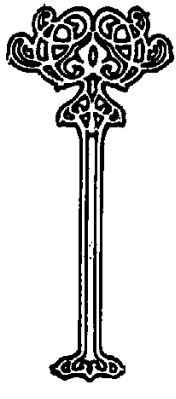
THE

Western Reserve of Ohio

and

Some of Its Pioneers Places and Women's Clubs



1914

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Press of Euclid Printing Company
Cleveland

THIS book is affectionately dedicated to my husband. He gave to me a house and lot when he gave one to our daughter, the week of her marriage. In the improving of this property and getting good tenents, it prepared me for such work when left a widow; it also made life bright by giving me a separate bank account to draw upon for books, pictures, to go to conventions, or on short tours of travel; it brought fresh life and vigor to the family; the children had magazines and papers suited to their age. We were all comrades in this partnership.

Mrs. William G. Rose

RESIDENCE OF WM. G. ROSE, CLEVELAND

INTRODUCTION

In the writing of this book we would like to have given honor to many women in the city. First, Mrs. Lucius Webster, who took charge of the Cleveland Peace Society until it had grown to the size of being held in Adelbert Chapel.

To Mrs. C. T. Doan, who established the principle of buying and selling pianos without a salesroom or stenographer, and who opens her hospitable home to the young people of her church, and gives liberally to her son, once a missionary in Norway, now in Atlanta, Ga.

To Mrs. Stephen Buhrer, who, as president of the Mothers' Congress, has influenced the legislature to give pensions to mothers, and is active in other clubs.

To Miss Anna Edwards, who opened a Coffee House in the neighborhood of a large manufactory for their employes, and they, seeing its good results, took it under their own management.

To Mrs. W. J. Rainey, who erected the Rainey Industrial Institute, and provided houses to pay the rent and so meet its legitimate expenses.

To the leaders in the Temperance Crusade, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Duncanson, Mrs. Excell, Mrs. Ingham and the women who prayed before saloons and, if invited to enter, saw the bottles on the shelves, and the barrels behind the counter that held the fiery stuff that robs men of their souls and makes them mere beasts, and for which our Congress will take a revenue.

To Mrs. M. C. Holmden, who has trained her class of Loyal Temperance Legion (L. T. L.) so that they have won numerous prizes.

To Miss Georgiana Norton, principal of the Cleveland Art School, who has labored for years for its benefit and has it now in a beautiful building free from debt and with an endowment of two hundred thousand dollars.

To Jane Elliott Snow, who wrote "The Women of Tennyson," "The Life of President McKinley, and gives parlor lectures.

To Mrs. Charles R. Miller, who invited Anna Heydekooper from Meadville to establish the Kitchen Garden and who is now a visitor in the Home Workers—two wagon loads of them rode in the Perry Centennial parade—also Historian in the Daughters of the Revolution, a member of the Society of 1812, and the College Club.

To Mrs. McCrosky, who gave time and money to all of the women societies and died on her return voyage from Egypt.

To Mrs. S. C. Chase, who made "Home for Children" on Marvin Avenue.

To Mrs. S. C. Bierce, who founded the Press Club and wrote short stories for the Plain Dealer.

To Mrs. H. G. Boon, who daily visited the lot cultivated by the children of the H. P. A. and made it a success.

To Mrs. W. E. Bowman, who, for twenty-nine years, has had a meeting of mothers, who cannot entertain in their home, but who gladly come on Thursdays to tack comforts, sew, and have a luncheon; after which there is a prayer and testimony meeting, which for zeal and sincerity astonishes visitors, and has a far-reaching effect in the home; also a Children's Class, on Saturday, where they sew on garments for themselves, giving them a training that will be useful in their future lives.

To Mrs. M. B. Schwab, who, with her husband, was with the Health Protective Association in its national meeting at the

Pan-American in 1901, and who founded the Jewish Council of Women, and was always a worker for children's playground.

To Mrs. James H. Payne, who founded the Novelist Club, limited to thirty-five members, and which took up other subjects of the art and literature of nations.

To the College Club, limited to alumni only, who invite professionals to address them, and by a large membership have recently bought and furnished a club house.

To the Equal Franchise Club, the Suffrage Party, and the Woman's Club, which are awakening women to a sense of their responsibility for the white slave traffic, for the low wages given to unskilled labor, the child's welfare, and the large dividends of stockholders, robbing the workers of the necessities of life.

To these and many others we would gladly mention if space would permit.

PARMELEE RECORD

Martha Parmelee Rose, b. March 5, 1834; m. William G. Rose March 28, 1858.

Theodore Hudson Parmelee, b. January 21, 1795; m. Harriet Holcomb, October 13, 1813; d. January 24, 1843.

Theodore Parmelee (Captain), m. Keziah Hudson, March 8, 1871; d. 1795, aged 78. Mr. Parmelee d. 1815, aged 93 years.

Abraham Parmelee, Jr., m. Mary Stanley.

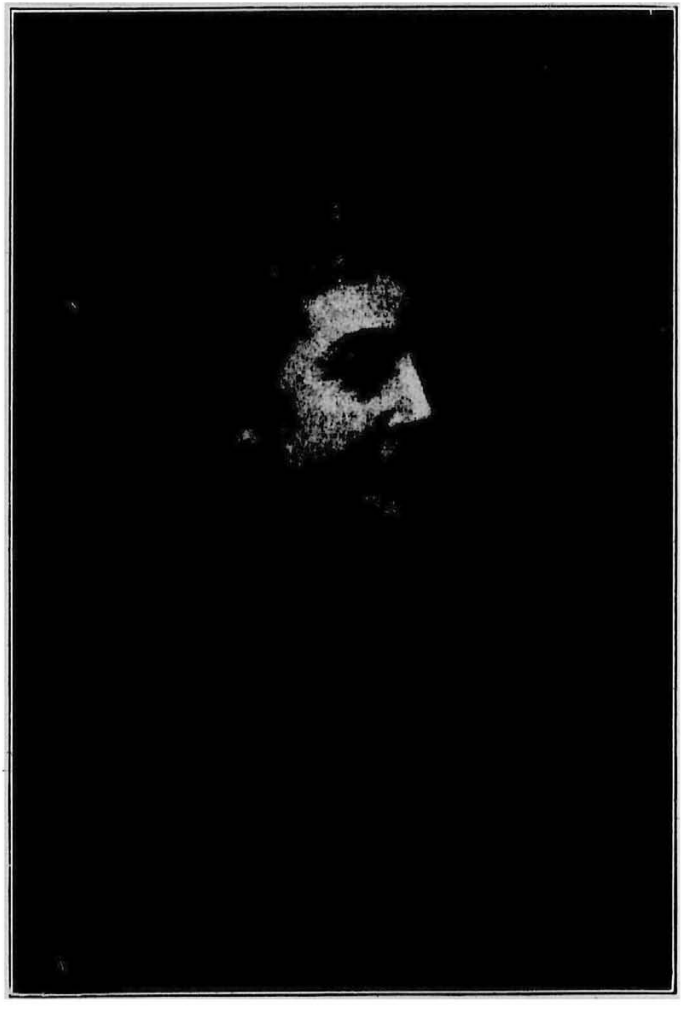
Abraham Parmelee, Sr., m. Mary Bishop.

Isaac Parmelee m. Elizabeth Howland.

Stephen Parmelee m. Elizabeth Baldwin.

John Parmelee, Jr., m. Rebecca, "Widow" Plane and Hannah.

John Parmelee, Sr., came from England in 1639, settled in New Haven, then in Guilford, Conn. All children recorded in Guilford.



MRS. W. G. ROSE

GENEALOGY OF THE PARMELEES

In the Lenox Library in New York no book gave so many details as that of our fellow townsman, C. C. Baldwin, one of the trustees of Cleveland Historical Society. We also have some data gathered by Charles Parmelee, once teacher at Gambier, Ohio. Madam Rose Parmlin (pronounced Parmly) of Lausanne, Switzerland, widow of Alexander Parmlin, says: The Parmlins came from Barseus of Gilly Borsol Canton, Switzerland. They exist there now. They are in the Tyrol and Holland. A Belgium prince named Maurice Van Parmlin in 1557 fled to Holland to escape the persecutions of the Duke of Alba. Afterward came to Batavia, New York, and purchased large grants of land and founded a family who are there now.

The Parmelees married the Baldwins three or four different times and therefore the Baldwin record is of great interest. The late C. C. Baldwin's book has the following:

The Baldwins were in England as early as 679 A. D. The Earl of Flanders, cotemporary with Alfred the Great, whose son Baldwin 2d married Elizabeth of Alfred, to Baldwin 5th, who married the daughter of Robert of France.

Baldwin, Emperor of the East in 1239, son of Baldwin, Earl of Devonshire, was the first to rebel against Steven. Baldwin means bold winner or speedy winner of a domain, where the name stands for border or garden. Surnames were not used in England until after the Conquest, but were superadded to the Christian names.

John Baldwin was rector of London from 1441 to 1445. Sir John Baldwin was Chief Justice of Common Pleas Court of England from 1536 to 1546, the year of his death. His mother was Dorner, whose family came to earldom. His sister, Elizabeth, married Lord Herbert, Marquis of Worcester

King Henry the Eighth made estates to John Baldwin, rector of Lincoln, Commissioner of Peace, who was Lord Manor of Anglesea. Richard, his brother, and John were the ancestors of the Baldwins in America.

The Parmelees were descendants of John Parmlin, senior, of Guilford, Ct., 1639. He had four sons and three daughters. His son, John, was probably born in England. His daughter, Elizabeth, married John Everett; Mary married Dennis Compton and Hannah, John Johnson, of New Haven, Ct. John Parmlin, junior, had three wives, Rebecca, "Widow" Plane and Hannah. Nathaniel was the son of the first wife; the widow died within a year. Hannah had seven boys and two girls. Stephen, the fifth son, married Elizabeth Baldwin, of Millford, Ct. Isaac (my forefather) married Elizabeth Howland in 1689. Of their nine children, Elizabeth married Nathaniel Baldwin, 1718, afterward Deacon Nathaniel Baldwin, of Litchfield, Ct. He was one of four sons who removed to New Haven. Abram Parmelee, son of Isaac, born in Guilford, married Mary Bishop, and his son, Abram, junior, married Mary Stanley, the mother of Captain Theodore Parmelee, of Goshen, Ct. Captain Parmelee married Kezia Hudson, daughter of David Hudson, senior, and mother of David Hudson, junior, who settled on the Western Reserve in 1811 in the town of Hudson.

Guilford is sixteen miles from New Haven. In 1750 members went to Stockbridge, Mass., and others to Goshen, Ct. Nathaniel gave land to his daughter, Elizabeth, who had married Stephen Parmelee, June 7, 1773.

Nathaniel Baldwin, born in Guilford, November 28, 1693, married Elizabeth Parmlee, daughter of Isaac Parmlee, of Guilford. He was a deacon; he bid three shares of land in Goshen, July 14, 1736.

He was made treasurer and in laying out a town was asso-

ciated with his son-in-law, Ebenezer Norton. He was State Representative from 1753 to 1760, the year he died. Ebenezer Norton was sent to the State Legislature twenty-six times. He had nine children, all married. He went to Goshen to prevent also "the lapsing of a grant" which did most to promote emigration in early times in Connecticut.

Michael Baldwin removed to New Haven to educate his children. He was a blacksmith. One son became a United States Senator, one a Governor, and one a Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Guilford was the third colony of New England. Milford was the second. Guilford was along Long Island Sound for ten miles. It was conveyed to the colony by the Rev. Henry Whitfield for $100. He came with forty-eight others November 8, 1639. His house was the oldest. Its wall was three feet thick, built of stone. Samuel Disbrow also had a house built of stone. He was a relative of Oliver Cromwell. Rev. John Higginson was his son-in-law. Oliver Cromwell seriously contemplated coming to America, but was detained by stress of circumstances. Thomas Hastings descended from Captain Thomas Parmelee, of Revolutionary times. Fitz Green Halleck's grandmother, Beulah, was daughter of Joseph Parmelee, son of Isaac. Abram Parmlee, senior, married Mary Bishop, and his son, Abram, junior, married Mary Stanley, the mother of Captain Theodore Parmelee, of Goshen, Ct. She was the one who sent her son to New York to see what could be done for the colonies. Her husband and her son, Abram, were the first to go to the Alarm at Fair Haven. She said to Theodore: "You are twenty-five years old. Elisha and Erastus will help me on the farm. I will keep a kettle of hot soap to throw at the Indians if they come near."

Four different times did she fit out her son, Theodore, for the battlefield and gave him her parting blessing. With her own

hands she made five woolen blankets and sent them as presents to the soldiers who, after the battle of the day, had neither bed nor covering for the night.

This Theodore Parmelee was captain of the Fifth Regiment of Connecticut Light-Horse Dragoons, and was present at the capture of New York by the British. He was never wounded. At one time he was sent with a scouting party, near the enemy's lines, when he was suddenly surrounded. He did not feel disposed to surrender, but drove through them, warding off several blows aimed at his head and escaped unhurt. He had four or five terms of service. The force was organized and reorganized many times. He was at the capture of Burgoyne, having reported to Colonel Samuel Seldon. of the Seventeenth Regiment. It was recruited in Litchfield, Ct. They extinguished the flames of the vessels that had been set on fire by the enemy and rescued all of the stores and ordnance from destruction and received the thanks of their general.

Washington reviewed the army June 16, 1782, and said: "The First Connecticut Brigade is as fine a body of men as is in the army; some of their maneuvers are of great precision, but they do not take as good aim as expected. Frequent practice will remedy this evil. Their clothing could be made to fit them better."

After the war Captain Parmelee retired to private life and married, March 8, 1871, Keziah Hudson, daughter of David Hudson, senior. They had ten children, six boys and four girls. They lived and died in Goshen, Ct. The Captain died in 1795, aged 78, and his wife in 1815 at 93 years.

Theodore Hudson Parmelee, their son, born January 21, 1792, was educated for the ministry at Litchfield, Ct., with Lyman Beecher as teacher. The principles of Calvinism he could not adopt and in the last term secretly left school and came to the Western Reserve of Ohio with David Hudson's colony.

THE EARLY COLONIES

Report of F. B. McNaughton to D. A. R.

In March, 1789, the Constitution of the United States went into force; no restriction was to be laid on the suffrage by the Constitution, but each State would make the qualifications of electors. To have limited the suffrage would have raised a barrier difficult to remove, because they would have to amend the Constitution.

All manual labor was performed by servants; the negro slave could not make a contract or give testimony against a white man; anything he earned reverted to his master. He could read but was not to be taught to write.

Political offenders were sent over from the old country (as many as four thousand) murderers, robbers, forgers, house-burners, petty thieves, felons of all sorts.

Virginia received more than any other State because tobacco raising was very profitable. Between 1715 and 1775 ten thousand were exported from Old Bailey prison in London. The industrial servants would be bound to the owner of the ship, to serve him or his assignee for a number of years for their passage; they then were sold to the highest bidder. They could remain on shipboard for a month and were then sold to speculators for what they would give, and were often chained and driven from town to town. They were classed with negroes or criminal classes. They were dressed in old clothes and worked hard; if they ran away, two days were added to their service for every day gone; they worked from sunrise to sunset for no pay at all. If they should go in debt, even for a sixpence or a

penny, they could be thrown into jail to remain until they died of hunger or disease. These were the penal codes of Europe. The common crimes were punished by branding "T" on the left hand, meaning thief; "B" was burglar, and if on the forehead it was done on the Sabbath day; every pauper had to wear the letter "P" on his sleeve; these rules were enforced as late as 1817 in Philadelphia.

When Jefferson was elected President the old rules of Europe were not enforced; his was an age for the poor people; wages were highest in New England; lowest in the South. The negroes were hired out for $50.00 a year; the white man received $1.00 a day in harvest time in the North. In 1817 the states abolished imprisonment for debt. In Philadelphia a man was put in prison for a debt of two cents. Many of the debts were rum debts at grog-shops and groceries. In 1822 two thousand were in prison for less than twenty-five cents each. No provision was made for either sex; a bed was seldom seen in a prison; robbers were confined with debtors and witnesses; bedding was provided for criminals, but not for debtors. Imprisonment for debt was abolished in Ohio in 1828; in New York in 1832; in Missouri in 1845; in Connecticut in 1839; in Alabama in 1848.

The disfranchised landholders were those who bought of the Holland Land Co. Instead of selling in fee simple and a mortgage, they bought on long credit and could not vote until this land was paid for, and hundreds of thousands of farmers were in this condition.

In 1821 a convention was called in Albany to amend the Constitution, and then it was decided that senators must be free-holders—the argument was, that the business of the Legislature would have much to do with property; it was the source of all employment, and a man without property should have no

concern in its appropriation; it also increased the number of votes of those of a character most likely to be improperly influenced, it enlarged the field of action of a candidate and enabled him to combine greater numbers.

Daniel Webster said: "No rights are safe, when property is not safe," and he carried the case. In England fifty working men represented the labor party. Five years ago Justice Farewell decided: "The funds of trade unions were liable to seizure for wrongs committed by those representing them." The House of Lords confirmed the finding and this instantly destroyed the security of trade unions in England. The unions had 400,000 members and 15,000,000 funds; they were helping the unemployed; caring for the sick; burying the dead, and thus saving the public purse. Now one member might imperil that fund; they appealed to Parliament, which turned a deaf ear—then they rose in revolt; with their millions of members they elected their own Union Secretary to Parliament and secured fifty members almost at a jump; they had more members at the next election and eventually may secure a majority; in that event, a workingman would be a Prime Minister as in British Australia. There is no reason why a workingman should not be in the United States Senate; they prepare their men for action. Mr. J. F. MacPherson, thirty-four years old, went to Ruskin College, Oxford, and learned to smelt steel in the furnace of Middleburgh; he is organizing secretary of British Steel Smelters and Tinplate Workers; can talk well.

The Senate Committee decided there should be no liquor selling in Indian Territory and Osage Reservation for twenty years after the passage of the statehood measure, then the states may decide for themselves upon it. The most determined evil which affects the clerical force and the offices of the govern-

ment is the habit of using intoxicating liquors. H. L. Merrill, of Hagerstown, Md., in the United States Senate introduced a bill "that all license be addressed to the Judge," who should grant or reject them. Lyle P. G. Emery, of Warren, Ohio, was appointed by the Controller of Currency in Washington to standardize the currency of the Chinese Government. In three years, there, he established the coinage system on a firm basis. He expects to return to China and engage in mercantile business.

Almshouses are to be for agricultural experiment and to give demonstration work in the field, and allow the farmers to visit them and explain to them what is in progress.

BOSTON TEA PARTY

As we read the proceedings of Parliament after the tea destroyed in Boston Harbor we are not surprised that our forefathers struck for independence and civil liberty.

Four bills had passed Parliament, one, for appointment of all officers by the Governor, military, executive and judicial. All town meetings were prohibited. All murders committed should be tried in England and the Quebec act should be tried in England, wherein the boundaries of that province were extended to the Mississippi river and south to the Ohio and guaranteed to the Catholic Church the possession of this ample property and full freedom of worship.

Hildreth History of the U. S., volume 3, page 33.

Gage succeeded Hutchinson as Governor. Boston had rebelled and now suggested the idea of a Continental Congress. Connecticut also advocated a Continental Congress. Pennsylvania proposed paying for the tea, to the East India Company, that had taken the sale of all the tea. Maryland favored non-consumption and non-importation. Virginia appointed a day of fasting and prayer. Dinsmore declared an attack on one colony was an attack on all.

On the first of August a convention was called at Williamsburgh, afterward at Philadelphia in September. Non-importation and non-consumption was agreed upon by the colonies.

John Adams wrote his wife: "Every man in this assembly is a great orator, a critic and a statesman, therefore must show his criticism, his oratory and his political abilities." They had paid duty to the mother country for assistance and for protection, but when she assumed the right she did they rebelled.

On account of the Quebec act the line of the St. Lawrence river was the field for military operations.

The French and Indian war was about Ticonderoga and Crown Point. These fortresses were in possession of the British, and well supplied with cannon and military stores. Immediately after the Lexington alarm Connecticut and Massachusetts set about securing these old fortresses. Connecticut sent Benedict Arnold, Massachusetts, Colonel Hinman, and Vermont, Colonel Ethan Allen, (whose first wife was a sister of Mrs. David Hudson, junior). He was the first to take possession of the garrison. Taken by surprise they surrendered without loss of life. Benedict Arnold and Colonel Hinman entered the fort together, side by side, and took Ticonderoga without the loss of a man. After the surrender they took possession of the smaller towns along the Hudson river. Benedict Arnold's leadership not being acknowledged he was angry. When next heard from he was before Quebec. He married a sister of a British officer and afterward went to England to reside.

On September 28, General David Wooster, Colonel of Connecticut's First Regiment, 64 years of age, went to Ticonderoga. He was mortally wounded in the Danbury raid and died May 2, 1777. He was succeeded by Major Huntington of Norwich. Colonel Rufus Putnam, so successful in building block houses for refuge to which the settlers could flee in case of attack, wrote Washington that education should be fostered by liberal grants of land for schools, so that intelligent men should perform the duties of citizenship. This letter Washington forwarded to Congress with a similar request himself. It was granted. Along the Ohio river the settlers did not use the conciliatory measures of the French and a war called the "Dinsmore war," followed.

At a meeting called in Boston by Colonel Putnam and Benjamin Tappan they appointed Rev. Manassah Cutler a committee to wait upon Congress. He was a member of various societies and a graduate of Yale and a man of many gifts. He was supported by men in Congress who were officers in the late war.

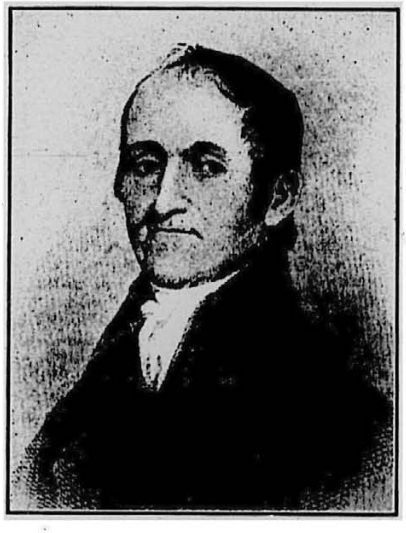
He was made delegate, to present to Congress, convened in New York City, to ask that slavery be prohibited from the territory. It was at first rejected but afterward inserted. Daniel Webster said: "I do not know of a single law, ancient or modern, that has produced effects more distinct and lasting than this ordinance of 1787." This was the first United States Territory organized and was called the Northwest Territory.

The Ohio Company purchased one million and a half acres on the north side of the Ohio River at one dollar an acre. In three years they appealed to Congress to be relieved, for their treasurer, Richard Platt, was a defaulter. Some had failed to pay, in full, for their shares. Congress was lenient for it was pleased with the progress of the company and gave deeds for the land as far as money received, also gave six months to pay one-seventh and the balance in six years at twenty-five cents an acre.

It also offered inducements to settle by giving to every male over 18 years of age, who would be a permanent settler, one hundred acres; to a private in the army, one hundred acres; to a captain, three hundred and fifty acres; to a general, eight hundred acres; to a major-general, eleven hundred; to a brigadier-general, thirty-five hundred acres. The land was laid out in one hundred acre lots; each settler was to release what land was needed for public highways; to build a substantial house in five years; to plant not less than fifty apple trees and thirty peach trees; to provide himself with musket and ammunition and to

perform military duty when called upon, and to settle not less than twenty in a company. Section 16 was reserved to pay for schools; section 29 for the support of the gospel; two townships were reserved for a university, and the Nos. 8, 11 and 20 for Congress to dispose of as government land. This was signed by George Washington, President, and Thomas Jefferson, Secretary.

The first party of emigrants were from Danvers, Mass., and went to Marietta, Ohio, December 1, 1776. One from Hartford, Ct., followed one month later. In 1662, Charles II of England, bestowed on the Hartford settlers all the land within 41 and 42 degrees north latitude as far as the Pacific Ocean. Similar partitions of land were granted to Massachusetts in 1690, while the states that had no such charters maintained that these lands ought in equity to be assigned in common with all the states. The justice of this was acknowledged by Virginia, which was the first to cede to the general government all the lands north and east of the Ohio River



REV. DAVID BACON
FOUNDER OF TALMADGE, O.

DARWIN WRIGHT, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC WORKS, 1896
TALMADGE

TALLMADGE

The Utopian Scheme of David Bacon

The missionary to the Indians of the Northwest was Rev. David Bacon. After six years, four in Detroit and two in Mackinaw, he returned East and reported nothing could be done for the Indians as long as the American fur-traders sold them whiskey in exchange for skins. He advised farming colonies, as an object lesson in Christian civilization. David Hudson, junior, heard these arguments and determined to see the country before he would advocate colonizing it. He went in the spring of 1799.

David Bacon was born in Woodstock, Ct., 1771. When 20 years of age he was ordained by the missionary society with headquarters in Detroit. His salary, after paying his own expenses, was to be $1.10 per day. After remaining four years he returned East and advocated that a colony be established with schools, churches, stores, manufactories, and every appliance of civilization. He married Alice C. Parks, of Lebanon, Ct., a young lady of seventeen years, then returned to Detroit, where he labored for four years more. He acted as supply to the Congregational Church of Hudson, O., for three years, together with Rev. Badger, another missionary. It was said of the latter he was self-educated and worked in the coal mines of Tallmadge, which were used exclusively for the lake steamers.

In the survey of the Connecticut Land Company, township No. 2, range 4, fell to Jonathan Bruce and nine others. It contained 1,525 acres. The first five were called the Bruce Company; the second five the Rockwell Company. In 1879 one of them sold his interest to Ephraim Starr and Samuel Griswold,

of Goshen, Ct. And Ephraim Starr purchased Griswold's interest and transferred it to Colonel Tallmadge. The Bruce Company took the entire west section; the Starr Company three sections, and Colonel Tallmadge the balance. David Bacon was to act as agent to sell it. He obtained leave to form such a colony in Tallmadge. He explained that the Indians were kept drunk by the liquor sold them by the fur-traders of Detroit. These fur-traders were of the English and French gentry, employing agents. He had spent two years in Mackinaw and there also the Indians were drunk most of the time. One old chief said to him: "Your religion is good for the whites, but not for the red man; you sow seed and reap harvests; we need more land to find our food for we kill wild animals," and Mr. Bacon agreed with him. As long as the Indians were filled with rum he was a dangerous neighbor. They moved to Tallmadge and had no neighbors for six months, except a German family. In a year twelve families had come in from other places. He located the place ten miles south of Hudson in a township gently rolling, although in its western border there was an abrupt eminence called Coal Hill, 636 feet above Lake Erie and the highest, except one, in Summit County.

The State road from Warren to Wooster went diagonally through it. Franklin Mills, now called Kent, was five miles to the northeast, Monroe Falls three miles north, and Middleberry three miles southwest, now East Akron.

For the center, David Bacon selected a high plateau south of the present one, but the real center of this township, five miles square, was preferred and some hollows were filled up and the center located there.

The roads surveyed by the Connecticut Co. were north, east, south and west, but David Bacon ordered one between each,

eight in all, and a road one mile and a half from the center, connecting all of them.

Thus all the farms were brought within easy access of the center, where there was a square of seven and a half acres, on which was placed school houses, carriage shops, blacksmith shops and a store. The church was a little to one side of the center of the square. The guide board was a puzzle to strangers, on each side of the eight boards was the name of a township or village and its distance. One man called out: "I have often heard of the hub of creation, now I have got there." Others would say, "This is the center of the world for these folks."

In 1808 Rev. Bacon suggested the name of the township should be after Colonel Tallmadge, as he had brought a colony to it. "Treat, Fenn, Wright," they said; many of each name being in it. He also advised the community to be a unit in religious matters, have but one church and cause to be inserted in the "contract" and the "deeds of conveyance of land" the annual payment of two dollars for the support of the gospel-ministry of the Calvinistic faith, and seize for debt any that were in arrears. Several men, though pious, were not Calvinistic, and refused to pay the annuity and that clause was stricken out.

Timber land was $4.00 per acre; girdled, without underbrush, $10.00, and cleared land, $15.00. Horses, cows, oxen and buildings were valued by the listers.

The first church of ten members was organized January 22, 1809, in Mr. Bacon's home. Four children were baptized. The members were Ephraim Clark, junior, and wife; George Kilbourn and wife, Hezebah Chapman and wife, Amos C. Wright and wife, David Bacon and wife. The four children were Julia and Alice Bacon and Amos Wright, father of Darwin Wright

once Director of Public Works in Cleveland under Mayor McKisson, and Eliza Kilbourn, daughter of George Kilbourn. Until a house was erected for worship, service was held in their several homes. Trees were planted in the Public Square. Two schoolhouses on one side of it north of the church were built.

The church was a two-story frame, painted white with green blinds, very much like the one in Goshen, Conn. Colonial pillars were in front of it and stone steps that reached the three doors of entrance. The gallery was on three sides and the choir occupied the side opposite the pulpit. The choir consisted of a large chorus-choir, two violins, two bass viols and a flute.

About the year 1846 all the choirs of Summit County were invited to join a musical convention to be held in the Tallmadge Presbyterian church. Well does the writer remember the thrilling music of the whole gallery of voices when all joined in singing some familiar hymns led by the instruments of music. Alpha Wright was the chorister; he was the founder of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Columbus.

The same public spirit was manifest in the Sabbath School celebrations; they went in wagons decorated with banners to a basket-lunch in the "Old Maids Kitchen" of Cuyahoga Falls or to a table spread in a grove in Akron. Speeches were made and songs sung, some of them as they returned home.

Every year there was a squirrel hunt, sides chosen, and a supper given by those who killed the greatest number.

In 1814 the first school house of two stories was erected, the upper one for the Academy taught by Elizur Wright. This was destroyed by fire in 1820 and the Academy was then built on the southeast road a few rods from the center. It was taught by Ephraim Sturtevant, a graduate of Yale. His home was on the same ridge and a long line of maples led up to it from

the Public Square. He kept a green-house and had a night-blooming cereus on his porch, that we children went to see and wondered at.

Rev. David Bacon had some financial troubles in settling with the purchasers of his land and returned to Connecticut a discouraged man. He traveled and sold Scotts's Bibles and other religious books. He died in Hartford, Conn., in 1817, forty-six years of age. Dr. Leonard Bacon, President of Yale, was his eldest child. His daughter, Delia Bacon, visited England to publish a book on "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" She was assisted by Hawthorne, then Ambassador to England, but was discouraged by Thomas Carlyle and others. Her large volume was never sold. She said "I told Carlyle he did not know what he was talking about, if he believed that 'booby' wrote them. It was then he began to laugh; you could have heard him half a mile. We now know that Shakespeare was reviewed three times by Samuel Johnson and in that way it became nearly perfect."

A younger brother of Delia, Leonard Frances Bacon, went to Liberia, Africa, in the interest of the colonization of the colored race. He came back and published a book of his experiences as a physician among them. It was favored by Henry Clay and others as to "What Shall We Do With the Negro?"

In 1881 a celebration was held in Tallmadge, and a stone marked the site of David Bacon's residence, saying "Here the first church of Tallmadge was gathered, in the house of David Bacon, Jan. 3, 1809; this stone was placed here June 3rd, 1881.'

When the church edifice was built, forty cents a day was the usual wage and was from sunrise to sunset and in the winter two or three hours of candle light. The subscription for the new church aggregated $3,500, to be paid with labor, lumber, or

wheat, in installments of two or three years; also wool; for it was a necessity, to clothe the workman; if there was not a supply in the market, they suspended work until they could get wool, in payment for work. The building committee said the demand was reasonable and supplied the wool. A prize was given to the one who first got the timber to the ground for the erection of the church. The 20th of December was the day for hauling the logs, and Daniel Beech, while preparing none himself, hitched his oxen to the stick of his neighbor and got it on the ground just at daylight and received the prize (whiskey).

The contractors were S. Saxon, Samuel Porter, Willis Fenn, Joseph Richardson and Reuben Beech. The trees were blazed and the length marked as contracted for by the owners. Before one o'clock timber had been brought from each of the eight roads, Mr. A. R. Sperry winning the honor of the occasion.

Dr. Bacon from Yale on the occasion of their anniversary in 1881, said: "The unity of a town depends upon a common center, made easily accessible. Public spirit, local pride, friendly intercourse, general culture, and good taste and a certain moral and religious steadfastness are the characteristics of Tallmadge, for which it is noted on the Western Reserve. Any observing stranger can see that it was planned by a sagacious and far-seeing mind." Dr. George Ashmun, of board of educaton of Cleveland, and Sereno Penn, of Y. M. C. A., were born and reared in Tallmadge.

The railroads have taken its business and the town has but a fraction of its former life. The great shops, Oviatt and Sperry, no longer send carriages to the South and West. Tallmadge is of the 19th rather than of the 20th century. For many years there has been a Methodist, as well as Presbyterian church in Tallmadge. Squire Stone and T. H. Parmelee assisted

in building the first edifice of the Methodists. The new church now stands on the Public Square. The cemetery on the south road slopes to the east. The Parmelee monument is there and has the names of the family deceased upon it. The cemetery is well cared for. Many beautiful monuments have been erected.—From Lane's Fifty Years of Akron and Summit County, and other sources."

There is something in the air,
  Something in the very earth
And in all familiar things
  Growing 'round our place of birth,
Which we feel, but may not speak;
  Lines engraven strong and deep
In the freshness of our youth,
  Jewels that the heart will keep.

We may change, but not the place
  Where our childhood's days were past;
It is looking still for us
  Just as when we looked our last.
There's the rock with dappled moss,
  Where the stream comes lapsing down;
There's the seat, beside the ledge,
  With the beech tree overgrown.

There's a hill, a common one,
  Where the quivering birch trees grew,
And we think no other 'ere
  Half so soft a shadow threw.
Other brooks to other eyes
  May as bright and sparkling fall,
But the one by which we climbed
  Has the sweetest sound of all.

