To her unsullied imagination, earth was but a lower heaven, and all the people about her angels to be. It was always a perfect delight for her to attend church. A friend says of her, that her feelings were too intense to be normal in their nature, or healthful in their effects; the music and the prayer often filled her with ecstasy; and when her father preached upon some inspiring theme she would listen like one entranced. One day she said to her mother: "I think it is the most beautiful thing in the world to preach about Jesus. I wish I were a boy, for I want to be a minister so very much." The spirit of her grandfather, who was a devout Universalist, seemed to speak through her, for it was one of the most earnest wishes of his heart that one of his sons should preach the Gospel he so loved. But each son in turn disappointed him by entering some other profession, and with quivering lips and tearful eyes he said to his daughter Mary (Minnie's mother): "I have prayed all my life for a minister in my family; and now I have one—but it is a girl."

When the subject of this sketch was about seven years old her father removed to the State of Massachusetts, where he became successively pastor of the parishes in Hingham, Quincy and Sterling. About this time there was a revival in the community, and Minnie began to realize that other denominations preached very different doctrines than those taught by her father. Her young schoolmates twitted her with being a Universalist, and told her of an angry God and a burning hell. At first she stood her ground, and resented their arguments with a good deal of force, but as the excitement increased her courage failed. She thought that as so many good people believed such dreadful things of God, her father and mother might be mistaken. God permitted sin and suffering to exist here; might he not let them go on forever? At last, one day, wrought to a frenzy of grief and terror, she flung herself into her mother's arms, and amid her sobs told her of her doubts and fears. Was it not well that the father of that sensitive, frightened babe (she was not much more than that) preached the gospel of love, and that the mother had been endowed by nature with a calm and controlling influence, which

soon brought the little one into her normal condition? Had it been otherwise with this highly organized child, the struggle must have continued until insanity or life-long skepticism would have been the result. As it was, the conflict was brief; and the sunbeam shone upon her troubled heart, where faith in the eternal goodness was planted, never to be disturbed again.

In her very girlhood she was an artist in story-telling. Nor were her younger sisters slow in finding it out, and they were always interested and delighted auditors; indeed, it soon became their favorite pastime hearing Minnie "tell stories." Out-door sports dwindled in attractiveness to them if their sister would respond to—"Tell us a story!" Minnie, nothing loth, would immediately begin; for telling a story was only reading one out of her mind. A friend of Minnie's, Mrs. Newcomb, of Detroit, Mich., who was an amanuensis for one of her stories, says that Miss Davis rarely stopped to consider even the subject; and the plot and character would rise before her more rapidly than she could describe them. When tired, she would say to her audience,—“Here ends the first or second chapter,” as the case might be; and she would take up the broken thread upon the next occasion as though no time had intervened. Some of the stories were immensely popular with not only the sisters but other young friends, and had to be repeated again and again. One of these—"Rosalie," which was published in 1859, was written through the hand of an amanuensis when Miss Davis was too feeble to hold a pen, and it gave solace to many weary hours thus to review the story of her childhood.

As a child she seemed to her friends all soul and brain. Her sister, Mrs. Bissel, says: "Although Minnie was but a little more than two years older than myself, I do not remember that she ever joined in any active sports. I can remember distinctly that she was never strong enough to accompany me on those long rambles that so charm the days of girlhood. She was the home-spirit—the older daughter who knew how to render to a delicate and sometimes overburdened mother the little services that lift discouragements from loving hearts. Her school-days were often interrupted by weeks of illness or suffering from weak eyes; but her classes did not leave her far behind—for the task of learning is easy for one who has a desire for knowledge, and whose mind is not distracted by the usual recreations of

young people. Her mother was her constant teacher; it was from her she learned an abhorrence of slavery and intemperance. But she would pity a man none the less that he was intoxicated; she was not afraid of him, but would defend him from jeers and taunts. I well remember, on seeing a poor black man leaning on a fence she went up to him, and asked if he were hungry, and to go home to our house; he was in a fainting condition from lack of food, and not intoxicated as the rude children had supposed. Our mother always had a kind word for the unfortunate, and hospitality of our home is almost proverbial. With this to justify Minnie's large-heartedness and sympathy for the wandering unfortunates there is no room to wonder why my sister piloted into our home the black, the maimed, the ragged and intoxicated, at all times. Before she was old enough to fully appreciate what a Home for such poor creatures was, she used to talk that when she was older she would erect one, and put them all in it, and take care of them; and notwithstanding her great physical suffering, I believe she would be perfectly happy if she could endow a Home for poor orphan children and superintend it."

The devoted mother was taken early from her family by death, leaving five daughters, Minnie, the eldest, only thirteen years old, and the youngest, Florence, a babe of three months. Though broken-hearted by the dreadful loss, the young girl's first thought was to comfort her father and sisters. Henceforth, from the holiest chamber of her heart, that mother, shrined and sainted, held a power even more potent than when on earth.

The following is from Prof. J. S. Lee, who, with his wife, are esteemed and beloved friends of Miss Davis, and through whose influence she was brought before the public; for she held her own abilities at a very modest estimate, and but for their advice and encouragement might never have published a book.

"When some seventeen years of age, she came to South Woodstock, Vt., and entered the Green Mountain Institute, of which I then had charge. From the first she excelled as a scholar and a writer. She had a mild, thoughtful, sedate countenance. She seemed matured beyond her years. She was a woman rather than a child, yet she was child-like in disposition. She was social withal, and a general favorite in the school. She

had the rare faculty of attracting all toward her without being conscious of it. She blended a becoming modesty with a feeling of self-confidence which enabled her to maintain her opinions, even when antagonistic to others, without offending them. She was a member of my family. Her amiable disposition and geniality of spirit exerted a good influence over all the members of our little circle. She liked children, and took special interest in their recreations and sports. She loved to tell them simple stories, and frequently wrote little poems for them. Her productions were models of thought and grace. In her studies she was every way successful.

“After pursuing her studies for about a year she returned home, and was soon engaged in teaching. There she was in her peculiar sphere. She was so successful as a teacher that her services were sought far and near. She did not, like some, adhere strictly to a dull uniformity, which often tires and disgusts pupils, but she devised something new and fresh, and thus succeeded in keeping up their interest in the branches taught. No two terms were just alike. With her ingenious devices and expedients and her glowing enthusiasm, which she imparted to all under her charge, her pupils made rapid progress in their studies. It was a general remark that no teacher in the schools excelled her in securing the fitting exercise of all the faculties of the scholar. But she was too enthusiastic in her work, and labored beyond her powers without realizing it at first. Failing health compelled her to give up her charge.

“But she could turn her powers into another channel. She seemed ‘a born writer.’ Her favorite topic was the world of child-life. She had already nearly completed a work which was afterward published under the title of ‘Clinton Forest; or, The Harvest of Love.’ It treats of child-life, home influence, school scenes, the power of kindness in the treatment of children, the wanderings and trials of the child, the joys and sorrows of life, and the final good fortune of the wanderer. It is a book full of the true gospel spirit, and in harmony with the faith in which we believe. No member of the family circle can read it without being made better, though it was designed primarily for children. The author was only eighteen years old when this book was finished—the same age as that of Bryant when he wrote the ‘Thanatopsis.’ She did not dare to publish it, or hardly show it to her

friends to get their opinion of it; but she made another and higher effort. One day I was talking with her father about my experience as a student in an orthodox college, and the trials which I underwent there. I had for several years been a teacher in liberal schools, and knew something of the contrast between the two classes of schools. I suggested that his daughter take this as the subject of another work. She took the suggestion, and in due season completed the manuscript of 'Marion Lester; or, The Mother's Mistake.' The mistake of the mother consisted in sending her daughter to the school where religious error required a severe form of discipline. The plot was entirely the author's. Some of the characters were taken from real life and some were drawn from the imagination. All are admirably and consistently worked out, and made to fill their appropriate spheres. This is a remarkable feature of the work written by one so young and with so little experience of the world. It is a healthy book, full of warning and advice, timely and wholesome. I looked over the manuscript, and found little to correct or amend. I advised her to publish it. She prepared it for the press, and in May, 1856, sent it forth, a 'fragile bark,' as she calls it, 'upon the literary sea already teeming with ten thousand lights.' It was a success. The book was read with intense interest by thousands, and it did much to correct the mistake of sending sons and daughters to schools where their religious opinions are treated with ridicule and contempt. It has become 'a classic' in our denomination.

"Three years after this book was published, 'Clinton Forest,' previously written, was issued from the press, and also had a large sale. No one can measure the influence of two such works. They are an honor not only to the gifted author but to the denomination to which she belongs, and a blessing to the world. The world has been the gainer through the power of her pen. Would that she might again take it up and send forth, as formerly, her delightful poems and charming stories depicting the brighter scenes of everyday life!"

Before the publication of "Marion Lester" she had not published more than half a dozen articles. From that time on she became a frequent contributor to the "Trumpet," "Christian Freeman," and local papers. At one time she contributed to a paper published in Philadelphia by Hiram Torrey.

For a long time she was a regular contributor to the "Ladies' Repository," and for five years was associate editor with Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Soule. In 1853 she removed with her father's family to Hartford, Conn. Although her health was very feeble, she had high hopes of usefulness and happiness. She anticipated much under the wider opportunities offered by the cultivated city of Hartford; but these hopes were never to be realized; for, though she struggled bravely with advancing disease, in a few months she was obliged to relinquish all—church, Sunday-school, society, books and pen. Her disease rendered her nearly helpless and partially blind. After a period of extreme suffering she rallied sufficiently to be able to sit up a portion of the time and to walk about the house. At times she was strong enough to ride short distances, and at rarer intervals she could walk out in the open air; but she has never been able to take up any of the active duties of life.

Mrs. A. A. Ellis, a friend of many years, communicates the following:

"Wearisome days prolonged into years—months when she could not stand alone or walk—and then nursed into convalescence. All one long, dreary Winter she was kept in a darkened room with her eyes closely covered, not enduring a ray of light, and suffering most intensely. And with all this pain and suffering and blindness, with it all there came such a longing to use the pen and to pour out her soul in one long poem. One of the best poems she ever gave utterance to was like the 'Nightingale Sang Darkling;' and the spirit of unrest and of waiting (although waiting is not always idleness, only resting for greater maturity of plan and purpose), which required such unparalleled patience to endure, and such a spirit of faith as martyrs have exemplified, and as the Master gave us in the garden of Gethsemane. And such a spirit our friend has evinced — 'Not my will but thine be done.' Miss Davis' books and writings had just begun to be known and accepted by the believers of the Universalist Church, and she has received many very flattering notices through the press, and personal letters from friends who had never seen her. One well said of her, that her name was a familiar 'household word.' All through her books or her Sunday-school dramas, of which she wrote many, there shone through them all, like a silver thread, a loving, consecrated spirit which has led many to accept of that faith which teaches that God is the father of all, full of love and tenderness.

and care over all his children; supporting and comforting them through all the trials and sorrows of this life, and giving them an abundant entrance into that 'house of many mansions.' ”

Content Whipple, who was a friend of Miss Davis, but who has entered the higher life, in a letter mentions the fear she felt, on receiving a letter from her one day, not in her own handwriting, and says: “My fears were realized; but the cheerful tone of your letter convinced me that though suffering in body you still retain your beautiful patience and fortitude of spirit. When I try to express my feelings in regard to your sickness, I can find no words to do them justice. When I think of your patience and cheerfulness under such great affliction, I feel condemned for every impatient word or act in my life. May God in his infinite mercy restore you some time to an enjoyable state of health! It is my prayer day and night.”

The following is from the “Gospel Banner,” by Rev. Charles A. Skinner, after reading “A Beautiful Spirit,” by Mrs. Julia Crouch Culver:

“There is one of our lady writers to whom the denomination is largely indebted for some of the sweetest lessons it has had set for its learning. But those who have not known her personally have missed a sweeter lesson than was ever pictured by her pen—have missed the lesson of patience, quiet submission and holy trust. For some time we have had no contribution from her pen; and some who do not know may perhaps inquire,—‘Where is Minnie Davis? Why do we not hear from her as we did in former years? Has she forsaken us, or has her love grown cold?’ Neither of these. It is all explained in that one sad word—*invalid*. But though she does not write, she preaches every day to all who know her, of patience and submission and trust. The following truthful tribute, taken from the ‘Norwich Bulletin,’ says too little rather than too much in its eulogy:

“A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT.—When I sit at my desk, with the stillness of a quiet room about me, there rises up before me that sweet, beautiful woman in one of Hartford’s quiet homes. To meet Miss Davis once, causes you to crave another meeting; to know her well, causes you to love and reverence her, to never forget her, and to feel the blessedness of her influence forever. All day she sits in her easy chair—an invalid—where she has sat for many long and painful years; sits with her white hands folded, hands that long to

wield the pen as once they did, folded softly together, never telling how they long to work, but suggestive only of patience and submission. The children of a few years back know her through her beautiful books, some of which were written entirely by an amanuensis. Many men and women know her also through books written for minds of a larger growth; but few of them know through what exertion and suffering they were written; and only those who know her personally can appreciate her pure soul, which is set in jewels the most beautiful the earth contains. Uncomplaining and patient, she waits on and on; suffering constantly, worse than blind, her eyes giving her pain instead of sight.

“You think of her, of what she has done even in her weakness, and what she might do if she had your strength; and your own trials, and the obstacles which seemed like mountains in your path, float off in the air like bubbles; you feel your nerves growing steadier, and your arm stronger, and you feel that you can struggle in the arena of life with the dauntless spirit of the gladiator.

“And so that beautiful spirit, almost ripe for heaven, strengthens you with her weakness, helps you with her helplessness, and softens and purifies your heart with her habitual patience and sweet submission.

“Ah! Minnie, Minnie, you know not as you sit in your easy chair, helpless, longing to labor in the dear Master's vineyard, how much you are doing for your friends; how you are helping and strengthening them; and how you are drawing them nearer the beauty and purity of a sinless world, where at last you will find a surcease for all your sufferings.’ ”

In the year 1869 a great sorrow fell upon the family in the death of Florence, at the age of nineteen years. She was lovely in mind and person, and possessed a sparkling wit, which bubbled over in the most charming sayings. She was the light of the home, and the joy and pride of her invalid sister. Her death caused a wound which time can never wholly heal.

At this time a group of young sisters was growing up around her—the children of her father's second marriage. She took the greatest interest in their education. She constituted herself their home instructor, and sought to form their taste in reading. When suffering most, even when confined in a darkened room, she never wholly relinquished the pleasant task. They, in

turn, became her readers and amanuenses; indeed, she feels that she owes much to their sweet companionship and this constant exercise of her mental faculties.

Miss Davis is interested in all true reforms and in the educational questions of the day. Though feeling her afflictions keenly, she is usually cheerful and serene; but sometimes the yearning to be "up and doing" is so strong that a deep sadness falls upon her spirit. She is firm in the faith that God's work will be done—that he will never lack the ministers to fulfill his high behests; and she comforts herself with the thought that "THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

The following poem was composed after the author had been confined in a dark room, suffering greatly:

THE COMFORTER.

The spirit whispered to my soul,
Cast down with doubt and fear,
"Thy broken heart shall yet be whole,
The Comforter is near."

"But what can give this pain surcease?"
Cried my rebellious will,
When Jesus gently answered, "Peace!"
And lo, the storm was still!

"But it is cold and dark," I said,
"I can not see the way;
My soul is hungering for bread
And is athirst alway."

How sweet the answer, "I will bless
The blind and give them sight.
I am the Bread of righteousness,
I am the Life and Light."

"But I am weary, Lord," I cried,
"With such a cross oppress!"
"Come unto me," he then replied,
"And I will give thee rest!"

In tears I said, beneath my breath,
"My loved are torn from me,
And trembles by the river Death,
My poor mortality!"



HENRIETTA A. BINGHAM.

Let not thy heart be troubled more,
 Fair is the house of God!
 To where thy loved have gone before
 I'll bear thee through the flood."

Blest Jesus, take me, I am thine!
 The veil is rent apart,
 Won by such graciousness divine,
 My refuge is thine heart,

Where I can rest upon thy love
 Through cold, and storm, and night,
 And trust God's righteousness to prove
 In happiness and light!

HENRIETTA A. BINGHAM.

The thought of giving a sketch of Henrietta Bingham's life compels a feeling of great tenderness in my mind, and it would almost seem that even the paper must be touched lightly, and her name tenderly traced; for no woman was ever more solicitous for the Christian influence of our church, and no one ever fulfilled her duty more truly than did she. But I shall not dwell upon the sweetness of her disposition or the features of her literary character. This will be done by those who have known her long and intimately, Rev. Dr. Atwood, one of the most accomplished of literary critics, and a master of "English undefiled"; and Hattie Tyng Griswold, a writer whose pure and elegant prose is only surpassed by her melodious verse. Their just and eloquent characterizations photograph the rare and beautiful spirit so perfectly that it only remains for me, with the assistance of her brothers, to give the outlines of her biography, and her yearnings, aspirations and achievements.

Henrietta Adelaide Burrington was the youngest daughter of the second wife. By the first marriage of Henrietta's father there were three children, Rosalie Martha (Hall); Lindley Murray, a clergyman in our denomination; and John Quincy Adams. By the second marriage, with Louisa Chapin

Rice, there were four children, Howard Rice; Lorenzo Lester, Professor at Dean Academy; Solon Orville, who was Henrietta's nearest brother in age, and was with her during her last illness, and was to her a kind and ever-watchful physician and tender nurse; and Henrietta, the youngest and pet. Mrs. Hall died in Gaylord, Mich., March 28th, at about the age of fifty-five. She was a noble Christian woman. Her husband, who survives her, was literally a hero of many battles in our late war. The eldest child (Lindley M.) of Mr. Burrington's first marriage, says of Henrietta's mother: "She was a woman of far more than average ability and intelligence, and of no mean literary attainments. As I recall her she was a very dignified and refined lady. There was a charm about her which made her advent in our home an occasion never to be forgotten. I recall vividly my first impression of her, then a child of seven; and the kind, cordial manner of her reception of the three motherless children conciliated them in a moment, and made an impression deep and lasting, so that she has a place in their hearts to-day hardly second to that of their own sainted mother." A beautiful tribute from a step-son, who knows whereof he affirms, and who further says: "Of this dear mother we have no picture, but Henrietta bore a remarkable resemblance to her. Especially did I observe this as our dear sister lay upon her death-bed. They were wonderfully alike also in their mental characteristics, and especially in the features of that deeper spirituality, which was marked in both. And when this dear step-mother left us, our home was darkened by a great sorrow, and we all remember her with the tenderest of affection as the years come and go." We wish we had space for the entire beautiful letter of this step-son, who seems anxious to pay a tender tribute to the many virtues and accomplishments of the mother of the subject of this sketch.

Henrietta was born Dec. 29, 1841; and her mother, who had been so tender and kind to the motherless three she took into her heart, died and left four little ones (Henrietta but one year old) to be cared for by whom she knew not. But Henrietta nestled into the heart of her half-sister as naturally as if she belonged there. She was gentle and easily managed, and all went well for eight years, after which the father married; and soon after the beloved sister married and left home. Henrietta never ceased pining for this

sister until she became a woman grown, and she had a strong attachment for her to the day of her death.

Henrietta was a very precocious child. She learned to read before she was five, and her brother Lester says she was always classed with those older than herself, and invariably stood at the head of her class. It was quite often, galling to her older brothers, who prided themselves on good scholarship, to have Henrietta in their classes, and especially so when she had succeeded in solving some difficult problem, or unraveling some knotty construction in Milton's "Paradise Lost," which they had failed to fathom. When a child, even, she was a great reader, and eagerly devoured every book she could get hold of. Indeed, reading was her greatest fault in those days, and she probably received more correction for reading while at work than for all other offenses put together; the greatest complaint of her step-mother was that "her head was always in a book." Her opportunities for reading were not great. Her father, being a farmer, had but few books, and there was no public library in the town; so her only resort was borrowing from her neighbors, which she indulged in quite freely. At the age of thirteen years she taught her first school, and achieved unusual success. She was quite fond of teaching at this time in her life, and devoted a part of every year (the Summer) to that work, until her school education was finished. It was during these years that she began to develop a literary talent. She amused herself during her leisure hours by writing little stories and sending them to her schoolmates to read, and occasionally wrote a little poem for their amusement. She was very shy in regard to these productions, and would never let her older brothers or any member of the family see them.

At sixteen she left home to attend school at South Woodstock, Vt. Her oldest brother, as he became of age, had taken a portion of his first year's earnings and gone there to school. He sent home such glowing accounts of the school, and entertained such high hopes of a liberal education, that Henrietta began to lay similar plans for her future. When the second brother was making arrangements to go to South Woodstock, she urged him to take her with him; and as she was not happy at home, and her father thought he could not help her any, her brothers determined to educate her, and she was

sent to South Woodstock. Here she spent the happiest days of her life. She was a careful and earnest student, and took great delight in her work. Her early love for reading was here allowed full scope. Her progress was rapid and thorough, and she often astonished her teachers by the ease with which she could master the higher mathematics and the French language. She soon began to show unmistakable signs of literary ability. Here she wrote many pieces, both in prose and in verse, intended for school essays, but which afterward found their way into the public prints. Here also she formed the strongest attachments of her life. Being mature in thought, though young in years, she early became the intimate friend of her teachers, and came to be regarded by them as an equal, rather than a pupil; and she entered so heartily into the plans and sympathies of her schoolmates, that she became a universal favorite. After having completed the full course of study at this school she became its preceptress, and fulfilled the duties devolving upon her with marked success.

During these terms, however, she began to feel that her line of duty did not lie in this direction. She had imbibed such a strong love for purely literary work that she determined to make that her occupation. Accordingly, in the Fall of 1862 she set out for Boston, determined to spend the following Winter there in some sort of literary occupation. She soon found employment in the Universalist Publishing House for a part of her time, and occupied the remainder in study. That Winter she was wont to consider the most profitable of her early life, because it gave to her the most ample opportunities. She embraced every occasion that came within her means to hear lectures, concerts, readings, and to attend gatherings of every description. She was very kindly received into Boston society, and succeeded in rubbing off a good deal of what she was pleased to call the rough corners. In the following Spring she received news from her half-sister, Mrs. Hall, then living in Ohio, that her family was sick and needed her assistance. She immediately started on her errand of mercy, and found, on arriving at her sister's home, two of her four children very sick with typhoid fever, and their father in the army of Tennessee, fighting the battles of his country. Before the children had passed beyond the danger-point of their sickness, the mother was taken down. Henrietta found herself equal to the task, and with the aid of

neighbors and friends brought them all safely through. When the mother was convalescent, and anxiety was gone, Henrietta was stricken with the terrible fever. Her illness was long and painful, her life being despaired of for many days, and her recovery was very slow, and her health was broken. She never after became the strong and healthy woman that she was before. When the family had quite recovered, and her services were no longer needed, she began to look around for some employment, as her sickness had greatly reduced her little store of means. Her wants being made known to her friends, she was very soon employed as preceptress of the preparatory department of St. Lawrence University, in which place she was a successful teacher. And it was here that she formed the acquaintance which resulted in her marriage with Henry L. Bingham, March 29, 1866, a theological student in St. Lawrence University. Her husband was in feeble health at the time, and no mother was ever more tender of an infant child than Henrietta of her husband. Her love for him grew day by day to the time of his death. After five brief months, September 5, 1866, death broke the silver cord that held these loving ones together, and the young heart was destined to pursue the remainder of life's journey alone.

A memorial sermon was preached in Clinton, N. Y., by Rev. W. P. Payne, who paid a high tribute to the worth of Mr. Bingham, saying: "He was modest and unassuming, deferential almost to a fault, yet I never met a young man in whom I had greater confidence than in him. I felt that he stood on a firm foundation—that he was incorruptible; and that, whatever Providence might have in store for him of prosperity or adversity, of joy or sorrow, of tribulations or triumphs, he would leave as a precious legacy to friends and to the world an unspotted and beautiful record." This young man of talent and Christian grace was Henrietta's husband. She survived him ten years and six months, always true to his love and memory.

Mrs. Bingham was enfeebled long before any outward sign appeared, but she persisted in her literary work until her strength was nearly spent, before she decided to go to the loved and loving home of the parents of her husband, in Columbus, Wis. She reached this haven of rest March 12, 1875. No sudden change came, but a gradual decay commenced. She was an idolized child in that home, and she clung to the love of those who were

parents indeed, as though it were life to her; and their love supported her to the last, showing itself in most patient watchings, in eager, anxious looks, and tenderest care. Not until late Autumn did it become a settled certainty to those saintly parents that all that was left to them was slipping out of this life.

Of her spiritual meditations during her last months we get glimpses from her sick bed, from one of our Sisters of Charity, Mrs. M. G. Todd, and from others who watched with her. Once she said, "Formidable mountains loom up in my way sometimes, but when I close my eyes I can see the plains beyond, the flowers and sunshine, and sometimes his face." To the dear parents, one day, near the close, she said, "Sit by me, mother and father; nothing can help me through like your love." And so this father and mother, anxious to respond to every look of their dear child, would forget everything else, and employ all devices to soothe and comfort their only treasure. She had become a part of themselves, and their devotion to her was divinely beautiful. Her eyes seldom wandered from them when they were by. One day she said to a watcher, "Their love has given me the greatest possible happiness in these days of sickness." Weaker and weaker grew the patient sufferer. When the change came, it was like a cloud passing over her large, kind, wistful eyes. Just before she died, when her active brain had begun to wander, a friend mentioned her husband, and at once the cloud lifted from her mind, and clearly but slowly she repeated, "He giveth his beloved sleep." And on Feb. 18, 1877, she "fell on sleep," leaving a beautiful and unfading record to testify that she has been and wrought, and now has gone to higher spheres of labor.

Rev. Dr. I. M. Atwood says: "It is four years to-day since this strong and beautiful spirit forsook its earthly house. It is of sufficient interest to mention, perhaps, that after deferring, for one cause or another several months, the task of writing a sketch of her for this book, we sit down, by chance, to the work on the anniversary of her death. Four years is no inconsiderable fraction of our mortal sojourn, and the fact that such a period has slipped by since our friend left us, while her presence pervades recollection as if she had only slipped out for an afternoon call, suggests at once how

soon we shall all be across the flood, and how indelible is the impress of a fine and original nature.

"It would be most easy, as well as most natural, to dwell on her personal traits, since these are what endeared her to her friends, and what recall her most vividly to memory. But Mrs. Bingham secures a place in this gallery of mental portraits rather on account of her genius and public service than because she shared with other women in the qualities that attract friends. To her character and career as a writer this sketch must be chiefly devoted.

"Her person was tall and slight, her movements deliberate, her manner hesitating; a good head, crowned with dark brown hair; blue-gray eyes, large and studious; a cast of features indicative of sensibility rather than power; just a shade of melancholy on her face in repose, which quickly gave place to varying expression in conversation; a good listener, attentive, appreciative, anticipatory, and when it came her turn to talk, grafting on with ease her own thought; addicted to musing, but prompt to accept a challenge for debate; grave and thoughtful one hour, a very girl the next—such are some of the more prominent traces of her personality lingering in our recollection.

"The circumstances of our making her acquaintance, and of her introduction to the general public, we sketched a few days after her death, and we can not hope to do better than reproduce it here. Some time in the Fall of 1868 we received at the office of the 'Universalist,' Boston, the manuscript of a poem read before one of the literary societies of St. Lawrence University. It had not been folded with care by the young man who sent it to us for publication, and it arrived in a badly crumpled and forlorn condition. Our prejudices were aroused against it at sight. Its length was another circumstance that sealed up our sympathies; and it was several days before we summoned courage to attack it. When at length we began the reading of the poem a new sensation awoke. Here, unquestionably, was merit of no common sort. A certain subtle penetration allured the mind of the appreciative reader, while the masculine strength of the thought, and the careful finish of the verse, put the stamp of high value on the production. The interest

awakened by this poem led us to make inquiries about the author, of whom we had heard little. The agent of the Publishing House informed us that the author of the poem, Mrs. H. A. Bingham, was also the author of 'Mignonette,' one of the 'Prize Series' of stories published by the house. We took up that little book for the first time, and found in it the same strong lines of power we had traced in the poem. Toward the close of that year Mrs. Bingham, by invitation of the agent of the Publishing House, came to Boston, and in the January following became editor of the 'Ladies' Repository.' During the five years that she conducted that magazine she made for herself a literary record that would honor the brightest name in our church. To a wide and high range of thought, she added delicacy, warmth and graceful humor. Her work on that periodical was of the best quality throughout. She was too conscientious to slight any part of it. We have re-examined nearly all the numbers from January, 1869, down to the suspension of the magazine; and the high opinion we had of the character of her work as it was produced, has been more than confirmed. The aggregate of her editorial labor was large. She resorted to no devices to fill space and save honest labor. It is her own work, without padding or poaching; and in quality it suffers nothing in comparison with the best work of its kind. As a gentleman of high culture and fastidious taste once said to us, 'The 'Repository' editorials are surprisingly able. They would do honor to any writer, man or woman.'

"It was during the comparatively brief period of her editorship that she made her record as a writer. But no one comes suddenly into literary estate. However it may be in other fields, here we earn our inheritance. And Mrs. Bingham was long acquiring the art and mastery which at length marked her out for succession in the line with Julia Scott, Sarah Edgarton, Mrs. Bacon, Caroline M. Sawyer and Nancy T. Munroe. A manuscript volume, containing pieces written at intervals from the age of sixteen until she took charge of the 'Repository,' bears witness to the long and diligent preparation to which her powers were subjected. Mind history and heart history are here photographed by an unconscious artist, and we see, as we turn the leaves of the little book chosen for her girlhood rhymes, how her intellect opened and her faculty grew. The two marked traits of her maturest literary work,

thoughtfulness and grace, appear very early. It was her good fortune that she did not make rhymes easily. Had she possessed the fatal facility of some young persons in emitting jingle, she might, like them, have been tempted into pouring out profusely a weak wash of metrical prattle, which can be called poetry only by the same license which allows sound to be called music or words eloquence. But her sense of precision and proportion kept back the flood. Like Lowell, most accurate and idiomatic of our poets, Mrs. Bingham never permitted her muse to run wild, but held it rigorously under the rein of understanding and disciplined taste. Thus it came to pass that her work bore the stamp of quality, and when at length professional duty exacted of her a large amount of literary labor, its uniform high merit provoked general surprise.

"It is a fact which must have been many times noted, though whether particularly remarked or not we are not aware, that poets are, almost without exception, masters of prose. From Milton to Burns, from Scott to William Morris, or from Halleck to Holmes, the illustrations of this fact are as numerous as the prominent names in this department of literature. The classic English is the prose of the poets. The reason of it is not far to seek. The power born with the poet is not something wholly unique, but 'the vision and the faculty divine' is made up in a large part of the same qualities that constitute literary function in general. Mental strength and mental fineness, acuteness, delicacy, humanity, and especially an ear for the more subtle harmonies, are requisites in a literary artist, whether he write in numbers or not. But the necessity laid on the poet to condense and prune and interfuse the letter with the aroma of spirit is precisely the discipline which fits him to produce winnowed and vital prose.

"Mrs. Bingham was not an exception to the rule. Her specialty was verse, but her pen moved with a force and grace entirely native in essay, editorial, story or sketch. It would suit our feeling to allow her to bear witness to this statement at great length; but the limits within which this essay must fall prohibit extended illustrations. A sample of her manner in each department must suffice. How like a paragraph from the always felicitous 'Easy Chair' this reads:

"It is easy to celebrate a sentiment, hard to criticise it. The origin of

Decoration Day was so spontaneous, so natural from the overflowing heart of the people, that it could not be argued about, only allowed expression. If there were fears that, under the guise of patriotism, we were really fostering sectionalism and keeping alive a bitterness it were better to forget, the words could not be graciously said over those eloquent graves. If that temper were really in the hearts of the people, to repress its utterance would do no good. We must change the feeling by the difficult triumph of principle over sentiment; a sober, Christian work, to be accomplished only by the slow help of time. But time has proved that this blossoming of tender remembrance nourished no such root of bitterness. There is no more efficient rebuker of hatred and revenge than the grave. And as we have written in flowers each year the old legend, 'Sweet and noble it is to die for one's country,' we have learned a nobler appreciation of all sacrifice and suffering, even that of our enemies.

"So evenly sustained is the excellence of her work that we are at a loss where to excerpt. A few lines from a remarkably strong editorial on 'The Insurrection of Conscience,' must serve as a hint of the power and independence of her thinking:

"The great men of history have been the products, rather than the leaders of an awakened age. There have been eras of conscience, as there have been of material glory or of intellectual vigor. And these will be found to follow periods of lapse and decay by a reaction as inevitable as the turning of the tide. A recent author thinks to have found the secret of Christianity in its self-corrective power, its swinging back like a pendulum from any extreme. But is not this secret deeper even than Christianity—inherent in the very nature of moral life? Wherever conscience exists, it will sooner or later become the dominant power; and true or false in the absolute, it will set itself, like the needle to the pole, to the highest known ideal of righteousness. The reform of Buddha in its pure estate showed this, and the reform of Mohammed. They were the protest of simple righteousness against the sickly shams of a degenerate religion.'

"The readers of the 'Repository' during Mrs. Bingham's term of service will remember that she wrote much poetry which yet was not verse. The poet's eyes and the poet's art were hers, and we do not wonder at the frequency of such true pictures of nature as this:

“We have had a royal October; and now on November's edge the sunbeams linger lovingly, loth to fade or chill. Above us as over Ajalon of old, the sun seems to have stayed his journey, and tarries in northern skies as serenely as if no summons across the tropics had ever been decreed. The leaves rustle to their fall, and the pomp of crimson and gold fades from the hills; but still balmy Summer is in the air, and the golden mist is warm over the mountains, and the clouds lie asleep on the bosom of the clear blue, undreaming of storms to come. Yet the beauty that enwraps us as a dream is not the sensuous beauty of the Summer. The full foliage, the profusion of blossoms, the waving harvest-fields, have dropped out of the picture, that a more subtle and ethereal beauty might glide in. It is the beauty of rest and quiet, when the heat and burden of the year's noonday are over, and its hands are folded, its tasks all finished, its desire satisfied. One way or another the immemorial feast of the ingathering has been celebrated, and the harvest home has been sung. The earth has yielded her increase, and the food of all her millions is safe stored in her overflowing garner. And it would seem as if earth and air and sunshine paused entranced together, and sighed with satisfaction, ‘It is finished.’

“For finer examples of the quality here disclosed, we refer the reader to ‘Autumnal Rain,’ ‘Spring,’ and ‘Under the Snow,’ all too long for quotation.

“In two other departments of prose writing, newspaper correspondence, a distinct modern specialty, and in story-telling for children, Mrs. Bingham displayed the versatility of her powers. The charm and naturalness of both her stories and verses in the ‘Myrtle,’ during the period that she edited that juvenile, attracted the attention, and elicited the warm praise of hundreds of good judges. But we must turn from these inviting fields to consider, much too briefly, her claims to the place we have accorded her as a poet. Since the materials for illustration are so abundant we may properly spare ourselves the task of interpretation. Mrs. Bingham's poetic gifts were of an order to improve with use. In each of her longer poems there are strokes of power and strains of melody, prophetic of loftier achievement; and we can not doubt that the palsying effect of disease abridged the full movement of her genius. We regard the work she accomplished, strong and flavorsome as it is, as a hint only of the great and rich resources of her nature. Up to the

time when invalidism suspended her work she had scarcely cleared herself of the coloring of a somewhat morbid personal experience, in the light, or rather dark, of which nearly all her poems must be read. Had her life been prolonged and health returned to her, we should have heard at length her liberated song, the full note of a rare, sweet singer. A suggestion of what we have in mind is conveyed by a comparison of the two poems, 'The Human Side,' and 'The Divine Side.' The little poem, 'On the Edge of the Sea,' is a sample also of her healthier mood. Such poems as 'Compensation,' 'Divided,' 'Out of the Depths,' 'Sunset,' take a more powerful hold on us because the element of personal feeling compels sympathy. But she was herself aware that so strong a tincture of personal moods, especially when they incline to melancholy, is an alloy of the true poetic quality.

"Referring the reader to the volumes of the 'Repository' between 1869 and 1875 for full memorials of her muse, we make the best use of our remaining space by preserving here her most characteristic and perfectly finished poem, 'L'Envoi.' It is a midnight meditation on the passing year. The familiar shadow rests on it, yet the light of a serene trust illuminates all its deeps:"

The passing bell proclaims it here—
 The mystic midnight of the year,
 Sacred to death and birth.
 In silence comes a year new-given,
 In silence goes the dead unshriven
 To all the past of earth.

No click upon the wheel of time
 That marks the centuries sublime—
 No sound or sign is given,
 So glide a thousand years away,
 Serene as one unbroken day,—
 The endless day of heaven.

Above, the calm and holy air,
 Below, the earth all silver-fair,
 All cold, and clear, and white;
 Starry and dim and heavenly still,
 The night goes on at his great will,
 Maker of night and light.

In vast procession, grand and slow,
 The mighty constellations go

Across their upper deep:
 Beneath their still, unflinching eyes,
 Our little world untroubled lies,
 A weary child asleep.

Our little world; and yet how wide —
 What stretch of lands and seas divide
 Beneath the self-same skies!
 How long is time, how wide is space,
 Measured from one small hiding-place
 In these immensities!

Out of the sweet and soothing night
 I lean a face with stars alight,
 And think of all I love.
 Or near or far, my swift thought runs,
 And circles round its chosen ones,
 Like the great thought above.

Nor these alone, but all who lie
 At rest beneath this guardian sky,
 While tumults pause and cease,
 My taper sends its glow-worm spark
 Into the great world's outer dark,
 With hail of love and peace.

O friends beloved, God keep you all!
 Softly my prayers and blessings fall
 On each unconscious head.
 Your eyes from tears, your hearts from pain,
 Your homes with joy, your store with gain,
 Be kept and comforted.

Live on, beloved, that life may be
 The richer for your ministry —
 One brightness, far and near;
 I dare not dream—you can not know,
 How poor were earth if you should go
 Out of its light and cheer!

And you, unloved because unknown,
 Whose hearts still beat with mine, as one,
 God bless you all to-night!
 Your unknown dreams, your unheard prayers,
 Your secret hopes, and fears, and cares,
 Be precious in his sight.

And if there be some hearts estranged,
 Who deem me false, who find me changed,
 Whose love from mine is riven,

O friends, where'er the blame may lie,
 Let it to-night forever die,
 Forgive, and be forgiven!

There is no room for strife or hate,
 We are so small and God so great,
 And his all wrongs redress.
 Forget the blind, unworthy deed;
 Remember each heart's sorest need,
 Pity and tenderness.

There's not enough of love to lose,
 There's not enough of joy to choose,
 That we should miss the least,
 But love need ask no doubtful leave;
 She still can give though none receive,
 And find the giving blest.

O hearts that on my own take hold,
 O hearts indifferent and cold,
 One blessing on you fall.
 Life is so weak, and fate so strong,
 And joy so short, and grief so long,
 God help and shield you all

O kindred of one common blood,
 I give you pledge of brotherhood,
 Sworn to this heaven above,
 The word is poor, the gift is small,
 Broken and vain the deeds may fall,
 The will is all of love!

The subjoined tender summing up of the last days of this angelic spirit is from Hattie Tyng Griswold: "The storms of the bitter Winter are upon us; the whirling of the white flakes greets our dazzled eyes on every hand; there are wild winds a-blowing; and in the solemn city of the dead whence we have come to-day there is only dreariness and desolation. We have left our friend there. It gives an added pang to death to bury a friend at such a season. There is something almost inviting in the sunny hill-top where our cemetery is situated, in Summer. The great trees lay their broad arms athwart the slope. The grassy paths are full of flowers. Daisies and buttercups and purple violets dot them, and the wild rose swings its dainty sprays here and there. In the Autumn it is a mass of gorgeous color, with its flaming sumach and its golden rod; but in Winter it is so bleak, so cold, so deso-

late, that we can not endure to come away and leave one we love in its icy embrace.

"But after two years of constant suffering we can not weep that our friend has found her rest. She has gained the Nirvana which she yearned for, with such inexpressible yearning, during the long, solitary Winter nights when sleep stood aloof, with finger on her lip, and pressed its balm on every lid but hers. The watch has been long which she has kept, the waiting has been weary—many of the hours have been barbed with pain; but now we feel that she

'has the best
Which heaven itself can give her—rest!'

"Hers was a beautiful life and a beautiful death. She had a rich nature, both religious and poetical. Endowed with unusual intellectual power, which was well trained and responded readily to calls upon it, it was accompanied with great spiritual feeling and spiritual culture. She was deeply devotional in spirit, and found it difficult to understand why all her friends did not delight as she did, in prayer and praise. It was her deepest joy, and the indifference of many to it was to her a burden and a grief. She was a great quickener to the faith of others, and a stimulus to all who came under her influence, both spiritually and intellectually. She would have made an admirable minister of the gospel, and, I have no doubt, would have eventually been found in that profession, had not death brought all her large, far-reaching plans to a sudden end. She would have found here a congenial sphere in which to labor, and would have wrought out great results in life and character among her people, I can not doubt. She had the seeing eye and the understanding heart. Nothing that was beautiful escaped her, in nature or in life. No ethereal haze upon the distant hills, no shimmer of silver waters through the trees, no smallest blossom in the sod, was lost to her vision. No smallest blossom of beauty in life and character among her friends bloomed for her in vain. She had a genius for discovering hidden merits. She drew forth much which was never disclosed to other eyes. Some hidden alchemy within herself drew forth the best of other lives. She was a delightful companion, full of wit and humor and repartee, and with an eye for all the comic side of life, she was never dull and morbid, or otherwise

than fresh and inspiring. She was loved by everybody, though she had particular sympathy with the young.

"At the close of a life singularly beautiful and trusting, the fruits of that life were seen in the great calm of patient expectation, of serene waiting, the sublime confidence of the later hours. As the large activities of her years of labor passed before her in review, she yearned sometimes to stay and labor on. There was so much to do she could scarcely bear to think of being put upon the retired list at so early an hour; and, in addition to this, she had a hearty and genuine delight in life. The world contained much for her. She would have carried her joy of existence on into old age had such been her destiny; yet she was content when she heard the silver trumpet sounding her recall. It is well for her, but the hearts of her friends are heavy. The world has lost an earnest worker, every good and noble cause a faithful advocate, every burdened and oppressed soul a sympathizing friend, every religious movement a prayerful ally. Therefore the world is poorer. Such lives as hers are not counted in great numbers. She was one of the few who stood upon the heights of life. Every string in her nature was lofty and fine and attuned to song. Her life was rhythmic, it was melodious, it was the rounding of a sphere. But the snow has fallen upon her, which no earthly sun will ever melt; its coldness separates us for all time, and we mourn her as one whose place no other can fill. Rosemary be upon her grave, and in our hearts remembrance. There is work for her beyond. It is well. Her memory is both a benediction and an inspiration."

Her principal story, "Mignonette," was written in 1865. "The True Immortality," read at the first anniversary of the Zetaganthean (seekers after truth) Society, of the Divinity School at Tufts College, was considered very able. The following poem relates to the father and mother of Henrietta's husband:

TWO WAYS.

They had a son, an only son,
 Their hope and happiness and pride,
 With life's first honors nobly won,
 At manhood's golden gates he died.

And year by year, with backward gaze
 From that great light receding slow;

Through lonely, sad and toilsome ways,
Down to their childless age they go.

She keeps the memory like a shrine
All incense-wreathed of heart and lip;
With that dear presence now divine
She never yields companionship.

The pictured face that lights the wall,
Whose garlands never know decay;
The books from weary hands let fall,
The garments never laid away.

A thousand signs, with tender tone,
Tell how the fond heart cheats its pain
With semblance of a life not gone,
That any hour may come again.

She loves the green earth where he lies,
And stars the sod with snowy bloom;
And lingers, as in some sweet guise
She met him at an open tomb.

Her year is full of sacred days,
Each with its special joy in him.
She treasures up his words and ways
Like jewels that no time can dim.

Her life keeps young with all he loved;
When those who loved him praise his worth,
With strange, new pride her heart is moved,
She feeds on manna not of earth.

The mourner at her side is dumb,
As in a dream he sees and hears;
To him all arts of solace come
Like music to unanswering ears.

The poor memorials stir him not;
He never meets the pictured eyes;
If haply comes the theme unsought,
He turns away with vague replies.

In quiet uncomplaining frame
He walks his daily duty's round;
Life's workday interests the same,
His thought and purpose seem to bound.

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

But daily grows he grave and still,
 More bowed with care, more touched with age,
 No past delights his present fill,
 No future plans his thoughts engage.

His eyes have learned a far-off look;
 His head is bowed when none are by;
 He oftener reads one holy book
 Or muses lone and silently.

Whate'er he feels, no moan is made,
 The secret burden none may know
 Nor tenderest pity dare invade
 That patient dignity of woe.

For every pain her eyes are dim,
 She mourns with every heart bereft;
 A calm endurance fills for him
 The measure of the life that's left.

A childless mother ne'er she feels,
 In every child she sees her own;
 No word or look in him reveals
 The father who has had a son.

One wears the sorrow like a crown,
 Nor any life could live apart;
 And one its anguish smothers down,
 And hides it in a hidden heart.

Which grief is saddest, who shall seek,
 Or which most beautiful to see,
 The love for which all words are weak
 Or that of which no word can be?

 A NIGHT RIDE.

Roll on, O tireless wheels!
 The city's lights fade out behind;
 Dim, ghostly shapes the way reveals
 A world of shadows undefined,
 While closer, heavier over all

The curtains of the darkness fall.
 Roll on, resistless might,
 And bear us through the night.

Roll on with crash and roar.
 To thy swift path our eyes are blind;
 A realm of chaos lies before,
 A chasm of darkness shuts behind.
 Above the jar and clash of wheels,
 The frail-built chariot sways and reels;
 And danger adds delight
 To power and speed and night.

Ride on, mysterious force!
 We know there is a hand of skill
 That guides thy far and flying course,
 And holds thee vassal to its will.
 An eye upon the track is stayed,
 A hand upon the lever laid:
 That sway the engine feels —
 That spirit rules the wheels.

Ride on, with speed or slack,
 Our fate is in a trusty hand.
 Though gloom and darkness shroud the track,
 Beyond it lies the end we planned.
 We near and leave the haunts of men;
 The lights flash out and fade again;
 Each, as they go and come,
 A station nearer home.

O ceaseless roar and roll!
 Ye mind me of a swifter flight —
 This earthly transit of the soul,
 An unknown journey through the night.
 No eye of ours the path can tell,
 No hand of ours the wheels compel;
 The force that cleaves our way
 We can not speed nor stay.

Roll on, ye wheels of Fate!
 No roar or jar salutes our ears;
 Ye move in silent, solemn state
 Along the highway of the years.
 On either hand we vaguely see
 The shadowy hints of destiny,
 And bursts of transient light
 Glean out across the night.

Roll on, O silent wheels;
 Unknown and dark may be the road,
 But some strong hand the spirit feels
 That guides it toward an end of good;
 Ride on, O trusting soul, secure;
 The way is planned, the end is sure.
 Ride on without a fear,
 There is an engineer!

AT SCHOOL STREET VESTRY.

MAY 1, 1872.

I.

The old church called, and brought her children home.
 A fair and goodly host were they who heard!
 Each loyal heart with one emotion stirred—
 Proud to have once been hers, where'er they roam—
 From many a kindred flock and alien dome
 They turned at that pathetic, tender word,
 "One last time, children, gather at my board
 In memory of me, whose end is come."
 And as they sat, and every heart was stilled
 With holy songs, and melting words half-said,
 And mighty memories of days long fled,
 Lo! all the place with solemn rapture thrilled
 As with a rushing, heavenly wind 'twere filled,
 And pentecostal flames were o'er them shed.

II.

Sat at that banquet many an unseen guest.
 The ships had borne them home from every land.
 From Florida's green glades, from Europe's strand,
 O'er far Pacific seas across the West,
 From where the northern iceberg lifts its crest
 To where the southern cross shines lone and grand,
 They came, an honored and a welcome band,
 And took their dear old places with the rest.
 Ay, and from those unknown, immortal spheres,
 The blessed ones, not passed beyond recall,
 Through the rapt silence let their glory fall,
 Till the dimmed vision saw through far-off years
 That feast when God has wiped away all tears,
 And all are one in him, and he is all!

ANNA MARIA BATES.

One of the most industrious, efficient and talented of the writers in our periodicals, was Anna Maria Bates, who was born in Pembroke, N. H., Feb. 2, 1834. She was an only daughter, with the exception of three half-sisters by a previous marriage of her father. They married and left home while she was very young. Her early life is best described by herself, in an autobiographical sketch, re-written by Rev. Thos. Whittemore, and published in the "Trumpet" in 1858:

"Apart from the world, her life has been spent in her pleasant, native seclusion, whose influences have naturally colored her thoughts, as waters are colored by the minerals over which they flow. Her father was a native of Hingham, Mass., and her mother was born in Pembroke. Miss Bates developed her taste for poetry at an early age. She was exceedingly fond of reading and of flowers, and with a love for seclusion, she felt, even while a child at school among the village children, that she was among them, but not of them. Her first poems, 'Summer' and 'The Captive Canary,' were written as school compositions when she was about nine years of age; from this date until she was seventeen she wrote little, being engaged in her school duties.

"The doctrine of Universalism came to her rather by intuition than instruction, brought up as she had been among Methodist and orthodox influences, and seldom hearing sermons of any other stamp. Her mind early rejected their inharmonious incongruities, and turned to what was more rational and beautiful to a mind that loved the law of kindness."

When a biographical sketch was asked of her, she wrote: "It is painful to have my name come out at the head of such an article, and it is only my great reverential love for] Father Whittemore that makes me consent to such a thing." In one of her letters to a friend she says: "I must tell you I am almost a recluse. I live here so quietly, with my parents and one brother, in a large old-fashioned house, full of rude plenty as New England farm-houses are. This is a manufacturing village, but we, happily, live on its borders, out of the noise of the factory, and apart from the thickly

crowded houses. From our windows we see dark, old hills, belts of green woods, and in the distance the rippling waters of the Merrimac. Here are green lanes, very beautiful and fragrant in Summer, and in Spring bordered with violets, anemones and daisies. I have no partial faith. My belief in the final holiness and happiness of all has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. I can not believe, as some would have me, that while God showers unnumbered blessings upon one being through eternity, another, formed the same, will agonize and suffer. I walk a mile and a half monthly to Universalist meetings, and occasionally attend their social circles, but the large gatherings of two hundred are not in accordance with my quiet tastes."

To Mrs. Louise Mather she wrote of a dying friend, "Now the ministering spirits wait to bear her away from the bleak, cold Winter of earth to the land where she will bloom in immortal youth, and dwell in the midst of unfading Spring, toward which God's entire family are tending."

Just before her death she wrote: "My pen and I have been strangers for a long time. We have been painting the interior of our house, and migrating from room to room in the damp, rainy weather. We were obliged to cook over a fireplace, and how our grandmothers ever managed with them to provide food for their large families is a mystery to me! I—— has just brought me in some clusters of pale pink arbutus, damp with May rain. There has been a revival of religion among the Methodists here, and in connection with it I have felt tried by the conduct of a friend. She has always been a Universalist; she told me her religious views would never change, but added, 'When you are in Rome do as the Romans do.' The next day I heard she was in the anxious seats, and in two or three weeks was baptized. I felt as if she had either acted a falsehood or told me one, and I am pained and shocked."

A friend writes: "I think it was in the Spring of 1857 I first saw Anna, when on a visit to her home. She met me at the door; a blonde, with blue eyes; hair of that golden-brown color we read of in verse, and see in old paintings but seldom elsewhere, and cheeks rosy with health. She took me into the large, pleasant sitting-room, whose walls were hung with pictures she had painted, and which was perfumed with May flowers she had gathered

the day before, as she said, to welcome my coming. Her mother, a pleasant, quiet lady, interested me warmly at first sight. They were not then living in the village. I think the village has since grown around them. The little yard at the front was green with jessamine and woodbine; at the back was Anna's garden where she spent many busy hours. I do not know if my new friend exactly realized the impressions made from her letters and poetry; the serious or sad tone which pervaded them did not appear in our daily intercourse, and, as I saw more fully when we met again in after years, she possessed brilliant conversational powers, and a happy faculty of expression which sometimes threw the charm of poetry over very humble things."

Miss Martha Remick and Mrs. Mather were very dear friends of Miss Bates, and they speak of her as possessed of a pure and lovely spirit. Her poetry was always musical, very descriptive, and pervaded by a sweet and tender sentiment. Could her productions be collected they would fill a large and valuable volume. Undoubtedly her best poem is "Over the River." It very much resembles the remarkable poem by Miss Nancy W. Priest, "Over the River They Beckon to Me;" or rather Miss Priest's poem resembles hers, for Miss Bates' was published several years antecedently. Though the resemblance is close, it is no doubt accidental.

Over the river gloomy and wide,
 Borne on the waves of the purple tide,
 With his azure eye and smile of joy,
 Long ago went our little boy
 When the earth's May moon hung red and high,
 And laden with flowers the breeze crept by.
 Away from his home the dear one passed,
 Like a precious pearl on the deep waves cast;
 Leaving the hearts that would love forever
 For heaven's strand shining over the river.

And another soon, the young bride fair,
 With orange wreath in her flowing hair,
 With the light of joy around her shed,
 Swift as an arrow's flight she sped,
 Oh, memory's harp has a mournful quiver,
 When it tells how she crossed the darksome river!
 Behind her a pilgrim, gray and old,
 Passed where the solemn waters rolled,
 Mother and child—another twain.

Seeking a clime unknown to pain;
 When the Autumn trees began to shiver,
 Silently passed they over the river.

Now as I write, another dirge
 Rings through my soul like a sorrowful surge,
 Though above the sky is blue with May,
 And the wild birds sing, and the young lambs play,
 For a fair young rose from its bough is torn,
 A presence bright from the home bower gone;
 Yet death can never the love-chain sever,
 'Twill circle us all when over the river!

Over the river! Oh, skies of May,
 What charm has your bended blue to-day?
 Though round me the fairest flow'rets blush,
 And the grass grows green by the streamlet's gush,
 I think of those who went from sight
 Like stars that pale in the dawning light.
 Gone, all gone to the blessed band,
 Who tread the shores of the spirit land.
 And thus where the solemn waters flow,
 One by one will the dear ones go
 From the ills of life and its vain endeavor,
 To the land unfading, over the river!

"The Angel of Patience," of which Miss Bates seemed the personification, I give below:

A vision, the form of an angel,
 Came to my wildered dreams,
 And my feet that were worn with travel
 She led to celestial streams.
 Her face was pale and saintly,
 And her hands were soft and fair,
 And she laved my hot brow softly
 In the waters gleaming there.

With an eager, deep beseeching,
 And a wildly throbbing heart,
 I prayed this lovely angel.
 "Oh, ne'er from me depart!
 In the world where I must linger
 The cruel thorns lie sown,
 And the path is sometimes dreary
 Where I fear to walk alone!"

With her smile of holy seeming
 Thus she answered unto me,

"All the days that are appointed
 I will henceforth dwell with thee,
 I will tend the few faint roses
 In thy heart's green garden spot,
 Till they perfume all thy future
 And beautify thy lot.

"I am Patience, and my mission
 Is to lighten human care,
 And to ease the heavy burden
 That is all too hard to bear.
 To the humble and afflicted
 And the weak, my worth is known,
 For I lead their footsteps upward
 To the shadow of the throne."

Then I wakened, but around me
 Still I hear the singing streams,
 And the angel is beside me
 Who was with me in my dreams.
 Often when my heart grows weary
 As I bow beneath the rod,
 For the heavenly gift of Patience
 Do I kneel and thank my God.

 NOVEMBER.

Slowly now the year is dying while the star of evening shines,
 His requiem is sighing through the lonely mountain pines;
 There is sadness in the murmur of the waves upon the shore,
 For they know he is departing, to return ah, nevermore!

When the early flowers blossomed, he was strong and brave and young,
 When the Summer fruits were glowing and the Summer minstrels sung,
 Like a king, in robes of splendor, did he sit on Autumn's throne,
 But his pomp has all departed, he is left to die alone.

He has brought uncounted treasures to the dwellers of the earth,
 Bright hopes and fond affections to the altar and the hearth;
 He has twined the orange blossoms for many a gentle head,
 He has laid, oh, speak it softly, burial flowers o'er the dead.

He is fading, he is passing; when the Christmas yule-log glows,
 When its lights and garlands glisten, and the wassail cup o'erflows,
 Out in the lonesome forest 'neath the sky's broad azure dome,
 The Old Year will be passing to his eternal home.

How shall we greet another when its benison is poured?
 Shall we do a nobler service 'neath the banner of our Lord?
 Shall we feel that prayer is mighty, and strive till we prevail,
 Till the strong foes of our Zion amid their errors quail?

Thou, who above art watching over these passing years,
 Who dost measure in thy mercy our trials and our tears,
 Let the influence of thy spirit make the heavy burden light,
 Give us strength to meet the duties of the coming time aright.

And haste the hour, O Father, when in all the world shall be
 The one fold of the one Shepherd redeemed and blest in thee;
 When our dying years of sorrow shall for years of joy make room,
 And the heart's Novembers brighten into Summer's fadeless bloom.

This beautiful woman died in Suncook, N. H., of typhoid fever, aged thirty-six years.

AMANDA LANE ROOT.

PREPARED BY REV. RICHARD EDDY.

Amanda Lane, daughter of Samuel and Martha Lane, was born in Gloucester, Mass., July 9, 1839. She was educated in the public schools of her native town, and was for several years book-keeper for her father, who was largely engaged in the fishing trade. In her public career she has rendered eminent service to the church and to the temperance cause.

For many years a member of the Universalist church in Gloucester, she has ably represented that body in the local and State bodies, and the State in the General Convention. Identified with the Woman's Centenary Association from its organization in 1871, at which time she became its Recording Secretary, she was subsequently chosen Vice-President for Massachusetts, having oversight of the woman's work in that State, a position which she most acceptably filled till the pressure of other duties compelled her to resign.

She is best known to the public at large in connection with her position and influence in the temperance reform. Gloucester, the headquarters of the salt-water fisheries, is, because of the peculiar character of the men who go

on the fishing fleet, greatly demoralized at times by the excessive use of intoxicants. These special occasions are when the more than five thousand fishermen are, at the close of the fishing season, thrown upon the place with plenty of money, and too often under the sway of evil passions. At such times it requires all the efforts and sacrifices of a devoted philanthropy to curb the tendencies of the tempted, and to protect from shame and violence the hundreds of homes with which these men are connected. In this eminently Christian work, the subject of this sketch was for many years engaged, often securing results of incalculable blessing. Her first public work as associated with others in the temperance cause, was in connection with a division of the Sons of Temperance established several years ago in her native place, in which she occupied a prominent position, and was untiring in her efforts to secure the results at which it aimed.

In 1862, when Good Templary, distinguished by its fundamental principle that woman is equally entitled with man to the labors and honors of temperance workers, began to establish its Lodges in Massachusetts, Miss Lane, seeing in such an organization an indication of justice and of wisdom, and an opportunity for the best results, united with several of her friends in seeking a charter for Fraternity Lodge, which was instituted in Gloucester in May, of that year. The second highest place in the organization was assigned to her, and at the close of the first term, her manifest abilities created the demand for her becoming the executive and highest officer in the Lodge. Subsequently her services were unanimously sought, and cheerfully rendered, in other positions of responsibility and trust. During her connection with the Lodge, and mainly by her devotion and fidelity to its work, it became the largest Lodge in the State, and was noted for its high rank in usefulness.

In 1865, Miss Lane became a member of the Grand Lodge of the State, and such was her reputation in the Order that she was at once elected to one of the highest and most responsible positions in that body. In 1866 and again in 1874, she was a member of the committee to receive, in behalf of the Grand Lodge, the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, and was at each of these sessions a delegate to the supreme body of the Order. At the first of these sessions of the supreme body, she was chosen Right Worthy Grand

Vice-Templar, receiving forty-nine of the fifty-one votes cast; and on the following year was unanimously re-elected. Her services have been rendered most acceptably, on Committees on Constitutions and on the State of the Order, two of the most important committees of the Order. At the session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, in Bloomington, Ill., she was again elected to the office of Right Worthy Grand Vice-Templar, and was chosen by the New England Representatives to speak for New England at the Public Reception Meeting. She has been in attendance at many sessions of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, a body composed of the leading temperance men and women of all sections of the world, by all of whom she is held in highest esteem, and receives from them most sincere and cordial greetings.

In 1873 she was elected Grand Worthy Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, an office imposing arduous duty, and a difficult position to fill with the approval of such a large and mixed membership; but such was her fidelity, promptness, courtesy and great ability, that she was twice unanimously re-elected. Of her temperance work as a whole, and especially of her labors as a Good Templar, it is not too much to say that her eloquent appeals on the public platform, and her magnetic power in the Lodge-room have been more widely recognized, and brought her into greater prominence than has fallen to the lot of any other woman in New England. While she has avoided, so far as was consistent with her official duties, the notoriety of public life, her earnest speech and her whole-hearted devotion to the temperance cause made for her a reputation which brought constant invitations for her services on the public platform.

In 1876 Miss Lane was married to Solomon F. Root, then of Hinsdale, Mass. Her present home is in East Douglas, in the same State. It has not been her privilege since her marriage to reside where she could have the opportunity of attending the Universalist church, but she has been welcomed to churches of various denominations, and, although frankly avowing her Universalism, has been solicited to take part in their prayer-meetings and Sunday-schools. Happy in her home, blest with an appreciative companion, and devoted to her two children, with a host of friends scattered all over the world, Mrs. Root has demonstrated what woman can do in the great field of Christian and moral effort.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Hattie Tyng, the sweet singer of Wisconsin, or "Apple-Blossoms," as she is poetically designated by her friends, is the daughter of the late Rev. Dudley Tyng of our church, and was born in the "City of Thought," Boston, Mass., Jan. 26, 1842. Surely the old Bay-State must be the nurse of song, for it was there that Hattie Tyng inhaled the inspiration that makes

"Her songs gush from her heart
As showers from the clouds of Summer."

Her mother was a native of New York and was one who with open eyes looked the world in the face and, with clear good judgment, submitted to the ills of her lot heroically, and to its blessings with Christian grace. Add to keen knowledge of human nature, a great fund of incisive sarcasm, love of argument and disputation upon religious and intellectual themes, and boundless pity for the poor and suffering, and we have a good likeness of the inner woman, who was the mother of our poet. Her father was a book-worm and a dreamer, and often put the heroism of his devoted wife to test. Mrs. Griswold writes: "Religion absorbed all his mind and all his heart, and left little for practical life. Both embraced Universalism, in its earliest and weakest days, and fought for it with the aggressiveness of the early days to the end." Mr. Tyng was very poetic by nature, but never penned his inspirations in aught save sermons. He was born in Maine, where the earlier years of Hattie's life were spent. She was about eleven when her parents removed to the West, and settled in Columbus, Wis. Soon after their removal she commenced writing for the local papers, and by her friends was considered a prodigy. She first wrote for the *NEW COVENANT* when it was under the control of Rev. L. B. Mason. Her acquaintance with him led to her becoming a member of his family when she was about eighteen years old, and she passed several months teaching school in Winnetka, Ill., where he resided. It was here that one of the good little girls said to another, who was not always on her good behavior: "Our teacher is a poetess, and if you do

not look out, she will rhyme you up in the papers." That threat was better than a dose of the "oil of birch." - Very soon after Rev. D. P. Livermore took the editorial charge of the *NEW COVENANT*, and she commenced a pleasant acquaintance with Mrs. M. A. Livermore, who assisted her in many ways, showing her great kindness and attention. Long before this, however, she was a regularly established contributor to the "*New York Home Journal*," then under the control of N. P. Willis, who made it a most delightful paper, and to the "*Knickerbocker Magazine*," which at that time was the leading magazine of the country. It was edited by Charles G. Leland. Mrs. Griswold established a permanent friendship with both of these editors, which was pleasant and useful to her. N. P. Willis said of her: "Her imaginings are delicate, and the simplicity with which she expresses her thoughts charms me."

She was at this time writing stories for several papers and periodicals, for which she received remuneration. She was a contributor to the "*Old and New*," "*Christian Register*," "*Boston Commonwealth*," and other publications. She does not write as much as formerly, as she finds an all-engrossing felicity in quiet domestic cares.

After writing to Mrs. Griswold for the facts in her life's history, soon came this reply: "I shall be very happy to comply with any request you make which is in my power, and proud to occupy a place in your book, but the few facts in my life would not fill a page of your book, 'for I tread with quiet feet the rounds of uneventful years.'"

In 1863 Hattie Tyng was married to Eugene Sherwood Griswold, a merchant in the village where she resided, and where she still lives. Her home is one of the most beautiful and attractive in the city, in which her friends are sure to receive a most graceful and hospitable reception. In 1863 she wrote a long story, entitled "*Fate and Faith*." It was published as a serial in the "*Ladies' Repository*," and breathed the spirit of Universalism, though it was more a struggle after the "eternal verities" of God and immortality.

During the war she wrote a great deal upon that subject, both prose and poetry, for "*Harper's Weekly*" and the leading Western papers. Some of her articles stimulated the patriotism and courage of the boys, while others helped the mothers to bow more submissively to his will.

The first edition of her poems, "Apple Blossoms," was published in Milwaukee, by Strickland, in 1874; the second edition by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, in 1877. Mrs. Griswold continued a regular contributor to the *NEW COVENANT* after Dr. Hanson took control, in 1869, until it united with "The Star in the West," and still (1881) communicates with the public through its pages in prose and verse. Following is the editor's opinion of Mrs. Griswold's writing:

"Mrs. Griswold, our favorite and principal poetical contributor, is the best of all the many women of the West who sing in the ear of the public what their souls experience. She can scarcely be said to rank with those who 'learn in suffering what they teach in song,' for her life seems to have passed along serene paths. Thoughtfulness, a high ethical sense, great purity of spirit, expressed in choice language and with a rythnical elegance, characterize her poems. In every sense of the word she is a poet; and yet, choice as are her rhymes, she is even superior as a prose writer. On any moral theme that enlists her sympathies, her pen possesses great vigor and point. Were she compelled to write daily for the press she would achieve the highest excellence. She ranks very high among American writers, both prose and poetical. Her 'Three Kisses' has gone the rounds of the press several times, ascribed to Mrs. Browning, of whom it is every way worthy; and 'Under the Daisies' would honor any author, living or dead."

THREE KISSES.

I have three kisses in my life,
 So sweet and sacred unto me,
 That now, till death-dews on them rest,
 My lips shall ever kissless be.

One kiss was given in childhood's hour,
 By one who never gave another;
 Through life and death I still shall feel
 That last kiss of my mother.

The next kiss burned my lips for years;
 For years my wild heart reeled in bliss,
 At every memory of that hour
 When my lips felt young love's first kiss.

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

The last kiss of the sacred three
 Had all the woe which e'er can move
 The heart of woman; it was pressed
 Upon the dead lips of my love.

When lips have felt the dying kiss,
 And felt the kiss of burning love,
 And kissed the dead, then nevermore
 In kissing should they think to move.

 UNDER THE DAISIES.

