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IN MEMORY OF
SARAH EARLE STEVENS

BOSTON

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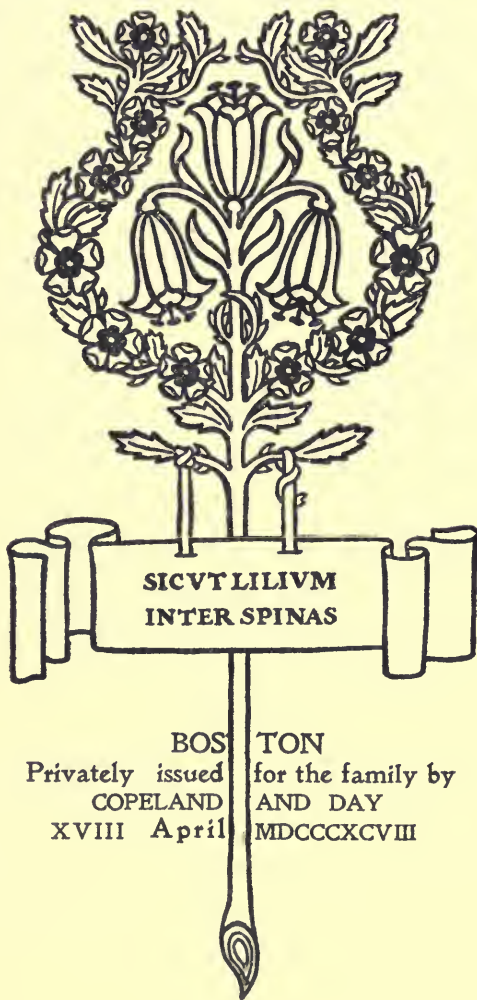
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IN MEMORY OF
SARAH EARLE STEVENS



Sarah Elizabeth Earle, daughter of Ethan and Mary
Peirce Earle

Born in Middleborough, Massachusetts, 18th April, 1836

Married by Rev. Dr. Baron Stow, of Boston, and

Rev. Dr. J. W. M. Williams, of Baltimore

to Joseph Cony Stevens, Boston, 8th September, 1863



Children: Alice Howland, died, 1865

Joseph Cony, died, 1867

Joseph Earle, Arthur Wesselhöeft



Died in London, 7th September, 1897

Buried at Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston

22nd September, 1897

SARAH EARLE STEVENS

HERS was a soul attuned to joyous strain ;
A heart brimful of love for light and cheer
And all sweet sounds ; a life from which
flashed clear

The gem of generosity. No gain
She sought for self, nor ever faintest stain
Of worldly wisdom, as men count it here,
Was hers ; and (as to children blest and dear)
To her no law save that of love was plain.
No pleader from her door was sent astray,
No erring one denied the little hand
That helped the rich and poor, the high and
low.

She lived and loved ; and then she went away
To hear celestial music in the Land
Whose harmonies surpass the ones we know.

E. L. G.



MRS. STEVENS'S DIARY OF HER
LAST JOURNEY

LEFT Boston in "Cephalonia," June 26,
1897, Saturday, five p.m. ; lovely, quiet
voyage ; few sick ; broke shaft July 4 ;
towed into Queenstown, 400 miles, speaking
"Majestic" the 6th, by a tramp steamer, the
"Floridian," who took us Sunday at 4 p.m. ;
arrived Queenstown, Wednesday, 7th, at 9.30

p.m. ; left at midnight by special train to Dublin ; special boat to Holyhead in morning, then to Chester, and two hours' waiting, to London at 4.20, Mrs. Allen meeting us at Euston station at 8.20, but no trunks ; 8th, 9th, went to opera, " Marriage of Figaro,"— Eames and Edouard De Reske, De Vere, Bauermeister ; 10th, got a ring for Joe and saw " Yeoman of the Guard " with Mrs. Allen in p.m. ; 10th, Sunday, dined with Mr. Clifford ; 12th, missed " Siegfried " and Jean DeReske ; 14th, Mr. Clifford dined with us and we missed " Meistersinger ; " Angie went to Holland ; our two trunks were found, arriving at Royal Hotel just as she had left ; we dined again with Mr. Clifford and his Bishop brother and wife.