Childhood's days are thronging back,
  Childhood's perils suffered o'er,
And we see with our young eyes,
  Feel with our young hearts once more.

THE ERIE INDIANS OR CAT NATIONS

Previous to the Connecticut Land Company settling on the Western Reserve, it was occupied by a tribe of brave Indians called the Eries or Cat Nation. They had burned off the underbrush, so they could more easily see the game. That killed the small trees and caused the large ones to grow to an immense size unsurpassed on the continent. They were of maples, oak, chestnut, walnut and beech. Under them many deer roamed, as well as bears and panthers. Birds of all kinds nestled in their branches. Snakes of every variety dwelt in its swamps.

The French had taught the Indians, who had fought with them, the power of federation, and in New York and Canada there were five nations federated.

This fact reached the Eries and they wished to know its purpose; they sent three delegates to invite them to a foot-ball game, it was refused; then a year later sent seven delegates, and in a game one of the chiefs of the Five Nations was killed by an Erie; immediately all the delegates were murdered. The Eries than harassed the Iroquois and took one of its chiefs prisoner. This man the Eries burned at the stake. The rule of the Indian is to kill the defeated party.

The next year the Iroquois led the Five Nations to the camp of the Eries, a promontory of Rocky River near Cleveland. They climbed it by putting their canoes on end. They at once murdered the women and children and tied a thousand Erie warriors each to a tree, then piled fagots around them and after the darkness of the night set fire to the fagots and danced

around them in great glee. The Eries, writhing in agony, sang war songs, defiant and contemptuous of their foes.

The waves of Lake Erie from Buffalo to Detroit reflected the glare, and the heavens were red with this fearful conflagration. The Five Nations remained a week to care for their wounded and to kill any of the Eries escaping. This ended the Erie tribe.

Colonel Cresus, who came to the Ohio River with no purpose but to kill Indians, leveled to the dust three sets of trappers near Wheeling, also at Coshocton, forty miles west of there. We read in McGuffey's reader: "There is no one left to mourn for Logan, no, not one." During and after the war of the Revolution settlers had to depend upon themselves for defense from the Indians.

DAVID HUDSON, JR.

David Hudson, Jr., inherited some of the qualities of his Quaker father, David Hudson, Sr., who, when dying, ordered a plain casket, made of pine and stained black, and the price between that and the usual one to be given to the minister who officiated.

David Hudson, Sr.'s first wife was Kezia Rose, who had no children. His second wife was Rebecca Taylor, who had three: Kezia, who married Captain Theodore Parmelee; Timothy, the father of Prof. Hudson of Oberlin, and Maria, his sister. David Hudson, Jr., was born in Bradford, Conn., February 17, 1761. His wife, Anner Norton, daughter of Nathaniel Norton of Goshen, Conn., was born the same year, October 29, 1761. They were married when 22 years of age, December 22, 1783. Anner Norton's sister was the first wife of Colonel Ethan Allen, who often visited at her home in Goshen.

Captain Theodore Parmelee had five separate enlistments in the Revolutionary War and received for services land in the New Connecticut of the Western Reserve; lots in Cleveland, Wadsworth, Norton, and two in Hudson, then called Range Four, Lot ten.

David Hudson, Jr., heard the arguments of David Bacon, and although 38 years old with with a family of six boys and one girl, immediately went to the Western Reserve to locate a colony. He took with him his son Ira, 11 years old, and a surveyor and two assistants, Mr. Lindly, of Albany, N. Y., Jonah Meachum and Joseph Darrow. They left Goshen on the 26th of April and reached Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y., on the 5th of May. Here they met Benjamin Chapin, who was the proprietor

of Ravenna Township and was United States Senator from 1839 to 1845. Mr. Tappan had one yoke of oxen and Mr. Hudson bought two. They were driven by Mr. Meachum on the Indian trail to Buffalo, then along the lake to Painesville. Mr. Hudson also sent supplies by Mr. and Mrs. Lacy and his son Ira. They were one week in reaching Niagara River and found it full of broken ice; with great difficulty they persevered against the current and floating ice, and in a few days reached Buffalo, where was a gorge 12 feet thick. It broke that night; then in three days they renewed their journey.

It was noticed the wind was less strong during the night, rowing, pulling and towing as need be, Mr. Lindly, the surveyor, objected and said he "had hired to work in the day time only." Mr. Hudson said nothing, but after a day set him to chopping wood and felling trees while the others slept. After a few hours' labor, Mr. Lindly, seeing the joke, apologized to Mr. Hudson and did his share of night work.

On June 5 they reached Conneaut River, the wind driving them on shore with such violence as to stove a hole in their boat, losing thereby some of their potatoes, also wetting their clothing. They took one day for repairs and to dry their goods; they then used blankets for sails. In two days they arrived in Painesville. Mr. Harmon, debarking, sold his dilapidated boat to Mr. Hudson for one dollar. This, with Mr. Tappan's boat, enabled them to reach the Cuyahoga River in safety. On the 10th of June Mr. Hudson bought of Lorenza Carter a field of corn and one of potatoes and appropriated two barrels of flour (an outlaw and Indian had stolen from them flour, pork and whiskey). This would last them, with game, until their own crops would produce something.

They rowed up the crooked Cuyahoga River and were one

week getting to Northampton, and another week in locating the boundaries of their townships (the bluffs and gullys made travel very difficult). On rough sleds the goods of Mr. Tappan and Mr. Hudson were transferred to their respective places. Mr. Tappan lost one ox through overwork and had to send to Buffalo for another and also for money, as he was reduced to a dollar.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy and Ira had not arrived. Mr. Hudson started in search of them, and found them at Cattaragus Creek. They had taken care of the supplies of Captain Austin of Ashtabula County. They had fitted up the boat discarded by Mr. Hudson and were leisurely taking their way over Mr. Hudson's route. They all arrived on Saturday and Mr. Hudson held religious services in the "lean-to" he had built on his first arrival and from that time services were never omitted. If no other person could officiate, he performed the various services himself.

It was said he was glad to go West to escape the religious convictions of Lyman Beecher, who preached then in Litchfield, Conn. But when in the ice-gorge near Niagara, and in great danger of his life, he prayed to God for deliverance and promised to serve him all the days of his life, and was very faithful to the vow. It was also said he attended school but one day, and was punished three times for not giving the hard sound to Ch. Through his life he was a great patron of schools and *this biography was written by him and preserved by his family.*

The Western Reserve of Connecticut bordered on Lake Erie and on the western line of Pennsylvania for 120 miles north and south and 60 miles east and west. It was divided into townships of five miles square, with roads leading from center to center. Connecticut had failed in her claim to the Wyoming

Valley and had seen Pennsylvania given access to Lake Erie, and asked for this Reserve for the services of her soldiers in the war of Revolution.

Immediately the Connecticut Land Company offered inducements for its settlements.

David Hudson, Jr., Company, Range No. 10, Township 4, was given to relatives or those connected by marriage: David Hudson, Jr., Nathaniel Norton, his wife's father, Birdseye Norton, his wife's brother, Theodore Hudson Parmelee, his nephew, August Baldwin, father of Harvey Baldwin, who married his daughter Anner, and Benjamin Oviatt, relative to the husband of his daughter Laura. The land was laid out in one hundred acre lots.

Each settler was to release what land was needed for a public highway, to build a substantial house in five years, to plant not less than fifty apple trees and thirty peach trees, to provide himself with musket and ammunition, and perform military duty when called upon, and to settle in companies of not less than twenty men. Section 16 was reserved for schools; Section 29 for the support of the Gospel; two townships were reserved for a University, and three for Congress to dispose of as government land. Allowance was to be made for bad land, for 1,500 acres they paid at the rate of 52 cents an acre, but owing to a report of the surveyors that a large part of it was swamp land, one thousand additional acres were given them in the townships of Norton and Chester, making the purchase at 32 cents an acre.

In 1802 the commissioners set off the townships of Burton, Twinsburgh, Aurora, Stow and Mantua.

Mr. Hudson in October returned to Connecticut for his family, accompanied by his son Ira, Mr. Meachum and Mr. Darrow.

They went by boat to Buffalo and after infinite toil reached Bloomfield and there Ira stayed with his grandmother Norton. Mr. Hudson, on foot, pressed on to Goshen, the whole expense amounting to $9.75.

Mr. Hudson offered 40 acres to the first recruit. It was claimed by Miss Ruth Gaylord, of Vermont. Twenty-eight persons returned with him in the spring—Heman Oviatt, Joel Gaylord, Dr. Moses Thompson, Allen Gaylord, Samuel Bishop and his four sons, Joseph and George Darrow, Stephen Perkins (father of General Simon Perkins), Mrs. Eliza Noble, Miss Ruth Gaylord, Miss Ruth Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. David Hudson and six children, namely, Samuel, William, Milo, Ira, Timothy and Laura.

Mr. Hudson took his family in a sleigh in his journey to Bloomington, and there purchased $2,000 worth of supplies, tools, garden and fruit seed, grains, glass, etc. With five boats of his own and three of his friends on the 30th of April they launched out on the great deep of Lake Ontario. They arrived in Hudson, O., in one month. Mr. Hudson had sent by land a horse, a bull and 14 cows, a yoke of oxen, and some hogs. They were driven by Samuel Noble and three sons of Samuel Bishop. They arrived safely about the same time. On the Sabbath following their arrival, Mr. Hudson led his people in a Thanksgiving and Praise service, and resumed public worship, which had been suspended during his absence.

Surveying, clearing and seeding proceeded. A Public Square was laid out by Mr. Hudson, where, the next year, he erected a two-room house, and a few years later a commodious frame house, still standing, which was occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Harvey Baldwin (nee Anner Hudson), until her 90th birthday, October 23, 1900, after which she went to live with her

MRS. HARVEY BALDWIN, (NEE HUDSON)
DAUGHTER OF DEACON DAVID HUDSON
B. OCT., 1800, D. 1902

granddaughter, Mrs. Julius Whiting, in Canton, O. She died in 1902, aged 92 years.

On the Fourth of July, 1800, in the Public Square, a feast was spread on tables made of elm bark, laid on poles and put on crutches in the ground. Abundance of wild turkey and venison and the usual accompaniments were provided. The exercises consisted of an anvil national salute, an oration by Mr. Hudson, and regular and volunteer responses. Forty-three persons participated.

The country was filled with game and nuts. The Indians felt the loss of their hunting ground, but the conciliatory acts of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, emulated by their neighbors, made them almost without attack from them.

Anner Hudson was the first white child born on the Western Reserve, October 23, 1800. She was born in Trumbull County, married in Portage County, and lived in Summit County, all in the same house, for the counties were divided three times. She was married to Harvey Baldwin at 17 years of age and was faithful to the interests of the college until her ninetieth birthday which was celebrated in Hudson. The speakers, relatives and friends came from New York and surrounding towns, at the call of Miss Emily Metcalf, a teacher of Hudson.

In 1801 Governor St. Clair appointed Mr. Hudson justice of peace, so he was known as Squire Hudson nearly all his life. The first marriage he performed was George Darrow to Olive Gaylord. It was to have been a secret, but the birds told it, and the house was full of invited guests.

In 1802 Squire Hudson, in connection with Deacon Stephen Thompson and Heman Oviatt, took measures to organize a church and connected themselves with Grand River Presbytery, with 13 communicants. They depended, for many years, on

Rev. Badger, a missionary, of whom it is said he fought through the war, and saved his scrip. At its close his two hundred dollars would not buy him a coat.

He worked in the coal mines of Tallmadge and preached on Sundays. Rev. David Bacon also preached occasionally, but on no Sabbath did they omit worship.

Until 1817 the religious services were held in schoolhouses, then a Union church was built, free to all denominations to worship in. We here give David Hudson's letter to his wife on her visit to Connecticut:

Hudson, Portage Co., Ohio, September 17, 1814.

Dear Wife:—

Through divine goodness the remnant of our family whom we have at home are all well. I am led to conclude you have all safely passed the din of war and have by this time progressed considerably on your journey. * * * I went down to Wolf Creek and found Theodore and wife well. Tell Captain Parmelee that Theodore is doing exceedingly well. He has the best summer fallow that I have seen in this county, nearly fit for sowing, on the third day of September when we were there he had certainly twenty acres. He has a good field of corn and various kinds of crops in abundance. If he has his health continued, he must gain property very fast with his habits of industry and economy. I wish to know what Laura's prospects are as to school. Wherever she is, I trust you will see that her morals are attended to.

Yours ever,

David Hudson, Jr.

Letter of Kezia Hudson Parmelee (my maternal grandmother) to her brother, David, Jr.:

Goshen, September 1, 1812.

Dear Brother:—

In your last letter you mentioned being out of health. We feel anxious about you. We live in a changing, dying world. It is a wonder of mercy that we have been continued so long, when much younger than we are falling around us. Oh, that we might live wholly devoted to him, yet God is gracious, remembering mercy in the midst of judgments by the revival of religion in many places around us. In some places it is great, and more than usual solemnities attend meetings in most, if not all, our towns and congregations. We desire to bless God for his great goodness and to be humble under his chastisements. We feel as if you are more exposed at present to the horrors of war than we here, particularly from the savages of the wilderness. Hope you will be protected from their cruelty and from every evil.

Theodore has been gone five months and we have received but one letter; tell him that he is so much like his mother, that he cannot write to his dearest friends. I intended to have written to him by Mr. Baldwin, but I think I shall not have time. Please give my best love to him and to William and to each of your children. Tell Mrs. Hudson I saw her mother at meeting on Fast Day; I saw her sister, Mrs. Collins, last Sabbath; believe her brother and family are well.

I have forgot to inform Theodore that we have spun and wove his merino wool and are going to send it to the clothiers and don't know what directions to give about the color. There are thirty yards of it; thought of cutting off some for a great coat and have it light brown and the other dark blue or black. But don't know how he would choose.

Your affectionate sister,

Kezia Hudson Parmelee.

In 1818 the Congregational church was built on the site of the Town Hall, costing $5,000. It was dedicated in March, 1820. In 1828, the Methodists organized a church. In 1840 the Episcopalians, and in 1858 the Roman Catholic church was organized.

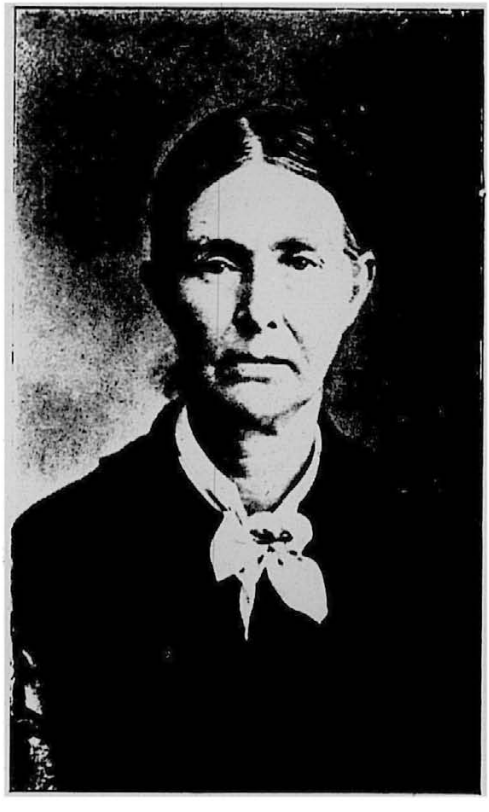
The first school was taught by George Pease in 1801.

In 1827 Mrs. Nutting, wife of Professor Nutting, had a school for girls, and in 1860 Miss Emily Metcalf took charge of it. Caroline Earle, eldest daughter of Theodore Hudson Parmelee, attended when from 16 years to 18. She said "They studied astronomy by chalk marks on the floor." She was married to William Earle at 19 years.

In 1803 the Erie Literary Institute was incorporated by the Ohio Legislature. Mr. Hudson's name headed the list of donors. It was located in Burton. In 1810 the building burned; in 1820 they began in a new building. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists organized a society to educate their ministers and it was proposed to add it to the one at Burton, calling it a Literary and Theological Institute.

In two years the commissioners were appointed to select a new location, according to local contributions. Propositions were submitted to Cleveland, Hudson, Burton, Euclid, Aurora and Mantua. Hudson subscribed $7,150.00 and Mr. Hudson gave two thousand dollars besides 160 acres of land, so as to have the college buildings located in the best part of town. The Burton school was presided over by David L. Coe, a graduate of Williams College, but in 1834 it ceased to exist.

The cornerstone of Western Reserve College was laid June 26, 1826. The hymn for the occasion was written by Asaph Whittlesey of Tallmadge. The trophies in the stone were robbed that night and were never recovered.



MRS. WILLIAM EARLE, NEWTON FALLS

Manual labor was required and the students were to work two hours a day for physical development. A wagon shop, a cooper shop and carpenter shop were provided, but did not take well with the students and was abandoned.

The Anti-Slavery question was voted to be suppressed. In 1834 Oberlin was established. Some of its students went to Oberlin. President Pierce was elected. He erected new buildings, increased the library, and bought new apparatus; in 1844 added the Medical Department which was established in Cleveland.

In 1816 Mrs. Anner Hudson, wife of Deacon David Hudson, died at the ege of 57 years. She was the mother of all his children. In 1817 he married Miss Mary Robinson, of Colbrook, Conn., who survived him twenty-one years. In March, 1856, Deacon David Hudson died at 73 years of age. He had seven sons and two daughters, all born in Goshen, Conn., except Anner, who married Harvey Baldwin, of Hudson, on her seventeenth birthday. She had two daughters, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Julius Whiting, of Canton, Ohio.

Of the children of Deacon David Hudson, Ira died September 21, 1817. William in Meigs County in 1863, from a gunshot wound received in the raid of the rebel, John Morgan, through Ohio. Milo died in Chester in 1838. Daniel lived but two years. Timothy died in India and Laura Oviatt was thrown from a carriage in going to the depot in Hudson and died instantly, in 1850. Samuel fell from a tree and was made an invalid for life.

Harvey Baldwin, his son-in-law, who was trustee of Western Reserve College for more than forty years, died in Hudson in 1881 at 81 years of age, and in full possession of his faculties. A year later, in 1882, the College was moved to Cleveland

and called Adelbert, in memory of the son of its greatest donor, Amasa Stone, who raised his bequest from $400,000 to $600,000. President Cutler, the financial agent, was made President and came to Cleveland with the College. He said in his inaugural address: "Women will be admitted on the same conditions as men." Two of his daughters graduated, also two daughters of Mr. Hinsdale, superintendent of Cleveland Public Schools. The College trustees overruled this decision, wishing to follow Yale and Harvard. Those who were called to preside over the College refused on account of this decision. Rev. Hiram C. Haydn of the First Presbyterian church then consented to serve. He was instrumental in founding the Woman's College, having the same professors and teachers. After three years, Rev. Charles F. Thwing from Minneapolis, a graduate of Harvard, accepted the Presidency. He has tact, energy, courage and means. In a few years a College for Women was built on the opposite side of the campus, having the same courses of study and the same professors. A Chapel was built by Mrs. Samuel Mather, daughter of Amasa Stone, a Library by H. R. Hatch and other buildings have been donated. A course of Business Training has been established through the recommendation of Mayor Newton D. Baker. The endowment is growing rapidly. The city of Cleveland is reaping its reward, for its pupils have a College Club, a Collegiate Alumni, and various other societies which give it solidity and tone. In 1912 its students numbered 900.

HANNAH WELLS

HANNAH WELLS

Hannah Wells was the eldest of four daughters of Captain William Wells and Miss Davis of Falmouth, Mass., her twin sister always lived with her, and both lived to the age of 90 years.

She remembered the attack of the British in the autumn of 1775. Guns from the fort were heard at school, but they were not frightened, for "practice-firing" had been common. On her way home from school the firing was exceedingly rapid, yet she and her younger sister stopped to fill their dinner baskets with nuts which lay thick upon the ground, and then ran all the way home.

They lived with their Grandfather Davis, who was a large farmer and ship owner. They found many people from the town at their home, and the house stripped of most of its furniture, which had been carried to the woods or sunk in the well. She remembered a large mirror, with the earth adhering to it, which was brought back afterward.

It was supposed the British would land and scour the country, but they contented themselves with shelling the town. They then sailed away to Martha's Vineyard where they did great damage. With a spy-glass, from her mother's house, they could see the Red-coats when they landed at Martha's Vineyard. In Green's Hostory, page 110, he says: "Falmouth, containing upwards of 400 dwellings, was totally destroyed by shells and hot shot thrown into it without intermission during a whole day from a ship of 18 guns commanded by Captain Mock." But Hannah tells us that the town was not damaged to this amount at that time.

She removed with her parents to Lenox when seven years of age.

Captain Wells, with his vessel which carried sugar from the West Indies, was absent for a long time, after the breaking out of the war, which caused them great anxiety. She would relate the almost frantic joy when the news came that her father's vessel was in port.

They lived for a time in Lee, where her sister, Thankful, kept a school, and she told of a queer incident. Thankful had a bottle kept for flowers; as she came home she tossed some bees into it, and, let them out on entering the house. They at once stung some horses hitched to posts near by. The horses broke loose and overturned the wagons and caused great damage and consternation.

At 22 years of age Hannah Wells married Elijah Holcomb, and removed to North Canaan, Conn. In 1810 she was left a widow with seven children. Kellogg, the eldest, was drowned in a river nearby, and Harriet, the next child, had married Theodore Hudson Parmelee and was living in Norton, O. By his invitation she came west and had a home built for her near New Portage, now Barberton. She could weave the most beautiful linen for towels and table cloths, and was in great demand as nurse for the sick.

A few years later she married a local Methodist preacher, Lysander Hard, and moved to Wadsworth, near his married son's.

In the sickness of New Portage of 1829 that nearly swept the town out of existence, she went from house to house, giving aid where most needed. Then moving her son's family to her own home, she persuaded other people of Wadsworth to do the same, and so relieve the terrible suffering from want of care. One was Dr. Clark, whose son was Homer J. Clark, afterward President of Allegheny College and editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate. His daughter, Anna Clark, was State President of the W. C. T. U. for many years.

Her retentive memory enabled her to relate many interesting events of her family and many in regard to her Grandmother Davis. She occupied a large room which she never left and which the children were not permitted to enter; but they often went to the window and were greeted with a smile and a gift of apples, nuts, cakes or sweetmeats. Her delicate, beautiful face, set in a snowy white cap—she sat in a large arm-chair, which she could wheel around as she greeted them. Usually a cheerful fire was in the fireplace, above which there was quaint carvings in wood.

She remembered seeing the same sweet face in the casket, and the windows of the pleasant room closed. This early impression may have led her also to be very kind to children and young folks. "It was a delight to be in grandmother's room," said Eliza. "It was better than play, many a one went to her for counsel or sympathy who would not tell another, but in her presence felt no restraint. Her rebuke was gentle, but contempt for one who would not make confession or reparation was too withering for endurance. She was always cheerful and glad to assist people."

When called to see the sick she would silently pray God to direct her, and of the three things she thought of as good, one of them could be easily procured. She had a fund of anecdotes to relate and they led the mind away from pain. She lived to 99 and 9 months. She never had a headache or any serious sickness. When she had attacks she would recover by a long sleep, lasting sometimes thirty-six hours. She was buried in the cemetery of New Portage and her two grandsons, Pollus and Nathan Holcomb, erected a worthy monument to her memory, which is still there, though many have been removed to the new cemetery at Barberton.

HARRIET HOLCOMB

By E. A. Parmelee

Harriet Holcomb was a beautiful girl of 16, full of life and sparkle. Her complexion was of that clear type that denotes perfect health. She was a blonde with cheeks like roses in their first bloom, lips like rubies, and teeth like pearls. Her features were regular, her hair of dark brown and her eyes blue. Her every movement betrayed the fullness of life that flowed in her veins and rendered her restive under the restraint of school life. Her clear mind enabled her to master quickly lessons assigned and left her abundant time to seek some outlet of great vitality. This outlet was, in school parlance, mischief, though of an innocent sort, usually not vicious, for this was foreign to her nature, but fun, though innocent, sometimes interfered greatly with the perfect mastery of lessons on the part of those less quick than herself, and called forth frequent though mild reproof. In return for these reproofs she took delight in teasing the master. One day she had been unusually full of pranks, when the school closed the teacher said, pleasantly, "Miss Holcomb, you will remain after school," she thought, "Now my punishment is to come, I wonder what it will be? or will he dare to use the whip or ferrule on me, or will he only give me a thorough scolding. I suppose it will be a wonderfully serious talk, for I can hardly conceive of his scolding me. Well, I deserve something like punishment for I could see his annoyance plain enough, but I just couldn't help it, it was so delightful to watch his unheard of devices to induce me to sit as that little 'puss' beside me. I really couldn't do it. But it was too bad to

HARRIET HOLCOMB PARMELEE

spoil her lesson, for I know she will study half the night to make it up and make sure of perfect lessons tomorrow. I wonder if this staid little seatmate had not half an eye to working herself into the good graces of the master. I really don't believe she loves study as well as she appears to and yet I know it hurts her to fail, and I was a regular naughty girl to be sure. I will take my scolding or whatever comes meekly unless I can behave better in future. I wonder if I can. I really should not dare to promise and whatever else the master does I hope he will not ask that. Dear me, how slow he is; will he never begin his lecture or whatever is coming. I wonder if he puts everything in such complete order before he leaves the school. I know he writes copies after the school is out sometimes. I hope he will not keep me sitting here while he does that. It would be worse than—." Here she was interrupted by a request to get her school things. "I will walk home with you tonight," he said, very quietly.

"So he is going to report me to my mother, perhaps, and then I shall be obliged to promise him to behave myself or leave school, which shall it be?" Very demurely she walked by his side and he talked of all sorts of indifferent things, to which she replied in monosyllables as far as possible, all the time expecting the scolding to come, until they turned off the main road and took a by path but little traveled and then he slackened his pace and looked down earnestly into the troubled eyes, that looked up questioning just at this moment.

"I have asked to walk home with you tonight that I might have the opportunity for a little serious talk I have long wanted with you." She thought, "It is coming now, but I wish he would not talk so seriously but would scold outright." He seemed to hesitate a moment, then said, "You have become very dear to

me these last few weeks; so dear that I cannot think of life without you, and I want to ask your mother's permission to try to win your love, provided you will first give me your own permission. Will you?" All color forsook her face and then rushed back so violently that the tears stood in her eyes as she lifted them timidly to his.

"I hope I have not been too sudden. I have thought of this so long that it seemed that you must have thought of this, too. May I think it is not all unexpected?" She was trembling now as he drew her to a seat on a log by the wayside. Suddenly she dropped her face in her hands and wept uncontrolably for some minutes while he tried to soothe her, affirming if what he said gave her pain he would never say another word but should close his school and go away never to return. At length she controlled her tears, looking up into his earnest face the absurdity of it all struck her and she laughed almost as uncontrolably as she had wept a few moments before.

"This is better than tears," he said, "I wish I might know that my proposal gave you pleasure."

"Oh, it is all so absurd," she said. "Why, I am only a child and a very naughty one at that. Why didn't you scold me as I deserved?" He said, "If you are only a child now, you are a very lovable one. I assure you, laughter becomes you far better than tears." She said, "It is all too ridiculous. Ask my mother and see if she don't tell you so." "Very well, I will ask her and I am glad you gave me the permission—" She said, "Oh, don't take it too serious. Please talk of something else; that flock of birds, for instance." So he talked of the birds and then turned to the Western Reserve where he had spent one year for this was in the winter of 1812-13 and in Canaan, Conn., of the time when the Puritans held full sway. He talked of

the new settlements that were fast springing up, of the delight of founding new settlements and controlling their character, of the wide field of usefulness opened. He talked so enthusiastically of the work to be done, of his desire to do his part and impress upon the new community correct methods, plans and aspirations till, ere she reached home there seemed opened before her a new life and a new purpose.

When she entered the school again she found the old life had passed away and a new one had begun. If this was to be her last term at school there was so much to be learned. Oh, so much. How could she have been so idle, so satisfied with learning lessons simply to recite them.

THEODORE HUDSON PARMELEE

Theodore Hudson Parmelee was of Puritan descent. The custom of bestowing a college education on one member of the family when there were several sons had descended from father to son for several generations. Theodore had two brothers older than himself and one younger but none of them took to books with any special liking. Theodore took to them naturally as ducks do to water. Every leisure moment was occupied with them, and his sisters found it a difficult matter to draw him off for a social evening, however much they desired it.

During the summer season many students enjoyed the hospitality of New England homes, whose doors were open and a cordial welcome was given to all comers. Then it was that Theodore was in demand, for, if any question came up for discussion, Theodore could carry his part well if he only would, and if matters of fact were to be decided Theodore could always be trusted. His memory seemed to be fact-tight, but when his sisters thought they had secured him for an intellectual contest, it was extremely common for him to slip away, if the social part drifted into small talk. The library possessed far greater interest than any mere social pastime. It was natural then that Theodore should be the one chosen to do credit to the family in some professional calling. He had prepared for college and meantime had gone through his father's library and the town library also. History was his special delight, and twice reading made him master of all the books in that line. A problem confronted him at this point of his career more difficult to solve than any other that had preceded it. What should be his profession? He knew that his parents wished him to choose the

ministry and his aged grandmother, (nee Mary Stanley) a most devout and noble woman, would be seriously disappointed if he should choose some other. Theodore was her favorite grandchild and she looked to him to uphold and carry forward the sacred cause for which she daily prayed thy kingdom come and send, Father, more laborers into the harvest. They were heartfelt petitions, not forms, and surely this grandson was particularly fitted for so glorious a calling.

But in Theodore's eyes it was far above him; he felt himself in no way fitted for it; he had a holy reverence for God's word and lofty ideas of the qualifications required for one who should undertake to expound it and act as God's messenger to men. His heart must be fully consecrated; his was not. He must be divinely called; he was not.

To be a physician was altogether distasteful to him and a lawyer was not thought an honest or honorable calling by his friends; if he should choose it no one would be satisfied, least of all his grandmother. In a few weeks he was to enter college. Should he go forward or turn back? If the latter, what excuse could he offer and how satisfy his beloved grandmother. At this juncture there were students in the house and he was in demand each evening, though he longed to be alone.

His eldest sister said to him, "You must come into the parlor tonight, indeed you must. You need society to draw you out. Don't you know that wits are brightened by contact? Oh, you naughty boy, it is pure selfishness to keep all your stores of knowledge to yourself, when it is in your power to be helpful to others. Come tonight, I will not excuse you," she said, and accustomed to yield to her as to his mother he joined the circle.

His coming was greeted with applause for a vehement discussion was on hand and each party hoped to find a helper in

Theodore. How easily he took up the subject, how clearly he presented it, agreeing with neither party, but selecting the truth from each statement he compelled both parties to yield, which they did gracefully. Neighboring young people coming in, Theodore slipped away and sought his grandmother's room. She surely could help him. He had no right to decide without consulting her, but how should he begin, how could he tell her all his heart. It ought to be an easy matter but it was not, but what is that. A newcomer in the family room, hasty exclamations and glad greetings reached his ears and grandma said that is surely the voice of Brother David come back from the Western Reserve.

He had nearly completed this preparation, when his father took him aside and told him his purpose concerning his children.

"I intend to give my boys one thousand dollars and my daughters five hundred. If I send you to college, and then give you a professional education, it will take more than a thousand. I am willing to do it, but I wish you to know that I can do nothing more for you; when your profession is completed you must depend on yourself."

Just at this juncture his Uncle David Hudson returned to Goshen to seek new recruits for his settlement in the far West. He was full of enthusiasm over his success thus far and of hope for its future.

Theodore caught this enthusiasm and decided to return with him. His father consented and, having a "proprietor's right" in Hudson township, made him a liberal offer should he choose to settle there. He did not like the heavy timber and clay roads of Hudson, but was not obliged to choose them.

Hudson township, when surveyed, had so many swamps that the Connecticut Land Co., from whom it was purchased,

granted 10,000 additional acres, the greater part of which was in what is now Norton and Chester townships. He chose Norton.

Mr. Parmelee made choice at first of what is now the Bender farm. He and a cousin built a cabin near the spring there, which was known for many years as the Parmelee Spring. This choice was made because it was nearer to New Portage, which was at that time the head of navigation on the Tuscarawas River, and he felt it would continue to be a place of importance.

"It must not be supposed," says L. A. Lane, in his history, "that the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas Rivers were then the small streams they are now; clearing the land, ditching and other causes have diminished them."

French and Indian traders were accustomed to carry their goods from one stream to the other; hence the word "Portage" from the French *port*, to carry.

Soon after Mr. Parmelee had commenced a party of surveyors arrived, and he joined them.

When their work was completed his father's allotment extended from the eastern line of Norton township one mile west and one-half mile south. For this reason his cousin took the clearing already commenced and Mr. Parmelee began anew on what is now the Swartz farm and cleared ten acres on the hillside sloping east, and in the fall put it into wheat. He made an agreement with John Cahow to harvest this for him; he then returned to Goshen and remained one year.

He taught school during the winter in South Canaan, and found among his pupils one who became his life companion, Harriet Holcomb, a lively, beautiful girl just entering her sixteenth year.

When he came to ask the consent of her widowed mother,

she said: "She is utterly unfit to become the wife of a pioneer. She knows nothing of housekeeping; I have just sent her to school; I have never put any work on her at all."

"You must teach her, you must teach her," was his characteristic reply.

So it was decided that the bride-elect should spend the summer in learning the duties of a housekeeper, and Mr. Parmelee spent his in working his father's farm and learning more fully the duties of a farmer.

November 3, 1813, they were married and left the same day for Goshen, and remained but one week there to complete preparations for their western trip.

One, who had been over the route many times, advised Mr. Parmelee to take a stout one-horse wagon instead of a two-horse wagon, as he had intended.

