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# MY MOTHER'S LIFE

*(A Memoir of Mrs. S. M. I. Henry)*



SAREPTA M. IRISH

# MY MOTHER'S LIFE

## The Evolution of a Recluse

BEING THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF A LIFE MADE BEAUTIFUL  
THROUGH MOTHERHOOD; THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO WAS  
TRANSFORMED BY HER LOVE FOR HER CHILDREN FROM  
A TIMID, SHRINKING GIRL TO A SPEAKER AND  
EVANGELIST KNOWN AND LOVED BY THOUSANDS  
OF THOSE WHO HAVE FELT THE BOND-  
AGE OF SIN AND SORROW

*Written and Edited by her Daughter*

MARY HENRY ROSSITER

*Introduction by*

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT  
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH



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## INTRODUCTION

I knew the subject of this interesting volume in her early womanhood, when she was a student at the old Rock River Seminary at Mount Morris, in Illinois. I have known her through all the years since then,—Wife, Mother, Friend, Writer, Worker. She was a loyal wife, a faithful mother, an unfaltering friend, a gifted writer, an indefatigable worker. As the base of all this, and as the crown of all, and as the sweet strength of all, she was a Christian—simple-hearted, devout, righteous, sympathetic, consistent, unselfish, honest, and full of charity. As I reread this list of adjectives and weigh them, my sober judgment demands that they remain on record.

As a girl Sarepta Irish was guileless and gentle. She was the embodiment of generosity.

She was an idealist and a dreamer. She was born a poet. And some of her work in this realm is exceptionally fine. On the other hand, she has written many practical papers, and several volumes of real value to parents and to reformers.

She was a good mother, and at times under most adverse circumstances fulfilled her duties and bore her burdens. Her children in varied spheres are an honor to her, and pronounce her name with reverent affection.

She had her share of suffering, but the faith that made her strong in her struggle for the common mercies of life, and for the education of her children, transformed her into the heroic saint in the years of

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pain and feebleness. She was a model of submission and patience; and she never lost the childlike grasp of her Father's hand.

Of her change of religious profession I say nothing. I do not understand it. But she did; and that is enough for me. She was, under her later confession, just what she was through all the years before,—a sweet, consistent, unselfish Christian.

The Church with which she spent her latest years is to be congratulated for the service she rendered, and for the memory of goodness and serenity she bequeathes to it.

I saw her last in the State of Washington, where, at an Annual Conference over which I presided last autumn, she presented the cause to which she was so deeply devoted,—that of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Her face was thin, her profile clean-cut; lines of thought and earnest purpose were drawn across her brow, and her eyes were full of light. She never seemed to me to be so strong and gentle and consecrated as at that moment.

I am glad that my last vision of her, as a sweet memory, is a kind of prophecy of what I expect to see in her beyond the river!

Her death ended the earthly part of a pure and lofty life.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

*Topeka, Kan., March 6, 1900.*

## FOREWORD

Life is not a question of dates and details, but of heredity and events. For the story that follows I have not sought out chronology or attempted to recall every incident of my mother's life. I have worked upon the principle that forgotten facts are not essential; that it is the things remembered and spoken of concerning us that show our character and our influence. That my mother was born at Albion, Pennsylvania, November 4, 1839, and that her father's name was Horatio N. Irish, are facts; but what we care to know is how she showed her individuality as a child, and how the surroundings of her earliest years differed from those of other children.

I have called the book "My Mother's Life," because it is written from the standpoint of a daughter,—one who believes that the history of every true mother would do the world good, and that when, because of obstacles and dangers, that mother's life has been one of unexampled heroism, fidelity to principle, and faith in God, it should be diligently set forth for the glory of motherhood.

One winter morning my mother put on her bonnet and cloak, and started away to keep an engagement in the South. Living, she never returned from that journey. To learn how many threads of work were broken when her busy brain ceased to direct, astonished even those who knew her best; and when I began to think of writing about her, it appeared indeed

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a stupendous task. How could I choose from the riches of her life those characteristics and incidents which the world ought to know?

She had never said anything about writing her history, hence I did not think of looking for manuscript. But while examining some of her old papers and documents I stumbled upon a battered package which, when opened, revealed the pages of a story that was evidently the narrative of her own life. The name of the story, and the names of the personages, were fictitious; but in every detail it was my mother's life as I had heard her tell it a score of times. Hastily glancing through it I found that it ended with the beginning of her widowhood. But what a help even this would be! I could myself remember my father's death, and all the events of our family life thereafter. Now I should not be obliged to depend upon what I had heard concerning her youth. But presently, in further search, I came upon another manuscript, of fresh appearance, and much larger. This proved to be a genuine autobiography, beginning with her babyhood, but stopping short in the midst of her public work about twenty years ago.

In preparing the following history I have fitted these two manuscripts together, letting the one correct or supplement the other, and adding from my own knowledge what seemed to be required by truth and symmetry. I have then continued the story through the remaining twenty years, endeavoring to write it, so far as is possible from a different standpoint, as she would have wished. The change from one narrative to the other is indicated by the different spacing of the type.

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# MY MOTHER'S LIFE



## I

### CHILDHOOD

My mother's maiden name was Sarepta Myrenda Irish. The brother of whom she speaks was the Honorable O. H. Irish, of Washington, D. C., who was chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing under Garfield's administration. My mother paints the following vivid picture of her earliest recollections.

I was the second child, having a brother ten years my senior. My mother was a quiet woman, who said little, but was domestic and lovely, teaching her children all things good and pure by example instead of precept. My father was a student, given to many lines of research, living with his family in the closest and tenderest intimacy, as teacher and friend, a quiet private life, until at last he heard within what he considered the imperative voice of God calling him to go into the then far west and preach the gospel to the pioneers and the Indians. I have but the dimmest remembrance of the home which we left to follow this voice. Two things, however, stand out distinctly. A pale, lame man who drew me tenderly to his side, and talked to me in a voice which has always seemed an

echo of eternity. He was my mother's only brother, and we never saw him afterward. The second is the gift, by my grandmother, of a little old-fashioned Bible,—a plump, calf volume, which played an important part in my education.

The journey westward was taken in a square carriage drawn by two horses. The baggage was stored in the two hollow seats, and consisted simply of wearing apparel. The journey required six weeks of steady going. We never traveled on the Sabbath, and our Sabbath-day stopping places during this first trip became memorials in our family history, the friends that were made in those wayside places being among those who have lasted until now.

This journey between the western part of Pennsylvania and the northwestern part of Illinois was made five times in this same private conveyance before I was thirteen years of age, and before the days of railroads. There are some points along the line that still retain in my mind a childish impression. One of these is Coldwater, Michigan. It always had the effect of refreshment,—a sort of handled cup there was from the spring to recall the name. Another is White Pigeon. In anticipating the halt which we always made there I seemed to see, in my childish fancy, a white dove which descended from heaven. Michigan City, because of its hills and drifts, was another landmark.

I have seen Chicago grow up out of a marsh. Well do I remember the long rides over that portion of the State which is now covered by the great city and its beautiful suburbs, when the water over the tall prairie grass was up to the hub of the carriage wheels, and the horses' feet would swish, swish through it hour after hour.

I have seen large tracts of timber grow out of the prairie to the westward of this great city. It seemed that it was but necessary to keep off the prairie fires, to break up the turf, and in time there would spring forth a beautiful forest of oaks, wild plums and crabs.

At last it became impossible for my father to continue his nomadic life. He had made a profound impression upon this new country by his earnest and gentle spirit. It had been at first inhabited by a wild and lawless people. Our home was, in fact, in the midst of what we afterwards learned were robbers and highwaymen. This home was a little cottage, in the midst of the prairie, which my father built with his own hands, that he might live among these wanderers and teach them the truth. It was a strange and lonely life, but I look back upon it with the assurance that it was a happy one.

We were often visited by the Indians who had their villages about us, and who seemed to have abandoned hostilities. I shall never forget the first visit which they paid us, evidently as a compliment. It was Sabbath morning. My father had gone to the place where he was to preach, my brother was sick with the ague in the little loft of the cottage, mother and I were busy about the room putting it in order, when, looking out of the window, we saw a large company of Indian men and women coming on their ponies toward the house. My mother turned deadly white, and dropped into a chair. With the fearlessness of a child I hastened to the door, and stood upon the threshold smiling at them as they dismounted, stacked their guns beside the gate, and came in. The chief was accompanied by his wife, and she had upon her back a board upon which was strapped a little pappoose. They came in and took seats by the fireplace, looking at my mother,

and laughing at her evident fear. The pappoose had over his head a bent splint bow strung with brass thimbles, which was his rattle-box. As the child lay across his mother's knees I went up and kissed him. This evidently pleased the entire company, and the chief took off his garter of wampum, made of crimson and yellow yarn, ornamented with white beads, and tied it about my neck. This piece of wampum has been preserved among my lifelong treasures. With instinctive hospitality I went to the shelf upon which were piled the loaves of bread made Saturday, and taking the knife undertook to cut it; but it was too much for my small hands, and the chief came to my rescue with a great sharp knife which he drew from his belt, and cut the loaves into large lumps, which were then passed to the company. My mother was not able to arise from her chair while they remained, so intense was her fear. They inquired once for the preacher, but being told that he had gone, soon peaceably retired, mounted their ponies and rode away. After this they were frequent visitors, though they never came again in so large a company, but one or two at a time. While my mother was never able entirely to conquer her fear,—a fear of Indians as Indians,—still she would have looked upon some of these as friends if we had understood the fact that we were in more danger from our white neighbors than from the Indians. There were continual feuds among the former, and contentions about the land which under the squatter regulations was often disputed. But we were never in any way molested, and seemed to be especially cared for by the entire community scattered far and wide.

One thing my father claimed as his especial right,—the first three days' use of every new barn built in the

country before it was appropriated to its legitimate purpose. After sufficient hay was in the mow to make sleeping places, he would call a three days' meeting for worship. The people would come twenty, thirty, and forty miles, camp in their wagons, or sleep in the barn. The great threshing floor was the auditorium. Services would be continued from early morning until late at night, and many who had never heard the gospel since they had come into the wilds of the West were reached in this way.

I was always my father's companion on these occasions; in fact, from my earliest recollection I was his constant companion, sitting upon his lap, with my head upon his bosom, while he read and studied, riding with him on his long trips, sitting beside him at the service with a motley crowd of reverent listeners gathered about us. One of the common things I remember in my experience of those days is traveling all day over the prairie, along the river courses, under the shadow of the Missouri bluffs; stopping at noon to take our dinner by the wayside; riding on into the dusk of evening; falling asleep in the carriage to be taken out in some strange woman's arms, carried into the cabin and put to bed; sleeping on, to be awakened later by finding the cabin filled with people, sitting about me even on the bed, my father preaching; and under the sound of his voice falling asleep again, to be taken up in the morning by this same strange woman, washed, combed, and made ready for another day's journey. These things are among the sweetest in my memory, because of the close association between myself and my father. During these long rides, with my little calf-bound Bible in my hand, I was taught to read. This book was the one text-book from which my father taught me the rudiments of science as well

as religion. We began with Genesis, and the first words that I learned to read and spell were the first words in the Bible. The processes of counting, and the names of figures were learned from the divisions of chapters, and my first lessons in notation, numeration, multiplication and division, all received their illustration from the pages of the sacred book.

My father was not a dogmatist, but eminently a gospel teacher. He taught me to take the words of the Bible in their simple, every-day, dictionary meaning; and it was not until many years after that I learned they had a different theological meaning. In this frontier life there was neither time nor inclination for theological distinctions.

This was the atmosphere in which the earliest years of my mother's life were passed, yet it cannot be said that her environment was in any sense compulsory. She loved to be with her father. Her sister, a little younger, was of wholly different temperament and tastes, and expressed them freely at an early age, both in her choice of companionship, and in her occupations.

In verifying this history, and in studying my mother's character and career, I have tried to find some incident of her childhood or girlhood which would go to show that she was really at heart like other girls of her age. I am forced to believe, however, that she was different,—different at least from the majority, in having instinctively a deeply serious and religious nature, that no emotion or event could really modify.

Think of beginning evangelistic work at the tender age of six! It was among the lead mines along the Mississippi. Mr. Irish had, as usual, taken his little daughter with him on a preaching trip. She was not very well, and contracted a cold while they were stopping at a small village. Some friends there urged him to leave the child with them a few days, while he went on his way. It was the first time she had ever been alone among strangers, or anywhere without her father. At the supper table the man of the house waited upon the little girl, and then began his own meal. The child sat still. Presently the hostess said, "Why don't you eat your supper?" "Oh, we are not ready yet," the child answered, "we haven't asked the blessing."

The man stopped eating, and looked at his wife. Finally he said, "Well, don't wait for that, because we don't have any blessing at our table." "Oh, dear," cried the child, "aren't you afraid to eat? Why don't you have a blessing?" The man said, "Because we are not Christians."

This puzzled the little girl, but presently she declared, "Well, if you can't, I can. I never did such a thing in my life, but we can't eat till we have a blessing."

So her childish voice was for the first time heard in other petition than her bedtime prayer. Neither of these good people could eat, and once or twice they wiped their eyes. Finally the man left the table. The child and the woman then finished their supper, but

both were impressed that something strange had happened. After a while the man returned, and sitting down beside the little girl tried to explain to her that he had been brought up a good man, but that after he had come to this mining region he had grown bad, and could not ask a blessing because it would not be honest.

"But," said his small friend, "do people have to be good before they ask God anything?" Then, after pondering the matter, "If you can't do it, I think that I will try to be so good that I can ask the blessing till you get good so you can."

It was the same way at bedtime. Our little woman protested against being put to bed until after worship. She brought out her red Bible, saying, "I can't read very well, but if no one else can read I will do the best I can, and we will have prayers." After the reading they all knelt, and the child prayed. The next morning before breakfast Mrs. C—— gave the little one her Bible, and fixed her up in a chair to read and pray. All that week she asked the blessing at the table, and conducted worship morning and evening. Then her father returned and heard the story. This child woman was unconscious of having done anything unusual, and could not understand why everybody cried and kissed her and cried again, while they all knelt down and prayed. But after my mother was a woman grown she received a letter from this man, referring to that time, and saying that the family altar established by a little girl six years old had never been broken up.

When I was about thirteen years old, my father's health entirely failed; the long rides and exposure in all weather, the hardships of the frontier itineracy, had broken a giant constitution. It was in a village in Wisconsin, through which State he was making a tour, that the final breakdown came. I do not remember how it began, only that we were at a little hotel, and in the morning when I awoke my mother stood at my bedside weeping. In answer to my startled inquiries she told me that my father was very sick, that we should not be able to go on, and she did not know what to do. I remember stealing into my father's room and being stricken with awe at his pale face, but reassured by his extended hand and the cheerful smile with which he greeted me. It was evident that he did not consider the situation serious, so I was encouraged, and could see no reason for my mother's grave fears. She, with her practical everyday sense and oversight, could but wonder how we were to remain at a hotel with my father sick, and with but very few dollars in money. He, with his practical faith and insight, had no doubt that God, whom he had served, would provide for him and his family in this time of need.

During the day, as I came into the room, I saw a lady with a beautiful face,—a homely face, but lovely because of the sweetness that was in it,—sitting beside my father's bed, in conversation with him and my mother. I saw that my mother's face had brightened, and that my father's wore the same contentment and trust. In a little while a gentleman came with a carriage. My father was lifted into it, our effects were gathered, and my mother and I followed up the street a short distance, until we came to a pleasant cottage in the midst of a garden, where we were met at the

door by this same lady with the homely sweetness in her face. It was more than a year before we left the hospitable shelter of this home. My father lay for weeks at the verge of the grave, and was ever after an invalid. Up to that time his life had been spent in benevolent work, which had brought him scarcely a comfortable living, and he found himself at this crisis utterly penniless. But the brightness and strength of his faith in God whom he served never wavered.

One circumstance which happened after he had become able to be about a little, will illustrate this faith, and the philosophical basis on which it rested. There came to visit our host a gentleman who was well known in business circles as a very practical and prosperous man, but an unbeliever in God. He seemed to be immediately attracted to my father. This was the case with all people young or old who came into his presence. As they sat together after dinner, this gentleman remarked to him, looking at my mother, "And I suppose, Mr. Irish, that you have in former years been able to make a comfortable provision for your little family, so that they are provided for in any event?" "O yes," said my father, "I have made ample provision for them." My mother looked up with an expression which called a smile to father's mouth, and a questioning look to the stranger's face. Father went on to explain: "You, sir, would not think my provision for my family so very substantial, but I assure you it is more substantial than any ordinary business. A long time ago I made a contract with Him who holds all things, and all events, in His hands,—Him to whom belong the gold and silver, and 'the cattle upon a thousand hills.' I was to give Him the undivided service and loyalty of my heart and life.

He was in return to provide for me and mine, all things. I have, to the best of my ability, kept my part of the contract, and He will keep His. As I have done the best I could for God, I know that He will do the best He can for me and mine."

The visitor's eyes grew moist, and he said, "That is a beautiful theory, but I fear it will not practically stand between you and want." "But," said my father, "it does practically stand between us and want. You see how it is. When I was taken sick in this village, and unable to look after myself or my family, my rich Father sent one of my sisters to my rescue, and we were brought to this home, which is my Father's home, and here we are invited to share without stint or measure in all the comforts it affords."

"But," said the stranger, "these people are unusual. There are very few like them in this wicked world." "Well," said my father, "if there are comparatively few like them, yet there are enough; and our God is able out of common human clay to make more. If I did not know this to be so, I should have no confidence for this life, or that which is to come; but I am so sure that we shall never be forsaken that I have no care. I do not believe that if I were able to work, or if any of us should sit down in idleness, and wait for God to provide for us, He would do any such thing. He will not do the work which He has given us to do. But when we are retired by old age, weakness, or from any cause, He will see that we are taken care of."

The worldly man was so impressed by this conversation, and others which followed, that it led to his acceptance of the faith of Christ.

One day there appeared at the door a gentleman inquiring for my father. When he was brought into

the room which had been set apart for us, he introduced himself as a messenger from the region in which Mr. Irish had done his pioneer service as a missionary. The people had paid for their farms; many of them had become well-to-do; their children had grown up and settled about the old homesteads; a flourishing village which had sprung up in the center of the territory over which he had traveled so long, had become the terminus of a stretching line of railroad. These people had not forgotten their former pastor and friend, who had shared with them the dangers and hardships of pioneer life, and steps had been taken to make a substantial return to him for his years of unrequited service. The messenger brought the proposal that my father return with him, promising that he should be well taken care of, the journey made as easy as possible, and that he should select the most desirable location in the village for a home. The citizens would build the cottage, and the family should be brought on at their expense. They would pay my father a pastor's salary from that day so long as he lived. He should not be expected to do any service excepting to marry their children, if he were able to receive them even at his bedside, and to bury their dead if he were able to do this. The proposition was in writing, and signed by the names that had been familiar to us from the first of our life among them. I shall never forget the radiance that shone from my father's face. This was to him simply the confirmation of his faith. He did not seem to be taken by surprise, but to be filled with joy, that he could now say, "Behold that which I have believed has come to pass." The messenger assured my mother so fully that my father would not be allowed to suffer by being committed to his care that he was prepared to

take the journey, and in three months' time the rest of us were sent for.

This may seem incredible to the practical mind, but we have good reason to believe that my mother's memory, as to those events, was substantially correct. Stranger things than that, in her later life, I know to be true. It must not be forgotten that her father had spent the years of his health and strength in the hardest kind of missionary effort among these very people. The first year of his work he received just twenty-five cents in money. He never rested. He yielded to no obstacle, physical or mental, subjective or objective, that could in any way prevent him from carrying his message of salvation to sinning men. He had fought against disease. Typhoid fever had left him too weak to carry on regular pastoral work. But still he had preached whenever possible. At one time, to fill an emergency, he had qualified himself in six weeks to preach in German among that people. There was in him no lack of energy or of independence. But he had never recovered from the fever, and now the doctors said that he had consumption,—the old-fashioned, lingering type. His faith, however, in God and in man had never wavered, and the further events of his life to the day of his death only made it the more triumphant.

His parishioners in this little village, Pecatonica, Illinois, were true to their promises. The parsonage home was selected, paid for, furnished, and kept with all the fidelity of a legal contract.

Every Sunday, morning and evening, some of the young men would come for "Father Irish" and carry him in a large old chair to the church. He always conducted the opening exercises, both of the preaching service and the Sunday-school. Sometimes he would preach. When it was known that Father Irish was to fill the pulpit the house would not hold the people who came.

After a time the corner where the little home stood became so noisy that the invalid could not endure it. The place had become a center of traffic. Finally my grandfather sold that property, and bought a few acres of land a mile and a half from the village, where a new house was built. This was know as the "Parsonage Farm." In that house my grandfather died, and my mother was afterwards married.



HORATIO NELSON IRISH AND HIS WIFE

## II

### GIRLHOOD

Now that my father was not able to travel, we spent the days together in his little study,—he directing my education, I reading aloud to him, or writing for him; always sharing in every occupation which he undertook. It was a great delight to sit in my corner by the window and listen to the conversation which passed between him and his many callers. He drew a large throng of young men about him. They would come unceremoniously, and, sitting down beside him, without seeming to feel any embarrassment, or even to notice my presence, would unfold to him business plans, tell him of their life efforts, talk about politics ask his advice.

In my own studies I was still kept largely to the one book; at least it was fundamental to every other book. From my earliest recollection my lessons were arranged by topics which were chosen to correspond with my everyday surroundings and experiences. For instance, when I was a child I was given the task of finding every passage of Scripture in which occurred the names of certain articles in the room: the furniture, as bed, chair, or table; the parts of the house, or articles of my own clothing; cooking utensils, familiar animals, parts of harness for the horse, the vehicles with which I was acquainted,—this subject leading out to all the vehicles mentioned in the sacred Book. When I had carefully sought out these passages of Scripture, and brought them to my father, tabulated as

he instructed me to do, he would take them one by one, and bring out something of so much interest, and make the lesson such a delight, that even from childhood the old book seemed to me alive and fragrant as a garden of flowers. It sparkled as a casket of gems. As I became older and began to take up other books in my reading with him, he still kept the old Living Word alongside of everything in science or philosophy. When we read Geology, I was given water as the topic,—water in every form, from dew, ice, snow, spring and river, up to the seas of sacred writ. I was instructed to begin in Genesis, and to find the verses in which the word occurred, going clear through to Revelation. It was a favorite expression of my father's that "every truth has its root in Genesis, grows its trunk and branches through the historical and prophetic books, blossoms in the gospel, and drops its fruit in Revelation." He said that no one could understand the teaching of the Bible if he did not learn to trace the links by which the truth was developed from the Alpha to the Omega of the Book. I remember how we studied botany, and how my little red Bible became a herbarium of pressed flowers, which exhaled the fragrance of Eden.

Our life passed on in this quiet charming fashion until I was fifteen. At that time my brother, who had remained east, finished his education, married, and had gone into the practice of law in Philadelphia, came to take me home with him. He had visited us, and made up his mind that I was not receiving the right kind of an education, that I was confined too closely, and that my health was suffering. I was bewildered with delight at the thought of the life which he had marked out for me, but when I began to realize that it involved a separation from my father,

I was in great trouble. I had an intense thirst for knowledge, and an ambition for a broader education. But my father was necessary to my daily life. I was, however, not given a choice in the matter, nor was I given much time in which to consider it. Before I realized that such a change could possibly take place, I found myself on the journey, my delightful little home behind me, and, it seemed, all of life untried and mysterious before me. This first journey on the railroad train took us back over much of the same ground that we had traveled in our little private conveyance; but everything was so changed and so unreal that nothing in my memory seems more dreamlike than this flight from the west to the shore of the Atlantic.

My education was to begin at once, under the supervision of my brother and his accomplished wife, preparatory to entering Mt. Holyoke Seminary for young ladies, at the beginning of the next year. Up to this time I had known nothing of life outside of the sphere in which my father moved. In planning my education, he had failed in one important particular. He had failed to realize that I was probably going to be a woman some day,—perhaps a wife, a mother, and a housekeeper. My mother therefore had taught me nothing, had made no demands upon my time or service.

I have heard it related that one day while living with her brother, my mother, who was caring for her baby nephew, discovered the soft spot on top of his head. Knowing nothing about the peculiarities of babies, she was very much frightened, and ran down stairs with the baby in her arms to disclose to its mother this

terrible fact. My aunt assured her, however, that there was nothing wrong with the baby, provided, of course, he did not grow up to be a man with a soft spot on his head.

My sister-in-law was very much shocked to find a well-grown girl of fifteen who did not know how to keep her own clothes or room in order, who had never thought of arranging the parlor, or felt any sense of responsibility in household affairs. I think that my brother's plans were modified by this discovery, for it was thought best for me to abandon books for a while, and devote myself to what might be considered more feminine pursuits. I was placed at once under a rigid discipline, and required to keep days and hours with perfect regularity. There were servants in abundance, but for my own good I was made responsible for the care of the silver and the china closet, also the library and my own room. Every Wednesday I was expected to sit down with my sister-in-law with my work basket, and my own clothing fresh from the laundry, to examine buttons, tapes, and anything which could possibly need repair. I was initiated into the mysteries of darning, and was taught to make as well as to mend. I remember the pride with which I presented to my brother a linen shirt, the bosom of which I had stitched myself, taking three threads of the linen for every stitch. This was before the days of sewing machines.

Whether my brother and his wife had formed the idea that I was inclined to be romantic, I do not know. Certain it is that they considered me impractical. My brother had no sympathy whatever with verse writing. I had been used to writing verses ever since I wrote

anything. I began when I was about six years old, and wrote rhymes on my slate in the same form as prose. My father corrected the form, and showed me the right way. From that time I would write verses about everything that happened. If the cat were sick, or a bird died, or anything occurred in any way funny or sad, I was sure to rush into rhyme. My brother objected to this habit. He said he had passed through the fool period himself, and there was nothing in it. My sister-in-law also, after reading some of my verses, seemed to regard me with apprehension.

I was not permitted to read anything by myself. This, in fact, had been a law under which I had grown up; but I had never thought of it as a law until now. My brother's wife selected my books, and I was required to sit beside her and read aloud ten pages,—no more, no less. The book was never a romance, but always some work of history, travel, or biography. I was required to write a synopsis of every history I read, among them Hume's "History of England," and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It was good discipline, and I remember to this day the things which I learned under the direction of my patient teacher who, with the fidelity of an older sister, took me in hand.

I do not know how matters might have gone with me if I had remained and my brother's plans had been carried out, but, without knowing why, I became exceedingly anxious about my father. I felt that I must go home, that I could not endure this separation, that he must miss me and need me. This state of mind increased, until it became the one thing day and night. I was unable to eat, my rest was broken, and I began to lose color and strength. Nothing could divert my mind from the impression that had been

made upon it by some unseen power. I knew that my brother and his wife had frequent talks about it by themselves, and were at their wits' end, for it seemed as if I should really be made sick. Finally there came a letter from my mother, saying that it would be necessary to send me home, that my father had tried to endure my absence, but could no longer bear it. He felt that his health was failing, and that life for him was short. It was with great reluctance and bitter disappointment that my brother yielded to the pressure and himself took me home.

It would be impossible to describe that homecoming. I had been away thirteen months, and in that time my father had visibly changed. I was overcome with remorse at the thought that I had permitted myself to be taken away for a day. But under his patient, philosophical view of things, I soon learned to put the past away. I had, however, become thoroughly convinced of the importance to every girl of knowing housekeeping. But my father at once said that I had no time for that. I think he felt that the end of his life was coming soon, and that he had a mission to me in training me in Bible truth. He declared I did not need to know housework, that my younger sister, who was much stronger than I, was perfectly able to give my mother all the assistance she needed, and that I had no time to spare. So I was left to grow up, knowing nothing at all about the work of keeping a home, except what I had learned from my brother's wife. Doubtless I should have been stronger in body if I had done the housework, but still I should not have been qualified for the life that afterwards came to me.

I have often seen my mother prepare a Bible reading by choosing a topic, sitting down with a paper and

pencil and "brooding it," as her father used to say, until, without opening the Bible, except on rare occasions, she would write out the entire lesson almost by inspiration, as if it were a poem.

During my stay at my brother's a great many new questions, religious and social, had been awakened in my mind. Heretofore I had not been a questioner, but had accepted the truths which were taught me upon the basis of absolute faith in my father. This faith had in no sense been shaken, but I had found that many people who seemed to be worthy of confidence, including my brother, whom I almost idolized, did not look at so-called truth as he did. During my absence I had longed inexpressibly for the old talks. The first thing on my return home was to reestablish these, and to open my heart to my father with all its doubts and uncertainties. The result was to bring us, if it were possible, nearer together than we had ever been before. As I think back from the experience of old age to those days, I am more and more impressed with the greatness of my father, his unbounded generosity and wisdom. He never gave me to feel that I had even surprised him in bringing to him questions which, but for his great faith in the triumph of truth in the individual life, must have been to him a source of anxiety.

Fundamental to all other teaching with him, was the one great truth of the Fatherhood of God; that our personal relation to Him is in every sense that of children,—children beloved; that He is not simply a great presence, a great intelligence, the great and first cause of all things, but that He is an individual father, with feelings and emotions, with aspirations

and expectations for me, His child, of which those manifested in my earthly father were only the index. If I believed in the love of my earthly father, I might more perfectly believe in the love of my heavenly Father. If I had confidence in the judgment of my earthly father as regarding the direction of my own affairs, so I might have infinitely more confidence in my heavenly Father, as He could never fail to understand the case, could never lack in wisdom. From this old foundation which had been so thoroughly laid in my childhood, in these later days of my perplexity, I would reason out over all the lines of speculation which had been awakened in my mind, from the origin of evil to the reason why it was permitted so to modify present human conditions.

I had conceived the idea that I must be to a certain extent independent of the influences which had always been about me, that I must exercise the power of individual choice; and finding no other point upon which to make a venture, I told my father that I thought perhaps I would like to join some other church than the one into which I had been born, and had voluntarily come as a member years before. My father said, "I wish you to be intelligent in your choice of a church home. I would not have you continue in the Methodist Church because you were born and reared in it, unless you can give a good reason for so doing."

From this there began a study of creeds and confessions of faith, of church books of all the denominations about us. For the time being, my father seemed to place himself upon the side of the creed or article of the church which we were studying, and, to my best recollection, faithfully taught the principles, doctrines, and methods involved in the denomination under discussion. I cannot now recall one incident in which

he made me feel that he was bringing the force of his own preferences to bear upon my choice. I fully believe that I was left as free in making this choice, and was as intelligently instructed in the articles of religion of the various denominations, as if I had gone to some school representing these doctrines or organizations. The result of this course of study was that I remained in the church with my father. But from that day I could give a good reason for my church preference.

Our life continued in the same way as before my absence from home. I seemed to be a fixture in my father's little study. As his health declined month by month I seemed more and more necessary to him, so that I suppose it is a fact that I became almost a stranger to my mother; that is, we had no confidences, although we were on the best of terms. I believe I loved my mother as well as I could, knowing her as little as I did. She was the one who kept the house, received callers and announced them, took care of our clothing, ministered in all physical necessities, whose patient service was never fully appreciated I fear. She evidently took great pride in my father and me. Her service was a most willing and loving one, so unselfish that it made no demands for recognition or appreciation. Appreciated she surely was, but in the same way in which the sunlight, the fresh air, the pure water are appreciated. I tremble now to think what our life would have been without her. There could have been nothing in it to be desired.

Mrs. Irish, it must be remembered, lived her decisive life as wife and mother before the middle of this century. She was born in 1813, was married at

the age of seventeen, and the following year became a mother. The names of eight children born to her are recorded in the family Bible, there being twenty-nine years between the oldest and the youngest. In those days of spinning and weaving, of making carpets and men's clothes at home, the wife of an itinerant Methodist minister, especially one with a sick family, had little leisure, even supposing the inclination, to read history and poetry, or to indulge in religious and philosophical studies.

Often much of the halo that shines from the brow of Genius is produced by the slow combustion of the energies, the ambitions, the affections of those who love him.

I have heard my grandmother tell with pride, my mother with regret, how when my mother was a girl, and could not sleep at night for the rhymes that kept running in her head, my grandmother would come from her room with a candle and writing material, and stand patiently by her daughter's bedside, in night gown and night cap, holding the candle, until the poet's mind was relieved of its burden. As my mother said, referring to this habit, "It is nothing to be proud of, but rather shows how the unquestioning and unselfish service of one may beget a supreme selfishness in another," and she speaks again of "the years of severe discipline which it has required to bring this selfishness at all within bounds." Years afterward, when my grandmother was an old lady, and came to live with us in Evanston, it made my mother very

happy to return some of the personal service she had herself received.

It delighted us all to see the gradual change in Grandma. From an anxious, careworn, hardworking woman, with never a moment to call her own, she became a charming, serene old lady, always smiling, and often shaking all over with laughter at the doings and sayings of "the boys." It was hard to convince her at first that she was not obliged to work, that she need have no care for present or future. She was always eager to mend, to darn stockings, to wipe dishes. If any little cherished task was taken away from her, she would grieve over it for days. She faithfully read the morning paper, and the "North-western Christian Advocate," and could often be seen with her Bible on her lap, looking out of the window, in evident retrospect. Whatever had been hard in her early life had been forgotten, and when, in January, 1890, she finally folded her hands and fell asleep, she left a hallowed memory.

The winter my mother was fourteen, the year before she went to Philadelphia, she had taught a district school in the country near Pecoson. She still wore short dresses, and was very pale and slender. I recall a circumstance, related by my mother, which shows her natural intrepidity. Two of the big boys who attended the winter school decided to disobey the teacher, to see what she would do. They paid no attention to the bell calling the pupils to order after recess, but remained out doors for ten or fifteen min-

utes longer, and then noisily strode into the school-room and took their seats. According to the traditions and modes of discipline at that time, there was nothing for the teacher who wished to keep her position to do but whip delinquents.

In the midst of a dead silence this young girl called up one of those great boys, took down the whip, and gave him a stroke across the shoulders. Then he turned, took the whip from her hands, and picking her up in his arms started out of the building.

This fired the other boy. Jumping from his seat he sprang across the room and intercepted his friend at the door. "Put her down!" he shouted. "Go back and take your whipping like a man, or I'll make you!"

The tables were turned. Both of the boys were whipped, though it doubtless went to the little teacher's heart to flog her champion. But there was no more trouble in that school.

After my mother's return from Philadelphia she undertook to teach a small private class for students who had outgrown the district school. This class met four times a week in the sitting room of the parsonage. She had never been a pupil in any school, and her methods were highly unconventional.

It was in connection with this school that occurred her first romance, which has an interest as showing wherein she differed from, and wherein she was like, other girls. One of her pupils was a lad a year older than herself,—a tall, handsome fellow, of the mature age of eighteen. He was a good student, and fre-

quently assisted the teacher with her problems in algebra,—a subject of which she was never mistress. He brought her flowers and fruit, and showed his interest in a way that is usually understood by maidens. But this girl simply recognized the congeniality, and accepted it, in good faith, as friendship.

One morning, however, before school time, as she stood at the blackboard in the schoolroom, writing some problems on the board, young Howard came in pale and agitated. "Good morning," she said, as usual. But this time, without answering, he came rapidly toward her, saying, "I have come to bid you good-bye."

'Good-bye!' she exclaimed. "What does that mean?"

"It means," he said, "that I have been a fool. There is no help for it. I must go."

Miss Irish was speechless, and before she could even express her amazement he had kissed her, she had realized that his eyes were wet, his face white, and that he was gone. In a tumult of surprise and disappointment, with even a foreshadowing of pain, she ran to her father's room, and told him what had happened. He looked at her gravely, but with tender earnestness, and asked, "Well, my child, how do you feel about it?" "Feel?" she said, "I think he is very silly. Nobody wanted him to go, and I don't believe he has been doing anything that made it necessary. I don't know what it means?" "Do you care very much?" asked her father. "Why, of course I care," she

answered. "He was my best friend and pupil. The school may just as well be given up now."

While she was too naïve to name and analyze the emotions that attended this episode, she was yet too human not to feel them. She says:

"That day the work in the schoolroom dragged, and every succeeding day its motive and inspiration seemed to have been lost unconsciously. I watched the mails in anticipation of something, I scarcely knew what. But continued disappointment brought a sense of injustice and of wrong which changed the current of my thoughts. I was sure I had done nothing to deserve this sort of treatment from my friend, and was therefore unable to excuse his conduct. We heard from his family that he had gone to the gold fields of California, and as time passed his face and memory gradually faded."

### III

#### SCHOOL DAYS

During all this time there had been culminating in the history of our country the events which were ultimately to result in war. The interest in the controversy, in congress, and in every legislature of the land, extended to our quiet home, and very soon took complete possession of us. We talked and read of nothing else excepting that in this matter as in every other, my father continued to keep the foundation of God's Word under all discussions of the national problem. It became my duty to read aloud from the papers and the congressional documents which were teeming with arguments pro and con. After a while, as the interest grew, our sitting room became a sort of auditorium, and immediately after the mails came in men and women gathered there to hear the latest news. Our distance from the village seemed to make no difference.

An incident which happened years before shows how my father stood at this time of the nation's peril. After the passage of the fugitive slave law, when it was first announced, father came home from the village, and upon entering the room where we girls were sitting with mother, startled us by saying: "I shall become a criminal upon the very first opportunity." We might have thought that he had suddenly gone insane if we had not known him so well, and been able to anticipate that something further would explain his remarkable statement. He went on to inform us

of the passage of the fugitive slave law, and to say that this law was a crime in itself,—a legal crime, and that with the very first opportunity he should defy the law by helping any poor victim of the American curse to escape, or by hiding and befriending any one who had escaped, to the extent of his power to do so. And in this position he had the full support and sympathy of his family.

The intensity of these events, however, did not prevent my father from recognizing the need of a better education for me than he with his failing strength would be able to give. He often introduced the subject in our quiet moments together, and it was his great desire that I might have the advantages afforded by a year or two in some seminary of a higher grade than the public school. I, too, had begun to realize my lack of a systematic education. My constant reading on the state of public affairs had awakened an interest in other things.

My father seemed to have a predisposition in favor of coeducation, which at that time was beginning to be possible in the better schools. He always said he believed that anything that was good for a boy, was good for a girl under the same conditions; that what was not good for a girl was equally bad for a boy. In this, I think he was at least forty years in advance of his time.

It was in the spring of 1859 that my mother entered Rock River Seminary, at Mount Morris, Ill., which was then a small but growing institution. She lived in the home of the Rev. Barton Cartwright, a Methodist minister who had located in the seminary town for the purpose of educating his own children. Here

was begun the friendship with Bishop and Mrs. Vincent, which was throughout her life the greatest inspiration.

One can imagine what a striking personality she must have possessed at that time. Mr. Cartwright's daughter Ellen, now Mrs. March, of Oregon, Illinois, was her roommate and constant companion, and from her I have learned many things about my mother's life at Mount Morris, and the impression she made upon her schoolmates.

She was of medium height, but slender and pale.

No one could call her beautiful, but she had the indescribable charm of a refined and spiritual countenance, illumined by deep and solemn eyes, that falsehood and impurity could not face.

She was always plainly dressed, for her father came from a Quaker family and held to the Bible teaching concerning gold and silver and wearing apparel. She would wear nothing of which he did not approve. One of the tragedies of her childhood centered in the gift of a handsome silk bonnet with a large gray and pink ribbon bow on the top. Donning this bonnet with innocent pleasure one Sunday morning she joined her father to start for church. Noticing her new attire, half playfully and half in earnest he remarked, "And is this my little Methodist daughter with this big bow on her bonnet?" So great was the influence of his lightest word that she could no longer enjoy the pretty gift. All the way to church as she sat in the carriage behind him, silent while he "brooded" his sermon, the

bonnet kept growing heavier and heavier until finally she took it off and tugged and pulled at the offending bow until it and the bonnet had parted company. By and by her father noticed this and taking her up in his lap, drew her close and kissed her, explaining that it was not the wearing of the bow so much as the heart that went with it that was of consequence. But partly because of his teaching, and partly because of her own inherent disposition my mother never wore ornaments or followed any extreme of fashion.

At the time of which we are speaking, it was the custom to wear hoops, but although she was the only young woman at the Seminary who did not distend her skirts, she positively refused to conform to this requirement of society. Certainly it would seem incongruous to be obliged to picture that dreamer of dreams and lover of ideals attired in hoop skirt, bustle, and ear rings.

Following out the same principle my mother declined to accept a wedding ring from her husband. But in her girlhood she almost always wore a flower in her hair or about her dress.

During her life at school it was her avowed intention to become a missionary. But her family and friends, indeed all who knew her, united in the belief that she had contracted the same disease of which her father was slowly dying. She had frequent hemorrhages from the lungs and was subject to severe sicknesses. Her roommate, Ellen, said that when ill she was almost always "flighty" and would often recite most

beautiful verses, of which she had no recollection afterwards. But she did not like to be told of this and was irritated by the thought that she could be delirious, or unconscious of what she was doing.

My mother had no great sense of humor, but was always ready to join in any innocent merry making. While she never took part in practical jokes or participated in any infringement of school regulations, yet, as her friend put it, "she would never tell on the others" and enjoyed "any little fun that had no sting in it."

When she went to Mount Morris she had already attained some reputation as a poet. The students felt proud to have an author in their midst, and my mother's marked abilities and sincere character excused in their eyes a singularity and reserve that otherwise might have made her unpopular.

Her first published poem appeared in the "Northwestern Christian Advocate" in 1856. This was a great event to her. She had recognized two distinct influences upon her mind, with regard to authorship, her father's, for, and her brother's, against. But she felt that she must write and decided to put her acceptability to the test by submitting a short poem to the editor of the "Northwestern." She did not mention the matter to any one. Of this experience she said:

It was about my only secret from my father, but for some reason I felt extremely shy of this venture. I thought it would probably be about two weeks

before the poem would be read and get into the channel which would bring it to the surface. When the paper for the date which I had calculated upon came to the house, I was almost afraid to touch it. As we had a great deal of other matter for reading, I was able to keep it in the background. For days and nights that paper lay upon the table hidden under a mass of others, unopened, before I could gather sufficient courage to face my fate. It seemed to me that everything in my life was to be strangely affected by the revelation in those folded sheets. At last, however, I made up my mind that I must know the worst, and seizing the opportunity when I was alone in the room, I hastily opened the journal, turned to the page of family reading, and found calmly waiting to be identified the child of my brain. The letters ran together before my eyes, the room swam, I felt almost as if I had received a blow in the face, my heart beat wildly. Quickly closing the paper, like a guilty creature, I laid it down and went out into the open air.

As I gradually became accustomed to the thought that my little effusion had been really published and I was launched upon the sea of authorship, I became calm and almost reckless with reference to the matter, so much so at last that with a sudden impulse, as I sat reading to a company of three or four who had come in, I picked up this paper as if I had just noticed it, and running over a few of the items, at last rushed boldly into the poem. It was nothing new for me to read the bits of household gossip and scraps of verse found in these papers, so I thought I could toss this in with all the rest and not be discovered. Whether there was something especial in the thought or something in the tone of my voice, or something in my face, I am not able to say, but when I had finished

reading it, my father said, "Who is the author of that little poem?" I said, "The name signed to it is Lina." And he said, "Who is Lina? I wonder if it cannot be spelled with an S?" The blood rushed to my face, I felt that my ears were tips of flame. With a merry laugh he reached out his hand for the paper and said: "The bird is known by its note." I was instantly relieved by the fact that my little secret was out, and going with the paper in my hand to my father's side, laid it before him, and slipped my arm about his neck. He read it through aloud as I looked over his shoulder and then turning up his face to me drew me down and kissed me with an appreciation that was more to me than anything the world has since given in exchange for floods of rhyme and volumes of stories.

My mother wrote at first under the name "Lina Linwood," her poems being published chiefly in the "Ladies' Repository," a popular monthly of that time. But her father objected to the *nom de plume*, and it was soon abandoned.

Ellen Cartwright was a very wholesome companion for my mother. She was breezy and social and delighted in "bringing Sara out of her shell." She persuaded her to attend the Seminary receptions and herself dressed her for these occasions. She told me that in those days "the young men raved about Miss Irish." One can well believe it, for have not men, since the dawn of history, admired women who did not think about them?

While my mother was still very young, before she was fifteen, some young man had come to a hotel

where she and her father were staying and invited her to go to a dancing party. She was horrified and exclaimed, "I should like to know what you see about me that could make you think I would do such a thing!" And he answered, "Why, everything." Then her eyes snapped and she said, "I don't want to say another word to you."

But she was greatly distressed and told her father what had happened, repeating, "Why, father, he said he saw everything about me that would lead him to ask me that. Father," she demanded, "what is the matter with me?"

When her father explained that there is something in every young woman that attracts young men, and that there are always a great many people in the world who do not know how to spend their leisure in any better way than by going to dances and the theater, he put it in such a light and it so appealed to her that a great pity sprang up within her for those who had nothing higher and nobler to interest them.

With regard to amusements, her recorded testimony is as follows:

I think very few girls have known so absolutely contented and happy a youth as mine, and yet it was entirely free from many of those things which are usually considered necessary to the happiness of young people. I can say that up to this time of my life when I am a grandmother and pretty well along towards sunset I have never attended a dance, a card party, a theater, or indulged in any of the similar amusements

in which young people seem to find their largest pleasure. As for love-making and all that sort of sentiment which seems so necessary to the association between young men and young women, before I met my husband, that had never entered my thoughts. This may be accounted for of course largely by the recluse life that I lived with my father and the character of my reading, for up to the time of my marriage, I suppose I had never read a single romance. I had read the standard poets, such poems as my father and mother would enjoy, and the church paper with the poetry that appeared in its columns. Nothing had come across my literary horizon that would stimulate in me any of the thoughts which lead to flirtation and so-called sentiment. In saying these things I am not criticising the influences which lead young people to contemplate each other purely as young men and young women. The sexual nature and its mission in social life is of God, and I think it may have been a defect in my education that so little was made of it and that my thoughts were kept so entirely free from everything which would grow out of it. But I am simply stating the case as it was that I may be understood by my children and grandchildren, for whom this narration is being made.

Away back among my girlish memories lies a bit of my mother's history which she gave me as a warning. I remember now the curious sense of revelation I experienced as I held a faded brown letter in my lap and thought over, with the quick emotion of youth, the things she had told me. So there was another man before my father. Why, of course, my mother was a girl once herself. But a love affair. And where

should I have been if she had married him? Well, I am glad she did not. And yet, poor fellow, he must have felt bad. So she thought she had given him no encouragement. But couldn't she see? It was hardly necessary even to read between the lines—"What is to be the result of our correspondence?" "I am not yet ready to settle in life." "I have my hopes and plans for the future, and yet I would not involve any other than myself in the uncertain conditions which must for some years surround me." "Do you believe in long engagements?" And then when, while still corresponding with him as a friend, she had suddenly married, without letting him know, she wondered that he considered himself unjustly treated, that he blamed her. I was glad for her sake, feeling how deeply it must have hurt her, as well as for his, to know that after the first pain had passed he forgave her, and wrote a kind letter, both to her and to my father. Too late he realized that she had neither the knowledge nor the experience to "diagnose the case," as he regretfully confessed.

From Mrs. March I learned that this young man had been among the first my mother met at Mount Morris. His attentions to Miss Irish were the more noticeable because, before her coming, he had held himself aloof from all society. He would sometimes appear at a reception or social, look about a few moments with disdain on his handsome face, and then go away. He did not believe in coeducation, and thought that girls should be restricted to the common schools.

He had most conservative opinions as to "woman's sphere."

Upon the occasion of his meeting my mother he sat and talked with her the entire evening, and then accompanied her home. She, with her absolute ignorance of social etiquette, was unconscious of the fact that they had been the center of laughing interest, and when Ellen came dancing up to her in their room, exclaiming, "Where is the witch? I want to find the witch that brought down Mr. Proudhead!" her astonishment was unbounded. When she went on further, offering the congratulations of the company, and speaking of Mr. M—— as "conquered at last," her friend cried impatiently, "What nonsense you are talking. He simply sat down and talked to me as any other gentleman might have done." "That's just it," laughed Ellen; "that's what amuses us,—to see him do just as any other gentleman might have done under the circumstances, when heretofore he has never done what other gentlemen do under the circumstances."

Throughout her life my mother was absolutely devoid of worldly wisdom. Being herself incapable of insincere or unworthy motives, she never attributed them to others. Unconsciously she held every one else to her own high standard of thought and conduct. This sometimes made it uncomfortable, and often led to misunderstandings.

Her new friend, Mr. M——, revealed to her all that was best and noblest in his character; but at this time her nature was wholly incapable of the awakening

to love. She was too much of a child, and had lived too entirely in the atmosphere of her father's study. Every suggestion of the life of the world seemed to startle her.

There was a teacher in the Seminary who sought her society. She gave it readily to all who came. At one of the school picnics she offered to make a willow whistle for a little boy, and this professor asked the privilege of assisting. Merrily they started off to find the willow, but the little boy's father called him back, and the two young people went on alone. The next day in classes Mr. M—— was gloomy, and wore a look of constraint, which greatly puzzled my mother, until Ellen explained that she had violated the social code of the school by accepting Professor A——'s attentions when her company was tacitly pledged to Mr. M——; probably, too, the latter was jealous.