Saturday, 17th, Arthur came and spent Sunday with us, leaving, 19th, for his bicycle trip with James Arthur and Sam Robinson ; all lunched with us and went to Hampton Court ; I invited Madame Sterling ; took her and Kenneth home to dinner ; Arthur lunched with Malcolm Monday, and we dined there at night ; Tuesday we heard " Romeo and Juliet "— Eames and Jean De Reske ; they never did better ; saw Princess of Wales, Duchess of York and Duke, and Victoria, princess, in royal box ; Mr. Clifford dined with us Wednesday, 21st ; Ida Davidson and husband arrived from America at 8 p.m., and we left, 22d, at 9 a.m., for Newcastle, thence to Bergen, a nasty trip ; Miss Hirschfeld on board ; Bergen, Saturday, 24th ; visited a horrid museum and left

Sunday, 25th, for Stalheim, arriving at 4, leaving Monday at 8; met the Lewises from Chicago at Gudenvangen; crossed the Fjord; night at Laerdalsören, taking carriage across the country; Tuesday morning, 27th, Nestuen; 28th, 29th, Fajennes; 30th, Odnæs; 30th, Christiania; shook hands with Ibsen at hotel; Miss Hirschfeld there; night train to Stockholm, meeting Mr. Lawrence Abbott on the train, who did the city with us Sunday and Monday, leaving us Monday night; Grand Hotel; changed our rooms; Lewises there; left Wednesday, 4th, for Göta canal, arriving Göttenburg Friday, 6th; Mr. and Mrs. Terry with us to Copenhagen the 8th; went to Hamburg, drenched with rain, Monday, 9th; Mr. Voigt dined with us; dined with Mr. Ripke 10th; left for Berlin 11th; Potsdam 12th; and Aniline Mills 13th; Munich Gallery, 14th; and Botzen for sleep; met Hesselstines, of Melrose; left, 15th, for Venice, Grand Hotel; mosquitoes and hot; left Tuesday for Milan, with pleasant Americans, Mrs. Dutcher and son and others, she, in our car; Hotel Grand Bretagne; cathedral and "Last Supper" after breakfast; cars to Laveno; boat to Pallanza, for four hours; diligence to Gravelona; cars to Domo D'Ossola at 11 p.m. 18th; Simplon pass 19th in pouring rain; Brigade at 7; Zermatt, 20th; Gorner Grat for papa, 21st; letters; left, 22d, for Brigue and for Rhone Glacier, where we arrived at 9 p.m.; cold and rainy where I am writing this; leave at 2.45 for Meirengen; 23d, too high for me to eat;

over the Grimsel ; a fine new road three years old, imposing and rocky ; arrive at the pretty, clean village of Meiringen in the evening ; can only take milk ; left at 12, and found I had lost book out of my cape pocket ; returned, allowing papa to keep on to Interlaken ; we didn't find book and got to Interlaken at 4. Papa met me and we walked to the Beau Rivage Hotel ; called on the Worthleys at Victoria, after hearing a Kursaal concert ; met Tom Gannett on way back ; Aug. 25th wrote proprietor Hotel Sauvage to advertise my book and return to Cook & Son. Papa bought me a silver purse and bracelets, picture-frame, and pins. It began to rain hard just as we returned to hotel ; leave at 2 for Neuchatel ; so glad to be down where things grow ! Aug. 26th, Neuchatel, a pretty town, with fine buildings and a lovely lake ; arrived last night ; met a Mr. and Mrs. Peale on train from Interlaken ; he used to know George Mowton, of Treverton, Pennsylvania ; leaving for Paris at 8 a.m.

Aug. 27th, Paris ! Arrived in pouring rain ; had a delicious dinner, and have our old rooms ; I feel at home and happy, as I haven't for weeks or since we left home.