I have just been learning the lesson of life—
 The sad, sad lesson of loving,
 And all of its power for pleasure or pain
 Been slowly, sadly proving;
 And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
 With its thousand brilliant phases,
 Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid—
 A coffin under the daisies:
 The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
 The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever, throughout the world,
 Is love a sorrow proving;
 There's many a sad, sad thing in life,
 But the saddest of all is loving.
 Life often divides far wider than death,
 Stern fortune the high wall raises;
 But better far than two hearts estranged,
 Is a low grave starred with daisies:
 The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
 The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so I am glad that we lived as we did,
 Through the Summer of love together,
 And that one of us, wearied, lay down to rest,
 Ere the coming of Winter weather;
 For the sadness of love is love grown cold,
 And 'tis one of its surest phases;
 So I bless my God, with a breaking heart,
 For that grave enstarred with daisies:
 The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
 The snowy, snowy daisies.

The saying that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," was never better illustrated than in the case of the little song, "Under the Daisies." It has seemed to go straight to the hearts of all sorts of people. Many touching examples proving this are transpiring daily. It is taken to the hearts of mothers who have laid their little ones to rest, and been of untold comfort to all mourners. The secret is here, it will start the flow of tears, and that saves many a heart from breaking. In many a cemetery we find this inscription engraven on the stones, taken from "Under the Daisies," "All that is left of the bright, bright dream." Many must have read in a Milwaukee paper an incident which occurred to a lady who was visiting in an out-of-the-way country place. She accompanied a friend to the funeral of a young married lady, who had just moved into the town, and the audience was composed mostly of strangers, and there was but a single mourner—the husband. The minister preached and prayed in a perfunctory sort of way; no feeling was displayed by any one, and the writer says she was nearly wearied out by the ceremony, when a good choir of singers, by the request of the dear lady just before she died, sang "Under the Daisies." She described the effect as electrical. The whole audience was quickened into life, and almost at the same breath broke into a storm of sobs. It was the one touch of nature needed to start the quick-flowing fountains of sympathy.

A young lady, beautiful and attractive, whose life had apparently run in the smoothest of channels, while dying requested her brother and sister, who had often sung the song with her, to sing it once more. It was a very trying thing for them to do, and was attempted reluctantly and finished with difficulty. "I shall soon be with him now," she whispered, thus betraying to them a secret which no soul had ever suspected, and with the last strains of the song she passed away.

I could repeat many similar incidents to prove that that song has the one touch of nature in it that unites all hearts in sympathy.

Mrs. J. Hiles writes: "Among the few women of Wisconsin whose names have become more than local, perhaps Hattie Tyng Griswold's stands out more prominently than any other. It stands on a mount, which is something like Mount Tabor of old, so pure are the rays which illuminate it; rays which are both an emanation and a gathering together. From herself pro-

ceeds her brightest light. The spaces nearest her—the hearts of her husband and children—receive first its warmth and generating influence; her home is lighted from within. It is the tenderness of the husband, the love of the child, not the admiration of the reader, which folds Hattie Tyng Griswold in its caressing and protecting arms; and from her home as a center, her benefactions go out into an ever-widening circumference. There are no strains in the music of her life so sweet to her as the voices of her children; no words of approval so cherished as those with which her husband delights ‘to give her honor.’ It is the woman, and then the writer; it is the writer because of the woman. The atmosphere of her own home was filled with the sweet scent of ‘Apple Blossoms’ before their delicate pink and white petals were scattered in many homes, and garnered with their fragrance into many lives. There are small circumferences about this center with which the reading public has had little to do. Mrs. Griswold has led locally in the temperance cause for years. Since a child her sympathies have been active for the drunkard and his family, and her efforts unceasing for their help and cure. She is president of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union, a local organization, and president of the ‘Youths’ Alliance,’ a child’s organization for similar work, and for the personal temperance of its members. She has supplemented these labors with many written articles, and her influence exerted in the cause of temperance has been a living, vital one. The subject of associated charities is engaging her attention, and although the small town in which she lives has no especial need for an organized effort of this kind, still her heart and brain take in humanity in a wider range, and her pen gives to the world the result of the study and thought she has given to the subject. Included in these benefactions, Mrs. Griswold’s hand has ever been outstretched to the poor and needy in their own homes. Her Christianity holds all these—home, humanity, labor, in solution, and they are crystallized into thought and action whenever an occasion presents itself. I have written of her as a woman; she writes what such a woman must write, if she writes at all. Those who have read her book, ‘Apple Blossoms,’ have found it replete with her love for, and interest in, humanity, as well as in true poetic thought. Who has not known and sung and loved ‘Under the Daisies’? That is but one of the many poems in the book which deal

with the sweetest, saddest, deepest of love's and life's philosophies. The clear, hazel-grey eyes of the woman looked toward the center of life's most hidden and least understood meanings, and with listening ear caught the refrain of the first song which was ever sung—Love to God, and Love in Humanity—and in her own way, and with the strength given to her, she has done the work given her to do."

Mrs. S. D. Hobart, one of the brilliant women of Wisconsin, writes: "Hattie Tyng Griswold is a name fondly and tenderly spoken in many a home, East and West. From the time when, a school girl herself, she won the hearts of school girls by her merry, rollicking stories of girl-life, to the days when, older and sadder grown, the woes of suffering humanity forced from her pen the deep-thoughted, earnest poems of later years, she has had a strong hold upon the sympathies and affections of her readers. She has always something to say of which some soul stands in need, and she is strong and brave in the utterance of her thought, despite the fears and prejudices of the masses. Many a soul, sinking beneath its weight of sorrow and despair, has turned to her for relief and found help and comfort. The pang which pierced her mother-heart when she laid her little one 'beneath the buttermups,' has bound her soul in indissoluble union to those of heart-stricken mothers all over the land. Many are the letters she receives from those who are mourning their lost, thanking her for the tender, loving poems which have strengthened her own faith and soothed her own sorrow, and are helping others to lift their eyes to the Light that shines from beyond the tomb.

"It is much to say of a poet that he or she has written as fine, sweet verse as our language boasts; but far better to be able to say that the life the poet has carved from the yielding rock of time is pure, sweet and complete, a help and inspiration to weaker souls. Not what we accomplish, but what we are! that is the true test; and even though the few volumes of poems which Mrs. Griswold has published should be all the literary record that she shall leave when her work is done, those who have known and loved her will recall a brighter record of pure, womanly deeds, and tender, loving, inspiring words, which she has left in the hearts of her friends. Always ready to extend a helping hand to the needy and distressed; generous

and hospitable, her kindly ministrations have brightened many a home; and that so carefully, avoiding all ostentation in her charities, that only the recipients know of her kindly deeds; grateful hearts remember her as the one who cared for them when others forgot them, and never put her pleasure or convenience before their necessities.

“Drawn by the strong ties of intellectual congeniality to the class of busy toilers in the world of mind, her home is the rendezvous of earnest thinkers, eager young students, and ambitious aspirants for literary honors. To each and all she tenders advice or sympathy as the case requires, and her well-selected library is at the disposal of any hungry mind longing for the ripe fruit of knowledge.

“The lives which bless and brighten our paths are but for the moment; a word, a look, and they are gone; but when the ocean of eternity surging forever beneath our feet has engulfed our dearest beneath its waves, may we be able to say of each and all of our loved ones as of this poet-friend, ‘Her life was worth living, for it benefited mankind!’”

A thrilling incident is related by Mrs. M. A. Livermore:

“Two lines of the little poem, entitled ‘Dead,’ bore me through the horrors of the awful war, through which I waded neck-deep. As the dead were brought in from the battlefield or were carried out from the overflowing hospitals, I used to repeat to myself the two lines:

He who for country dies, dies not,
But liveth evermore!

and was comforted, and I remember how once—in a time of great mortality—when twenty-six brave fellows lay in their coffins, and four times that number were dying in the hospital, and there was only depression and sadness everywhere, I electrified the eight hundred who were within sound of my voice by saying:

“Brothers, remember in what cause you are suffering and enduring—the cause of the country and humanity, and remember that

He who for country dies, dies not,
But liveth evermore!

It was a tonic to the depressed hearts of the poor fellows, and at their request I wrote the two lines in scores of their note-books.

DEAD!

Dead! dead on the field of battle,
 'Mid its awful crash and roar;
 Dead! gone on the last long marching,
 To the land where nevermore
 Shall the bugle sound reveille,
 Or the dreadful cannon roar.

Dead! dead on the field of battle,
 A gallant heart, and tried;
 Close, close to the foremost standard,
 Where the fiercest warriors ride,
 Where men fell like leaves in Autumn,
 And where he fell, and died.

Dead! dead on the field of battle,
 With his name and his honors white—
 There's nothing on earth so glorious
 As dying for the right.
 Thank God he died 'mid the foremost,
 In the fiercest of the fight.

Dead! dead on the field of battle;
 Could he be alive once more,
 We would bid him go, and do, and die,
 'Mid the battle's rush and roar,
 He who for country dies, dies not,
 But lives forevermore.

“The other simple little poem entitled ‘My Darling,’ moved me powerfully. D— and I read it together, with tears in our eyes, thinking of the little grave by the sea in which our first-born was laid to sleep, on her fifth birthday. It made me weep, as it will others, and any writer who could write these two little things has proved her right to the title of one of the poets who are born—not made.”

MY DARLING.

How can I mourn for a little one dead,
 When I gaze on this world of weeping?
 Far better to smile with a deep content,
 O'er a baby quietly sleeping.

O'er a little one safe from all that can harm,
Safe, and quietly sleeping.

The sun comes up, and the sun goes down
On sorrow, and sin, and aching,
And to all the evil that's in the world,
My darling will know no waking:
He is wrapped in that dream of sweetness and calm
That will know no cruel waking.

My heart grows sick and faint with the thought
Of the great world's burden of sinning;
I am glad, I am glad that in evil and wrong
My darling will make no beginning:
He is safe in his soft and mossy bed,
From the blight and the pang of sinning.

Then mourn no more for a little one dead,
Fond heart worn out with thy weeping;
Far better to smile with a deep content,
O'er a baby quietly sleeping;
He is safe, he is safe, from all that is sad,
Safe, and quietly sleeping.

W. H. Bishop (the "Atlantic" contributor) thus speaks:

"There is a serene, helpful spirit and effect in many of the graver portions of the book. It contains teachings as well as æsthetic entertainment for its readers, which every book in this day of endless book-making must do to have readers. It has thought, and experience, and faith to bring to those who are already far involved in the problems of life, while it is not without enough of a purely artistic appreciation and use of beauty to make it an appropriate souvenir to those whom the seasons have hardly yet assailed, who are themselves the apple blossoms in the orchard of life."

Alice Cary in 1861:

"Write out of your own heart, from your own experience and observation, and you will find a constantly increasing audience. But to one who writes so well and chooses her themes so admirably, I need hardly give this advice."

Mary A. Livermore in 1860:

"You have superior poetical abilities, and whenever my eye is arrested

by your name, I always read the poem that follows, and always with very great delight."

Charles G. Leland, Editor of "Knickerbocker," writes in 1862:

"Your 'Thank God for War' is glorious—after my own heart—free and wild as a lava flood. The spirit of it is superb. Do you remember the 'Fisherman and Genie'? You rise up in that poem beyond your earlier ones as the Afreet did."

THE MISSING SHIP.

From out a sheltered, sunny bay,
With white sails rustling in the breeze
The proud ship like a sea-gull swept,
Across the distant, purple seas.

But somewhere on the foaming deep,
The ship for angry waves was sport,
And all we know is that she ne'er
Dropped anchor in the wished-for port.

And many an anxious, troubled heart
Cries "Where is she?" with trembling lip;
God only knows, for shades surround
That dreamy thing, a missing ship.

In the broad sea, Humanity,
A gallant bark with us set sail,
But drifting on, our courses changed
With the first rising of the gale;

And we have spoken many a sail,
And waited answer with white lip,
In hopes to hear from one who is
To us through life—a missing ship.

But never sounds the welcome name,
When trumpets answer o'er the sea;
Yet "Sail ahoy!" still starts the thought
That this the missing craft may be.

Is she afloat, a shattered wreck,
Or lies she deep in coral caves,
Or is she where those floating bergs
Wedge them within their icy graves?

We cannot know until we gain
 That port, for which we all are bound;
 But there we know all sails will meet,
 And every missing ship be found.

CROSSES.

Oh, ye stars that shine in such peerless glory,
 Making the whole dark night-world glad,
 Ye beam as brightly as though the story
 Of this dark life were not so sad.
 Do ye not hear, through the rush of spheres,
 And the holy songs of the morning stars,
 The sighs of the weary and heavy laden,
 And the shrieks that break through fetters and bars?
 Can ye not see earth's pilgrims sitting
 Down by the wayside, counting their losses,
 And sad hearts toiling up life's steep hillside,
 Bearing their crosses?

Have ye not kind hearts that tremble with pity
 For those whose visions pierce not the thick gloom
 Which lies in the space 'twixt the beautiful city,
 And the damp, low chambers of earth's cold tomb?
 Do you not feel for those who are crying
 In each Gethsemane all o'er the land,
 For the tone of a voice that forever is silent,
 For the thrill of dead lips, or the touch of a hand?
 Do ye not see low graves in each hollow,
 Bedded with grass, and heavy with mosses,
 And all around them such sad, silent mourners,
 Bearing their crosses?

And can ye look, bright stars of the midnight,
 On all these things without thrilling with woe?
 Do not this care, and sorrow, and earth-blight
 Make it look dark as ye gaze down below?
 Or do these things, from the height whence ye view them,
 Look to you only as motes on life's glass?
 And shall we all view them thus when, life ended,
 Over death's bridge we in triumph shall pass?
 Shall we bless God then, that thus he hath sent us,
 Through these dark life-paths, counting our losses,
 And, sad and heavy, up life's steep hillside
 Bearing our crosses?

LENA START.

Mrs. Start is the daughter of Rev. D. T. Stevens, of Maine, and the wife of Rev. W. A. Start, formerly settled in Massachusetts and Illinois, and for a time joint editor and publisher of the Chicago "NEW COVENANT," and recently the efficient State Superintendent of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention.

In childhood, Lena's mind was very religiously inclined, and in extreme youth she appreciated the doctrine of a world's salvation. She was apt in argument, and her verbal contests with her mates of the partial faith, proved that her parents had not been unmindful or careless of her culture, either in the theory of Universalism or its practical qualities. Her essays on "Practical Universalism," printed in the "Ladies' Repository," and on "The Culture of Woman," do Mrs. Start credit; and an article entitled "Snow-bound" is very poetical. She was a contributor to the "Myrtle," and has from youth been accustomed to write for the press.

She is an earnest worker in the temperance cause, and her lectures are of uniform excellence. One delivered before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, in 1880, was so highly commended that it must have been very gratifying to Mrs. Start, who is one of our most conscientious, modest, but faithful workers.

JULIA E. OUTLAW.

This faithful and persevering woman organized a Sunday-school at Outlaw's Bridge, Duplin Co., North Carolina, the first Sunday in July, 1869, with only fourteen pupils, and with all the opposition that the old-fashioned prejudices could surround her with. She was belied and maligned, and the young people were told by their parents that they were opposed to fishing and hunt-

ing on Sundays, but would much prefer to have them engage in that than to have them attend Mrs. Outlaw's Sunday-school. And the children of such parents did not at first take an active part in the school; would only read in the Bible and sing, and listen to Mrs. Outlaw's explanations, and their faces would light up with real gladness whenever she cleared the mist from any passage of Scripture. One good old Baptist said (and we have no doubt that she was honest, and prayed for what she thought was right) the only thing that she ever prayed earnestly for that was not granted her, was the downfall of *that* Sunday-school. "But," Mrs. Outlaw says, "thanks be to God, instead of its downfall, success crowned our efforts, for our little school gradually increased until at one time it numbered about sixty, and the daily lives of those children we were proud of. They kept the Sabbath in Christ's own way." At least one hundred have been connected with that school, and it can be no small pleasure for *one* woman to feel that she has been the means of sending out into the world one hundred Universalists to benefit and bless it.

And it must be remembered that Mrs. Outlaw had but few friends to help her, and the most of them were poor; but they did not grow languid or listless in their work, nor did their spirits droop. Although they had dark and gloomy days, the bright and sunny days were so interspersed that courage never gave out. "Our friends were many in the North; books and papers began to flow in to us from all quarters. From Mrs. Soule alone we received between sixty and seventy dollars' worth. Mrs. Soule and all others who assisted us in those days will always be remembered in our prayers. The books and papers cheered the hearts of the older ones as well as the lambs of the flock, and their smiling faces and happy hearts are photographed upon my memory. Many who were quite small twelve years ago are grown men and women, and although I am not with them now, the school goes on under their superintendence." At Outlaw's Bridge, as the fruit of the work of this woman, a little church edifice stands near the school-house where the Sunday-school used to meet, and an organization of twenty members, nine of whom were regularly attendant members of the Sunday-school. "If we could have had regular preaching, Universalism would have swept everything in its rapid march."

This indefatigable woman has organized a Sunday-school in Dover, N.

C., her new home. She commenced with twenty members, composed of children from Methodist, Baptist and Universalist parents, and says: "Although our school is small now, I think we shall be able to do some good; for when our glorious doctrine is rightly understood it will cause prejudice to give way, and then the hidden beauties of the Bible, that otherwise lie unseen, unappreciated, and uncultivated, would soon blossom as the rose; and men would learn to worship the Father in the beauty of holiness, and to love him because he first loved us. Praying God's blessing on our cause and your good work, I remain yours in Christ."

EDNA CHAFFEE NOBLE.

The following is written by a friend of Mrs. Noble, whom long and intimate acquaintance qualifies to speak from knowledge and appreciation of the woman and the elocutionist:

"On the 12th day of August, 1846, Edna Jane Chaffee first saw the light through the windows of a little farm-house, nestled among the green hills near Rochester, Vt. Her girlhood passed without especial incident, and so her school life, to the culminating event to which we shall refer. At the commencement of her teaching, which continued for some twenty terms, she was waited upon by a certain 'committee,' who wished her to take charge of a school in which the retiring principal had been of the opposite sex. She would 'undertake the work at the same salary which he had received.'

"'No, no,' said the committee, 'we can't pay you that. We want you, of course; but we can get any quantity of women to take the place for less money.'

"'Get them, then!' replied Miss Chaffee; 'if you can find women who are willing to do a man's work for less than a man's wages, you had better secure their services. You can't have mine.'

"The committee withdrew and consulted, and proposed again, but with the same result. Then, after two or three more consultations and proposals,

they gave her the school; and she taught it, and taught it well. But they paid her a man's wages. The firmness displayed in this little passage-at-arms with the committee furnishes the key to Mrs. Noble's character. Mingled with the natural sweetness and generosity of her disposition, it is this which draws so many to respect, esteem and love her.

"During the last years Miss Chaffee spent as school-teacher, she lost her voice through overwork (she ordinarily taught forty-eight weeks out of fifty-two), and she wrote to Boston to ascertain the best teacher of vocal culture there. Moses T. Brown, Professor of Elocution at Tufts College, was recommended, and at the close of her school she began study with him. Her efforts for a time seemed unavailing, for she was seriously ill for several weeks after her first attempts. On recovery, however, she began again, and progressed so rapidly that in about three months she was able to use her voice in ordinary conversation. She then studied for a year with Prof. Brown, and afterward began reading and teaching reading. One of her first engagements was at the St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., where she taught in the Theological Department for three years; making, during the time, an extended reading-trip throughout the West. March 14, 1871, she was married to Dr. Henry S. Noble, whom she had first met at Woodstock, and removed with him to Chester, Vt., where she lived until 1877. Marriage, for her, did not mean release from the task to which she had set her hand; and at her home there gradually gathered students from both the Eastern and Western States, attracted by her growing reputation. Her labors with these were varied by frequent courses of readings through the East, one of which was given in aid of the Ladies' New England Centennial Fund. In the Fall of 1877, Mrs. Noble visited friends in Michigan, and after a time became engaged in reading and teaching there. Her reception in Detroit, and the success of her classes in that city, being so far beyond what she had any reason to expect, she decided to return the following season and carry out her long-cherished design of organizing a school after the plan of those of Shoemaker in Philadelphia, Frobisher in New York, and Monroe in Boston. This was the beginning of the 'Detroit Training School in Elocution and English Literature,' which has thus far proved the crown-

ing effort of her life. This school graduated its first class on May 24, 1881, and has an average yearly attendance of two hundred and fifty students.

“During the last few years of her work, Mrs. Noble has been obliged to contend against great physical weakness; but the courage and endurance which she has displayed in carrying out her plans, have shown how deeply grounded in her character is that stability of purpose with which she overcame the committee-men. One of her favorite mottoes is, ‘This one thing will I do;’ and the steadfastness and purity of intention with which she has pursued her ideal since she first became aware of what her life-work really was to be, will be an incentive and an example to us all.

“Those who come within the sphere of her influence rarely know whence flows that sweetness and strength which makes each life better, and each heart glow with purer and higher aspirations; but the few who are admitted to her confidence realize that its fountain-head is in the realm of past failures which have been forced into successes; triumphs which had all but proved vanquishings; faith which was held firm amid days of doubt and gloom. Truly of Edna Chaffee Noble it may be said, if said of any, that ‘a life of noble purposes, ably and artistically given to the world, is a blessing to mankind and an honor to God.’ ”

C. F. ROCKWELL.

Through the influence of Mrs. Rockwell a Sunday-school was organized in Girard, Pa., in 1862, which has continued to the present time (1881). During that time she had charge of the primary class for several years, was assistant superintendent for seven years, and is now superintendent. She has been faithful in season and out of season. When teachers are scarce she manages to supply their places, many times carrying on more than one class. She says: “I often leave home Sunday mornings with a sad heart; discouraged, because I do not expect to see my mates in the Sunday-school to help me to teach the little ones how to consecrate themselves to the work of the

church. (We need the fathers and mothers in the Sunday-school!) I must add that as soon as I see the bright, expectant faces of my pupils, I receive a new impulse to go on, and I do go on in the same old way, from week to week." Mrs. Rockwell has her Sunday-school concerts, observes Easter, Floral Sunday, Harvest and Christmas. She has formed a sewing circle, "Merry Workers," and they intend to do their duty whether they have a pastor or not. The "Guiding Star" was taken by the school from the first of its publication to the last. Thirty copies of the "Myrtle" are taken and distributed through the school.

Mrs. Rockwell is the soul of all, and is happy while her children, as she calls them, are doing well, and enjoy her assistance. Her example is one hundreds of our ladies might well copy. Nineteen years of constant labor in a Sunday-school is no trifling duty performed.

ELLEN E. MILES,

Who has been for several years a diligent worker for our church as a coadjutor of Rev. P. A. Hanaford, was born in Randolph, Mass., March 1, 1835. She is a power in the Sunday-school, has great elocutionary ability, and the faculty to train children. She has written several dramatic pieces appropriate for Sunday-schools. Miss Miles was a teacher for fourteen years in the excellent public schools in Waltham, Charlestown and West Newton, Mass. She has written prose and verse for many years, but never published much until 1870. At about that time she commenced to write for the "Guiding Star" very charming floral or botanical articles. She has also written prose and verse for our periodicals. She has published two very pretty volumes. "Our Home Beyond the Tide" has received commendations from far and near, for the comfort it has given to bereaved hearts. It has been re-published in Great Britain. Her second book, "Seashore and Woodland Rambles," is very pleasing reading. Miss Miles is at present editing the "Children's Column" of the "Jersey City Eagle."

The two following sweet poems are the only ones I can give space to, but they are by no means the only beautiful ones she has written:

BEST.

What tho' our earthly friends grow worn and weary
 With our sad tears!
 There liveth One, who, tho' the way be dreary,
 In love appears,
 And chides us gently for our earth-born sorrow,
 And bids us rest
 Firm in the faith, until his glad to-morrow,
 That all is best.

Best, tho' our hopes lie crushed, and torn, and broken
 Beneath our feet;
 Tho' every prayer for help and guidance spoken
 Seems incomplete;
 Best, though our path with thorns instead of flowers
 Is thickly spread;
 Best, tho' the thunder roll and storm clouds lower
 Above our head.

No shadows fall until the glad light breaketh
 Upon our way,
 We'll patient wait until our Father maketh
 The perfect day.
 That day shall dawn in peace and free from sadness
 At last for all,
 And we shall answer with an unknown gladness
 The Master's call.

No more shall earth, with all its dreary noises,
 Vex and annoy;
 No more shall harsh, unkind, discordant voices
 Our peace destroy;
 The flowers of love, which here so sadly perish,
 Again shall bloom.
 And all unworthy thoughts which here we cherish,
 No more find room.

 MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

Oh, placid moonbeams, resting soft
 On palace, tower, and cottage roof,
 Throwing your silver threads of warp
 Across the starlight's golden woof,

Weaving a web of softest sheen
Above the earth's dark robe of green.

I stand and watch your shimmering light
Sparkle like jewels on the tide,
And wonder if more fair than this
The stream that laves the farther side,
Or if the heavenly asphodels
Are fairer than our lily bells.

I know no softer moonlight gleams
Than this which bathes the earth with light;
I know no fairer stars are seen,
For in that land there is no night;
But this my longing soul would know—
Do friends who loved me long ago

Stand just within the golden gate,
Which swung at eve its portals wide,
And almost oped to mortal ken
The glory of the farther side?
I wait to hear the answer given,
"The loved of earth shall meet in heaven."

And, waiting, I will trust the love
That guards me thro' the darkest hours,
And though my feet oft press the thorns
That lie concealed 'neath sweetest flowers,
I know his hand will surely guide
My footsteps safe beyond the tide.

SOPHIA HILL

Is the wife of E. P. Hill, of Haverhill, Mass. He is a gentleman of education and talent, of the editorial profession, and has been postmaster of the city. Jewett's History of Essex Co., Mass., says: "The Soldiers' Relief Society of Haverhill and Bradford was organized in April, 1861. Officers: Mrs. E. P. Hill, President; Mrs. James Noyes, Secretary; Mrs. E. Fletcher, Treasurer. This powerful organization existed from the commencement till the close of the war. Through all these years, till the last one, Mrs. E. P.

Hill was the chief officer, at which time Mrs. Daniel Harriman became her successor. This occurred when one of those sectarian tornadoes, which sometimes sweep through communities and organizations, had its roll and tumble, only to be remembered as an accident, to escape from which for a long succession of years, in such an organization, would be too much to expect."

The organization was in perfect harmony with the Sanitary Commission. The cause of the "roll and tumble," referred to in Jewett's History, was that the Christian Commission came in to ask for some of the funds to spend in part for sectarian tracts, which created a division and religious fight, resulting in an orthodox triumph in the election of President the last year. Mrs. Hill was a Universalist when she took the office, remained unflinchingly so to the end, and commanded the respect and support of a large majority of the best and most prominent evangelical people in the community. This little tempest occurred before the great deluge of able preachers from the orthodox churches into ours, and of course before Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope" spread its illumination over the lands and into the hearts of our grandest orthodox friends, and made them feel and say: "Verily this doctrine so long prayed for to be true, and so complimentary to our God, is fast becoming a light to our feet and a joy to our hearts, instead of a snare to mislead." No sermon is required here, however. Mrs. Hill was successively elected President for four years, and never wearied in her noble efforts to accomplish all in her power for the boys in blue. During those years the Society won a national fame for efficiency and for the great amount of work done at the right time. I quote the following from Schouler's History, vol. 2:

"Want of space alone prevents us from giving a complete list of the officers of the Association [meaning the Haverhill Soldiers' Relief Association] during the whole period of its existence. We can not refrain, however, from quoting a paragraph from a letter which we received from a gentleman (not of Haverhill), whom we well know and respect, in regard to Mrs. E. P. Hill, whose devotion to the interests and comfort of our soldiers has made her name precious to them:

"In your 'History of Massachusetts in the Rebellion,' I trust you will give Mrs. E. P. Hill what is her due; she worked all through the war for us

'boys,' and lost her health in caring for us. It was Mrs. Hill, I might say, saved my life, after I was confined in Libby prison.'"

Mrs. Hill is a lady of fine mind and large heart, and I can easily understand how, with the enthusiasm with which she entered upon her work, she could easily break down in health. She, as the representative head of this local Relief Society, visited hospitals in New York and other places for the purpose of learning the improved methods of accomplishing work. I well remember that this Association was considered a splendid one, and won its fame the first four years of its existence. It was really one of the foremost in Massachusetts. Why should it not be? Haverhill embraces as many grand and noble hearts in the different churches as any place of its size in our land. And we have faith to believe that this little "wave of trouble" has long since ebbed and is lost in the ocean of reconciliation.

Mrs. Edwin Ayer, of Ayer's village, near Haverhill, was a representative woman during the war, and was at the head of an auxiliary society, in which she wrought a noble work.

MARTHA REMICK

Is a name that will be gladly recognized by all of the old readers of the "Trumpet," "Christian Freeman," and "Ladies' Repository." She was born in the birth-place of her father in one of the earliest settled towns of New England, Kittery, Maine. Its varied scenery of steep hills and beautiful fields, and the sparkling waters of the broad and limpid Piscataquis, hemmed in by thrifty vales, which are dotted here and there with rural homes surrounded by cultivated orchards, give it a picturesqueness that is admired by strangers and tourists. The river forms the western boundary, and a little to the north is the thickly-settled, thrifty village, quite at the entrance of the Navy Yard.

In the southern section of the place is another village, commanding a distant view of the blue ocean. Here, in this last-named village, are the remains

of the once elegant mansion of Sir William Pepperell, the only colonist knighted by our mother country. Nor will we forget that he won his distinction by his capture of Louisburg from the French, at the head of New England troops. The many spacious mansions, although touched by decay, show the aristocratic tendency of this once very prosperous town.

Of the noted lion of the place, Miss Remick sings:

THE TOMB OF SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL.

In a lone, deserted field
 Where the bluest violets bloom
 When the May winds sweep the valleys,
 Stands a stately marble tomb;
 Not a rose, or vine, or flower
 Clings around it; love's sweet spell
 Long has vanished from its portals;
 Of its fame alone we tell.

Many years have come and vanished
 Since this silent sleeper led
 To the storming of a fortress,
 Ranks of men, now lying dead,
 Where New England won a victory!
 And this grey old tomb-stone's name,
 High upon the scroll of honor,
 Was the first in song and fame!

Full a hundred years have vanished
 Since that proud and happy day,
 When his ships, all richly laden,
 Gathered in this fair blue bay;
 When these green fields all around us
 With his nodding harvest shone —
 Wealth, and pride, and state, and honor,
 To this tomb they all have flown.

Yonder in his stately mansion,
 Once the halls were all aglow
 With the music and rejoicings
 Of the days of long ago.
 Now his portrait hangs forgotten
 On the ancient, time-worn wall,
 And the strangers' faces gather
 In his proud ancestral hall.

In this tomb he lies forgotten;
 But the ancient tales will tell

Of the master who was honored,
 And the faithful friend as well;
 Better than the fame which crowned him,
 Better than his wealth's great store,
 Are these records which present him
 True and just, forevermore.

In one of the old homes in Kittery Martha was born, and she still lives in the house to which her mother was taken as a bride by her husband, Rufus Remick, who then and ever after was universally regarded as a man of sound judgment and unquestioned integrity, and of more than ordinary abilities. His ancestors were from Holland, and came over from their home in the earliest days of the settlement of New England. They were educated, cultured people, as the fragments of composition and hand-writing would show, if it were not known from other sources. Miss Remick says: "My father lived and died in the belief of the salvation of all, and in a severe and wasting sickness, at the close of life, he could see no other possibilities, and composed himself in the faith that 'he doeth all things well.'"

Martha, from youth, seemed gifted with her mother's intellectual tendencies, and her father's strong faith in Universalism. She says: "My religious opinions were formed as soon as I was old enough to think and reason clearly; previously to this I felt much anxiety in thinking of those who were dearest to me. I knew I should never be satisfied with heaven were I to attain it, if they were suffering."

Her school-life was one of earnest and absorbing study; her first schooling from home was in Augusta, Maine. At one time she attended a Baptist seminary in Charlestown, Mass. "But," she writes, "I learned nearly as well by studying my books at home, for I was satisfied only when I could repeat the contents of each book from the beginning to the close without questions. Overwork of mind, however, (as should have been expected) prepared the way for sickness, which came, and from which I have never been restored to permanent health."

Miss Remick was always a fine prose writer; her stories were received gladly by publishers, and read with enthusiasm. But a period of ill health came, which disabled her from writing prose, and at this time the spirit of song was born within her soul, and from that time on there was scarcely a

week that our papers or periodicals did not regale their readers with some fresh vision from her rich mind.

When better health came, three novels were written, which quickly found their way to the public, "Agnes Stanhope," "Millicent Hazard," and "Richard Ireton." The last is a book of nearly five hundred pages, but the interest of the reader never diminishes until the last word is read.

These books are popular in our Sunday-school libraries. Miss Remick has written several long stories, which have been published as serials, not yet put into book form. "The Curate of Lanscott" is an eloquently written and interesting story. She has also several books in manuscript.

Everything Miss Remick has written has a high moral and religious tone, and her writings have been of great benefit to our denomination. They come from a heart that has felt pain as well as joy, for the spirit is both tender and touching. She says: "I have not passed the noon of life, and if I had better health, the best working years, with the ripening experience and thought, would be before." The friends who have watched her career, and who know her spirit, are fully persuaded that this is true.

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

Here on this earth we walk in cloud and shadow,
 We meet and part
 With anxious fears of what may come to-morrow
 In every heart.

We see as through a glass, but in God's future
 Our fullest praise
 May be that he through just these mazes guided
 Our earthly ways.

"THIS DO IN MEMORY OF ME."

With other friends who have passed on
 We link this solemn rite; like prayer
 It brings a blessing from that world

Whose habitants are pure and fair;
 He knew our needs, the Man of Woes,
 Who left this token at life's close.

With other friends who have passed on
 Around this board in soul we stand,
 Familiar faces glow again,
 We clasp in faith the outstretched hand;
 They are with him who bade us take
 The bread and wine for his dear sake.

With other friends who have passed on;
 If round this board not all have bent,
 His love and kindness all the same
 His blessings on them hath he sent;
 Whate'er the creed, or e'en if faith
 Wavered for lack of human sight,
 We feel our hearts may join with them
 To-day within this mystic rite.

MARY E. DAVIS

Expresses a good deal of modesty about being chronicled with the noble working women of our church, although from girlhood "she has done what she could." She was born in Plainfield, Vt., June 2, 1835. Her father was one of the lords of the field, who by the honest "sweat of his face ate his bread." A wife, delicate in constitution, and eight daughters, constituted his loved ones, and for them he turned the sod and sowed the grain in cheerful hope. Junius Davis, the father, was a Universalist, but the mother was a daughter of a "Christian" minister, and always retained some of the ideas of that church, though she ever prayed that Universalism might be true; but Mr. Davis, with his daughter, attended church at North Montpelier, and listened to Revs. Eli Ballou, D.D., Lester Warren and T. R. Spencer, and Miss Davis says: "Under their preaching, and from the perusal of the Ely and Thomas discussion, and the bitter spirit impelled by the sectarianism which was shown toward all liberal thought in the academy which I attended six terms, my faith was established." Miss Davis had only the advantages of a

common school, except the academic terms mentioned, in Barre, Vt., and when quite young a short time at a private school. It was in this school she commenced her rhyming, and did so very well that, as is often the case, jealousy plotted mischief. One who had been eclipsed by her informed the teacher that "Mary stole her composition." "I think not," replied the teacher, "but if it is the case we will prove it." That day Mary received her subject to write upon from her teacher — "The Exile's Last Dream of Home." She was perplexed, and told her teacher she hardly knew what to do with so great a subject, and begged her to give her some ideas, which the teacher did, and the maligned child was soon ready to read a composition of three stanzas, eight lines each, that settled the question as to her honesty. The poem was sent to Rev. Eli Ballou, D.D., who edited the "Christian Repository," and from that time on Dr. Ballou received gladly whatever she sent for publication.

Miss Davis commenced teaching when she was eighteen years old, and earned enough to pay her expenses for four of the terms at school. She began writing prose at twenty years. An editor of a Methodist paper offered fifty dollars for the best original story giving the history of Vermont. Miss Davis was a competitor, and would have received the second prize if one had been offered. The editor, however, gave her two dollars a chapter for any kind of a story she was pleased to write, she to use her own judgment about the number of chapters.

A severe run of typhoid fever produced effects from which she did not recover for ten years. She wrote for the "Christian Leader" when it was published in New York, and has written many little stories for the "Gospel Banner," "Opal Aubrey" being the most prominent one. Miss Davis has from youth been much interested in the temperance cause, and her stories illustrating the evils of intemperance must have exerted a good influence.

She published a volume of poems of 348 pages, "Glenorie," a long love-story of great sadness in which the heroine

" Walked her earthly paths anointed
With sorrow's oil,"

reminding the reader somewhat of the sorrows of "Evangeline." The most

of her poems are baptized with the spirit of her faith, but we have room for only the following:

AUTUMN SHADOWS.

The Autumn clouds have gathered
 Far up the sunny sky,
 The Summer flowers have faded,
 And on her tomb now lie;
 The cold, sad winds are moaning,
 While, in the chilling rain,
 The brown leaves droop and tremble,
 Like a heart o'er-filled with pain.

Oh, leaves of gold and crimson,
 So glorious in decay,
 You 'mind us of bright moments
 Which long have passed away;
 For gloomy Autumn shadows,
 'Tis not on nature's face
 Alone we find your presence,
 Alone your lines we trace.

For all our lives have shadows—
 We greet them day by day—
 Some are of short duration,
 While others longer stay.
 There is no week that passes
 But brings its shaded hours;
 God gives us not all sunshine,
 For better oft are showers.

There's scarce a month that passes
 But brings the tidings near,
 Some friend, by ties of friendship,
 Or kindred yet more dear,
 Has crossed the dim, cold valley—
 Gone to the "other shore"—
 And here on earth we'll meet them,
 Ah! never, nevermore!

Oh, withered Autumn trophies!
 We read from your decay
 The sad and solemn lesson—
 We, too, shall pass away:
 For we are frail and earthly,
 And be it far or nigh.

For us there'll come an Autumn,
 In which to fade and die.

But even as the flowers
 In Spring shall bloom once more,
 We, too, shall wake in gladness
 Beyond earth's fading shore.
 Our souls shall have their Spring-time
 Where joy will never end—
 A home of light in heaven—
 There all our hopes do tend.

No Autumn there shall cloud us
 With cold and weeping showers;
 No chilling frost shall wither
 The beauteous Summer flowers;
 But in God's holy sunshine
 All shadows will be o'er,
 And with the loved united,
 We'll bless God evermore.

EMILY L. SHERWOOD,

Daughter of Monroe Wells Lee, and Mary Dole Lee, was born in Madison, Indiana, March 28, 1839. Mr. Lee's people were from New Jersey, Mrs. Lee's from New England. Mrs. Sherwood's people were Universalists, and she was brought up under the influence of the faith in the salvation of all souls, and, consequently, never knew what it was to suffer in fear of the future. Her father's home was a haven of rest for the clergy of our church, in Indiana and Ohio. He was very social in his habits, was a great reader, sound thinker, and a fine talker; and those characteristics were transmitted to his daughter. Her mother was gentle and retiring, noted for her refinement and depth of feeling. Mrs. Sherwood's father died of cholera when she was about ten years old, and his death made so deep an impression that it ended her childhood. Up to that time she attended Mrs. Hunt's private school, which was very popular in Madison, but after her father's death she was sent to the public school. When she was in the second year of the

high school, the family moved to Indianapolis, Ind., where her brothers were engaged in publishing, with Rev. B. F. Foster and Rev. I. D. Williamson, the "Herald and Era." She was then fifteen years old, and never after regularly attended school again. After going to Indianapolis, she commenced working in the office of the "Herald and Era," and for a time had charge of the Youth's Department of the paper. She says: "I was launched upon the literary world by my mother, as Jenny Crayon, after which premature plunge I took to it of my own accord, and from love, being the thing in life which affords me most pleasure, whether it ever sees the light of the publisher's page or not."

Mrs. Sherwood has written many stories, none of which have been published in book form, but have been extremely interesting. She was a contributor to the "Indianapolis Journal," "Commercial" and "News," Santa Barbara (California) "Press" and Washington (D. C.) "Chronicle." And the papers to which she has contributed which promulgated the same precious faith as her own, have been "The Ladies' Repository," "Star in the West," "Christian Leader" and "THE STAR AND COVENANT."

Mrs. Sherwood was married to Henry Lee Sherwood, an attorney, in 1859. Her husband was an officer in the Union army; was a staff-officer of Col. White, of the 12th Ohio Regiment, Acting Brigadier, commanding the 2nd Brigade of West Virginia in Gen. Crook's division. They have been blessed with no children of their own by birth, but Mrs. Sherwood says: "We adopted one who disciplined us, and we him for twelve years."

In January, 1865, just before the inauguration of the lamented Lincoln, they settled in Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Sherwood says: "The scenes and events of the assassination of the good President are ineffaceable."

Mrs. Sherwood is a lively, spicily writer. I am glad to give the following as a sample:

LILACS.

"Walking into a beautiful room the other day, the sweetest odor of the Spring-time greeted us, and our eyes rested upon a pitcher full of lilaes. Lilacs were never meant to be gathered into bouquets; their masses of bloom never look so well anywhere else as in a pitcher; the older and quainter the

form the better, but a pitcher it must be. I never see such a thing of beauty set in such a vase but I also see this picture, the counterpart of an impression made upon my mind at so early a stage in life that I know not where to locate it.

“A little old house, steep-roofed and dormer-windowed, reddish-brown in hue, set in the midst of an old-fashioned garden, for there are none such to be seen now in a radius of many miles from the city. There is a low, square patch at the door in the middle of the front, a door set round with tiny panes of glass to light the spacious hall where the inmates sit in Summer to enjoy its cool drafts. There are roses, climbing vines, and woodbine sweet, all in a tangle over the porch, and close by a lilac, purple with its long bunches of bloom; and a little way off a shrub, dark in hue, but odorous; and on the other side a snowball, a round mass of greenish-white flowers not unlike a snowball; hence its name. The paths are bordered by *fleur de lis*—or, as the old lady who loves flowers and makes them objects of her peculiar care, who lives here, says, ‘flags,’ that wave their long leaves on either side of the way, and peonies make a background of color masses in red or white. There is an oval bed of tulips and jonquils and snowdrops and crocuses and violet borders—old-time pets of the florist, now out of date or superseded by ‘coleuses,’ ‘geraniums,’ ‘verbenas,’ and a host of other showy but scentless flowers.

“The old lady aforesaid walks, shears in hand, in the midst of her favorites, an old lady not afraid to own her age, but from her neat cap to the plain hem of her quaint dress she looks what she is—a lovely woman, no longer young, but the exponent of those graces which beautify and adorn old age as do other graces the dew of youth. This old lady knits little stockings for her grandchildren, sitting where she can enjoy the bright sunshine and her afternoon nap at ease in her great arm-chair.

“Living flowers and little children, and all fresh, young, growing life; nobody need dread her as a ‘mother-in-law,’ for on her tongue is the ‘law of kindness.’ Lovely vision of old-fashioned garden and beautiful old age that always comes up when I smell the lilacs!

“To a bee no flower is perfect that has not its cup of honey secreted in the root of the calyx, and it passes by with a buzz of scorn many a fragrant

blossom to alight with delight upon some odorless one, because of the drop of sweets at its heart; thus nature kindly distributes her favors, odors to one and sweets to another; and, like fortune, she hath her favorites, on whom she lavishes all she hath to give of beauty, sweetness, and fragrance, while to a few she takes away even while she gives more abundantly of one or another quality. All wild roses are delicious, with a fragrance peculiarly their own, and though less beautiful than when doubled by cultivation, they contain honey; but for every petal added by the florist something is lost of sweetness and odor, until the bee has to do without the honey and the florist has to inoculate the fragrance, and thus we have the flavor of 'teas' and other scents in our roses. But in the garden of our vision the old 'hundred-leaf roses,' blooming annually, furnish both fragrance and petals for 'rose-water' in unlimited supply. One of the strange freaks of nature in some parts of America, say New York State, the Spring violets are generally odorless, but the few Autumnal blooming ones are as sweet as the best English plants. I have gathered creamy white ones on sunny slopes as late as October in western New York.

"City and suburban gardens will always be more or less subject to the caprice and pruning of the landscape gardener; but nature will be as wilful in the future as in the past, and if we cannot enjoy an old-fashioned garden save in imagination at a sniff of lilac-scented air, we can seek her haunts and gather from her violet banks, and of her trailing arbutus, and her thousand lovely beauties not set down in the books, at our own sweet will, and thus keep young hearts if the grey hairs do come. Only the other day a gentleman said: 'I feel just like a boy these lovely Spring days, and would like to go rambling through the woods, peering into birds' nests, killing snakes, swimming in the 'deep holes' in the creeks, climbing trees to look into birds' nests, and other wild boyish antics, if I were not obliged to attend to this everlasting 'business,' which chains us men down until we get careworn and grey as rats, and stiff as old dray-horses, and too old to enjoy tramps by the time we have earned enough to take life comfortably.'

"My advice was, *be a boy* and drop 'cares,' or run away from them for a day and hunt, fish, or observe nature with a boy's zest and a man's intelligence; or, for that matter, let careworn women do the same. Nature's heart

is ever open to embrace and cheer with hope, health and happiness those who truly love her. Follow her up from the first violet she brings forth in the Springtime until she paints and flowers in Autumnal beauty, and has naught but bare boughs and aster stalks to tell what her life hath been."

JANE L. PATTERSON.

Jane Lippitt, daughter of Daniel Lippitt and Catharine Burch, was born in Otsego, N. Y., June 4, 1829. As a child, she was thoughtful and studious. To master whatever she undertook seems to have been an element of her nature. She never appeared in school with an unprepared or half-learned lesson. With her there was an early development of conscience. The least failure in any undertaking gave her keen anguish, and nerved her whole being to renewed purpose and endeavor.

Her father, a man of fine culture and remarkable intellectual power, united in his pursuits the work of farmer and teacher. He owned and cultivated land, and in Winter kept the district school. Jane early learned all the homely tasks of farm life. She could spin flax, tow and wool, and before she was twelve years old she made Summer clothes for a younger brother out of linen which she had helped to manufacture.

When in her tenth year, the family removed from New York to Pennsylvania, settling in Summit Township, Crawford County, a region comparatively new. Forests of immense trees covered more than half the farm. The houses of the neighborhood were built of logs, round or hewn, some of them firm and strong as a citadel. Coming from older places these houses looked uninviting. The strong and heroic mother yielded to a passion of homesick tears when she saw the rude shelter and its wild surroundings; but it was only for a moment. The sun shone, the young trees about the house blossomed, the garden grew in luxuriance, and hope, the normal state of her woman's heart, soon asserted itself. The children took delight in the new

scene. They hunted wintergreens and wild flowers; found where all the nut trees grew; and in the fresh life of field and forest, gathered a freshness and naturalness better than gold.

The "Log School-house on the Gore," which Jane has memorialized in one of her stories, "Willitts and I," furnished the neighborhood an intellectual center, and in Summer, when some faithful girl acted as teacher, or in Winter, when the old Professor graced the low room, there was enough to learn, and, always, either there or at home, the needed help for the earnest student.

When but twelve years old, a singular illness came with its arresting hand, and for three years the "Log School-house on the Gore" missed its studious and intense pupil. When she went again with regularity, it was in the capacity of teacher. She was then scarcely well, and the walk down and up the precipitous banks of Pine Run accelerated her heart-beats much beyond the healthy medium; but the school needed a teacher, and she, to whom work seemed as much a necessity as the song is to the bird, needed the school. The years of sickness had been marked seasons in her life. She had studied constantly when not wholly prostrated. Under the daily instruction of her competent father, her progress had been more rapid than if she had been a pupil in the best seminary; and the meditations of those weeks when confined to the bed, expecting at any time to face the great change, were perhaps the best preparation for her awaiting life. Naturally of a serious cast, given to thought on religious questions, making her earliest plays the meeting-house with its forms of worship, the presence of utter weakness and dependence forced upon her thought the dogmas of the old church, and made her sick-bed a place of mental torture. One day an aunt, who made her home with the family, and was interested and helpful, almost like a mother, sat reading the New Testament aloud in the room of the invalid. She read this passage in Timothy: "For we both labor and suffer reproach because we trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of them that believe."

"Is that in the Bible?" said Jane, and asked for a second reading.

She took the book and read it herself. Then she began, as her strength crept back a little, to read the whole Bible in course, that she might find for her-

self all its mighty promises. This habit she rigidly followed, until she had read it seven times. At the beginning of her inquiry she found a human helper. Two of the neighbors had come from New York, and had heard Fathers Ballou and Stacy, and were earnest and consistent Universalists, John Whiting and Benjamin Skiff. The Skiff and Lippitt families were very intimate. A friendship like that of David and Jonathan existed between Minor Skiff and Lorenzo Lippitt, a friendship early sealed for heaven. The young men were together at every interval of leisure, and always passed their Sundays in a fellowship closer than that of brothers.

Being at rest in the deep places of his own soul, Benjamin Skiff naturally felt anxious for his sick young neighbor, and in ways fatherly and heavenly kind, he helped to scatter the clouds that hung about her mental sky. He loaned her books—the “Life of Murray,” “Ballou’s Sermons,” an English treatise on Endless Punishment, and other works. These she read with the avidity of one famishing for the bread of life, and ere long she found the full and satisfying supply, and doubt of God and fear of his dispensations departed forever.

The first time she ever heard a Universalist sermon she walked for that purpose nearly three miles in a January thaw. She asked her father for a horse, intending to go on horseback, but the careful farmer said the going was too bad for the horses. She slipped into her room, put on her Sunday dress and a pair of stout boots, and defied the January thaw. She was light of foot, and knew all the cross-lot ways and dry places, and when she got to the school-house in Harmonsburg, tired and with heart all a-flutter, nobody would have known by her boots that she had walked anywhere but on the “highway cast up for the redeemed.” She heard in the morning Bushnell Fowler Hitchcock, a man of sainted memory; and in the afternoon Ammi Bond, one of the keenest minds our church has ever had. The privilege of the preached word was so great that she lost no opportunity, when her strength was equal to the distance; and when she was sixteen she kept the school in the Rundell neighborhood, where Mr. Hitchcock preached regularly once a month. Nearly every patron of the school was a Universalist. When she swept the house on Saturday afternoon, she knew she should see the faces of her children on this one precious Sunday, in company with their

parents, and older brothers and sisters who stayed at home in harvest-time, unless the day was too rainy to work in the field. In the Autumn of this year her father removed from Summit to this pleasant valley. The aunt, of whom I have spoken, had married and settled here, and it was an easy thing in those days to sell one farm and buy another, especially when the hearts of a family, so long associated as one, pleaded for the change that they might be near aunty; and Jane had ready a more emphatic plea—the monthly meeting in the school-house, where the people came from near and afar, and during intermission the young folks chatted in groups, and the men discussed the sermon, and the matrons sometimes their housekeeping. They were earnest men and women, full of neighborhood affections, intensified by their happy faith, and the meetings and the intermissions had their ministry in building the life.

The period of sowing seems to have been longer in the subject of this sketch than is common to those who have literary gifts. She took in germinal inspirations from those wonderful old forests which she loved to explore, from the babbling brook, from the quaint Pine Run Bridge, from field and flower and friend. She wrote but little until she was twenty years old. A few scraps of verse, which seem rather the groping of a soul after expression, than the promise of after fruitage, are all that have been preserved. About this time she began to send occasional poems and letters to "THE NEW COVENANT." She also published a few pieces in the "Trumpet" and the "Star." Samuel P. Skinner, editor of the "COVENANT," made favorable mention of her contributions and inserted everything which she sent. She was entering that awakening period when the school-keeping and the work of the home took on a transfiguring glory under the touch of love. It was a time of intense living, when every work of hand or brain springs into being with gracious ease, and the amount of productiveness during these years seems almost fabulous.

In the Summer of her twenty-second year she was married to Rev. Adoniram Judson Patterson, D.D., and went with him to the house of his mother, where they passed nearly two years. The parents of Mr. Patterson had dedicated him to the ministry from his birth, and his early education was directed with reference to this profession. But the death of his father ren-

dered it necessary that he gather up certain odds and ends of business, that his mother might be secured in an independent living, before he took up the work of his profession. The young wife lent a willing hand in these endeavors, and a sympathetic heart in every effort to get ready for the chosen calling. In the Spring of 1853 they went out together to build for themselves and the world. It was a wide and whitening field, that large area of Western Pennsylvania, with its lovely center in Girard, and the work was absorbing, and at times almost overwhelming. For two years and more the energies of their lives were poured out for this waiting people. Full of the faith and earnest in desire that the world might know the great salvation, Mrs. Patterson walked hand in hand with her husband, with interested counsel in all the sermons, with desire for the growth of minister and people in the faith and power of the gospel. Had the opportunity for woman which has since come, then swept the land, she would have been a minister. It was her highest love, and the fabric of her happiest dreams. Many a time in sleep she has told multitudes of the love of the good God, to awake and find she had been dreaming.

During the two years in Girard and the eleven years passed in Portsmouth, she gave but little to the press. An occasional poem or brief letter was all she essayed, and these only under irresistible movings of the spirit. She took sole care of her house, and did what she could to help the old and sick of the parish, and to fulfill the duty and the grace of hospitality. So entirely did she lose herself in these works that when a certain editor, who had been guest in her home, asked her for articles for his magazine, she professed to understand him as desiring a recipe for making bread, which she wrote out with great precision, and which he published.

The war shook her like a tree tempest-tossed. Her letters were voluminous. They were full of the spirit and passing events of the time. But she dropped even her journal during those years, and scarcely wrote a poem. On a certain evening, feeling great loneliness, she began a story of the times. On other lonely evenings she took up the theme, until she had written one hundred and fifty manuscript pages. Then other cares crowded it aside. The prizes of the series which was published while R. A. Ballou was agent of the Boston House, were pending. Mr. Ballou suggested to Mr. Patterson

that his wife write. There was yet a month before the close of the time when the manuscripts must be in. To finish the story already begun in so brief a time, with all the work of the home pending, seemed impossible. But there was no time to parley. It was at once decided that Mr. Patterson should get the dinners, and relieve his wife of all company during the forenoons, and she would try to finish the story in the time allotted. She found the stillest corner of the house, and went to work on Monday morning. She hung her watch before her, that she might not be tempted to dream over her sentences. She made from twenty-five to twenty-eight pages each forenoon for five days in the week, giving Saturday to domestic duties. After dinner she ransacked great files of the "Rebellion Record," that the dates of events might be entirely accurate, and sometimes, over-weary, slept. In three weeks the story was completed. On the fourth she copied the first one hundred and fifty pages, which were written on scraps of any sort, never thinking of the printer, and sent on her manuscript several days before the expiration of time. There are on record few equal feats of rapid writing. The committee were nearly a year reading the manuscripts, of which there were over thirty. The first prize was unanimously awarded to Mrs. Patterson's story. Competent judges are of the opinion that if "Victory" had been published as soon as it was written, and just at the close of the war, it would have circulated widely. As it was, the sale was largely within our own denomination, the outside world fearing a secular book with the Universalist stamp. As it was passing through the press, in the Spring of 1866, the agent of the house urged Mrs. Patterson to write a serial for the "Repository" which should illustrate the work of our faith in daily life. She had assisted him in editing the magazine during the Winter, and had written two short stories, "My Hero" and "Pine Run Bridge." She undertook the task of a long story with great reluctance, doubting her strength to accomplish it adequately. But the need of our church of books suitable for the Sunday-school, urged so eloquently by the agent, stimulated her endeavor, and she produced "Out of Sight," a story into which she wove much of her own vital life, in a truly conscientious desire to help the world. While it was passing through the "Repository" the house changed agents, and the story was never re-published in book form, according to the original intention.

The change of homes to Roxbury came about this time, and the sorrow of leaving old scenes, places and friends, and especially her beloved sister and her growing family, coupled with the overstrain in the work of brain and hands, brought on nervous prostration, which rendered her a semi-invalid for two or three years, and from which she has not yet wholly recovered. She is obliged to do her mental work in the forenoon, even the writing of a letter after dinner often causing great prostration. Her contributions of prose and verse to the "Ladies' Repository" while Mrs. Bingham edited the magazine, were as frequent as her strength would allow. The first time she ever saw this able and now translated woman, Mrs. Bingham called at her home on a rainy November night, in the Autumn of 1868. She had taken charge of the "Repository," and there was no straw of which bricks could be made. Mrs. Patterson had in hand a story of twenty pages or more, with which Mrs. Bingham was much pleased, and it appeared in the first number which she edited. After "Willitts and I," came "The Belle of the Prairie," "Over the Plains," "Which is Better," "The Romance of High Rocks," "My Lost Banker," and other prose articles and poems.

In January, 1879, Mrs. Patterson became one of the editors of the "Christian Leader," having exclusive charge of the "Home Department." By stipulation her work is chiefly that of selection. But she can not be contented to fill the page always with the thoughts of others, and when the spirit moves she writes a poem or a story. She gives untiring care to whatever work engages her, doing it to the best of her ability and strength. Friends outside our church have tried to enlist her in secular periodicals, assuring her that she could receive much greater compensation; but she is so consecrated a Universalist that she has never been tempted beyond denominational limits.

In the Summer of 1872, she traveled in the West with her sick husband, and was prostrated in St. Paul with malarious fever. Up to that time she had suffered greatly from diffidence, dreading to face strangers and never lifting her voice even in the conference room. Face to face with death, she became emancipated from herself. After passing under the cloud and through the sea, she forgot to care what the world might say of her or her work. When her husband, after their return, was again prostrated by illness, she

went at his urgent plea into his pulpit and conducted the Sunday service. The people, who knew how shrinking she had been in the past, were electrified at her appearance in this high place. After the service, which the people said was conducted as if she had "done it a thousand times," they gathered about her, and requested that she take the place of her husband whenever he needed the assistance of a minister, if she was able to do so. He was ill at repeated intervals until vacation, and she served in his stead several times. When his health became restored she kept her quiet home work and ways, unless some sick minister or needy church or institution called for her help.

Mrs. Patterson has always taken deep interest in our young ministers and in the young men fitting for the ministry. Many of the young men, while in college, have found in her house a home, and there are a good dozen of our young ministers who affectionately call her mother.

In the summer of 1878 Dr. Patterson visited Europe. As soon as the voyage was suggested, the Committee of the Roxbury parish asked that Mrs. Patterson supply the pulpit until his return. She cheerfully accepted the charge, not only preaching on Sunday and attending the Sunday-school and the week-day meetings, but visiting the sick, attending funerals, and answering every call for Christian help and sympathy. The work prospered in her hands. The congregation steadily increased, and some excellent families were added to the church, who have ever since been among its most effective workers. While in the pulpit she forgets everything but the absorbing and uplifting service, and has found her highest experiences while communing with God on this mount of vision. Her sermons are thoughtful and orderly, and yet they are prose poems. Each sermon is a lyric and, delivered in her faultless elocution, enlists the most rapt attention, and leaves an impression never to be forgotten.

A few years ago, a class in the Divinity School, some of whose members were frequently in her home, requested of her the favor of a poem on their Zetaganthean Anniversary. Rev. A. D. Mayo was the orator, and she wrote for the occasion a poem of marked power, entitled "The Divine Call."

Mrs. Patterson has done a good deal of literary work, and has done it well; and yet she scarcely thinks of herself as a literary character at all. She is eminently domestic. There is nothing in the management of her

home with which she is not particularly familiar. She has derived more satisfaction from the praises lavished upon her bread, than from all the good things she has heard concerning the productions of her pen. She has always extended a bountiful hospitality, and yet she presides in her home with so much ease and freedom as never to seem burdened by her cares. She is scrupulously careful in attending to all the little details of duty.

With no children of her own to educate, Mrs. Patterson has bestowed much careful attention upon the education of the young. Almost constantly for many years one or more young persons have been inmates of her home, while enjoying the training of the Boston schools, and her efforts in this direction will be felt as an influence for good, long after her pen is laid aside and her busy hand is still. For whatever she writes, she has a mother's affection. This comes not from vanity, for toward the weaker children of her brain it is like a mother's pity. She never calls her verses poems, and will not allow her friends to call her a poet. Still her friends believe that she has told some pleasant stories by her rhymes, and impressed some needed truths as well. I will append one or two as samples in closing my notice of this woman-worker, of whose life it may be justly said: "She hath done what she could," in love and honor for the church, which has done all for her, in giving her the everlasting faith, which has been, and is "an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast."

A SILVER WEDDING.

Just five-and-twenty years ago
While yet the earth was white with snow,
Nor even the robin's daring strain
Told that the Spring had come again,
Two human hearts forgot the cold.
Forgot the ice on stream and wold,
And full of sunny Summer weather
Tried building a new world together.

Of all fair things their world was made;
With precious stones its floor inlaid;
Its far horizon hung with stars,
Its roof a mass of rainbow bars.
While all the fragrant air between
Was laden with the golden sheen

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Of sunshine, and the brilliant hues
Of blossoms, born of honey-dews.

'Twas built and swung in ample space
That constellation's ranks to grace
Above the sweep of telescope
In the ethereal realm of hope;
Whose name, from dawn of mortal birth
The sweetest known in heaven or earth,
The dearest through eternal years —
God's name, Love's constellation bears.

This fair new world, its course begun
Around the attractive central sun
Revolved, in order fine and true,
And all the changing seasons knew
Which come to make the roses bloom
And win the happy song-birds home;
To ripen fruit and harvest sheaf
And gild the radiant Autumn leaf.

In calm and storm this happy pair
Who built Love's world so staunch and fair
Have kept its sunshine and its stars,
Its fragrant flowers and rainbow bars.
They are standing now amid the sheen
Of silver light which falls between
The ruddy morning's opening glow
And splendors which the sunsets know.

The West is like an open way
To mansions of eternal day,
Where Love's free course through eyes new,
In all sweet concord leal and true,
Shall keep its freight of bliss untold,
Increasing, as the age of gold
With warmer radiance clasps the sphere
Which Love's true wedlock builded here.

"GOD IS A SPIRIT."

Waiting a little down by the spring,
Weary with bearing the pitcher all day,
Backward and forward with patient wing
To the busy harvesters over the way,
Came there a vision so full of grace
That the weary traces forsook my face.

Back from the view of the present hour,
 Far away from the common scene,
 Girded with mountains, God's signs of power,
 A deep, still well in a rim of green;
 And weary with travel, and toil and care,
 My Lord and my Master resting there.

Near him a woman her pitcher bore;
 He pressed his lips to the cooling stone,
 And gladly drank of the welcome store,
 Humbly asking the gracious boon;
 While she with wonder akin to awe,
 Questioned the symbols of love she saw.

Jesus rested by Jacob's well;
 Oh, the bliss of his sympathy.
 How like a wave's o'er-mastering swell
 It lapped my soul in love's full sea,
 And made me glad of the smallest sign
 That I am his and he is mine!

Deeper and fuller than Jacob's well,
 Higher and stronger than Gerizim,
 The truth that the woman heard him tell,
 As she waiting listened and talked with him;
 And I, as it floated adown the air,
 Found new strength for my daily care,

Grateful voices singing of him
 Rose from the mint-grass round the spring,
 Soared aloft from the pitcher's rim,
 Swelled from the field of harvesting;
 "God is a Spirit," the full song said,
 And his field, the world, shall be harvested.

LUCY M. CREAMER

Is the daughter of Josiah and Mary Gore. At the time of her birth, March 27, 1842, they were living in Milford, Conn., but in her extreme youth they moved to New Haven, Conn., where in the public schools she received all the advantages ever given her for an education; but she was an apt pupil

and easily acquired and retained everything that was taught in the school. Once reading her lesson was sufficient to insure a glib recitation. After leaving school she became an omnivorous reader. She regrets reading the great number of novels devoured by her in her girlhood, but the fairy stories read in her youth give cheery and delightful memories to her in these later years, and have assisted her in her poetic fancies. She would advise the reading of Bible history and fairy stories to all young people.

Her mother very early in life became a member of the Presbyterian church, and in that creed the children were taught, although the father preferred the Episcopal church, and the children attended with him. The dark side of the Presbyterian catechism at times pervaded the spirit of Lucy, and her youthful heart was overcome with torturing sympathy for her family and friends. Very early in life she found that the jingling of rhymes was easy to her, but she took no especial care to make them, only "when it delighted her school-mates, and for compositions." Although she was a very happy child by nature, and the buoyancy of her spirits was enjoyed by all her friends, her rhymes always took a doleful turn, and the effect of the reading of them upon the school was lachrymose in the extreme. I greatly fear Miss Lucy, after seeing the effect a few times, made an extra effort to intensify the flow of tears.

Mrs. Creamer says: "I had a fun-loving nature, but I also had long hours of silent suffering. I was ever longing for some unattainable good. Nobody answered my questionings satisfactorily. I tried to learn the truth of the hereafter, but I was ever put off with replies that to me meant nothing, or else sent to the right-about, with the words, 'You are not old enough to understand these things.' In my despondent moods, my great dissatisfaction with myself, not being able to be as good as I really wished to be, gave me longings for death. To die and go up to heaven and see God on his great white throne, and Jesus standing by his side, showing him which the good people were, became an intensified desire. Dying in childhood seemed my only chance to hear the sweet and welcome words, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'" In one of these painfully despondent moods, practically thinking over in her consciousness the fact of her mother's prospect in the future life, she wrote the following:

THE DYING GIRL.

"Farewell, mother, I am going,
Going to leave this world of care,
And in heaven I hope to greet thee,
Hope to meet my mother there.

"Farewell, father, I am going,
Going to leave this world of sin,
But if you ever come to heaven
I hope the Lord will let you in!"

I do not quote this for its beautiful diction, or poetical worth, but to show how a little child of eight years can suffer when the character of God has been presented with its most winsome trait, Love, obscured. The first stanza shows that she was pretty sure of meeting her mother, who had believed in God's eternal vengeance; but about her father, who only attended the Episcopal church, and was not a member, and could not take into his great heart the doctrine of eternal retribution, she expresses fear.

Again she says: "I was taught to believe that we must give an account of every idle word, and on solemn investigation most of my words seemed idle."

When she was about fourteen, a series of revival meetings in the Methodist church near her was in progress. Many of her school friends attended and became interested. There first she heard the love of Jesus extolled and sung, until her heart caught the refrain, and she awoke to a new life. When they talked of hell the avenues of love to her heart would close; but when they spoke of the mighty tenderness the yearning Jesus has for our sick souls, it melted all obduracy, and she felt the delight of being loved by that great and tender heart. All at once a consciousness of some all-comforting power came over her feelings. She thought she was converted, and said so, and her heart was baptized with the love of God, and her tongue gave utterance to it in beautiful language. The gift of prayer, also, was hers, and her tender pleadings to the Savior to melt the hearts of the sinful, brought forth the loud "amens." A tempter came to her; the "amens" flattered her—only fourteen, remember—and she began to prepare, commit, her speeches and prayers, and then a feeling of condemnation came over her that she had not left God to speak through her heart. She became distressed at what she had

done, and dreamed one night that she died and went before God, and the only thing that he condemned her for was for joining the Methodist church, when she did not believe in its doctrines. He pronounced her a hypocrite, and sent her to the lowest hell for that! She writes: "The dream made such an impression upon me, that I could neither speak nor pray in public for years, and I made up my mind that if I must go to hell I would not go for being a hypocrite."