My mother was very much distressed by this revelation, but immediately declared her weariness of the whole thing, and her intention never to have anything to do with social codes. As for the young gentlemen, she had no respect whatever for one who could, under any circumstances, become jealous. However, she did not believe this of her friend. She knew he was too noble and unselfish, too thoroughly absorbed in the preparation for his life work, of which he had often talked with her.

This trifling incident, notwithstanding, changed the current of their friendship. Mr. M——'s constrained manner continued, and my mother feared that

he had been tormented by the young men concerning their evident liking for each other's society. She supposed he wished to intimate that he now intended to devote himself exclusively to work, and to be troubled no more by these unpleasant railleries. So their whole relationship was, for the time, altered.

In a few days, however, another event happened, which changed all that life for her. She has herself described it:

One evening as I returned from my afternoon recitation, I found in the sitting room at the cottage, one of our neighbors at home. He informed me at once that he had been sent to bring me home, that my father had been failing, and was quite sick. I was alarmed, and asked for particulars; but he assured me that there was no need for anxiety, that I would without any doubt come back again soon, but that father wanted to see me, and they thought it would be a good thing anyway for me to come home for the Sabbath. I gave myself, therefore, no further uneasiness until morning, when I ran up to tell Mr. and Mrs. Vincent. I found that they already knew; and, as our neighbor drove up to their door with the carriage, Mrs. Vincent walked with me out to the gate, and, putting her arm about me, and drawing me close, while her eyes filled with tears, said in a tremulous voice, "God be with you, my dear child, in whatever is to come."

I said, "Why! do you think anything is to come?"

"Of course," she said, "something is to come, and we never know just what may be before us. But whatever comes, you will be a woman, I know."

This brought a feeling into my heart that made it impossible for me even to question the neighbor as we rode all that long way home. I could not make him my confidant even to the extent of one trembling inquiry. I feared, in fact, to have him open his lips to make any explanation.

The thirty-mile drive was a very long one to me that day. It was evening before we reached home. I leaped from the carriage and ran into the house, giving a hearty kiss to my mother, and was bounding on toward my father's room.

"No, no," my mother said, "not there; this way," and conducted me to the parlor, where my father's bed had been made, it being the airiest and pleasantest room in the house.

As I entered the door and looked at his face, eager in anticipation of my coming, his eyes prenatually large and bright, my heart seemed to break. He reached out a thin hand toward me, and I felt myself upon my knees at the bedside, with tears and kisses upon his face and hands, reproaching myself that I had consented to leave him for a day.

It was not necessary that he should tell me his days were few. I saw it in every line of his face, in the color of it, and in the strange light that burned in his eyes. I felt it in the touch of his hand. The atmosphere of the whole house seemed to be vibrant with the pulses of eternity.

I immediately took my station at my father's bedside, and from that time was seldom absent, excepting for a few hours of rest at night. It was the last week in May that I came home, and the season was early. The garden all about the house was beautiful. Through the open windows the sweetest odors from the blossoming trees in the nursery came into the sick-

room. My father had always been in the most perfect accord with nature, and as he lay upon this bed of weakness, his strength gradually wearing away, he seemed still to be in that steady, quiet current, with nothing to bring perplexity or care, with nothing left to be desired, save that God and His power operating through nature should have His way. However much our hearts might ache, and apprehensions fill us when we were away from him, the moment that we came into his presence we were made to understand that apprehension was out of place; that the only reasonable and natural condition of mind was that of a quiet, restful, unquestioning trust in Him who doeth all things well.

It was the 30th of May, 1859. Father had been asleep, but had awakened, and found me sitting beside his bed with a dejected look, no doubt, for I had been thinking of what my life would be when I no longer had him. Reaching out and laying open his hand for mine, he said:

“Why do I see a shadow upon your face, my child?”

I could not answer. My heart swelled, and I felt the tears coming.

“Can you not,” he said, “turn your face toward the light instead of standing in your own shadow?”

I was just about opening my mouth to answer when suddenly there came a loud roar, and a shock like a sudden concussion in the atmosphere, and I saw, as I glanced through the window, a strange light over the garden. The green of the grass and the foliage had taken on electric shades. My father noticed it, and said quietly, “Step to the door and see what it is.” So I went to the door which opened to the west, and saw a most bewildering spectacle,—clouds were being rolled together like a great whirlpool in an inverted

sea. They were smoke colored. The sun had just gone down, and the after-glow of the sunset was composed of many swiftly changing metallic colors. There was a glow like burnished copper; the blue was tinged with a coppery green as across the face of this metallic surface rolled those tossing masses of vapor. The air was sultry and heavy, and seemed perfectly still. But as I looked, wondering whence had come the roar and shock of a moment ago, I saw a long white cloud slowly unroll from the whirling mass and drop gently to the earth. Instantly there arose as if to meet it an inverted cone of rubbish, in the midst of which were timbers and branches of trees, which were lifted, as it seemed, almost into a cloud, and then scattered in a shower toward the earth. The tornado seemed to be coming directly toward the village.

While I stood at the door watching this phenomenon with a fascination which for an instant caused me to forget everything else, it seemed to turn its course, and striking a river, brought a cone of water from its bosom, which it carried over into the woods beyond, where I could see it fall in a brilliant shower, as the setting sun shone upon it. The wind began to blow about us with sharp fierce gusts, which cut the growing corn and the flower stalks in the garden close to the ground as if by a knife. I closed the door and came in. We were in the outer edge of the storm circle, and so, while being ourselves perfectly safe, could watch its progress through the woods, and out over the prairie. Trees were torn up by the roots and flung into the air. Everything which came in its path went before it like chaff. It was an experience and a vision never to be forgotten by those who beheld it. It came and passed more rapidly, and in less time than it has taken me to tell it.

I returned to my father's bedside. His face was lighted with a peculiar glow from heaven. I knew the token of some great thought. He took my hand and said:

"I understand. It is called a tornado, and, looked at from the standpoint of human life, it means destruction to everything which comes in its path. But it is simply another manifestation of the power of our God upon whom we have a right to depend. Do you remember what Paul said in his first chapter to the Ephesians about the power which is 'to us ward'? In that case he refers to the especial manifestation of power by which the dead body of the crucified Lord was lifted up out of the grave and made to live again; and not only that, but taken bodily up from the face of the earth into the heavens; a power by which the name that had been cast out by the public sentiment of two nations, and covered with infamy, was made the one name of heaven and earth which should receive adoration. I apprehend that the power that is in the storm is only another form of this same manifestation; and I want you, my child, never to forget that this power is to be your staff, as it is mine. It is upon this strong hand that has to-day been moving in the elements, that I am leaning as I go down into the 'dark valley of the shadow,' and it is this hand that is to be your guide and support all through your life. Can you get the idea? Can you understand what I mean?"

I looked at my father with awe, confessing that in the presence of the fact that his hand was to be taken from me, I could not understand. I could find no present consolation in the thought that my only support, hereafter my one friend, was to be Him who moved in the storm. I had seen the storm as it was in its passing—a mighty, irresistible, destructive force.

I could not realize that under any conditions it could mean safety. But from the experiences of my life since, I have learned that it makes a great difference from what point one takes his observations. Scientists tell us that in the very center of the storm there is a place so quiet that it will not ruffle a feather. My father was, so to speak, in this quiet center of the storm, being borne on as in a chariot, while I was on the outside, in the midst of the ruin, swirl and roar.

The next day, just at sunset, he left us. I will not attempt to portray the scene. I think that death never came into a home which had been more thoroughly prepared by all the teachings of the gospel, and yet I doubt if it has ever been more bitter to lonely women than it was to my mother and me.

I must not pass from this part of my narrative without saying that, after all the funeral services were over, one of the leading men of the village came to us, paying into my mother's hand the unpaid balance on my father's annual salary, with a receipted bill for physician's attendance, and all burial expenses. So faithfully did this people keep their contract to the end.

## IV

### THE YOUNG WOMAN

Just before my mother was called home she had been invited by President Harlow to prepare an original poem for the commencement exercises in June. She had by this time become a regular contributor of verse to the "Ladies' Repository," and one or two other periodicals, besides the church paper. The first money she ever earned in this way,—five dollars, received from the "Ladies' Repository,"—was spent for three stout pairs of shoes for the family.

While she loved to write, the idea of standing before an audience to read anything, especially something of her own composition, was exceedingly repugnant. She shrank from personal publicity, and was still hesitating to give a promise when she was summoned home. But her father said, "You must not consider it an ordeal. You must go back and do it with cheerfulness." At his entreaty she began the poem, sitting by his bedside. She chose the title "God's Thoughts," and the first lines were,—

"Jehovah sat alone,  
Eternal silence was about His throne."

This poem was never published, but its central idea was later embodied in "Victoria,"—the idea that God's thought broke the silence in the empire of space and

filled it with life; His thoughts became tangible and visible realities throughout the whole creation.

"God's Thoughts," read at the commencement of '59, is still remembered and spoken of by those of my mother's schoolmates, whom I have known. It was received at the time with enthusiasm. President Harlow, Mr. Vincent, and others, predicted for her even then a literary career.

The summer vacation was spent quietly at home with her mother, grandmother, and baby sister. Her sister Paulina was married in June. The habit of reading aloud to the family circle was soon resumed. Years before, a blind man, Grandpa Taylor, as he was called,—a very eccentric and original character,—hearing that my mother read aloud to her father, asked the privilege of coming to listen. He was deeply interested in all the questions of the day, and never failed to appear as regularly as the hour, no matter how severe the weather might be. He would come alone, feeling his way along the fences with his cane.

Those were stirring times, and as month by month the agitation increased, the reading circle became larger, and the interest grew more intense. The "New York Tribune" was read aloud every day. The speeches of Sumner and others were then flooding the country, and sometimes this little company of patriots would become so excited as almost to forget their meals.

During her father's life my mother had been a

social hermit, never going into the home of a neighbor, and seldom meeting those who came to her own; but now the neighbors and friends of the family were determined to draw her out of this seclusion, and she soon became the center of a small group of girl friends. Of these Julia Bennett was her most constant companion.

About this time there came from the east to Julia's home her cousin, a young man just out of college, who was making a tour of investigation in the west, with reference to settling down in some professional work.

Julia frequently spoke of him as one who was interested in the same lines of discussion in which the girls indulged, but he was not a Christian. While in college, however, he had begun to question as to whether the "no faith" in which he had been reared was not really an error, and he was now seeking to learn the truth. This interested my mother. But Julia frankly told her that he was "peculiar," and had formed a strong prejudice against her because she wrote poetry and stories. He had come of a practical and hard-working family, who looked upon literary occupations with distrust. He himself had strong literary instincts, and possessed an appreciative and critical mind; but a writer, to win respect from him, must rise to a high standard. This, of course, could not be expected of a schoolgirl who scribbled.

Naturally, my mother's interest was not diminished by these accounts. Julia tried to persuade her cousin

to come with her to call, but for some time he laughingly refused, on the ground that he was afraid of "having a spell cast over him." One evening, however, as my mother came in after dusk, she was met at the gate by Julia, who said, "I have brought a caller this time," and presented Mr. James Henry, who arose from the threshold of the open door.

The girls were in the habit, during the pleasant summer evenings, of sitting on the open porch without a light, and my mother never thought of making an exception for this young man. The unconventionality with which she dispensed with four walls and a kerosene lamp, making it possible for them to enjoy the evening sounds and shadows, and the gradual lighting up of the landscape by the moon, delighted him beyond measure.

The cousins remained until late, and when they rose to go the moon was flooding the scene with brilliance, so that in its white light my mother and father first looked upon each other's faces.

From that time Mr. Henry became an almost daily visitor, being interested in the same studies, and in reading the same news. The importance of national questions had increased to such an extent that social life was merged in political. All the young people were politicians. Few ordinary topics could command their attention for an hour. Mr. Henry fell into the habit of going after the mail, and bringing it to the house in the early part of the evening. Neighbors and friends would come in, and my mother would read, sometimes relieved by Mr.

Henry, who had a fine voice, and was himself an exceptionally effective reader.

In this way the weeks passed until my mother returned to the Seminary in September, and resumed her former work and associations. Soon afterward she received a letter from Mr. Henry, or, rather, a short note, in which he expressed himself as interested in her school work, and as hoping that she would have a pleasant year. He stated that her presence was missed from the reading circle, at which he continued to preside in her home, for the benefit of the same company who gathered there evening after evening to hear the news. He ventured to ask if she would favor him with an occasional correspondence. My mother had never had a gentleman correspondent, and was scarcely pleased with the prospect; yet she did not wish to be discourteous to one who had been so friendly, and so disposed to help her mother pass away the lonely evenings during her absence. So she answered his note, accepting the invitation to the correspondence, with the understanding that it must be brief, and occasional only.

During her short vacation at home that year Mr. Henry was still a constant visitor. While at home in the winter she was suddenly bewildered by a visit in the same week from Mr. M—— and another school friend, each coming from a different part of the country, unknown to the other. Just before this she had received a letter fervid with love and despair from her early pupil-friend, who had so impetuously run

away. This letter was a painful revelation, and aroused her to the consciousness that she was no longer a child, but a woman, with a woman's responsibilities to meet. Although there was but one answer to give the boy-friend, yet in having to give the answer she was suddenly and uncomfortably made aware that the subject was by no means dismissed, that it must be reopened at the instance of others whom she had counted simply as friends, and she began to look with misgivings upon the entire circle. Doubtless this experience influenced her treatment of her visitors. Certain it is that Mr. M—— at least, was not satisfied.

The biography hunter sometimes comes upon strange things,—starts up a fact entirely different from what he was expecting. I, for instance, was greatly surprised to learn that there was far more in that little romance of the faded letter than I had ever dreamed. My mother's schoolmates, with one accord, thought that Mr. M—— was the ideal of her youth, that he was the one she should have married. "He was so strong and masterful," it was urged. "He would have taken care of her, and kept away the hardships of the world." On the other hand, my father's aunt, Julia Bennett's mother, and others of his friends, thought that he, a vigorous and ambitious young man, was making a great sacrifice to tie himself to a woman who "would always be an invalid," and "could not do one practical thing." But she outlived him thirty years.

After all, it is from the private history of men and women who have influenced the world that we learn the significance of small events. If my mother had not been so singularly unsophisticated, and if that disquieting letter had come a week later, and if my father had not been the man he was, and if, and if, and if——

Flowers, we are told, are produced by the starvation of plant tissue. The saps go elsewhere until they are needed to develop fruit. The exquisite heroism of my mother's life could scarcely have blossomed from luxury. Evidently it was necessary that the streams of happiness and comfort should fail for a time, that the transparent beauty of faith in God, and the fragrance of perfect motherhood, might appear.

My mother, I am sure, married the man she loved. She herself said of him:

When the time came for the opening of the spring term, Mr. Henry kindly offered to take me to Mount Morris himself. This long ride over the prairie, and through the beautiful groves, marked an event in my experience. He seemed to understand the language of nature, and all through the day was busy translating to me. He also must have had an unusual insight into human nature, or my human nature at least, for not one syllable did he utter that startled or offended. He indulged in no sentimental allusions, but by every word and thought was so truly the dignified, cultivated gentleman and scholarly thinker, that when he left me to return he carried with him a regard and interest which I had never felt for any other.

This last term passed without incident. There was one fresh source of interest among us, in the fact that the young men of our class were all preparing for Northwestern University. It was taken as a matter of course that when this year's work was finished we girls must go quietly back to our homes, and engage in whatever womanly occupation we might be able to find, while the young men went on climbing up the hill of culture. They seemed to delight in holding before us their anticipations of the future; not, I realize now, for the purpose of tantalizing, but because they spoke of the things of which their hearts and minds were full. But to me then it had the effect of bringing discontent. There was just as much need, and even more, that I should be thoroughly educated, and independent of circumstances, as for any one of these young men. My mother ought to be able to depend upon me in her old age. There was not one thing that I could see before me by which I could make a fair income outside of the profession of a teacher, which in the grades for which women were prepared brought a very small salary. I had come to look more and more upon a literary career as uncertain, and found a growing desire to be independent of it. I had not the physical strength for the labor of the ordinary woman teacher in our country school life.

As I heard Mr. M—— and others talk of their future preparation for the work of life, I found no small rebellion growing in my heart against the limitations of sex which shut me from the same privileges and opportunities. Simply because I was a girl, I could not go to the university. It is possible that there may have been somewhere at that time a school of a college grade that would have admitted me; but, if so, I had never heard of it, nor had any of my

friends. It was not until several years later that such a thing would have been possible. My feeling about this grew and grew, and I shall never forget the thrill of indignation that passed through my whole being as I received the farewell of these my friends of Seminary life after the closing exercises of our last commencement. Ellen and I had gone with them in all the class work; we had maintained a respectable rank, and were accounted, I venture to say, as proficient in any of the branches which we had studied together, as were the young men; and now they could go on, and we must be left behind, simply because we were girls.

I said to Ellen as we turned back into our room, after the young men had said good-bye for the last time,—

“Ellen, I am going to record a vow with you; if I ever live to grow up, and have a daughter of my own, she shall be educated in that university.”

Ellen looked at me with big eyes, and said:

“Your daughter will be a girl, and they won’t have her.”

“But,” I said, “this thing is unfair; it is an outrage. Because you and I are girls,—simply that fact is no reason why we have not a right to the same opportunities as the young men. And you mark what I say: my daughter shall go to that university. No other will answer. She must come up to make good the lack in my own opportunities.”

Mr. Henry had come the day before commencement to take me home, but had kept himself entirely out of the way at his hotel, simply announcing the fact that he would wait my pleasure after the exercises were over, and I was ready for the journey. It was somewhat of a comfort during this homeward ride to pour out my indignation to him, and to find that he sympathized with me. There was an utter absence on

his part of that sort of self-congratulation that he was not a woman that had marked some of my other friends. I think that since I had awakened to the consciousness that I was a woman, I had never before been made so to feel the dignity of my estate and mission in life as during this journey.

During this winter of '59-'60 my mother had a serious attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, and in the spring she was so ill as to be unable to take her part in the commencement exercises. Her health did not improve during the summer and winter which followed. She had frequent very ill attacks, all tending to lung trouble, which her physician feared would terminate in consumption.

Mr. Henry had taken a position in the schools of Pecatonica, and continued to spend his evenings with the reading circle. The one subject which occupied the attention of all was the slavery agitation. Both my mother and father were intense patriots and lovers of liberty, and they believed that freedom was the right of every soul under the American flag. Before the winter had passed Mr. Henry would often remark, "There will be war, and the war will result in the abolition of slavery."

The interest in the political agitation had grown to excitement and fever. There was to be a great mass meeting in a neighboring city, and the young people of our village were invited to make a part of the chorus which was to lead the singing. Mr. Henry, Julia, and I, were among these, and it was decided

that for the pleasure of the trip we should go the fifteen miles by sleigh. We were to start very early in the morning, as the mass meeting was to be in the afternoon, and were to spend the night with Julia. Mr. Henry came for me directly after tea. Part of the evening was spent in practicing some of the patriotic songs that were to be sung. We sang until we were tired, and then, at the suggestion of one of the others, began to play romping games. At last, panting with exercise, we settled down about the dining-table, while Julia began to pass slips of paper and gave us instruction in a quiet game which she promised should be intensely amusing. Each person was to write a line in measure, fold the paper, and pass it to his neighbor, giving the last word, to which a rhyme was to be fitted by the next. The fun was to come in when the medley should be read aloud. As the papers were passing around the circle, Mr. Henry slipped one into my hand as I sat next to him, which had "For yourself" written on the outside. I opened it, and read expressed in a stanza of verse, the question which was to me the most momentous of a lifetime. I was startled, for the thought had never entered my mind. I could not understand at first, but there was the plain question. Mr. Henry was too sincere and candid to trifle upon that subject. I felt that an answer was called for immediately, and yet that I was not prepared to answer, so I wrote, "Not to-night," which little phrase furnished him ever after with a source of fun, for he always told me, and everybody to whom the matter was ever mentioned, that he had not the slightest expectation that I would marry him that evening.

After a moment I left the company, going into Mrs. Bennett's own room, which was near at hand. I was followed at once by Julia, who had, it seems, been

reading the signs all through the many months, and who wondered if I were really as innocent as I seemed, or much wiser than she thought; and when she found that I had never dreamed of such a thing as that her cousin was seeking in any way to impress me with himself, she could scarcely believe that it was true. We talked the matter over in girl-fashion, and then I asked her to take me at once to the room that I was to share with her, for I did not wish to meet Mr. Henry again that evening. I desired to be left alone with my own thoughts. The first thing that I did was to kneel down by the bedside and lay the case before my heavenly Father, and ask His direction. I told Him that He knew what had been my thought and plan of life, and that this man was not a Christian, and I felt afraid; still I could not conceal from myself that I was deeply interested. I realized that I had a different and warmer affection for Mr. Henry than for any other of all my friends; that he was to me in reality the one man among men.

I recalled some vague imaginings of myself as a wife and mother which had come to me as dreams come. Mr. Henry was not my ideal in personal appearance, but in intellectual qualities, and the inner nature, as he had shown it to me from time to time, he came very near. I enjoyed him as a friend, and his society was a great inspiration. I wished again and again that night that he had restrained himself from opening the question which must make a change in our relations. I felt that I could not lose him out of my life, and yet the problematic relations of marriage and its mysteries filled me with something akin to terror.

I passed a wakeful night, revolving the question which must be answered. I realized more and more

its imperative nature. It could not be escaped. I had reached a time when everything must be changed. Whatever I should do in this matter, the change would come. I thought what a mighty cargo a small ship may carry. That little slip of paper with a few words written upon it had revolutionized every prospect of my life. Touch it as I would, I could never again be the same. I tossed and turned, sometimes feeling almost resentment that I could not dismiss the subject and go back to the same quiet thoughts which had usually borne me company. And then again would come visions of delight. I saw myself as a beloved wife, and my mother lifted from her loneliness, and set in the midst of love and care.

In the morning as soon as I heard any stir in the house I arose with the unanswered question an intolerable burden. As I went down stairs, drawn to the kitchen by the warm wood fire that roared in the stove. I met Mr. Henry with a cup of unground coffee in his hand, which he was taking up to the garret to grind for breakfast. As I met him there seemed to spring from his eyes and face a peculiar light and strength,—the beauty of manliness such as I had never before seen in any human face; and instantly my whole nature surrendered.

I said to him, "Would you like any help?"

And he said, "Certainly; all the help I can get."

We went together to the old garret over the kitchen, and I stood and held the cup which he had emptied into the hopper while he ground the coffee into it; and when we had finished, and had no further excuse for remaining, I told him my perplexities, and said that I had decided to refer the whole matter to my mother.

I must record that his conduct on this occasion was such that we went down stairs leaving the coffee

behind us scattered over the floor. I, however, had insisted that he should not forget that the question was not yet settled, that it depended on my mother, and the manner in which she should receive him; and that I had no idea how that would be. However, he determined to lose no time, and so while I remained to help Julia wipe the breakfast dishes he ran over to see my mother, and the expression he had on his face as I saw him from the pantry window coming across the field which intervened between our five acres and the Bennett farm, was such that I knew my fate was determined.

It would be useless to attempt to describe that day,—the long ride, sitting in the bottom of the great sleigh on the straw, with the merry company piled in about us, the rhythmic play of the horses' feet upon the beaten road, the beauty of the winter landscape under a brilliant sun and sky, the harmony of all things with the newly awakened music of nature that was surging through my soul. The mass meeting was a magnificent affair; the spirit of patriotism ran high; there was no lack of enthusiasm. The great questions which were before the country were discussed and settled by the orators of the day in a most satisfactory manner; and it was with swelling hearts and unbounded joy that we took our homeward ride.

My grandmother was very fond of my father, and often used to talk to me about him. She said she never could understand "why he wanted to marry Sarepta." She remonstrated with him that morning when he came to ask her, exclaiming, "What do you want of a girl with one foot in the grave?" "I want the right to take care of her and make her well," he answered.



MR. AND MRS. HENRY IN 1861

## V

### A WIFE

It was not expected that Mr. Henry and I would be married before autumn; but circumstances led us to change our plans. There had come into our town a man from the Spirit Lake region, in Northwestern Iowa. He represented a large land and business interest which had been organized for the purpose of developing the country and settling it. The location which he described was in the district which had been devastated by an Indian massacre two years before. Among the other projects which he had in view was the establishment of a college, as the location was considered especially fine for an educational institution. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Henry, and had secured his consent to return with him in March, to take charge of the erection of the buildings and the opening of the school, of which he was offered the presidency. Mr. Henry had of course talked this plan over with me, and said that he should depend on my getting well so that I could be his assistant. I was, however, in a very delicate condition of health, the lung trouble increasing; and this was considered, both by my mother and myself, almost a barrier to the anticipated marriage. Mr. Henry, however, visited our family physician, and had a consultation with him. In his opinion the best thing I could do was to go with Mr. Henry on his trip. It was to be taken overland by slow transit, and was just what was needed for build-

ing up my strength. Mr. Henry therefore used this argument for hastening the marriage. The departure of the party could be delayed three days to accommodate us, which would give us about five days for the preparation and the wedding. My girl friends entered into the plan with enthusiasm, and on the 7th of March, three days after the inauguration of the war president, we were married, starting immediately with our party on the northwestern trip. My friend, Julia Bennett, decided to go with us; in fact the company consisted almost entirely of those who were my intimate friends, and who had been present at the wedding, so that it was to all intents and purposes our wedding party.

The cavalcade was composed of two large covered prairie schooners, containing trunks, tents and heavy baggage of various sorts, two carriages and saddle horses. Our dresses were made to suit the nature of the trip. It was to be a gypsy outing more than anything else. Our traveling dresses came to the tops of our boots. I had a pair of boy's boots with red morocco tops, a cap with a vizor, and every necessary for an outdoor life. We were to make a camp at the end of each day's travel, and the entire journey was expected to occupy six weeks.

From the very first day out I began to gain in strength. We were a few days more than six weeks in making the trip. We arrived on the east shore of West Okoboji Lake about the last of April. Our party boarded in the home of the manager of the expedition, and immediately plans were discussed and steps taken to carry forward the projects which we had in view. But the very first news from the East was of war, and everything else was held in abeyance. The only thought we could have after this related to the

condition of the nation, and to the question of our own part in the events that were hurrying on apace.

While we were waiting for developments and information from the seat of excitement, we, of course, lived our life as merrily as possible. The boarding house was in a most delightful spot. The grounds in front were covered with native forest, and sloped toward the shores of the lake, the beauty of which could hardly be exaggerated. It has in later years been made a place of resort, a magnificent hotel having been built for the accommodation of tourists, so that now, during the summer season, those old groves are filled with campers and pleasure seekers.

We used to spend our time, which was leisure for the first few weeks, in boating and horseback riding. I learned to row, and developed strength so that I was able to measure strokes with Mr. Henry, and to keep time with him across the lake.

It was during these days that I began to write a poem which, two or three years later, developed into "Victoria," my first book. It was here also that I wrote the song known as "Joy," which was set to music by my cousin, Eva Munson Smith. This was the first poem written after my marriage.

Mrs. Henry's children think she never wrote anything more beautiful than this poem "Joy." It does not need to be sung to inspire the heart.

"Joy! joy! joy!  
There is joy for thee, O Earth!  
The golden Morn  
Of beauty born,  
With its amber dews  
And changing hues,  
With its tender skies,  
Whose image lies

## My Mother's Life

In the sparkling sea,  
 That exultantly  
 Lifts up its voice,  
 And cries, "Rejoice!"  
 With its song that floats  
 From a million throats,  
 With its bursting blooms  
 And rare perfumes—  
 All the glorious things  
 That the morning brings  
 On her quivering wings  
 Are a joy to thee, O Earth!

"Joy! joy! joy!"

Each sound is full of joy.  
 From the faintest sigh of the swelling leaves,  
 And the twitter of birds beneath the eaves,  
 And the laugh of the rill down the mountain side,  
 To the booming roar of the tossing tide;  
 From the tenderest trill to the deepest tone,  
 There's a gushing fullness of joy alone—  
 Of joy that is thine, O Earth!

"Joy! joy! joy!"

There is joy for thee, O Heart!  
 The life that fills  
 Thy veins, and thrills,  
 With quickening heat,  
 Each pulse's beat;  
 The power that dwells  
 Deep, deep below,  
 Like hidden wells  
 That silent flow,  
 But that upward spring  
 Like a mighty thing,  
 When a rushing thought  
 Into deed is wrought;  
 The aims that rise  
 Beyond the skies;  
 The love that lies  
 Like a peaceful sea,

Whose waters lave,  
With songful wave,  
Immensity;  
Each glorious thing  
That Life doth bring  
On her glancing wing,  
Is a joy to thee, O Heart!

“Joy! joy! joy!  
O, life is full of joy!  
And 'mid the sounds that swell on high  
From the lips of Earth, triumphantly,  
There bends for aye a low refrain,  
A softer sound, a sweeter strain;  
'Tis the voice of Life, and its thrilling tone  
Sings the gushing song of joy alone—  
Of joy that is thine, O heart!”

My father bought my mother an Indian pony, Black Hawk, which had never been mounted. She had always been a lover of horses, and had been trained to drive and ride in her life with her father, so that she was perfectly at home with a horse harnessed or saddled. She insisted upon breaking Black Hawk herself. She first tamed him by feeding him sugar and dainties. He learned to put his nose to her pocket for something to eat, and would follow her like a kitten wherever she went. After she had secured his love she fastened the saddle upon him. He remonstrated, but when he found that she was doing it herself, he submitted. She led him along and made him wear the saddle, and follow her for some time. Then she took her riding skirt to the pommel of the saddle. Black Hawk did not like this at all. He protested vigorously, but his love still kept him loyal, and with

the skirt swinging under him and striking his heels, he would follow her about, careering and kicking, but yet keeping on his feet. When both her husband and herself were quite sure that he was accustomed to the saddle and skirt, she put on the latter, mounted the former, and began her first effort to ride. The poor beast was very much perplexed. He could not understand what it meant to hear her voice talking to him so far above his head; but he listened while she talked, my father holding the bit, however, fearing that something might happen. Finally she begged him to go away and leave her alone with the creature who knew her better than any one. At last he did, and she gave the signal—a little pat, which sent Black Hawk forward. He made a leap, and then stood still. Before they had finished their first lesson he went over the woodpile and up onto the back porch of the house, overturning a pail of water, and almost upsetting the churn, in his efforts to obtain freedom. He did not understand how to get rid of the accessories to which his old friend seemed to insist upon clinging. But the first lesson was a success in spite of all the excitement that attended it. Some of the boys said that my father was very pale when they went over the woodpile. From that time, however, my mother had no difficulty in riding Black Hawk wherever she wished. But no one else could mount him.

My father and mother frequently went off on their ponies, ostensibly for game, but really that they might enjoy the beautiful air and each other's society unin-

errupted. He taught her to use the fowling piece, and she soon acquired so true an aim that she could feather the cat-tail flags at a respectable distance. But she refused to aim at anything alive. She said, "I could not bear to see the wing of the bird droop in its flight, or the little timid creatures about us murderously assaulted by those endowed with God-given powers. I could not believe that the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' simply meant Thou shalt not kill thy fellow man; but was convinced that it also intended, with the whole force of divine authority, to protect animal life from wanton destruction. And it was one token of the wonderful nobility of my husband's nature that, while he had never thought of it in this light, it required but a suggestion from me to bring him at once into harmony with it; and he said, aiming his gun at a toughened prairie plant, 'Hereafter we will get our sport out of feathered cat-tails and decapitated sunflowers, instead of the blood of rabbits or blackbirds.' "

One story of this western trip is a vivid picture in my memory. When we children were little, on a rainy day, we would often beg Mamma to tell it to us, and our hair would rise regularly at the delicious might-have-beens that never were.

Mamma and papa had volunteered to go after a cow, just bought, that had broken loose, and was supposed to have returned to her old home,—a town fifty miles distant. The trip would take three days,—one to go, and two to return. They would have to spend the

second night on the prairie alone. With a top buggy, and a small shelter tent, they started off very early in the morning. It was about the first of June, and the prairie was covered with pink June roses as far as the eye could see. The sun was just coming up, and it was a sight never to forget—hundreds and hundreds of acres of wild roses sparkling in the dew. They had their luncheon on the prairie, selected a camping place for the return, and arrived in the town, which was in a river valley between hills, so that it looked quite like an eastern scene. The cow's instinct had led her safely home to her calf.

The next morning they started to return, with the cow tied to the back of the buggy. They made their camp early, but were very soon driven from their first choice by the mosquitoes. Finally, however, they succeeded in finding a breezy knoll, where they pitched their tent and settled themselves for the night. The novelty of the situation kept my mother wakeful. The vast wilderness was so intensely still that the very silence seemed audible. The moon was full, and with the edge of the tent drawn up from the ground she lay and looked out at the brilliant loneliness about them. The breathing of the cow, and the occasional stepping of the horse, were the only signs of life.

As she lay listening and thinking she suddenly noticed that the stepping of the horse seemed more regular, and was accompanied by peculiar sounds. Hastily looking out she saw that the horse was walking

away, dragging the rope and the tether pin, which flew up once in a while, and made the bumping sound which she had heard. She aroused her husband and told him that the horse was loose. He immediately sprang out and started in pursuit, calling with his hand outstretched. But as soon as the horse knew that he was discovered he quickened his pace. Whether he found the mosquitoes troublesome, or whatever was his objection to spending the night in camp, he certainly did not intend to be easily caught. My father followed close and tried to grasp the pin; but the horse kept it just beyond his reach. At last my mother came out, climbed up into the carriage, and watched the receding pair as they went north along the road farther and farther, growing at last indistinct in the moonlight. She could hear her husband's voice calling coaxingly to the horse, and the steady stepping of the animal's hoofs. But at last these sounds died away, the stillness became more and more intense, and the loneliness appalling.

Within her entire range of vision in that moonlighted landscape there was not another object so high as the carriage in which she sat. She began to think of the Indian raids over the same territory scarcely more than two years before, which had wiped out the settlements of that frontier, and of the rumors of the reappearance of hostile Indians within the last few weeks. It would be impossible to describe the terrors of that long night. Morning had begun to dawn before she saw an object moving upon the horizon. She

could not tell at first whether it was friend or foe, and with her heart in her mouth she strained eye and ear. But after awhile she recognized her husband's peculiar movements, and soon she heard the merry whistle which had grown familiar as his signal. The horse had led him a long and weary chase, not being captured until within a few miles of home.

So much that was heart-breaking came into my mother's life soon after these adventures that I love to linger over the days of that wild, happy freedom.

With all the intensity of a sensitive and imaginative nature she threw herself into every new experience. Doubtless the reaction from her sedentary and introspective life at home was most wholesome and invigorating. My father's manly, fearless, fun-loving nature was to her a perfect tonic. She had the instinctive adaptability that made her enjoy whatever environment she found.

Not far from the boarding house were several log cabins which had been occupied by the massacred settlers, whose graves were in the dooryards. One of these cabins in the woods on the shore of the lake, was a favorite resort of the young couple. They used to take their dinner in a basket, with books and writing materials, and steal away to spend the day. Finally one morning my father said, "I am going to propose to Mrs. Prescott that we take our bed and furniture down to the cabin, and vacate our room." The house was very crowded, and the weather warm, so that they thought they should like this cozy, quiet

cabin all to themselves. Mrs. Prescott laughingly assented to this request, and a wagonload of necessary things, including their trunks, was removed to the cabin, which they fitted up to suit their fancy. My father made boxes, which were filled with moss and woodland plants, and fastened them to the inside of the walls, and to the outside of the house. Over the windows he trained vines, and made the place a beauty-spot in the midst of beauty. There was no limit to their enjoyment in this little improvised home. However, this pleasure was not to last.

One evening just after they had retired there was a loud knock on the door, which my father answered in person, to find three or four of the young men from the house. They proceeded to inform him that they had come down after them; that it was not safe for them to stay there any longer; Indians were in the neighborhood, and they did not intend to come over some morning and find them dead. In listening to the conversation my mother learned that her husband had already suffered from the mouths of these young men, who had remonstrated from the very first, thinking it a hair-brained adventure in the unsettled condition of the country, but he had never said anything to her about it. They were neither of them timid, and were not at all worried about Indians. My father said:

“Well, boys, we will talk it over to-morrow, and make up our minds what to do.”

“No;” said one of them, who had been a playfellow of my mother’s in early childhood, “if you want to

stay down here, Jim, and be massacred, all right; but we have come to take Mrs. Henry up to the house, and we are strong enough to do it. We do not propose to have her carried off by the Indians."

After thinking a moment, my father said, "Very well, we will go with you," and so they made themselves ready and walked back with the boys. When they reached the house they found that the chamber over the wing had been fitted up for their use. This chamber was long and narrow, having windows to the east and west, opposite each other. The bed stood between these windows. The east window looked towards the barn and the woods; the west through a grove in front of the house towards the lake.

My mother was wakeful, very much excited by the events which had transpired, and by the talk of the young men on their way up from the cabin and afterwards. She was not very anxious to come into collision with the Indians, and her imagination was so greatly aroused that she could not sleep. It was moonlight, and as she lay she looked out over the back yard and towards the barn. Along about midnight, she distinctly saw moving figures, and raising her head a little she became fully satisfied that Indians were about the barn, evidently to see if they could break in and get at the horses. She put her hand over to her husband, and said:

"Wake up, but don't lift your head."

He awoke and began to raise himself, but she said again:

"Don't move: lie down. We are right between two windows. There are Indians out by the barn, and if any one moves in this room they can see him. There is one old fellow out there keeping watch; he is looking this way: don't lift your head or you may be shot."

My father was anxious to ascertain for himself whether she was correct or only dreaming, but she persisted until finally he obeyed, and slipping down by the side of the bed to the floor crawled out to give the alarm.

Immediately the house was aroused—very much aroused when it was found that one corner of the kitchen was afire on the outside. When the Indians discovered that there were so many men in the house, and that they were alarmed and thoroughly awakened to the situation, they slunk off into the woods. But after this my father respected the precautions of the young men who had insisted that his wife, at least, should be protected from the Indians.

When the call was made for three months' men the spirit of patriotism reached our company, and a large number went to Fort Dodge to enlist, among them Mr. Henry with our entire party. Those were times in which all personal interests were kept in the rear, and only the spirit of self-sacrifice was tolerated. I had my own thoughts and feelings as they went away, but did not express them. Of course we knew that this was not saying good-bye. If they enlisted, they would return before they were mustered in and marched away. A few days later Mr. Henry and a few others came back.

When the first calls were made, before a man was accepted he must measure up to the limit of physical perfection. My husband was a fraction of an inch below the standard of height, so he was rejected, very much to my delight.

The news from the east which the men brought with them from Fort Dodge, as well as the items which came in the papers and in letters, led us to believe it the part of prudence to prepare for emergencies, as there was danger of an Indian uprising again. So those who remained organized into a company of home guards, for the protection of our boarding house and very small settlement. The boys were uniformed in red shirts, and one was stationed as scout at each approach from the prairie over which any Indian bands might come. Days and weeks passed without any indications of necessity for being on guard, and so we relaxed our anxiety, and began to pursue our ordinary life and outdoor recreations.

For a time my horseback exercises had been curtailed, and our fishing excursions abandoned, but now we began to enjoy these diversions again. I was fond of horseback riding, and usually Mr. Henry and I went together,—he riding a large chestnut, and I Black Hawk. But one day, for some reason which I forget, Black Hawk was not available, and no one was about of whom I could get information or help, so, determined to have my ride, I saddled the great chestnut, mounted him, and rode away. We had a glorious gallop through the woods, over the isthmus and bridge that separated the two Okoboji lakes, and on to the prairie westward. I suppose that we went almost twelve miles and back. We were gone all the afternoon, returning about sundown.

As I came in sight of the house I saw the men all

together surrounding Mr. Henry, and talking excitedly. As I came within hearing, the one who had been my friend from childhood, and took a great deal upon himself because of this, shouted out:

"It's a good thing for Jim that you came back as you did!"

"Why, what was going to happen to him?" I said.

"Well," he said, "it isn't necessary to explain now. But you are to take no more such rides. We tried to scare Jim into thinking that the Indians had run off with you, but he is the most foolhardy man that ever was."

Mr. Henry, however, looked anything but anxious, and assured both me and the others that he fully believed me capable of taking care of myself, and that it was scarcely worth while to watch me to prevent me from being carried off by the Indians. The fact, however, that the scout whose beat was on the northwest came in the next morning with a statement that Indians were seen over the very trail which I must have made but a few hours before did give point to the anxiety of our friends.

The report of this scout stirred us considerably. It was decided to send out the entire company of home guards to investigate. They must go, however, prepared for anything. They were all armed, but there was a lack of ready ammunition. To supply the deficiency it was decided to run a quantity of bullets. Lead and molds were found which would accommodate the bore of some of the weapons, and Julia and I spent the morning running bullets, while the boys were cleaning their gun barrels, polishing them and getting themselves in condition for service. We presented quite a warlike appearance in the kitchen of the boarding house that morning, and while some of the men,

Mr. Henry especially, tried to make a great deal of amusement out of it, we did not consider a possible raid from the Indians a subject for mirth; especially in view of the fact that we were occupying the ground that had been entirely swept of human life less than three years before. But we tried to be courageous.

All was ready at last, and we stood on the back porch and saw the company march away in their red uniform, passing the barn and down the road which led through the woods towards the mill, and off to the prairie.

Soon after they were gone a startling thought came to Julia and me,—that every man soul of them had gone and left us two with the servant girl and the seven Prescott children, alone. Mr. and Mrs. Prescott had gone east a few weeks before, and had left Julia as housekeeper, with one servant. We were there alone, and with half a dozen approaches unguarded, over which any number of Indians might come and lay us low, or carry us off by the hair of the head. My heart stood still for a moment as I realized the situation. But Julia and I went off to one side and held a council of war. We decided to see that every window and door was securely fastened in a quiet way, so as not to attract attention, and to send the children into the cellar, where there was a large bin of potatoes that needed sprouting. The cellar was approached by a trap door. We would set the servant girl to washing windows and cleaning house, so as to keep her occupied. Julia would stay on guard below, and I would mount the cupola and keep a lookout in every direction. This cupola was a little square room on the top of the house, with windows on its four sides,—an admirable watch-tower; probably built for that purpose. The children were told that they were to have

a picnic, and that it was to be in the cellar. Accordingly, a luncheon was packed in a basket. We gave them sundry things with which to build cities and houses. The older children were assigned the work of sprouting potatoes, with a prize for the one who sprouted the greatest number. We told them that the rooms above were to be cleaned, and things would be set out on the table, which would stand on the trap door for convenience, so that they need not try to come up till we called them. We would give them plenty of time for their picnic and play. If they should get the potatoes done, the other children could join in the sports. We told them to be quiet, as we did not want to have confusion down there. Indeed, we gave them various reasons for being as quiet as possible.

When the children were disposed of, and the girl set to work on the housecleaning, I mounted to the observatory, and left Julia on guard below. She found an ax and a hatchet, and one old gun. I took a luncheon with me to the observatory, and so we spent the morning. I strained my eyes on the lookout until it seemed as if every old stump might be a crouching Indian. But at last I did see a moving figure, coming toward the house, from the direction in which our boys had marched away. Yes, there were two; and my heart began to beat loudly. I was just on the point of going down to give the alarm when the thought suddenly occurred to me that two Indians would not be coming alone, or on foot, at this time of day; and so I watched and watched, until the glad certainty dawned at last that it was my husband and Emory who were coming. They were walking at a rapid pace, and as they drew near I could see tokens of anxiety. I ran down to open the door and let them in, and met them at the piazza. So great was the anxiety we had all

endured that our meeting was more like that of those who had been separated for months than just a few hours.

It seems that after the boys had marched well out, and into the enemy's territory,—that is, the open and distant prairie,—suddenly one of them stopped, called a halt, and said, "We have done a foolish trick. We have come and left those women and children alone, entirely unprotected. They may be carried off before any of us can get back." It was the work of a moment to detail my husband and another to come back for our protection.

The relief which came to Julia and me in the return of these two men cannot be expressed in words. It was but a foreshadowing of some of the experiences that were to come later in the progress of the war.

The company of home-guards was gone three days. On the evening of the third day they returned covered with glory. They had met the enemy and fought a battle near the very place where I had sat all night watching for Mr. Henry's return with the horse. One of the boys, another of my old friends, brought me what he considered a distinguished mark of his regard. It was the scalp of one of the Indians who had been killed in the battle. He took it from his belt, and offered it to me, holding it by the long straight hair. I think I had never been so shocked and horrified.

Many who read this book can remember just how my mother must have looked at this young man, as she exclaimed, "And you, a Christian, have done that? And you wonder that heathen Indians murder white settlers? I never want to speak to you again as long as I live."

Her feeling about the incident, and the manner of her rebuke, although the young man confessed that he was ashamed, and although she tried to forgive him, finally led to the death of their friendship. In her history she says, "I have been sorry for this, because I think I lost an opportunity from lack of genuine spiritual power which I ought to have been able to use for his help as well as my own."

The truth is, my mother had been brought up so alone, without the leveling fellowship of her kind, that she had never learned to look at things from any standard but her own. She was the soul of integrity, of mercy, of consideration, of noble-mindedness. Instinctively she chose the highest course of action. She could not comprehend low ideals. The very loftiness of her purposes and beliefs led her to sympathize with those who had sinned deeply and were despairing. Not to feel growing daily within the heart goodness and purity,—to her it would have been more than despair, even death.

But as she went along her steadfast way, with her eyes fixed upon beauty and truth, her mind absorbed in unselfish thoughts, whenever she ran against a different mind, or was jostled by some one seeking, perhaps, the same general end but taking a less straightforward path, she was startled, bewildered, hurt to the quick. The severity with which she sometimes spoke was merely the expression of this recoil, and from its effects she suffered most.

It soon became evident that there would be no possibility of establishing a school, or of completing any of the plans which we had in view. The volunteers from our company were ordered to Fort Dodge, where they were to be mustered in and taken to the front. When they had gone we found ourselves a very small company to be left in this exposed position. Homes and new farms had all been spoiled by the war. The lake lay in its placid beauty between the same graceful shores, and under the same skies, and the birds sang just as sweetly. Everything in the natural attractions of the region invited us to remain; but the danger was too great.

At last, while some of the party concluded to move into the fort at Spirit Lake for the winter, my husband determined to take me away. It was decided that we should return to Illinois. A "Democrat" wagon, as it was called, was fitted up with a canvas cover, our trunks were stored in the back part of it, and with one horse we began the journey. It was a cold and cheerless October. Fires had blackened the prairie in front of us. During the day there hung before us the smoke of burning grass; at night long ranks of red flame gleamed on the horizon. Under us, in place of bloom and green, were the blackened stubs of the burned prairie. The sadness, the desolation of this landscape cannot be described.

As we came toward the civilized world we realized that war was in the land. The spirit of it, the fear and the sorrow of it were everywhere. There was scarcely a neighborhood out of which some strong youth had not gone to make up the first seventy-five thousand men. The ordinary pursuits of life were almost forgotten. The automatic work of farming and trading was going on, but there seemed to be no interest

in it. Hail the man who was busy in his field, and his first word would give you to know that his thoughts were far away from the ground or the wheat, or the prospect of harvest; that he was thinking of the armies that were marching to meet each other, and himself planning the campaign by which an easy victory was to be obtained. There would be an unwonted fire in the eyes of the women who met you at the door of the sod cabin.

We were recognized always as people who had gone west, and were returning east. My husband was looked upon as a prospective soldier going back to enlist. And there was in my own heart a conviction which, finding, as I believed it must, its counterpart in his, caused me to regard him in the same light.

We arrived at Pecatonica, at my mother's, about the last of November. In the latter part of February our first children,—twin boys, were born, and buried after six weeks of life.

My mother was very ill after this, and her friends despaired of her life. The physicians gave her up to die of consumption. From the first of her illness she had begged them constantly to take her out of doors into the sunshine; but in those times such a thing would have been considered madness. However, when all hope was abandoned, and they felt that it was only a question of days, they decided to yield to her whim, and she was carried out upon the porch in a reclining chair. Every day she insisted upon lying in the sun, persisted also in the belief that if she could be out of doors she would get well. My father was soon won over to her way of thinking, and under his nursing and

nature's treatments she improved rapidly, so that by the first of May, '62, she was able to return with her husband to his father's home in East Homer, New York.

The poem, "My Shells," is a beautiful crystallization of her first experience of motherhood:

"I stood beside Love's brimming sea;  
The bright waves broke in melody  
On golden sands, close up to me.

"More beautiful the waters seemed  
Than maiden heart had ever dreamed,  
As over them the sunlight beamed.

"The waves brought treasures from a land  
Afar, to many an outstretched hand  
Of those who waited on the strand.

"To one, sprigs of anemone;  
A gem, to one, most fair to see;  
Two little shells, at last, to me.

"Two little shells, as snow-flakes white,  
Whose lips, kissed by the rosy light,  
Were flushed with crimson, soft and bright.

