

A Beautiful Life





Research
01-00823496

School
of
Theology
Library



A Beautiful Life

MEMOIR OF
MRS. ELIZA NELSON FRYER
1847 - 1910



Published by her husband for private circulation

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

1912

PART ONE

COMPILED BY

MRS. NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER



THE OLD HOMESTEAD, SIDE VIEW, EAST OTTO, N. Y.

PREFACE.

In compiling this brief outline of the biography of a rare and noble woman, of whom it could be said most truthfully that

“None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise,”

the chief difficulty consists in the fact that through her self-abnegation and modesty many of the most characteristic features of her career have not been left on record and only exist in the memories of relatives and confidential friends who are scattered far and wide in different lands. She was eminently one of those who “do good by stealth and blush to find it fame,” and hence a complete portrayal of her beautiful and noteworthy life is impossible.

While it is a comparatively easy task to rehearse the simple facts which go to make up the framework of a life of average length and of vigorous mentality, it is evident that to look into the inmost recesses, to trace the animating purposes, and to resolve the everyday activities into their constituent elements, laying bare the sensitive soul which is the real personage, would require far more difficult and delicate treatment and the pen of a most intimate friend.

The only available materials are some of her letters and diaries together with the facts furnished by her beloved husband and by those friends who had the good fortune to be the most intimately acquainted with her. An attempt will be made to weave these diversified threads into a connected biographical sketch.

(MRS.) NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

No. 1618 Hillegass Avenue,
Berkeley, California.

CONTENTS.

- Chapter 1. Her Parentage and Early Years.
- Chapter 2. Her University Education.
- Chapter 3. Her Missionary Life.
- Chapter 4. Her Marriage.
- Chapter 5. Her Honeymoon Tour.
- Chapter 6. Her First Journey Round the World.
- Chapter 7. Her Family Life in China.
- Chapter 8. Her Starting a New Home in Oakland,
California.
- Chapter 9. Her Nine Years' Residence at Berkeley.
- Chapter 10. Her Second Journey Round the World.
- Chapter 11. Her Last Year in Berkeley.
- Addenda.

CHAPTER I.

Her Parentage and Early Years.

Eliza Nelson was born at Sardinia, Erie County, in the State of New York, on the twenty-second of April, 1847. Her father, Mr. Wilbur Nelson, was a teacher and a scholar of much literary ability, especially in theological and political subjects. He removed to the city of Springville in the same county and died there at an early age in October, 1850, during an epidemic of dysentery, leaving a young widow and two small children, Eliza and Wilbur. Most of the relatives of the family are still living within a few miles of that city. Mrs. Margaret C. Nelson was a woman of extraordinary mental capacity and of revolutionary stock, from whom her daughter inherited that strength of will and firmness of character which enabled her to overcome the many serious difficulties that obstructed her path and made her life so complete a success.

A few years after the death of her husband Mrs. Nelson married Mr. Chauncey Crumb, a thoroughly good, honest and well-to-do farmer and land owner of the neighboring town of East Otto, New York; in which place the happy childhood days of Eliza were spent. She retained throughout her life the most delightful impressions of that small town with its picturesque surroundings of woods and hills and its warm-hearted people among whom her sociable and friendly disposition made her a general favorite. With every phase of country and farm life she grew to be intimately acquainted; while in her thrifty home she learned to excel in all kinds of domestic duties, and womanly virtues, much to the joy of her beloved parents.

Being, however, of a studious temperament and unusually advanced mentally, she determined to obtain all the educational advantages possible and with that object in view at sixteen years of age she began to support herself by teaching. In a few years she became one of the most popular school teachers in the county. Her parents gave her but little encouragement in this line. The more she

learned, however, the more she hungered for a higher education and a wider sphere of usefulness than that locality afforded. She therefore gave up elementary teaching and went to the Griffith Institute at Springville, where she soon distinguished herself not only for scholarship, but also for earnest self-denying Christian work. She became an active church member. Her mother had early instilled into her mind the practical character of the duties of love to God and to her neighbors and she had imbibed them as readily as the air which she breathed. These active principles grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength all imperceptibly to herself. She was, thus early, an exemplary practical Christian.

Among other deeds of philanthropy which she performed during these early years, may be selected one which served as an index to the self-sacrificing spirit characterizing her whole life. There were two poor children in the town of East Otto badly crippled and deformed in their feet. Miss Nelson's heart was moved with pity and compassion for them and as their parents were unable to take them to a hospital where their little deformed limbs could be gradually straightened and adjusted she resolved to devote a whole year of her life to that purpose, if necessary. The nearest hospital where such cases could be successfully treated was the Medical and Surgical Institute at Indianapolis. Using all her own available funds and soliciting subscriptions from friends and neighbors, she took the children to that hospital which was nearly five hundred miles distant and cared for them entirely herself during the long and weary months of painful treatment. Many a time she had to do very hard work in that locality to earn money which would enable her to support herself and the children. At length she had the unspeakable happiness of restoring them to their parents permanently cured. They are still living in East Otto and retain a vivid recollection of their benefactor and her noble act of self-denial. For this and other deeds of a like nature, she was looked upon in the light of a saint or a ministering angel by all who knew her.

CHAPTER II.

Her University Career.

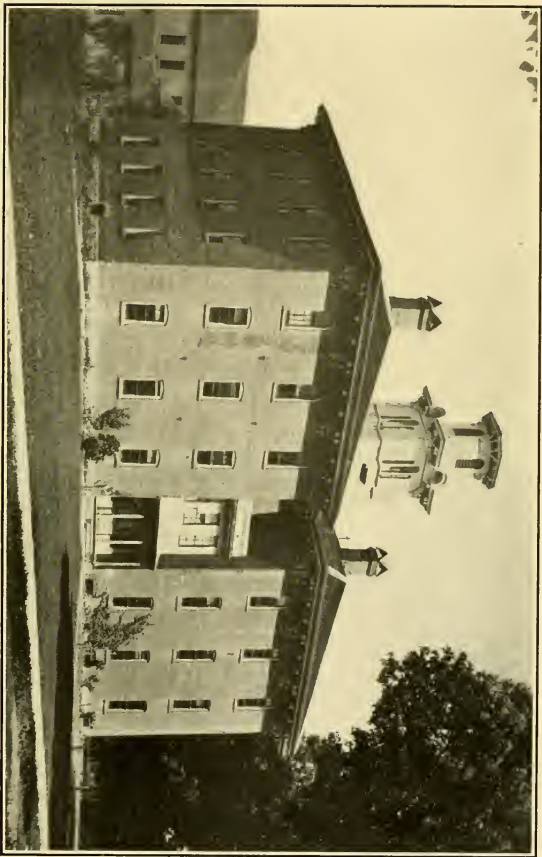
In 1869 a new era in her life opened with her entrance into Alfred University, at Alfred Centre, New York, then under the guidance of President Jonathan Allen. Of her introduction there, she relates in a large volume which many years afterwards she most ably edited, called "Life and Sermons of Jonathan Allen, President of Alfred University," as follows:

"I had looked toward Alfred as the ideal home of student life and first reached it in the autumn of 1869. It was evening when the stage drove up to President Allen's house, conspicuous by the many lights in the windows. Eva Allen, a rosy-cheeked girl, not yet in long gowns, came to the door to welcome me. Her mother had gone to the house of a friend, for a few days to paint a picture of her home, she said, and had left her to entertain any one who would chance to come. Eva's easy, cordial manner as she told about the college and the different members of the family was so reassuring that but little time was lost before we began discussing Longfellow, Tennyson and Whittier. Of these poets I had a mere school book knowledge, but when she talked of other works, such as "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Ivanhoe," which she was holding in her hand, I could say nothing but confess ignorance. Scott, she said, was her favorite author. Knowing but little of him and other writers of whom she spoke I retired that night mortified that a girl so much younger than myself could converse intelligently upon subjects unknown to me. Before morning, however, a decided resolution was made to know more of literature. This was my first lesson at Alfred. As the term had been in session a fortnight or so it was not easy to find a place in the classes I had planned to enter. How vividly memory recalls a forenoon spent in complete failure in this respect! After an early excuse from the dinner table I sank into a chair in

the parlor to hide a coming flood of tears. In the midst of the outburst who should enter very quietly but the president himself. 'What is the trouble? Are you ill?' he asked kindly. 'No, only discouraged and homesick,' was my answer. 'Glad to hear it, glad to hear it.' Then by suitable questioning he gradually drew out my experience in teaching and 'boarding round,' and upon leaving the room remarked, 'You'll do. Young ladies who amount to anything always have a good cry when they come to Alfred.' These words may have had a tinge of sarcasm but from that hour I knew President Allen to be the students' friend." Thus commenced years of patient study and high endeavor in an atmosphere of noble intellectual aspiration and Christian fellowship.

A wonderful man, truly, was her guide. A character so grand and noble, so kingly yet childlike in innocent simplicity, majestic, yet tender as a mother's love; imperious, yet never commanding to go, always pleading to come; a character builded upon pure and noble thought and action, the outgrowth of God's lesson as he learned it from Nature's volume always outspread before him. A character such as his made an indelible impression upon the lives of all with whom he came in contact. He taught and exemplified in his daily life the kingdom of heaven as well as the kingdom of righteousness on earth. His mental powers ranged the entire gamut of intellectual greatness and his voice modulated to every good sentiment or emotion.

This individuality of character was infused into the life of Eliza Nelson as well as into thousands of others who came under his special care and influence. Among her curriculum were the study of French and German and of Church History and Mathematics. She was also an enthusiastic student of Astronomy, Physiology and Botany and was wont to exclaim while under the microscopic and telescopic vision induced by work upon these sciences: "How wonderful are the works of God! Thee and Thee only, dear Father, do I adore." Her student life was frequently interrupted by attacks of sickness from which she would rally only to work the harder. Finally graduation



GRIFFITH INSTITUTE, SPRINGVILLE, N. Y.

day arrived; the subject of her essay on that notable occasion was "The Girls of Today," and proved a masterly effort, eclipsing all others of her class and winning tumultuous applause. She subsequently received the degree of Master of Arts, her thesis being entitled "The Open Books." Soon after this she was appointed to a professorship and during the following years became one of the most beloved and devoted members of the Faculty. Her loving and sympathetic spirit was felt all over the University, from the President and his wife, who treated her as a daughter, down to the youngest of the students.



CHAPTER III.

Her Missionary Life.

After about seven years of service in the University, characterized by the steady performance of duty and many deeds of self-sacrifice, which a whole volume could not fully record, she responded to a call for evangelical work in China in connection with the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Board, whose cause she warmly espoused. A distinct era in her life—hitherto bounded by the narrow restraints of social and scholastic duties in the town of Alfred-Centre—now began, whose influence was destined to be far-reaching and enduring.

Upon entering the University she had commenced keeping a diary of the most important events that occurred and the ideas which occupied her active mind. This practice she continued throughout her life, at times disconnected; but again she reunited the broken threads of her reminiscences. It is from many of these detached data that we are able to obtain glimpses of her daily life and labors and especially of the severe struggle in her whole-souled consecration to the missionary work. She started in 1879 for Shanghai, China, with a missionary and his wife, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Davis, of the Seventh Day Baptist Mission. On arrival she shared in the old Mission home which was in that part of the French concession known as the "West Gate," because of its proximity to the West Gate of the old Chinese City of Shanghai. Her first work consisted in taking charge of some very poor and small Chinese schools already existing, and in organizing new ones.

It was a bewildering change to the young woman, from the routine of American University life and the social delights of her beloved home, to this stifling Old World atmosphere where all was to her so new, strange and untried; but full of zeal in the service of the Master she at once commenced the study of the difficult Chinese language, which with her usual pertinacity and perseverance she

soon acquired so as to speak it with ease and fluency, as well as to read and write it.

On Sunday, August 27th, 1880, she first witnessed a baptismal service of several converted Chinese. "How strange it seemed to me," she wrote. "How very solemn and yet in the midst of such a crowd, such noise and confusion! While Erlow, the native pastor, was speaking, Mr. Davis was compelled to interrupt him to make order among the audience. It being very hot weather nearly every man present was naked to his waist and many had their queues wound around their heads. What would our people have thought at home, of such a crowd?"

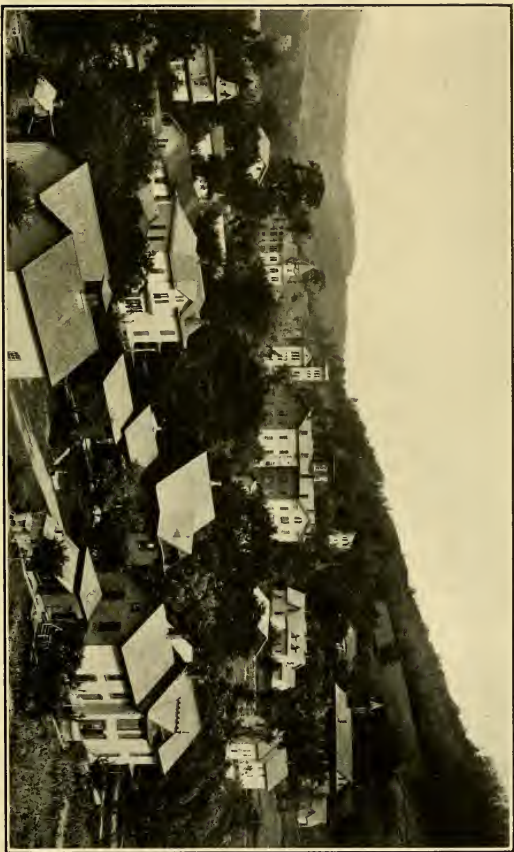
The next event in her new life was an invitation from Miss Bear of the London Missionary Society of England, to act as first bridesmaid to a young English lady who was about to marry Rev. Mr. K——, a missionary. After a good deal of indecision she finally consented to appear for the first time in her life, in that capacity. The wedding breakfast, which was elegantly spread and served, followed. As an evidence of her self-analysis she afterwards wrote in her diary: "I did not feel in harmony with the jokes at the table but can see where I nodded consent to them when I might not, and assented to them against my principles. Oh Lord! Help me to serve Thee better and have courage to show my convictions!"

During the following month news came through the American mail, for which she watched with feverish anxiety, of the failing health of her precious sister Mary, for whom she had intense affection, and who had lost her husband a year previous. Homesick and heartsick she bitterly bewailed her leaving home. Now, if ever, she longed to be at Mary's bedside. Her heart was torn with anguish and her energies relaxed. The malarial climate was affecting her health most seriously. The weather, too, became oppressive and she grew discouraged with her supposed lack of progress in learning the Chinese language. Like many older and more experienced Christians, she, at times, felt as though forsaken by God.

At this juncture Miss Bear invited her to go to Loo-tee,

a village about twenty miles away, which invitation, by advice of Rev. Mr. Davis and his wife, she gladly accepted. At seven o'clock the following morning she was ready for the journey, herself taking a wheel-barrow, with her bedding and clothing following on another wheel-barrow. She said: "How the folks at home would have laughed could they have seen our train as we wound through the streets of Shanghai! It was headed by Tong, Miss Bear's cook. First came a barrow upon which was piled his own bedding, baskets and boxes, our table, dishes, stew pans, sauce pans, tea kettle, vegetables, and various other necessaries, piled in Chinese fashion. Next followed two barrows containing our beds, valises, etc.; I came next and Miss Bear brought up the rear of our wheel-barrow train. Language fails to describe the scenes in a Chinese city. It was market time; the streets on either side were densely packed with edibles and large tubs of fish of all sizes; the crowd and odors were almost intolerable, but aside from these horrors, it was delightful to see the flower men and women. Surely the Chinese have some idea of the beautiful, and if of the beautiful, there must be something in their nature which craves the good and the true; and if the true, there must be some way by which they can be taught to know and love God, who has implanted in them these germs of a higher life. It is not uncommon to see men, dirty and nearly naked, with a flower hanging over one ear, and the women nearly all wearing one or more in their hair."

This mode of reasoning naturally grew out of Miss Nelson's own love for the beautiful in nature and art, which was a pronounced feature of her character. She had, early in life, shown much artistic skill, which as she grew older developed into a passion for painting. This employed some of her leisure hours as she advanced in life; her last gift to her husband upon his birthday being a splendid oil painting of roses whose exquisite beauty of form and coloring were worthy of the highest praise and would form an attraction in any large picture gallery. Although imbued with a large amount of what is conceded to be practical common sense, the wings of her fancy were



ALFRED UNIVERSITY, ALFRED, N. Y.

constantly flitting in an ethereal atmosphere from which she drew a mental sustenance, and which not only made everything around her seem fair and lovely, but permeated every action of her life.

Continuing to describe her first journey in China, she said: "Our first stopping place was about five miles from Shanghai in the village of Chian-den, where the London Mission has a station. The old Chinese lady who takes care of the little chapel was very kind to us. The chapel is a small room without a floor but was quite clean. Upon the wall were some Christian pictures, and the forms or seats were arranged quite orderly. A number of the natives came in to see us while we were resting. We continued our journey in a short time, being compelled to walk through the village, as the road was so rough. We reached the second station, Ke-liang, about noon. Here the chapel was much larger and had a smooth, brick floor. The streets were very narrow and filthy but we held our handkerchiefs to our noses and hurried into the chapel. The teacher's wife made us some tea and we ate our lunch. Before we were through the room was filled with onlookers. They were greatly amused to see us eat and crowded close to our table. After resting an hour we again started. We still had ten more miles to go and already were quite weary with our journey.

I should not mind riding on a wheel-barrow, were it not for the numerous bridges and ditches which we had to cross. When I got off it took so long to get on again that it was a hindrance, and if I rode over them the jar at each end over the stones which bridge them, hurt me. At the last, for several miles I groaned at every ditch. Over the bridges of the larger canals we were obliged to walk. Some of the stone bridges, however, were very fine, equal in style and workmanship to some of those in America. The water passes through a stone arch of masonry, but alas! the top conforms in shape to the arch beneath and thus we ascend and descend steep stone steps. The stone used for bridges, arches, pavements, etc., is brought from the region of Soo-chow; there is not rock of any description

for many miles around Shanghai. It is very easy to see that this whole region was once covered by the sea. The name, Shanghai, or "Song-hae," signifies "above or on the sea."

"We traveled the last ten miles in a little over three hours, and hence reached our destination a little after four o'clock. The whole of our journey lay through immense rice and cotton fields. There were many men and women traveling. We met hundreds of them going to Shanghai with very large bags of white cotton suspended from carrying poles; others in like manner carried bags of rice. In some places buffaloes were at work raising water with which to flood the fields. I noticed two kinds of cotton, the white and the pink or brown. In the villages through which we passed I saw cotton spread upon pieces of matting to dry, the colors being kept separate. There were numbers of sheep, goats, and buffaloes grazing upon the grave mounds on the banks of the canal. It seems strange to ride so far and to pass no pasture land. All is cultivated.

"We had no serious mishaps except the tipping over of Miss Bear's barrow when once she jumped out. Soon after, her servant, Tong's barrow met a similar fate and the dishes, vegetables, sauce-pans, and various sundries fell out into the ditch. We were thoroughly tired when we reached our destination, but soon made up our beds and took a little rest. Some women came to see and hear us. Rev. Mr. Taylor, a missionary, and a native preacher went out into the town in the morning and in the afternoon preached in the chapel. Quite a number came to hear and some seemed interested. One poor woman who had lost by death her husband and four children in four months, came to learn of the comforts in the religion of Jesus Christ. The following day Miss Bear and I heard the teachers' little school recite their lessons after which she drilled them in singing while I talked with the women."