In Mrs. Stevens's Bible was written this stanza :

“ I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given,
I know — Thou hast my heart
And I -- have Heaven ! ”

SUNSHINE AND ROSES

SUNSHINE and roses and sweet summer air
Spoke for you on your burial day, dear soul;
Sunshine and roses, for Love was the whole
Of your life Here, and must be also There!
Beyond all mortal dreams of grief or care,
Beyond all fears, or mortal joy and dole,
Where the immortal tides of being roll,
You dwell — of Life's last mystery aware.
Across the stormy seas that we call Death,
O'er surging sorrow and unfathomed pain,
From the far depths where human hopings cease,
Flashes the message of your last soft breath.
Sunshine and roses uttered it again,
And every gentle zephyr whispered "Peace!"
M. C. S.



MEMORIES

A LETTER dated a year ago lies before me: it is from her pen whose cheerful and sparkling messages were always so welcome. The little incident that was the occasion of her writing pleasantly illustrates her warm sympathy and ready helpfulness. One afternoon she accompanied her guest, who was leaving her hospitable home after a brief visit, to the railroad station, and was kindly wait-

ing the departure of the train. From the car window we noticed a middle-aged man of respectable appearance standing outside and weeping bitterly. The unusual sight of a strong man in tears attracted our attention, and as he was parting with some friends we concluded that was his trouble. The time for our good-by soon came, and still the man remained standing and weeping. "I think I will speak to that man," she said; "he seems in so much trouble." As the train moved off she was standing not far from him, smiling to me, and he still in tears. The next day her letter came, telling the sequel to our incident. She writes: "I thought you would like to know about my station friend and his sorrow. He said he was not crying over parting with any one on the train, but that a dear boy of ten years had died very suddenly this week, and it made him feel very badly to think of him. So we walked peacefully out of the station, he thanking me for speaking to him; as he was a Roman Catholic he thought I might feel there was a great difference between us. I smoothed that out and left by the side door. Came home, and have just sent money for a memorial to Iowa, for Lizzie Magoon; the mission people there wish to found a permanent scholarship in Turkey to her memory."

Now she has gone it is a fragrant memory that these her own words bring to us. They are the sweet breath of her kindness and charity. Hers was indeed a brave and gracious spirit in the midst of trouble and loss.

Years ago, when a little daughter was suddenly taken from our home, her ministrations were wonderfully comforting. She came to us, and tenderly helped us to bear the first burden of our grief. It was not so much what she said or did: her presence was the benediction. Others, too, have borne a similar testimony to her consoling kindness when death had invaded their households. She was not a friend for sunshine alone: the shadows of life revealed her truly friendly. Lavish in her generous thought for others, it was need rather than worthiness that appealed to her sympathetic nature. Her bounty was freely bestowed, her time, her money, and often her prayers and efforts, to influence the mind and heart.

How lovely she was in taking to her home at the seashore the various young boys in the family circle! To them, as if they were her own, she gave what her own sons enjoyed: the privileges of home, the blessings of ocean air and woods, and the freedom to enjoy it all to their hearts' content. These young men, now in the stir and business of life, look back on the summers of their childhood and youth with affectionate gratitude.

What "Aunt Sallie" did for them and was to them cannot be told here; but it is written in grateful hearts; and to her boys her memory is a treasure growing brighter as time separates the yesterday from the to-day.

S. N. L.



I FIRST saw Mrs. Stevens in a meeting of the Boston Women's Christian Temperance Union more than twenty years ago. Her exceedingly pleasing personality and earnest spirit enlisted my interest and won my love. I soon learned that she was a woman to be trusted. Her work was the outburst of a heart full of love and self-sacrifice. Finding people in need of help, she paused not to ask how they came to be in that condition, but her soul and hand instantly responded to meet their need — her voice so tender in encouragement to those less fortunate than herself! The spirit of personal sacrifice was with her. The blessings of her own life and love only stimulated her purpose to do for the weary, sick, and wretched that one has not far to seek to find. The instances of her unostentatious charities were multitudinous, she standing in the background, content to know that wretchedness was alleviated, then passing on, ever a ministering angel.