After a while she returned to the Episcopal church, and was quietly confirmed, believing that there she could find perfect rest. But she soon found that there were some parts of the liturgy she could not repeat, and immediately she set to work reading to learn the truth.

In 1865 she was married to Charles N. Creamer, of New York, who was to her a most kind and generous husband for eleven years; at the end of that time she had the sorrow of seeing him suddenly lose his reason, and on the 4th of June, 1878, just two years from the first manifestation of the disease, he died of brain fever.

It was in 1869, when this great sorrow-cloud was upon her heart, that she heard that Rev. P. A. Hanaford was to preach in town. With others she discussed the propriety of hearing a woman preach, but they decided to go. And Mrs. Creamer says:

"She had a sweet face and a pleasing manner, but above all her attractions was the fact that for the first time in my life I heard my own thoughts voiced. And it was as if I had stood up myself, and told truly and faithfully what seemed to me true about life and death and God; and I further thought and said, 'If this is Universalism, then I am a Universalist.' I did not make haste. Sunday after Sunday I listened to her, until the time came when I felt impelled to avow my circumstances, and ask these people if they would let me come and work among them. I united with the church, Mrs. Hanaford giving me the right hand of fellowship. I can not tell to you the sense of freedom that came to me with this new experience. All the weight of doubt and protest at the inconsistencies of God's goodness and justice, Jesus' supremacy in wisdom and sacrifice, floated away as mist rises from a mountain-top, and the underlying principles of eternal love and mercy, infinite wisdom that shapes all things to their end, and divine justice that will not allow

one jot or tittle of law to be transgressed by so much as a hair's breadth, became apparent, as the daylight of unhidden thought shone upon them."

Mrs. Creamer became a very efficient Sunday-school teacher, and retained one class of girls for five years. Her watchfulness and anxiety through the illness of her husband somewhat undermined her health. She read medicine for some time through the advice of Mrs. D. S. Connor, M. D., and then graduated at the New Haven Training School for Nurses, and remained there until she accepted the superintendency of the House of Mercy, Pittsfield Hospital, Mass.

Although Mrs. Creamer has had great trouble, and experienced much suffering, since she heard Mrs. Hanaford preach her beautiful faith, her convictions have been since then, that God's goodness can not fail, however the clouds may disguise it. And from that time on, she says: "I have felt songs growing up in my soul, and larger usefulness opening out before me, and I have sung my songs and done my work with a happy heart."

The following are selected from her poems:

UNAVAILING.

One day up toward a shelving shore,
A careless wave at flood-tide crept;
Laughing and rippling more and more,
As near and nearer the waiting shore,
With dance and glitter and sparkle, it swept.

At last with a touch like a kiss,
The shore and the little wave met;
Then the wave leapt back to the ocean's breast,
With a pain in her heart, and a strange unrest,
And the rugged shore as with tears was wet.

Oh, fain would the bright little wave
Have lingered to sport with the shore.
With glitter and sparkle to sue it;
With low happy murmurs to woo it,
And play in delight at its side evermore.

But the little wave sobs and sighs
For the shore that is kissed and left,
And though hidden deep in the ocean's breast,
It never, no never'll be quite at rest,
And the shore is sad of its smile bereft.

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

While echoing still that stifled moan,
 Is ever heard by the patient shore
 That surf-beaten, storm-lashed, or still and lone,
 Still listens for one low murmuring tone,
 And waits the return of the wave evermore.

 TO-DAY,

Now is the fulness of the perfect season;
 This is the day that holds all days in one,
 The present hour enfolds both faith and reason
 In its embrace, and claims a victory won.

The ache of hearts to-day is spent in healing,
 The joy of life increases with its sway,
 And Time that hitherto seemed void of feeling,
 Is throbbing like a human pulse to-day.

The life that wraps the earth, a crimson ocean,
 With ebb and flow laps it on every side,
 And surges with an ever restless motion,
 Claiming its own, to with its own abide.

Each noble deed to-day bears on its bosom,
 Was yesterday a yearning in some breast,
 Responding to the longing for a fusion,
 That good for good somewhere in life possessed.

To-day has clouds, but who would miss the wonder?
 The sunshine colors them with golden light.
 To-day has storms; the sunshine and the thunder
 Awakes the power of thought by ear or sight.

To-day, to-day, the gladdening earth rejoices,
 Her life drinks deeper of the crimson flood,
 And what was ill in yesterday all voices
 Within her soul, declare to-day proves good.

That hearts have ached must ache e'er reason teaches
 The lessons of the best, the highest skill;
 To-day has learned, and in her turn she preaches
 A quick submission to a Mighty Will.

A glorious Past sends all its rays to brighten
 The golden splendor of its peerless shine,
 And the fair Sun of Righteousness shall brighten
 From East to West with Reason's light divine.

WHAT IS DEATH ?

What's Death?

'Tis but the folding of the hands in sleep,
 After a day of labor or of strife,
 To be awakened by the gleams of dawn,
 The golden dawn of an eternal life.

What's Death?

'Tis but the flitting of a Summer cloud
 That darkens for a moment life's bright sky,
 That washes out the stains of earth and time,
 That leaves the soul refreshed, and passes by.

What's death ?

'Tis but the laying down of care and pain,
 To work and weary not in fields more fair,
 To know that here we did not love in vain,
 For Love's great heart itself receives us there.

CYNTHIA OLDS HATHAWAY,

Who has gone up into the light of the eternal morning, was born in Brimfield, Mass., February 23, 1820. As a child she was very diffident and retiring, but as she grew into womanhood her shyness was a becoming reserve, and all through life she had the bearing of a quiet, dignified woman. She was married to Mr. P. M. Hathaway, in the Universalist church at Warren, Mass., April 18, 1847, by Rev. J. H. Moore. She has been a contributor to our papers and periodicals for many years. "The Universalist," now "Christian Leader," and "Ladies' Repository," were her favorite mediums, through which to express her thoughts. She was very modest in regard to her talents as a writer, and seldom sent anything for publication without consulting her husband, although she was superior to him in literary ability. Some of her prose articles, which attracted attention, were "The Minister's Calling," and "Our Relation to God." The latter was highly commended by G. H. Emerson, D.D., the able editor and fine critic. From among her poems, perhaps "The Prodigal Son," "Just Out of Sight," and "Reunion" would be consider-

ed superior. "Under the Oleander" I take pleasure in presenting, as it was a favorite of her own. It was an inspiration from a veritable circumstance:

UNDER THE OLEANDER.

Within my humble, quiet room.

A tall, green oleander flings
The perfume of its clustered bloom,
Abroad on many viewless wings.

And every day a little child
In long-sleeved tire and Quaker hood,
Trips gaily in with aspect mild,
To share my fragrant solitude.

A little girl whose four swift years,
Like diamonds gleam upon her brow,
More smiles are hers, and fewer tears,
Than often childhood's days endow.

Beneath the oleander tree,
She takes her wonted seat the while,
And now her talk flows fast and free,
While I reply by word or smile.

Anon I call her roving thought
To the bright flowers above her head,
Not to instruct, but to be taught
By what in childish lore is said,

And still I wonder more and more,
At her quaint sayings, wisdom-fraught
As oft I stand rebuked, before
The subtler beauty of her thought.

We speak of that Almighty power,
That from the dark repulsive earth,
Brings forth the green leaf and the flower,
And gives to all their timely birth.

And now we pass to God's sweet love,
His watchful and o'ershadowing care,
That guardeth all, below, above,
The little child and floweret fair.

And then she says with lispings word,
Her shining eyes with love a-light,
"He is so good, I love the Lord,
I do! I told Him so last night."

Mrs. Hathaway died in Brookfield, Mass., March 28, 1879, and was buried from the church in which she was married thirty-four years previously.

In my correspondence with Mr. Hathaway, he says: "I am glad to have an opportunity to speak of the dear departed, for she was amiability personified, and often my lips repeat the words of Mrs. Hemans:

"O! while with me she lived,
Would I had loved her more!"

HELEN L. WEAVER.

Helen Lane was the daughter of Epes and Mary Lane, and was born in Lanesville, Mass. (now a part of Gloucester), October 26, 1836. In childhood she showed great love for books and aptness to learn. She made teaching her chosen vocation, and completed her preparation for it at the Salem Normal School, where she graduated among the first in her class, though among the youngest in age. She at once entered upon the work she was so well fitted for, and in it achieved success. While teaching in Chelsea she became acquainted with Professor Lewis B. Monroe, afterward Dean of the Boston University School of Oratory, and then just rising into notice by his system of vocal culture. She at once joined his classes and soon showed such development of oratorical powers that the pupil almost rivaled the teacher. Rev. C. H. Leonard, D.D., (Professor in Tufts Divinity School) was her most loved minister, from whose sermons she received her deepest religious impressions, and of whose church she became an active and efficient member.

She was married November 1, 1862, to Rev. A. J. Weaver, pastor of the Universalist church in Fitchburg, Mass. She resided here scarcely two years when her husband's health failing he sought relief by an overland trip to the Pacific coast. She soon followed by steamer, and for nearly three years was

head assistant in the Washington street Grammar School in San Francisco. They then both returned east, and her husband accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the new Universalist church in Biddeford, Maine.

It was during their residence here that Mrs. Weaver mainly gained her reputation as a public reader. She read from the pure love of it. It was her native element. She read as the birds fly, because it was born in her, and to her there was a charm about it that enraptured her, and flooded her with delight. Like music or painting or oratory, it was a gift, a great gift, which was made more perfect and effective by a long course of vocal training. In the gratification of this gift lay the sweetness of her existence.

Mrs. Weaver, for the last five years of her life, lived in Las Animas, Col., where her husband's health made it necessary for them to reside. She was East among her friends on a visit, when after a few days' severe illness she passed away, Aug. 25, 1879—42 years old. Her departure from earth was so striking and beautiful that its like is seldom seen. It was supposed and announced by the physicians that she would recover. One morning on awakening she called her sister (at whose house she was sick) to her room, and said: "Last night it came to me that I can not get well, but that I shall die to-morrow. I wish you to send a telegram at once to that effect, to my husband in Colorado, and to my father and mother."

She then called for paper, and wrote a long letter to her husband, bidding him good bye, and saying she would wait for him on the other side. She wrote two more to absent friends. She then distributed her articles of adornment to her friends. She called for paper and made out full arrangements for the services at her funeral. She then sent for the minister whom she wished to attend and gave him the order of service which she had prepared, specifying the selections of Scripture and hymns. Her mind was calm and clear. In her letter to her husband, she said: "I have already begun to die. My feet are even now cold, and the chill of death is stealing toward my vitals. What I say I must say quickly."

She was constantly conversing of the other world and of those who had gone before her and were waiting to welcome her. Indeed, for a whole day before the close she did not seem to be in either world wholly, but rather to vibrate between the two, having a hold on earth with her senses but touching

the heavenly world with her spiritual nature. Longfellow's beautiful poem, beginning, "There is no death! What seems so is transition," was constantly on her lips; what work she would do, what friends meet, and what enjoyments possess in the future world, were the topics of her conversation. Such a thing as doubt did not seem to occur to her. She had a friend, Mrs. S., in Colorado, who had just lost her young babe, and she said: "Tell Mrs. S. I will try and find her babe, and will take care of it for her till she comes."

Said her sister, afterward, in describing her death: "All the beautiful things the minister said at the funeral sounded to me stale, after listening to Helen for three days." As the hour approached about which it had "come to her" that she should die, she called the family and friends about the bed, took each one by the hand and said good bye, and then closing her eyes, she was gone. An appropriate end for a noble life.

The "Leader," of Las Animas, Col.,—her home—said: "In the death of this estimable lady, the loss not only to her husband, but to the entire community, is simply irreparable. Society sought her on every hand for her genial manners, appreciation of the beautiful, and her rare accomplishment as a reader."

LUCY S. SMITH.

This particularly bright, intelligent woman, was the daughter of Samuel and Eunice Deming Stillman, and was born in Whitestown, Oneida Co., N. Y., July 11, 1792. She was married to Rev. Stephen R. Smith, March 27, 1821. She has lived in widowhood since February 17, 1850. She is the mother of ten children, five of whom are living. Mrs. Smith was a rare woman in her day. A day with the Smiths was something to be looked forward to with great pleasure by the clergy and scholars generally. Her conversation sparkled with wit; she was quick at repartee, and sometimes indulged in a sarcasm.

The following is from her son, Junius S. Smith, of Buffalo, N. Y., to whom I wrote for information:

"Yours received some days since. The answer I have delayed in order to talk it over with mother and my sisters, yesterday being mother's eighty-ninth birthday. She sees very well, reads a great deal for a person of her age, knits and enjoys work of that kind, and greatly enjoys the visits of her friends, although her hearing for the past two or three years has been a little dull. She occasionally takes a ride for an hour or two, but of course does not walk any considerable distance; is still the center of the household. She has never done, so far as I know, much literary work, and has no desire for notoriety in any form."

The following is from Rev. A. B. Grosh, who knew well and appreciated this most interesting woman.

"The following incident may serve to show the quiet manner and ready wit, as well as the humanity and good common sense of this amiable and excellent woman, who yet survives in her home in Buffalo, N. Y., at an advanced age—a mother in Israel' indeed.

"A party of lay and ministering brethren, from their various neighborhoods, had gathered in the parlor of Bro. S. R. Smith, in Clinton, N. Y. They were waiting for dinner, that, in company with their host, they might immediately after start for their common destination, to attend an association or conference the next day. The weather was dark and lowering, with occasional showers, and the roads were very muddy. The distance to be traveled rendered an early start desirable that their ride might be ended before nightfall. But knowing the promptitude of 'the gude wife' in all her household ways, they waited in serene confidence, as they gathered into small groups, and beguiled the time between glances at the dark clouds above and the drenched earth beneath, with the cordial chat which enlivened such occasional meetings of the brethren of the olden time. Among the guests were Rev. Geo. Messenger, then just entering our ministry, and Rev. John Samuel Thompson, a late Irish convert from the Methodists—the former unassuming, diffident, even shrinking in humility before assuming pretension; and the latter, pompous, boastful of his superior learning and ability, and inclined to lord it over any who would admit his arrogant pretensions.

Bro. Thompson soon found a desirable listener in Bro. Messenger, who had seated himself in a distant corner of the room, and opened conversation on his favorite topics—his great erudition and wonderful attainments, and the consequent advancement at which he would enter the spirit world before more ignorant and less cultured souls, and the greater glory which would be awarded him there! Poor Bro. Messenger shrunk more and more within himself, before the towering form, as the ponderous sentences of ‘great swelling words of vanity’ rolled forth; and as he shrunk in silent but visible diffidence, the boaster’s tones grew more loud, and his bearing more lordly.

“Just then Bro. Smith glanced around the room, and saw Mrs. Smith seated at a table, seemingly so engrossed in reading a book as to be utterly oblivious of preparing dinner, and the greatly needed haste in starting on the journey! Surprised—even startled at the unexpected and unwelcome sight, he spoke so earnestly as to attract the attention of the whole company—‘Why, Lucy! do you not know how far we have to ride in these bad roads before night, and the necessity of an early dinner, that we may start early?’

“Smilingly closing the book, she calmly replied with an unmistakable look and emphasis, ‘Yes, I know all that; but if, as Mr. Thompson says, we are to be advanced above others in glory and happiness in the next world, according to our knowledge and acquirements in this life, I thought somebody else might get our dinners, and I would spend the time in acquiring knowledge, so as to share in his great superiority over others in the world to come.’ Curtesying gracefully, she left the room. The company smiled, and some even laughed in appreciation of this palpable application of the Apostle’s, ‘What have we that we have not received?’ and the Savior’s ‘When ye have done all that is commanded, say, We are unprofitable servants.’ But the poor self-glorifier (his arguments wilted before her keen and polished wit, and his pretensions punctured by her sharp though humorous rebuke), stood gulping down his wrath and embarrassment, wondering what had so stung and discomfited him!

“The above anecdote, in substance, I had from Bro. S. R. Smith himself, many years, if not more than half a century ago, and related in the very room where the events took place.”

Rev. L. C. Browne said recently in the “Christian Leader”

“Several of the widows of our deceased clergymen reside in Western New York. Always foremost among these we have in mind is Mrs. Stephen R. Smith—‘Aunt Lucy.’ Her home is in Buffalo, where she lives in comfort and is approaching the age of fourscore and ten. Few women we have ever known have been endowed with such strength and fortitude and motherly patience and prudence. No minister's wife of our order in this State has set so many meals for travelling ministers; and none with so moderate revenues. When the State Convention was fixed at Utica there have been, we think, no fewer than forty ministerial guests at the old parsonage in Clinton within the space of two weeks.”

EMELINE C. TOMLINSON.

Mrs. Tomlinson is such a woman as the poet had in his mind when he spoke of one whose days were

“Bound each to each, in natural piety,”

and yet as

“Not too good
for human nature's daily food.”

Cheerful in disposition, sunny in temperament, vivacious in manner, bright and witty in conversation, with a constant set of immovable purposes in behalf of her religious and moral convictions, and yet with no domestic duty neglected, and no social obligation unfulfilled, she might well be put forward as a product of that religious faith which she prizes above all else. She has done much for it, but it has done far more for her than she can ever do for it.

Mrs. Tomlinson first opened her eyes upon this bright world May 20, 1831. She was peculiarly fortunate in being well born. At that time very little attention was paid to the laws of heredity, but no taint of blood, no unbridled passion or unholy appetites were transmitted from either parent. The home where her young life was passed was on a farm in Perinton,



EMELINE C. TOMLINSON.



Monroe Co., N. Y., just east of the city of Rochester. Here she developed naturally and healthfully, perhaps a little spoiled by an only and older sister and brother, who contended for the care of the baby of the household.

At eight years of age her father rented his beautiful farm and removed to Geneseo, Livingston Co., where there was a flourishing academy, in order that his children might have an opportunity to obtain a thorough education. For in those days the public schools were not what they now are, and there was no good school nearer than Rochester. The son was sent there awhile, but when the two daughters had outgrown the district school, the father determined to remove where his children could board at home and have the advantages of a thorough education. He was led to do this from the fact that he had been deprived of that great privilege. He remained three years at Geneseo at a great pecuniary loss, then returned to his own home.

Amy, the older daughter, was at an age when she could improve these great opportunities, but Emeline was only eleven when they returned to the old home. Therefore the next Summer she was sent to Rochester where she attended one of the public schools, and where she made wonderful progress in her studies. Afterward she attended six months at an academy near her father's. Mrs. Tomlinson, in speaking of what she did after her academic labors, remarks, "I taught the young idea of the neighboring village target practice one season." In the Fall of 1849 she went to Albany to attend the State Normal School. She was then but seventeen. Her acquirements were such that she graduated in one year, although it required severe study to accomplish it. Study was no task; she was never so happy as when in school, and she has told me that the saddest day she had ever known was that on which she received her diploma, and felt that her school days were over. She says, "There were no colleges at that time open to women, and I felt that I had only sipped at the fount of learning." She further says, "A feeling almost of indignation took possession of me at the injustice shown to my sex, nor have I ever ceased to feel that I was defrauded of my divine right."

After six months spent at home she took the school in her own district to teach for one year. But at the end of four months, Sept. 10, 1850, she was married to Rev. D. C. Tomlinson, and removed to Newark, Wayne Co., where Mr. Tomlinson had already been settled as pastor one year. She

entered with her whole soul into the work of the church, for she had always loved it. Mrs. Tomlinson says, "I was a birthright Universalist, both my parents being zealous advocates of our glorious faith, both having been converted from old-school Presbyterianism." Her father said to a clergyman, "There is one member of my family who is alwas ready to attend church, nor am I ever obliged to wait for even the tying of her bonnet strings." Mrs. Tomlinson's love of church-going has increased from that time on to the present. From girlhood she has been a teacher in the Sunday-school, and in her younger days a member of the choir. Mr. Tomlinson jocosely told me one day that he thought Mrs. Tomlinson fell in love with his profession quite as much as with him. Her duties as a minister's wife, although arduous, were never irksome, and in every parish where they resided she found her duties labors of love.

At the General Convention in Buffalo, in 1869, she and her husband were among the first to suggest that Universalist women should organize into an association to help secure the Murray Fund. Mr. Tomlinson always referred with pride to the fact that he gave the first notice to call the ladies together who were afterwards the organizers of our great and noble Association. Mrs. Tomlinson called the meeting to order, and was nominated to preside at the first meeting, but declined in favor of Mrs. J. M. Whitcomb, M. D. Mrs. Tomlinson was elected Secretary *pro tem.*, and at the permanent organization was elected Recording Secretary. This office, at that time, involved a great amount of labor, and was filled by her until the Grand Centennial gathering at Gloucester, when she resigned it to take charge of a little daughter born one month previous. The officers of the Association appreciate, as no one else can, the amount of labor performed by Mrs. Tomlinson, Secretary, and Mrs. Adams, Treasurer of the Association.

In May, 1872, Mr. Tomlinson accepted the position of Financial Secretary of Buchtel College, Ohio, and the following October the family removed to Akron, Ohio.

In the Spring of 1874, the great temperance movement, known as the Crusade, was inaugurated. From the first, Mrs. Tomlinson felt a divine call to this work, and enough of her father's spirit pervaded her soul to forbid

her being "disobedient to the heavenly vision." Wherever duty calls, she is true to that high behest; and at this time she buckled on the armor for life, feeling that it was not a battle that could be fought in a day, but was a warfare against principalities and powers, against wickedness in high places, which would require time—years perchance—to win the victory. And she labored as though she never admitted a doubt that the right would prevail. From the first she took an active part, leading a band the first day the ladies went on the street. When the women organized for permanent effort, she was elected first Vice-President, which office she filled while she resided in Akron, six years. When the street work was discontinued, the subject of a Friendly Inn was discussed in which Mrs. T. took the deepest interest. The idea finally crystallized into a comfortable inn with reading and dining room on the first floor and assembly room above, which was used for prayer-meetings and business. Here, too, the Dorcas Society met, a benevolent organization composed of ladies from all the churches, and designed to aid the city poor. It was a union society; so also were the temperance workers, a union of earnest women, therefore the Friendly Inn was called "The Union." The first three years Mrs. Tomlinson was Secretary of the Dorcas Society. She was then elected President, which position she held until her removal from Akron, three years longer. Before she left Akron for their home in Chicago—her husband having assumed the State Superintendency of Illinois—her co-workers gave her a public farewell reception, expressing the deepest regret at losing her from their midst. Perhaps the most prominent trait in Mrs. T.'s character is her hopefulness. She never loses faith in the final triumph of good over evil, and consequently labors with a courage that knows no defeat.

At the same time she worked for the church, being President of the Ladies' Social Aid Society several years, and always holding some office that called out her energies.

During three years of the eight that she lived in Akron, she was on the Examining Committee of the College, and every term found her at the College, listening to the recitations.

With all Mrs. Tomlinson's duties and outside cares, she yet found time

to write some things for publication. At all public meetings in the temperance cause, she was called upon to furnish a paper on some topic, and never failed to respond.

Her first published article was written about fifteen years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson have always been very hospitable, and consequently their home has always been a "Zion's Hotel," as one of their friends christened it. Of course, they have often been imposed upon by the ministerial tramp. After long suffering from that class of ministers, who enter a home only to revolutionize all its domestic arrangements, requiring a separate bill-of-fare, a change of the bed, etc., Mrs. Tomlinson wrote an article for the "Christian Leader," entitled "Clerical Bores." It was written in a style that attracted much attention, and there was quite a fluttering in the ministerial ranks. Mrs. T. has positive convictions on every subject pertaining to the welfare of humanity; especially is she deeply interested in the advancement of her own sex. She claims for them *equal rights*, educationally, politically and socially. Aside from the subject of temperance, her pen has been used in the interests of women. An article written for the "Woman's Journal," of Boston, and largely copied into other papers, was entitled "Natural Protectors." She does not attempt sermons or essays, but writes in an off-hand, dashing style, seeking to show the absurdity of a thing by good-natured sarcasm and ridicule. We quote from the article mentioned as an illustration of her style:

"It has been said from time immemorial that man is woman's natural protector. Let us investigate this subject, and discover the facts in the case. We will go back to first principles and see how it was with the first man and first woman. When Adam and Eve both sinned, and the Lord called them to account, did this champion of woman, this 'natural protector,' come boldly forward, acknowledge his transgression, and shield the 'weaker vessel?' What says the record? 'And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him: 'Where art thou?' And he said: 'I heard thy voice in the garden and was afraid.' Brave spirit! And the Lord said: 'Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thou shouldst not eat?' And the man said: 'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.' A manly reply. Lovely protection, indeed! And this

precedent, thus early established, has been faithfully followed by the sons of Adam, toward the daughters of Eve, ever since."

In a paper, called "Tracts and their Distribution," read before the Ohio State Convention of Universalists, she thus discourses:

"The subject of tracts has not been an attractive one. The methods of their distribution in former times tended to disgust many, who might otherwise have been benefited. Colporteurs, with a funereal air, and tall, gaunt females, with a chief-mourner expression, armed with tracts, on such subjects as 'An Angry God,' 'An Endless Hell,' and 'The Sinner's Doom,' would enter our homes and after thrusting them in our faces, offer to pray with us. If they had sung at the close, 'My thoughts on awful subjects roll, damnation and the dead,' or 'Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,' it would have been in perfect harmony. But the world moves, and the American Tract Society with it." After this playful introduction followed an exhaustive treatise on the subject, and closing with this earnest plea:

"Let us then send these little missionaries through the length and breadth of our land. Let us sow broadcast this precious seed. The birds of the air will carry it, the winds of heaven waft it. We may not know where it will lodge, or measure the harvest of sheaves, but let us

'Learn to labor and to wait.'

But with all Mrs. Tomlinson's outside cares, she has never neglected her home. That has ever been her first thought. "I do not claim any brilliant gifts, any remarkable talents," we once heard her exclaim, "but I do think I have a genius for making a home." In proof of this the home was always made so pleasant that her husband and sons have never been tempted to leave it for other attractions, but have ever found it to be "Sweet, sweet home."

Dr. Hanson who has had a close acquaintance with the family, says:

"The home which this good woman always made so attractive, not only to her family, but to all sojourners, has been blessed by two sons, young men of promise, both of whom were graduated at Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, in 1880, and a sweet daughter, Mary, but alas, it was suddenly darkened while this little sketch was being written, by the death of him to whom it was always an ante-room of Heaven. Rev. De Witt Clinton Tomlinson was one

of the most genial of men, and one of the most consecrated of ministers. He was engaged as Superintendent of Churches in Illinois, and had performed an important service at a great grove meeting in Wedron, Ill., Sunday, July 24, 1881, when he was suddenly attacked by congestion of the liver, and died on Wednesday following, aged 57 years. Mrs. Tomlinson was absent in Colorado, seeking relief from a severe pulmonary attack. His remains now repose in Hudson, Mich. He was one of the most excellent of men, and had wrought a great and good work for his church, for humanity, and for God. While all were fearing declining health for the subject of this sketch, the strong man, the picture of manly vigor and health, was taken from the children, who loved, and the wife, who idolized him. But the bereaved widow does not mourn as those who have no hope. She exemplifies her precious faith by Christian resignation; and the spirit she exhibits, and that sustains her, is embodied in the poet's lines:

"With patient heart thy course of duty run.
 God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
 But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see
 The end of all he does as well as he."

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH

Is a descendant of Dr. Uriah Oakes, one of the early Presidents of Harvard College, and of Thomas Prince, a direct descendant of John Prince, who was ordained colleague of Rev. Dr. Joseph Sewell, of the Old South Church, Boston, and continued in that church for forty years. David Prince (Elizabeth's father) married Sophia Blanchard, whose ancestors can be traced to the Huguenot exiles from France. Elizabeth was born in 1806, and named for her grandmother Oakes.

From her mother Elizabeth seemed to inherit a dash of French courtesy, and when I heard her lecture thirty years ago, from her graceful, dignified and refined manner, it would be very easy (if such honor had ever been con-

ferred upon woman) to believe that she had kneeling received a blow from the sword of the "honor-giving hand of Cœur-de-Leon."

Elizabeth Oakes Prince was married in 1823, to Seba Smith, the well-known author, journalist, poet, humorist, and distinguished mathematician, and author of "Jack Downing's Letters," whom she aided in his journalistic enterprises.

In 1839, in an attempt to speculate in land, Mr. Smith risked and lost all his property. Soon after the family removed to New York. The loss of the property did not influence Mrs. Smith's friends to turn the cold shoulder. She was admired for her talents, charming personal attractions, and the bravery she exhibited after her husband's misfortunes. She assumed the burthen of the day, and was happy. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Pitt Fessenden, with their families, were among her warmest friends, attracted by her wealth of mind and soul; and they enjoyed her and her husband no less after than before the sordid dollars took their flight. That child of genius, John Neal, who was the first, even before Lucretia Mott, to advocate in public woman suffrage, fully sympathized with Mrs. Smith, and she received his cordial endorsement to earn her bread by speaking the truths which to her seemed divine. And she writes me that she was born with "a sense of the equality of the sexes," and had a desire to present her arguments whether remuneration came or not. She was the first woman admitted into the lyceum as a popular lecturer. She spoke on "Woman's Rights" and other topics until the civil war broke up the lyceums of the country. She always delighted her audiences, whatever the subject, with the fine fancies she wove into her lectures.

A sketch of Mrs. Smith's life, with an accompanying portrait, was written more than twenty years ago by George Ripley. He says, "Her head is large, almost massive, and fully developed in each of the cardinal regions, especially developed in Ideality, Causality, Mirthfulness, Conscientiousness and Benevolence. No phrenologist would hesitate to ascribe to her an unusual share of justice and philanthropy, as actuating and controlling motives of action. Hence the reformatory vein which runs through her writings.

"Mrs. Smith has a distinguished personal appearance. She is somewhat above the common stature, of full symmetrical proportions, but with no lack

of feminine delicacy and grace; with dark 'presaging eyes,' kindled with the latent fire of contemplation and rapt musings; rich brown hair, whose massive folds give softness to her classically chiselèd features; and a general expression of countenance which combines intellectual energy with tender feeling. As a specimen of womanly beauty in the maturity of its charms, she is a favorite subject with artists, who have in vain attempted to copy with the pencil the living expression which gives character to her features. As a lecturer she owes much to the grace and dignity of her manner, as well as to the justness and importance of her thoughts. She speaks from written notes, though with the freedom and facility of extemporaneous discourse. Her style is carefully elaborated, abounding with piquant historical illustrations, and embellished with the appropriate ornaments that are naturally suggested to a poetical mind. Without being an orator in the usual sense of the term as implying the command of artificial rhetoric, her elocution is graceful and impressive, her bearing is singularly self-possessed, the few gestures which she employs are always significant, her intonations are informed by thought and glow with electric feeling, showing that woman's lips are the fit medium for the highest ideas, and that 'truths divine come mended from her tongue.' In her lectures, as in her writings, she has ever displayed the inspiration of the loftiest sentiments; no truckling to vulgar prejudices has vitiated the purity of her eloquence; always loyal to humanity, to faith in progress, and to the hope of the kingdom of heaven on earth, she has pleaded for divine ideas in a womanly spirit, sustained by an unflinching trust in the natural trinity of Goodness, Beauty and Truth."

Mrs. Smith wrote and published little poems and stories when she was six years old. When I wrote her about it she replied, "I was no more precocious than my playmates, only more observing, and more pestering with my questions. When quite a babe I wanted to know the whys and wherefores of everything." And she referred me to her autobiography in the "Phrenological Journal."

She received her baptism of Universalism from her grandfather Blanchard, who was an intelligent believer and a conscientious advocate of it in the days of its odium. The following shows what an unwise doctrine the old-fashioned theology was.

“I learned very early to doubt the opinions of others. The old Pilgrim theology, when I was no more than half a dozen years, gave me a sense of horror. That little children should be such terrible creatures—‘in hell only a span long’—born with nothing good in them, I stoutly denied, declaring that ‘*I was good*, and always was, and always meant to be,’ at which people laughed, of course, or warned my mother that I needed looking after. Others exclaimed, ‘Oh, you strange child! don’t talk in this way; don’t bother your brains about what is beyond you.’ My mother would tell me that it was an improper way to talk, and bade me be silent. In these dilemmas I used to go to the Bible—a child of six years ‘searching the Scriptures’—and remember, as if but yesterday, the light and comfort I found when I first was arrested by the passage, ‘If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth abundantly, and upbraideth not.’

“What a comfort was in these words, ‘upbraideth not,’ to a little child so often repulsed! I took heart at once. I carried up all my ignorances and impediments and imbecilities to the Great Audit, and found help and comfort, and what was more, patience to *wait*; but still I suffered a great deal by this deferred knowledge, and sometimes would say, ‘I don’t think it right to keep little girls ignorant when they want to know so much.’”

Asking questions was one of the unpardonable sins of her childhood, whether they were answered or not. She knew every flower and tree within miles of her home, and could tell the shape of the leaves and the varying tints of the petals. From babyhood she took an interest and delight in all of God’s works. Her “Autobiography” so perfectly depicts the thoughts, feelings and aspirations of children in general, and will so refresh the memories of those whose heads are silvered with age—as few writers are able to do—that it is worthy of preservation, and only lack of space prevents me from transferring it to these pages.

* * * * *

“As I pen these little incidents they seem puerile subjects for an article, and yet I think it well to preserve them. Could we have the record of a few minds from early childhood, written honestly by persons of tenacious memory like mine—for I recall after this lapse of time, not only events, but the exact words, looks, and attitudes of those connected therewith, the locality, period

of the year, kind of weather, also—I am sure some psychological intimations might be obtained in aid of education. Grown people need the help of children.

“Children are far more penetrating than is generally thought, and detect a false ingredient as by natural instinct. They are made false in the nursery, and go out into the world with conventional rather than moral ideas. I do not believe in perpetual teaching, coercion and reprimand; much may be left to spontaneous insight.

“My grandfather Prince never rebuffed me in my search after ideas, but answered me with conscientious tenderness. I got to thinking he knew everything. Judge, then, of my surprise when he once honestly said, ‘I do not know.’ I had been gathering flowers in the corn-field, and came home with my hands filled with the delicate silk of the Indian corn. Grandfather was reading, but as I placed myself on his knee he stroked my head tenderly. At length, observing what I held in my hand, he exclaimed, ‘Ah, child, do you know what you have done? There will be no corn where you have pulled out the silk.’

“‘Why grandpa; why will there be no corn?’

“‘I can not give the reason, child; I only know the fact from observation.’

“It must be remembered that botany and geology were then in their infancy.

* * * * *

“Puritan children were rigidly held to a routine of duty varying little from day to day. First, every child was out of bed and dressed by rise of sun, at all seasons. Ablutions many and often were in order, for my mother believed in the bath, and the shower-bath at that, to be used at least once in the week. At my grandmother’s this thrilling and breath-taking operation was considered a cruelty, and remonstrated against in my case, I being thought delicate. Every child was carefully inspected by the mother’s eye, to be sure that no rents were to be found, and no strings or buttons missing. We all knelt in the nursery at prayers—the Lord’s Prayer. It was a pretty sight, a family of six to eight children at the breakfast table, each one bright and white and nice to the last degree.

“We appeared after breakfast before my mother, and took what was

called our stint, which was an amount of knitting or sewing to be done during the day, whether we went to school or not. This stint was exacted from the time I was four years old till I was in my teens, and as there were three and four girls in the family, a considerable amount of linen was made up by us. Later in life I learned that this unvarying toil was bad for me, as I became afflicted with a 'busy devil,' that would not let me rest. I could not be idle even when I would. I must have work, reading, writing, when others were at play. In this way I have done much for the poor which otherwise I might not have found time for. I have passed hardly an idle hour in my whole life, and have rarely been disabled, having never had any organic disease.

* * * * *

"I used to gravely discuss like a little casuist the proportions of evil-doing, and how some might do one way and some another, and yet God would love them both. He would not expect children to do just like me, for somehow I could not stop thinking about things, and wickedness was worse in me than in them. Other children might do as my sister did, who was quite perfect, but I was a little different, and perhaps an idiot about some things.

"There was one in the neighborhood with bleary eyes and slovenly mouth, who was a misery to me. I never for a moment felt that I had anything akin to her; but as I was a little different from my sister and others, I could not define wherein the mental difference consisted, and once quite shocked my mother by asking 'if I had not had good care I might not have been like her?'

"It will thus be seen that children need a great deal of help in solving their mental problems. To incur maternity is to incur the responsibility of not only training, but of comforting the misgivings of the child. They are called dull or irritable when the only thing required is that they should be revealed to themselves. Their heart questionings, their perilous misgivings are as real to them as to children of a larger growth. Mothers should merge all considerations into the interests of the household, most especially to the vital claims of the child.

* * * * *

"I have an old 'Reward of Merit,' in the shape of a little volume presented to me at school by my teacher. It bears the date of June, and I would not be six years old till the next August. This meager child's book, 'The History of the Holy Jesus,' with its paper, yellowed by time, its poor, blurred type, and crabbed illustrations (what a contrast to a modern child's book!) brings back the whole sad period of which I am about to speak, all my unchildish grief, and unconscious precocity. I see the face of my kind teacher, Mr. Butler, with his stiff hair erect from his forehead, his pale face and pale blue eyes. I see the scholars with their eyes fixed upon me as I stood beside him and read in Scott's Lessons, and spelt from Morse's Dictionary, a child less than six years ranking with those three times my age. I see children twice my age, to my infinite pity and disgust, blundering through Webster's spelling book, and reading b-a-k-e-r. I am sure I felt no conceit nor vanity at my position, for in my simple piety I thanked God for helping me to learn, and giving me a love for it. I recall my little fervent prayers and thanksgivings, and my efforts to inspire my mates with a like spirit. Ah! children are naturally so religious and so desirous to be helpful!"

She thus describes her birthplace:

"In a little cottage, set like a pearl in emerald, lived a young man and woman who were truly husband and wife. The home had four rooms on the ground floor—a garden in front—the gable of the house fronting the county road. In the garden grew lilies and roses; tall hollyhocks, london-pride, mallows, and love-lies-bleeding, with a wilderness of pansies known as the 'lady's delight.' On two sides of the cottage was a grove of aromatic pines, somewhat somber, perhaps, and full of suppressed whisperings, but loudly resonant when the elements were high. Here were found the trailing arbutus, which the Pilgrim dames tenderly named the Mayflower, and the berries of the wintergreen, like rubies, and Indian pipe, like a pearl blossom.

"Here three daughters were born to the young pair, of which I was the second. When I was nearly forty years old, I took occasion to visit this pretty cottage in company with my lovely son, Sidney. As a coincidence I here found a bright young mother living quite alone, and three little girls, as in my mother's day. The mother was pleased with the notice I took of her children, and remarked:

“My house has an interest of itself; you must know that a poet was born here in this very room.’

“I was pleased at this and gave her my card, at which she grasped my hand warmly, saying:

“‘I must know just how you look,’ and she studied my face with pleasant scrutiny.’

“In this oasis of verdure and heavenly peace I was born.”

Mrs. Smith wrote under a *nom de plume* until after her husband's misfortunes, then she introduced herself to the reading world as Elizabeth Oakes Smith, that she might gain support for her family. Their fortune took its flight in 1839, and in 1843 she wrote the “Sinless Child,” which has, without doubt, few superiors in felicity of expression in any author's productions. Says George Ripley, the great critic, in the “Phrenological Journal,” “It has won the admiration even of fastidious critics. It is a production of uncommon tenderness and grace, illustrating the most elevated and winning traits of humanity, by images of surpassing loveliness.” The “Journal” further expresses itself concerning Mrs. Smith's writings: “‘The Salamander; or The Laus Angel,’ a Christmas legend, replete with weird and startling conceptions, clothing the profoundest truth in the robes of a subtle allegory, and redeeming the supernatural strangeness of its plot by a style of delicious sweetness and spirit; ‘Shadow-Land,’ a discussion of the mystic element in human nature; ‘Woman and Her Needs’ (published in 1851), a wise and discriminating statement of the demands of women on society; and ‘Dress and Beauty,’ an examination of the dictates of natural taste in regard to female costume, in which full justice is done both to the æsthetic and practical elements of the subject.”

Mrs. Smith published “The Western Captive” in 1850; “Bertha and Lily,” into which she put many of her own experiences, in 1854; “News Boy,” 1855; “The Two Wives,” 1870; “Kitty Howard's Journal” in 1871. “The Roman Tribute,” in five acts, and “Jacob Leister” are tragedies of interest. One can easily see by a few of the many of Mrs. Smith's writings that she has been no idler, and at the ripe old age of seventy-five years her pen continues to trace out her imaginings, with almost, if not quite, as much strength and beauty as thirty years ago.

Mrs. Smith, as her years increase, becomes more and more sure of the fullness of God's universal love; and through her life, so full of disappointments and sorrows, has possessed her soul in sweetness through our own blessed faith, for she is assured by it that "griefs die," or "slumber quietly in the chamber of peace."

She supplied the pulpit as preacher for a year, in Canastota, N. Y., and has appeared in other pulpits with great acceptability, all over the country. She has always been a cheerful, industrious woman, a devoted mother, a noble housewife, having neglected no home duty for public efforts. She has been the mother of six boys, four of whom have crossed over into the great unseen.

Mrs. Smith, in these days of old age, (I must call her old, for seventy-six years fraught with joys and sorrows, disappointments and hopes, have come and gone for her; but there are some people it is almost out of the question to imagine as being beyond the years of youth, and she is one of those), says, "You must excuse this miserable scrawl, for just now I am suffering the ignoble martyrdom of poverty. No disgrace, it is said, but most uncomfortable. I am just now in the midst of all kinds of work unæsthetic, and unless the sentiment is in the soul of me, I am out of the pale of it. I think you would not dislike all this, borne not so much enduringly, as in the light of that 'Stern daughter of the voice of God,' as Wordsworth so grandly calls Duty. We are apt to attach too much importance to elegant surroundings. I do not feel that poverty touches me, only it restricts me. Material deficiencies can be cured or endured, but there is no help for poverty of soul."

The following beautiful poem gives evidence of her tenderness of heart and strength of faith.

LIMITATION.

Alone we stand to solve the doubt,
Alone to work salvation out,
Casting our helpless hands about

For human help, for human cheer,
Or only for a human tear,
Forgetting God is always near.

The poet, in his grandest flight,
Sees ranged beyond him height o'er height,
Dreams that elude his utmost might.

And music borne by echo back,
Pines on a solitary track,
Till faint hearts cry alas! alack

And beauty born of finest art,
Slips from the limner's hand apart,
And leaves him aching at the heart.

The fairest face hath never brought
Its fairest look. The deepest thought
Is never into language wrought.

The quaint, old litanies that fell
From ancient seers, great hearts impel
To nobler deeds than heroes tell.

We live, we breathe, all unexpressed;
Our holiest, noblest in the breast
Lies struggling in a wild unrest.

Our onward lights eternal shine;
Unconquered by unmanly pine,
Our royal amaranths we twine.

If, hungering with a latent sense,
We know not, ask not, how or whence,
We take our consecration thence.

The wine press must alone be trod,
The burning ploughshare pressed unshod,
There is no rock of help, but God.

HANNAH R. GROSH.

The maiden name of this Christian woman was Rinehart. She was born in Coventry, Chester Co., Pa., April 20, 1800, where she lived till the death of her parents, after which she resided with an older sister in Marietta, Pa. Soon after changing homes, she commenced school-teaching, for which she was especially fitted and amply prepared, her tender, gentle, yet dignified manner winning the respect and love of the children (the larger as well as the smaller ones). In 1824, she was united in marriage to our re-

vered and saintly brother, Rev. A. B. Grosh. They did not remove from Marietta until 1830, when she accompanied her husband to Utica, N. Y., where for the next fourteen years he published, and a part of the time edited, the "Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate," at this time, however, edited by Rev. Dolphus Skinner. Their trip from Marietta to Utica occupied two weeks, and was made in a two-horse wagon, over muddy roads. A snow-storm overtaking them, we must presume that the last part of the drive was through mud and snow. The only sunshine which shone forth to cheer them upon this tedious trip, was what each made for the other and for the three little ones which had their united attention.

The thought frequently comes to me, are we faithful in teaching our children the privations, the hardships and consecration of our early ministers (and their wives), who, with holy faith, nothing doubting God's great goodness, continued without fainting by the way, to clear the mists from the beclouded Scriptures, that we and they to-day might possess our faith in love and trust, and walk this earth with the assurance that a Divine Being governs?

It will be remembered that in the days we are writing about, it was the custom for men of business to board their workmen, and as a matter of course, this sweet woman opened the doors of her house to her husband's printers, and *her* house was always a home to them, as to all who came within its walls. All of the clergy and other friends who have been entertained by her in days a-gone, say that her hospitality was unbounded. Rev. Caroline A. Soule, who spent seven months of her young, married life in the home of Mrs. Grosh, says: "I could speak in very tender words, for she was a rare woman, a devoted wife, a faithful mother, a consecrated friend. I could not do her goodness justice, were I to try." Strangers and friends enjoyed the comfort of her attention. We can reverse the Scripture and say that all friends and strangers were entertained by an angel.

Mrs. Grosh was a model house-wife, and one who believed that the sublimest offices ever fulfilled by woman are those of wife to a noble man, and mother of his children; it was a religious duty to her, that the little ones who had been entrusted to her care, and he to whom she had pledged herself to honor his house, should have the first warmth of her heart, and strength of her hands, and these two sources from which the happiness of life comes,

seemed inexhaustible in her. She was an active member in her church, and won the respect of all those who worked with her or knew her. She was a sort of saintly oracle, whom strangers, as well as friends, sought when perplexed, in trouble or sorrow. In personal appearance she was small, with wavy, dark brown hair, and hazel eyes which were always lighted with a pleasant smile.

Mrs. Grosh was especially active during the Washingtonian Temperance Reform, in organizing the wives and daughters of reformed men into Martha Washington societies, and in the various charitable operations to provide food, fuel and clothing for the needy men and their families, until they could gather means to help themselves and each other, for mutual help was the great aim of the truly benevolent women engaged in that reform.

After I had my sketch nearly completed, I wrote Bro. Grosh asking for further information. His reply follows:

"I do not think I can add more to your account, though I could speak much out of a full heart to her praise as maid and wife, as mother, neighbor, friend, in all which and other relations of life, her memory is blessed by all who knew her well and truly, and most of all, her children all grew up and blessed her in youth and unto death. Of her, as of her successor, I can truly say what I have generally intimated in the 'dedication' of my 'Mentor in the Granges.' Bro. S. R. Smith said similarly of his 'Lucy'—an eulogy applicable to most ministers' wives I have known—'All I have become and all I have accomplished in my ministry, is in a very great degree due to my wife. She always so ordered my household and relieved me of my many business cares, as to give me the requisite ease of mind and leisure for my studies and labors; and so sympathized with me in my duties and endeavors as to stimulate my efforts, lighten my burdens, soothe my disappointments, and make my trials endurable. My home was always a refuge and a place of rest for me; and its hospitalities to my brethren and friends were always prepared by her care, and dispensed with a liberal hand, a smiling face, and a cheerful welcome.'"

The dedication alluded to, here follows: "To my wife I dedicate this book. Her sympathy inspired, her approval encouraged, and her counsels guided, its preparation; while her management of our domestic and business

affairs released me from many cares, and afforded the needed leisure for my labors; and thus through her, I also dedicate it to the many thousands of women, whose similar inspirations, encouragements, counsels and sacrifices, aid and enable their husbands, sons and brothers to plan and to do for themselves, their families and mankind. May our great order add many other thousands to the numbers of these earliest educators of our race and lifelong helpers of our sex, and increase their opportunities, and strengthen their influence in every good way, and word and work."

In 1844, her health, which had been delicate for some years, began to fail, and the watchful eyes of her husband noted the change, and she was taken to a milder climate (Maryland), under the influence of which she improved, and the following year accompanied her husband to Reading, Pa., where she apparently quite regained her health. In the Spring of 1849, a severe cold settled upon her throat and lungs, from which she never recovered. On Nov. 10, 1849, she reached forward to the realities of that world in which at last we shall all rejoice, "no wanderer lost, a family in heaven."

Rev. A. C. Thomas delivered a very tender and beautiful address upon the text, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." We quote a few extracts:

"And yet, not on the score of what *she* was, but on the knowledge of what *God* is, did she rely for that blessed home on high which we trust she has attained. And it was this reliance, this humble faith, that wrought in her the two-fold benediction of an exemplary life and a happy heart.

"Calmly and without a murmur she awaited her change, and though there were minglings of natural desire, as connected with continuance in the earthly groups of friendship and love, they were sanctified by rapturous visions of reunion where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain.'"

"Connected in blood, interest, trial, labor, may you continue steadfast in the principles and love imparted by both the precept and example of the mother who bore you, and who sent to you her dying blessing. Cleave to her memory, and the joy of prosperity will be associated with the happy recollections of home, and even the knell of her departure will be changed

to musical echoes from the realm of her incorruptible dwelling."

Her children were, E. Allen, Hosea B., Emma M., married to John G. Jones, Utica, N. Y., M. Letitia, Malvina F., and Warren Rinchart.

I had heard very much concerning the first and second wife of Rev. A. B. Grosh, and wrote him accordingly, but he with his accustomed modesty for himself and those belonging to him, hesitated. But the beloved present wife in a quiet way known only to herself, sent the following, and I feel sure my readers will not fail to see through it the Christian graces of the author. It was the first response I received in reference to the subject of this sketch, but it seems a fitting close. Mrs. Jones, of Utica, N. Y., from whom I quote in the sketch of Mrs. Gillette, also rendered me assistance.

"You some time since wrote my husband about giving my name a place in your new book. Please do no such thing. I am nothing but a plain, every-day woman, who has never done anything to merit such distinction. Besides, it would trouble me to see my name associated with women so distinguished as Mrs. Soule, Clara Barton, Helen Gilson, Mrs. Thomas, etc. No, no, the contrast would be too great.

"But if you will allow me, I will name one who would, I think, fill a niche in your group, my husband's first wife, Mrs. Hannah Grosh. She was not a great woman as the world counts greatness, but she was so thoroughly good, so Christ-like in spirit, that I feel her name should not perish from the earth.' A low-voiced, gentle, loving woman who never seemed to think of herself, but only of what she could do to lighten the burdens, and contribute to the comfort and happiness of others. Though physically frail, she was a woman of wonderful strength of character, strong to endure, to dare and to do, where a principle was involved."

LYDIA HINMAN CASE.

Mrs. Case, the "Chicago Tribune" says, is of medium height, well-proportioned, and graceful. Her abundant jet black hair is worn in a coiffure of braids, showing a perfectly shaped as well as perfectly balanced head.

Her large, lustrous, brown eyes have a fund of mirth and pensiveness; her mouth is attractive either in its dimpling smiles, or its repose of sadness. She is very shy, modest, and retiring. In response to my letter of inquiries concerning the facts of her life, and my wish to enroll her with the crowd of brain workers for our church, she replied, "I consider it a great compliment to be placed among your 'Workers,' for it strikes me very forcibly that I am one of the drones, and my life has been so eventless and uninteresting, that there will be nothing in a sketch that will give your readers patience to peruse it, if you fill out the dates."

Lydia was born in Elba, Dodge Co., Wis., September, 1852. The "Tribune" speaks of a sadness which pervades her expression when her features are in repose, but when we learn the facts of her youth, that from her earliest recollections until six years ago, some one, oftener two, and sometimes three of her family were sick at a time, we shall not wonder that "Dim sadness did not spare her." When she was fifteen years old, she commenced attending the Liberal Institute, in Jefferson, Wis., and continued whenever her health would permit, until it closed, when she went to Madison University, returning again to Jefferson when it was re-opened. On account of ill-health she was advised by her physician to leave school. As soon as she partly recovered, her parents sent her East to study music, but she had been there scarcely six months when she was summoned home to attend a sick brother. For four years she watched and attended him, except when she left home for short intervals to renew her strength, and for four years her mind lay fallow, for she says, "I had no time or inclination to write, or even think of it during my poor brother's entire illness. The past six years I have spent with my books, pen and piano, except when rambling for health, or too ill for any of these amusements."

Miss Hinman is a fine pianist, and a musical composer. Mr. Emil C. Gaebler, of Watertown, Wis., a composer, says, "Miss Hinman shows originality and unmistakable signs of fine talent as a composer of music." She has published but little of her musical composition. She says, "I began my scribbling at a very youthful age for the amusement of an invalid sister, who was much cleverer than I at rhyming, and left me so far behind at making up stories, that I gave up that field entirely to her." The Faculty of the In-

stitute was the first to encourage her to set adrift some of her sweet poems. Since then she has corresponded for numberless papers and periodicals. While rambling for health among the balsamic forests, she corresponded for the "Sunday Telegraph," dating her articles, "Among the Pines," and a fine critic says of them, "Her sketches show her to be a writer of power. Her descriptions are life-like, and have the clear outline, the mellow light and the fresh beauty of the Summer woods. We know of no writings of this class in books or magazines that are superior to hers."

She has been a frequent and valuable correspondent to THE STAR AND COVENANT, and the following selections show that she bids fair to rank high among "the singers of the liberal faith."

DAISY CHAINS,

Down in the meadow, half asleep,
Where breezes through the grasses sweep,
An idle youth in quiet lay,
While at his side a blue-eyed fay
Sat weaving with such artful care,
A dainty chain of daisies fair,
His eyes were closed in sweet content
Her thoughts alone on mischief bent;
She wound the chain about his head,
And arms, and form, and o'er him spread,
'Till he seemed but a daisy bed.

The laughing eyes then open flew,
And peered into the eyes of blue;
Up rose his hands, and with a bound,
The chain lay broken on the ground,
The blue eyes flashed with sudden light,
And flinging him the daisies white,
The vengeance in her eyes he read,
As haughtily the midget said,
"Young man, another time I'll make
A stouter chain you cannot break."

The little witch! Could it be true?
How well she spoke her dear heart knew;
For sure enough, around his heart

She wove a chain he could not part.
 And if this very day you pass
 Across the meadow's waving grass,
 You'll see the children of the twain,
 A-wearing each a daisy-chain.

AT THE GATE.

There's nothing to do but to wait,
 Till the face of the porter I see,
 Who will beckon and smile,
 And will solve me the while
 Life's wonderful mystery,
 As I patiently wait
 At the gate,
 Until it be opened to me.

I lonely and wistfully stand,
 I am tarnished with wrong and with sin,
 I am soiled with the dust
 Of the road, yet I trust
 The One who's watching within,
 While I wearily wait
 At the gate,
 Will pity and bid me come in.

There are many that pass through the gate,
 There are many turn sadly away,
 And the dear ones that leave
 Me their absence to grieve,
 I miss from my side day by day,
 As they pass through the gate
 And I wait
 My turn in the silent array.

Very near to the portals I seem,
 And I catch a clear glimpse of the blest
 As the door widely swings,
 As if opened with wings;
 Yet well do I know it is best,
 That I patiently wait
 At the gate,
 E'en tho' I am longing to rest.

And yet, methinks, harder than all
 Of the griefs that have burdened the past,

All life's wearisome toil,
All its bitter turmoil,
Its days with clouds overcast,
Is to patiently wait
At the gate,
Until it be opened at last.

ELIZABETH DELANO BROWNE,

Second wife of Rev. L. C. Browne, was born in Middlefield, N. Y., June 1, 1824. She has been from early girlhood a Universalist, and has been an earnest worker in Sunday-school wherever her lot has been cast. She was formerly a constant contributor to such of our publications as the "Magazine and Advocate," "Star of Bethlehem," "Ladies' Repository." "Lizzie" was her usual signature. She seldom signed her own name, feeling very shy about having the editors know who "Lizzie" was. She was a spicy writer, and whatever she wrote was read with interest. She was a resident of a small place, and in a letter to us said, "The comfort I took in reading the magazines and papers that found their way through the mail to me in those old days, not seeing or knowing much of the great outside world, I can not express to you. They were most eagerly welcomed, and were companions of the choicest intelligence."

Her name was Pope, and she was a teacher in one of the public schools in Lowell, Mass., for five years, during which time she wrote articles for the "Christian Messenger," published in New York. She wrote for the "Lily of the Valley," when it was edited by Mrs. Livermore, and others. "The Better Faith," a story written by her years ago, is most creditable to the author. Abel Tompkins published it with other stories in a Sunday-school book.

Miss Pope was married to Rev. L. C. Browne in the Autumn of 1852. In recent years she has spoken frequently in churches of various denominations on the subject of Temperance. She has also given discourses or lectures on "Women at Home," and her lectures have elicited much interest.

Indeed, she has done almost everything that her hands and brain could find to do, which would not interfere with household duties and cares, which are paramount to all else to her, for she is a veritable Martha. Since her husband's sight was impaired her pen has been quite idle, the most of her writings being translations from the French.

ADA R. NORTON

Was twin sister to Ida Carnahan. She is also sister to Lucy, who married Abner C. Thomas, son of Rev. Abel C. Thomas. These sisters are the daughters of Rowena, eldest sister of the Cary sisters. Ada, the subject of this sketch, married James Norton, of Hightstown, N. J. They are all intellectual, gifted women, but Mrs. Norton has the most marked poetic gifts of all next to Alice, who declared that Ada really possessed more poetical genius than herself. We lament very much that we have only space for the following.

HIGH AND LOW.

It is easier before the world to work some mighty deed,
Than to do the humble duties that the world will never heed,
Than to work as worn and weary women work for conscience sake,
Than to toil and moil as men must toil and moil but bread to make.

It is easier to climb the mountains, even to the top,
Looking over broad expanses from each shady resting spot,
Than to travel on the burning plain when that the sun is high,
Level sameness under foot, stretched to meet a brooding sky.

Dowered with a Sampson's strength, verily, many men are found,
That with arms about the temple's props may raze it to the ground.
One man may pull a temple down to show his power, when
To rear the stately edifice it takes a million men.

Grand it is to do great deeds, and grand it is to stand on high,
Grand to pull a temple down when the multitude is by.

But the toiling millions on the plains that look so low and small
It is their hard hands that build the stately temples, after all.

Best and strongest grow the natures that with most of hardship cope.
Out of sorrow and temptation springeth charity and hope,
And some humble deeds of humble folk shine luminous and grand,
Like a little patch of sunshine let into a cloudy land.

Masons, builders, workmen only, are we each and every one;
The best stone high or low can lay, a duty humbly done;
Brothers, sisters, there is one seeth even a sparrow's fall,
Who will number every stone we lay upon his temple's wall.

LUELLE JULIETTE BARTLETT CASE,

Who was one of our most finished and elegant writers, and one of our most pure and spiritual women, was born in Kingston, N. H., December 30, 1807. Her maiden name was Bartlett; she was a granddaughter of Governor Josiah Bartlett, of New Hampshire, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and upon the memoir of whose life she was engaged at the time of her last illness. Miss Bartlett was married to Eliphallet Case, May 8, 1828, and resided in Lowell, Mass., and in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. E. A. Bacon said, in the "Repository," at the time of her death, "To us outside of her family circle she seemed one of those rare beings, whose pen is an index to their person and character. The gentle charities and amenities of social life, the cultivation of the most refined and delicate taste, the constant pursuit of literature harmoniously blended in her nature to make it complete."

She was vivacious and sprightly to a delightful degree, but could be supremely calm and dignified, if occasion called. Her whole person and dress and demeanor expressed the extreme of refinement. She possessed a rare and noble mind, refined and delicate taste, a heart of love, ever overflowing with charity for others. She never mourned over the past, but her heart and brain ever worked on with forward look. She was a contributor to the "Rose of Sharon," the "Quarterly" and the "Ladies' Repository," and without

doubt to all of our denominational papers. To the "Star of Bethlehem," edited by Rev. T. B. Thayer, D.D., and our lamented Rev. Abel C. Thomas, she was a choice contributor. Dr. Thayer said of her, "She at least, if any one, could say that she never wrote a line, which dying she would wish unwritten."

On the 10th of October, 1857, in the home of her childhood, surrounded by kind and tender friends to administer all that loving hearts could suggest, the veil was drawn which closed the earthly sight for heavenly visions. Her disease was a painful and lingering dropsy and paralysis, and yet,

"Palm to palm to pray,
Her hands were ever raised
To him who smooths the way."

Rev. T. B. Thayer, D.D., pays a just tribute to this rare woman. "As to her disposition it is safe to say that she was one of the sweetest-tempered women I ever knew, always cheerful, patient and hopeful under the most untoward circumstances, and never by word or act casting her burdens on others. She was as lovely in disposition and character as in person and manners, always a perfect lady in her bearing towards others, cordial and pleasing in her address, and sincerely Christian in spirit, and in the whole conduct of her life. She was conscientious to an extreme degree, and did what she regarded as her duty, without regard to others, their faithfulness or unfaithfulness, their love or their hatred. In conversation she was one of the most interesting and magnetic persons I ever met. She was well read in the best current literature, a clear, strong thinker, discriminating in judgment, critical in her tastes, and, therefore, always had something to say which was instructive and attractive. As a writer she was remarkable for the richness of her thoughts and the perfectly classic purity of her style. She wrote but little, but that little was always read and admired by those whose opinion was worth something. And then she always wrote with a purpose, seeking to elevate, encourage and ennoble those who read her productions. Her imagination was very active, but it never led her judgment astray, for she had a large measure of sterling good sense, and in many things was eminently practical in her views of life and of the world. During the period that her husband was editor of a paper in Cincinnati, she wrote many poems and short articles which attracted the attention of other jour-

nals, and were largely quoted with generous praise. In answer to the repeated question, 'Who is the author?' he disclosed her name, and gave a brief sketch of her antecedents. I can safely say that, in my early ministry, having boarded with Mr. Case two or three years, I owed more to her society, influence and friendly criticism of my sermons and writings, than to any other cause, what little merit they may have. And she is one of the few persons I have met in my life, of whom I could say the longer I knew, the more I admired and valued them."

I am at a loss in selecting from the writings of Mrs. Case, but will venture to quote "Voices from Etruria," her last contribution to the "Rose of Sharon," 1857.

VOICES FROM ETRURIA.

Pictured form of one who long
 Of this world has ceased to be,
 In the halls of light and song
 Not one vestige tells of thee.
 Why art thou amidst the gloom
 Of Etruria's storied tomb?

Massy locks of raven hair
 Cluster round thy beaming face;
 Floating vestments, rich and rare,
 Lend thy form ethereal grace.
 Light of step—of flashing eye—
 Girl! Thy smile was sorcery!

Who was he with flutes that mete
 Measures of melodious chime,
 With thine own dark eyes, and feet
 Moving in harmonic time?
 Flowed your lives in kindred streams?
 Shared ye childhood's pleasant dreams?

Nought replies! O'er your repose
 Ages bend with sullen jeer—
 Soars the ilex—blossoms the rose
 O'er Etruria's mouldering bier.
 Ye have been—no more appears—
 Centuries count your buried years!

Ceased the dance, and bowed the head,
 At the beck of haughty Rome,
 When she marched with triumph tread,
 Citing nations to their doom?

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Humbled lie her eagles proud,
 Wrapped, like ye, in misty shroud!

With her lordly legions passed
 Mightier powers—a phantom train—
 Touching all her projects vast
 With a spell that made them vain;
 Silently they cited *her*
 To the same low sepulchre.

Ye survived, while armies swept
 Round your halls in tempest march—
 While the mould and ivy crept
 O'er Tarquini's crumbling arch—
 Ye have braved each whirlwind hour,
 Roman and Barbarian power.

Ye have turned a solemn page
 In a dead world's history;
 Nations of a distant age—
 Ask ye what their fate will be;
 Speak, ye prophets, from the gloom
 Of your silent, centuries tomb!

Tell the world that nations feel
 Mightier force than sword and mine,
 Bidding throne and fortress reel
 As the tempest sways the vine—
 Tell how ancient empire fell
 Girt with tower and citadel.

Turn the tear-stained page of man,
 Soiled with sensualism and crime—
 Show, how, since the years began,
 Selfish power has transient time—
 How its crown is gnawed with rust,
 And its sceptre falls to dust.

True the steel, the rampart strong,
 Firm the hands that hold the sway—
 There is One, who guards no wrong,
 Whom all powers and hosts obey,
 He, alone, the safety brings,
 Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!

There are few finer hymns in the language than this:

GOD'S KINGDOM HERE.

Oh, where, our Saviour, sweeps the line
 That marks thy kingdom's holy reign?
 Is it where northern meteors shine,



Mrs. Louise^{no 2} Thomas.

Or gilds the cross the southern main?
 Where breaks the dawn o'er spicy lands,
 Or twilight sleeps on desert sands?

Is it where sunny skies grow dim
 With smoke of heathen sacrifice?
 Or where, in costly domes the hymn
 Is taught on incense-clouds to rise?
 Nay, nay; thy blessed Word has shown
 Thy kingdom is the heart alone!

That solemn world whose bounds between
 Life's mysteries of birth and death,
 Are filled with warring hosts unseen,
 Beings of power though not of breath,
 The spirit realm, where'er it be,
 Is the dominion, swayed by thee.

Wild, phantom shapes of gloom and fear,
 Roam dimly through the haunted spot,
 And earth holds not a land so drear
 As the sad heart that owns thee not,
 Where sorrows wound and pleasures pall,
 And death's dread shadow darkens all.

But lift thy sceptre there, its bowers
 Shall be serene and sweet and fair,
 And as in time's primeval hours,
 The holy ones shall gather there,
 And heaven's own peace the soul o'erflow,
 E'en while it lingers here below.

M. LOUISE THOMAS.

I have felt great anxiety in regard to many of the sketches in the "Woman Workers." I have felt incompetent to portray the nobleness, self-sacrifice and sweetness of many a life recorded in these pages; and in preparing this one, I was sure that words would fail me to present her life-work so that it could be felt and realized by others. In answer to my letter requesting facts, came the following: "If you want bare facts, I can give them to you equal to Gradgrind. Where was I born? Who were my forefathers

(and mothers) and all that sort of thing? But dearly beloved, when you come to drawing on *fancy*, I do not understand it. Exploits! There are none in my life to record. I never did anything worth telling, and I never wrote anything worth reading. That is a fact. I have tried to do both, to be faithful, and I know I am industrious and persevering and love animals and nature and humanity and all that; but how in the world is one going to dissect one's self and lay these things before the world? I would just like to do it if it were somebody else, but for myself, I can not."

Her refusal did not daunt me in the least. I felt independent of her in collecting "exploits" sufficient to give a readable sketch, for there are hundreds in New York and Pennsylvania who have watched her career with interest and admiration, who had jotted down many an item unknown to her; but dates are interesting, and without her help I could not produce them. I had written to several friends for assistance, but they were dilatory in their replies, and that had put me into a condition to scout figures. I was about to commence my sketch when the following arrived from Scotland, from the pen of one who needs no introduction from me, one who has known the subject of this sketch for thirty years at least—Caroline A. Soule, our devoted missionary to hard-shelled, Presbyterian Scotland.

Some journalist, after relating a part of the great amount of philanthropic work done by Mrs. Thomas, said, "A woman like this is greater than all the Cæsars."