"Friday morning: I have not felt strong until today. The churning on the wheel-barrow was very hard for me. I so often thought while enduring it of the little play in my childhood, the rhyme and penalty of which ran thus:

'Ring around the roses,
A pot full of posies,
The one who squats last
Must tell who she loves best
Or be whipped, boxed or churned.'

I used to choose the latter, but before we were half way on our wheel-barrow journey I would have gladly screamed out the name of the boy whom I loved the best if only it would have saved any more journeying."

For days she and Miss Bear made visitations from house to house, carrying with them the good news of free grace to all who would believe. The lure by which to obtain the listening ear of each woman was by the gift of a pin or a needle, two things which they particularly valued. Her lament, November 11th, 1880, was in these words: "Oh! My Heavenly Father, I need Thy help. Aid me to be cheerful and never to give an unkind word when others speak harshly to me. Help me to possess my soul in patience and in every act of my life to honor Thee." This prayer was abundantly answered, for a more cheerful soul than that of Eliza Nelson could not be found anywhere. Wherever she went or with whomsoever she came into contact, she seemed to radiate happiness. Although never strong, physically, no word of complaint ever passed her lips. Her voice and ready smile were ever full of good cheer and comfort. Hers was a nature, which like an Eolian harp, responded in sweetest melody to every passing mood of those who were in touch with her. Her sorrows, of which with her loving, sympathetic nature she had not a few, were known only to her God.

During this first year abroad days of unrest and perplexing problems beset the life of the lonely missionary. Her hunger for the endearments and companionship of home was intense. Her spirit was being tried as the furnace tries the ore. Childhood with its joys and griefs, its golden hopes and high aspirations lay behind her, while before were grave doubts of her fitness for the position to which she had been called. On one occasion she thus recorded in her diary:

"It has been Sabbath day but has not been much like it after all. I have accomplished very little and do not feel any wiser than when I arose this morning. I have thought much today about home and dear ones, and also, much about the providence of God. How strangely we are led! Surely His ways are past finding out. I am thinking more and more of the great importance of living a life of service to God. I am feeling increasingly, that nothing else pays in the world. I feel deeply my own unworthiness. I am so oppressed with it that I cannot, at times, come boldly before the throne of grace. O God, I need Thee all the time! I need Thee to succor me. Be Thou my shield and my strong tower. Let me rest in Thee. Take all my thoughts and the desires of my heart. Let them be consecrated unto Thee. Help me to look up and not down, in and not out, more than I have ever done in the past. Give me true charity, broad and noble views of life. Forbid that my influence be any other than ennobling and pure and may such be my whole life, whether long or short."

This glimpse into the sacred recesses of her heart portrays her earnestness of desire after holiness and trust in the guidance of the Father.

At this time, in addition to her Chinese studies and management of various Chinese schools, she was carefully reading Herbert Spencer's "First Principles of Synthetic Philosophy" and Lincoln's "Notes on the Revelation," remarking that they had been very profitable to her as they drew her nearer to God.

At the close of that year while in one of those despondent moods, which none knew save herself, she wrote: "My heart now is very heavy. In my mind I press back my tears and keep back my thoughts away from my lonely hours." Then with a renewal of faith, she added: "God knows all and I know He will not let me suffer more than I am able to bear. I also know that all things work together for good to them who love the Lord," adding, "The Chinese language comes to me more easily than it did some time ago. I am beginning to take courage."



PORTRAIT ON DAY OF GRADUATION

CHAPTER IV.

Her Marriage.

It was soon after this episode that she first met the man whom it was destined she should marry, and who would bring into her life so much of strength, affection, variety and beauty.

A lady once asked Mr. John Fryer, "In what country were you born, sir?" "In Kent County, England, Madam. There are Kentish men and men of Kent. I am a man of Kent." And if there was honest pride in his reply surely he will be forgiven. A man of rare intellectuality, much learning, and strong moral fibre, he came to China, fresh from College in order to aid in the uplifting of the Chinese by the introduction of Western learning. In educational and journalistic work he soon made his mark and had for several years been employed by the Chinese government to translate into the classical Chinese language works upon the various Western sciences from the English tongue. His unusual knowledge of the Chinese language was recognized far and near among Chinese and foreigners alike. Being a widower with four children who were then residing in England for educational purposes he had to spend the larger part of his time in Shanghai where he was highly honored by the Chinese officials and rewarded with many marks of distinction. His home was in a Chinese Government building near the establishment known as "The Kiangnan Arsenal," a distance of four or more miles up the river from the English Concession among whose inhabitants he had many European and American friends.

His growing acquaintance with Miss Nelson proved to her a tower of strength when she stood most in need of sympathy. Early in the following year the Mission house had to be pulled down and rebuilt and Mr. Fryer having plenty of spare rooms in his residence invited Rev. Mr. Davis with his wife and daughter and Miss Nelson to come and live with him till their new house was ready. In this

way their acquaintance gradually ripened into a close friendship. On a certain May day, the steamer brought the news of the death of her beloved sister, Mary, who, as her mother wrote, had "Peacefully passed on without a struggle, and the precious body was laid beside that of her husband, in Alfred, New York." For a while the whole world seemed dark to her mourning sister, during which sorrowful period the following verses were written in her diary :

O white soul gone before us,
 Where many angels are,
 Stand by the pearly portals
 And leave the gates ajar.
 For one by one we're coming
 When life's long day is o'er,
 To find our loved and lost ones,
 At home on yonder shore.

O Christ, our loving Saviour,
 Who knowest all our grief,
 Come, take us to Thy bosom
 And give us sweet relief.
 For one by one they've left us,
 Those whom we hold most dear,
 And we are longing, waiting,
 Thy welcome words to hear.

We long to see those mansions
 Which are prepared above;
 We long to greet those dear ones,
 And sing with them Thy love.
 For one by one we're learning
 To bear and suffer loss,
 And one by one we're coming
 To glory in the Cross.

Oh, in that home of glory,
 Where shining angels are
 We long to greet Thee, Saviour,
 Thou bright and morning star.
 Yes, one by one we're coming,
 Made pure and free from sin,
 And one by one Thou'lt meet us
 And bid us enter in.

Days of unrest and sadness passed on during which she patiently performed every duty and grasped, with avidity, every ray of sunshine which crossed her path. Her extreme gentleness of character and strong personal magnetism attracted every one to her with whom she came in contact.

The Fourth of July, 1881, was a long, rainy day, which she spent in the solitude of her own room reliving her past years and blaming herself for having failed to reach the Perfect life. She had frequently pictured to herself the life of an ideal woman, and had striven, in vain, to attain it. She wondered how she had been able to accomplish as much as she had done, accusing herself of spiritual laziness and affirming that there were many questions which filled her with doubt, and perplexity; but as time passed on the sympathy and companionship of Mr. Fryer became closer and dearer, harmony returned to her racked sensibilities and sunshine to her soul.

On a certain occasion, accompanied by him, she visited the Tung-ka-doo Catholic Cathedral for the Chinese in Shanghai. She wrote "On the walls and beneath the arches were pictures representing the child Jesus and the Virgin Mother, Christ accompanied by His disciples, and the scene at His crucifixion. All the figures were arrayed in gorgeous Chinese costumes, and each male wore a queue. There were four or five hundred Chinese people in the auditorium (the majority being women) all of whom were kneeling with eyes riveted upon their prayer books. For more than half an hour we sat watching their worship. There was such a spirit of earnestness pervading all concerned that it was truly impressive. There were many children all arranged in classes and each attended by a teacher. They all, however small, took part in the services; knelt, bowed and rose again with as much promptness and grace as their elders. All was done 'decently and in order,' and I could not help wishing that Protestant converts were as zealous as these Romanists."

On March 3rd, 1882, she and Mr. Fryer were betrothed. Of that great change in her life she wrote: "I am no longer my own in the sense I have been. How the days and weeks

fly by! These are such sweet, precious days to me although not entirely free from anxiousness. My dearest one comes as often as possible. We are arranging for our future as well as we know; provided our Heavenly Father sees fit to spare us. It seems a great undertaking for me to become all at once the mother of four children, but with God's blessing I will strive earnestly to be a good mother to them."

The day of the wedding, June 8, 1882, arrived and was one of exceptional brightness and beauty. Never a fairer one dawned upon a bride. Attired in the conventional white satin, with veil reaching to her feet and orange blossoms wreathing her head and corsage, Miss Nelson left her apartment in a brougham drawn by a pair of white horses for the English Cathedral in which the ceremony of marriage was performed. The spacious building was crowded, all the missionaries in the vicinity who could leave their posts being present, besides hosts of other friends and large numbers of the Chinese whose hearts had already been won by the bridal pair. An elegant wedding breakfast, given by their mutual friend, Mrs. James Buchanan, at which thirty guests were present, followed the ceremony. Nothing had been omitted by her devoted friends which would add to the interest of this occasion and the June sun set upon a serenely happy bride and bridegroom. About eight o'clock the newly wedded pair took Sedan chairs to convey them to the spacious building near the Kiangnan Arsenal, which was now to become the home of Mrs. Fryer. As they entered the second gate their ears were greeted, all at once by the explosion of numerous large bunches of firecrackers. On reaching their own garden gate they found their whole yard brilliantly illuminated by Chinese lanterns extending around its entire length. Over the gate was a huge motto bearing the one word, "Welcome," wrought in evergreens, and over the entrance door of the house a similar one carrying the endearing word, "Home." The dining room was profusely decorated with wreaths, vines and flowers, as was also the table which was well spread. At their own places at table were their initials wrought in

flowers. All the fruits and dainties of the season were heaped upon it. This was all done by Chinese friends. Thus closed, in perfect happiness, the most eventful day in the life of Eliza Nelson Fryer. She had given herself with all her wealth of woman's unselfish love, wholly in the keeping of the man of her choice, and life, henceforth for her had a new and different meaning. Her delighted husband had accepted her as Heaven's best and choicest gift to him and thus their united lives began. Her appearance upon her wedding day was strikingly beautiful. Tall and slender, with a willowy grace peculiarly her own, a face radiant with affection, intelligence and sympathy, she called forth the admiration of all who beheld her.



CHAPTER V.

The Honeymoon Trip.

The wedding journey began on the morning of June 14th, which found the happy couple aboard the steamer "Sin-Nanzing," bound for Che-foo. Although it had been dark and rainy, the clouds lifted for a little while about nine o'clock and they were enabled to bid a temporary adieu to Shanghai with sunlight gilding the long row of stately buildings along the Bund on the left, and the shipping all about them in the harbor. Her own words will best describe her environment and its consequences:

"As Shanghai contains the largest foreign settlement in China one gets a better idea of the commerce of the world with the Celestials from this than from any other port. It is interesting to note the different nations here represented that 'go down to the sea in ships,' each bearing its own peculiar ensign which waves to the breezes no less peacefully here, in harbor, than when floating or reposing upon its own national waters. How all the world seems visiting Shanghai! Here are ships just entering, others leaving, and still others just anchored for a little time. They come laden with food, clothing, furniture, medicines, kerosene, the welcome mails, and last but not least, the scourge and bane of China, opium. Some of the vessels we see here are stopping to take tea, (although it will be without cream and sugar and undiluted). Besides the foreign steamers and men-of-war in the river, there are several large, native war steamers, many Chinese junks and house boats, and numbers of little sampans which are ready to swarm around any coming vessel whenever its wheels may cease to move and to convey its passengers or freight to shore.

"Leaving Shanghai we get an extensive view on either side of the river of the perfectly flat plain which extends so many miles in all directions. There is a foreign carriage road to Wusung, a distance of twelve miles. This

place was also the terminus of the first railroad ever built in China. It was constructed a few years since by foreigners contrary to the wishes of the Chinese, and after working successfully for several months, was bought by the Chinese Government, the rails taken up, and together with the cars and locomotives transported to the island of Formosa to be out of the way. This was but one of the many instances where Chinese officials have manifested their determination to keep this country in ignorance of the civilization and advancement of Western lands. However, the more recent establishment of telegraphic communication in various places, the formation of a native steamboat company on a large scale, the introduction of the electric light and telephone; the recent establishment of a railway at the newly opened coal mines in the north; the opening of many factories for linen, cotton, woolen and silk goods and many other innovations, all go to show that the China of the future will be a long stride in advance of the past.

Not far from Wusung we see a line of small foreign-built Chinese gunboats together with a few of larger size. On the shore beyond are some forts with large foreign guns which have but recently been completed. Here are also stationed some troops to guard the entrance at this most important point. Near this point there is a natural mud-bar which prevents vessels of any size from entering into the river except at certain favorable states of the tide. The Chinese Government could easily remove it, but they seem to object to doing so and call it 'Heaven-sent barrier.' When nearing Wusung we pass a green island midway between the shores of the river, which has made its appearance within the past few years, and farther on, in the mouth of the great Yang-tse-kiang we see the newly formed large and densely populated island of Tsungming, which was unknown to the natives a few hundred years ago. This goes to show the comparatively recent formation of the great alluvial plain which characterizes this part of China.

"It is about sixty miles from Shanghai to the open ocean and long before nightfall the dim outline of the distant shore has passed from view so that we find ourselves

alone upon the great billowy deep, with only here and there a ship in sight, and these in the far distance. There were but eight passengers on board besides half as many children. The Captain was gentlemanly and kind and during the two days we were his guests entertained us with many amusing and interesting incidents in his experience upon the briny ocean. Among the passengers was a French Romish priest, bound for Korea, and my husband took much pleasure in conversing with him in French, finding him very interesting. Through him we learned something of the workings and prospects of the great church which he represents. He was accompanied by a Korean with whom he had been several years in Japan studying the Korean language, and was now conveying to that country a completed dictionary and grammar as the result of the labors of himself and his co-workers. Although Korea has long held closed doors to other nations, still, these indefatigable Romanists have, for many years, been laboring within her borders, enduring almost unheard-of hardships, and now count their converts by thousands. Korea is but a few hours sail from Chefoo and should her ports be opened to foreign commerce the most important of them would, no doubt, soon contain as rapidly growing foreign settlements as there are in China and Japan. The future promises for Korea are that the day is not far distant when her various mineral and other resources, will be opened to the world and when she, in turn, will receive from other nations a knowledge of their advancements, and it is to be hoped of the true God and Father of us all. We learned that the Korean language differs from the Chinese in that it is poly-syllabic and has an alphabet of twenty letters which somewhat resemble Japanese characters.

“During Thursday night we passed the foreign-built lighthouse on the Shantung Promontory, or most eastern portion of China and early on the next morning the outlines of the hills near Chefoo were distinctly visible from the deck of our steamer, while here and there massive rocks lifted their huge forms abruptly above the surface of the waters. The coast is studded with towns, large and small,

and from the number of fishing boats we saw, it was easy to determine the principal occupation of the people. Chefoo is situated in the province of Shantung on the northeastern coast of China, about four hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai. Nature seems to have fortified the town from internal invasions by placing a range of hills around it which extend quite to the sea on either side, while on the very summit of the highest one at the right as we enter the harbor, is stationed a garrison to guard the entrance by way of the sea. A short distance below the fortifications, on the summit, a high stone wall surrounds the hill; thus affording a comparatively safe retreat to the inhabitants in case of invasion by an enemy. Upon another hill is a large and showy Buddhist temple which is noted among foreigners as the place where Sir Thomas Wade and Li-hung-chang concluded the 'Chefoo Convention' in 1876. A small pagoda, only visible with a glass, appears upon a top of another of these hills which are all steep, and cultivated but a short distance up the sides, while near the tops they are barren and rocky.

"The foreign population numbers between three and four hundred, and most of their residences are built upon a small rocky promontory jutting out into the harbor, so that ships can come up almost underneath the steep cliffs, over which one sees the British, American and Russian flags floating from their respective consulates.

"The native town of Yentai, meaning in Chinese 'Swallow's Tower' or 'Beacon Tower,' as some people write it, and of which Chefoo is a misnomer, contains about thirty-five thousand inhabitants and lies almost directly back of the promontory, reaching back to the hills; while on either side, a short distance from the sandy beach, are situated the several mission stations, the two most remote being at each extremity of the bay, and separated by a distance of four or five miles. The real Chefoo is a small Chinese town situated on a narrow peninsula on the opposite side of the harbor, connected with the mainland by a sand-spit. Along the beach, on the east side of the native town are several hotels built to accommodate summer boarders, since Chefoo

is to foreigners the sanitarium of China. Its dry salubrious climate, its health-giving sea breezes, and facilities afforded of bathing in its emerald waters, attract people from all parts of China, so that in July and August these hotels are thronged with guests.

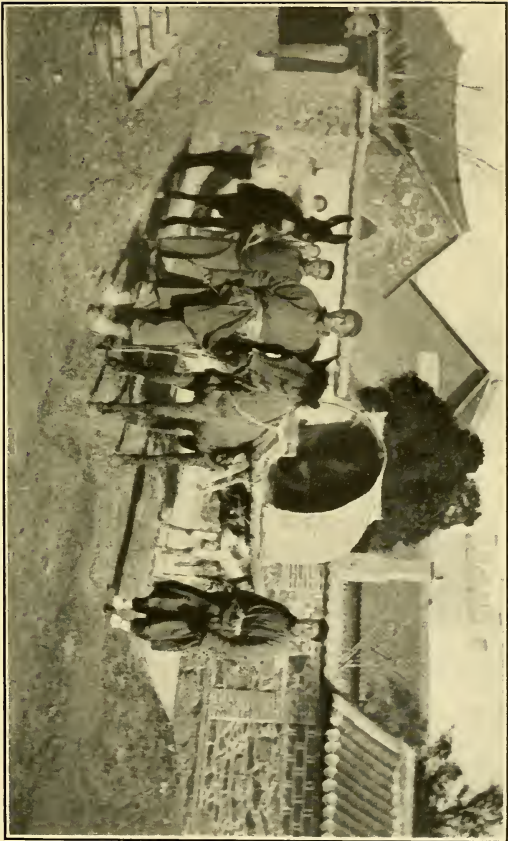
“Our steamer dropped anchor about eleven o’clock and we were soon surrounded by small boats which had come to convey the passengers to shore. Among them was the boat of the Imperial Maritime Customs with an awning and seven rowers in uniform with a European officer in charge, which had been sent especially for us, so we were favored being rowed to the shore in state. At the jetty a servant was waiting to conduct us to the Rev. Dr. Williamson’s house on the west side of the promontory. He had kindly invited us to be his guests during our stay. The day was clear and delightfully cool, and I do not remember ever to have enjoyed a change of scenery so much as then. The sunset that first evening, as viewed from the verandah was not to be forgotten. The whole heavens were gorgeously illumined with its dying splendor, mirroring themselves faithfully in the smooth, glassy waters of the sea, and reflecting their golden and roseate tints upon everything on land as well, all harmonizing with wondrous effect until the main shipping in the harbor and the uncomely town below were clothed in a soft, golden light and seemed changing from the actual into the ideal,—fit fore-shadowing of the ‘corruptible putting on incorruption and the mortal immortality.’ The hills appeared to be vieing with one another as to which should longest retain the glory, and it was almost saddening to see the dark shadows creep up their hoary sides and there reveal the cracks and seams which the glare of midday had hidden from view. As the sun slowly sank into the bosom of the ocean, the golden light upon their summits changed to silver, then to gray, and before departing crowned the highest peak with its last good-night, and the curtain of twilight dropped over all the scene. The change from daylight to darkness in Shanghai is so sudden that there can scarcely be said to be any twilight, and so this gloaming was the more noticeable here.