"A one-horse wagon would run between the ruts made by the heavy commercial wagons." Unfortunately, as it proved, he accepted this advice. When their goods were packed there was little room for even Mrs. Parmelee to ride with comfort. Mr. Parmelee made no effort to provide for himself, but proposed to walk the whole distance—six hundred miles. Because of Mrs. Parmelee's cramped position when riding, she, also, walked long distances beside her husband, and along the smooth sands of the lake which she found delightful.

Until they reached Cleveland the weather was all that could be desired. There they were detained two days by heavy rains. The first day they made but three miles, most of the time being occupied in prying the wheels out of the deep mudholes. The second day's experience was of the same sort. So, after going a mile and a half, they turned back to the place where they had stayed the previous night.

A commercial wagon was there, and Mr. Parmelee secured a seat for his wife in the commercial wagon and rode beside it himself, leaving his wagon and goods until the roads should improve.

At Hudson he bought an ox-team, provisions and the most needful things for commencing housekeeping.

At Northampton he had to get a grist ground, and finding that it would be delayed until night he advised Mrs. Parmelee to go on alone on horseback. This she did. There was then in Akron but one house. Two miles west of Akron she had to leave the Indian trail that led off towards Portage and be guided only by blazed trees. At sundown darkness fell. No longer able to guide her horse, she dropped the lines upon his neck and let him take his own course. He followed a newly opened road across the ledge to a recently erected cabin.

The light of a wood fire streamed out of the open door. As she rode up, a man came out and she inquired if it was John Cahow's. "No," was answered, "John Cahow lives a half mile farther south."

Explaining who she was, she asked to be directed, as her husband would expect to find her there later.

"You cannot find your way," the man answered. "You must just stop here till your husband comes for you. He will come for you when he finds you are not there, never fear." A woman came out and added her invitation to that of her husband. And the woman gave her such a welcome as pioneers always give to newcomers.

Supper over, they entertained her with stories of their own experiences, and the time sped rapidly. At 11 o'clock Mr. Parmelee came across the wood with a torch and took her to John Cahows where Aunt Betsy gave her a true mother's welcome—a shakedown before the fire answered for the night.

The next day a stable just across the road was fitted up as a temporary home and the second night they slept in their own house. The furniture Mr. Parmelee made with his own hands, having brought from Hudson such tools as he could purchase. As soon as cold weather had made the roads solid, he hired a man to go for his goods. Unfortunately he found at the tavern the means of gratifying an appetite that had long been suppressed, and he went on a spree, used up his money and then sold the wagon to pay his bill. He put the goods into a passing commercial wagon, returning on horseback. He said the goods were to be left at New Portage on a certain day, but no goods came and weeks went by before they were heard from. A traveler stopping in "the valley" over night told of goods left at a hotel in Canton with no name of owner.

This time Mr. Parmelee went himself that he might identify the goods. He took with him a boy and bought and drove back three cows. The goods were found unharmed.

When spring came crops must be put in and fences built, so the building of a better house was deferred till fall and Mrs. Parmelee had a hard time during the hot weather trying to make butter. The only way to cool the cream was to set the vessel containing it in the ground on the border of the brook, cover it with a heavy plank and lay a stone on top. Then it must be watched for hogs ran at large and sometimes in spite of watching took the cream. But the milk could be made into cheese which made a valuable addition to their food and all they could spare found a ready sale to newcomers. In the fall a better house was provided; this was one which was called a double log house; that is, two lengths of logs used in its construction, making two large rooms with a chimney between the two, and a wide, open fireplace in each. In it large logs were burned. First there was put in it each morning a log larger

than a man could carry, called the back log. This was rolled into the house with the aid of a lever, lifted upon one end and turned over and pried into place; on top of this was placed another log, a little smaller, which was called the back stick. Another as heavy as a man could carry was placed on andirons, that was called the fore stick. On this a fire was kindled and then an armful of split wood completed a fire which would last, with slight additions, twenty-four hours. This, of course, was for winter, and what a magnificent fire it made, lighting as well as warming a large room. In summer, logs were dispensed with. I have heard that some drew these logs into the house with a horse, though I never saw it done.

This house was a few rods south of the public road and between it and Crystal Brook was a lodge of half-breed Indians.

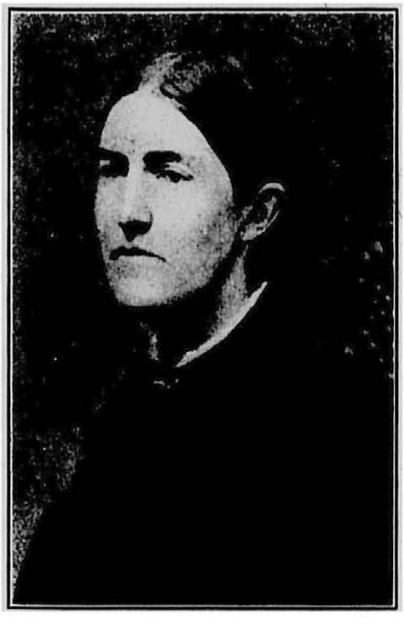
Clarinda Parmelee, his eldest sister, married Rev. Charles Prentice, a graduate of Yale in its second year, and who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of South Canaan, Conn., for thirty years. She became the mother of four sons and two daughters. Edwin went to California with the forty-niners and in 1850 returned home with the largest nugget of gold yet discovered. He said he was going to the World's Fair in London to exhibit it. Instead he met his old love and they were at once married and returned to Sacramento, Cal. Fortune favored them. Her sister married Collis P. Huntington and, they having no children, adopted a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Prentice. Another daughter married Henry Huntington, Collis' nephew. When in San Francisco in 1903 there was a brilliant wedding at Nob Hill, the residence of Henry Huntington, when his daughter married Mr. Perkins. The newspapers had several columns about it. Henry Huntington owned the street cars of San Francisco and was about to purchase those of Los Angeles. Some rumors about an actress led his wife to flee to Japan to live with her daughter, but a newspaper announcement of late that in Paris Henry E. Huntington had married the widow of Collis P. Huntington showed that the family had been reconciled.

ELIZA ANN PARMELEE.

Born December 24, 1818, in Norton, Summit county, O. She was the third child, and was early led to give her heart to God. She united with the Methodist church when 12 years of age. Her father took the anti-slavery paper, The Philanthropist, of Cincinnati, and she heard him discuss slavery with the ministers who were entertained at his house.

In 1844 she graduated from the literary course of Oberlin College and then taught in Martin's Ferry, New Bedford, Frederickstown and Circleville, O. Then in Mercer Female Seminary in Mercer, Pa. She had such true faith in the Bible, and the immortal life it teaches, that her efforts were constantly put forth for the conversion of her pupils.

One elder in the Covenanters church told her he did not believe in a change of heart and he forbade his grandchild from attending the meetings she held in the evenings at her home. It was a sad case of truancy and she married a young man from whom she soon got a divorce for alcoholism, only to marry another with similar habits. Miss Parmelee accepted the principalship of Iberia, O., Free Presbyterian College and remained until the close of the Civil war, when it was disbanded. On her return to her native place of New Portage to take care of her mother and aged grandmother, she gave time and money to help organize the High Street Methodist church. It brought into it the farmers and all who desired to have the liquor business put under a ban. She canvassed for books of interest in order to give some pleasure beside the saloon or the dance hall.



MISS ELIZA A. PARMELEE
B. DEC. 24, 1818

and said, "I meet so many who are glad to see me and tell their troubles; it pays better than any other religious work."

When Barberton was made large by its various kinds of business, the settled pastor wished to have the church go to the new one in the lower part of town, but Miss Parmelee told him, "The membership would not change; it would stay away from church if it did not feel at home." Immediately they made extensive repairs, putting in stained glass windows and seats in a circle, and a room for the Aid Society to have their festivals. They also purchased a parsonage and today it is one of the most active churches in Barberton. When "Rally Day" came last summer they took Miss Parmelee to the church and she shook hands with about three hundred, being then 93 years of age. She had kept up her payments of a dollar a month when she had but a little income. She always wished to give her tenth.

SCRAPS FROM AUNT ANN'S MEMORY

It is fifty years since I opened my eyes upon this beautiful world. I cannot say that it looked very beautiful to me then, or, indeed, that I remember how it looked, or what sort of a house I was introduced to, or what friends first greeted me.

But I know how that room looked a few, very few years later, and I, too, remember a few things that a dear mamma and very dear grandmamma told me about it, and I am going to tell these things to all those little ones who love to hear how people lived, loved, talked, played and worked when they were nowhere.

That home was a double-log house in a pleasant little valley. It faced the east, standing back six yards from the public road. Young fruit trees were planted all about it, but they were small yet, and between them the "ledge" could be seen, as the eastern range of hills was covered with scrub oaks, and between these narrow white strips could be traced what was the public road. Two pair of eyes, older than mine, watched that road for the return of papa from town. On this very Christmas night two noses were flattened against the window panes and two pairs of eyes watched eagerly for "good papa," who was to bring Christmas presents for the "light of his eyes and joy of his heart," as he called these two little watchers at the window.

Darkness came down and shut out the "ledge" from their view first and then the bend in the road, which they could just see between the trees, nearer home, and so the little watchers left their perch and drew the wooden cradle up near to the great fire and diverted their thoughts as wise little philosophers,

by rocking vigorously until mamma had prepared their suppers and then she tucked them away in the little trundle bed drawn out before the bedroom door so that the great blazing fire would keep them company, and bade them sleep and Christmas would find them in the morning and give them something. Two pairs of eyes kept resolutely open for a while and two pairs of ears listened for papa's voice. Somehow, they never knew just how it was, sweet childish sleep shut eyes and ears so suddenly, and yet so softly they knew nothing of it till morning. Then as they peeped through the open door of their little bedroom they saw papa sitting by the great fire and somebody with him.

"I wonder when he came home," said sober little blue eyes, and "I wonder what he has for Christmas," said little black eyes, and they were afraid to ask so they waited for mamma to dress them, but mamma did not and grandma did and both little ones said, as she sat by the fire, "What has we got for Christmas?" "Something you will want very much." "Is it a dollar," said little blue eyes, already learning to reckon by the cost. "Oh, yes," said grandma, and then the two jumped and clapped their hands, they were so glad they could hardly stand still for her to dress them or else they would have no present at all. So they tried hard to be still while the long rows of buttons were slipped into their places and the shoes laced up and tied, and then they followed grandma, almost on tip-toe they were so glad. In the great armchair by the blazing fire sat Aunty Crawford with something wrapped up in a little white blanket bound with such a dainty bit of ribbon. She had such a pleasant smile on her face as she drew the bundle out for them to see the little sister that had come to live with them. So there was their Christmas present.

ELIZA ANN PARMELEE.

THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE DURING THE LAST CENTURY

Eliza Ann Parmelee.

We sometimes become quite discouraged with the seeming failure of temperance and rashly conclude that our efforts against this gigantic evil are useless and it will flow on in resistless tide to the end of time. Let us look back a little and see if we have made any advance in the last century.

In my childhood my maternal grandmother, Hannah Wells, used to tell of her early life and the customs of her times; she told us of the business of her husband and her husband's father; they were farmers and lumber dealers (doing their own sawing of lumber), tanners and distillers of cider brandy. She never spoke of the latter as less honorable than the former, though in later years she never referred to this latter business at all.

History

Back of the W. C. T. U. stands the Crusade and back of the Crusade stands four factors which may be said to have acted as immediate human causes in producing that mighty outburst of power. First, the publication in 1875 of a pamphlet by Dr. Benjamin Rusk entitled "The Effect of Ardent Spirits on the Human Body."

Second, the organization in various states of societies for the suppression of intemperance.

Third, "The American Society for the Promotion of Temperance." In the same year the National Philanthropist was started in Boston; its motto was "Temperate drinking is the downhill side of intemperance."

Fourth, in 1838 Massachusetts adopted the fifteen-gallon law, which greatly injured the retail traffic. In many other cities many similar laws were enacted.

When my mother, father and oldest sister, who was then twelve, signed the pledge, I was not permitted to sign it, being only seven years of age. I was much grieved at the refusal of my name to the pledge that was to do so much good. Even this moderate pledge was signed by only a few and it required a firm will to keep it intact. Some said, "What good can be accomplished by this pledge for it will soon be broken?" My father was preparing to raise a dairy-house. He was assured by nearly all of his immediate neighbors that he must furnish whiskey or no one would lift a hand to help him, certainly not enough to raise it. Father replied, "Very well, if my neighbors fail me I will send to Wadsworth; I can get plenty of help there." They knew they would get excellent cider and this was not very abundant at this time, and a choice lunch, so they came in spite of their threats and there was no need to send away for help.

THE WAY OF FAITH

New Portage, Summit Co., Ohio.

Rev. S. P. Jacoby.

Yours of March 13 is received. I thank you for the very frank statement of my shortcomings and wherein I have failed in the past. I shall try to do better in the future; indeed, I have tried already to speak more clearly and earnestly of the way of faith, but how shall I speak of that which I do not know? Our views of truth are modified, I think, necessarily, by our experience, and my experience has been by a gradual development, a growth of the life of faith, though not without epochs.

When God has revealed Himself, as to Moses of old, when

He put him in a cleft of a rock and caused all his goodness to pass before him. Of these most precious experiences I have ever found it difficult to speak unless in very general terms. For a year or two I have been thinking that this might be a wrong and have been waiting a favorable opportunity to magnify God by a fuller relation of these facts in my religious experience. But to make the opportunity or relate them uncalled for would savor of self and not of God's honor.

But to return to true Christian living, do you not think that some previous Christian development may be necessary in many cases before the way of faith, perfect faith, childlike trust, can be perfectly apprehended?

I sought so long for some remarkable grace or power to be given me by which I might do all things and never fail, and overlooked the arm of the Lord freely offered to supplement my weakness and hold me up in the hour of my need. It is this last great truth that I am ever trying to make of the higher life.

A childlike trust in God's wisdom and God's strength so freely offered to supply all our lack.

Oh, if Christians did but believe that all things work together for good; that no temptation shall overtake them that they will not be able to bear; that it is God's wish that they should cast all their care upon Him. Would not this be for them all the Higher Life?

I observe that late writers use the terms Baptism of Fire and entire Sanctification as synonymous.

I believe that I received this baptism of fire in my twentieth year, though I did not recognize it as such at that time, for I was not praying for it for myself but for another when a flood of light was poured upon me from above. Since that time my joy ever wells up from within, as God's truth is presented to some

inner sense as if a new spiritual perception had been given to me, and yet, after this was given I waded through a sea of doubt three or four years later, which I can compare to nothing but Luther's struggles when confined in a solitary prison in that fortress in the wilderness. But is not every grace given, tried as with fire? and do we not often mistake this trial for the withdrawal of God's favor? I think this was my case and being unconscious of any withdrawal of myself from God I was greatly perplexed.

Obedience is the result of faith, so also is love and all Christian graces. Do I believe in Jesus Christ? I believe he is the Son of God and therefore I believe every promise that he has made to those that believe on Him. Henceforth I am His by indissoluble bond. If I sin I have an advocate with the Father, I have only to carry my burden to that Advocate to make my confession there, to be sure of pardon, such pardon as flows from Infinite Love.

From this dates my life of faith in distinction from a life of variable moods and feeling in which faith alternates with doubts. But my hour of triumph had not yet come. Perhaps it was necessary that this simple faith in God's word should be long tried.

These doubts had their origin in the failure of my Christian life to come up to the full standard of perfect love, perfect faith and perfect obedience. In a state bordering on despair I lived many months. At last I said: What does God require? Simply believe and obey. All is included in these two words, all else must follow.

It was not till my twenty-fifth year that I reached firm ground and felt my feet immovably fixed on the rock—Christ Jesus.

And yet, this was more an intellectual than a spiritual triumph. I followed Christ from an intellectual belief that he was the Christ, the Son of God. I was strengthened in this position by past religious experience, which, in my sorriest hour of unbelief I had tried in vain to account for on or by some natural law. That baptism of fire, of light, especially, would not come under any law but the divine, revealed by Christ Himself. I was not praying for (though I had often done so previously), was not believing or looking for it, but simply walking with God, Jacob-like, for another. That prayer could not be answered, at least not then, as I wished. But God supplied all my lack and caused me to triumph and to walk in that light for a year or two without a shadow of a cloud. And had I followed all the teachings of the Spirit I should undoubtedly have honored God more, and been spared the fierce conflict that afterward followed.

In the winter of '45-'46 I taught school under the management of a devoted man of God, who put so much spiritual work upon my shoulders that I could not do it unaided or without more light, spirit and power and then I carried my weakness to Him who could supply it with His strength and once more He supplied all my lack.

The Spirit took the things of God and showed them unto me. It was a revelation of truth from His blessed word. But in teaching this word and doing all that was required in humble and constant reliance on Christ, I found at last that flow of light and joy into my soul, that constant triumph in God which I had concluded, when I followed Him only intellectually, was never to be mine. Others might have it but it was not for me, from some peculiarity in the construction of my mind, which must submit everything to reason. I was in this dissecting process to lose all

the beauty and fragrance of truth. Happy those who accept the flower and inhale its fragrance without the necessity of tearing it to pieces to learn where the fragrance comes from.

Now, I do not feel or see that I have had a perfect Christian life; since that period I have sometimes, indeed many times, brought condemnation upon my soul by giving way to some feeling of irritation or anxiety about temporal things or by some failure to obey quickly and unquestioningly the leadings of the Spirit or promptings of conscience. But these are exceptional. Perfect faith in God is the rule of my life, no fear nor doubts now.

Eliza A. Parmelee.

A HISTORIC LETTER—THE CAREER OF JOHN BROWN

Interesting History of a Famous Man

John Brown's life is given in full in Editor Lane's "Fifty Years and Over of Akron and Summit County."

John Brown, son of Owen Brown, born in 1800, came with his father's family from Connecticut to Hudson, O., in 1805. He was designed for the ministry, but an affection of the eyes interfered with his theological studies, and he followed the calling of his father who was a tanner and farmer.

In 1820 he married Miss Diantha Lusk, of Hudson, who died in August, 1832, leaving seven children, six sons and one daughter. He married the next year Miss Mary Day, of Crawford County, Pa., by whom he had seven sons and six daughters, thus being the father of twenty children, eight of whom survived the death of their father on December 2, 1859.

Besides being a farmer, he was a surveyor and a great lover of cattle and sheep. He could tell the country where the sheep were raised by their wool. To puzzle him he was given a soft tuft clipped from a snow white poodle, and when asked about it said: "Gentlemen, if you have any machinery that will work up dog's hair I advise you to use it upon this."

He removed to Richmond, Crawford County, Pa., in 1826, and there followed the tanning business for nine years.

In 1835 with Mr. Thompson he bought 200 acres near Kent for $7,000. It was platted as Brown & Thompson's addition to Franklin village. But the panic of 1837 occurring the scheme was abandoned. The only relic of it is "John Brown's house," a large two-story frame building on the southwest side of the river

opposite the lower mill. It was erected for a boarding house.

In 1839 Mr. Brown took a drove of cattle to New England, bringing back a small flock of choice sheep, which was the nucleus of an immense business in that line.

In 1840, with Captain Heman Oviatt, a large land owner of Hudson and Richfield, he went quite extensively into the sheep and wool business, and removed to Richfield, where he also established a tannery.

In 1844 he stocked the farm of General Simon Perkins near Akron, with several thousand head of the very best fine wooled sheep.

In 1846 Perkins & Brown established an extensive wool depot in Springfield, Mass., not only for the sale of their own products, but those of other fine wool growers in Ohio and other states, the object being to secure uniformity of price. Mr. Brown was placed in charge and removed to Springfield. Having a monopoly of the finest wools he put his prices too high for the manufacturers, and after holding his wool for two years he shipped 200,000 pounds to England. But there was no special demand for fine wool there, and after paying storage for some time, he sold it to the New England agents at prices that allowed them to reship and place it in their mills at several cents less per pound than they had offered before shipment. This involved the firm of Perkins & Brown in debt $30,000 to $40,000, and the firm dissolved.

In 1849 Gerritt Smith, having presented John Brown with a tract of wild land in what is known as the "North Woods or Adirondacks," he removed his family thither, and at North Elba for four or five years grubbed out from the rugged acres a comfortable living. His older children, by his first wife, were in business for themselves.

In 1854 Stephen A. Douglas advocated in Congress that the squatters on western lands should settle the matter for themselves whether the state should be a slave or free state, and the friends of freedom formed Emigration Aid Societies, and thousands of intelligent and industrious men were sent to Kansas and supplied with means to establish homes, endow schools, churches, and form a local government. The slave states also poured in their surplus population.

John Brown's sons were among those who entered Kansas, and were determined to exercise their civil and political rights as squatter sovereigns. This subjected them to the most malignant hatred of the "border ruffian" element, and their crops were destroyed and their buildings burned. One of them was murdered and another driven insane by their cruel treatment when a prisoner.

These outrages led old John Brown to leave his Essex County home and fly to their rescue. By his coolness and bravery he was accorded the leadership in repulsing various attacks and in making raids on the camps and settlements of his enemies.

The skill with which he routed a large force of border ruffians, with a handful of men at Ossawatomie, gave him the name of Ossawatomie Brown.

The free state settlers outnumbered those of slave states two to one, and yet at elections the will of the majority was thwarted by incursions of armed bodies from Missouri.

In the height of this conflict John Brown visited Boston and was given $4,000 by the Emigrant Aid Society and twice that in war supplies. He stopped in Akron on his way back, and at a meeting told of the bloody struggle in Kansas, and the listeners not only gave their own rifles, powder, etc., but some stacks of

arms stored in the jail. Two cases of fire-arms of a military company in Tallmadge also disappeared at the same time.

But this mode of warfare was entirely inadequate, to the mind of John Brown. It would never accomplish universal emancipation. He believed the slaves only needed a bold leader to rally *en masse* and fight their own way to freedom.

In 1858 he gathered a few friends at Chatham, Canada, and drew up a provisional constitution, with himself as commander-in-chief.

In 1859 he established his headquarters at the Kennedy farm, five miles from Harper's Ferry, Va., where one of the arsenals of the United States was located. He had retained some of the arms contributed for Kansas.

On Sunday, October 16, 1859, at 10 o'clock, with seventeen white men and five negroes, Brown took possession of the government buildings, stopped railroad trains, captured a number of citizens, liberated some slaves and held the town for thirty-six hours. The whole southern country was very much excited.

On Monday the citizens of Harper's Ferry endeavored to expel the invaders, and one of Brown's men was shot down while conveying a flag of truce to the mayor.

One hundred militia arrived from Charleston, Va., and troops came from other towns, and by night there were 1,500 soldiers surrounding the engine house, but they were kept at bay by a handful of brave men entrenched there.

Monday night Colonel Robert E. Lee, afterward commander-in-chief of the Confederacy, arrived from Washington with United States troops, and Brown, refusing to surrender, fire was opened on the engine house. Brown and his men fought to the last, two of his sons were killed outright and two seriously wounded by sword and bayonet. Brown and his six sur-

viving followers were taken to the Jefferson County jail, ten miles south of Harper's Ferry, and indicted for treason and murder.

Brown was so weak from his wounds that he was obliged to lie on a cot during the trial. He boldly proclaimed his hatred of slavery and prophesied its speedy overthrow.

He was executed Friday, December 2, 1859, at 11:15 a. m., and was cheerful to the last. His wife took the remains to North Elbe, where Wendell Phillips pronounced the eulogy over his remains.

Memorial services were held in many Northern cities, and in Akron the flags were at half-mast the day of his execution.

In the life and letters of Lyman Beecher, we have a detailed account of his controversy with Yale professors on the new doctrine of change of heart—the gift of the Holy Ghost. The discussion became so acute that the Unitarians, both oxthodox and regular, proposed, as new wine cannot be put into old bottles, it was best for Lyman Beecher to go West and found a school that would lead the bold and aggressive frontiersmen to adopt and carry out Beecher's views.

After much prayer and thought as to his abandoning this eastern field of discussion he consented to visit Cincinnati, the St. Clair station on the Ohio River. He returned to say it was an opening to the great northwest and held wonderful possibilities. He would go and take his family with him. Arthur Tappen, a dry goods merchant of New York, gave him thirty thousand dollars, but in a year or two the students numbered one hundred and it was necessary for Lyman Beecher to go East to solicit more funds. The slavery question was being agitated everywhere and the students at Cincinnati were called to listen to nine consecutive lectures of two hours each by Theodore D. Weld. He had married Angeline Grimke, who had written "An Appeal to the Women of the South," and Elizur Wright, secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, once of Tallmadge, and afterward editor of an anti-slavery paper in Boston, read it and invited the Grimke family, consisting of Sarah, Angeline and a brother, to visit New York. Here they talked at numerous meetings and Wendell Phillips stepped in to hear them and stood spellbound and declared from this time he was an Abolitionist. In Elyria, O., Mr. Philo P. Stuart was a

member of the family of Rev. John J. Shipherd. Mr. Stewart had been a missionary among the Cherokee Indians and they consulted together about a college that would teach men and women of all races, equally, and concluded "to go to New York by way" of Cincinnati. Here they met Theodore D. Weld and heard his talk on "Slavery as It Is," and when he had convinced three of the Lane Seminary teachers to go to northern Ohio and open a school for all races without regard to sex he joined them in their visit to New York City to ask the great evangelist of Broadway Tabernacle, Charles G. Finney to go to this school in northern Ohio and by his sermons and popularity win for it a place in the world. Mr. Finney had the Tabernacle, which could seat three thousand, so built as to be audible from all speakers on the platform, and he said to Mr. Shipherd, "When you are ready for me I will go." Hughes & Co., a business firm who owned the township of Russia, Lorain Co., Ohio, offered them 3,000 acres if they would sell 1,000 at one fifty an acre. Another account says they gave them five hundred acres and the other acres at one fifty per acre and Mr. Shipherd was to sell it at two fifty an acre and thus secure a fund for the establishment of the college.

Their next business was to locate the acres given to them They wandered through forests, full of swamps or underbrush on small knolls, and when very discouraged saw a bear under a tree and took it as an omen and at once made that tree the center of their gift of acres.

Peter P. Pease was the first to purchase and he put his cabin at this place, the southeast corner of Tappan Hall Square. Col. Arthur Tappan gave them twenty thousand dollars, ten thousand of which was put into Tappan Hall, the largest of the first five college buildings.

February 2, 1834, a charter was conferred by the Legislature to Oberlin Collegiate Institute. "It was to be a school for both sexes and its object was to diffuse pure religion, sound morality and useful science among the growing multitudes of the Mississippi Valley, and the school was to be surrounded by a Christian community."

They named it after John Frederick Oberlin, of Walbach, Alsace-Lorraine (see account in another place). February 10, 1838, they admitted James Bendly, a colored man from Cincinnati. The vote was carried by just one majority.

July 5 to 8, 1835, three came from Cincinnati, President Asa Mahan from the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. John Morgan, Professor of Biblical Literature, and Rev. James A. Thome, of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. President Mahan was the author of several books. He remained until 1850, and died in England in 1889.

Prof. Morgan died in 1884, having been fifty years a teacher in Oberlin Seminary. Prof. Thome died in Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1893.

The Ladies' Literary Society was formed July 11, 1839. The Young Men's Lyceum in 1839. In 1840 a report of the labors of young men's work is $319.40, for their vacation teaching is $408.32; young women in labor and teaching $1,540.57, a total of $2,268.29.

In 1839 was the first issue of the Oberlin Evangelist of 5,000 copies. The first term of the fall of 1833 classes were formed. In the spring of 1834 the college course was installed and Henry and James Fairchild constituted one-half of the class, when they graduated in 1838 they had a prominent part in the exercises. Forty-four graduated, twenty-nine men and fifteen women.

In 1835 there came many theological students from the Western Reserve, of Hudson, O., and from Lane Seminary, of Cincinnati, O.

The first church was completed in 1844. It was the largest building west of the Alleghenies. It cost $12,000. The architecture was like Broadway Tabernacle, suggested by Rev. Finney. The church has never been formally dedicated. The first preacher, Rev. John J. Shepherd, the second, Charles G. Finney. In 1860 the membership was over 1,500 and the second church was built. The choir of 170 voices was led by Prof. Geo. N. Allen.

Music Hall was built in 1842, through the efforts of Prof. George N. Allen, the literary societies and the choir of the first church. It was destroyed bv fire in 1880. But it served a purpose by having a telescope for the students. Well does the writer remember looking at the planets and at the moon, and she said to Prof. Fairchild to go to these places I would deny myself and take up my cross and follow Jesus. This moved her heart more than any sermon and he said, "We will visit the moon together some time and see what those dark spots mean." She has ever since advocated a telescope at prayer meetings to make real the immortal life. One winter Tutor Penfield taught school in the Music Hall and we had Saturday forenoon for spelling. Two chose sides and many never got to the head. Three or four were sure to reach it, and those from the bottom of the class would soon regain it, but it was the purest kind of fun and it helped to make us study the spelling book.

The Chemical Laboratory was built in 1838. Dr. James Dascomb gave lectures and we recited from notes taken in the recitation rooms. He called the writer back after recitation

because of inattention and the class said, "You will get a scolding," but he seemed pleased that she wanted to look at specimens of anatomy and explained them fully. It was enough to make her behave better. Years later Mrs. Dascomb invited her to her home when on a visit to Oberlin and gave many incidents of students. She had secured her a place in a family to teach in Alton, Ill., and there was much to tell about their visit to Governor Bissell's ball in 1887, and why Mrs. President Lincoln was anxious to have her table in Washington such as the Springfield, Ill., people would admire.

The (first) Ladies' Hall was built in 1835, 38 by 80 feet. Here the assembly room was used for writing classes by Mr. McArthur and Monday exercises by the principal, Miss Mary Ann Adams, where we were told the reasons for neatness in dress, gave an account of failure in rising or at breakfast and morning prayers, church attendance once on Sabbath and at the Thursday lecture. Here also were the calisthenic classes, that Miss Holly helped to guide for she had been taught dancing. We all loved Miss Adams, so kind in manner, and although she had a studied politeness she was a genuine friend to every individual girl in the institution.

Oberlin Hall was built in 1835, nearly opposite the historic elm. Here the writer recited in Latin to Tutor Nelson Hodge, who would play upon the name, saying to Sarah C. Platt, the best scholar in the class (an old teacher) "Now give a free interpretation, a whole platoon," and to Mr. Dresser, "Dress it up well," and to another, "How is your Mattie matics today?" The front room was used for reciting in the general history class, taught by Prof. Edward Henry Fairchild, and was a picture story from first to last. He afterward went to Berea, Ky., as its college president.

JAMES H. FAIRCHILD, PRESIDENT OF OBERLIN COLLEGE

President James H. Fairchild of Oberlin College, had a most remarkable life and was a friend of all students.

We take great pleasure in giving some of the facts stated by Jason Pierce in Oberlin Alumni Magazine, April, 1912, also from his autobiography.

James was one of ten children of Grandison and Mary Harris Fairchild, born November 25, 1817, in Stockbridge, Mass.

Of the four sons, one became a farmer and three college presidents. Of the four girls, one married a farmer, one was the wife of the president of Olivet College, Michigan. Two children died in infancy.

James was the third child, and when a year old the family removed to Brownhelm, O., and were sheltered until their log house was built by a Mr. Avery, the founder of Female College in Pittsburgh, open to colored people. There were no roads and no fields for planting crops until the stumps had been rooted out. The people had to provide their own food and clothing. The children went barefoot—sometimes through the snow. When James was given money to attend a circus he bought a pocket-handkerchief with it, for he needed it more. When he was twelve there was a classical school established in Brownhelm; this was in 1829. In 1832 another was established in Elyria. Henry and James went to it, but James was so hungry he walked home after two weeks. His mother filled a basket with food, on his return, but he only stayed one week, then his father found them another boarding place; they both remained until ready to enter Western Reserve College at Hudson. In Oberlin

students could earn their board and tuition, so James and Henry went to Oberlin as soon as the first instruction was given. They were one-half of the freshman class, but before it graduated in 1838 there were twenty-eight in the class. They were given places on its programme to speak of its advantages. Roads had to be made, buildings erected and trees removed. James and Henry were given the charge of a lathe mill and worked five hours daily at five cents an hour. This, with what they earned in vacation, paid their way through college. When they graduated the students numbered 400. Then they studied three years in the Theological Seminary and graduated in 1841. James had paid his way, teaching the languages, which he greatly enjoyed, but when Timothy B. Hudson chose the languages, James accepted the chair of mathematics. When he went into the pulpit he found he had to read his sermons and he did not believe in that practice, so gave his life to teaching, twelve hours a day at four dollars a week. He taught mathematics for twelve years. He became associated with President Finney in 1869 as chairman of administration work, which the President would not accept.

When asked why he took long walks with Professor John Morgan, his reply was, "The salaries are not very large in Oberlin and the companionship is more than half the pay." When his salary was $500 a year he gave $100 back to the college.

Because of his gentleness he was called upon to settle many vexing problems. His concept of sin was, "failure to choose the best."

There is not a building today that served the college in 1866. French Hall, Society Hall and Spear Laboratory, Stuart, Counsel, and Peters' Hall, Warner and Talcott Hall, Baldwin

Cottage and Sturges Hall were all built during his term of office.

One element of his success was the men of ability that he called to his assistance. Professors Wright, Courrier, Jowett, Hall, Root, Bosworth, Martin, Peck, Anderegg, Wattles, Carter, Morrison, Kimball, Andrews, and also John M. Ellis, his great friend. There were also Mrs. A. A. F. Johnson, Mrs. and Mr. Rice, A. A. Wright, W. B. Balentine, and W. G. Frost, of Berea College of Kentucky.