It will be remembered, that soon after the translation of her husband, Dr. Chapin passed on to the beyond. Mrs. Thomas attended his funeral, and in a letter to me, she wrote:

"Yes, God is calling home his own. I was in New York at the funeral of Dr. Chapin. The lights are not going out, but God is setting them *higher up*, and how differently the world looks to those who see it under these uplifted lights. Ah me! how changed and *strange* it is; it is like the earth as it lies to-day covered with its heavy fall of snow; the landmarks are all gone, and one is lost and bewildered by the strange silence and the chill. God help me!"

Mrs. Soule thus describes the subject of this sketch:

"Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, the second President of the Woman's Centenary

Association, has a birthright in the Universalist Church, being a member of one of the oldest Universalist families in the United States. She was born at Mt. Holly, N. J., during the temporary residence there of her parents, both of whom were natives of Pennsylvania. Her father, Judge S. N. Palmer, of Pottsville, a man of undoubted integrity and nobility of character, was of old Puritan stock, being on his mother's side a lineal descendant of Gov. Bradford and Rev. John Robinson, the faithful pastor of the Mayflower; and on that of his father, of Miles Standish.

"To those intimate friends of Mrs. Thomas who, time and again, have marveled at her fearless energy, her steady will-power, her systematic industry, her unbaffled patience, her large love of humanity, her ardent taste for study, and the tireless persistency with which she seeks perfection in those branches that accord most directly with her nature—to those who have known her as I have known her, it is an easy matter to trace in *her* characteristics, those which marked so decidedly the lives whence she draws her descent. Had she been born when our country was yet in its infancy, she would have been known as one of the bravest of our colonial women, undaunted by the perils of those perilous times. Had she been born when we were passing from our colonial to our independent life, she would have been the peer of those noble women who sold their jewels to buy clothing for Washington's troops, who blessed their sons and sent them into the army with unshed tears, and who kept up the spirits of absent husbands and fathers with letters breathing only of that love which death could not chill, that sacrifice which nothing could terrify. Born, fortunately for our church, when the inheritance of every child was a free country and an untrammelled conscience, she brought into her life-work those elements of character which have made her a successful woman in the grandest sense of that word; never intimidated when duty called though obstacles innumerable might block the way; never turned aside from her convictions, whether according or not with popular views; discerning, intuitively as it were, the right from the wrong; censuring error with a severity that yet had no sting, because of the charity that was back of it; and seeing and fostering true merit in spite of entanglements or shadows.

"The childhood and girlhood of Mrs. Thomas was lived in a home where

all the best standards of life were not only taught, but practised, and thus her innate refinement and nobility were developed and cultivated to a degree which eminently qualified her for the high and responsible positions she was hereafter to assume. Accustomed always to the very best of American society, and gifted with rare conversational powers, when she passed from her early home to that of her wedded life, she at once took up in a dignified way the new and arduous duties that devolved upon her, and as mistress of her own house received and entertained the almost countless new friends that claimed her hospitality, with a tender grace and a cordial heartiness that has made that home, wherever it was for the time located, a spot of lovely memories.

"In 1843 she became the wife of Rev. Abel C. Thomas, and from the day of her marriage, was the interested, and earnest, and constant co-worker with him in all the varied duties incident to a minister's wife. None were too great for her, however much they might demand of patience, energy, industry, health, strength and even sacrifice. None were too small for her, if by contributing that mite she could dry one tear, or awaken one smile. She kept 'open house' literally, seldom without some claimant upon her hospitality, and all were welcomed, and all were the better and happier for their sojourn under her roof. The children, the young people and the adults of the parish alike received her labors of love, the Sunday-school finding in her one deeply interested in the religious training of youth, the Bible class reaping rich treasures from her marvelous memory, and the different aid societies connected with the church all receiving her able ministrations. Her married life was begun in Brooklyn, N. Y. From there the home treasures went to Cincinnati, O.; then East again to Philadelphia, where for fifteen years she was a tireless laborer in every branch of church work, diligent, too, all the while in the performance of home duties, and carefully superintending the education of her two sons.

"During this period, she with her children accompanied her husband in an extended tour through Great Britain and on the Continent, spending eighteen months in travel. Her vivid pictures of foreign life and her graphic descriptions of the varied events of those months have added many times to the pleasure of her guests, while the foreign letters which were published and

widely circulated, give evidence of literary abilities, which, had literature been her choice, would have made her a successful author.

“During this tour many charming friendships were made with persons high in social life, and intimacies formed with the best literary minds of the day, and these have been always kept up, and the Old and the New World are thus beautifully blended in her life. It has been my good fortune to meet several of the people who made the acquaintance of Mrs. Thomas while in Great Britain, and I have always found that she had so won upon their hearts that they entertained for her an affectionate regard that time could never weaken. I well remember a Winter's day spent in Carrickfergus, a suburb of Belfast, Ireland, in company with the widow of the celebrated Dr. Drummond, of Dublin, and his daughter, Mrs. Campbell. The falling snow was blown every way by wild gusts of wind. The sea was in a fury lashing the garden walls and casting its foam all about the lawn, but I heeded neither snow nor sea, as seated beside the cheery grate blazing with coals, I listened to what had happened twenty-seven years before—to the memories of Mrs. Drummond and her daughter, relative to the visit of Rev. A. C. Thomas, wife and sons. I felt proud that Mrs. Thomas was my countrywoman and my friend. They alluded particularly to her rare conversational gifts, and said she was the centre of attraction at every social gathering to which she was invited.

“Shortly after their return home, Philadelphia became the busy centre through which the loyal North poured its supplies of men and arms down to the scene of battle, and received the retiring thousands for medical treatment in the many hospitals in and around that city. Mrs. Thomas saw the need of a direct, personal, womanly influence to communicate between these heroic sufferers and their distant homes, and at once organized a system of correspondence with anxious friends, and of personal visitations of the sick and wounded, during which she wrote thousands of letters, giving nearly her whole time to the sad, yet sorely-needed work.

“At the close of the war it was found that Mrs. Thomas's health had suffered greatly from the long strain of overwork, and her husband having been for several years also very feeble, it was thought best for them to seek

rest in the country. Accordingly in the Spring of 1864 they removed to Hightstown, N. J., a thriving farming neighborhood, with a good Universalist Church and an intelligent people.

"Up to this time Mrs. Thomas had never spent a single week on a farm, nor in the country, except as a traveler journeying from place to place. But she entered at once with keen relish into all the enjoyments and wondrous developments of rural life. She made friends with the farmers, asked them questions on all sorts of farming subjects, examined their flocks and herds, scrutinized their corn bins and cattle stalls, watched the green-houses, the propagating beds and the nursling fruit trees, studied soils and fertilizers, and became, in short, an earnest, interested student of the whole science of the tillage of the soil; and this not to the detriment of her other pursuits and studies, attending sedulously to all the requirements of her high social position and keeping well up with the standard literature of the day.

"Their next home was in Bridgeport, Conn., where they spent two years. In 1867 they purchased a small farm at Tacony, near the Delaware, above Philadelphia. Here, from the very first, Mrs. Thomas has had the entire and sole direction and management of all the farming operations, illustrating by a quiet, yet persistent energy, that a woman may and can be a successful agriculturist, and at the same time an educated and refined lady. While closely familiar with all the details of field, garden, woodland and dairy work, she has never allowed these intimacies to dwarf in the least her purely intellectual labors, but rather demonstrated that intelligence is the best helper nature can have in its manifold efforts to develop its best productions.

"Her crops of wheat, rye, oats, corn and hay are equal to any in the neighborhood, and her small but very select herd of Alderney cattle, all of the purest blood and all raised on the place from imported stock, are truly beautiful. She has sent them into distant parts of the country, East and West, and has generally orders for them in advance. I may mention here that when I visited the British Museum, London, in 1878, the finest ear of maize on exhibition was 'from the farm of Mrs. M. L. Thomas, Tacony, Pa., U. S. A.' It was a long, perfect ear of yellow corn.

"She is a skillful apiarian, handling the honey-bees like dry corn, opening their hives, or lifting them all from one hive to another with perfect

impunity. Her poultry-house is very thorough and complete, and her poultry-yard, filled with pure blooded light Brahma fowls is her special pride, and she claims that it is also profitable.

"She has brought up and educated a large number of boys and girls, mostly orphans of various nationalities, among them negroes, Indians, Scotch, Dutch, German and American, and it is her boast that nearly all of them have turned out to be honest and useful men and women. Some of these are always her helps upon the farm, and she contends that herein lies a just solution of the domestic labor question, and of the reform and education of the so-called criminal-classes.

"Mrs. Thomas has been during the whole period of her life a pronounced, denominational Universalist, never temperizing and never wavering in her loyalty to the faith it represents.

"For six years she was the Secretary of the Pennsylvania Universalist Convention, and not a single duty connected with that office was ever delayed or imperfectly fulfilled, though during that time her hands were heavily burdened with other denominational work. From the very first she has been one of the active spirits of the Woman's Centenary Association. She was elected Vice President for Pennsylvania at its organization in Buffalo, N. Y., in September, 1869, and retained that office eleven years, when she gave it up to become the second President. In all the dark and trying hours of the early years of the Association she was its steadfast supporter, holding to its interests with the grip of a love that nothing could shatter. In 1871 she was one of a committee of three, appointed to submit a constitution for its re-organization, and in 1873 she became one of its incorporators for National Work in the District of Columbia. She has also had the exclusive charge of the publication of tracts and books for the W. C. A.—the only organized Tract Society of the Universalist Church, and which has already put into circulation over three millions of pages. Beginning this enterprise with an absurdly small sum of money, she has wrought so frugally, and yet so wisely, that every civilized land has already reaped benefit from the literature it has published and scattered.

"The home of Mrs. Thomas is marked by a cordial, yet simple hospitality that makes it one to be ever tenderly remembered by those who have

eaten at its table, or slept under its roof. It has numbered amongst its guests many of America's most celebrated men and women, while not a few from other lands have carried over the sea beautiful memories of that manse on the Delaware. If the south porch could speak, it would be wonderfully eloquent in its narrations of the conversations it has heard, as doctors of divinity, doctors of law, doctors of medicine, poets, philosophers, novelists, historians, editors, business men of every class, have rested their weary footsteps there, and poured out their hearts' best emotions, and the best thoughts of their brains into the sympathetic ears of a host and hostess, whose house was never so crowded but it had room for one more.

"The manse is a perfect storehouse of treasures, gathered far and near, by the taste of its mistress. There are rare old books and manuscripts in a library of over two thousand volumes. There is very old china, and quaint furniture, and all these seem to be in harmony with the grand old trees overshadowing the house, and the ancient historic neighborhood of Philadelphia.

"During the time of the Exposition in 1876, the manse was crowded for six months with guests from all parts of the Union and from Europe; and though there was never a 'let up' of visitors, for one hour, yet everyone was made to feel himself, or herself, cordially welcome. And during this period to blend more closely the past and the present, the abundant and delicious food was served on china over a hundred years old; and on curious pewter dishes that had come down from the Colonial period; while the quaint candlestick you carried to your room at night had seen its third century.

"From the time Mrs. Thomas and family became residents of this lovely country home, there loomed in the distance a shadow that was calculated to touch the heart with a tender fear. As the years rolled on the shadow deepened, and grew nearer till it rested steadfastly on the threshold, and all came to know that it would never pass away till the 'best beloved' of the household should have been borne across that threshold never to return, till rest should come to one of the most brilliant brains the New World had given birth to, and yet that shadow had never power to dim the glory of that home. All knew that the master was slowly but surely descending into the silent valley, but all knew that beyond the valley lay the eternal home, and that he

who had been a herald of the cross in this world would be there like unto the angels of God.

"The watching of that long, slow decline, of that gradual wasting away of the life-forces, was very saddening to her who for years had rested so securely in that grand man's protecting care; but with a heroism born of pure wifely devotion, Mrs. Thomas bore it all with a calmness wonderful to see, in turn becoming herself the protector, lavishing on the invalid, with the usury of love, all the tenderness of which he stood in need. The strain grew harder and harder as the years came and went, and the decline of strength became more evident; and yet, so systematic was her industry, that all her private and public work was ever faithfully attended to; her hospitalities were as generous as ever; her correspondence, always voluminous, was scarcely interfered with; the farm and all business interests well looked after. But she sacredly denied herself, during the latter years, those visits to distant friends that were so congenial, and fastened herself to the home that held her dearest treasure.

"When the end came at length, and he who had charmed America and Great Britain with his rare eloquence, who had lifted the veil for thousands and shown them the exceeding beauties of a faith in Universalism; who had consecrated head, heart and hand to his great work as a Gospel minister and a Gospel writer,—when he closed his eyes on earth and earthly scenes, and spent his last night above ground in the solemn quiet of that church whose walls had so often resounded with his voice; when the precious dust slept with dust, and the precious spirit went back to God, and the loneliness of widowhood was upon her,—even then Mrs. Thomas did not falter in her life-work. Almost worn out was the body with the strain of years, but the soul was yet brave and strong. Elected within a month to the office of President of the Woman's Centenary Association, she at once took up the duties devolving upon that office with accustomed promptitude. The needs of the Scottish Mission were abundantly provided for out of her own generosity, and the whole work pushed on with quiet but resistless energy. In Sorosis, in the Woman's Congress, in the New Century Club, in all her public connections, she became again the busy helper, her insight into character, her patience with details and her sound judgment mak-

ing her highly efficient. And though necessarily heavily burdened with business of a private character, her house is still the same hospitable one, the sick and needy and friendless receiving there as warm a welcome as the well, the rich and the high-born. Still does motherless infancy find there all that it seemed to have lost forever; still does the stranger from other lands meet there the reception so grateful to one in a foreign country; still does she go to the bedside of the sick with all needed aid; still to the couch of the dying with tender promises; still to the grave with the mourners, helping when help is most needed. When I think of her, I am always reminded of those women of the first century, who waited so long at the foot of the cruel cross, and who went so early to the silent sepulchre."

ANNIE M. THYNG,

One of our active temperance workers, was born in Horton, Nova Scotia. Her maiden name was Starratt. The close-communication Baptist church was where she attended divine worship during her youth, and she says, "My entrance into that church was the stepping-stone that led me up and out into the glorious light and liberty of our faith; and standing as I do to-day with my feet firmly fixed upon this rock, I thank God for the church that first led me to seek salvation. More do I thank him that I was led into our all-embracing faith—the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. Only a close-communication Baptist, who has emerged from that into the light of our divine faith, can realize the narrowness of the old dogmas. My soul in thankfulness rejoices, and its refrain is ever, 'Glory to God in the highest!'"

She was assisted into the light of our faith by hearing Rev. A. J. Patterson, D.D., of Boston, preach. Dr. Patterson says, "Mrs. Th yng was an earnest worker in our church, and a very efficient help in our prayer-meetings. She has remarkable natural gifts, and a wonderful measure of magnetism; is a natural orator, and when at her best sways a congregation as

few persons can. In her temperance work she goes right down to the drunkard, takes him by the hand, talks to him, pleads with him as a sister might plead with a beloved brother, opens to him his very soul, and makes him see himself as God sees him; then, having awakened penitence profound, by a happy turn she shows the highway of holiness that invites his footsteps, and kindles hope and earnest resolve to enter that way and be a man. Mrs. Thyng will, I think, in a half hour's effort, secure more names, from a promiscuous crowd, to the temperance pledge, than any temperance orator of my acquaintance."

Mrs. Thyng for the last seven years has worked almost constantly for the cause of temperance, and has done a good work towards cultivating that part of the Master's vineyard. She has secured thousands of names to the total abstinence pledge, and has sustained and supported many a weak and erring one, until strength was given to stand alone. When the women of our nation rose in opposition to this great and direful foe, she was one of the first to commence work in Boston, Mass., and then in other parts of the state. She did a noble work in New York and Canada. The last four years of her time has been given to Iowa and Minnesota.

MARTHA A. ADAMS,

The second wife of Rev. J. G. Adams, D. D., at present, 1881, residing at Melrose Highlands, Mass., was born in Charlton, Mass., April 26, 1831. From girlhood she had a genius to manage children (a rare gift), and at the early age of sixteen commenced teaching school, and proved herself competent and successful. She taught in Charlton (her birthplace), Brookfield and Worcester, Mass., and New Haven, Ct. She was married in 1865, and, during Dr. Adams's pastorate in Providence, R. I., Lowell, Mass., and Cincinnati, Ohio, was a willing and earnest helpmeet. In her infancy she was cradled in the lap of our faith, and never has been indifferent to its beauties, or lukewarm in her work for its prosperity. It is frequently said, that to

have one fully appreciate our doctrine, and "God's eternal goodness," one should be educated in the dismal dogmas of orthodoxy. Not so with Mrs. Adams; her gratitude and zeal grew upon the doctrine she was born in, and that her soul fed upon in youth. A diligent worker at all times in our Sunday-school, not simply listening to the replies of the pupil to questions asked, but intelligently explaining the life and spirit of the lesson, time spent in the Sunday-school has never been time lost to her.

The cause of Temperance enlisted her zeal in early life, and during her residence in Cincinnati she was a hearty co-operator in that notable movement the "Woman's Crusade in the West."

Mrs. Caroline A. Soule, after speaking of her consecration to, and industry for our church, says:

"Of Mrs. Martha A. Adams I could write much, had I time. Tho' I never knew her till we began our W. C. A. work in 1869, I regard her as one of the truly grand women of America. She is one of the most just women I ever knew, exact in all her dealings. Her friendship is graced with innumerable tenderesses, and her business with marked exactness. She has handled a good deal over \$100,000 as treasurer of the W. C. A., and I defy any one to find a wrong figure in her accounts."

Mrs. Adams takes anxious interest in all the movements of women, and most intensely believes in the Christian mission of her sex in our own and in all the churches of the one common Leader and Lord.

HARRIET M. BLANCHARD.

Rev. Warren Skinner removed from New Hampshire to Brownville, Jefferson Co., N. Y., where the subject of this sketch was born, May 9, 1818. Miss Skinner was married, in Proctorsville, Vt., April 28, 1839, to James M. Blanchard, then of Rochester. They removed to Washington in 1861, and Mrs. Blanchard in the Fall of 1861 commenced her work for the soldiers. The larger part of her time was devoted to hospital work. She visited all

the hospitals in and around Washington, and a number of times went to Alexandria, Fairfax Court House and Windmill Point, supplying in great quantities delicacies and food to the sick and wounded.

Mrs. Robert Farnham, a wealthy and prominent lady of Washington, threw open her spacious house, and a Soldiers' Relief Association was formed, where almost unlimited supplies were sent from the friends at the North. An ambulance was furnished the Association by the Secretary of War, which enabled Mrs. Blanchard and the Association to furnish the soldiers with much that would not otherwise have reached them.

In July, 1863, while Mrs. Blanchard was working with all her might for the comfort and relief of the sick and dying, whose mothers were too far away to administer the cooling draughts, and whisper words of cheer to their dear ones, two of her own sons sacrificed their lives on the altar of our country. Let us hope that some other blessed Sister of Charity supplied her place, as best she could, to her dear ones. One of her sons was killed at Gettysburg, the 2d of the month; the other in the navy, dying on board the steamship, "Alabama," of Dupont's Blockading Squadron, near the island of Hayti, on the 23d of the same month. Mrs. Blanchard says:

"I thought my life-work was done, and that I could not rise above the anguish of this crushing blow; but after a time it occurred to me that there were many mothers who had sons languishing on sick beds, and I could relieve them in various ways, so I took up my work again in a spirit consecrated by my great sorrow, and continued to the end."

During the war a Newsboys' Home was established in Washington, which seemed a necessity from the large number of boys who came with the army and were left there without home or friends. Mrs. Blanchard was chosen on the Board of Managers, and she was a most efficient officer until the Home was no longer needed.

In 1865 Mrs. Blanchard was appointed on the Board of Managers of the Association for the Relief of Colored Women and Children, and still occupies the position of Chairman of Clothing Committee, and also works on other committees.

At the close of the war she was chosen visitor for the "Provident Aid Society," at the time when there were countless numbers of destitute persons

whom the war had drawn to the city. During the three years in which this society existed, Mrs. Blanchard caused one thousand persons to be relieved from its funds.

In 1870 she organized the Woman's Christian Association, which had for its object the improvement of the moral, social and religious condition of that class of women, in the District of Columbia, who needed a helping hand to save them from want and degradation. Mrs. Blanchard says:

"From the time of its organization until a year ago, I have literally worked night and day for the 'Home,' and trust that by the grace of God I have lightened the burden of many a sin-sick and suffering sister."

Mrs. Blanchard further says that the women of the Universalist parish in Washington paid the first money, \$200 into the treasury.

HELEN LOUISE GILSON.

When beginning this work I received from Mrs. A. B. Grosh, of Washington, D. C., the injunction, "Do not forget 'sweet Helen Gilson!' For that life, so full of inspiration and faith and so brief, was crowded with choicest good works, and should be more fully written than it yet has been."

She was born in Boston, in humble circumstances, in 1835. She was educated in the public schools of the city, and at the early age of seventeen years was appointed head assistant in the old Phillips' grammar school for boys, and continued there until her health failed. She was a frequent visitor in Chelsea, Mass., where Rev. Charles H. Leonard, D.D., was settled as pastor for many years. When in that city she attended his church, and finally joined it; and after removing to Chelsea, and establishing herself as governess in her guardian's (Hon. Frank B. Fay's) family, she became a constant attendant and a very efficient teacher in the Sunday-school, a position she retained until the war. As soon as hospitals were established, at the very beginning of the war, in 1861, Miss Gilson applied to Dorothea Dix, superior of female nurses, for a position where she could work for the sick and suffer-

ing. She was unsuccessful, a very proper rule existing which prohibited nurses entering the hospitals until they had arrived at a required age, which Miss Gilson had not reached, and consequently she was rejected. She went to Washington immediately and visited the hospitals, and in May, 1862, she began her sacred work. Mr. Fay, her guardian, also volunteered his services, and was with the Army of the Potomac, and from the first to the last battle he rendered most valuable voluntary services.

Miss Gilson's personal appearance at the time when she assumed her great work, was remarkable. She was slight and graceful in form, with features exquisitely moulded; a voice of strange power in conversation, and endowed with a marvelous gift of song that seemed to the listening ear of the sick or wounded like the voice of a seraph. No human being ever went forth better endowed to perform the blessed work than did she. She possessed the "rare heart, head, enthusiasm, tact, courage, firmness and holy will" that were needed in every woman who was to mingle with all classes of men, sick or well, good or bad, upon battle-fields and in camp. Her dress seemed to blend with her quiet self, being of the simplest gray flannel. Her first work in the army is described by herself upon being asked how she managed to pass through the barriers of official service?

"When I reached the White-House Landing I saw the transport 'Wilson Small' in the offing, and knew that it was full of wounded men; so, calling a boatman, and directing him to row me to the vessel, I went on board.

"A poor fellow was undergoing an amputation; and, seeing that the surgeon wanted help, I took hold of the limb and held it for him. The surgeon looked up, at first surprised, then said, 'Thank you,' and I stayed and helped him. Then I went on with him to the next case; he made no objection, and from that time I never had any difficulty there; though often, in a change of place, I would have to make my way afresh."

Preparing herself for efficiency, she attended surgical lectures to acquire technical skill, and in spite of her rejection by Miss Dix, she succeeded, in May, 1862, in gaining admission to one of the hospital transports of the Sanitary Commission, on the Pamunkey River, and soon after she was able to take the field. She was of great service in McClellan's Peninsular campaign, and after the seven days' disastrous battles of the Chickahominy, all

the powers of her frail body were brought into requisition. She had the courage to undertake a superhuman amount of labor, and strength was given her to perform all she had undertaken. After Pope's accession to McClellan's command, Miss Gilson wrote home, expressing in familiar language her unpremeditated thoughts. Mrs. Clapp, in "Old and New" for April and May, 1872, quotes largely from her letters, extracts of which we here give.

"The more this experience comes to me, the more I am lifted into the upper ether of peace and rest. I am stronger in soul and healthier in body, yet I never worked harder in my life.

"Washington, September, 1862. The corridors of the Capitol are full of beds, and every church and other available place will be crowded with our wounded men. Our women everywhere will surely devote all possible time to this great claim.

* * * * *

"The sick and wounded are lying all along our route in barns, neglected and filthy, their wounds all alive with vermin. No shirts or drawers have yet been received, though urgently needed. Stores have to be transported from Frederick, nineteen miles by wagon, a slow process. I have drawn corn starch and liquors from the 'Commission,' and have prepared gallons of corn starch to feed the poor fellows shot in the mouth and throat. I fed one man yesterday, who had lain *three days* among the dead on the field. I have been too busy to write before; have slept in an ambulance or barn for several nights.

"Antietam, 21st.—We remained at the hospital till afternoon, ministering to the sick and wounded. Such *horrible* wounds! There were not enough able-bodied men to bury the dead. Amputations were going on, and we were assisting by feeding the famishing.

* * * * *

"I came to Washington last evening to see about supplies. Our men at Keedysville have been full of vermin for want of clean clothes; in one hospital crabs and hospital gangrene broke out. The men were *so* filthy!—implore us incessantly for shirts and drawers and socks, and oh, there is *such* joy when they get clean handkerchiefs with cologne. I have been round

among the men in all the barns, making gallons of corn starch, and feeding the worst cases of wounded; those with eyes shot out, tongues shot away, and wounds in the brain. I dressed five wounds for a rebel lieutenant, and then he begged me to 'take the best care of him, that he might get back and fight us again!'

"When I arrived on the battle-field, men were lying in all directions, the dying and the dead. With so much to do for the living, we could only pass the dying by, who were past all earthly healing. I may not describe the field. Its horrors no tongue can tell.

"Three thousand have already been buried, yet you could hardly advance a dozen paces without stepping upon the dead. The doctors tell me I ought not to stoop over the men to feed them; but I *must* do it; it is so much more satisfying to them, and so much more like the home ministry.

"It is Sunday night, and I am writing by my ration of candle, a small piece.

"I have had a busy, busy day. Let me give you an account of it. This morning we rose at *veille*, and immediately proceeded to the hospital, which is in two barns just across the way. Having but one basin and sponge for the washing of seventy-five sick men, you can imagine the operation a long one; especially as I feel inclined to be so unreasonable as to insist that fever patients should have clean feet. This being over, next comes the breakfast; and, considering that we have but one old tin dipper to about every six men, this process also is a slow one. A little corn starch or gruel must be made for the sickest; then, in many cases, they must be fed, and I find their appetite is much improved by a pleasant chat during the process. Then, while Mrs. H. was preparing raspberry vinegar, or some other cooling drink, I went to the men, bathing their heads with bay-rum, and writing letters for those who were most ill. I have several patients who are being doctored for homesickness (nostalgia), and I make it a business to talk with such men half an hour each day. It has a wonderfully cheering effect. Then comes the dinner, another long process; and after that a little nap for the boys; then a chapter, some songs and a few words of cheer, with constant calls for care, meanwhile.

"Nov. 2, 1862, Pleasant Valley, Md.—The valley was bathed this morn-

ing in the Autumn light, but my heart was dreary and desolate. Nine hundred sick here, and I could not find a place either for myself or stores. Bustle and confusion everywhere; the army marching or cannonading in the distance. Besides looking after myself and stores, I have to provide forage for our two horses, and rations for the dinner; and most of all, the sick must be cared for.

* * * * *

“I have been all day with a church full of fever cases. What think you was brought them for dinner? Salt beef boiled (very fat at that), hard-tack and pea-soup! Thanks to our Chelsea friends, I could supply crackers for the most delicate. After dinner I was chaplain again, sang, prayed and talked with the men. I could not have asked a more attentive audience. When I finished there were tears in many eyes.

“How I wish that some one abler than myself could have spoken to these sick and weary souls! You can not imagine how receptive the soul of a soldier is, who is prostrate and suffering. Then is the opportunity for influence, to talk with him of home, of his errors, and of the temptations of the army.”

Notwithstanding the strict rules necessary to the proper distribution of supplies, special privileges were accorded to her, and she was liberally supplied with vast amounts of stores, and permitted to exercise entire control over their distribution.

Miss Gilson reached Gettysburg just as the great contest closed. Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, who saw her wonderful work on that dreadful time, describes her with his eloquent pen:

“One woman, young and fair, but grave and earnest, clothed in purity and mercy—the only woman on that whole vast camp—moved in and out of the hospital tents, speaking some tender words, giving some restoring cordial, holding the hand of a dying boy, or receiving the last words of a husband for his widowed wife. I can never forget how, amid scenes which under ordinary circumstances no woman could have appeared in without gross indecorum, the holy pity and purity of this angel of mercy made her presence seem as fit as though she had indeed dropped out of heaven. The

men themselves, sick or well, all seemed awed and purified by such a resident among them.

"When we had exhausted the little store of comforts we had brought with us, one of the sufferers said to Miss Gilson, 'Ma'am, can't you sing us a little hymn?' 'Oh, yes!' she answered; 'I'll sing you a song that'll do for either side;' and there, in the midst of that band of neglected sufferers, she stood, and with a look of heavenly pity and earnestness, her eyes raised to God, sang, 'When this Cruel War is Over,' in a clear, pleading voice that made me remove my hat, and long to cast myself upon my knees. Sighs and groans ceased; and, while the song went on, pain seemed charmed away. The moment it ceased, one poor fellow, who had lost his right arm, raised his left and said, 'O ma'am! I wish I had my other arm back, if it was only to clap my hands for your song!'"

In October, 1863, Miss Gilson took a brief respite home, and in November went with Mr. Fay to Folly Island, where during all the Winter she exercised her rare executive ability and marvellous power of ministration among the sick and wounded, in the Department of South Carolina. In the early Spring of 1864 she returned to her chosen field in the Army of the Potomac. In May came the onset under Grant. The battle of the Wilderness filled Fredericksburg with sick and wounded. May 13th Miss Gilson writes:

"The heart revolts at the thought of describing the state of things here. The sights are terrible; and the air is heavy with the horrible odor, not from the wounded alone, but from the accumulation of filth about the city. Every church, store and dwelling is filled with the wounded, and they are constantly arriving from the front, twelve miles from here. The slaughter is horrible, and the bravery of our men beyond comparison; not only the impulsive courage of the battle-field, but the calmer and more quiet courage of men content to lie, as they are lying, on the hard floors, after severe and painful amputations, and not a pad or soft pillow for their terrible wounds.

"It is midnight now; the patients are asleep, and we are awaiting the arrival of ambulances from the front, with our wounded from the battle of yesterday. Every hour is important, but with every victory come sad tidings of the fall of some of our best and bravest men."

Reed in his "Hospital Life" says

“One afternoon, just before the evacuation of Fredericksburg, when the atmosphere of our rooms was close and foul, and we were longing for a breath of our cooler Northern air, and the men were moaning in pain or restless with fever, and our hearts were sick with pity for the sufferers, I heard a light step upon the stairs, and, looking up, I saw a young lady enter, who brought with her such an atmosphere of calm and cheerful courage, so much freshness, such an expression of gentle, womanly sympathy, that her mere presence seemed to revive the drooping spirits of the men, and to give a new power of endurance through the long and painful hours of suffering. First with one, then at the side of another; a friendly word here, a gentle nod and smile there; a tender sympathy with each prostrate sufferer, a sympathy which could read in his eyes his longing for home-love and for the presence of some absent one—in those few minutes hers was indeed an angel ministry. Before she left the room she sang to them, first some stirring national melody, then some sweet or plaintive hymn to strengthen the heart, and I remember how the notes penetrated to every part of the building. Soldiers with less severe wounds, from the rooms above, began to crawl out into the entry, and men from below crept up on their hands and knees, to catch every note, and to receive of the benediction of her presence, for such it *was* to them. Then she went away. I did not know who she was, but I was as much moved and melted as any soldier of them all. This is my first reminiscence of Helen Gilson.”

With the progress of our army and the change of policy towards the negroes, they flocked to our lines, in great numbers for protection and care. A writer thus describes, in “Old and New,” a scene in which Miss Gilson must have appeared to the liberated bondmen like the angel of light she was:

“Our steamer was anchored in the river. A hundred vessels were there, waiting orders to move. Night came on. There were gleaming signals all about us, and a thousand colored lights were reflected in the water. In the distance we could hear, low and soft, the first notes of the negroes’ evening hymn. Impassioned and plaintive it came on, increasing in volume, until the whole chorus broke out into one of those indescribably wild, fervid melodies, of which it is impossible to resist the impression, until it melted away into the subdued moanings of a few who were charged with the refrain.

Our boat was soon lowered, and filled with an eager company who were impatient to reach the negro barge before their service was over. Clambering up the sides of the great steamer, we found them just settling down to sleep; but, as we moved about among them, there were enough who were willing to repeat their hymn. . . Under the flickering of our single light it was a picture indeed. Their countenances were all aglow with the passion of their song, and, as I stood looking upon that sea of uplifted faces, I thought that there was hardly an emotion which could be awakened by intense religious feeling, that did not find expression there. . . When their song had ceased, Miss Gilson addressed them. She pictured the reality of freedom, told them what it meant, and what they had to do. No longer would there be a master to deal out the peck of corn, no longer a mistress to care for the old people or the children. They were now to work for themselves, provide for their own sick, and support their own infirm, but all this was to be done under new conditions. No overseer was to stand over them with the whip, for their new master was the necessity of earning their daily bread, and very soon higher motives would come. Then, in the simplest language, she explained the difference between their former relations with their then masters, and their new relations with the Northern people, showing that labor here was voluntary, and that they could only expect to secure kind employers by doing faithfully all they had to do. Then, after enforcing truthfulness, neatness and economy, she said:

“You know that the Lord Jesus died and rose again for you. You love to sing his praise, and to draw near to him in prayer. But remember that this is not all of religion. You must *do* right, as well as pray right. Your lives must be full of kind deeds towards each other, full of gentle and loving affection, full of unselfishness and truth; this is true piety. You must make Monday and Tuesday just as good and pure as Sunday is, remembering that God looks not only at your prayers and your emotions, but at the way you live and speak and act, every hour of your lives.’

“Then she sang Whittier’s appropriate hymn:

“‘Oh, praise an’ tanks, de Lord he come
To set de people free;
And massa tink it day of doom,
And we of jubilee.

De Lord dat heap de Red Sea wabes,
 He just as strong as den;
 He say de word; last night we slabes,
 To-day de Lord's free men.'

"Here were a thousand people breathing their first free air; they were new-born, with the delicious sense of freedom. They listened with moistened eyes to every word which concerned their future, and felt that its utterance came from a heart which could embrace them all in its sympathies.

"As she spoke the circle grew larger, and the people pressed around her more eagerly. It was all a part of their new life. They welcomed it; and, by every expression of gratitude to her, they showed how desirous they were to learn. Those who were present can never forget the scene—a thousand dusky faces, expressive of such fervency and enthusiasm, their large eyes filled with tears, answering to the throbbing heart below, all dimly outlined by the flickering rays of a single lamp. And when it was over we felt that we could understand better our relations to them, and the new duties which this great hour had brought upon us."

At the battle of Cold Harbor, June 7th, Miss Gilson describes her hospitals at White House:

"This White House is a tremendous field. We are working night and day. When we think of preparing for a night's rest, heavy ambulance-trains arrive loaded with these poor, suffering men, helpless and broken, the dead among the living. The transportation over fifteen miles of bad roads in army wagons is worse than death, they say. . . . We make twenty or thirty gallons of milk punch at a time, and immense caldrons of soup. But there is no end."

Our army crossed the James, and fronted Petersburg. Before the army was in position, Miss Gilson, accompanied by Hon. F. B. Fay and a part of the auxiliary corps of the Sanitary Commission, were in sight of the intrenchments, in preparation for the dreadful scenes impending. The battle began before the medical supplies of the army arrived, and her stores were of immense value to many of the wounded. June 7, she wrote:

July 8.—"It is hot, and we are smothered by the dust. The day has been a hard one. My men in the kitchen are down with fever. I have stood all day over a raging stove, making soups and gruels for two hundred

men; then later, tea for a hundred more, besides the diet for the convalescents. Yet I have found the time to visit the wards, to read to the men, listen to complaints, and straighten out abuses. Poor fellows! they are full of their 'miserics,' their special term for all pain. They are like children in one's hands. These details only show you how much there is to do."

July 12. — . . . "Many of our friends have fainted at their posts, and have been sent home with typhoid fever. But so far I seem to keep my strength."

She continued steadfastly at her work through the Autumn and Winter, and in the Spring of 1865 wrote:

"I am tired, tired, chronically tired. Tired to the very marrow of my bones. Last night I tried to answer your letter, but dropped asleep, pen in hand. Last evening, from the special diet, I fed three divisions of the hospital. Each case was catered for separately. Each day I have to decide how much beef or mutton is needed, order it, waste nothing, save the pieces of bread for puddings, etc., and at the same time the adaptations necessary in all the cases arising in such a vast hospital, keeping a wholesome and pleasant atmosphere—make the brain as well as the hand weary.

March 17, 1865. — "There are stages in our physical and mental development when we think much, not about, but upon ourselves. We *need* these lessons while we are learning to live. After that, an unconscious growth goes on; and with an eye ever raised to Christ, our pattern, and to heaven, our home, we lose ourselves in the attaining; and are hardly conscious of individual life, which is swallowed up in doing and living for others. From this outside life, comes *inward peace*, sweet rest, which is more than ecstasy to the weary soul. Intense joy, intense sorrow, wears the soul; but for the peace that comes from looking Christward and heavenward, let us seek."

19th. — "You spoke of spiritual nearness. I have always believed in it, and last Sunday I was thinking of you particularly, as the day of your motto. It is a great comfort to believe in the spritual presence of those we love, either in this world or the other, when we are homesick and heartsick here; and sweeter still, in the nearness and communion of One who abideth ever and always, ministering to our loneliness, even before we can send up our petitions.

. . . "I wish I could hear the robins or some spring-bird; it is *so lonely* without them."

As the war drew near its close, her life approached its end. She entered Richmond, and had her quarters at a hospital in Camp Lee, in May, 1865. She returned soon after to Massachusetts, with health broken. On her last birthday she wrote:

"Life has been long to me, but God has given me the sunshine of sweet, dear friendships. I thank him for the joy and the sorrow. I love humanity, the world; and I want to live that I may serve and be happy through my work.

"I was reading for my comfort to-day the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah. It is beautiful, and I have taken to my heart that sweet promise, 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.' I will trust."

Rev. W. H. Channing gives in Mrs. Clapp's memorial the following reminiscence:

"I first saw her standing at an open tent door, with two large tin vessels of farina and soup before her, supplying nurses who were carrying refreshments to the wounded, after the first disastrous defeat at Fredericksburg. Never have I forgotten, and never shall I forget, the light of her eyes, and her smile when, looking up, she gladly greeted me as a fellow-helper; that glance, and her first words, revealed to me her generous, devoted heart.

"What radiance of womanly sweetness she spread around her by her presence, the music of her voice, her gracious loveliness! How raised above all frivolous folly she seemed by earnest straightforwardness, transparent sincerity and commanding conscience! It was most noticeable how soldiers and officers, nurses and surgeons, grew courteous, affable, gentle, refined, under the charm. Utterly unconscious of her own attractive beauty, she moved to and fro, clad in a spotless robe of innocence, like a little child or a guardian spirit. An influence went out through look, manner, gesture, benign, calm, purifying, till, unaware almost the rough were softened, and the coarse made clean, and the brave and manly quickened to finer heroism, by reverence for noble womanhood. And what sagacity, good sense, wisdom, marked the action and speech of this seemingly untaught and inexperi-

enced country-girl! One marveled at her well-ordered arrangements, her forethought, prompt adaptation, skill, deftness, tact. Whence had she gained this shrewd discernment of character, this power of managing others by honest directness of speech and dealing, this presence of mind in emergencies, this energy to turn evil into good, and make the best of all conditions?

“Do you remember that Sunday evening in the gloaming, when she came, with her attendant, on horseback, to the Rowe-House Hospital on the Plains, and at our request, standing at the head of the stairs, sang hymn after hymn to our poor, wounded fellows? They said it was like voices of angels. Ay! it was so. She stands for us now at the head of the golden stairway to the heavens, and the voice is ever, ‘Nearer, my God, to thee; Nearer to thee.’ ”

I wrote to Dr. Bellows, referring to what he had said of Miss Gilson in his account of her, after the battle of Gettysburg, and asked him if I could not have something concerning this lovely woman, fresh from his pen and warm from his heart, and he generously responded with the following:

DEAR MADAM:—

“WALPOLE, N. H., July 16, 1880.

Your letter of July 12th, asking me to write you freely about Miss Helen Gilson, comes, I fear, to a very *exhausted* witness, who has already publicly said all the little of interest he knew about that lovely woman. She gave the freshness of her young life to the cause of the Union, in following up the battle fields of our dreadful yet glorious war, that she might be a ministering angel in hospitals and among the wounded and dying. She was so young, so beautiful, so delicate in aspect and maidenly ways, that she stood out among the equally noble and patriotic women who were nurses in the war, as something specially angelic. Doubtless, there were equally youthful and equally consecrated maidens at work elsewhere (for the field was too *wide* for any single observer to note all who adorned it with charity and mercy), but I never happened to meet any woman of Helen Gilson’s loveliness, upon the battle field, or in the hospitals. Her I have met in scenes that it required all the bravest man’s courage to even look upon, amid the marred and bleeding victims of artillery and musketry, and of the surgeon’s kindly cruel knife.

I have seen her when she was the *only* woman in camp, moving about among hundreds of men, half-clothed, and with scores lying about still in the gore of untended wounds, with rows of others waiting for the relief of amputations. I have seen her holding a poor, rough soldier's hand (the representative of mother, wife, sister, daughter), while the doctor cut and sawed off his leg or arm, or probed his wound. And I observed, without exception, such a reverence for her purity, such a sanctity around her innocence in the eyes and minds of the soldiers, that it consecrated the place, and made all that would elsewhere have been strange and unseemly, fit and holy. Miss Gilson had a seraph's voice, and she used her gift of song as a curative and cordial. She could while away the anguish of wounds with this magical voice. Never was personal beauty a more consecrated instrument of mercy. I never witnessed the least consciousness in her of her personal charms, but I have seen their triumph, when even those whose homesickness and pangs they soothed or banished, did not suspect what calmed and blest them.

"I never met Helen Gilson after the war, until one day riding in the cars between Fitchburg and Boston, a lady entered and took the vacant seat by my side. Occupied with a book, and not suffering from curiosity, I rode on twenty miles without a suspicion who or what the lady was. But suddenly her voice arrested my attention, and in a moment we were mutually engrossed with old recollections and sympathies, such as only those who recall together the most tragic and affecting scenes, can have. This was not long before her lamented death. Already the tremendous strain on her heart and nerves and muscles had changed her sadly, and it was no wonder that one who had *lived a decade* of years in every single year of the war, should end her life in what for others would be a premature decay.

"I love to think of her only as I myself saw her, and nothing could deepen the love, admiration and reverence with which her memory lives in my heart, and in my mind's eye her face, in my mind's ear her voice, and in my soul the sanctified purity of her spirit.

"Very respectfully yours,

"H. W. BELLOWS."

Reed's "Hospital Life" is dedicated "To Hon. Frank B. Fay, the humane and Christian gentleman, the friend of the soldier in camp and in hos-

pital, and of the suffering everywhere." And the following is Mr. Fay's tribute to Helen L. Gilson:

"To the memory of one whose years, measured by the sands of time, were few; not so when reckoned by the value of the loyal and royal service she performed.

"The writer knew her well in the home, in society, and in the more trying experiences of the army hospital and in the field, and in each position and in each relation he felt her goodness of heart and greatness of soul. He loved her for what she has been to those near and dear to him, for what she has done for others, and for what she has tried to be to all.

"With his family there was no kinship of blood, but there grew up in those years of association with them in that home a higher relationship of reciprocal affection, appreciation and trust.

"Her thoughtfulness, her gentleness, her dignity, and her playfulness, showed the strong contrasts in her nature, which so singularly combined the child and the woman.

"She was charitable in judgment, ready to forgive those whose lips had questioned her fidelity or the purity of her motives, and equally ready to confess her faults.

"She often said, 'true affection does not make us blind; but, although keenly alive to the errors of those we love, we can the more readily pardon.'

"With confidence in her ability to work in responsible positions, she was humble, and did not desire notoriety, declining always to furnish for publication any history of her army life.

"Her faculty in arranging a hospital, her tact in managing the patients and the soldier nurses, her ability to pray and sing with dying men, to conduct religious and funeral ceremonies; her adaptation to circumstances, her courage in hours of danger—all fitted her for the service she performed.

"Her last public work, in lately re-establishing a Colored Orphans' Home in Richmond, brought her in contact with a race she loved so well, and afforded her another opportunity for administrative labor.

"In her presence the profane lip was silent, and she won the respect and love alike of friend and stranger, of the aged, of whom she was so thoughtful, and of the young, whom she so readily instructed and amused.

“Loving her Savior, she loved the divinity in our humanity, and believed that all good thoughts, words, deeds, are divine; that we are but the channel through which they flow, and that the divine current is sure to deposit in our hearts the seeds of constant joy. This was the only reward she sought.

“Thousands who saw and appreciated her work in the army, the few who were associated with her in a kindred service, and other thousands who knew her only through her offices to those they loved, will mourn at her translation. Those who knew her best and loved her most will most readily acquiesce in this great discipline; for they know with what cheerful faith she entered the gateway towards which she had so often looked, and how willing she will be to wait for a re-union with those she loved on earth, while we may well anticipate her welcome above by those, gone before, to whom she had ministered.”

“There is rest for the weary.”

Miss Gilson died in Newton, Mass., and was buried from the Universalist church, Chelsea, and her remains lie in Woodlawn Cemetery. The soldiers raised a beautiful monument above her grave, bearing the following inscription, “Helen L. Gilson. Born Nov. 22, 1835; died April 20, 1868. A tribute from soldiers of the war of 1861 to 1865, for self-sacrificing labors in the army hospitals.” The monument occupies a spot on Chapel Hill, the highest land in Woodlawn Cemetery, Chelsea. The plat of ground is called the “Field of Mercy,” and no other burial has been made in it.

Mr. Fay further says, “Her grave is decorated by the soldiers on ‘Memorial Day.’ She was loved by them and all who knew her. Few left so sweet a memory.”

Her married name was Osgood. Her married life was a short one, and she is always spoken of as “Miss Gilson,” and her monument was so inscribed, acceptably to all parties interested in her and in her great work.

She established a Colored Home at Richmond, Va., and a white school at the South.

There was no woman (unless we except Clara Barton) among the many angels of mercy that ministered to our sick and dying, who so richly deserves to be called the Florence Nightingale of America as Helen Gilson, if indeed

these twin spirits did not altogether surpass "Santa Filomela." In length of service, number of battles witnessed, of sick and wounded cared for, as in rare accomplishments of person, voice, and ability to minister in speech and song, and in that true magnetism of presence that made her seem like an angel from heaven—in her entire record during our cruel war, she was surpassed by no woman whose name is recorded, and it is a blessed thought that her views of God and man, of life and eternity, inspired and sustained her to accomplish the great work to which she consecrated her young life. Let us never forget or cease to honor the name of this Sister of Charity, Helen Louise Gilson, who will always

"Stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood,"

MARY T. REED

Is the wife of Rev. D. M. Reed, one of our popular clergymen, to whom she was married in Piermont, N. H., in 1846. Her maiden name was Thresher, and she was born in Deerfield, N. H., and received a fine education in her native State. Mrs. Reed was a school-teacher, and at one time taught in our seminary at Woodstock, Vt., and says at that time she builded better than she knew, for some of her students have become quite eminent. "Yet," she adds, "I suspect these people, many of them, who have attained eminence, will find when the great book is opened that the Recording Angel has marked them lower than many whose names were never heard beyond their quiet neighborhood."

Mrs. Reed has written and published enough to fill a large volume. Her published correspondence from the South, and indeed from different parts of our country, is very interesting. In her travels she sees and appreciates all

the charming scenery, and transmits her observations to paper so vividly that readers can easily imagine that instead of reading her letters they are accompanying her in her roving. She has great intuition, and detects shams readily in men or women.

Mrs. Reed says, "I have been no idler in the vineyard, have done my work in a quiet, humble way, yet I am no mother in Israel, and can claim no lot or part among the great workers." I feel that I have no right to permit Mrs. Reed's modesty to shut her out from among our "Woman Workers." She has lectured upon different subjects, with marked ability. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Reed is one that the poet, the naturalist or the wayfaring traveler can look forward to for enjoyment and rest.

A favorable specimen of her style here follows:

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

"This is one of the many questions recently agitated by the philosophers of the nineteenth century. It is a new way of putting the old, old question which so perplexed Hamlet ages ago, 'To be, or not to be.'

"The Pessimists at once answer in the negative. The Optimists in the affirmative. Is it that the one gets so much more out of life than the other?

"To a spectator with our limited faculties, looking down upon this mundane sphere, it surely must seem that many lives are not worth the living, either to the possessor or to others, unless it be that the sorrows and burdens they heap upon their fellows are as the refiner's fire, to purify. It must be that the power to make life a blessing is given to the struggling children of earth. Whose fault is it when it proves, as it so often does, to be otherwise? Were it possible for one to live to himself, or to die to himself, without affecting the well-being of others, a worthless life would not be quite so dreadful as it is.

"Was not the individual actuated by a noble ambition who said, 'Every day of my life I want to make somebody glad that I was born.'

"Does not much depend upon what one makes the chief end of his living? To the butterflies of fashion, while basking in the sunshine of prosperity, life may seem pleasant as a Summer day without clouds. But when

the storm gathers and the tempests beat upon their poor, frail, gauzy wings, they droop at once, and the question under consideration is then answered in the negative.

"Another class is represented by the bee. They are too busy in gathering sweets from every flower, in laying up treasures as though they expected to enjoy them here forever, to speculate much on the philosophy of life. They have not time even to notice their neighbor bending under the weight of heavy burdens. If these do not enjoy the highest kind of happiness, neither have they gauged the depths of misery and sorrow.

"According to the doctrine of the Buddhist, human existence on this earth is an evil. This sect numbers about two hundred and ninety millions. Many Christians call it a vale of tears, a state of probation, certainly not worth living if this is all.

"'Whom the gods love, die young.' From this, if the gods have been correctly reported, it is evident that they did not consider this life worth the living, so early removed their favorites to a better one.

"The philosopher has speculated and puzzled over the problems of life till faith, hope and love have perished within him. Baffled at every turn he finally gives up in despair these enigmas more perplexing than the riddle of the Sphinx.

"But those who accept whatever is as right and best, are the most to be envied. The existence of evil in the world, which has so taxed the faith and baffled the intellect of philosophers in all ages, does not trouble them.

"What can the Optimists know of unhappiness? When the sun disappears they direct their gaze with delight upon the glorious firmament studded with stars. When the light and splendor of these luminaries become dim, or quite obscured by dense clouds, they know that it is only that refreshing showers may fall upon the thirsty earth, causing it to bud and blossom with beauty.

"Perhaps in listening to celestial harmonies they do not hear the discords of earth, or hearing, think with the poet that

"All discord is harmony not understood,
All partial evil universal good."

MARY T. MOORE.

One of the many unobtrusive, devoted and saintly women of our church was Mrs. Mary T. Moore, who was born in Sidney, Me., in 1796. Her maiden name was Pierce. She was married in 1826, in Norridgewock, Me. and subsequently lived in Portland, Buffalo, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill. In 1868 she returned to Norridgewock, where she died Nov. 25, 1878, in her eighty-second year. Providentially Mrs. Moore was able to exercise her desire to do good. Her own personal expenses she kept very small, and generously devoted her large income to benevolent uses. Besides numerous gifts to individuals, she was very liberal to her church. Lombard University, Westbrook Seminary, the Woman's Centenary, St. Paul's Church and other denominational enterprises were her beneficiaries. Her gifts were only limited by her means. The writer of this too brief and inadequate sketch gratefully records a noble act of which she received the benefit. Her name should be held in lasting remembrance.

ELSIE A. BURR,

The daughter of Atwell and Betsey Burr, of La Fox, Ill., was a born Universalist. She not only talked about it and wrote about it, but she lived the life of a consecrated Universalist Christian. She was a woman of deep thought, clear brain and firm purpose. She was an invalid for years, and was an inmate at Dansville, N. Y., from May, 1873, when she repaired to that home with hope for improved health. She remained there until December of the same year, when she was informed by the physician what she had read in her symptoms that she could live but a short time. Her reply was that of a Christian, "If I am to die, I am willing." She called her beloved nephew to her, and with comforting and soothing words prepared him as best she could for the sad news.

In December, 1873, the following notice of our worthy friend appeared

in the NEW COVENANT. "Our sister was a Universalist Christian in every sense of the word, and will long be remembered by all who knew her, especially the poor, whom she delighted to aid by every means in her power. Deprived of the privilege of attending church by poor health, her well-worn Bible testifies on what her faith was founded. She was a contributor to the "Better Covenant" and NEW COVENANT, and to other papers and periodicals.

NANCY THORNING MONROE

Is a name familiar to most reading Universalists, and a name beloved by them. She was born in Littleton, Mass., in the year 1820. Her maiden name was Thorning. N. Thorning was her signature in the "Repository," which she commenced writing for at the early age of sixteen, and continued her contributions until that magazine ceased to exist. "Sorrow and Joy" was her first article written for that monthly in November, 1837. Rev. Henry Bacon, then the editor of the "Repository," hailed with much pleasure this new writer, the promise of whose early days has been more than fulfilled. Her marriage, a few years later, brought editor and contributor into close family relations, standing as brother and sister to each other, for subsequently she was married to Edwin Monroe, Jr., brother of Mrs. E. A. Bacon, Emeline R. Pierce, Faustina Dennis and Martha Brooks. She was bereaved by his death, Sept. 1, 1868, when he was fifty-six years of age. Edwin Monroe was a man honored and respected by the entire community, for his sterling worth and upright life. He was the founder, and, at the time of his death, deacon of the Universalist church of his town and its firm and devoted friend.

Twice before her husband's death was she left childless, and recently her daughter, Lilian T. (Hollander), was taken from her. She is now an invalid, and we regret that our application for data for an extended sketch of her life reached her at a time when illness and sorrow had unfitted her to respond, except very briefly. She deserves a more extended tribute than I

am able to give, for Mrs. Monroe was one of the most valued of the sisterhood who elevated our literature into prominence, and who attracted the attention of the public to the ability of the women of our church. She wrote at much length and with commensurate force and point. A series of continued articles entitled "The Social Observatory," and another, "Talks in My Home," attracted great attention, and poems, tales and sketches, in much variety, flowed from her pen. We give an extract from "A Fear for the Future," as a specimen of her prose writings, taken from the "Repository."

"Intellectual growth in woman, requires intellectual growth in man. Only the narrow-minded fear the former, only strongly conservative and indolent natures fear the bad influence upon women of education, cultivation and intellectual elevation. It is more than idle, all this talk of 'lustrous eyes and winning dimples,' giving place to 'blackened faces and rough heads,' and needless also is it in these days to cite instances to prove the contrary. There is a blindness so obstinate it shuts its eyes in the broad sunlight and avers it is midnight darkness. Let it grope its way along, till the burning heat of the noonday sun send conviction to the brain which nothing else can reach.

"It is true there may be a cultivation of the head and intellect at the expense of the heart and the affections, but we have yet to learn that women are in more danger of this than men. There may be, too, inharmonious natures, ill-disciplined minds carried away by one idea, mathematicians and nothing more, artists and nothing more, politicians and nothing more; more, this is an evil, but why we should fear it to any greater extent among women than men, we cannot say. Because one woman may chance to be wholly absorbed in art to the exclusion of most womanly proclivities, must all other women, no matter how much talent and inclination may incline them that way, smother all such aspirations? Occasionally from the ranks of wives and mothers we can spare a Harriet Hosmer; she might not have filled the former situations well; that of artist she certainly does. The world need not tremble and think that all women who understand the simplest rules of art, are going to rush madly from the spheres of private duty and take up the chisel.

"There has been a great deal of false sentimentality expended upon this

subject, a vast deal of talk of woman's mixing with man in the business of life, of soiling her purity in life's tumult and bustle. Men with a little romance in their composition, and a great fear of what they call strong-minded women, (a vague term to designate a sort of anomalous animal between a man and a woman), like to place woman upon a pedestal, and once in a while, when it suits their convenience, come up and worship her; they like to keep her as a sort of household deity, veiled sometimes, if possible, so that her pure eyes may not see all the paths in which they, her sometimes devout worshippers, tread.

"It was for no such use God made woman. Eve was given to Adam as his helpmeet. She was not placed upon the earth merely to be protected by him and to be looked upon with similar admiration. God did not say to Adam, 'I have given you this beautiful creature, and you must protect her from the beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air; she is frail and delicate, she won't understand all you understand, she is weak in body and intellect compared to yourself, but you see she is beautiful, and she will be to you more of a companion than all those beasts you have just been naming.' No, none of this. But she was to be his helpmeet, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. The fruit of the forbidden tree which made them like unto gods, was partaken by her as well as by him, and since the hour they were driven from Paradise, she, equally with him, has shared the punishment for transgression. Hand in hand woman went with man out of the garden of Eden, and God designed that thus she should travel with him to the end of time."

Her poetical productions are numerous and excellent.

CANDLEMAS.

Winter had bound his brow with holly,
And passing 'neath the mistletoe, had clasped
The New Year in his cold embrace, His breath
Congealed in icy tears upon the cheek
He pressed. Hoarse winds mourned through the leafless trees
A requiem for the past; while no glad song
Of brook or bird welcomed the New Year in.
Pale and wan the sun of February
Shone in on Candlemas. A mother rose
And lighting up the tapers duly ranged,

Each taper named for one she loved, sat down
 To watch their burning. This for her first born,
 She of the glowing cheek and bounding step,
 Who woke within her heart a mother's love.
 The next was for a pale and drooping girl,
 Over whose couch for long, long days and nights
 She oft had trembling hung. And as she turned
 To watch that taper's blaze, her cheek grew pale,
 And every pulse was still. Yet it burned on.
 Oh, sunny-haired, and sunny-browed was she,
 The very sunlight of her home, whose course
 Was imaged forth by the next taper's light,
 Laughing amid the flowers, herself a flower,
 Singing amid the birds, herself a bird,
 And nestling like a birdling safe at home,
 Within her parents' nest. The next, her boy,
 Her noble boy, growing to be a man,
 So tall, so straight, so fair to look upon,
 His mother's heart might well be proud; but love
 Was stronger than her pride, and as she gazed,
 Her eye grew dim; the light that had flashed there
 Faded away; her heart grew sick with dread,
 And her brain reeled. Did not the taper burn
 With fearful speed, already half consumed,
 While all the rest did seem but newly lit?
 She closed her eyes and pressed her tightened hands
 Upon her brow, and prayed aloud: "Not yet,
 O! God, let it not burn out yet; O! give
 A longer life unto my best beloved;
 O! stay the flickering blaze; in mercy hear,
 And let not darkness come upon me now."
 She prayed in agony, then took her hands
 Down from her pallid face, unclosed her eyes,
 Her eager, streaming eyes. The lights burned on—
 Yes, they burned on, and brighter than them all,
 Yet nearer to its close than all the rest,
 Was the doomed one she sought. She turned no more
 From its clear light, but sat and watched through all—
 Saw the last spark go out in darkness there,
 Then veiled her face once more, and cried, "My son!

A few short weeks, it might be months, and then
 One day they bore into that mother's home
 Her only boy, silent and still and cold,
 No life within the outstretched limbs, no breath
 Within the parted lips. Close clung his hair
 Upon his brow, wet with the salt sea foam;
 This told his fate, and so they laid him there
 Beside his mother, and she clasped her hands

As once before upon her tearful face,
And cried, "O! God, my son!"

And thus he died!
His lamp of life had early burned away,
And his sad, weeping mother lights no more
At Candlemas the taper's blaze; she asks
No farther light upon the future's page,
God in his own good time will make all clear;
And when as one by one the lights go out
Upon her way, she clasps no more her hands
Before her eyes, but lifts her gaze above,
And sees the lights kindled on earth, renewed
Again in Heaven.

E. A. BACON LATHROP.

Eliza A. Monroe was born in the year 1816, in the good old revolutionary town of Lexington, Mass. She says, "I have always felt a little proud that one of my ancestors lies under the cenotaph that covers the illustrious first martyrs of our liberty." Mrs. Lathrop, formerly known everywhere among our people as Mrs. Bacon, has been one of the most efficient workers that our church was ever blessed with. She was the third child and eldest daughter of a family of seven children. The name of each daughter is a household treasure to our denomination. Martha married Rev. E. G. Brooks, D.D. Faustina married Rev. J. S. Dennis. Emline, the artist and poet, was the wife of Mr. Caleb S. Pierce, of Peoria, Ill., and the subject of this sketch married Henry Bacon, who had but a year previously been ordained over the new East Cambridge parish, with which the Monroe family were indentified; and Nancy Thorning married Edwin Monroe. I can not surprise our friends in good old Massachusetts with anything fresh and new to them of this family, for they were well known to the Universalists of that State. They had the reputation of being book-worms, and enjoying each other's society, and of writing for each other's amusement. Eliza (Mrs. Lathrop), however, was a little more given to such amusements than either of the others.

she was more frequently caught with pencil and paper, and the question, when a child, was frequently asked by the others, "What are you writing now, E. A.?"

Mr. Bacon, many of our friends will remember, took great satisfaction in his wife's ability, and rather persisted that she should cultivate her gifts, and so we frequently heard from her through the "Repository," which magazine her husband edited twenty years.

Mrs. Bacon took no literary responsibility until after Mr. Bacon's death, which occurred in 1856, when she says, "Necessity required me to help support myself and three boys, and I accepted the editorship of the 'Ladies' Repository,' which I continued for five years. Truth to tell I always considered myself a Hessian in literature, never joining the army till I needed its support, and 'What's the foe who kills for hire?'" She also says, "I must confess, I never 'lisped in numbers,' and was a pretty old child before the 'numbers came,' and I feel as though it would be just to omit me from the 'Woman Workers.' I confess the high company is tempting to join."

During her life with Mr. Bacon, she was noted as a superior pastor's wife, who took intense interest in the parishes over which her husband was settled, which were Cambridge, Haverhill, Marblehead, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; and Philadelphia, Penn., in which city she became a widow, and soon returned to her kindred and old home in Cambridge, where she resided until her second marriage with Rev. T. S. Lathrop in 1861. Mr. Lathrop was educated among the Unitarians, and had always been settled over Unitarian parishes, but being in sympathy with the Universalists, it was a slight change for him to take a Universalist parish at Bridgeport, Conn., which he took a few months before he was united in marriage to Mrs. Bacon. They resided in that city seven years, after which they took charge of the pleasant parish in the quiet little town of North Salem, N. Y., where they have resided in harmony with all around for thirteen years.

Mrs. Bacon has three boys, in whom any mother's heart would have a right to rejoice and take pride. She says, "They are my best gifts to the world. Henry is a successful artist in Paris, where he has resided some seventeen years; Edwin M., is managing editor of the old 'Boston Advertiser,' the office that he first entered as a reporter, fresh from school fourteen years

ago, and Earle C. learned the machinist trade, and is now manufacturing his own patent 'hoisting engine' in New York," and as an admirer of his pluck says of him, "If you want an engine to raise the Rocky Mountains, he's the man for you."

The readers of the old "Ladies' Repository" were always delighted with Mrs. Bacon's contributions, and her signature "E. A. B." was a warranty for what preceded it, and the character of the "Repository" while under her editorial care, proved that she only needed the spur of necessity to render her a finished pen-artist, while her memoir of Mr. Bacon and her volume of his sermons placed her among the best of our editors and writers. It is a source of regret to us that we are unable to present more minute particulars of her life, but her name will always rank high among our toilers with pen and heart and brain. We should be glad to make copious selections from Mrs. Bacon's writings, but as we draw towards the end of our pleasant task. accumulating materials compel a brevity we regret. We quote:

HYMN.

Young hearts are glad, young eyes are bright,
 To welcome in this day,
 We stand a congregated band,
 Our grateful vows to pay.

Recall we now a festive week
 Long centuries ago,
 When parents, missing one like us,
 Were filled with fear and woe.

Recall how in the temple aisles
 They found the holy child,
 How young he did his Father's work,
 The pure and undefiled.

Dear Saviour, may thy cares for us
 End thus in grateful hymn!
 Dear Father, may our work for thee
 This blessed day begin!

"I have been led to this moralizing to-day by writing for the first time on a new desk, not new from the manufacturers, for there are a few ink stains

upon it, and the cloth upon which my paper lies is worn nearly threadbare in one spot, where a busy arm has moved at the will of a busier brain.

“Now, I have many times looked upon this very desk, as it has stood for several years past in a friend’s study, with somewhat covetous eyes. It seemed to be the one thing needful to make my own little study complete, and I would compare its broad top, where I could rest my arms and think or dream between the long pauses with which I often indulge my pen; its row of nice, large drawers where I might deposit separately my accepted, rejected and corrected ‘Repository’ communications; its ample apartments for all needful writing apparatus, its cosy little ‘pigeon holes,’ for choice letters and dainty scraps of literature, and its sort of side table for text books, flower vase, or anything that best suited me; I would contrast all these with my old round table with its odd mixture of books, papers, pamphlets, sewing materials, and a little narrow, unbusiness-like portable desk, where I was obliged to sit at my writing continually in one attitude, and the result would always be in favor of my friend’s property.

“Now I find this very property in my own study, the round table and portable desk removed, and myself sitting, the sole possessor of the coveted treasure. And yet, and yet, I am not satisfied, because of the entailments that have accompanied the new possession. With it I am ever to be reminded of what was and is not. The friend who bequeathed it to me is now hundreds of miles off in those far Western regions—even on the broad Mississippi—those regions that have grasped so many of the heart’s dearest treasures. He has borne with him too the light of our home circle, the life of all our family festivals. With his gift I am ever to be reminded of a certain Summer day when four of us stood upon our cottage porch, and watched with tearful eyes the receding figure that for so many years had been a very presence of joy among us; and the Summer seemed to die out, ‘and over all things brooding slept the quiet sense of something lost.’ when we felt how long the time might be before we should look into that dear face again.

“Ah friend! with your presence I could well dispense with the property you have left me. What comfort or luxury can atone for the loss of kind voices and loving eyes and the constant interchange of every mood of thought and feeling?

"Even now I look with fond regret too upon the old table and little desk, endeared to me by sacred duties, the labor of love that I have accomplished while seated before them and this spacious substitute, that is like the thought of its original possessor, strong, well-planned and nicely adjusted, seems out of place in my womanish-looking study, that is dedicated to memory rather than letters; and its old furniture, suited alike to literature or the pleasant domestic art of needle-work, was perhaps more in harmony with its occupant.

"I am much like one, I imagine, as I enter into the possession of my new property, who through a long life has toiled in a snug little homestead, and at last has become possessor of broad lands and baronial halls. He rides up the grand avenues, and treads the stately rooms, but all dear and tender associations are with the old homestead, the well-sweep, lilac bushes and apple orchard.

"Ah me! I will never, I trust, break the ninth Commandment again."

ANNA LIPPITT MARVIN.