"We spent Monday in visiting the several mission stations, and felt well repaid at night for our exertions in the hot sun. A ride in Sedan chairs over the deep sand brings us to the large and showy buildings of the Inland Mission, which are situated on a slight eminence not far back from the sea beach. At this place we met fourteen missionaries the most of whom were here for rest and to recruit their health more than for actual mission work. This is the newest of the mission stations at Chefoo and was established in 1879 to serve as a sanitarium for members of that large and widely scattered mission, and also as a place where the new comers could remain and learn the language before going to their respective fields of labor, some of which are distant in the interior, a journey of over two months from this place. Here are also schools for educating the children of missionaries, a hospital for Chinese, and a building for a Eurasian school which was being erected at the time of our visit. This Mission is the largest as regards the number of agents of any in China and supports over one hundred members. It was originated by the Rev. Hudson Taylor, who has been many years in the Empire and who now has the general supervision and direction of the whole work. A large part of the members, both men and women, have adopted the Chinese costume complete. I have heard it urged as one of the reasons for so doing, that the dogs, which are numerous in all parts of China, are not as easily disturbed by it as by the foreign dress, but doubtless, a better reason is from the standpoint of convenience and from being 'all things to all men.' We were received by a pink complexioned young man, in a long white grass-cloth dress, with shaven head and a large flaxen queue reaching nearly to his heels. The thought naturally suggested itself, that if the dogs in the interior are not duller than those in Shanghai, he will never be mistaken for a Chinaman in spite of his dress.

"I remained at this Mission house while my husband went to call upon Bishop Scott, of the English Episcopal S. P. G. Mission, of which mission there is no church, as yet, organized here. Some young acolytes are with him,

learning the language and preparing for their future work. In the afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Williamson, we visited the American Presbyterian Mission, which is situated about as far distant on the western side of the Promontory as the Inland Mission is on the Eastern. On our way there we passed through the native town and observed that it differs in many respects from the places about Shanghai, but most particularly by the absence of a certain kind of squalor which makes Shanghai so offensive and almost intolerable to a foreigner who ventures to enter the native city. The houses do not open on the narrow streets except by a single door, which was generally closed. They have a substantial look and are mostly built of stone, one story high, with tiled or thatched roofs. We met several pack-mules, laden with building stone from the quarries, and did not notice as many men and women lolling about the streets as we have often met elsewhere. We were told that large droves of camels frequently came to this place bringing furs and other products from the North, which are exchanged for rice, cotton, cloth and sugar, but we saw none of these. From the Presbyterian Mission one gets a magnificent view of the whole harbor, with the promontory on the east and the peninsula on the northwest. The buildings of the promontory are all bungalows and at this distance add greatly to the charm of the picture. This Mission has been in existence since 1864 and at present there are eight missionaries. They have thriving boarding schools both for boys and girls and several day schools in the country. The church members in this and outlying stations number over one hundred, and what speaks well for the work is that at several stations the natives themselves have built churches without any foreign assistance.

“The United Presbyterian Mission of Scotland, of which Dr. and Mrs. Williamson are the senior members, is situated at the extreme west of the bay in a village near the fortified hills. They also have boarding schools for both boys and girls, as well as the center of a large church of which there are branches in the several out-stations. Dr. and Mrs. Williamson, although residing temporarily upon the prom-



HONEYMOON TRIP IN SHEN-TSZ

ontory, visit the station regularly, going either on horseback or through the harbor by boat. Both the mission house and church at this place are very attractive, being built of hewn blocks of white marble, which the Doctor informed me were obtained from a quarry, the only one known of its kind, not many miles distant and of which material there was not enough remaining to complete another building.

"Having received an urgent invitation to visit the city of Teng-chow-foo, about sixty miles distant from Chefoo, we had arranged to take our departure early on Tuesday morning, and at ten o'clock our conveyances were in the compound waiting for us. Shall I describe them? A 'shen-tsz,' for such the vehicle is called, is very simple in its construction, having no use whatever either for wheels or runners. It is composed of a trough-like frame, a foot or more in depth, by four or five feet in length and two in breadth. At each side of this frame is fastened a pole twelve or more feet long, and at the top some hoops are attached which support the thick matting with which the whole is covered; a separate piece, with a hole in it for ventilation being fitted into the back, the whole arrangement having more the appearance of a huge 'Shaker bonnet' than anything else of which I can think. Into these trough-like frames were packed our valises and basket of provisions over which were spread mattresses and bedding either to sit or lie upon. We crawled into our respective 'shen-tszs,' the mules were led up, and after some exertion on the part of the drivers the whole affair was lifted upon their backs, the poles being adjusted to the saddles of the hind mule first. The goodbyes were quickly said, the muleteers touched the whip to the beasts and we were apace for our journey.

"The motion is first a quick jolt as you are being rolled from side to side. You resolve, perhaps to adapt yourself to these new circumstances; but at this moment a diagonal motion is begun, or your head is severely shaken and thumped against the sides of the matting, alternating with a similar experience in other parts of the body. You don't mind going up a steep hill with feet ever so much in the

ascendancy, or descending an almost perpendicular bank where you are obliged to grasp the hoops firmly in order to avoid being pitched out, but you do mind the continual change of this decided motion since you never know what is coming next. After many repeated attempts, however, and as many failures to adjust yourselves and be on guard, we learned in a quiet way to submit to whatever might come, and so when the joltings, shakings and rockings manifested themselves, either in their general or particular way, their simple or compound forms, we were ready to accept all as a part of our pleasure excursion, and before travelling many miles were comparatively comfortable and enjoying the view of the landscape,—the great drawback being that we were obliged to be so separated from each other as not to be within speaking distance. The roads were too narrow to allow our forward mules to walk abreast, which they would not have done if they could, for who ever heard of an accommodating mule?

“Our general course was westward for the whole journey, and after passing the mission stations visited the previous afternoon, we soon found ourselves ascending a high, rocky hill, from the top of which the view of the valley below with its fertile fields and green trees, of the range of hills beyond, and the glimpse of the blue ocean at the right, formed a picture worthy the study of an artist. Our whole route lay over range after range of similar hills separated by valleys varying from one-half to three or more miles in width. Most of them were fertile, although in a few cases entirely barren and covered with sand. In one place we were compelled to cross a tidal river many rods in width, the water of which reached to the bodies of the mules. The drivers sat astride of the mules, their feet hanging in the water. On nearly every range of hills there was one in sight which was surrounded by a stone wall near the summit, as a refuge, I suppose, in times of war. The people live almost entirely in walled villages, and their low stone houses are close together, no two being in exact line; but the corner of one always projecting into the street, a little farther than the other, which, I was told, was because

they believe 'Fung-shui,' or spirit influences of the air and water, do not like straight lines. These valleys are well cultivated, considering the rude instruments of agriculture employed. Wheat, millet, beans and Indian corn are the chief products. The grapes, peaches, apricots and other fruits of this part of China are of the finest quality. The wheat had mostly been harvested, and in some places we saw men, women and children preparing the straw for braiding. Large quantities of this braid are exported annually from this province to all parts of the world, America not excepted.

"It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the inn at which we had been advised to stop in order to avoid the afternoon sun, which shone unpleasantly into the front part of the 'shen-tze.' I hope no one at home will ever attempt to compare a hotel with a Chinese inn, for the poorest hut there would bear a good comparison with one of these wayside stopping places. Passing through the gateway we found ourselves in a good-sized yard with mule stalls on either side and rooms for travelers at the back. Our 'shen-tszs' were soon lifted from the backs of the tired animals, placed upon the ground and we were rejoiced to find ourselves again upon terra firma. We had choice of the rooms which at this hour were all unoccupied, and after making our selection, had our bedding and provisions brought in and placed upon the kang or platforms of brick work on either side of the room which served as beds. The floor was of mother earth and the entire furniture consisted of a square Chinese table with two narrow benches. There was one window, the lights of which were made of thin white paper pasted over a frame of slats and which soon yielded to our desire to admit the fresh air. I need not add that after our table was spread we gratefully enjoyed the bountiful lunch provided by Mrs. Williamson. Crowds of natives gathered about the door to see us eat and talk about us in the most naive manner imaginable.

"Soon after our meal a sturdy looking fellow came to the door and thrust into the room a little child, going immediately away. It was a little boy of between three or four

years of age and being in Chinese dress we thought him a native child. As soon, however, as we noticed his blue eyes and golden hair, we sought to learn by what means he had so mysteriously made his appearance; for it was evident that no other foreigners were near. The child was too timid to speak, and seemed to understand Chinese better than English, but after a while we learned that he had been brought there by a Chinese Amah in foreign employ, and that his parents were travelling more slowly, but would arrive shortly. Just before nightfall, his father, Dr. Hunter of the Presbyterian Mission at Tsi-nan-foo came in a native cart, bringing an older brother of the child; and later on the mother and an infant child arrived in a long travelling chair. They had been journeying in this way for seven days and were on their way to Che-foo, where they expected to spend a little time, having left their station, which is the capital of the province, partly because of the recent efforts of the natives to keep foreigners out of their city. It was rather a strange meeting place, but nevertheless a pleasant meeting. We took our camp stools and sat outside the rooms in the twilight amid the crowd of natives and the mules which nearly filled the yard.

“During the evening a Mandarin who had come from a long distance, called to rest and feed his mules, and noticing that mine were fresher than his own, had quietly taken them, driver and all, leaving his own poor ones, which we found belonged to the same proprietors, in exchange. I shall not soon forget that Mandarin or the surreptitious way in which the thing was done without our knowledge, for I had occasion to remember him next day on account of the infirmities of the animals he had left.

“What with the troublesome mosquitoes and fleas within and the almost constant uproar of the mules and their near relatives without there was little sleep for us that night. It has been said that a donkey’s bray is as necessary to complete the harmony of nature as are occasional discords to complete the harmony of music. But to be obliged to listen to such discords as these the whole night through is a greater strain upon one’s tired nerves than is really enjoyable. The Chinese say that if a weight is tied to the tail

of such animals they will not bray as long as it remains there because they must always raise their caudal appendages before they can commence their song. Many times we wished that night that some kind friend would apply that remedy to every animal in the yard without exception.

"At three o'clock in the morning we had settled our bill for the night's lodging, which was fifty cash per 'shen-tsz,' to which we added a few more cash for the expected present for service and the use of the room, and started once more upon our journey with no light but that of the stars. The mules, however, experienced no difficulty in finding their way over the most rugged and rocky paths. It is wonderful how often they carry heavy loads on the very brink of a deep gorge beneath. In some places the defile was only just wide enough for one mule to walk; but where that occurred there was always another path a short distance away that might be taken in the event of meeting a 'shen-tsz' coming in the opposite direction. After a time with the aid of our camp stools we got down from our cramped positions and had a walk in the early dawning. Owing to a change in the direction of the coast we saw the sun rise, apparently from out of the depths of the ocean with unusual grandeur, tinging one part of the distant coast with such brilliant colors that it seemed all on fire.

"The facilities for travelling in the north of China are poor compared to those in the central parts, where there is a complete net-work of canals, rivers and creeks, thus making communication easy between all the towns by means of boats. Here only the 'shen-tsz' and chair are used, except on some of the wider roads where a cart of the crudest conception is sometimes used. We saw several finely dressed ladies and their male attendants all riding on the backs of donkeys while soldiers or Mandarins were on mules or horses.

"At about ten o'clock we halted at another inn for breakfast, and to allow our animals and their drivers a rest. We also procured a little rest during our few hours' stay.

"We caught many glimpses of landscapes in the valleys that afternoon, and for the first time, while in China,

it was not difficult to imagine myself again in the dear home land. Were some of these valleys in any but a heathen land they would soon be classed among the finest farming countries known. We saw fewer temples and less of the superstitions of idolatry here than could be avoided in the country about Shanghai. We did not meet any of the tinsel paper to be burned for the dead during the whole route, but there were many pleasing pictures of home life and industry, showing the thrifty habits of the natives. In many places the wheat had been gathered into small stacks around the threshing floor, which is made of earth, perfectly smooth and hard, and thirty or forty feet in diameter. The grain in the ear is spread upon them, and a donkey drawing a small stone roller is driven quickly over it until threshed. From the number of people around each one, we judged that these threshing floors were neighborhood rather than individual affairs. In some fields we saw poor women and children gleaning the scattered ears which had been left from the harvest. At one place we stopped by the roadside of a small town, under the shadow of some large trees not far from which was a well, covered over with a thick stone having a round hole at the top through which the bucket was lowered. Nearby, some women, in their simple garb were sitting on the stones, busy with their sewing work and chatting. At our approach one of them came up and offered to draw some water for us to drink. Seeing the flocks of sheep and goats in the fields just beyond, which must have been watered from this well, it was not difficult then and there, to picture the simple-minded Rachel as Jacob first met her.

"It was late in the afternoon when the high walls of the city of Tengchow came, at last, in sight, and before we reached them the time dragged slowly, for we were weary, both with walking and with being shaken in the 'shen-tszs.' After entering the Eastern gate a further ride of fifteen minutes brought us to Dr Mateer's house, which we reached just before sunset, and the rest and quiet of their hospitable home was, indeed, most refreshing. It chanced to be the evening for the usual weekly prayer meeting, and we were

thus enabled to meet all the missionaries, except Miss Moon, who was away in the country, shortly after our arrival. Two missions only are represented in this city, the Presbyterian and the Baptist, there being no other foreigners beside the fourteen missionaries belonging to them and by whom we were most cordially welcomed.

“One of these missions was established by Dr. Crawford in 1861, he being the pioneer representative of the Southern Baptist Mission. This mission numbers five missionaries and has boarding schools for boys and girls connected with it, as also a church with one hundred members. On Sunday we attended service at the Presbyterian church at which time eight persons received baptism and united with the church, all but one of them being members of Dr. Mateer’s school. Both in the spring and autumn the ladies of the mission spend a month or more in visiting the towns and villages for many miles around, taking with them their own food and servants, and sleeping in Chinese inns.

“Dr. Mateer’s high school for boys, conducted entirely in the Chinese language, has long ranked first among mission schools in China and it was a desire to see something of its workings that partly influenced us to make the journey there. The courses of study extend over twelve years, embracing the complete course of mathematics and sciences as taught in the colleges at home, besides giving a thorough knowledge of the Chinese classics. He has a complete laboratory of chemical and philosophical apparatus, the greater part of which is kept in order and the experiments are made by the students under his own careful tuition. There were also classes in surveying and the higher mathematics, and he was busy in constructing an observatory for the erection of a nine hundred dollar telescope, a gift to the school by friends at home. The object of this school is to make active working Christians of the young men, who shall be capable of diffusing the light there received to their fellow countrymen. It began nineteen years since with a handful of little ragged street urchins and now numbers seventy students. One afternoon we attended a session of their literary society, and listened to

some spirited discussions, the subject of one being 'Ought the Chinese to depend more upon themselves or upon foreigners for progress?' The whole session was conducted by the students in their native tongue, and with all the energy and ability of similar societies at home. Great pains have been taken in teaching them vocal music; their singing at the chapel exercises in the morning being excellent. Dr. Mateer gave us a copy of the class song of the last year, both words and music being composed by a member of that class. Financially, this school is also a success. We ascertained that such schools can be conducted in the north with much less expense than in the center and south of China. The dialect spoken in Shantung is the Mandarin and differs so much from that of Shanghai that I was unable to speak a word to the people, but my husband was quite at home in it, so that we had no trouble in making inquiries when travelling.

"On the last afternoon of our stay, all the missionaries and ourselves had a pleasant ramble to a place called 'Pebble Beach.' In order to reach it we had to clamber over some steep, rocky cliffs, which were almost perpendicular in some places. But the enjoyment was well worth the exertion, and pleasant memories will linger about the spot. From this place we went by boat to another beach by the seashore, where we partook of a picnic supper tastefully spread upon the sand. During the supper Dr. Crawford joined us with a bundle of long cucumbers under his arm as his share of the provisions.

"Teng-chow is one of the oldest, and was at one time one of the most important cities in the north of China. It has two distinct enclosures surrounded by stone walls over thirty feet high. The one is the city in which the missionaries reside. The other is called the 'Water City,' and contains but a few houses on one side, the remaining part being a portion of the harbor, where in olden time ships used to anchor, having these high walls for a protection. For many years the water has been so shallow in the harbor that ships of any size have been unable to enter it. Although living upon the sea-side the missionary people are



MRS. FRYER IN ORDINARY CHINESE COSTUME

compelled to have their foreign supplies brought on the backs of mules, as I have described, making use, however, of the Chinese productions as far as possible, growing their own fruits and flowers, and churning their own butter. Nearly all the inhabitants grind their own corn between two flat, circular stones, varying in diameter from fourteen to twenty inches. This work is done chiefly by the women, and is, doubtless, the same kind of mill that is referred to by our Saviour in speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem. The principal street is paved with old mill stones worn too thin for use and there are over fourteen thousand in the pavements of this city. They were counted as a task by Dr. Mateers' college boys.

"It was a pleasant, cool morning when we left Tangchow, a little before sunrise, in the same manner as we came, except that we had engaged the services of a donkey to ride on when weary of the perpetual motion of the 'shen-tsz.' We reached Chefoo a little before noon of the following day, and arrived at Shanghai from there in a steamer in forty-eight hours. A sampan took our luggage and ourselves to my new home, from which we had been absent twenty days; and this concluded our honeymoon trip.

"We both agreed that it would be a good plan for every newly married couple to take a similar trip to ours, for if anything is calculated to give satisfactory proof of compatibility of temper, or to bring out objectionable features of character that are not even suspected, the rough experiences of a journey to Tengchow would prove to be an ample test. People who could pass such an ordeal as we did without difficulty might rest assured that theirs would never be a very stormy life."

CHAPTER VI.

Her First Journey Round the World.

After a few months of devotion to the claims of her new life, interspersed with most energetic efforts to continue those in the Chinese schools—so near her heart—of the old claims upon her time and attention, Mr. and Mrs. Fryer decided upon a tour round the world which would enable them to spend some time in New York as well as in England among the relatives of both families. Accordingly Mrs. Fryer joined a party of three lady friends who were traveling to America, Miss Adele Fielde, Mrs. Happer and Miss Wynne. We find her the following April 3rd, 1883, writing at Kobe, Japan, as follows: "How strange that I am here! Life truly seems more like a dream to me than anything else. Tomorrow will be a week since I bade my darling goodbye, here on the steamer, just before the great wheels began to turn. Goodbyes, at best, are sad partings. It took all my courage to nerve myself up to it; but we both thought it best that I should precede him by a few weeks in order to give me more time with my dear ones in America. If God permits he will follow me in two months, when we will together go to England, to see the dear children. Many of our friends came on board to bid me a God-speed on our long journey. Most of the missionaries and many others were among them. My darling waved his handkerchief as long as I could see, and then, I suppose, went back to his lonely home. My heart goes out in prayer so often, for the Father to keep him in safety. Miss Adele Fielde and I walked the deck of the steamer, that beautiful evening and talked of the great world, its needs, and what we could each do best for its uplift. After being so long upon the yellow, muddy rivers near Shanghai, it was delightful, next morning, to find ourselves out in the clear, blue waters of the open sea."