There were 1,100 students in 1866, and at the end of his term 1,700 in 1889, when he resigned in his eighty-first year. The long vacation of winter had changed to a summer vacation. The elective system had been introduced, also alumni as trustees. He welcomed great men of advanced ideas on reform and of music. Lowell Mason, I. B. Woodbury, W. B. Bradbury, each held one week of "Institutes in Music." Lowell Mason, with his white hair and piercing blue eyes, gave us many suggestions in regard to singing as we sang out of one of his own books. Bayard Taylor inspired us with a desire for travel, as he gave an account of his first interview with Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, who said to him, "If your letters are interesting and instructive they shall be published." Frederick Douglass depicted the sorrows of the colored people, who have like ambitions with ourselves, but are deprived of wife and children and the means of education. Oberlin was the first college to admit them.

Prest. Fairchild married Mary Fletcher Kellogg, a student whose family had removed from Jamestown, N. Y., to Louisiana. He wrote Mary letters, and in paying the postage of one he received from her, gave the postmaster his purse as a guarantee that he would soon give him the required 25 cents. His visit to her preceding the war was full of thrilling incidents.

President Fairchild knew he was led by God and said, "If a blank had been given me at the outset to fill with a programme of my life, as far as personal advantages, the satisfaction of home and friends, I could not have done as well." Because he did his best God mightily used him. His visit to the home of Oberlin, after whom the college is named, is another instance of his perseverance.

A VISIT TO WALBACH, THE HOME OF PASTOR OBERLIN

In July, 1871, my friend and I arrived at Strasburg. We asked the direction to Walbach. No one knew the existence of such a place; we bought a German military map. We were to take the railroad to Metzig, then a carriage sixteen miles up the valley to Schirmeck, through several villages and hamlets. Instead of milestones they had shrines, a life size of the Savior, made in the red sandstone of this region. These answered in the place of chapels for worship. They are thought to protect from blight and pestilence. The seven miles from Schirmeck we made on foot. This road was built by Oberlin and his church many years ago. Before that there was no connecting link with the outside world. He talked about it for years. One day he went out, alone, with his pick and commenced upon a rock. The next morning the parish clerk assisted him and soon all the people were enlisted. In two years they had made this road of seven miles, which is good until this day.

The Parsonage is the only hotel in Waldbeck and this house was built by Oberlin himself. Pastor Witz is the son of the daughter of Oberlin, and there are other grandchildren living. He is about 65 years of age and preaches in the church occupied by his grandfather. The wife and daughter and Pastor Witz completed the family.

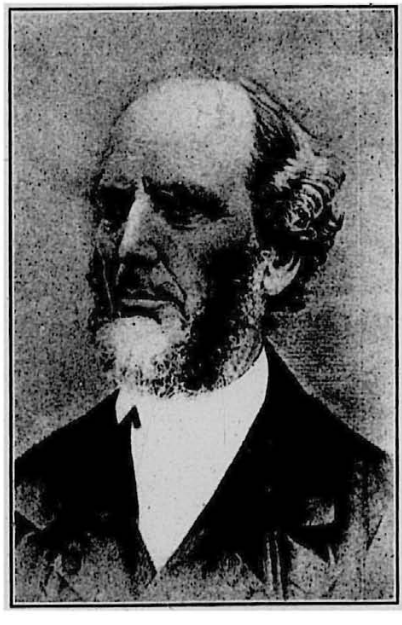
They spoke both French and German. Dr. Witz, having a university education, could speak Latin.

They apologized for having no meat or butter, yet there was no lack of wine. We could thus see the estimate placed on the necessaries of life. They were living comfortably and perhaps elegantly. There was a cabinet of twenty drawers to receive contributions from school children for various benevolent purposes. We gathered cherries from a tree he planted. The church, forty-five by thirty, is near, and is made of stone, and it has a gallery on three sides. The lower part had just been refurnished with seats of modern style. In the gallery the seats were hewed spruce timber, eight inches square, raised a little above the floor. The pulpit stands against the wall, opposite a tablet saying: "J. H. Oberlin, Pastor of the Parish fifty years. Born 1740, died 1826. This is to his beloved memory."

The grave of Oberlin is at Foulday, two miles distant. The streets of Walbach are untidy; they dress in cotton cloth, mostly blue and wear wooden shoes. Their business is cotton-weaving. Thirty yards of twilled tape is woven at once on a single loom. Their transfer to Germany has interfered with their business. They could not speak of it with patience.

After a walk of seventeen miles through the forest we reached Barr, a railroad station, twenty miles from Strasburg.

Rev. Charles G. Finney, President of Oberlin College



PRESIDENT CHARLES G. FINNEY

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHAS. G. FINNEY

(By permission of Barnes & Co., New York)

This noted evangelist was born in Warren, Litchfield county, Conn., April 2, 1792. When he was two years old the family removed to Oneida county, New York, a wilderness to a great extent, but settled mostly by New Englanders, who established schools and had the gospel preached. Later the family moved two miles south of Sacketts Harbor. Charles attended school summer and winter and when sixteen taught in the neighborhood. At twenty he visited Connecticut. He taught school in New Jersey and New York.

He thought of attending Yale, but his parents persuaded him to return to their home, and he began to study law in Adams with Squire W. He had studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but not enough to criticise the Bible; however, when it was used as a law book he became deeply interested in it and criticised mentally the sermons he heard. He was thentwenty-two years of age. Rev. George W. Gale, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, from Princeton, N. J., would assume many things, which Mr. Finney thought he ought to prove. Mr. Gale would call at his office and ask what he thought of his sermon. Mr. Finney asked him many questions: What he meant by repentance—was it a passive state, a mere sorrow for sin? What he meant by regeneration or sanctification? When in New Jersey, he in three years had not heard a half dozen sermons. It seemed to him there must be something in religion of infinite importance. He attended the prayer meeting, he was leader of the choir, and played well on a bass viol.

In the Bible, Christ had said, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you;" also, "Christ was more willing to give the Holy Spirit than parents to give good gifts to their children." Were these persons that prayed so much real Christians? One asked him if he wished to be prayed for. He replied that, "I am conscious I am a sinner, but it will do no good for you to pray for me, for you are continually asking and do not receive." But as he read the Bible he could see it was because they did not comply with the conditions. For three years he struggled with his thoughts, then the question arose, "Will you accept Christ or pursue a worldly course?" One Sabbath evening he determined to make his peace with God; he read the Bible and for two days was in prayer most of the time; he was unwilling that anyone should know that he was so concerned about his soul; after a sleepless night he heard a voice say, "What are you waiting for? Did you not promise to give yourself to God? Are you endeavoring to work out a righteousness of your own?" Then he saw the value of the atonement of Christ, who had finished the work; he had no righteousness of his own, he must accept Christ's righteousness. It was an offer to be accepted, and he said, "I will accept it or die in the attempt."

He felt he must be alone and away from all human eyes and ears—so he went to the woods to pour out his prayer to God, but lo, when he came to try, he was dumb; he thought, "It is too late." Then he thought, "It is my pride, so depraved a being as I, ashamed to have any sinner find me on my knees before the Almighty God." That appeared an awful sin and it broke him down. Then this passage came to him, "Then shall ye seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all thine heart." Then he said: "Lord, I will take thee at thy word."

I prayed until I was so full I was tripping up the ascent toward the road, and I said, if I am converted, I will preach the gospel. My mind was wonderfully quiet and peaceful. I had not a particle of concern about my soul. I went to my dinner and then to my office and began to play on my bass viol; I could not sing, for my tears; my mind remained in a tranquil state and nothing seemed to disturb me. We moved our office that day and at evening I went to the back room of the office and met Christ. I fell at his feet and bathed them with my tears. When I went to the front room the fire was burnt out, but as I seated myself, wave after wave of love passed over my soul; this continued until a member of the choir came in and said, "Are you in pain?" "No; but so happy that I cannot live." He went out and brought in an elder of the church; as I began to tell him, he could not keep from laughing. The young man that I had been intimate with came in and listened to what I had to say, then fell upon the floor and said, "Pray for me." Shall I pray for him? That brought darkness on my soul, not feeling sure that my peace was made with God.

In the morning it was impossible for me to doubt that the spirit had taken possession of my soul; thus was I taught the justification by faith as a present experience; "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." All sense of condemnation had entirely disappeared out of my mind; my sins were gone; it was just the revelation I needed. When in the office I was having those waves of love flowing over my soul I spoke to my friend of his salvation, and he went away at once; afterward he said they pierced him like a sword and he did not recover from it until he was converted.

A man came in and said, "My case is to be tried today; are you ready?" I said, "You must get some one else." He went away and immediately settled his suit.

I was quite willing to preach the gospel; nay, I was not willing to do anything else. I had no hungering or thirst for worldly amusements. The world seemed to me of very little consequence. I went into a shoe shop and there a young man was defending Universalism; I blew his arguments to the winds. He went to the woods and gave his heart to God. I spoke to many that day and every one was converted. I went to a man who had a distillery; they were about to sit down to tea and invited me, then asked me to ask a blessing; it was what I had never done; I burst into tears; the young man left the table and fled from the room; the next morning he came out expressing a hope in Christ. He has been for many years an able minister of the gospel.

One man had said, "If religion is true, why don't you convert Finney? if you do, I will believe in religion."

I went at night to the church prayer meeting and Rev. Mr. Gale said he now had faith to believe Mr. Finney would be converted and he called on me to pray; God gave me the words; we had a wonderful meeting and had one every night for a long time. I seemed to have "Meat to eat that ye know not of." I was surprised that a few words spoken to a man would stick in his heart like an arrow.

I went to visit my father; he said, "How do you do, Charles?" I replied, "I am well, body and soul. Father, I have never heard a prayer in your house." He said, "I know it, Charles; come in and pray yourself" We engaged in prayer; both father and mother were greatly moved and in a short time they were both joyfully converted. Squire W. said, "I have a parlor to pray in and I am not going to the woods as many did, but I could get no peace; then I went to the woods." The young man that I met in the shoe shop said, "I saw Squire W. shouting

in the woods, saying, 'I will rejoice in the God of my salvation.'" Soon he came to the office and said, "I have got it; glory to God," and fell on his knees to give thanks to God.

Toward spring we had a sunrise prayer meeting, and I used to have visions I did not tell. I found it would not do to tell my brothers all that was passing between the Lord and myself. They would look incredulous. I had frequent fastings and would wish to be alone with God, in the church or in the woods. If I would look within, the day would pass without any progress. I was asked to pray for a dying woman, which I did, and I went from the office to the church three times before I could leave the case with God. I told it to a Christian brother, who said, "That is a travail of your soul." Rev. Gale was a Princeton student and he said he never had been the instrument of converting a person. I asked him if the Bible did not require all who heard the gospel to repent, believe and be saved. How could they, if it was not provided for them? They held to the old school doctrine of original sin. I was quite willing to believe what I found in the Bible.

Mr. Gale's health failed and a Universalist took his place; then Mr. Gale asked me to preach, and I took up the question of endless punishment. He said Christ had made the atonement for all men, so all men would be saved, for God could not punish those whose debt was paid. I showed him that it did not literally pay the debt of sinners; that it simply rendered the salvation of all men possible and did not of itself lay God under obligations to save anybody. Christ died so as to remove any insurmountable obstacles out of the way of God saving sinners; so he could invite all men to repent, to receive Christ and accept salvation; Christ had honored the law, thus rendering it safe for God to pardon sin; to pardon the sins of all men who would

repent and believe in him; not that he had cancelled sin, in the sense of literally paying the indebtedness.

The Presbytery was called to license me to preach. I preached a sermon and they licensed me. I had been used to the logical reasoning of judges as in our law books. These ministers seemed to state one thing and prove another, or fell short of proving anything. I had nowhere to go but to the Bible. Mr. Gale said if I wrote my sermons they would not become stale. If he had been converted he had failed to receive the anointing of the Holy Ghost, which is indispensable to a minister's success; it has not power to work miracles, but a divine purifying, so the words were like a two-edged sword. He must preach it as an experience.

I went first to Evans Mills in the town of LeRay, also at Antwerp, dividing my time between them. I told them I came there to bring them to repentance. If they did not propose to become Christians, I wanted to know it. "If you will, I want you to rise up; if not, sit still." They all sat still. "You will not have this man Christ Jesus to rule over you; I am sorry for you; I will preach to you once more, on tomorrow night."

Deacon McC. said: "You have got them. We will spend tomorrow in fasting and prayer; separately in the morning and together in the afternoon." We left the woods and went to the meeting; the house was packed to its utmost capacity; I took my text: "Say ye to the righteous that it will be well with them, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings; but, to the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

For an hour and a half the word of God came through me to them in a manner I could see was carrying all before it; many could not hold up their heads and I took it for granted

they were committed against the Lord. I appointed another meeting; the people withdrew; one woman remained; she was a sister of a missionary; she could not speak, but anguish was on her face; I said, "Take her home." She was speechless sixteen hours; then a new song was given her; a view of the holiness of God was given her; her hope was gone. Though she thought she was a Christian, she had never known the true God.

I found a number of deists; they seemed bound together to resist the revival; one old man died and his last words were, "Don't let Finney pray over my corpse." It was the last of the opposition.

Some of them were of high standing in the community; one, who opposed the revival, was a keeper of a low tavern and he was converted and cried out in meeting, "I am sinking to hell," and he repeated it. The meeting stopped and we prayed for him and took him home. The next morning I met him coming from the woods and he said, "My heart is so hard I cannot pray," and in one of our meetings he made one of the most heart-broken confessions I have ever heard. He abolished all revelry and profanity in his bar-room, and from that time a prayer meeting was held in his bar-room every night.

The Germans had a settlement a little way from Evans Mills; once a year they had a minister come from Mohawk Valley and administer baptism and the Lord's supper—then they took it for granted they were Christians; this was the way the church was organized and continued. I preached to them, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I began by showing what holiness was—then what it was not. Under this head I took everything they considered very religious and showed them that it was not holiness at all; I then showed what is meant by seeing the Lord and why those without holiness

could never be admitted to his presence; it went home to them by the power of the Holy Ghost. The whole settlement was under conviction. I had an inquiry meeting at 1 o'clock and as many were assembled as could be packed in the house.

One woman got off a sick bed and walked three miles. She said, "I wanted to hear God's word and I cannot read." My wife said she was one of the most remarkable women in prayer she had ever heard and repeated more Scripture in her prayers. Another said, "I thought Jesus could teach me to read his word and when I prayed I thought I could read. I took the children's Testament to the school ma'am and asked her if I read right; she said I did." Her neighbors said she could not read a word until she was converted. I preached the doctrine and insisted on the voluntary total moral depravity of the unregenerate and a total change by the Holy Ghost and the means of truth. Preaching, prayer, and conference meetings were the means used. I would begin by singing, then pray myself; then call on two others to pray; then talk from a text; then stop again and ask two to pray; then talk a while.

I tried to show them that all praying for a new heart was throwing the responsibility of their conversion on God; and effort to do duty, while they did not give their hearts to God, was hypocritical and delusive.

I could speak two and a half hours without fatigue. I preached out of doors; in homes; in school houses; I used every day occurrences for illustrations; my efforts were to be understood.

I had to meet the Presbytery and they said, "Let Mr. Finney preach." Which I did, on "Without Holiness no Man Shall See the Lord." They said I talked like a lawyer at the bar; that I blamed the people too much. I said, "What about

the fruits of your ministry?" They said, "I was guilty of repetition." I said, "I thought it was necessary to do so to make myself understood," and then they said, "You will not interest the educated part of your congregation," but facts silenced them on that point. I said, "If lawyers should take such a course they would ruin themselves and their cause. I would repeat to the jury as many times as there were jurymen in the jury box. We are set to get a verdict. We expect to get it on the spot; if we do not, we lose our case, and I believe the Lord had led me into that manner of winning souls."

"I came from the law office to the pulpit. When a man is in earnest his language is simple, powerful, short. Good preaching leads the people to praise the Savior. Ministers will preach of the sins of other people. Now, I am not talking to anybody else, I mean you. You know what I tell you is true. Honesty is the best policy; men are not fools. They have no permanent respect for a man who will preach smooth things—those who read sermons the people do not remember. But they say to me, 'I always remember what you say, the text and how you handle it.' I study the gospel and the best application of it."

For the first twelve years I wrote not a word; often not knowing what the text would be, or a word that I should say. If I did not preach from inspiration I do not know how I did preach. The subject would open up to my mind in a manner surprising to myself; whole platoons of thought and illustrations would come to me as fast as I could say them. I never could use old skeletons of sermons in preaching. I had to have a fresh view by the Holy Spirit. I find such sermons tell with great power on people. I tell this to give the praise to God and not to myself, but from the Holy Spirit within me. Christ said go and disciple all nations. What did he mean? when he said, "Out of

his belly shall flow rivers of living water." He meant God is in them of a truth.

At Antwerp, a few miles north of Evans Mills, the Uuniversalists had broken up the village meetings. I called on the wife of the merchant and she offered me her parlor; I had thirteen for Sabbath morning and we obtained the school house for Sabbath afternoon. I heard a vast amount of profanity as I passed around. I gave myself to prayer Saturday and read, "Be not afraid and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no one shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city." This completely relieved me of all fear.

Sabbath morning I went to the woods, three times, to be alone with God. At meeting time I found a packed house and I preached from "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life." The subject affected my mind very much. I pointed out some who I heard the day before asking God to damn another. I said "It seemed the very verge of Hell." Everybody knew what I said was true. The people wept with me, scarcely a dry eye in the house. Mr. C., the landlord, said he would open the meeting house in the afternoon and it was as crowded as his house in the morning. Everybody was out to meeting and the Lord let loose on them in a wonderful manner. After that the people would throng to hear me wherever I went.

A man asked me to go three miles and preach in his school house. I walked so that I might speak to the people on the way. At the meeting I said, "Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city." I told them the Scripture story of Abraham and his son-in-law, Lot, the only righteous man in Sodom. The people looked very angry. In a quarter of an

hour, a solemnity fell on the meeting and soon they began to fall from their seats; each one prayed for himself. I stopped preaching. I saw the old man who had invited me and I said to him, "Can't you pray?" We could not get their attention, so I cried as loud as I could, "You are not in Hell yet; let me direct you to Christ." I had my hand on a young man and talked in his ear of Jesus; he was quiet then and in a minute he began praying for others. I went from one to another in this way with the same result. The old man took the meeting while I went to another appointment. But he could not dismiss it; they remained all night. In the morning they went to a private house so as to make room for the school. They sent for me to come in the afternoon; they could not break up the meeting. When I went down, the second time, they told me the place was called Sodom and they thought I had chosen the subject because they were so wicked as to be called Sodom. It was purely accidental.

In Syracuse Mr. Cross said to me, "Do you remember Antwerp?" I said, "As long as I remember anything." I was converted in that meeting. He has been a successful minister for many years and several of his children received their education at Oberlin.

I have never heard of any disastrous reaction of revivals that came so suddenly. Some said I was a Presbyterian and believed in election—so I preached a sermon and told what election was not; and then what it is. It is a doctrine of the Bible; a doctrine of reason. To deny it would be to deny the attributes of God; that it opposes no obstacle in the way of salvation; that all men can be saved if they will; it is the only hope that anybody will be saved. The Lord made it very clear to my own mind and I believed it convinced the Methodists. "Let us come

to the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." A woman, very despondent, applied the text to herself; her face changed to a great glow and she was set at liberty. Two years afterward I met her and she was still full of joy and peace.

A man by the name of Dering was settled as pastor at Evans Mills. People of Goveneur, twelve miles away, threatened to come and break up our meetings, but we paid no attention to it.

I agreed to stay a year at Evans Mills. I was married October, 1824. I went to Perch River and then to Brownesville, seven miles further on. I there spent the winter. I found the minister and his wife would stay away from the meetings to attend a party. I started to go for my wife. My horse had to be shod at a little village and they asked me to preach at one o'clock in a school house. The house was packed. The spirit came down with great power. I remained for a night service and I appointed another meeting in the morning and another in the evening. I asked a brother to go for my wife while I remained. I went on preaching from day to day and from night to night and there was a powerful revival. I was asked to go to Rutland, three miles away. I walked there and was early. A young woman came in with a long plume and a silk dress and sat down in the seat behind me. I said to her in a low voice, "Did you come to make the people worship you and so divide the worship of God's house?" Then I went into the pulpit and at the close of the remarks I asked those who would give their hearts to God to come in front of the pulpit. She was the first to come forward. Others followed and I was told, years afterward, that she had been a very earnest Christian.

I then went to Goveneur. There was a church meeting; I came in as it was about to adjourn. The house was filled and

the Lord gave me a text and I let out my heart to the people. A man wanted to discuss Universalism and I agreed, but we must take one subject at a time and finish it. He really knew but little of the Bible. I closed on the justice of endless punishment. He went home and told his wife: "Finney has turned my weapons on my own head." His agony was intense, but he surrendered to his conviction and gave himself to Christ. His companions were brought in one after another—the revival made a clean sweep of them. There was one who said to me, "You and I agree there is a God infinitely good, wise and powerful. That he, in our creation, gives us a sense of wrong, justice and injustice." "Yes," I said. He said: "The Bible teaches us we have a sinful nature—totally sinful, incapable of any good; then commands us to be good on pain of eternal death." I replied, "Have you a Bible?" "There is no need to turn to it; the Bible teaches that God has imputed sin to Adam's posterity." "No," I said, "I don't believe any such thing. Where is it taught in the Bible?"

He began to quote the Catechism. "The Bible commands to repent, then it says they cannot repent; that Christ died only for the elect." I said, "These are not the teachings of the Bible. Now listen to me; these are traditions of men and not the teachings of the Bible." I went over all his objections, then dwelt on the atonement; its design; its extent; its nature; its freeness to all, through Christ. He was converted immediately. I went to a meeting and soon he and his wife came in; he paid earnest attention; he said going home, "I deserve endless punishment." He had always been very bitter on endless punishment.

About forty young people of the Baptist denomination had been converted. I had a talk with a Baptist member and the

minister and said, "Now, if you go to proselyting it will create a sectarian feeling and will destroy the spirit of prayer, and put a stop to the revival." He knew it, he said. They had a covenant meeting and offered to baptize and receive all who would join. Then saint and sinners were discussing baptism. I said, "If you will come Wednesday at one o'clock and bring your Bibles, we will go over the passages on baptism." I gave the Baptist views and then my views and the reason for them. The Baptists said, "It was made as strong as they could express it." I said, "Tomorrow I will continue this subject." The house was crowded. I took up the covenant of Abraham; the relation of families to children in that covenant, and held it up, as still the one which God makes with parents and children. The question was intelligently settled and even the people ceased to talk about it. The spirit of prayer returned and the revival was revived and went on with great power and soon many converts united with the church.

The discussion on baptism had produced great good and only good as far as I could see. I went to DeKalb. The Methodists had had a revival and falling under the power of God. The Presbyterians had opposed it, on account of these fallings. One evening a man fell from his seat near the door and he was one of the main members of the Presbyterians; this led to explanations among the members of different churches, so as to secure great cordiality and good feeling.

A man from Ogdensburg, sixteen miles away, came to hear and see the revival. He gave me thirty dollars and soon sent me thirty dollars more; he was a Presbyterian elder in Ogdensburg. I bought a carriage, as wife and I had to go a good deal on foot. The revival took a strong hold in DeKalb. A German tailor from Ogdensburg was sent to get my measure for a suit

of clothes. I was in need of clothes and had spoken to the Lord about it. Others came from Ogdensburg and took tea with us; one said to Elder B. "How did you get the blessing?" He replied, "I stopped lying to God. I have been asking things of God that I was not willing to have. As soon as I promised God that I would not pray for what I did not really mean, the Spirit came down and I was filled with the Holy Ghost." Then Mr. S. fell on his knees and confessed that he had lied to God and had been a hypocrite in his prayers. The Holy Ghost fell on him immediately. The next day when I was in the pulpit this elder came right to me and said, "God bless you, God bless you," and then he told the congregation what the Lord had done for his soul. His son was going to leave the house. He said, "Don't leave; I never loved you as I do now." He went on to speak; the power he had was astonishing; the people melted and his son broke down immediately, and then the tailor rose up and said, "I was brought up a Roman Catholic and dared not read my Bible; I was told that the Devil would carry me off bodily, but I now see it was a delusion." He began to tell what the Lord had done for him; it was evident that he was converted. This made a great impression on the congregation; the whole meeting had this new type. I sat still and saw the salvation of God. In the afternoon one after another rose and told what the Lord had done for their souls. I never had seen such a spontaneous movement by the Holy Ghost. The Elder S. returned to Ogdensburg Monday and talked to all he met. A revival began in Ogdensburg.

In October I went to synod in Utica. On my return to Lawrence County met Mr. Gale. He said, "I was going to the synod to see you; I do not believe that I ever was converted; I want to open my mind to you." We drove immediately to his home in

Western. There was a great spirit of prayer in Western. Often, when they met, they would pray rather than talk, and two would take one individual and pray until the Holy Spirit had him converted. The revival in Western excited the men in the East and it was called "New Measures." The churches were mostly Presbyterian and Congregationalists, and called themselves "The Oneida Association." I went to the first prayer meeting and the Elders prayed, telling the Lord that no answers had been given to their prayers. Then they asked me to speak. I said, "You mock God by blaming him for not answering your prayers." They broke down and went on their knees and wept and prayed. They asked me to preach on the Sabbath —this was Thursday night. On Friday I went frequently to the church for secret prayer and had a mighty hold on God. On Sabbath the church was full of hearers. I preached all day. It was manifest that the work of grace had begun. The female members of the church were in prayer; two had unconverted children; one of them, whose husband came to me, said, "Brother Finney, the Lord has come." The work was spread over this whole region; I felt sure of it in my own soul. It went in the direction of Rome. One man who had a daughter who was thoughtful came from the field, and I said, "Do you have family prayer?" I told them I would not leave the house until they would promise to have family prayer. I knelt and prayed for them; they wept and before we arose that daughter was converted to God. This was the year before the Presbyterians were divided into "The Old" and "The New." If they were of the elect, in due time the Spirit would convert them. If of the non-elect, nothing that any one could do for them would benefit them. The atonement was limited to the elect. I assumed moral depravity is an attitude of the mind, it is a committal of the mind

to the gratification of its desires; the lusts of the flesh opposed to the law God requires. I held that the truths of the Bible would lead the sinner to abandon his wickedness and turn to God, and that we had a right to expect that the Holy Spirit would co-operate with us, giving effect to our efforts; also that the Holy Spirit operates on the preacher, revealing truths in their order—so that he can set them before the people and can convert them. "Go and disciple all nations; and lo, I am with you to the end of the world." This is the charge committed to us. We go forth with a single eye to his glory; He will save souls. The command to obey God implies the power to do so. Moral depravity is altogether voluntary, therefore the Spirit persuades, teaching and convicting, so the Spirit's influence is moral as opposed to physical. It was said, "I rebuked the sinner as if the blame belonged to himself, and urged him to immediate submission to the Holy Spirit."

REVIVAL IN ROME

Mr. Gillet said, "Mr. Finney, it seems to me that I have a new Bible. I never got hold of the promises as I do now." I went to Rome in exchange with Mr. Gillet and preached on "The carnal mind is at enmity with God." Many heads were down and there was deep conviction of sin.

I have said before, the only means I used was much prayer; secret and social, public preaching, personal conversation, and visiting from house to house. When inquirers multiplied I had meetings for their instruction. Mr. Gillett appointed a meeting at his house for inquirers; the place was full of influential members of his congregation. We spent a little time in attempting to converse with them; even a few words would make the stoutest men writhe on their seats. The truth under the power of the

Holy Spirit is a two-edged sword. The distress was unendurable. Mr. Gillet said, "What shall we do?" I replied, "Let us pray." I pleaded with the Savior to lead these people to accept his blood, and salvation, because of it. The next morning, we visited families and found convictions deep and universal. We appointed an inquiry meeting in a dining room of Mr. F. They crowded the apartment, men, women and children. This meeting lasted until it resulted in many hopeful conversions and greatly extended the work. We next met in the Court House; the next day at the church. Sinners were told not to sleep until they had given their hearts to God. I asked at the close of the daily meeting, for those converted to come in front of the pulpit. We were surprised at the number and the class of persons that came forward. A physician who was a skeptic said, "It is fanaticism; the subject of religion is too high for me; I do not believe it. My child can understand it? I know better." He went to visit a patient. On his way he remembered the whole plan of salvation as explained and wondered why it had seemed so mysterious. He and his little daughter lived long useful Christian lives.

Of three young men who refused to listen to the voice of conscience and spent the Sabbath drinking and ridiculing the work, one dropped dead. Mr. Gillet said, "The other two companions felt that their conduct had brought on his death, as a stroke of divine indignation." Mr. Gillet said, "My people are all converted. The millennium has come already so far as my people are concerned." Mr. H. of Utica heard me preach at Rome. He was president of a bank and at one of their bank meetings he said, "There is something very remarkable in the state of things at Rome. Certainly no human power could produce it; there is no accounting for it by any philosophy." He

came to our meeting in Rome; he came forward, seemed humble and penitent. I have always believed he was truly converted to Christianity. There are many converts of that revival scattered through the land. I told them in Rome that God would immediately answer prayer, if they would fulfil the conditions upon which He had promised to answer prayer. I believe if you unite in prayer for an outpouring of His Holy Spirit, you will get an answer sooner than a message from Albany. Some went to Gillet's study and read about speedy answers to prayers and determined to take God at his word. They had wonderful faith given them. The Spirit of God did give answer quicker than a post from Albany. The town was full of prayer. When they met they prayed. A woman came, whose husband was an officer in the army; she ridiculed the revival. The leaders of the church made her the object of prayer. At night when the congregation was dismissed the sexton said, "There is a lady in a pew who cannot get out." I prayed with her and Mr. Gillet took her home. She locked herself in her room and spent the night alone. The next day she expressed a hope in Christ. Mrs. Gillet was a sister of the Missionary Mills, whose zeal with some young men organized the American Missionary Band. She asked continually for my prayers. I said "You are depending on my prayers." She said, "The ornaments in my hair came up before me when I prayed. I gave them up. This was my difficulty. I have a fondness for dress, but now I have been received of Christ."

Mr. Aiken of Utica said, "That one woman has prayed for two days and nights for a revival. Will you come?" I did so. The rooms were crowded every night. The sheriff boarded at the hotel and attended the meetings. In his dream the Spirit said, "Will you accept Christ? Give up sin; give up yourself?

Will you do it now?" Right then his distress left him and when he awoke he was full of rest in Christ. He became an earnest worker. Mr. S. and his family were converted. The stages passed through. Some stopped just for a meal and were aware of the presence of God. One man said, "The whole conversation is on religion. I can do no business here." One man made him the subject of prayer and before the stage came, he was converted. He told it and prayed with his family and it resulted in a revival in Loweville.

In the midst of the revival in Utica, Mr. Nettleton wrote some letters to Mr. Aikin, but what he complained of was not done. One was that women would pray in the social meetings. This was true in some instances, but no opposition was made to it either in Rome or Utica. Mr. Aikin reported that five hundred had been converted, mostly in his congregation. Revivals were a new thing in that region. The United Presbyterians met there when the revival was going on in its full strength. Dr. ——, who went to the Sandwich Islands as a missionary, was a visitor. Miss F. T., from Newburgh, who married Mr. Gulick and went at the same time as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. Her several sons were also missionaries.

Theodore Weld had an aunt in Utica; he was the son of a clergyman. He came full of opposition; he did not intend to hear me preach, but I exchanged pulpits with Dr. Aikin that Sabbath. I knew he had a powerful influence. My text was "One sinner destroys much good."

I had never preached from it, but it came home with great power to my mind; and this decided me to take it. I showed how one sinner could destroy many souls. He tried to get out, but his aunt would lean forward on the seat and engage in prayer. The next day I went into a store and met him. He was

very gifted in language and everybody listened. I said, "Mr. Weld, you are the son of a minister of Christ and is this the way for you to behave?" He immediately left the store. I went to Mr. Aikin's and when some one came to the door I went myself. It was Mr. Weld and he confessed and apologized for the way he had treated me. He went to his aunt's and the next evening was asked to pray. He kept on so long that the light went out; then went to his room and prayed all night. A voice seemed to command him to repent now. He found himself calling himself a thousand fools.

The next night he rose in the meeting and asked if he could make a confession and remove the stumbling blocks that he had cast before the people. He made a very humble confession and from that time he was a great helper in the work. He went to Labrador for his health but returned to be a worker for the Lord.

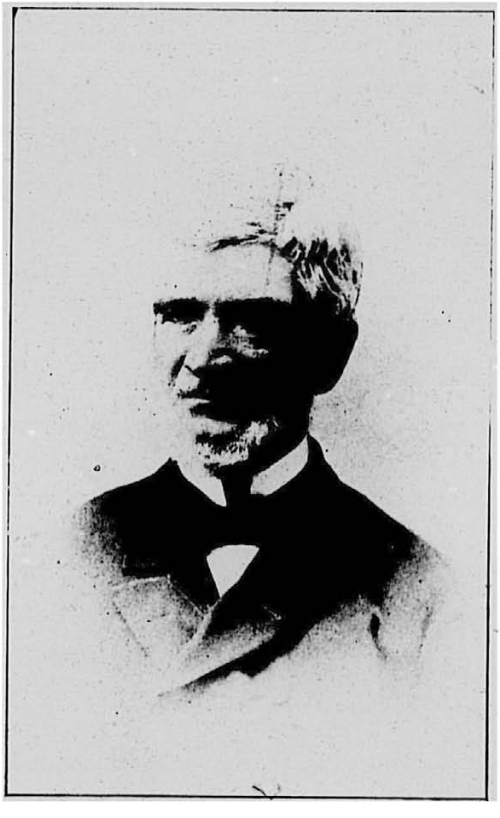
Rev. John Frost published a pamphlet which said, "The converts numbered three thousand." We told them the Spirit was striving with them and they must make themselves a new heart. If they would yield to their own convictions of duty, they would be Christians. We insisted if they were long under conviction, they were liable to become self-righteous. They would grieve the Spirit not to accept its guidance. It was common for persons to be converted and converted in a few hours. Such sudden conversions were alarming to some people, but the events proved otherwise. Many of these are the most influential Christians. Dr. Beecher wrote to Mr. Nettleton, "That the spirit of lying was so prevalent in these revivals that they could not be believed." Mr. Nettleton said to me, "You must go no further East as all the churches are closed against you." I gave myself to prayer for God to give me grace to ride out the storm. I

seemed to draw nearer and nearer to God. God assured me that he would be with me and uphold me. I had nothing to do but keep about my work and wait for the salvation of God. I had kind feelings for those arrayed against me. I never doubted the result or spent a wakeful hour thinking about it.