"And from their lips there came a tone  
So low and sweet—half song, half moan—  
Learned of the ocean's waves alone.

"And all day long, beside the sea,  
Entranced by the strange melody,  
I sat, and heard them sing to me—

"Until they to my heart had grown,  
Until I claimed them for my own,  
And they and I were only one.

"They were not mine, alas for me!  
The waves rolled high, and angrily  
Bore heart and shells into the sea.

- “And all the night I sat alone,  
Upon a cold and naked stone,  
And to the waters made my moan:
- “O, cruel waves! O, mocking sea!  
Within thy breast can pity be?  
Bring back my heart, my shells, to me.
- “But still the waves beat calmly on;  
For other hands their gifts were strewn  
And till the morn I sat alone.
- “Then came a voice most soft and still,  
That did the air like perfume fill,  
And all my waiting spirit thrill:
- “ ‘The fount of Love eternal dwells  
Within the sea;  
Thither the waves thy treasure bore,  
To guard for thee.  
Embraced within its clasping shells,  
That heart of thine,  
At last, to pearl-like beauty grown,  
A gem shall shine.  
Earth’s poisonous air thy lovely shells  
Had dimmed erelong,  
Thy heart grown restless, and have strayed  
On with the throng.  
Say, from their calm and peaceful home—  
Their native sea—  
Shall I bring back thy heart, thy shells,  
To moan to thee?’
- “Gladly I answered to the wave,  
As it my weary feet did lave,  
‘Nay, keep, O keep the gifts ye gave.’
- “And still beside the brimming sea,  
Whose bright waves break in melody,  
I sit, and hear them sing to me.
- “For other lands I have no care—  
No sea of earth hath waves so fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there.”

## VI

### MOTHERHOOD

My father's people lived in central New York State, Cortland County. My father was the oldest son. His brother next in age had gone to the war, and his father and mother had urged him to return and look after affairs. He did not share in the common idea that the war would be very quickly ended. "Seventy-five thousand men," he often said, "seems like a great many; but it is a very small number to meet the emergency. The government will have to call and call again before this war can end. There must be a complete subjection of the South, a complete destruction of the system of slavery; and that will take time, and men, and money." His rejection had been a great disappointment, for he was a man of action, and of deep patriotism; but for the present he was obliged to accept the more heroic part of safe and quiet sympathy.

Soon after their arrival at East Homer it was decided that they should buy a farm which lay over the hills above the homestead, and settle down by themselves within reach of the old folks. Here my mother went to housekeeping, and took her first lessons in the making of a home. And here, according to all analogy, were the most desirable elements for a domestic

tragedy. My mother was practically a foreigner in that community. She did not know the first principle of household economy or work. Her husband himself taught her to make bread, and initiated her into the mysteries of the dairy. But here again were manifested the breadth and grace of her character, as well as her husband's instinctive geniality and wisdom. For her, farm life had no disagreeable drudgery. The commonest detail was clothed by her imagination with loving interest. She took her poetical nature into kitchen and cellar, and required dish-cloths and brooms, corners and kettles to become sonnets and epics and odes of cleanliness.

Under the influence of this busy life, and her husband's magnetism, she became comparatively well and strong. She was by inheritance perfectly orderly and systematic, so that even from the first, and through all that came, she found some leisure for literary work. In describing this life she emphasizes the point that her husband and herself worked together,—there was no division of "man's work" from woman's, or woman's from man's. She says:

"I would go out into the field and help James drop potatoes and corn, and he would help me about my share of the work in the house. I attended to the dairy. James would help me with the skimming of the milk, and everything which belonged to that department. When we had a rainy day, and he was working in the shop mending tools, or doing odd jobs, I would sit and read to him, or sew and mend. We

would discuss the incidents and events of the war and our own plans for the future. Our evenings were spent in reading aloud."

Thus one opportunity for domestic tragedy was disposed of. Another lay in their difference of religious belief. There had been a great deal said at the time of my mother's marriage about being "unequally yoked together with unbelievers"; and some who had not been worried about Mr. M——, nor yet about my mother's health and general unfitness for married life, had predicted disaster upon this rock. Therefore it is interesting to know how trouble was avoided in that direction. Her narrative tells us:

While Mr. Henry was not a professed Christian, he was a devoted and truly religious man. He had in his early life imbibed skeptical ideas, so that he could not conscientiously make a profession of Christianity. He believed in God the Father, but was not a believer in Christ.

On the Sunday before we were married he went with me to church. It was not then expected that we would be married before autumn. I always remained to the class meeting, which followed the morning preaching. He stayed with me, and, in conformity with his peculiar ideas of honor, when the class leader came and asked him if he had anything to say, he arose and said that since an announcement had been made in which my friends were interested he felt that it was no more than right that he should make a statement concerning his religious views. He said that above all things he wished to know the truth, and to

be led by it; that he did not profess to know the truth: he professed only to be a seeker of it. He would like to have those who believed in prayer pray for him. He stated that he had faith in prayer, as he believed that God was a real being, the Father of the race, and was willing to listen to His children when they spoke to Him. He considered prayer a speaking to God the Father; so he would be very grateful to any one who would speak to God the Father in his behalf if he were better acquainted with Him than he was. He did not profess to be acquainted with Him.

The candor of his appearance and words, and the sweetness of his spirit, won a most bigoted friend whom I had in that assembly. Those who heard him that day believed that Mr. Henry was an honest man. One stated to me that he was certainly a Christian, whether he knew it or not.

The very first evening that we spent alone after our marriage was in a hotel en route to our company, the weather being so inclement that it was thought best for the ladies of the party, at least, to spend Sunday in the hotel instead of in camp. In our room, before retiring, Mr. Henry opened my Bible, and said:

“I believe that this Bible is a help to any one who will study it. I believe in prayer, and I have always believed, since I began to think about having a home of my own, that when that time came my house should be a house of prayer, and that the Bible should be the guide of my life so far as I was able to understand it. I do not profess to believe it as you do, but I propose that we read it every day, and pray together,—that we have what you have always been accustomed to, a family altar.”

So there, in that Iowa hotel, was begun our family religious life. This custom was observed from that

time on. Always before we retired we read and prayed together.

When we began our home on the hill above East Homer, it was made from the first a house of prayer. In my neighborhood life it was impossible for me to keep my Christian experience all to myself. We were about three miles from church, and I could not go to evening services. I had always been accustomed to prayer-meetings as well as to frequent preaching services, and I could not be contented with spiritual inactivity. It was not long before I had a Sunday-school class in my dining room. Out of this grew a class to which the fathers and mothers of the children were invited. It came to be a large assembly. I was compelled to be the leader of it. As the children came, and it was necessary for some one to care for them during the evening, Mr. Henry took this upon himself. He would make all the preparations for the meeting, receive those who came, seat them, and attend to their comfort. Then he would take the children into a corner and care for them, leaving me to lead the meeting. Under no circumstances could he be persuaded to take any part, except in the singing. The reason for this, as he expressed it once when compelled in courtesy to do so, was that he had nothing to say which would be of any help to Christians. He would not, if he could avoid it, express one thought which would bring a shadow of doubt to any mind. He did not consider that doubt was profitable, but believed it to be a source of weakness. His mind was full of doubts, and the best thing he could do with them was to keep quiet, and say nothing about them.

But if, however, any one of the company who were in this prayer-meeting had been compelled to remain

at our home over night, before we retired he would have opened the Bible and read, and led in prayer himself. This he considered his duty as the head of the family.

As the years passed he became more and more convinced that an irreligious home—a home without prayer—was not a true home; that children could not with safety be brought up in a prayerless atmosphere; and that, as the head of the house, and father of the family, it was his duty to set the example of reverent worship and reading of the Bible. It would have been the same if we had had, as we often did have, ministers in our home. No other person could take his place, or my place, in the worship of the house. Others might have a share in it, but his voice or mine must always be heard in a word of prayer at least once a day. To this rule he kept himself to the last day of his life.

In June of '63 my daughter was born. When she was about three months old I settled myself steadily to the work of writing my poem, "Victoria." This poem was written principally sitting on the floor with my hand on the baby's cradle, or sitting with her between my knees with my tablet behind her back, keeping out of the way of her hands, as she would grasp the pencil.

When she was nine months old I made a visit home to my mother in Pecatonica. During my stay there the poem was finished, and read to Mr. Vincent, who was at that time pastor of the Methodist Church in Rockford, Ill., and who came down for the express purpose of hearing the poem. According to his advice I went to Freeport, Ill., to meet Dr. Hitchcock, who was to pass through on his way to Chicago, and would have a few hours in which I could see him, and present the poem, that he might look it over with a view to

publication. Accordingly, *Victoria* was published in '64, by the Methodist Book Concern.

"*Victoria, or the Triumph of Virtue*," is old-fashioned, exuberant, sometimes extravagant, and often impossible, but always reverent and pure. It is by no means a study of human nature, but is an expression of one woman's nature and experience at one period of her life. Her attempt to bring in the world, of which she knew nothing, is pathetic. But leave her quite alone in wood or meadow with her own beautiful thoughts, and listen:

"It thrills my deepest soul to feel the calm  
Great heart of Nature, filled to overflow  
With the quick essence of the life of joy  
Beating so near to mine. How every leaf  
And every flower seems trembling with the bliss  
That pulses through its every vein! I love  
These days, this tuneful month of June, so glad  
With song. I love this wrinkled earth; each nook  
And corner of the grand old thing is dear,  
Because God made it, and because it is  
So old."

"I love the violet; all women do—  
All who have suffered much, or who have loved.  
Nature's most pure evangelists are they,  
Writing the holy passion of her heart  
In that soft hue, the type of constancy  
O'er all the vale."

"How sweet  
The air, so laden with the breath of flowers,  
And scent of new-made hay, from meadows near!  
How softly sounds of distant labor fall,  
Hushed to a sigh of rest, upon the ear,  
Blending so soothingly with song of bird,

And dreamy chirp of cricket in the grass,  
And murmuring of the waves upon the sand!  
The brook that dances downward from the hill  
So gleefully, with such a tread of mirth,  
Here, as in sympathy with human hearts,  
Glides softly out and in, the graves among,  
With a low sound of tender melody,  
As though it, sleeping, dreamed of heaven, and sang  
The songs taught by the streams of Paradise."

Sometimes we think it almost a pity that the woman who, at twenty-five, wrote thus could not have been left free to follow her literary genius. But possibly the great world of blundering and suffering men and women could better spare Elizabeth Brownings and George Eliots than some whose ministries have been more humble and more direct.

In October of '64, after the draft for the army, my father volunteered again. The examinations for the service had ceased to be so rigid as to inches and weight. The government was glad to get any able-bodied, willing man in the trying times to which the war had brought the country at that period. Accordingly, this time my father was accepted. Among his friends, young men with whom he had grown up in East Homer, he raised a company of one hundred men. He was elected captain, and the latter part of November they marched away.

It is impossible to put the experiences of those days into words. I will only say that Mr. Henry never saw me shed one tear. But after he had gone I took Mary in her baby wagon out into the orchard, and on the ground under the bare trees I had it out with myself

and God. I never expected to see my husband again. The war had become a tragedy which was so terrible that there seemed to be nothing in it but death and disaster.

In an old scrap book belonging to my mother I found the following poem relating to this experience:

WHY DID I LET HIM GO?

- "Once I sat within the twilight,  
With my Mary on my knee,  
Waiting for the manly footfall  
That brought ever joy to me.  
I was silent as the sleeper  
That was folded to my breast,  
But my heart was quick and earnest,  
Throbbing with a strange unrest.
- "Other hearts than mine were earnest,  
Other brows than mine aflame,  
For a blast, as from a trumpet,  
On the winds of evening came.  
All the air was filled with murmurs,  
Men were hast'ning to and fro  
Talking of the flag—of traitor,  
With their voices stern and low.
- "And God heard them up in heaven,  
And He flung the banner forth,  
Red, and white, and blue, and starry,  
O'er the East, and West, and North.  
And I heard Him out of heaven  
As He said, 'Lo, it is I!  
Where this banner waves I lead you,  
Will you dare for it to die?'
- " 'Yes, I dare,' said one beside me,  
And my heart knew well the tone;  
God had spoken—*he* had answered,  
Could I dare to wait alone?

I was silent—silent—silent—  
 While the red upon the blue  
 Burned into the distant heaven—  
 Dare I answer—answer true?

“Dare I pluck the hand uplifted,  
 With its oath to God above,  
 Back to earth again, to give it  
 Nothing but a woman’s love?  
 Dare I take that heart so beating,  
 As it answered the Divine,  
 Saying, ‘Live for me forever—  
 All thy life is only mine?’

“Dare I stand between Jehovah  
 And that earnest, manly soul—  
 Place my will o’er His that holdeth  
 Life and death in His control?  
 Then I answered, as I lifted  
 From my baby’s face my own,  
 ‘I am but an earthly creature—  
 He is God upon His throne.

“ ‘He has called—I can but bless thee—  
 Go! where’er that banner leads,  
 Mark the pathway of a soldier  
 With a Christian hero’s deeds.  
 Give the life—O, God may give it  
 Back to me at last again,  
 When the olive bears her blossoms,  
 And when joy is born of pain.

“ ‘But if He demand the utmost,  
 And thy brow must whiter grow,  
 Shaded by magnolia blossoms  
 From the Southern sunlight’s glow;  
 Then—but ah! I can but bless thee—  
 Where He leads thy footsteps go.  
 There’s a tree within God’s garden  
 Yielding balm for human woe.’  
 Thus he left me—my beloved—  
 This is why I let him go;

## My Mother's Life

When God calleth from the heavens,  
Who will dare to answer, 'No?'

"Once again I sit at twilight  
With our Mary on my knee,  
Thinking of the soldier marching  
With the armies of the free.  
The same banner still is waving  
In the sunset sky above,  
Over *him* the type of vict'ry,  
Over me forever, love.  
And the voice that called him speaketh  
Unto me as to a friend,  
'Not alone, for I am with thee  
Evermore unto the end.' "

When my husband's company reached the place at which they were to report for duty it was found that a captain was to be provided for them in the regular order of promotion; that the volunteer captain must be superseded to make room for one who had already seen service. This change caused a revolt among the men, which would probably have resulted in serious consequences but for my husband's patriotic good sense. He told the men that they could not prove their friendship for him, and their confidence in him, half so well by insisting that he should be captain as they could by going with him into the ranks, and accepting the officer who had been provided. His plea availed to suppress the disorder. This act made Captain Busch his warm and grateful friend. He had offered him in the first place \$500 if he would quietly vacate the office; but Mr. Henry told him that the office was not for sale, that if it were one which could be bought he should certainly keep it; but as it was a question of patriotism and obedience to authority, he would vacate it without any money. As a result he

not only gained the friendship of Captain Busch, but secured immediate promotion, and was advanced in the regular order as rapidly as such things could happen.

Their company was Company E of the 185th Regiment of New York Infantry volunteers. One of their first experiences in service was to stand knee-deep in Virginia mud for thirty-six hours, the only food being half rations of hard tack and salt pork. This ordeal made my husband sick. He had been a well man, but evidently was not strong enough to stand the peculiar kind of hardship attending this phase of war life.

From that time on, while he was in every long march, and in every battle in which his company served until the end of the war, yet about the first thing the surgeon would do on his rounds would be to send him to the hospital. He spent a large portion of the time in a hospital at City Point. Part of the time he was able to assist those who were more seriously ill, but usually, as soon as he could stand on his feet, he would get away by one pretext or another to the front and into service.

I received a letter from the surgeon who had him particularly in charge at City Point, during the winter, asking me to use my personal influence to persuade him to be contented to remain in the hospital. He said that he could be of great service if he would do that; but if he continued to insist on going back as soon as he could stand, he thought it doubtful if he ever returned home, as he would certainly die in some one of the attacks to which he had become subject.

He was with his company in the last events of the war, and it was during this time on the 4th of April, '65, that our eldest son was born. All that day I could hear the guns firing over the fall of Richmond.

I made my home during the winter with Father Henry's family on the old homestead farm. I had not heard a word from Mr. Henry for about two weeks before the birth of my son, and for three weeks after I heard nothing except the fact that Company E had lost half its number in crippled and wounded. I fully expected that my husband was among them. Father Henry would go down every day to the postoffice, and return with the same reply, "Nothing to-day." At last I got so that I would not ask him for anything. I did not look for it. He would come to my door with the expression of heart-breaking on his own face, would look at me, and turn away unable to say a word.

We were, as a family, in the depths of despair. But one day, after about three weeks of this suspense, Father Henry came in with an expression a little different, and handed me what looked like a brown newspaper wrapper out of which the paper had slipped. He said:

"Mr. Rose gave me this. He said that the paper had slipped out and was lost, but he recognized James' handwriting on the outside, and thought you would care for it, so he saved it for you."

I took it and looked all over the outside. There was no mark excepting the address. I laid it down, thinking about it and wondering if it were all I should ever again receive from my husband. Then taking it up again, and holding it before my face, it happened to break open a little in my hand, and looking through it I discovered that there was writing inside. I opened it as carefully as possible, and found a little letter on the inside, written with the end of a burnt match. The letter stated that he was alive and well, would get this through the lines if possible, and would write as

soon as he could. This was written after the battle of March 29th. Of course it brought great relief, and it was not long until we began to receive letters again, but they were from the hospital.

From this time on Mr. Henry was in the hospital at City Point, or in Washington, and finally in Philadelphia, until August of '65, when he was discharged incurable. He came home in a very weak condition,— a shattered wreck of the strong man who had left me less than a year before.

Soon after this we went west, and spent the next two years in Pecatonica and vicinity, where our second son was born. But as Mr. Henry's health did not improve, he became very anxious to return home, and went before to make preparation for us. We followed a couple of months later, in August of '67, and returned to our home on the farm.

Mr. Henry became strong enough during the winter following to begin his old work of teaching. At least he thought he was able. It was necessary that he should do something for a livelihood. The events of the war, and the high prices, had made shipwreck of what little we had, so that work for some one was inevitable. He never complained, and because of his bright and merry disposition, it was hard for me to realize that he was ill. He kept the house full of mirth. He was the playfellow of the children. I can see him now, sitting or standing as he would do sometimes, leaning against the wall for necessary support, and with his hand like a magician's wand, controlling the movements of the little ones, as, with delighted faces upturned to him, they watched for the signs which they perfectly understood, and which directed them in their play. I think that few men would have been able, without actual participation, to get so much romping

out of three pairs of little feet. I have thought a thousand times, if they could only have been permitted to change places with him long enough to experience one thrill of the joy they were to their father, life would, to them, have a new significance. And when another beautiful, blue-eyed boy came to us, his delight knew no bounds. "With this trio of boys," he used to say, "and our Seraph," as he always called our daughter, "we shall grow into an old couple gracefully, if I am permitted to remain; and if not, you will never be alone." It was from this hope for my future that he gathered comfort.

His gentle manner, and the brightness of his spirit increased day by day, and week by week. If at any time his illness became too severe to be endured, he would absent himself. He would go off alone to the woods, or the barn, anywhere out of sight of those who would be made anxious by the fact that he was suffering. I never dreamed of this till afterwards.

During the long evenings he would lie stretched out on the lounge, with his shoulders lifted on pillows, and the stand with the lamp at his head, reading aloud to me as I sat with my sewing. The sound of his musical voice, as he read the current literature of the day, and the new books, all more or less flavored with the struggle through which we had so recently passed; or as he told stories of the march, the campfield and the hospital,—these things have lived in, and been a part of, my daily memory ever since.

In May, '71, after a very brief illness my father died. I remember the scene distinctly. My mother was in great sorrow to see her dear one leaving the world unsupported by the faith which, as she had been

taught, and fully believed, could alone set a light in the dark passage of death. She has left this record:

“Throwing myself upon my knees by his bed, holding his hands that were already growing damp with death, I cried to God for a little time, a little hour free from pain, in which he might think, and come to know. He took up my prayer with an intensity that cannot be understood by one who has never known it. I held on to the eternal Word for an answer to this petition; and I made a solemn promise that from this day I would never allow any one to come in any way under my influence without being faithful to give my testimony, and to utter the convictions and the truth in which I had been taught from my childhood; that my life from this time should be such a testimony as would compel people to believe in my Lord.”

She believed that her prayer was answered, and would have kept this promise as a covenant even had it not been her irresistible nature to preach the gospel by life as well as testimony.

The baby, a feeble, but wonderfully sweet and beautiful little creature, who evidently inherited his father's inability to live any longer, followed him in three months. Then came an experience that thousands and thousands of women can understand with the sympathy born of personal experience. But, as Tennyson says:

“That loss is common does not make  
My own less bitter, rather more—  
Too common, never morning wore  
To evening but some heart did break.”

When all was over, however, and I had returned from the burial to my empty home, the full weight of my loss came upon me, and I knew what desolation meant. The blow had fallen so quickly that I was astonished and stunned by it. It seemed to me that the end of all things had come. But as I look back now to that time I realize that it was in reality the beginning. Everything that had gone before in my life, as well as this event, was in the nature of a preparation for that which was to follow.

It was impossible for me, with my four helpless children, to sit down and mourn. I could not even take time for the ordinary expression of my grief, or to indulge the thought of my loneliness. I found that I had in my pocket a draft for ten dollars, which had come to me for a poem during the days that my husband had been ill. If it had been thought of and cashed, I should not have had that much. This, with my few household goods, and the children, was all I had in the world. My only brother was in Germany,—United States Consul at Dresden. I was practically among strangers. Although I had lived the better part of nine years in the community, I did not know the people, nor did they know me. It became necessary for me to face the world and life just as it was, with all my ignorance and inexperience. I had not physical strength for any hard labor, because it had never been developed. My life having been that of a student and a writer, naturally I began to think of something along this line as a means of livelihood.

The winter before my husband's death I had received a letter from Doctor Daniel Wise, of the Methodist Book Concern, asking me to write some Sunday-school books for boys between the period of boyhood

and manhood. He stated that there was absolutely no helpful literature for them. In answer to this request I had written about fifty pages of what I called, "The Voice of Many Waters," being a Bible study along the line which I had pursued with my father, given in connection with a story, which was used simply as a vehicle for the truth which I tried to adapt to the comprehension of boys of the specified age.

This manuscript I sent on to New York, and soon received a reply, saying that it was just what was desired, and asking me to complete it as soon as possible. But the birth of my baby, the circumstances which surrounded us during the winter, and the death of my husband, had all delayed it. Afterwards the necessity of earning a livelihood kept it in the background. Although I had received not a little money from what I had written, I had no confidence in a literary occupation as a means of support. So I looked for something else as a vocation, writing what I could meanwhile. I hardly know how we lived during the summer, only that we were among my husband's relatives, and that I received considerable money from short articles and poems which I wrote for the Sunday-school journals and magazines.

In these days I was able to prove the value of the friendship which had existed for so many years between the Vincents and myself. In the midst of the most bitter experiences, I received a letter from Mr. Vincent, stating that he and his wife had talked the matter over, and decided to assure me that I could depend upon them to assist me in bringing up and educating my children; and from this time on they kept their word in the most practical and helpful way. Without them I hardly know what I should have done at any time for several of the following years.

During the summer I conceived the idea of taking the school in the village of East Homer, in which my husband had taught the previous winter, and from which he was taken by death. My experience in teaching had been very limited, as was also my knowledge of school methods, making it rather difficult for me to undertake to conform to established usage. But I had no trouble in obtaining the school, and so I began teaching, taking my children with me to the schoolhouse. I was to receive \$20.00 a month,—exactly one-third of what my husband had received for the same work, the difference being that I was a woman, and he a man. As my necessities required that I should be a housekeeper as well as a breadwinner, I did more than double the labor for one-third the pay. At the time I felt this to be a great injustice, and yet was in no condition to quarrel with the circumstances which made it possible for me to keep my children from hunger.

I continued in the school until I received a letter from my mother, asking me to return to her, as my younger sister was growing up to young womanhood, and she felt that she herself, at her time of life, was unequal to the responsibility of looking after her. For this beautiful young girl to develop entirely alone in a home with two old people—grandmother and mother, both long past the ordinary age for bringing up children—seemed to her a calamity. She thought that my presence, and that of my children, would be a great help in every way. Therefore, in September of '73, I returned to my mother at Pecatonica with my children.

In the entire account of her history my mother has nowhere directly mentioned what to her children has

always been one of its most touching and heroic characteristics,—her struggle to keep her children from being taken away from her. This struggle was the occasion of the "bitter experiences" to which she has referred. It is no wonder that her neighbors and friends, and friends of the family, considered her unable to care for her children. When my father died she had never bought herself a dress, or a child a garment. She knew absolutely nothing of the practical demands of life. She had lived as the birds and flowers live. My father's parents thought that she ought to give her children away, and go back to her mother. Her own brother was of the same opinion. There were plenty of people who would have taken the little ones. My grandmother Henry, in all the goodness of her heart, was anxious to keep the eldest child of her eldest son, and to the little boys, with their bright, winning ways, all doors were open. But I can see my mother now, as with her pale face and great reproachful eyes, into which the anguish of widowhood had struck deep, she looked with unspeakable distress at those who would take her children too, and gathered her little ones into her arms with silent resolution. No one made it easy for her. No one understood her. It was her love of home and her passionate devotion to her children that drove her out at last to meet the world. In one of her poems, written during those years, is suggested the experience of that time, and of her early service in the temperance work.

## My Mother's Life

## A FABLE

## I

"A mother bird sat on her nest,  
And braved the wind and storm,  
And spread her wings above her brood  
To keep them snug and warm.

"If fell the rain, or blew the wind,  
Or roughly rocked the nest,  
What cared she if her birdlings three  
Were safe beneath her breast?

"Happy was she the while her mate  
With brave and loving care,  
On tireless wing, from near and far,  
Brought them their daily fare.

"But on one strangely hapless day,  
With broken, bleeding wing,  
He, fluttering, fell beneath the nest,  
A cold and lifeless thing.

"Then sick of heart, that mother bird,  
With sad complaining said,  
'Who now will search the field and wood  
To bring my birdlings bread?

"It will not grow here in the nest—  
Nor yet descend from heaven—  
It must be for a need like this  
My strength of wing was given.'

"And so she covered well the nest,  
And wide her pinions spread,  
That still her little helpless brood  
Might sheltered be, and fed.

"With careful eye, with tireless wing,  
She flew o'er field and wood,  
With but one impulse in her breast—  
To find her nestlings food.

"And when she paused her flight, 'twas not  
To give her pinions rest,  
But only that they might be spread  
In shelter o'er the nest;—  
'Twas long since in repose she drew  
Them to her aching breast.  
  
"But brave she was and full of faith  
In One whose care, she knew,  
Ripened the wheat for her, and sent  
To her the morning dew.

## II

"Some neighboring birds, who proudly sat  
In peace among their broods,  
With strong-winged mates to bring for them  
The fruits of fields and woods,  
  
"Began to say, with busy tongues,  
'What can this strange bird mean?  
Such wildly wanton ways as hers,  
Such folly ne'er was seen.  
  
" 'Why does she not contented sit?  
And in her nest abide?  
Sure, if she would remain at home,  
Her wants would be supplied.'  
  
"The younglings, chirping, cried—'There goes  
That same old bird again!  
Her wing is like a thunder-cloud—  
We're sure it's going to rain.'  
  
"And so the cry went far and wide,  
And dwelt on every tongue,  
Till round that lonely, wind-rocked nest  
The laughing chorus rung.

## III

" 'Tis very strange,' that widow-bird  
In silent sorrow sighed,—  
'That two small wings in this broad world  
So much of light should hide.

## My Mother's Life

“ ‘I've not the will, had I the power,  
To harm the weakest thing,  
And all I ask for mine and me  
Is room to spread my wing,  
And just a pathway through the air,  
A little chance to sing,—

“ ‘A chance to glean from air and earth  
The bread that grows for me,—  
A little nest in which to keep  
My brood of nestlings three.’ ”

During the two years that Mr. Henry and I had spent before in Pecatonica, I had written a poem based on the Biblical history of the Rechabites and of Daniel, closing with Belshazzar's feast,—a temperance poem, entitled: “The Two Cups,” which requires three-quarters of an hour to read. My friends, Mr. Henry especially, considered this poem a very fine one for an evening's entertainment. During the last winter of his life I had read it twice by special invitation from the Good Templars of Cortland and Homer. I had not the slightest sympathy with anything which called a woman into public life. I was exceedingly conservative on all those subjects, having no impressions whatever in that direction; but somehow it seemed that I was being gradually forced into a current, the trend of which I had no means of comprehending, for almost immediately upon my return home the pastor of the Methodist Church in Pecatonica came to ask if I would be willing to travel and read the poem “The Two Cups” in the interests of the debt on the Pecatonica church. He would make all the arrangements, and my expenses would be paid; the proceeds beyond this, however, were to go towards the payment of the church debt. I told him that I would be very glad to

do this if I could; and with him and his wife made a few trips, reading the poem to public audiences.

One of the places which I visited in this way was Rockford, Ill., and here I renewed acquaintance with a family who had been members of my father's church in the early days,—two brothers and a sister. One of the brothers had been so intimately connected with my life with my father that he seemed to me more like a brother than a mere friend; in fact my oldest son had been named for him.

While I was being entertained by these friends a few days, the Superintendent of the Public Schools for the West Side called to ask if I could be persuaded to come into the schools of Rockford as a teacher. I had no thought of doing this work any longer, for it seemed to me that my place was at home with my grandmother and mother, and young sister; but as we talked the matter over it seemed that it might be a providential opening, especially as my friends urged it. I neither refused nor accepted the proposition, but held it in abeyance.

When I mentioned my children as an objection, Professor Barbour insisted that the fact that I was a mother of children was one of the special qualifications which had caused him to seek this interview.

I promised to think of the matter, and returned home Wednesday. I talked it over with my mother, and she, considering my interest, and that of the children, thought that, if the way opened, it would be better for me to do this than to remain in Pecatonica. I was sitting Thursday afternoon with my darning basket, mending, when I received a letter from my friend in Rockford, saying that Professor Barbour wished I would come to Rockford, that vacancies were all the time occurring, and he would like me to be on

the ground. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, advised me to return at once, prepared to remain, and said that their home should be my home.

As I sat thinking the matter over I realized how important it was that I should be especially divinely guided in this which seemed more like going out into the world than anything I had ever done. It would be necessary for me to leave my children with my mother if I went, and I did not know how she would feel about it. As I sat with my work in my hands I seriously prayed for guidance, and finally it was suggested that I make a test of the question in this way: if I had money enough to take me to Rockford, and if my mother were willing to keep the children, I should consider that it was the Lord's order, and I was to go. All the money I had in the world was in my purse. It was evident that I must soon do something to replenish it; and that had been the subject of serious thought for many a day. I turned the matter over, and finally decided that this should be the test, that I would abide by it, and consider it the leading of God. So I put my hand into my pocket, drew out my purse, opened it, and found that I had enough lacking five cents. I closed it with a little feeling of regret. This ended the matter, of course, according to the test which I had decided should settle it. In returning the purse to my pocket the thimble on my finger struck some hard substance. Reaching down and taking it out I found the lacking five cents. Then I went to my mother, and without saying anything as to what I had agreed between God and myself I read her the letter, and asked her what she thought I had better do. She repeated her opinion that it would be a good thing for me to enter the schools in Rockford. But I said, "Mother, if I go I must leave the children with

you. I cannot take them with me at present, at least." "Of course not," she replied. "I want them to stay. They will be a great help to us all." Accordingly I prepared to leave home, and the next morning returned to Rockford.

After dinner I was sitting in the parlor with my friends when the bell rang, and as the door was opened we heard the voice of Professor Barbour, saying:

"Have you had any word from Mrs. Henry?"

"Mrs. Henry is here," the girl replied.

"Good!" he said, in his hearty way, coming in. "Good! I want you to enter school on Monday in the Grammar Department in South Rockford. The teacher of that department has been taken with the smallpox."

This was the beginning of my life in Rockford. I found myself hindered by the absence of my children. I was not so constructed that I could be easily separated from them. Mr. and Mrs. Hart insisted that they should come and form a part of their household. I considered it a very great thing for them to do, as they had a family of children of their own of almost the same ages; but I was not allowed to decide the matter. They sent to my mother for the children, and they came at once. Thus it seemed that there was nothing to interfere with my success in caring for myself and my little ones.

I very much wished to establish a home at once by myself with my children, but my friends insisted that it would be better, for the winter, if the children were cared for somewhere where they could be in school, and where I would be free from responsibility, as the work of the school where I was teaching was very exacting, and they feared that my health would not stand it. All my friends agreed in this, and laid plans

which they considered wise, but against which I rebelled. I felt that I could not accept the advice which they gave me, and which others urged upon me. Circumstances had happened which made it impossible for my children to return to my mother, that if they had been with her would have made it necessary to take them away; so that I was in great straits between my own feelings and the advice of my friends, coupled with the necessities which were upon me. It was thought that if I had no expenses for the winter but just my own board, that I would be able by spring to have laid up enough money so that I could begin to keep house in a comfortable way, and have the children properly cared for.

My mother's troubles with regard to keeping her children with her did not end as she expected, with her return to her mother's home. Her brother Hylas, upon whom my grandmother was in a measure dependent for support, was strongly opposed to her making any such "wild attempt." He thought she should have left the children with their father's relations. He had always been used to looking upon his sister as an invalid, herself in need of constant care. That she could rise up in her weakness and refuse to carry out his plans for her good, astonished and angered him. He positively forbade her to remain at home and keep the children there. Either they, or both, must leave. My mother by nature had as strong a will as her brother, although hitherto it had not been aroused. Now she determined that nothing, not even the displeasure of this brother,

whom she idolized, should compel her to relinquish her little ones. But once more in Rockford the effort was made to have her send them away for a time. I have heard her narrate the circumstances of this incident again and again. Mr. Hart himself related it to me in a recent interview.

There came a day while this subject was under consideration which has ever since been marked in my calendar as one of the days of the Son of Man, in which He manifested His sympathy and fellowship for one who was in great trouble and had no resource but the word of His own promise. There are many reasons why I shall not go into all the details of the events of this day, but I wish to place it on record so that its providential features will be fully understood.

In the morning, one of my friends, who had been arranging the matter, came to me and said that it would be best for me to go to a certain place which was mentioned, where I would meet some others, and the affair would be settled, so far as it could be at present; that I would not be obliged to do anything which could not be changed at any time; that my children would not be placed at all beyond my control, and that they should be returned at any day when I was ready for them,—when my health and income would admit of it; that the only thing that was being considered was the fact that my life was valuable to my children, and that every possible means should be taken to preserve it.

I had been praying over the proposition, and felt that it was not of the Lord; but I could not give my friends any satisfactory reason for not complying with

their request. They were people who believed in God, and understood what it means to exercise faith, but they seemed to think that my exercise of faith had mingled with it a good deal of the feelings of a mother, and was hardly to be fully trusted. So that I felt I had no escape from the necessity of complying with their wishes this special morning.

We started out and arrived at the place. We had to wait a few moments, and while waiting my friend said, "Mrs. Henry, I think I will give you your mail." He handed out to me three letters. The first which I opened was from Mr. Vincent. In it was a check which he had received for a lecture. He said that he sent me this check because he knew that I had returned West, and was in Rockford, and must have had some extra expenses. This money was sent for the children. He advised me to seek some quiet little corner where I could make a home with them, and bring them up as only I could under the circumstances. The next letter was from Mrs. Vincent, from her home in Plainfield, New Jersey. In this letter was another draft for a much larger sum than that enclosed in the letter of her husband. She went on to refer to the same necessities which had been mentioned by Mr. Vincent, and gave the same advice. She said, "You will be making a little nest for yourself and your children, where you can live together, and you will need a great many things which you will not feel like buying at present with money that you have yourself earned. I send this draft that you may provide yourself with the comforts which you will need, but cannot afford."

As I read Mr. Vincent's letter I had passed it on to my friend. Meanwhile another friend for whom we were waiting had come in. As I read Mrs. Vincent's letter I passed it on, and opened the third. This was

from the Methodist Book Concern in New York. In substance it said:

"We have been looking for the continuation of the work which you began at our request. We are very anxious for these books. They are needed, and we have concluded to make you this proposition: We will take your manuscript off your hands fifty pages at a time, paying you cash when received, and will pay you at the rate of sixty cents per thousand ems."

I passed this letter over to my friends. I saw that they were all very much agitated. As soon as Mr. Hart had read this third letter he began to walk the floor rapidly up and down, in the evident effort to control feelings that were too strong to repress. After a moment he turned to me, and said:

"Mrs. Henry, if I had your faith, added to my physical powers, I would not ask a place to stand on. I would turn the world upside down."

I said, "I did not believe that this arrangement was of God. I asked Him to show me His will, and promised that if this was His will I would do it. I did not believe it, however. Now I have His answer, and I will tell you what to do. If you will go and get your horse and buggy, and take me out to find a house, we shall find one which will come within my means, in which I can begin to live with my children."

"But," he said, "we have looked everywhere."

"We have not looked to-day," I answered.

A page was lost from the manuscript at this point, but it is not needed. I well remember that first little home in Rockford. I think there were three rooms. I doubt if there was a carpet. But we were very happy. My mother sat at her table and wrote all day.

There was an illuminated motto on the wall, "Let Us for Our Children Live." It had been given to her by Mrs. Vincent. There was another over her table, written by her own hand on a piece of paper,—“All things work together for good to them that love God.”

Here she began at once the books for the Methodist publishers. There were to be four in all. She called the series "After the Truth." One critic in reviewing them after their publication, said, "This gifted writer here felicitously blends facts of history, science, and art into a charming bit of fiction, so that one reads for delight, and rejoices for the gain he has made, and is all the while brought into contact with gospel truth and Biblical exposition in a most ingenious way."

One of the leading Methodist women of Rockford,—a wealthy, cultivated lady, called on my mother in this home. She has often told me since how sweet, and dignified, and royal my mother was. She made no apologies for her plain print dress, uncurtained windows, or bare floors, but received her guest with all the stateliness of unconscious equality. No one could condescend to her. This lovely lady was so charmed with my mother's whole personality and bearing that instead of putting her on her "duty" list, she invited her to her own home, and became one of her warmest lifelong friends.

I can see my mother yet as she looked in those days. She had lost the slenderness of youth, and was beginning to appear matronly. She wore her hair in a low

round coil, without ornament. When writing, she worked very rapidly, being wholly absorbed. Her children sometimes took advantage of this fact. I well remember how one of the boys would say to the other, "Let's ask mamma if we can't go up to Aunt Georgia's." "No," the other would urge, "let's wait a little till she gets to writing, and then she'll say yes without thinking," which was often the case. "Aunt Georgia," however, being the Mrs. Hart mentioned in her manuscript, the children's request was in no sense alarming, and would doubtless have been granted had she not been writing. If any danger or evil threatened her children, no mother could be more alert or present-minded than our's.

I wish that every man who in after years condemned her for "not staying at home and attending to her children," could read the following incident, which lay at the foundation of her whole public life:

One day I sent my youngest son upon an errand to the house of a friend. Soon after he started I had occasion to go down to the Public Library, which was on State Street. As I came to the intersection of Court and State Streets I saw Arthur coming out of a tall brick building on the corner next to Court Street Church. I had noticed this building as one that finished the corner neatly, but had never thought about what might be in it. When I saw my child coming out of it, however, my curiosity and interest were at once aroused.

As soon as he saw me he came running towards me, and I said:

"Why, Arthur, I thought I sent you to Aunt Georgia's. What are you doing here?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, you did; and I am going right away. But that boy,"—and I noticed a boy standing on the steps holding the door partly open with his hand, "that boy,—and he is a very nice boy, mamma; he has talked with me over the fence lots of times. That is his papa's store, and he told me that if I would come in a minute he would treat me."

"Treat you!" I said; "what does that mean?"

"Oh," he said, "give me some candy."

"Well," I said, "did he give you some?"

"Yes;" and he put his hand into his little blouse pocket and drew out a handful of dirty-looking candy, all colors of the rainbow. He held his hand open, and I began to pick out the colored dirty lumps, and to throw them on the ground. He, childlike, while still loyally holding his hand open, said:

"Don't throw it away!"

"It is not fit to eat," I said. "Throw it down, and when we get home mamma will make you some nice creams."

But all the while I was looking at the building and wondering about it. I saw no signs of a confectionery establishment. Instead, there were bottles in the window, which I had never before seen or thought about. I had learned a great deal theoretically of the evils that were in the world and had become afraid of them for my children. Instinctively I felt that I must know everything that came into their lives. I felt that this thing across the way which had dared to open its doors to my boy, and call him thither, must be investigated; so, after a moment, I took Arthur's hand, and said:

"Come with me. We will go and see what is inside that building."

He drew back on my hand a little, and said:

"O mamma, I don't think I would go in there if I were you. It is not a nice place. I don't think there is anything in it for ladies. It don't smell nice."

"Well," I said, "since my little boy has been in there, I think I must go and see what it is like." And so, holding his hand, I started.

As soon as I turned toward the building the boy standing on the steps swung the door and ran inside. When I opened the door and entered I was confronted by a green Venetian screen, and by the vilest of odors. A tremor passed through my whole frame, so that I was tempted to run before I went any farther; but I was determined to see what this all meant; so I went on around the screen.

The scene which met my eyes can never be forgotten. It was an American saloon in full blast. It is photographed on my memory;—there was the long counter with the bartender in his white dress. He was just placing two glasses on the bar, one of foaming beer, as I have since learned, and the other of some colored liquor. Before the bar were two men and one boy, the boy probably not more than sixteen. There were a dozen or more half or wholly intoxicated men lounging about. One, who, I learned afterwards, was the proprietor, was tilted back in his chair against the wall. All who were not asleep were smoking or drinking, and the air was heavy with the vilest of odors, and blue with tobacco fumes.

As soon as I entered the room everything stopped, unless it might be the clock. My presence had the effect upon the company of an apparition. But after a moment of embarrassed silence the proprietor

dropped his chair heavily on its feet, arose and started to come towards me. I felt that I could not have him approach a step nearer. He evidently thought I was some drunkard's mother or wife, although I had not at that time experience enough to understand this. In my alarm, holding my child by the hand, I turned and fled and ran, dragging him with me until he brought me to my senses by saying, "Mamma, you hurt!" Then I realized that I was holding his hand in a rigid grip, and pulling him along with me.

Although I had never seen the inside of any place of vice before, I recognized the creature that was hidden behind that door and screen,—recognized it as an enemy of my own home, of my peace, and of the purity of my children; and I think I was in almost mortal terror. Our errands, both mine and Arthur's, were forgotten, and we hurried home. I immediately called the other two children, and told them what had taken place, describing the scene, and painting to them what had come to my mental and spiritual vision, more vividly, I know, than I have ever been able to do since,—so vividly that the children were thoroughly terrified, and from that time on for years would avoid passing that corner.



MRS. HENRY IN HER PRIME

## VII

### FIRST PUBLIC WORK

This circumstance helped to prepare my mind for the stories of the crusade as it was started in Ohio on the 23d of the following December. I took time every day to read the full accounts, although I was still at work on the fourth volume of "After the Truth." Every incident of the crusade absorbed my thought and interest, and stirred me as nothing in my life had ever done before. I could understand now how mothers, with boys to bring up, and an open saloon on the corner next to the church, would feel. I could see how they would go into the saloons and pray, how they would kneel on the sidewalks in the slush, and how they would make emphasized appeals.

A great interest, and a longing to do something to help this war of the home against the saloon took possession of me. However, I did not see how I could do anything. I had my daily bread and that of my children to earn, and was alone. This whole effort against the saloons seemed so very public. My life must of necessity be a quiet one, and I began to look about among the ladies of the church for those who ought to begin the movement in our own city against our own saloons; for I soon learned that we had more than one; in fact, that we had more saloons by far than we had churches and schools combined. I wondered how we could have been so ignorant with reference to the existence of this thing in our community.

My anxiety finally became so great that I sent for

different ladies to come and talk the matter over, trying to impress them with the thought that Rockford needed crusade work just as much as any other city in the nation. They all assented, but without exception would say:

"I don't know what to do. I'm not a leader. It is not for me to move in this matter. Somebody will probably begin it, and then we shall all be ready to take hold."

I asked my pastor if he would not do something about it. I said, "It seems to me that you are the one to act. You ought to call a meeting of the ladies, and preach to them, and stir them up and get them to start a crusade."

He replied, "This is woman's work wholly. It is not for us men. When the women of the city are ready to do anything about it, they will find a friend and helper in me; but it is not for me to begin it."

I had one very dear friend, older than I,—a woman of wonderful Christian experience, of wonderful faith, courage, and good judgment. One day we were talking of this matter, and she said:

"Mrs. Henry, you feel very strongly about this. It seems to be laid upon you in such a way that I believe God has something for you to do. Have you never thought that it was your duty to make the start in this new work for our city?"

"How can I make the start?" I said. "What can I do? I am here alone with my little children, with no money except what I can earn by my pen. I have no influence; no one knows me but a little circle of church people. What can I do?"

"That depends upon whether God wants you to do anything or not," she said. "Have you never thought that you had something to do?"

Then, for the first time, I acknowledged what had been secretly hidden in my own heart, and what I had been suppressing out of dread of the result. I said:

"Don't talk to me, Mrs. Backus. I stand in relation to this whole subject where the little Holland boy did when he had his finger pressed against the hole in the dyke. I am afraid to move for fear I shall let the ocean in."

It seemed to me that if I made the slightest move in the direction in which I seemed to be pushed, I should be taken off my feet and carried out to sea. But the words of Mrs. Backus, and the influence of the Spirit of God, as I came so to recognize it, kept me in a state of unrest, which would not admit of work. I sat at my writing trying to keep my pen going, but I would find myself sitting with the ink drying on it, and my thought far off with the crusade women, or forecasting the future of my own children if this terrible evil should not be driven out of the land.

At last there came a day in which I could neither work nor sit still in my study; a night in which I could hardly pray with my children as I put them to bed, and in which I could not think of sleep for myself. I walked the floor up and down until I was too tired to continue, then threw myself upon the floor, and wrestled with the question as to whether I would or would not do some strange far-off thing which seemed to be coming from the future, and which I did not at all comprehend. At last it was presented to me in this way: Will you obey, or will you not? I saw at once that this matter involved salvation; that the salvation of my own soul was in the balance. If I did not obey I would lose my standing with God. That meant disaster, and I had to say, I will.

At once the thought came to me to write notices to

be sent to the various prayer-meetings for the next Wednesday evening, calling the Christian women of the city together to consider what we would do with reference to the saloon. Was this all? Was it for a little thing like this that I had been weighing my soul's salvation in the balance, and struggling over it for days?

I rose quickly from the floor, sat down at my desk, and began to write the notices. There must be sixteen. After I had written them I decided to send them to Father McKinley, who was the leader in Court Street Church,—really the church father,—who would be able to say whether or not we could have the church. So I wrote him a personal note, telling him that he would see from the enclosed what I wanted, asking him if we could have the Court Street Church parlors, and, if he could, would he send his delivery boy—for he was a grocer—to the different pastors with the notes, so that they could have them in time for the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting? If we could not have Court Street Church parlors, would he please call and see me?

After finishing the notes, as I sat thinking the matter over, I seemed to have a vision of many things which were to result from the meeting which I had called,—things which scarcely impressed me at the time, but still interested me, so that after a moment I began to write a series of resolutions which came to me, as a rule of procedure. I was unconscious of any definite aim in writing this document, which covered, I think, two pages of foolscap paper.

After I had written this I felt that I had nothing further to do. My mind was fully relieved, and I was ready for the rest. I went to my room and lay down without undressing, as it was becoming light. This was the 22d of March, 1874.

In the morning I sent Alfred with the notes. In a very few moments he returned, accompanied by Father McKinley. As the latter came in, smiling in his genial way, he said:

“You see I have come; but not to tell you that you can't have the church parlors. You can have them, and the assembly room too, if you want it. I am only too glad to do what I can to help you, for I believe in it. I have already sent the boy with the notes, and I took the liberty to have him write off the note for the paper. There will be a good many who will be interested, who will not be to prayer-meeting, for everybody does not attend prayer-meeting, you know.” He also asked if there was anything else he could do,—anything. He was ready to give his time and strength to help us.

During the day, after the notice appeared in the paper, I received a great many calls from brethren in the church, who came to express their approval of what had been done, for, of course, I signed my name to these notes. I did not believe then, any more than I do now, in anonymous things. As for my state of mind, I was at perfect rest. In spite of the number of calls I received between this time and Friday noon, I turned off more pages of manuscript than I had done in the same period for a great while.

When the time came for the meeting, I began to get ready. I had a quantity of unopened mail lying on my table. As I was tying on my bonnet I noticed one letter that excited my curiosity; it was so different from anything I had before received, both in the sort of envelope, the handwriting, and the general air which it carried. I had been too busy to look into the mail, intending to leave it till my return; but I was so curious with reference to this letter that I tore the

envelope open, and there came into my face a whiff of the most disagreeable odor that I think I had ever smelled. As I opened the letter I was greeted with a sort of vileness which had never entered my comprehension. I had never before come into the world of which such an atmosphere and such impurity could be a part. I read only a few words,—enough to get an idea of what the missive contained, and then tore it to bits and threw it into the waste basket. This matter I kept entirely to myself.