Mrs. Marvin was the daughter of Daniel and Catherine Burch Lippitt and wife of Hon. Thomas E. O. Marvin, of Portsmouth, N. H. She was born in Cohocton, N. Y., September 26, 1834. The following tender and beautiful tribute is from the fruitful pen of Mrs. J. L. Patterson, sister to the angelic woman described. I must forego the pleasure of giving the introduction to this tribute, published in the "Christian Leader" of April 21, 1881.

Mrs. Patterson says:

"I count it one of God's benedictions that there came to me in the home of my childhood one who was altogether true and noble. Love does not make me blind to faults; rather does it make clear the vision, and very sensitive the heart. We were like other families with our virtues and our faults, our successes and our failures, however noble the aim. And I could see these, as they could be seen in me. But when I took into my heart the love of my only sister, something sacred made its abode there from the time

when I, a little wondering girl, was called to look upon her infant face. Her dark eyes seemed to have depths which this world could not fathom, and as I looked into them, I had full faith that she came from the world of angels to make her home with us.

“Year after year, through childhood, she was my special love and charge. I gave her the guardian care of a mother in all of our school life which we passed together, a happy period made short by years of invalidism on my part, and an utter dependence upon the instruction of my father at home. She had no such hindrance. Reasonably healthy as child and maiden, she pursued her studies as long as she cared to attend school. ‘A Tribute to Our Mother’ was, I think, her first venture in print. It was warm with a daughter’s loving reverence, and outreaching with the faith of the Christian. Afterwards, when we had care of the young church in Girard, and she attended, for nearly two years, the academy there, occasional poems appeared in the ‘Ambassador,’ and the ‘Christian Repository,’ of Montpelier. These, for the most part, were sent to friends, and without her knowledge. She was a very timid girl, not counting her divine gift at its true value.

“When the editor of the ‘Ladies’ Repository’ wrote her that the ‘Atlantic’ published no better verses than her’s, she received the compliment as a flattering extravagance. For two or three years she wrote quite frequently for this magazine over her own initials, A. M. L., Cassewago, Penn. I pictured for her a life devoted to authorship. It seemed to me that she only needed to work the mine, to produce large yields of the finest ore. After our removal to New England, I wrote her to this effect, depicting a fair and successful future. I could see the laurels already growing for her brow. She answered me, ‘Your letter brings to my mind’s eye two pictures; one of a woman, intense, hungry-eyed, wild-haired and homeless, writing for bread; the other, a woman sitting quietly by her husband’s fireside, her heart hushed by his love, and in her arms that sweetest of all poems, a child of her own. I look on this picture, then on that, and what wonder if I hesitate on the threshold of the way you see opening before me?’

“After the death of our father, in the Spring of 1860, Anne came to New Hampshire to make her home with me. In the Autumn of that year she met a young man of our congregation, Thomas E. O. Marvin. He was

at once attracted by her quiet loveliness, and she found in him the providential center for her affectionate interest. They had a brief but happy courtship, and on Thanksgiving day of 1861 they were married.

"Her pen was now almost wholly laid aside, in preparation for the new home which must be builded. She had never flooded the papers with her verses, but when they did appear they were like a strain of music from a divine instrument. Through all her married life of nineteen years, I think she wrote less than a dozen pieces; but after a fair May morning in the Spring of 1863 her arms were never empty of 'that sweetest of all poems, a child of her own.' Seven sons and two daughters were born to her, two of whom, a son and a daughter, preceded her to the happy land.

"In writing me of the christening of the three youngest children in the same month in which Mabel went to heaven, she says, 'I went through it all, thanking God for the ones I had in my sight, trying to still the heavy ache, ache for the little lamb I cannot see. Oh, no, my heart cannot be healed of its longing till I find my baby again, till I can hold her in my arms. I should never think of saying those strange words,

'Not as a child shall we again behold her.'

"No mother ever wrote that. Would any maiden, would any full-grown beautiful angel, make up to me my lost darling in her sweet, pure infancy? No, no! I want my baby when I go to her, just as she was, only made immortal. Can I wait for that day?

"If I felt any degree of disappointment that Mrs. Marvin did not keep her place in literature, it was more than compensated by the rare order of her life as wife and mother. The full flower of her womanhood came to blossom in her home. She governed her children wholly by reason and the affections, never deeming her time too precious to explain to them the basis of her wishes, if they showed any hesitancy in keeping her requests. If she denied what seemed to them a pleasure, she did it in such a way that the child yielded willingly, seeing the righteousness of her reason. On one occasion little Ray came into the sitting room after teasing his mother for some time to go out. The day was cold, and she deemed it imprudent for him to go. He thought he was alone in the room, and he soliloquized, 'O she is a beautiful woman; she is a beautiful woman, and I love her! I do!' 'Who is a

beautiful woman?' said his father from an unobserved corner. He turned proudly and answered, 'My mother.' She had denied his wish, but she had done it in such a way that his little heart was filled with delight.

"She was a woman of intense convictions and unwavering religious faith. In her sixteenth year she united with the first Universalist Church of Casewago, Pennsylvania, and after making her home in New Hampshire, she transferred her membership to the old church in Portsmouth, her husband becoming a member at the same time. She gave to this venerable centre of worship a large degree of her heart's love and loyalty. She attended its services when it was possible, going many a time when a woman less devoutly Christian would have yielded to physical weakness and staid in her own chamber.

"Years ago a young friend went out into the immortal life, and as the voice of our dearly beloved to us I will close with her

"IN MEMORIAM."

Our hearts keep best the portrait of a friend;
They need no dumb remembrancer of art,
For love, the rarest linner, will defend
His sacred studio in the human heart.

Within this picture gallery, now and then,
Each one of us, withdrawn from earthly strife,
May find the faces of our lost again,
Faithful as when they walked with us in life.

We do not think what chaplets they have worn,
What words of wisdom they have left unsaid,
But simply how we loved them, as we mourn
Above the still, white faces of our dead.

And so to-night I hallow all my heart
With thoughts of one forever passed away,
Whose leaves of life were rudely blown apart
Ere they had opened to the noon of day.

Rudely, didst say? O blind and crippled faith!
How crossed with doubt, how slow to comprehend!
Yet we believe that our departed hath
Entered that life whose day shall know no end.

Then let us give him joy instead of tears;
This life of ours this weak and transient breath,

When measured by heaven's bright eternal years
This life of ours 'twere better to call death.

O sweeter than the heart of any rose,
Fairer than empty honor's brightest bays,
And softer than an anthem's solemn close,
Shall be the memory of his upright ways.

Far from life's ocean, turbulent and hoarse,
Where wrecks of pomp and vanity are whirled,
Like some pure stream he kept his even course
Along the still, green valleys of the world.

And shall I murmur that my friend is gone?
That from earth's ills he is forever free?
Passed in his placid beauty—crowned with dawn—
Into the light of love's eternal sea?

But oh, for those who keep his memory warm,
And for his vanished presence still must yearn,
Who watch and wait for a familiar form
That never, never, never will return.

God help the hearts that miss his face to-night,
With sure and steadfast faith which cannot fail,
And lift upon their sad and tearful sight,
What glory wraps him round within the veil.

Then let us give him joy instead of tears,
Joy that such tears his eyes no longer dim,
Joy that his heart shall throb no more with fears,
Joy for the hope that we shall go to him.

How fast they gather on that radiant shore,
The friends who walked with us but yesterday,
The holy hands that we shall clasp no more,
White, gleaming hands that beckon us away.

EMELINE R. PIERCE.

I cannot mention the great and good amount of work done by Mrs. Bacon, and keep entirely silent about her sister, Mrs. E. R. Pierce. If she were living, her shy, shrinking nature would lay her delicate fingers upon my pen

to stay its progress in writing the little I shall find time or room for. By nature she was an artist, and stole time from the homely duties of the household (to which she was true in every sense of the word) to instruct her young daughter in her beautiful refining art. Her sister says of her, "If there was one trait prominent in our dear Emeline, it was the harmony and repose of her whole nature. She seemed like one perfectly disciplined. In the beautiful month of June, I saw her for the last time at her home in Peoria, fading daily away from the husband and children."

She was a pleasing writer of verse, and one of the many who graced the pages of the "Repository." She was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 6, 1823; married Caleb S. Pierce, Aug. 1, 1845, and died in Peoria, Ill., Aug. 1, 1869.

SARAH STUART MARSH.

Sarah Stuart Clarke, daughter of William L. and Cornelia C. Clarke, was born in Kendall, Orleans Co., N. Y., January 17, 1830. In her childhood she was compelled to attend Partialist churches, and she can remember being almost crazed at the doctrines inculcated at the early age of three years, but the study of the Scriptures and the intelligent teachings of father and mother, who were inclined to liberal views, prevented disastrous results. At the age of seven she had discarded all confidence in the popular errors, and at nine years, encouraged by her parents and stimulated by their liberal principles and reverent lives, she embraced the great hope of universal salvation. She heard her first sermon, when ten years old, from "Father Miles," an earnest Christian. Since then she has been an understanding and rejoicing believer in the full gospel of the blessed Lord.

February 17, 1852, she was married to George B. Marsh, of Pavilion, N. Y. She was baptized by Rev. J. J. Austin, her mother and infant son receiving the sacred rite on the same day, and in 1855 the family removed to Chicago, where she by letter became a member of St. Paul's church, of

which, a few years later, Rev. W. H. Ryder, D.D., became pastor. Since then Mrs. Marsh has been an active and efficient worker in the denomination, in its local and general work, and in organized charities. She was Vice President of the Women's Centenary Association (see account in this book). In 1873 she became President of the Woman's Association of Illinois, which office she held for five years. She has been the leading spirit in the work of the association from that time to the present. In 1875 she was chosen one of the trustees of the Illinois Convention, which office she holds at the present time. In October, 1877, she was elected as one of the trustees of the General Convention, the only woman ever placed on the Board.

Besides working for the church, Mrs. Marsh has found time to engage in humanitarian work. She has been President of the Washingtonian Home, Secretary of the Orphan Asylum two years, one of the incorporators of the Illinois Industrial School for Girls, and President of its Executive Committee.

Not many women are so blessed with wealth and leisure, as to enable them to devote so much time in serving the church and mankind, and still fewer are those who have the inclination to devote themselves so generously as Mrs. Marsh has done, and continues to do.

ELIZABETH E. SAWYER.

The native place of Elizabeth E. Turner was Lyme, N. H. The views from the hill near the house within which she first saw the light, take in some of the grandest scenery of that great realm of grandeur, where artists love to linger. She was born on the 27th of August, 1822. Her father, Jacob Turner, could trace his line of ancestry direct to Humphrey Turner, who settled in Plymouth in the year 1628. Later the Turners dwelt in Scituate, Mass., and the farm is still occupied by one of the descendants. It is a family of most honorable record, not only through the early history of the country, but to the present time. Elizabeth's grandmother was a Cush-

ing, a descendant of the Cushings who settled and owned the town of Hingham, and their history is traceable to the days previous to the establishing of the church of England. Elizabeth's father was a justice of the peace, and transacted the business that is now usually prosecuted by legal men in these days of many lawyers. He had his ups and downs in financial changes, but would have managed to sail a smooth sea if his health had not failed him, which it did utterly, and forced the family to move, in 1833, to the busy city which in after years was called the "City of Spindles," Lowell, Mass. Here the mother and older daughters took active part in supporting the family. I say older which is true, but the subject of this sketch, the eldest, was but eleven years of age when she entered the Lowell mills, and did her share in keeping the wolf from the door. At that time the manufacturing population of Lowell was wholly different from the present; it was largely of intelligent young women from New England country towns.

The father and mother who had, expectantly, looked forward to see their children highly educated, were made very unhappy by this pressure of circumstances. Elizabeth, at this youthful age, was prepared for the High school, but her working by no means stopped her education. In a few years she joined a society, organized by Rev. Abel C. Thomas, "The Improvement Circle," where essays, stories and poetry were read aloud by the different authors, and criticised and prepared for the "Lowell Offering," the first magazine ever written solely by women. This association was composed of women who had been accustomed to homes of culture, and who were compelled, by change of circumstances, to toil with their hands.

Elizabeth's mother was naturally a Universalist, born so, I imagine, for her sympathies were active for those in sorrow and need, and her pity great for sin-sick souls, which *she* would help *if* she could, and it was good reasoning to her that if there were any person, divine or human, who would not give the "heavy-burdened rest," he was not worthy the name of Love or Mercy.

Elizabeth's father, during a long illness, made the Scriptures his only study, and read himself into our blissful belief. Their first enjoyment in hearing the doctrine of Christ preached, pure and perfect, was when they removed to Lowell and sat under the scholarly, scriptural and tender preaching of Rev. T. B. Thayer, D. D., Rev. Abel C. Thomas and Rev. A. A. Miner,

D.D. In 1848 the Turners removed to Boston, and joined Dr. Miner's church, which was just after he had removed from Lowell to Boston. In his Sunday-school she and all the members of her family were very active, as they had been in our cause during their residence in Lowell.

She was married to Charles B. Sawyer, of Boston, July 31, 1851, and in 1856 Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer moved to the then promising city of the West (Chicago), and they have always been staunch supporters and members of St. Paul's Church, Rev. W. H. Ryder, D.D., pastor.

They have one son, Charles, who married the daughter of a prominent physician, Dr. S. C. Ames, of Boston, Mass. Their household is one of harmony, luxury and culture. Mrs. Sawyer from girlhood was very retiring, and to witness any obtrusiveness, especially of women, was always repulsive to her. She is most truly a womanly woman, and one who must be known intimately to be appreciated. Her friends over-rule her own modest estimate of her literary abilities, and insist that she possesses talents of a superior order. The subjoined will sustain their judgment.

FEED MY SHEEP.

Earnest, faithful, thoughtful women,
 Listen to our earnest call,
 As we plead for those less favored,
 Who are still in Error's thrall,
 And direct your close attention
 To those words with meaning deep,
 Spoken by our loving Saviour
 To his followers—"Feed my sheep!"

To those tones so sweet and tender,
 Uttered centuries ago,
 Can we not hear sweetest echoes,
 While relieving human woe?
 Hearts are heavy, souls are darkened,
 Spirits shrouded deep in gloom,
 Waiting for our glorious gospel
 Which can glorify the tomb.
 Sisters, let us do our duty!
 Help to lift the heavy cloud
 Which o'erhangs so many households,
 And the highest hopes enshroud!
 Heed our blessed Savior's message,
 Let it break our lengthened sleep.

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Nerve each heart and hand to labor
At his bidding—"Feed my sheep!"

Grand as is our present era,
Wondrous as its findings are,
Mighty with its viewless forces,
Laying nations' secrets bare,
Notwithstanding all this glory,
Is there not another side,
Not so fair or bright, or cheering,
Checking all this human pride?
Everywhere are workers needed
To arrest the reign of crime;
Women, waken to the summons,
To the needs of this, our time!
Never could that earnest pleading
Better be obeyed than now;
Never could a better harvest
Gathered be—then let us bow
With a joyful recognition,
And this precept ever keep,
And, henceforward, strive with gladness
Faithfully to feed his sheep!

ORPHIA E. CANTWELL.

Mrs. Cantwell was the third daughter of Rev. I. D. Williamson, D.D., and was born in Albany, N. Y., June 27, 1834. Like many ministers' daughters she was educated in many places—New York, Memphis, Mobile, Cincinnati, Louisville—owing to her father's frequent pastoral changes. Her first recollections are of Baltimore, Md., and her final educational finish was at the Normal School, Albany.

From her earliest days she was interested in church and Sunday-school work, and was a great help to her father. She was especially gifted with musical abilities, and when not more than eight years old took prominent parts in the musical entertainments of the church and Sunday-school, to the delight of all. Her first musical teacher was Rev. G. L. Demarest, D.D., the present General Secretary of our church, then a business man and Super-

intendent of the Orchard-street Sunday-school, who from his love of music and love of children taught the little miss, then six years old, the rudiments of the divine art in his own house. From that time the whole bent of her mind was in the direction of music, for which she was endowed with a marvellous gift. A sweet and powerful soprano voice, a thorough musical education, and an engrossing passion, all these seemed to make music her vocation. Her musical education was perfected in Philadelphia, where she was fully prepared for professional concert singing by John J. Fraser, of the Seguin troupe. Indeed her own personal choice would have compelled her to adopt music as a profession, which she might have followed to her great emolument, but the earnest dissuasions of those she loved better than she loved music, and the eloquent tongue of a captivating young minister, caused her to reserve for the delight of a few, a gift that might have charmed great audiences. Accordingly, July 8, 1863, Orphia Williamson was married to Rev. J. S. Cantwell, D.D., in Columbus, O., where the young couple lived two years, and in 1865 Dr. Williamson and his son-in-law purchased the "Star in the West," and Cincinnati became the home of Mrs. Cantwell. During the sixteen years of Dr. Cantwell's connection with that paper, which he made one of the best religious journals ever printed, his wife was a faithful helper, working early and late, year in and year out, with a devotedness and energy impossible to excel, to render her husband's enterprise successful. If devotedness, perseverance, toil, not surpassed by galley slaves, could have wrought success they would have achieved it, but non-paying subscribers and financial reverses compelled their abandonment of a work for which both were amply qualified. They deserved great success.

Mrs. Cantwell is a charming writer, having few superiors in the rare art of letter-writing, and if she would she might obtain great success.

The Woman's Centenary Association has always had an ardent supporter in Mrs. Cantwell, who was elected Vice-President for Ohio at its initial meeting in Buffalo, and who has long been Corresponding Secretary. Her services have been very efficient and valuable in the great national organization of the women of our church.

In 1881 Dr. Cantwell took pastoral charge of the parish in North Attleboro, Mass., and Mrs. Cantwell is admirably adapted to the position she oc-

cupies—the difficult, and yet for one with such gifts as hers, the delightful relation of minister's wife. Possessed of rare social accomplishments, genial, sunny, with the finest colloquial gifts, she is no doubt far happier than when in beautiful "Ingleside," her happy home on the banks of the Ohio for so many years, and the delightful retreat where so many have found an atmosphere of social and intellectual refinement and domestic cheer and happiness, more attractive than the wonderful natural scenery in which that home was so appropriately set. But however prosperous and attractive any other home may be, there will never be another earthly spot around which will cluster so much that is dear, as in that home at "Ingleside," from which now all the former inmates have gone, the venerable Dr. Williamson, beloved and mighty apostle of the truth, to the house not made with hands, and the rest elsewhere, faithfully performing the world's work in their appointed places.

Mrs. Cantwell has an only daughter, Georgia, now sixteen years of age.

L. A. E. MESSENGER.

This lady is the widow of Rev. George Messenger, well known in the ministry of the Universalist Church, to whom she was married at about the age of twenty-five, and who died at Springfield, Ohio, some years ago. She is entitled to a record in these pages on account of her life-long relations to the church and her munificent gifts to Buchtel College. Mrs. Messenger is a native of Massachusetts, and was born December 30, 1800. Before her marriage to Mr. Messenger she was engaged in teaching, and her interest in education undoubtedly dates from this period of her life. She had graduated from an Eastern seminary, and was well prepared for usefulness in this calling. She lived with Mr. Messenger a long life of mutual happiness and affection. Her son, William, was born several years after her marriage, and around him were centered their fondest hopes of life and happiness. He married early and went to Mississippi to reside, where he died at the early age of twenty-seven. This bereavement proved a lifelong sorrow to the

afflicted parents. During the son's residence in the South Mr. and Mrs. Messenger spent several Winters with him, and after his death took up their permanent residence at Springfield, O.

Mr. Messenger was one of the first Board of Trustees of Buchtel College, and was deeply interested in the founding of the institution. He contributed \$1,000 to the building fund, and after his death his widow became actively engaged in the welfare of the same institution. Through the instrumentality of Hon. J. R. Buchtel, she endowed the chair of mental and moral philosophy, in memory of her husband, to the munificent amount of \$25,000. She has also contributed largely to the expenses of the institution, and given again and again for various special purposes, besides contributing nearly \$2,000 to the recent effort to liquidate the indebtedness. Her contributions aggregate over \$30,000.

Mrs. Messenger now resides at Akron in the family of Mr. Buchtel, and is passing a serene and happy old age, whose greatly lengthened shadows are cheered by the consolations of Christian faith, and constantly brightened by the thought that her work on earth has not been in vain, and that she has done much towards making the institution successful to which the last years of her husband's life were so earnestly devoted.

MARY T. GODDARD.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS, D. D.

We are all the more inclined to speak of Mrs. Goddard in this book, because of the hesitancy which we know would be manifested on her part, should we propose an "interview" that we might ascertain personally certain facts in connection with her work in behalf of our church interests, she having, as we have reason to know, not the least desire that these duties most conscientiously done by her, should be the occasion of any trumpeting of them before the public. But the saying, coming from the best of sources, that

"Wisdom is justified of her children," and the fact that the true and faithful in the Christian cause are worthy of being mentioned for their own sakes and for the benefit of others who need the inspiration of their example, prompt us to venture upon the brief affirmations which follow.

Mary Thompson Frothingham was the daughter of Richard Frothingham, of Charlestown, Mass., one of the steadfast members and friends of the Universalist Society in that place. The late Hon. Richard Frothingham, the well-known historian of Charlestown, was her only brother. From her earliest days she was instructed in the doctrines of the church of which she afterwards became so true and constant a helper.

November 2, 1836, Miss Frothingham was united in marriage with Mr. Thomas A. Goddard, a merchant of Boston. Mr. Goddard was a member of the Second Universalist Church in that city, and during a part of the long pastorate of the senior Rev. Hosea Ballou of that church, he was the faithful and beloved Superintendent of its Sunday-school. He was in mind, heart and character a Christian Universalist, and is honored and tenderly remembered. Prosperous in business, he was always liberal in his contributions to the church and the charities which in a large city were ever making appeals to him and his companion. From the time of the first movements for the founding of Tufts College, he was among its most interested and generous helpers, and was one the first treasurers of the institution. Mrs. Goddard shared in all his benevolent solitudes and exertions. Soon after their return from a voyage to Africa, in 1866, they removed to Newton, Mass., where they had prepared an attractive home for themselves during the remainder of their lives, but the faithful husband departed this life, July 16, 1868, leaving an honored name in our churches.

Mrs. Goddard had enjoyed the pastorates of Messrs. Revs. Hosea Ballou and E. H. Chapin and A. A. Miner, D.D., at the School Street Church, and for sometime after her removal to Newton, continued to worship on the Sabbath in this place blessed to her with such precious memories of the past. But when in 1872 the Committee of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention had taken successful steps to set up a Universalist Church in Newtonville, her helping heart and hand were in readiness to encourage and strengthen the new movement. It proved prosperous above the first hopes of its most

sanguine friends. When its first pastor, Rev. J. Coleman Adams, was called to the ministry of the church, Mrs. Goddard was one of his most helpful and generous supporters. She was proffered the first presidency of the Woman's Centenary Association, but declined.

Mrs. Goddard has in various ways expressed her interest in the educational movements of the Universalist Church. When a few years since the infant seminary at Barre, Vt., became greatly embarrassed, a devoted friend acting as its agent, determined to make an earnest effort in its behalf. He came to Massachusetts, and calling on Mrs. Goddard, the result was Goddard Seminary, now a prosperous and highly promising institution.

For years past, Tufts College has needed in addition to its other buildings, a commodious chapel, and strong appeals to the generosity of the friends of the college have from time to time been made to this end. At the last Commencement Day, the president of the college announced among other benefactions with which the institution had been favored during the preceding year, that of \$25,000 for the new chapel, the generous gift of Mrs. Goddard.

May such helpers be multiplied, to their honor and to the prosperity and blessing of our church and of the Church Universal.

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

In the year 1838 the columns of the "Sentinel" (subsequently the "Star in the West"), in Cincinnati, O., contained a poem over the signature "A. C.," and soon after others followed with the same initials, and others with "P. C." These were the initials of Alice and Phœbe Cary, daughters of Robert Cary, a substantial and respected farmer of Mt. Healthy, O., eight miles north of Cincinnati, whose house was for many years the ever hospitable home in which the ministers of our church found welcome. He died Feb. 12, 1866. He was a lineal descendant of Walter Cary, a Huguenot, who left France on

the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and whose son, Walter, came to Bridgewater, Mass., and opened the first grammar school in America. The mother of these remarkable sisters died of consumption, and five of their sisters, all women of genius, preceded them to the immortal world.

The farm was a picturesque and fertile one, in the Miami valley, and was reclaimed by the hand of Robert Cary from the aboriginal wilderness. Here, until she was twelve, Alice, the fourth daughter, played and worked, dreamed and thought, and absorbed that love of nature that never deserted her, and that always characterized her writings. She describes the scene:

"Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows open wide,
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush,
Perhaps you may have seen some day
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding wayside bush."

In 1832, after a great struggle, the farm had been paid for and a new house built. In 1834 two of the daughters, one a child and one a young woman, Alice's inseparable companion, were smitten by death, and soon the mother followed, July 13, 1835, leaving Alice at fifteen motherless, and with sisters too young or too old to be her companions. But her father was a grand man, of "great intelligence, sound principles and blameless life," writes Phœbe, "a tender, loving father, who sang his children to sleep with holy hymns, and habitually went about his work repeating the words of the grand, old Hebrew poets, and the sweet and precious promises of the New Testament of our Lord." And of her mother, Elizabeth (Jessup), she writes:

"She held her home beneath a hand,
As steady and serene,
As though it were a palace, and
As though she were a queen."

Alice was born April 26, 1820. She began writing for the press at the early age of eighteen, and for some time confined her published poems to our denominational journals. At length she wrote for the "National Era," and other prints, and soon achieved a wide reputation as a poetical and prose

writer, contributing to the "Independent," "New York Ledger," "Atlantic," "Harpers'" and other publications. In 1840, with her sister Phœbe, she published a volume of poems. Next year the "Clover-nook Papers" appeared, and in 1853 "Lyra and Other Poems." These volumes were followed by "Hagar," "Married, not Mated," "Holyrood" and other works.

In 1850 she removed to New York, where she and her sister resided until the time of their death, their home being one of the great literary centers of the city, and their Sunday evening receptions among the most attractive gatherings of the great metropolis.

Alice was for many years the victim of a painful cancerous disease, which made her a great sufferer, but she kept a cheerful heart, and was sustained and blessed by the religious faith in which she was assured. Her last Winter was one of great physical suffering. She could only walk with the aid of crutches. Her nerves were tortured by the noises of the street, and she fled to Northampton, and then to Vermont, carried from place to place by loving hands. She returned home and gradually but continually failed.

As her strength declined she reverted to her childhood's hymns, and to passages of Scripture, which she repeated. On February 7th she wrote her last lines, "The rainbow comes but with the storm," and endeavored to make a cap for an aged woman, but the work was never completed, and February 12th her pure spirit was released from its fetters of clay. She was buried from the Church of the Strangers, Rev. C. F. Deems conducting the obsequies. All the members of Sorosis were present, and eminent literary and other people.

Her pallbearers were P. T. Barnum, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Dr. W. F. Holcombe, Oliver Johnson, A. J. Johnson, F. B. Carpenter and Richard B. Kimball, nearly all devoted friends, of her own religious faith.

The good Horace Greeley followed the remains to Greenwood, notwithstanding the terrible storm that prevailed.

Alice was not only a poet, but she was full of an intense sympathy with nature and mankind, had a most loving disposition, a rare insight into spiritual things, and won all hearts by her sweetness and grace of manner.

Phœbe says, "Her affections were deep and steadfast, and her heart large enough not only to hold the whole human race in its love, but all dumb and helpless creatures as well."

Alice's poems are always tender, sweet, musical, and her prose singularly pure and elegant. Her name has become a household word in all parts of our country, and her genius will be felt in generations to come. In one sense not great, her poems *are* in the best sense. They are not surpassed in tenderness, sweetness, spirituality, purity. The red blood of a good woman's heart circulates in every line, and the light and warmth of a heavenly atmosphere surrounds and pervades all she wrote.

Alice was the first elected president of Sorosis, the celebrated woman's club of New York, but her health and her extreme modesty caused her to resign the position.

We here give the poem that Alice considered her best, and another which will always be a popular favorite.

THE SURE WITNESS.

The solemn wood had spread
 Shadows around my head,
 "Curtains they are," I said,
 "Hung dim and still about the house of prayer."
 Softly among the limbs,
 Turning the leaves of hymns,
 I heard the winds, and asked if God were there,
 No voice replied, but while I listening stood,
 Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood.

With ruddy open hand,
 I saw the wild rose stand,
 Beside the green gate of the Summer hills,
 And pulling at her dress,
 I cried, "Sweet hermitess,
 Hast thou beheld him who the dew distils?"
 No voice replied, but while I listening bent,
 Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone,
 "She walketh Heaven alone,
 And seeth all things," to myself I mused;
 "Hast thou beheld him then,
 Who hides himself from men,

In that great power though nature interfused,
 No speech made answer and no sign appeared,
 But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

 "Walking one time, strange awe
 Thrilling my soul, I saw
 A kingly splendor round about the night,
 Such cunning work the hand
 Of spinner never planned,
 The finest wool may not be washed so white,
 "Hast thou come out of heaven?" I asked, and lo!
 The snow was all the answer of the snow.

 Then my heart said, "Give o'er,
 Question no more, no more,
 The wind, the snow-storm, the wild hermit flower;
 The illuminated air,
 The pleasure after prayer,
 Proclaim the unoriginated power;
 The mystery that hides him here and there,
 Bears the sure witness he is everywhere."

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
 That hang on memory's wall,
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all;
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe;
 Not for the violets golden,
 That sprinkle the vale below;
 Not for the milk-white lilies,
 That lean from the fragrant ledge;
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
 And stealing their golden edge;
 Not for the vines on the upland,
 Where the bright red berries rest;
 Nor the pink, nor the pale sweet cowslips,
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
 With eyes that were dark and deep;
 In the lap of the old dim forest,
 He lieth in peace asleep.
 Light as the down on the thistle,

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Free as the winds that blow,
 We roved there the beautiful Summers—
 The Summers of long ago;
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And one of the Autumn eves,
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace,
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face;
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell in his saint-like beauty
 Asleep by the gates of light;
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, to whom we have been indebted for the opportunity to consult a large amount of material pertaining to the lives of the Cary sisters, which she had accumulated, was for many years their intimate and confidential friend. She passed weeks at their house during the last months of Alice's life, and possesses a most valuable store of precious reminiscence. On one occasion she asked Alice which of her poems she considered better than any others. She named "The Sure Witness," and "An Order for a Picture," but the public verdict would be in favor of "Among the Beautiful Pictures." Referring to her niece, Ada Carnahan, she said, "She is far superior, as a poet, to myself." Phœbe told Mrs. Thomas that she was very much tried by the report that Alice had been indifferent to her religious faith, because Dr. Deems had conducted her funeral services, a report that was encouraged by the language of Doctor Deems, in styling himself her pastor, and in making no reference to her religious faith, in his remarks. The fact is that Alice was in no sense a member of his church, and that he was selected because of his acquaintance and frequent attendance at the house. A movement was on foot to place a memorial window in Dr. Deems' church, "The Church of the Strangers," and when Phœbe heard of it she

sent for Dr. Deems, and so earnestly protested against the movement, as calculated to do injustice to her sister's religious faith, that it was abandoned, and the money subscribed was appropriated to her monument. She often insisted that when her own death should occur, one of the ministers of her own cherished faith should be engaged, and as those in the neighborhood were away on their Summer vacations at the time of her death, an old friend of many years, Rev. A. G. Laurie, of Erie, Pa., was summoned by telegraph to attend.

Referring to her parents and to Alice, Phoebe writes:

"Both husband and wife were among the early converts to Universalism, and the 'Trumpet' read by them from the publication of its first number to the close of their lives, was for many years the only paper seen by Alice. Though singularly liberal and unsectarian in her views, she always preserved a strong attachment to the church of her parents, and in the main accepted its doctrines. Caring little for creed and minor points, she most firmly believed in human brotherhood, as taught by Jesus, and in a God whose loving kindness is so deep and so unchangeable, that there can never come a time to even the vilest sinner, in all the ages of eternity, when, if he arise and go to him, his Father will not see him afar off, and have compassion upon him. In this faith which she has so often sung, she lived, and wrought, and hoped, and in this faith which grew stronger, deeper and more assured with years of trial and sorrow and sickness, she passed from death unto life."

And Mary Clemmer Ames, in her biography, says, "Justice tempered by love, the supreme attribute of her own nature, ran into her individual conceptions of God, and of his dealings with the human race, she believed that the opportunity would come to every human being, that everything that God had made would have its chances, if not in this existence, then in another. Without this faith, at times, human life would have been to her intolerable."

It was her soul's consolation to say:

Nay, but 'tis not the end;
 God were not God, if such a thing could be,
 If not in time, then in eternity,

There must be room for penitence to mend
 Life's broken chance, else noise of wars
 Would unmake heaven.

She thus expresses her faith:

We are mariners and God the sea,
 And though we make false reckonings and run
 Wide of a righteous course, and are undone,
 Out of his deeps of love we cannot be.

For, by those heavy strokes we misname ill,
 Through the fierce fire of sin, this tempering doubt,
 Our natures more and more are beaten out,
 To perfecter reflections of his will.

Of course there were bigots who endeavored to defraud our faith of so saintly and eminent an advocate as Alice Cary. Henry Ward Beecher replied to one of them, in very severe language, in the "Christian Union," closing thus, "As for Miss Cary, we know, from many a long and earnest conference with her on such subjects, how immovable was her faith in the final restoration of all souls to the image and favor of God; and how compatible was this faith, not only in her case, but in that of hundreds of others, with a genuine and most attractive piety. In view of the fact that we who hold the doctrine of eternal punishment can not bear to dwell upon it, and dare not ask of God to help us realize it, is it not a grievous wrong that those who are impelled to withhold their assent to it, should for that reason be set beyond the pale of Christian charity not only, but too often of common courtesy?"

Phœbe was born Sept. 4, 1824. She was as self-reliant and exuberant in her manners, as her sister was timid and thoughtful. Her prominent trait was humor. She was believed by many of her friends to be the wittiest of women, and the rare Sunday evening gatherings for which their pleasant home was famous for fifteen years, were always brightened by her brilliant wit, which was as characteristic of her personality as is the perfume of the

rose. Sometimes her wit would coruscate like pyrotechnics for a half hour. To these gatherings came men and women of all creeds, authors, artists, clergymen, musicians, scientists, and whoever was the special lion of any evening, Alice and Phœbe were always the magnetic centres of two delighted groups, and good Horace Greeley was always present for a while before disappearing, to give a temperance address or listen to the greatest pulpit orator of this generation, Rev. Dr. Chapin.

Though inferior in the main as a poet to her sister, she wrote one hymn in a moment of happy inspiration, that surpassed anything Alice ever wrote—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

The beautiful philosophy of life that made her the sunny soul she was, grew out of her comprehensive faith in universal salvation, the expression of which is found in her "Woman's Conclusions:"

Yea, I said, if a miracle such as this
 Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
 I would choose to have my past as it is,
 And let my future come as it will.

* * * * *

So let my past stand just as it stands,
 And let me now, as I may, grow old;
 I am what I am, and my life for me
 Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

Phœbe's first articles were prose in the "National Era," Washington. In 1850 was published "Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary." In 1854 "Poems and Parodies" by Phœbe. In 1868, "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love," by Phœbe, her last volume. She aided Rev. Dr. Deems in the selection of a choice hymnal, "Hymns for all Christians."

Her best poem was hastily thrown off one Sunday morning after returning from church. We give it as finally revised by herself:

One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 I'm nearer to my home to-day
 Than I ever have been before,

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be;
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down;
 Nearer leaving the cross,
 Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
 Roll dark before my sight,
 That brightly on the other side
 Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
 Have almost gained the brink,
 If it be I'm nearer home
 Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust,
 Let my spirit feel in death
 That her feet are firmly set,
 On the rock of a living faith.

It is sometimes said that our faith has no power to reclaim the sinner. Let this incident refute the mistaken charge:

A gentleman in China, intrusted with a package for a young man from his friends in the United States, learned that he would probably be found in a certain gambling house. He went thither, but not seeing the young man, sat down and waited in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the oldest shuffled his cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to sing the hymn of Phæbe Cary above quoted. "The words," says the writer of the story, "repeated in such a vile place at first made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling den!" But while the young man sang, the

elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor exclaimed, "Harry, where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why, that one you've been singing." The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America. "Come," said the elder, getting up; "come, Harry, here's what I have won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drunk my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business." The gentleman who tells the story (originally published in the Boston "Daily News") saw these two men leave the gambling house together, and walk away arm in arm; and he remarks, "It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breast of two tempted and erring men on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life." It was a source of great joy to Miss Cary, as we happen to know. Before us lies a private letter from her to an aged friend in this city (Horace Greeley) with the printed story inclosed, and containing this comment, "I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you know the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1844) in your home. I composed it in the little back third story bedroom, one Sunday morning, after coming from church; and it makes me feel very happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

After the intimate society and affection which the sisters had so long shared, it was unnatural that Phœbe should live when her sister had gone. She never reacted from the terrible nervous and mental strain of her long illness, and, failing day by day, she followed her in a few months. July 31, 1871. The incarnation of health, she rapidly sunk, without apparent disease, till she was re-united to the loved one.

Not quite equal intellectually, she had fine gifts and rare culture, and was able by her lively temperament to fill the home with sunshine, and sup-

plement the characteristics of her eminent sister. She died in Newport and her remains were brought to her New York home and carried to All Souls' Church (Unitarian), on account of its convenience, and Rev. A. G. Lawrie, who discovered and prophesied her genius thirty years before, pronounced a eulogy, aided by Bernard Peters, formerly of our ministry, who had been their pastor in Cincinnati. A large number of men and women eminent in letters were present. The services were closed with her immortal hymn. The remains were deposited in Greenwood Cemetery, where now the three deserted clay-tenements of the three sisters lie side by side.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas describes them from long and intimate acquaintance:

"Alice was tall, graceful and exceedingly noble in person, with a smooth, gliding step as she walked. Her hair was long, brown, silken and wavy, and she wore it loosely coiled and fastened with a comb low at the back of her head. Her eyes were a beautiful brown, with a wistful, tender sadness in them. Her lips were thin and sensitive, yet with a firm, dignified expression, and her chin was round and full. Of the two she was spiritually and mentally the stronger, and the true head of the house. Her courage and industry never failed, she wrought early and late even after disease laid its hands upon her.

"Phœbe was rather short and plump, with black hair, a quiet step, black eyes and a dark olive complexion. She was strikingly Oriental in manner and appearance, bright, vivacious and wonderfully witty in conversation. It was a wit that was sparkling, spontaneous and natural, just as bright and ready when she was alone with one friend, as in the most brilliant assembly—the quickest repartee, the neatest turns, the most refined suggestion—she well deserved the name given to her, 'The wittiest woman in America.' It would be impossible to repeat her witty sayings as they fell from her lips. They came like beautiful pearls, a constant surprise even to those who knew her best.

"They both loved their friends, but Phœbe was more influenced by other minds than Alice; she was less self-reliant and less strong."

Oliver Johnson, in the "Tribune," gave this tribute, "Her religious sentiments were deep and strong, her faith in the eternal goodness unwavering.

Educated in the faith of Universalism, she believed to the last in the final salvation of all God's children. On this subject she spoke to the writer with great distinctness and emphasis only a few weeks before her death, and once she indicated her faith by repeating with approbation the remark of one who said, in reply to the argument in favor of endless misery, 'Well, if God ever sends me into such misery, I know he will give me a constitution to bear it.'

Referring to the religious faith of the sisters Mrs. M. L. Thomas writes to us:

"The writer knew them in the closest intimacy of personal friendship from the year 1844, was with them in their closing sickness, and stood by the open grave at Greenwood when each in turn was quietly borne to her final rest, and can testify without reserve to their abiding trust and steadfast belief in the religious faith in which they were reared. Their belief in the final salvation of all created souls, was the one strongest of all ties that bound us together as sisters in spirit. They were never dogmatic, bigoted nor sectarian in any narrow sense, but they were both distinctively and openly professed Universalists. They welcomed into the circle of their friendship, persons of every shade of religious thought and feeling, with the most generous catholicity of spirit, and this sometimes caused their position to be misunderstood."

A younger sister, Elmina, was full of promise, but died after a long illness, which could not be described better than by our own dear friend, and one of the most richly endowed of all our ministry, Rev. A. G. Laurie, who conducted the funeral of Phœbe, "They had a younger sister, in face, spirit and disposition loveliest among women. Each time I looked at her, Elmina seemed to me to have come down from heaven, bringing its light and love along with her to shed them on everybody near her. And through ten patient and smiling years of bodily decay and spiritual cheer, I watched her, on the arm of Christ, passing back to heaven." She married Alex. Swift, of Cincinnati, whose previous wife was the eldest daughter of the family, Susan Cary. Elmina was named for the daughter of Hosea Ballou, the wife of Rev. J. C. Waldo, a sketch of whom is on page 76 of this volume.

The other children were, Rowena, born 1814, married Isaac V. Carnahan, and died 1869; Rhoda, born 1818, died 1833; Asa, born 1822; Warren,

born 1826; Lucy, born 1829, died 1833. Their only descendants living are Mrs. Ada C. Norton, Mrs. Lucy A. Thomas, daughters of Rowena and two sons of Warren.

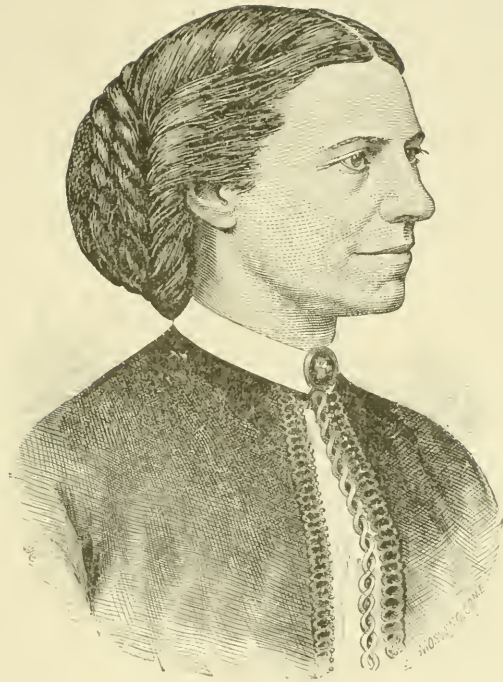
The homestead of the Cary family, "Clovernook," house and grounds, has been purchased by Alexander Swift, Esq., and given to Cincinnati as a public park, this year, 1881. On the day of its consecration Mr. Swift described how forty-three years ago he made his first visit to the Cary homestead, where he found a father, four daughters and two sons; how forty-one years ago he stood up with the second daughter, Susan, in the best room, and was married to her by the Rev. George Rogers, a divine of the Universalist denomination, and how, many years after, he wedded the youngest girl, Elmina, who is also numbered with the dead. He read "Our Homestead," and stopped between lines to point out the "apple boughs that almost cast their fruit upon the roof." The cherry tree whose limbs creaked against the panes, the old well, the sweetbriar bush, and grand old well-sweep, and damask rose beside the gate were gone, but their places were known, and they were called up before the listeners. Phœbe's hymn, "Nearer Home," which was written by her when Mr. Swift was in New York, was recited by Mr. Swift.

Nothing could have been more delightful to these rare spirits than to know that the old home they loved so well was to be consecrated to the public as it now is, by the munificence of the generous giver.

CLARA BARTON.

Whatever strong-armed man hath wrought, whatever he hath won,
That goal hath woman also reached, that action hath she done.

[Most of the following sketch has been written expressly for this volume by R. J. Hinton, Esq., the eminent journalist, editor of the "Gazette," Washington, D. C. As it reached me so late, I was forced to abbreviate and



CLARA BARTON.

supplement it here and there, to my great regret. My own additions are in brackets.]

Clara Barton illustrates by her ancestral associations the sources of character whose actions would have made her world-famous in earlier days. The Bartons are of early Puritan stock. Tall, strongly framed, dark of complexion, firmly limbed, with marked features, black hair and very dark gray eyes. Miss Barton's face shows power. Her eyes indicate an introspective spirit, where her broad forehead shows intellectual strength, her voice, so low, sweet, yet fine and tensely toned, has a musical timbre in it, which when its possessor is roused, can become clear and resonant with deep contralto notes, and tones having marked oratorical effects concealed in and conveyable by them. [Her voice is an ideal one, sweet and low, and modulated with heart-tones, though her reticence of speech and modesty of demeanor do not permit her to be given to much speaking.]

Captain Stephen Barton, the father of Clara, was one of ten children. He was born in Massachusetts and entered the army under "Mad Anthony Wayne," at twenty-one. He served against Indians and in the West for three years, being present at Detroit when Wayne's treaty was made. He was discharged and returned to Central Massachusetts, where some years after he married Miss Dolly Stone, daughter of Capt. Stone, of Oxford. Miss Stone was some years younger, of rare beauty of face and form, excellent education, and personal qualities which ripened into a vigorous and determined character. Possessing a wonderful control both over himself and others, of a character whose strong traits were fortitude, integrity and determination, he was naturally a leader among men. In religion he was one of the early Universalists, one of the founders and supporters of that society in his native town, this society being one of the first to erect a church in Oxford. As a young man he heard Hosea Ballou perform his part at the dedication services of the church. From that time on that church had no more staunch supporter, nor its principles a more determined and able defender than he. In that faith he reared his family, and so well grounded were the instructions given, and so well supported the principles inculcated, that no one of them ever felt it necessary to seek another faith.

The subject of this sketch was the youngest of a family of five children,

two sons and three daughters. She was born in Oxford. As a child her instruction was directed chiefly by her brothers and sisters, three of whom were teachers, and at a very early age she chose that profession for herself. The strong point of her father's character was her most prominent characteristic. After some years spent in teaching in the public schools of her native town, she closed her own school course at the Clinton Liberal Institute, under control of the Rev. Dr. Sawyer, enjoying the immediate and excellent instructions of Miss Louise M. Barker, whose life and memory have always remained most dear to her. She resumed teaching in Hightstown, N. J., and became a member of the family of Richard M. Norton, that patriarch of Universalism and the father of Mary Norton, where ripened a friendship which the succeeding years have only served to deepen. The following year found her opening the public schools at Bordentown, N. J., where she commenced with six pupils, in a neglected, somewhat dilapidated stone school-house of small dimensions, the only school-room in the town. At the end of eighteen months she left there a school of six hundred pupils in a fine brick edifice, built at a cost of \$4,000, the present public school building of Bordentown.

Failing in voice she went to Washington, D. C., for a milder climate, and after some months spent in recovering her voice and recuperating her strength, she assumed a clerkship in the patent office, under Hon. Charles Mason's commission. Miss Barton was the first woman to receive an appointment as government clerk upon her own individual merits and fitness for the position.

Her experiences were not wholly of a pleasant character. It was no uncommon thing for a majority of the male clerks to turn out into the corridors of the department to indulge in vulgar witticisms and comments that were decidedly rude in character.

Miss Barton soon became suspected of anti-slavery tendencies and feelings. She held this position until about the middle of President Buchanan's term, when she was removed for this reason. Returning to Massachusetts she occupied the following two or three years in study.

Clara Barton returned to Washington after the election of Mr. Lincoln, and was immediately after re-instated in her former position. Roused to

patriotic earnestness during the early months of the great struggle, she went to the Commissioner of Patents, Hon. D. P. Holloway, and volunteered her services to fill the desks of any two positions, occupied by disloyal persons, below an examinership, acceptably to the department, provided two disloyal men should be dismissed, and the salaries accruing to the two positions to be filled by her, should be returned to the United States treasury. Commissioner Holloway, while affected to tears by the patriotism which prompted Miss Barton's offer, declined only because no law or regulation provided for such action. But she declined to draw upon the treasury for her services, and turned her labors to caring for the sick and wounded soldiery then crowding the camps and hospitals in and around Washington. Noting the inadequacy of the medical facilities of the army and their inability to reach and allay the terrible sufferings of battlefields, she saw the widening sphere of her usefulness and before long was found in the wake, and at times almost upon the verge of the din and carnage of the contending armies. In this work she was not alone; she was circled by broad-minded, large-brained, warm and loving-hearted women, who—so many of them stricken, too, with their own great personal sacrifices—found the healing work of their own lives to be in aiding the healing of their country's defenders. Naturally an organizer, concerned with the larger movements of sanitary and hospital, in her very grain a commander, Clara Barton quickly found herself drafted, and acceptably too, for field service.

[At this time the hospitals in the capital were cared for by private generosity and the Sanitary Commission, and as the great armies of the nation were in the field where there were few to minister to sick and wounded, she felt the call to go forth and do what she could. Here was the great struggle of her life. She was young, fair, without any protection, except her maiden purity and angel-mission, and she must, if she obeyed the call, plunge not only into all the horrors of battle and the greater horrors of reeking hospitals, but go among men and women of all grades, and be liable to insult, possible violence, and exposed to misconception, and even incur a liability to that tarnish of reputation that to so white a soul as hers is worse than wounds or death. She had consulted her father, and he had exhorted her to follow the call to duty. A Royal Arch Mason himself, his daughter was initiated to

the degree to which the daughters of Masons are admitted, and the emblem of the rite she had observed was always worn on her heart, and a talisman indeed, it often proved. Wearing this amulet, and with the lily of womanly innocence in her hand, this modern Joan of Arc, without sword or warlike panoply, at length overcame all doubts, and went forth to her great work. As I think of her and the immaculate record that she made during the dreadful years that followed, I see in her example one that should be impressed on all American women.

Bear a lily in thy hand,
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

From the battle of Cedar Mountain in the Summer of 1862, where she was first found upon the field assuaging the sufferings of the wounded men left by Gen. Banks's retreating army to the wooded acres of Fairfax Station, covered by the thousands of wounded from the fight of the second Bull Run, Chantilly, in its rain and darkness, the hurrying off of the wounded by the crowded trains, and the hasty burial of the dead by the men composing her little band of relief, and finally her escape by the last car of the last train upon which was hurried away the last wounded men before the advance of the enemy's cavalry, are already matters of history. After a few days' rest and replenishing of stores at Washington, we again find her hastening with her wagon trains, following the Northern army which was marching to oppose Lee's invasion of Maryland, arriving in time to ply her work of relief at "South Mountain," reaching "Antietam" on the following day, September 17, 1862. For her fearless presence close upon the skirts of this awful field of slaughter, where she found surgeons dressing wounds with corn husks for bandages, and without material for lights with which to continue their labors after darkness had settled down upon the gloom and misery, where the contents of her thoughtfully and well provided wagons replenished the exhausted supplies of the surgeons, she was justly styled by them "the Angel of the Battlefield."

Resting a short time in Washington, she again set out, retracing the same steps to meet the anticipated attack of Lee upon Harper's Ferry. Crossing with her train into Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, she followed with

General Sturgis's division of the army to Falmouth, where the two armies faced each other, the rebels being entrenched at Fredericksburg.

[This very year a note from Gen. Sturgis, with a basket of flowers, elicited a characteristic response from her, whose sentiments and language are charged with that heart-eloquence that distinguishes her. I extract:]

“WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5th.

“*My Dear General*.:—This magnificent basket of flowers and your letter are before me. I found them waiting to greet me on my return from an official call this afternoon.

“I have no thanks to speak, no words to speak them. I have only tears, silent tears and silent memories. For the last hour I have sat here with my gifts, my thoughts, my tears and you—here, in the midst of the old days, the grand old years of struggle and history, a nation's second birth, a nation's pain and a nation's life.

“In this little hour I have lived it all over as I have never done in any one hour since the carnage ended and ‘the cannon's lips grew cold.’

“It is not that commendation is new to me, that this overcomes me. It is not that you speak me fair words of praise; I am used to that. It is not that you accord me a place in the grateful remembrance of our heroes, alive or dead; I am used to that. It comes to me from all sides and all sources, through all the years.

“But, General, it is that you, who knew me, who saw me, who helped me, who knew the helplessness of a woman alone in an army like that, who shielded me with kindness when a word, a look could have crushed me. It is that *you* should say it; that you should turn artist and paint my picture for your dead soldiers, that rains the tears on my face, your ‘Well done, good and faithful servant,’ that melts me like a snowflake and humbles me like a child.

“Come and see me, General, and let me say, if I can, what I can not write, and keep always, I pray you, a place in your memory for your grateful friend,

CLARA BARTON.”

There is in all Miss Barton writes or says on the war a concentrated wealth of eloquent earnestness and passionate devotion, which the writer, in

common with other friends who know her well and love her deeply, believes would have made her, if health had not failed when the shock of armies ceased, the most eloquent orator, high priestess of the period, in the depicting by her own historical presence, tender voice, so replete with the echoes of endurance and service, carrying with its vibrant tones words of "silver and gold," to tell and to declare what was done and how it was done in the days when heroism was the inheritance of the common deeds, and high valor the reward of the exceptional and renowned.

But to return to the record of service. Then came the battle of Fredericksburg under Burnside, with all the horrors of those December days in 1862. Miss Barton was present and remained in the field through that Winter until Spring. She lived most of the Winter in army wagons, without the shelter of house or tent, with the snow at times an even three feet deep. In April, 1863, she was sent to Charleston (S. C.) Harbor as hospital superintendent, and remained there for several months, witnessing the night attack on Fort Wagner and the continued siege of Morris Island.

[It is impossible to follow Miss Barton with descriptions of her experiences. She was on Morris Island during the long operations of that region. There in the hot sand, ankle deep, without tree or shrub, boiling water and cooking, and staunching and dressing the wounds of men torn by rebel shot, she continued her work. Several times ill, she persevered until Sumter, Wagner and Gregg were captured.]

In the Spring of 1864 Miss Barton returned to Washington, just in time to go on to Fredericksburg to receive the wounded from the "Wilderness" (May, 1864). Upon Gen. Butler's succeeding to the command of the "Army of the James" at Bermuda Hundred, Miss Barton, at his invitation, attached herself to the 10th army corps. She found, perhaps, here, the widest field for her usefulness that she had yet met, the investment covering a long line. She remained there until February, 1864, taking charge, one after another, of the field hospitals, being afforded every facility and liberty through Gen. Butler's uniform kindness and appreciation. On returning to Washington she found the exchange of Andersonville prisoners had commenced at Annapolis. Miss Barton conceived this to be a greater work even than that required by the wants of the field. She went to Annapolis to assist in receiv-

ing them as they were taken from the boats. It was here that she saw the necessity for opening some general means of communication for the parents, relatives and friends scattered through the United States, whose soldiers did not return.

In an address at Dansville, N. Y., where she now resides, made on September 20, 1880, to the survivors of the First New York Dragoons, Miss Barton has told so well the reasons which controlled and inspired her in organizing her "Bureau of Missing Soldiers," that no better expression than her own words can be given of one of the most striking incidents in the history of relief.

"As I looked over your regimental and my own lists, I found, that although I might have known very little of your living present members, I had had something to do with your dead and your missing. I find among my own records the names of over twenty soldiers of the First New York Dragoons, whose graves I found, had them properly covered, enclosed, marked, and suitable burial rites performed in the prison cemetery of Andersonville. There are other soldiers standing here who learned the terrors of its stockade prison grounds, its hardships and starvation, but who, thank God, escaped the narrow, crowded trenches, that day by day, through the terrible months, stared them in the face. Again, by reference to my records, I find a still larger number whose only history at the close of the war was summed up in one little word, 'missing!' The heart-broken friends appealed to me for help; and by the aid of surviving comrades, I gained intelligence of the fate of nearly one-half the number, and, soldiers, I greatly fear there are some whose names to-day stand on the rolls against the dark word 'deserter,' who were never unfaithful to their trust, who fell in the stern path of duty, on the lone picket line, perhaps, or wounded, and left in some tangled ravine to perish alone, under the waters in some dark night, or, crazed with fever, to die in some tent or hut, or by the wayside unknowing and unknown, with none to tell his fate or save his honor; alone with his tarnished name he sleeps, quiet and sweet,

'Low in the soil he died to save,
Nor recks the wrongs above his grave.'

The feelings so well expressed in the foregoing, led Miss Barton to make

a request to the War Department to authorize her to correspond with the friends of the missing prisoners. It was looked upon as too large and difficult a scheme to be entertained or practically accomplished, so it was declined. Great numbers of letters received by her would not permit of giving it up. She sought Mr. Lincoln and made her plan known to him. It looked to him no less vast than to the others, but he saw a way to accomplish it, and in the place of the mere official assent which might have been expected, Mr. Lincoln wrote and published to the people of the country over his own name, a request for them to address Miss Barton, at Annapolis, for any information wanted of any missing soldier. This resulted in a flood of communications pouring in from all quarters of the North and West. In less than five days after the publishing of this letter, there had accumulated more than five bushels of letters. They continued to arrive at the rate of one hundred a day for more than a year. Having organized the system of correspondence, Miss Barton, at the request of the Secretary of War, went in July, 1865, to Andersonville, leaving the correspondence in charge of clerks.

This recital is but coldly phrased. But, what wondrous days! What heroic nights! What suffering bravely borne! What deeds of daring! What loving kindness! What a mighty outpouring of spiritual and heart forces are embraced in the words! The great mother heart of Clara Barton went out in loving service to the nation's heroes, and has been satisfied. She, indeed, has truly been wedded to humane service!

She describes her experiences:

"During a search for the missing men of the United States Army, commenced in March, 1865, under the sanction of our late lamented President Lincoln, I formed the acquaintance of Dorrance Atwater, of Connecticut, a member of the 2nd New York Cavalry, who had been a prisoner at Belle Isle and Andersonville twenty-two months, and charged by the rebel authority with the duty of keeping the Death Register of the Union prisoners who died amid the nameless cruelties of the last named prison.

"I first learned by minute inquiry the method adopted in the burial of the dead, and by carefully comparing his accounts, with a draft which he had made of the grounds, I became convinced of the possibility of identifying the graves, comparing the number, post or board, marking each man's position in the trench in which he was buried with the corresponding number

standing against his name upon the register kept by Mr. Atwater, which he informed me was then in the possession of the War Department.

"The dead had been buried by Union soldiers, the number of the graves marked is 12,920; interspersed through this Death Register were 400 numbers against which stood only the dark word 'unknown.'" When they had finished their work, only 400 tablets had on them the touching inscription, "Unknown Union Soldiers" !

Addressing the Grand Army of the Republic, Memorial Day, in Dansville, N. Y., in 1879, she said:

"Yes, it is over. The calls are answered, the marches are ended, the nation saved, and with the glory of gladness in her eyes, the shekinah of victory on her brow, she covers her tear-stained face, and with grief-bowed head, sits humbly down in the ashes of her woe to mourn her loss—to weep her dead.

* * * * *

"Decorated graves—white May blossoms of '79. Who lays a flower on those little lost graves to-day, who on the thousands and thousands like them all through the land?

'Far down by the yellow rivers,
In their oozy graves they rot;
Strange vines, and strange flowers grow o'er them
And their far homes know them not.'

"Thirteen thousand dead in one prison! Three hundred thousand dead in one war! Dead everywhere! On every battlefield they lie, in the crowded yards of every prison ground, in the dark ravines of the tangled forest, in the miry poison swamps where the slimy serpent crawls by day and the will o' the wisp dances vigils at night, 'in the beds of the mighty rivers, under the waves of the salt sea,' in the drifting sands of the desert islands; 'on the lonely picket line and by the wayside, where the weary soldier laid down with his knapsack and his gun, and his march of life was ended.' There on their strange beds they sleep, till the 'morning of the great reveille.' They sleep, and you remember.

* * * * *

"American women, how proud I am of you; how proud I have always been since those days to have been a woman. Abraham Lincoln said that

without the help of the women the rebellion could not have been put down, nor the country saved. Since that time I have counted all women citizens."

Congress, during the session of 1865-66, recognized the services performed by Clara Barton by passing a bill to reimburse her for the expenditures incurred in searching for missing soldiers. The famous 39th Congress understood clearly the great advantage, in a financial sense, derived from her labors. The work she performed not only gave to loving hearts that quiet and repose which follows certainty, but it filled up the *hiatus* in the records of many thousand soldiers, and brought about the just settlement of their pay and bounty accounts. The rolls saved by the heroic persistency and courage of Dorrance Atwater while a prisoner at Andersonville, and made public through Miss Barton's efforts for the benefit of those related to the 13,000 dead whose names were recorded in the Atwater rolls, were the means of rightfully adjusting accounts amounting to millions of dollars. The time will yet come when the historian, following the record of woman's war-work, will review the labors of Clara Barton with careful admiration for its sagacity and comprehensiveness, as well as the loving spirit it evinces.

After repeated calls from numerous quarters, Miss Barton, in October, 1866, commenced the delivery of a course of war lectures, entitled "Works and Incidents of Army Life." She continued to deliver these lectures to houses crowded to overflowing by tear-bedimmed audiences, until the failure of her health in 1868, when, after a Winter of severe illness in Washington, being prostrated by nervous exhaustion and malarial fever, she was advised to go to Europe. She sailed from New York in the Summer of 1869, reaching Switzerland in September of that year.

Miss Barton's fame as an "Angel of the Battlefield" having preceded her in Europe, she had been waited upon by a delegation from the "International Committee" of the "Geneva Treaty of the Red Cross." On the breaking out of the war between France and Germany, in July, 1870, she was again sought by a corps of assistants of the Red Cross Society, under charge of Dr. Louis Appia, on their way to the frontier, and invited to join them. She followed immediately after their departure, through Basle and up the French side of the Rhine, through Strasburg to the hard-fought field of Hagerau, arriving in time to participate in caring for the wounded; retracing

back to the siege of Strasburg; after some weeks here, she was called to Carlsruhe by the Grand Duchess of Baden, to consult in reference to the establishment of what was then known as the American barracks, which is another term for our "flying hospitals," an arrangement until then unknown in European warfare. She remained with the Grand Duchess until the fall of Strasburg, and then went to that city, entering it with the German army. Miss Barton commenced the work of relieving the destitute by establishing a system of paid labor among the women, which continued for eight months, and furnished employment for several hundreds of persons. This work, so well done, was peculiarly illustrative of Miss Barton's methods. The writer was in Strasburg three years later and heard from those who worked under her direction the wonderful results achieved. During these eight months Miss Barton also entered the city of Metz at its surrender, helping for a few days to assist in administering relief to the starving inhabitants, besides rendering aid to the wounded returning from Sedan, and entering Paris at the close of the siege, June, 1871, closed her work in Strasburg and again entered Paris at the fall of the Commune, taking large quantities of supplies and money. Entering the city at the time the troops of Versailles were shooting down the Communists and the city was smoking in ruins, she sought the mayor, and asked for a place from which to distribute her supplies to the poor; was requested to use his house for the purpose, and did so. Miss Barton remained six weeks, meeting and relieving the destitute under his authority and co-operation.

Miss Barton was honored alike by the esteem and friendship of German and French authorities. The Grand Duchess Stephanie, of Baden, remains her warm personal friend and is her constant correspondent. The Empress of Germany gave her the Iron Cross of Merit, and the Grand Duchess of Baden gave the Gold Cross of Remembrance. The Ribbon and Cross of the Legion of Honor would have been presented to her by M. Thiers had she been willing, in accordance with usage, to make the formal application necessary. This Miss Barton, as an American, could not feel it right to do.

[In response to a letter from me to Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Baden, that eminent lady dictated the following:

"KARLSRUHE, 16 Oct., 1880.

"*Madam*.—H. R. H. the Grand Duchess of Baden charges me with an answer to the letter asking for news about Miss Barton. Her Royal Highness sent an inquiry to the lady who was acquainted with Miss Barton, and a great help to her during the days of work at Strasburg. Unhappily this lady is now so ill that she could only tell by dictation what follows and what I translated for you into English.

"Never will the Grand Duchess forget Miss Barton, whom she values sincerely, and for whose activity Her Royal Highness has the greatest praise.

Yours truly, M. v. SCHIENAN."

The letter dictated describes at great length the immense and beneficent labor she performed.]

The latter part of the Summer of 1870, following the fall of the Commune, was passed by Miss Barton in much needed rest, in the south of France. In the Autumn of that year, having returned to Karlsruhe, she proceeded in the following Winter to the destitute cities in the east of France, Belfort, Montbeliard, etc., distributing contributions of monies among the poor, which had been entrusted to her charge for that purpose by Mr. Edmund Dwight, the benevolent and efficient agent of the "Boston French Relief Fund."

In 1873 Miss Barton was in London for seven months; was confined to her room and couch with severe sickness, caused by bronchial difficulties and nervous affection, her life being often despaired of.

Miss Barton returned to the United States in 1874. After a short time spent in Washington and Massachusetts, she went to the Health Cure at Dansville, N. Y., and finally purchased a home in that town, where she now resides. As soon as her health permitted Miss Barton came to the Federal capital and presented in person to Mr. Hayes the letter of the Geneva "Red Cross" Committee, asking recognition by the United States. It was not until June, 1881, that her efforts were successful. President Garfield publicly approved of the request for ratification of this volunteer treaty of beneficence and relief, and Secretary Blaine wrote semi-officially, declaring that the Executive approved and would favorably present the matter to Congress at the

next session. Miss Barton has also completed the organization of an American Society of the Red Cross, of which she was properly chosen, being the accredited delegate of the Geneva International Committee, as well as the one American supremely and practically well informed on its workings, methods and objects, as its first President.

Clara Barton is a woman of notable face, striking appearance and possesses memorable characteristics. Shrinking from notoriety, she is still unflinching in the performance of duty. Modest to bashfulness almost as to her own personality, and shrinking from controversy, she does not, however, hesitate at accepting any responsibility that properly arises, and has in an eminent degree the "courage of her convictions" and actions also. Gifted with a rare breadth and keenness of intellect, she would readily have won a place in literature. Her name is one that adds honor to her country's record, and she herself remains a woman loved by her friends, esteemed by all who have been honored in knowing her, and recognized as one worthy of admiration and renown beside Florence Nightingale and Dorothea Dix.

[No woman who has ever trodden this continent more richly deserves a full biography to preserve the memory of her good deeds as examples to the women of all succeeding generations.]

ADELINE TODD.

Mrs. Freeman H. Todd, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 5, 1815. Her parents were descendants of the first settlers in the old town of Newbury. Boardman street, near Lord Timothy Dexter's place, was formerly their property and home. They were engaged in ship building and foreign commerce. William Boardman, the father of Mrs. Todd, was a highly respected merchant, but financial reverses overtaking him, he removed to Calais, Me., in 1828. He was a gentleman of the old school, courteous and genial.

Adeline Boardman, the eldest of nine children, was sent back for a two years' course of study, to Miss Mary Hodge, of Newburyport. On her return to Calais, when only sixteen years of age, she engaged in teaching in the public schools. Her evenings were employed in writing stories and sketches for the "Youths' Companion," published in Boston, for which she was liberally paid. For her first book, "The Sisters," Mr. Ballard, the publisher, sent her a sum of money, so large to her youthful eyes that she was "wild with excitement." Occasionally she contributed to the newspapers and magazines, but her heart was with the children, and it was for them she loved to write.

At the age of twenty-two she was married to Freeman H. Todd, Esq., of St. Stephen, New Brunswick. Her husband is a very successful business man, in fact a millionaire. He is extensively engaged in lumbering and banking and in railway enterprises. Their home, called "Doer Hill," is on the banks of the St. Croix river and commands a fine view of the river and the country and city.