When all the churches, except where I had labored, would shut me out of their pulpits, God assured me they could not put me down. Jeremiah xx, 7 to 12 verses, were so familiar, it was a support to my soul.

In Auburn, N. Y., I and my wife were guests of Rev. Lansing, pastor of the church. The church was much conformed to the world in dress, fashion and worldliness. One Sabbath I asked Dr. Lansing to speak after the sermon. A man arose in the gallery and said, "I do not believe your remarks will do any good while you wear a ruffled shirt and a gold ring. Your wife and the ladies of your family dress as leaders of fashion of the day." Dr. Lansing sank down by the pulpit and wept like a child. The people dropped their heads and I closed with prayer and dismissed the congregation. Dr. Lansing said at home, he was given the ring by his wife on her death bed and that he would not wear ruffles any more although he had long worn them. A confession was drawn up, approved by the church, and the revival went on with great power and many conversions.

In 1826 I went to Troy. Here I met Dr. Nettleton. I went to hear him preach, but it was evident that he did not approve of my way of promoting revivals. Before I left Troy a Miss S. from Columbiana County came to visit a friend, who was a convert and attended the meetings and was converted. She urged me to come to New Lebanon. She begged her father to give up "his old prayer" and wake up. He was very soon aroused and became another man.



REV. JOHN AVERY, EVANGELIST

Miss S. prayed for Dr. W., who was an infidel. One Sabbath he came to church and many were in a prayerful state with their heads down. He called on me the next morning and confessed he had been in the wrong and a change had come over him. He took hold of the work and went forward with the work with all his might. I recollect John Avery, a noted evangelist, whose family lived in Lebanon. He came to me and said, "I could understand your sermon. I gave up. I gave all to Christ." He was one of the most faithful converts that I ever have seen.

The Presbytery sent a man to inquire about me in New Lebanon and he reported, "The Lord is in the work—take heed lest you be fighting against the Lord." There was a convention of delegates from the East and the West. We wished to know from whom the faults had been raised. At last it was said, "That women had taken part in the revivals." I said it was the custom of the Apostles. They did not oppose their praying, but admonished them to wear their veils when they did so. No answer was made to it; it was too conclusive to admit of any refutation. Mr. Nettleton then read a letter charging me personally, though no names were given. I arose and said, "I have a copy of that letter and those charges are not true. If you believe they are, say so, now, and here." I said, "Let us have a resolution on lukewarmness." Mr. Beecher rose and said, "We are in no danger of that," and the convention adjourned.

Revivals should increase in purity and power as intelligence increases. The converts in Apostolic times were either Jews with all their prejudice and ignorance or degraded heathen. The art of printing had not been discovered. Copies of the Old Testament were not to be had except by the rich. Christianity had no literature accessible to the masses. But now, we have

every facility to guard against error. The people are intelligent. God has set his seal to the doctrine preached. The converts are in every state of the Union and are useful Christians. It was no wisdom of my own. I do not take credit to myself. No, oh, no. It was the wisdom of Him who directed me. God led me by his Spirit to take the course I did. I can never doubt that I was divinely directed.

Zebulum R. Shippard, a celebrated lawyer of Washington County, N. Y., hearing of my revival at Stephenson, came to assist me. He was an earnest Christian man and attended all the meetings. On the evening of election day Mr. Shippard's father, J. J. Shippard, who afterward established Oberlin, beckoned me to come to a pew, where he sat after my preaching in the evening. Sitting by him was one who received the votes that day. He was overcome by conviction. I was asked to talk to another of those men, who had been prominent in the election. He was too much overpowered by his feelings to leave the house. I conversed with him also. He was converted before he left the house. One family of sixteen members were all converted, children and grandchildren. An influential family of M. was also converted.

There was not a single house where family prayer was maintained. I went to a schoolhouse and took the text, "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked." The Lord gave me a very clear view of the subject. Their former minister was now an infidel and they had little conviction of the reality of religion. This meeting resulted in the conversion of nearly all present. Several families of influence did not attend. Miss S. of Troy heard these families did not attend and called upon one and induced their two daughters to attend. Then she went to another and another, and these families were converted. The

town was morally renovated. The converts maintained a good degree of spiritual vigor. There was a mighty spirit of prevailing prayer, overwhelming conviction of sin, sudden and powerful conversions, great love, joy and activity in the converts' labor for others.

Rev. Gilbert of Wilmington, Del., whose father resided in New Lebanon, came there, heard me preach and invited me to come to Wilmington. I went and found they had old-school views. They were afraid they would take the work out of God's hands. They thought God would convert sinners in his own time. I spent hours in conversing with Mr. Gilbert. After three weeks, I preached on the text, "Make yourselves a new heart, a new spirit, for why will you die?" I showed what a new heart is not; what it is; and the sinner's responsibility. Some stood up in every part of the house, some wept, some laughed. All were interested. I was preaching to please God. It might be the last time that I would preach there. I tried to show that man was not as helpless as they represented; he was not to blame for his sins, if he had lost in Adam all power in obedience it was mere nonsense to say that he could be blamed for what he could not help. The atonement was not grace, but a debt due us from God for having placed us in such a deplorable condition. I prayed and went down the pulpit stairs and Mr. Gilbert and I went out together. One lady said, "Mr. Gilbert, what do you think of that?" He replied, "It is worth five hundred dollars." Then she said, "You have not preached the gospel." Then he said, "I am sorry to say that I never have." I went to Mr. Gilbert's, where I was entertained, and Mrs. Gilbert said, "Mr. Finney, how dare you preach such a thing in our pulpit?" I replied, "I did not dare to preach anything else. It is the truth of God." She said, "I always thought that God

was, in justice, bound to make an atonement for us." For two days I did not see her—she then came out clear, not only in truth but in the state of her mind. From this point the work went forward. The lady who asked Mr. Gilbert what he thought of it said she "Would never pray again." She did not pray for six weeks; she then broke down and became thoroughly changed.

I was invited to go to Philadelphia, a distance of forty miles. The word there took so much effect I felt that I must give my whole time and leave Mr. Gilbert to carry on the work in Wilmington. He had changed his views to mine. Rev. James Patterson, with whom I labored, had the Princeton views. His wife believed in a general and not a restricted atonement. I was a Presbyterian myself, but when licensed said, "I believed it, as far as I understand it." I did not approve of the "Confession of Faith" as they construed it. Mr. Patterson saw that God was blessing the word as I presented it, and stood by me. I was invited to other churches to preach of the same faith. Dr. Livingston told me to preach as the Lord had given me. Dr. Skinner had New-School views. I preached by request seven sermons on the Atonement. I said God was the author of sin, if they said their nature was sinful. I stayed from late in the fall to August. I preached in Philadelphia one year and a half.

The lumbermen came down the Delaware River and attended our meetings; they went back in the wilderness and began to pray and their efforts were blessed. In 1831 I was in Auburn again and two of these lumbermen came to see if they could get a minister to go there. Said five thousand people had been converted in their lumber region. It had extended for eighty miles and not one minister of the gospel was there.

I went to Reading, a city forty miles west of Philadelphia.

I was invited by Rev. Green of a Presbyterian church. They had made arrangements to have a ball every alternate week, attended by the church members and headed by one of the elders. I told him, "Those balls would have to be given up." He said, "Go on, take your course." I did so; preached three times on the Sabbath and four times during the week. We had no prayer meetings for the lay members had taken no part in them. The third Sabbath I appointed a meeting of inquiry in the lecture room. I wanted only those who were seriously impressed and desired to receive instruction. Monday was a very cold day; the lecture room was as large as the church above and was full. Many influential persons were present. I made a short address. "I want you to tell me as I pass around your exact state of mind." Dr. Green followed me around. I found a great deal of feeling and conviction in the meeting. I went back to my desk saying, "You must not wait for God to convert you; you must submit and give up all sins." I called upon them to kneel down and then I knelt myself. Now, submitting, believing, and consecrating themselves to God, sobs, sighs, and weeping were heard—then I arose and pronounced the benediction. Dr. Green took my hand and said, "I will see you in the morning." He went his way. I went to my lodgings. About eleven o'clock a messenger came to say that Dr. Green was dead. He had apoplexy and died immediately. His sudden death was a great shock. He was a man of thorough education, but of a timid nature and did not like to face the encroachments of sin, as he needed to do. After a week or two the work took on a powerful type.

A Mr. B. was at the meetings. He sent for me and as I entered he said, "I am lost." I took his hand and told him of Christ who had come to save to the uttermost. At last his bur-

den was removed. He came out joyfully in hope. The elder who led the balls was under conviction; he gave his heart to the Lord and soon his family was converted. Those who entered the work their families were converted. A lawyer who had studied at Princeton came and said, "When in college three of us went to our minister and said, 'What shall we do to be saved?' He said, 'Keep out of bad company; read the Bible steadily; pray God to give you a new heart and he will convert you.' We did as he said but our convictions wore away. We lost all interest in the subject and the other two filled drunkards' graves. I soon shall be one myself."

He was free from drink then. I said, "God requires you to repent. He cannot repent for you. God requires you to believe; he cannot believe for you. The Spirit of God is calling you." He said, "Is this, then, what the Spirit of God is doing? To show me all this. An evidence that I am not abandoned." I asked him to kneel down and submit and he did and said, "Oh! if Dr. G. had only told us this, we would have been converted immediately; but my friends are lost; what a wonder I am saved."

A man who had a distillery, as soon as he was converted gave it up. "I shall take my distillery down. I shall neither work it, nor sell it to be worked." His family were converted, his brother and his brother's wife. This man soon died of consumption, but the day his family joined the church he said, "I am going to spend the Sabbath in heaven. All the family go and I will join the church above." I said, "Give my love to Dr. Green when you get to heaven," and he said, "Do you think I shall know him?" "Yes, undoubtedly." And he said, "I will, I will."

The Germans supposed they had been made Christians by Baptism. If I asked them, "When did you become Christians?"

they would say, "I took my first Communion with Dr. M." or some other divine. That Dr. M. told me as we walked to Dr. Green's grave, he had made 1,600 Christians by Baptism, giving them the Communion, since he was pastor of that church. They thought to hold family prayer or give themselves to secret prayer was fanaticism, saying by it that their ancestors had all gone to hell. They spoke severely of those who forsook the way of their ancestors.

I had trouble from the daily press. The editors were drinking men, often carried home intoxicated. I took for my text one Sabbath, "Ye are of the your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father you do," pointing out in many ways how they would do his dirty work. These daily papers are what the children read. I would not allow them in my house for my children. The next day the papers were lying in the street.

I saw and heard no more opposition. I went from Reading to Lancaster, the then home of President Buchanan. A Mr. K. had been asked to be an elder in the church. He called me up in the middle of the night, said he knew he had never been converted. I gave him what advice I could. He professed at the time to submit and confess Christ. I established prayer meetings. The interest increased and hopeful conversions from day to day.

I was invited to New York City by Anson G. Phelps. He hired a vacant church at Vandveter and one on Princeton street. I, my wife and child boarded with Mr. Phelps. I noticed he would come from his business into our prayer meeting and enter into its spirit. One night I had occasion to go down stairs about twelve o'clock and there sat Mr. Phelps by the fire. He said, "After a nap at night I come down here for secret devotion and to have communion with God." He kept a journal. After his death we read of the real progress of his interior life.

Lewis Tappan was a Unitarian and lived in Boston. He offered five hundred dollars to his brother Arthur to prove what unorthodox papers of Buffalo had said of Mr. Finney. Not getting the proof he became a convert. His brother was orthodox. The mother of the Tappans was a praying Godly woman. As soon as Lewis Tappan was converted he wished to organize a congregation and introduce new measures for the conversion of men. They called Mr. Joel Parker of Rochester. He came about the time I closed my labors in Princeton street.

The first "Free Presbyterian" church was formed in New York. They labored for those who had not been in the habit of attending meeting. They fitted up a warehouse in Dey street that would hold a good congregation.

I was in Whitestown with my wife and was pressed to go in different directions. I had an urgent invitation to take Mr. Parker's church in Rochester, they being left without a pastor, thought they would be soon scattered. I called a meeting of ministers and they decided that I should go East. On retiring at night something seemed to say to me, "What are your reasons for not going to Rochester? You are needed at Rochester on account of their difficulties. If all was right would you be needed?" I decided and told my wife in the morning that we would go to Rochester.

A lady came to see me; she was proud and fond of dress and ornaments. I said, "Except you become converted and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." Her mind was taken with that and she kept saying, "Except I become as a little child." From that moment she was outspoken in her religious convictions. Her conversion produced excitement among the class to which she belonged. The greatest obstacle with higher classes, is being known as "anxious in-

quirers." A few days after the conversion of this lady, I asked all who would renounce their sins to come forward to certain seats I had vacated. A much larger number came than I had expected, and among them another prominent lady. This increased the interest among that class. Soon lawyers, physicians, merchants and indeed all of the more intelligent people were influenced. Three lawyers came to my room who had been on the anxious seat. I prayed and talked with them. They left, having found peace in the Lord Jesus Christ. The "Brick" church was thrown open to us. I preached three times on the Sabbath and nearly every night.

A high school had a teacher, Mr. B., who was a skeptic. The students attended our meetings. One morning Mr. B. found his classes could not recite. They were so deeply anxious for their souls that they wept. He said to his assistant that he had better send for Mr. Finney to instruct them. He did so and the revival took tremendous hold of the school. Forty of that school became ministers. Many of them missionaries, some in foreign lands. The revival made a great change in the morals of Rochester. The spirit of prayer was especially earnest. A Mr. Abel Clary, son of an elder in the church where I was converted, was a very silent man, almost all are who have that powerful spirit of prayer. He came to Rochester, he said, "Not to go to meeting, but to pray." Nearly all the time he was in prayer; sometimes he could not stand or kneel, but lay prostrate "with groaning that cannot be uttered." He continued in Rochester as long as I did. He gave himself wholly to prayer.

A lawyer who was prosecuting attorney said, "There are a third less prosecutions than before the revival, although the population has doubled."

Mr. P. said to me, "I am a skeptic, and I want you to prove

to me that the Bible is true." I said, "Do you believe in God?" "Yes." "Do you believe you have treated God right? Have you respected his authority? Have you done what you think will please him according to the light you have? Do you admit that you ought to obey him? Have you done so?" "No, I cannot say that I have."

"Then, why come to me for further information? When you do, I will show you why the Bible is from God." He said, "I think that is fair." The next morning he said, "God has wrought a miracle. I made up my mind that I would do as you say. I went down to the store and would have died, if Mr. Blank had not been there." From this time he was an earnest praying Christian, and has been one of the trustees of Oberlin. He has stood by us in all our trials. He has aided us with means and influence.

I preached in many places around Rochester. It seemed only necessary to present the law of God and the claims of Christ and they would be converted in scores.

When I was greatly fatigued I was told to rest, so went to Auburn. Rev. Josiah Hopkins was settled at the First Church. Those formerly against the revival had signed a paper for me to stop and preach. I said "I would preach twice on Sabbath but must rest on week days." Mr. Clary had a brother there and they sat in the same pew. They asked me to go home with them for dinner. We gathered at the table and he said, "Brother Abel, will you ask a blessing?" He said a word or two, then fled to his chamber. The Doctor followed and came and said, "Mr. Finney, my brother wants to see you." He said to me, "Pray, Brother Finney." I continued until his distress passed away. I felt the spirit of prayer was upon him. Every one of those who signed the paper was converted, a long list of names. I stayed

at Auburn six Sabbaths. The pastor said in those six weeks five hundred had been converted. It seemed to be only a wave of prayer. It prepared the way for Buffalo. I went to Buffalo one month.

Dr. Lord was converted at that time. I said, "The sinner's 'cannot' is his 'will not.' They were wholly unwilling to be Christians." Mr. H. said, "That is false, I am willing." He drew around him many with whom he had no sympathy at all. He was shocked when he found those scoffers took refuge behind him. One went to a seat on the opposite side of the aisle, and would look toward him and smile. His heart rose up in indignation. "I am not going to be in sympathy with that class, I have nothing to do with them." The next morning he went to a grove to pray, to let out his voice and his heart to God. He could not pray, so he repeated the Lord's Prayer. Our Father, hallowed be thy name—He did not care to have his name hallowed. Thy kingdom come—he did not want his kingdom to come—Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven—he was not willing God's will be done, for he did not do it himself. Then with a mighty strength he said, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven"—his will went with his words, he accepted the will of God and he said he prayed freely as soon as his will was surrendered. A sweet peace seemed to fill his soul. From that time, he became an earnest laborer for the promotion of God's work. His life attested the reality of the change.

Early in 1831 I accepted a call to Providence, R. I. I stayed only three weeks, but in 1842 I spent two months there. I was then the guest of Josiah Chapin. When in Providence Dr. Wister wanted me to come to Boston. Some from New York proposed to lease a theater and fit it up for a church for me. The Chatham Street Theater was leased by Lewis Tappan. We

had an extensive revival, but the cholera appeared. I was taken with the cholera. The means used gave me a terrible shock. Toward spring I was able to preach again. I was to alternate with other preachers. I saw it was not the way to promote revivals and closed them. I appointed meetings for twenty evenings. The converts numbered five hundred. A colony went to the corner of Madison and Chatham street. The church was thoroughly united and a praying church. They went out to the highways and brought people in, taking slips of paper with the services on them. I told the members to scatter themselves about the theater and speak to any who were visibly affected, invite them to the rooms near by and converse with them and thus gather up the results of the sermon. One Mr. H. came, and Mr. Tappan saw he was interested and took him by a button and urged him to stay for the conversation meeting. He said, "One ounce weight at my button was the means of saving my soul." I said at Chatham street I did not come to talk to Christians; we must labor for the ungodly. Seven free churches were organized to secure the salvation of souls, supported mostly by collections or by brethren.

I often alluded to slavery. Two cases came for discipline and the opposite judgments given. I remonstrated in vain. Then the subject of building a tabernacle was proposed. They built it for me to be the pastor. I took a sea voyage for my health and was gone six months. I returned to Chatham street until the tabernacle was completed. The plan was my own in regard to sound. The architect said, "It would not look well." I said, "You are not the man to construct it." It was built according to my ideas.

The New York Evangelist was founded because the New York Observer did not publish my answers to Mr. Nettleton's

articles. Jonas Platte of Utica had a son and daughter converted in Utica. Judge Platte found in his law book a letter against the Evangelist Whitfield; he sent it to the New York Observer as a literary curiosity and asked them to publish it, as applying to Mr. Nettleton. I assisted in the first number of the New York Evangelist. Rev. Joshua Leavitt took it, after several changes. He espoused the cause of the slave.

On shipboard the spirit of prayer was on me for God's work. I was assured his help would come. Mr. Leavitt asked me to write a series of articles on revivals. I said I would give a course of lectures and he could publish them. He said, "I have so many new subscribers since then as would fill columns in a newspaper. They come from England, Scotland, Wales, Canada, East and West, and Nova Scotia. Three men said they read these revival lectures and they were the means of their becoming ministers." When published in the New York Evangelist, they resulted in revivals in many places in the country. But this was not of man's wisdom. It was from that agony of prayer at sea, that God would do something for revivals. He answered my prayers, also what I have since been able to accomplish. In answer to that day's agony he has continued to give me the spirit of prayer. When at the Tabernacle many young men wanted me to give them lessons in theology, which I did. Most of them were new converts.

In 1835 Rev. J. J. Shippard of Oberlin and Rev. Asa Mahan arrived in New York and persuaded me to go as professor of theology to Oberlin. Mr. Shippard had founded a colony and got a charter, good enough for a university. Mr. Mahan had never been in Oberlin. A hundred pupils were in the academic department. The students of Lane Seminary had said, "They would go to Oberlin if I would accept the call."

They offered me, if I would spend half the time in Oberlin, to endow the institution as far as professorships were concerned. I agreed, if the trustees would leave the regulations of the school to the faculty, and also receive colored students. When these conditions were forwarded to Oberlin they complied. New York said they would endow eight professorships, the probable needs of the institution. Still I hesitated, for it needed money for buildings and apparatus. Mr. Arthur Tappan said, "My income is $100,000 a year and I will give all of it, except what my family needs for support."

I took a tent to Oberlin for religious services. It had a streamer, "Holiness to the Lord." But alas! the great commercial crash came and Mr. Tappan wrote that he was unable to fulfil his pledge. We sent to England to raise $30,000, our debt for the buildings, by John Keep and William Dawse. The English had read my revival lectures and gave us six thousand pounds ($30,000) and that cancelled our debt. Thanksgiving day came and I had no money for my family, but I laid the case before the Lord and preached as well as I ever did. At home my wife said, "The answer has come, my dear." It was a $200 check from Josiah Chapin. For several years he sent me six hundred dollars a year and on this we lived.

In Broadway Tabernacle I gave lectures to Christians, which were reported by Mr. Leavitt and published in the New York Evangelist. These were printed in a volume, in this country and in Europe. The spirit of God was showing me many things on the question of sanctification. Some said it was an exhibition of the law, not the Gospel. But for me the law and Gospel have but one rule of life.

We must all apply God's law to the human conscience and heart. Why did Christians fall back from a revival state sooner

than young converts? I often felt I was in the presence of temptation. I read the Bible to see if there were not promises for a higher Christian life. In these lectures to Christians, I defined what Christian perfection is. A life without *known* sin and the abundance of God's grace for it.

The trustees of Western Reserve College elected me as professor of Pastoral Theology and Sacred Eloquence and sent two men to meet me in Cleveland and take me to Hudson, but the winds of Lake Erie made me two days late and I went direct to Oberlin. The college at Hudson had its buildings, its apparatus, reputation and influence. Oberlin had nothing but its charter and one hundred students. The brethren here were in favor of building a school of radical reform. I therefore declined, in a letter to the trustees of Hudson, and took up my abode in Oberlin. We kept about our own business and always had as many students as we knew what to do with.

Mr. Willard Sears of Boston purchased a church in Marlboro street, open to discussion on all questions of reform. He purchased a hotel and connected with it a chapel. This was done at great expense. I went and began my labors in it and the Spirit of the Lord was immediately felt. In my room inquirers were obtaining hope every day. Elder Knapp, a Baptist, came from Providence and a great revival began. Mr. Josiah Chapin urged me to come to Providence.

In 1843 I went again to Boston. Mr. Miller, the Second Adventist, was lecturing there. I had a talk with him and I said, "Instead of Christ coming personally to destroy his enemies, is it not Christ's Kingdom?" He gave an exposition of the prophecy of Daniel, "the stone was not Christ but the Kingdom of God that is to come and would destroy the image." I said, "*Is it not the overthrow of the governments, by the influence of the*

Gospel?" But the excitement was too wild to be reasoned with.

Unitarianism had led the pepole to call in question all the doctrines of the Bible. They denied everything and affirmed almost nothing.

I boarded at the Marlborough Hotel and preached in the chapel of that name. I had the Spirit of prayer, the churches had not power with God, their want of power in the community *in overcoming the errors of the city* was very evident. I arose at four for prayer and my days were spent in searching the Scriptures. I read nothing else. A great deal seemed new to me. God led me to see the connections of things, the promises, the threatenings, the prophesies, the fulfillments, it seemed one blazed path of light. Then I said to myself, my will is not carried; this effect is on my sensibilities. I gave all up to the infinite wisdom of God, and knew what a deeper consecration of my soul meant than ever before. I gave up my hope and rested on a surer foundation. Hell could be no hell to me if I accepted God's perfect will. Holiness to the Lord seemed inscribed on all the exercises of my mind. I would make only the prayer, "The will of the Lord be done." I learned the efficiency of his grace. My wife died and God said to me, "You loved your wife; is it for your own sake or for hers? If for hers are you not willing that I should take her? Can you not rejoice in her joy and be happy in her happiness?" From that moment my sorrow was gone. I no longer thought of my wife as dead but in the midst of the glories of heaven—to rest in the perfect will of God—that is heaven. And I could see why they are in such a state of blessedness. These are experiences in which I have lived a great deal since then. But in preaching it, few appreciate it. Most persons seem incapable of appreciating these precious truths of the Gospel. We need the testimony of Christians, in this state, to convert Unitarians and to see the salvation there is

in Christ, and the giving up of all sin, as the condition of salvation.

The italics are mine.—Ed.

In 1849 I first visited England with my second wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Atkinson, of Rochester. There were no schools outside of the church-schools for the poor, in England. Mr. Brown and a partner founded schools and churches. To one pastor Mr. Brown said, "You are not converting souls." His reply was, "Am I God, that I can convert souls? I preach to them the Gospel. Am I to blame?" The next pastor, Rev. Herbert, had some success. (But Mr. Brown had read How to Promote Revivals by Mr. Finney and gladly welcomed him.) He threw his home open morning and evening, invited his friends and they came in great numbers. Different persons each meal. The children of his partner were soon converted. It spread among the young people. A Mr. Roe of Birmingham invited me there and a Rev. Angell James who had written an Introduction to my Revival Lectures. But he had heard from America, my revivals had turned out disastrously. He gave a breakfast and told his friends that the people were going to destruction and something must be done.

The revival in Mr. Roe's church swept the whole congregation. I spoke in other churches. Their largest vestries were packed with inquirers. He told me of the letters he had received against my revival and took my Systematic Theology to read. Dr. Redford came to hear me. He read the volumes critically through, and told me to come and preach for him. I was three months in Birmingham, the home of old Dr. Priestley, the first if not the principal Unitarian minister of England. I preached on "Ye stiff necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." I dwelt on the divinity of the

Holy Ghost, and in how many points they resist his teachings, while they are pleading their dependence on the Holy Ghost, they are constantly resisting him. They laid great stress on the Holy Spirit, but not on its persuasive influence. I said, "They were to obey its teachings and not wait for its physical influence." A letter came from a minister who heard that sermon on the doctrine of responsibility, and a deep consciousness of sin. He said, "If I had not heard you, my awakened religious life would have been destroyed by continuous resistance to my convictions. My conscience would again have become hardened and I should have died in my sins. May God grant you a long life and greater helpfulness." I was then laboring with Rev. John Campbell. When he read it he said, "It was worth the coming to England for."

I went from Birmingham to Worcester to work for Dr. Redford; his opinions had great weight in England. Some wealthy men offered to give me a tent and move it from place to place, but on consulting the ministers, they thought it would be better to use the churches. I declined it, though I now believe that I could have accomplished more good.

Dr. Campbell was the successor of Whitfield at two chapels three miles apart. His voice was such he could not preach but edited two or more papers. His place would hold three thousand, as great as Exeter Hall. I preached morning and evening on Sabbath and three evenings in the week. Monday we had a general prayer meeting. I then called for inquirers. I said, "There are hundreds of inquirers in your congregation." We went to a British schoolroom that would hold sixteen hundred. Dr. Campbell said, "That would be too large," but we went to it at six o'clock and I preached a short sermon and told them, "Those who would like instruction to go to the British school-

house down on Cooper's street." It was crowded with people. I addressed them on their immediate duty, to yield themselves entirely to his will and accept Jesus as their Redeemer. God's time is now. I called on the people to kneel and keep quiet to hear my prayer. I then dismissed the meeting. I had similar ones every Sabbath evening, and often in the church called on them to stand up in their places while we offered prayer. Many hundreds would arise, sometimes two thousand. I did not call on church members but inquirers to stand up and commit themselves to God. About this time a census was taken of the Church of England and the Dissenters. The latter were in majority. They came to my study in vast numbers. Dr. Campbell asked me to go to the British school and I did. I asked them what was their education for? What a blessing it would be to the world if they used it aright. Dr. Campbell received many of them into his church who was at that time awakened. Ministers do not make the appeal, so there is a definite decision and they throw their ministry away. I became very hoarse after preaching four and a half months for Dr. Campbell. My wife had held meetings for women. I encouraged her. I preached on confession and restitution.

Mr. Brown of Houghton called and said, "You must go to France for a rest." He gave me fifty pounds. My wife was restored to health. In six weeks we returned to the Tabernacle and labored until April. Then came back to the United States.

I went to Hartford and they were questioning the orthodoxy of Dr. Bushnell. Dr. Hawes was afraid to call on sinners to come forward and "would have been afraid to use that method." I said we must ask them to make a decision. The young converts held prayer meeting and invited inquirers. The ministers would not go to the public schools for fear of sectarian

influence. Some boys asked one and another minister to come and to pray with them.

A young woman called young men together and had a talk with them and prayer and many of them were converted. Mrs. Finney established a prayer meeting for ladies. Their united efforts promoted the revival. We went to New York from Hartford and I preached a few times for Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. Finney held meetings in Park Street Church. Five hundred thousand were converted in the Northern States. Slavery seemed to shut it out from the South.
If the Bible is not true there is no hope for them. If God is benevolent we would infer that sinners could be forgiven, but impenitent sinners could not be forgiven. So the Bible revealed the only rational way they could expect salvation."

Then I presented Christ and the revelations made in the Gospel. The man who said he would not believe in Christianity attended all the lectures. Merchants arranged to have their clerks attend. In public houses and banks the work of the revival was talked about. There was a candid inquiry of what the Bible taught. A man from the East said, "Your hands are tied by our stereotyped ways of doing things." It is true, self-wisdom hinders the work. In an intelligent community great freedom can be given without danger of disorder.

The next winter we went to Syracuse. I directed my remarks to the Christians. I labored in the different churches. Mrs. Finney held ladies' meeting in the lecture room of the church.

Dr. Campbell had read my "Systematic Theology," but being Scotch he tried to prove the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Articles of Faith. They were surprised that I reasoned with the people, but many said that my reasoning was

logical. I had felt it myself and therefore did not wish to take anything for granted, but meet the intellectual wants of the people.

I then went to Dr. H. who had eight children, all unconverted. The eldest son was an atheist. After a few weeks I preached in Huntington Hall. I preached on the refugees of lies. This eldest son felt convicted of sin and was converted; also every member of the family.

Mr. Brown, who received me on the first visit, had seven churches and twenty teachers and preachers. He had two or more flouring mills and God poured into his coffers as fast as he poured them into the Lord's treasury.

He was now in Burough Road Chapel, which was torn to pieces on temperance. The old members made confession one to another. Mr. Herbert said it was entirely a new church. Mr. Herbert visited me in America and said, "If conversions did not occur every week they thought something was wrong. Iniquity that had been covered up for a long time was made bare. Many professors of religion made restitution."

I was invited to Scotland, to the Evangelic Union—the E. U. as it is called. Mr. Kirk had not the sympathy of Presbyterians. He was editor of the "Christian News" of Glasgow. They differed with me in their views of faith, and by saying I had his views he shut out the Presbyterians. Mrs. Finney and Mrs. Kirk worked very harmoniously in the women's meetings and put the women of Scotland in a new position in regard to personal efforts in revivals.

I went to Aberdeen and the minister was more hedged in by prejudice than Mr. Kirk. I was asked to go to Bolton, near Manchester. I accepted, for in this country I labored with both Congregationalist and Presbyterians.

In Bolton the Lord commenced to work immediately. Our first meeting was in the chapel of Rev. Davidson, who had invited me. It was filled the first night. I said prayer would be immediately answered if they took the stumbling blocks away. Praying people were stirred up to lay hold of God for a blessing. Through the week the spirit of prayer was increasing. I was invited to preach in the Congregational church and there asked for inquirers and the vestry was thronged with them. I went to Temperance Hall that would hold more than either church. The hall was crowded every night. I told them to canvass the city and to go two and two. Often a Methodist and Conregationalist would go together. All sectarianism was vanished. I asked inquirers to come forward and great numbers came. The Methodists were noisy and at last I asked them to be more quiet so that inquirers would think, and he led by one voice, in prayer. This crossed their ideas of a powerful meeting, but they continued to work and pray. Soon people came from Manchester. One time sixty appeared converted in one evening.

I preached on restitution and one man said he had taken only the legal share in settling the estate of a widow, but he ought not to have taken that. The work went on and the revival reached every family in the city of 30,000. One mill man was miserly; he came to me and confessed it and I said, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and all things else will be added." He said, "Do you believe that?" I said, "It is the Bible; of course I believe it." His miserly feelings melted. He hired a missionary and set him to work to save souls. Mrs. Finney held meetings for women and they were largely attended.

In April we went to Manchester. There was a lack of mutual confidence, a jar among the leaders, a dissatisfaction with some who were chosen to carry on the work. The barriers did

not break down. The ministers did not generally attend the meetings. We stayed until August. It was difficult to get people to go to any other denomination than their own. Sectarian lines are more distinct there than here.

We came to Oberlin. They had built a new church. We had four months preaching twice on the Sabbath and inquiry meetings on Sabbath afternoon. One evening I was taken with a severe chill and confined to my bed for two months. A change in the preaching lets down the tone of the revival. During the summer months there is great pressure on the students, hence not favorable to a revival of religion. The impression was, that in term-time we could not expect a revival, but I had come for the sake of the students and my health would not permit revival-labor the whole year through. Here, in spring, summer and early autumn I could do more good than anywhere else. So I stayed on in Oberlin. The students learned to work in revivals. The Young People's meetings have been blessed

In 1856 and '57 the revival was more powerful among the inhabitants than since 1860. Again I broke down in the midst, and the brethren carried it forward. I preached on "Resisting the Holy Ghost" and then called on those converted to rise up. And also those not converted who would accept the teachings of the Holy Spirit to give themselves to Christ and we would make them subjects of prayer. Nearly every one in the place stood up under this call.