The church parlors were crowded. A few of the women had taken part in missionary meetings, and so knew what the preliminaries of such a gathering should be, and a chairman and a secretary pro tem. were appointed. Devotional exercises were conducted, and then I was called upon to state the object of the meeting.

For the first time in my life, excepting in prayer-meetings and class meetings, I stood up to address a company in my own words. I do not remember any especial embarrassment, although I know I did not speak with freedom, and said only a few words, in which I gave them an idea of the burden that had been upon me; but it was still too recent and too personal to be expressed. However, I took from my pocket the little document and read it, feeling that it had come to me as something which belonged to this gathering, and that I would leave it to them to do as they pleased with it.

While I was standing looking towards the entrance I noticed the door open. A lady who was sitting near by closed it. Soon it opened again, and was again closed. Again it opened, and I saw the shape of a hand. I spoke to one of the ladies who was sitting at the table by which I stood, and told her that some one

was looking in. She accordingly hastened down the aisle and threw the door wide open, and I saw the same man whom I had met face to face in the saloon on the corner when I went in with my little son. He had evidently been so curious concerning this meeting that he could not refrain from playing the part of Paul Pry; but when the door was thrown open, and he saw the eyes of these women upon him, he turned and fled most ignominiously. This made a great impression upon the few of us who witnessed it, and gave us to understand that our coming together was considered important by those whom we had begun to look upon as our enemies.

The principal result of the meeting that day was the appointment of a second meeting, to be held in the First Baptist Church on the following Monday, at which time we were to organize. We had decided that we would not crusade, at least at present, but that we would first of all study the laws of our city and State as related to the traffic in liquors, and find out what was the status of the saloon under the law, what were the rights and privileges of the home, of the mothers and wives of those who were made victims of this traffic. We would also find out, if possible, what was our duty. One thing we had observed in the first meeting,—that it was a very mixed assembly. There existed a great rivalry between the east and west sides of the city, but the women of both sides were there, without any spirit of contention, and rich and poor, mistress and servant, were on an equal plane.

On Monday we assembled in the audience room of the First Baptist Church, which was packed to its utmost capacity. A great many different plans were proposed. The women talked freely. Women who had never before expressed themselves in any public

assembly were so enthusiastic that they spoke with fluency. I think we were all astonished at each other when we found our tongues were loosed. I remember how there came in upon my own soul a sudden touch of inspiration, which caused me to spring to my feet, and to speak as I should never have supposed it possible.

We organized that day what we called the Woman's Temperance Union. This was the 27th of March. The wife of our mayor, Mrs. Gilbert Woodruff, was made president. I was elected secretary and treasurer. Out of the many things proposed, we settled upon this simple plan, that we would meet every day from three to four, beginning and closing on the minute. Our meeting should be first for prayer, that we might be instructed of God and led by His spirit. Then we would take up the study which has been previously mentioned. A committee was appointed to secure the necessary books, or documents, for our investigation, that we might act intelligently concerning the great questions which had been sprung upon us. Everything should begin and end with the Word of God. Any question which was brought before us for decision should be freely discussed. If, when it came to a vote, there was a difference of opinion, it should be laid over till the next day. Every woman should pray at home concerning the matter. When we came together again it should be voted upon without discussion, and no matter how large a minority might result from the vote, it should be made unanimous, and become the voice of our Union.

A great many things were stated by different women concerning what the public in general thought about our organization. Rumors as to what we were about to do were flying everywhere. It was believed that we had decided to crusade, and that a line of march

had been planned,—that we were to go down one side of State Street and up the other, and visit every saloon, praying and singing. It was agreed among us that the public had a right to know what we intended to do, and what were our plans. In the homes which we represented there was generally expressed a desire for a public meeting, and finally it was decided that we would, on the following Monday, hold a mass meeting in the Second Congregational Church. Some one of our number would speak on this occasion, and state the object of the organization and our plans. Without any discussion whatever this task was laid upon me, simply because I had made the call. The women said, "You have got us into this, and now we must depend upon you to set us right before the public." I did not feel any anxiety or burden, but accepted it as a part of the necessary work, and dropped it till the time should come. We met every day according to our plan, and those of us who remain will never forget the earnest spirit of devotion, the true seeking of God and His truth which formed the principal part of our hour.

We studied the municipal law. It was my duty, as secretary, to stand before the churchful of women, and to read it aloud, section by section. In the course of this reading I came to the phrase, "As many saloons may be licensed as the public good requires." As I undertook to read this, I stopped, thinking that I did not see it right, or that it must be a misprint; and then finding that it read as I had at first noticed, I said:

"Here is the strangest thing I ever heard of, but I will read it, and see if you can understand it. 'As many saloons may be licensed as the public good requires.'" I said, "It cannot be that this is the way they intended to have it, for how can the licensing of

any saloon serve the public good? If you ladies can understand this, I can't."

We unanimously agreed that we could not understand it. We could see no sense in it. One lady arose and said:

"You remember what it says in the Bible, that if we do not understand anything we are to ask our husbands at home. Now we have a lady among us who is the wife of one of our leading attorneys, and I move that she be appointed a committee to inquire of her husband what this means, and tell us to-morrow."

The next day our committee reported. She began by saying:

"I was appointed to find out from my husband what was the meaning of this section of our municipal law. We thought that it was not printed correctly, but my husband said that it is printed just as they intended to have it. Now," she said, "ladies, I have got to tell you some things that I do not approve of at all. I do not believe the things which my husband has told me, but I want you to know that he is a good man. He is one of the best men that ever lived if he did instruct me to tell you these things."

And then she went on and gave us that wisdom of the world which we could see at once was foolishness with God. We had never had an insight into it before, and I think there was never a more astonished company of women than went from that Baptist church that day. To think that Christian men, those whom we had honored with our highest regard, those with whom our best and truest women were living in the closest relationship, had been harboring such heresies of Satan, as they appeared to us. We were literally almost speechless with amazement. I think that a great many of us were melted to bitter tears

under the influence of this revelation. We had recourse to prayer, as we always did. We did not know any better.

We who formed the first organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were those who had been brought up in the shut-in sphere to which the women of all generations had been relegated by the power and opinion of the world. We learned afterwards that the world had become so very evil that no one could become acquainted with it as it was and remain as pure as the wives and mothers of men must be to make it possible for man to have a fair start in the world, and to keep away back in his childhood a pure memory. We had been shut in with God's Word. It was expected that we should know the Bible and believe it. For a woman in those days to disbelieve the Word of God was to be a marvel to men as well as to women. She was not considered a real woman in any sense of the word. It was unnatural. And in this first thrusting upon us of worldly wisdom, mankind had to take the consequences of the conditions in which we had been developed. The best that we knew was to believe God's Word, and to carry everything to Him in prayer when it became too much for us.

This revelation of the legal status of the saloon in our city created an intense excitement among us,—an excitement which spread throughout the entire city, aroused opposing elements, and hastened on the war. It was the one topic of conversation, the one theme which filled all the newspapers, which inspired the prayers and the remarks in the Wednesday evening prayer-meetings, and which became the theme of sermons the next Sunday.

On Sunday, announcements were made that a public meeting would be held by the Woman's Temperance

Union at which an address would be given by the secretary, in which the public would be enlightened concerning our purposes and plans. When I heard this notice read I felt the first touch of the burden of that meeting. It grew upon me all the rest of the day, and through the night I became the victim of absolute terror. I could see that audience of men and women gathered in that great church, and imagined myself standing before them making an effort to speak, and I was appalled with fright. I wondered that I had allowed myself to be placed in such a position. I knew that I could never do it. I had never been able to speak in a prayer-meeting or a class-meeting without breaking down, giving the most ordinary testimony. The only place where I was able to say anything with freedom was before my Sunday-school class, as a teacher in school, and on the two or three occasions in our women's meetings to which I have referred. But this was different. I knew I should never be able to do it.

When I undertook to get up in the morning I was not able to raise my head. Every effort caused me to feel a deathly sickness, so that I sank back upon my pillow. I told the children that they would have to do the best they could for breakfast, and I would get up as soon as possible. But the morning passed on, and I was unable to arise. The old lady who lived in the other part of the house came in, and was so alarmed at my appearance that she insisted on sending for a physician. When he came I explained the situation. He said, "You are suffering from a severe attack of nervous shock, and you must not think of getting up to-day. As to going out to-night, or making any attempt to meet your engagement, that is out of the question. It would be dangerous to do it."

I sent word by my oldest son to one of the ladies in the neighborhood, telling her to say at the three o'clock meeting that I was too ill to attend, that they must appoint some one to act as secretary, and that I did not know what to do about the evening meeting. Immediately three of the ladies came to see me, and I explained to them the cause of my illness. I said, "I know that it is simply fright. There is nothing in the world the matter, but I am afraid of that congregation. There is only one thing that can be done as I can see. You must make up a program for the evening from among the ministers who will be there, and have a meeting which will satisfy the public; and I want every minister who does anything in that meeting to pray especially for me. I want the one who presides to tell the audience the reason that I am not there,—it is because I am afraid. Perhaps that will break the spell. I know it is right that I should do as I am appointed, and I will; but they must give me time. If they will be patient, and appoint another meeting, I will be there. If they will pray for me, upholding me with their faith, I will trust in God for strength."

This arrangement was carried out to the letter. As I was informed afterwards, a great many prayers were offered especially for me, and a meeting was appointed for the next Thursday evening, to be held in the State Street Baptist Church, which was even a larger audience room than the Second Congregational. This was because the Congregational Church was not large enough to hold the people who came to this first public gathering.

On Tuesday morning I was perfectly well, without the slightest trace of the illness of the day before. I did a good day's work at my study table, and went to

the three o'clock meeting as usual. Everything was all right till Thursday morning. Then again I was unable to raise my head without extreme nausea and prostration. The old lady again missing me came in, and sent for the physician, and he again said as before that it would be dangerous, under the circumstances, for me to get up, and that I must abandon the effort to meet this engagement,—that I did not have the strength for it.

"But I must do it," I said. "This is a call from God. You are a Christian man, are you not?"

"I hope I am," he replied.

"Then I think you will understand me," I said. "I must overcome this. I must be at that meeting to-night."

"Under those circumstances," he said, "you are taken out of my hands. As a physician I would say that you must not go; but this whole thing is something which I do not pretend to understand. God is in it. He has been with the Ohio women; He has evidently been with our women here, and I must keep my hands off." "But yet," he said, "my judgment is that it is very unwise for you to attempt it."

"I will stay in bed all day," I said. "I will not go out this afternoon."

In fact I think I could not have gone during the afternoon. I sent a note to the ladies, and told them that I was in the same condition to which my terror brought me on Monday, but that they must pray for me, and I would overcome it. I asked that some of them, whom I named, should come, after the meeting, to see me. They came, and we made our plans for the evening. These ladies were almost inclined to think that the doctor's advice should be taken, and that I must abandon the attempt. They said that I

certainly looked unable to accomplish what was before me. But I insisted that I must.

They came for me that evening with a closed carriage, and found me still in bed. I was unable to dress myself, but they dressed me, helped me into the carriage, and one of the ladies supported me while we were riding. They were exceedingly dubious as to the result.

I cannot recall my own feelings and sensations, only that they were those of extreme weakness and absolute dependence upon God for the outcome. As we approached the church we came into a dense mass of people. I suppose it would be within bounds to say that there were three or four times as many people outside the church as could get within. As soon as I saw this crowd of people I entirely forgot myself and my weakness. My strength returned. I remember leaving the carriage and making my way with the others through the crowd into the church, pushing along inch by inch as people would make way when they were informed that it was the speaker and the ladies who were with her; until at last we were on the platform and in the concentrated focus of the gaze of a thousand people. I have but a very dim remembrance of my own part in this meeting. I have no recollection of any embarrassment or weariness.

From ladies who were present on this occasion I learned that my mother spoke eloquently, as if inspired, with an absolute unconsciousness of herself. During her address her bonnet kept slipping back from her head, and finally fell off entirely, hanging only by the strings. Without interrupting her remarks, or apparently having the least knowledge of what she

was doing, she untied the bonnet, laid it one side, and finished her sentence as if this proceeding had been merely a gesture.

From that time, two or three evenings every week, and later every day, I found myself before a public audience in some capacity, either as speaker or leader of the meeting. The demands of the work which had come into our hands, soon took me constantly away from home during the day, so that my literary work was for the time abandoned.

The first thing we attempted after we had become conversant with the legal status of the saloon, its privileges, and the protection which the law afforded it, as well as the lack of protection which was given to the home, was to arouse public sentiment concerning the dangers of those who were frequenters of the saloon as well as those who suffered at home. Our first personal work, however, was entirely for the victims of drink. We districted the city, and went out, every woman among us who could possibly take part, in a house to house visiting, by which we undertook to secure names to the temperance pledge. We also presented the pledge in all our public meetings, but we depended more upon the personal house to house work.

We asked every one to sign—signed ourselves—because we instinctively felt that a cover was needed for those who were really victims of the habit. If the names of the pastors of the churches, and of the members of the Union were on the pledge, the poor drunken wretch need not feel that he had advertised his shame by signing it. So persistent and earnest were our workers in this line, and so interested and respectful were the people, that but very few remained

who did not at some time sign our pledge. We called them "reformed men," and the joy of our victory, as the roll increased from day to day cannot be described.

We were destined, however, to a very bitter awakening. I shall never forget the day when I saw for the first time one of those who had been among our earliest signers,—a man of influence, education, and prominent position, staggering drunk upon the street. He had taken the pledge under the most solemn circumstances; but I was not mistaken. I saw him reel, and enter a saloon in open day. I hastened home, and into my study, and fell upon my knees before God with a despair which I had never before experienced. I could not understand what it meant. If any one ought to keep the pledge, he should. If any one's sober word could be considered reliable, it was this man's. He had professed to be converted, and had spoken upon our platform. His testimonies had been thrilling and encouraging, and I could not understand it. But we had to learn from repeated relapses like this of the terrible power of the open saloon, of the influence of the bottles in the windows, as they made their silent appeals to the appetite of the man who was struggling to regain his manhood; of the thirst aroused by the fumes from the door of the saloon as he came past. We had to learn of the laws of this appetite, of the demand for drink, of its periodical appearance, that it was most regular in its return, as regular as the hour of the day, that it was controlled by laws such as control disease of any sort, and that no man who had once been its slave could ever escape from its arbitrary influence.

In the process of this investigation we learned the depths of iniquity in which the liquor business had its root.

The tanks of drinking water at the Temperance headquarters were not infrequently "doctored" with whisky for the purpose of setting on fire the smoldering craze for drink in the man struggling to be free. The sidewalks in front of saloons were sprinkled with sawdust, and wetted down with "forty-rod whisky," which steaming up and loading the atmosphere with poison, was a death trap to any man with the appetite still lurking in his breast. In one instance which I know personally, a quantity of the same vile stuff was thrown splashing into the regular prayer-meeting of a church with which one of these pledged men had united himself. It was well known that the odor of strong drink made him powerless to resist, and it was also known that he never missed a prayer-meeting; so the enemy supposed that he was almost sure of his victim. What a victory it would be to drag this man by that subtle cord, a depraved appetite, back again into his old haunts, right out of the bosom of the church.

The enemy knew his power, but he did not know the power of Christ in hearts that were filled with divine sympathy for a tempted man, and after making such an effort to get possession of the poor struggling soul, the perpetrator of the deed had to stand at his saloon door and see the man for whom he had stooped so low, surrounded by a cordon of faithful Christian brothers, walk safely past, and so escape to his home.

The temperance work took on a very serious aspect in view of these facts, and we said one to another: "The saloon must be destroyed. It is still a question of faith and prayer toward man and God. We know that God is with us, but it is evident that we have not yet found the right men; there is some reason why neither saloon-keepers nor drinking men can close out the liquor business. We must turn to the men who

have the power to say what shall or shall not be in the village, the city, the state, and the nation."

This brought us to the petitioning period of our work.

To this end we framed, and began the circulation of, a petition asking that no more licenses should be granted, that the saloons should be closed. We fully believed that the men who were in our city council would hear us. We canvassed with great courage. The petition was largely signed. We had two,—one for men, and one for women. When we had finished the canvass we announced to the city council that we wished an interview with them, as we had petitions to present. Our request was very courteously received. A messenger came to escort us to the council chamber. There were to be two addresses, one in presenting each petition. It was my work to make the presentation of the petition signed by women, and therefore to speak in behalf of the women for the home.

The council chamber was packed. All the doors and windows leading into the halls and neighboring offices were open, and these were filled; a dense crowd was on the sidewalk, and kept coming up the stairway into the hall. As we came in we were received by the gentlemen of the council standing, and every honor possible was conferred upon us. Some of the gentlemen of the council recognized their wives in our delegation. The mayor, who presided, was the husband of our president, and it was to be expected that nothing would be lacking to make us at ease in our visit and in the conclusion of our errand. We made our speeches and presented our petitions. They were referred to committees, and we took our leave. As we went out we said one to another, "We have certainly gained our cause. How kindly we were received. How every-

body appreciated what we said. There can be no failure in the work of this evening." And we looked anxiously for the reports in the papers. When they came we found the pathetic story of the woman's petition. The speeches that had been so touching and eloquent were rehearsed. The papers commented on the beautiful courage of the organization, and also on its impractical way of dealing with the great questions of revenue, of demand and supply, and then told how the petition had been treated with great respect, but, of course, had been laid on the table. And this has been the case in every similar instance which has ever come to our notice. Who has ever known of a petition by women to the council of any city or nation, against the saloon, being accepted, approved, and granted?

In a few instances petitioners have been roughly treated. History could scarcely furnish anything more brutal than the mobbing of the women in Chicago as they were on their way to the City Hall with their petition; a chapter which every fair-minded man must be ashamed to have stand open for the world to read; while the women now growing rapidly old in that devoted band still speak of the experience with reluctance.

We were overwhelmed by our disappointment. We had perfect confidence in these Christian men who were the law-makers in our city. But it was evident that for some reason they would not, or could not, close the saloon. They said they could not. If they could not, who could? We had prayed to God, to the saloon-keepers, to the victims of drink, to those who had the power, so far as the law was concerned, as we supposed, to close the saloon, or to keep it open, and still our prayer was not answered.

This, I think, was the sharpest test of faith that for

myself I ever experienced. For days I went to my closet of prayer with my Bible, as I had always done, but not to pray. I do not remember in all my life when there have been so many days that I did not pray. I went through the form of prayer at our little family altar for the sake of my children, but I seemed to have lost my confidence. I seemed to doubt every word which I uttered, and to be afraid of it. Faith somehow seemed to be slipping away from me, and to be carrying with it everything in life that was worth while. We still held our three o'clock meeting, and there was prayer and Bible reading. Our doubts were never expressed to each other. They were hidden in our hearts, and festered.

One day Mrs. Backus came to see me, and without saying a word took up my Bible and began to read in Joel concerning the pouring out in the last days. She said, "I believe that this is the time to which the prophet was looking forward when he wrote these words, that this is the pouring out of that Spirit, and that we are in the last days. If that is the case, all our hope and expectation that the saloon is going to be closed up, and that evil will be destroyed out of the world, is on a false foundation. It will never be. I wish the Lord would come and end it all." My own heart echoed this desire and longing. I felt that we had entered upon something that was entirely beyond us,—too much for our weak hands and our inexperience, and still I could not doubt that God had been leading us. I knew that what I had done I had been pushed into by His own spirit. There was no retreat. But in going forward what were we coming to? This was the great question which alarmed me. In my distress and anguish of soul God spoke to me, and from a comparison of experience with other women I think

that most of us passed through this same strait place and came out in the same way to a better understanding of what was involved in prayer,—that to pray was not simply to kneel down in one's room and pour out one's soul to God, it was not simply to go before bodies of men and present petitions, but it was a work—a life-long work, a work that had in it much that we could not understand, and which we must meet from day to day as it came to us, and leave the result with God. I think we came to understand as we had never done before what James means in his teaching concerning faith and works, that we must pray more by our works than by our words.

A great excitement prevailed in the city. Our meetings were held daily. Crowds of women were upon the streets between the hours of two and four in going to and returning from the meetings, and the largest audience rooms in Rockford were not large enough to contain the throngs which gathered to our evening services. Business was greatly disturbed by the agitation. Everything seemed to be upset.

One day as I was passing along the street, a lawyer, whose wife was a member of our Union, stepped to the door of his office, which was on the ground floor, and accosted me. He said:

“Mrs. Henry, I would like to have a talk with you a few moments. Will you please come in?”

I entered and took the seat which he offered me. He stood a moment as if uncertain, and then began:

“I want to speak to you about the excitement which you women have created in this city.” He said, “Do you know that you are turning things upside down?”

I did not make any reply but the thought came to me, “That is what will have to be done, for things are

evidently not right side up." He, however, gave me no opportunity to make a rejoinder, but went on:

"Some of us men have been talking about this matter, and we think it is time it was stopped. We cannot tolerate it any longer. This intense agitation is upsetting all our social conditions and disturbing our peace."

He repeated, "It must stop." I said:

"Well, that is just what we women think. We think it ought to stop, but how can it so long as things are as they are, with the home as it is, with mothers as they are, and with the dangers which threaten our children in the streets from these open saloons? What can you expect? If you men will devise some way by which the saloons can be closed up, the agitation can stop very soon."

Then he replied, "That is just what I want to talk to you about. You simply don't understand. If you understood how it was, you would not insist so strenuously upon this question of throwing up the licenses. We must license the saloon. That is the only way to keep it under control at all. If we do not license it, it will run just the same, and we shall simply have free whisky and anybody can sell it anywhere, and we shall have no end to little doggeries."

And so he went on giving me the philosophy upon which the traffic in liquors under the license system rested. He said as he concluded:

"Now I have gone into this matter and explained it to you so you can tell the other women. You can put it before them in your next meeting, so that they will understand it, and when they do understand it they will certainly desist and we shall have quiet again in our city."

"I wish we might stop," I said, "we all do; we have

got pretty tired, some of us, and would like to go back home and stay there quietly, and we will do it quickly if you men will do just one thing."

"You mean close up the saloons," he said angrily.

"No, I don't, this time; we have found out that you won't do that; I for one, have no more heart to ask you."

"What, then, do you want? We will do anything in reason," he said eagerly.

"Just this: Invent some way to run the saloon business by machinery; you can get machinery to do everything else. Get an automaton and put it behind the saloon bar; get a long procession of automata to file along the streets (we women will give them the pavement and walk in the gutters) and in at the saloon door and throw down the nickles and dimes, while the automaton behind the bar slings the glasses, so that this little exchange of coin and whisky that is so necessary to the life of the nation may go on and hurt nobody. We will grant its necessity for the sake of peace, if you will only have it done by machinery and spare our boys."

He looked at me a moment as if he thought my proposition the raving of an insane woman, unworthy of even contempt, and then turned to close the interview, but I said:

"No, you must listen to me. You called me in and threw down the challenge, so I must be heard. You men insist upon the necessity of this business, and you know, every man among you, that the saloon could not live on much longer if our pure, clean, sweet little boys were not to learn some time to drink rum, and start into the awful procession of drunkards. You will have the saloon; you will not devise any plan to run it by machinery; you will have our boys; you

catch them, or what is just the same, you license the saloon to do it. It lies in wait for them as they are growing up, and as soon as one gets a little taller than his mother, and that doesn't take long, he grows so fast, you catch him and throw him into your mill, and grind him up into devil's meat, and still you expect the mother to sit quietly at home and sing to the younger boys, and teach them the principles of truth and purity until they grow big enough, and then you catch them and grind them up for the sake of revenue, and still demand that the mother stay behind her closed doors and sing on, and pray on, and believe on, and be as gentle and saintly as if nothing had happened. No, sir; Satan has overreached himself, and the mothers of this country are awake at last, and I assure you that they will never go back into the old quiet life so long as a saloon and a law protecting it exists in this nation."

He had become flushed with anger, as I suppose I was myself, and as soon as he could find a chance to put a word in he exclaimed:

"Well, if we men who are interested in the public welfare, and understand public conditions,—if we have done the best we could in reference to this saloon business, and you women are not satisfied, what are you going to do about it anyhow?"

This question came to me with the force of a stunning blow. What could we do? We had done everything that *we* knew how to do, and still the saloon was here; might it not be possible that the men had tried just as hard as we had, and had as honestly failed? What was the trouble? We had prayed to God, and to every class of men who seemed to have any sort of relations to the saloon, or the laws under which it existed, and the only changes that appeared were of a nature

to arouse the gravest anxieties. We were helpless indeed; and as for myself, I was at that moment more nearly hopeless and faithless than at any other time in my life. I thought of my children with a sense of despair that could not be expressed in words.

The man whose question had completely silenced me, stood a moment looking at me, and then with a sarcastic expression flavored with a sort of a patronizing pity for my evident distress, turned to his desk, and began, I suppose, to try to get hold of the work which had been interrupted; while I sat, turning his question and the situation over in my mind, and wondering if indeed, God had hidden His face in anger, or if we had as yet failed to find His way out of this perplexing labyrinth of evils and of sorrows which we included in the intricate workings of the "sum of all villainies."

As I sat brooding over the question, there came to me what I have always called my revelation. My heart gave a leap of joyful surprise, for I seemed to see the end within reach, by a way so simple and natural that I was amazed. I said to the man at the desk, "Come here, please, I have something to say to you," and he arose and came toward me.

"I have an answer to your question," I said. "You want to know what we women will do about it. I will tell you, for I have just found out. The trouble is that while there are a great many good men who look at this question of the saloon just as we women do, there are not enough of them; that is all. They are in the minority, and must be reinforced, and we women must do it. The majority of the temperance women are mothers; of the rest the majority are teachers. We have the crude human material in the cradles, the schools, the Sunday and mission schools,

and the slums are full of it waiting to be gathered up and utilized. We will go to work on this crude material—the boys of this nation; some of them are pretty young yet, but that is a defect that time will remedy; give us a little time”—and I began to tell off the years rapidly in my mind—“give us thirty-five years at the most, and, by a process of education, training and development, we will produce and present to this nation a majority on the right side of this question, men who will look at it as we do, who will some day with a pure man’s clean ballot snow the liquor traffic under so deep that it will never know a resurrection.”

Oh, the inspiration of that possibility; of what then appeared to be a certainty! I have many times tried to repeat those words in telling this story, but the fire that burned in them at the moment could never be reproduced. How reasonable it seemed. Surely nothing could be more logical. It evidently struck my audience of one as a foregone conclusion. He turned as white as death, and for a moment had nothing to answer; then rallying himself, with a light nervous laugh, he turned on his heel, saying:

“That will be a good idea; I would advise you to do it; it will keep you out of mischief.”

“I will,” I retorted, “I will go out and begin now.”

I departed, and went immediately to the office of the man who had the renting of Brown’s hall. I said to him:

“Will you let me have the audience room for next Saturday afternoon? I want it for a children’s meeting.”

“Certainly,” he said.

When we women came together that afternoon I told them what had happened. I said, “I have

pledged you to a new work, to something of which I had never dreamed. But we have begun at the wrong end. It is very hard work to reform. It is almost impossible to do anything with our laws as they are at present. We must begin with the children, and grow a generation who will look at the saloon as you and I do."

This was the first step towards the organization of what has since developed into the Loyal Temperance Legion. We organized an army of children of three full companies of one hundred men each,—the men between the ages of eight and sixteen,—what I called the Cold Water Army. They were known as Companies A, B and C. They were uniformed in white summer waists and caps. Company A wore red belts and red bands on their caps; Company B, white belts and white bands; and Company C, blue. They were equipped with wooden guns, which had been made for us by a manufacturer who had three boys in the army. This was his contribution to the work. On the barrels of the guns was printed in white letters, "Our guns are ballots. Our bullets are ideas." An old drill master in the army had undertaken to teach the boys military tactics. In addition to this open-air exercise we had a class and studies. One of the boys facetiously called our studies "loading up." The Bible was our text-book. We had no other from which to teach temperance lessons. A part of my leisure was spent in preparing these lessons. The drills were conducted every day, the lessons once a week. The girls were organized into five hundred strong, and took part in the studies.

As I look back now to that time and realize the ignorance out of which we were struggling, I can but wonder that God could use us at all; it was only

because He knew that we were struggling out that He could use us. I have felt during this narration as if I were writing of a time when I was a heathen, and before I proceed further I must leave recorded on the same page with this story of the guns, the fact that it did not take us long to find out that our Leader was the Prince of Peace, and that anything like an instrument of war was not pleasing to Him; so that the gun was replaced by a rattan, and the manual of arms by a simple code of physical exercise suitable for both boys and girls. But this was not yet; and I must give the history as it was, even if I reveal how obscure was the light which was then shining on my own path.

The day that our Cold Water Army formed in hollow square on the Court House Green for the first time was a memorable one. Our progress had been noted in the city papers, and everybody knew about our movements; I think it is safe to say that this little army excited an interest as deep, as true and tender as any that ever started out on its first march. Thousands of people came from all the country about to witness the little ceremony of "Swearing In the Troops" which was to take place on the Green. This was to consist of the public administration of the Triple Pledge which had been adopted by the army, and which, as nearly as I can remember, was as follows:

"I do solemnly promise that I will forever abstain from the use of all alcoholic beverages, including wine, beer and cider, and from all profane and impure expressions, and from tobacco in all its forms, God being my helper."

The Army met on the drill ground, had gone through a little exercise to freshen it up, and then had marched through the throngs that followed and with

wet eyes watched its every movement, until at last it stood in a perfect hollow square on the wide open court yard.

A dense mass of men, women and children surrounded these little soldiers and stretched off down every street; windows and roofs were filled with eager spectators. How beautiful, how brave, how pathetic is that scene as I look back upon it through the years! Those little white capped and jacketed men, with the soft blending of the red and blue; the guns held at rest; the banners at the head of each company, and "Old Glory" dipping and swelling from the standard in the gentle May breeze; and about them loyally "standing by" those six hundred girls in white ready to "do or die," which to them meant to sing, smile and be happy for the blessed Temperance cause.

When at last the moment had come it was my beautiful office to step to the center of that hollow square and "administer the oath" as the men and the newspapers called it. As I lifted my right hand, every soldier, standing with his gun at rest in his left hand, raised his cap with his right and repeated after me the solemn promise, which meant so much more than they or any of us dreamed.

## VIII

### A WIDENING FIELD

In August, 1874, at the Chautauqua Assembly a handful of women, with Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, as President, and Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller as Secretary of the meeting, organized the National W. C. T. U., and issued a call for a National Convention to be held in November.

Miss Frances E. Willard had, a short time before, for the sake of a principle in government which she could not conscientiously yield, resigned her position as Dean of the Woman's Branch of Northwestern University at Evanston, and in so doing had sacrificed largely enough to reveal the heroic truthfulness of her nature. As soon as it became known that she was free other positions were open to her, of sufficient influence and salary still further to demonstrate these same qualities. But, in answer to what she recognized as the call of God, she declined every offer and entered the ranks of temperance women, who, depressed by the reaction of the Crusade, bewildered by the overwhelming evils of the world upon which they had just opened their eyes, were unconsciously awaiting a leader.

In October, '74, she accepted the Presidency of the Chicago Central Union, and at the Cleveland Convention in November, was elected Corresponding Secretary of the young National. In the following December occurred the first meeting between us. We had corresponded. She was in deepest sympathy with the

evangelistic phases of the work, and as this was my work, being the one and only line in which I had then, or ever have been led out, it was through the hallowed medium of a gospel practically applied, that we formed our acquaintance.

At her return to Chicago from the Cleveland Convention, she wrote, requesting me to come for a month at least, to assist her in organizing the work along these practical gospel lines. I asked leave of absence from the Rockford work to answer this call, and met her for the first time in a basement room of Dr. Goodwin's church, where a meeting of Chicago women had been appointed to consult together about the most direct methods of saving lost men.

The memory of that month of labor with Miss Willard is to me among the most precious of all the years. We were necessarily associated in the closest intimacy, and under circumstances which brought to my knowledge the rare strength and sweetness of her nature, which, later on, as she came to her world-wide fame, gave her such a hold upon almost universal sympathy.

Upon my return home we were in constant correspondence, and when I wrote concerning the crisis which led to the organization of the Cold Water Army, she at once responded with the keenest appreciation of the situation, and signified her intention of coming to Rockford to see us. As our plans for the Fourth of July developed and I acquainted her with them, she wrote saying she was going to "drop all" and come. Accordingly we had her name on the program with that of the three Captains of the Companies, who were each to make a speech as well as one of our girls.

Miss Willard as the platform queen was at that time unknown, but it did not require a prophetic gift for

any one who had once seen and heard her to know that she had before her a large mission in a wide field.

The Army did honor that day to all the teaching and drilling which had been given it. Miss Willard and I sat together in the carriage as it passed in review—uncovering and saluting us in fine style—and it was then I am quite sure that she first made that epigrammatic utterance, which with slight modification, has become the watchword of the Loyal Temperance Legion of the world. “Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up!”

As my own two little boys passed us in the parade she said, with the most sympathetic quaver in her voice:

“Just look at them! those dear little legs; bound to keep up. Any one can see how you came to get hold of this splendid idea. If I had only had some boys of my own I might have got in ahead of you, though, Smi, dear. *It was the boys as did it.*”

In driving to the ground chosen for the celebration, we kept the army in sight, for neither of us could take our eyes off those dear little men. O, how much they meant to us! And all the way we exchanged plans and hopes and prophecies for the future of the work which began to loom up before us greater than we had ever dreamed.

“I tell you, Smi,” said Miss Willard once, “this is the right place to begin. Nothing is so discouraging as a hopeless man, and nobody that I know about comes so near being that man as a drunkard; in my short experience I’ve found that out. We must grow a crop of Hopefuls,—that means men chuck full of hope, and this is the way to commence. We must have this down at our next Convention at Cincinnati in Novem-

ber. You must come; bring a boy, gun, togs and all, and we will make him National."

During this summer of '75 our work was in the two lines of Reformation and Formation or prevention. The reformed man as an evangelist had arisen on the world's horizon, and by his marvelous experiences of salvation from the rum curse was thrilling all hearts. The enthusiasm for pledge signing and soul winning was such as our generation had never seen before. The most wonderful experiences of the Crusade days were improved upon in the meetings which were held from two to three times a day wherever these returned prodigals appeared.

We had Francis Murphy, who was just beginning his career, at Rockford; and between his meetings and the army, we were kept busy early and late. We had opened headquarters on the second floor of a building owned by Mayor Woodruff, and it devolved upon me to take charge of these rooms, which consisted of a reading room and parlor, so that my work was practically removed from home. I went to the headquarters at nine in the morning, and remained till six in the evening, with the short time given to luncheon at noon. We received those who wished to sign the pledge, or who needed help in any way. Women often came who looked upon our organization as the means of relief from the sufferings which drunkenness had brought to them, and we found ourselves with a great variety of strange and unusual occupations on our hands.

All the while I kept in view that coming Convention in Cincinnati, and was preparing myself to make a presentation of this line of preventive work before the women who should there assemble. I learned the manual of arms, or at least as much of it as was neces-

sary to make it possible for me to train a boy to appear with me before the Convention to illustrate my theme, or to drill a company if one could be raised quickly for the occasion.

When the time came I took a uniform and gun; I borrowed a Cincinnati boy, who proved to have the right material in him. The manner in which he wore that uniform and followed my leadership during that memorable week will never be forgotten. He stood with me for hours on the platform, the sole representative of a whole generation, while we discussed him and his contemporaries, and their place in the redemption of society. He was always ready to respond instantly when in the progress of proceedings he was called upon for anything "in his line."

The women were feeling their way through mists, out of desuetude and narrowness, into things that already rose like mountains and spread out like seas before them; and among these mists was the parliamentary fog, so that it was not an easy process to arrive at a conclusion in such a manner as to keep everything "straight on the minutes."

In this, as in every later discussion, we had all phases of temperament and belief to deal with. There were among us "Friends" who objected to the "war footing" upon which we had put the boy in the uniform, and while there was not a dissenting voice concerning the proposed line of work, this being recognized as the strategic point in the battle with the liquor traffic, yet there were many minds as to methods.

One sweet-faced "Friend" from Philadelphia at last, however, practically settled the question by saying:

"Mrs. President," (Mrs. Wittenmyer of Pennsyl-

vania had been called to that office) "I have been on principle opposed to anything which savored of militarism, but as this discussion has progressed I have thought that 'truly the Lord he is a man of war,' and if it will hasten the destruction of King Alcohol to equip the boys of the nation after this fashion, and drill them in the use of a wooden gun, making this the means of holding their attention to the truth as it is in the Word of God, I am ready to vote 'aye' and to go home and help to raise and equip a regiment of Philadelphia boys."

There was a perfect storm of applause at this concession; the question was called; the vote taken; and the Cold Water Army became a recognized department of the W. C. T. U. Miss Julia Coleman of New York, was appointed to prepare for us a text-book on alcohol to accompany our Bible temperance lessons.

The work of organizing the children began at once in nearly every State, and went forward with the energy of a forlorn hope, for the more we tried to "evangelize the masses" the more we saw the desperate need of preventing the formation of such a vicious, sensual appetite as that for strong drink.

A little later Mrs. Beal of Wisconsin, came forward with an improvement on the Cold Water Army idea in the "Band of Hope." At least, in some features it was an improvement, not entirely up to the need, however. But the work grew in spite of all blunders and apparent failures until Anna Gordon and Mrs. Rice, who are now so well known by the children of the world, found out how to select and combine the best from all former organizations into the Loyal Temperance Legion, and we became satisfied that we had the most complete system for training the young idea that could be developed in our generation, at least.

I have had many beautiful surprises in the years that have passed since the organization of that first Cold Water Army, and they are still coming in the nature of first-fruits of the harvest which shall be reaped by and by. The personal correspondence and the experiences of our women are full of just such tokens of the truth that "Ye shall reap if ye faint not."

I was invited to a certain western city for evangelistic work. Upon my arrival I was met in the most cordial manner by four bearded men who greeted me almost like sons, and in explanation told me that they had been in my first Cold Water Army; had taken the "oath" on the Court House Green, and had been kept by it from falling into the drinking habits of their associates in the new west, for they had determined never to break that solemn promise. They had all become Christians; were members of the three churches, and honoraries of the one W. C. T. U. of the town, and had united to invite me to bring the Gospel to their neighbors.

Do you wonder that I looked at them through wet eyes out of a laughing heart, and that I enjoyed the two weeks of service in which I was constantly supported by these four men and their wives, pastors, and associates in church work? The memory of it has always been refreshing, and has served also to illustrate the principle with which we started out, that all truth leads to Christ.

On my way home from the Cincinnati Convention, by arrangement with Miss Willard I stopped in Evanston to organize the work among the children. I left a large Cold Water Army there, and returned home. From that time I began to have invitations to adjoining villages and cities to organize Unions and Cold Water Armies, and to make addresses; but such

was the spirit of it all that I never received the impression that I was doing public work. It seemed like a home work among my own people. / It was a long time before I had any idea that I could in any sense of the word be considered a public speaker. I suppose, such were my prejudices and my conservatism at that time, that if I had dreamed of such a thing I should have been very much embarrassed. I was not then in favor of woman suffrage. Miss Willard talked with me freely, and wrote very earnestly with reference to it, bringing many arguments to bear, but I could not see it, and did not until much later.

Meanwhile what had become of the children of this busy woman, who was devoting her energies to public duties? Was she neglecting the most sacred trust a woman can have, and leaving her little ones to the irresponsible care of strangers?

It is with inexpressible emotion that I, her daughter, myself a mother, look back to those years, and all the years of my mother's early struggles and experiences. It was always a hardship for her to leave home. Many and many a time have I found her the evening before she was to start on some trip, sobbing and crying as if her heart would break. In consternation I would ask her what had happened. "Nothing, nothing," she would say, "only I cannot bear to leave my children. I cannot bear to go away."

This often seemed strange to me, for to my girlish mind it was a fine thing to travel, to take sleepers, to dine on the train, to meet new people and have new experiences.

But my mother's grief was so deep and so touching that although I marveled at it and hoped in my secret heart that I should never have any children to make me feel that way, yet I would try to comfort her, and together we would plan for the days when she would not be obliged to leave us to earn money.

When the temperance headquarters were established we moved into a tiny house by ourselves. We children attended school, and took care of ourselves after school hours, until "mamma" came home. We were devoted to each other, although we had our little quarrels. Usually we would rather play together than with other children. My brothers were imaginative little fellows, and could always invent amusements of the most original and thrilling character. We acted out stories that we had read, or made up adventures to suit our mood.

Our mother's return at night was the event of the day. I think we never in the world greeted her with troubles. All our differences were regularly reconciled before she came, so as "not to make it hard for mamma." Young as we were, we were told about her work, and entered into its anxieties with loving sympathy.

I remember the consternation of one experience. Alfred had become angry at some childish grievance, and decided to run away. Nothing Arthur or I could do would stop him. With a very determined look on his face he started off just before dark, over the hill. Arthur and I watched him out of sight, and then sat

down and wept. He would never come back, and what would mamma say? I think he may have been gone an hour. It was growing quite dark when he came in, smiling half sheepishly, and saying that he was afraid mamma would feel too bad. I remember the joy with which we greeted him, hugging and kissing him, and saying that if he would promise truly and honestly never to run away again, we wouldn't tell mamma a word about it.

Gradually I learned to keep house. My mother's own experiences as a young housekeeper had made her resolve that her daughter should be trained in everything a woman ought to know. When I was a tiny child on the farm I had a little mop, and a small broom, and was very proud of my ability to help Nora scrub and clean. Sometimes I visited my grandmother at Pecatonica, and she taught me to make cakes and cookies. When I was about twelve years old my brother Alfred and I entered upon an agreement by which we could dispense with baker's bread. Mamma was to teach me to make the bread, and I was to direct the operation. Alfred was to knead it, and help attend to the baking. This agreement was carried out, and regularly every Saturday we had a baking bee in the kitchen.

It was understood that in mamma's absence I, being the oldest, should have charge of our domestic affairs. If the boys wished to do anything out of the ordinary they were to ask their sister. It was her duty to see that they went to bed regularly at half past eight. I

fear that she was more tenacious of her authority than if she had held it by a more natural right.

But the real influence always governing in our home was our mother's strong and tender personality. We feared to see reproof in those great eyes, and we dreaded more to make them weep. We always felt as if she knew what we were doing.

My mother always insisted that she never exercised any arbitrary authority over her children, that she always left them free to make their own choice. We used sometimes to urge that this was not quite true, that she gave us so plainly to understand what she considered the right line of conduct, and that we had so much confidence in her that we had no choice. But, as she said, what more could she do? If her influence was such that, although absent, she could trust her children to carry out her wishes, did she not as truly bring them up as if she had cooked their meals and washed their clothes?

During that first year of her work in Rockford our home would sometimes be broken up for a time, and the children would stay with different ones of our mother's friends. But we always saw her every day, and many are the vivid recollections of stirring incidents that have lingered in our memory.

I remember how indignant I used to become at some of the reformed men who would have a relapse and get drunk, and make my mother cry. I used to complain about them to the W. C. T. U. women, and say I did not think they were worth the trouble and sorrow

they caused her. I remember waking up one night and hearing voices in the sitting room. Leaning out of bed and looking through the door which stood ajar, I saw my mother standing with her back against the outside door and her hand in her pocket, confronting one of the reformed men I knew, who was in a terrible state as to hair and clothes, and looked very stubborn about something. From what they said I gathered that he was determined to get a drink of whisky, and that she had locked the door and put the key in her pocket. Finally he threw himself down on the floor and went to sleep, and she came to bed with me.

So long as these good women spent their time in attempting to rescue the cast-off products of the saloon, and set them on their feet again, they were praised and commended on all sides. But just so soon as they began to make any effort to secure privileges from the law, all sorts of animosity and bitterness appeared. As one result of having called the first meeting, and because she was everywhere recognized as a leader, my mother became a conspicuous target for the hostile press. The threat was published in some of the papers that the city would be made "too hot to hold her." Some of her men friends especially were alarmed about this, as they knew her sensitive nature, as well as the unscrupulous and ignoble character of the class with which they had to deal. But my mother refused to be frightened. She declared that she should cease to read the papers, she would

not know what was being said about her, good or bad, and then she could not be hurt. She should walk carefully before God, and be guided by Him, and pay no attention to anybody else. This armor of unconsciousness she wore two years, and was thereby saved the shock of many deadly attacks.

One day there came to the Temperance headquarters a woman who had a very sad story to tell of cruelty and suffering on account of the drunkenness of her husband. When he was under the influence of liquor the lives of his family were in danger. His name was on the Black List; that is, it was one of those against whom the law discriminated in giving licenses to saloon-keepers. The law forbade the selling, delivering or giving drink to habitual drunkards, minors, or to any one whose friends had complained against him, and whose name was upon a list known as the Black List, which was hung up in every saloon. The penalty was fine, and in case of delivering to a child, imprisonment. This woman stated that her husband's name had been placed upon the Black List at her request, but that he persisted in sending his seven-year-old boy to a certain saloon, and that the saloon-keeper delivered the whisky to him, and he brought it home to his father; that her husband would then drink until he became madly insane. The W. C. T. U. had already had some cases in court, and the women had sat and listened to the evidence and the evasions of the law until they had grown almost desperate. They had tried different plans for securing such evi-

dence as could not fail to carry a case through; but there had always been a flaw somewhere.

When this woman came with her pitiful story, my mother asked her to bring her little boy, and let her make his acquaintance. The next day she came with the little fellow, and he was soon sitting on my mother's lap, and making friends as children do. The next morning my mother moved her desk near the window, so that she could command a view of the bridge over which the child would have to come on his way to the saloon. She had learned about what time in the day he was usually sent, but that she might not miss him by any chance she wrote all day almost literally with one eye on the bridge and the other on the paper. At last she was rewarded by seeing him come sauntering across. She immediately put on her wraps and placed herself on the watch at the head of the stairway, but out of his sight. She let him pass, and then went down to the street, and slowly walked behind him, far enough so that he could not observe her.

The saloon to which he was in the habit of going was just opposite a restaurant. She stepped into the restaurant and waited. It was not very long until he came out and passed the door. She was waiting and spoke to him. He answered with a little diffidence, but in a friendly way, evidently remembering their acquaintance, and yet showing some reluctance as if he were afraid. She took hold of his hand, and said, "Show me what you have under your jacket." He

gave her one startled look, and then made up his face to cry. She said, "Don't be afraid. Nobody will hurt you. I will give it back, but I must see what you have." She put her hand on his breast, and felt the bottle. Then she unbuttoned his jacket, and took it out. Remembering her determination to qualify herself thoroughly as a witness, she uncorked the bottle, put it to her lips, and took a mouthful. As she turned away she recognized the saloon-keeper, who had come out from his den. There they were, she with the bottle and the cork, the little boy, and the saloon-keeper who had just delivered it to him. It was a scene for a dramatist, a comedian, or a painter. The saloon-keeper did not linger. Before she had returned the bottle to the boy and sent him away he was on a swift horse galloping across the bridge. He knew that she had evidence against him which meant fine and imprisonment unless he could get in ahead of her. Before she had time to move in the matter he had settled the thing by complaining of himself to the judge, and had paid his fine, by which he escaped imprisonment. That one mouthful of whisky which my mother took cost him \$250, and closed every saloon in the city to the little boy's father, so that he was compelled to be sober. He afterwards became a Christian and a good citizen. He often told my mother that her little stratagem must have been inspired of God.

As a result to herself, the next evening while we children were preparing for bed, Mr. Hart came in,

and in his blunt fashion announced that he had come to take the children to his home, while she was to go to Mrs. Starr's for the night. He declared that it was no longer safe for her to stay so alone, that her life, even, was threatened. For three weeks after this she was constantly guarded, unknown to herself, and never allowed to sleep twice in the same place. Gradually the excitement caused by her effort to "qualify as a witness" subsided, but we never returned to that house to live, and for some time were not allowed to remain alone over night.

During this time our work grew until we had a service somewhere every day. One of our efforts was to reach the working men on what was known as the water-power—the center of the large manufacturing interests of the city. We established a temperance meeting in an old tack factory, which was vacant, and which was cleaned out and made ready for us by the man who owned it. It was seated with eight hundred chairs. An organ and some old song books from the supplies of the churches were provided, and with six helpers I went down there every day to hold a noon service. The people came in eating their lunches. We began promptly at twelve o'clock with a song service. The working men and women would come in, sit down, and eat their lunches and as fast as they had eaten would join in the singing. At twenty-five minutes past twelve the prayer service began, consisting of reading of the Scriptures, and prayer, the whole not being allowed to consume more than fifteen minutes. The remainder of the time was given to whatever the meeting seemed to call for,

sometimes testimonies, prayer or an inquiry meeting, or a regular revival service. The room in which we held the meeting was directly over the wheel which started the machinery for this great system of manufacturing. The wheel started exactly at one o'clock, and at that moment, no matter what was going on, every man or woman must be at his post. So it was arranged that precisely five minutes before one, no matter what was going on at that moment, I should give the signal to the organist, and she would start in with some lively march or song, and the audience would disband. I made it a point not to forget the signal, and it was delightful to see how, with this assurance, these tired, anxious working people would settle themselves for a half-hour of rest and enjoyment. It was not long before they seemed to forget for the time being that they would have to leave, but at the moment the signal was given, and the organist struck in—very often breaking into a prayer, or an address—with some lively music, such as "Ring the Bells of Heaven," "Whosoever Will," or "We Praise Thee, O God"—something with a march movement—the men would spring to their feet, and in less time than it takes to tell it the doors would be opened, and the place would be cleared of hundreds of people, leaving only our little company of half a dozen. During the time that we conducted these services a great many men were converted.