Mrs. Todd was educated in the orthodox faith, but several years after her marriage she became interested in Universalism. It is impossible for her to become a bigot, and yet she has decided convictions upon religious truth. Sickness and sorrows have intensified and confirmed these. For years she has been an invalid, with no prospect of being restored to health. The death of her children has tested her faith. When the first shadow was thrown across the hearth-stone, she wrote:

"Yes, Carrie is dead! and our home is desolate. No sweet voice wakes us with its morning carol, or rose-bud lips with their early greeting. No fingers touch the piano since she filled the house with melody. No flowers grace our rooms since the artist has gone from them. The dog is taken to a neighbor's, as his moans made us almost wild, and her canary is hidden away in a servant's room, lest the sight or sound of it should stab the mother heart. Poor mother! so wan, so still, so utterly benumbed by sorrow, holding the Bible on her knees, the picture of her darling in her hands, while her thoughts are far, far away to the new home, among the angels. All through the illness she attended to her every want, until death touched her with his icy finger. Then she fell moaning into my arms, and congestion of the brain

very mercifully kept the poor mother from witnessing the last agonies and the solemn burial.

"God is good, and God is compassionate, but faith and trust and hope cannot be born in a day. In the meantime we 'sit dumb under the shadow of our great affliction.'

"When I see my husband returning from his daily walk to the grave, pallid, and with quivering lips, I wonder why 'Grandpa's' pet could not have been spared to us; why our only daughter must suffer such keen anguish, while others are exempt; why the one ewe lamb must be taken from the widow, while other homes are filled with childish voices.

"I cannot help questioning at times; all seems so dark and strange, but yet I know that behind and above all there is a love and compassion, far exceeding all I feel for my poor, bereft darling.

"No mother heart was ever the same after the death of a beloved child. The bloom is rubbed, the rose tints are faded, and a great rent is made in the web of her life. But the Savior can see it, and somewhere and at some time he will help her take up the tangled, broken threads with his pitying fingers, and he will weave anew with such divine tissues of love that only the scar will remain."

During her months of sickness, when confined to her room, she was accustomed to write stories for the entertainment of her children. At their solicitation she consented to have them published. The manuscripts were given to her pastor, Rev. H. A. Philbrook, who disposed of them to the Universalist Publishing House, of Boston, for the benefit of his Sunday-school. At that time she was a patient at the Round Hill water cure establishment in Northhampton, Mass, and the two volumes, "Ida Wilmot" and "Ed. Lee," formed a portion of the famous "Round Hill" series, which have had a large circulation.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of Mrs. Todd's genius by selections. She is pre-eminently a story writer for children, and only the continuity of an entire tale can impart the sense of her abilities.

Her brother, George Boardman, is one of the principal ornithologists of the present generation. His "Birds of Maine and New Brunswick," in Baird's "Birds," illustrates his abilities.

MARTHA WASHBURNE.

When Thomas Barnes and the earlier apostles of our faith began their work in Maine, they found their hearers among the best families of that section. The Coolidges, the Washburnes, the Morisons, the Haineses, the Benjamins, the Bradfords, the Stricklands, the Hollands, the Livermores, the Howes, the Smalls, were the natural and acknowledged intellectual and social aristocracy of the State, and they were almost all of our faith. The excellence of their character, and their great influence on their times and on their descendants, now scattered in all sections of our country, and still prominent in sustaining the blessed religion of which their mothers and fathers were the first modern advocates, were often due to the Christian fidelity and consecration of the mothers who taught and transmitted the religion they loved. Could we but develop the facts, it would unquestionably be learned that the quiet women of those days, who had no desire for publicity, and no ambition beyond the rearing of their families, who never aspired to make speeches, and to whom the production of books was undreamed of, are the real artificers of the characters that to-day are their monuments. Among them should be mentioned—one of a class, many of whose names we would gladly record—Martha, daughter of Samuel Benjamin. She was born in Livermore, Me.—a twin daughter—Oct. 4, 1792. She married, March 30, 1812, Israel Washburne, who was born in Raynham, Mass., Nov. 18, 1784, and died May 6, 1861. Her life was one of great purity and excellence. Her house was the ministers' home. Her character was one of great womanly force, impressing itself by a quiet yet irresistible womanly influence on all who knew her. A genuine Christian wife and mother, revered wherever known, she will be especially remembered in the remarkable career of her eminent and distinguished children. Israel (LL.D.)—M. C. 32d-36th Congresses, from Maine, and Governor of the State in 1861-2; Algernon S., merchant and banker; Elihu B., M. C., Illinois, 1852-69, Secretary of State under Gen. Grant, and Minister Plenipotentiary to France; Cadwalader C., (LL.D.)—M. C. 34th-40th Congresses, Major General in the war of the Rebellion, and

Governor of Wisconsin in 1871; Martha (Stephenson); Charles A., elector for California, 1860, Minister to Paraguay in 1861, and author of "History of Paraguay" and other works; Samuel B., shipmaster in the Merchant Marine and captain in the navy during the late war; Mary B., (Buffum); William D., Surveyor General of Minnesota 1861-65, M. C., present Congress; Caroline A., wife of Dr. F. S. Holmes, surgeon 6th Maine, in the late war. At one time three of the brothers were in Congress together, and since then the fourth has occupied the position. It is to such women as she, honored wives and mothers, that our church owes a large part of its success, and surely such noble characters are the highest product, as they should be the chief boast of our religion. There are and have been thousands of such as Martha Washburne, whose names are indelibly recorded in the Book of Life, though unrecorded in human annals. May they be increased and multiplied the "Elect Ladies" of our Zion.

ELIZABETH BUCHTEL.

Mrs. Buchtel is the wife of Hon. John R. Buchtel, of Akron, Ohio, whose princely gifts to the college which bears his name, give him high rank among the benefactors of the nineteenth century. Her maiden name was Davidson, and she was born in Union County, Penn., Aug. 25, 1821, the second in a family of twelve children. I believe her parents were originally New Englanders. When Elizabeth was about thirteen years of age, the Davidson family removed to Akron, and made their home on a farm about four miles from the present city, and here she lived until her marriage with Mr. Buchtel, Jan. 10, 1843.

Mr. Buchtel was then a young, rugged and energetic farm laborer, doing "days' works" in the vicinity. But he was even then noted for his industry and enterprise in whatever he undertook, and his services were constantly in demand in the season when the farmers needed help. Uniting their humble fortunes, and the union sanctified by mutual affection, with industry and pru-

dence the young couple soon emerged from the condition of comparative poverty, and began that career in other relations which has resulted in wealth and affluence. I need not attempt to tell the story of their early days. It is the old narrative illustrated happily in many a pioneer's experience in the West, where the husband and wife equally share struggle and privation, and are equally entitled to the honor and benefit of achievement. Whatever success Mr. Buchtel has secured from the date of his marriage to the present time, has been largely due to the sympathy and co-operation of his wife, who is now as deeply interested as himself in the great educational enterprise which has made their name so widely known.

Buchtel College would never indeed have been established but for the quiet and efficient influence of this noble woman. In the darkest hours of the enterprise she has been a tower of strength to Mr. Buchtel and those associated with him. From the first she entered heartily into this enterprise, and has never given up hope of its ultimate success. Notwithstanding the constant drain of the institution on her husband's wealth, she has nobly seconded every sacrifice and nerved him for the accomplishment of the great work of his life. In Mr. Buchtel's hours of despondency—natural under the many trying circumstances—her cheerful courage would come to the front, and serve as inspiration to new effort. Her own subscriptions to the college have been large, and she has aided it in various ways, but to her influence in the home must be credited the largest share of its success. In this way no woman has done more in the past decade for the Universalist Church, and she, therefore, deserves this prominent notice in our "Woman Workers."

Mrs. Buchtel is a member of the Universalist Church at Akron and a constant helper in all the social and philanthropic work of the church. Her beautiful home is the centre of interest for many of the young people of the college, and she takes special pains to become acquainted with them personally, and to make it pleasant for those who are strangers in the place.

Mrs. Buchtel is below medium height and small in figure, with soft, brown eyes and delicate, regular features, and is thus in marked contrast with the massive frame and stalwart manhood of her husband, whom nature cast in a gigantic mould. During "Commencement" and at other times when her spacious parlors are crowded with the guests and students of the college,

she glides among her company with the easy grace which reveals the natural born lady, speaking gentle and pleasant words in a low and winning voice. Always amiable and cheerful, accustomed to looking on the bright side, her sunny disposition and many domestic virtues make her a worthy companion of the great hearted man, whose restless, energetic life needs in the home exactly the influence which his wife supplies.

The chair of English Literature in the college was instituted by Mr. Buchtel in the name of his wife, and is known as the "Elizabeth Buchtel Professorship." It is a noble endowment, and will long stand as a memorial of her fidelity and the husband's recognition of her worth and influence. But equally with himself, Mrs. Buchtel deserves credit for Buchtel College and whatever influence it may exercise on this and succeeding generations. Her name deserves honor while our church stands.

MYRA J. NORTHRUP.

This rising poet is a native of Deerfield N. Y., and a resident of Topeka, Kans. She united with our church in Seneca, Kans., some two years since. Reared in the "orthodox" faith, she writes, "I was a natural Universalist." She began writing verse at twelve, and her purpose is to express the divine love and man's universal brotherhood.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Long ago, oh, thought amazing!
 Came a song earth's sad hearts raising;
 Lo! a heavenly host is praising,
 While the courts of heaven ring!
 Shepherds there their flocks attending
 Caught the strains so sweetly blending,
 O'er Judea's hilltops wending
 For is born a Savior King!

Hear the notes of praise, resounding
 O'er the earth, with joy abounding,

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

All the great and wise confounding,
 As they catch the song again;
 Joy and peace on earth 'tis bringing,
 Light and hope 'mid darkness flinging,
 "Glory be to God," they're singing,
 Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

O'er the golden hilltops stealing,
 Hear the song, earth's hope revealing,
 Louder still and louder pealing,
 Till it sounds far o'er the plains;
 Darkness now hath fled forever,
 Man need mourn in sorrow never,
 For is born on earth a Savior
 Christ, the Lord, forever reigns!

Born to raise the lost and dying,
 All in sin's dark valley lying,
 Born to vanquish pain and sighing,
 Let the earth with gladness praise;
 Praise him, man, by sorrow riven,
 For this wondrous blessing given,
 Praise him all ye hosts of heaven,
 Swell the song through endless days.

 JANE MUNROE

Was daughter of a Scotchman, who belonged to a regiment of Highlanders in Wolfe's army, at the conquest of Quebec. He remained in this country and settled in Minot, Me. She was born April, 1780. She became the teacher of the young in that vicinity. She reached her conclusions in favor of Universalism very early, and became a most strenuous advocate of our faith. Rev. Zenas Thompson, then a mere lad, listened with delight to her simple eloquence, and no doubt owes his early bent to the ministry to her influence. She had a pure heart, a pleasing personality and an irresistible charm of speech, and wrought a great deal, in a quiet way, in disseminating her faith in a region where now it seems the prevailing thought. Mr. Thompson relates that a gentleman whose deceased wife was her sister,

offered his hand in marriage, but while in nearly all respects such a union seemed very proper, for the gentleman was a very intelligent and highly respectable man, there was one obstacle in the way, as he looked at it. He was a very devoted member of the orthodox church in old Connecticut where the color of orthodoxy was quite as deep as anywhere, and he felt that her heresy was a serious obstacle to their union, and he resolved to make a strong effort to remove it, that it should not disturb their future harmony. Accordingly, he proposed that they should at once discuss the subject, while he would attempt to show her the error of her doctrine. To this proposition Miss Munroe readily assented. A thorough discussion ensued. The result was his complete conversion to her faith and prompt avowal of it. Their marriage soon followed, and Mr. B. returned to his home in Connecticut with a splendid Universalist wife, and she most happy in being the wife of a husband whose heart was renewed, whose hope was brightened and whose faith "a lamp to his feet."

L. W. BROWN.

This faithful Christian is the widow of Rev. John S. Brown, who died in Richmond, N. Y., March 23, 1855. She began her work as a minister's wife about the year 1848, in Perry, N. Y., and added teaching to her home duties. They removed to Taunton, Mass., in 1851, and subsequently she returned to Perry. In 1862 she was a teacher in Clinton Liberal Institute, and afterwards removed to Akron, Ohio, where she now resides.

She has been remarkable for her wonderful work of caring for and educating young persons. With no means which she has not earned by hard work, she has reared many—how many, no one knows—to lives of usefulness and honor. It has been impossible to obtain data. Mrs. Brown so shrinks from public notice, that I am disinclined to give in these pages more than a brief remembrance, hoping to be able to enlarge upon it one of these years;

but I feel that she owes it to her faith to let her "light shine that others may see her good works, and glorify her Father in heaven."

Mrs. E. A. Richards, of Perry, N. Y., says, "Although we all know her to be a very busy woman, never having but one suit of clothes, the rest all going for somebody who in her judgment needs it most, she has so distributed her life-work that to gather it, would be about as impossible as to stand on the shore of our beautiful lake and tell how many pebbles a certain wave had touched."

MRS. B. MELLEN,

Wife of one of our clergymen, Rev. C. W. Mellen, could build a ship on canvas only second to Lane, the great marine painter. Mrs. Mellen was a born artist. She loved the sea, and few have ever rendered such marine views as she has produced. Her copies of Lane so equaled that great artist's work that he himself was unable to distinguish the copy from the original.

SARAH E. DUNBAR.

Sarah E. Wilkinson was born March 20, 1843, on a farm near the village of Lexington, Ohio. When nine years of age her parents removed to Norwalk in the same State, and in the public schools she was educated. She improved her opportunities and was graduated with honor in June, 1861. She became a teacher in the school where she had formerly been a pupil, and remained until she was married to Oliver P. Dunbar, a gentleman in every way worthy of her, and now Master Mechanic of the Canada Southern Railroad.

Some time after her marriage, Mrs. Dunbar resumed her connection with the Norwalk High School and taught, until at the solicitation of friends, she opened a select school, which she conducted very successfully until her removal to Grosse Isle, Mich., a picturesque island at the mouth of the Detroit river, which is her present home.

Her father, Samuel Wilkinson, was, and is an earnest Christian Universalist, and one of the best of men. His daughter was reared in that faith, and early took her position in the front rank of workers for her church, when the Norwalk Universalist Society was organized. She was one of two teachers that led off in the Sunday-school work of that church, organizing with four scholars—two apiece. She had the satisfaction of seeing her work grow under her hands, until the school became large and flourishing, and so successful was she in the management of her pupils and her influence upon them, that she was solicited to prepare an essay upon Sunday-school work, to be read at the Sunday-school Convention at Hamilton, Ohio, which was listened to with more than ordinary interest by those present on that occasion. Subsequently she presented a paper upon the "Higher Education of Woman," before the Universalist State Convention at Norwalk, which was a fine production. This paper was again delivered before the Cary Society, of Buchtel College, and afterwards printed in the "Star in the West."

Her manner upon the platform is very womanly and attractive. Her histrionic abilities are rare and her facial expression something remarkable. But so modest was she in regard to her abilities in this line, that it took a great deal of persuasion upon the part of a friend who loved and admired her, to induce her to cultivate her talent. She has lately graduated from a two years' course of elocution in the city of Detroit. Her church relations are with the society in Detroit, in which she is interested and works, as much as fourteen miles of distance will permit.

Mrs. Dunbar has been correspondent for several papers, among which is the "Cleveland Leader," and her racy, sparkling, semi-satirical letters are always welcomed by its readers. She was, also, at times, a contributor to the "Star in the West." From the first organization of the Woman's Centenary Association, she has taken an interest in it, being at one time its Vice President for Ohio.

Happy in her domestic relations, a devoted wife, a loving mother to her one little daughter of ten years, a lover of the faith in which she was reared, a true and loyal friend under all circumstances, and a lovely and attractive woman whose friendship is to be prized, is Sarah E. Dunbar.

SARAH GREGG

Was one of the many of the ministrants of the battlefield and hospital, who responded to the call of the suffering. January 1, 1863, she went from Ottawa (the place of her residence), to Mound City, and exerted all her powers to aid the seven hundred in the hospital there. She was soon recalled to take charge of Stebbins' Hospital, Ottawa. In 1863 she went to Vicksburg, and brought a steamer load of sick and wounded to St. Louis, the low stage of water preventing further progress up the river. Her husband enlisted the third time, and she remained acting as nurse until 1865, performing an immense amount of labor, and surpassing the achievements of any general, if it be true that—

The drying of a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

ELIZABETH D. STACY

Is a native of New York; was married by Rev. N. Stacy, to his son, Judge E. C. Stacy, at Wayne, Penn., Feb. 24, 1842. Her maiden name was Heath. She completed medical studies (homeopathic) after marriage. Refused admission to medical lectures in Buffalo, N. Y., for the atrocious crime of being a woman, she perfected her studies elsewhere, and attained a skill which insured her an extensive practice. At one time during the War, she

was the only practicing physician in Freeborn Co., Minn. At fifteen she took the total abstinence pledge, and in 1868 began active temperance work in Minnesota. She has filled most of the offices in Good Templary, and has many times represented her lodge in the Minnesota Grand Lodge. In 1872, she represented Minnesota in the Grand Lodge of the World, in Madison, Wis.; in 1873, in London, England; in 1874, in Boston, Mass.; in Louisville, Ky., in 1876; in 1878, Minneapolis, Minn. In 1876, she assisted in organizing the Woman's Temperance Union in Albert Lea, and represented the Union in Minneapolis in 1877, and became one of the Vice Presidents, and in 1878, in Chicago, and in St. Paul in 1880. Mrs. Stacy is an earnest, devoted worker for temperance and morality and religion—a grand example of self-reliance, faith and devotedness to duty. She resides in Albert Lea, Minnesota.

GRACIA SKINNER

Is the widow of Rev. Dolphus Skinner, D.D., of Utica, N. Y. She is tenderly remembered by multitudes of our people, especially by those of New York. She is one of the ministers' wives of the olden time, whose latch-string was ever out for the wayfaring minister. She was born in Springfield, Vt., March 16, 1804, and was married to that rare man, Dolphus Skinner, September 9, 1825. She is passing her declining years with a son, in Detroit, Mich., and is honored by all who know her.

DR. HARRIET K. HUNT,

The first real "woman doctor" in this country, who received the respect and confidence of the people, has eaten salt at my table. It was years ago, but time will never obliterate her kindly pleasant face and hearty laugh. It

was a query to me how she became a doctor. Who taught her was a problem I dared not ask her to solve for me. It was in the days of saddle-bags, nearly fifty years ago, when men doctors knew *every* thing, and kept what they knew to themselves oftentimes, or rather they were not permitted to impart it to women. Mrs. Lucy Stone says she acquired her medical knowledge of Dr. Valentine Mott. God bless him! for if there is any one profession women are especially fitted for it is that of ministering to the sick. Our kindly-remembered Dr. Hunt had struggles that few have heart or nerve to encounter, but overcame them all, and died in Boston, Jan. 2, 1875, a wealthy woman.

ELMINA J. POWERS.

This devoted Christian woman entered the hospital service, and labored with great assiduity and success till the close of the war. She published her experiences and observations in a volume entitled "Hospital Pencillings." In 1866 she entered St. Lawrence Theological School, as a student, but at the end of six months she was obliged to abandon her studies on account of ill health. She died in Worcester, Mass., September 21, 1871. She was a pure, devoted, good woman.

H. B. MANFORD.

Mrs. Manford's maiden name was Bryant. She was born in New York, and was a school teacher in Warrenville, Ill., for some years before she was married, in Arlington, Ill., July 3, 1844, to E. Manford, a licentiate in our ministry. She has been of great assistance to her husband; has acted as assistant editor of a monthly periodical, published by him, entitled "Manford's Magazine." Some years ago she traveled and lectured on temperance

and canvassed for his magazine and books, and for several years past she has been active in local and State denominational work. She has been President of the Illinois Woman's Association for several years.

She has one child, a daughter, an estimable woman, the wife of Dr. Norman Bridge, of Chicago, a physician of excellent repute.

MARY MONELL.

The church in Lincoln, Neb., owes its existence to the Christian zeal and persistency of one consecrated woman. A mere handful of people, without means, were unable to erect a temple of worship in the capital of Nebraska, when Mrs. Monell set her head, heart and hands to the work, and the result she deserved was at length reached. It was obtained by her earnest appeals to a multitude of people, far and near, involving an incredible amount of labor. She sacrificed her health by her arduous labors. Mrs. Monell's heart is ever open to the appeals of the needy, and is always on the watch to find some one who needs her charity. She is a native of Hudson, N. Y., and is a woman of education and refinement.

JUDITH S. AND SUSAN PLUMMER.

The Universalist church in Lawrence, Mass., has an honorable record. The first man killed in the war of the Rebellion was Sumner H. Needham, who fell in Baltimore, April 19, 1861, an attendant of that church. His was the first funeral of a soldier killed, and the obsequies were conducted by Rev. Geo. H. Weaver, D.D., an honored minister in our church. Among the faithful nurses in Washington hospitals were two sisters, members of the Lawrence parish, Judith S. Plummer and Susan Plummer.

They entered upon the service very early in 1861, and were most efficient and faithful in their ministrations to the sick and wounded. Thus the Lawrence pastor, one of his male members and two of his woman workers were among the first to take a prominent part in the great work of the Civil War.

SARAH B. VASSALL.

Was a daughter of Stephen Barton and sister of Clara. Born in Oxford, Mass., she married Vester Vassall. She had two children, Bernard Barton and Irving Stetson. They removed to Washington in 1856, and remained till 1871, when they returned to Massachusetts, where she died May 23, 1874. Her life was filled with a beautiful faith and trust, and she was a model Universalist woman in faith and in deed.

The memories of her virtues yet
Linger like twilight hues when the bright sun has set.

MRS. CHARLES SPEAR,

Wife of the "Prisoner's Friend," was a devoted attendant at the Saint Elizabeth Hospital, Washington, D. C., during the rebellion.

SARAH THOMPSON.

Sarah Thompson was a daughter of Timothy Thompson, who was one of the old members of the Universalist church in Charlestown, Mass. She was a very intelligent Christian Universalist, a true and earnest worker in the

Sunday-school, which she always called the "children's church," or path to heaven. She was a fine talker and was ever ready to speak of the excellencies of her faith, and do all in her power to promote the spread of her cherished belief.

SARAH PACKARD,

Of Boston, died at the ripe age of 83 years and four months. She was a pious, Christian woman, a devoted member of School Street Church, and fully sympathized with, and seconded, the noble munificence of her husband, Sylvanus Packard, who founded the Packard professorship in Tufts College, Mass.

MRS. N. M. GAYLORD,

Whose husband, Rev. N. M. Gaylord, was for several years chaplain of Campbell Hospital, Washington, D. C., was of great service to thousands of sick and wounded soldiers, who were under her husband's care in that great establishment.

ESTHER GRAVES,

Of Bowdoinham, Me., was a volunteer nurse all through the war. On her return home, after her efficient service, she received an ovation from the people of Bowdoinham, without distinction of sect, for her long and arduous labors of love.

AURORA CLARK,

Of Springfield, Maine, was a volunteer nurse in the Washington hospitals. She married Robinson, the soldier who risked his life to protect Senator Seward, at the time of President Lincoln's assassination.

THE UNKNOWN WOMEN.

BY REV. G. S. WEAVER, D.D.

In the Union Cemeteries along the track of the late war, where are buried the soldiers who gave their lives to their country, there are many graves which are marked with the simple inscription, "Unknown." What is meant is, that here lies the dust of a faithful and loyal man who died that his country might live, but of whose name and life, nothing more is known. And yet to the thoughtful and holiest patriotism this is sufficient. The little ridge of earth that assures his countrymen that a brother's form took this lowly bed that they might have a country to enjoy, tells the richest story that can be told to the men who truly honor and love their country. There is no test of loyalty to one's country greater than to die for it, and the graves of these unknown soldiers will be held in profound regard by the American people so long as they love the government founded by their fathers.

There is a kind of pain felt by the thoughtful reader of the world's histories, as he thinks of the multitudes of the unknown people who constituted not only the bone and sinew, but the heart and soul of the nations of men. The histories tell us of kings, generals, diplomats, founders of dynasties and great institutions, often moved by pride, greed, enmity or ambition, to their greatest works, while the masses of the honest, hearty, wholesome people who form the obscure, colorless background on which these notable characters are made to exhibit their tawdry glory, are left even without mention as the nameless unknown. It is perhaps one of the necessities of history

that the profoundest and best life of by far the greatest number of the people has no place in it; but if it is a necessity, it is one so sad, on account of its injustice, as to make every history very largely a cemetery of the unknown dead, through which we walk with uncovered heads and saddened, reverent spirits.

One can hardly read thoughtfully the sixteenth chapter of Romans, in which Paul commends with affectionate respect, Phoebe, Priscilla and Aquilla, Junia, Urbane, Tryphena, Tryphosa and Julia, sainted women workers in some of the first Christian churches, preachers it may be with the Apostles, without thinking of the great company of timid, reserved, sensitive, high-souled women who shrink from public life, and yet who were full of faith and love and good works, whose souls were fountains of religion, and in whose "hearts the Lord dwelt by faith," whose piety and noble living made their churches possible then, as such women do now.

And a singular feeling of sadness may creep over many readers of this book, which seeks faithfully to give some account of some of the more notable Women Workers of the Universalist Church, as they think of many others equally scholarly, Christian and worthy, and who have given equally faithful service to the church and humanity, and who are yet remanded to the great company of the Unknown who have served the Lord and their kind. No one has had any large acquaintance with this church, without observing the intelligence and devotion of its women. From the beginning its appeal to woman's soul was direct and powerful, and those who received its faith, felt its power in stirring their aspirations and hopes as they had not been stirred before. It found woman under the ban of a social custom which gave her soul no recognition beyond that of a beggar asking for the crumbs that fell from man's richer table. She had no voice in the church, save that of the enquirer. In the home she was a subject between her husband and her children. In society she was the underling that served tables or man's caprices and desires by turns. She might pick up the crumbs of knowledge that fell from the tables where men enjoyed their feasts of reason and flows of soul, but her mental stomach was not supposed to be capable of digesting a full, or even a half-meal of the food of men. Women themselves accepted this inferior position as theirs, by the nature given them by

their Maker. They had and sought for no education beyond the commonest rudiments. They were not teachers even of common schools. Their work was in the kitchen, at the spinning-wheel and the loom, their pleasure was in the parlor and boudoir. There was scarcely a protest in the best woman's soul against this servility which an ignorant and cruel barbarism had imposed upon them, because the scale of *avoirdupois* tipped against them.

When Universalism came to them with its God of love and justice, its spiritual democracy, its free and natural reading of the New Testament, without the interposition of an orthodox interpretation, they began to feel that somehow woman had a place in Christianity that they had not seen before. They read of Elizabeth and Mary, and the revelations made through them, and the respect given to them; of the women who received the Savior, and of his ministration to them; of their being "last at the cross and the first at the tomb;" of his appearing first to them after his resurrection, and making them the heralds of that great Gospel which brought life and immortality to light; of their being at the ascension, and in the place where the disciples were gathered waiting for the return of their Master in spirit, and were of "one mind and one accord," praying and praising, till the glory of Pentecost burst upon them—upon the men and women alike, and on God's servants and on his handmaidens he poured out his spirit and they prophesied or preached. They read Paul's statement that "there is neither male nor female, but both are one in Christ," or alike, and his many statements about the women who were the servants of the early churches, and who "labored with him in the Lord," some of whom are spoken of and commended to the churches as though they were preachers; and then beyond all this they read of the responsibility of each human soul, the high life of aspiration and service, and the great work of doing good to which it is called by the Christian religion, and they began to think and feel that the life of God's free children was before them as before their brothers. And this thinking and feeling grew as other good things grew with them, until a great revolution has been wrought in the condition and life of women. Universalism was indeed like the Gospel when it was first preached, leaven put into the measure of humanity, and it worked among the women just as it did at first, awakening them to the new life of development and duty to which it called them.

That woman received the first direct uplift of Christ's helps in a greater degree than man, is no doubt true, because she was in a more desperate need of that help. She was not only under the heavy weight of her own sins, but under the cruel tyranny of her brother and the grinding social customs which he had established. During the early period of the Christian Church, Christ's Gospel wrought mightily for woman and for man through woman, as it wrought mightily for truth and grace in the souls, and the social life of men and women; and its progress was rapid and powerful; but that progress was more rapid than thorough, wider than it was deep, and brought into the church multitudes who were only half converted, or not so much as that, who hindered the legitimate work of the church, weighted it with falsity and evil, turned it to worldly and political uses, and finally wrought it into something else than the church which Christ and his Apostles left it, and made it an abettor of many human oppressions and false doctrines and practices.

In this crippled, changed, corrupted condition it struggled on through many centuries, darkened, perverted, used by tyrants, bigots and zealots, by turns, till Luther struck his great blow for its partial deliverance. Then followed a season of desperate struggle between Protestant and Catholic. As that subsided the renaissance of Universalism followed, and the old first work of renewing men and institutions began again, and that work was, as at first, felt powerfully by the women who were reached by it. It was to them a great joy. They received their children into their arms, not as specimens of total depravity, but as pure souls made in God's image—gifts of divine love to be brought up in the nurture of the Lord, and to be enjoyed not only in this world but in the one to come. They received their girls as equally dear to God as their boys. They looked upon their families as God's, not to be separated by sin or death, but to dwell together forever in the house not made with hands, and their homes where were enkindled the sweetest and strongest loves of the human heart, as symbols of the everlasting Home in heaven, in which the whole family shall at last enjoy the beatitudes of redeemed spirits.

And very soon they began to make themselves felt in our literature and our churches, but most in our homes and in the social influences which went out from them. When we began to found schools by which our church could

educate its children in its own way, it received the hearty approval of our women, and they have educated great numbers of their sons and daughters in them. Of our four colleges, three give equal advantages to young men and women, and have done so from the beginning. The other was at the beginning, and remains yet too much under the conservative influence of opinions which hold woman as incapacitated for the higher walks of intellectual life—opinions not born of Universalism, but of the *avoirdupois* of masculinity. In this work of education our women have taken a noble and active part. They have not only given it their approval and their youth, but their money. Many and many a noble woman in our church standing behind her husband, has influenced him to give bountifully to our institutions. These invisible benefactors are very largely among the Unknown in the record book of our church.

In the Sunday-school work of our church, too, there are many who have done most intelligent and useful work, as superintendents, teachers and librarians, in sowing the seeds of truth, in training young minds in the right ways of thought and life, and in winning their souls to the Savior, who have yet been so private and undemonstrative in public ways, that they can go into the record only as the Unknown.

But more and better of this womanly worth, which adorns the kingdom of the Master, is found in the richly intelligent and strongly endowed souls of so many of the women of our church, who are the inspiring and sustaining spirits of our faith and work all over the land. We have scarcely a church in efficient order that does not owe its existence and continued life to the godly women who put the best of their souls into it, as much as to the men who help it and the ministers who preach to it. It is the experience of every minister that every church to which he has ministered, has a strong power of womanly worth to which it owes in no small degree its success. Every minister knows that he owes much of his own success to the encouragement, sympathy and helpfulness of the noble women, who put much of their best life into the cause of the Master. How constant are the prayers and affections of every true Christian woman, for the church of her choice and the cause it represents. How genuine and holy are her devotions to the religion that so blesses her soul and enriches her life. These women, so strong in the mind

and heart and power of usefulness, that they are not only in a large degree the life of the church, but equally the life and leaven of society, are, for the most part, so absorbed in the private ways and walks of life, that their names must be relegated to that great class who go into the record as Unknown; and yet they are the Lord's blessed ones, who are doing his work and honoring his religion, and brightening and saving the world he died to redeem.

No mention of the names of our women known to the public, as the Women Workers of our Church, would, therefore, be just, unless supplemented by an appreciative recognition of the worth and work of the less public, but not less meritorious characters and services of the Unnamed Many who are honoring our church with the glory of Christian Womanhood.

MINISTERS' WIVES.

BY REV. J. W. HANSON, D.D.

Besides the unknown and unrecorded wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of generous givers to our cause, who often have prompted the husband, son, brother or father to the generous act; besides those who have co-operated with teachers in our institutions of learning; besides the woman teachers in our Sunday-schools and colleges and academies; besides the faithful members of auxiliary associations; besides the great multitude of consecrated ones, some of whom have been found in every church, parish and Sunday-school, filling the great company of the Unknown, so eloquently described in the foregoing by Dr. Weaver, there is one blessed group that must not be left unnoticed—MINISTERS' WIVES.

Of all the women we have ever known, our ministers' wives deserve canonization. They have been the saints in our calendar. They have been obliged to be "anxious about many things," while they often, also, not only have chosen "the good part," but have been themselves by far the better part of many a matrimonial co-partnership, which, but for their influence

would have been but a sorry enterprise. We have seen Martha and Mary combined in more than one minister's wife, and sometime a Dorcas, a Lydia and a Cornelia superadded, and the part of each sustained as consistently as though only the one was to be filled. The faithful wife, the devoted mother, the kindly and peace-promoting neighbor, the dispenser of charity among the poor, as busy in public as though home had no duties, and as active at home as though that were the exclusive arena of her activities—how many a pastor and how many a parish has been compelled, as she has laid her burden down, to cry with the poet,

In this dim world of crowding cares
We scarcely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings, lessening up the skies -
The angel with us unawares.

Our most successful ministers have confessed, what every useful one among them would acknowledge, and what the more discerning have perceived, but what, alas! has escaped the observation of the multitude, that the abilities and efforts of the successful minister were in many ways supplemented and complemented by the silent partner in the matrimonial firm, that

Sternest critic, safest guide,
The dear wife angel of the home.

Many a graduate from the schools runs the gauntlet of professors and classmates with all sorts of defects of manner and matter, of composition and style, of gesticulation and habit, that no one else will ever mention, and that only she, the intelligent, sensitive monitor, who takes him in hand in the seclusion of the home circle, sees, and when he is keenly sensitive to his recent short comings, she, his wife, who hears for the congregation, by the persistent attrition of loving criticism, flails away his chaff, grinds off the obstructing faults, until the rough ashlar is "polished after the similitude of a palace." The continued improvement of many a pulpiteer is due to the constant suggestions of a loving wife. Sidney Smith called his wife his "foolometer." It must have been because she so heard for the congregation that her husband would be foolish not to profit by her advice.

Many a young minister is a learned simpleton; familiar with books, he knows little else. In a half-dozen calls he can undo the work of his best sermon. He has a deal of talent, possibly, but not a thimbleful of tact. What he must learn, if at all, by slow degrees, and after the much tribulation of repeated failure, his wife, with fine feminine tact knows intuitively, and for the first few years of married life, and sometimes till one or the other obeys the call to depart from life, she has the double duty to perform of undoing his mistakes and teaching a dull pupil.

How ever the unmarried minister achieves success, overcoming the natural greenness of the graduated theologian, and steering clear of the pitfalls that are strewn along his pathway as he pursues his devious and solitary way, we can not explain, unless it be true that

Some sweet little cherub sits up aloft,
And looks out for the life of

such as are destined to pursue the journey "in maiden meditation, fancy free." But the rule proved by its exceptions is that the unaccredited angel whose plastic hand moulds the powers of the successful minister into increasing usefulness, wears the disguise of muslin or silk, and is known as "only the minister's wife."

By far the larger number of those who have wrought great usefulness in this sphere of life, have been those who have devoted their energies to their families. They have cheered and comforted careworn husbands, have relieved them from the petty anxieties that would have engrossed and weakened their faculties, and by what would be drudgery, servitude, were it not the highest and holiest of service, self-sacrifice; they have belonged to the order of angelhood because they have been "ministering spirits," and so were no less angels though they wore the disguise of wife, and were arrayed in garments fitted for household toil.

It is no more true that all God's angels are ministering spirits, than that all ministering spirits rise into the altitude of angelhood, and thus such lives of sacrifice and service, often of martyrdom to lowly duties, as these elect women have lived, have won for them the crowns that only those nearest the throne can wear. They have filled their homes with the precious aroma of

their saintliness. They have touched with divine influence those with whom they have mingled.

None knew them but to love them,
None named them but to praise.

Living they glorified life, and when they darkened earth by leaving it and ascending, they added a new attraction to heaven. Many such we have known among the dead, do know among the living, their acquaintance a precious privilege, their companionship a benediction. We would be glad to record the names of many of the living and the dead, deserving places among these "angels of the household." We cannot resist the desire to name a representative of the blessed group. Harriet E. Tuttle, whose maiden name was Merriman, was born in Connecticut, July 12, 1824; was married to Rev. J. H. Tuttle, in Salisbury, N. Y., in August, 1849; settled in Fulton, N. Y., till 1853, in Rochester till 1859, in Chicago, Ill., till 1866, and during the remainder of her life in Minneapolis, Minn. She died in Dresden, Germany, in 1871, while absent with her son, George Montgomery. Her remains lie in Rosehill, Chicago. She was a model minister's wife, devoted, consecrated, successful in all the duties of the lot in life to which she seemed called by divine appointment. In manifold ways she filled the sphere of duty, and in every parish where she labored, in every home she visited, in every heart in which she is remembered. She is one of those of whom the poet spake:

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

She was typical of a multitude of like precious spirits, who must be remembered to the muster roll of the "Unknown."

How many there are, whose names need not be written, whose beautiful hands are busy with household cares, whose feet are ever moving to fulfill offices of service, whose record earth will never know, but whose names and deeds are written in the Book of Life!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHAPIN HOME.

The Chapin Home for the Aged and Infirm is situated on Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets, between Lexington and Third avenues, New York City. It was named by its original incorporators in honor of Rev. Edward Hubbell Chapin, D.D., LL.D., the pre-eminent pulpit orator of America, of whose Church of the Divine Paternity it is the beloved and fortunate child. The grounds with the building, thirty-seven and one-half acres of land in Franklin County, and eight lots in Maple Grove Cemetery, are valued at \$83,000. Besides these it possessed, in 1881, cash assets of \$40,860. The receipts during the year ending May, 1881, were \$18,538.41, and its expenses \$9,663.31. It was incorporated May 6, 1869, for the purpose set forth in its expressive title, with power to possess real estate to the value of \$100,000, and personal property to the value of \$500,000. An annual contribution of \$10 constitutes any one properly endorsed an annual member, and \$100 a life member. Only those over sixty-five years old are eligible as inmates, and \$300 is the price of admission fee. The greatest care is taken that only most respectable persons in reduced circumstances are admitted to this beautiful home, and all such are required to surrender to the trustees all property in possession or that may be acquired after admission, to go into the treasury of the Home. During the year ending May, 1881, there were fifty-two inmates, aggregating three thousand nine hundred years, averaging seventy-five years, the oldest one hundred and four, the youngest sixty-eight.

The officers for 1881 were: President, Mrs. E. H. Chapin; Vice-Presi-

dents, Mrs. N. L. Cort, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. C. L. Stickney; Treasurer, Mrs. D. D. T. Marshall; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. D. D. Youmans; Recording Secretary, Mrs. V. C. King.

Trustees elected May 11, 1881: Mrs. M. M. Barkalow, Mrs. A. P. Brainerd, Mrs. E. H. Chapin, Mrs. N. L. Cort, Mrs. T. Crane, Mrs. G. L. Crowell, Mrs. C. Davison, Mrs. C. H. Delamater, Mrs. M. Ferris, Mrs. W. S. Fogg, Mrs. E. R. Holden, Mrs. J. W. Howard, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. N. Huggins, Mrs. J. A. Jameson, Mrs. G. Kent, Mrs. V. C. King, Mrs. G. G. Lake, Mrs. D. D. T. Marshall, Mrs. T. F. McDowell, Mrs. G. W. Pearce, Mrs. H. J. Price, Mrs. I. O. Rhines, Mrs. A. Shumway, Mrs. A. A. Smith, Mrs. E. P. Smith, Mrs. C. L. Stickney, Mrs. J. A. Fithian, Mrs. J. W. Whitfield, Mrs. D. D. Youmans; Matron, Mrs. M. L. Selby.

Advisory Committee: Dr. J. M. Pullman, Rev. C. H. Eaton, Rev. S. A. Gardner, D. D. T. Marshall, C. L. Stickney, E. B. Fellows, C. P. Huntington, N. L. Cort, E. R. Holden, H. Wilson.

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Life Members: Mr. W. Banks, Mr. W. M. Banks, Mrs. J. Bryan, Mr. P. T. Barnum, Mr. J. S. Barron, Mr. G. H. Bissell, Mr. J. L. Clark, Mrs. J. L. Clark, Mrs. E. H. Chapin, Mrs. T. Crane, Mrs. J. W. Cochrane, Mrs. J. Cushing, Mrs. N. L. Cort, Mrs. W. L. Cooper, Mrs. R. B. Connolly, Mr. J. M. Duclos, Mr. R. L. Darragh, Mrs. W. H. Daly, Mrs. M. Ferris, Mrs. T. J. S. Flint, Mrs. S. French, Mrs. J. A. Fithian, Mrs. G. Fulton, Mrs. D. C. Gately, Miss S. Gage, Mrs. C. S. Groot, Mrs. C. F. Goodhue, Mrs. J. W. Howard, Mr. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mr. G. Hoffman,

Mrs. G. Hoffman, Mr. J. H. Harbeck, Mrs. J. H. Harbeck, Mr. A. H. Hart, Mr. J. H. Hart, Mrs. A. Havemeyer, Mr. R. S. Hutchins, Mr. J. A. Jameson, Mrs. J. A. Jameson, Mrs. F. Keiffer, Mr. G. G. Lake, Mrs. G. G. Lake, Mr. D. D. T. Marshall, Mrs. D. D. T. Marshall, Mrs. A. Mellen, Mr. R. Martin, Miss R. Morrow, Mr. G. Nason, Mrs. A. Osborn, Mrs. J. Peters, Mr. M. K. Pelletrau, Mrs. M. K. Pelletrau, Miss S. Phillips, Mr. M. H. Perry, Mr. E. H. Riker, Mr. I. O. Rhines, Mrs. I. O. Rhines, Mrs. A. Rusch, Mr. A. Rusch, Mr. B. F. Romaine, Mrs. B. F. Romaine, Mr. C. L. Stickney, Mrs. C. L. Stickney, Mr. L. Smith, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. C. A. Soule, Mrs. E. T. Sherman, Mrs. H. G. Stebbins, Mrs. E. Stephenson, Mrs. E. A. Wall, Mrs. E. Weston, Mr. W. M. Whitney, Mr. J. Weeks, Mrs. H. Wilson.

Associate Members: Mrs. D. O. Archer, Mrs. M. M. Barkalow, Mrs. H. B. Brundrette, Mrs. N. G. Bradford, Mrs. B. W. Bradford, Mrs. A. P. Brainerd, Mr. N. L. Cort, Miss E. Cort, Mrs. G. L. Crowell, Mrs. M. L. Crowell, Jr., Mrs. T. Crowell, Mrs. M. Chamberlain, Mrs. J. Demarest, Mr. T. J. Davis, Mrs. C. H. Delamater, Mrs. C. Davison, Mrs. E. Elsworth, Rev. C. H. Eaton, Mr. A. Follett, Mrs. A. Follett, Mr. E. B. Fellows, Mrs. W. S. Fogg, Mrs. J. W. Frothingham, Mrs. M. T. Goddard, Mrs. N. Huggins, Mrs. J. P. Huggins, Mr. F. C. Havemeyer, Mr. E. R. Holden, Mrs. E. R. Holden, Mr. W. J. Hutchinson, Mrs. C. H. Jacquelin, Mrs. G. Kent, Mrs. V. C. King, Mrs. G. W. Kruger, Mrs. C. G. Lippincott, Mr. Q. McAdam, Mrs. T. F. McDowell, Mrs. W. H. Neilson, Mrs. E. Opdyke, Mrs. R. P. Perin, Mrs. G. W. Pearce, Mrs. T. S. H. Pearson, Mrs. C. T. Perry, Mrs. H. J. Price, Rev. J. M. Pullman, Mrs. E. Reed, Mrs. W. Scott, Mrs. M. G. Seaman, Mrs. A. Shumway, Mrs. A. A. Smith, Mrs. E. P. Smith, Mrs. C. L. Stickney, Jr., Rev. E. C. Sweetser, Mrs. S. Tousey, Mrs. H. Taylor, Mrs. C. F. Taggart, Mrs. A. A. Van Tine, Mrs. D. Van Buren, Mrs. J. Y. Watkins, Mrs. J. Y. Watkins, Jr., Mrs. J. W. Whitfield, Mr. H. Wilson, Mrs. R. T. Woodward, Mrs. C. F. Wallace, Mrs. D. D. Youmans.

The annual report for May, 1881, closes in these words:

"In closing our report we beg leave to remind our friends that we have no permanent fund, and, although our faith is strong that the 'barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail,' still it rests with us and with you that this gracious and filial charity shall not be restricted in its

ministrations, and, more than this, that it shall be placed beyond the necessity of constant appeals to your generosity by a sufficient permanent foundation."

This beautiful charity is honorable to the sisterhood of the head, heart and hand, that have established and sustain it. The most cultivated and accomplished of the Universalist ladies of New York co-operate in its support, thus proving themselves to be fully worthy to occupy the front rank among "Our Woman Workers." May the affluence of the great metropolis flow into the treasury of the Home, until its ability to aid shall be commensurate with the needs of the needy and the large sympathies of those who have established and sustain it.

While these pages were passing through the press Mrs. Chapin died suddenly, in Rockport, Mass., July 22, 1881, aged sixty-three years. Her husband, Rev. Dr. Chapin, died Dec. 26, 1880.

MRS SOPHIA HOFFMAN, mentioned above, gave the first money toward the Home, and was appointed to lay the corner stone of the building. She has been greatly favored in possessing the desire to bestow benefits on the needy, and the means to gratify the divine disposition.

THE WOMAN'S CENTENARY ASSOCIATION.

The Woman's Centenary Association was one of the outgrowths of the centenary year of the Universalist church. During the Spring and Summer of 1859, when the plan of raising the sum of \$200,000, to be called "The Murray Fund," in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the church in America, was being discussed, it occurred to some thoughtful minds that the women ought to be called upon to take a distinct and active part, and at the meeting of the General Convention in Buffalo, N. Y., in September, when the work of the coming year became the

theme of the convention. On the morning of the third day of the session a meeting of women was called in the vestry, to consider the importance of the subject.

Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson was called to the chair. Mrs. F. J. M. Whitcomb, Secretary. Mrs. Eliza Bailey led in prayer, invoking the divine blessing and asking for light and guidance on behalf of the women about to engage in it. Mrs. Caroline A. Soule then made an eloquent, stirring speech, setting forth the importance of enlisting all the forces of the denomination to secure the best results. Rev. D. C. Tomlinson came in from the convention and addressed the meeting with great zeal and earnestness. Brief speeches were made by Mrs. Bailey and others, after which the "Woman's Centenary Aid Association" was duly organized. A canvass for membership was made, and the foundation of our Memorial Fund was laid in the sum of \$273 subscribed before the close of the meeting.

On motion, Mrs. C. A. Soule was elected President of the Association; Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. J. M. Whitcomb, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. G. Adams, Treasurer. Vice President for Maine, Mrs. J. A. Stockwell; for New Hampshire, Mrs. S. H. McCollester; Vermont, Mrs. J. H. Farnsworth; Massachusetts, Mrs. H. A. Bingham; Connecticut, Mrs. C. A. Skinner; Rhode Island, Mrs. L. W. Ballou; New York, Mrs. L. W. Brown; Pennsylvania, Mrs. A. C. Thomas; New Jersey, Mrs. C. M. Norton; Maryland, Mrs. J. H. Mason; District of Columbia, Mrs. A. B. Grosh; Virginia, Mrs. S. J. Wardwell; Ohio, Mrs. J. S. Cantwell; Indiana, Mrs. A. W. Bruce; Illinois, Mrs. G. B. Marsh; Michigan, Mrs. H. L. Hayward; Minnesota, Mrs. Paris Gibson; Wisconsin, Mrs. E. T. Wilkes; Iowa, Mrs. W. R. Chamberlain; Missouri, Mrs. J. G. Hull; Kansas, Mrs. L. Denman; California, Mrs. J. Hale; Nebraska, Mrs. J. D. Monell.

The corner-stone of the Murray Fund was laid by the Illinois branch of the Woman's Centenary Aid Association, in the handsome amount of \$500, the net profits of an entertainment held in the vestry of St. Paul's Church, Chicago—the first entertainment ever gotten up by the women of our church for a national denominational purpose. The total amount of the money raised by the Woman's Centenary Aid Association was \$35,974.26; the expenses were \$773.73; donation to the Buffalo church, \$200; put into

the treasury of the General Convention for the Murray Fund, \$35,000.53. Nearly 13,000 women became members, their contributions varying from \$1 to \$100, \$200, \$300, and in one case reaching as high as \$1,000.

The success of the Association during the Centenary year was far beyond the hopes of its most sanguine friends, while the social and spiritual good accomplished was more than commensurate with the pecuniary results. The series of glorious meetings held by its officers in different sections of the country, during the Winter of 1869 and the Spring and Summer of 1870, culminated in the immense concourse which gathered in the Universalist church at Gloucester, on the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1870.

On Wednesday, the 20th of September, 1871, the Woman's Centenary Aid Association met in Philadelphia, Pa., with the General Convention, for the purpose of giving a *resumé* of its work, and dissolving its organization. But the social and spiritual good resulting from its two years' existence had been so great, and the pecuniary results so promising, it was decided that a force so important should not be lost to the denomination. Consequently a new organization was effected under the name of the Woman's Centenary Association. Two sessions were held in the vestry of the Church of the Messiah; one at 3 P. M., Wednesday, when the President, being unable to preside from sudden illness, called Mrs. H. A. Bingham, of Massachusetts, to the chair. Miss Amanda Lane was elected Secretary *pro tem*.

The record of the Secretary, a ponderous volume of elegantly executed chirography was exhibited to the members, with the information that it contained nearly thirteen thousand names with the amount subscribed, and the post office address of each member.

On the question of the adoption of a constitution to suit the new organization a committee of three was appointed, consisting of Mrs. M. L. Thomas, Mrs. M. A. Adams and Mrs. H. A. Bingham, to draft a constitution.

The constitution presented by the committee was one prepared by Mrs. Soule. It was submitted to the meeting, discussed and voted upon clause by clause, and finally unanimously adopted. It was the same document that has been used without change or amendment up to the time of the present writing, a period of ten years.

It was decided by vote that the Association should become the patron

of the spiritual needs of the church, should encourage weak Sunday-schools, and should stimulate missionary effort by the distribution of religious literature. It was agreed that all one dollar annual memberships should be expended in the work of the year, and all sums over one dollar should be invested to constitute a permanent fund, the interest only to be used.

A gift of \$25 constitutes a Life Membership, and \$100 a Patron. A department was organized to be known as Specified Gifts. By this any member or non-member may present money or gifts of any kind to the Executive Board, for such special purpose as they shall name, and the money or gift will be at once passed over to the individual, institution or organization named by the donor.

The largest single gift to the Association came through this department during this year, from Gen. James Pierce, of Sharpsville, Pa., who gave \$10,000, in the name of his wife, to endow a woman professorship in Buchtel College.

During this year, also in May, 1873, the Executive Board decided to enter upon the publication of a series of tracts, believing that to be the wisest use to which the money in the treasury could be applied. Mrs. M. L. Thomas was appointed a Committee of Publication.

The officers of the new organization were the same as in the old excepting where resignations made it necessary to fill the vacancies.

Sept. 17, 1873, the General Convention met in Washington, D. C. The Woman's Centenary Association at the same time and place, convened in the small hall of the Masonic Temple of that city. The President, Mrs. C. A. Soule, was in the chair. The first report of the Committee on Tracts was read.

The fact of meeting in the national capital suggested the possibility of securing an act of incorporation and charter under a law of Congress that should give additional prestige to the national character of the Centenary Association, and with the advice and assistance of Rev. A. B. Grosh, whose large experience in other national organizations enabled him to accomplish this, a charter was obtained, Sept. 18, 1873, under a special act of Congress, approved May 5, 1870, in which it was declared that "the object of the Association is to promote the interests of the Universalist church."

The names appended to the document as incorporators are Caroline A. Soule, M. Louise Thomas, F. J. M. Whitcomb, Augusta Chapin, Sarah S. Grosh, Susan K. Turner, Georgiana A. Rowley, Harriet M. Blanchard, Malinda F. S. Kelsey, the four last named being residents of the District of Columbia to meet the requirements of the law. Subscribing witnesses, A. B. Grosh, Joshua R. Norton. It was signed in the house of Mr. Grosh, and afterward regularly recorded, and the charter handed to the corporators.

The next annual meeting of the Association was held with the General Convention at the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City, at 9 A. M., Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1874, the President, Mrs. C. A. Soule, in the chair.

During the year then closed some criticisms had been indulged in by certain well-meaning brethren, regarding the independent or co-operative action of women in religious and church affairs, which at times waxed warm. The subject was brought before the convention and fully discussed, both sides having a patient hearing. Mrs. Soule spoke at length in defense of the women and the Association, and various other speakers on the opposing side were heard. Finally it was voted with hearty applause that the Convention approved of the work of the Woman's Centenary Association, and declared it to be auxiliary to that of the Convention.

These resolutions respecting the relations of the Convention and the Association were passed to the Association at its session the same day, and were read by the President.

On motion a committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the sense of the Association in regard to said resolutions. Mrs. M. L. Thomas, Mrs. G. W. Quinby and Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson were appointed said committee, and reported as follows:

Resolved, That we hail with deep satisfaction the action of the Convention at this session in recognizing the loyal attitude of the Woman's Centenary Association, and making it possible for us to co-operate with them in the work of the church, and that we cordially accept the hand of fellowship thus extended. And still further, that we hereby authorize our President to confer with the Board of Trustees, and arrange with them a plan of mutual work for the year."

This resolution was unanimously adopted. This amiable settlement of a vexed question gave a new impulse to the work of the Association which has continued without interruption up to the present time, enabling it to extend its missionary operations in every direction.

Among the outposts a little band of believers in Scotland had enlisted the interest of the Association, and had received regular pecuniary aid from it. Circumstances transpired which made it necessary for some one to visit this station, to ascertain with certainty its condition and its needs, and on May 8, 1875, Mrs. Soule embarked from New York on that mission of observation. She spent several months in Scotland, preaching in Dunfermline, Glasgow, Larbert, Dundee and other places. She helped to organize the "Scottish Universalist Convention." She also assisted at the dedication of a little church at Stenhousemuir in the following August, the only Universalist church edifice in all Great Britain.

Three years later Mrs. Soule sailed again for Scotland from New York, on Saturday, May 18, 1875, in the Anchor Line steanship "Anchoria," as the accredited evangelist of the Woman's Centenary Association of the Universalist church of America, under a contract to remain from two to three years. Large numbers of friends gathered on the steamer to bid her farewell on the eve of her departure, among them the Hon. Thurlow Weed, the friend of her early childhood.

On her arrival in Scotland Mrs. Soule preached for awhile in Dunfermline, and then went to Glasgow, and on the 21st of March, 1879, organized there the "St. Paul's Universalist Church," with a church constitution and a regularly appointed board of officers. She established a Sunday-school and weekly conference meetings, and has held three regular sessions for worship each Sunday. A church library has been instituted to which members and honest inquirers have weekly access, and tracts and books are distributed at every session of worship, and not less than twenty barrels of solidly packed literature have been scattered over the United Kingdom.

Later the Scottish Convention conferred the rite of ordination on Mrs. Soule, causing her to be the first woman ever ordained to the Christian ministry in Europe.

One of her first acts after her ordination was to observe the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in her church. The vessels used on the occasion were the gift of our venerable friend, Rev. C. F. LeFevre, D.D. Mrs. Soule is still engaged in Glasgow.

In 1875 the Treasurer, Mrs. M. A. Adams, reported that the Association had raised something over \$100,000, nearly the whole of which has been expended in the work of the church.

The Publication Committee reports at this time that more than 3,000,000 pages of tracts have been distributed, besides books, papers and circulars explanatory of our faith. They have been sent to every land and nation on the earth where our ships go, to all the islands of the sea, and from many of the most distant points letters of thanks have come for the new light shed upon the Gospel. The one hand that has planned, and the one hand that has managed this department of labor has been that of Mrs. M. L. Thomas. Above any other work of our church, it deserves the pre-eminence for economy, efficiency and success.

The following ladies have served as officers of the Association:

PRESIDENT.—Rev. Caroline A. Soule, until 1880, when she resigned, and Mrs. M. Louise Thomas was elected.

RECORDING SECRETARY.—Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Miss Amanda Lane, Mrs. A. B. Grosh, Rev. F. E. Kollock, Mrs. A. M. Hall.

COR. SECRETARY.—Mrs. F. J. M. Whitcomb, Miss Ellen E. Miles, Mrs. O. E. Cantwell.

N. W. COR. SECRETARY.—Mrs. G. B. Marsh, Mrs. E. R. Hanson.

TREASURER.—Mrs. Martha A. Adams.

VICE PRESIDENT.—Maine: Mrs. J. A. Stockwell, Miss Eleanor Lawrence, Mrs. G. W. Case, Mrs. C. A. Quinby; New Hampshire: Mrs. Annie Glover, Mrs. S. H. McCollester, Mrs. E. J. Jacquette, Mrs. G. L. Demarest, Mrs. Loretta Foster; Vermont: Mrs. J. H. Farnsworth, Mrs. M. H. Harris, Rev. Annette J. Shaw; Massachusetts: Mrs. H. A. Bingham, Miss Amanda Lane, Mrs. Helen A. Potter, Mrs. Mary L. Draper; Connecticut: Mrs. C. A. Skinner, Mrs. M. C. Webster, Mrs. O. P. Amies, Mrs. Amy A. Ellis; Rhode Island: Mrs. L. W. Ballou, Mrs. S. C. Carpenter, Mrs. C. W. Holbrook, Mrs. C. M. Jackson; New York: Mrs. L. W. Brown, Mrs. S. C. Hoffman, Mrs.

Lucy G. Bucklin; New Jersey: Mrs. C. M. Norton, Mrs. Anna E. Hitchcock; Delaware: Mrs. J. T. Goodrich; Pennsylvania: Mrs. M. L. Thomas, Mrs. John Mason, Jr.; Maryland: Mrs. L. H. Mason, Mrs. M. Kemp, Mrs. R. A. Tichmore; Virginia: Mrs. S. J. Wardwell; West Virginia: Mrs. Wm. A. Jones, Mrs. Abbie W. Lott; District of Columbia: Mrs. A. B. Grosh, Miss C. Gove, Mrs. A. Kelsey, Mrs. Emily L. Sherwood; North Carolina: Mrs. Hope Bain, Mrs. Julia E. Outlaw; South Carolina, Mrs. D. B. Clayton; Georgia: Mrs. L. F. W. Andrews; Alabama: Mrs. J. C. Burruss; Florida: Miss H. H. Fay, Miss Fanny Ransom; Kentucky: Miss Jennie Gifford, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. J. W. Herby; Ohio: Mrs. O. E. Cantwell, Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Mrs. Helen E. Lough; Michigan: Mrs. H. L. Hayward, Rev. F. W. Gillette, Mrs. S. A. Peterman, Miss Mary A. Johnson, Mrs. E. L. Rexford; Indiana: Mrs. A. W. Bruce, Mrs. M. Crosley, Mrs. C. L. Bassett; Illinois: Mrs. G. B. Marsh, Mrs. W. H. Ryder, Mrs. S. Brookins, Mrs. M. C. Swan; Missouri: Mrs. Wm. Allen, Mrs. S. G. Hull; Mississippi: Mrs. T. H. Rush; Arkansas: Mrs. Eli Thornberg; Louisiana: Mrs. Geo. H. Deere, Mrs. S. J. McLean, Mrs. A. M. Newton; Texas: Mrs. L. A. Cook, Mrs. Hawkins Boone, Mrs. James Billings; Wisconsin: Rev. E. T. Wilkes, Miss Ruth Graham, Mrs. A. C. Fish, Mrs. M. G. Todd, Mrs. E. R. Coleman; Iowa: Mrs. W. R. Chamberlain, Mrs. M. P. Kingman, Mrs. W. P. Payne, Mrs. A. K. Powers, Rev. F. W. Gillette; Minnesota: Mrs. Paris Gibson, Mrs. Dr. Goodwin, Mrs. R. Blakely, Mrs. H. P. Morison, Mrs. F. R. E. Cornell; Kansas: Mrs. L. Denman, Mrs. J. H. Ballou, Rev. S. M. Barnes; Colorado: Mrs. G. Collins, Rev. E. T. Wilkes, Mrs. M. E. Haywood; Nebraska: Mrs. J. D. Monell, Mrs. S. R. Fairbanks, Rev. M. J. De Long; Utah Territory: Mrs. Addie Bascom; California: Mrs. J. Hale, Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Mrs. W. H. Sears; Oregon: Mrs. A. Morrison; Washington Territory: Rev. S. A. McAllister; Wyoming Territory: J. W. Fisher, Mrs. G. A. Seabright; Canada: Mrs. E. G. Shaw; Scotland: Mrs. J. U. Mitchell, Mrs. A. Reid; England: Mrs. Pollard, Mrs. R. Spear. In nearly all the States the women of our church are united in working through the Woman's Centenary Association.

Rev. J. G. Adams, D.D., says in a letter to me:

"Of the woman who manifested her devotion to Christ in the use of the

precious ointment, the holy Teacher said, 'Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her.' The doings of our faithful women for the building up and honoring of the Master's cause, however humble these may be, and scrupulously questioned by others, will stand as a glorious memorial of them in the days and years to come, when the heavenly principles of our Gospel shall be the life of a Christian civilization, and the blessing of a regenerated race."

Harriet Putnam Morison, one of the Minnesota Vice Presidents, was a descendant of the famous Israel Putnam, and was a native of Maine, in which State she was married, in Livermore, in 1840, to Hon. D. Morison now of Minneapolis, Minn. She died in Vienna, Austria, in the Autumn of 1880, while on a European journey. She was a devoted friend of the Woman's Centenary Association, and of all the interests of our church. She possessed rare womanly qualities, and had won universal esteem.

THE UNIVERSALIST WOMEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION OF WISCONSIN.

This Association was organized at Whitewater, June 7, 1879. The following officers were elected: Mrs. H. B. Laflin, President; Mrs. J. Reymer, Secretary; Mrs. M. G. Todd, Treasurer. Mrs. Laflin says, "The cause of the organization of our Association was that a spirit of determination entered the hearts of a few to do all in their power to bring about the much-needed and long-hoped-for result—a State Missionary. Our object was fully understood to be the raising of funds to assist the Missionary Committee in securing such a laborer. We banded ourselves as helpers, not as leaders, and the clergy have our thanks for the kindly interest they have shown in the prosperity of our Association."

At the first annual meeting the following officers were chosen: Mrs. H.

B. Laffin, President; Mrs. M. Frazier, Secretary; Mrs. M. G. Todd, Treasurer. The second annual meeting was held at Columbus, June 3, 1881. The report showed progress. The officers chosen at this meeting were Mrs. Laffin, President; Mrs. H. Slade, Secretary; Mrs. M. G. Todd, Treasurer. Executive Committee, Mrs. H. J. Lewis, Mrs. Wm. Rogers, Miss Clara Fratt.

I take great pleasure in saying that all of the officers of the Association have manifested remarkable aptitude for their duties. The interest of the President is intense for our church. She was educated an orthodox, but, with her husband, thought herself into the light of Universalism before they had ever heard a sermon preached setting forth its beauties. They did not know what Universalism was, nor what their belief would be called, until fifteen years ago, when they heard their first sermon, and it illumined the whole world to them.

Mrs. Laffin has corresponded for a number of our papers, and for the "Ladies' Repository." She is a native of Vermont, and possesses strong traits of character.

Mrs. H. J. Lewis, of Neenah, a most devoted worker in our church, and Mrs. Charles Clark, wife of the "paper king" of the State, and Mrs. Laffin are life members of the Association.

ILLINOIS WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

This society was organized in Mendota, Dec. 2, 1868, to consist of delegates from Aid Societies connected with churches and societies—a delegate for every five members—and of the presidents of Aid Societies, and the officers of the Association, for the purpose of raising funds to foster the interests of the denomination, especially in educational and missionary matters.

The first effort was to build a large boarding hall, connected with Lombard University, but the great Centenary year turned all hearts to the Murray Fund, and the work was deferred. A small building was given by the Northwestern Conference, which after three years was abandoned.

In 1874 the State Convention recognized the Association as auxiliary, and at its request it received the supervision of the missionary work, and managed it for two years. Revs. Sophie Gibb and S. M. Perkins, and Mrs. J. Gorton were State Missionaries, and wrought a good work, but in 1876 the missionary work was relinquished, and the missionary boxes were confided to the Association, Mrs. H. B. Manford, Superintendent. In 1881 the missionary boxes were surrendered. The membership receipts are given to Lombard University. From its organization to the present time about nine thousand dollars have passed through the treasury.

The presidents have been Mesdames M. A. Livermore, J. V. N. Standish, G. B. Marsh and H. B. Manford.

THE MICHIGAN WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Was organized in 1880. The officers are, President, Mrs. S. M. Cook; Vice President, Mrs. S. A. Peterman, M. D.; Secretary, Mrs. E. L. Westcott; Treasurer, Mrs. Carrie Williams. The ladies have scarcely commenced their work. In my next book I expect to give a glowing account of what they have accomplished.

INDIANA WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

This young society was organized in Dublin, Sept. 2, 1879. Mrs. R. N. John, President; Rev. M. T. Clark, Secretary; Mrs. Joseph Bulla, Treasurer. In 1880 Mrs. G. S. Newcomb was elected President; Mrs. N. Wilson, Vice President; Mrs. T. Hoffinan, Treasurer. In 1881 the same President and

Secretary, and Miss Belle Rockingfield, Treasurer, and Mesdames S. F. John and E. Davis, Vice Presidents. The society is a vigorous one, promising to be very efficient.

THE ST. MARY PROFESSORSHIP, CANTON, N. Y.

At the Commencement of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., in 1872, Mrs. C. A. Soule was present and came to realize its pressing needs, especially those pertaining to the education of the lady students of the college. She learned that a Woman Professorship was the greatest need.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held July 3, 1872, Mrs. Soule was requested to render assistance in securing a fund to pay the salary of a Woman Professor in the college.

At the annual session of the New York Convention of Universalists held at Richfield Springs, August 29, 1872, the Woman's Centenary Association took hold of the subject in earnest. Under the lead of Mrs. Soule, the project was fairly inaugurated. Mrs. S. gave one of her characteristic addresses, which indicated that her heart was in the work. The movement was made to secure one hundred names of women in the State, who should pledge themselves to the Trustees of St. Lawrence University to pay the salary of a Woman Professor for five years, each woman paying ten dollars annually. Many names were obtained at the convention, and afterwards the balance was nearly, if not quite, made up in different sections of the State. Mrs. Soule also proposed a name for the new professorship. It should be called "St. Mary Professorship."

Mrs. Stockwell, of Bangor, Me., Mrs. S. M. Perkins, of Cooperstown N. Y., and Mrs. Eliza Bailey, of Rochester, N. Y., also made brief addresses in behalf of the enterprise. The whole matter was accomplished in three-fourths of an hour, and two thousand dollars pledged during that time.