On the 18th the steamer reached Honolulu with which city she became enraptured, as was evinced by a letter

written to her husband, from Rev. Mr. Frank Damon's home, while the family were at church. "My precious one: Here I am in this paradise breathing the balmy fragrance of this most delightful of all climates! I can hardly realize that I am still upon the same world that I have always lived upon. Everything seems so much like books and pictures I have seen that it takes an effort of mind to realize that this fragrance and luxuriance is real and not ideal. I have longed for you to be with me today, that had it been so nothing would have been wanting to complete my happiness, for this, truly, seems like the summer land of Eden.

"Our steamer dropped anchor about seven o'clock this morning. Long before that time all the passengers were out on deck feasting their eyes upon the beauties of the harbor and the town with its background of mountains crowned with the golden mist of the early morning. Before nine o'clock we were in a small steam launch on our way to the jetty. Miss Fielde having previously sent her letter of introduction by the pilot, we did not have to wait long for the people to come for us, but as soon as possible took a carriage, the real thing, a two-seated American carriage drawn by a great sleek bay horse of the same nationality. In less than fifteen minutes we were at the gateway of the Rev. Mr. Damon's house. It would have gladdened your soul to see how we were welcomed by these two dear old people, the Damons and their son, Mr. Frank Damon. Miss Field's letter had not yet reached them but they were just ready to go to the wharf to welcome any missionaries who might have come in the steamer. I wish you could see their yard. It is truly an eye-delight. I have never before seen anything that is half so lovely. It is carpeted with exquisite fresh green grass, and has a fountain in the center. It has a wonderful fernery, magnificent in variety and beauty, many of whose plants I have read of, but never expected to see. The veranda is covered with fronds; the paths are bordered with rarest flowers; the orange, mango, magnolia, cocoanut and tamarind trees, with the banyan of which I have often heard, combine to present a picture

of tropical loveliness which must be seen to be properly appreciated.

“After a short rest while they were arranging carriages for us, we started out on a visiting tour. I believe it was seven calls that we made and were warmly greeted by the people in every place. We saw such exquisite gardens, containing oleander trees, which blossom throughout the year. There are so many beautiful vines that cling to the trees and fences that combined, they seem like a vast many-colored arbor. We drove past the king’s palace, also that of Queen Emma; visited the Queen’s hospital, which was built by another king. There were eighty-five patients here. We went through the wards and heard from the head physician many new things in regard to their treatment of the sick. We called at Rev. Mr. Hyde’s Theological Seminary where nineteen active young men are preparing for the ministry. After this we visited the largest native girls’ school where there are eighty-five pupils. They also sang for us. We were shown through the dormitories and dining room, and tasted some of the original food of the natives called poi. It is made of ground taro root and water and allowed to ferment before being eaten. Before we were out of the school room the girls arose and said ‘Aloha’ to us, which is their word of greeting and parting, and means ‘I love thee.’ After all this we came home, hungry, but not very tired, to our tiffin. It was truly refreshing to sit down to an American table. The menu consisted of stewed mangoes, fresh bananas, guava jelly, apples and strawberries and cream. Strawberries grow here the year round. After tiffin Mr. ——— called to tell Miss Fielde about his leper hospital, bringing some photographs with him and telling about the horrible ravages of this most terrible disease, which is threatening this, already, fast dying nation. During this time I took a short but refreshing nap. At three o’clock I was ready for a short drive to the large foreign church where the ladies had arranged to meet us and have a missionary meeting. There were over one hundred present, having been called together by telephone, the wires connecting all the offices in the town. A more intelligent

set of ladies I am sure I have never met anywhere, for they were sweet, unassuming women and very refined. They all seemed so free from the bondage which Dame Fashion imposes, and from the constraint of cliques, and petty circles of society. By request Miss Fielde told them about her work in Swatow and something about the manners and customs of the Chinese. There were a few gentlemen among the number, among them Mr. Judd, Chancellor of the Kingdom, who is in office next to the king. He and his wife brought us each a bouquet of roses and heliotropes and other flowers new to me. After the meeting Mrs. Hyde took Miss Fielde and myself and drove three miles out to Diamond head. It is a high point jutting to the sea and upon which there is an extinct crater. But this was not the grandest part of it. It was the exquisite coloring of the sea and spray as they broke over the coral reef. All the colors of the rainbow were continually represented and ever changing. Sometimes, as the crest came out near us they were of a bright pink shading, changing into a dark purple, and then into the most beautiful azure that human eyes ever rested upon. I could have stood there for a day and not realized the flight of time. I think it must be the distance of a mile that the illuminated spray comes up along the shore. This is the Long Branch of the Island where the people have summer residences and the usual resort for sea bathing. Queen Emma, also, had a pretty country house near by. I cannot imagine why people can talk of summer here, since there is no other season throughout the year. Just think of living in a landscape always as green as this is today! The heat is not at all oppressive. Nothing like the summer in Shanghai. We all kept lifting our umbrellas whenever we stepped out of the shade, but were as often told that there was no need of doing so, as the sun would not harm us, and there had never been a sunstroke known upon the islands.

"This evening the family, Mrs. H. and Miss F have gone to another meeting where Miss F. is to speak again about China, but I chose to remain here and write to you, my loved one, and retire early. We are invited to

breakfast at Mr. Damon's elder son's, the banker's, and from there we are going to see the celebrated mountain pass at Pali. Our boat does not leave until four o'clock tomorrow. The Chinese question is greatly agitating the minds of these people just now, and justly, too. Already, there are fifteen thousand of the Celestials upon the island, and many more are expected soon. The government has already telegraphed to China from San Francisco to have the emigration cease. While the question is being discussed here, the authorities hesitate to follow the recent American laws in reference to their exclusion, and so we are seeking to devise some new plan. It is truly a serious subject for this little kingdom to decide who is to perform the manual labor and the tilling of the soil here if the Chinese do not. The natives cannot, as their numbers are fast diminishing while the large plantations must be worked and the people must have servants. China is full and running over and these broad acres are becoming more and more destitute of laborers. Little Chinese houses are everywhere to be seen in the country about town and we passed through a long street upon either side of which were Chinese shops displaying their peculiar wares, which made me think I was quite at home in China once more.

"Already the Chinese do the gardening and are depended upon to raise the rice and irrigate the fields. Mr. Frank Damon has been studying Chinese for the past eighteen months and is already doing good missionary work among the immigrants. They are all Cantonese and among them are many Christians, mostly from Dr. Happer's and Mr. Lechler's churches. A large Chinese church with two spires has been erected here in Honolulu the past year, at an expense of \$12,000, one-half of which was subscribed by the Chinese. There are about three hundred Christians in all here, upon the islands; but there are several very wealthy business men who have been here many years."

"We passed the palatial residence and gardens of a very wealthy Chinese merchant this morning, in our drive through town. His wife is a half caste American. The great bane in regard to this emigration is that there are so

few women among the newcomers, and hardly anything of home life is known among them. Some of them have already Hawaiian wives, leaving their first wives in China. Dr. Damon and his son are laboring to induce the authorities to send for Chinese women. I have seen many of the Hawaiian women during the day. They are much larger than either the Chinese or Japanese women, with darker skins, very large brown eyes, dark hair, which in many cases is inclined to curl, showing, I suppose, their Negritic blood. Their dress is very simple, being a long calico gown, often of some gay color hanging entirely loose from the shoulders. Before the arrival of the missionaries here they wore scarcely any clothing.

"During the day I have seen many of them, men and women, astride these wretched-looking Hawaiian horses and riding at full speed. The men wear short hair and dress in light, foreign costumes. Is it not strange about the government? It renounced idolatry and the dreadful Tabu system just before the first missionaries came in 1820, and so was all ready to receive the gospel, and the new government has based its laws upon those of the Bible as far as practicable.

"I forgot to mention that we visited the first native church. It is built of oblong blocks of coral laid in cement. In it we saw the canopied seat of the king which, I am sorry to say, is not often occupied by the present monarch. The church is built with a gallery all around and will hold two thousand people, I think. I have already written too long, and a half of what I have seen and learned about this strange land and its people has not been told, but I will write again from the steamer."

This she did, her enthusiasm over this beautiful gem of the Pacific never cooling, nor her interest in it flagging. She concluded her description thus:

"Our ship was ready for sailing when we reached her and although much fatigued we were not too weary to stand upon deck and watch the beautiful, shady town until its amphitheatre of mountains at the back was enveloped in a cloud of mist spanned by a perfect rainbow reaching over all."

Mrs. Fryer's mentality was of a high order as was evinced by her literary efforts and her diligence and ability in collecting and giving in detail of unusual clearness whatever she saw in "her daily walk." Her love of nature in its moods and tenses was immense and unceasing and her outlook upon life with its ever-varying lights and shadows, was broad and comprehensive. She was a creature of the most delicate perceptions and of a sensibility almost too great for this hurrying, scurrying world. She loved life and living. All its higher and finer forces and emotions called to her, and with her vast power of loving, to which she was born, was her capacity for suffering. She had a genius for compassion which put her into a relationship with the souls of others so that in a certain sense she lived their lives, sharing their joys and sorrows.

After a voyage of four weeks, during which the separation from her husband was a source of daily regret for which nothing could compensate, she landed in San Francisco and by May 3rd had reached her old University home in Alfred Centre, New York. Here, in the very heart of her childhood's reminiscences, surrounded by the tenderest associations and so many whom she most tenderly loved, she would have had a joyful time but for an attack of pneumonia and laryngitis to which she temporarily succumbed and through which she lost her voice for a time; but not before she had delivered a most eloquent address to the Athenæan Club of the University, to which she had belonged, and which won for her golden opinions.

On July 4th, Mr. Fryer arrived at East Otto, N. Y., as had been planned, on his way to England, to introduce to his children their new mother. It was an event to which both had long looked forward with liveliest anticipation, but in this she was to be disappointed for awhile, because in the then serious condition of her health, Mr. Fryer, who had only a short leave of absence, was compelled to leave without her. The disappointment to both was severe, but she consoled herself with the belief that there was a deeper meaning in it than they, in their short-sightedness, knew, and she meekly bowed to the inevitable. She finally recov-



TRAVEL IN JAPAN

ered her health to a certain extent at her old home and left for England alone, sailing from New York October 23, 1883, and reaching Hythe in the county of Kent, her husband's old home and birthplace, during the following month. He had already hired and furnished a suitable house for his family and had gone to Liverpool to await her arrival. He succeeded in getting a passage in a steam tender and went out to meet the steamer when she was about fifteen miles from Liverpool. Together they steamed up the beautiful Mersey River taking the train for London and thence to Hythe. She was in raptures with the beauty of the green fields and quiet valleys through which the railway passed till at last when night fell they noticed the old castle at Saltwood, over whose ruined walls Mr. Fryer had so often climbed when a boy at play. In a few minutes they were at the door of the new home near the seashore where Mr. Fryer's father, brother, sister and the four children, John, Annie, Charles and George, were assembled to give them a warm hearty welcome such as none of them will ever forget. The thought of her many duties and grave responsibilities, for a time weighed heavily upon her sensitiveness, but trusting in her God for strength and guidance she soon overcame every difficulty and entered upon her maternal duties "as one to the manor born."

Her health though considerably improved had not yet recovered from the effects of the malarious Shanghai climate and was still so precarious as not to admit of her return to China for the time being. Hence two weeks after her arrival at Hythe when everything was going on smoothly Mr. Fryer was again compelled with a sad heart to return to his post in China without her; but not until he had introduced her to all the historic curiosities of Hythe and its vicinity which were not a few, including the fine old Abbey church which was built long before the Reformation and in which the devout Catholics had worshipped for centuries previously. In all these antiquities she displayed a profound interest and in regard to some of them she read all the historical researches that she could procure. The ancient cities of Canterbury and Dover she took a special

interest in, particularly the Roman remains wherever they came under her notice. Her description of Hythe would be well worth inserting here. During her stay at Hythe she made many warm friends while she kept house and provided a comfortable, cheerful home for the four children whose school and home education she most carefully and conscientiously attended to. At length it was felt advisable that she should return to China, taking two of the children, Annie and George, with her and leaving the other two boys at a high-class boarding school known as Prospect House Academy, where Mr. Fryer had received part of his earlier education many years before. The three then embarked on the steamer "Glengarry" for Shanghai.

The voyage from London to Shanghai, which completed the tour of the world, was a most eventful one, some of the details of which are found in a letter published in the "Journal and Herald" of Springfield, New York, to which she had all along been a frequent writer. It contains the following passages:

March 24, 1885.

"Editor Journal and Herald.

"My Dear Mr. Blakeley:

"I did not think when I began this journey that so many weeks would have passed away before I should send a letter for the 'Journal'; but I find, as I have found before, that when one is subject to that trying affliction, *mal-de-mer*, all previous hopes and plans of work fail while travelling. We left London on the 28th of January and shall reach Shanghai on the 26th of March, thus making our journey one of two months duration lacking only two days. It will also have been two years since I have left China; two long full years to me and yet, how short they seem! As I near the completion of this circuit of the earth, how small the whole of this world seems to me to what it once did! How easy it has become to think of all the people, kingdoms and nations as belonging to one family! How plainly do I see the same loving Father watches over and cares for all! But, oh! how blind and dark and low-sunken are many of

the peoples I have been permitted to see! If ever the true light has shone in upon them how great is the darkness in which they are now enveloped! After leaving dear old England we encountered a severe storm which lasted five days. Had I language with which to describe a storm at sea I think I would not use it, for I should know that the depths of feeling, the hopes, fears and floods of thought, and the dangers which accompany it could be known only to those who must pass through the dreadful experience."

They reached Port Said in fifteen days after leaving London and were two days in passing through the Suez canal. The entire route, including the Red Sea, Ceylon, Penang and Singapore was most graphically described and abounded in interest. Upon reaching Hong-Kong, the one English city in China, the dreariness of the long voyage had passed away. There she was received by several of Mr. Fryer's friends to whom he had written of her expected arrival, and who made her joyfully welcome. Her long letter closed with these paragraphs:

"Among all the flags of the different nations in the harbor, which were floating from the many different ships the two which wafted the stars and stripes were to me the most dear. How I love that old flag! How, whenever I see it, does it bring back memories of the dear homeland! I never seem so far away when I can look up and see 'my flag' unfurled to the breeze."

"Shanghai, May 8th. We reached our home as expected and were met early on that day near the mouth of the river by Mr. Fryer in a Chinese government steam launch into which we were transferred and so came by the river direct instead of passing through the foreign settlement. Fearing that the cook and some of his Celestial assistants would be greatly shocked at their mistress entering by the back kitchen door made me content to leave our house just outside of the great circle of the earth which I have been so mercifully spared to complete."

CHAPTER VII.

Her Family Life in China.

Now commenced the first opportunity for quiet family life. Mrs. Fryer carried on the education of the two children but found time also to entertain many missionary and other friends who were attracted by her appreciative and sympathetic nature. Mr. Fryer kept up his regular work for the Chinese Government and thus many happy months passed away. At last a trip to Northern China became necessary for him and he arranged for his wife to accompany him. She refers to this tour in a letter written on October 5th of the same year, 1885, to the "Journal," containing the description of the trip to Peking and the Great Wall. The reason which is assigned for taking it was that a fortnight previously the great Viceroy Li-Hung-Chang and some other high officials had requested the presence of Mr. Fryer north, where they might consult with him about enlarging and extending the translation bureau in which he was so prominent a factor. In this new movement he hoped to see a new stride for the uplifting and enlightening of China from the fact that this call had come from the Chinese themselves without any foreign suggestion whatever. In the preparations for this journey they arranged for the children to remain at a school in the settlement of Shanghai, to lock up their house and leave but one servant in charge of their effects. Reaching Chefoo, the Newport of China, which is about five hundred miles from Shanghai, and which they had visited three years previously on their bridal tour, Mrs. Fryer in her letter wrote: "Oh the calm, clear, beautiful sea that lies outspread before us! Oh, the azure sea, with the depths of the sky reflected in it, and not a ripple on its surface! How I could gaze upon it for hours and never tire of its wonderful ever-changing beauty! It fills my soul with an ecstasy of delight!" Passing the



HOME NEAR KIANGNAN ARSENAL, SHANGHAI

Taku forts which command the entrance to the river Peiho and though a hundred miles from Peking, are its main defense, they entered the Peiho river and in six days from Shanghai had reached the city of Tung Chow, from which they proceed overland in carts to Peking, making a distance of nearly fifteen miles in five hours.

Mrs. Fryer's description of what she saw in the great, Imperial City would, if published, make a book of liveliest interest, for nothing escaped her notice. She was as quick to perceive and appropriate the beautiful as its opposite, while her sympathetic nature which always saw the best and brightest in everything lent to every aspect a borrowed charm.

They were entertained in Peking by their old friends, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. P. Martin for a few days when they commenced their journey to see the Great Wall of China at the Nankow Pass. After a distracting ride of fifty miles from Peking, in donkey carts and on the shoulders of coolies, over uneven ground, pitfalls and rocks innumerable, they finally reached this one of the "seven wonders of the world," the Great Wall. The pass leading to it was fifteen miles in length with a steep ascent in some places. About five miles from its commencement they found a strange hexagonal arch that has a history dating back through several dynasties. It is covered with grotesque figures and Buddhas, and upon it are inscribed sentences in six languages, viz.: Chinese, Mongol, Manchu, Thibetan, Urguin and Sanskrit. Of the Great Wall Mrs. Fryer wrote:

"The wall surpasses all our expectations of its greatness. Seated upon its summit, for miles and miles we can see it as it coils its great serpent-like length over the tops of the bare, cone-like peaks and then down, through the deep narrow gullies between them, only to climb still others, and others again, until in the far, purple distance, it looks a mere dark line, stretching over, now and then, one of the hundreds of hills within our view. What a sight is this we are now privileged to behold! My heart overflows! How many of the friends in the dear homeland do we think of and wish that our eyes could see for them, also! We sit

just outside a large, square tower of the wall and from this summit can see, on the China side, a wilderness of great brown hills, down whose sides the water, in ages past has woven numberless cracks and chasms. On the sides toward Mongolia one can overlook the hills beyond us and the plain below them and easily see the next range of mountains several miles distant. One wonders about the builders of this wall. Who they were and how they looked. What could have been their thoughts, their hopes, their sufferings, driven as they were, day after day, to the drudgery of this almost superhuman task! Heights nor depths never hindered them from their labor but on they pushed over the steepest and most rugged paths and today after the lapse of more than two thousand years, this great wall for more than a thousand miles, stands as the most stupendous work ever accomplished by human hands, and to those of our day, the most stupendous folly ever thought out by human brains. The wall is about twenty or thirty feet high and about twenty-five broad at the base and fifteen feet at its summit. It is really composed of two walls, with rocks or earth filled in between, and paved atop with large, square gray bricks, thus forming an excellent roadway. Where it mounts a steep hillside it is built in terraces and the bricks of the pavement are laid in steps so that in ascending it one seems to be climbing an immense flight of stairs."