After a while some of the church people began to say that this great congregation of men should have a different sort of leadership; that it was a matter for the churches to take in hand. Our women felt that it would be a very great mistake to make this change. But after consultation I decided to invite the ministers to come down and speak. I saw them personally, and

arranged a program, but kept the meeting in my own hands. This worked very well, although the men always manifested a much greater interest when some of our women took the ten minutes; but after a while the pressure was brought to bear upon us very heavily to put this meeting entirely into the hands of the churches. Accordingly, with great misgivings, we consented. The ministers took charge, and the audience lasted just three days. The second day there were not more than fifty people present, and the third day not more than a dozen. The congregation vanished like mist or snow before the sun. No one ever could tell where it went. But when the ministers found that they could not hold the people they made a very urgent appeal that we should reorganize the work, and with my helpers I went down again. It was announced that the meeting would open under the old management, but it was impossible to gather it together. A few who were especially interested, and some of those who had been converted came in, but they explained the situation after this fashion. They said that the working men had no use for the ministers. If they wanted to hear ministers they could go to the churches; and if the women had got tired of holding these meetings, why all right, they had got tired too. That was the end of one of the most promising missions that we ever opened. The fault did not belong to the ministers. They tried to do the work. They were interested and conscientious. The blame rested upon us who did not stand true to that which was a manifest call from God Himself.

We opened a Gospel meeting every Sunday afternoon in our Temperance Headquarters, which was very largely attended. In my book, "Pledge and Cross," I have given a history of individual cases of reform

and conversion which marked our work through four years, beginning with our organization. This history is all true, with the exception of the names. Those have been changed, so as to remove the personal element from the story. The incidents given in "Pledge and Cross" are very few compared with the great number which might have swelled it to a large volume. They were selected as showing types of classes of people who were reached in our work. For nearly four years almost every man who was received into the churches in our city came in through the channel of the temperance reform. They would be brought in by friends who had been converted, and would sign the pledge. Then they would join the Reform Club,—a body of men who were trying to free themselves from the bondage of appetite. From the Reform Club they would find their way into our little Gospel meetings. Sometimes they would be converted in the Gospel meetings, or sometimes in their own homes; sometimes one by one as they came in to be prayed for in the Temperance Headquarters. From there they would be led into the church, for we never felt that our work was done until they had come into church fellowship.

During the second and third winters a great many men were thrown out of employment, and there was much suffering among the poor. We asked every pastor in the city to send us two women from his church who were not members of our W. C. T. U., who could help us in our relief work. They responded, and this brought us more than thirty women, so that in all we had about fifty women in our relief corps. We had the city districted. I made the visits, issued to those who were needy relief tickets which they would take to our supply rooms, where some of our relief

women would always be in attendance, and would measure out food and clothing. Farmers and grocers from all about the country kept us supplied with necessaries, and the story of that relief work, in connection with our gospel temperance efforts, and the salvation of men and women which resulted, would in itself make a volume. It is almost impossible to pass over these things without dwelling upon them.

We organized jail work, and house to house visitation in the families of those who signed the pledge. We had a company of women who stood ready to answer any call where a case was to be tried in court, if it was thought that their presence would be helpful in securing justice. We made efforts to reach every young woman in the city who was away from home, by personal letters. Hundreds and thousands of letters were written to homeless young working women, that we might make their acquaintance, and help them if necessary. Women of wealth, who had never thought of putting their hands to their own housework, would lay off their elegant dress, and in something suitable to the occasion would go down into the little homes of the poor, wash the faces of children, dress them in the clothing which they had helped to make, show the discouraged wife of some bad husband how to make the home comfortable and attractive in the hope that he might be won to stay in it, how to prepare food and place it on the table neatly, and in every way possible to embody her best ideals in the limited material with which she had to work. These women of culture and refinement were trying to follow in the footsteps of Christ.

I have felt that it was a great pity that we were all so busy in those days that many incidents and personal touches that would mean so much to our W. C.

T. U. literature to-day have been wholly lost. In many of my own books I have tried to recall them, but my time has been too full, and life is too short to gather them all up. The characters of the Diffenbaum family in the "Voice of the Home," and "Mabel's Work," are literally true. The incident of the petition and pledge signed by Harry Diffenbaum in his father's saloon happened in a saloon upon the spot where now stands the building owned by the W. C. T. U. of Rockford, and I had the satisfaction of giving the pledge, later on, to that old saloon-keeper, just as related in the story. The history of the saloon-keeper Monroe is true. It was a saloon on the corner by the church. In that saloon was Frank Rivers, who is also mentioned in these few books. The story of his effort to escape from his home, and of his being followed by his friend who is known as George Newton, and of his death with the cry on his lips, "I am only a bar-tender after all," is all a matter of history. The death of Monroe by his own hands, and his tragic burial, are literally true. Later on, the character known in "One More Chance" as Hollis Ellenwood, came into our work as narrated. Almost everything connected with Ellenwood in the story actually happened. Many of these characters are still living in the city of Rockford, and it has been with their consent that their story has been expounded as they appear in these books of mine. But as I think it over, and realize that some of the very best points as to history and character in reformation, and as to all that goes to make up the actual salvation of men, have never yet been crystallized in permanent form, I often long for the time and strength to go back into those days, and gather up the things that, to my mind, ought to be preserved.

There is one incident and bit of work which has

never been told, which I think I must relate, as it refers to the rescue of a girl. I have thought many times that I should make of it a book for rescue work. I may do so yet; but I will leave the incident in my personal history.

One day as I sat at my desk in the headquarters writing, I heard a timid tap at the rear door. I answered it, and found a young woman of about nineteen, who asked if she could have a few minutes talk with me. I invited her in, gave her a seat, closed the doors into the reading room, seated myself, and waited for her to begin. She seemed, however, not to be ready, and behaved very much like a turtle that suddenly draws its head into its shell. I could not get a word out of her for a long time. Her face seemed to harden, and finally she said:

"I cannot tell you what I came for. I cannot say what I have to say. I thought I could, but I can't. I will come again;" and before I could detain her she had gone.

I looked after her as she went down the stairway. She looked back at me, but hastened out of sight.

The next day almost the same thing transpired again. I heard the little tap, and met her at the door. She came in, sat silent, and then again declared that she couldn't do it.

"Why can't you tell me what you came for?" I asked.

"Because if I did you would not listen," she replied. "You would not have anything to do with me."

"Yes I would," I said.

"No," she said, "you would not. You don't know what you are saying."

I had not yet had the experience to comprehend fully what was behind all this, and yet my instincts in

some way forestalled the situation. I could not get anything further from her. She left me, saying, "I think I will come again."

After she had gone I knelt in the room and prayed for her, and that God would be sure to bring her back, for I was confident that she needed me. Then I began to get ready for her. I laid a plan which I was sure would succeed in bringing the story from her lips.

As I had hoped, the next day, a little later than before, I heard the same timid tap. I met her at the door, and let her in, taking her by the hands. As I did so, I said:

"Now just take a seat for a moment, until I can get my things."

"Why, what are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to take you home with me."

"You don't mean that!"

"Yes I do. I have everything ready. My work is done for the day, and you and I are going to my home together. You are going to take dinner with me."

"Mrs. Henry," she said, "I can't go home with you."

"But you must," I said; "because we must have that talk, and we can't talk here."

Then she said, "If you knew what you are doing, you would not say it. If you knew who I am, you would not ask me home with you."

But I insisted, "You could not be anything, or do anything, or say anything that would prevent me from taking you home with me to-night."

But she said, "I won't go."

"Oh, yes you will," I answered, and took hold of her and looked her right in the eyes, until finally the tears came, and she said:

"I will go to your home, but I will not go with you. You walk on, and I will come behind you."

"No," I said, "you are going with me."

And then she burst out, "Mrs. Henry, I won't let you do it; you don't understand."

"Yes I do," I said.

She stood and looked me in the eye as if she would read me through, and I answered her glance steadily, holding her hands. As her eyes fell, and the tears began to roll down her cheeks, I turned and put on my things, and taking her by the arm, I said, "Come." She allowed me to lead her down to the street. When we had reached it, and started to walk together, she drew herself back, and for a moment refused to walk beside me; but I fell back and insisted; and when she saw how determined I was, she gave up her unwillingness, and we walked together to my home. I took her immediately to the study, and left her alone for a little time, while I prepared the children to receive her. When we went out to dinner, and she saw my little daughter, who was placing the dinner on the table, she suddenly broke into a fit of crying, and started back to the study. I concluded not to compel her to come out again, and carried her dinner to her. She remained in the seclusion of the study until the children were in bed. We sat and talked together, I trying to lead her on to tell her story. But when I saw how reluctant she was, I turned the conversation to other topics, to try to get her thoughts away from herself,—told her incidents of my work in my own personal experience, until it became quite late in the evening, and she spoke of returning home. I then gave her to understand that I intended her to spend the night with me. I said, "You cannot go home at this time of night alone, and I brought you here to spend the night." There was nothing to take her home, I had been sure. Her opposition to my plan

had given way before we had come to this point, so she made no further objection, and I closed up the house, and took her to my room. Beside the bed was a comfortable lounge. I said as we came in, "This is my room, and you are to share it with me to-night. You will sleep here in the bed, and I will occupy the lounge." She looked at me for a moment, and then threw herself upon the floor upon her face, and began to weep a perfect river of sobs. I sat down on the floor beside her, and lifted her head into my lap, and in this position we sat together, while she cried until she could cry no longer. After this the way was open for her to speak, and, lying with her face on my knees, she told me the saddest story I had ever heard.

She had been left motherless when she was a baby, and was adopted by her mother's sister, whose husband was a profligate man. He had himself done her a great wrong when she was a little child. As long ago as she could remember this uncle had held her in improper relations to himself, and she had grown up under this blight. When she began to go to school she soon found out that there was something between her and other girls, that she was in some way different from the rest, but it was not till she was a young woman that she began to understand the difference, and to realize what had been done to her.

Her father was an old soldier, and had been unable to take care of her even after she abandoned her uncle, which happened at the death of his wife. For the last few years she had been keeping house for her father, and was doing so at the present time. But the life that she had lived had become a second nature to her, and she said, "It is impossible for me to reform. I don't know why I have told you this, but I have attended the meetings that have been held, and I have

heard you speak. It seemed to me that I must come and tell you about myself. The first time that I went into the Temperance Headquarters I intended to tell you the whole story, but I could not do it. I wanted you for my friend, and I was sure if I told you you would not be my friend; and that is why I have not been able to tell you until now. Now I believe that you will be my friend and help me, even after you know it all. But," she said, "there are three men in this city—men who stand high, men whom you know, of whom you would hardly believe it, who will make it just as hard as possible for me to reform."

After this we talked the whole situation over, and I gave her such advice as I felt was necessary, and such as I could in my inexperience. I told her, of course, that she must abandon her evil life, and that she could count on me and the W. C. T. U. I assured her that her story was a sacred secret with me, and that no one should ever know it in any way so as to be able to identify her. I said that I should be obliged to tell the ladies that there was such a girl among us, but I said, "There are a great many girls who come to our meetings, and no one will be able to identify you, so you must come just the same. You must have society, such society as will be helpful." She promised to be led and guided by me. I told her that I would see that she had work which she could do at home. She had learned to do fine laundry work, and would be glad of it. She had felt that she was obliged to go on with her immoral life for the money which it brought her, as her father was very poor, and she could see no way of securing employment.

After we had talked the matter over I persuaded her to go to bed in my own bed, while I took the lounge. As she was ready to do this, and we were

about to kneel together, she threw her arms about me, and in a way which was unmistakable gave me to understand that whether I had adopted her or not she had adopted me.

It was not long after, that this girl was truly converted. At our next meeting of the Union I told them the story. I said to them:

"You must stand back of me in my efforts for this girl, but ask no questions. Do not try to identify her. If you do, everything will be lost. She will lose confidence in us if she finds out by a glance of the eye that she is recognized, or that suspicion attaches to her. To save her, her secret must be securely kept." And those women promised me that they would never make any attempt to discover who she was, and that they would support any efforts that I made for her, and they kept their word through all the years, even up till now. Not one of them ever expressed the slightest curiosity to know who the girl was. They would ask me from time to time if I still kept track of her and knew how she was, and I satisfied them with reference to her further history. I found plenty of employment for her, and she lived on with her father, keeping house and doing her work as any Christian young woman should do, developing a peculiar modesty of manner and a beautiful Christian character.

One day she came to me in great agitation and said that she must have a private talk with me. Could she go home with me or come to my house in the evening? I took her home with me to dinner. Then she told me that a young man, one of our reformed men of well-established Christian character, had begun to pay her special attention and had already intimated that he wished her to become his wife. And she said:

"You know that I cannot marry him. It would be impossible, and I don't know what to do. I have told him but he will not listen. He wants to know the reason, and he asked me if I could not care enough for him, and I had to tell him that I did. I love him surely, but I cannot marry him."

I said, "Why can't you? You are probably just as good as he is."

She said, "I cannot marry him for first I would be obliged to tell him the whole story, and that I can never tell."

"Of course that would be necessary," I said, "or it might make trouble later on."

My heart ached for the girl. We prayed together, and as we prayed I asked God to take her case especially into His own fatherly care, and if it were right that these two should marry,—and I could not see why it should not be, under the circumstances, for they had forsaken their sins and were leading true and useful lives,—that if it were right, He would Himself interpose in some way to bring it about.

A few days after this she came to me again to the parlor of the Temperance Headquarters. I had come to recognize her timid tap at the door, and as we were seated together alone she said:

"Mrs. Henry, I think I shall be obliged to tell him the whole story, but I cannot do it. Will you do it for me? If I send him to you with a note asking you to do it, then will you tell him for me."

I thought a moment about it, realizing the dangers of doing this, and then I said to her:

"I want you to think about that a long time. For me to tell him this story might arouse in you after a while a feeling towards me that would make it impossible for me ever again to be your helper. There

might come an emergency in your life in which you would need me, and yet the fact that I had done this for you might make you hate me; and may be you can not afford that. There is a great risk in telling him. I have no idea how he would receive it. He might be made bitterly angry, and turn against you; and, feeling towards him as you do, that might react unfavorably on you." I said, "We must think and pray over this matter. Pray every day that you may be restrained from asking me to do this unless it is the right and best thing, and I will do the same; and if after this you send him to me with the request, I will do the best I can."

I think it was almost a month before I saw her again, except in meetings, when she would just come and speak to me and go away. In the meantime I could see that a change was going on in her. Her health seemed to be failing. I began to be afraid that something was wrong. She looked so sad, and sometimes almost heartbroken, and tears would come to her eyes during the services. Still she was faithful to all her Christian work, and carried the atmosphere of a true Christian life with her. I was sure, however, that she was carrying a heavy burden, which was weighing upon her health.

One Sunday afternoon after I returned home from the Gospel meeting, and had gone into the study with my children, the door bell rang. My oldest son went to the door, and returned saying that Will B—— was in the parlor and wanted to see me. We all went in together, for I felt very sure that I should need the study; and after a few moment's conversation Will handed me a letter. I immediately said to him, "I think we will go into the study." I let him enter in advance, and I waited behind in the parlor to read the

letter. It was from Annie, and in it she said, "The time has come when I cannot refuse to tell Will my story. Something must be done about it, and so I send him to you." My heart sank, and I felt my strength giving way. I lifted my heart to God for strength to do this. I think it was one of the hardest ordeals that had ever come to me in my work, for I was afraid of how this young man would receive what I had to say. But there was no escape. I must keep my promise to Annie. I went into the study, seated myself with him, and asked:

"Have you any idea of the contents of this letter?"

"Annie told me that she would send me to you to tell me something which she wanted me to know," he said. "I have no idea what it is, but she has informed me that you understand what my wish is concerning her; so I suppose it is something with reference to that. It makes no difference to me what it is. I want to marry Annie;" and he looked me frankly in the face.

I began to have a gleam of hope. The task was not so hard as I had feared, because of the frank face which he kept turned towards me. I told the whole story from her first coming to me just as I have told it here, as nearly as I can remember. Before I had finished the tears had begun to fall from his eyes, and he dropped his head upon his hand. When I had finished I looked up at him, and he said:

"Mrs. Henry, Annie is just as good as I am, a good deal better; and this makes no difference only that it makes me believe in her all the more." But he said, "This has been very hard for you. I thank you for it. And now I am going to see Annie."

He went immediately, and I thought that this was the end of the trouble, but it seems that after the talk

which they had, and after she had promised to marry him, she suddenly became afraid. She did not seem to be able to believe that this man's confidence or magnanimity, as she called it, would continue. She feared that the time would come when he would be ashamed of her past life, that someone who knew her would throw it up to him, and that it would bring trouble. She said it was so much worse for a woman to be bad, as she called it, than a man; that it was not right; and so she took back her promise to him, and, without my knowledge, left the city, and I lost track of her. She went to Chicago, and from there for two or three years I never heard a word from her. Will, also, after a while, left the city. He came to me first and told the story, and assured me that he would still try to find her, and to persuade her that he would never become ashamed of her as his wife if she would consent to marry him.

To finish this story I must go on for quite a length of time, into the period after I had left the city of Rockford and my personal work there, and had gone into the public field. Miss Helen L. Hood was making engagements for me, and I was spending all my time in evangelistic work. I had an engagement at a State convention, following which I was to go to a certain town and begin a series of evangelistic services. Miss Hood was considered infallible with reference to railroad routes and arranging engagements that would not conflict. I make this statement for a purpose, which will appear later on.

The convention was held in a town about two miles from another town large enough to be known as a city. The convention closed Friday afternoon. I was informed by Miss Hood that I was to take a train for my next appointment which would get me there on

Saturday night in ample time for a rest. But after the convention closed, when I went to buy my ticket and to ask questions about the route, I found that it would be impracticable to get through until Monday. The connections were such that in making changes I should have to stay over Sunday at some intermediary point. The W. C. T. U. in the city which was two or three miles distant had already asked me if I could not remain over Sunday and speak for them, but I had told them of this engagement, and so declined. As soon, however, as I found from the ticket agent how matters stood, I telegraphed to this W. C. T. U. that I would be obliged to remain over Sunday somewhere, and would give them the day. I also telegraphed on to the point where I was expected Sunday that I could not reach them until Tuesday. Accordingly I went to this small town, and began to prepare for my work. I was entertained at a hotel.

I was to speak Sunday afternoon in a temperance hall at the regular three o'clock meeting, and Sunday evening in one of the churches. Sunday afternoon at the Gospel meeting you can imagine my surprise when I saw among the faces in my audience that of Annie. Her face was drawn and white. It looked ten years older, with a distress in it that cannot be described. When the meeting closed, and people gathered around to speak to me, she came and stood in the outskirts of the crowd. I reached out my hand, for I was afraid she would slip away. She came toward me, and I held her by the left hand all the time I was shaking hands with the temperance workers. I almost tucked her under my arm and held her during this process; and when at last they were all gone, and I was alone with her, I said:

“Annie, how does this happen?”

"Mrs. Henry," she said, "I want to ask *you* how it happens. What brought you here just now?"

"I am here, I supposed, because a blunder was made by the one who arranges my engagements," I said, "and because I could not reach the point where I was to be on Sunday. But now I know there has been no blunder. I am here because you need me. What is the matter?"

"I can't tell you here," she said. "I want to see you though."

So she went with me, and when we were in my room she told me, not another story of sin, but a story of great discouragement, of a hard life, hard treatment, hardness all the way through because of her efforts to be true to what she believed was right. And at last she had been discovered by Will who had come to this town, where she was trying to hide herself from him, and had urged again that she marry him, and she said:

"Mrs. Henry, I cannot marry him. And I had determined at last that I could not stand the pressure any longer, that the only way to escape was to die, and I was going to take my life. I had already made all my arrangements, had secured a bottle of poison, which I was going to take last evening and end it all, when I saw a notice in the paper that you were to be here to speak."

Then she threw herself down on the floor beside me, laid her head in my lap, sobbing and clinging to me, and said:

"I could not forget how you had been a mother to me, and the longing to see you once more took such possession of me that I made up my mind I would live to see you, and then I would do it. But the minute I saw you to-day I knew I could not do it. And when you took hold of my hand and drew me to you, I knew

I could never do it. But what can I do? I can't marry Will."

It is needless to go into the details of our conversation, but I believe that God was in it all. We prayed, and I read to her from the Bible, and talked with her, telling her what Will had said to me, and finally was able to persuade her that it was right for her to marry him. I had a cot brought into the room and made up for her. She went with me to the evening service, and retired with me; and we read and prayed together again before we retired. After we had gone to bed we lay and talked like two girls; but at last she came and put her arms around me, and kissed me good-night as a child might have done, and went to sleep on her cot. I lay awake a long while after I could hear her regular breathing, lost in wonder at the goodness of God, who had so overruled in this matter. I knew that Miss Hood never made such a mistake herself, as she was not, as I have said, in the habit of doing those things. And when I thought it over I could see no explanation except that God Himself had so taken the matter into His own hands for Annie's sake that I should be detained in this city.

I started for my next appointment Monday, arriving Tuesday, in time for the service, and we had a wonderful meeting. It was one that I can never forget, because of the manifestation of God's power in it from the beginning to the end. While I was still there I received notification of the marriage which meant so much to me as well as to Will and Annie. They told me that they were going to a Western State to live, amid entirely new surroundings. Annie insisted upon this.

To give you the sequel of this story I must go on still further. About three years later I was in the

West in my evangelistic work, and at another State convention. I was entertained in the home of a very beautiful and wealthy lady, who was not a member of our W. C. T. U., but who was interested in all kinds of work for the poor,—a widow with a large income, a great share of which she was spending in benevolent work. I had been there for several days. She told me many incidents of her work, and had spoken of those who helped her. She pointed out the cottage of one who was of great service. One day she took me out riding, and we stopped at a certain confectionery and bakery establishment. I remained in the carriage while she went in. When she came out she said:

“This is the business of one of my lovely helpers whom I have spoken to you about. She makes these pies and cakes herself, and is altogether a very nice person,—a great treasure to me.”

A morning or two later I was on my way early to the church when I saw a woman about two blocks away suddenly stop and look at me, and then start and run towards me. As she came near I recognized Annie. She ran and threw her arms about my neck, evidently oblivious to the fact that we were on the street, and she said:

“How does it come that you are here? Are you attending the convention? How did it happen that I have not found you before?” She continued, “The fact is, we have been so busy that I have not even been in to the convention. I have not read the papers, and I did not know you were to be here.”

We stood and talked on the street a moment. I had to hasten because it was almost time for the meeting. She pointed out the cottage which my hostess had already indicated, and said:

“That is where I live, and make the candy and bake

the cakes; and we are doing splendidly. I have the sweetest baby in the world, and you must come and see me."

And I said, "Annie, why haven't you written me?"

"I have," she replied. "I wrote you about baby before he came, and wondered I did not get a reply." Then Annie repeated, "I want you to come and see me. Tell me at what hour you will come, and Will and I will both of us be sure to be at home together to see you."

So I made an engagement for a certain hour, and met them both, with the baby in the midst, and it was a visit never to be forgotten. We talked, and read, and prayed together before I left. And this home still is there, and Annie and Will are doing a beautiful work. And when I found that Annie was the helper of my hostess in her benevolent work,—in her work for girls who had been unfortunate, who had lost hope and courage,—the Christian workers who read this story, if any of them ever do, will understand how earnestly I thanked God for this bit of work that He had given me.

## IX

### EVANGELIST

The husband of our Rockford President was Mayor Woodruff. He was interested in our work, and had great confidence in the women and their methods. He was a manufacturer on a large scale, employing a great many men. In the interest which had developed for this class of people he formed the plan of making it possible for them to own their own homes. He had a large tract of land lying off to the southeast of the city, and this was added to the city corporation under the name of Woodruff's Addition and divided off into lots. He gave his employees the opportunity to purchase and build and he furnished the capital for the buildings, giving them easy terms so that they might eventually own their own homes.

The Swedish Methodist people were anxious to build a new and larger church, so Mr. Woodruff bought their old church and moved it over to Woodruff's Addition for the accommodation of his working people. Then, very greatly to our surprise, he sent a message by his wife to a regular meeting of our Union stating that he wished us to occupy this church with our own services for the present at least. He would pay whatever extra expense was considered necessary for additional work on the church and the expense of conveyance to take me to and from the church. He wished a Sunday service, a Sunday-school, and one midweek evening service. The ladies asked me if I felt equal to undertaking this extra work. I certainly did and so it was done.

I had my own church work which I had never yet thought of neglecting, always attending morning preaching and conducting a large Bible Class in the Sunday-school which met immediately after the morning service. This occupied me till after one o'clock every Sunday. The plan which we arranged was this: At a quarter past one the carriage would come for me to the church where I spent the morning. The service in the church in Woodruff's Addition was to be at a quarter of two. This gave me just thirty minutes in which to make the trip and eat my luncheon. The luncheon would be provided for me at some one of the homes near the church. Eventually, however, I found that this was too short a time, so I took my luncheon with me, eating it in the carriage on my way to the church.

The meeting at a quarter of two consisted of a regular preaching service—if such it might be called—and was very largely attended by an earnest congregation. I was alone in this service with the exception of the Christian people from all denominations who came in. Following this service was the Sunday-school which I organized and usually opened but which we soon officered by those who were competent to carry it on.

Then I would be taken back in the carriage to the Temperance Headquarters where I had the regular three o'clock meeting. After the three o'clock Gospel meeting, which I always conducted, there was an inquiry meeting which would continue until about half past five. At six o'clock I had a class-meeting in Court Street Methodist Church, where I was assistant to Brother N. E. Lyman, who would be there to take charge of the service if I failed, but this work devolved upon me as a rule. To this meeting we took those who had become specially interested in the Gospel

meeting. The evening was spent in Court Street Church at the regular services. This was my Sunday work.

The weekly evening service in Woodruff's Addition was on Friday. The carriage would come for me and bring me back. A great interest developed in these services. During that winter we had a remarkable experience which shows how the power of God was with us. This power was so manifest that even those who were unbelievers were silenced by the things they could not understand and which were so remarkably in harmony with the teachings of God's Word that they could not be accounted for in any way except upon the fact that God is real and the Gospel true and that the Spirit of God accompanies His Word.

I have purposely stated how fully occupied was my time that those who read this may see that I had no opportunity for any extended preparation for these services. Very often the only preparation which I could make was purely mental in the few minutes that were free for thought between services in making the journey from place to place so that the results of these meetings could not have been due to human eloquence or learning.

There came one week of terrible storms, in which the snow was piled and the weather was bitterly cold. All day Friday the storm raged so severely that but few people were upon the street. However, no storm ever kept me in. I had learned not to be afraid of the weather and that very often I was more needed on a wild day than a fair one. As I came down to the Temperance Headquarters on this morning the few men who had gathered within to keep warm and comfortable expressed themselves loudly against the exposure. They did not see how I could have made

my way, to say nothing of venturing out into the cold.

As the day grew wilder and wilder the proprietor of the livery stable who always sent his carriage to take me to Woodruff's Addition, sent a boy to say that no carriage would go out that night. He had no idea that I would want to go anyway, but still he thought he would let me know that he would not think of sending the carriage. Three or four of the men were in the reading room when this message came. I replied that I should certainly go if it were possible and I wished them to be sure to send some conveyance, but the messenger stoutly declared that he would not do it. This was the final message. Then I appealed to two of the men who had conveyances and it was finally decided that one would send his horse and sleigh and the other would go and take me. But they all tried to dissuade me from making the attempt. They said I would certainly freeze on the way. I assured them that I could keep warm and that we should try it, that when we found that the snow had made the roads impassable it would be time enough to abandon the effort.

When the sleigh came there were plenty of robes and wraps. I went directly from the Temperance Headquarters. My children understood that if I did not return on Friday until after the meeting, it was because I found it more convenient to go directly from the rooms. This was a common occurrence.

We found great difficulty in making the trip, but when we came in sight of the church I saw that it was lighted and was very glad that we had made the attempt. When we entered, we were greeted by the exclamation, "There, I told you so!"

The stove was red hot, the lamps burned brightly and five men were waiting. The one who had "told

them so" explained. He said that "some of the fellows" said I would not come, the weather was so bad. "But I told them you would," he said, "and that you would never be discouraged by the weather." And the "boys," as they liked to be called, voted that they were glad they had come out themselves, that it would have been too bad for me to come and find a dark, cold house.

The man who took me out, myself, and the five men who were already there, seven in all, constituted the meeting. We gathered about the stove as the room was bitterly cold when we got away from it, and had our meeting. It was a wonderful service—one which none of us could ever forget. I was the only person present who professed to believe very much in God's Word, but before we closed the meeting all five of those who had come from the neighborhood had been converted. The man who took me out was an unbeliever and went away without having made any radical change, still from that time the foundation of his unbelief was shaken. He said that he had never been in an atmosphere which had so nearly demonstrated to him, as he expressed it, that God was in the midst. He said he would not have missed it for anything in the world.

It was not till the winter of '95-'96 that I received a letter from him telling me that he had at last surrendered to the Gospel which he had begun to believe that evening. It would be interesting, perhaps, to tell how this word came. My oldest son had been in the ministry for several years and was stationed in a church near Chicago. This man had gone into the West and I had lost sight of him almost wholly. But he had seen my son's name in a Chicago paper. He wrote to him telling him the fact of his conversion, and asking for my address, saying that he thought I would be

glad to know that he had at last surrendered to Christ and had become a true follower of Him. My son sent me the letter, which I answered and to which I received another reply giving me more details concerning his conversion, so that after twenty years the harvest was gathered in of which that Friday night meeting was the seed sowing.

Another interesting incident connected with the Woodruff's Addition Chapel might be given. The man who led our singing was also a mail carrier and my home was in his district so that he brought me my mail every morning about eight o'clock. I had noticed during the services for two or three Sundays and Friday evening that he was very much disturbed. He had been a singer in one of the city churches, having a fine tenor voice, but had gone out to Woodruff's Addition to try to make a little home for himself. One Monday morning as he came with my mail just before I was starting for the Temperance Headquarters he said:

"Mrs. Henry, I want to come in just a moment. I have been working hard to make the time this morning for I want to see you. I can't wait but a minute but I must have you pray with me—I can't carry this load any longer. I am lost and I must have help."

He dropped on his knees beside a chair in the parlor. I kneeled too and began to pray for him. He prayed for himself very much in earnest, completely under the influence of the Spirit of God. At last I happened to think of the hymn, "I am coming, Lord, to Thee." It seemed to me that this hymn exactly suited the spirit that was in this man, and I said, "Let us sing that old hymn, 'I am coming, Lord, to thee!' It seems to me that this just expresses your feeling. Make it your own prayer as we sing it." I repeated

the first stanza and then we sang it. Then I repeated the second stanza which involved the very act of consecration:

“Here I give my all to thee,  
Friends and time and earthly store,  
Soul and body, thine to be  
Only thine forever more,”

and asked him as we sang it to make this consecration, and he said “I do. I will.” And as we sang the stanza he evidently did so. Before we were through with that hymn, he had come into the full knowledge of his acceptance with God, and while we were singing the last verse,

“Jesus comes; He fills my soul,”

he broke out into a shout of praise instead of singing the hymn. I suppose that we were not more than five minutes in passing through this experience, but he went out an entirely new man, and has so continued from that day to this.

When the year of my work in this church was coming to a close I felt that it must be organized as a church society, and brought the matter before the congregation. Mr. Woodruff was a Congregationalist, but he had no intention of bringing any influence to bear as to what church should occupy this building. He had bought it and moved it there for the benefit of the people. After consultation with him I called a meeting, in which I laid before those present what I believed to be necessary and asked them to think it over and decide to what church down town I should report them as a mission and to state if they had any preference as to their pastor. They at first seemed willing simply to continue as they were, but as I placed the matter in the light that I did, telling them that they

needed church fellowship and the ordinances, which we could not administer, they decided that perhaps it was best, and when the vote was taken they requested to be recommended to the Centennial Methodist Church.

This was done, and so was organized what is now known as the Ninth Street Methodist Church in the city of Rockford. It has become a self-supporting and flourishing body.

Before this my mother had been frequently called out into neighboring cities and towns to give temperance lectures and to hold Gospel meetings. One of the first lectures to attract general attention was entitled, "What Is the Boy Worth?" and was most eloquent and convincing. I heard it myself many times in later years, when it had grown from the young mother's appeal to the mature woman's masterly stating of the case, still united with the mother's pleading.

Another lecture that grew from small beginnings to be a power in reaching fathers and mothers, was "The Unanswered Prayer, or Why so many Children of Christian Homes Go to Ruin." But we are still in the day of small beginnings, when she read these lectures from manuscript, and was the most shrinking of public speakers.

Many of her friends, who remember those experiences, speak of her great timidity before anything that would make her conspicuous. At the Convention where she presented the plan of the Cold Water Army, one of the women who had heard her, suggested that

she rise and speak upon some subject under consideration.

"Oh, I couldn't possibly!" she exclaimed, "I haven't anything prepared and I should be afraid to get up before so many people."

Gradually, however, as her narrative shows, her convictions got the better of her timidity, and before she knew it she was facing large audiences with entire composure.

In '76 or '77, she received a call from Miss Willard to come to Evanston for over Sunday to speak in a mass meeting Sunday afternoon. I accompanied her on this trip and well remember my first impressions of the college town and the rare woman whose presence in any place always gave it an interest and a charm indescribable.

Even then my mother and I were planning that I should go to Northwestern University to school. She had told me of her girlish vow to her chum, Ellen Cartwright, and I was all eagerness to begin. I had heard the schoolboys in Rockford say that "girls could not study Greek," and though I had not the faintest idea whether Greek was like Arithmetic or Geography, I cherished the purpose in my secret soul to "show the boys."

I suppose that Miss Willard drew from me this confidence. At all events she talked to me with enthusiasm about the wonderful opportunities for girls of my day, and sounded my mind as to any latent ambition I might have to study theology and help compel the

ministers to let the women into their ordained ranks. But I shared my mother's views as to the sphere of woman, and my whole child-being shrank from the thought.

I felt intensely, however, the magnetism of Miss Willard's personality and carried with me for years a certain sense of culpability, as if I had failed to come up to her ideal.

My mother was in great consternation when she found out the character of the audience before which she was announced to speak, that it was a gathering of parents and teachers—adults, many of them distinguished in theology and in philanthropy, some of them accustomed to the practical consideration of the very questions upon which she was to address them. She had brought the manuscript of different lectures and talks but not one of them would suit this occasion. She was too weary after six hours traveling to sit up and prepare anything that night. In referring to this dilemma, she writes:

“In the morning I began to think of the situation and realized that I could not break the Sabbath. I had never in my life done any work which could be called a violation of Sabbath-keeping, and I certainly could not begin now. I felt myself entirely dependent upon inspiration from God to meet this emergency and I could not begin by breaking what I believed to be His law. It was my duty first of all to meet my regular Sabbath obligation of church-going and rest.

“So I went to church with Miss Willard in the morn-

ing, remaining until after the short session of Sunday-school, and returning just in time for dinner. There would be only a very short time between the hour of dinner and the time for the gathering for the afternoon mass meeting. After we had seated ourselves at the table the burden of the whole situation came upon me with crushing force. I felt heart sick, unable to remain.

"I asked Miss Willard to excuse me, and she said in her sweet way, 'What is it, dear? Are you tired? Burdened?' I said, 'I am burdened. If you will excuse me I will go to my room. I must get ready for this afternoon.' She had partly come to understand the situation and readily excused me, giving me a 'God bless you' as I went out."

She went to her room, and as had been her lifelong habit when any burden came upon her heavily, threw herself upon the floor and prayed. By and by she heard Miss Willard come up the stairs and rap at the door. She rose and stated that she was ready to go.

When we arrived at the church we found it packed to its utmost capacity. The great gallery was filled with students from the university; the body of the house, with children from all the churches, with their teachers. The rest of the space was occupied by ministers and Christian workers. John R. Miller, the husband of Emily Huntington Miller, and the old editor of the "Little Corporal," presided. Oliver Willard, Miss Willard's brother, at that time editor of the "Chicago Post," was there.

Miss Willard was anxious to have my mother do her best, but in view of her confession that she was burdened, naturally felt some trepidation in her behalf. But she had conquered her fears, and had now come to a place of complete rest and faith in God. She had reached the "Storm Center."

Her address was a work of inspiration. She said that from the moment she rose to speak she forgot that she had any burden, that any obligation was resting upon her, that she stood before twelve hundred people. She saw a picture and described it.

Oliver Willard declared to his sister that this address was one of the most beautiful pieces of word painting to which he had ever listened. But he supposed that "Mrs. Henry had spent a great deal of time on it and used it often very effectively."

From that time on my mother never took a manuscript to the platform. She would search the Scriptures and make the most careful preparation beforehand and would sometimes take notes with her. Often, however, she would change her whole plan after the congregation had assembled. She learned to read the audience and to suit her address to its needs. Sometimes one person would be impressed upon her attention in such a way that she would forget everything else and speak entirely to and for him, delivering a message absolutely different from what she had intended.

Usually she was wholly unconscious of herself. On one occasion, however, she spoke in the church of an

old school friend, a man who thoroughly believed in her work, but who had a hearty, fun-loving nature and an exceedingly unconventional manner. After introducing her to the audience, he stepped back and said to her in a low voice, just as she was stepping forward, "Now, Sister Henry, see to it that you preach them a good sermon."

The idea that anything she could say might be considered a "sermon" had never entered her mind, and so overwhelmed her with self-consciousness that she almost fainted. A cold wave passed over her from head to foot, everything turned dark, and she was about to fall but succeeded in resuming her seat. Another hymn was announced and sung and it was only after the most earnest prayer that she succeeded in "getting back to her hiding-place in God," as she expressed it.

This, however, was the most trying experience of the kind through which she ever passed.

Ordinarily she was also unconscious of her physical surroundings and never knew it if anything unusual happened in the audience. People would often say to her, "Were you not disturbed by such and such a thing?" and would find that she had not even noticed it. One evening she was told, after the service, that a boy had sat on the top of a step ladder against a window of the church and thrown peanut shells across the platform all the time she was speaking. She remarked that although she herself had been unaware of his existence, she thought that for the sake of the

audience, the peanut boy should have been suppressed.

At another time at a camp-meeting, during her address, a little child that was running about climbed up the steps of the platform, then lost its balance and rolled down. Before anyone else could reach it, she had run while still talking, picked it up, returned to the platform and stood holding it in her arms until its father came and took it.

We used to hear her tell with great amusement of one old church where she held a series of meetings, in which there was a very friendly mouse that kept running back and forth between the pulpit and the sofa, sometimes scampering across her feet and peeping out from beneath her dress. "But," she said, "I just gave that mouse to the Lord, and went right on as if there wasn't any."

My mother's first really public work, recognized and accepted by her as such, was at De Kalb, Ill., in the summer of 1877.

In beginning the work at De Kalb, we districted the town, and sent every member of the W. C. T. U., and of the churches who came to our help, to distribute little handbills announcing the meetings. We had three services a day; a Bible reading in the morning; a worker's meeting at three in the afternoon; and a regular Gospel service in the evening. The meetings were held in the Methodist church. I was entertained by the family of the pastor, the Rev. Louis Curts. From the first there was a remarkable influence manifest. The invitations taken by the women were

delivered at every house, at every place of business, and at every saloon. They were cordially received everywhere. The women reported that as they entered the saloons it was very evident that the Spirit of the Lord had gone before them to prepare the way.

Our meetings began on Sunday, I taking the morning service. In the afternoon we had a union meeting, and from that time on the services were all of that character, every church uniting with the W. C. T. U.

On Thursday, at our three o'clock meeting, we were very much astonished to see one of the saloon-keepers, with about twenty of the frequenters of his place, come filing into the church. I remember that I was giving a reading on the third chapter of First Corinthians. The events of that day have settled that Scripture lesson very thoroughly in my mind. I was dwelling especially upon the idea of building, and of the loss and gain which come to the builder according to the teaching of this Scripture. The men, though probably more or less under the influence of drink, were yet so much under the control of the Spirit of God that they received the Word and it fell into their hearts as good seed into prepared ground. That evening, at the Gospel meeting, they all returned and were early in their places. The church could not begin to contain the people who came.

Our method of procedure was a song service of about fifteen minutes at the beginning; then the brief exposition of the Scripture, illustrated with experiences from my own work at home; then the presentation of the pledge for signers, followed by an after-meeting. It was expected that the members of the W. C. T. U. would see to it that every one who signed the pledge was especially invited, personally, to remain to the after-meeting. As was characteristic of these

services in those days, the entire congregation remained to the after-meeting. It was almost impossible to dismiss a congregation; in fact, sometimes after they had been regularly dismissed they would linger, some one would request special prayer, or something would come up so that we could not close. I have known the meetings to be dismissed three or four times, and continue on until midnight in spite of everything reasonable that we could do.

On this Thursday evening when the invitation was given for signing the pledge, the saloon-keeper to whom I have referred, with a great many of the frequenters of his place, and many friends, came and signed the pledge. When the invitation was given for those who wished to find help such as can come from faith and prayer,—who had made up their minds that they must have Christ as their friend, to manifest it by going to the altar, so many came that there was not room for them. The scene which followed beggars description. These men, a great many of them, professed conversion that night. Early the next morning the ladies went down to the saloon to find the converts—they did not know where else to look—and they found them there, standing about helplessly, scarcely knowing what to do, surrounded by all the appliances of sin and vice, yet determined to stand for temperance and God. The women were greeted with great cordiality, and immediately the whole institution was turned over into their hands. The liquors were spilled, the billiard tables were taken out, the place was thoroughly renovated; pictures were hung, reading tables put in, periodicals, books and newspapers supplied. The saloon-keeper was installed at a living salary as keeper of the reading-room, and began his new life and new work amid his old surroundings and old cronies. It

was one of those complete and miraculous revolutions which were not infrequent in those days. We immediately moved our morning and afternoon meetings to this reading-room, and in that way consecrated it to a better use.

One of the most pathetic incidents of my entire evangelistic work occurred at this place. An old man, broken down through years of vice, bloated with drink, but who had been one of the most brilliant lawyers and judges in the State, came to me, and said:

"Mrs. Henry, do not stop to bother with us old vagabonds and vagrants,—we are not worth saving; we cannot be saved; you are wasting your energies,—turn your attention to the young men. Now there is my boy: I wish you would save him if you can. Let me go, but save the boy."

I assured this man that he himself could be saved. I continued to preach this personal Gospel to him until by and by we had the great satisfaction of giving him the pledge, and seeing him bow at the altar to seek Christ.

Among those who came to every service was a man of very striking appearance,—large, muscular, ruddy, with a genial face. It was several days before I had an opportunity to speak to him, but one evening I made my way through the crowd to the place where he was sitting by the stove, and said to him,

"I would like to know if you are one of the Christian workers." He looked at me as if he scarcely understood me, and I modified my question by saying, "You have been in every meeting, and I have noticed you, and am interested to know if you are a Christian."

"Well," he said, "I am not a heathen."

"Are you a saved man?" was my next form of question.

"I am not lost, at least," was his reply; to which I said:

"If you are not a saved man you are a lost man. There is no middle ground, no place where you can find standing room and be neither saved nor lost. You must be one or the other." With that I turned and left him, but I began to pray for him, and at the worship at the parsonage he was not forgotten.

The meetings went on with increased power, men and women being converted, and the whole town stirred. The conviction was being more and more borne in upon me that this was to be my work from henceforth. I, however, shrank very strongly from this publicity, and longed to go back to my quiet and beaten round in Rockford. But as the conviction grew that I never could go back as before, the future of this man's experience came to be the test in my mind as to what should be my own future work, and at last I definitely prayed, "If I am called, and must go into public evangelistic work, let me know it by the conversion of this man before I leave town. If he is converted before I go, I shall know that this must be my work in the future."

My readers can perhaps imagine how from this time on I watched him, every feeling and instinct of my nature rebelling against the work which I must do if he should be converted, and yet my love for a human soul and for Christ crying out earnestly for his salvation. The time came when I must close the meetings, and this man was not saved. I began to feel that I had my answer, and to prepare to abandon this experience as simply an incident from which I was to return to my own quiet field.

I was to leave the village on the 9 o'clock train for

Rockford. I was packing up my belongings from the room which I had used as a study, and where my papers and books were lying on the table, when, looking through the window, I saw my friend come in through the gate. In a moment I was called to the parlor to receive him. He was standing as I entered the room, and began at once in a voice full of earnest entreaty, to say:

"I cannot have you go and leave me unsaved. I have come to ask you to pray for me. I must be saved. I cannot have you go."

I seemed to me as if my heart stopped beating, and then leaped to my throat. Overpowered by the thoughts which came to me, I could scarcely say a word, yet, remembering the interest which I had in this man's salvation, and giving him a few words of counsel, we bowed together and prayed. It was very easy to pray. He was completely broken down, following me in my prayer with the most earnest responses, even leading in strong pleadings to God for himself, until in a few moments he began to give praise to God as he realized that his burden was gone, and that he was free.

While at prayer a tap at the door disturbed us, and I was informed that I had only a few minutes to make my train. We all walked together to the train, and the minutes were filled with instruction to this newborn soul, and with questions and appeals from him for help.

I informed no one of what had occurred in my own experience because of this, but I knew from that moment that my days of quiet service were at an end. I, however, went on with my work at home as usual. In a few days I received a call from West Paw Paw, Illinois, to come to them for ten days. Again asking

leave of absence from the W. C. T. U., I answered in person, and began the same kind of work in that place. The result was almost identical with that in De Kalb, there being a clean sweep among the people. There seemed to be no resistance. Almost every one in town signed the pledge, and a great many people were converted. As in the other case, the meetings were held in the Methodist church. I was entertained by the pastor, and received the same cordial support as before. This meeting was remarkable because of the strong conviction which rested over the entire population when the ten days were up. It seemed a terrible thing to close the work, but I felt that I must return and leave it to continue in the hands of local workers.

In two or three days, however, after I had gone back to Rockford, I received a letter signed by a long list of names, asking for my return before the next Sunday. I felt that the responsibility was one which I could not assume; so I presented the letter to the W. C. T. U., without any request or remarks, asking them to say what I should do, and to use their own judgment. They felt that the work had suffered by my absence. The appeal, however, touched them in such a manner that they felt they could not refuse to have me return. Accordingly, the next Sunday found me again in the church at Paw Paw, greeted by a crowd which completely filled the entire building and surrounded it,—the wagons of the country people being drawn up to every window, and occupied by men, who listened through the window.

The work began, apparently, just where it left off. People were converted in the first Sunday morning service, and in every service which followed. Whole families were brought to Christ. A grandmother, her son, and her son's wife, and the children, were all

converted. The proprietor of the one place of amusement in the town was converted one night about midnight. We had been surrounded by a crowd of anxious souls who would not let us go, and had at last sent them away rejoicing, a few remaining to talk, when this man came to us, and said, "If it will not be too much trouble, will you please pray for me before you go?" Of course we did not consider it trouble. It did not take long, for he was very much in earnest.

The whole of this work at Paw Paw was remarkable because of its effect upon the liquor interest. As I stated before, nearly every individual in town had signed the pledge, and a great many from the country. There were three saloons when we began. When we closed the first meetings two of the saloon-keepers had packed up and gone away, leaving but one, who determined to stand by and wait for the time when these converts would fall from grace, and help it on to the best of his ability.

One Monday morning, after the first Sunday service of the second meeting, the women and myself went into this saloon, and, laying my Bible on the bar, I read to the saloon-keeper the fifth chapter of Isaiah, he standing with both hands upon the bar, confronting me boldly, and trying to look me out of countenance, but with his face as white as death. I made no move whatever; simply read the Word of God and offered a prayer, asking God to make that Word a sword from His own mouth which would slay and kill the individual who would sin, asking Him to send His Spirit to heal any who might be broken hearted because of conviction of sin, and at all events to remove this place of iniquity from the village. This ended, we filed out, and went over to the church in time for the morning meeting.

The man stayed about that place two days longer, determined to "stand it out," as he said, but such was the power of the Spirit of God which brooded over and filled every corner of this community at that time that he could not endure it, and the next morning he was missing. Like the Arab, he had folded his tent, and silently stolen away.

Immediately upon the close of this second series of meetings, after we had received the converts into the churches,—fifty-three uniting with the Methodists,—the men organized a league for the protection of the town from the liquor interests, and determined that no saloon should obtain a foothold among them again. The leader of this movement was the man to whom I referred as the proprietor of the place of amusement; which, by the way, was now consecrated to God and His service, so that from that time on nothing which would not minister to the moral and intellectual advancement of the young people was allowed to come into it. I think about forty men were banded together in this league. Their methods of procedure required that some one be at every train, and watch every new-comer. If he appeared at all questionable in character and aims, he was shadowed until they became satisfied as to what he intended to do. They had several encounters with saloon men who secured a place and opened a business; but they would be immediately visited by members of this league,—all business men,—who would tell them that they were not wanted in Paw Paw. If they refused to listen, the visits would be repeated with more and more frequency, until in some cases the visitors returned every half-hour, or even oftener, simply saying to the man that he was not wanted in that place. In every case the intruder at last made up his mind that it was best to leave; and

liquor men evidently thought it a very bad place to locate. So far as I know, no saloon has ever been opened in that town since that time.