At the opening of the college term in August, 1872, Miss Lucy G.

French, daughter of Rev. W. R. French, of Maine, a graduate of Westbrook Seminary, who had been appointed by President A. G. Gaines to this professorship, took her place in the college and remained three years, performing her duties faithfully and satisfactorily. In August, 1876, Miss Clara Weaver, daughter of Rev. Dr. G. S. Weaver, now of Canton, N. Y., was appointed her successor. She is a graduate of the college, and a finished classical scholar.

The lady students of the college have averaged about one-third of the whole number, while since 1861 twelve ladies have been educated for the ministry in the Theological School.

THE ELIZABETH BUCHEL AND CHLOE PIERCE PROFESSORSHIPS.

In the Spring of 1873 Hon. John R. Buchtel proposed to endow one woman professorship to be called the Elizabeth Buchtel Professorship, if the women of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania would endow another. This effort was seconded. After some consultation it was thought best to have the money raised under the auspices of the Woman's Centenary Association. Mrs. Soule gave herself personally to the work of raising subscriptions. She came and attended the State Convention which was appointed at Akron, for the express purpose of agitating the subject. There was a very large gathering. Great enthusiasm prevailed. Subscription cards were distributed in the audience, and a large amount for the endowment of a woman professorship raised then and there. After the meeting Mrs. Soule visited Mrs. Chloe Pierce, of Sharpville, Pa., who had become interested in the idea of having women associated in the faculty of the college. After conversing with her noble husband on the subject, largely through Mrs. Soule's influence, they decided to give \$10,000 to this grand object. Mrs. Soule labored several months in the good cause, holding meetings in its interest, assisted by our

clergymen, by Mrs. J. G. Adams and by Mrs. E. C. Tomlinson. Several thousand dollars were subscribed, but there were still about three thousand dollars wanting when the State Convention met at Cleveland in June, 1874. A strong appeal was offered and a vigorous effort made to secure the remaining funds necessary to complete the endowment, which was successful. The \$10,000 was secured, and the professorship named the "Chloe Pierce Professorship," in honor of the generous donor.

I quote from the "Ladies' Repository," July, 1873, the following:

"Buchtel College owes its existence not only to the grand man whose name it bears, but to his wife, who has seconded all his labors and, if possible, doubled all his sacrifices in its behalf."

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

The "Ladies' Repository" was established in 1832, by an association of clergymen, and edited by Rev. Daniel D. Smith, and was called "The Universalist." It was published simultaneously in Boston and Lowell, Mass. At the end of its first year it was transferred to S. and S. F. Streeter, and at the close of the second volume it became the property of Rev. D. D. Smith, and adopted the additional name of "Ladies' Repository." In January, 1836, it was conveyed to Abel Tompkins, and Rev. A. A. Folsom became editor, but in August of that year, Rev. Henry Bacon succeeded Mr. Folsom. He remained editor, and Mr. Tompkins publisher, until 1856, a period of twenty years. During those twenty years more of the women of our church achieved literary distinction, and became identified with its history, than during any succeeding or preceding period of the same length, and for his great influence in encouraging and fostering the literary efforts of the best among our women writers, the name of Abel Tompkins deserves grateful recognition, and must always occupy honorable rank. After more than forty years of existence this publication was discontinued.

WOMAN MINISTERS.

[The writer of this volume regrets being compelled to abridge her sketches of the Woman Ministers in the Universalist Ministry. She had written at far greater length than the remaining pages exhibit, when the part of the book already electrotyped had exceeded the number to which she had limited herself, and she was reluctantly compelled to reduce nearly all the biographical sketches that follow, and particularly the more prominent ones. She regrets being compelled to omit selections from the writings of several, which she had carefully made.]

The Universalist denomination is solving the problem of a Woman Ministry. For several years an increasing number of women have exercised their gifts, either as licentiates or clergy, until now there are some thirty ordained and licensed preachers of our faith.

The first Universalist woman who ever attempted to brave public opinion by standing in a pulpit as a preacher of the Gospel, was

MARIA COOK,

Who preached before the Western Association, in Bainbridge, N. Y., in June, 1811. She was not only considered a very presumptuous woman, but her desire to occupy such an attitude was considered as a proof that her mind had lost its balance. All we know of her is contained in "Stephen R. Smith's Historical Sketches," Vol. 1, pages 31 and 32, published in Buffalo, in 1843. Mr. Smith says:

"At the same session of the Association, the council was honored with the attendance of—and the congregation edified by a discourse from—a fe-

male preacher. She too, was a Universalist. Miss Maria Cook was at the time some thirty-five years of age, of genteel and commanding appearance, well educated, and certainly a very good speaker. From the character of her discourses, it would appear that Universalism as a system was unknown to her; and it was rather the result of her feelings, than of an extensive acquaintance with the Scriptures, that she had made it the creed of her adoption. Difficult as many found it, to reconcile the ministry of Miss Cook with their ideas of duty and propriety, they still accorded her their sympathy and their hospitality. She was a Universalist and a preacher of that doctrine. None doubted the purity of her motives, or the sincerity of her heart, and satisfied that she could do no hurt, they yielded her the right of choosing this manner of doing good. And for a time—while the double charm of novelty and singularity furnished it attractions—multitudes crowded to hear her ministrations; but these influences could not and they did not last long, and she was permitted and encouraged to discontinue her public labors, and to seek a more congenial sphere under the protection of a hospitable private family. Miss Cook's connections were numerous and respectable, and were by her represented as inveterately opposed to Universalism. This was probably true, but there is much reason to believe that their opposition to her grew out of a few other considerations. They were extremely averse to her assumption of the ministerial character, and probably not without grounds of apprehension that so extraordinary an undertaking was an evidence of mental alienation."

One who has heard one or more of the several brilliant women who have occupied our pulpits, and who have wrought a grand work, such as Olympia Brown, Fidelia Gillette, Phœbe Hanaford or Augusta Chapin, will smile at the grave fears of the fathers who suspected a "gentle," "commanding," "well educated" woman, "a good speaker, of pure motives and sincere heart," to whom multitudes crowded, of "mental alienation," because she felt called to proclaim a Gospel that more than any other form of religious faith, meets the needs of the heart of woman. If the fears of the fathers that Miss Cook's attempt to preach the Gospel was evidence of mental unsoundness were well founded, it would seem to follow that her successors who attempt to imitate her example are "mentally alienated," but if so, it will be conceded that there is no little "method in their madness."

LYDIA A. JENKINS,

Who was one of our earliest preachers or evangelists, laid no claim to the title "Rev.," as she was never ordained. She was a woman of intellect and taste and of extensive scientific and literary culture. She embraced in her topics that of agriculture, practical and scientific. She possessed surpassingly fine conversational powers. When speaking of God's eternal goodness and love, her words never failed to inspire the hearts and hands of our people to greater exertions for the growth of the faith.

An early injury to the spine made her a life-long invalid, and impaired her strength for public labor. She was a practising physician at the time of her death, and with her husband was conducting the Hygienic Institute at Binghamton, N. Y.

CHARLOTTE PORTER

Was the wife of Rev. L. F. Porter. Her independence and desire to do her share of life's labor is charmingly described in Mrs. Hanaford's "Women of the Century," by Mrs. M. L. Thomas. I take pleasure in quoting:

"She was never regularly ordained (by *man*); but she has preached with great power and acceptance for many years in the northeastern part of the State.

"The services of Mrs. Porter were desired at a funeral a few miles away and Brother Bailey went to her house to carry the message. She was not at home, and he was told that to find her he would have to go out into the sugar-camp, where she was engaged in gathering the maple sap, and making it into sugar. It was night then, but his errand admitted no delay. So he drove as far as he could follow the wagon-path; then, as it was quite dark,

he hitched his horse to a tree, and walked on as best he could by the starlight. Presently he heard, on the still, frosty air, a woman's voice, singing a hymn of praise to God, and very soon the camp-fire came in sight. Standing still, he says he watched the scene for some minutes, listening to the hymn in this strange and lonely place, the snow covering the ground, the stars over head, the fire burning, and Mrs. Porter singing as she passed from place to place, in the work in which she was engaged, with no human being near. She is a strong, good woman, often supplies her husband's pulpit, and is liked quite as well as he, and he is above the average in point of eloquence."

Mrs. Porter has preached most of the time for a number of years, and has accomplished a great amount of good. She says, "I have never asked for ordination, but I have received letters of license from the New York Convention and from the one where I am now living, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Porter's home is at present in Susquehanna.

OLYMPIA BROWN WILLIS.

The right of any woman to engage in any work to which she feels called, no one should question, but the compiler of these pages is not prepared to prophesy whether, in the final result, women equally with men will demonstrate their fitness for the ministry. The object of this book is not to advocate or oppose a Woman Ministry, but to chronicle what women have done, and to do the fullest justice to their work, to "naught extenuate nor set aught down in malice."

In different ages of the Christian Church there have been attempts on the part of women to preach the gospel. Occasionally, one like Dinah Morris, in "Adam Bede," has exhibited that rare capacity of mind and aptitude of nature that amount to genius for this great calling. Such cases, however, were exceptional. But the sacred rite of ordination had rarely been conferred until the Universalist Church broke the continuity of the old succes-

sion by recognizing a Woman Ministry. The first to be ordained was Olympia Brown. She "was the first that ever burst into that unknown sea."

When Olympia Brown began her work, it required fortitude, persistence and conviction of duty of the highest kind to persevere. Prejudice was encountered which now can scarcely be imagined. Opposition was met that is now almost unknown. Whatever may be the issue, Olympia Brown must be recorded as the "Arnold Van Winkelried" of the pulpit, who first cried to the ranks of the masculine clergy, "Make way for Liberty," and began a career that has been distinguished by ability and success. She was born in Prairie Ronde, Michigan. She is of small stature, dark brown hair, with complexion corresponding; large dark brown eyes, seemingly always on the alert to learn what is going on in the world, active in temperament, and possessed of an unusual amount of natural vigor. She takes a good deal of pride in referring to her abounding health, whenever she hears a reverend gentleman complain of lassitude or indisposition. She attended school in her native place until she learned every thing the school at that time could give to so active a brain. At fifteen she began to teach in the district school, and continued so to do until the age of eighteen, when she went to South Hadley, Mass., and attended the Mount Holyoke Seminary. Before the year was through, she became interested in theology and began more fully to realize the broader and better views of God's character, and was willing to make any sacrifice and perform any labor in her power to make her friends see him as she saw him, and bring them into nearer relations with him and with one another. But before taking so great a responsibility upon herself, she must prepare for it, so after her return from Mount Holyoke she went to Yellow Springs, Ohio, and commenced her college course at Antioch, then under the presidency of Horace Mann.

She graduated in 1860, at which time she received the degree of A. B., and immediately her heart and brain turned toward theology. "Where shall I go," was the question, "to Meadville or Canton?" She applied to Meadville, but in that theological school it was too great an innovation to admit a woman. She next wrote to Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Fisher, President of Canton, N. Y., Theological School, and received a most cordial reply. His frank and encouraging letter, telling her that she would be received at Canton and treated

in every respect like any other student, made her forget the misfortune of being a woman, for a season at least, until she had eclipsed some of the masculine students in her studies. Gratefully does she remember those who treated her with consideration for being a woman, and with pity she remembers those who tried to hinder her progress.

Dr. Fisher was opposed to a Woman Ministry, but did not feel willing to allow his own views to hinder a woman from entering the profession if she felt a call to it. He wrote, "No woman has ever been admitted to this college, and personally I do not think women are called to the ministry, but that I shall leave with the great Head of the church." He closed his kind letter by adding, "I shall render you every aid in my power," and she entered the theological school in the Autumn of 1861, and graduated in the Spring of 1863.

Immediately after her graduation, she was ordained at Malone, N. Y. Dr. Fisher preached the sermon. Rev. J. S. Lee, D.D., and Rev. J. T. Goodrich assisted in the ceremony.

Very soon after leaving Canton she supplied the pulpit in Marshfield, Vt. Her first settlement was at Weymouth, Mass. She supplied until April 1st, after which she was regularly engaged as pastor, in which position she remained until October, 1869. She was installed at Weymouth, July 8, 1864. Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D.D., preached the sermon, and Rev. George H. Emerson, D.D., took part in the services. One of the most earnest and devoted members of the Weymouth Church, writes me, "When Rev. Miss Brown came among us, the society was in a poor and unhealthy condition; but as soon as possible she went to work, and she was an earnest worker, totally unselfish, doing everything in her power for the advancement and best interests of the society. When at the end of more than five years' faithful labor Miss Brown sent in her resignation, it was not received until a consultation had been held with her, and they were assured that she felt it her duty to go, and then, reluctantly."

In October, 1869, she became pastor in Bridgeport, Conn. I wrote to a member of the parish, who replied, "No woman can know her well without respecting her as a Christian woman and preacher of the Gospel of good tidings. I listened to her nearly every Sunday, and felt that as a preacher

she was earnest, faithful and true to the great Master's work. Her heart was ever open to those with whom she came in contact. I have never seen the person who would willingly work harder and sacrifice more for our blessed faith."

In 1867 she delivered the address to the Alumni in Antioch, on "Diversity of Gifts." After her address, the degree of A. M. was conferred. Her graduating essay seven years previous, was one of the best of the class, twenty-eight in number, but this address the "Star in the West" said, "Was in every way superior, showing conclusively that she had been steadily fitting herself for the work she had chosen. She has accomplished much more perhaps, than she dared hope, and has made it easier in all future time for woman to labor in the pulpit." "Women of the Century" says of her, "She took her place in the ranks of the ministry as well furnished intellectually as any man ever was; and in logical acumen and forcible speech she has few equals."

Mrs. Willis is an able Woman Suffragist, but she considers this subject incidental to what she was sent to do, although it lies very near her heart. In her campaign in 1867, through Kansas, she made two hundred speeches. My reader must remember that in 1867 political influence was more or less against the movement, and no preparation for the presentation of this subject had been made previous to her campaign, and yet one-third of all the votes cast were for Woman Suffrage. Very good for a "border ruffian" State. It has been my pleasure to listen to Mrs. Willis but once on the subject above mentioned, at the Woman's Congress, in Chicago, in 1880. Many speeches were made, and many kinds of speeches—long speeches and short speeches, strong speeches and flimsy speeches, but among the most eloquent hers was pre-eminent. It was logical, Scriptural, fervent, and in all respects a most powerful forensic effort. At the Woman's Congress at St. Louis, the reporters said she was one of the ablest women, by no means second to Susan B. Anthony. She was reported as having concise thought, and in elaborating it, both Scripture and logic were brought into requisition.

Olympia Brown was married in Providence, R. I., in April, 1873, to Mr. John Henry Willis, a merchant of Bridgeport. This union has been blest by the advent of two promising children, the elder a son, Henry Parker; the younger, a daughter, Gwendolin. Their home is one of hospitality and

culture, and in tenderness and care of the household Mrs. Willis is in every sense of the word a model wife and mother. As her years increase her nature develops new graces. She prefers to wear her baptismal name, and is usually called, as before marriage, Olympia Brown, though many of her friends, whose judgment we accept, designate her as Mrs. Willis.

In March, 1876, Mrs. Willis removed to Racine, Wis., and the following letter from Hon. A. C. Fish, of that city, who was formerly one of our most consecrated ministers, will inform my readers in what estimation she is held in that society.

*“Dear Madam:—*I take pleasure in saying that Olympia Brown Willis’s work at Racine, where she is now preaching, is such as any preacher might rejoice in. The field was by no means a promising one when she entered it. The parish had made several unsuccessful efforts to raise by subscription a sufficient amount to call a minister. Mrs. Willis’s ‘call’ to the place consisted solely in her knowledge of the fact that there was no regular preaching in the Universalist church. Her response to a most discouraging view of the situation by the Secretary of the parish deserves a place in her record.

“Yours just received. I infer that there is no objection to a Sunday service in Racine, therefore I shall be there one week from next Sunday, Feb. 24th. You will oblige me by giving the proper notice. I will preach morning, afternoon or evening, or all three as the people may desire. Yours for the good cause.’

“Added to other obstacles in her path was the inevitable prejudice against a ‘woman preacher.’ She preached three Sundays, and March 10th, 1878, the vote was unanimous to engage her for two years’ time to begin first Sunday in April. At the end of the first year her salary was increased and a flattering resolution passed without dissenting voice.

“As one of the results of her three years’ labor in Racine, the parish has just completed the thorough renovation and repair of its church building, at a cash expenditure of about four thousand dollars, making it one of the neatest and most attractive houses of worship in the city.”

Referring to the compliment the Racine parish paid her of making her life member of the Woman’s Centenary Association, she says, “It was a most generous compliment on their part, which I appreciated and with which I was pleased, but I have conscientiously refrained from belonging to societies

of women *only*, believing that the Lord knew what was best when he placed men and women, boys and girls, together in families. I have the highest respect for the efficient, energetic management of the Woman's Centenary Association, the Woman's Congress and the Woman's Christian Union. I respect all our organizations for raising money for our cause, whether composed of lay-women or lay-men or both. I shall render each and all of them any aid in my power."

Olympia Brown Willis is one of the half-dozen of our Woman Ministers who would be placed by the general consent of our people in the front rank.

Mr. Fish writes, "Mrs. Willis's spirit of work and tact in setting others at work is excellent, and her ability as a preacher is recognized, not only by her own church, but by the public. We always feel when she rises to speak that she has something to say that is 'in point,' and she always says it well. When she came to Racine some of the parish were groping about in search of 'advanced thought,' some from social and other causes had become interested in other churches, and some were indifferent. Mrs. Willis's sermons interested the indifferent, called many of the wanderers back, and furnished food for thought to the most advanced thinkers.

"In addition to her church work she is a model wife and mother, giving her children scrupulous care and attention.

"The world is moving in the direction of women occupying wider fields of usefulness than ever before, and Olympia Brown Willis's record entitles her to a place among the pioneers in the grand work."

Mrs. Willis writes to me under recent date, "To-day I feel more and more interested in the work of the ministry than ever before. 'I must go on,' as Constantine said, 'until the God who leads me stops.'"

AUGUSTA J. CHAPIN.

Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, who in voice, dignity of manner and naturalness is admirably fitted for the Christian ministry, is the daughter of Almon M. and Jane (Pease) Chapin. She was born in Lakeville, Livingston Co.,



AUGUSTA J. CHAPIN.

N. Y., July 16, 1836. When but six years of age her parents moved to Vevay, Ingham Co., Mich., and this has been the family home from that time to the present.

Her childhood was passed before the wonderful changes of modern times had occurred, and of course in extreme seclusion. Neighbors were "like angels' visits." A friend of Miss Chapin writes, "Augusta was very small of her age, very delicate in complexion and painfully sensitive and retiring in manner, but her father, being proud of her aptness to learn and ability to retain what she had learned, gratified his pride, and the mistaken idea that most people had in those years, that parents could not commence too young "to teach the young idea," and so he allowed her to go regularly to school at three years of age."

In the little red school-house—of course it was red, as most school-houses were in those days—Augusta commenced her education, and the school being small and she apt, it pleased the teacher to give her a good deal of attention. Mathematics was her favorite study, and she paid little attention to any other branch until she had completed the full amount of mathematics prescribed in a college course. After which she took Greek, Latin, French and German, and filled in an irregular way the entire classical course.

The ample library which was brought into this wilderness by the father, afforded great pleasure and much instruction to the child and woman. The New Testament was used as a reading book in school, and whole chapters were read daily by teachers and pupils in alternate verses. In the primitive Sunday-schools which she attended, no instructions or explanations were ever given, but credits and cards were awarded to those who recited the greatest number of verses weekly. In the strife for these rewards Augusta committed to memory, in process of time, the Gospels and other large portions of the New Testament.

Attracted by the mystic style and wonderful imagery of "Pilgrim's Progress," she read it scores of times before she was able to understand its allegorical teachings. "Robinson Crusoe" became a volume of unflinching interest to her. She read and re-read it until the pages were worn and soiled, until the covers were gone, and many of the outside leaves missing, and

finally all remonstrances failing to wean her from the book, it was seized and burned in her presence, to her great dismay and grief, before she was ten years old.

At the age of fourteen she taught a term of school some miles from home. She then resumed her own attendance at school, and continued it until the Winter after she was sixteen, when she taught another term. At the close of this term she went at once to Olivet College, located in Eaton Co., Mich. Miss Chapin remained at Olivet several years, studying hard, and too much secluding herself from society, not even giving herself time to make acquaintances among the students.

Olivet College is under the control of the Congregationalists, and was modeled upon the same plan as Oberlin before it, and still retains this character. The religious atmosphere was very stringent, and it strongly attracted the attention of this young girl. Her mind had never before been turned to religious doctrines. She was called upon or forced to pass through a religious experience of the most painful character, and for months, while in uncertainty as to the truth or falsity of the doctrine of eternal punishment, lived in excitement which bordered on insanity, and doubtless would have ended in madness had she come to the conclusion that the horrible dogma was true. Young and ignorant as she was she plodded through the Biblical evidences pro and con, with no friend to counsel and no aids but orthodox commentaries. But finally all doubts were removed, and she was sure that Universalism was the doctrine of the Bible as well as of nature and reason. At the early age of seventeen she was in possession of this immovable conviction, and looking forward to the work of preaching the full Gospel. She says:

“I have no recollection of ever considering the question of whether I would preach or not. I never deliberately chose the profession of the ministry; from the moment I believed in Universalism it was a matter of course that I was to preach it. I never questioned as to how I came by this purpose, nor did it ever seem in the least strange that I should preach, nor had I any real conception of how my course must appear to my friends and the world until I had been more than ten years in the active work. So, when people have asked me how I came to enter the ministry, I have answered truly that they

knew as much about it as I, and I think it was this wondering question so often asked, that finally made me aware that my position and work were unusual for a woman. Yet I have never been able to realize this fact except by strong effort, and have always forgotten it utterly at other times, and when engaged in my work. I have never felt it necessary, as so many do, to assert myself or maintain my position, to explain it or apologize for it."

When Miss Chapin left Olivet she entered "Michigan Female College." This college, then in its infancy, met with reverses, and after the death of its president, ten years later, the school was abandoned. At these two schools, with such instructions as she received from her father, she completed a classical course. Not wishing to take a degree from either of these institutions, she left school with the intention of going to Lombard University or Antioch, to study another year and graduate in due course. She was, however, immediately drawn into a busy life, and found no more time to spend as a student within college halls. The Trustees of Lombard University ascertaining the facts, conferred upon her in June, 1868, the degree of Master of Arts. This was given not only as an honorary degree, but because it had been actually earned by the usual study and training in other institutions.

For two years Miss Chapin was principal of schools in Lansing and Lyons. Afterwards at the latter place, she took the principalship of the "Lyons Institute," and for two years taught ten or twelve hours a day. She took the classes in the Greek, Latin, French and German languages, also in the higher mathematics, oil painting and drawing.

She began preaching before her teaching was abandoned, if indeed, teaching has ever been abandoned by her. I think up to the present time, she has continued to have classes in languages or literature. Her first sermon was preached in Portland, Mich., May 1, 1859, a year before Olympia Brown entered Canton, and twenty years from the date of her first sermon she held anniversary services in the same church, many members of the old church and choir being present.

Miss Chapin entered the ministry under the old regime, when Letters of Fellowship were only given to candidates who had "preached to good acceptance for one year or over." One securing such a Letter of Fellowship, was regularly admitted to the Universalist ministry, and might be ordained

at once. But she made no application for fellowship until she had been preaching three years. The letter when asked for was granted immediately by a unanimous vote of the Convention convened at Portland, Mich., May 3 and 4, 1862. She was formally ordained at Lansing, Mich., Dec. 3, 1863, Rev. C. W. Knickerbacker preaching the sermon.

The first years of her ministry were spent in itinerant work. Miss Chapin says, "There was not in 1862 a settled pastor in Michigan." She had a circuit of regular appointments, which she filled once in two or four weeks. She writes me, "My settlements have been at Portland, Mich., 1864; Mount Pleasant, Ia., 1868; Iowa City, Ia., Jan. 1, 1870; Pittsburg, Penn., 1875, and Aurora, Ill., in 1871. I have preached as regular supply at several places—at Milwaukee, Wis., for six months; at Blue Island, Ill., for nearly two years; at Lansing, Mich., for six months; for several weeks in San Francisco, Cal., and for a few months in Allston, near Boston, Mass., and recently in Decatur and Lapeer, Mich. I have preached in fifteen different States in the Union, including those on the Pacific Coast. I attended the first State Convention ever held in Oregon, and did nearly all the preaching."

The most of the time she has preached twice on Sundays, and often three times. She has preached more than 2,000 sermons. At one time in Western Pennsylvania, she preached twenty-one evenings in succession. She adds, "I have solemnized marriages in many of these States, among the rest I performed a marriage ceremony in San Francisco, July 11, 1874, and I suppose that this was the first instance of a woman performing the marriage ceremony on the Pacific Coast."

Churches were built during her pastorate in Iowa City and in Decatur. She preached Rev. L. G. Powers' ordination sermon, also Rev. F. E. Kollock's. She was the ministerial delegate from Iowa to the Centennial Convention, consequently member of the Council. This without doubt, was the first instance of a woman taking a seat in the Council of the General Convention. A new departure of the new century.

She accepted the invitation to deliver the address before the graduating class of the Divinity-School of St. Lawrence, at Canton, N. Y., but being called to the Pacific Coast to attend a sick brother, she withdrew from the engagement. She is a member of the "Congress of Women," and in New York



CAROLINE A. SOULE.

City, contributed a paper on "Women in the Ministry." In 1868, and again in 1878 she gave the Annual Address before the Zetecalian Society, of Lombard University. The latter occasion being a short time after the death of Bryant, she made him the subject of her address.

The "Galesburg Register" said of the address, "The quotations were given with a faultless elocution, and the lecture throughout was in a high poetical strain, well worthy of the grand life of which it treated."

Rev. J. W. Hanson, D.D., says, "Her pulpit manner is eminently appropriate and fitting, and her sermons are characterized by good sense, a perspicuous style, and entire absence of all affectation. She impresses her hearers with a conviction of her sincerity, and that she treats her theme conscientiously and thoroughly."

Miss Chapin has written a good deal for our denominational papers and magazines. She wrote a series of articles for the Sunday-school lessons, which appeared in the "NEW COVENANT" in 1878, but says, "What ever else I am, I am quite sure of not being much of an author. My life has been a busy one. Public and professional duties have crowded upon me, until I have always had more than I knew how to do. And often a great opportunity has come to me before I knew how to use it." But the readers of such articles of hers as "Music in Education," and "Success in Church Work," in the "Ladies' Repository," will differ from her own estimate of her ability as an author. They show her to be capable of great literary excellence. Only absolute want of space, at this stage of my work compels me to refrain from demonstrating my opinion by publishing these very able papers.

The portrait of Miss Chapin is a faithful presentation of her personal appearance.

CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Amid all the records of beautiful womanhood contained in this volume, there are none more varied and interesting than that which I am now to place before the reader. Caroline A. Soule has occupied for nearly forty

years a prominent position in the Universalist church, and the record of these years, filled as they have been with consecrated labor in various departments of our social, literary and religious life, is of almost romantic interest. I am to sketch the career of one who has been not only faithful to all the responsibilities and duties of womanhood, and a worker in particular church relations, but who has successively occupied among us the position of educator, author, editor, organizer, evangelist and pastor! To crowd into the compass of a few pages the history or incidents of such a career is clearly impossible. But I may be successful in giving the outlines so honorable to the heroic worker, and so inspiring to all who seek the emulation of noble example.

Caroline Augusta White was born in Albany, N. Y., September 3, 1824. She was the daughter of Nathaniel and Elizabeth White, and the third child in a family of six, three of whom died in infancy. As blood is said to "always tell"—rather doubtful sometimes I think—I may mention the fact that on her father's side she is pure English, he being a descendant of the Whites and Steeles who emigrated to New England from the parent country some 200 years ago, and by intermarriages the blood was kept pure. On the mother's side singularly enough, she is French and Dutch, her maternal grandfather being a full blooded Frenchman from the south of France, her maternal grandmother equally full blooded Holland Dutch, a descendant of one of the first settlers of Albany. Mr. and Mrs. White were among the earliest Universalists in that city, and if not strictly born in that faith, their distinguished daughter was certainly reared in it, and her first childish recollections of divine worship were all associated with the little church on Herkimer street, the first ever erected by the Universalists in the capital of New York, and of which Rev. I. D. Williamson, then a young man, was pastor. With Mr. Williamson and his successor, Rev. S. R. Smith, began that intimacy and friendship with the Universalist ministry which has since been so widely extended, and around which are now clustered so many tender and precious memories of the departed.

Caroline resided in Albany throughout childhood and early girlhood, going, as was the custom in those days, from one "dame's" school to another, and improving to the uttermost the few advantages that then came in the way

of the pupils attending these primitive affairs. She was an extremely shy and diffident child, sensitive to such an extreme degree, that she was often in tears, yet possessed of such a tender and resolute conscience that she never failed to do the duty that was required in the home or school. At about the age of twelve, having manifested unusual eagerness for study, her father did what was then an almost unheard of thing for a mechanic to do, sent her to the Albany Female Academy, then one of the most celebrated institutions in the land. She attended the academy five years, and was graduated with distinguished honor in July, 1841, receiving one of three gold medals, offered as prizes for the best English composition. The subject of her graduating essay was, "The Goodness of God not fully Demonstrated Without the Aid of Revelation," and although written several months before she attained her seventeenth birthday, it was altogether a highly creditable composition, evincing at that early period of life that sublime faith in the love of God which is the characteristic of the Universalist church, and it was also, as we now see, an unconscious forecast of her career as a religious writer and teacher.

Unfortunately her health failed so rapidly during the last few weeks of her school life that her teachers feared she would not be able to attend the graduating exercises which were to continue several days, but intense excitement kept her up through the five days, and she returned home only to go from one fainting fit to another, until her parents almost despaired of her life, and for years she was a sufferer from the imprudence.

In the Spring of the following year, 1842, Miss White became Principal of the Female Department of Clinton Liberal Institute, near Utica, N. Y., being selected for that position by Rev. S. R. Smith, her Albany pastor, and here she remained for two terms or about seven months. The Institute was then seeing its darkest days, and Miss White used to recall the days spent at Clinton as among the "bitter-sweet" experiences of her life—bitter, for she made no money at a time when she sorely needed it; sweet, for she made friends whose love followed her in all her wanderings. Evidently it was at Clinton that the young principal began that self-sacrifice for the good of the Universalist church which has never forsaken her, and which she afterwards was to exemplify in many various ways.

Some recent "Reminiscences" of Mrs. Soule's sent to me by her old and valued friend, Rev. A. B. Grosh, pertain to this period of her life.

"In April, 1842, Dr. Clowes brought a young lady to our house in Utica, N. Y., to rest and wait for the Clinton stage. She was about seventeen years old, but so small, slender, timid and shrinking that she looked even younger. And this was Caroline Augusta White, selected by Rev. S. R. Smith (a good judge of needed character and ability) to be the Principal of the Female Department of the Clinton Liberal Institute. A few glances when unseen by her showed that, although of slight make, she was well developed and balanced, and had regular features with mild expression. Her large, dewy eyes, not then contracted by long, painful disease, were veiled by drooping lashes, from beneath which came occasional gleams of mirth and pleasure. We wondered how she would fare among pupils, some larger and older than herself. I had had a trial of that kind in early life, and hoped she too might succeed, but fears intermingled. We learned afterward that she soon made proof of her ability and aptness to teach, and readily won the respect and love of her pupils, but that some of the older ones jocosely insisted that she must wear a cap, to make her appear more matronly, as they did not like to be governed by one so much their junior. I had often seen Moravian girls in their caps, and was not surprised, therefore, to learn that the cap did not make the youthful principal appear any older.

"After some months I saw her again among her pupils at their annual examination. She was very quiet, pleasant and at her ease, for all seemed to be swayed and moved without effort by her spirit alone. She had proved her ability and skill as a teacher, and taken her position and rank as a woman of intelligence and influence."

Miss White returned to Albany at the close of 1842, and remained at home until the 28th of August, 1843, when she was married to Rev. H. B. Soule, then pastor of the Universalist church in Utica, going with him to that city after a brief bridal tour, and becoming members of the family of Rev. A. B. Grosh. Here, as Mr. Grosh writes, "She blossomed out of her timidity and reticence as a stranger, into a pleasant companion of parents and children and the beloved friend." The stay in Utica was only for about a year, but this was sufficient to lay the foundation of that valuable friend-

ship with Mr. Grosh which has cheered and comforted Mrs. Soule all her days, a friendship which now links heart to heart across the broad Atlantic, and finds rare delight in the interchange of a most delightful and instructive correspondence.

We can only briefly outline the changes of the next few years. In the following Spring Mr. and Mrs. Soule removed to Boston, Mass., he becoming colleague with Father Ballou. In June, 1845, they removed to Gloucester, Mass., and in May, 1846, to Hartford, Conn., which city had been the birthplace of Mrs. Soule's father. In April, 1851, they removed to Granby, and not long after to Lyons, N. Y. Mr. Soule left his family on the last day of December, 1851, the picture of health and happiness, and with every prospect of a long and useful life. Before the month of January had quite passed away, he was dead and buried, a victim to that terrible disease, small-pox, and in its most malignant form. Such was the swift sorrow that came upon the devoted wife and mother.

Mrs. Soule was thus, with hardly a note of warning, left a widow to battle with the world, when a little more than twenty-seven years old, with five children, two daughters and three sons, the eldest a little over seven years of age, the youngest only a year—a widow with about \$300 in money, her husband's library and their furniture! It was a heart-rending bereavement, and touched the sympathies of all our people. But the consoling faith in which Caroline Soule was reared and had thus far lived, did not desert her in extremity. "God took my husband, but he did not leave me comfortless," she often remarked in recalling those days. Friends rallied around her, and help came. The sharp edge of poverty, that edge which cuts into the heart with the fear of destitution, was turned aside and immediate danger of penury averted. And above all, most wonderful providence of God, by and through these afflictions the latent power of the future writer and preacher was developed, and avenues for usefulness and bread-winning for herself and children rapidly opened before her.

The Universalist public first became acquainted with Mrs. Soule's ability as a writer by a most touching and beautiful article on the death of her husband, originally published in the "Christian Ambassador," and afterwards in tract form. We do not recall its exact title, but it was devoted to the

comforting power of Universalism, as illustrated in her own experience, and created a profound impression throughout our church by the pathetic and eloquent expression of her sorrow, and the consolations of her Christian faith. It is our impression that Mr. Soule died without realizing the fact that his wife possessed decided literary ability, although her first stories were published in the "Hartford Times," while he was living. At his death the pen became at once her resource, and it was soon plying to good purpose to secure a livelihood for herself and children. Though at this time not generally known as one of our writers, the sketches and stories which she had contributed to several papers gave evidence of ability, and in view of this fact it was proposed that she prepare a memoir of her husband. She was then in a state of health that threatened entire physical prostration, but this did not deter her from the work. She entered on her task. While not neglecting her duties as a mother, she worked so diligently at the memoir that in a few months it was ready for the press. She attended to its publication herself, going to New York and spending several weeks there, revising it and reading the proof. In September, 1852, it was before the public, a large 12mo volume of 396 pages, the biographical portion containing 171 pages, and the remainder devoted to a selection from the sermons and addresses of Mr. Soule.

With the publication of this memoir Mrs. Soule's reputation as a graceful and interesting writer was at once established. Although so rapidly prepared, it shows few traces of haste or carelessness in style, and in form and method is a model of its kind. It has long been a favorite volume in our home and Sunday-school libraries. Whittier's beautiful words on the title page are an index to the religious consolation of its pages:

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he has given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

We can give in these pages no adequate history of the labors and struggles of this gifted woman during the next twelve or fifteen years of her life. They cover not only a literary experience which was largely identified with the Universalist church, but also many associations of hardship and toil, and

passages in personal history which rooted themselves as additional sorrows in her already stricken life. "Meanwhile," in the words of Rev. A. B. Grosh, "her home had been in the West, where her children grew up amid the hardships of pioneer life. She had passed through those changes which toil, privations and the sufferings of body, mind and heart, endured for years, are apt to work in the female form and features. These had taught her womanly confidence and perseverance in chosen labors for those she loved, but did not remove, if they did not increase, the timidity of her early years, which made her shrink from crowds and especially from strangers. Only her necessities, and the pressing wants of her loved ones, forced her to brave publicity."

But before coming to the record of Mrs. Soule's public life, which Mr. Grosh alludes to, I must touch still further on her labors with the pen—that industrious pen which was ever busy, and the instrumentality of her largest usefulness before the eloquent voice was heard in public. For several years Mrs. Soule was a regular contributor to "Gleason's Pictorial" and the "Flag of the Union," both Boston publications of a popular character. She also contributed more or less to all our denominational weeklies. From 1852 until 1857 she was a regular contributor to the "Ladies' Repository." In the latter year she became Western Corresponding Editor, which position she retained until the "Repository" passed into new hands on the death of her friend, the publisher, Abel Tompkins. During this time she resided in Iowa, and corresponded for several other journals, and once edited (*sub rosa*) a political paper for six months, during the second Lincoln campaign. In addition to the memoir of her husband, she has written three books, "Home Life: or a Peep Across the Threshold," "The Pet of the Settlement," and "Wine or Water, a Temperance Story. These books, I believe, all belong to the period of her Western experience. She also edited for two years "The Rose Bud," a juvenile annual, published by Abel Tompkins. Her stories and prose articles, if collected, would fill many volumes, while her poems and ditties for children are almost countless.

Mrs. Soule has done in her day almost every species of writing, but her specialty is stories. These are generally of a sweet, domestic character, with a moderate infusion of the tender sentiment when required for plot or inter-

est. As a writer for children and the home, she has no superior in the Universalist church. It was her love for the children, and a desire to exercise her gifts in this special direction, that caused her to embark, in July, 1868, in the publication, in New York, of the "Guiding Star," a semi-monthly Sunday-school paper, of which she was, for several years, her own publisher, and for the entire eleven years of its existence, its sole proprietor and editor. The earlier volumes of this paper, which enjoyed the undivided efforts of Mrs. Soule as editor, were highly successful, and secured a large constituency of readers. Her experience as the original publisher of the "Guiding Star" is well and humorously told in an address given in New York, entitled "A Little Bit of What I Know About Publishing a Paper," before "Sorosis," of which assembly of noted women Mrs. Soule was for many years a conspicuous member. Mrs. Soule's experience as an editor is not yet all told. She was for seven months at one time sole editor of the "Christian Leader," then the organ of the New York State Convention of Universalists, doing all the work excepting the strictly theological portion, and at the same time writing stories, sketches and poems for the contributors' department—work entirely outside the sphere of a managing editor. Her *al interim* editorship was a valuable service to the church at that particular time.

With all this multitudinous labor, who would imagine that Mrs. Soule managed to get time for private correspondence? Yet it is a fact that she is a most faithful and painstaking correspondent, and for many years her private letters have averaged over six hundred a year! During her residence in New York she also acted for three years as amanuensis to Hon. Thurlow Weed, one of her early Albany friends, the well known editor and politician, doing the work at night after a hard day's labor in a newspaper office.

I now come to the record of Mrs. Soule's public life as an evangelist and pastor. And here again a thrilling interest attaches to her career, and the same devotion and womanly self-sacrifice is exhibited. Of this great change in her life Rev. Mr. Grosh writes:

"The desire to aid her church and advance its interests, during its centennial year, 1870, led her and others to organize the 'Woman's Centenary Association of the Universalist Church,' and to engage mind, heart and hand in its arduous and successful labors. The same necessities, the same self-

sacrifice for others, the same love for the cause of Jesus, led her to become an advocate for the higher education of her sex and a preacher of the Gospel of the world's salvation, to leave children, friends, home and country, and become the solitary missionary of the W. C. A., among strangers, in distant, foreign Scotland."

In correspondence with Mr. Grosh, Mrs. Soule has told the story of her early attempts at public speaking in such a frank and interesting way that I greatly regret that the space at my disposal for this article is not sufficient to publish it in full. But yet a few extracts must be made. Writing in February, 1880, to this revered friend, Mrs. Soule says:

"I can say honestly, I was led by God's hand into speaking of our faith in public. It was something I never sought. It verily came to me. Ten years ago I would have said, had any one told me I should ever even speak in a conference meeting, 'It is one of the impossibilities!' While I was never decidedly against women preaching, I was not for it. I waited to see how it would result, only astonished that women had the courage to speak in pulpits! It never occurred to me that I could. I was so diffident naturally, had such a fear of the sound of my own voice, had such a weak voice—indeed, I did not seem to myself to possess any requisites of a public speaker. And, in fact, ten years ago the thought of ever speaking on any subject, had not entered my head. Mrs. Bucklin and some others will tell you how, at a Sunday-school conference meeting, at Frankfort on the Mohawk, in April, 1869, I actually ran away when I learned that the Conference was determined I should speak! I ran away because of my great dread of speaking! Very silly, it seems to me now, this fear of uttering a few words in the presence of those brothers and sisters on a subject I had so much at heart, but I could not help it then.

"After our W. C. A. began its work, I was necessarily obliged to speak to our women; but my sufferings were intense always, and only my love for the cause carried me through.

"My first real public address, outside of our church work, was in the Union League Theater, New York City, in October, 1873, at the first Woman's Congress. How I ever dared consent to read a paper there, I don't know, only that I was anxious that Universalism should be well represented.

If ever a human being made a desperate effort to overcome timidity, it was myself, when I stepped on that platform about noon, and saw before me a sea of heads, with the formidable row of reporters at my feet. I read my paper of thirty minutes long, and spoke impromptu thirty more. But I did it for Universalism, not for myself. I had many compliments from the press. I was glad, but I was left with no wish to emerge from my former obscurity as a speaker. I did not yet believe my strength lay in speaking."

The beginning in this direction once made, the way again providentially opened before our brave sister, and it was not long before she was entirely engaged in preaching. Her first sermons were prepared and preached at the Chapin Home, in New York, while she was yet engaged on the "Christian Leader," her advent into the ministry dating from the first Sunday in 1874, after which Mrs. Soule was fairly embarked on that career as a preacher of universal love, foreshadowed in the graduating essay, at Albany, of the girl of seventeen, a career hidden in the secrets of God until the woman, after years of trial and suffering, had reached her fiftieth year. What a noble celebration of the half century in the life of Caroline A. Soule!

In the Autumn of this year, 1874, Mrs. Soule made a second visit to Cincinnati—the first was in 1873—when she attended the General Convention of that year, and spent several months in the home of her friend, Rev. Dr. Cantwell, the delightful "Ingleside" on the banks of the Ohio river, which she so much admired on account of its romantic situation, taking in the sweep of the beautiful river for nearly a mile east and west, and overlooking the Kentucky hills. In this peaceful retreat she passed many happy hours in company with her devoted friends and the pastor of her childhood, Rev. I. D. Williamson, D.D., who in November of 1876 was numbered among the immortals. Mrs. Soule's attachment to "Ingleside" was made evident in her published articles and letters of this period. The natural situation of the place, and the quaint Doric architecture of the old house delighted her. As she says, it reminded her of the Rhine, "for on both sides of the river here are steep banks, terraced off with vineyards, where purple grapes are gathering sweetness and beauty every hour in the Autumn sun." The old mansion is now deserted by the inmates of those joyful days. The central figure in the group, the venerable Dr. Williamson, is no more on earth, Mrs. Soule

is in distant Scotland, and the editor of the "Star in the West," and his estimable wife, are now doing parish work, amid new and strange surroundings in North Attleboro, Mass.

Just previous to this visit to Cincinnati, Mrs. Soule entered upon her work as Superintendent of the Woman's Centenary Association, and held a series of meetings throughout Ohio in the interest of a woman professorship in Buchtel College, at Akron. She was present at the dedication of this institution in 1873, and made one of the addresses on the occasion. Her efforts in its behalf were crowned with success, and a full professorship of \$20,000 was secured. Her work as Superintendent of the Association was begun at Clinton, N. Y., the scene of her girlhood labors as Principal of the Institute, and before it closed extended as far west as Nebraska, and for several months she had charge of a mission church in that State, and did much by her presence to strengthen and confirm the little band of believers. It is impossible to record even the various places where she preached and lectured. The work prospered under her care, and a good impetus was given to the interests of the Association wherever her eloquent voice was lifted. But during the two months named above, her labors were too much for her strength, and the time had evidently come when nature demanded a cessation of the strain. About the beginning of February she left Cincinnati, which had been her headquarters, for New York, expecting to be gone two weeks. Three years passed away before she again saw "Ingleside" and the Queen City. Arriving at New York she was taken ill, and did not again leave the city for any kind of work until May 8th, when she sailed for Liverpool, in the steamer "Erin," as she said, "not knowing, or caring much, whether or not I should see the Old World, but only longing for sleep."

Partial recovery from her nervous trouble and rest to the weary brain was the immediate result of the ocean voyage. After a brief tour through England, visiting the many points of interest and enjoying every hour of her trip, amid the historical and poetical associations of the country, she passed on to Scotland, whither she was attracted by the little band of Universalists in the vicinity of Larbert, near Sterling. The friends crowded around her, and their urgent entreaties were not to be disregarded, especially in that land where Universalist preachers were so scarce. She consented, and thus again

opened unexpectedly a new era in her life, that of missionary to Calvinistic Scotland.

Her first services were held in Stenhousemuir, Larbert, soon after at the dedication of the rebuilt church at Stenhousemuir, where she also pronounced the sentence of dedication. This was in August, and in September she visited Dundee and officiated twice in the Unitarian Christian Church, of which Rev. Henry Williamson, formerly of Norwalk, Conn., was the pastor, but she was compelled to resort, in serious illness, to the Hydropathic Institute at the Bridge of Allan, where her life was saved by wise medical treatment.

Mrs. Soule returned to New York, and from September, 1875, until November, 1876, she did not speak in public, and almost abandoned the idea of ever preaching again. But the success she had achieved was not lost upon herself or her friends, and in November she accepted an invitation to preach for the "Liberal Christian Association," of Elizabeth, N. J., and thus assumed her first pastorate. Mrs. Soule says of this Association, "It was not a church to which I was invited to preach, but rather a curious assemblage of men and women who had become so weary of the style of preaching in Elizabeth, and so anxious for a little spot where they could go on Sundays and be refreshed, that they had associated themselves together under this name for a year or so. There were only about thirty or forty in all."

We are now to survey Mrs. Soule as a regularly constituted Missionary to Scotland, in the employ of the Woman's Centenary Association. Responding to the request of the friends in Scotland, the Association consented to send Mrs. Soule out for a year as missionary, to help them in the brave struggle they were waging against the direful sway of the prevailing Calvinism. Mrs. Soule was willing to undertake the work and assume charge of the first mission established by our church in foreign lands. It was decided that the project of the "Scottish Mission" be at once laid before the people, and if it received encouragement, be duly inaugurated in June, 1878. The response was swiftly in favor of the enterprise. Many meetings were held, and the almost unanimous voice of the church was heard in approbation. *Caroline A. Soule was to be the First Foreign Missionary of the Universalist Church.*

This was fitting. The first Christian Missionary was a woman, the Woman of Samaria, who carried the Gospel from the Well of Sychar to those who never had heard of the Christ.

The events of the Fall of 1877 and of the next six months before the Scottish Mission went into operation need not be detailed. Returning East as far as Chicago, after a visit to the West to the General Convention and the annual meeting of the Centenary Association, she gave an address in Dr. Ryder's church, on "The Responsibility of Christian Women." Then unexpectedly came the opportunity for signal usefulness at Lincoln, Neb., already referred to. Ten weeks were spent there. At Tecumseh, in that State, Mrs. Soule organized a parish of thirty-three members, and preached the first Universalist sermon ever heard at York. Returning to Cincinnati for the third time, she expected to stay two weeks and remained ten, again making her home at "Ingleside," and preaching every Sunday at Aurora, Ind., and meantime editing the "Guiding Star" and writing for the "Star in the West." She preached her last sermon before leaving America in Rev. Mrs. Hanford's church in Jersey City, and in the evening of the same day, gave an address to the large congregation that assembled to bid her farewell.

On the 18th of May, 1878, the missionary sailed for Glasgow, and on the first Sunday in June preached her first sermon in that city, the headquarters of the mission. It was the same sermon that she had preached last in America, and this seemed to tie the knot firmly between the Universalists of the two countries. Mrs. Soule still remains abroad actively engaged in the work of her mission, her leave of absence for one year having been twice extended by the Association under whose auspices she is working.

We can not more appropriately end this record of the heroic "Woman Worker," than by quoting from one of her letters to Rev. A. B. Grosh, in which she briefly reviews her first year's work in Scotland, and writes touchingly of the way in which she came into the ministry:

"During the first year of my sojourn in Scotland I preached in Glasgow, Larbert, Dunfermline, Braidwood, Lochee and Dundee, Scotland; in Moseley, Peckham Rye, Stratford and London, England; and in Belfast, Ireland. During my second year in Scotland, I have preached in Glasgow on Sundays,

and in Auchtermuchty, Carluke, Braidwood, Perth and Dundee on week nights; delivered a Channing Memorial Address in Aberdeen, and preached and lectured on temperance at the convention meeting in Larbert.

"Such, my dear friend, briefly given, is the record of the year's work. I have been led, in despite of myself, into preaching. God's hand has been in it all. Up to this date I have never sought a place to preach. I have never taken any steps to secure a place. I have never wished for a place. I have never prayed for one. They have always come to me. The voice of God has sounded in my ear, and I have obeyed in childlike humility.

"My case is a very curious one, . . . quite different from that of young men and women who study for the ministry. I never was called by God to preach till I was in my fiftieth year. I had, before that, done a good literary work for our church. I was well known. It was not as though I had lately come into the church. Everybody knew me. My character was established, and was, I believe, without reproach. There were some friends who would have liked me to be ordained before I left the United States, but I could not bring my mind to ask license and ordination. It seemed to me that I must leave myself entirely in the hands of the Lord. I was not sure, myself, that I could preach continuously—that I had the requisite qualifications. I felt that I must make full proof of my ministry. . . ."

Since the above letter was written (February, 1880), Mrs. Soule has been regularly ordained as a preacher by the Scottish Convention of Universalists, the first woman ever ordained in Scotland to the Gospel ministry. Her mission has been eminently successful, not only in Glasgow where she has organized a parish, but also in other parts of Scotland. The people of her congregation fairly idolize her, and will be plunged into distress when she is recalled. Several attempts have been made to secure her return, but the Glasgow friends have resisted them strongly, and thus far have succeeded in keeping her among them. But the opinion gains ground in the church that the coming year will see Caroline Soule again in her native land, and at work in familiar fields for the upholding of the Master's great cause.

We ought not to omit a brief reference to her domestic qualifications, which are fully equal to her mental abilities, and the only thing of which we ever heard her express any vanity was her capability as a housekeeper. She



Yours cordially
Phebe A. Hanaford

has the home talent in a remarkably strong degree, and one of the sacrifices she makes in devoting herself to a public career is giving up her own home-life.

Those who only know Mrs. Soule as a writer and preacher can form no idea how delightful a companion she is in the home circle; cheerful, witty in a quiet way, full of impromptu shyness, amiable, interesting and lovable to children, who never fail to worship her. She is a woman who never aggravates one by nervous peculiarities, but on the contrary, her mere presence is restful. Those who have visited her in her own little home, "Content," at Fordham, N. Y., can bear testimony to this, that her highest aim seems to be to make those around her happy; while in the wider sphere of public life her largest ambition has been to benefit and help humanity.

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Although I feel that I cannot improve upon the sketch of Mrs. Hanaford's life, which is given in one of her own books, "Women of the Century," and by one who knows better than any one else can know, the great amount of work which has been accomplished by this active woman, and her excellencies of spirit and character, yet, I feel inclined to restate some of the points of interest in my own way, giving a general credit to Miss Miles for most of the facts.

Phœbe A. Coffin was born May 6, 1829, of Quaker parents, on the island of Nantucket, and is a descendant of the old schoolmaster and poet, Peter Folger, whose daughter was the mother of Benjamin Franklin, which makes her blood relation to our great statesman and philosopher, and which also brings her in close relationship to Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, and Lucretia Coffin Mott, the Quaker preacher and reformer. Such relationship will not be frowned upon by anybody who has blue blood in her own veins.

Until Phœbe Coffin was sixteen years old she studied in the public and

private schools of her native place, and at that time she commenced teaching, but continued to pursue her studies with great assiduity with the late Rev. Eihau Allan, then rector of the Episcopal Church on the island. In her girlhood she was physically and mentally very attractive. She won the hearts of the old people by the gentle respect and consideration with which she ever treated them, and the love of the young people by her willingness to at least halve with them.

"In 1849 she married Dr. J. H. Hanaford, and removed to Newton, Mass., where for a year she assisted her husband in teaching, at the same time devoting her leisure hours to literary pursuits. She then returned to Nantucket and resided there until, in 1857, with her husband and two young children, she removed to the town of Beverly, Mass., where she became personally active in the temperance cause, since which time she has occupied prominent offices in the Grand and subordinate lodges of Good Templars. She became chaplain and treasurer of the Daughters of Temperance when eighteen; was Worthy Chief several times in subordinate lodges of Good Templars, Chaplain of the Grand Worthy Lodge of Massachusetts one year, and a member of the Right Worthy Lodge in 1867. She assisted in preparing the degree ritual, and wrote all but one of the hymns in the ritual now used among Good Templars for the dedication of a hall, or the burial of a member.

"In 1864 she removed to Reading, Mass., where she united with the Universalists of that place, and soon after accepted the editorship of that popular magazine, 'The Ladies' Repository.' During her three years labor on this publication its subscription list was increased some thousands. In 1866 she commenced preaching in the town of Hingham, Mass., where, in 1868, she was ordained and installed pastor of the First Universalist Church, Rev. John G. Adams and Rev. Olympia Brown preaching the sermons. In 1869 she accepted a call from the Universalist Society at Waltham, and for one year supplied the desk on alternate Sundays at Hingham and Waltham, sending supplies to the vacant pulpit. At the close of the same year, she had a unanimous call from the Universalist Church in New Haven, Conn. The following April she took charge of the New Haven Society, and was installed as pastor, June 9, 1870, Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin preaching the sermon."

In 1874 she removed to Jersey City, and was installed pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, on the Heights. Rev. John G. Adams preached her installation sermon. Her hymns at all her installments were written by women.

"She was the first woman regularly ordained in Massachusetts or New England; the first woman who ever as a regularly appointed chaplain officiated in the Legislature of Connecticut; the first woman in the world who ever officiated in such capacity in a legislative body of men. She was a member of the Universalist Committee on Fellowship, Ordination and Discipline in Connecticut, and has served for three years as chairman of such a committee in New Jersey. She was one of the vice presidents of the association for the advancement of women (Women's Congress) at its formation, and has since been on its Executive Board, and has furnished papers for two Congresses. And she was the first woman minister who ever gave the charge at the ordination of a man minister—the occasion being the ordination of Rev. W. G. Haskell, in Marblehead, Mass., and was the first woman who ever attended a Masonic festival, and responded with an address to a toast by regular appointment. She is seeking to open the way for other women, as Olympia Brown, Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott and others have opened the way for her. She disclaims credit for having walked in a God-appointed path; but only claims to be a busy, hopeful, loving woman, whose highest joy will be attained when right shall triumph over might, and every soul shall be saved from sin.

"None but those who know her in her home can conceive of the amount of labor which she performs with her pen. Not only does she write both prose and verse for many of the newspapers and other periodicals of the day, but she has had published ten volumes. She is never idle. Through Winter's cold and Summer's heat she is busy, active in all the reforms of the day, a prominent worker for woman suffrage, a general favorite in the lecture field, while as a preacher she is having an enviable success."

Among her works which have had a generous, appreciative circulation, are, "My Brother," prose and verse, 1852; "Lucretia, the Quakeress," an Anti-Slavery story, published first in "The Independent Democrat" of Concord, N. H., and then in book-form in 1853; "Leonette," a Sunday-school

book, 1857; "The Best of Books and its History," 1860, previously delivered as lectures in the Baptist Sunday school of Nantucket; "The Young Captain," a memorial of Capt. Richard C. Derby, who fell at Antietam, 1865; "Frank Nelson, or the Runaway Boy," a juvenile, 1865; "Life of Abraham Lincoln," 1865; B. B. Russell, Boston, the sale of which reached twenty thousand, five thousand being also published in Germany; "Field, Gunboat, Hospital and Prison," records of the war, 1866; "The Soldier's Daughter," a prize-story, 1866; "The Life of George Peabody," 1870 (which reached a sale of sixteen thousand); "From Shore to Shore, and Other Poems," 1871; same year, "The Life of Charles Dickens." Other smaller volumes for children, many editorials, sketches and other articles in prose and verse for many periodicals, and several published speeches and sermons attest to her busy pen.

Had Mrs. Hanaford written less, her writings would undoubtedly have been more thoughtful and spirited, and, notwithstanding the favor with which her writings are looked upon, she would to-day enjoy a higher reputation as an author. But after reading the following, fresh from her pen, I question whether I shall ever have a reader who has been sanctified by a mother's love, whose convictions will not be in favor of the course she has pursued. She says:

"All my books have been prepared among pressing duties of a domestic, editorial or pastoral character, and I have never had leisure to do justice to any powers God may have bestowed upon me. But I have done the best I could under the circumstances, and have attained a measure of success far beyond my expectations. Some of my books were 'made to order,' and such are never the best which a writer might prepare. If the coming years afford me the leisure, I hope to do something more worthy of our church, and of the Woman's Cause. I claim to have been industrious and conscientious in my work, and if I have often written for money, it was because I had children who needed bread and education, and I therefore preferred the means of helping them rather than literary fame for myself. I am no poet; I am a preacher, and God called me to preach."

Mrs. Hanaford is an easy speaker, and graceful in every movement. She is a woman with quick sympathies, and has done her part nobly for our church and for woman. She has been an untiring toiler in her profession

and with her pen, but, successful as she has been as a prose and poetical writer, her work in the pulpit, on the platform and in the pastoral field has been far more useful, and has been crowned with a success of which any worker for humanity might be gratefully proud. Her likeness in this volume will convey to the reader an impression of her personal appearance.

The subjoined is a favorable selection from the many poems with which Mrs. Hanaford has enriched our literature.

OUR HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

[Written on receiving from a friend a beautiful engraving with the above title.]

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,
 Our home is beyond the tide,
 Where the glorious city of light is seen
 Whose gates are open wide;
 Through the golden streets of that city fair,
 We soon shall pass along;
 And a holy joy shall fill our hearts,
 As we greet the shining throng
 Who walk those streets through the endless day—
 Earth's dear ones side by side.
 Oh, the bliss that awaits us when we reach
 Our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,
 Our home is beyond the tide,
 Where the river of life, with its water bright,
 Is rolling deep and wide.
 There the tree of life, with its fruit so fair,
 O'er the sparkling waters bends;
 And beneath its shade, with unmeasured bliss,
 We shall meet our cherished friends.
 Oh, we soon shall rest in those sacred bowers,
 Where no cynic our love shall chide,
 And the saints' communion unhindered share,
 In our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,
 Our home is beyond the tide;
 And though between us and that blissful shore
 The river of death may glide,

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

Yet its waters rough, surging round our barks,
 Can never our souls o'erwhelm;
 We've hope for the anchor, and love for the breeze,
 And our Savior at the helm.
 We shall safely pass o'er the Jordan of death,
 To the land where the saints abide,
 To the home of the angels, the mansions of joy,
 To our home beyond the tide.

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,
 Our home is beyond the tide,
 And many a loved one, speeding there,
 Has vanished from our side.
 For us will the voiceless Charon soon
 With his muffled oar draw nigh,
 And bear us to meet the welcome sweet
 Of loved ones now on high.
 How thrills the heart with the thought of tones
 Which ne'er from our hearts have died,
 Of the faces dear which we hope to greet
 In our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,
 Our home is beyond the tide;
 And we must not sigh, with a vain regret,
 For the ills which here betide.
 But oft, from the heights of faith sublime,
 Gaze far o'er the darksome wave,
 And bless our God for the rest from care
 In the land beyond the grave.
 The waves of sin surge no more round the Rock,
 In the cleft of which we hide.
 Oh, with longing hearts we wait the call
 To our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,
 Our home is beyond the tide;
 And we must not sigh for those earthly joys,
 "Best Wisdom" hath denied.
 For the thorns of earth, there are flowers in heaven;
 For its cares, there is long repose;
 For the vale of tears, there's the mount of joy,
 Where the heart with rapture glows.
 Then with loving hearts we will do his will,
 In whose promise our hearts confide,
 And patiently wait for our turn to reach
 Our home beyond the tide.

SARAH M. BARNES

Is the daughter of Isaiah and Mary (Trull) Merrill, and was born in the old South Parish of Andover, Mass. Notwithstanding that circumstance, however, she never felt that she was "conceived in sin and born in iniquity,"—a subject of God's wrath, and deserving eternal perdition; for her earliest recollection of her father and mother was that they were Universalists, so that though outwardly surrounded, as that ever-to-be-remembered "sweet home" was, by the teachings of God's eternal vengeance, Universalism was the vital atmosphere within.

Andover is not far from the shadow of Bunker Hill, and Sarah Merrill was introduced to this world of shade and sunshine one year (lacking three days—June 20th, 1824) before the laying of the corner-stone of that historic monument. Mothers did not remain at home for babies in those days, so we can record Sarah as making her first public effort on that great day. We can scarce call it her maiden speech, but, with propriety, can say it was her first; for, with distress to her mother, her voice was heard far above Daniel Webster's, who on that occasion delivered one of his immortal addresses.

When we say that the home of Isaiah Merrill was a home for the ministers, do not imagine that the only desire the clergy had to drift that way was because of the bounty of his table. He was a Universalist, and the bread of life to him was the Scriptures and the few books then published which inculcated our blessed faith; and he loved to talk about them, and the clergy enjoyed his ability to do so. And this little daughter would sit with one hand on her father's knee, intently looking him in the face, and mentally drinking in all he or they said. Old Father Whittemore once remarked: "If that child were a boy, we would make a minister of him." She immediately turned her innocent face to the reverend father and said: "Why can't a little *girl* tell the folks that God is going to save the big children and the little ones too?" Mr. Whittemore gave one of his hearty laughs, and facetiously "gave it up" by telling the child to ask Bro. Streeter.

It is proverbial that girls never adhere to their ideal plans of marriage. We do not proclaim this as against our loyal, true, inconstant sex, but to say that Sarah Merrill did just what she always said she would do—marry a Universalist. And so Rev. Alfred Barnes and Sarah Merrill became one, with a united determination to live in the spirit of our generous faith; and, to-day, after a married life of thirty-five years, they are working together hand in hand, cheered, sustained and blest by the joys of that trust and faith, that God will work all things for good.

About 1845, on account of ill health, Mr. Barnes was obliged to retire from the ministry for a few years and engage in secular pursuits. After a little more than two years, we find our friends in Woonsocket, R. I., where Mrs. Barnes says: "We enjoyed the preaching of Rev. John Boyden, and our memory of him and his parish is most lasting and tender." "Do you wonder," she continues, "that I have always retained a love for our church work, after living under the spiritual influence of the preaching of Rev. John Boyden, and the companionship of Latimer Ballou, our model Sunday-school superintendent?"

In 1850 they removed to Wisconsin, and in 1858 to Peoria, Ill., where they enjoyed, and were spiritually lifted up by, the ministrations of Revs. Daniel M. Reed, Holden R. Nye, and Royal H. Pullman. "It was here," Mrs. Barnes says, "in the Peoria society, that was developed within me the active zeal in society work which has been of incalculable benefit to me as a minister's wife (since Mr. Barnes has resumed the ministry), also in my own ministry. I count my Peoria days as ten years of the most active labor of my life. I never have been and never can be to any other society what I was to that, because the conditions will never be the same. I was then in my prime; but now I must say, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak."

Mrs. Barnes's whole life had been consecrated to our church; she had studied the Scriptures as few have done outside of the ministry; and those who advised her to enter the ministry were those who knew what her life had been. In 1868 they removed to Bradford, Ill., and Mr. Barnes commenced preaching. In 1870 he received a call from Earlville, Ill., where

they enjoyed a very pleasant and successful pastorate of four years, and that people always speak of them with tenderness and respect.

In May, 1874, Mr. Barnes received and accepted a call to the parish in Lawrence, Kansas. In the then unsettled condition of the parish, it was thought very desirable that it should not long remain without a pastor, and as Mr. Barnes could not close his labors in Earlville before the first of September, it was the unanimous wish of the parish that Mrs. Barnes should act as a sort of John the Baptist. Mrs. Barnes says, "I think that time the most momentous of my life, and I hardly know to this day how I dared accept the weighty responsibility of that call."

After earnest solicitations from her friends, Mrs. Barnes asked and received from the Kansas Convention in 1875 license to preach. Since that time she has traveled many thousand miles, and preached in thirty different places; supplied the Seneca pulpit for nearly a year, once a month, and Junction City every Sunday for over a year. Besides her preaching, she has written many temperance lectures and given numberless talks on that important subject; attended funerals wherever called; and solemnized marriages, the Kansas law permitting licentiates to perform the marriage ceremony.

I have received a letter from Junction City, written by a lady of great culture (Mrs. Humphrey), from which I will make quotations. I wish I had space to print the entire letter:

"During the four years which Mrs. Barnes has passed in Junction City, she has by her earnest and sympathetic nature, her dignified and womanly bearing, won the respect and esteem of all.

"Her sermons are forcible and logical, and clearly explain the text; they inform the understanding, but in a manner which affects the heart; they are replete with metaphysical speculations, which, while they please the more cultivated, are so simplified as to be for the most part capable of comprehension by the most humble of her congregation.

"In the combination and arrangement of her words she adopts a most graceful and natural style, and her sentences, though brightened by adornment, are not excessively ornate. The manner of her delivery is excellent, her dignified and pleasing personal appearance adding greatly to the effect. Mrs. Barnes particularly excels in her discourses on 'Home' and 'Woman'; and

her own character affords a most cogent refutation of the argument so frequently used against ladies engaging in any of the professions, that 'the woman who oversteps the bounds of her sphere is unworthy to remain in it.' Her own *personnel* and the ability displayed in the management of her household affairs render her a model of domestic virtue.

"Although possessed of scholarly attainments by no means inconsiderable, Mrs. Barnes is no book-worm. Her views upon all important topics are characterized by soundness and liberality, and she manifests a praiseworthy interest in and lends her influence to all the good projects of the day.

"But most of all in her talent for organization and in her executive ability the eminent and unusual power of Mrs. Barnes prominently appears. It is to these and her happy social accomplishments, as much as to the excellence of her sermons, that our church in Junction City owes its continued existence as well as organization."

Her husband, Rev. A. Barnes, a devoted and successful minister, writes: "My success is due largely, if not wholly, to the efficient aid which has been rendered by my good wife. In all outside work that has proved eminently successful Mrs. Barnes has given her undivided attention, which has not only greatly lightened my cares and burdens, but tended to make my ministry a success, if success it can be called; therefore, in all ways, as a true wife and helpmate, I expect to die, if not in debt to my fellow-men, greatly indebted to her. In this instance the vine has changed its legitimate order, and clings to the sterner qualities in true womanhood."