Mr. Finney resigned his pastorate in 1872, but completed his last course of lectures 1875, a few months before his death. The burden of years rested lightly upon him. He died on Sabbath, August 16, 1875, aged 83 years. He has given to the world a new thought as to the requirements of the Holy Spirit and its influence on the actions of our life.

WHAT OBERLIN HAS DONE FOR SCIENCE

George Frederick Wright graduated from the classical course of Oberlin College in 1859, and from its theological course in 1862. He served five months in the Civil War when he was discharged on account of ill health. For ten years he was pastor of the Congregational Church in Bakersfield, Vt. While there he pursued private studies in science and philosophy and made extensive observations upon the glacial phenomena of the region. In 1871 he was called to the pastorate of the Free Church, Andover, Mass., where he found an important unsolved glacial problem almost in the back yard of the parsonage. This was an extensive system of eskers which he was the first to correctly explain in a paper read before the Boston Society of Natural History in 1876. He became an active member of this society and was for a time a trustee. Professor Asa Gray of Cambridge became a life-long personal friend and co-operated with him in his investigations and publications, especially in the preparation of the "Logic of Christian Evidences" and "Studies in Science and Religion," published by W. F. Draper in 1880. The first of these books has passed through several editions. In 1880 he was employed by the state of Pennsylvania to trace the boundary of the glaciated region across that state. The same year he was called to a professorship in Oberlin, and for several years was engaged in determining the limits of the glaciated area in the various states east of the Mississippi River. The latter portion of the time he was under commission from the United States Geological Survey. In 1886 he spent a month upon the great Muir Glacier in Alaska, and brought back the first detailed account of that great mass of moving ice. Soon after he was invited to give a course of Lowel Institute lectures in Boston upon the "Ice Age in North America." These

were repeated in Brooklyn, N. Y., Baltimore, Md., and other cities, and were finally recast and enlarged to fill a volume of 700 pages in "The Ice Age in North America and its Bearings upon the Antiquity of Man," published in 1889 by D. Appleton & Co. To such an extent has this become a standard work that a fifth enlarged and revised edition was called for in 1911, and published by the Bibliotheca Sacra Company at Oberlin. In pursuance of his investigations, Professor Wright has spent whole summers in Alaska, Greenland, the Rocky Mountains, and Northern Europe, and has journeyed across Asia through Mongolia, Manchuria, Siberia, Turkestan, and the Caucasus region. Besides the books already mentioned he has published "Man and the Glacial Period," "Divine Authority of the Bible," "Greenland Icefields and Life in the North Atlantic," "Scientific Aspects of Christian Evidences," "Asiatic Russia," "Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History," and the "Origin and Antiquity of Man," besides a large number of articles in scientific journals. Since 1883 he has been editor in chief of the Bibliotheca Sacra, the oldest theological quarterly in America, and since 1902 of the Records of the Past, published in Washington, D. C. He is now president of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society, and still actively engaged in pursuing the investigations to which he has so long been devoted.

WHAT OBERLIN HAS DONE FOR BULGARIA

Esther Tapping Maltbie was born in Southampton, O., April 30, 1836. She supported herself through college and graduated from the Oberlin classical course in 1862.

For eight years she taught in public schools, part of the time in the colored schools of the South.

In 1870 she went West to teach, but offered herself to the American Missionary Board and in three months was sent to

be an assistant at Samokov, Bulgaria. It was their first school for women. When she reached there she found the principal had died the month before.

Samokov is a beautiful mountain city, thirty-five miles from Sofia. The summer home of the royal family is nearby. A rapid mountain river gives an endless supply of purest water.

Miss Maltbie came of Puritan ancestors and has their love of education. The entire responsibility fell at once on this young teacher and she has been its principal for 38 years and is the Mary Lyon of Bulgaria.

This school began eight years before the Bulgarians gained their freedom after five years' bondage to Turkey. They had not lost their religion or language and the Bible had been translated into the people's tongue.

They elected parliament and a prince and made education compulsory.

Miss Maltbie came to serve. She has been the leader of a group of consecrated teachers whose eye was single and fulfilled the promise that the body shall be full of light. Their influence has reached to Macedonia where they speak the Bulgarian language.

In a multitude of city homes Miss Maltbie is loved and honored. Of its 130 graduates some have married army officers, others are wives of lawyers, merchants, bankers, teachers and preachers. Twenty-three have taken post-graduate studies in European and American Universities. Fifty were members of the Alumnae Society of Sofia. Many hundred have taken only partial courses and are teachers and home-makers.

Miss Maltbie on her seventieth birthday received telegrams and notices in the newspapers of all parts of the country. Her associates speak of her dependence on prayer, and that she has

the gift of getting on well with fellow-workers, and her ability to keep on moving in the face of discouragements.

She is the personal friend of every pupil and seeks to inspire them with Christian courage. She is their nurse in sickness and makes her room a hospital., During the 38 years no pupil has died at the school.

She is now teaching the second generation, a dozen daughters of former scholars.

Her pupils are recognized for their uprightness, honesty, thrift, economy, simplicity and devotion to home duties. Miss Maltbie is fond of horseback riding and when in her seventy-first year she could come out to meet her guests and escort them five hours up the mountain to Samokov. She was most cordially welcomed by groups of young women who had walked out to meet them with flowers and singing Bulgarian songs.

Later when we all took a ride to Sofia she was lovingly greeted by one carriage load of girls after another returning from their vacation. Their look and tones was the heart language of all nations.

She has given sympathy which often is lacking in our own schools and she said, "I count myself happy that I have had each year a part in the work of the Master Architect of Character." These words are the secret of the steadfastness with which her life has been held to a single purpose and for forty-six years magnified the high office of teacher.—Irving W. Metcalf, Oberlin Alumni Magazine, May, 1908.

WHAT OBERLIN HAS DONE FOR CHINA

William Scott Ament was the only son of a widowed mother and had one sister. He was born in Owosso, Mich., in 1851. He graduated at Oberlin in 1873. He then studied in the Union and Andover Theological Seminaries and offered himself to the American Board in 1877. He was assigned to China. He was a very sincere Christian and the boys of Owosso remember his warm appeal to them to become Christians. A foreign field appealed to him and China was his choice. He was given the supervision of the native workers. For nearly 32 years Mr. and Mrs. Ament worked together with only short intervals at home. He married Mary A. Penfield (a graduate of Oberlin in 1875), August 23, 1877. One of their furloughs was extended to three years, because of the death of his sister and the feeble health of his mother; those years he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Medina, O.

On his return to China he was the pastor of the South Church at Peking, the church of the students and American missionaries. He was made trustee of Peking University, a Methodist institution (where Mrs. Rose's niece, Hattie Davis, taught for seven years introducing the kindergarten system as she had taught it in Flint, Mich.). Dr. Ament was also president of the Christian Endeavor Unions of China; chairman of a committee on federation for all China; the president of the North China Tract Society and was tremendously active. His was not a life unmixed with affliction, for of the four children, only one survives and is in his college course in Oberlin.

Dr. Ament was in the siege of the Boxers and during the danger of the missionaries of Peking, who were in an annual meeting at Tungchou, and imperial troops were aiding the Boxers, he secured a train of Chinese carts and in the night he

himself made the journey with heathen carters, who would go only as he accompanied them to Tungchou; the refugees and Chinese missionaries returned in safety to Peking. When the fires of fanatical rage were over and the time for settlement came, Dr. Ament was chosen as the one who would be honorable and just to all. Church buildings had been destroyed, homes looted, widows and orphans had lost all they had. The Chinese custom was, in case of mob violence, that the village should make good the damage. Dr. Ament settled on the basis that the value of the property destroyed should be estimated and assessed, and one-third of the amount was added to make up a fund to be distributed among those whose husbands and fathers had been killed. China was not the open field it is today; they had to make their way by winning the confidence of the Orientals and live the gospel as well as preach it. Other notable leaders in theological education had preceded Dr. Ament —Dr. Goodrich, Dr. Sheffield and Dr. Arthur Smith.

Dr. Ament's decline and death was due to his unremitting labors. Mrs. Ament met him when she heard of his severe illness in Peking. The long journey home was undertaken but he only reached Lane Hospital, San Francisco. He was buried in his native home, Owosso, Mich. He died at the age of 58 years. Dr. Martin of Peking University said of him, "He was one of the great missionaries; he had the love of both Protestant and native Christians of the capital. He helped to lay deep and broad the Christian foundations for China that is yet to be."—Rev. Henry M. Tenney, Oberlin Alumni Magazine, February, 1909.

WHAT OBERLIN HAS DONE FOR RAILROADS

Frederick Norton Finney, Alumni Magazine, Oberlin, 1908

This youngest son of Rev. Charles G. Finney was born in Boston, March 7, 1832. His mother was Lydia Andrews Finney

of Whitestown, Oneida County, N. Y. At fifteen he went to Western New York and worked on a farm for two years; the following four years he was clerk in Cleveland and studied law.

One day he saw a surveying party on the street. He offered to work for nothing for them; resigned his position in the store and became chainman. The engineer saw his energy and soon gave him higher places, and then charge of the party which surveyed the road of the Big Four between Cincinnati and Indianapolis. His brother Charles lived in Oshkosh, Wis., and with him he read law. He became city engineer and county engineer and in 1860 surveyed the line of railroad running north from Oshkosh. The railroad was conditioned on the completion of this line within a limited time; his energy finished it in time to secure the land grant.

In 1864 he was made First Engineer of the Union Pacific Railway and made the first survey over the Rocky Mountains. They had the protection from the Indians of a company of United States cavalry. In the fall of the same year he was resident engineer of the Jamestown division of the Lake Shore Railway, retaining this position until 1867.

From 1867 to 1870 he was chief engineer and general superintendent of the Erie and Pittsburgh. In 1870 to 1874 he located and constructed all the lines in Canada that are now controlled by the Lake Shore and Michigan Railway Co.

From 1875 to 1878 he was chief engineer and superintendent of the Toledo, Peoria and Wabash Railway.

In 1878 he became general manager of the Wisconsin Central and remained in that position eleven years. In 1889 he severed his connection with that road and had a period of rest and foreign travel.

From 1893 to 1904 he was superintendent of construction of

the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, and constructed nine hundred miles of railroad, being president of the company from 1904 to 1906. He also constructed the lines of the Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma, and Texas and Oklahoma Railways and was president of those companies.

Since 1878 Mr. Finney has lived in Milwaukee and since 1883 in a beautiful home on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan. He had great love for home life. His first wife, Jennie Abel, of Franklin, N. Y., died not long after their marriage. In 1863 he married Williana W. Clarke of Oberlin, a woman of great personal charm and rare refinement of taste and character. Until her death in 1899 she presided over his home with unquestioned authority and gracious dignity.

He has made several trips to Europe, and built for the memory of his father, the Finney chapel, on the grounds of their old home. It was dedicated on Oberlin's seventy-fifth anniversary, June, 1908.—Charles E. Monroe, Oberlin Alumni Magazine.

BEREA COLLEGE

Its Founders, John G. Fee, J. A. Rogers and James S. Davis

From the Berea Quarterly we learn many interesting facts. The mountains are the end of eight states. That of Kentucky is larger than Connecticut and Massachusetts combined. This region is impossible for canals, railroads or turnpikes. It has to be a land of horseback riding and saddles.

In their history we learn they desired an independent republic and made one, with John Sevier for governor, and called it Franklin State, after Benjamin Franklin. They were asked to unite with North Carolina and replied, "Your eagerness to take the land from the Indians has made you subject to their depredations. We did not expect your displeasure by our independence, which we are bound to support both by religion and honor." Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, advised them to make terms with North Carolina, saying, "Your being so far away will make them willing to be reasonable." The governor of North Carolina died; his successor took the slaves of John Sevier. They gave up the struggle in 1878. This failure kept other provinces from trying the experiment. But one John Robinson, with one hundred followers who were disaffected, established a state at Nashville, Tenn. Andrew Jackson said that "Tennessee created a constitution that was the most republican of any in the United States." He was its first representative in congress. John Sevier was its first governor. This has given character to East Tennessee.

Berea is a village 130 miles from Cincinnati, reached by trains going to Atlanta. Students in attendance are about

1,100 in the winter and 1,000 in the summer, as many labor on farms. The yearly expense of each student is $100 and all do some manual work to reduce that amount. It is exempt from taxation but has no aid from state or nation. Every gift of forty dollars meets one student's yearly cost to the institution. Send gifts to the president, William Goodell Frost, LL. D., Berea, Ky.

From a "Story of Providence" the "Birth of Berea College" by Rev. John Alamanza Rogers:

In 1858 Mr. Rogers visited Kentucky and said, "Though I have traveled over productive lands, that can be bought from one dollar to five dollars per acre, I did not see any other than a log house, nor for thirty miles any glass in the windows. Corn bread, coffee and bacon was the diet. Many families see nothing else unless in the summer, some vegetables. In a school I visited the pupils went and came as they pleased. Spelling, reading and writing was the course of study. The teacher sat with his heels on his desk. When he said "study" they all halloed together as loud as they could. But after the first burst of enthusiasm, a few kept up a running fire until we left."

The church we were to preach in was built of logs, as were all the houses in that region. Slab benches were around the outside of the room. The other seats were of rails. The males filed to the right and the females to the left. Each person shaking hands with those who passed, until a seat was found. The pulpit was three feet square but made up in height what it lacked in other dimensions. The people listened attentively, both morning and afternoon, and at the close all of the friends of the Lord Jesus gave the preacher "the right hand of fellowship" as they passed before him. It was an affecting scene and some tears were shed.

Cassius Clay said, "Those who own their land but had not slaves would favor freedom," and he devoted himself to this class and gave his influence to locate the college at Berea.

Rev. John G. Fee refused any fellowship with slave-holders. He had studied theology at Lane Seminary and instead of going as a foreign missionary, chose labor in his own state. Like Charles G. Finney, after debating with himself in a grove, he gave himself and said, "Lord, if need be, make me an abolitionist." He preached to those who would hear him and was known by many who never saw him. He married Matilda Hamilton in 1854, a high spirited, courageous and noble woman, who stood by him and shared his dangers. They had six children.

Cassius Clay asked him to come to "The Glades" and give a series of sermons, which he did, saying, "There was no law above the law of God." Mr. Clay said, "The law of the country should be obeyed," and on this they separated. Many of his friends went with Mr. Clay.

James Scott Davis studied at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., and theology in Oberlin. He was a Virginian by birth. He married Amelia Rogers, only sister of Alamanza Rogers, and went directly to Kentucky, sent by the American Missionary Association. His grandfather edited a literary magazine in Philadelphia. His father owned and edited a paper in Peoria, Ill. He was a worthy successor of Dr. Fee. His wife, of superior piety, was always caring for the poor, and teaching in the Sabbath School; she was of no less importance than her husband. After the "John Brown Raid" they went to Southern Illinois.

The American Association sent many young men into the Kentucky mountains. One was George Candee, a devout Christian, who spent four months with Rev. Fee, then returned to Oberlin, but after his graduation and marriage went back to

Kentucky. Otis B. Waters went to the "Cummings neighborhood," built a log schoolhouse, and as his pupils did not know the alphabet, he gave out words and sentences and then analyzed them; thus his pupils made great progress in this our modern method of teaching to read. William E. Lincoln was one who came with Mr. Finney to Oberlin from London. He preached and taught in Madison County, Ky. Also John White from Cincinnati, and Mr. Richardson, who was mobbed. Also several colporteurs, Peter West, Mr. Jones and Mr. Gilespie.

Rev. J. Alamanza Rogers graduated from Oberlin College in 1851 and from theology in 1855. He went to Roseville, Ill., for business reasons, and built up a church, but felt his work was with a school like Oberlin. He married Miss Embree from Philadelphia. Pa. She was willing to go where they could do the most good. So in April, 1858, they went to Berea, Ky. The school building was low, unpainted, unplastered and of a single room. To build buildings without money, to create a desire for knowledge, to supply books and needed helps was their task. They began with fifteen pupils. Mrs. Rogers left her babe with Mrs. William Wright and taught school many hours of the day. It was a new experience to one raised to all the comforts of a Philadelphia home. But her executive ability and ready wit were very important factors.

Pleasing music was introduced. Pupils learned to keep time in the old round of "Scotland is Burning" or "Do Not Be Discouraged for God Is Your Friend," or "I Am a Pilgrim, I Am a Stranger," which brought a sense of a future life before them. A five-minute respite coming often through the day was a relief both to pupil and teacher. Spelling classes and the multiplication tables sung to Yankee Doodle made a refreshing change. Teachers and pupils were eager for new improvements

of all kinds. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were invited to the homes of all pupils and they went as gladly to the tables of the poor as to the rich. At the end of the term they had an exhibit and rhetorical exercises under a leafy bower, and friends and parents came in large numbers. It made the school popular and has been continued ever since at all their Commencements. They drew up a constitution that said, "This is a Christian school for all peoples without respect to race or condition." Heretofore few colored people had asked to be admitted, but soon they came with their families, hoping to pay expenses by working for the students. Some objected and when "The John Brown Raid" was made there was great excitement at Richmond, the county seat, fourteen miles distant. A meeting was called there, and it was said, "That Kentucky was a slave state according to the United States constitution; that Berea College was putting the blacks on an equal footing with the whites." About sixty signed the petition and they came to the home of J. A. Rogers, formed as a wedge; one man presented the petition. Mr. Rogers said, "We have done nothing to disturb the government," but the leader left the petition and ordered his men to go to other objectionable citizens. They were to leave the state in ten days. Mr. Rogers called a meeting and a protest was written and taken to Governor Magoffin. He listened respectfully and replied, "I can do nothing for you." They returned home and after a counsel decided to leave at once. They left their homes with the expectation of soon returning to them. They went direct to Cincinnati. There the churches were open to hear their complaints and called it "an outrage." Mr. Fee left his family in Clermont County on the Ohio River above Cincinnati. Mr. Rogers was asked by the American Missionary Society to speak through New England and New York.

In the summer of 1862 they thought the way was open to return to Berea. When they arrived in Richmond they found a Union army of 10,000 to oppose General Kirby Smith advancing through the Cumberland Gap. With difficulty they convinced the Union officers they were true Union blue. They began repairing the house of Mr. Rogers for the return of his family when firing was heard. The battle of Richmond had begun, one of the worst battles of the war. Then came a reign of terror to Union men. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Thompson often hid in a pine thicket. Mr. Thompson was taken prisoner and sent to Libby Prison. Mr. Rogers mounted his faithful horse Rosa and by circuitous routes reached the Ohio River and swam his horse across it and late at night reached his family who feared his principles had cost him his life.

After six years the school was again opened. There was a great influx of students; some came from the North on account of the cheapness of living and the cheerful atmosphere. The Housan Saw and Planing Mills gave employment to many, for new college buildings and residences. President Henry Fairchild came in 1869. Mr. Williston of Northampton, Mass., gave $1,800. Mr. Lemuel Foster of Peoria, Ill., gave $1,800. Mr. H. R. Graves of New York gave large sums and the Freedman's Bureau, after investigation, gave $18,000 for a dormitory for young men and for recitation rooms. Various publishers gave books until it has one of the best libraries in the state. A meeting at Cooper Institute heard addresses by Rev. Howard Crosby, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Storrs and others. It led Mr. Abner Beers to give thousands to Berea College. No one who was not connected with the Berea School in those days can have any idea of the force of its life. Life in any form is known only by its results. Only those visible can be described. The

dominating spirit was "Trust in God." Those driven from their work believed it was God-given and returned to impart courage to every scholar. One manifestation was hopefulness—the present trials seemed so trifling, compared to those before the war; they were not even mentioned.

Visitors came in great numbers and as there was no hotel they were entertained by the teachers who could give but the plainest fare. No one thought of the numbers of hours that must be spent in teaching, but how the needs of the pupils could be met. The students caught the spirit of the teachers; girls were busy cooking for hungry students. Mountain picnics, spending the day in the hilltops or social gatherings at the professors' houses or citizens', restored the equilibrium of life. They said, "Thanksgiving was almost as good as Christmas." The unity of the school was thus promoted. Many whose ambition was to teach a district school, toiled on for a college education. To God belongs the glory, as is evident by the instruments he used.

Sabbath School was sustained by Bereans. Troops of teachers would go into the mountains and valleys. Mr. William Embree went forty miles to hold Sunday Schools and give helpful talks. Thus their own spirits were lifted up after preaching forgiveness and help for every time of need.

For many years there was but one church. Baptist and Methodist were eager to bring the young people into their churches but were also eager for church unity. There is no better way than to have one preaching service. The use of an organ or immersion was silenced by the people being willing to do their own singing or choose their own baptism, for the common interest of all, was centered in the college.

The differences in scholarship were often that of heredity

or early advantage, but not on account of color. In discipline, every one was too busy to indulge in pranks or to notice drunken men, who rode through the street in hilarious mood. Opposition came mostly from this class. Students were slow to make trouble for the teachers, for their teachers at once came forward to defend them.

When the college was reopened it had 169 acres of uncleared woodland, no credit, no buildings, no endowment. Now it has $25,000 in buildings and owns a large tract of land, mostly cleared. It has no endowment but many contribute to its fund regularly. A Normal Department, Freshman and Sophomore classes. During President E. H. Fairchild's term it built Ladies' Hall, College Chapel, Lincoln Hall and other small buildings.

President Frost, with his experience in Greek in Oberlin, his acquaintance with the educational work in Europe, his ability as orator, in managing students and the manual labor, now called industrial education, as a part of the college, caused the pioneers of Berea College to rejoice and it is now on a substantial basis.

JOHN RAPHAEL ROGERS

Son of Alamanza and Sallie Embree, was born in Roseville, Illinois, December the 11th, 1856. He took his preparatory course, freshman and sophomore years at Berea, Kentucky. He came to Oberlin for his junior and senior studies. He graduated in 1875. He married in 1878, Miss Clara Saxton of Oberlin. He was superintendent of schools in Lorain from 1882 to 1888.

Thirty years ago he was shown through the building of the Philadelphia Times, where his brother labored. He saw a new invention for folding newspapers, turning out eight-page newspaper 30,000 an hour. On the top floor fifty compositors slowly putting type into a stick, while some were throwing back the type of a previous edition. The contrast between the machine in the basement and this work led him to study the possibility of a type-setting machine. He made a crude model with his own hands and took it to Cleveland and to his surprise a company was formed, which gave him opportunities to work out his ideas. He found himself in patent suits because of his lack of corporation methods. He never received a fair share of the money which should have gone to him, but a great fund of experience which will be of benefit all through his life. He invented the linotype and has taken out more than one hundred patents.

He is generous; he is a trustee of Berea College, a trustee of Oberlin, and on executive committee of American Missionary Association. His address is 251 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. —From May, 1911, Oberlin Alumni Magazine. John Raphael Rogers, by Rev. Charles J. Ryder.

A LIFE OF LIBERTY

By Rev. John W. Chadwick and Caroline F. Putnam—1898.

This life of Sally Holley has many references to noted men and women who promoted reforms. William Lloyd Garrison, whose wife was Helen Benson, and her sisters, Sarah and Anna Benson, were in perfect sympathy and made his home "a garden of refreshment."

Wendell Phillips, whose wife was Anna Greene, was always ready with some restorative and bracing word. When going to a convention, she was heard to say: "Now, Wendell, don't shilly-shally, but be brave as a lion."

Mary Grew, cousin of Wendell Phillips, was eloquent in her pleadings for all women, as well as slaves, to the right of their own labor, flesh and votes. Sarah Pugh and Margaret Burleigh were her best friends, as well as Harriet Martineau and other English women.

Angelina Grimke, of South Carolina, published an "Appeal to the Women of the South." It was read by Elizur Wright, secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society of America, and he wrote her to come to New York, which she did, accompanied by her sister Sarah and her brother.

Angelina married Theodore D. Weld, author of "Slavery as It Is." He convinced the students of Lyman Beecher's School in Cincinnati that the black race should be educated. His talk led to a division of sentiment and three of the Cincinnati men came to Oberlin, which had opened this school to both sexes and all races.

Samuel T. May, whose sister was the wife of Bronson Alcott, said: "I greatly admire these three from South Carolina."

Lydia Maria Childs wrote a book on "Progress of Religious Ideas," also An Appeal to that Class of Americans, called Africans, in 1833. "The Appeal" stirred the heart of Dr. Channing as no other had done; and Wendell Phillips said: "This 'Appeal' will make me an abolitionist." She also wrote to John Brown: "I would like to suffer in prison for the cause." At the close of her long life she said: "I want to die, I have so many things to tell David" (meaning her husband).

Luther Holley of Connecticut was not an educated man himself, but he desired to fit his sons to do the best work possible; he sent Myron Holley to Williams College; Horace to Yale, and Oliver to Harvard.

Myron Holly married Sally House, daughter of Captain John House. She was a village beauty and he was her lover to the last; they had six sons and six daughters; one daughter married a Mr. Chapin of Black Rock, N. Y., and her son, Eugene Chapin, spent a winter in the Oberlin school. Sally Holly's mother was a Methodist and three of the daughters joined their mother's church in 1838.

Myron Holly was a member of the New York Legislature, when a bill to connect the Hudson River with Lake Erie was passed. He was made Chairman of the Commissioners—it cost five millions. "At the wedding of the waters" in 1825, it was found there was a deficit of thirty thousand dollars. Mr. Holly made an appeal to the Legislature for half of one per cent commission, which was not granted. He therefore gave up his beautiful home at "Rose Ridge" and removed to Lyons, where he did gardening; he would peddle his own produce in Rochester. Mothers would say, "What a refined gentleman," and when the cause of his situation was learned, he had hosts of friends.

In 1839 he lectured in Cleveland and other places on the

desirableness of forming a New Party, it fell flat. He was made a lecturer for New York, at a salary of forty dollars per week, to speak "On the necessity of a Liberty Party."

James G. Birney was nominated for President on the Liberty Ticket; only one-tenth of the abolitionists voted; the votes for Birney were 7,069. The strain upon Mr. Holly led to a sickness of which he died; but he had paid every cent of the deficit of $30,000.

Sally Holly attended an anti-slavery convention in Buffalo; no building could be rented for it, so it was held in an old warehouse. Frederick Douglass was the speaker for six days. One elegantly dressed woman came to all the meetings leading a little girl; it was Sally Holly who was not ashamed of the cause or her company. Now, the question was, What should she do with herself? She had many suitors, but her father's life was her guide. She took a class of sixty Irish children. It was not her forte; then it was often said, "Should woman learn the alphabet?" She knew many women who could not repeat the multiplication table. She ought to be better educated if she entered the lecture field. The minister of the Unitarian church of Rochester told her to go to Oberlin and gave her $40.00. S. D. Porter, one of Oberlin's trustees, gave her a scholarship and she entered the school in 1847. The writer remembers her in the Colburn's arithmetic class taught by Miss Cone.

When a question like this was given out: What is one-third of four-fifths of 25, and the formula used, or some similar fractions, Miss Holly would say: "What nonsense. Who will use that in after life? Prove it to me." Then it would be put on a small blackboard. Her sharp and constant questions were a delight to all of the class.

Her graduating essay of 1851 was "Ideals of Womanhood."

In it she consecrated herself to the abolition of all kinds of slavery. She excelled the best writers in composition. She boarded with Mrs. Parmelee. She and Miss Putnam did the family ironing, thus helping to pay for their weekly board. George M. Kellogg, a brother of Mrs. President Fairchild, would read out of books to them while they ironed and their laughing could be heard across Tippan hall square.

The two attended an Anti-slavery meeting at Akron (drove a livery stable horse of Mr. Munson's) and later with the same outfit they went to Litchfield, Medina County. There they met Abby Kelley Foster, whose refined manner won Miss Holly, and when Mrs. Foster asked, at the close of the meeting, "Who will plead the cause of the slave woman?" Miss Holly said "I will." She considered it a sacred vow.

She was active in making Lucy Stanton, a colored girl, president of the Ladies' Literary Society, where she presided with grace and dignity. Miss Stanton married a printer, L. M. Day, and he afterward published a paper in Toronto, Canada.

Miss Holly spoke at a meeting in Sandusky. Mrs. Foster wrote her: "You shall have ten dollars a week and your expenses; meet me in Syracuse, where we will begin our meetings."

In Buffalo Miss Holly went with Parker Pillsbury, of Salem, O., Charles C. Burleigh and Sojourner Truth. In a shoemaker's shop they held a meeting, for no hall would be given them. Parker Pillsbury said: "A negro slave is kept down in ignorance and chains to the level of the brute beast, denied marriage, or knowledge to learn the Bible or wages for labor." Then Sojourner Truth would rise and tell of her slavery in New York state before 1828. When they went to Rochester Samuel J. May opened his church and Abby Kelley pleaded for the slave woman. At night Mrs. Foster said, wiping her eyes: "I was so

glad to hear you, Miss Holly, in this hated cause; I am weary, but I can rely on you."

Daniel Webster said to Congress: "The United States Constitution solemnly guarantees slavery." The Free Soil party said: "Slavery should be prohibited in the territories, the states could vote it in or not as they pleased." The Liberty party was divided.

Miss Holly's itinerary was made out by Samuel J. May; she was to visit in Pennsylvania, New England and New York.

On May 27, 1852, she was at Gerrit Smith's at Petersboro. He said to her: "If I had my money to give over again, I would give it all to women; they are more economical and would use it to better purpose." His daughter, Mrs. Miller, wore the bloomer costume to please her father and he said: "She was the best dressed woman in America." He also said: "The requests for money I receive in a single month would cover the whole amount of my property."

June 10, 1852.

I am now at Mrs. Foster's; she is a very neat housekeeper; her little girl, five years old, knows the names of all the garden plants, and the food for the chickens, and a great deal about cats, dogs and horses; she has picked this up from her own observation.

I spoke at Concord. Mrs. Emerson was in the audience; she is a delicate shrinking woman. I have good meetings wherever I go. We visited Daniel Webster's farm of fifteen hundred acres. He was in Washington, but returned September 8 and died October 28, a sad and disappointed man.

Philadelphia, October 24, 1852.

I am here at Lucretia Mott's. Oh, the comforts, the conveniences and so beautifully neat, too! Lucy Stone is here; she

is a great talker; I saw some young ladies from Oberlin—dear old Oberlin, it has many fond recollections for me.

Yesterday we rode to Valley Forge and was in the house where Washington staid; it is built of stone and has windows of thick glass. Quaker Potts thought Washington was a Christian, because he saw him behind a rock, praying.

We met a Mr. Purvis (a colored gentleman). He took the highest premium on poultry at the fair. He was educated in Edinburgh, Scotland, and he is a fine looking colored gentleman. A man admiring the exhibit and standing by Mr. Purvis (not knowing him) said: "These belong to that black nigger down in Byberry." Mr. Purvis replied: "Friend, you put it rather strongly, I am that man," and he turned and went away.

May 10, N. H., 1853.

I had the happiness of talking with Mrs. Fuller, mother of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. She said: "When I listened to you, I thought, how my daughter would have taken an interest in your mission." Her son is buried in Mt. Auburn.

Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1869.

Miss Putnam's youngest sister, whom she educated in Oberlin for three years, is now lady principal of the Olean Academy. The negro is not yet where I wish to place him. It seems to me a great mistake to discontinue the Anti-Slavery Society. The American nation is not good enough to be trusted with the care of the black race.

Miss Putnam had a negro school at Lottsburgh, Va., sixty-five miles south of Baltimore. Should Miss Holly spend her life in teaching negro children?

August 3, 1875.

It is seven years since we settled here. We came out of love and pity for the colored people. Upon a two-acre strip of this desolate land, exhausted one hundred years ago with miserable tobacco raising, we have built a cheerful Teachers' Home; a spacious, airy schoolhouse; made a flower garden with borders of strawberry beds, melon patches, grape arbors and fruit trees.

There are seven hundred colored people in the town; we have no vacations; most of our pupils work in the corn fields; hundreds have learned to read and write who did not know a letter of the alphabet, or the names of the days of the week; could not count on their fingers or name the state they lived in. As we have no salary, we can offer none, but we have a mild, delightful climate. We have no white society and the poor people come to us nearly every hour in the day; every want is theirs. We clothe them from the boxes and barrels sent down from the North; in return they weed our gardens; cut our firewood, and bring water from the spring. When a box comes they will gather around and offer chickens, eggs and services in exchange. We never encourage pauperism. One said: "Gi me dat coat, I'se build a heap of dat fence"; another, "Gi me dem collars and neckties and I done pull the weeds outer dat strawberry bed o' yourn." Some of the best things we kept for Christmas or Emancipation day. When she asked them to make a garden for themselves, they said: "Oh, a heap of trouble; corn pone and pork is good enough." Their love of tobacco began when they stopped nursing, and therefore they care for no variety of food.

Among those devoted to the Holly School were Louise M. Alcott and her mother, and Mr. Rooker of Brooklyn. Mr.

Rooker sent her one hundred dollars and often had some short notice in the Tribune, being on the staff of the New York Tribune.

On the death of Gerrit Smith, Miss Holly wrote his daughter, Mrs. Mary Miller: "It has been the delight of my life, as it was my dear father's, to believe in immortality, and in the human soul I see its proof. I bow before the Great Father to thank Him for Everlasting Life."

Lottsburgh, December, 1878.

It is pitiful to see these poor whites with their blank, lean faces. At the holiday time they come in to get a present. They will not allow their children to come to our colored schools and they are growing up without knowing the alphabet.

July 8, 1879.

I seldom get a sight of any money here, as it is all barter. A friend sent us a box of hats, with which we got lumber, nails, firewood and other necessaries. We gave out three hundred presents at Christmas time.

These white women who hold themselves high are sick with bilious fever; they eat fat bacon, poor black coffee, bread made of saleratus and eaten hot from the fire, they use immense quantities of tobacco—men and women both smoke.