Following the work in Paw Paw, I received a call to go to the State of Michigan for a year, to do Gospel work in the Red Ribbon Clubs, which had been organized by Henry A. Reynolds. I brought the matter before the Rockford Union, and told them of my feelings concerning this call. It was also well understood that the four years' work had told very much on my physical strength. I had been ill several times as a result of complications in the work, and was very much reduced in strength. My physician assured me that it would not be necessary for me entirely to abandon the work, but that I must have a radical change. So the Rockford women consented to give me a year's leave of absence.

I broke up my housekeeping, sent my daughter to the preparatory school at Evanston, my sons to the country, and went out for a year into the public field. I had a return engagement to De Kalb, also one in Shabbona, Illinois, and perhaps a few others which I do not recall. I will not speak of any other excepting the one in Shabbona. I mention this because of some peculiar developments.

I went there on Monday for three days, expecting to return to Rockford before leaving for Michigan, which would be three weeks from that time. My invitation to Shabbona was from the Red Ribbon Club,—an organization of temperance men, who were almost without exception infidels.

There was in the town a Baptist church building, with two church organizations,—Methodists and Baptists, both worshipping in this building. There was also a young Congregational student who was visiting

friends, and doing some work along his own line among the people. I was entertained in the home of a merchant, who was a Christian man, very earnest and active; his wife a Christian woman, but not one who was active in public services. She was, however, intensely interested in the success of these lectures.

On the afternoon of Monday, soon after my arrival, the President of the Red Ribbon Club called upon me. We began to talk over plans for the work. I knew nothing about the Club. My work was exclusively evangelistic in the broadest meaning of the word. I told him of the plan of exercises, and what I would expect him to do, which would include singing, prayer, and Scripture reading. In the course of these preliminaries he interrupted me by saying:

"But, Mrs. Henry, you are talking to me as if I were a Christian."

"Are you not a Christian?" I asked.

"Far from it," was his reply.

"What, then, are you?" I said.

"If you should go out here on these streets," he replied, "and ask any one what I am, he would tell you that I am an infidel. I do not know as I am quite an infidel, but I am very far from being a believer." He said, "This is true of our Club almost to a man."

Then I asked, "Why did you send for me?"

"Because we knew of your work," he said, "and what it has done in other places, and we have some weak men among us whom we believe you can help. We want to hear you, and so we have sent for you."

"Well," I said, "in sending for me you have laid yourself liable to Gospel dispensation. I shall be obliged to preach the truth, as I understand it. The only thing which will help any man, whether he is considered weak or strong, is the Gospel of Christ. If

my work means anything at all, it means salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. If it means anything to any man in this community, it means something to you personally. If you are willing to go on with the arrangements, and accept my work with this understanding, we will arrange for it. If not, I will take the evening train home."

He answered quickly, "You cannot go home, of course; you are advertised all through this country, and people will be here from all about. Of course we want you to speak. We want to hear what you have to say. I am willing to do anything I can to assist you, but," he said, "you will not call on me to offer prayer, will you?"

"No," I said, "not to-night; but I shall expect you to open the services with singing, to read the Scripture which I select, and to see that some one offers prayer unless you do it yourself, and to introduce me. But before that we will have a prayer-meeting, which I shall, of course, expect you to attend, and do what you can to make interesting. We will have this prayer-meeting while the congregation is coming in. I shall expect you to introduce me to the Christian people upon whom I can depend to offer prayer and to help me in the meeting."

"Well," he said, "there will be mighty few people upon whom you can depend to pray. There is Brother Ward,—he can do it; there will be the Methodist minister, if he happens to be there; the Baptist minister, should he be there, but that is doubtful, for they have been so unwilling to have the meetings, because of the character of our Club as regards religion, that it was a pretty hard matter to get the church; they would not have let us have it only that they knew you were a Gospel worker; but even then

they were so opposed to it that they have carried the pulpit and the Bible away; so I doubt if the minister is there."

"Very well," I said, "introduce me to any who are there who will help, and I will lead the meeting unless some one is there to lead it."

Soon after the President had left, the Secretary of the Club came to see me, and we had substantially the same conversation. It was remarkable how nearly alike these two men felt concerning the work,—intensely interested, hoping a great deal for some of the weak members, and willing to do everything in their power, yet acknowledging themselves to be unbelievers. The Secretary was to take charge of the singing, and promised to be present in time for the opening of the prayer-meeting.

At the appointed time we went to the church and found it filled. The Methodist and Baptist ministers were both present. Captain A., Secretary of the Club, and leader of the singing, with a good company of singers occupied the choir seats, and it was a most loyal service of song from the beginning all through. The two ministers, Brother Ward, and myself, made four who would offer prayer. We had a good meeting, and the Spirit of the Lord was in it from the very first.

When the time came for the opening of the regular services, the President did his part very courageously, reading the Scripture which I selected, calling upon one of the ministers to offer prayer, and keeping his seat upon the platform. I had expected to give them a temperance lecture, but somehow the experience of the afternoon, and the spirit of the prayer-meeting, had led me to abandon this, and I gave them the straight Gospel as I would naturally give it in a revival service.

There was a breathless interest. We closed without any demonstration. I gave them no opportunity for any, but I felt that the occasion was ripe for the outpouring of the Spirit of God. It was almost impossible to get rid of the congregation, which had filled the entire house, and surrounded it. It was October, and mild weather, the windows being open so that the people outside could participate in the services. We stayed and talked and did personal work until late, and after returning to Brother Ward's had prayer especially for the congregation who had scattered to their homes.

The next morning, according to announcement made the evening before, I held a Bible study in Mrs. Ward's parlors. In the afternoon there was a meeting at 3 o'clock in the church, which was filled, and in the evening a prayer-meeting previous to the Gospel meeting, as before. That evening I did not expect the President to open the meeting, but opened it myself, he being seated upon the platform, giving him no opportunity to take any part. But just as I was about to offer prayer myself, he stepped forward, and said:

"Just a moment, please, Mrs. Henry," at which I seated myself, leaving him at the desk. "I only wish to say, everyone in this congregation knows me, and knows what I have always been as regards religious matters. I have never been a drinking man. I went into the Red Ribbon Club with the purpose of helping, and was, with my brother, Captain A., instrumental in bringing Mrs. Henry here to give us three lectures." Then he went on and gave an account of his call upon me, quoting my statement that my work meant salvation, and that if it meant anything to anybody it meant something to him personally, "and," he continued, "I found out last evening that Mrs. Henry said the truth,

and that this work does mean something to me personally. And now I want to make the request that I may be especially remembered in this evening's prayer. My wife joins me in this request. I told her of my intention before I came to the meeting. She could not come, but she wished to be remembered in the prayers which shall be offered this evening. You who pray, pray for me and my wife, that we may find all that is for us in this Gospel."

I leave to the imagination of my readers the effect that this had upon the audience. The chorister turned pale, as did many others beside him. I went on with the services, and gave a Gospel discourse.

I closed that evening with an invitation to those who desired to go with us to join our number for prayer in the after-meeting in the little vestry at the rear of the platform. There was a large number of earnest seekers after salvation. The congregation could not be dismissed. They stayed in spite of all efforts to send them away. Captain A. did his part with an heroic fidelity that can never be forgotten, leading the congregation in a spirited song-service while the workers were talking with the inquirers in the anteroom. That night the President was soundly converted, with others. His wife was converted at home about the same time.

After that hour the work went on. It could not close in the third lecture. It went on until the entire community was stirred to its depths. Among those converted were two Catholic families,—one a French Catholic, and the other a German Catholic; father, mother, children, together with hired help;—several whole families. Captain A. was among those who surrendered latest; but at last he brought his dignified presence, and surrendered it to the lowly Savior.

The same order was observed all through. The interest continued so that it was impossible to close a service without an after-meeting. The crowds were so great that it was almost impossible to pass through them; but personal work was done by the converts in the audience all through the meeting, as well as in the anteroom. For myself, I worked wherever I seemed to find the best field for my own efforts. The Methodist minister had been called to a conference. The young Congregational minister was the most loyal helper. The Baptist minister did the best he could with his conservative ideas concerning the whole work.

One evening while I was at work in the congregation, one of the workers came to me, and said, "Come into the anteroom at once." I followed him, and found a burly, red-faced young man on his knees, moaning and praying. I kneeled beside him and began to pray for him. It was not long before I was disturbed by the efforts of a man, almost a giant, crowding his way to the place where we were kneeling. I at once recognized this man as the father of the young man, because of their personal resemblance; and as he dropped heavily upon his knees beside his son, and threw his arms over him and began to talk and pray with him, I withdrew and left the two together, returning to the audience room.

Our plan was, as soon as we realized that all the work in the inquiry room had been done for the evening, to have the friends return to the audience room for the next service, which was of testimonies and exhortations. This evening, as soon as the opportunity was given, this old gentleman, whose son sat beside him, arose and said that he wished to make a confession,—that it was he who had taken the pulpit and the Bible from the platform. He had been so angry

at the consent given by the pastor and the members of the church that these meetings should be held in it, and he was so prejudiced against work of this sort by a woman, that he had determined to take the Bible and pulpit, so that they should not be desecrated, and that they were at the present moment in retirement in his own house. He had said at the time that he would never come back into the church so long as that woman preacher was there. He wanted to redeem all this. He was ashamed of himself. He realized that God had been better to him than he deserved in that his son, whom everybody knew, and who had caused so much sorrow, had been that evening converted in that meeting. He was willing to acknowledge himself thoroughly penitent for the course he had taken, thoroughly enlightened concerning the work of the W. C. T. U., and thoroughly in sympathy with us from that time on. He would see to it that the pulpit and Bible were in place before the next service.

This meeting was remarkable for the large number of men professing to be infidels who were converted. Among the converts were a young man and a young woman—brother and sister—children of a man of good education, who was the most influential unbeliever of the community. He had never attended the meetings. The young people were especially anxious that their father might be prevailed upon to come at least once. Accordingly, special prayer was offered for this man.

I was obliged to close at a certain date, in order to reach my appointment at Albion, Michigan, at the Convention of the State Unions which was to be held in that place, where I was to begin my work and lay plans for the year. This would close our meeting the next Sunday night—three weeks from the time I had begun.

Saturday afternoon, at the meeting, the young man to whom I have referred was watching for me as I entered the church, and said:

"Do you see that old gentleman pretty well up in front, with iron gray hair? Well, that is my father. We have at last persuaded him to come to hear you once before you go." I took a good look at him, so as to know him again, and went on.

We had come to have an inquiry service following each service. At the inquiry meeting following this afternoon service, I went through the audience talking here and there, and finally came to this old gentleman. Seating myself, beside him, I greeted him, and began conversation. He soon stated his position as being entirely that of an unbeliever, that he had no interest in religion, but thought that anything that would interest so many people for such a long time must have something in it, so he had concluded to come down and spend the day. I gave him as good a presentation of Gospel truth as I was able to give, from the standpoint of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and our personal responsibility to God and man because of these two great truths. He seemed to be impressed with the view which was given him, practically acknowledged that he was interested and would consider the subject; in fact, he stated that he certainly should consider it. He had already done so, for his children had attended the meetings, and he was interested in the steps which they had taken. He said:

"I shall not interfere with them in any way. I have made it possible for them to attend the meetings, and while I myself work on Sunday, I would not think of requiring it of them so long as they have conscientious scruples. I believe in each one being true

to his own better nature. I shall make it just as easy for them to be true to the faith they profess as possible, for I believe in sticking to a thing when one has espoused it." He confessed that he should be ashamed of his children if they should return from the position which they had taken.

It was well understood that the meetings would close Sunday night. Many who had heretofore absented themselves now came so that they might satisfy their curiosity by attending one meeting before they closed. It was utterly impossible to address the crowds. But the weather was fair and mild, and all the windows and doors were kept open, so that those outside could hear.

Sunday was a remarkable day. The services occupied nearly the entire day, with very short intermissions. Sunday night I gave my closing talk to the converts, who numbered more than two hundred. Among this number were, I think, seventy-three men, adults; the rest being women, and some young people. The most of these seventy-three men were members of the Club; a few of them, however, were not. Some of them had never been drinking men; most of them had.

My plan for closing the work, as to the establishment of church connections—an arrangement which I continued to use to the end of my evangelistic work, because it was perfectly satisfactory to all concerned,—was this: at the close of the service I called the names of those who had professed conversion, having, however, said nothing to them about church membership. As they stood before me, I asked them to which one of the pastors they would like me to report them for instruction. I marked the answer opposite the name in the little book which I carried, and from this list

made out a list which I gave to each of the ministers. Any one who had not yet decided, I named on a special list, a copy of which I gave to each of the ministers. These lists were considered simply invitations to the pastor to call and interest them in church matters, and the various usages concerning the denomination.

In closing this work at Shabbona a very great majority of the converts made the request to be reported to the young Congregational student, who had worked in the services from the beginning. As I stated before, the Methodist minister had been called away during a part of the time to attend a conference. He did what he could to help us before going and after his return, but his influence was broken by his absence.

This detail work transacted, I began to make my farewell, which I saw must of necessity be very short, as by this time it was close upon midnight. I had just come to the point where I was to speak my last word, when the infidel father of two of our converts, before mentioned, arose, and after standing a moment to control the deep emotion which he was unable entirely to suppress, he said, as nearly as I can recall:

"I cannot have this meeting close in this way. I have been profoundly impressed from the beginning, before I entered this church, that there was a power at work in this community of which I knew nothing. When I saw the change which had come over my two children, I recognized it as something for which I could not account. When I came and sat here under the influence that fills this place, my whole being was stirred, and it has been growing upon me all day. I have at last concluded that I will follow the advice given me yesterday afternoon in the first after-meeting which I attended."

He then repeated a portion of the conversation which we had had and in which I had urged upon him to seek help from this power of whom I had spoken, as a son who was willing to be invited and taught. He said:

"I have decided to do this. I have been doing it all this evening, and now I want before this meeting closes that you [addressing me] pray for me one prayer, and I hope that all these who have learned to pray will unite with you in it."

He came forward and joined me as I stood at the front of the pulpit. I took his hand, and standing there I prayed for him, the congregation joining. The very church seemed to palpitate with the breath of prayer and intercession.

Under the circumstances, you will understand that it did not take long for that man to find Christ. He received a demonstration of God and His Son, the Savior of the world, which crowded out his infidelity as the rising sun crowds out the darkness of the night.

## X

### BEARING THE WHITE RIBBON

Of the year spent in Michigan I will say only that it was devoted entirely to a systematic Gospel campaign among the Red Ribbon Clubs and the W. C. T. U. It was filled with incidents which, if they had been solitary examples of the same sort, would be considered marvelous; but the world at that time was overflowing with miracles of restoration. Everywhere reformed men who had been gathered into Red Ribbon Clubs would decide to join with the church. They received our work gratefully, with sympathy and a peculiar interest, caused, doubtless, first by their sense of gratitude and chivalry, deepening often into a permanent interest.

God set His seal on the work, and when we closed and it was time for me to return home, I went with the consciousness that I had been wonderfully led. One peculiarity of this leading I will stop to mention. I had at this time no agent to make my engagements. I simply went from point to point as calls came, spending from ten to fourteen days at a place, organizing all the churches and temperance organizations for a regular systematic and prolonged siege, and expecting them to carry on the work after I had gone. Such was the development of the calls that I was saved from expensive journeys, and from wasting time, just as if I had had the most competent manager to arrange dates and routes. This never occurred to me as anything peculiar until some months had passed, when I began to

realize how my resources of every sort had been cared for and husbanded, by a providential daily oversight, and I was lost in wonder at the goodness of my heavenly Father in so planning my work for me.

I had intended, upon my return, to take up my work as before in the city of Rockford, for a time at least; but this was impossible because of the constant outside calls, and the feeling which grew upon me that my work there could never again be arranged upon the same basis. So it was not very long until I was out once more in the wide field of the nation.

About this time the position of national evangelist was created in the W. C. T. U., and I was appointed to fill it; and with this indorsement went far and wide wherever I was called.

The need of trained workers was one of the earliest things we realized. We must have women skilled in dealing with souls; in giving practical spiritual help of all kinds. It was in the Evangelistic Department that this need first became urgent, and, in '76 or '77, at the Temperance Convocation held at Lake Bluff, Ill., I made the first effort to organize a training school, at which we discussed principles and methods, as well as needs, and how to bring about the very best application of the one to the other.

We began in the little hall which had been erected by the W. C. T. U. of Chicago, for their meetings, on the Assembly grounds. The beginning was small and all our efforts were of an experimental nature. None of us had any definite idea as to what we should teach, or how to teach it. We knew only that it was necessary to learn from some source how to do our work, and with a profound sense of our dependence upon God, we came together for our first session. Among the number present and interested was Mrs. Jennie

F. Willing, not at that time especially active in the W. C. T. U., but she had been one of that company at Chautauqua who took the initial steps toward the organization of the National; and being interested in everything pertaining to W. C. T. U. work, she became one of the most faithful and earnest attendants and helpers in this first training school, and is at present Superintendent of the last and best result of this growing idea, which is to be found in the Home and School for W. C. T. U. Evangelists and Missionaries, located in Hell's Half Acre, New York City.

The advantages to accrue from trained workers became at once so apparent, that the training school was adopted and made a department of the National at the next convention, with the writer appointed as Superintendent. This position, however, I could not possibly accept, since I already had the Superintendency of the Evangelistic Department, and my work as evangelist also. Mary Allen West, of most blessed memory, a practical teacher, and for many years superintendent of public schools in Galesburg, Illinois, was at length induced to take the work of organizing in this important line, and the "School of Methods" grew up under her forming hand into a power that was felt far and wide. She gave to this effort her most earnest service, and accomplished for the untaught and untrained in our ranks what can never be adequately appreciated. Her work was of the same character as that found in the silent forces of the atmosphere, gravity, sunshine, cause and effect; things which are so necessary, so unconsciously appreciated, that sometimes we forget to say thank you for them. Mary Allen West was a woman whom we could not afford to lose; but in the midst of her most arduous labors she died after a short illness in Japan.

The Evangelistic Institute was one of the developments of the new Department, and was my own special field. In prosecuting the work of this Institute, my plan was to occupy the early morning hour at conventions with an Institute drill, taking up each department, and teaching the Gospel principles as related to it, and the methods required for its successful prosecution. Local Unions would also call for an Institute, sometimes two or three combining for a week's work. Sessions of two hours each would be held during the morning and afternoon, with a public lecture in the evening. The women were enrolled, and came to the classes like pupils in school.

These institutes were always occasions of great spiritual growth and power. They were not confined to members of the Union. Ministers, teachers, members of churches, and all who were interested in philanthropic work would come and study methods with us. Many times, beginning in a small room in some church, we would be obliged, after two or three sessions, to take our school into the auditorium, and not infrequently it would develop into a regular Gospel work, in which souls would be converted, and workers brought out into a rich experience, such as they had not known before.

In my work as National Evangelist it was my duty to hold these institutes and to teach methods of reaching mothers of all classes. The first point emphasized was to keep the work as near the cradle as possible. If any father and mother discover that one has a genuine interest in the baby, they will listen to anything he may have to say concerning the life and well-being of a child. I have known men of the world to abandon the use of tobacco as well as strong drink, and to make as thorough a reformation as possible in their habits of

life because of truth which the mother had learned in the talk of the W. C. T. U. evangelist over the cradle of her child and which she repeated to the father. One father came to me at the close of a Sunday service and said:

"I thought you might be glad to know that what you have said to the mothers in their meeting has led me to give up my tobacco entirely, and to reform in many other things."

"Then," I said, "you believe that I told the truth."

"As to that," he said, "I thought it might be that some things were put rather strong, but I reasoned this way: I am absorbed in business; I have not time to give to look into these subjects as you have, and I had to believe that there must be truth in it for you would not dare to go out representing that great body of the best women in the world and teach falsehood, and I concluded if there was a shadow of truth in what you have taught about parental responsibility and prenatal influence, and the effect of a father's habits on his children, that I could not afford to risk it any longer for the sake of the children which I expect to have; so I have set myself to work to clean up my life to the best of my ability."

As he went on honestly in this endeavor, he soon found his need of a power greater than his own will, and so surrendered to the Holy Spirit, accepted Christ, and began with his wife to make a truly Christian atmosphere for the child that was expected in their home.

Our women were late in discovering the sweat shop. It was the oppressed "sweaters" in the pale slender boy and girl that we found first; they led us to the shop, and are responsible for the "Sabbath Observance Department" of the National W. C. T. U.

These children were, as a rule, of the class who had been accustomed to regard Sunday as a day to be kept sacred. They had attended Sunday-school somewhere in the better days that were before "father got so bad along o' the drink" or "before the times was so hard, and mother got sick," but now they had to work Sunday and all.

"Work on Sunday? How is that?" would be asked by the White Ribboner who had discovered them.

"Why, Mum, you see it's just like this," explains the mother; "somebody had to work or we starve and be turned out for not paying o' the rent. Jack he won't, or if he does, it all goes for drink these days, and I took sick so I couldn't do no more, and there was no one but Mary, an' she's a child at that, but she thought maybe she could find some light sewing. Running a machine don't seem such dreadful hard work when your just thinkin' about it, you know, so I told her 'Well, mebby you'll have to try.' So she looked up all the advertisements, and found where they were wanting some girls or boys to run light machines, and she went and got in first thing to one o' them that they call 'sweats' and they've got the right name we've found out; but at first we kinder thought this one she got into was *the* 'sweat' and the rest would be all right. But she held on all the week as full of grit as could be; she was to have fifty cents for the first week, and when it came Saturday night she was so pleased to think she could bring a little money home with her, but when she came home that night she was all broke up. They had told her she wasn't through with her week's work till Sunday night. She told them she didn't work Sundays; that we was decent folks and went to church and kept Sunday if we didn't do nothin' else. And they told her that was all right; do

as she pleased; they could fill her place quick; would she work her week out or go; she said she would go, but she wanted her pay for six days' work, but no, sir; would you believe it, they said she had forfeited her week's wages if she didn't work the full time. Well, I told her she had done right; we could live somehow, just as we had done, but it was too bad for her to lose it, and have all the hard work she had gone through, too. But the fifty cents, much as it meant to us, wasn't worth breaking the Sabbath for, and we settled down to make the best we could out of it. But Mary she was plucky and she knew she could find a good place next time, so she began on the ads that night and got another place and started in full of courage, but, will you believe it, in spite of all they would say to get her in, they was all alike when it came to the pay, Sunday, seven full days or no pay. She stuck to Sunday, till the poor child was clear discouraged, and we was so hungry, and I was so sick, and there was no help for it. She had to give in at last, and Oh, I can't tell you, but ever since she has been so changed. She used to be such a modest kind of a girl, but now, Oh, I am so afraid for her; but she must be doing well in her work for she has had a raise two or three times, and she brings her money home, and we do have something to eat, but a curse has come with it, and I know it is all along of breaking the Sabbath, something I have tried not to do all my life, for my folks was good Christians if they wasn't rich."

This is only a sample of the experiences that would be poured into our ears, with variations, but never such as to cover the one appalling fact that over the door of the sweat shop was written, "She who enters here leaves hope and faith and virtue behind."

Is it any wonder that we said something must be

done, and that as quickly as possible. The first thing, as we looked at it, was to rescue the *faith in God* that was imperiled; these children must have their "Sabbath," and not only these children, but all other laborers must be protected from the possibility of having their "Sabbath," their Rest Day, their day for hearing about God, wrenched away from them by mercenary employers or corporations. The principle is right. It was not that we expected to make men Christians, good, or even respectable by law; all that the W. C. T. U. ever had in mind was to see that a law was enacted that would make it impossible for men to take advantage of the necessities of the hungry, of the homeless, and the naked to compel them to work in violation of conscience, if they worked at all.

We first appointed committees of investigation to make a thorough canvass of the situation and give the world the facts. Investigation revealed conditions so appalling that we felt absolutely helpless before the political power; the greatest commercial forces in the world seemed to be in league with this demon of greed whose heel was upon the throat of poor little Mary and her contemporaries in toil and suffering, in temptation, and in sinning; for, of course, she had become a "sinner," that awful sinful woman from whom the whole world must draw away or become contaminated.

Poor little Mary, keeping it all from her sick mother, as she thought, and under the subterfuge of increased wages, bringing home the pitiful price of her tender girlish virtue which she had, as a last resort, sold, that she might, by its price, be able to bring bread enough to mother and the little children to keep them from hunger, and to pay the rent so that they might not be thrust into the street!

Sometimes I almost wish I could forget the days of this arousement to these horrible facts as they were discovered piecemeal in the low and out-of-the-way holes where Satan and his emissaries among men had kept them hidden, for no one knew how long.

For myself, my life had been so sheltered that I had never seen the dimmest outline of this far-away land of sins and sorrows. It was as unknown to me as the inhabitants of Jupiter. My reading had never been of a character to bring to my imagination such scenes as were of constant recurrence with every passing hour. And I was not alone in this experience of terror; it brought almost despair to many of our women. I have tossed sleepless on my bed night after night, often finding my teeth set and my hands clinched with the nails pressed deeply into the palms, every nerve strained to the keenest tension in the intensity of thought as I was trying to work out this problem of rescue for those who had been caught in the snare that had been laid for the unwary which was always baited with *bread*, and which always led to a bondage from which death in any terrible form was a welcome release.

We said to each other, and later on to all the world as widely as we could make ourselves heard: "If these children and all these desperately needy people must work in this pitiful way, they must have the one day of respite that Sunday affords, and somebody must see that this is secured. We would if we could, but we as women have no law-making power. Either give us power ourselves to make the law that shall loosen the grip of this mercenary grasping tyrant from the souls and bodies of the helpless, or make it for us."

It was not our intention to insist upon the day of the week that should be granted for sacred rest, but naturally it was the one universally devoted to worship.

We never for one moment had the thought of compelling any one by law to attend church, but we wanted the law to compel employers to stop making it impossible for "Mary" and her contemporaries to attend if they wished.

The effort was begun as I have intimated, but as its magnitude grew upon us, one of our number, Mrs. J. C. Bateham, one of our strong, earnest, self-sacrificing and executive women, arose in Convention and asked for a Department of Sabbath Observance in the National W. C. T. U., which would take hold of and push all the various lines which would naturally belong to such a Department. Her request was considered, warmly discussed, pro and con, meeting with anything but universal favor, for many of our strongest ladies were instinctively opposed to it, having a premonition, evidently, that there were possibilities involved in such a Department which they did not care to face.

I was not present at this Convention, and knew only from conversation with some who were there what had transpired in these discussions over and above the meager accounts given in the published reports. I was, however, in hearty sympathy with the Department and with Mrs. Bateham in her efforts for I had been so seriously hurt by the revelations of oppression which I have attempted to describe, that I could but hail anything which promised relief, and I believed, as I do still, that the foundation principle upon which the work was laid was right, if only we had known enough to leave the choice of a rest-day open to each individual.

The W. C. T. U. is a great organized motherhood whose mission in the world is to comfort the comfortless, and to see that the helpless are protected, and she could never be true to her call if she did not have

somewhere in her plan of work a department through which she could do all that was included in the first inception of the Sabbath Observance Department.

The name chosen was unfortunate. It never truly expressed the leading idea which was imbodyed in it, viz., to bring the law to bear against the oppressor who would not be persuaded to let the oppressed go free. It was intended, of course, to inculcate the principle of voluntary observance, but never to enforce it. The enforcement was wholly and only for those who would make it impossible for others to exercise their freedom to observe the day.

In my evangelistic work it was not unusual for me to return several times to the same place, and a great many very delightful associations are connected with these returns to old friends. Especially is this true of Manistee, Michigan. For eight consecutive years I went there for a period extending from two weeks to two months, in the spring, when the woodmen would come down from the lumber regions. One of these years I returned in the autumn, so that, taken altogether, I made nine visits to Manistee. During this time I was gladdened by the building of Union Hall as one of the fruits of this work. The association with the beautiful woman who was President of the Manistee Union, and whose home was my home, is one of the delightful memories which will always remain with me, and which have grown more and more precious as the years have gone.

During the visits to Manistee occurred one of the incidents in rescue work which is of sufficient interest and importance to be recorded. We had realized from the first, in our efforts for men, that a very strong influence was embodied somewhere, which nullified much of our work, and defeated the ends of the Gos-

pel. For a long while we considered that the saloon was wholly responsible for this, but as time passed on we learned that the prodigal daughter was the companion of the prodigal son, and that she was largely at the bottom of his repeated falls back into sin. As he had first been responsible for the destruction of her innocence, so she came to be his handicap in all efforts to restore purity. In the work at Manistee, as well as in other lumber regions, this was especially noticeable. At about the third visit which I made there we were obliged to exert seemingly fruitless efforts to restore those who had fallen again into wicked habits.

I often heard mention of a woman who was called "Old Mag," as the cause of these repeated declensions from morality upon the part of the men. The name suggested a face and a figure for this creature, and I frequently found in my mind the vision of an old hag, of evil countenance and elfish figure,—a sort of witch of Endor, who, by some kind of necromancy was able to weave a spell about the feet of these men, by which she drew them away from their best efforts into vice. I said to one of the women who mentioned her, "Have you ever made any attempts to restore this Old Mag?" "No," she said, "I think if you should see her once you would never ask that question." The matter dropped out of my thought until I returned the next year, when, hearing her name again, I began to feel strongly that something should be done for her. But my stay was not very long that year, and while I spoke of it frequently, I was every time silenced by the repeated statement that her case was hopeless, and it would only involve us in unnecessary trouble to undertake to do anything with her. But after I went away my thoughts returned to the case of this woman and her evil work. I found myself growing more and more

sure that something should be done for her, and that I should have urged this more strenuously. Accordingly, upon my return the next spring, one of the first questions I asked was concerning "Old Mag," when I was informed that she was very ill, that she had been ill for a long time, that her evil course had brought her to death's door, and that probably she would soon end it. I then said to my hostess, "I must go and see her. I am very sorry that I have not insisted upon this before."

My hostess agreed with me that something should be done for her. She said that she had often thought of it herself since she had been ill, but that she was lying in one of the worst quarters of the village, over in the edge of town, in a house near a saloon which was the most evil resort, and that it was almost as much as our lives were worth to go there. But I said, "I know that God will take care of us, and I must go." "You must not go alone," she replied. "I do not know whether my husband will consent that I should go, but we will pray over it." At dinner, as we three sat alone at the table, I spoke of it again, saying to my host that I felt it my imperative duty to visit this sick woman, and that I should consider myself unworthy of the great truth which had been given me, and the opportunities to teach it, if I did not make an effort to reach out and save her. He agreed with me that it was only right that something should be done. I assured him that I would go alone.

The matter dropped for a short time, but after dinner was over, and after he had walked about his private room for a little while, he came and said that it would not do for me to go alone, and that it was only right that his wife should accompany me, because of her official position, as well as social standing in the com-

munity. He knew also that his position as a business man would be a very good assurance of protection.

Accordingly we went in the family carriage. We left the carriage in the road, and walked quite a long distance to the house, which stood back in a field toward the woods.

Inquiring for this woman, we were ushered into a bare and lonely room. I received a sudden shock, not only at the appearance of desolation, but as I looked at the face which was upon the pillow of the bed before me,—the face of a comparatively young and very beautiful woman. I shall never forget the expression of that face, and the strange light which came into those large dark eyes as she recognized my hostess, and our white ribbons, and comprehended at a glance our errand.

We proceeded to the bedside, my hostess introducing me by saying, "This is Mrs. Henry, who is doing a good work in our city, and hearing that you were sick, insisted upon coming to see you; and so I have brought her with me. I have wanted to come myself many times, but have not been able to do so until now."

Taking the woman's hand, as it lay on the counterpane, and returning her steady gaze, I seated myself beside her. After a moment she said:

"What made you come?"

"Because," I said, "I knew you needed me; or, rather, that you needed to hear what I have to say to you. I bring you good news."

"Good news!" she said.

"Yes," I repeated, "good news."

She gave me a startled glance, and a little color came into her pale face.

"I bring you good news from a far country," I said, "from a dear friend who loves you. And this is the

news I bring: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.' 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' " I went on quoting more and more Scriptures of the same character, until at last, with a little upward throw of her hand, she said:

"Oh, oh, that is not for me!"

"Yes," I said, "it is for you: every word of it."

"No, no, not for me," she said. "I lost my chance for that long ago. I know what it all means. I heard all these things years ago."

"Where did you hear them?" I said.

"Oh, I heard them at home."

"At home!" I said. "Where was your home? Who was your father? and your mother?"

It was some time before she answered me. She lay with her eyes closed. Now and then she would look up at me, and then close her eyes again. Meanwhile I waited for her to regain strength and composure. After a while, looking at me, she said:

"I will tell you the saddest story you ever heard. My father is a minister in the city of ———, a Presbyterian minister. My mother is one of the sweetest of Christian women. She never had any fault but one, that I can remember, and that was that she loved and trusted me, her only child, as I did not deserve to be trusted. As we were in a wealthy church, and lived among wealthy people, she wanted me to have every

advantage, and thought it would be to my advantage to marry a wealthy man; and so, while I was young, without much thought upon my own part, I was married to a very wealthy bachelor. I did not know at all what it was to love my husband. He petted me, made a plaything of me, gave me everything that money could buy that a child such as I could wish for. He gave me everything but the ability to love him, and that he could not give me. When I had been married about a year I became acquainted with a young man whom I soon learned to love, and that was my ruin. We eloped and went to California. After a while he abandoned me, and I began a life of sin. While I was with him I was not conscious of sinning. My love for him was a pure love,—as pure, I believe, as any could ever have been for any man. It was the love which I should have had for my husband. He ought to have been my husband. But from that time on my course was downward. I went from one grade of degradation to another, until I came here a reckless abandoned woman. I have known you, Mrs. Henry, ever since you began to come here with your work. I recognized you. It was not necessary for your friend to introduce you. I have seen you as you have gone to and fro in your work. I have heard of the things you have said to the men, and sometimes I have longed to have you say the same things to me; and then the devil would come in, and would make me determined to destroy just as much of your work as possible. I had to destroy your work, because if these men should become converted, and remain constant and true, what would become of me? My life was of no use among good people any longer. I must have bad people around me, or starve. I could not allow the men to remain good, as you tried to make them. So,

you see, you and I have been fighting one another all these years that you have been coming to Manistee. But now I am where I cannot fight any longer. I have got to die before long, and I must die as I have lived. I thank you for coming to see me, but do not come any more."

I had been holding her hand, and sat facing her, watching her, with my own heart beating too loud for my body, seemingly, as I heard her story. But I felt that I must awaken other memories in her, and so I interrupted her by saying:

"Have you never heard from your father or mother? Have you never written to them? Do they know where you are?"

It was a long time before she answered these questions, and then she began by saying:

"That is another part of my story,—sadder than the rest of it. I did not intend to tell you that, but I think I will tell all there is to it once. After I was abandoned I did write once to my mother. In my homesickness and distress I craved a letter from her. I felt that I must come into communication with her in some way, and with my father; but after I had written the letter I determined to conceal my whereabouts so entirely that they could not trace me. I did so. I do not know, in fact, whether they ever attempted to trace me or not. I think they would have done so if they could have found me, and taken me home. I think they are that kind of people. I am sure my father is, for he believes the Gospel he preaches. But I hid myself. After I had come East, before I had got quite so low as I was when I came here, knowing, however, just what I was going to, I made up my mind that before taking the final and fatal plunge, from which there would be no return, I

would look upon my father and mother again if possible. So I made a trip to — and watched for them. I haunted the vicinity of the house, but did not see either of them. I became afraid that I should be discovered. It was Saturday, and I felt that it would not do for me to remain longer than Monday. I had looked up the matter in the church directory, and found that my father was still pastor of the same church, and I made up my mind that I would attend church on Sunday evening, when no one would be able to recognize me, and then leave the town. Several times that Sunday I was tempted to go home and tell my story, and see if there was any salvation for me; but I was distrustful of myself, and felt that I could not survive the ordeal of seeing the sorrow, and, perhaps, the repudiation, which would come into their faces. I was not quite sure whether they would receive me. And then I remembered if they should, it would not be possible for them to keep me and live in the same circle, and it would be necessary for my father to choose between me and his church if I returned; and so strong was my fear that my desire to be better would cause me before the day should close to do this which had come to seem to me a reckless thing, that I actually prayed that God would give me courage to stand out against the desire of my own heart, from returning to my father and mother, and to a better life. Wasn't that a strange thing to pray for? But I think that God understood it, and my prayer was answered whether He did it or not; because the day passed, and the time came for the evening service, and I had my ticket bought for the train which would leave about ten, and I had not made myself known.

"I came very near failing, however, in my whole plan, because as I sat in a dark corner under the

gallery in the old church, with my veil drawn aside so that I could get one good look at my father as he came from the study and ascended the pulpit stairs, he came out, an old man, bowed, with his hair as white as snow. I began to tremble, and as he went up the stair to the pulpit and turned, I got a good view of his face, and almost screamed outright. I gave one more glance, stuffed my hand into my mouth, and turned and fled. I ran until I happened to think that I might be noticed by the police, and possibly arrested. I hastened at once to the depot, waited for the train, and as soon as it came in I sprang aboard, and came back to my doom."

It would be useless to tell you what were our impressions as this story was related. My hostess had been holding one of her hands, while I held the other, and I said to her:

"Now one thing is sure: we are not going to leave you to any doom. I believe that God has sent us here for a purpose." And then I told her how all through the year I had thought of her; and my friend told her how I had inquired for her almost before I had taken my wraps off on my arrival. I said, "I know that I have come here because God intends to save you, and you can let Him do it." But she said, "There is no salvation for me." And then again I began to repeat to her the promises of God. She was too exhausted with the story, the labor of telling it, and the emotions which it had awakened, to oppose very earnestly; but every once in a while she would roll her head back and forth,—as emphatic a negative as she knew how to give,—as I would speak the words of life to her.

At last we decided to leave her, and said that we would come the next day to see her. She said, "I wish you would come, for you have done me good, and

I would be glad to see you. But," she said, "it is not any use for you to think of trying to save me. I am now abandoned by my old friends. They have no further use for Old Mag, and it is of no use for you to come to see me for that, for it will not help me;—but it may do you good, and it will comfort me a lot."

The next day we returned with pillows and cushions, determined to take her out for a little drive. There was a large country woman apparently taking care of her, and they two were alone in this little house, which was only an annex to a larger one. No one objected to our taking her out for a drive, although the people about the saloon watched us, and kept pretty close to our carriage. She had to be lifted into the carriage. We drove around a little distance and back, and had her taken out and lifted into the bed.

That day, before I went away, I read her more of the Word of God, and before I had finished reading some of the precious promises, she said to me:

"These are all familiar. I have heard my father preach sermons from these texts; but I would like to have you sing."

"What shall I sing?" I said.

"Oh," she said, "sing whatever comes into your mind. I don't think I could ask you for anything."

Then I began to sing "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," and as I sang it she lay with her eyes closed, and the first tears which she had shed began to run down upon the pillow.

Then I said to her, "Now I will tell you what we propose to do if you will consent. We will take you away from this place, and take care of you as long as you live; and you shall be comfortably taken care of. It may be that you could live if you were taken care

of. One of our good sisters of the W. C. T. U. will take you into her home. This has already been arranged. Just as soon as you will consent we will take you in a carriage and carry you away."

"Oh," she said, "if I could have a chance to be good!"

"You can have a chance," I said, "just as soon as you will consent to it. We will come for you to-morrow if you will say so."

"I wonder if they will let me go," she said.

"They have allowed us to take you out to-day," I said, "and if we can once get you into a carriage we can take you away if you consent to go." To this accordingly she agreed.

It was a matter of great regret, and always has been to me, that my stay at Manistee had to end on this day, so that I was not with the ladies when they carried out the plan which had been perfected. But Maggie, as we came to call her, was taken away as had been promised, into the home of one of the women of the W. C. T. U., where she was surrounded with every comfort, and cared for as a sister or daughter might have been, and where she found Christ as her friend and personal Savior, and where, after a few months of terrible suffering, but of happy living and trusting, she died and was buried by the W. C. T. U. in the full assurance of a resurrection in Christ.

Her full name was never learned. She was known to us simply as Maggie. For the sake of her father and mother she thought best to the end of her life to conceal it, and so did not give us any means of identifying, or of communicating with, them.

This is the end of the manuscript. My mother left her written history as she left life, in the midst of

things. Whether she intended to write more or not, we do not know.

It has been a curious experience to read and study this manuscript. In itself, in its style and manner of construction, in the different incidents made prominent at different periods, in the whole coloring and aspect of these incidents, it is an exponent and a revelation of the development, not only of the writer's character, but also of her thought in preparing the book.

Up to the time of her marriage it is the story of a dreamer and a poet,—an innocent, ignorant, confiding, unsophisticated, dependent, religious girl. I am sure that while writing this part of her life my mother had no thought of publication. She has even used fictitious names for the persons mentioned, including herself; and the manuscript is yellow and faded, as if it had been neglected for some time. It must have been written during the years of her invalidism, of which I am about to write. Evidently, for the time being, she went back in imagination to those early days, and lived over again her childhood and girlhood. Fortunately for us, she had the ability, and the fancy, to make those scenes vivid and true, so that they live again for us, as they did for her. But changes came. For her experiences after the death of her husband we must depend upon a later manuscript, written apparently after she came to Battle Creek, but before she had regained her health. This manuscript, too, began with her childhood, but the first part of it is merely a

recital of facts,—the skeleton of a life, a bare outline, which might interest a few.

Doubtless the fact that she had written before of that period influenced this account. At all events, we have nothing but cold statements until she comes to her widowhood. For some time after this we have no clue as to why she is writing her history. She is straightforward and matter-of-fact, as if she had a purpose, but felt that time was short and must not be wasted on anything superfluous. I believe that when she began the second manuscript she intended to make it simply a record for her children,—something that they might keep for their own comfort. But as she came down to her later life, to the narrative of a work and of incidents that had been to her a testimony of the power of God, the evangelistic spirit took possession of her again, and unconsciously she wrote as if the public were to read, as if discouraged hearts were to be helped by the experiences related.

In going on with her story from this point it will not be necessary to emphasize the public side of it. She has shown us, as even her children did not know it, the power that attended her work for the world. But in honor of her memory, and in refutation of much popular misconception as to women speakers and reformers, I would picture, if I could, more vividly than is possible, other sides and aspects of her life.

The year of her first work in Michigan was my first year at the preparatory school in Evanston. I remember well how my mother wrote to me about the Christ-

mas vacation, and how we decided that because of the expense involved, I would better not join her for the holidays, but should stay quietly at the Cottage. But her children always tugged at her heart-strings, and finally she could bear it no longer. So, after school had begun again and there was my work to consider as well as the expense, my mother suddenly telegraphed me to come at once to Niles, Michigan, prepared to stay a week. She was simply so hungry for the sight of one of her children that every obstacle was swept aside.

She visited me several times during the year, and the next autumn she gathered her family once more, and moved to Evanston, where she rented a house on Foster Street, and we again established a home. My grandmother came to live with us there, and one of my schoolmates made an arrangement to room with me and work for her board. She was to keep the house in order, while I was to cook. We washed the dishes together. We all went to school,—the boys, Elsie, and I, while Grandma was the quiet center of the home.

The machinery of this plan did not run smoothly at first. My brothers and I found it difficult to adjust ourselves to each other after so long a separation. Finally we had a meeting, we three, and talked it over. We agreed that we were all more or less spoiled, that we had each been petted and humored, and made to feel very important in the different surroundings of the last year,—the boys in homes where

they were loved and not disciplined, myself at school, where I was happy and free, and felt no home cares. One of my brothers bluntly expressed it, "We all want our own way, but we can't all have it; so everybody'll have to give in." The conference closed with that understanding, that we should all "give in"; and it was not long before we had formed again the harmonious relations of our childhood.

Our mother's occasional home-comings were anticipated with great rejoicing, and we listened with thrilling interest to her stories of the people and the places she had visited, of the men and women who had been turned from a life of sin. She thought of us constantly while away, and was always sending us pretty mementoes of different experiences. She trusted us absolutely, and often quoted our fidelity to her teaching and our general trustworthiness; yet the mother instinct would sometimes take alarm at a trifle. I remember my girlish indignation and amusement one winter, during a very cold snap, at receiving a telegram from her, saying, "Be sure to keep the folding doors shut." I wrote to her immediately that we had not thought of warming the parlor for a week, and were trying to thaw out the Christmas turkey by the base burner in the sitting room. "Mamma's telegrams" came to be a family synonym for the unexpected. But we never feared them.

During the first two years of our housekeeping in Evanston my mother was engaged for some time in city mission work in Chicago. She was thus enabled

to come home nearly every night. She was connected with the South Halsted Street mission, and went all day among the poor and the sick, carrying physical and spiritual comfort.

One night she came home in great suffering, complaining of sore throat and pain in her head. This was the beginning of a terrible illness. Somewhere in going about in the slums she had come into contact with two dread diseases,—malignant diphtheria and erysipelas, both of which made an attack upon her at the same time. Her head and face were so badly swollen with the erysipelas that her mouth could not be opened to attend to her throat. For weeks she took her nourishment through a straw. For three weeks she was delirious, living in a strange world, saying and doing strange things. During this time one of my school friends, Fannie Bolton, came up to help us take care of her, and from that moment she would have no other nurse. Fannie entered into the spirit of her condition, obeyed all her whims, accepted the vagaries of delirium as facts, and pretended to deal with them accordingly.

Nobody thought that my mother could live, but her extraordinary vitality, and the care of a Christian physician, supplemented by Fannie's nursing, pulled her through. When she came to herself again and was able to talk to us, she described a wonderful experience. She remembered all the details of her brain life during those three weeks. If there is anything in the theory that one's real character appears

at such a time, then she showed herself to be first and pre-eminently a mother, for her one thought throughout all those wild days had been her children;—some one had taken them away from her, and she was searching the universe to find them.

As soon as she was able she resumed her evangelistic work, going away for short trips, but spending more time at home engaged in literary work. "The Voice of the Home" must have been written about this time. This book was a great success, so far as the publishers and the public were concerned. My mother herself received three hundred dollars for the manuscript, and knew so little, and thought so little about business affairs and the ways of the world that she did not even try to make more favorable arrangements.

It was not in the nature of things that she should be a good business woman. In her later years she recognized and deplored this defect; but in those days of her activity she never thought of it. The change from desperate poverty to a condition in which she might make provision for the future had come so imperceptibly, and yet so quickly and suddenly, that she did not realize it in the least. For so long she had been accustomed to depend upon others—her father and mother, and then her husband, and for so long there had been no other way than to spend the money she earned for immediate necessities, or to pay debts, that the possibility of laying anything aside for emergencies, to say nothing of that remote idea, an investment,

had never occurred to her. It seemed to her wonderful that she was able to make a home for her children, to provide for them food and clothing, to send them to school.

It was while we lived on Foster Street that her application for a pension was finally granted. It had been years after my father's death before it occurred to her that as a soldier's widow she might be entitled to a pension. Even then the idea was suggested by friends. The matter was pushed through by these friends. When the pension came, with about two thousand dollars of back pay, she was as delighted as a child with a new toy. Now she could do what she had longed to do so many years,—buy and live in a home of her own. She did not wait to consult real estate agents, or to look about. With characteristic energy she desired to act at once. The shrewd Irish woman who owned the house we lived in had a cottage next door which she wished to sell, and she so painted its charms to my mother that without hesitation she decided to buy it. Her imagination at once transformed it into a bower of beauty. I was old enough then to put in a demurring word, and our Rockford friend, Mr. Hart, who had also moved to Evanston, protested with some vigor; but no, she wanted this cottage, and no other. Consequently the sale was concluded, and she went to work immediately to renovate and improve it. By cutting archways, changing doors, painting, papering and building a veranda, a wonderful transformation was effected. My mother

superintended every detail, and took infinite pleasure in fitting up our cozy nest.

We lived in this cottage during my Freshman year in college. My brothers were both in the preparatory school. My mother went and came about her work, enjoying with inexpressible keenness the brief periods she could spend at home.

It was during this year that I began to understand how hard it was for her to go away into public life. As I have said before many a time I have seen her weep, in a passion of grief, at the necessity. It would seem as if she could not possibly bring herself to leave us. My heart used to ache for her, in sympathy, though I could not enter into the intensity of her feeling; but I would cry, too, and try to make it easier. As I think of it now, and begin to realize how little I comprehended her sufferings, or appreciated her sacrifices, I have no comfort but the assurance that she would rather have had her little daughter's sympathy, immature and heedless though it was, than that of any older woman.