On their return to Peking they visited the Ming tombs, fifty li north of Peking, standing among which Mrs. Fryer indulged in the following musings: "There is a sadness about all this magnificence which I cannot describe. It is not the feeling which comes over one when reflecting on the works of the 'grim messenger,' how he spares neither the great nor the small; how emperors and peasants alike turn cold and stiff in his presence. It is as if we had, today, been permitted to look upon the graves of a now fallen and dying empire rather than upon those of men. Since before the last of these Ming Emperors found his final resting place, old China, with her effete civilization, has been dying. It is true that here and there an Emperor of the present dynasty has struggled against this gradual de-

cay, and shed a temporary light against the gathering gloom, but the general tendency has been a retrograde one. She, who for hundreds of years had flourished in the arts and learning, and could afford robes of the richest silks and satins at the time when the ancestors of western nations were mere savages, must now take her place below them in attainments. She who had known of gunpowder, the mariner's compass, of the screw and of the art of printing for centuries before their knowledge dawned upon other peoples, has made but little use of these discoveries, and must now sit low while they are taught to her again. And why? Because the spirit of progress has departed from her national life."

"The more we see and know of this nation the more we feel that there is no help from within that can raise her up to a new life. Such power must come from without. In a small degree it is already beginning to work and will work faster later on. China is rich in her natural resources but others must come and show her how to find her own treasures. Rich she is in her mental capacities but others must come and teach her how to use them. The spirit of Christian progress must come in and take up her abode here else this Empire must remain a withered branch. These are self-evident truths to us. Knowing them, upon whom falls the responsibility?"

After an interval of seven weeks of absence, she wrote: "Nov. 19th, 1885. Our steamer dropped anchor soon after noon and tonight finds us in our own home again, where we do not forget to lift up our hearts in thanksgiving to Him who has blessed us and ours during the seven weeks of separation."

Mrs. Fryer, in her zeal for the uplifting of humanity, entered fearlessly and with unflinching enthusiasm through every open door. In making a review upon a certain occasion of the previous twenty years of her life, she thus wrote: "Twenty years! How at their beginning, some of us then stood on the outer threshold of our 'teens' quivering at the possibilities of our opening life! How full of

hope it seemed before us then! How we longed to be, and to know, and to do that which would best answer the purpose of the life God has given us! How far those ideals have since been realized has perhaps been due as much to ourselves as to the circumstances in which we have been placed. Joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, realized hopes and sad disappointments have been the lot of many who started with me on the same road since those years, because such things make up and mould all human life."

Notwithstanding the vein of sadness which ran through her retrospect she was outwardly a well-spring of cheerfulness, absorbing from the without everything beautiful which crossed her path and giving from the within a constant, reviving supply. Her husband, to whom she was, literally as his right hand, found her ever ready to respond to his lightest wish. She was indeed a help-mate, adapting herself to all his wants and needs, and so absorbed in his life work that her own seemed valueless to her. He never knew her to be ungenerous nor ever detected in her a willfully selfish motive. In her character she was utterly unshackled by thoughts of self nor ever failed in sympathy for any living thing, neither had her most intimate friends ever detected in her an indifference to either the happiness or sorrows of others. The heart of her husband safely reposed in her. Waking, sleeping, in happiness, in perplexity, abroad, at home, active or at rest, inspired or weary, alone or with others an exquisite sense of her presence seemed to invade him, subtly refreshing and inspiring him every moment. He walked abroad amid the city's crowds with her as his invisible companion; nor did he know until he knew her, the full force and practicability of the command to love one's neighbor as one's self.

In a letter to a friend in New York she thus expressed her interest in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, then beginning to flow in full tide in the United States: "I have been interested and rejoiced over the good work that has been going on during the past winter. May it continue and may those who have started in the new life not hesitate but have the courage to act out their con-

victions of truth and duty, however great the cross may be. This acting up to the light we have has often proved to be the secret which gives strength and power to Christian life. I have long been wanting to write to you about our Shanghai W. C. T. U., of which I am Corresponding Secretary, and which organized as an outcome of Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt's visit here in the early winter of 1887. She did a great work here and we heartily thank the women of America for sending her to these ends of the earth. There was no little opposition to her work, many wondering that a woman should have the boldness to take her place in a pulpit and preach Christ and temperance together. But her work was needed. The time had come for it to be done and it was done. Nothing in a great many years has stirred Shanghai society of every class as the burning truths uttered by Mrs. Leavitt in her sweet, motherly womanliness, which touched the hearts of all who heard her. After her departure a White Cross Union was organized among the men, of which my beloved husband was made president. Later, a public debate was held in the Masonic Hall at which four hundred of the "*crème de la crème*" of Shanghai society was present, the question being, 'Resolved, That the temperance movement, as now conducted in England and America is detrimental to the best interest of society.' Rev. S. C. Partridge of the American Episcopal Mission took the affirmative and Mr. Fryer, the negative. All the real arguments were, of course, on the negative side and the friends of temperance felt that it was a grand stroke."

As the mother of Mr. Fryer's four children, the great, loving heart of his wife expanded into a sea of tenderness and sober watchfulness. She studied their different temperaments and responded to the individuality of each so as to win their perfect love. It was in this practice of every motherly and wifely virtue that months and even years slipped by until the question of the higher education of all four of the children had to be met. After much prayerful consideration it was decided that the youngest boy should be left at the Chefoo school while the daughter with Mr. and Mrs. Fryer, should go to Alfred Centre and arrange for

three of the young people to remain at Alfred University for their education in charge of some of Mrs. Fryer's warmest friends in the faculty there.

Passages were taken in the Canadian Pacific steamer, "Abyssinia," for Mr. and Mrs. Fryer and their daughter with four children of missionaries whom they were asked to take care of. It was rather a rough passage but they reached Vancouver safely and thence went on to Alfred Centre, where Mrs. Fryer and her daughter remained while Mr. Fryer crossed over to England to bring the two boys who had been left there at school. Returning with them to Alfred Centre the final arrangement was made for Annie and John to remain in the University while Charles should return with his parents to Shanghai. The three then started from Vancouver in the steamer "Batavia," and after a stormy passage reached China in safety.

The old home near the Kiangnan Arsenal was again occupied and George returned from his school at Chefoo. Now commenced one of the pleasantest periods of home life that Mr. Fryer enjoyed in China. The two boys went regularly every day to the public school in Shanghai. Happiness and love reigned supreme. The members of the family attended the Union Church at Shanghai. The boys joined the Sunday School with its Band of Hope and other organizations while Mrs. Fryer helped in the cause of the W. C. T. U. and various benevolent schemes. Yet she never neglected to go to her Sabbath School class at the Seventh Day Baptist mission on Saturdays unless prevented through sickness or other strong reason. This she made a matter of conscience and never swerved in her strict observance of the Seventh day as she had always done from her childhood. Yet when Sunday came she was just as regular an attendant at the Union Church as any other member of its congregation.

Those were truly happy years. On Sundays the whole family could drive to church in their pony carriage or during the week days could drive about to visit friends or attend meetings. They kept open house and few weeks ever passed without a party of some kind or other. The guest

room was seldom empty for more than a few days at a time. The Chinese servants were warmly attached to them so that housekeeping was a comparatively easy matter.

But this is a world of changes and this happy state of things had to come to an end. The question of the higher education of the children became more and more pressing til at last in 1902 a great change occurred which circumstances rendered necessary.



CHAPTER VIII.

Her Starting a New Home in Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. Fryer and her husband spent many an hour in coming to a decision as to what was the best thing to do for the good of their children. A home must be provided for them where they could live together and obtain the best educational advantages so as to fit them to become useful members of society. One locality after another was taken into consideration and its advantages and disadvantages carefully weighed. The result was at last arrived at that Mrs. Fryer should take the two boys and go to California where she should try to select a suitable home either in Oakland or Palo Alto or Los Angeles. Failing these she was to travel to the Eastern states and see what could be done there.

It was early in 1892 that she bade a sad farewell to her husband at Shanghai and started with the two boys, Charles and George, for California. In due time she arrived at San Francisco. Within a week she had visited Oakland, Berkeley and Palo Alto and had taken all their educational advantages and disadvantages into consideration. She decided upon Oakland and at once engaged a suitable house on 16th Street, in which she commenced housekeeping. She made many warm local friends who assisted her with advice and in various substantial ways in getting settled.

A few weeks sufficed to make everything ready and to send for Annie and John to come from Alfred and enjoy their new home while attending the University of California at Berkeley. They soon came and with them Mrs. Fryer's niece, Daisy, the orphan child of her beloved sister, Mary, whom she gave a free home and education. The younger children attended the public schools at Oakland while the eldest boy, who had graduated at Alfred University, attended the University of California. The care of such a family was a great burden to Mrs. Fryer and involved much hard labor and self-denial; but she cheerfully endured it all,



HOME AT OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

feeling that it was the work her Heavenly Father had appointed for her to do.

The following year, 1893, was a very eventful one in her history. Mr. Fryer obtained leave of absence from the Chinese Government officials to visit the Chicago Exposition and report upon the newest discoveries and inventions. Here thereupon crossed the Pacific and after spending a week or two with her at the home in Oakland he went with her to Chicago, where they enjoyed a week or more visiting the Exposition and attending the parliament of religions. They then travelled to Mrs. Fryer's home at East Otto for a few days' visit where they met with a serious accident through the horse they were driving taking fright, becoming unmanageable and running away with them. The carriage was overturned and Mrs. Fryer sustained such serious injury to her head that she was unconscious of what was going on for nearly a fortnight, when she gradually recovered her senses and became like her former self. As soon as she was out of danger her husband had to make a hasty trip to England on some important business and return. The two then returned across the continent to Oakland and after a few weeks' stay at their home Mr. Fryer was obliged to go back alone to Shanghai to resume his life-work, leaving her to take entire charge of the family once more.

During his stay in Oakland, Mr. Fryer had visited the University of California and had an interview with President Martin Kellogg respecting the progress of his son John's education. During the interview the President mentioned the Tompkins endowment fund for a Chair of Oriental Languages and Literature but stated it might be some years before it became available. In the following year, however, negotiations were commenced by the President, which led to the formal offer of this Chair by the Regents to Mr. Fryer, which he accepted chiefly as a means of enabling him to be with his wife and family and attend to the education of his children. The work for the Chinese Government was temporarily discontinued, and Mr. Fryer came to the Professorship in June, 1896. Mrs. Fryer had

thus the happiness of having her husband once more living with his family at Oakland. He went to and from the University daily in the performance of his duties. She never had an idle moment, yet she managed to entertain missionaries coming from and going to China as well as other friends while at the same time indulging as far as time permitted her insatiable desire for art. China painting and painting in oils she worked at almost by stealth and left results which are truly wonderful especially when considering that she was self-taught.

Among others who came to live with her were her dear mother, who for six months or more enjoyed the beauties of California climate and scenery. Perhaps, however, the most important work she did at this period was the editing of the "Live of President Jonathan Allen." For this purpose she invited Mrs. Allen to come to California and be her guest for many months while the publication was going on. It was truly a labor of love. No less than three times did Mrs. Fryer write the whole of the four hundred quarto pages of this large book on her typewriter with her own hands before she could satisfy Mrs. Allen or herself. Then came weeks of proof-reading with still more changes in the wording and arrangement. At last when the publication was finished and Mrs. Allen returned to her home in New York, poor Mrs. Fryer collapsed under the excessive strain she had undergone and for which she, of course, did not receive a cent of remuneration; such was the strength of her love. An attack of paralysis completely prostrated her so that her husband had to take her to the Sanitarium at St. Helena. Here she gradually recovered and in three months was at home in Oakland again, working away as hard as ever in the multitudinous duties and cares which she took upon herself for the good of others, and especially for the children under her management.

CHAPTER IX.

Her Residence at Berkeley for Nine Years.

It became evident that on account of Mr. Fryer's connection with the University and the growing importance of his duties there that the family should live at Berkeley. Land was purchased, therefore, in the vicinity of the Campus, and before leaving on one of his summer vacations in 1901, which he always spent at Shanghai, finishing up his literary work for the Chinese Government, he placed funds in the bank for Mrs. Fryer to build a comfortable home to suit her own ideas and artistic tastes. Everything was left entirely in her hands.

Mrs. Fryer herself designed and superintended the building of this house, No. 2620 Durant Avenue, bringing to its construction the same symmetry of thought which she would have displayed upon the painting of a flower or landscape. If that house could only talk, what tales it would tell of abounding hospitality and good cheer! It really seemed "an inn for the world without the profit." Here were entertained scores of missionaries either going or returning from China, each one ever meeting the loving welcome on arrival or sympathetic farewell when leaving. The host and hostess drew around them some of the most cultured of the Berkeley society folk, among whom the latter truly moved a queen, compelling the homage of all loving hearts. Her domestic regime was conducted in the simplest and quietest manner but always with reference to the habits and tastes of her guests. Her conversational powers were delightful. Language with her was neither a science, an art nor an accomplishment, but a mere natural vehicle for thought, the garb always chosen was the fittest and simplest in which her ideas were clothed. Her conversation was never wearisome since she only spoke when she had something to say and having said it in the most concise and appropriate manner that suggested itself at the time, she was silent.

She had early identified herself with the Woman's Christian Temperance Society of Berkeley, naively remarking that she wondered every woman in the United States was not identified with a similar society somewhere. Indefatigable in her work with young people she organized a branch of the Y. W. C. A. among the young lady students of the University, known as "The Minnehaha Club," into which she infused her own energy and zeal and entertained semi-monthly in her own beautiful parlors. This club fraternized with a Prohibition Club of thirty or more of the male students of the University. These she made objects of her special care and attention, seeking to imbue them with her own enthusiasm in the principles of Temperance and Purity and leaving no means untried to win their constancy. On the occasion in '96 of the visit of the National President and Vice-President, Mrs. Stevens and Miss Anna Gordon, to California, she threw open her house to them and their friends, giving them a soul-stirring reception, which for brilliancy and heartiness will be long remembered by its hundreds of guests.

In the midst of these social cares and triumphs she penned the following verses in her diary, which portray her absolute reliance upon the Father of her soul:

I would not know my future here,
Whatever it may be;
And whether filled with hope or fear,
I leave it, Lord, with Thee.

I would not know tomorrow's share,
If toil or pain for me,
For this day's care I might not have
Could I the future see.

I would not know tomorrow's joy,
Though every hour it fill
Such knowledge might today annoy,
And keep me from His will.

I would not know another hour
Beyond the passing one.
Each moment needs more than my power
To call its duties done.

So, Father, all beyond is thine,
A little back to see,
But present time is only mine,
The trust Thou givest me.

My Father; I would know Thee more,
And lose myself in Thee,
And follow on to Thee adore
Throughout Eternity.

Her health having been completely restored, May 5th, 1899, she accompanied her husband on a voyage to China, it being the sixth time that she had crossed the Pacific. After being three weeks on the ocean she learned that their steamer, "The Coptic," carried aboard five missionaries and three hundred barrels of alcohol for the Orient. The shock to her sensibilities was severe. What, she thought, was to be done, with all this burning liquid; enough to set all Japan and China on fire; for, she added, "ruin and devastation must surely follow in its track."

Returning to her former home near the Kiangnan Arsenal after seven years of absence from Shanghai, Mrs. Fryer noted very many improvements, particularly in the foreign settlement. When their carriage drove up to the high brick wall surrounding their garden and the "Boy" within responded to the call of Professor Fryer the radiant expression of joy upon his face upon seeing the beloved "mistress" could not have been surpassed. Never had a servant been truer to his trust nor more faithful than he. Notwithstanding that the house had been constantly unoccupied during their absence nothing had been lost or changed. Every piece of furniture was in its accustomed place. Little ornaments on walls or shelves, articles long out of mind, as well as out of date, suddenly brought back old associations. Surely the author of Rip Van Winkle must have found his inspiration in the faithful service of a Chinese care-taker who was as unchanging as the law of the Medes and Persians! The two months' holiday in China was an unmingled pleasure.

The two travellers returned safely to Berkeley, where

the routine of life again began and where each duty was performed with unflinching enthusiasm.

The following year, in obedience to the cravings of her loving heart, she travelled eastward on account of the precarious health of her dear mother. On her way she again visited Alfred Centre, reaching it in July. Concerning this visit she wrote: "It is joy enough to be here in dear old Alfred where there are so many precious souls whom I have long loved and wished to see again." Referring to the University, where she was most joyfully and enthusiastically received by the whole Faculty and students she said: "I came here yesterday afternoon and climbed the steps into the dear old house where I came more than thirty years ago, when a timid trembling school girl. I recall thinking that day that a new chapter in my life was then beginning, and have since known that the thoughts, determinations and resolutions of that day's experience were truly prophetic." President Allen, whose great soul was ever open to the sunshine had "passed on" in 1892, but his widow, affectionately known by all students as "Mother Allen," still lived and it was at her feet that Mrs. Fryer again sat and drank from her fount of wisdom. The good, noble lady died October 26th, 1902. A Memorial was prepared by four members of the Ladies' Literary Societies of Alfred University to which Mrs. Fryer contributed the "Character Sketch," which is the gem of the whole book. It is the opening chapter of the Memorial and one paragraph portrays so accurately the life motives of the writer herself that it deserves to be quoted.

"If I were asked to name her special characteristic I should not hesitate to say it was in letting go of self. It was a complete and joyful yielding of her own interests and pleasures that others might be led towards helpfulness. This living and doing for others was more than meat or drink to her. And it was so natural that it seemed an innate faculty of getting hold of people and leading them to feel that a great, blessed work awaited all who would but lift their eyes and look about them. Her insights into human needs were not guesses, they were the outcome of

her faith in the worthiness of people and her impartial love for them. She saw in all some good. Though it might be dormant, she seemed to know just how to help develop it and let it shine forth into usefulness."

Faith in the Father's love meant everything to Mrs. Fryer, and made her scrupulous never to say a word to unsettle the religious belief of any one, no matter how widely it might differ from her own. It was in the religious instinct that she saw the delicate moral and spiritual forces which mould noble and substantial characters. This keen insight into life made her ever ready to feel and promote faith in the Bible as the unfailing source of spiritual health and strength, leaving that unhindered to work out its own interpretation in the life. Her well-worn Bible was her constant companion both at home and wherever she travelled. Not a day passed without her reading some portion of it. Her life was moulded by its precepts; her heart fed by its promises. In the many trials which she was called upon to bear she would daily affirm, "God lives, His earth is under our feet, the eternities are within us and before us."

As the years progressed there was a ripened, hallowed influence in her presence that was irresistible to all who came in direct contact with her. It came from the magnetism of her loving heart that could not be excelled in true, living interest for others. She held in universal sacredness that one rare thing, sincerity. No one who ever looked into her calm, lovely face, or heard the gentle tones of her voice, ever doubted it. All realized the true dignity that was inherent in her own personal character, independent of any exterior. Between herself and her husband there was perfect unity, one faith and one love. Their different views on theological subjects never caused friction; they melted away in pure affection. Thus in all things each thought most of the other and both thought of Him whose will was beyond all human love, even such tender love as theirs. Her part in the world was deeds. She was never "fidgety," nor wasted time in puerile apprehensions. What was to be borne she bore; what was to be done she did; but she

rarely commented upon either her doings or her sufferings.