Besides her preaching and lecturing on temperance, Mrs. Barnes' letters while acting as nurse in our hospitals during our civil war were read with great interest by all her friends, but especially by the relatives of the boys in blue. She left Vicksburg against her will, a short time before its surrender. When Gov. Yates called for nurses she was the first to respond. She was entertaining a few friends at her tea-table—Rev. D. M. Reed and lady, with others—when a loud and sudden ringing of the door-bell startled them. Hearts all over the country in those days tried to be prepared for alarms or sad news. The bell was answered, and the cry was for nurses. "When am I wanted?" asked Mrs. Barnes. "In two hours and a half you must be ready if you go with us." Of course it seemed impossible, but

nothing was impossible with our women in those days; and, although tears fell from all eyes, the nimble fingers of the guests had picked up and packed the needed wherewithal, and, at the end of the time set for starting, the company at the tea-table sent her away in tears but with blessings.

Rev. R. H. Pullman, of Baltimore, Md., communicates the following: "I took charge of the Peoria church in 1867. Among my earliest acquaintances were Brother and Sister Barnes. I soon found that Peoria was full of praises for Mrs. Barnes, on account of her noble and heroic work for the cause of the Union, her instant and forward action in all public meetings to provide ways and means to care for sick and wounded soldiers, her personal supervision of much of this work, and her volunteer service in the hospitals. Her quick intelligence, womanly deportment, the graces of her warm heart, her dignified bearing, her zeal, and her faithful work, gave her great prominence in the city. I soon found that the bitterest orthodox prejudices had been greatly overcome by her devotion and her Christian bearing, and that our church was honored, and its name lifted into high respect in the city, through the influence of her name. I felt a profound respect for her, because that never for a moment did she waver in her devotion to our church. Honored herself, she was made glad to use her influence in honoring her church. She did not, like many others, grow giddy by public applause and seek the popular churches. Alas, how many of our people, when they have arisen from adversity into wealth and fame, have turned coldly upon the humble church in which they were reared, and given their money and influence to more popular churches!

"She was entirely consecrated to Universalism—had a deep love for the name—and I respect her the more for that also. In the 'Women's Home Mission,' an institution of our church, she was always an active and efficient worker. In Sunday-school work she was especially at home. My particular attention was called to her intellectual powers by an essay on "Doctrinal Teaching," which she was appointed to write, and which on a public occasion she read. I said at once, "That woman ought to preach"; and from thenceforth I sought to move her to give up her life to the work of the Universalist ministry. Bro. Barnes, on account of ill health, had given up the ministry, to which he had been ordained years before. His health now

having been partially restored, I sought (not in vain) to urge him to re-enter the ministry, as, free from all family cares, he could have the help of his wife. I believed he could do a grand work for our church by re-entering the pulpit, helped and encouraged by a wife so earnest, devoted, and willing, and anxious. So I lost my right-hand man in my work in Peoria, and one of the leading and most efficient women of the church. Never was an ex-minister so efficient, warm-hearted and true a layman as Bro. Barnes; and never had such a man a truer wife."

Mrs. Barnes thus describes how she learned that she had received a call to preach, "A clear-headed Quaker lady asked me once to give my experience of my 'call from God' to preach. She was very much shocked when I replied I was not sure I had received a call from God—that had I been satisfied with the test of an aged minister, to be satisfied if the people had a call to hear me, I might have accepted that. 'Why!' said she, 'don't thee like thy mission? Isn't thy heart in it?' On replying that I was consecrated, heart and soul and body, to the work, that I enjoyed it better than aught else on earth, that were it not for my household duties I would go out into the highways and by-ways, asking for neither purse nor scrip, trusting in God for what I should eat and drink and the wherewithal to be clothed, she was satisfied, and assured me my call was in my own heart, and she bade me God speed in my mission."

MARY T. CLARK

Was born in Sydd, Kent, England, December, 1814, in which place she received a common education, and from that time on has been a close student. Her parents being Episcopalians, she was educated in that faith, and for years never questioned the creed of her parents. At the age of twenty-one she was prostrated by a severe illness, and became partially paralyzed, and for seven long years was confined to her bed. During these years of illness she read every book that could be purchased or borrowed.

She became especially interested in theological works and works of mental philosophy. Towards the last of her illness she became interested in the subject of baptism, and finally decided that immersion was "God's way," and she received no real content of spirit until she had so far recovered that she could with safety be immersed. She observed the rite in London, when she was thirty-three years old. She soon became so much improved that she was able to take a school in London, and taught for some time there.

She came to America in 1851, and soon connected herself with the Baptist church, thinking, I suppose, as she agreed with them on baptism, that in other respects her faith would harmonize with the creed of that church. She says, "I could not stay in it, and left from inability to believe the *cruel, unjust, unreasonable* doctrines." After leaving the Baptist church she was for a number of years in close connection with the "Congregationalist Friends," by some called "Progressive Friends," an old organized and recorded body, gathered in Pennsylvania about sixty years or more ago. Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott, and others like them, sympathized with them. She was first licensed, afterwards ordained as elder, after which she solemnized marriages. Mrs. Clark says, "I respect the requirements of churches too much not to conform to their laws."

Mrs. Clark's maiden name was Thomas. She was married in 1863 to Dr. Clark, of Williamsport, Warren Co., Ind.

Referring to the first years of the above account, Mrs. Clark says, "I endured what I can only call a *great fight*. I was a full believer in hell and all its horrors, and wonder to-day why I did not lose faith in the all-wise and merciful God. My whole being hungered and thirsted for love." Undoubtedly if Mrs. Clark had not possessed great reasoning powers, and prayerfully read the Scriptures, she would be where many another religiously-sensitive organized woman is—looking out through the iron bars of an insane asylum, crying to her heavenly Father for mercy! When ten years ago Mrs. Clark settled in Dublin, Ind., she found herself, as to the leading points, a full Universalist, but says, "Not because I had heard it preached, or read books on our blessed faith, but from Bible study and soul-conviction, that was as clear as the noonday sun."

In 1875 she was fellowshipped, and her ordination at the hands of the

body of Friends was recognized, or she would have been re-ordained.

“Out of Egypt and the wilderness into Canaan! That is all to which I can compare the change I have experienced. To-day I am a full believer in a full salvation, and at sixty-six years of age a hard worker and a happy woman.”

Mrs. Clark is not a college graduate, nor did she ever read theology with a clergyman. She is a fine Bible scholar, a good theologian, a close reasoner and a very ready speaker, and never uses notes.

In 1878 she preached the Occasional Sermon at Fort Wayne, Ind. She is a member of the Committee of Fellowship, Ordination and Discipline.

SARAH MARIA PERKINS.

Sarah Maria Clinton was born in Otsego, N. Y., April 23, 1824. She was the seventh of a family of nine children, and one of six daughters. At a very early age Sarah exhibited a natural love for out of door sports, and at the same time developed a great fondness for books and study, and was always an apt scholar. She remembers a prize of one dollar which she once gained by “spelling down” the entire school. The strife ran high, even among the witnessing parents. She was one of the youngest pupils, but she carried off the dollar, and she informs me that no subsequent triumph ever gave her the sincere pleasure of that success.

At the age of ten her father died, leaving no property, and the dearly beloved widow-mother struggled hard to keep the wolf from the door. She first trained her children to cherish a firm faith in God, and in the triumph of good over evil. She set them examples of industry and economy, by carrying her burdens cheerfully, and denying herself first. She would say, “Self-reliance, my dear children, with habits of industry and a firm trust in God, will carry you through safely.” And the dear old mother, with a heart full



SARAH M. PERKINS.

of kindness to every thing God had made, lived to see her children carrying out the principles she had so lovingly inculcated.

Sarah continued to study for the purpose of becoming a teacher, thinking at that time that a district school teacher stood upon almost the highest pinnacle that any woman could, with propriety, attempt to reach. She said to one of her intimate teacher friends one day, when a little desponding, "It is all a mistake that God made me a girl, for if I were a man I could and would preach." "And what would you preach?" the friend inquired. "I would preach the triumph of good over evil," was the reply.

At fifteen she became a member of the church and a Sunday-school teacher, and at eighteen, in Otsego, at Hope Mills, in her own district, she began her work as a school teacher. With her hard-earned money in her pocket, she starts for the old academy in South Adams, and she continued, in this piece meal way, teaching Summers and attending school Winters, until she acquired a fine education. Thirty years ago there were no colleges for girls, save at Oberlin, Ohio, while for boys, colleges have existed six hundred years. A friend writes me that she was a most successful teacher in Savoy and Cheshire, Massachusetts, where she had pupils in algebra and the highest English branches, down to the alphabet, a school of sixty children in one room, and governed with rare executive ability.

In December, 1847, she was married to Rev. Oren Perkins, who was pastor of the church in Bernardston, Mass. She was a pastor's wife three years in that place, several years in Wilmington, for a time in Shirley, and twelve years in Winchester, N. H. The rest from teaching and the various pleasant duties of a pastor's wife, and the care of little children, helped the years to glide too rapidly and too joyously by, at least so feared Mrs. Perkins, when the reverses came, loss of health to the husband, and loss of the savings of many years of earnest work. The fruit of Mrs. Perkins's youthful out of doors roving served her well at Cooperstown, where we find them after their adversities.

The family assumed charge of a large seminary in this beautiful and attractive place. For several years Mrs. Perkins taught classes, studied French, took charge of one hundred persons, looked after eight servants, and declares to-day that those busy years were the most profitable of her life.

At this time a brother's family of little children were left without a mother, and she took the four half-orphans into her own home, looking carefully after their welfare, until other homes were provided. At length the little daughters are becoming young ladies, and the mother remembers the meagerness of her own opportunities, and desires a better future for them, but the purse, as of old, is nearly empty.

"What can I do now to earn a little money?" was the question which came to the willingly toiling woman's lips. The Boston Universalist Publishing House offered prizes for the best Sunday-school book. "Alice and her Friends," by Mrs. Perkins, took one of the prizes. Mrs. Perkins wrote other books. One, "Eugene Cooper," has gone through many editions. A lecture was thought of, written and given. The children were educated. One of them graduated at Glenwood Seminary. The second, Florence, took the first honors of her class at Vassar College, at her graduation, and is now a teacher in Greek and Latin in the High School at Burlington, Vt. The youngest, Emma, also took a four years' course at Vassar, and one day the family were surprised by a telegram, addressed, "Miss Florence. You are not the only Valedictorian; send congratulations to Emma." A return telegram went over the wires, "The King is dead; long live the King." This youngest daughter is now a teacher of Latin in Cleveland, Ohio.

To Mrs. Perkins the old desire to preach returned as the fledgelings left the home nest, and she received license to preach in Illinois, while working for the Woman's Missionary Association, and was ordained at West Concord, Vt., February 13, 1877.

Mrs. Perkins has also been active in the work of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She has been employed to give lectures under its auspices. Indeed, she is everywhere an earnest worker in the vineyard, ever ready to help the less fortunate, and is a cheerful, practical Christian woman. She possesses a faith in unseen realities, as clear as the noonday sun, and can say with one of old, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She is a calm, self-possessed speaker, entirely womanly in her manner. Her language is choice, transparent, forcible, and as a preacher she ranks well among the women who occupy pulpits in our church. Mrs. Perkins's prose is much superior to her poetry, but "My Sisters" is worthy of any author.

It would be easy to enrich these pages with copious prose and poetical passages from the writings of Mrs. Perkins, and it scarcely seems just to her worth, to be compelled, by the pressure on my pen, to resist the temptation. She is one of the most brilliant of our writers.

In 1880, Mr. Perkins's health began to fail, a despondency settled down upon his spirits which the active exertions of his friends could not dispel. A Western trip was taken, believing it would benefit him, and he was engaged to assist Rev. Dr. Hanson on *THE NEW COVENANT*, but suddenly, and under circumstances of great sadness, he dropped the shroud of clay, leaving his wife and daughters heartbroken. But the strong faith of Mrs. Perkins in the overruling providence of her Heavenly Father sustains her, while she pursues her pilgrimage to its appointed end.

MARY J. DE LONG.

Abram Swart and his wife Lucinda (Arnold), the father and mother of Mrs. De Long, were residing in Bethany, Penn., when the subject of this sketch was born in March, 1831. The indomitable will of the father filled their home with plenty. Mr. Swart, in his youth, had been somewhat indoctrinated into the faith of the Dutch Reformed Church. Mrs. Swart was from a Baptist family, but they both quite early in their married life became converted to Universalism, and lived and died strong in the faith.

It was here in this quiet little hamlet, known to all the country around as the "Glass Works," that Mary passed her childhood. The town consisted of the "Works," of the houses in which the proprietors and the workmen lived, the store, the blacksmith shop, saw mill and grist mill. "It was skirted on the outside by a few poor, stony, hilly farms, which supplied barely enough to feed the community. Dark and sombre hemlock and beech forests spread in every direction, beautiful little lakes lay back on the hills hidden in these forests, and deer and fish were plenty. The glass-blowers were Ger-

mans. There was no meeting-house, but up on the West hill, nearly a mile from the 'Works,' on a bare, rocky plateau, sat the school-house, 'a ragged beggar, sunning.' Here meetings were held whenever a minister could be found to preach. Sometimes during the inclemency of Winter the meetings were held in Mr. Swart's house. Here preached George Rogers, of sainted memory, S. P. Landers, and Wm. M. De Long, now among the immortals."

Says Mrs. De Long, "To the careful and conscientious training which I received in our blessed faith from my parents, I owe entirely the joy and comfort it has been to me in all my later life."

Mr. Swart was elected to a public office which necessitated his removal to Honesdale. He immediately put Mary into a private school, under the control of the Presbyterians, though it was strictly private, no one being responsible except the lady who taught it. In reading the description of the barbarous treatment this child received, I think it can but lead mothers to realize the danger of sending their children to schools where their own blessed faith is not taught, and it should impress them to use every power, if obliged to send their children away from home, to send them to our own schools.

"The town and school," says Mrs. De Long, "was ravaged every Winter by a 'revival,' more or less disastrous to its legitimate interests; and I was made to feel myself an outcast, an infidel, in every way which bigoted school-girl ingenuity could devise. When I look back to it now, I wonder how I endured it, and why I did not resent it in such a way as to put a stop to it one way or another. I have always felt that if the school had not depended upon public patronage, and my tuition bills had not been large and promptly paid, I should have found it quite beyond endurance. But my teacher for her own interest stood between me and downright persecution. My father took a careful and close supervision of my instruction in Bible language, and, so far as he understood it himself, in Scripture exegesis, and by that means I was brought safely through it all. But when I remember how near I came to the shipwreck of all the grand and holy truths which have so blessed my later years, and so comforted my bitter sorrows, I have no words to express my gratitude and affection to my dear and honored father, that he did so wisely, and lovingly teach me the principles of his own happy and precious faith. My parents did much for me, sacrificed for me in many ways, edu-

cated and cared for me in every way they could, but for nothing they did for me am I so thankful to-day—have I been so thankful in the days that are passed—as that they taught me the distinctive doctrines of Universalism, and so grounded and established me in them, as that they have become a part of my life.”

In 1858, Mary, with her sister Rose, (Rose C. Swart, now of the State Normal School, at Oshkosh, Wis.), removed to Racine, Wis. Nearly ten years she was engaged in teaching in the public schools. In 1869 she taught in Jefferson Liberal Institute with Prof. Elmore Chase.

Mrs. De Long's reply, when I asked for the correct data of her preaching, was, "I have preached ever since I could make 'pot-hooks' in my copy-book." Her brother Willie, who went home forty years since, was her constant companion, and when, as a little girl, she told him of the longings of her almost infant spirit to preach, he would most sarcastically say, "You can't preach;" but when she would produce the little sermons she had prepared, he, with a good deal of child-dignity would take them, making no objection to her writing the sermons, but the preaching he reserved for himself, and when sometimes she insisted that she would preach as is her spirit to do now, he most indignantly would remark, "What do you say that for? You know girls can't preach!"

But not until she went to Jefferson had she seriously given any thought to becoming a minister. Incidentally, to Rev. E. Garfield, she made the remark, "All my life-long desire has been to preach Universalism." His immediate reply was, "Why don't you preach, then?" "How? When? Where?" "Next Sunday, in my pulpit. Write a sermon, bring it to me and permit me to criticise it." Mary Swart had studied the Bible and theology all her life, had read the standard works in our literature until the points of doctrine were as familiar as household words; she had been educated and grounded in the faith, and yet with diffidence she contemplated the work of writing a sermon, while the question, "Why don't you preach?" sounded as music all through that sleepless night, and she said over and over to herself, "Possibly I might preach," and in the morning she decided to try

In May, 1869, she preached her sermon in Rev. E. Garfield's pulpit, as she had been invited to do. She was licensed to preach by the Wisconsin

Convention in June, 1869, and preached in Stoughton and other places through that year. In April, 1871, she was married to Rev. Wm. M. De Long, of Binghamton, N. Y. Mr. De Long was then in the employ of the North Branch Association of Universalists, which included three counties in Pennsylvania. She was ordained in Speedville, N. Y., in 1876. During the year she and her husband rode more than three thousand miles in a private carriage, outside of public conveyances, and preached at least five sermons a week, besides attending an incredible number of funerals and several weddings. Mr. De Long, whose health had been failing for more than a year, soon utterly broke down, and they were obliged to return to their home in Binghamton for rest and recuperation; but the malady was too deep, and they traveled farther into the country, but the pure mountain air made no change for the better. Mrs. De Long accepted a call to preach for a year, but at the end of nine months they were obliged to return to their old home, where Mrs. De Long devoted all her time to her husband until his death, in October, 1877. Is it a surprise that after six years of constant watching by the bedside of a declining loved one, the care and grief should almost strand the health of Mrs. De Long? Her brother says, "Her devotion to a bed-ridden husband for six long years, was something sublime. It was the hardest task I ever knew a woman to endure."

In 1878 she went to Kansas in search of health and opportunity to preach, for to preach Universalism then seemed to be the only desire left, and she writes, "This wish unconquered and unconquerable, sustained me, upheld me, gave me something to live for. It is yet the one supreme passion with me. May the good Father grant his grace upon me and upon my labors, that I may be a humble 'instrument for good in so great a cause."

One who has known her for a half century writes, "Throughout all her life of fifty years she has ever kept her duty full in view, and made her life conform to it. It has been marked by conscientious work, and has been one long struggle with untoward circumstances. She is one of the most forgiving of women, and one of the most courageous."

She has addressed legislatures and other large bodies, and always with the dignity and self-poise becoming a womanly woman. Another friend writes, "She is one of the most long-suffering, faithful, untiring, devoted

women in this world. With a highly nervous and never strong constitution, she has, by dint of a sort of physical wiriness, and by force of a heart that never beat a retreat, fought her way through an immense amount of work, both manual and mental. With only small means at her command, she has always been generous and helpful to others. I sometimes think her head is wonderful, but I truly think her heart is still more so. She has one of the truest, stoutest, tenderest hearts that ever beat."

Mr. D. Ostrander, of Milwaukee, writes, "Intellectually Mrs. De Long is the peer of any woman in the West, and indeed there are but few men who can boast a better culture, or clearer and more vigorous mental perceptions. In the pulpit and out of it she will be found a potential factor in the reformatory and progressive movements that in the near future are to possess with an absorbing interest the active thoughts of liberal people."

LUCIA FIDELIA W. GILLETTE.

The grandparents of Lucia Fidelia Woolley Gillette, on her mother's side, were sturdy, primitive New Englanders; on the father's side of English and of Huguenot French ancestry. Mrs. Gillette so much resembled her father's mother that the first pet name given her was "Grandma."

Rev. E. N. Woolley, her father, was of Saxon type, six feet in height, fair, features clear-cut and firm, deep-set, starry blue eyes, and his daughter says, "An air of kingship and social grace always attended him."

I wrote to Mrs. Gillette for facts of interest in her life, and her reply was, "The most interesting item I can give you, excepting my ministry, is that I was born under the shadow, or in the halo of genius, in a quiet little rural hamlet, in the town of Nelson, Madison Co., New York, only a few miles from Alderbrook Cottage, the home of Fanny Forrester."

She was the eldest of her father's family, and, from her first smile to his last breath, he and she were confiding friends. As a child, her early friends write me that she was very beautiful, and at a very early age read

and appreciated the books intended for scholarly people. Mrs. J. G. Jones, of Utica, N. Y., daughter of Rev. A. B. Grosh, gives the following description of her when recovering from a fit of sickness, soon after she commenced writing for the public:

"I remember her as a slender, intellectual looking girl, very fair, with large, friendly blue eyes beneath a full, broad forehead. Her head was large and well covered with light brown, wavy hair, put back plainly but loosely." Her father said of her that she crept around books, stumbled over books, when learning to walk, and when very young he discovered that she always carried paper and pencil with her. Her favorite way of composing, however, was to first sing her thoughts. One morning, when she was "putting on rights" things about him, supposing he was writing a sermon, she kept on her singing, and he copied as she sang. When she stopped singing, he looked up and asked, "Is there any more of that, and where is it?" "Of what?" "Of that poem you were singing to yourself?" And in imitation of a habit of his, she put her forefinger to her head, and answered, "here." "Why, Grandma, I must send that to Brother Skinner"—Rev. Dolphus Skinner, who was then editing the "Magazine and Advocate." The whole account of this was described to Horace Greeley by Mr. Woolley, in a most fatherly manner, and he added, "My child is as timid and shy as a sensitive plant, but she knows no fear when with me, and child-like flew into my arms and begged me not to send her verses for strangers to read, but we compromised by my promising to attach another signature." It therefore appeared over the name of "Lyra," a signature of her father's choosing, which she used mostly until her marriage.

In answer to a letter concerning these facts, Mrs. Gillette says, "O, yes! my father was pleased, and no subsequent praise has effaced, or ever can efface from my memory the smile that spread over his whole face, and his loving and tender words of encouragement. "But," she adds, "you know parents are easily pleased, but delighted as I was with my father's praise, I became anxious to know if there was any worth to others in what I wrote, so unknown to my father or any one, I sent to Mr. Greeley a poem called the 'Prairie Grave,' over the signature of 'Carrie Russell,' and to my surprise, it appeared immediately in the 'New York Tribune.' It was my father's habit

to read the 'Tribune' aloud, and when he read the 'Prairie Grave,' he looked up and said, 'Grandma, I am sure that is yours, but why did you change the name?' I confessed the truth, and told him I wanted to save him from reading a severe criticism about his daughter."

Remember, Mrs. Gillette was a child when the following was written:

THE PRAIRIE GRAVE.

Young May had hung her blossoms out
 On vine and shrub and tree,
 And sent her sunbeams, hand in hand,
 Across the azure sea,
 When, underneath an oak tree's shade,
 Far on the Western Wild,
 A mourning mother stood beside
 The coffin of her child.

She heeded not the low-breathed hymn,
 The fervent, simple prayer,
 She thought not of the stranger forms
 That gather'd round her there;
 But when another footstep came,
 She knew the heavy tread,
 And saw her husband's bloated face
 By the white face of her dead.

One careless look the father gave—
 Brushed off a falling tear—
 Then laughed a wild and drunken laugh,
 And staggered from the bier;
 While strangers cover'd o'er the face,
 So fair, and white, and cold,
 And laid the little shrouded form
 Beneath the prairie mould.

And then each stranger turned away,
 And left the mother there,
 Alone in her deep wretchedness,
 And in her wild despair;
 And as she pressed her trembling hands
 Upon her burning brow,
 She murmured in her agony,
 "If God would take me now!

"My child! my child! my darling one,
 How can I leave you here,
 Without one human eye to watch,

OUR WOMAN WORKERS.

One weeping mourner near,
 For, ere the morrow's setting sun
 Shall gild thy prairie grave,
 The filling sail will bear me on,
 Across the shining wave.

"And then, amid the rock-crowned hills,
 Where, in my girlhood's hours,
 I heard the wild bird's gushing song,
 And plucked the forest flowers,
 There, I shall miss thy merry voice,
 Thy childish happy play
 And the soft light of thy dark eye,
 That drove my gloom away.

"My child! my child! oh, who will come
 At mellow even-tide,
 And with a heart of yearning love,
 Sit fondly by thy side,
 Oh! who will watch the Summer flowers
 In graceful beauty wave,
 Or hear the wild winds sing around
 Thy lonely prairie grave?"

"Oh darling! could I take thee back
 Within the old church shade,
 Where eight long, weary years ago,
 My eldest born was laid,
 But here, oh, here, no human eye
 One burning tear will shed.
 No human heart will come to pray
 Beside thy dust-strewn bed.

"And yet, my darling, there is ONE,
 Who never hath forgot,
 And his all-seeing eye will guard
 This little, lonely spot;
 And I will drive this burning pain
 Back from my throbbing brow,
 And try to thank that Changeless Friend,
 That he hath called thee now."

As soon as that sweet-hearted and grand-souled editor found out who it was who sent the poem, he wrote her words of commendation, and gave her solid encouragement to continue her writing. This, with her father's praise, gave her confidence, and she soon became a regular contributor to our papers

and magazines. In 1855 she wrote her father's memoir, one of the most readable of biographies.

Mrs. Gillette has written a good deal of prose, and during the war a volume was ready for publication, and a publisher engaged, but the failure of the firm stopped the work, and I think she has made no attempt to secure its publication since. Her book, published in 1878, "Pebbles," has many choice poems in it. The first edition sold readily, and received most favorable criticism.

Mrs. Gillette was married Dec. 23, 1850, and in a letter to us says, "I never spoke a word in public after my graduation essay, until my precious daughter was nineteen years old, being always more than usually engrossed in domestic cares and labors, and very quietly living in my household, amid my books and my loves, and the dear joys and comforts of religion and the blessed church."

In 1870 she gave her first lecture, subject, "Fanny Forrester." I will make a specimen quotation from her critics:

Said the "Concord News," "Her lecture is full of poetic fire and tender pathos, and sublime flights of earnest utterance hold the minds of all in rapt attention. Her kindness of heart, and unostentatious and unaffected manner, and her serious expression of countenance make all feel that she talks for the truth's sake, and not for any personal effect." An eminent and scholarly Eastern divine says, "There are scenes of heroism in her life that would have made pictures in the New Testament, and had they occurred at Nazareth or Jerusalem, the name of Fidelia would have been added to those of Mary and Salome, and the stories would have been selected with the beauties of the Bible."

After much urging from true and substantial friends of many years' standing, she asked for and received, in 1873, Letter of License, with a line from the President of the Michigan Convention of Universalists, saying, "You are so well known in the church you can be ordained at once." But her timidity made her feel uncertain whether she was "sent to preach the Gospel, to bind up the brokenhearted, to unseal the eyes of the blind, and to open the prison doors for those who are in bonds," so that she shrank from greater obligations. Her thought was, "If I am needed as a comforter and

helper in the most sacred places of the church, God will show me the fact; until then I will work with the outside army of licentiates."

Rev. A. Crum, President of the Ordaining Council, wrote to her again, saying, "The church holds open her doors, and bids you welcome to her proudest titles and her highest honors. If you will not come in we can only wait your time."

Four years Mrs. Gillette waited and questioned herself, "Can I go to the intemperate, and take them by the hand as brothers or sisters, and use my influence for their reformation? Can I go into the homes of want and destitution, and speak words of encouragement, and leave substantial evidence of my good will? Can I at all times refrain from speaking words which might cause dissension or discord among friends? Am I willing not only to preach, but to live Universalism as nearly as it is possible for me to do?" As soon as she could answer these questions satisfactorily to herself, she bowed her head for the laying on of hands and the blessings of the church, and was ordained in Manchester, Mich., by an Ordaining Council called for that purpose, in February, 1877, Rev. A. Crum preaching the ordaining sermon. She writes, "God bless the Universalist ministry of Michigan for its full, free grace to women." The Council consisted of Revs. C. W. Knickerbacker, J. B. Gilman, M. B. Carpenter, J. Straub, Chs. Fluhner and A. Crum. All gave her the fullest courtesy, and were anxious to grant her the highest honors.

She was State Missionary for Michigan before and after her ordination, and at the same time acted as agent for the "Northwestern Universalist Publishing House." Her work in Iowa is most successful. She considers it the most efficient work of her ministry. She has often preached three sermons on Sundays, and three or four on week days, for the church, and lectured on temperance and other subjects. Few men have worked more earnestly and continuously. Her field has chiefly been in New Sharon and Knoxville.

Mrs. M. Paddock, of Michigan, hearing of my intended work, begged the privilege of saying that from the time Mrs. Gillette came into Michigan, until the last three years, she was frequently at her house, and she knew her under all circumstances in life, and she says, "Of her home life I know she was the pride and comfort of her father's house. I have heard him say,

‘Well, my daughter, I can say for you, that good as you may be wherever else you are, you are the best at home.’ ” Another life-long friend writes, * * “I write hoping to be permitted to give some information in regard to the life of Mrs. Gillette. I have known her as long as any one in Michigan, and I am happy in sending you some of my impressions as to her life and character. Thirty-three years ago last May, one bright Spring morning, there came to our gate a wagon with household furniture, and containing Fidelia Woolley and her father with the two youngest children. The mother and other sister were left with friends in Birmingham, as they were not able to come until their home was settled for them. We were friends from that day, as were all who saw her, made so by her sweet smile and winning ways. She taught the district school that Summer. Her own love for children drew them to her. There is one by my side now, who has not seen her since she was a child of ten, who says, ‘I know Mrs. Gillette must be good, because I always loved her so when I was little.’

“Conscientious in all that she did, with a love for the right, kept her true in all the relations of life, as wife and mother, daughter, sister or friend. Her faith and love of our religion has been her help and stay in many a dark hour, when many would have given up in despair. To her father she was a blessing, and to her brothers and sisters her love has ever gone out in deeds as well as words of love. In society she was, and is now, a favorite. Quiet, gentle, tender to all, she imparts a share of her own ease with a faculty to draw others out and make them converse almost fluently, when without her presence they would hardly have uttered a word. In her disposition she is loving and tender, forbearing and longsuffering, but firm and true to the right in all things.

“I must think that circumstances combined to push her into public labor, and I know that only because love stood behind her and held her up, did she have strength to fight out successfully the battle, with her tender sensitiveness, that enabled her to make her first attempt before the public. While she is still successful, I must believe the place native to her, and in which she is happiest, and where her life manifests its greatest beauty, is with her books and her pen, in the home of love, guarded by a sacred and protecting tenderness.”

The following sweet poem, I am sure, will be read with pleasure by all the friends of Mrs. Gillette:

PEACE.

Out of the dear old Bible,
 After a day like this—
 A day with no tender voices,
 An eve, with no lips to kiss.

A day of such lonely anguish
 As only my God can know
 And no voice in the evening whispers,
 "My darling, why grieve you so?"

No home in the heart I yearn for,
 No refuge, no place of rest—
 Only the world's cold billows
 To surge o'er my troubled breast.

One of the dear old stories,
 Which his love blossoms through,
 As he cared for the birds and lilies,
 And the hearts that were dearer, too.

One of the sweet, old stories,
 After a day like this,
 Till out of the precious pages
 Smiles the gentle face I miss.

And I fall asleep in the fire-light,
 While lips like the ruby wine,
 Are pressed, with their richest nectar,
 In the silence, close to mine.

ADA C. BOWLES

Was born in Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 2, 1836. She was the youngest of ten children, all of whom were expected to be self-supporting very early in life. Ada had a brave heart, and did not despond or consider it a calamity that she was not to inherit lands, but rather rejoiced that she inherited from her parents a high morality and industrious habits.

As soon as she was old enough to study, she applied herself with a relish and a determination that would warrant success with one with a less active brain. Her education was obtained at public schools, supplemented of course by additional study by herself, as will appear by the fact that at the age of fifteen she commenced teaching where she had been a pupil, and continued successfully for several years in the same school. She was a lover of nature and animals, and was an expert at swimming, rowing and climbing, and thinks no Swiss ever loved his mountains more than she did her ocean, which was her soul's darling pride; nor could he climb his mountains with more ease than she could swim in or row over the sea. It was her habit also for years, to take her Newfoundland dog, who was her constant companion, and in the hush of night perch herself upon an overhanging cliff, and watch with delight, sometimes for hours, the waves as they rose,

Rippling rounding from the sea.

It was in one of these quiet seasons that she pledged to God and woman her strength, her heart, her mind. To this exhilarating exercise and complete repose of soul she ascribes her enjoyable steadiness of health.

From this time on she was interested in "Anti-Slavery," "Woman's Rights" and "Temperance." Without doubt, in her girlhood, she had visions of her independent self, occupying a most enviable position among the women engaged in reform movements. But all of this beautiful independence she very properly forsook for a husband, and with a good deal of naivete declares, "That is Woman's Rights!"

In 1859 she was united in marriage to Rev. B. F. Bowles, a husband who has co-operated with her in all her work on the reforms of the day. Mr. Bowles has from youth been a steadfast friend to the advancement of women, and has earnestly supported all work for her progression. He not only seconded Mrs. Bowles in her work for reforms, but made every effort to interest her in the doctrines of his own church, with which she was not acquainted, and he presented the beauties of his faith so clearly that she must adopt it, or turn her face from the light, and close her heart against the truth, and so with good judgment she accepted the former, and soon became a most zealous teacher of a Bible class, and an earnest worker in the church.

Mrs. Bowles gained her first freedom as a speaker, when a teacher in a Normal class of fifty in the Cambridgeport Sunday-school Union, of which she became an efficient officer. She has ever been an earnest worker in the temperance cause, and could win the attention of an audience without trouble. She became an attractive speaker on "Woman's Rights," and has ever held herself in readiness for duty. Mr. Bowles encouraged her to preach, as did others, feeling sure as she had enlightened people on moral questions, and persuaded them to take a bold stand, that she could, with her religious nature, lift them up spiritually, and so in accordance with her own feelings she accepted appointments, and after preaching about three years, she passed the usual examination, and was unanimously granted a Letter of License by the Massachusetts Committee of Fellowship.

Mrs. Bowles was elected, with Mrs. Livermore, Trustee of the Massachusetts State Convention. They were the first women elected to that office by that body. She was re-elected for three years. She was non-resident pastor of Marlboro, Mass., when her husband received a call to Philadelphia, in 1874. In that year she was ordained in Pennsylvania at the State Convention. Rev. R. H. Pullman preached the sermon. She was at the same time appointed to preach the Occasional Sermon, in 1875. She soon became non-resident pastor at East Philadelphia. She had started a church and Sunday-school in Trenton, N. J., when Mr. Bowles accepted a call from the people of Osage, Iowa, in 1878. Their stay was short in this beautiful inland town, for he obeyed a call to the smiling city by the Golden Gate. While in California Mrs. Bowles led a very busy life. She delivered a good many lectures, was President of the Woman's Suffrage Society, and was editor of the Woman's Suffrage column in the "San Francisco Transcript." In 1880 they moved from the setting toward the rising sun, to reside in Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Bowles supplied the pulpit at Valley Falls, R. I.

Mrs. Bowles has been a contributor to the "Woman's Journal" ever since its existed, and has corresponded for many papers, although she feels that her literary work has been slight, compared to her other active labors. "But, after all," she says, "the most important step that I have taken in life, is that in marrying I made myself step-mother of a son and two daughters, and as I am a very happy one, I think I cannot be a very cruel

one. I have a son whose seventh birthday comes this year (1881) and two daughters of my own. Our darling Charlie (my step-son) has left us. My eldest step-daughter is my housekeeper, and the second married the only son of R. P. Stebbins, D.D., of California." Her other children have been carefully nurtured, and are promising, and her skillful management of her domestic affairs proves that it may be profitable for a woman to do many things outside her home, which, meantime, need not suffer, but gain, as she is able to bring in fresh ideas, and ampler means by her earnings to carry them out.

It is but just to say that Mrs. Bowles has never neglected her home for other work, but her step-children, as well as her own, have had the tender, careful watching of a loving mother. She lectures on "Meddling Women," "Old Maids," "Strong-minded House-keeping" and "Strong Drink and Weak Men." The "Boston Post" says, "Mrs. Bowles wins her way to the hearts of every audience before which she appears."

ELIZA TUPPER WILKES

Was born in the little town of Houlton, Me., Oct. 8, 1844. When about eight years old, her parents moved to Iowa. Until she was fifteen especial attention was given to her education at home by a private tutor. She received her first public instruction in Mr. Harris's popular school at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. From Mt. Pleasant she went to Maine, and attended an academy for two years. She returned to Iowa when eighteen, and soon commenced a course of studies at the University in Pella, Iowa, from which college she graduated in 1866 with honor. Through her education and the class of books she considered it her duty to read, she became morbidly interested in the heathen, and in 1867 received an appointment to go to India to teach in the Baptist Mission, which from childhood had been her pet intention. Before her preparations for departure were completed her mother was taken very sick, and she abandoned for a time her cherished idea, but she could not abandon the interest she entertained in the condition of the heathen, for it

was then the popular idea, that if they did not before death learn that there was a God, and repent and believe, he would send them to hell. As she investigated the subject of future punishment, all at once a new light shone in upon the Scriptures, and her delight in reading them grew day by day. She was lifted up, and filled with love for her heavenly Father that she could not explain until she read Whittier's "Eternal Goodness," which illuminated her heart and understanding, and enabled her to see God's character in its true light. From that time on she was a Universalist and studied its theology.

Miss Tupper wrote to Mr. Whittier of the light and comfort obtained from his poem, to which he expressed great satisfaction.

Miss Tupper began to preach in the Spring of 1868. Her first settlement was in Neenah and Menasha, Wis., where she remained two years, and she rejoices in the friendship of many there. In November, 1869, she was married to W. A. Wilkes, of Neenah. In 1870 she removed to Rochester, Minn., and commenced her work as pastor of that society, and the three years of the relationship enjoyed by pastor and people were very pleasant, and are recalled by both with much satisfaction. Mrs. Wilkes was ordained at Rochester, in March, 1871. After leaving Rochester she preached in Webster, Mass., a short time, and then moved to Colorado Springs, Col., where she preached two years for a society composed of Universalists, Unitarians and Liberals. The great altitude so reduced her nervous health that she was forced to make a change. Dakota was chosen as the most hopeful place, where she now resides, at Sioux Falls. She occasionally preaches in a school-house in the country, and sometimes supplies for the Yankton Society, and has preached in the Methodist and Congregational Churches in Sioux Falls. She was Vice President of the Woman's Centenary Association for some years, and is now President of the Home Temperance Union.

Mrs. Wilkes has always been one of the most modest of women, never presuming, and much beloved wherever she has lived. She says, "In my ministerial life the blessing to which I am most indebted is the good, judicious and peace-making friends who have always been my strength and comfort, and I do not think credit can be given to me, unless it is given to those who believed in me. My pride is that I worked my own way through college."

In her private life she takes pride in being the mother of four boys, and well she may, for in training them for careers of usefulness and honor, she will do a work for humanity that no public stations can equal, though occupied until the hair is silvered and the eyes grow dim with years.

Mrs. Wilkes is very intelligent, and sweetly affable, and converses with ease and grace. "She speaks as the birds sing, naturally," said one of our most cultured man-ministers.

FANNIE U. ROBERTS

Was born in South Berwick, Maine, in 1834, and was the daughter of Frederic and Hannah Cogswell, both of whom were preachers in the Christian Church. She was married when quite young, and joined the Congregational Church in Northwood, N. H., at the age of twenty-eight, though she had always cherished Universalistic views. In 1870 she began to lecture on moral themes, and in 1871 supplied the pulpits of the Universalist churches in Kensington, N. H., and Wells, Me., till she accepted a call from Kittery, Maine. Her ordination sermon was preached by Rev. G. W. Quinby, D.D., Feb. 5, 1874, and she continued preaching till she lost her voice, when she fled to Minnesota, where she died Aug. 26, 1875, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Waite, in Winona. She sent her farewell message to Dr. Quinby, saying, "*Tell him I die in the faith.*" Rev. P. A. Hanaford says, "She was no ordinary woman;" and Rev. S. S. Fletcher writes, "You cannot overstate the love and esteem in which our dear sister Roberts was held by all the societies to which she had ever ministered. She was eloquent and instructive as a preacher, and most efficient in all the pastoral relations. She was ever modest, and the sweet, unaffected dignity of her womanly nature shone out in all her acts, and whatever may be said or thought of a woman ministry, with Mrs. Roberts it proved an entire success."

Mrs. Roberts was made a justice of the peace, and officiated at the marriage of her son.

PRUDY LE CLERC HASKELL,

Daughter of Napoleon and Roxy H. LeClerc, was born at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6, 1844. She was an exceedingly delicate child, and her life was only preserved by the greatest parental devotion. On many different occasions she was given up as dead, and once her anxious, heavy-hearted parents read her obituary, while they were still faithfully watching at her bedside. During her youth her parents moved to Vevay, Ind., where she spent the greater portion of her feeble years.

Being mentally bright and industrious, at the age of nineteen she entered the seminary at Ladoga, Ind., where she spent the school months of 1863-64. Here she was industrious, cheerful, and sometimes mischievous, being invariably introduced to visitors as "our little heretic," "our little Universalist," etc., etc. Her father learning these facts, furnished her our best denominational books, and she was then very soon "always ready to give a reason for her hope." She has told the writer that these experiences strengthened her in our beautiful faith, and she believed they were not unproductive of good influences upon such as heard them. Before fifteen years of age she had received a first-class certificate to teach school for one year, and she returned to Vevay and engaged for a few terms in the business of teaching. She was, however, determined to enter the ministry of the Universalist Church, and began her preparations under the direction of Rev. E. Case, who was then her pastor at Vevay. She was regularly ordained at Madison, Ind., Thursday eve., Oct. 14, 1869, sermon by Rev. A. W. Bruce, of LaFayette.

She was immediately engaged as pastor of the Madison Church, in behalf of which she accomplished good and lasting results, but was compelled to resign, on account of impaired health, when her resignation was accepted, accompanied by flattering resolutions.

From this date Miss LeClerc spent the next few months in seeking health and strength, travelling, visiting and preaching only occasionally, yet forming friendships while helping on our cause, at Greencastle, Crawfordsville,

Fincastle, Guilford, Milan, Mt. Carmel, Patriot, etc., etc., in Indiana, and at St. Cloud and Minneapolis, Minn., as well as at many other points in Ohio and other States.

While attending our General Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the year 1872, she was associated with Miss A. J. Chapin, then of Iowa, in conducting a Communion service, and impressed representatives of our church in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, with her eminent fitness to become their pastor. In the coming Spring she was engaged as pastor for one year, and at its close was re-engaged for a second year, and then for a third, at a salary of \$1,200, much of which was spent for the city poor. But her continued ill health and the advice of her physicians that she retire from active pulpit labor for at least one year, induced her resignation, to the regret of all the people. She returned to her parents' home at Aurora, Ind., but this climate seemed not to improve her health, and she arranged to spend her next Winter at Atlanta, Ga., and was the guest of our brother minister, Rev. W. H. Grigsby, and wife, of the Executive Department of State. Her general health was greatly improved by the mild climate, rest, recreation and pleasant surroundings. Greater sufferings were, however, awaiting her, as in March, 1876, she was hurried home to her dying father's bedside, and the great shock, as she dearly loved and almost idolized her father, together with the abrupt and unexpected change in climate, came near ending her life. Shortly after her father's death, she and her mother and sister, whom she supported, removed to Newtown, Ohio, where she had engaged as pastor, accomplished a good work, and formed many dear and lasting friendships. In the Fall of 1877, she settled in Covington, Ky., where she resided until March 28, 1878, when she was married to Rev. C. L. Haskell, of our ministry, whom she learned to know intimately as a student of the Iowa Wesleyan University, when in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, in 1873-4.

Rev. Mr Haskell was the pastor of our Oxford, Ohio, church, where was established one of the happiest ministerial homes that mortals ever enjoy. Rev. P. LeClerc Haskell, while superintending her household affairs, continued to preach occasionally until the time of her death, which occurred December 27, 1878. Funeral services were conducted at Oxford, Ohio, Sunday, December 29, by Rev. W. S. Bacon. Her remains were carefully laid

away by loving hands in the beautiful cemetery at Newtown, Ohio. On the tasteful monument which marks her grave are these words, "Rev. P. LeClerc, wife of Rev. C. L. Haskell, passed into the higher life, December 27, 1878.

Mrs. Haskell was about the medium size, with jet black hair, which she wore combed plainly back, dark hazel eyes, full of "heavenly rhetoric," a neat cut mouth, nose inclined to Grecian, a face both interesting and pleasing, showing the thoughts and feelings passing in her mind.

She freely gave eight years of her best life to the church she so dearly loved, lecturing in the meantime as frequently as opportunities offered and strength would permit, on various themes, and to the entire satisfaction of her audiences. When we fully consider the many adverse influences against which she had constantly to battle, we must acknowledge that few persons have accomplished so much, and none more in the same years, than Rev. P. LeClerc Haskell.

SOPHIE A. GIBB

Was born in Oxford, Erie Co., Ohio, June 3, 1842. Her maiden name was Schofield. She was married at Townsend, Ohio, in March, 1862, to Rev. S. F. Gibb, now a clergyman of our church. Mrs. Gibb is a graduate of no theological school, but says, "What little I know I have learned by observation and application since I left my teens. I was cradled in the lap of orthodoxy of the bluest kind. All my young life was darkened by that religion; it became a terror to me, and entered my heart like a dagger.

"At fifteen I lost a darling brother who had never been converted, and I was told there was no hope for him. Then my heart rebelled against that God whom I had struggled so long and so hard to love. How dark the years that followed no one knows.

"At twenty I heard the first Universalist sermon; it was preached by Geo. R. Brown, and was indeed good news. I began reading Universalism,

and soon embraced it with my whole soul. I found that for which I had before sought in vain, comfort in religion; it fed to its fullness my poor, starved heart. I wanted to teach that which had created the world anew to me, and to-day I preach it, not because I feel a fitness, but because I have learned to love God and humanity."

Mrs. Gibb has stored her mind with substantial reading. She was licensed to preach, in 1874, by the Illinois Convention, and ordained in Sycamore, in January, 1876. She was first settled in Kirkwood, Ill., as regular pastor, and then in Sheridan. Mrs. Gibb did a good work for our church in these places. Her next settlement was in Waverly, Iowa, where she remained one year. Her present residence (1881) is in Charleston, Ill. She has for many years been a thorough advocate of temperance, and her lectures on that subject have been spoken of as strong and interesting. During the first two years of her ministry, before she had settled, she was agent for the Woman's Association of Illinois. She says, "When I realize what the work of the ministry is, and how small and weak I am, I feel that I am scarcely worthy a place among the Woman Workers."

LOTTIE DAVIS CROSLY.

In answer to a request Mrs. Crosley responded, "At the extreme beginning, 'I am born,' as Copperfield expressed it. Said event is reported to have taken place, March 9, 1848, in Colerain township, Hamilton Co., Ohio." Her father and mother, Joshua and Elizabeth Davis, were the parents of eight daughters, she being the seventh. The older sisters thought it easier to perform the household duties than to teach her what they had learned from their mother, so Lottie's time was her own for a season, and I am very sure none of it was lost, for she roamed the fields and woods, strengthening her mind by contemplation, and her body by exercise. But the dear old father, thinking that was idleness, and believing that Satan found mischief

for just such hands and brains, took her into the fields for a different purpose than hunting wild flowers. She must plant, and watch the coming up and blossoming and fruiting of the staff of life, and so she worked on until husbandry was an accomplished science with her. She writes me, "I have done every thing in the line of farming but plowing, and to this fact I attribute largely the grand physical constitution with which I am blessed. I was not overworked although I performed tasks which now seem almost incredible to myself." In performing the labors of a farmer, she became an expert equestrienne, almost a second Rairy, I should judge, for she says, "To-day I will drive anything one may choose to put into harness." Her first affliction was in the death of a beloved brother by a railroad collision. It was a sudden arrow, and it pierced deeply. Soon after this her parents removed to Oxford, Batler Co., where they still reside, and where at the Female College she gained her education.

On the fifteenth of December, 1867, she was united in marriage to Mr. S. Gath, of Oxford, by Rev. Dr. Cantwell. She says, "In eleven months from that time my husband was buried. Two months later my first born, a darling boy, came to bring comfort and consolation, which only those who have 'passed under the same rod' can understand. I was made a wife, a widow and a mother before my twenty-first birthday."

In 1870 she became the wife of Rev. W. J. Crosley, but did not commence her public work until 1875. She was licensed by the Ohio Convention in June 1877, but previous to this she did a great amount of work for different societies. In April, 1879, ordination was conferred. She was pastor at Abington and Pleasant Hill, Indiana, four years; at Ridgeville and Woodstock, Ohio, four years. The past year she has been preaching at Jeffersonville and Palestine. Aside from this she adds, "I have done not a little of what Rev. W. C. Brooks, of Indiana, calls 'trump preaching.' I also do my own house work, washing and ironing included, and all the sewing for my family, even my own dressmaking, and quite often my own millinery," and to my surprise she adds, "I have no time for idleness if I had the inclination!" She is the mother of two sons, in whom her heart rejoices.

Mrs. Crosley is a woman of superior mental gifts, possesses a fine voice and unaffected manner, and is a useful and effective preacher.

FLORENCE ELLEN KOLLOCK.

William Edward, the father of Miss Kollock, was a native of New Brunswick, her mother, Ann Margaret Hunter, was a native of England. Miss Kollock's father and brothers, Nelson, George and Wellington (who was killed at Buena Vista in a tornado), removed to Wisconsin many years ago. Miss Kollock's father lived in Waukesha, where she was born on the 19th of January, 1849. She was graduated at St. Lawrence Theological School, in 1876, and was ordained in 1877, Rev. A. J. Chapin preaching her ordination sermon. Her first settlement was in Waverly, Ia., where she gave good satisfaction. She commenced an engagement with the Blue Island, Ill., society, in September, 1878. During the years 1880 and 1881, she divided her time between Blue Island and Englewood. In the latter place she assisted in collecting funds for building a church, which was dedicated in June, 1881. She resigned the parish at Blue Island in June, 1881, for the purpose of spending her entire time with the Englewood society, and the society in Blue Island passed complimentary resolutions when she left.

ELIZABETH M. BRUCE.

Mrs. Bruce writes me, in reply to the question which is usually considered impolite, "I was born Sept. 30, 1830, and am, therefore, in September, 1881, 51 years old." She was born in Middleport, Niagara Co., New York. Her father, Eli Hurd, was a gentleman of culture, refinement and exquisite taste, and cultivated in his daughter a love of the beautiful, and her childhood home was one of beauty, the memory of which will be a "joy forever." Her mother, Lucy Crocker Hurd, died when her daughter was only three years old.

Mrs. Bruce was educated at Clinton Liberal Institute, Ingham Univer-

sity, and Antioch College, and left college finely educated; but she continues to be a student. She was married in 1853 to Rev. J. E. Bruce; after that, she had the usual peripatetic lot of a minister's wife, living in Taunton, Sippican and Newburyport, Mass., Middletown, Conn., and Shoreham, Vermont, after which she spent four years in the British Islands, mostly in Lynn Regis.

In 1860 Mrs. Bruce preached her first sermon; after that for seven years she remained "pulpit silent." The last fourteen years she has preached most of the time. She has written three series of Sunday-school books, "Life Stories for Children," "Happy Heart and Helpful Hand" series (twenty-one in number), also a part of the "Myrtle" series. Her stories deservedly rank high as among the best of our juvenile literature. She has also written one novel, "A Thousand a Year," and many smaller stories. She has edited the "Myrtle," our Sunday-school weekly, published in Boston, for seven years.

She is singularly quiet and unassuming in demeanor. Her own estimate of herself is far below that cherished by her friends and those who know her best. She is a busy and patient worker, whose chief reward is in the good influence she always exerts.

As a speaker in Conference meetings she is simple and eloquent. The following is a favorable specimen of her writings:

VISIT OF THE BURIED HOURS.

'Tis night, a holy Autumn night,
 The very air is still,
 The Autumn wind is breathing low
 Against yon distant hill;
 I cannot sleep, a troubled dream
 Is flitting through my brain,
 And memories which I long since lost,
 Come back to me again.

I see within their quiet graves
 The buried hopes of years,
 And heavily they press my heart
 So full of bitter tears,
 The wasted hours, the days misspent,
 The hopes unrealized,
 Come to me as Christ's little ones
 Of him yet unbaptized.

Oh help me, God, to humbly spend,
 In truthful prayer, this hour,
 That these lone orphaned visitors
 May leave their mighty power
 Upon my heart, and unto it
 May some new strength be given,
 To consecrate and new baptize
 Me for the work of heaven.

JOSEPHINE LAPHAM

Was a young woman of rare mind, a graduate of Antioch College. She was licensed to preach in 1868. The "Repository" contains an essay from her pen on "Woman's Work in the Sunday-school," which is eloquent. Miss Lapham was from Woodstock, O.

ANNETTE J. SHAW

Is among the younger workers in the ministry of the Universalist church. Her labors have been many, and faithfully performed. She was born in Sutton, Vt., June 7, 1848, and was the daughter of Daniel G. and Lovina Shaw. She was educated in Barton Academy, and the Green Mountain Institute, South Woodstock, Vt., there fitting for college. In the Fall of 1869 she entered St. Lawrence University, and graduated in 1873, receiving the degree of A. B. On leaving college she was at once engaged as preceptress of Canton Union School, where she taught the languages, and largely fitted her classes for entering college. But her mind was upon the ministry, so relinquishing teaching, she set herself to the task of preparing fully for it. In the Autumn of 1874 she entered Canton Theological School, graduating in 1876, and during her theological course was instructor in St. Lawrence University,

in German and Greek. On graduating from the University, Miss Shaw chose for her subject, "The Power of Fiction in Reform," and on graduating from the Theological School chose, "Is it the Office of Religion to Drive Men or to Draw Them?" She was ordained to the full work of the Christian ministry at East Charleston, Vt., Oct. 25, 1877, where, and at Barton Landing, she was settled. But after a few months of labor in these places she was obliged to relinquish her work on account of ill health, for the period of two years. But in November of 1879 she was invited to assume charge of a movement in the vicinity of Barton, Vt., where she remained, until recently she has accepted a call from Blue Island, Ill. As a sermonizer and preacher she ranks high, and her associates in the ministry have accorded her places of trust and honor. She gave the Occasional Sermon before the Northern (Vt.) Association, in 1879. and was Standing Clerk of the same for a series of years.

MARY A. STRAUB.

Joseph and Elizabeth Straub, the parents of Mary, were American born, of German parents. They came into DeKalb Co., Ind., when it was a wilderness, and struggled on against wind and tide until Mary was five years old, when, desiring a better fortune, they determined to remove to another part of the State, Carroll County, where they resided but a short time, when the sickness of the entire family forced them back into the old neighborhood.

Mary never recovered from the malaria contracted in Carroll County, where they sought their fortune, but where constant sickness disturbed the welfare and happiness of the family. Her parents were zealous, church-going people, but of different denominations. When Mary was thirteen years old she united with the church of the "United Brethren," but all at once darkness obscured her spiritual vision, and she exclaimed to herself aloud, "I wish it were not so, but I suppose it must be, for everybody says so, and I read in the Bible that there is an eternal hell." She had

never heard of the doctrine of universal salvation, and it was some time before she heard it preached. She kept on praying for light, and it came, as it always will to those who pray with earnestness. A light shone in upon her heart that illuminated the whole world to her, and through its light she saw God, not a partial, but a universal Father. She was happy. But her repose in this wonderful revelation was to be tried in the crucible of experience. She felt the approach of a great sorrow which followed, but the new faith she had embraced not only sustained her but grew brighter. The father soon crossed to his home beyond the tide, and teaching was the only resource of his daughter, which she attempted, but was soon obliged to abandon. It seemed as though she must be tried as by fire. She had left the church of which she had been a member for some time, and had had no opportunity to join the one that in maturer years was her choice. Is it any wonder that a young girl, in feeble health, without parents and without means, should in moments of despondency feel that she had neither temporal nor spiritual home? But every time when her star of hope had touched the horizon to disappear and leave her in darkness, it would return and light up her mind with greater clearness. She was soon situated so as to unite with the church of her choice, at Hunteertown, Ind., which was then under the charge of Rev. J. Merrifield. In 1865 she was transferred to the church in Dowagiac, Mich., where she became very much interested in denominational work.

In October, 1870, in Portland, she delivered her first sermon. As a literary effort it was highly spoken of, but her friends, on account of deficient health, advised a literary field. But her heart longed to tell the glad tidings it rejoiced in, and so, in 1875, she obtained license to preach from the State Convention of Illinois, but after several efforts she found her health insufficient for the duties and responsibilities of the preacher, and she abandoned the idea, but vainly endeavored to settle her thoughts and affections upon other employment.

Finally, in 1878, she received and accepted a unanimous invitation from Castalia, Ia., where she united her efforts with a small band of believers whom Rev. I. A. Eberhart had organized into a church, which has steadily increased under the influence of her ministry. She was ordained this same

year, in Peoria, Ill., in September, at the State Convention. Castalia is the only settlement she has had, and the following is the estimation in which she is held in this small but intelligent society.

Mr. Morell Clark writes, "I see by a late *STAR AND COVENANT* that you are to publish biographical sketches of our 'Woman Workers,' and we beg to be allowed a corner for our dear pastor, Rev. M. A. Straub. We wish to testify to her true and gentle Christian character, to the good work she has done, to our love for her, and the universal verdict that she has every trait needed to make a good and efficient minister, except good health. She responds cheerfully to every demand made upon her time. Among the many, but by no means the least, she has taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves. The idea of employing a woman preacher seemed dreadful to outsiders, but we felt that nothing could be more proper than that the Gospel of divine love should be preached by our Marys and Marthas. That our blessed faith affords the richest fields for woman's love to glean, can not be denied, and as time rolls on, we feel more certain than ever that our faith was well founded, and that in this modest and conscientious little woman we have a pearl of great price, a minister of the Gospel whose daily walk speaks volumes, and whose life overflows with that soul-inspiring eloquence so essential to one of her profession."

Miss Straub is sister to Rev. J. Straub and to S. W. Straub, the musical composer. She has been a contributor to religious and secular papers for many years, and has a happy faculty of writing songs and hymns for Sunday-school singing books.

CARRIE W. BRAINARD.

Miss Brainard was born in Lee, Oneida Co., N. Y., in 1852. In 1855 her parents moved to Oneida, Ill. After graduating at the High School in that place, she took a college course at Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill. She graduated in 1875 with honor. In September, 1878, she went to Canton, N. Y., to attend the Theological School, and her mind grasped readily

the theory of the doctrine that it is her duty and pleasure to teach to others. She was licensed to preach by the New York State Convention, January, 1880, and was ordained in Leroy, Ill., her first settlement, in February, 1881. Miss Brainard is from a good family, and has thoroughly fitted herself for the important profession she has chosen, and has taken hold of her work in earnest. She is a modest, dignified woman, who wins friends by her straightforward frankness.

ABBIE E. DANFORTH

Is a woman especially fitted for the ministry. She was graduated from St. Lawrence Theological School, in 1877. She was ordained in 1878. She is a woman of heart, brain and good common sense. She writes, "When quite a young girl and enveloped in clouds of septicism, having lost faith in the God of whom I had been taught in the Bible, and in nearly everything pertaining to Christianity, the 'Star in the West' began shining in my home, and it shone brighter and brighter there for twenty-one years. It brought many things from the darkness to light, that were new and precious to me. It became a member of our family."

Mrs. Danforth possesses rare gifts for usefulness in the Christian ministry.

RUTH A. D. TABOR

Was born at West Scituate, Mass. She has splendid elocutionary ability. She was finely educated before going to St. Lawrence Theological School, at which place she took a partial course. She has had settlements at Cavendish, Williamsville and Springfield, Vt., and a portion of the time

was at Winchester, N. H. She is now preaching at Gaysville and Bethel, Vt. She was married to Rev. James B. Tabor, Aug. 25, 1869. Her husband is one of the two sons that Rev. T. H. Tabor, of Illinois, has given to our ministry. The sons are of great credit to the father, who is one of our devoted and consecrated ministers.

MARIANNA THOMPSON FOLSOM

Was ordained in 1870, and subsequently married Rev. A. P. Folsom. They now reside in Marshalltown, Ia., where Mr. Folsom is engaged in secular business. Mrs. Folsom is not regularly employed in ministerial labor.

LORENZA HAYNES

Formerly resided in Waltham, Mass., and was an efficient and faithful librarian in that town. She is a graduate of St. Lawrence Theological School, and was ordained in 1875. She resides at present in Fairfield, Me.

ANNETTE G. WALTZE,

Who, her friends say, has a capacity for a future brilliant record, was born in Augusta, Maine, Feb. 26, 1849. She graduated at the Augusta High School, and then attended the Normal at Farmington. By Rev. Dr. Quinby's advice and under his supervision, she preached her first sermon in Litchfield, Maine, Oct. 23, 1876. Miss Waltze entered Canton Theological School, Oct. 11, 1877, and graduated in June, 1880. She was licensed in January,

1880, and in July of that year made an engagement with the society at Brownfield, Maine. She was ordained in Brownfield, in September, 1881. Miss Waltze uses her pen with ease, and has a natural gift for writing hymns, several of which have attracted marked attention.

ELLA ELIZABETH BARTLETT

Is finely educated, and graduated at St. Lawrence Theological School in 1878. Her present settlement (1881) is Geneva, N. Y.

CAROLINE ELIZA ANGELL

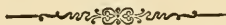
Was ordained in 1877, and is now residing at Pittsfield, Maine. Before her ordination she supplied the pulpit made vacant by Rev. Mrs. Roberts, and after her death, assisted in a memorial service which was given in the church in Kittery, Maine.

EMMA E. BAILEY

Is the daughter of Rev. G. W. and Eliza Bailey, and sister of Rev. James Murray Bailey. She was licensed to preach in 1878, and ordained in July, 1881. She had preached as an evangelist for three years. West Swanzy was her first settlement as pastor. For the last eight years Miss Bailey has worked in some way with brain, voice or hand, for the faith that is so dear to her. She is a young lady of great amiability and earnestness, and can never bring discredit upon the cause she loves. With her mother she hopes soon to publish a book—"Life Experiences."

MYRA KINGSBURY.

This, the latest woman to enter our ministry, was ordained just as this page was being made up. She was ordained in Sheshequin, Pa., Sept. 8, 1881. She is settled in Williston, Vt.,



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Besides credits given in the body of this volume to those who have aided me. I must record my acknowledgments to my husband whose intimate knowledge of our people and sympathy in my book, have furnished me with many facts and suggestions, and stimulated me to the delightful employment of two busy years. Next to him, my revered friend, Rev. A. B. Grosh, has been of invaluable assistance, by most enthusiastic and untiring efforts which have greatly added to the interest of the book. Besides these I have been much helped by Mrs. M. L. Thomas, I. M. Atwood, D.D., Hon. F. B. Fay, C. H. Leonard, D.D., H. W. Bellows, D.D., G. S. Weaver, D.D., J. S. Cantwell, D.D., Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Rev. B. F. Rogers, Miss Mary Norton, Rev. Anson Titus, Rev. Richard Eddy, Chas. Caverly, Esq., T. B. Thayer, D.D., S. H. Colesworthy, Esq., Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Hon. I. Washburne, G. L. Demarest, D.D., J. S. Lee, D.D., Richard J. Hinton, Esq., Dr. L. P. Brockett, Mrs. B. Stainton, and others. They all have my thanks in my own behalf, and in behalf of my readers,

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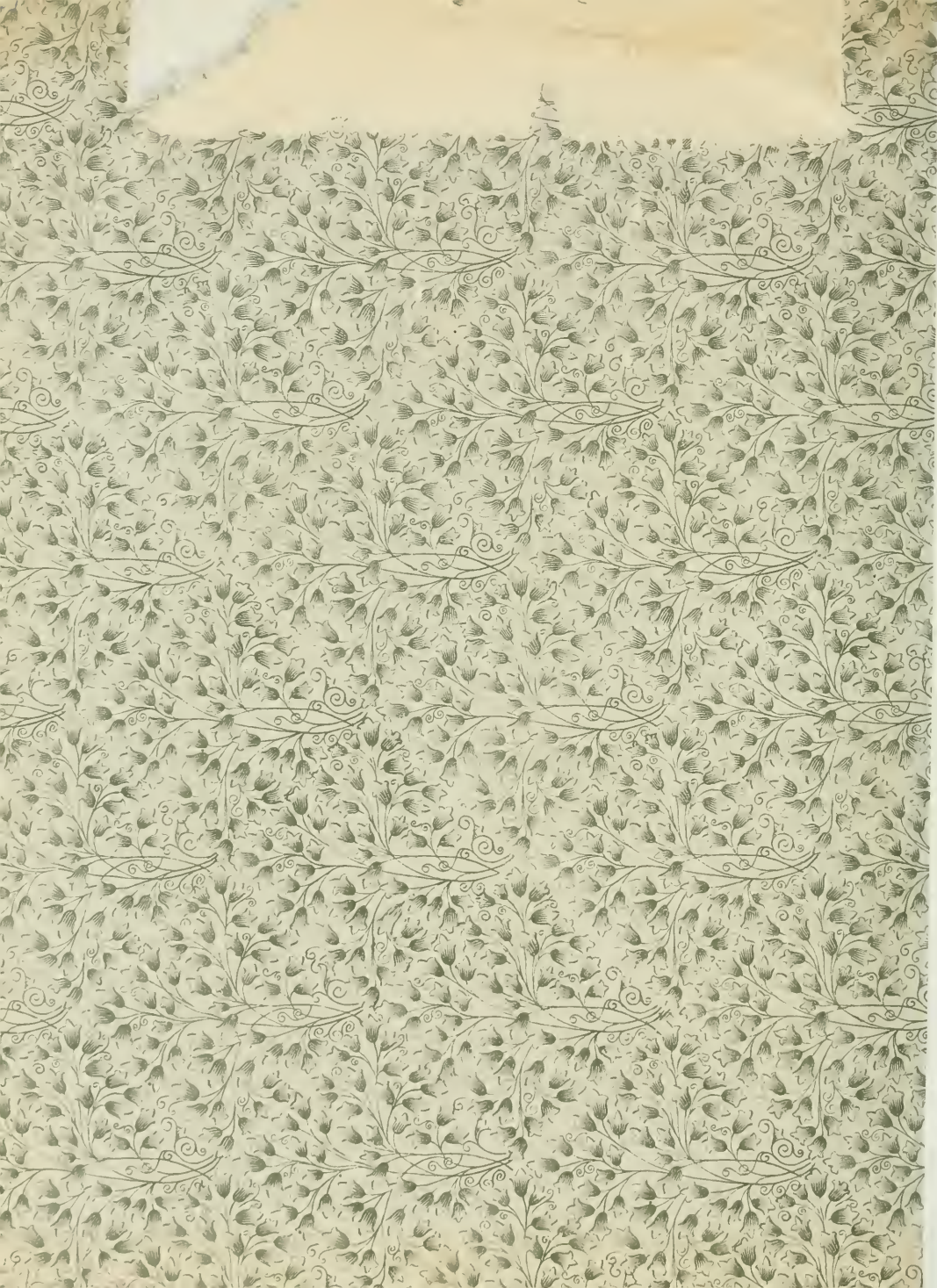
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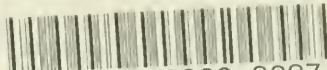


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