My mother took the greatest pleasure in entertaining her children's school friends. Whenever she was at home it was our invariable custom to invite some student who was away from home to take dinner with us on Sunday. She always entered into our frolics, helped us make candy or pop corn, went with us on picnics, and was doubtless younger in her life with her children than she had ever been in her own girlhood.

It was one of the laws of the house that the children should make all the noise they pleased; that is, all the happy noise. So long as it was natural, or expressed simply the exuberance of childish spirits, it disturbed no one. The noise of a quarrel, of angry voices, of willfulness or selfishness, was another thing.

Winter evenings we used to read aloud. When my mother was working at one of her stories I read aloud every evening what she had written during the day. Her children were her first critics. She often called them the most severe. We had many an argument over this and that point; some of us insisting it ought to be different, the author standing up for her own position or invention.

Birthdays and holidays were wonderful occasions. So long as she lived, however distant she might be, or however busy, my mother never forgot the birthday of one of her children. We came gradually to understand that no matter how many years should pass over our heads, or how far we might be separated from her in belief or associations, there was one tender bond that no possible human change could break, save that of death. And the saddest thing, as I sit to-day, and the past comes rushing back, is to think that never again can the dainty token from my mother remind me that to her I am still a child, beloved with the passionate, unexact, unchangeable love of mothers.

In the summer of 1882 my mother was attending a camp-meeting at Lake Bluff, when she was suddenly taken ill. One morning, just as I was putting some

bread into the oven, I received a telegram from Miss Willard, telling me to meet my mother at a certain train with a physician and a carriage. She was brought home on a cot, and it was months before she was able to sit up, almost a year before she left the house. This time the trouble was nervous prostration. It was a hard year for us all. My brothers left school and went to work in Chicago. Alfred was a messenger boy in a bank, and Arthur ran errands for the publishers, Revell & Co. The boys brought home every penny they earned, and never uttered a complaint, or asked to keep any money for themselves. I remained in school, partly because I was nearer through college than they, and could not earn very much even if I were to secure a position to teach, and partly because my mother could not spare me. Most of the time we hired a girl to do the housework, while I superintended and took care of my mother. Three children experienced then what most people learn later in life,—the horrors of debt, sickness, bills, creditors. During the year my mother received three hundred dollars for one of her books, which relieved the situation.

But in the darkest days we were not a gloomy household. That winter we read all of Dickens aloud, and wept to think there was no more. I always read rapidly, but in thrilling scenes my brothers would get up and walk the floor, crying, "Hurry, hurry! can't you read any faster?" Thus we forgot our own troubles in the doings of others.

When our mother was first able to be up and dressed,

the greatest excitement prevailed. Arthur was so delighted that he could not contain himself, and took a boy's way of expressing his emotions. He went up behind her chair and peered around it into her face, making a grimace. This so amused her that she began to laugh. But she was too weak to laugh, and her first sitting up nearly ended in disaster.

Late the following spring we broke up housekeeping, and my mother returned to Rockford for a visit. Finally, as she was not yet strong, and in order to give me more freedom in my college work, she went back there to live, renting her house in Evanston. She spent the next few months chiefly in literary work, although she always gathered about her a circle of those whom she had helped to a better life. It was at this time that the character known as Hollis Ellenwood in "One More Chance" came into her family.

During the winter she was very ill again, and I was sent for to come home, as it was thought she could not live. She had fallen from the step of an omnibus, and sustained a severe spinal injury. But she felt that her time had not yet come, and prayed to God to remove her weakness and disabilities. The next day she rose from her bed, declared herself better, and set herself to writing. I returned to Evanston and finished my Junior year.

While I was at home during that summer my mother wrote the entire manuscript of "One More Chance." She made it a rule to complete twenty pages a day. She would sit out under a tree, with her

little table before her, and be utterly absorbed in her work until it was done. Then she would come in and be ready to join whatever merriment or recreation the young people had on hand. But Wednesday evening she always went to prayer-meeting.

She wrote her stories rapidly, never stopping to punctuate, letting the pages fall on the ground, or the floor, as fast as they were completed. Evenings we again read the manuscript.

In the autumn of '84 she went to Nebraska for an evangelistic tour very similar to her work in Michigan. If she could have written it, the story of those months in the Republican Valley would have been as absorbing, and would have shown the power of God through her ministry as vividly as did any experience of her earlier years. Whole towns were swept of every evil resort. Hundreds of people turned from a life of sin and worldliness to become earnest followers of the Christ. Here, as in every place which she visited, she formed the warmest friendships with those to whom her unselfish and devoted life had been a revelation.

In June, '85, she returned to Evanston for my graduation. I remember that she came a week beforehand and was entertained by the same minister, Louis Curts, with whom she had worked in De Kalb and who was now pastor of the First Methodist Church at Evanston. At his home she made me a dress and trimmed me a bonnet, to wear commencement week.

It was a great disappointment to my mother that I felt no inclination to take up W. C. T. U., or

evangelistic work. It was the old story of children who had ambitions, predilections, convictions of their own. She had, however, the happiness of finding that her elder son had felt the call to enter the ministry, and was ready to accompany her west to begin his work. Arthur had been in delicate health, so it was planned that we should all go to Nebraska for the summer. I doubt if my mother was ever happier than on this return to her western friends, accompanied by all her children. It was joy unspeakable to show them the natural beauties of the wild scenery through which we passed, to tell them of the people we were going among, to make plans for trips even farther west.

Alfred left us at Omaha, going directly to his new work at West Point. The rest of us went to Bloomington,—a little town of five or six hundred inhabitants, which was, in a sense, the center of my mother's influence.

There we spent the summer, keeping house in a tiny cottage; reading aloud; watching the color come back to Arthur's cheeks; laughing at him for falling asleep with a dish towel or a book in his hand, and sleeping on for hours in all sorts of positions; making short trips to neighboring villages where my mother would speak, and returning by carriage late at night, but feeling wide awake in the fresh bracing air of those wide prairies.

We remained in Nebraska nearly two years. My mother filled engagements all through that country, going as far west as Cheyenne, Wyoming. She reveled

in new experiences, and thoroughly enjoyed her work. If she could only have kept her children with her she would have been perfectly happy. She had always dreamed of the time when she could settle down with her children about her, and live a quiet literary life. I am sure that never once in all her history did she see a little cottage in some sequestered, picturesque spot, without exclaiming, "There; I should like to live in just such a place as that!" "Oh, but mamma," we would reply in chorus, "think how lonesome it would be!" "Not if I had my children," she would answer.

One year of our stay in Nebraska I taught in a small Methodist College. I was anxious to gain experience, to earn some money, to be independent. But the second year we so evidently needed a home for Arthur and Grandma, who had been spending a year with her daughter in Kansas, that I gave up my school work, and we went to housekeeping in Omaha, where Arthur had obtained a position in a railroad office. The following spring, as my mother's work now took her back to Illinois, we returned to our old home on Foster Street. Presently a new railroad was put through so close to this house that we persuaded the Irish woman who had sold it to us to buy it back, with some advantage to herself, and we moved into a larger house on Chicago Avenue, three or four doors from Rest Cottage.

One day, while we lived in this house my mother was making currant jelly in the kitchen, when a gaunt gray cat came running in from the back door. She

clawed my mother's skirts and mewed piteously, trying to pull her toward the door. Then she ran back outside, and presently returned with a tiny kitten in her mouth. She brought four of the lean, blind creatures and laid them at my mother's feet. Never did suffering man, woman, child or beast appeal to her for aid in vain. Upon investigation she found that this poor old cat could not nurse her kittens, and they were starving to death. The cat watched my mother anxiously. When she saw her take the kittens one by one and feed them milk from a teaspoon, her delight was evinced by the wildest feline demonstrations. Every day after that she brought her kittens to be fed, and so long as my mother remained at home it was her daily recreation to give the kittens milk. The fame of the gray cat and her bottle-fed babies went all over the neighborhood, and one morning Miss Willard and Miss Gordon came from Rest Cottage to see "Smi" feed the cats with a teaspoon. In a personal letter written soon after Miss Willard's death my mother has preserved the following reminiscence of this time:

"I have a wonderfully sweet memory of the early days of our acquaintance, in the first years of W. C. T. U. work, when we were both young, and before the pressure of responsibility had become so heavy as to render the home visits times of seclusion in which to make up arrears of things that could not be done on the wing. In those early days Miss Willard's home-comings were characterized by childlike hilarity and merriment. She would 'throw off' as she used to

express it, the 'dignity' which it was necessary for her to maintain in the public eye, and become a girl again, romping through the house and yard, up and down, whistling, singing snatches of happy songs, and making herself the life of the neighborhood. One evening as I came into Rest Cottage, and she started down the stairway to meet me, she said, 'I feel almost like riding down the banister again.'

"With the children and young people of the neighborhood she was on the terms of closest intimacy. Between her and my youngest son there was a sort of good fellowship, which required a regular code of signals—whistles and calls of various sorts. He loved to help her in her garden, and in training the vines about the front piazza, and up the stump of an old tree in the front yard. When she would begin to feel like taking a little whiff of fresh air after writing in her den for hours, she would come out and whistle, and the boy, no matter what he was doing, would answer by another whistle, and then would jump and run, and they would be seen at work, climbing and digging, as the case required, and talking and laughing like two children. She was never at a loss to make herself a companion to the youngest. One of the saddest evidences of the accumulating burden of her work was in the necessity of cutting short these periods of recreation. And still there were times, even in the busiest of her later years, until after the death of her mother took her out of the Evanston home, when she would abandon herself for a little time to the old free girlish

spirit, and make everything merry and bright for her neighbors.

“One personal experience illustrates her exceedingly tender thoughtfulness. Madame Willard and my mother, Mrs. Irish, were very much attached to each other, and used to visit back and forth. My mother died first, after a very brief illness with la grippe, with which I had myself been very ill before her attack, being at the time of her death still confined to the house. The body was to be taken to a distant place for burial, and two of my children started with it in the evening. The burial was to take place early the next morning, so as to make it possible for the children to return the same day. One son remained with me, as I was not able to be left alone. In the morning, as I was being prepared for my breakfast, there was a tap at the door, and upon opening it Miss Willard appeared. I knew that she was especially ‘under foot’ with work, having five or six secretaries assisting in something of especial importance at that time. She had been at the funeral the day before, and had been out and in many times. I had no thought of seeing her again, and expressed my surprise. She came and took my hands, her eyes brimming over with tears, and said, ‘Did you think I could sit down in my den and work quietly, and know that your mother was being laid away, and you not able to be there? No, indeed, Smi;’ calling me by her pet name for me, ‘you know that we must stand by each other; and I have come to spend the morning with you.’ She had her Testament in her hand, opened at

the 14th chapter of John, which she proceeded to read to me. I shall never forget the reading, the prayer, the quiet, comforting talk that followed, and the manner in which she, unaccustomed as she was to any such services, assisted me with my breakfast, playfully calling herself my nurse, adapting herself in a manner I should never have supposed possible to the exigencies of the sick room. I had a sense all the time of the wealth of love which she was pouring out upon me, because I knew how valuable was every moment at this special period.

“Those who have not known her in her simple neighborhood life have failed of the very sweetest revelations of Miss Willard’s character. It was there that she exhibited her womanly tender nature in a manner in which it could never have been made manifest before the public. She has left a most tender feminine Christlikeness for young womanhood to grow by, which has never been excelled, and which, let us pray, may impress itself upon the generation which is rising about her grave.”

## XI

### SHUT IN

“Action and reaction are equal and in contrary directions.”

It would be difficult to imagine a greater hardship for one of my mother's disposition, than to be deserted by her physical powers. She possessed the most indomitable energy. Whatever she did, she did with her whole might, whether it was writing a book or cooking a dinner.

It was a relief to her to turn from public work to domestic affairs. We learned to expect a revolution in the house whenever she came home. Happy was the kitchen maid who could keep dishcloths, and cupboards, and sinks clean enough to suit her. Usually our hired girl would leave within a week after my mother's return. It was not that she was stern or severe, but she simply could not endure any laxity in housework. Now and then some girl would be of the same mind, and together they would work miracles, cleaning the house from garret to cellar, and having the merriest time in the world. My mother could paint and paper a room, upholster a couch or a chair, mend a broken latch.

The house once in order, then she would cook, put up fruit, make mince meat, or undertake any of the

heroic tasks that most housekeepers dread. Nothing pleased her better than to prepare a Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner with her own hands, and then watch her children and their friends as they pronounced upon the various dainties. She was the marvel of many who came to our home and who held the idea that literary women could not do housework. Her bread and cake and pies were delicious, her jellies clear and beautiful.

But she could not always be depended upon. If she felt an inspiration, everything else was forgotten. I remember one Monday morning, when she had been at home about a week, and had worked every day in the kitchen. That morning, instead of proposing some special cleaning or cooking enterprise, she went into the bay window with a tablet and her fountain pen, and began to write. All that day, and the next, she sat there, scarcely stopping for meals, saying nothing to any one. Tuesday night she brought out "Frances Raymond's Investment," a story so pathetic and so forcible that even the publishers and the composers wept over it.

The friends of my mother's girlhood and youth were amazed at the vigor of her advancing years. Was this the consumptive maiden "with one foot in the grave"? Her husband's friends who had shaken their heads over his prospective invalid wife, had long since ceased to remark, in her case, upon the strange vicissitudes of destiny.

But after her return from Nebraska her health began

to fail in earnest. As we look back now upon those years we are tempted to condemn ourselves that we did not forcibly compel her to give up public work. But we know that it would have been impossible. No one could compel her or persuade her to any course of action. She obeyed no voice but that of her own conviction. For several years she struggled on, traveling, speaking, teaching, writing. She enjoyed especially attending camp-meetings. Out-of-door life in any way would have appealed to her, but when it was coupled with religious services, there was nothing more to be desired. For three consecutive years she was invited to take charge of the woman's department at the Chautauqua Assembly, Chautauqua, New York.

She struggled bravely against increasing illness. Her work suffered, inevitably, and grew more and more disappointing to herself and others. Finally, in the autumn of 1889, she began to cancel engagements, and in January of '90 she went to the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, where, by means of the treatments and a slight surgical operation, she was greatly benefited.

It is useless to enter into the details of a growing invalidism. I would say briefly in outline that my mother returned to the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs in the autumn of '90, remaining there until the following spring. We were shocked to see the gradual change in her,—she grew so thin. In the summer of '91 she had a serious operation at Wesley Hospital, in Chicago, from which it seemed almost impossible that she could recover. But her wonderful vitality, and

her love for her children, and her faith in God, again supported her, and she was able not long afterwards to go to my brother Alfred's home in Chicago, and later in Peotone, Illinois, where she so far recovered her health that her desire for independence was reawakened and she urged to be permitted to return to Chicago to resume work.

Her arguments were so earnest, and her pleading so pitiful, that at last we agreed to try it. Accordingly, we rented a furnished room,—a front parlor, at number 77 Twenty-fourth Street, and she set up housekeeping by herself. Here she began to do literary work again. She wrote some short stories, and for several months edited the "Family Circle" of the "Orange Judd Farmer." She was determined not to be dependent upon her children.

One day she came out to my boarding place at Evanston with another proposition. Her landlady, Mrs. Scribner, had become very tired of renting rooms, and having charge of a house. She had worked hard during the World's Fair, and felt that she must rest. My mother had conceived the idea of renting the house, buying Mrs. Scribner's furniture, and going into the business of landlady herself. "But, my dear mother," I exclaimed, "you cannot clean rooms and carry water and coal, and empty ashes. You would be tired of the whole thing in no time. You are not built for such work."

But her enthusiasm swept away all obstacles. She knew that she could more than pay all her expenses,

and, for once, the financial aspect of her plan looked reasonable. One of the friends with whom I boarded offered to lend her fifty dollars,—or rather desired “to lend it to the Lord,” for he never expected to see it again,—to get her started, and thus my mother launched forth into a new enterprise.

I doubt if she ever did anything that brought out more delightfully her characteristic traits of mind and heart. I spent every Saturday and Sunday with her, and nearly every week she would have for me some quaint or amusing surprise.

First there was the excitement of renting her rooms. She would not take everybody. One day three young men came to the door, and announced themselves as medical students in search of rooms. After various inquiries and answers, my mother said:

“I could not rent my rooms to any body who smokes.” Whereupon the spokesman, with a roguish smile, declared:

“Mrs. Henry, we don't smoke. We are just your kind. We are Christian boys.”

After a few more questions the young men said they would think about it, and went away.

My mother was so impressed that she wanted these roomers that she went straight into her little parlor, knelt down, and prayed that they might return. In less than ten minutes back they came. They told her afterwards that they had started to look at some other rooms on their list, but just at the corner of Cottage Grove Avenue, a few steps away, they had stopped

with one accord, and said, "What's the use of looking any farther? Those rooms are pleasant, and that woman is no ordinary landlady, you may be sure."

These young men filled my mother's house with their friends. They were decidedly unusual medical students. They neither dissected her cat, nor came home drunk. They carried out the ashes, attended to the stoves, and waited upon her like sons. On the other hand, she looked after their comfort, cooked them nice little dishes, invited them to come in Sunday evenings and sing or talk.

One morning, after four of them,—great, hearty country boys, had kept her awake the night before by scuffling in their room over her's, she called them into her kitchen after breakfast. With a very solemn face she conducted them into the little square court at the back of the house. "Now, boys," she said, "when you want to scuffle please come out here. There is plenty of room overhead, and they can't hear you below; so nobody will be disturbed." This convulsed the company, and there was no more noise at night.

One Friday evening, after our little supper together in the kitchen, my mother said that she had been saving a remarkable story to tell me. I had noticed her air of suppressed excitement, and prepared to listen with even more than ordinary attention. The story concerned the renting of two vacant rooms,—the front parlor and the small hall bedroom. She was sitting in her own private room one evening, wishing that she could manage to rent those rooms, when the bell

rang. She opened the door, and was confronted by a genial face that in the light of the hall lamp glowed with good will, and was a very prophecy of good fortune as a breezy voice asked:

"What rooms have you, madam? I think this is the address," and the man glanced at a paper in his hand. "I was sent here by a young man who told me you could suit me with two rooms, he was sure."

"Yes," she said, "I have two vacant rooms. Just come this way," and she opened the parlor door.

"But I don't want the parlor. I want one large room and one small room. There are three of us; the rooms must communicate. Then the parlor is noisy, so near the street you know. We must be quiet."

"Well, I don't know, then," she said thoughtfully. "I have only this one, and a small room above."

"Can I see the upper room?"

"Certainly."

They ascended the stairs, and she lighted the lamp in the small neat room furnished with a single bed.

"Ah, now this is all right for the small room. But what have you in here?" pointing to the door in the wall.

"That opens into a front room that is already occupied."

"I see. Well, now this arrangement would suit us if—you see we shall be permanent. I hope, madam, your lease does not expire before May."

"Oh no; I am here to stay."

"For," continued the applicant, "We are World's Fair men. Have been here three years. Moved once. Have to move now because landlord's lease expires, and he must move. Don't want any such bother again."

"No, surely. It is very unpleasant to move."

"I should say. Now I have to spend this evening packing two large trunks, and the no end of things, you know. One never knows how much he has until he begins to move."

My mother assented to this, saying that she preferred permanent roomers.

"Well, that's what you have in us, madam. At least for five months,—may be longer."

She thought a moment, then said:

"Will you please step down and be seated in the parlor, and I will see what I can do."

The gentleman went down, and she, knocking, was admitted to the room where two students were hard at work. She felt the burden of the suggestion that was on her tongue, but she knew these young men to be considerate to an unusual degree, so she boldly plunged into the subject.

"I have an application," she said, "for two communicating rooms,—situated, in fact, just as these two rooms are, for three gentlemen—World's Fair men, who want them for, well, as nearly permanent as roomers go; and it occurred to me that you would be willing to let me move you into the parlor. You shall have it for the same price, of course, and I will make

you thoroughly comfortable. You see I may not rent that room this winter in any other way, and——”

“Why,” said one of the young men at once, “I'd as soon.”

“We-ell,” said the other, “I confess that to move looks like an undertaking.”

“You shall not have one bit of trouble. I will fix you up to-morrow while you are away. You just go off as usual, and when you come home go into the parlor instead of coming up here.”

The young men laughingly agreed to this.

She found the stranger standing in the hall.

When she told him of the arrangement, he said: “I think the young men are extremely obliging. I am sorry to put them to so much trouble. I never like to be under obligation to people so much younger. I must try in some way to do them a good turn.”

“Would you like to see the room?”

“Oh, yes, certainly. There may be some little suggestions, but I am sure from what I have seen I shall find it all right.”

The room was investigated very quietly, he standing on the threshold and taking it in at a glance, and indicating his approval by a nod.

“I suppose the door between them can be removed,” he remarked.

“Oh, certainly; just as well as not.”

“You heat with stoves?”

“Yes, we have no furnace.”

They were coming back to the parlor.

"Nor grates?"

"Nor grates."

"Well, that reminds me. Did you ever see Henry Ward Beecher? I was in his house in Brooklyn talking with him one evening as we sat before a splendid fireplace three feet—wood, you know—right in his parlor, and he remarked, 'Men have fought and bled and died for their firesides, their hearthstones, but did you ever see anybody who fought and bled and died for a hole in the wall or a stove?' I'm like Mr. Beecher. Give me an open fire for comfort; but since we must have a stove, we will try to be reconciled. Now as to the terms. How much for the two rooms?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Yes?—Twenty dollars is reasonable, too," making memorandum. "You see I have so many things to keep straight I am going to put it all down. And could you give us breakfast?"

"No. I do not take any boarders."

"Well, that makes it bad." And he put his hand to his chin and meditated.

"It's not much work, is it, to get breakfast,—oatmeal and coffee? We are Scotchmen, and make a breakfast almost wholly of oatmeal and a cup of coffee."

She considered: "Of course you will want other things."

"Oh, certainly! Steak, chops, fish, eggs,—things suitable in the season, but nothing elaborate. That

will make all the difference in the world with the arrangement. We are willing to pay for what we get. We have been paying six dollars a week for table board out near the Fair Grounds. We will be willing to pay you two dollars apiece for the breakfast."

Of course she had to decide quickly. She thought of what an addition that would make to her income, and at last replied:

"Well, I will try the breakfasts. I did not intend ever to take boarders, but I will; you are so pleasant,—you usually get what you want, I suspect."

He laughed heartily as he answered:

"Well, yes; that's so. We will try not to make you too much trouble though."

"But I have no dining room; that is rented. You will have to eat in the kitchen."

"Ah, well, it is not as though there were ladies in our party. Now how do you have your pay?—by the week, Saturday night?"

"The others all pay by the month; in advance, of course."

"Yes; but I shall want to pay Saturday nights. Our money comes so that that is more convenient for us."

"Very well; it will make no difference in the end."

"Well, then, now it is late. I told the boys that I would give this evening, and an hour to-morrow, if necessary, to finding a place and packing, and so on. They will come to-morrow night, and will then pay you up to Saturday. I would like to take possession of my room at once if it will suit you."

"Certainly; I can have it ready in twenty minutes."

She lingered a moment, but did not like to urge the matter of advance payment any further, and yet;—but she would let it rest until morning. The genial laugh with which this man punctuated his conversation was so winsome, she was willing to relax somewhat of business strictness. She made the room as sweet and fresh as possible, and the old gentleman bade her good-night and started up the stairway, whistling softly. When part way up, he turned and called back, leaning over the railing:

"Ah, madam, about breakfast?"

"Breakfast! To-morrow morning? I am afraid it is too late to make such preparation. I have no oatmeal; do not use it myself."

"What do you say to griddle-cakes?" he smilingly remarked, looking down at her. "I can make a breakfast of griddle-cakes and coffee."

"Very well, if that will do, it will be easily managed. Good-night. I hope you will find everything comfortable."

My mother went to her room almost bewildered with her good fortune. With so many vacant rooms all over the city, to have her house filled so easily, was surely cause for congratulation. She began to plan little improvements for the comfort of her guests, and was so busy making mental alterations, and getting the accommodating young men settled in the parlor, that she scarcely slept.

After a while the odor of a very vile pipe began to

settle down and creep in through the cracks in the door. This disturbed her somewhat, but she decided to wait until the gentlemen were settled before she said anything further about it. She thought of the old man very kindly, and was inclined to be charitable toward his shortcomings.

The next morning she was astir betimes, and gave some extra touches to the kitchen, set the table, made the coffee and cake batter, called her lodger, and waited. He was slow, but appeared about half past eight, with a jolly laugh.

"Yes," he said, "I never take life hard. Take it merrily whatever comes. That is my motto. Always look for the humor of things, and stick a laugh in everywhere, anywhere,—laugh when you have nothing to laugh at, and then laugh again because you were such a fool as to laugh at nothing."

He made a fine breakfast, disposed of a great number of the delicious cakes, with butter and sugar, and passed his cup three times for coffee, praising its quality, and making the cook feel that she was already paid for her service.

But as he did not introduce the matter of business, she must. So, after a while she said:

"Now, about the rooms. It will be a great deal of labor, and involve some expense to make the necessary changes, and it is no more than right that you should make a deposit, also, to secure the rooms. I could not otherwise keep them for you all day. I am in the habit of trusting people as far as is right, and a little farther

sometimes, but you will see the reasonableness of this."

"I do, madam," was the reply. "It is right, and now I will tell you what I will do,—you see I was so busy packing, and so on. I will hurry right over to the expressman who has my order, and is waiting for the address, and will make my report to the gentlemen, and send you three dollars by the expressman. You can give him a receipt on account. That will be about ten o'clock, and will secure the rooms until we come to-night, will it not?"

"Ten o'clock?" she said, but her heart already misgave her. "I hardly know. Perhaps that will do. Will you step into the parlor and register?"

"Oh, certainly," he said.

They went into her little parlor together, and she brought out a morocco-bound book, and a pen, saying:

"You can register for all three, if you like."

He took the pen and wrote, with a flourish, "Charles Wellman, New York"; and while she was adjusting her glasses that had become entangled in the chain, he hastened out. Of course that was the last she ever saw of him.

"A tramp, for all the world!" I exclaimed. "What a shame!"

But my mother did not consider it in that light. To her it was a most novel and exciting experience. Her eyes had grown bright while she talked, and two red spots burned in her cheeks. She had already written a story based on this episode. She called it "Chuck

Wellman's Christmas," and made it the story of a merry old tramp, who laid a wager with one of his cronies that he would sleep in a nice clean bed Christmas eve, and have an old-fashioned breakfast of pancakes and syrup, without paying a cent for either; and the defrauded landlady turned out to be his only sister. This story was published in the "Toledo Blade," of which my brother Arthur was then city editor.

This incident illustrates my mother's ability to make an event of everything that occurred. Nothing which concerned human life was a trifle to her. She saw the people around her, not as simply neighbors or friends or strangers, but as living souls, sinning, suffering, believing; saved or lost. She never turned a tramp from her door. She used to keep a pile of wood, uncut, and would give every one who came an opportunity to earn a meal.

One day during the labor agitations after the Fair, a woman came to the front door asking for work.

"What can you do?" said my mother.

"Oh, anything," she exclaimed, in a despairing tone.

"Can you wash windows?" was the next question, eagerly answered in the affirmative.

There was something so appealing, so imperative, about the woman, that although the windows did not greatly need washing, my mother set her to work. By and by it occurred to her that the woman might be hungry. She went up stairs and asked her if she had had any breakfast.

"Not since day before yesterday," she burst out wildly, and the tears began to fall.

Then my mother learned a pitiful story,—one of many thousand, to be sure, but the only one just then to her. This woman had a baby five months old, and several other children. Her husband had been out of work, and was now sick. Finally, to save them from starving, she had gone out to find, if possible, something,—anything, to do. It was a last desperate resort. They would not beg. She had tramped the streets three days, being refused everywhere until that morning. None of the family had had anything to eat for forty-eight hours.

My mother bestirred herself. She went away out to the garret-room where the family lived, and found that the woman's story was true in every particular. They were honest people, and clean, but the poor wife and mother did not know how to do anything well. My mother, and the young men in the house, gave her their washing, and all that winter, with Christian fortitude, they wore the clothes she laundered. My mother interested herself to get the husband work, and in the spring she had the pleasure of sending the whole family to a farm in Iowa, where both father and mother were to be employed, and the children could run and grow in the sunshine. This poor woman was so grateful to my mother that before she went she brought the only treasure she had saved from her bridal outfit,—some curious German silver salt and pepper boxes, and begged my mother to accept them.

She would not be refused. She said, "What good would they be to me if it was not for you? We should all be dead."

As fast as my mother gained any strength she began to spend it. She had a singularly buoyant and elastic nature. Nothing daunted her. During the winter of '94 and '95 she undertook the charge of the Bethesda Mission, on Clark Street. I think she was more effective in work of this kind than in any other. There was something about her that inspired the immediate confidence of rough and suspicious men; something, too, that touched their hearts, made them think of their mothers, stirred old memories and ambitions.

She knew just how to conduct a service in the slums. It was nothing she had learned in a school of methods. It was instinctive and unconscious. Never in her life did she call in a policeman to restore order or remove a man who was disturbing the meeting. I think she would have dismissed the policeman if he had undertaken to enter in his official capacity. It was her fixed principle that no man should be suppressed by force. No matter how drunk or quarrelsome he might be, she had the power to subdue him. I think the secret lay in her absolute love and respect for even the lowest human soul; partly, too, in her courage and faith in dealing with those who were regarded by many Christian workers as dangerous and hopeless. She respected the little idiosyncrasies of her auditors, neither laughing at nor chiding them. One man used to come in regularly every night, march down the aisle with a

military step, and, halting in front of the desk, give her a military salute, then wheel about and march to his seat. She always took this proceeding as a matter of course, acknowledging the salute by a pleasant look and word. If any man became really excited, or undertook to quarrel with others in the audience, she would give him something different to do,—ask him to open a window, close a draft in the stove, or perform some similar service, thus distracting his mind. If he became incorrigible, she would announce a hymn, and they would keep on singing until he quieted down.

I remember going to several of the meetings with her that winter. One bitter cold night I shall never forget. She always went down early, and began a song service while the men were coming in. At six o'clock a cup of tea, covered by a slice of bread, was passed to each man. If there was enough, a second cup and slice would be passed. No one ever refused this plain refreshment.

As I watched those men that evening, it seemed impossible that some of them could drink from those rough tin cups, and devour so eagerly coarse thick bread without any butter. One man, very decently dressed, with manly and even scholarly features, attracted my attention. Surely he was not going to eat that food. But he did. He made a great effort not to appear eager, but could not conceal his famished condition.

While the men were eating the workers sang. At half past six my mother rose, and, in her simple,

cheery way, said that she was now going to pray. She would like to have the men join her in this prayer.

"Now," she said, "I want to know how many men in this room have everything in the world they want? Please raise your hand." This absurd idea sent a murmur of amusement throughout the audience.

"Now," she said again, "I see no hands, so I conclude that you all want something. How many of you here would like a job?"

A score of hands went up.

"How many of you would like to have me pray that you may get this job?"

A few signified their interest in this. Then she went on to talk to them a moment about the promises and love of God, and then she prayed,—a strong, tender, sympathetic petition for these men,—these homeless, sinful, wicked, discouraged, unfortunate men,—that they might find the one great Friend who could help them in their extremity, that they might give their hearts to Him, that He might give them work and food, and the comfort of His peace.

After that they themselves were asked to speak. This was the strongest part of the service. One tall, muscular Irishman told how he had been a bar tender in a neighboring saloon. But in that mission he had given his heart to God. Two days and two nights he had walked the streets, with not a morsel of food to eat, and no place to sleep, but he would never go back and "work for the devil"; and now Mrs. Henry had

found him a job that would keep him from starving and he was the happiest man in Chicago.

Another, a fine-looking young Scotchman, with refined, intellectual features, said that he had been a hard drinker, and had lost a good position. He had fallen very low, until at last the shame of all he had become, so overwhelmed him that he had fully made up his mind to put an end to his wretched life. On his way to do the deed, with the revolver in his pocket, he had passed the door of the mission, heard familiar old hymns, stopped to listen a moment, entered, and found Jesus.

And so it went. Wonderful testimonies were given. A few asked for prayers. Some made a beginning in a Christian life.

These men were like children. It was amusing to see how, when a call was made for "sentence testimonies," half a dozen would be on their feet at once, each trying to get the first recognition from the leader, sometimes losing patience and beginning to be irritated because others were preferred. My mother, who knew every one individually, would sometimes say, "Now, my friends, Brother A. has been standing a long time, and we want to hear from him. But there are others whose turn comes before his. How many of you would be glad to give your turn to Brother A.? He looks tired to-night." This appeal to their generosity always cleared the air at once. Brother A.'s brow would smooth out, and the others would smile with self-approval.

Not later than nine o'clock the service closed. My mother lingered to give a word of counsel here and there, and to distribute a few lodging tickets to the most needy. She never could keep more than her car fare in her pocket to take her home. Would she save money in this city of starving and shelterless people?—It would be a crime.

The tall Irishman and the young Scotchman always accompanied her to Wabash Avenue, where she took the car, while they walked home. Several times she had her pocket picked during this short walk. But there was never anything in her purse but receipts and the five cents. On one of these occasions when, instead of giving him her fare, she showed the conductor a large hole cut in her dress, he expressed his sympathy, and paid her fare himself, declaring it a pleasure to serve a good woman.

During this same winter she also conducted the noon meeting at Willard Hall, and it was while on her way to the Temple one cold day, to lead this meeting, that she fell, unconscious, upon the pavement, being discovered a few seconds later by Mrs. Carse. She was carried into the corridor of Willard Hall, revived, and sent to her home in a carriage. She supposed that she had been simply overcome by the cold, and went about her work as usual. But in a few days she had another attack in the house, fainting away while passing from one room into another. A physician was summoned, who said that she had organic heart trouble. My brother Alfred was sent for, and found

her so low that she could not speak. I arrived the next day, and for weeks we watched by her bedside, thinking that every night must be her last. She slowly rallied, however, and the physicians began to say that she might live on for several months, possibly a year, but certainly not more than that.

Our old Rockford friend, Alfred Hart, came to see her, and said to me, "I don't know. Your mother is a sick woman, but she has been a very sick woman before, and I shouldn't wonder if she got up again."

My mother herself, I think, really expected to die, for she gave all her instructions accordingly; and yet she clung with great tenacity to certain things in life. She could not endure the noise of the city, but urgently objected to having her home broken up. Consequently she was carried to my brother's home in Peotone on a cot, while one of the medical students, who had been her faithful attendant, practically her physician, all these weeks, and to whose untiring devotion she largely owed her present improvement, took charge of the house and agreed to keep her roomers, and look after things until she could return.

It soon became evident, however, even to her, that she could never expect to resume active work again. The physicians pronounced her disease "mitral insufficiency," with regurgitation. Her heart was greatly enlarged, and a general dropsical tendency was manifest.

"But," said my mother, "I cannot be laid aside this way."

"Now, Mrs. Henry," said Mr. F——, the medical student, "how do you know the Lord doesn't want you to keep still a while, and learn a lot of quiet graces,—patience, and the happy art of waiting, maybe?"

My mother thought she would like to go to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and I wrote a letter to Dr. Kellogg, stating the case, and asking his opinion; but, not receiving a favorable reply, we dropped the matter for a time. Late in the summer she became strong enough to go to Ohio, to visit Arthur in his country home at Maumee. In this beautiful spot she still gained in health, and in the autumn, when it became necessary to close the house, she returned to Chicago, accompanied by a young artist friend of my brother's, who wished to obtain employment in the city.

It was absolutely necessary for my mother to have some absorbing interest aside from herself and her own affairs. She no longer had the Mission or the students, so she took my brother's artist friend. She wrote letters to people who had young children and might wish to employ a drawing or painting teacher. She secured orders for portraits and other pictures. She shared her room with this young woman, and it was a study in human nature to see those two adapting themselves to each other. No two people could be more unlike than these,—my mother, with her lofty and severe ideas of womanhood, and this young girl, born and educated in Europe, cultivated, in a worldly sense, but knowing very little about even the funda-

mentals of a spiritual life. She thoroughly appreciated, however, my mother's interest in her, and had a sincere affection for her, rendering with grace and tact the little domestic services that invalidism requires, and receiving thoughtfully the impulsive rebukes that her various Bohemian practices and utterances often elicited.

When I returned home for the summer of 1896 I found that my mother had gradually settled down into a comfortable and contented invalid life. She had converted one corner of her room into a cozy little kitchen, not more than six feet square, but so arranged that it was a marvel of economy in space. She had a tiny refrigerator, and a little gas stove. This corner was shut off from the rest of the room by a tall Japanese screen. She slept on a cot near the window, and every night, no matter what the mercury might suggest, up went her window at least six inches. Her room was the front parlor of the house, and more than once the landlady was called up in the dead of night by a policeman, who, seeing the window open in such inclement weather, could not possibly think of any cause but burglars.

My mother had anticipated my home-coming for months. It was pleasure untold to have one of her children to care for again,—and they were always children to her. I used to ask her sometimes how she supposed I managed, nine months in the year, “not to forget my rubbers,” and “to come home early.” But that summer, especially, her little room was a refuge

indeed—a true home, and it was a great rest and happiness to be “mothered.”

Although she had so simplified her own diet that she lived almost entirely on fruit, zwieback, and nuts, yet she had made all her plans to cook meals for me in her tiny kitchen. It was hard to convince her that this arrangement was not feasible, but although she was able to be about her room, and to go up and down stairs when occasion required, yet she could not endure any unusual exertion. A little overwork or excitement would invariably bring on a period of prostration. She was never able to get up in the morning until she had taken her cup of hot water and some heart stimulant, the latter varying, according to the advice of her physician, between digitalis, strofanthus, and nitroglycerine.

She had bought a wheel-chair, and hired a boy to take her to church every Sunday. That summer I took her myself to the Methodist and Baptist churches near by, and we sometimes attended a tent meeting in a vacant lot on Thirty-first Street. Occasionally we went to some park to spend the day, taking our luncheon and our books.

She had grown accustomed to her quiet life, and was very happy in it. Her landlady was the same Mrs. Scribner whose business she had bought out three years before,—a lovely, sincere woman, who was devotedly attached to her, and did everything possible to add to her comfort. She kept a few plants that thrived and blossomed. Occasionally some of her

friends would visit her,—Miss Willard, Bishop Vincent, Dr. Bolton, pastor of the church she attended, W. C. T. U. women, reformed men who treasured the memory of her influence, men and women of all classes of society who had been helped by her work in the past. Her face grew more and more spiritualized, her manner more and more gentle.

I endeavored all summer to arrange my work so that I could remain near her the ensuing year, but I was unable to bring it to pass, and finally we were seriously confronted by the question of her future. It seemed to me dangerous to leave her alone so far from her children, although she felt quite safe to stay, and rather demurred at the suggestion of any change. But one of the prominent W. C. T. U. women, who called one day, asked her why she did not go to the Battle Creek Sanitarium; and when I told her of our former experience she said that probably Dr. Kellogg never saw the letter, and declared that she would herself write to him personally with regard to the matter, which she did. Another of the Chicago women also interested herself, and it was soon arranged that my mother should go to the Sanitarium for an indefinite time at the usual rate for ministers and missionaries.

Neither of us had ever met Dr. Kellogg. We knew of him simply as a progressive physician, a philanthropist, and a friend of the W. C. T. U. I do not think we knew, then, that he was a vegetarian, or especially opposed to the use of drugs. I remember that a few days before we left Chicago one of our fellow roomers

remarked, "You may just depend upon it, Miss Henry, that when your mother gets to Battle Creek, they will find out that 'Tisn't her heart at all that ails her, but her stomach.'" I also heard it vaguely stated that the Sanitarium people were Seventh-day Adventists; which caused me in a laughing way to mention the fact to my mother, suggesting that possibly they might convert her; to which she gave a half-indignant rejoinder, saying that it was hardly likely that a person of her age and convictions would change her views.

Friday afternoon, the 31st of August, we took our leave of 3136 Vernon Avenue. It was a real grief to my mother to break up once more the little home to which she had become so deeply attached. There had been a motto on the wall over her couch, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," and this had truly expressed the atmosphere in which she had lived these many months. She was going now to the strange and the unknown, and her heart was faint.

I remember perfectly the incidents of that trip, how we were met at the station in Battle Creek by a bright-faced young man, who stowed us away in a carriage, and put my mother's wheel-chair up in front with him. We were given a room on the second floor, number 68. A cot was brought in for me, and we were soon asleep.

The next afternoon I was to leave my mother for another school year. She was visited in the morning by a sweet woman physician, who sent a nurse to give her some treatment. The physician took me through

the bath rooms, which were not in operation, "it being the Sabbath," but she explained some of the special treatments while I told her about my mother, and received the assurance that she should be tenderly cared for.

During "Rest Hour" I took her out on the veranda in her chair. She said she felt that it was going to be a delightful place. "Everything is so restful," she said, and added, smiling, "I really begin to feel the Sabbath atmosphere. Of course I shall not think of doing anything to infringe upon the Sabbath of these people. I can keep my own and their's too."

As the time came near for me to leave her I saw that she was making a brave effort not to show her feeling. That took my own courage away, and to save us both I hurried my departure, bidding her good-bye, and crying in the car all the way to the station, being comforted, however, by the only other passenger,—a woman, who said she understood, for she was leaving her only son at the Sanitarium, perhaps never to see him again.

This book is a narrative of events, and not a place for the discussion of principles. Ian Maclaren, upon being criticised for the doings of some of his wayward personages, once said that a novelist is not responsible for what his characters do after a certain point. He can introduce them to the reader, describe their appearance and disposition; he can even explain how they came to be as they are, but so far as prescribing

their conduct in general, or on specified occasions, is concerned, he is powerless. They must develop their own individuality. He often felt like putting a footnote at the bottom of the page, saying, "Now, I'm sorry Jamie would do so. It is not right. But I cannot help it."

The biographer, even more than the novelist, is held to the truth. Possibly my mother's career would have seemed more artistic had it ended here. But to my own mind, as I think of it now, and begin to have a faint conception of all the sacrifices she made for what she believed to be the truth, I am forced to conclude that the last three years of her life embodied the very acme of heroism, and put the crowning touch upon a noble character. Far be it from me to enter into the merits of the question itself. It is enough to know that she believed she was doing right, that she could not do otherwise and be true to her God, that she gave up her church and would have sacrificed the love of her children, and the confidence of her lifelong friends, had there been no other way.

I doubt if she realized at first all that might be involved. She was not accustomed to parley with duty. She stepped out first, and looked around her afterwards.

But it seemed impossible to tell her children. She feared that they would laugh at her. It is a comfort, however, to record that they did not. For myself, I was astonished when I received a letter in which, after stating various reasons why the seventh day should be

observed as the Sabbath, she said, "I have always believed in the soon coming of Christ, so I suppose that in all essential points I am now really one with this people." I read it again. "What does it mean?" I said to myself. "Does it really mean that she is going to join the Adventists?" I knew it had been a great pleasure to her to be once more in a thoroughly Christian atmosphere, where she could hear the singing of hymns and the preaching of God's Word as often as she felt able to attend the meetings. Still, a very short time before this she had written me that she was so homesick, she could not bear the thought of spending the rest of her short life so far away from her daughter, and she urged me to make some arrangement by which I could have her with me at the school. But I had persuaded her to wait till spring, when it would be safer for her to travel and to be in a building of uncertain conditions as to temperature and comfort. My first thought, then, upon reading this letter was, "Why didn't I bring her here at any cost?" Then I said to myself, "After all, it does not matter. Let her believe that way if it gives her any comfort"; and I wrote to her under that impression, stating, however, that this action on her part only strengthened my belief that one's religious experience is largely determined by his reading and environment.

This happened in November. The following April, just after Easter, I received a still more surprising communication,—a typewritten letter, saying that my mother had been healed by prayer, accompanied by a

note in her own handwriting written the second day after, April 15, stating that she was gaining in strength, that she had walked over to the Hospital and back, and given a Bible reading, and that now, of course, her whole outlook was changed. She might feel it her privilege to continue her literary work, but she already felt "the evangelistic impulse moving within," and might consider it her duty to go out once more into the evangelistic field. This announcement was like a bomb from the tomb. I was greatly alarmed, and wrote to my mother at once, begging her to be careful, and not to presume on the strength she had gained; above all not to make public her belief that she had been cured by faith until she had tested the fact by time as well as effort. For a week after that, every day, I fully expected to receive any moment a telegram stating that she had fallen dead.

In a few days, however, I received a detailed account of the whole event. My mother had been asked to join in a prayer service for a young friend whose case had been pronounced incurable by human means. Although it seemed inconsistent to her that one who was herself condemned to a wheel-chair should pray for the healing of another, at the appointed time she was taken to the Sanitarium Chapel in her chair. Several physicians and ministers, with two patients and herself, were present. What followed she has herself graphically described. She says:

"The Scripture was read, the instructions given by James for the healing of the sick were observed, and

prayer was offered. I did not feel like voicing a prayer; my heart was too heavy. But after several had prayed, I bethought me of my promise, and at once began to pray for my young friend. Almost immediately the suggestion was forced into my mind that it was my privilege to pray for myself. In all the prayers I had not been mentioned. I was not there to be prayed for. I was there as one of the helpers. I realized how peculiar was my position,—neither a subject of prayer, nor apparently in a condition which made it seem consistent that I should pray for others. But I had been assured that it was my privilege to pray for myself. What should I pray for? I had given up asking to be healed. However, I began, but instead of prayer, it was only earnest questioning of the Lord. Could it be possible? Was it according to His Word, or was it presumption for me to think of being healed? This was my burden.

“As soon as I began my questioning, the others began earnestly to plead my case before the Lord. I have an indistinct remembrance of prayers offered by Brother A. T. Jones, and Father Prescott. My questioning became desperate in its earnestness. I supposed I had given it up forever; now all my soul was aroused to know if deliverance was possible for me, and at last the answer came clear and positive that it was God's will that I should be made well; that He intended to heal me; but that it must be done then and there, if ever. I must step out on this assurance of His, regardless of anything that had been said to

me, or that any one might think concerning my attempt. Dr. Kress was kneeling at my side. I sat in my wheel-chair. I remembered her anxiety, and reaching over, I took hold of her hand and said, 'Dr. Kress, will you release me? Will you let me go?' She returned my clasp with a strong pressure, and, after a moment, answered, 'I will; I will.' Immediately I felt that I was cut loose. I can describe it in no other way. A tide of strength rushed in upon me. I knew that the work was done. I think that every person in the room recognized that the Spirit of healing had come upon me."

My mother rose from her wheel-chair, and declared that she should never return to it. She walked out of the chapel and up to her room. She felt strong and free, with a peculiar sense of vigor. The next morning she walked to the bath room for her early morning treatment. She surprised her nurse when she came at seven, by being dressed, even to her hair. It had been several years since she had been able to do up her own hair, on account of the weakness of her arms. She walked down the stairway to the parlor, being stopped by a great many people who marveled to see her on her feet. She says again in a leaflet upon the subject:

"It had been decided by the chaplain and myself that it was best for me to intercept flying and sensational rumors by making a statement of what had happened, giving the plain truth at this hour of worship. Accordingly, I stood at the desk and told the

story, all my sensations being of strength and vigor instead of any nervous hints of weakness. I could scarcely believe that I had ever been ill; I still seemed to have just awakened from a dream. When I returned from breakfast to my room, having walked in and out, up and down, like any well woman, I was exceedingly tired, not with the old sense of exhaustion, but with a natural weariness, such as I had not known in years. I threw myself on the couch to rest. Almost immediately that feeling of natural weariness began to change into the old form of exhaustion, and accompanying it was a severe pain in the cardiac region, which grew rapidly intense. I could not account for it, and was for an instant staggered; then I remembered my enemy, and springing up I said, 'This is the work of Satan, and I will not tolerate it.' I have always believed in a personal devil, and knew that he had been following me all through this experience, and understood this as one more effort to throw me into confusion, and cause me to lose confidence in God. So I said, 'This is altogether unnecessary. If this is going to be practiced on me, I will go to work'; and I began moving about, picking up things in my room. The pain continued and increased, while the sense of exhaustion became so great that it seemed I would be obliged to surrender; but I persisted. Meanwhile I had many callers. With each one I was obliged to go over the experience. I ignored the pain and present sense of illness. Every time I related the story, and came to the point where I could have made some com-

plaint of present weakness, I was strongly tempted to do so, but resisted, ignoring it entirely, and each time felt that I had attained a victory, and gained in strength.

“I do not know how long I was under the lash of that pain. It was long enough to put me to a very grim test; but not for an instant did I yield. I can see how, if I had, I should have lost all. I kept busy, going here and there, wherever I had occasion to go, walking quickly and ignoring the pain; and after a while I found myself free. I had conquered in the name of Him who had assured victory, and have since had no return of that persecution. It probably lasted four or five hours.

“At this point I will give you the statements made by Dr. Kellogg and Dr. Kress, which will explain themselves. The examination by Dr. Kellogg was made the following Friday:

“‘Last August, when Mrs. Henry arrived here, I made a careful examination of her case. She was bedridden, extremely weak, spoke in a very faint low voice, and could utter but a few words at a time. She had general dropsy, her pulse was almost imperceptible, and irregular. The heart was extremely weak, and dilated to twice its normal size; and with the stethoscope I found a loud, blowing murmur at the apex, indicating mitral regurgitation. This was the sound that used to keep her awake at night. I did not take sphygmographic tracings; but if I had, they would have been irregular; for the pulse was irregular.