Steptoe Bill says: "Befor de war at sunrise, the horn blow and we had to go to work, whether we eat or not. We had no time to look at morning glories or night glories before you ladies come. Awful times then; nobody knowed A and B. Now everybody knows A and B."

July 13, 1886.

Yesterday a nice cook stove was at our door. I must thank somebody for the needed comfort.

"A Fool's Errand" must be like my own life here. How hopeless it seems to educate the Southerners up to the Northern civilization.

I get the New York Semi-weekly Tribune, The Boston Commonwealth, and my home papers.

Lottsburgh, August 15, 1884.

We have had Mrs. Oaks Smith; she is 68 years of age, but the youngest human being I know; she is amazed at all my fruit, says she never ate so much in all her life and calls it Arcadian living.

We visited a church where the mother of George Washington was married, Mary Ball, but the family church of the Balls was across the river in the same parish.

Miss Holly gave one day's occupation, a fair sample from 1870 to 1893: Rose at 5 a. m. Prepared a simple breakfast; made five loaves of bread; put my house in order; laid the fire for evening. At 9 o'clock called the roll at the schoolhouse; sent eggs to pay for candles; made a spice cake for the messenger; letter writing and then dressing for lunch; then went to the schoolroom for the classes of History and Natural Philosophy; heard some poems and Psalms in preparation for Washington's Birthday or some other celebration.

Miss Holly loved elegant surroundings, but she loved the cause better and put all she had intothe Lottsburgh plant. She said: "I don't know the meaning of the word lonely and only call it fatigue; I take delight in the books you sent and find Ramona is of interest, too.

"Miss Putnam is still postmistress, but we have had excitement over it. The one preceding her could not read or write his own name. Your interest has kept Miss Putnam in office, and without it she would have lost it. There is no express office

nearer Lottsburgh than Baltimore; the 'Sue' discontinues her trips in the winter and the mail is carried by a colored boy in a sulky."

September 23, 1886.

This is the shortest summer of my life and it is a pleasure to be alive.

October 21, 1886.

We are now building a new room for our lady teacher, coming in December. I have four men to tear down and build, but every man, woman and child moves slowly in the south, which I lay to the amazing amount of tobacco they smoke and chew. We will not allow smoking on the grounds or in the postoffice.

I would like to have you see my garden; I have picked four bushels of strawberries in 30 days.

I have just read the personal memoirs of General Grant. With a grip on Vicksburg he crushed the Rebellion. He earned all the honor paid him.

Everything you send is gratefully received. The boards and nails of the boxes we used to make a little room for our washerwoman.

This life in its awful isolation had been exile and martrydom to me.

Dear Maria, you are 82 and do you not think what are called "young people" are amazingly old and dreary? Bancroft celebrated his 87th birthday last year.

I fully believe in a life independent of the flesh, a spiritual life of unending growth of love, truth and holy obedience to God. "At the center of our grand universe is the Beneficent Power who holds us all in the 'hollow of His hand.'"

Lottsburgh, November 19, 1888.

Twenty years ago we started this school and have taught hundreds to read, write, cipher and the history of our govern-

ment. Some of our pupils are now teaching public colored schools; some are in services in Baltimore and New York.

Not one man failed to vote the Republican ticket. We can see the little dark faces light up with new thought, as expressively as do the Saxon children. This work is more and more a success every year. I want to persevere a few years longer. I and my 75 years, have been so overwhelmed with things to do in the postoffice and waiting upon poor people. My hard working days are over; I can't keep on working incessantly."

Intellectually and spiritually Sallie Holly was never more alive than in her last years.

She says: "These Virginians eat so much pork, they can't know what good health is. I mourn to have John G. Whittier and G. W. Curtis die. But they leave a glorious memory.

"You asked me what were my pleasures—I look up at the sky; I see the sun rise every morning; the little wrens build nests in the schoolhouse, all birds like my garden. My flowers now in bloom are nasturtiums, dahlias, roses, and the lavender; my Sabbath school which I hold for three hours, letters from friends and books sent to me. I am one who thinks it is not solitude to be alone.

"One of the ex-slaveholders said: 'The old Yankee (meaning me) has ruined these Lottsburgh niggers, making them think they are as good as anybody'; another said to me: 'I am as great a rebel as I ever was.'" Later, Miss Holly wrote: "I expect to arrive in New York the day before Christmas. O happy day! after nine months of this Virginia labor, joyfully onward and upward I go."

She never saw the Virginia School again. She said: "I have no army of ragged, dirty, low-lived poor whites, and freed negroes to wait upon. In this dear old familiar Miller Hotel, no need to

rise until six-thirty in the morning and find breakfast already, hallelujah!"

Saturday, Miss Holly went to Brooklyn to visit a friend; the day was bitter cold, and in a few days pneumonia caused her death; she had lived from February 19, 1818, to January 12, 1893, 75 years. On January 19 the New York papers stated: "A friend of the Negro Gone." In the same paper was the report of the death of Fanny Kemble, who had served God in quite another way and had had a harder lot.

Miss Holly was taken to Rochester and buried at Mt. Hope Cemetery beside her father. Many will mourn her loss, most of all those in Lottsburgh, and her friend, Miss Caroline Putnam. —From "Life of Liberty," by Rev. John Chadwick.

Rev. Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell, D. D., the first woman to be ordained a minister, was educated at Oberlin.

Antoinette Brown was born in a log cabin at Henrietta, N. Y., on May 20, 1825. Before she was sixteen she began to teach school, receiving a dollar a week and "boarding around." She longed to go to college, and cherished the hope of becoming a minister. Her parents and her brother thought it impossible. Her mother ured her to go as a foreign missionary instead. Antoinette stuck to her plan, and finally got her father's consent to go to Oberlin. Before she arrived she was warned against a student there named Lucy Stone, who was promulgating dangerous and radical ideas; but the two young women soon became great friends, a friendship cemented later in life by their marrying brothers.

Antoinette entered the ladies' literary course in the junior year, and was graduated in 1847, with Lucy, who was in the regular classical course. The account of their organizing their first debating society ever formed among college girls has al-

ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL

ready been given. In Antoinette's senior year, a rumor got abroad that she meant to study theology, and she was summoned before Mrs. Finney and several members of the Ladies' Board. They pleaded with her earnestly to give up so wild a notion. After quoting many persons who thought women ought not to preach, Mrs. Finney said: "You certainly will never have the courage to put your opinion against that of all these wise, good men!" Antoinette answered: "Prof. Finney has done just that," referring to his dissenting from the orthodoxy of his day. And she added: "What he has done, why cannot I do?"

The students had to write essays. During her senior year in the literary course, Antoinette wrote an exegesis dealing with the texts, "I suffer not a woman to teach," and "If the women would know anything, let them ask their husbands at home." President Mahan heard of it. He was the most liberal of the faculty. He sent for her essay, and published it in the Oberlin Quarterly Review while she was still an undergraduate. He was editor of the Review. Prof. Fairchild was the assistant editor, and he wrote for the same issue an article on the orthodox side of the woman question. "When he came to the boarding house to see me, we could not help laughing in each other's faces," said Antoinette, in telling of it long after. "He had been my brother's classmate. His sister was mine. We were well acquainted, and he was as kind as kind could be, but determined in his own view. Years later, when I joined the Unitarians, they wondered if I had done anything for which I had to leave the Orthodox fold, and they asked me for a letter of recommendation. I applied to Prof. Fairchild, who had then become President Fairchild, and he gave me a beautiful one. The Oberlin men were the most kindly and generous possible in criticising and helping out people who trod on their tenderest feelings, as

Lucy and I did. The Oberlin women were much less so. Prof. Morgan, Professor of Old Testament Literature and Theology, spent a whole class session discussing my paper and trying to show me that I was not altogether right. Prof. Finney said afterwards that he believed there were some women divinely ordained to preach, and that I might be one of them. He was very kind, and gave me the benefit of the doubt."

After she had been graduated from the literary course, her father and brother renewed their efforts to dissuade her from entering the theological school, and refused her any financial help. Miss Adams, the lady principal at Oberlin, then promised to get her enough teaching to do in the preparatory department of the college to pay half the expenses of her theological course. But Miss Adams fell ill, and in her absence the Ladies' Board (composed principally of the professors' wives, and strongly opposed to women ministers) made a rule that no graduate of the college should be allowed to teach in the preparatory department or in the lower classes. This was done on purpose to bar her out. Thereupon Miss Atkins, the assistant principal, got up a private drawing class for Antoinette, who had for some time taught drawing in the lower school. Her class included Prof. Fairchild and a number of the theological students, and proved so profitable that it enabled her to meet all her expenses.

When the theological school opened, each student, as part of the literary work, had in turn to read an essay, to take part in a discussion, and to give a sermon or oration. Antoinette's essay passed without objection. But when it was her turn to take part in a discussion—to "speak in public"—the trouble began. The students themselves made up the programs for these discussions. They handed the list, with her name on it,

to Prof. Morgan. He was the kindest of professors, but also the most bigoted on the woman question. His face flushed and his voice trembled as he read the list. The young men who had prepared it were ordered to stay after class. Then the professor said to them: "Why did you make that appointment, when you knew I did not believe in having women speak?" They answered: "Why, our constitution requires every student to do it." "I'll see about that. You can go," he said curtly. Some little time passed. Rumor said there was faculty meeting after faculty meeting. Oberlin College had been founded with an express proviso that all its opportunities should be open to women. It had never occurred to anyone that women might wish to go through the theological school, but there was no way to keep them out. "I went to the class not knowing what to expect," said Antoinette, in telling the story later. "But the dear old professor said, before the lesson began: 'Antoinette, I believe you are wrong. I should stop you in this if I could. But I have no authority to do it. I shall give you the verv best instruction that I can while you are my pupil.' And he did, all through the three years." That was in 1848. When Oberlin celebrated its semi-centennial many years later, Antoinette was among the invited speakers. Prof. Morgan was the only one of the old professors left. He was very old and feeble. He spoke to her very kindly, laid his hand on her head, and his last words to her were: "Dear child, God bles you!"

Some of the students had been local preachers before entering the theological school. They asked for a student's license to preach, and so did she. They granted licenses to all the young men, and told Antoinette that she might act on her own responsibility. So she began to preach and lecture occasionally. Her first sermon was given in a schoolhouse in Henrietta, Ohio.

One of her classmates, a young man, went with her and led the singing. She received many marks of good will from her fellow students. Another young woman, Lettice Smith (Holmes), was also following the course, but never took part in any speaking. During their three years in the theological school, the names of these two young women were never published with those of the other students, but were marked with a star and the words "Resident graduates pursuing the theological course." When the catalogue came out after they got through, their names were left out entirely, and continued to be left out of the list of graduates for about 40 years. Then they were put in as full-fledged graduates of the theological school.

Although the faculty at the close of her course did not recognize Antoinette as a graduate, many people in the town felt a great deal of sympathy with her, including one of the founders of the college, Father Keep. Some of her classmates who had always stood by her went to Father Keep and proposed that she should be ordained, along with a young man in the class who was going out as a foreign missionary; and they hunted up enough other ministers who were in favor to fill out an ordination service. But Antoinette thought it would be ungrateful on her part to take the Oberlin church for her ordination, when the faculty so decidedly disapproved of her entering the ministry, and she refused.

A Mrs. Barnes, of New York, who had often attended the lectures and recitations at the theological school, offered Antoinette a good salary if she would work for a social purity society in New York and do missionary work there. She did so for a time; but the ladies were shocked by her attending and speaking at the first National Woman's Rights Convention held at Worcester, Mass., in 1850, and after that she worked as a free

lance, lecturing and preaching where she could. Channing, Garrison, Gerrit Smith, Samuel May and others helped her to opportunities. She went all through New York State with Susan B. Anthony, holding meetings in behalf of woman's rights, and she wrote much for the papers and magazines.

Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana offered to engage a hall and give her $1,000 a year and her board (an almost unheard of salary for a woman at that time) if she would preach regularly in New York City. But she felt in her modesty that she was too young and inexperienced to support the responsibilities of a great metropolitan pastorate. Instead, she accepted a call from the Congregational church at South Butler, N. Y., with a salary of $300 a year. Here she was regularly ordained as an orthodox Congregational minister in 1853. The event called down tremendous denunciation from pulpit and press. Dr. Cheever declared that any woman who would let herself be ordained was an infidel, and any church that would ordain her was an infidel church.

She was appointed by her church a delegate to the World's Temperance Convention in New York, a convention composed largely of ministers. Her credentials were accepted, but when she rose to speak the convention went into a prodigious uproar which drowned her voice. This lasted two days. Despite the efforts made in her behalf by Channing, Phillips, Garrison, Powell and others, including Neal Dow, the president of the convention, she was not allowed to be heard.

A period of religious doubt led her to resign her pulpit. She emerged from this season of darkness a Unitarian, and her faith has ever since been steady and unclouded.

Soon after resigning her pastorate, she married Samuel C. Blackwell, a brother of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the earliest

woman physician, and of Henry B. Blackwell, who had married, a few years before, her college friend, Lucy Stone. The cares of bringing up a large family made regular pastoral work impossible, but she has always preached and lectured as she had opportunity.

She was one of the most active workers with Julia Ward Howe in the Association for the Advancement of Women, which for many years held its annual congresses all over the country. A beautiful girl in her youth, and gifted with a singularly buoyant and serene temperament, she is now a handsome and cheery grandmother. At the age of 88, she still preaches an occasional sermon with much acceptance in the Unitarian church of Elizabeth, N. J., where she resides with a married daughter. She is the author of several philosophical works, one of which, "The Sexes Throughout Nature," contains interesting reminiscences of her life at Oberlin. She has also written a novel and a volume of poems.

Oberlin has given her, unsolicited, an honorary degree of A. M. It also offered her an A. B., which she declined. A few years ago it made her a Doctor of Divinity, thus royally atoning for its conservatism of more than sixty years ago.

LUCY STONE

LUCY STONE

Lucy Stone was born August 13, 1818, on a farm near West Brookfield, Mass. She was the daughter of Francis Stone and Hannah Matthews, and was the eighth of nine children. She came of good New England stock. Her great grandfather fought in the French and Indian War; her grandfather was an officer in the War of the Revolution, and afterwards captain of four hundred men in Shay's Rebellion. Her father was a prosperous farmer, much respected by his neighbors, but fully imbued with the idea of the right of husbands to rule over their wives, as were most men of his generation. Her mother was an excellent Christian woman, who submitted as a matter of conscience.

Little Lucy grew up a healthy, vigorous child, noted for fearlessness and truthfulness, a good scholar, and a hard worker in the house and on the farm, sometimes driving the cows barefooted by starlight before the sun was up, when the dew on the grass was so cold that she would stop on a flat stone and curl one small bare foot up against the other leg to warm it. Everyone on the farm worked. The mother milked eight cows the night before Lucy was born, and said regretfully, when informed of the sex of the new baby, "Oh, dear! I am sorry it is a girl. A woman's life is so hard!"

The little girl early became indignant at the way she saw her mother and other women were treated by their husbands and by the laws, and she made up her childish mind that those laws must be changed. Reading the Bible one day, while still a child, she came upon the text, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and

he shall rule over thee." At first she wanted to die. Then she resolved to go to college, study Greek and Hebrew, read the Bible in the original, and satisfy herself whether such texts were correctly translated.

Her father felt no surprise when his sons wanted to go to college; it was the usual wish of intelligent young men; but when his daughter wanted to go, he said to his wife, "Is the child crazy?" He would give her no financial help. The young girl had to earn the money herself. She picked barries and chestnuts, and sold them to buy books. For years she taught district schools, studying and teaching alternately. She soon became known as a successful teacher. Once she was engaged to teach a "winter school" which had been broken up for two years in succession by the big boys throwing the master headforemost out of the window into a deep snowdrift. As a rule, women were not thought competent to teach the winter term of school, because then the big boys were released from farm work and were able to attend. In a few days she had this difficult school in perfect order, and the big boys who had made the trouble became her most devoted lieutenants; yet she received only a fraction of the salary paid to her unsuccessful predecessors. At the low wages received by women teachers, it took her until she was 25 to earn the money to carry her to Oberlin, then the only college in the country that admitted women. Crossing Lake Erie from Buffalo to Cleveland, she could not afford a stateroom and fare, with a few other women who, like herself, could only pay for a "deck passage."

At Oberlin she earned her way by teaching in the preparatory department of the college, and by doing housework in the Ladies' Boarding Hall at three cents an hour. Most of the students were poor, and the college furnished them board at a

dollar a week. But she could not afford even this small sum, and during most of her course she cooked her food in her own room, boarding herself at a cost of less than fifty cents a week. She had only one new dress during her college course, and she did not go home once during the four years; but she thoroughly enjoyed her college life, and found time also for good works.

Oberlin was a station on the "underground railroad," a town of strong anti-slavery sympathies, and many fugitive slaves settled there. A school was started to teach them to read, and Lucy Stone was asked to take charge of it. The colored men, fresh from slavery and densely ignorant, still felt it beneath their dignity to be taught by a woman. Without letting her know this, the committee took her to the school and introduced her to them as their teacher, thinking they would not like to express their objections in her presence. But there was a murmur of dissatisfaction, and presently a tall man, very black, stood up and said he had nothing against Miss Stone personally, but he was free to confess that he did not like the idea of being taught by a woman. She persuaded them, however, that it would be for their advantage to learn from anybody who could teach them to read; and her dusky pupils soon became much attached to her. When the Ladies' Boarding Hall took fire, during her temporary absence, many members of her colored class rushed to the fire, bent on saving her effects. She was told on her return that a whole string of colored men had arrived upon the scene one after another, each demanding breathlessly, "Where is Miss Stone's trunk?"

Her first public speech was made during her college course. The colored people got up a celebration of the anniversary of West Indian Emancipation, and invited her to be one of the speakers. The president of the college and some of the pro-

fessors were also invited. She gave her address among the rest, and thought nothing of it. The next day she was summoned before the Ladies' Board. They represented to her that it was unwomanly and unscriptural for her to speak in public. The president's wife said: "Did you not feel yourself very much out of place up there on the platform among all those men? Were you not embarrassed and frightened?" "Why, no, Mrs. Mahan," she answered. "'Those men' were President Mahan and my professors, whom I meet every day in the class-room. I was not afraid of them at all!" She was allowed to go, with an admonition.

The young men of the college used to hold debates. It was part of their work in English composition and rhetoric. The girls were required to be present, in order to help form an audience for the young men, but they were not allowed to take part. Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown and some of the other young women asked to be allowed to do so. They were refused, on the ground that St. Paul told women to keep silence in the churches. They then organized the first debating society ever formed among college girls. An old colored woman who owned a small house was persuaded to give them the use of her parlor. Coming by ones and twos, so as not to attract notice, the girls used to gather there secretly, and hold debates on all sorts of high and deep subjects. In the summer they sometimes held their metings in the woods.

At the end of her course she was appointed to write an essay to be read at Commencement, but was notified that one of the professors would have to read it for her, as it would not be proper for a woman to read her own essay in public. Rather than not read it herself, she declined to write it. Nearly forty years afterwards, when Oberlin celebrated its semi-centennial,

she was invited to be one of the speakers at that great gathering. So the world moves.

She graduated in 1847, and gave her first woman's rights lecture the same year, in the pulpit of her brother's church at Gardner, Mass. Soon after, she was engaged to lecture regularly for the Anti-Slavery Society. She mixed a great deal of woman's rights with her anti-slavery lectures. One night, after her heart had been particularly stirred on the woman question, she put into her lecture so much of woman's rights and so little of abolition that her friend, Rev. Samuel May, the agent of the Anti-Slavery Society, who arranged her meetings, felt obliged to tell her that, on the anti-slavery platform, this would not do. She answered: "I know it, but I could not help it. I was a woman before I was an abolitionist, and I *must* speak for the women." She resigned her position as lecturer for the Anti-Slavery Society, intending to devote herself wholly to woman's rights. They were very unwilling to give her up, however, as she had been one of their most effective speakers; and it was finally arranged that she should speak for them Saturday evenings and Sundays—times which were regarded as too sacred for any church or hall to be opened for a woman's rights meeting—and during the rest of the week she should lecture for woman's rights on her own responsibility.

Her adventures during the next few years would fill a volume. No suffrage association was organized until long after this time. She had no co-operation and no backing, and started out absolutely alone. So far as she knew, there were only a few persons in the whole country who had any sympathy with the idea of equal rights. She put up the posters for her own meetings with a little package of tacks and a stone picked up from the street. Sometimes the boys followed her, hooting and

preparing to tear the posters down. Then she would stop and call the boys about her, and hold a preliminary meeting in the street, until she had won them all over and persuaded them to let her posters alone. Once a hymn-book was thrown, striking her on the neck so violently that she was almost stunned. Once in winter a pane of glass was removed from the window behind the speaker's stand, a hose was put through, and she was suddenly deluged with ice-cold water while she was speaking. She put on her shawl, and continued her lecture. Pepper was burned, spit-balls were thrown, and all sorts of things done to break up the meetings, but generally without success.

She travelled over a large part of the United States. In most of the towns where she lectured, no woman had ever spoken in public before, and curiosity attracted immense audiences. The speaker was a great surprise to them. The general idea of a woman's rights advocate, on the part of those who had never seen one, was of a tall, gaunt, angular woman, with aggressive manners, a masculine air and a strident voice, scolding at the men. Instead, they found a tiny woman, with quiet, unassuming manners, a winning presence, and the sweetest voice ever possessed by a public speaker. This voice became celebrated. It was so musical and delicious that persons who had once heard her lecture, hearing her utter a few words years afterwards, on a railroad car or in a stage-coach, where it was too dark to recognize faces, would at once exclaim unhesitatingly, "That is Lucy Stone!"

Old people who remember those early lectures say that she had a wonderful eloquence. There were no tricks of oratory, but the transparent sincerity, simplicity and intense earnestness of the speaker, added to a singular personal magnetism and an utter forgetfulness of self, swayed those great audiences as the

wind bends a field of grass. Often mobs would listen to her when they howled down every other speaker. At one woman's rights meeting in New York, the mob made such a clamor that it was impossible for any speaker to be heard. One after another tried it, only to have his or her voice drowned forthwith by hoots and howls. William Henry Channing advised Lucretia Mott, who was presiding, to adjourn the meeting. Mrs. Mott answered, "When the hour fixed for adjournment comes, I will adjourn the meeting, not before." At last Lucy Stone was introduced. The mob became as quiet as a congregation of churchgoers; but as soon as the next speaker began, the howling recommenced, and it continued to the end. At the close of the meeting, when the speakers went into the dressing-room to get their hats and cloaks, the mob surged in and surrounded them; and Lucy Stone, who was brimming over with indignation, began to reproach them for their behavior. "Oh, come," they answered, "you needn't say anything; we kept still for *you!*"

At an anti-slavery meeting held on Cape Cod, in a grove, in the open air, a platform had been erected for the speakers, and a crowd assembled; but a crowd so menacing in aspect, and with so evident an intention of violence, that the speakers one by one came down from the stand and slipped quietly away, till none were left but Stephen Foster and Lucy Stone. She said, "You had better run, Stephen; they are coming!" He answered, "But who will take care of you?" At that moment the mob made a rush for the platform and a big man sprang up on it, grasping a club. She turned to him and said without hesitation, "This gentleman will take care of me." He declared that he would. He tucked her under one arm, and, holding his club with the other, marched her out through the crowd, who were roughly handling Mr. Foster and such of the other speakers as

they had been able to catch. Her representations finally so prevailed upon him that he mounted her on a stump, and stood by her with his club while she addressed the mob. They were so moved by her speech that they not only desisted from further violence, but took up a collection of twenty dollars to pay Stephen Foster for his coat, which they had torn in two from top to bottom.

When she began to lecture she would not charge an admission fee, partly because she was anxious that as many people as possible should hear and be converted, and she feared that an admission fee might keep some one away; and partly from something of the Quaker feeling that it was wrong to take pay for preaching the Gospel. She economized in every way. When she stayed in Boston, she used to put up at a lodging house on Hanover street, where they gave her meals for twelve and a half cents, and lodging for six and a quarter cents, on condition of her sleeping in the garret with the daughters of the house, three in a bed.

Once when she was in great need of a new cloak she came to Salem, Mass., where she was to lecture, and found that the Hutchinson family of singers were to give a concert the same evening. They proposed to her to unite their entertainments and divide the proceeds. She consented, and bought a cloak with the money. She was also badly in want of other clothing. Her friends assured her that the audiences would be just as large despite an admission fee. She tried it, and, finding that the audiences continued to be as large as the halls would hold, she continued to charge a door fee, and was no longer reduced to such straits.

In 1855 she married Henry B. Blackwell, a young hardware merchant of Cincinnati, a strong woman's rights man and

abolitionist. In 1853 he had attended a legislative hearing at the State House in Boston, when Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and Lucy Stone spoke in behalf of a woman suffrage petition headed by Louisa Alcott's mother; and he had made up his mind at that time to marry her if he could. She had meant never to marry, but to devote herself wholly to her work. But he promised to devote himself to the same work, and persuaded her that together they could do more for it than she could alone.

The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents at West Brookfield, Mass. Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who afterwards left the ministry for reform work and the army, and is now better known as Colonel Higginson, was then pastor of a church in Worcester. He was a personal friend, and a believer in equal rights; and was not only willing but glad to omit the word "obey," which almost all the ministers of those days used in the wedding service. At the time of their marriage, they issued a joint protest against the inequalities of the law which gave the husband the control of his wife's property, person and children. This protest, which was widely published in the papers, gave rise to much discussion, and helped to get the laws amended.

She regarded the loss of a wife's name at marriage as a symbol of the loss of her individuality. Eminent lawyers, including Ellis Gray Loring and Samuel E. Sewall, told her there was no law requiring a wife to take her husband's name; it was only a custom; and the Chief Justice of the United States (Chief Justice Chase) gave her his unofficial opinion to the same effect. Accordingly she decided, with her husband's full approval, to keep her own name, and she continued to be called by it during nearly forty years of happy and affectionate married life.

The account of her later years must be condensed into a few lines. She and her husband lectured together in many states, spoke in most of the campaigns when suffrage amendments have been submitted to popular vote, addressed Legislatures, published articles, held meetings far and wide, were instrumental in securing many improvements in the laws, and together did an unrecorded and incalculable amount of work in behalf of equal rights. A few years after her marriage, while they were living in Orange, N. J., Mrs. Stone let her goods be seized and sold for taxes (one of the articles seized was the baby's cradle), and wrote a protest against taxation without representation, with her baby on her knee. In 1866 she helped organize the American Equal Rights Association, which was formed to work for both negroes and women, and she was chairman of its executive committee. In 1869, with William Lloyd Garrison, George William Curtis, Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and others, she organized the American Woman Suffrage Association, and was chairman of its executive committee for nearly twenty years. She always craved, not the post of prominence, but the post of work.

Most of the money with which the Woman's Journal was started in Boston, in 1870, was raised by her efforts. When Mrs. Livermore, whose time was under increasing demand in the lecture field, resigned the editorship in 1872, Mrs. Stone and her husband took charge of the paper, and edited it together till her death, assisted during the latter part of the time by their daughter.

In her later years, Mrs. Stone was much confined at home by rheumatism, but worked for suffrage at her desk as diligently as she used to do upon the platform. Her sweet, motherly face, under its white cap, was dear to the eyes of audiences

at suffrage gatherings, and sometimes the mere sight of her converted an obstinate opponent whom no arguments had been able to move, simply because she was so different from all his preconceived ideas of her. Better than most mortals, she knew how to grow old beautifully. Her life had passed into a serene old age, loved and honored by a multitude of younger women, but loved the most by those who knew her best.

Mrs. Stone was an admirable cook and housekeeper, of the old New England type. She made her own yeast, her own dried beef, even her own soap. Her family were never better fed than in the intervals between "help."

She always had a keen delight in the beauties of nature. As a little girl at school, when she had done her lessons well, the reward she asked was to be allowed to sit on the floor where she could look through the window into the shimmering leaves of a white birch grove that stretched up the hill. "Take time, dear, take time"—to look at the clouds, the trees, the sunset, etc.—she would often say to members of her family, if they seemed in such a hurry as to forget to observe the beauty of the world.

It had been one of the wishes of her life to see Switzerland. Being asked once why she did not go there, she answered, "Oh, why don't I do so many things! It is too late. I shall never do it now"; adding, contentedly: "But I have done what I wanted to do. I have helped the women."

She died on October 18, 1893. Her death was as beautiful as her life.

The beyond had no terrors for her. When it began to be thought that her illness would end fatally, she said, with her accent of simple and complete conviction, "I have not the smallest apprehension. I know the Eternal Order, and I believe in it. I have not a fear, nor a dread, nor a doubt."

She made all her preparations to go, as quietly as if she were only going into the next room. As long as she was able to think and plan at all, she thought for others, and planned for their comfort. As she lay in bed too weak to move, she still tried to save everybody steps, to spare the servants, to arrange that guests should be made comfortable, that a favorite dish should be prepared for a niece who had come to help nurse her, that the surplus fruit from the orchard should be sent to the little girls of the Industrial School. She planned at the same time for the carrying on of the household after her death, and for the carrying on of the Woman's Journal and the suffrage work.

To a friend who expressed the wish that she might have lived to see woman suffrage granted, she said, "Oh, I shall know it. I think I shall know it on the other side." She added, contentedly, "And if I do not, the people on this side will know it." Something was said about her possibly coming back to communicate with her friends. She said, "I expect to be too busy to come back."

The last letter but one that she ever wrote was to an influential Colorado woman, warmly commending to her Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who had gone out to take part in the suffrage campaign there, urging her to help the passage of the pending amendment. The last letter of all was to her brother, aged 86. He came to see her at the end, and, though twelve years her senior, he said to her, with tears, "You have always been more like a mother than a sister to me."

"I have had a full, rich life," she said. "I am so glad to have lived, and to have lived at a time when I could work!"

On the last afternoon, when it had become hard for her to speak intelligibly, she looked at her daughter, and seemed to

wish to say something. The daughter put her ear to her lips. She said distinctly, "Make the world better." They were almost her last words.

She was wholly free from any thirst for fame. She kept no record of her work, told her daughter it was hardly worth while to write her biography, and advised her family not to have a public funeral, saying that she did not believe there would be enough people who would care to come, to fill a church. But long before the hour set for the service the crowd began to gather before the church, and hundreds of people stood silently in the street, waiting for the doors to be opened.

During her last illness the papers, even those most opposed to equal rights, vied with each other in paying tribute to her worth. When told of it, she said, "Oh, if they would only all come out for woman suffrage!" One prominent person, who had been her bitter opponent, said that up to that time the death of no woman in America had ever called out "so wide-spread an expression of regret and esteem."

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS

This congressman was born in 1793. At nineteen years he saw some military service in the war of 1812.

He studied law with Elisha Whittlesay in Canfield, O., and was admitted to the bar in 1821.

In 1826 he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1831 he formed a partnership with Benjamin F. Wade, in 1838 he was elected to Congress and immediately he called for information as to the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

First, the number of slaves that have murdered themselves?

Second, the number of children who have been murdered by their parents for fear of sale to a foreign market?

Third, the amount collected on sale of licenses to deal in human flesh and blood?

But the rule, "That all pertaining to the subject of slavery be laid on the table without reading" prevented it. Five years later this rule was abrogated.

Mr. Giddings said, "Slavery is not recognized in the Constitution and if it continued in the Capital of the United States, the Capital must be removed elsewhere." This fixed his position at once as an anti-slavery man and ostracized him from both parties. In 1842 "the brig Creole" sailed from Hampton Roads to New Orleans with a cargo of slaves. They arose against the crew and compelled it to sail to Nassau. Mr. Webster made the demand on England that the negroes be given up as mutineers and murderers. This Great Britain refused to do, holding that human flesh was not recognized by international law.

Mr. Giddings arose and said, Prior to the adoption of the Constitution the several states had complete power over slavery within their own borders and surrendered none to the Federal

Government, but did surrender to the general Government all power over the high seas. That a ship that leaves the waters of the state ceased to be under the laws of that state. That not to place the coast slave-trade under the protection of the general Government was subversive of the rights of the people of the free states and prejudicial to the national character." A resolution of censure was adopted. Mr. Giddings arose to protest: "I demand a hearing or I resign from this Congress." He returned home and was at once re-elected by 3,500 majority. He published "Pacificus Papers," which formed a creed for the Liberal Party. He fought against the Mexican war, and was one of the founders of the Republican party.

In 1859 he fell on the floor of the House with heart trouble. He was nominted for the next Congress but was defeated by one vote, for he had paid no attention to it. He was sent by President Lincoln as consul to Canada.

Springfield, Ills., May 21, 1860.

Hon. J. R. Giddings,

My good friend:

Your very kind and acceptable letter of the 19th was duly handed to me by Mr. Tuck. It is indeed most grateful to my feelings that the responsible position assigned me, comes without conditions, save only such honorable ones as are fairly implied. I am not wanting in the purpose, though I may fail in the strength, to maintain my freedom from bad influences. Your letter comes to my aid in this point most opportunely. May the Almighty grant that the cause of truth, justice, and humanity shall in nowise suffer at my hands.

Mrs. Lincoln joins me in sincere wishes for your health, happiness, and long life.

A. LINCOLN.

SENATOR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WADE

Attorney, judge, state senator and U. S. senator for eighteen years, was born October 17, 1800, and died March 3, 1878, at Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., O. From his life by A. G. Riddle, of Washington, D. C., we take the following:

He was the sixth son of James and Mary Upham Wade, born in Feeding Hill, Mass. He was one of eleven children, four girls and seven boys. His eldest brother, James, Jr., went to Albany, N. Y., taught school, married, studied medicine and became a noted surgeon.