One of the happiest years of her life was in 1904, during the summer of which, accompanied by her "beloved" (as she always designated her husband) they compassed, during a vacation, the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Reveling in the beauties of all three places, as only one with her poetic soul could, the grandeur of the last impressed her most powerfully, bringing her almost into immediate touch with the awful, eternal power of the Infinite Creator of all things. She thus wrote in her diary: "There was something about it which brought me into a spirit of worship such as I never before experienced; something that made the very ground seem holy and I broke forth into praise that He had permitted me, this frail little piece of humanity, to see Him in that part of His awful grandeur; to hear His voice in these depths and to feel His loving hold within my heart." Then followed such a minute detail of this most sublime of all earthly spectacles as fully revealed her wealth of descriptive power and faculty of close observation.





MRS. FRYER AND HER HUSBAND

CHAPTER X.

Her Second Journey Round the World.

During the decade of the nineties changes had occurred in the family of Professor and Mrs. Fryer. Annie, the only daughter, had married; John, the eldest son, had died while filling his fathers post at Shanghai, of typhoid fever; Charles, who had become a professor in McGill University, Montreal, Canada, had also married; and George, whom his mother most dearly loved, was engaged in the largest business and shipping firm in Shanghai. With this lessening of domestic cares, Professor Fryer decided to spend his sabbatical year in 1908, by voyaging around the world accompanied by his wife. A part of the story of how and where they went is best told by Mrs. Fryer, herself, in an address delivered before the Forum Club of San Francisco soon after their return.

"It was August 25th of last year, 1908, that my husband and I, leaving work and worries behind, passed through the Golden Gate on the S. S. "Manchuria" and out into the vast open Pacific bound for the Great East which is only reached from here by travelling ever toward the setting sun.

"It was August again of this present year when the circle of the globe had been completed and the overland train dropped us at Sixteenth Street Station, Oakland, to make our way by the local train to Berkeley.

"Calm seas had been ours for the whole distance, not a day of fierce storms nor mountain-like waves had we experienced and not one whole day of mal-de-mer for me, hitherto a poor, miserable sailor!

"During our journey we traveled in nineteen different steamers, as well as in boats, barges, sampans, tenders, and launches not a few, in railway and electric trains many and varied; in jinrickshas single and double; in wheel-barrows large and small, these pushed by one man or pulled by one and pushed by another; in mule carts; in Hindoo gharrys, and of course in carriages and autos, where they were to

be found; by donkey and camel riding, and by sedan and mountain chairs, and by walking many, many times till nightfall found us weary and footsore. The morning light, however, nearly always saw us ready for another strenuous day of travel, of studying the conditions of things and people as we found them, or of visiting with dear old friends or newly found acquaintances. Ah! those precious renewed friendships that still reach back to the long ago! How few friends made in after years can ever fill their places in our hearts! Do you think them ever filled again? How full and rich, sad, yet how sweet were those reunited friend communings! In fact, the whole time of our absence abroad seemed one round of pleasure and of growth, for did it not really prove to be the crowning, climacteric year of our two busy, happy lives? I thank my Father every day for having let me live last year.

“We spent five months in the Celestial Empire—as the natives love to call their country, making our home in Shanghai and going at our pleasure from there for long journeys northward, westward and southward,—passing up and down her coasts, on her great rivers, or else by railroads, which of late have been stretched over vast areas of her territory. Before leaving China we found that we had travelled more than four thousand miles while in that great and now fast-changing Empire. I say ‘changing,’ for China is no longer keeping herself aloof from other nations of the world, since of late she has started to hold her own among the powers that be; consequently, she is advancing her attitude and adapting herself, and in many ways her purposes, toward them.

“All too soon our stay in China came to an end and we found ourselves at Hong Kong, living for a few days with friends on the Peak and also enjoying a delightful excursion to the city of Canton, which I had much desire to see for many years. We spent two days at the Canton Christian College, a great institution with a great future.

“A few days were spent in the steaming heat of Singapore, making our home in Hotel Raffles, mentioned in some of Kipling’s books; during which we saw the sights of the

place, one of them being the Rajah of Johore himself. He is the absolute monarch of his tiny kingdom. Some of his harem dined at our hotel one day. He lives but a few hours' drive from Singapore. His father, the former Rajah, was known as a kindly, noble man. My husband visited him in the "seventies," in company with the Chinese Minister Kwo.

"The population of Singapore is said to be 350,000, two-thirds of whom are Chinese. These settlers are depended upon to manage all the most important business interests of the place and country roundabout. They possess the wealth and well they may, as they are far superior to the native Malays or the Indians and Malays who make up the population. These are generally represented as indolent, ignorant and unreliable, while the Chinese are ever alert and active in ways that make for the general well-being as well as for their own prosperity.

"We visited some of the Singapore Chinese schools, one of them being in a city temple, where the usual incense was burning in front of various images. The picture of Confucius was also prominent, before which the pupils were required to prostrate themselves once a month, as their custom is, but everywhere there seemed a laxness in regard to the old religious forms which appear to be gradually passing away, and giving place to something more uplifting. I asked what was being done for the native Singapore people and was told by a missionary that efforts in that direction had proved so nearly fruitless in the past that work for them had been largely discontinued as they were found to be so dull and undeveloped in intellect and character that time and labor was lost upon them.

"Our next move was another steamer journey northward, with a few hours in Penang and some days in Rangoon, Burmah. Here we visited some of the excellent educational establishments in charge of the missionaries, and passed one night at a missionary 'rest house,' a little way out in the country. We spent a morning in looking at the famous great Buddhist pagoda called the 'Shuy Daigon,' with its hundreds of surrounding shrines, and in seeing the great elephants that are employed in moving and piling up the

immense logs of timber in the government yards. From thence we went across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, our first stopping place in India. Here, the air was so close, hot and damp and the smallpox so prevalent that after a few days we were glad to proceed northward, a distance of five hundred miles to Darjeeling, a famous summer health resort in the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains. This charming place is in full view of the everlasting snows of Mt. Everest the highest of mountain peaks—the very summit of the earth! Darjeeling meant a rise of eight thousand feet above sea level. The little railway which winds itself among, around and over those mountains without a single tunnel is regarded as one of the masterpieces of engineering in the world. It reminded us somewhat of the ascent of Mt. Lowe or of Tamalpais, though, of course, it was so far greater in extent and the mountain ascent so much higher than in either of those places. This interesting journey took us also through some of the most noted and extensive of India's tea plantations situated on the terraced mountain sides.

“Returning south to Calcutta again we afterwards travelled through India from east to west, a vast, fertile and beautiful country with many grand, imposing views and objects of the greatest interest. It was along this route that we passed through some hundreds of miles devoted to the culture of the poppy, which supplies the deadly opium-drug to China and some of the adjacent countries. It has been largely from the proceeds of this vile product that India has been enabled to provide her immense annual revenue for the government of Great Britain. Its annual value is twelve or more million pounds sterling. We made stops of one or two days in all the most noted historic cities, such as Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi and Bombay. I can give you no adequate idea of the interesting places which we saw or the fine ruins and buildings, such as the mosques and the magnificent Taj-Mahal, the most expusite of all earth's structures. Its beauty and symmetry far exceed my powers of description; it needs to be seen and studied for a long time to be understood and fully appreciated. From Bombay we steamed across the Indian

Ocean, passing the Red Sea from south to north, a distance of more than thirteen hundred miles, thence into the Suez Canal as far as its terminus, Port Said. It was on the day while in the canal that we met the steamer which was bearing ex-President Roosevelt to South Africa. He was standing on the Captain's bridge waving his hat and sending us all his pearly, ivory smiles as our vessels passed each other in that narrow pathway of water.

"From Port Said we took train for Cairo, Egypt, where my husband was a delegate to the International Congress of Archaeologists held there from April 12th to 20th. This was a remarkable meeting where papers were read and discussed by distinguished men, who have done and are still accomplishing so much to make known to the world the important revelations discovered of the buried life of ancient times. Every country in Europe was represented by either men or women of the Congress and Cairo spared no pains to entertain and show the places of interest to those more than eight hundred representatives. We attended the Khedive's garden party and other complimentary functions.

"If time permitted I should like to tell you of our journey up the Nile, our day at the great Pyramids of Ghizeh, our visits to some of the principal ruins of temples and tombs of the kings of ancient Egypt and our stay in Alexandria. I should also gladly describe our visits to Naples, Pompeii, Genoa and Algeria; and particularly our two months' stay in Great Britain with our wanderings in England and Scotland. Suffice it to say that we crossed the Atlantic in the fine steamer 'Laurentic' and after a week or two in Canada and the Eastern States we were glad to find ourselves once more in 'Beautiful Berkeley.'

"I must not, however, forget to mention that the main object of our tour around the world was to see for ourselves the great movement going on in China and especially its educational features. I have already mentioned that we travelled more than four thousand miles in China—a distance in any land great enough to show many differences in the habits and general condition of the people. I want to tell you of the wonderful change which has taken place in

China. Knowing well the differences of the people, their spoken language and the vastness of their Empire, we were the more astonished to find an all-pervading and unifying influence that seemed to be present everywhere which I will call the Spirit of the Great Educational Movement of the New China. Within the last few years—not yet a decade—this overwhelming desire, this hungering and thirsting for the new practical education, has spread itself over that vast Empire to its remotest bounds. All classes are touched by it, none seem to have escaped from it. The forlornest street beggars are eager to catch a word of the foreign language and would cry it in the streets, though no one knew for what purpose. Nothing in her history has ever done so much toward the unifying of China as this immense wave of intellectual hunger is now doing. The women and girls have been touched by the same fire and by it have learned that they, too, are in possession of mental faculties not one whit behind those of their fathers or brothers. I found girls as earnest and enthusiastic in their schools as are the young men, studying geography, arithmetic, music, sewing, embroidery, painting, drawing and other useful subjects. A Woman's Daily Journal has appeared in Peking, edited and published by a woman who is near of kin to the Imperial family itself. It is the only paper of such a kind in the world, and that in China. Think of it! Missionaries who are in charge of girls' boarding schools told me that their girls are wanted as private teachers before they have half finished their courses of study. All the sciences are being taught and applied, such as Chemistry, Electricity, Agriculture, Botany and a hundred other subjects. The new China was long in starting but she has come to stay and will soon become a power among the nations of the earth."

This lecture coming from such a reliable source incited a strong desire on the part of the public to hear more, so that it is not surprising that Mrs. Fryer was besieged by requests to report, in her eminently pleasing manner, other incidents in the story of her wanderings. To these frequent requests she acceded to the delight of her many auditors.

Her last appearance in public was when giving a description of her courageous descent into the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh. Her audience was a large assemblage of ladies representing the Methodist Churches of Berkeley.

Who that heard her that afternoon will ever forget the sweet and sympathetic tones of her voice or the animated expression of her lovely face as she detailed her experience of that wonderful episode of Egyptian travel?

Prefacing her remarks with an apology for reading them as extracts from her Diary she thus spoke:

"Oh, how tired and rich I am tonight! Rich, because my eyes have actually seen the pyramids of Ghizeh and because I have been down, down into the lowest base of one of them! First, I had to crawl into a dark hole, four feet square, sit down and slide on my feet, down a granite incline one hundred and four feet long! An Arab guide slid along ahead of me with a lighted candle in one hand, and reaching back grasped one of my hands in the other. My other hand, the right one, was pressing against the sides of the wall or else keeping my skirts drawn up over my knees and tucked between them. But we had not gone far down, not more than ten feet, about the length of an ordinary flight of stairs, when I called a halt and decided to get myself turned around and crawl up and out. I did so. The men seemed astonished and began to talk to me but I did not heed them. There were two of these men, one crawling behind me and the one ahead who was leading me and with whom I had bargained to act as guide, interpreter and friend while I was in the pyramid. After starting down, when I had glanced round I did not exactly like the look of the one behind me and still that was not my reason for turning about. I hoped to find my camel and his owner who were standing just below the entrance when we started in, so as to leave with my camel-man my little leather hand-bag. Should I attempt to carry it farther, I felt sure it would be lost, as I saw the guide could not bother with it, for both his hands were full as well as were my own. I had left my grey coat with the camel driver, and as he had not been paid for the last hour's use of the animal, I thought the

bag with the coat would be quite safe. But on reaching the outer entrance both man and camel were gone; I could see them hurrying away in the distance. (Perhaps it was to get some food while I was away in the darkness). But what should I do? There was only a moment to hesitate as to which would be the wiser course,—to risk my precious little bag and its contents or to lose the only chance of my life to enter the pyramids! Dozens of rough-looking Arabs stood all about the entrance. One of them standing close by, was looking straight at me, so I said to him: 'I am going down into the pyramid, will you keep this bag for me?' He motioned rather than said 'Yes,' but a half-dozen of those rough-looking fellows called out 'Yes' at the same moment. I saw that the bag was firmly clasped and handed it to that wild-looking Arab, determined to trust him so fully that he would not dare open it. My visiting cards and money were in it and the purse was round and heavy with silver and copper piastres, though there was only about three dollars worth of them all; still, that was too much to lose. But what was that amount compared with what I had to gain? I had a pocket in my petticoat but dared not let those men see me put the purse in it else they might think I had a fortune and so there might be trouble. But quickly I resolved not to give that bag one other thought and turning my back upon them again faced the darkness down the hole. The guide relighted his candle assuring me over and over that he had 'plenty more' candles, though I failed to see where they were for they could not be concealed in his scanty clothing and he was without shoes. Again we started to slide down into the hole—I, with a little inward trembling, I confess, but my guide repeated many times over that there were always white people in the pyramid. Perhaps that assurance gave me a little courage, for I kept on, creeping along that incline, guided by his leading hand. Twice at least we came to places where the hole suddenly became smaller and with military air he bade me bend my head over till we came to a higher place. After a while, we reached a large, high room at least twenty feet to the ceiling above, and here we all

stood up straighter. Right here, too, we met a company of Arabs with lighted candles coming out—but not one European face among them, so we three souls were to be left alone in that dark pyramid, I thought. But we passed into another larger and higher room—this one being forty-four feet long. By this time I had lost all thought of fear unless it may have been an occasional touch of the sub-conscious kind. Then came another incline, this one being twenty feet, reaching down to the exquisitely granite-lined, arched room, the King's chamber, that was prepared, just as it is now, more than thirty-six hundred years B. C., for the tomb of Egypt's great Ruler whose name was called Men-Kau-Ra, or Mycernius in later days.

“It may seem too much of sentiment to here refer to the emotions that crowded upon me as I stood in that remarkable spot which cannot be described in words. My mind went back over earth's history in its dimness, when this very pyramid was being piled, block upon block until its completion. Then the mind picture, moving a little forward, made the place astir with multitudes from every side. For from all directions they had gathered priests, singers and mourners to participate in the formal ceremonies over the lifeless body of Egypt's great, beloved Ruler, which, in its richly carved and inscribed coffin was carefully, solemnly borne down the long, narrow, slippery stone passage through which I had just come and placed in the magnificent alabaster sarchophagus prepared for it. Some portions of the very coffin in which the Ruler was carried lay scattered at my feet. Description fails when one sees how human hands carried out human plans that reached backward beyond the ken of history into the vast Eternity behind us.

“I wish I could help you to see that granite-lined room. Never had I seen such workmanship before. The blocks of the walls must have been nearly three feet in length and half as wide. They were polished as smooth as the smoothest plate glass ever seen. Where the blocks united the joints could only be distinguished by the difference in the grains of the granite and by a line not thicker than a sheet

of paper. I could not feel any joint when my fingers pressed against them. I have since read that the flatness and squareness of those joints are accurate like the finest opticians' work of the present day. The granite blocks in the four walls of that large room, its floor and the arched ceiling above are all polished and joined together in the very same perfect manner. Since there is no granite whatever to be found in all the region around about Cairo or the Pyramids, all that was used in their construction must have been transported from the great quarries at Assuan, some six hundred miles farther up the river, so the marvellousness of the task seems still more extraordinary. The theory of it is that the blocks were cut and prepared in the quarries and at the season of the inundation of the Nile, in late July, were brought all that distance in barges or boats to the edge of the desert plateau upon which the pyramids stand.

"In an adjoining room were six alcoves in the wall, each one of which was large enough to contain a sarcophagus. These niches, the man said, were built for the queen and her five daughters, but he had never learned that they were occupied. Altogether, we passed into seven rooms while in the pyramid. To me it was most remarkable that the air can be so good as it is at that low level without any ventilation but what comes from the small hole where we entered to come down. The passage below that is so winding, too, that it does not seem possible for fresh air to ever reach those lower rooms. The entrance to this pyramid, in common with all the others, is on its northern side. It is thirteen feet above its base and was discovered by Howard Vyse, an Englishman, in 1837. At that time the very beautiful sarcophagus and portions of an inscribed coffin were found in the King's chamber I have described. Not long afterward the sarcophagus was taken out and lost through the wreck of the ship which was bearing it to England, but the top of the coffin containing the inscription is now in the British Museum. The inscription upon it makes it one of the most valuable objects in that institution. The inscription, which is in hieroglyphics, reads as follows:

"Osiris, King of the North and South, Man-Kau-Ra,

living forever! The Heavens have produced thee, Thou wast engendered by Nut, (the sky). Thou art the offspring of Seb, (the earth). Thy mother, Nut, spreads herself over thee in her form as a divine mystery. She has granted thee to be a God. Thou shalt never more have enemies. O King of the North and South, Man-Kau-Ka, living forever.'

"This goes to prove, that as far back as 3600 B. C. the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was embedded in the human mind.

"In places where the guide held up his light while he explained things I could distinguish that little shadow-man keeping ever close behind me, and it was not until we had started to retrace our steps and come up that I learned the reason for his presence, and his value, too. I do not know how I could ever have slid up that slippery incline without his two hands flattened against my back and boosting me with all his strength. Oh, how delicious was the smell of the air that came down that hole when we again reached it! I shall never forget it. And when at last we reached the top entrance how great, and big, and free the whole out of doors seemed! I felt like lying down on the sand and resting for an hour but that could not be considered.

"At the very entrance stood the man with my little hand-bag. (I really had forgotten him). I opened the bag and gave him some backsheesh which satisfied him, but behold dozen or more of that 'rag-tag and bobtail' came around me, all calling out at once, 'backsheesh! backsheesh! backsheesh!' and seemed determined to have some, too. Perhaps they felt that they had earned the right to it as they had called out 'Yes' when I gave the bag into the man's keeping, and now must have their reward. But at a hint from the guide I followed right through them all and got down to where the camel and his driver were awaiting us.