Yesterday I examined her again, and found no symptoms of dropsy. She no longer needs the wheel-chair. I found her able to talk freely, and to walk quite rapidly up and down stairs, and to engage in other vigorous exercises without any evidence whatever of cardiac insufficiency or weakness or any shortness of breath or blueness of the lips, and no symptom whatever of any heart disturbance. The pulse is regular and strong, and normal in frequency; and the sphygmographic tracing shows a pulse perfectly normal for a person fifty-eight years of age. I took four or five tracings to see if it was possible for the beats to skip. I found the heart a little larger than normal. The blowing is present, but very slight; one has to listen very closely to detect any evidence of it. The heart has returned to its condition of normal hypertrophy—no longer any larger than it should be for a heart with one disturbed valve.' '

(Signed) J. H. Kellogg, M.D.

“Dr. Kress’s statement:

“To All Concerned: Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, of Chicago, came to this institution on the 31st day of August, 1896, and it was my pleasure to visit her soon after her arrival. I found her in a very prostrated condition, with her voice much weakened, so that she could scarcely talk above a whisper. By her side were the heart stimulants which she had been accustomed to take at regular hours to relieve the sense of prostration. Upon examination, I found the heart dilated to

about twice its normal size, and the heart-beat very feeble, the pulse at the wrist irregular and weak, and a blowing murmur at the apex of the heart. We removed the stimulants and placed her under the daily routine treatment for "insufficiency," which seemed to build up her general health to a certain extent. She has, however, been confined to her chair continually, being able to walk only a short distance. She has gained strength of brain and nerve tone, but the heart has made no gain whatever. It has been weak and irregular in beat, and enlarged, with a blowing murmur at the apex during all these months. For about two weeks she had felt an impulse to abandon her chair, and on the 10th of April, without my knowledge, made an attempt to do so. She walked into the dining-room to breakfast, supported by her nurse. But this effort was too much for her. Before her meal was finished, she became cold and very weak, and returned in her chair to her room, being prostrated the whole day from the effect of it. Two days later, on the 12th, she talked to me about this effort, and I made the statement to her that there was such a thing as faith, also presumption, and that we must be very cautious about being presumptuous in such a case, telling her that this old leaky pump she was carrying, would be unable to sustain the strain of such exercise. This seemed to quiet her mind. On Tuesday evening we met in prayer for two other patients; and as the burden rolled upon Mrs. Henry to pray for herself, she felt, from the remarks that I had made to her on the previous day, that I was

holding her back; but when she grasped my hand, and asked me if I would let her go, I said, "I will," and she immediately felt relief; and when prayer was over, she got out of her chair and walked over to me, and said, "Dr. Kress, I will never go back to that chair again." She walked to her room; and has been going about her usual duties, walking up and down one flight of stairs, going out of the building to the hospital and back, ever since. She has stood upon her feet and talked to an audience of seventy-five or one hundred for three-quarters of an hour, holding her Bible in her hand, and each time, after such an effort, the heart-beat is steady and regular. I examined her the next morning after her healing, and found her heart beating regularly, and only a slight murmur at the apex; in fact, I had to listen some time before I heard a murmur. To-day, the 20th of April, one week from the date of her healing, she appears well and strong for a woman of her age, has a better color, none of the bluish tinge about her lips that she used to have, no faintness upon walking about, and walks with a steady, firm step for a woman of fifty-eight years. Since this change has taken place so suddenly we cannot account for it in any other way but that the Lord Himself did the work.

"Dr. Laretta Kress, Attending Physician.

"Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich, April 20, 1897.' "

I came to the Sanitarium the first of July to visit my mother, and can never forget the indescribable

sensations I experienced to see her going about everywhere like a young woman, with a most radiant expression of happiness upon her face. I had left her a hopeless invalid. I found her a vigorous woman, spending more energy and accomplishing more work in a day than many people do in a week. She took the greatest pleasure in wheeling patients about who were confined to wheel-chairs, remembering the kindness of others to herself, and delighting in the thought that she was able to render this service.

That summer she attempted to learn to ride my bicycle, and did make it go several squares on different occasions. But that was so funny that we discouraged it. She even undertook to wait upon me, and I could hardly adapt myself to our changed relations. It seemed preposterous that I should be the invalid, and she helping to lift me. She was very proud of her new health and strength, and I believe she thought it would last forever.

I have carefully refrained from presenting any theories as to this matter, but have stated the facts exactly as they are known, personally, to hundreds of people.

A few days after the remarkable occurrences of April 13th my mother spoke in the Tabernacle to an audience of twenty-five hundred people. She stood and talked for nearly an hour with perfect ease. From that day on she resumed her former active life. She was tireless in her industry. The month of June she spent in Chicago, by invitation of the W. C. T. U.,

taking charge of the noon meeting in Willard Hall and doing other mission work. Before September she had finished the manuscript of "Studies in Home and Child Life," which is one of the most helpful books she has ever written. That same summer of '97 she attended four camp-meetings, speaking often, and faithfully doing her share of the work. In the autumn she went east to the Buffalo and Toronto W. C. T. U. Conventions, and resumed her old position as National Evangelist. It delighted her beyond measure to be again independent financially and she began to search into the past to see if she could not find some old debts to pay. The friend who had loaned her the fifty dollars with which to begin her housekeeping venture in Chicago was greatly astonished to be repaid without warning and in full. This done she began to look for those who needed help. At no time in her life would she even think of "laying up money for a rainy day."

## XII

### REAPING THE HARVEST

I said that my mother never parleyed with duty. She never counted the cost of any action. There is no doubt that her adoption of the faith of the Seventh-day Adventists cost her more in many ways than she could have supposed possible had she weighed the matter. It cost her much in her own experience, and much from the misjudgment of others. It must have been a great shock to her to come to believe that she had made a mistake all her life, that she had taught her children error. She had always been so sure of her own convictions, and now, at the very sunset of life, to be confronted by the thought that she had failed as a teacher of vital truth! It was a marvel to her children that she could have the same faith in her new convictions that she had in the old. But from one point of view the change was not so great. She had always believed the Bible literally. To the uninitiated it seemed that she had simply exchanged one literal interpretation for another.

But, I think, the very nature of her character saved her from great suffering so far as the past was concerned. She could not help that. She had always been honest and faithful to the best she knew. God, who read her most secret heart, would make it right.

Besides, had He not restored her health, and given her strength, that she might carry this great new light to those whom her previous teaching had influenced? I am sure that it never once entered her mind that any good people might misunderstand her, that all would not accept what she had to say with eagerness and interest.

My mother, in almost every sense of the word, was just as unsophisticated at sixty as she was at twenty. Living herself for no other object than to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ," and to show others "the way of life," she attributed this same ruling purpose to every other Christian. She never made a compromise, or had an "ulterior motive" in her life. When she sent out her first little leaflet "How the Sabbath Came to Me," making a very great effort to have it reach all who might possibly have come under the influence of her former teaching, either public or private, she had simply the one thought, of bearing light. It had brought great happiness to her. Why should it not be welcome to every truth-seeking soul? I think she fully believed that if the Methodist Church and the W. C. T. U. could once look at this thing from her standpoint they would come in a body to the same belief. The trouble is that she saw it only from her own standpoint.

When the storm burst upon her, after the publication of this leaflet,—for a terrible storm it was to her,—she was overwhelmed with grief; not because she had done it, but because it had not been accepted as she

intended it. She was disappointed in her friends, in Christian people. Many an ideal of her life went down in that wreck.

Proselyting is an ugly word. For myself, I think it a queer epithet for one Christian to apply to another. It seems to be the last term of bitterness and reproach. But why should it be? Is it not a man's duty to teach what he believes? If you are a conscientious person, and if you love your fellow man, and if you believe that his soul's salvation depends upon the acceptance of certain principles, can you do less than to teach these principles night and day? My mother thought she could not do less. And yet, in sending out this pamphlet, she had no such wily, insidious design as was attributed to her by some. She presented no argument, but simply gave a personal experience. When I ventured to suggest that it was only natural that some of her Methodist brethren should look upon it as they did, she could not see it at all.

Her real attitude upon the whole matter is expressed in part of a letter written to an Adventist in 1898, and which I found among her effects: "Because of my own experience, and my understanding of God's character, as well as from His Word, and from what I know of people, I would prefer that those whom I love, and in whose salvation I am most interested, should keep Sunday as long as they believe it to be the Sabbath, and keep it with the true Sabbath spirit, than to keep *Saturday* under any circumstances. So long as one truly believes that Sunday is the only

Sabbath, God who knows the heart, will give him credit for Sabbath-keeping: yes; and He will even require him to keep that day until He Himself makes it clear to him that the seventh day instead of the first is the Sabbath. No argument of men, no human influence whatever, excepting such as God can use as a consistent Christian testimony, made mighty by His Spirit, can convince any soul of the true Sabbath. The Spirit of God in the Word is the only teacher, and we must be willing to let Him teach in His own time and way, allowing Him to use us in that part of His work as He will."

In the same letter, speaking of the other churches, she said:

"God Himself gave the truth which they have and teach, and through which He has blessed multitudes of souls. He called the men who built up these churches, and has honored them; they were holy men. The people who are in the other churches are just as truly the children of God as are Seventh-day Adventists, and I dare say that just as large a proportion of the membership of those churches will be among the saved as of those who, to outward appearance, are Sabbath-keepers. It is just as necessary to have the mind of Christ toward all the rest of the world in brotherly love as it is to keep the Sabbath; just as necessary to one's salvation to have that charity 'that thinketh no evil' but which 'hopeth all things' as it is to keep the whole law.

"To have the sweetness of the Gospel in one's heart,

and to know the experience of righteousness by faith is more important than outwardly to observe any form. Sooner or later the light of the Spirit which dwells with the true follower of Christ, will bring him to the full knowledge of all truth; and those who truly have the Spirit of God will see the Sabbath in all its eternal beauty, will love it at sight, and will keep it honestly. It is for you and for me to give a testimony by our lives that this truth is an element of strength, sweetness, purity and gentleness, instead of one which provokes strife and contention. I could not stay in my old church because the Spirit of the Lord led me out into this one. But for that I could have stayed and worked in it as long as they would have allowed me to do so. The point is this: *Every man must walk in the light as God has given it to him.* Whatever light we have must have a chance to shine, but it is not for any one to go in advance of the Holy Spirit in promulgating any doctrine. *We are not teachers of doctrine,* but witnesses to the truth,—light bearers. The Spirit of God is the Teacher. He, however, has use for honest Christian testimony wherever He can find it, and it is our business to furnish that testimony for His use. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to make our lives a testimony that can be used. When people say to me, 'I am just as near to God as a Sunday-keeper as you are in keeping Saturday,' I say, 'It is not Sunday or Saturday, but the *Sabbath* that is required.' When they reply, 'Well, Sunday is the Sabbath,' I say, 'All right; *keep it* until the Spirit of

the Lord enlightens your understanding of His Word. This is a matter that you must settle with God.' If the light of the Spirit of God has shined upon any man, *he knows it*; and when the light is thrown upon any truth, *he knows that* so well that there is no room for doubt. Before God alone he must stand or fall."

My mother told me that the hardest thing to bear in connection with her leaflet was the criticism she had unwittingly brought upon the Sanitarium she so dearly loved. I myself could not wonder at the criticism, for until I came in person to the institution and had taken time to learn its ways, I shared the general impression among her friends that influences had been placed around her.

That influences there were, is true, but they were just the influences mentioned in this letter,—sweetness, purity, gentleness. It is true that the Sanitarium is under the management of people who are Seventh-day Adventists; that the nurses, the physicians, the helpers generally adhere to this faith, although now and then there is one who does not; that the seventh day is observed as the Sabbath. Other things, however, are equally true that are not always mentioned. There are regular services in the Sanitarium chapel on Sunday, which are in no sense denominational. There is regular family worship in the parlor every morning, at which nothing sectarian is ever said. One might live in the Sanitarium for years, and never hear an argument on the Sabbath, or have any point of belief explained in his presence. It is only those who

really desire it that learn of the doctrine. One may live among these people indefinitely, and be perfectly happy, without in the least sharing in their views.

I must say this: I have been in many different places, among many different people, holding all sorts of beliefs, but never in my life have I been anywhere where the Sabbath,—any Sabbath,—was observed by a thousand people in the loving, tender, reverent way that makes it so blessed and distinctive a day at the Sanitarium. There is not the shadow of an idea of duty about it. It is a sacred pleasure. All day Friday the people are thinking of it with anticipation. It is not a hardship to get everything done before sundown. And if, perchance, some little task for a patient or a friend is not completed until after the ringing of the vesper bell, that is all joy too. In the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, the thirteenth and fourteenth verses, is, to my mind, exactly expressed this idea of keeping the Sabbath: "If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father."

This is, as I understand it, the idea of all true Christians with regard to the spirit of the Sabbath. But

I have never seen it so beautifully carried out as here.

I noticed a great change in my mother in this respect. In former years, if any of her children or their friends did anything on Sunday out of harmony with her conception of the Sabbath,—made a social call, took a drive, read a novel,—it grieved her deeply, and she would rebuke them; but now all this was different. She no longer undertook to judge for others, or to decide for them.

One Saturday afternoon, as we were sitting together on the lawn by the Sanitarium, watching the birds and listening to their songs, enjoying the beauty of the summer day, my mother, who had been silent for some time, with an expression of great peace on her face, turned to me, and said, "I have been thinking of the difference between myself now and years ago. Once it would have spoiled my Sabbath to see men working on the road. Now I hardly notice them. My Sabbath is within."

I had not noticed them either. But there they were, a score or more of dusty laborers, mingling the sound of hammer and spade with the carol of birds, and the singing of hymns. And as we watched the shadows deepen, and the sun go down, I thought, it is because my mother has made the supreme sacrifice that she has infinite peace. Like Abraham of old, she went up with her all to the altar. And God blessed her, and multiplied her strength.

Some of her friends, who met her again last summer

almost as one resurrected, thought that she had become unnaturally preoccupied and serious, even burdened. This manner, possibly, was a fault. But it came from her unselfishness and her love of others. She believed that time was indeed brief, that every moment must be spent in carrying salvation to the lost. Perhaps she felt too great a personal responsibility. We, who loved her, grieved to see her spend her new treasure of strength so prodigally. But she said that God had made her well to do His work, and that He would keep her so.

At the same time she neglected nothing that seemed to her required to maintain her health. She lived entirely upon zwieback, granose, legumes, nut foods and fruit. If she were going to give an address soon after a meal, or had an unusually hard day's work in mind, she would eat nothing but fruit for dinner or breakfast, or both. She always slept in a cold room, with the window half way up. Every morning she took a cold shower or plunge bath, priding herself upon getting into the water in winter as cold as it came from the pipes. We thought this procedure, while a good tonic for us, too heroic for her age; but she maintained that it gave her new vigor every morning, and she kept it up until her final sickness. When at home she always went to bed about eight o'clock, and rose at five. Her heart was examined several times during '98 and '99, but always seemed perfectly normal for a person of her age. All of these statements, however, fail to describe or suggest the true effect of

her personality during the last two years and a half. She was instinct with life and energy, yet her countenance wore an expression of great peace. She often spoke severely of false principles, but never criticised any person.

In November, '98, I accompanied her to the National W. C. T. U. Convention at St. Paul, Minnesota, and I well remember the pleasant journey back and forth. With her little alcohol burner and granite cup, she would prepare malted nuts for our refreshment; then, with her stenographer, Miss Durland, she would retire to another seat and dictate manuscript. When we reached St. Paul she insisted that "you girls," as she called Miss Durland and myself, should take the preliminary day to see the sights of the Twin Cities, while she attended the Purity Conference.

All through this stormy National her sweet, serene face was felt to be a benediction. She loved with unquestioning devotion the stanch and noble women who had wisely guided the organization through the past. She could not be partisan about the Temple, but grieved intensely that there should be differences among her friends. During this trying time she was often called upon to lead the devotional service, and her true, reverent voice was verily a peace maker.

Soon after becoming an Adventist she had prepared a memorial with regard to the "Sabbath Observance" Department of the W. C. T. U., asking that it be abolished, or so modified as to eliminate its legislative

and compulsory features. This memorial was signed by about thirteen thousand women, and presented at the Buffalo Convention in '97. It was received in a sisterly spirit, but was not granted.

When my mother went to the St. Paul Convention she intended to give notice of a proposed change in the Constitution, which should make impossible the incorporation of denominational differences into department work; but in conversing with one after another of the women she was inspired to hope that some action would be taken in the Post Executive Committee which would lead the way to this end. She concluded, finally, to do nothing to disturb further the hearts of the women who had already passed through such an ordeal of discussion, as well as of sorrow, this being the first National Convention after the death of Miss Willard. But when she learned that no action had been taken by the Executive Committee, and when she began to realize that nothing would be done in the matter unless she forced the issue, she entered into the valley of the shadow of a great trial. Her love for the women, and for the principles of the organization, her confidence in their loyalty to God, and in the power of the Holy Spirit to lead them in His own time and way to see all truth, the tenderness of the sacred memories of past years, all led her to wish to avoid a conflict. But she felt that under the circumstances she could not remain in the organization. Her daughter and other friends tried to convince her to the contrary. But after a long struggle, she finally sent in her resig-

nation as National Evangelist, and one day appeared, for the first time in twenty-five years, without her white ribbon.

The national officers, however, refused to accept her resignation. Many of them wrote to her, urgently protesting against her action, reminding her that not very long before she herself had been one of the most earnest friends of the Sabbath Observance Department just as it stood in the Constitution. It was promised, however, that at the next Convention she should have an opportunity to present her cause. Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Stevenson, and others, pledged their strong support. She was gradually led to see that the great sacrifice was not required of her, and it was with joy unbounded that she put on once more the little white ribbon, without which she had felt and looked so strange.

At the National Convention at Seattle, Washington, in October, '99, she presented a resolution pledging the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union "to protest against any such interpretation or use of any lines of work as shall give aid or comfort to those who, through ignorance, prejudice, or malice, would enact or enforce such laws as can be made to serve the purpose of persecution, or in any manner to interfere with the most perfect liberty of conscience concerning days, or the manner of their observance."

This resolution was vigorously debated. My mother cited several cases in which Seventh-day Adventists had been subjected to legal restraint for working on

Sunday. She thought that the W. C. T. U. ought to put itself on record as unalterably opposed to any and all forms of religious intolerance. She was strongly supported in her position by Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Clark, and others. But many of the women felt that to make any change in the Sabbath Observance Department would be taking a step backward. Finally, the following substitute for the original resolution was adopted: "*Resolved*, That we favor the amendment of all State Sunday laws which do not contain the usual exemption for those who keep the Sabbath day."

My mother conducted the closing evangelistic service of the Convention, which was remembered by all as remarkably sweet and tender. She read the ninety-third Psalm, and began her remarks by saying that praise is due to Him who can keep our hearts steady with love and confidence toward one another, even when we must disagree on what seems a vital point. She thanked God for light that brightens even our cloudiest days. As she gave the meeting into the hands of the vast audience, and the short, pointed words of praise and testimony began to flow in a steady, musical current, it was like a wave of heavenly rest to the women, weary with discussion and with planning against a foe invincible to any but the omnipotent One.

In December, 1898, my mother began the evolution of a plan, so stupendous in its possibilities that only the most absolutely dauntless worker could have con-



MRS. S. M. I. HENRY IN 1899

ceived it. It was to be, in effect, a woman ministry;—not an organized body of women preachers, but an organized service in which all good women, all needy women, all women who wished to do so, might have a part. In stating her plan she said:

“The work of soul-winning can be done most effectually by personal, hand-to-hand effort, in the intercourse of the ordinary home and neighborhood life. A woman’s ministry is an especially important one. Our Lord intended that the sweetness of the Gospel should be preached by her; but not necessarily from the platform. If all through the generations she had done her work, it would never have been necessary for her voice to be keyed up to address a public audience.

“A woman’s holiest ministry is in taking the Gospel to her own children, neighbors and friends, as they come and go about her; talking the words of Christ; pouring out truth in testimony, experience, and consolation. The greatest truths may be served up with the dinner, fitted with a dress pattern, bound in the same bundle with the most common things about which women have been wont to gossip.

“The imperative need of our day is that the Christian home shall be indeed a sanctuary and a school, the father and mother united in the ministry of the word of life, and in the teaching of every vital truth; by careful instruction, setting each in its true proportions in its right place in the mind of the growing child; and that every woman who knows the truth shall find

out and love her own work in her own God-appointed place, and become a true minister to all who come within her reach or who can be sought out and helped. And our woman's Gospel work is an effort to help each other to bring all this to pass."

The machinery for conducting this work was very simple, consisting simply of two "study-cards,"—one for the Christian worker, the other for those who desired to become followers of Christ. The former, by signing the card, pledged a personal surrender "to be so instructed in all truth, to be so led and used by the power of the Holy Spirit, to be so taught a true woman's ministry in my own home, among my neighbors, and in my own immediate social circle, that I may be prepared to labor for suffering humanity, and to help in uplifting the fallen, and in educating the ignorant to believe—simply believe—in Jesus Christ our Savior; for, the first glance of any soul must be Jesus Christ. Then,—if he follows the Lamb of God,—as he remains a learner, he will have an intelligent knowledge of what is truth." The latter promised "to study to know the principles which constitute Christ's character as they are set forth in His Word, and to live them out practically in the common affairs of everyday life."

A system of correspondence was devised by which women who needed help in any way, in their home life, in dealing with spiritual, moral, or domestic questions, might write to those who were qualified by experience to give instruction, and who would

answer by personal letters. Hundreds of heart-breaking letters came to my mother during 1899, and were personally answered by her. I felt that it was a burden she ought not to bear, for although she had such faith in God, and cast all her own care upon Him, yet the sorrows of these women so touched her tender sympathy that they became intensely real and personal, and sometimes made her almost ill.

During the last year of her life my mother's energies seemed to be constantly gathering momentum; I can think of no other term to express it. Every moment was occupied. She was indefatigable. For the first time since I can remember her children did not, visibly, have the first place in her mind. No doubt this was partly due to the fact that she felt more at rest with regard to their future. Not that any of them had come to share her religious views, but she had surrendered all that anxiety to her heavenly Father, and was content to know that her children were happy and loved her, that they cherished the same ideals of truth and right living that were all of life to her. She loved them no less tenderly, but they were no longer her constant burden.

The 12th of July, 1899, she left my home for a six months' evangelistic trip through the South and West. My brother Arthur came from New York to have a short visit with her before her departure. She went away in high spirits and full of enthusiasm. She visited the south first, touching points in Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Colorado, Utah, Washing-

ton, California, Oregon, British Columbia, returning to Seattle for the National W. C. T. U. Convention, stopping at my brother Alfred's home in Salt Lake City both going and returning, and finally reached home again the 10th of December. She addressed churches, schools, W. C. T. U.'s, union meetings, camp-meetings. Everywhere she was strong, alert, observing.

From the South she sent us this: "If those who are indifferent to the Southern work could make this trip, and even from the shifting standpoint of the moving train observe the half-clothed men, women, and children, black and white, squatting before their cabins, perched upon fences, lounging everywhere, empty-handed, gazing with brutish interest at the train, there would surely be an increased interest in this direction.

"The question would come to my mind, Do these people never do anything? If they had been standing with tools in their hands, as if they had been at work, it would have relieved the situation; but I do not remember having seen one of all this wayside-cabin class, either white or black, who appeared to have any further interest in life than would have been manifested by a herd of cattle chewing their cud; except once, when a woman was seen walking briskly through a company of lounging men as if she were really going somewhere with something on her mind."

In Missouri she found an old friend, who with

his son had been converted in her evangelistic work in Nebraska in 1884. At Spokane she met Bishop Vincent, who was holding a conference of Scandinavian ministers. It was a great comfort and pleasure to her to be invited by this friend of her youth "to speak a few words of greeting and counsel" to the conference. In Victoria, B. C., she gave her two lectures of former years, "What is the Boy Worth," and "Why so Many Children of the Church Go to Ruin." Here also she met another old friend, of twenty-five years' acquaintance, who is now United States Consul at Victoria. This gentleman, with his wife, invited her to dinner, and gave her a most delightful reception. Again in Portland, Oregon, and in St. Helena, California, she had in her audience friends and acquaintances of former years.

Upon her return trip she spoke Sunday morning in her son Alfred's church in Salt Lake City, taking as her theme "The Ministry of the Home." The last time she had left her son's home she had been taken away in a chair, supposedly a confirmed invalid. Now, five years later, she stood in perfect health before a large congregation,— "a sweet-faced old lady, with a most pleasing manner on the platform, and a voice like a silver bell," as one of the newspapers expressed it. The same paper said: "From the first word of her discourse to the last she held the close attention of every hearer."

"The commonest things are the noblest," she began. "Our mountains are awe-inspiring, but the cottage in

a cleft is grander and of more importance, because it is the first expression of the will of God. The mountains exist for that little cottage." From this point the speaker went on to magnify the importance of the home. She stated that man's first bungling attempt is to build a home; in fact, the history of human work is the record of man's effort to carry out the will of God in the establishment and perfecting of the home.

"Take out of commerce that which relates to the home, and what is left? Take out of literature that which relates to the home, and only unbelief remains. In France the home was wrecked by revolution, and infidelity reigns. There is no word in the French language that stands for home.

"The home is a machine. Its proper work is to turn out men and women to subdue and reclaim a world spoiled by sin. God furnishes the power. God made the home complete—father, mother and child. There is no true home without a child.

"The home is God's safety deposit, from which He expects to derive His revenue. If we trusted God as He trusts us, we should want for nothing."

She spoke of the confidence which God has in fathers and mothers in intrusting them with the care of children, and said it had been demonstrated through the ages that this confidence has not been wholly misplaced, because it is possible yet, in spite of all the ravages of sin, for a child to grow up under present conditions into a good man or a good woman; and this is an illustration of the power with which God has

invested the home. God has made no provision for any but a truly Christian home; not one which simply professes to be a Christian home, but a truly consecrated home.

The speaker then referred to the fatherhood of God, and said that when the father and mother of a family fail to perform their full duty toward that family, God will supply the lack. "It is a grand thing," said Mrs. Henry, "to have a family of little children to bring up to manhood and to womanhood. The little boy growing up is a professor of fatherhood; the little daughter, a professor of motherhood. The home is a school where God teaches us how to be men and women, how to overcome difficulties, how to solve problems, how to be prepared for the eternal home which He has fitted for His children."

During her short visit in my brother's home his little folks had become so attached to her that they wept loud and long when she said she was going home. Hylas, seven years old, would not be comforted, for he had loved his grandma ever since he could talk, and wanted her to come and stay with him always.

My mother, in summing up the work of this long trip, said: "I was absent from home five months; traveled over nine thousand miles; have spoken two hundred and fourteen times; was subject to nearly all conditions of living and climate, which would test the strength of the most robust, and yet have returned in good working order. I would not hesitate to start at

once on another tour if circumstances required. After one day of rest I have taken up the work which is waiting for me in my office, without any sense of especial weariness, and with a consciousness of strength and courage for all that is before me; for all of which I am profoundly thankful to Him who evidently planned the journey, and led me all the way; for I have received many tokens of the fact that each stage of it had been divinely ordered."

She did not seem to have the least intimation or feeling that her work was almost over. Our home life with her during the holidays was unusually delightful. She seemed less hurried than before her visit west, and took time for the family pleasures. She invited Arthur's wife and little girl to spend Christmas week with us, and herself prepared the Christmas dinner. However, it was not, as in former years, marked by the presence of a large, fat turkey. Instead she exercised her ingenuity to provide hygienic dainties in accord with her new principles of diet; and certain it is that none of those present will ever forget that happy dinner.

She trimmed herself a bonnet, and washed the baby's clothes. She took the greatest delight in her grandson, Henry Rossiter, who was six months old Christmas day.

To please little granddaughter Dorothy, as well as some of the older ones, it was decided to hang up stockings Christmas Eve. In years gone by we had always made merry on this occasion. Our favorite

mode of distributing presents had been to have them all put into a basket, and then to treat them as forfeits, each gift being hung over our mother's head in accordance with the ancient formula. The songs we sang, the stories we told, the tricks we did, to redeem our presents caused great fun, and made it last longer. But now most of us were too old, and the rest were too young for forfeits, so we hung up our stockings.

In the morning we were all in great glee over our gifts. It seemed as if my mother had brought something for her daughter or the baby from everywhere she had been all these months. She showered us with lovely things,—tiny white dresses, rare colored photographs, silk for a waist, a handsome Japanese box, a five-dollar gold piece wrapped up roguishly. But while we were all exclaiming about this and that,—“How appropriate!” “Just what I wanted!” “How did you come to think of it?” my mother, although smiling and joining in the general conversation, did not say anything about her own presents. This was so remarkable that finally we began to whisper about it, and then it was discovered that “Grandma's” stocking had never been hung at all. There it lay, bulging over and sprawling out in a corner on the floor.

“Oh but what did you think of us?” we exclaimed, half crying and half laughing, as we pushed her into a chair with the stocking in her lap. “That's what you get for spooking around so late,” we tried to explain, but there was a sore spot in our hearts many days to

think of the sweet way she had borne the apparent neglect, and of the change that came over her face when she found out there was nothing to hurt her.

New Year's morning, a little while after breakfast, I went into the kitchen and found my mother at work in the pantry. She had put on a big apron, and had all the paraphernalia about her for a regular cleaning. I expressed my astonishment:

"Why, mamma," I said, "I thought you were going to take a holiday to-day."

"So I am," she replied. "I'm taking it now. I intend to have this pantry begin the new year in proper condition."

I had learned long before to offer no argument, although I did not think the pantry was suffering for a cleaning; yet, of course, it would not hurt it, and I knew my mother would enjoy every moment she was scrubbing and rearranging.

For the two days after this that she remained at home she kept the pantry, and all the cupboards, spotlessly clean. One evening I laughingly remarked to my husband, "Mamma watches us with a jealous eye whenever we go into *our* pantry and move *our* dishes out of the places where she has put them." But I understood her feeling by experience, being in some respects, so far as domestic affairs are concerned, my mother's own daughter.

We had had great trouble with a new kitchen range. The fire almost invariably went out at night, and we burned a ruinous amount of coal, to say nothing of

wood and kindling. But after working at it several days my mother reduced the fire to astonishing tractability, and used not more than half the amount of coal. I speak particularly of these incidents because of the aspersions so frequently cast upon literary women with regard to this very class of feminine duties.

In spite of my mother's declaration that she felt no special sense of weariness after her five months' jaunt, as we look back now we are constrained to think that she must have been more fatigued than she realized. She spoke of the long distance between our home and her office,—a distance of two squares, and of feeling tired after the walk.

Wednesday morning, January 3d, just before starting for Graysville, Tennessee, to attend a religious conference, she said at the breakfast table, "I almost wish I did not have to go."

"Why do you go?" I answered. "I thought you were going to stay at home a while now and rest."

To this she rejoined, "I have promised to go. Besides you cannot understand what a rest and treat it is to me to hear some voice beside my own in Gospel teaching."

She took my babe in her arms and bade us good-bye as usual. As she stepped out to the carriage in her brisk manner, and was rolled away to the station, we little thought that we should never see her again in life. Friday morning, January 12th, I received a letter so characteristic in several points that I quote a portion:

“My Dear Child: I am obliged to write you by the hand of a stenographer, as I am very ill indeed,—really fallen into the hands of the enemy. The letter will be disjointed, for I have very little rest. It is an attack of la grippe, with pneumonia complications. It is by the mercy of the Lord, in answer to the prayers of my brethren, that I am here this morning to write this letter.

“I feel that I have done wrong in that I have not taken periods of rest, and have promised the Lord that I will take at least one week every three months, whether I feel that I need it or not; and more if I do need it.

“I am very anxious, as I said before, to get out of this ‘grippey’ and pneumonia atmosphere. I do not think I shall be able to improve very much until I am in a different climate; and yet I believe that the Lord could make me superior to the climate if He saw fit; but He does not seem to see fit. I had my first attack of la grippe on Friday last. I remained in bed on the Sabbath, getting up, however, in the evening to go and speak to the College students; and went on from that all day Monday at the meetings, and, although suffering most intensely, I arose Tuesday morning and went to the early morning meeting. I felt I could not afford to lose it, and yet I see now that I did wrong to go. I came near fainting in the meeting, although no one knew it. I put my head down, and got over it as well as I could, and walked home, and went to bed, and have been in bed every since. Now I am very weak.”

Enclosed in this letter was another for my husband, from the stenographer, asking him to come immediately and bring her home. He left that afternoon, but the railroad connections were so poor that he could not reach her till Saturday night. She was greatly disappointed when he told her it was impossible to start home that evening. She had made all arrangements to do so. Dr. Rossiter assured her that if possible they would start Sunday evening, but he knew as soon as he saw her that, from a human standpoint, there was no hope. He had taken with him a photograph that had just been made of our baby. When he showed it to her, she smiled and said, "Bless his little heart." This was the only coherent sentence she uttered after Sunday morning. She sank rapidly, and became unconscious Sunday evening, remaining so until she died at one o'clock Tuesday morning.

Many have asked if her death was not due to a return of her old heart trouble. Dr. Rossiter, however, confirmed her own statement that she had pneumonia, pure and simple. Her left lung became completely consolidated and yet the heart's action was unusually strong and regular until a few hours before her death.

My husband thinks she knew that she could not live, and that she was glad to give up her burdens.

We laid her body to rest beside her father and mother, in the little cemetery at Pecatonica, Illinois, in the beautiful spot she had herself chosen forty years

before as the resting place of her dear father. Here, too, are the graves of her first-born,—the twin babies that she gave back to God.

As we stood by that open grave in the snow,—my brothers, my husband, and myself, some of the old Rockford friends, W. C. T. U. women with their white ribbons, reformed men who owe their present happy and honorable lives to her loved influence, and a few, a very few, friends of her youth in Pecatonica—gray-haired men, who had known her father and mother and grandmother,—as we looked for the last time on that still and noble face, those strong, brave, womanly features, those folded hands, that little white ribbon resting upon her quiet heart, though we felt with grief unspeakable that we were motherless, yet in our secret soul we cried out, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? For the sting of death is sin.”

## XIII

### CONCLUSION

I went to see "Uncle Alf," as my brothers and I always called our mother's friend, Mr. Hart. He is now a white-haired man, living in Chicago. He said, "Your mother did beat all. The pendulum of her life swung the farthest and the oftenest of anybody I ever knew. Just think of it! back and forth it went from poverty to comfort, from sickness to health, from quiet to fame. It's a queer world we live in."

After my mother left her wheel-chair three years ago, one of my friends wrote to me, "Your mother is the eighth wonder of the world."

As I look over the foregoing pages, and think of all that my mother has told therein about her work, and of all that I have said about her, it seems to me that if any book can express a life, this ought to be enough. And yet I know that it is not enough.

No book can express a human life. We used to echo the poet's lines about seeing ourselves "as others see us." Such has been the progress of society, however, that the man to-day who cannot take a look at himself as others see him is both blind and deaf. But to see ourselves as we really are! Would not this be indeed a revelation to every soul?

My mother has written of herself as she seemed to

her. I have written of her as she seemed to me. And yet that subtle something which made her different from any other mortal has escaped us both.

May I try once more in brief to make a picture of her?—A gentle, dreamy girl, with tremendous latent force; indulged in literary caprices and never disciplined; visionary, impractical; pure in thought as a drop of dew; humored as an invalid; idolized by a generous fun-loving husband; thrust out suddenly with four children to earn her own bread and theirs; rudely awakened to the selfishness of the world; refusing to recognize the selfishness; determined to believe the best of every man; trusting absolutely her heavenly Father; worshiping next to Him her children; positively unable to see faults in them; bound up in their welfare, and yet driven out from her home by their needs and by her irresistible impulse to evangelize; the prey of many a pious fraud; compelled to develop that latent force; gradually convinced that her way is the right way; encouraged in this belief by the applause of the public; intensely and unselfishly devoted to her friends; betrayed now and then, and often deceived, but to the end believing every man's estimate of his own character; preserving through life a spotless mind and heart; utterly incapable of an impure thought.

And yet I have not pictured her!

It was often said of my mother that she possessed a thorough knowledge of human nature. In this opinion I could never agree. I think my mother judged

everybody primarily by herself, and secondarily by her experience, which was limited to a certain class. Being perfectly frank and honest, and having nothing to conceal, it never occurred to her to question the motives of others. Her childlike confidence in men and women usually brought out, toward her, their best qualities. There were not many who wished to take advantage of her. But it was by no means a hard thing to do. To my personal knowledge she was badly deceived in several instances, and more than once gave all the money she had to a rogue. This very confidence, however, was one of her strongest elements of power in dealing with downfallen men. Better to be deceived a hundred times than to suspect one honest penitent.

It is human nature to want your own way. My mother became so used to having hers wherever she went in her public evangelistic work that when now and then she would meet unexpected opposition, she did not know what to do with it. It was hard for her to realize that she might be wrong, but when once convinced that she had made a mistake, she acknowledged it frankly and generously. However stern and unyielding she might seem to the casual observer, to the real student of character she appeared at once as she was,—the most approachable, tender and affectionate of women. She was dependent, even, upon her children and her few intimate friends for approval as well as love.

My mother's character could not be surpassed for

industry, punctuality, system, thoughtfulness. I cannot imagine how and when she could have done many of the things which are on record as finished. We knew she never wasted a minute and we thought we knew what she did with her time. But this book, her history—when did she write that? She never sat up at night and her days were filled with work for others. Again, the personal letters that are constantly coming to light,—letters to prisoners, to children, to discouraged women; letters of comfort, of friendship, of counsel; and yet again the numerous instances of her constant thoughtfulness in little things, all go to show her wide-reaching personal influence in unobtrusive ways. Her name is one that will be remembered in many a quiet home long after other and more famous names have been forgotten.

In Rockford lately I found a letter that she had written to "Hollis Ellenwood's" little boy, who was named Hollis after the character in the story. This letter was written in '91, and is but one of many that are affectionately preserved, that show her graceful womanliness in the midst of public work. I quote a part of it:

"I send you something to keep your feet warm in the winter nights which are coming, so that you can *kick* under the bed clothes all you want to. I have made plenty of room for you to grow in, more than I intended to, I think, when I set the stitches on the needles. . . . I want you to remember, Hollis, that as Auntie Henry goes about in her work she never for-

gets to pray that you may grow up strong and good and pure, with no bad words in your mouth, no wickedness in your heart,—just such a boy as Jesus Christ would have been when He was *just as many days old as you are*. He was just that old once, you know."

Among my mother's most sacred treasures I found two letters written by her two sons upon the occasion of her fiftieth birthday in 1889. These letters are the best possible confirmation of all I have said about her influence as a mother.

The complete list of my mother's published books is as follows: "Victoria, and Other Poems"; "After the Truth"—four volumes; "Pledge and Cross"; "The Voice of the Home"; "Mabel's Work"; "One More Chance"; "Beforehand"; "Afterward"; "The Marble Cross, and Other Poems"; "The Unanswered Prayer"; "Frances Raymond's Investment"; "Studies in Home and Child Life"; "The Abiding Spirit"; "Good Form." She had just completed the manuscript of two others, one called "Childhood Types and Conditions," the other entitled "Out of the Mine." Her Sunday-school books have had a wide sale, and "Studies in Home and Child Life," and "The Abiding Spirit," make friends in every Christian home they enter.

Sometime within the last year my mother wrote a poem suggested by the famous "Man with the Hoe," that makes a fitting epilogue to her other writings, and a fitting close to this book about her life, since it

ALFRED H. HENRY'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER UPON THE  
OCCASION OF HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

Nov 2<sup>nd</sup> 1884.

Hot Springs Ark.

My darling mamma:-

From way down in the midst  
of the mountains of Arkansas I send  
you loving greeting for your  
birthday. Fifty years full of the  
finest memories, memories of toil  
of aspiration, of fulfillment. memories  
of hope, of peaceful hours, of sorrow.  
yet through it all. memories of  
our Father's loving kindly hand  
are your legacy today.

I would give every thing in life  
if I might give the future to  
be to us as rich as our own

My darling ~~mother~~ let me say that you stand  
as my ideal of all that is best in man and woman and  
love. I am writing to work for myself and  
you because of the inspiration of your life work.  
I have faith in the nobility of human kind  
because I have faith in you. I believe in God  
because I believe in you and in your religious  
I think there is no one in the world who  
has done greater work than you have done and  
in this direction than I would have gladly

like no model for any one

Now I wish that we could be present with you at- Evasson on your birthday. But we shall think of you and pray that Heaven's blessing may fall richly upon you.

It shall be my aim and prayer that the coming year may be full of joy and peace and love

Travngly  
Alfred.

ARTHUR HENRY'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER UPON THE  
OCCASION OF HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

Hot Springs  
Nov 2. 1889.

My Darling Mamma.

What can we wish for you  
on your birthday better  
than the memories that are  
yours? The harvest of fifty  
noble years that would not  
endure with smiles the years  
and the labor that have  
given you a character that  
every body loves? You surely  
should be satisfied with the  
record of your life and having  
gained all the noble qualities  
of character be content to  
take cheerfully whatever the future  
may bring. Believe me mother darling  
that you are the ideal woman of  
your children. Sometimes our opinions  
differ but opinions are nothing  
our affections and ideals go in  
the same way and that is everything.

Yours lovingly  
Arthur

is her last contribution to literature. In speaking of Markham's poem she expresses the feeling that according to her mind it falls short of its opportunity. She undertakes to answer the poet's question:

"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands!  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,—  
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-*quenched*?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild it in the music and the dream;  
**Make right the immemorial infamies,**  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands!  
How will the future reckon with this man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,  
After the silence of the centuries?"

She calls her answer:

#### TRANSFORMED

"O solemn questions for the world to take  
Home to its heart and answer! But alas!  
It has no answer: dumb it stands, and quails  
Like any criminal that faces doom.

"And yet there is an answer, and from man.  
No man need fear what any man hath borne  
Of penury or sorrow; and there comes  
Another Man, a working Man, who bears  
A kit of tools upon his back, and yet  
Walks upright, like a man before his God,—  
A homeless Man, who cannot know the love  
Of wife or child; upon whose shoulders weighs  
The burden of all emptiness and loss;  
Whose heart hath seasoned been to all despair,

To grief, to hopelessness, to loneliness,  
 To utter desolation; and who, yet,  
 Not stunned, but quick as is the naked nerve,  
 Has felt the keen edge of the agonies  
 That through long centuries have wrought to make  
 That brutal jaw, that slanted brow, that brain  
 So like the reeking fungus of a cave  
 Deep under ground, to which no light can come.

"This other Man, through all these centuries,  
 Has walked abreast with this degenerate,  
 As brother walks with brother; and his hand,  
 Under the dragging end of that dense weight  
 That pulled against his strength and kept him down,  
 Has helped him on, although he knew it not,—  
 Has led him by his hoe, as by his yoke  
 An ox is led to slaughter or to stall.

"But not to slaughter or to stall this dumb  
 And senseless travesty of manhood comes  
 As he is led to take his fitting place  
 Amid the closing scenes of this dark world.  
 You call him dumb; a thing; only a shape  
 Yet he is even that by wondrous grace  
 And special care of that one other Man  
 Who kept him step; and led him on till now.

"And it has been no easy task to save  
 Enough of him to lead; or e'en to keep  
 That hoe within his hand, that he might have  
 That much to lean upon when he should come  
 To stand alone in sight of earth and heaven,—  
 The last exhibit of a selfish world,  
 The finished product of its skill and power.  
 This is his mission in this awful day  
 When Lust and Love, when Satan and when Christ,  
 Shall bring the fruit that each has harvested  
 From loom and field, from shop and factory,  
 From home, and church, and school, from haunts of shame,—  
 From every place where motive, thought, or act  
 Has grown from seed to fruit,—and in the light

Of truth shall spread it out to be admired  
 And coveted of those who love its kind,  
 And then shall ye return, and shall discern  
 Between the righteous and the wicked man,—  
 Between the man that serveth God and him  
 That serveth self,—for by his finished work  
 The workman shall be known.

“Therefore behold

The finished product of the centuries,—  
 The man that Love hath made and perfected,  
 Who, with the light of morning in his face,—  
 The morning when the sun ariseth fair  
 Without a cloud, and as the tender grass  
 That springeth by clear shining after rain,—  
 Doth brighten and doth feed a starving world,  
 Darkened with age on age of midnight;—and  
 That thing that Lust perverted from the shape  
 To which God gave His Spirit and His breath,  
 Until he stands, himself a clumsy tool,  
 As dull as is the hoe on which he leans,  
 And just as capable of being used  
 To deal a murderous blow as plant a seed.

“I see the tool, the thing of lust and greed,  
 The stolid creature leaning on his hoe:  
 But ah! the man—the perfect—where is he?

“While yet this cry was on my questioning lips,  
 The miracle of all the ages burst  
 In bloom and fruit before my wondering eyes.  
 The other Man, who bore the kit of tools,—  
 The homeless one, who seemed bereft of all  
 That makes the life of man in any age,—  
 Came close and closer to that soulless thing,  
 And breathed upon him, lip to sensual lip;  
 And touched his eyes, and looked into their night;  
 Folded his arms about him; held him close,  
 Heart to his heart, brow to his slanting brow,  
 Until the creature groaned and moved and clutched.  
 And cried out, “Bread!” the only word he knew,  
 The only name.

"So long had he been held  
 Subject to vanity, so long waited  
 For what he did not know, only he thought  
 Its name was Bread; that as a witless babe  
 Opens its mouth on any proffered cheek  
 As if it were its mother's breast, so he  
 Turned always with that cry of "Bread, Bread, Bread,"  
 To any hand that touched him. †

"Bread to him  
 Was as the unknown God; and he who stood  
 And held him answered with a tone that thrilled  
 The very marrow of his bones, and brought  
 Him wide-awake and open-eyed: "Lo, I  
 That speak to thee am Bread, the living Bread."

'He looked and saw. With eyes and heart and brain  
 Quickened by that warm touch of loving life,  
 He saw, and understood, and answered: 'Oh,  
 Out of the depths my soul hath cried to thee!  
 I have asked bread, and thou has brought me life.'

'Then once again the Man who held him laid  
 His lips upon his mouth, and breathed through them  
 His own sweet breath; and as a windmill wakes,  
 And spreads its wings to catch the breath of heaven,  
 And turns upon its axis, and begins  
 To grind the grain, or make the water flow,  
 So he updrew himself, his shoulders squared  
 To bear the burden of the centuries,—  
 Upright, and like a man,—while from his face  
 There burst the glory of the morning light,—  
 A morning without clouds, transparent, clear  
 As truth, and beautiful as perfect love.  
 And in that light he saw his hoe, and laughed,—  
 It looked so small a thing to lean upon,  
 As he had leaned,—a childish thing, to toss  
 Amid the refuse of the childish past.  
 And as he looked and laughed, the other said,  
 'Brother, what hast thou in thy hand?'

" 'A hoe,'

He said, 'a silly hoe.'

'Give it to me;'

And as he reached it forth obediently,  
 And as the other touched it with his hand,  
 He laughed again,—a laugh that rose to song;  
 For while within his hand he held the same  
 Old hoe, it was transformed as he had been.  
 He saw a thousand things that he could do  
 Therewith; and if its present form should fail  
 To meet his need, he saw a thousand forms  
 That it might take, under a skillful hand,—  
 That hand his own,—for in that breath of life  
 That through his nostrils had been breathed, that breathes  
 Still out, and in, a steady tide of power,  
 He sensed instinctive skill for any task  
 That life should bring; as well as strength to lift  
 And bear with manly dignity whate'er  
 Of burden any centuries might deal  
 And then, with quick, glad energy, he laid  
 His hand upon the other's.

“ ‘Comrade, stay,’

He said. ‘I've waited, groaning, long, until  
 The manifested Son of God should be  
 Revealed in me; but now, redeemed  
 And saved by hope, I take this homely tool  
 To make it work together with the things  
 That work for good, both thine and thee. Stay thou  
 Here with me in my long-neglected patch  
 That I must dig and plant, and cultivate  
 The while you plane, and saw, and join, and build;  
 And so this little desert place shall bloom  
 And teem with happy life.’

“And He who hears

And answers every call replied, ‘Brother,  
 Lo, I am with you to the end of time!’  
 And so they took their tools and went to work  
 And where the shadow of that brutal thing  
 That leaned upon the hoe had laid, as dark  
 As death, there fell the steady light of life,  
 And beauty sprang fruitful from every stroke  
 Of that old hoe. The man still delved and toiled;  
 Knew weariness; sweat still was on his brow,  
 Grime still upon his hands, his clothing stained  
 Because of frequent contact with the earth:

But all his face was luminous; his form  
Had lines of strength and grace that only spring  
From purity; he moved like one who knew  
Just where to put his foot and strike his tool:  
And that old patch of fallow ground rejoiced,  
Budded, and blossomed, and bore luscious fruit  
In glorious promise of the time to come,  
When, in the earth made new, the centuries  
Shall come and go, freighted with strength and joy,  
Without a lingering shadow of the curse.