She proclaimed the spiritual enlightenment of her later days without fear of criticism. She lived it, ever hungering for more. Now she has entered within the veil; now she sees eye to eye the blessedness of the Father's love.

E. M. H. R.



FROM A FRIEND IN LONDON

MY first meeting with dear Mrs. Stevens was at some mission services at the North End in Boston. She was helping with the music mainly, but her generous spirit seemed to overflow everywhere, and to bring warmth and light wherever she was. It touched one man remarkably, and he told me months afterwards that the change in his life from wretchedness, poverty, and sin to a comparative prosperity was due to Mrs. Stevens. At those meetings she was, perhaps, the most generous woman alive. It was her instinct to pour forth with a loving hand the fullest possible measure of all she had to give to whoever was needy and receptive. Her hospitality was boundless. I found it impossible to refuse her request, seconded as kindly by Mr. Stevens, that I would make their house my home for a considerable part of my stay in Boston. In vain I urged that I had no possible claim on their hospitality: she would take no denial, and it ended in my coming and in my staying. In that house I learned lessons I can never forget of sunny beneficence and eagerness to befriend every one. Her sympathies were so universal that there was no limit to her bounty. She cared passionately for music, for literature, and was ever improving herself in both, but always her keenest desire was for what was spiritual and religious. On such subjects her blue eyes got brighter and more expressive, and I often thought she restrained

herself in speaking lest she should be over-vehement. I can scarcely believe that it was only last July that we met for the last time on earth. Mr. Stevens and she spent an evening at my home, as I much wished them to meet my brother, the Bishop of Lucknow, and his wife. I feel now that I ought to have realized that the wonderful added sweetness and unearthliness were signs that she was soon to rise to a higher sphere. Every subject that she touched seemed beatified; her manner was quieter than usual, but it was radiant. Once more I dined with them, and then she sailed away, promising that if possible they would spend two evenings with me on their return. Alas! she came back only to die in our midst. I found Mr. Stevens calm, but fully alive to the danger. "She is very weak," said he. When I said so to her she replied, "I have all the strength that there is," and so she had, for underneath were the everlasting arms of God. Not many hours after I was allowed to see the beloved remains. Very beautiful was the sight. Perfect sweetness and gravity, and perfect content, were manifest on that grand, beautiful face. It seemed to have grown in dignity and power, but it was herself, or rather it was the impress of herself left there for our comfort by her redeemed spirit. May Christ her Saviour vouchsafe to us too a spirit set free from the world and steadfastly set on those things which are above!

EDWARD CLIFFORD.

Extract from a letter from Mr. John Harrington Keene to Mr. Stevens :

“ I shall never forget the goodness and kindness which breathed in every word Mrs. Stevens wrote me, and I cannot express to you the comfort my own dear wife has derived from a little book she sent me, ‘ The Golden Ladder,’ by Miss Lida Clarkson. It has seemed just the word in season my wife wanted, and we both mourn the loss of one who, though personally unknown to us, seemed to appreciate and understand so clearly those she came in contact with, and to be so sweet and gracious in every way.

. . . I saw so far into the beautiful nature of this sainted lady that I cannot find language at this time to say how grieved I am. She seemed always to me to embody the thought of George Eliot in the aspiration :

. . . “ ‘ May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused
And in diffusion ever more intense !
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose gladness is the music of the world.’ ”



SARAH EARLE STEVENS

FAREWELL, dear soul, who faithfully hath
trod
Life's gloomy rooms wherein so long in vain
We search for pearls of price where griefs have
lain,
Bearing thy lamp clear with the light of God ;
Throwing unwavering radiance abroad
Into the farthest recesses of pain ;
Showing the weary seeker Heaven's gain,
And wells of peace for love's divining rod.
Oh, never more will those same shadows move
Which thou dispelled ! In one another's eyes
The angels pale. Grief cannot seem so blest,
Nor sin so true a leading-string of love,
Until perchance we win to Paradise
By that same path thy gentle feet have pressed.

MARY E. WILKINS.

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