"The pyramid of which I am speaking, is the third in size of what is known as the Ghizeh group. The first, or Great Pyramid, is known as Cheops, or Khufu, the second as Kephron Khafra and the third as Man-Kau-Ka or Mycernius. This one measures three hundred and fifty feet in length, at its base on each of its four sides, and is from two-

hundred and ten to two hundred and fifteen feet in height, This you can see is not small for if you can think of seven fifty-foot lots lying side by side you can get an idea of its extent. The distance to the pyramids is about an hour's ride from Cairo in a tram car, the route covering a little less than ten miles. As we got off the car there stood at least a dozen Arabs—some of these with donkeys and camels, waiting to offer themselves and their animals, for our service. At first we thought we would get on without them, but they persistently followed us, becoming more and more disagreeable as we tried to frighten them away. Finally, my husband engaged one of them as our guide after he had produced his badge and certificate showing him to be a proper person to take charge of visitors. At last Cheops, the Great Pyramid, was reached. Perhaps it was disappointing at first—so is Niagara—but as we stood and waited, and looked we found it ever greater than we had ever conceived before. It grew into a mountain before us and did not seem, at all, the work of men's hands. Just think, Cheops is seven hundred and seventy-five feet long on each of the four sides of its base. You will have to put that into more than fifteen fifty-foot lots on each of the sides of a square before you can conceive of its size. I had to do this. It is four hundred and eighty-one feet high to its top—put that into more than nine fifty-foot lots and pile them one upon the other and think how high that pile would be. Long ages ago this pyramid was several feet longer and higher than now as the whole of its outer surface was covered with granite blocks from Assuan, but those were long since used in the construction of the Mosques and other fine buildings in Cairo. What lasting shame! The second pyramid, or Cephron, perhaps ten minutes' walk beyond, measures seven hundred feet on each of the four sides of its base and is four hundred and fifty feet high. For thousands of years this pyramid was entirely covered with a casing of polished alabaster of which about one hundred and fifty feet at the top still remains. When King Cheops built the Great Pyramid, more than 3700 B. C., according to Heroditus, it took one hundred thousand

men twenty years to complete it. I did not care to climb to its summit, though, hitherto, I had always wished to do so. Now, it seemed that all the pleasure about it would be in telling my friends that I had been dragged or helped up those great blocks of stone, and this thought proved no temptation. The view was grand from where we stood at its base. On the one hand, twelve miles away was Cairo, with its domes, minarets and citadel; beyond which rose the Mo Kattan hills from whose quarries were brought the stones forming the pyramids, excepting the outer coverings. Just beyond these hills, not more than ten miles farther, were the hills where the great alabaster mines were worked in ancient times. Before us lay the desert with its Sakhkara group of pyramids in the distance, the Step pyramid being prominent among them; these looked not so far away, yet the guide said they were not less than eight miles from where we stood. Then, there was desert, desert, as far as the eye could see. Having learned that sunlight and sands work havoc with perspective, it was decided that I should have a camel from here to the Sphinx, which was in plain sight but perhaps distant a half mile more or less, as the case might be.

"Our guide made himself very interesting in detailing many items about the history of the pyramids, much of which was in our guide books. He engaged the camel from the rabble following us, and he and the driver lifted me up until I got into a comfortable position, having the right leg over the horn of the saddle on his back, and the left foot in a stirrup. It was interesting to have a natural back to lean against that could not loosen or fall off, although it seemed rather warm that day. Arriving at the Sphinx, I was amused to see how all the men standing about watched and gave orders as I got down. As the animal went down on his forelegs they called out together, 'lean back;' as he bent his hindlegs, they called out again 'lean forward,' and I obeyed orders. I walked over the great bank of sand which has been removed from around that wonder of the world and stood beside the marvel of the ages, whose years are beyond the ken of history. The stone records tell us that

the Sphinx was repaired during the reigns of Cheops and Cephron—builders of the first and second pyramids. So, if needing repairs at that time it must have been of great age. It is hewn out of a limestone rocky cliff or promontory jutting out of the desert plateau. Pieces of stone masonry were added where necessary to fill out its contour, and it must have been in these places where the repairs were needed. Twice, during the last century it was covered, all but the head, by the sands of the desert and twice it was cleared away. Here I was again disappointed, as others have been. One is hardly in a position to properly appreciate the grandeur and solemnity of these vast monuments at first sight. They are not just what you had conceived them to be, but the longer I looked the more absorbing and marvellous that figure appeared. The body is about one hundred and fifty feet long, the head thirty feet in length and the face fourteen in width. Its whole height from the top of the head to the base is about seventy feet.

“It was while at the Sphinx that my beloved husband, who had been ill for several weeks, decided that as he was feeling so very tired with walking he had better go back to the Mena Hotel—which is near the end of the car line—and have a rest and a cup of tea; so I pled till he again carefully examined and noted the official certificate and papers of the guide and reluctantly consented to my visiting the other pyramids and entering one if I chose to do so. This accounts for my being in the pyramid alone, as I have told you.

“No sooner had my husband turned his steps away from us than the guide and the camel-driver began to question me. ‘Who is that old gentleman?’ one of them asked, in good English accent. ‘He’s my husband,’ I replied. ‘Your husband!’ they said together; ‘Where does he live?’ ‘In America,’ I replied. ‘America!’ said both together; ‘but what part of America?’ ‘California,’ was my reply. ‘What part of California?’ was asked. ‘Near San Francisco,’ was my reply. ‘Have you been in San Francisco that you know so much about it?’ I inquired. ‘No, but we wish to go there. Do you know a Doctor Clark of San Francisco?’

one asked. I said, 'No, I think not; but why?' 'Because he lost millions of francs in the earthquake. He came here afterward and I took him to the Oasis for six weeks—Dr. Clark is a fine man.' Then those two Arabs asked much about the fire, and the restoration of the city and many other things until I became greatly interested in them. 'What does your husband do?' one of them asked. 'He's a teacher,' I answered. 'A teacher, is he?' they said together. 'Does he teach small boys?' 'No, large ones.' 'Large ones!' they repeated. 'Does the government pay him for it?' I told them it did and took my turn at questioning but could not make any headway until they had learned that our two sons were teachers also. 'That's well, that's well,' they both responded, 'for the sons to follow the father's example.' Then I learned that the camel was four years old and that its owner had paid fifteen pounds sterling (about seventy-five dollars) for him and that his name was Gladys. 'Gladys,' I said, 'how did you come to give him a woman's name?' It was like this,' the owner answered. 'Two years ago I took a fine lady and her husband to the Oasis; her name was Gladys, so I have called my camel after her. He has an Arab name, too, which means Chief of the Desert (he repeated the name in Arabic) but added, thoughtfully, 'I've called him Gladys for that lady ever since.' They both fell behind for a time and when I heard them running up one called out, 'Lady, lady, can you read hieroglyphs?' I did not respond and again they called, 'Lady, lady, do you know hieroglyphs?' Then I told them that I knew nothing of them—not one symbol from another, and asked if they could read them. 'Certainly,' they replied. 'We have to know hieroglyphs before we can get out of these badges that we wear and the certificates that we carry. Did you think we couldn't read the stones? What good would we be if we could not read them, for they are everywhere. We must learn five languages before we can become guides.' I found that those languages were English, French, German Hieroglyphics and their own Arabic? They are required to read and write only their own language and that written on the stones. All the others they must learn to speak.

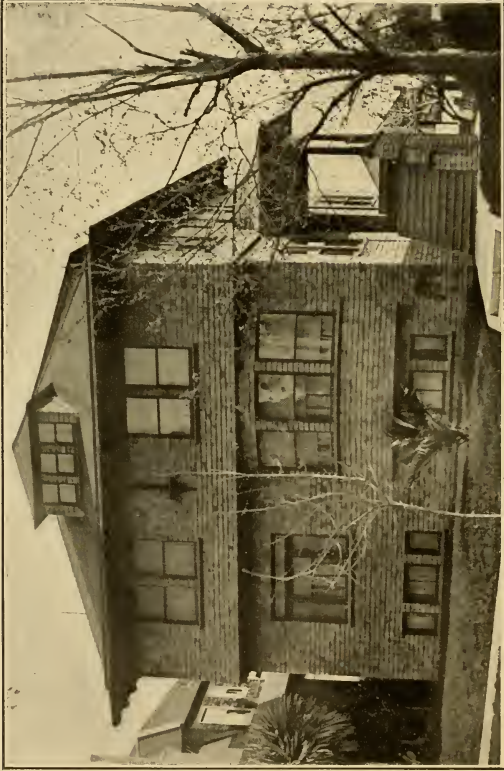
But, I asked, 'How did you learn to speak so well when you do not read it?' 'Why should we not speak it well when we hear it every day? We speak English no better than French or German, and we learn much of Italian, Spanish and other languages, too.' They told me that they have to be trained many years to learn their business and must begin it when children. They have to pass many examinations before they are allowed to wear the badges of which they seemed to be so proud. I solved what seemed a mystery, viz.: that these men and boys who followed us so closely were acolytes learning the language and that was why they were permitted to repeat in concert what others said.

"They told me they were very anxious to come to America, but, they added, 'You have no pyramids there, we know.' One told me that he knew the names of six cities in America, and proceeded to repeat, 'San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans and New Hampshire.'

'It was after this ride that I entered the pyramid of Ghizeh. When we came down from the rabble at the entrance Gladys was kneeling for me, but he kept up a continual groaning and spitting, as if either very angry or in great pain. I was almost afraid to be helped to his back again. After starting I asked the owner if I was too heavy. 'Heavy, you're not heavy. The knees of camels are very tender and the sand hurts them whenever they rise up or get down, so they groan, but it must not be noticed; he will get better soon.'

"We passed by the other pyramids before getting into the right path—if there can be a path in the desert sands—and I soon met my husband, who was rested and was coming back to find his other and more tired self."

A sigh of satisfaction passed through the assembly when she had concluded her address, she remarking incidentally that since her trip up the Nile, Egypt, had become, of all countries in the world, the most fascinating to her, so that she studied every book on that country that was obtainable.



HOME AT BERKELEY

CHAPTER XI.

Her Last Year in Berkeley.

Upon the return of the travellers to Berkeley they settled, temporarily, at Cloyne Court, where Mrs. Fryer was heard to say, with much feeling, "Travel has its enchantments but after a year of travel, home is sweeter and friends are dearer than ever."

Her precious mother had died the year previous, which wrung from Mrs. Fryer, on the first night of the New Year, 1910, the remark, "Oh! how full my heart is today! It is the first New Year I have lived without a mother. My mind and heart are full of reflections of the past that is fast lengthening behind me; in the same manner the future is shortening so that the days ahead are fewer continually. What I have to do must be done quickly, while it is called today. I thank my Father for life and hope and shall thank Him for rest when it comes to me in His Providence. I shall have had my share and why should I wish for more?"

"Sometimes I think the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be.
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
That every dream we thought was lost,
In Heaven shall be fulfilled."

One very rainy afternoon, late in March, she was walking across a field by a short cut to carry a birthday gift to her grandson, Handlin, when her foot suddenly slipped and she fell, hurting her side and the lower part of her spine. The shock was severe, although its serious nature was not realized at the time. Hoping a little local treatment would insure recovery in a few days she persisted in pursuing her daily routine of duties. Living at Cloyne Court she was, of course, free from all cares of housekeeping, but she helped her husband at his work as much as was practicable.

Gradually growing worse she asked to be taken to the Nauheim Sanitarium at Oakland in care of her old friends

the Doctors Maxson, who had on previous occasions been the means of restoring her to health. After a few days she felt so much better that she returned to Cloyne Court. Here she continued to over-exert herself and at last had an attack of angina pectoris. Two doctors and a trained nurse were in regular attendance on her but their efforts proved of no avail. At length on the 5th of May she was taken again to the Nauheim Sanitarium, where she received every possible care and attention. Her husband spent all the time with her that his University work would allow; but the doctors would allow no one else to see her in her weak state. On the evening of the 9th of May she was unusually cheerful and conversed with her husband on various subjects. She had been sitting up in her bed writing a letter to her son, George, in China, for whom she had a very deep affection. This letter is so typical of all her correspondence and shows so clearly her loving tender nature that it had better be reproduced in full. It is extremely interesting to her friends as being the last letter she wrote and it was finished only a few hours before her death.

“Nauheim, Oakland, May 7, 1910.

“My Precious George:

“How sorry I am to have seemingly neglected you for so long! But, dear boy, for a long time before I came to lie upon my back I was able to write only what seemed necessary.

“I’ve been nearly three weeks on my back with a trained nurse to watch over my every move, and to do all in her power to alleviate the suffering and discomfort. I came here to Dr. Maxson’s Sanitarium last Tuesday p. m. Your father and Dr. Harriet both sat in the ambulance with me to care for me on the journey. I had had a nurse and 2 doctors for a fortnight before coming. I just lay and longed to come here where there is more room, and where I can take treatments for my heart trouble nearly all the time from morning till night and sometimes through the nights.

“The disease is angina pectoris, an enlargement and flattening out of the muscles of the heart. You always knew your mother had a very large heart, didn’t you?

"Yesterday Dr. Hattie came in and after trying her stethoscope to my heart and lungs asked if I didn't want a season of prayer. Then she told me that she would tell me the truth about my case if I wished to know it. In all her experience she has had but 3 cases like mine! My right lung is filled with water which makes a continual gurgling noise as I breathe and sometimes I can hardly catch my breath even tho a breeze passed over me all the time. This afternoon I feel so much better that I decided to make this great attempt to tell you, my dear George, all I am able about it, for I may not write many times hereafter.

"I want you to know, as you have always known, that you are always very precious to my heart, and that I long and pray for you that you may make your life a success. I mean success in the truest sense of the word, that you may overcome by the Father's help all the weaknesses you find in your nature, that you may not forget that the promises are to the overcomers.

"Annie was here this p. m. Your father spent the a. m. with me but went back to an examination and hopes to come in the morning again. He is much worried over me. Four doctors have examined me carefully and all agree as to the nature of my disease. You know that I have always been so free from indigestion and bilious troubles that the rest of the family have, that this has come as a surprise. The Drs. think my heart was affected when I had inflammatory rheumatism 7 years ago. As I recall, I can see that I have panted much when climbing stairs since then. The pain has been fearful. I overheard the doctor telling one of the nurses that angina was far more severe than any neuralgia. I tho't' it was that at first.

"About our plans. We are all at sea. The Gamma Phi's have promised to vacate on the 20th but I am told I will not be equal to walking or climbing stairs for a year. They are doing their best to remove the dropsy in my right lung but only the Father knows the result. It may be that He sees my work is done. Ah, how sore am I that it has not been more and better!

"Your father has telegraphed to Daisy to come from her work in Detroit so we shall look for her within the week. We are in His hands, I know and feel it.

"Now, I want to ask you to give my love to dear Mrs. Fitch; thank her for the booklets she sent which I did not acknowledge, hoping to write her soon.

"Tell Mrs. Barchet and Bessie and Hattie that I have tho't and dreamed letters to them full of sympathy but did not get them written. I hope still to write to Miss Price, Mrs. Davis and Miss Burdick. Will you not let them either read or hear this poor scrawl?

"Annie is to go on Sunday to call upon Mary Allen Turner and her three children. Am sorry I cannot see them and send something to you.

"Monday Morning. I continue about the same.

"Your father came yesterday as usual. The sorority girls are to give up our house on the 20th and he does not know what to do. We may have to rent it again, yet we have waited and longed to be back to our own home for so long, it is a sad disappointment, but life holds such for most of us. Write me as often as you can. I always appreciate your letters. Am glad to feel you are with the Fitches and Mackintoshes. May the Father lead you every step.

Your affectionate Mother,

LIZZIE N. FRYER.

"P. S. Your father thinks I'll pull thro' this illness but one lung is filled up and the heart is very bad so I breathe with difficulty. E. N. F."

As her husband took leave of her on the night of the 9th of May she very hopefully spoke to him on the subject of their early return to their old home on Durant Avenue which they had been looking forward to for several months. She smilingly waved adieu to him as he left the room to return to his quarters at Cloyne Court; and this was the last he saw of her in the land of the living.

Early the following morning, after a peaceful night's rest, she playfully remarked to her nurse, "Now I will take

a morning nap." She soon fell into a sound slumber, during which she calmly passed away without a movement or sound, her cheek resting upon her hand. Oh! what a blessed transition! What a realization to the soul that ever hungered for artistic skill and beauty and found no realization of her ideals in the lower plane of existence! Said her husband after her interment: "The keynote of her whole life was love—Love to God and love to man." Every act and every thought were brought into continual harmony with this, her ideal. Hence hers was such a beautiful life of loving service to humanity. Her memory will remain ever green in the hearts of all who knew her and received inspiration from her noble character and gentle, sympathetic spirit."

The following tribute was presented at her funeral which was held at the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, and conducted by the Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D. "As members and co-workers of the Minnehaha Club of the University of California and of the State, County and Berkeley Woman's Christian Temperance Union, we would memorialize our sister, Mrs. John Fryer."

Mrs. Fryer was led into active Temperance work by Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, our first World's White Ribbon Missionary in 1882, whom she entertained when on her trip to China. With such enthusiasm did she embrace the cause that on coming to America she remarked. "I thought all women would belong to the W. C. T. U." Mrs. Fryer was appointed State Superintendent of Purity in 1900 but the most important work to her—the Department of Young People's Work—was given her in 1902. In interesting the young people of the University of California she held weekly meetings, always closing with tea and a social time. There was thus organized by the women students, the Minnehaha Club. These activities were some five years later merged into the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition League with which the Minnehaha Club now affiliated, through whom the Berkeley Union have inaugurated the Annual State and Berkeley W. C. T. U. Intercollegiate Prize Essay work at the University of California of \$75.00 state and \$50.00

local prize. Mrs. Fryer's delight was shown for this plan by her warmth of commendation when it was reported last year by the local essay committee.

Mrs. Fryer's door was ever open for social events and at one of our most auspicious receptions in honor of Mrs. M. N. Stevens and Miss Anna Gordon, National President and Vice-President at large of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Fryer was hostess. In her spacious parlors, with their unique Oriental decorations, we were favored with a fine attendance from Berkeley and the Bay cities. Although an ideally active member yet possessing, as she did, that innate courtesy of a true character which gives all and asks nothing, none knew of her good works except her helpers and associates.

These words can give but a glimpse of Mrs. Fryer's interest in the Temperance work during a period of nearly thirty years. May her mantle of probity of conscience so quietly but firmly manifested, that enabled her to see, live and teach the vital truths of temperance from which sprang the unselfish activities of her beneficent life, ever be upon us."

In her will Mrs. Fryer, with her husband's concurrence, left one-third of her own property to found a scholarship for worthy women students in her Alma Mater, Alfred University, and the remaining two-thirds as a legacy to her niece, Miss Daisy Williams.

The summary of her beautiful life is best expressed by herself in the following verses found in her diary and doubtless wrung from her own experience :

"Great truths are dearly bought: the common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Come in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across the way.

Greath truths are greatly won, not formed by chance,
Not wafted on the breath of summer dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Won in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God put forth in might,
Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours,
Of weakness, solitude, and perchance of pain,
Truth springs like harvest, from the well-plowed fields,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain."



ADDENDA.

(Selected by John Fryer.)

1. Account of Funeral from the "Berkeley Daily Gazette."
2. Memorial in the "Sabbath Recorder."
3. Memorial by Miss Susie M. Burdick in "Woman's Work in the Far East."
4. Memorial by Mrs. L. A. Platts.
5. Memorial by a High Chinese Official.
6. Memorial by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of California.
7. Memorial by Mrs. Frank Soule.

I. Account of the Funeral of Mrs. Fryer.

(From the "Berkeley Daily Gazette," May 14, 1910.)

"Many friends joined the bereaved family at the funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Eliza Nelson Fryer, wife of Professor John Fryer, which were held at the First Congregational Church in this city, at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

"The church was filled in every part by citizens who for many years had known and loved the departed.

"The services were conducted with deep emotion by Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D., a close friend of Professor and Mrs. Fryer, and the beautiful hymns rendered were those very dear to the one so deeply mourned. Dr. McLean's address was very impressive and beautiful. It was listened to with almost breathless attention.

"As a mark of respect and veneration for her sterling worth and deeds, the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of this city, joined by numerous members of that organization from other parts of the Bay cities and San Francisco, attended. Women connected with the Young Women's Christian Association and other associations of similar character came, even from far away, to take part in the last sad rites at the bier of their friend.

"In the assemblage could be seen here and there some who had been in the mission fields of foreign lands, as well as Chinese students.

"The pallbearers were: Prof. Frank Soule, Prof. C. B. Bradley, Prof. W. J. Raymond, Prof. Wm. E. Ritter, Rev. Chas. P. Bentley and Mr. John M. Eshelman.

"The interment, which was also attended by a large body of friends and relatives, took place at Mountain View Cemetery.

"The casket was covered with beautiful flowers, while elegant floral offerings were in great profusion.

"Thus went out one of the noblest of lives. She was a woman with a large heart, full of universal love, and never had an enemy. Her well-worn Bible was her constant com-

panion both at home and whenever she traveled. She espoused every good cause that came in her way and was particularly known as an earnest worker in the cause of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

"Her unusual skill in painting in oils and in water colors are well known to her many friends, whose walls are enriched with specimens of her artistic genius. She often made the remark that her hunger after artistic skill and beauty could never be satisfied in this world but that it would be in the next. Her literary ability was also of no mean order as the numerous articles and papers she has written and the books she has edited abundantly testify.

"But the keynote of her whole life was love,—love to God and love to man. Every act and every thought were brought into continual harmony with this her ideal. Hence hers was a beautiful life of loving service to humanity. Her memory will remain ever green in the hearts of all who knew her and received inspiration from her noble character and gentle sympathetic spirit."

2. Memorial of Lizzie Nelson Fryer.

(From the "Sabbath Recorder," May 30, 1910.)

"Elsewhere in this issue will be found a letter referring to the death of Mrs. Lizzie Nelson Fryer, a brief notice of which appeared in last week's 'Recorder.' At this writing no direct report has reached the editor, and we are glad for the timely letter of Brother Edwin H. Lewis.

"Mrs. Fryer had a great company of friends, to whom this sad news will bring deep sorrow. In 1874 she sailed for China as a missionary in company with Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Davis, and during the time in which she was connected with our mission, and through all the years following her marriage, she was a firm friend of our China Mission and kept in close touch with the missionaries there. 'Recorder' readers have been favored with many interesting articles from her pen, the last of which was the account of her travels in China last year. We shall all miss her helpful words.

"There comes a deep sense of loss when the friends of many years hear that such a consecrated Christian has gone from earth. We knew her well as a student in Alfred, and can never forget the days at Brookfield Conference, when she gave herself to the work of foreign missions. Her loyalty to truth should be an inspiration to every one. Our hearts go out in sympathy toward her bereaved husband, and we pray that the God of all comfort will sustain him in his affliction."

"Editor of the Sabbath Recorder.

"Dear Brother:

"Perhaps, since no names will be used, it is not a violation of confidence to transcribe here a few sentences from a long private letter concerning Mrs. John Fryer, whom many of us knew so well as Miss Lizzie Nelson, and who passed away at Berkeley, Cal., May 10. The letter is from a lady who is quite unknown to readers of the RECORDER. She is a Sunday-keeper, a widow who has had a long, hard

struggle to bring up her children. The letter throws light upon the fine character of the writer, and yet more light upon the noble, gracious and transparent character of Mrs. Fryer. Mrs. Fryer's influence was like a benediction upon all who knew her.

"All the winter before their recent trip to the Orient, Mrs. Fryer was feeble, and almost to the last Doctor Fryer did not expect her to accompany him. . . . She gave me a parting gift of a beautiful little water-color which she had painted, and across the back of which she had written a message. . . . I had one or two precious messages from her in her absence, and my fears that I should never see her again began to subside. . . . Such a meeting when she returned! But she looked thin and frail, though they had a happy journey, and though she was especially interested in what she saw in Egypt, and in the great changes that have taken place in China. . . . She was deeply grieving for her mother, who had passed away just before she reached home. . . . Oh, if you knew the services rendered me during these eight years by those dear tired hands of hers! She was so blessedly unselfish, so saintly, so brave, such an uplifter of human kind! She helped all, no matter what their nation or creed. Her own views were fixed. So, quietly, she kept her own Sabbath with her Bible, and spent nights of prayer and thought, going like the prophet of old 'into the thick darkness' that she might receive help and guidance in her work for others. The commands which she there received she followed with perfect faith. . . . Her left hand knew not what her right hand accomplished. . . .

"Her death was like her life—sweet and peaceful. The full details I do not know as yet. . . . She had gone to Doctor Maxson's sanitarium here, and she seemed to be improving; then one night she went peacefully to sleep and did not awaken. She was not, for God took her. . . . The services were on May 14, at two, in the First Congregational Church. . . . It was all beautiful and simple, as she would wish. Flowers were everywhere, and the light-colored casket was covered with blossoms—sweet peas.

Dear old Dr. McLean, with quivering voice, conducted the service. The music was soft and low—"Sometime, Somewhere," "Abide With Me," and "Good Night." The reading was John xvii, and Psalm xxiii. Doctor McLean with brief words sketched Mrs. Fryer's life, and sounded the keynote of her life, which was love. Then a representative of W. C. T. U. read a paper about her work in China. Then came Chopin's Funeral March, and all was over. . . . I could not trust myself to go to the graveyard at Mountain View. . . . I had no friend here that I could fully trust but her. . . . My heart aches for her husband. He is terribly shaken. . . . She will live in more lives and hearts than we can know. . . ."

Such is the tribute of one who loved her.

E. H. L.

3. In Loving Memory of Mrs. John Fryer.

By Miss Susie M. Burdick.

(From "Woman's Work in the Far East," Sept., 1910.)

In thinking of the life of Mrs. Eliza (Lizzie) Nelson Fryer one wonders afresh at the nobility and power of a life surrendered to God. Reverence and love for God, and sympathetic, helpful love for her fellow-men have been characteristic of her all through the years and have made the course of her life luminous.

Mrs. Fryer was born in Erie County, New York State, the 22nd of April, 1847. From early life she was possessed with a great desire for an education, and her struggle to satisfy this longing is a part of the story of her life.

Her own father died when she was very young, and the property which he left, which might have helped her, was so invested as to be unavailable. She had also to meet much objection from those who did not believe in the higher education of women. Her own indomitable will came to her help, and, evidently having had a vision of the value of life and of her own responsibility, she determined, at the age of sixteen, to support herself by teaching, and by that means go on with her own studies, first at Griffith Institute, Springville, New York, and afterwards at Alfred University, where in the course of time she graduated and later also obtained the degree of Master of Arts. Friends who knew her at this time recall her physical frailty, the self-denial and cheerfulness with which she met the very real difficulties of the way, her excellent scholarship, devotion to Christian ideals and work, and how, out of her own slender means, she was ever ready to help others who seemed in greater need.

With her gifts she always gave herself. One incident of these days well illustrates this point. Two children with deformed feet was born in her neighborhood and, hearing of a hospital at a considerable distance from her home where such deformities were successfully treated, she not only raised the money to enable them to make the journey and undergo the operation, but went with them and cared

for them, working hard for their support, and finally restored them "every whit whole" to their parents.

For some time after her graduation from Alfred, Miss Nelson was an invalid, but recovering her health, to some extent, returned to Alfred as a teacher, where she did excellent work, both in the class room and among the students.

In 1879 she received a call, to which she responded at once, from the Seventh Day Baptist Mission Board to go to China as a teacher. She reached Shanghai in January, 1880, and was very successful in acquiring the language and in winning the hearts of the Chinese people. She very soon, however, felt the effects of the malarial climate of Shanghai, but in spite of the illness and consequent weakness undertook school work both inside the city and outside the West Gate; also visiting in the homes of the people, where she was always gladly received, and did many unknown acts of kindness. In subsequent years she never lost her interest in, nor her love for, these early Chinese friends. Of her, they and their descendants say: "She loved others as herself."

It was at this time that she became acquainted with Dr. John Fryer, of Shanghai, who had for many years been employed by the Chinese Government in preparing an Encyclopedia of Scientific Works in the Chinese language. Their marriage took place at the English Cathedral on the 6th of June, 1882. She was a most devoted wife, entering with intense and helpful interest into her husband's work and was also a very sympathetic and tender mother to Dr. Fryer's four children by a previous marriage. In England, in China, and finally in America, she took deep interest in their education. During the Shanghai days she was herself their teacher.

Mrs. Fryer was a woman of more than ordinary force of character and intellect. It has been said very truly that she espoused every good cause that came her way. Her work in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, both in Shanghai and California, may be mentioned. For years she led the Band of Hope in Shanghai, taking a deep and abiding interest in the children. Many of them, now grown

to manhood and womanhood, will remember her enthusiastic work in that society. In Berkeley, where Dr. Fryer is professor of the Department of Oriental Languages and Literatures in the State University, she entered with keen zest into the interests of a college community, often taking part particularly in the work of the Young Woman's Christian Association.

Her marriage by no means brought to a close her work for the Chinese. During her life near the Kiangnan Arsenal she had fine opportunities, of which she availed herself, of meeting and helping many Chinese women of the higher class. It is remembered that one lady of high rank expressed the pleasure she had in going to Mrs. Fryer, saying that her rank precluded her from visiting in a friendly way the homes of her neighbors, but Mrs. Fryer, being a foreigner, to her she could go freely. In this as well as other official families Mrs. Fryer had much influence. The sons of more than one family came to her for instruction, and they all remember her with gratitude.

Not only was her heart open to the Chinese, but many of the Foreign Community will bear witness to her ever-sympathetic spirit and helpfulness. Often did she travel the five miles to Shanghai in a ricksha to stay with the sick in mind or body, and more than once has she been known to order provisions or clothing sent to the really needy.

Dr. and Mrs. Fryer's home, whether near the Kiangnan Arsenal at Shanghai or in Oakland, California, where she went with the children in 1892, or later in Berkeley, was always open to the Chinese and many a Chinese student has been welcomed and helped under their roof. Their home for years was always a resting place for many missionaries, whom she always sought out and entertained, in their coming or going to this land she loved.

Indeed her gracious and unflinching hospitality to all alike was ever ready. From her girlhood all through the years the sympathetic heart, which her face so faithfully bespoke, led many to turn to her in their joys and sorrows and with their perplexities. Of her sympathy one could be sure, and

wherever possible it found practical expression. What a host of friends, whom she has encouraged and helped, could bring their tribute to her memory!

Since living in California Mrs. Fryer has twice returned to China, the last time was in 1908, when she accompanied her husband on a tour around the world. The many changes she found in China deeply interested her and she looked forward to doing further service for this great Empire through the addresses she was so frequently asked to give in different churches and before various missionary and other societies. But it was not to be. On the 10th of May, after three weeks of intense pain and suffering, she fell into a sound sleep during which she passed calmly away without a sound or movement. She was laid to rest in a beautiful spot in Mountain View, on a bed of freshly gathered pink sweet pea blossoms and maiden-hair ferns.

She was a woman with a large heart, full of universal love and never had an enemy. Her well-worn Bible was her constant companion at home and wherever she traveled. Her unusual skill in painting in oils and in water colors is well known to her many friends whose walls are enriched with specimens of her artistic genius. She often made the remark that her hunger after artistic skill and beauty could never be satisfied in this world, but that it would be in the next. Her literary ability was also of no mean order as the numerous articles and papers she has written and the books she has edited abundantly testify.

The day before she died, she managed to finish a letter to the youngest son, George, whom she had always loved very dearly, telling him all about her illness and her small chances of recovery, and sending messages to her best loved friends in Shanghai.

So has passed out one of the noblest of lives. To us who have known her it seems the welcome must have been: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

4. Memorial by Mrs. L. A. Platts.

"Personal Recollections" of Mrs. Fryer awaken the tenderest memories and set in vibration the richest, deepest chords of a hallowed friendship extending over many years. There was a kind of sacredness in my love for her, a realization of being lifted above things common and material into the realm of highest thought and of spiritual realities. In her pure, lofty character there was the quality of a touchstone, ennobling all with which it came in contact—converting dross into gold and causing it to shine with a fair, hitherto unknown luster. In her own person she combined peculiarly a kind of self-distrust amounting almost to timidity with a quiet, gentle dignity which made her equal to any occasion, to every demand upon thought and heart. Never have I known any one to whom David's words were so suited: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

My intimate acquaintance with her began about the time of her offering herself for mission work in China in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Davis. The three friends, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Miss Nelson, together wrought out the problem, not an easy one, of re-establishing our mission in Shanghai.

Her marriage to Dr. John Fryer, a few years later, while depriving the mission of her individual efforts, at the same time greatly widened the sphere of her personal influence. Doctor Fryer, an English gentleman of great scholarly attainments, was a veteran in educational affairs in China, and as his wife, known always and everywhere as a Seventh-day Baptist, she carried the knowledge of the Bible Sabbath, and of our people as loyal to that truth, among the higher castes of Chinese Society and to Christian missionaries of all denominations. Her interest in foreign missions never waned; no one would have rejoiced more sincerely at the immediate re-enforcement of our mission in China than she. Her home in California—after it was decided that she could not remain in China on account of her health—was a veritable home for returned missionaries, especially for those who came back to their own country broken down

in health. She told me once that the question was asked, while they were living in Oakland, "Who is this Mrs. Fryer" And the reply was, "She is the lady who keeps a kind of free boarding house for sick missionaries." She did keep herself informed of the location and prices of different hotels and boarding houses, was able to direct all who came to her to congenial, transient homes, and in case of lack of means kept the missionary in her own home for weeks, sometimes for months.

In later years she took unbounded interest in her husband's work in the California State University at Berkeley. Here he occupies, with very marked acceptance, the chair of Oriental languages, in its beginning unique among university professorships, and she watched with gratification and pride the growth of the department to some hundreds of students—her ready brain and hand finding ways in which to assist very definitely. His vacation year, 1908-09, was spent by them in a journey round the world. Letters and postals from the most unexpected, improbable places voiced and pictured her intense enjoyment and the real value of the trip. Enriched as her life was by all these superior advantages we can but wonder why she could not have been spared to us for yet many years. A letter received from her not long before her death, after relating the many things in which she was actively engaged, contains this statement: "I never enjoyed living more than now."

Doctor Platts, coming back to Wisconsin prior to our removal to California and detained for a day at San Francisco, went as soon as possible to see our friends in Berkeley and found dear Mrs. Fryer gone, her body lying in state ready for interment. She had passed away so quietly that none knew the moment of her going,—a beautiful life ended in a most beautiful way.

A tribute to her memory falls as far short of doing justice to her many-sided, lovely character, as words are inadequate to paint the beauties of the sunset or the radiance of the noontide over the wide-spread landscape.

"To know her was to love her," and to love her was to be exalted in one's own nature.

Long Beach, Cal., Dec. 6. 1910.

5. Memorial from a High Chinese Official.

During her residence near the Government Arsenal at Shanghai, Mrs. Fryer became intimately acquainted with the families of various high officials. Among them was Lady Tseng, daughter of the Duke Tseng-kwo-fan, who for several years was a near neighbor. Her husband was afterwards Provincial Treasurer of Kiangsu, and Governor of Chekiang. The eldest son in the name of the whole family wrote the following letter to Mr. Fryer:

J. 478 Seward Road, Shanghai, China,
4th July, 1910.

Dear Dr. Fryer:

Owing to my serious illness last year from which I am at present on the road of recovery I have been unable to write you before this.

I have just learnt with sorrow the death of Mrs. Fryer and hasten to tender you my sincerest and deepest condolences. In these my parents ask to join in their sympathy with you in your bereavement.

We may say that while you have lost your beloved partner in life we have been deprived of a very dear friend, the best and first foreign lady friend we had, and we shall long cherish kind memory of our amicable Mrs. Fryer.

With sincerest sympathies,

I remain your faithful friend,

CHICHEH NIEH.

6. Memorial by Woman's Christian Temperance Union of California.

A tribute to the memory of our dear departed sister and co-worker, Mrs. Eliza Fryer,—written and read by Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, on behalf of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the State of California in Convention assembled at Berkeley, Oct. 6th to 11th, 1910.

That in the death of Mrs. John Fryer, we have met with a loss that seems absolutely irreparable.

To a loveliness of character which endowed her with every Christian grace, she added a loveliness of person, a gentleness of demeanor and withal a majesty of carriage which attracted and held all who came within her atmosphere.

Gifted with large mentality and conversational powers, wherever she went she became the center of attraction.

As a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union she was ever a leader and inspirer to others: as a wife and mother she fulfilled every domestic obligation and made of her home a heaven to her beloved ones.

Of her it can be truthfully said:

"None knew her but to love her,
Non named her but to praise."

Her integrity was the jewel of her life.

To her bereaved husband and family we tender our sincere sympathy, with gratitude to God that for so many years He permitted such a rarely beautiful soul to dwell among us and to lead us by her example.

SARA JOSEPHINE DORR.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

HATTIE E. McMATH.

MRS. J. H. RHODES.

7. Memorial by Mrs. Frank Soule.

I am glad that I have been asked to add a last word to this record of a beautiful life; for while I have no reason to suppose that I was Mrs. Fryer's nearest friend—her ministry of love was too wide for that—yet to me she was more than a friend. She was an influence, teaching patience, charity, faith in God and humanity.

Her presence brought a sense of peace and serenity. No one who looked upon her sweet face in its last repose could doubt that the peace which passeth understanding was hers in death as it had been in life. Her smiling lips seemed to whisper the words, "Peace, all is well."'

She left us, as she had lived, quietly, simply, without struggle, helping in that last hour to soften grief at her loss by the sure knowledge that she had passed, in faith and without fear, from the love that surrounded her here to the love that waited beyond.

It is comforting to remember that the last offices for the beloved dead were performed by tender and reverent hands. Her burial dress was one in which we had familiarly known her; the flowers clasped in her quiet hands were from a plant that had been her own gift to a friend; the exquisite pall of sweet peas seemed, in their delicate beauty, to typify her as well as the loving thought of the giver.

Dear and loyal friends bore her body to its last resting place. Friend and pastor said a few earnest, sympathetic words of appreciation and farewell; friends sang the hymns she had best loved. Other friends gathered around her in death, as they so often had done in life, told of her good deeds, and took a last look at her serene face. Her nearest and dearest stood by the open grave as the burial service was read. Then the casket sank from view in the bed of flowers that awaited it, and we turned away, not with the feeling that she was left behind, but only with the thought that the tired body was at rest while the gentle spirit that had animated it, had found peace beyond. One of God's good women had passed on, leaving behind a memory that was like a fragrance in the soul.

A. S.

PRESS OF LACK BROS.
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
A beautiful life : memoir of Mr
MOUB 920.72 F948 B385L



3 4401 0001 8506 6

		920.72 F948 B385l
A Beautiful Life:		
AUTHOR		
Memoir of Mrs. Eliza Nelson Fryer.		
TITLE		
DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME	

920.72
F948
B385l