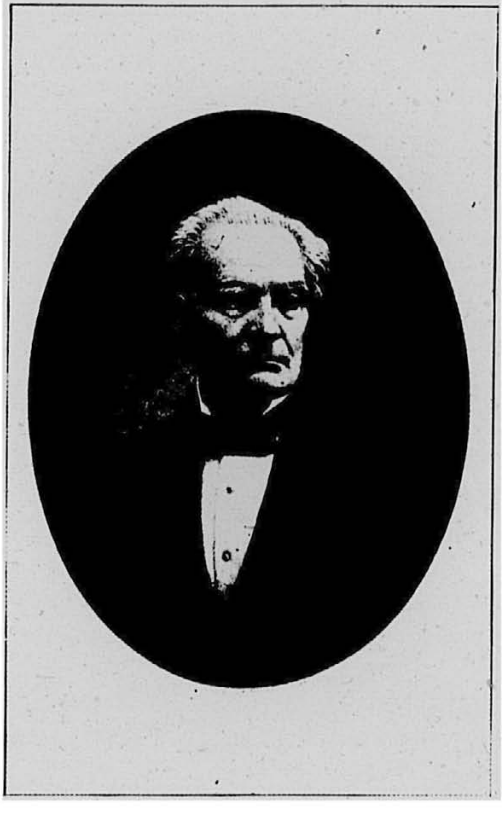
Three brothers, Samuel, Theodore and Charles, came to Andover, O., in 1820. Andover was twenty miles from Lake Erie on the Pennsylvania line, Ashtabula Co. Settlement began in 1806. In 1819 it had ten voters and could be organized and have a justice of the peace, constables, school districts and highways. It held its annual meeting the first Monday in April. All the counties of the Western Reserve were divided into townships five miles square except those that bordered Lake Erie, and roads were built from center to center where public buildings were erected.

Samuel married a sister of the late Darius Cadwell, of Cleveland.

Theodore taught school in Madison for three months and received as pay six barrels of whiskey.

Charles taught a winter in Monroe and received five barrels of whiskey. The only way to dispose of surplus wheat and corn was to turn it into whiskey.

In three years the brothers cleared land and planted it into crops. Frank tired of this and hired out to a driver of cattle,



B. F. WADE
MEMBER OF CONGRESS FOR 18 YEARS

going to Philadelphia, Pa. He then joined his brother, James, at Albany, and worked on the Erie Canal at fifty cents a day. This was related to the Senate by William H. Seward, who said: "Wade who is one of the most talented members of this body, nothing is lost in the lives of men." This discipline was of the utmost importance to him in after life.

In two years Frank returned home, to find his brother, Edward, studying law with Elisha Whittlesey in Canfield, Mahoning Co., O.—the private law school of Whittlesey & Newton. While east Frank had devised a new arithmetic, but before it was published it was burned in his brother-in-law's house. He then decided to study law. He was 25 years old. He had capacity for work, without which no man could succeed at the bar. The statutes of Ohio required two years of study. Frank was admitted to the bar in 1827. In no other calling can men so little forecast results. He was not a good public speaker—the moment he rose to his feet, ideas fled from him. He was to be an advocate and an advocate must not stammer but must be bold, strong and effective. To do this, he must believe in the justice of his case; the trouble is, to know the facts. Clear statement of facts was his special glory. He and his brother Edward were two of the best pleaders in Ohio; they handled the rules of evidence the most effectively. For instance, Frank, one day, saw a man filling his bag from his corncrib and he quietly withdrew to save the man the mortification of discovery.

Joshua R. Giddings was admitted to the bar in 1821 and was an exceptionally bright young man and he formed a partnership with Frank Wade in 1827. The firm of Giddings & Wade became the leading law office of that part of the state.

Mr. Wade's father and mother came west only to long to return to Feeding Hills, Mass. The aged man would sit watch-

ing the circling shadows of the trees as the sun cast them over the log cabin. He planned for himself and wife to go back home. The winter of 1826 was severe; his wife died April 10, 1826. He was now eager to follow her and died May 9, a month later.

In 1837 the firm of Giddings & Wade dissolved partnership, and now it was Wade & Ranney. Rufus P. Ranney was a student in the above firm. 1837 was a year of panic and loss. It was said that Giddings & Wade had invested in city lots on the Maumee. There was liquidation and payment. All the earnings of years were devoted to this, a sacred purpose. They did not shelter themselves under the bankrupt law as did many others.

Mr. Wade was elected to the State Senate in 1837. In 1839 he was defeated. In 1841 he was re-elected.

When forty years old he met Miss Caroline M. Rosekrans. She, when two years old, went to live with her grandmother in Middleton, Conn. Her father had died and her mother married Enoch Parsons, of Middleton, and had a son who removed to Ashtabula in 1832. His mother and Caroline came three years later. She was a great reader of histories, biographies and politics. She very quietly took a leading position in society.. There was a public meeting to shape the campaign of 1840 and Miss Rosekrans attended to hear the noted speaker, Senator B. F. Wade. He arraigned the Van Buren administration and the Democratic party. After the meeting Mr. Parsons introduced his sister to Mr. Wade. They were at once congenial spirits. They were married June 19, 1841, and resided in Jefferson through their entire life except when in Washington, D. C. This was a love marriage, not so rare as is commonly supposed, comments A. J. Riddle, who knew them intimately. They had two

sons; the eldest James F. Wade, was Lieutenant Colonel in 1843 and Captain Henry F. Wade in 1845, who is now a farmer in Jefferson.

In the second term of Mr. Wade as State Senator some Kentucky commissioners came to Columbus and said to him, "Our slaves are treated like children, yet will run away. We ask you to return them to us." He replied: "But why do they run away? If you oppress the weak and defenseless no power can shield you from the consequences. You cannot deprive a man of his liberty without endangering your own. The practice of tyranny becomes habitual, engenders pride and is as fatal to the oppressor as to the oppressed."

The threat of dissolution by the South was then chronic. He defied them to execute it. He had decided objections to being a slave-hunter and bailiff and asked if they ever engaged in the business in Kentucky and they admitted they did not and said, "You have us at a disadvantage." "Dare you make a law which no decent man will execute," said Wade. "No one has yet compared your bill with the paramount laws. You cannot violate these laws with impunity. It will not only be void but you must suffer the consequences, the evil will recoil on your heads to the third and fourth generation."

This speech made Mr. Wade known throughout the United States and he was elected to the United States Senate in 1861.

Washington's population was 40,000; 18,000 were colored. On Seventh street was a slave-pen and whipping-post in sight of the Capitol. It was much more to be a member of Congress then than it is now. He was sworn in by Salman P. Chase. He was 51 years of age.

Charles Sumner was forty years of age and took his seat on the Democratic side. He was English in his attire, and his presence produced a solitude.

Henry Clay was an old man and Stephen A. Douglas who, Senator Benton said, "Was too near the ground ever to be President." Congress was convened under a calm, never again to be agitated. Fillmore was desirous of succeeding himself. In regard to the Fugitive Slave Act he reminded them of their constitutional obligations. President Pierce was proposed by Benjamin Butler and was full of gay promise; he declared, "No prominence should be given to any subject set at rest by the Compromise acts." But in December Mr. Douglas introduced the Nebraska Bill and all its woes. Some one said, "The Compromise Bill of 1850 suspended that of 1820." An address was issued written by Mr. Chase and endorsed by Giddings, Gerrit Smith, Chase, Sumner, Edward Wade and De Witt, all in the House of Representatives. It was written for Ohio only. Ohio had taken a decided lead against the Nebraska Bill. Nebraska was what was left of the Louisiana Purchase and as large as all the free states with Virginia added. "No northern man emigrated to a southern state, no free man would labor beside one degraded by being the chattel of another," said Senator Wade. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, said to him, "You believe in July Fourth, that makes the slave equal and why should not equals work side by side." This brought up slavery directly and a man from North Carolina told of his old colored mammy whom he loved as his real mother and he could not take her to Nebraska, the enemies of this measure forbade him. Senator Wade replied, "We are willing you should take the old lady there but we are afraid you will sell her when you get her there." It was followed by a roar of laughter and prevented further sentiment on the slave question.

Joshua R. Giddings succeeded Elisha Whittlesey in the Senate. He resigned when the law of Petition was rejected but was re-elected unanimously.

Butler, of South Carolina, talking about "bleeding Kansas," "was full of wine or liquor, scattering the loose expectoration of his speech over his person, desk and surroundings," said Sumner. It was a graphic, condensed and painful speech.

At the recess the Senators went out, leaving Sumner in his seat, many Southerners sitting about him. Then Preston Brooks, a kin of Butler, struck Sumner with a stout cane; a second blow felled him to the floor, then he beat him until he was unconscious. Not a man went to his rescue or made a sign of disapproval. E. B. Morgan, of Aurora, N. Y., entered the Senate chamber and ran to his aid. Then Brooks desisted and Sumner was borne out from his foes. He never recovered. He had some spinal trouble and walked with a cane. In the investigation Tombs said he saw the whole transaction and approved it. Wade arose and said, "When a Senator says he approves of an attack on an unarmed man and almost murdered for expressing his opinions, I am here to meet you. No one can die in a better cause than in the cause of free speech on this floor. Let us come armed for the contest."

James Webb came to see Senator Wade at his home and he said, "Tell Toombs it is a rifle and thirty paces." He was a deadshot and had a rifle in the city. Pin a paper to Toombs and Wade's bullet would certainly cut it. The next day and the next day passed and no calls. On the third day both were in their seats. Toombs reached over to Wade and touched him on the shoulder and said, "Wade, what is the use of two men making damned fools of themselves?" "None at all," said Wade, "but some men cannot help it." And they were good friends from that day. Brooks was saved from expulsion by friends from the South. He resigned but was re-elected. A league was formed to meet the Southerners on their own terms, and hearing of it, their tones were modified.

When the raid of John Brown at Harpers Ferry was known the South cried, "To arms! To arms!" Wade addressed the Senate. Mr. Sherman had recommended a certain book. "What does the book say? It has an economic view of slave and free industries. It has been endorsed by many men in Congress, but condemned by the South. It is drawn from the census of the United States. Has it come to this, that we cannot let the people read the facts it presents, and are to institute a censorship of the press in free America? Sherman has been in the other branch of Cangress for four years. He is very active and a very worthy member."

Lincoln received 180 electoral votes, Douglas 12. Mr. Lincoln was not elected to carry on the war; had few of the qualities, save courage, firmness and purpose. Seward offered to write his inaugural address. Cameron would plan his administration. Blair published what would be done, but Lincoln suppressed it when printed.

Thad Stevens said, "Nobody comes made for the Senate but to get into it." Wade and Stevens saw clearly the point of the war. The most of human good is reached collaterally. Congress was called to provide ways and means. It called for 25,000 regulars and 500,000 volunteers. Duties on imports were increased to two hundred and fifty millions, and fifty millions of re-issue of treasury notes.

The Bull Run disaster was investigated. Senator Wade went in a carriage with three others only to see the soldiers fleeing to the Capital. He stood up and pointed his rifle at them, when an orderly went galloping by with passports from General Scott. They returned to Congress to ask for a committee of investigation. On this committee were four of the House and of the Senate, Chandler and Wade. Their first report was given

April, 1863. Wade seldom missed a session of the committee. He urged Edwin Stanton for the war office. Lincoln appointed him. The army thrilled under his first touch. Some of the things he did were abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, confiscation of rebel property, for example, slaves. All cotton seized and sold, this would give it to foreign claims and prevent their intervening, seizure of railroads and telegraph lines for public service.

The national credit, based on its revenues, floated nine hundred billions of paper, gold ceased to be money, it became a commodity.

What would Lincoln have accomplished had there not been a brave, firm, wise and far-seeing Congress to advise, create, compel, reward, punish, pay premiums, bounties, prizes? Nothing of this was, or is yet, seen. They did not see Seward, Secretary of War, waving off the eager crowd, English and French restrained from blocking the blockade. Other troubles were, Hendricks wrote Jeff Davis of an improved firearm to sell. Some took the arming of slaves greatly to heart. There was the dismembering of Virginia, her great men abandoned her, her small men found in this an opportunity for West Virginia.

They began to criticise Lincoln. Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, was searching with a lantern for one to succeed him. Mr. Wade said, "If we fail it will be because we are unworthy to succeed; disaster will come and still greater ones, perhaps, and the end is not yet; the task it imposes is for human kind, the accumulated work of the dead centuries; its hope is the hope of all the ages to be born. If we cast down those who alone must lead us we had better hide at once from our shattered nationality. Our President forms his own judgments and will execute them."

Only once did Senator Wade criticise the President. That was when he advised forming a new state in Richmond with its own officers, and the other secession states doing the same. The papers did not dare publish the Wade-Davis manifesto. It went out as a circular and produced a wide sensation. Wade had received his third election or his career in the Senate would then have closed. It enacted the Homestead Law. The national banks were an immense step forward. Schenck and Garfield were fresh from the battlefield. Lincoln met them and he issued a call for 300,000 more men, and the reply was, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong, shouting the battlecry of freedom." Lincoln and McClellan, the latter on the strength of his failures, twenty-two hundred thousand to eighteen hundred thousand. The Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery from the Constitution.

The opening of 1864 saw Grant weltering through the Wilderness and "fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer," it led the war to a sudden end. Lee surrendered to Grant and he said take your horses but the war horse is useless for agricultural purposes; he is always hearing the bugle call. Of the leaders, eleven great states full, only one was imprisoned. That was their President, Jefferson Davis.

When President Andrew Johnson asked Wade, "What would you do with the rebels?" Wade said, "Hang one dozen of the leaders." But which ones? He named twelve, "but they are no guiltier than the rest."

Johnson was opposed to reconstruction. Mr. Lincoln had appointed him military governor of Tennessee. He said the states were still in the Union. Congress rejected it. Wm. H. Seward came forward and said that reconstruction work was the work of the President and when Congress convened there

was the returned South, clamoring for their old places, on the old terms. His policy was rejected by Congress and he and it were subjects of scorn. This course delayed the return to order and restoration. The impeachment of President Johnson was very imposing but the President was acquitted. Wade voted he was guilty on the counts presented. That was his judgment. This Fortieth Congress terminated his public career. Allen G. Thurman took his place. With his sons in the army, Mrs. Wade came to the capital to be with her husband. They had pleasant rooms on Four and Half street. He was always at home and in good humor. Mrs. Wade wrote his letters, read to him in her fine quiet elocution. Many men once in office come to Washington to live, not so Senator and Mrs. Wade.

They returned to Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., O., to live in their old home. Here at 70, he and his wife renewed their former life. He aided the canvass for General Grant in 1868. Some thought Grant would offer him a place in his Cabinet. He also aided in the canvass of 1875 and was an elector to the convention of 1876. He was sent to inspect the Pacific railroad. His report was satisfactory. He kept no journal. At the end of the campaign notes and letters were destroyed. A useful life is his own fitting monument. Content to do his work and then leaving it. He died at Jefferson, March 2, 1878.

A HARVEST HOME EXCURSION

An invitation to a wedding in Denver led Mrs. Rose to wish to take advantage of this excursion. Mr. R. said, "I despise them, a crowd and filthy air; do not think of it."

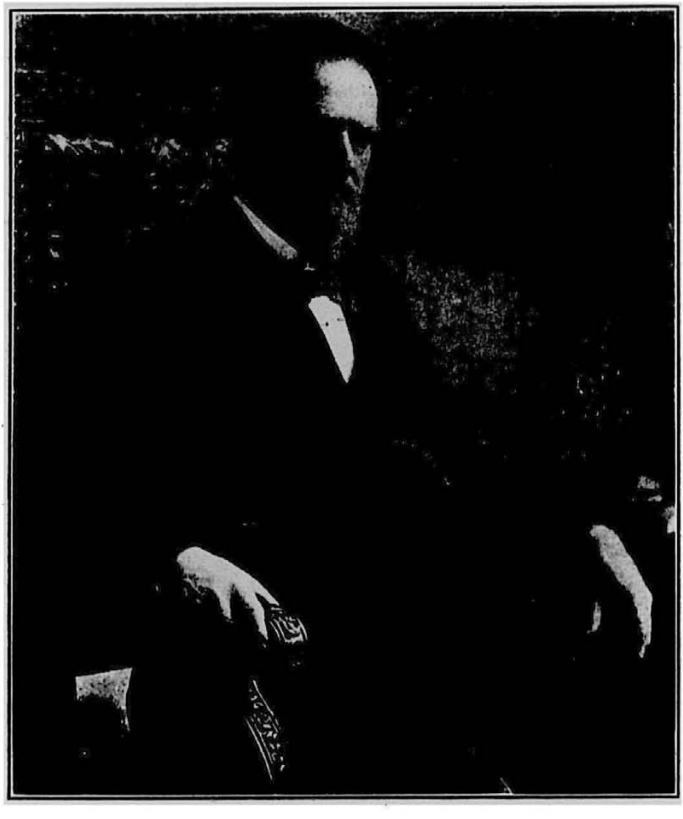
Three of these excursions were given and to know how much of a crowd there was, she visited the ticket agent. He said, "We sold but one ticket. I think ten were sold in Chicago."

At noon she asked Mr. Rose if one made a crowd and told of this incident. He replied, "You are, now, too late for the wedding." Therefore she went out of town to visit her married daughter. In a few days she got this telegram: "If you go to Denver on the excursion be home on Monday." She said, "I am to go, it seems." She was ready and a sister of one of her son's partners, Miss Williams, went as far as Harper, Kans. She was a middle-aged lady of fine disposition.

They took the night train to Chicago and had the day until five P. M. for sight-seeing.

The W. C. T. U. official in the depot gave them the address of the Manual Training School and the Cooking School, on Michigan avenue. When they entered the Manual Training School, a lad was kindly directed to show them the boys at work.

When at the forge Mrs. Rose said to one of them, "Do you use lead or iron?" He replied, "Most schools use lead that it may be used many times. This is lead, but we are promised iron to use next year." "Your skill would need to be greater if you used iron, and it is of that material you will use when you work in a factory." He smiled at her interest in the work, but she had studied it in her essay to the paper on the necessity of scholars of America competing with those of foreign countries.



MR. WM. G. ROSE, EX-MAYOR OF CLEVELAND

Then they went to the Cooking School, two blocks farther, and many were entering it. They took seats several rows back from the front. A chef from one of the large hotels was giving the best way to make meat broth and soups. He was dressed in white cap and apron. He said, "Get a bone, not less than three pounds, have the butcher crack it for you into small pieces, put it into hot water, skim it well, strain it through a good sieve, allow three hours for boiling." Just then several ladies entered and were hunting for seats. Mrs. Rose said, "Let us go, it is a good time to leave; we cannot give an hour to this work." The lady at the door asked why they left and they said they had other business for the few hours in the city. Slight as it was their visit revealed many important truths, one was the desire of women to know the best and easiest way of cooking.

When on the train, in a chair car, they passed through miles and miles of prairies, billows of grass. Mrs. Rose asked the conductor why those groups of dingy two-story houses were vacant and he replied, "It is some real estate boom, but the people would not come. It is lonesome out here on the prairie."

As they approached the Kansas River, a few cottonwood trees, with short trunks and leafless branches, were on its border and the earth was white as chalk; occasionally a clump of sycamore or thorn trees. It was too late in the season to see fields of grain or grass.

But Kansas City was all life and bustle. The depot was full of emigrants and it was here she was to part with her companion. Mrs. W. had friends in the town and they took the street car to find them. Off the main lines there was little attention paid to sidewalks or cleanliness. After a vain search, they spent hours in the large furniture and dry goods stores. The time passed swiftly and they parted to take different trains.

Mrs. Rose passed through Topeka and was glad to hear that there was "twenty minutes for dinner." It was here her sister and husband lived, when he was building the Southern Pacific railroad, and this town was once called "Lane City" from his partner.

The passengers went up a flight of stairs to the dining room. She waited impatiently to be served, but as she was not noticed, she went down stairs and bought a bowl of baked beans and a slice of pie. She was going to the cars when a lady called out: "Mrs. Rose, come in here. I did not know you were on the train. What a joy." This was a relative by marriage, and a friend. "Get your sleeper changed to the one above mine." She did, for the Englishman who was to occupy it was glad to get a lower berth.

In the morning she was told, "twenty minutes for breakfast." Her friends left the car, but there was no porter and no stool by which she could climb down. Finally, the porter came and she had but ten minutes now. She went to the first restaurant, bought coffee and rolls and returned to the car. It began to move. The brother of her friend said: "Where are the folks?" "They are left." And so they were. The hat and cloaks hung from the hooks, the satchel and other things were there. They sped on, and their sister, who had come to assist with the children, was not there to help in changing cars for Pueblo or the Gorge.

Mrs. Rose arrived safely in Denver. Her friends, with a carriage, were at the depot. "Are you too tired to take the excursion to Georgetown at nine in the morning?" "Of course not, that is what I am here for." Therefore an early to bed and early to rise was planned. At the depot she met many old friends. Mrs. Rickoff, who had published the Appleton Readers,

and who was getting up illustrated cards for the Kindergartens; Francis Fisher Wood, who has brought to New York sterilized milk from the dairies of Vermont. She also met many Boston friends.

When they entered the mine at Georgetown, Mrs. Edna Cheny walked ahead. The clay between the railroad tracks was slippery and soon their dresses were in a dreadful condition. Many turned back, but three had gone to see the process of digging gold and kept on to the very wall, where great holes were bored into the earth, powder put in, then a fuse and then the operator went backward and waited for the explosion. They mounted the ridge of earth next to the wall and examined the places where great rocks had been split and saw the half filled dummy cars.

On reaching the entrance, all of the company were waiting for them seated in the cars, therefore those soiled dresses were not seen by them. A boy brought photographs, three for a quarter, and boxes of minerals, also a quarter, and Mrs. Rose purchased of both. The lady to whom she was consigned, a relative by marriage, said: "The cars that are open have better air, but the soot will blacken you dreadfully. Let us take the open car." Some ladies came into their car and said: "Nearly everybody is sick, so we came in here."

At 10:30 they arrived at Denver and were taken in carriages to their friends. "Oh, come and look at yourself in the glass, you are as black as can be." So she was, but she had had an experience. The little five-year-old said: "Mother, you never got me pretty stones like these, or pictures," and she was given some.

The next day they visited the mints, under the direction of the vice president. Governor Hill was president.

The process was very complicated. First, the copper had to be extracted, then the iron, and when the gold appeared it was in fine dust. No one was allowed to touch it, but the bars of gold, weighing fifty pounds, they were told, "they could have one if they could carry it away." Many tried, but not one was able to lift it from the floor. The next day they accepted an invitation from the president of Colorado University to a reception at his home from 8 to 10 p. m. Mrs. Rose said: "Can any one, who is not a member of the Association for Advancement of Women, go?" "Why not join it?" "But it has adjourned. I do not see how I can."

Someone said: "See Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, she is in the next car." "I will," said Mrs. Rose. "She knew me in Oberlin, when I was 16 years old."

Mrs. B. said: "I think we can call the directors together and vote you in."

"But what shall I wear? This hat will never do."

A lady, the wife of a minister, said: "Wear my hat," and she put it on her.

It was just beautiful with its violet lining, and had colored trimmings. "This just suits you and makes you look ten years younger."

"And, Aunty," said her niece, "try my bead cape." She did, and she was beautiful.

"Thank you, I shall go."

When evening came no one came to her room. She had had her hair dressed. At last she ventured to the elevator; it was stopping for ladies in full dress. "The carriages are at the door." She ran to her niece's apartments and she said: "We had forgotten it, but I will get the hat, you put on the cape." She did, and then the hat, and walked to the elevator and then to the front door.

"How will we make room for you?" said one. "It is full, but never mind, we do not ride far." The hat touched the roof of the coach, but she bent her head and did what she could to protect it. She was glad to meet in the parlors some who had known her in her young days at Oberlin, from one of whom she had bought a piano.

Mrs. Blackwell presented her with her certificate of membership. President Slocum, once a student of Johns Hopkins, gave an account of Richard T. Ely's views on natural monopolies. They stood while four young ladies passed sherbert with macaroons. Then the plates were put down on window sills or on tables. It was delightful; the freedom from stiffness, the good talks and the Western style of beauty and good taste.

At the thirteen receptions given in Denver, some had new and pretty ways of announcing their guests. One with broad yellow ribbons went from each plate to a centerpiece of flowers; on each was written the name in chalk. Another, was the ice cream, a box and the matches, all of ice cream.

Edna Cheny and Julia Ward Howe had a parlor talk at the home of the niece of Mrs. Rose.

They left Colorado Springs for the Garden of the Gods in carriages and she was anxious to hear their explanation of this singular freak of nature from these distinguished ladies. When they stood at the foot of a group of these gods not a word was spoken. Mrs. Cheny, as she was inquired of as to her explanation, said: "It is beyond our ken, ask the scientists."

These "balancing rocks" and "bears" and other fantastic groups are of a red sandstone as soft as brick, and the elements of ages have washed away the softer parts until these weird figures remain.

They went to the Cave of the Winds, where an attendant struck on the stalactites and produced well known hymns, Rock

of Ages Cleft for Me, and Nearer My God to Thee. Each pendant had a distinct note of its own. The whole musical scale was there, a very unusual phenomena.

Castle Rock near Denver is similar. Mrs. Rose, when in the steam car for home, crowded to its utmost capacity, motioned a seat beside her to an elderly lady. She was from near Castle Rock. "What do you think of this formation?" said she to her. "Oh, it is not from rains, for rains are a scarce article in this region. I am going back to Newton, Kans., where we can depend a little on the weather. All last summer we watered the cattle from a well; some were too weak to stand, and this summer we have used our suds from washing on our garden, but it did not amount to anything; everything died."

"But see the acres they have here; think of 260 acres on that farm."

She replied: "Oh, yes, they take acres by the thousand, but one of ours in Kansas is worth a hundred here. Alfalfa is about all they can raise; it is a coarse clover."

"Where do they keep their cattle?" she asked. "I have seen none and only one horse with his head on the fence, as if asleep."

"This is the time of the year they send their cattle to the mountains or into the valleys."

I was surprised that the chestnut and hickory trees had to be planted in Denver from seed and protected for five years by the sycamore or cottonwood. She said: "Yes, that is what is done; no doubt great fires ravaged this country once."

"But I see no fruit except at that Englishman's place at the entrance to the Mesa on the way to the Garden of the Gods. Why is that?"

"Well, now, do you not understand, it is the lack of rain. Some day these great gullies washed by a downpour will have

irrigation can go on all the year which reservoirs of water from round. It is better than to depend on rains; it is more methodical. But we have silver to sell and it ought to be money equal to gold, not 16 to 1. Then we would have these things. It is coming; do you see these palaces of houses and no slums? Everybody gets work here."

"Have you always lived in Kansas?"

"No. Forty years ago I lived in Zanesville, O., but I married my husband out here and have raised a family, and Kansas is a good place to live in. Ohio is too conservative; it is not a woman's suffrage state. They let foreigners take the offices and bring old country customs among them. We of the West have more freedom. They let women vote here in Kansas, and Lawrence once had not a person in its jail. No work for lawyers or judges. Of course men will never let women vote until they have to and are ashamed of the whole business of politics."

The time passed so rapidly that when Newton was called and the old lady said goodbye, she was fairly lonesome. It was better than reading the newspaper to hear that woman talk.

The car was crowded. At the next station, a woman seated herself by her. "Are you a lover of this Western country?" said Mrs. Rose. "I should say not. It is perfectly dreadful as far as I have seen it. I have just come from the southern part of Colorado. My sister lives there. I have been on a visit to her for three weeks. She went there as a bride four years ago. The first thing she showed me was a stove to burn cow dung. A sort of double grate. There is no wood and coal is very high priced. There is no smell about it, for it is a dry cake. All have to keep cows, of course, but the thought of it made me wish I was at home.

"Then it is so lonesome; her husband went three miles to

the next neighbor and when he got lost, as to compass, he sat down and took off his socks and shoes and changed his hose to the other foot."

"What help would that be?" said Mrs. Rose. "Oh, it settles one's brains they say. It was in daylight, so there were no stars to guide him. People do not know what they are coming to when they settle on a claim."

"Will they stay there?" she asked. "They are the kind that don't move around. She has nice furniture in the house. Her husband is going to get a railroad to come that way, so as to have neighbors."

Mrs. Rose said: "I was once in the gallery of the United States Congress and it was 'District of Columbia Day,' and a charter was asked for a street car to some place and they argued: 'People would not go where it was not convenient to live. The street car would bring the people; they must have a street car first.' The other said: 'Get the people and have them ask for a street car, for after we give the franchise the people may not go.' That is your case it seems."

"Yes, it is; it takes heroic people to settle the West. Many a woman grows so homesick for society she really dies." "Have you heard of the postoffice mission?" said Mrs. Rose. "No, what is it?" she replied. "I was in Boston three winters and boarded where the family of the superintendent of the Sabbath School of Rev. M. J. Savage were, and the wife of the superintendent was sending magazines to all whose names and addresses she could find. It is a charity of Unity Church. There was a stall on the street where for five cents you could buy magazines that were sold for thirty-five when new. These she would buy and send West to those who needed good reading.

"Let me tell you one circumstance. A paper said: 'Some of the hop-gatherers were living in the big trees. I have seen

them, they are big enough for a good sized room.' They sent that family some literature.

"She soon got a letter from a German. He wrote: 'The family of hop-gatherers have moved out and I have taken possession. I do not know where they are so I will keep the literature sent and I shall enjoy it.'

"When Christmas came she sent him a mince pie and Christmas pudding, besides more magazines. I read his reply. It was: 'I cannot eat your mince pie and pudding because it has brandy in it. I forego all intoxicants. Nor could I conscientiously give them away. I am a refugee, and after exhausting my means, took up the work of a hop-gatherer. We got fifteen cents a bushel and then the price of hops was raised but not on wages. I wrote to a paper of San Francisco saying, when the price of the goods went up the laborer should receive his proportion. The proprietors found out I wrote it and now I have to leave. I am going to Mexico. I think I can make a better living there, but I do not know my destination. So thanking you for your kind intentions, I say goodbye.'"

"Oh, dear," said the lady, "greed, greed, greed, the world over. I shall go back to Galena, thankful the world goes as well with me as it does." She bade goodnight and took her sleeper berth.

When in Chicago, after a breakfast at the depot, she attempted to find the three Christian Scientists whose addresses her niece had given her. One had come from England with President Charles G. Finney. He was out of the city. She then went to see a couple who had written a book called "The Right Knock." She bought the book of them. She then went to see Mary Hopkins, on Indiana Avenue, noted for her deep piety and success in pointing out the narrow way.

A number of persons were in a side room waiting her pleasure, but as soon as the letter of introduction of Mrs. Rose was read, she asked to have her come in. Seated at a table, with a desk on another side, she said: "Tell me about yourself, for with all your getting you must get understanding." Mrs. Rose then related her experience in Denver with her sprained ankle and how, with consecration of its use to the Lord, it was healed. She said: "I can do nothing for you; go right on as you are doing and your work will be made clear to you."

"Is this all?" said Mrs. Rose. "That is all."

She passed out bewildered. "Why did I not wait to hear from her? How I plunged into that story to let her know I could have faith in God. Oh, well, I will forget all about it," and as she saw a pile of books for two cents each, she purchased a whole series, called the Elvizer Library, and enjoyed reading them from that time to this.

When in Boston the following winter her niece made her a subscriber to the Christian Science Monthly. It was published on the same street on which she lived. She passed the place every time she went to the sub-station postoffice. Some of the articles were very clear and analytical, therefore she thought she would call on them and learn more of this mysterious cult.

When she rang the bell, an elderly man appeared and she gave him her card and told her errand. He said: "Madame, those ladies with the initial you speak of have been in a sanitarium and I could not give you their addresses. It is useless for you to try to see them. I am going to quit my paper. When I do, I will send you what is your due." Which he did after one more number.

Mrs. Eddy was advertised to speak in a hall on Tremont street. Mrs. Rose attended. The house was about half full.

Mrs. Eddy read the scripture and a Rev. Coleman from Iowa delivered the sermon. She had on a dress of jet.

The sermon was on the punishments we inflict on criminals. The padded cell is worse than the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. he said "I went to a prison cell and told the attendant to let me be in one, fifteen minutes only. The darkness was appalling. I lost my bearings immediately and waited with baited breath until he should open the door. It seemed as if every act of my life passed before me. When he did open the door I said 'Why did you forget me?' and he showed his watch: it was but fifteen minutes."

Father Chinechy of the Romanist Church was at A. J. Gordon's Conference, and gave a talk in which he said: "The time is ripe for a Reformed Catholic Church. After I was made a priest, I told the Bishop that I could never hear the confessional; none but God was able to hear it or direct anyone in his life. And he said: 'I was that way at first, but you will get over it in time.' "

"Then I said: 'I got some of those servant girls to make me wafers, and told them this is the very body of Christ. Now, Bishop, you know we do not believe it. What is the use of saying so? It is a symbol, and that satisfies the human mind.' He did not agree with me. There are two hundred priests that have come out with me and we will stand together and have a Reformed Romanist Church."

He sold his book for a dollar. Mrs. Rose was sorry she did not buy it, but she did not have the money with her. She always gave to the lady of the boarding house her check from home, and got of her when necessary.

Joseph Cook was president of this convention. His monthly lectures in Tremont Temple were largely attended. The "Al-

trurian," published by him in Springfield, O., has made the liberal sentiment of that place. He said that day: "I was a skeptic or Agnostic; I wanted a sign that there is a God. I went into the fields and said: 'Oh, God, if there is a God, I will give my life to thy service if thou wilt manifest thyself to me; forgive my sins for I do sincerely repent of them. I will be led by Thee. Deliver me from evil; forbid that I should be led into temptation,' and such a peace as came into my soul and has remained with me ever since. I could not believe it, if I had not experienced it. If we will let him, God will plan our life and give us his truth, to proclaim to the world."

Dr. A. J. Gordon gave his experience, and Mrs. A. J. Gordon told of a visit they made in Edinburgh, Scotland, and were entertained by a lady whose daughter was a returned missionary from China, and she said to Mrs. Gordon: "I long to go back to China; a woman is treated as an equal in the church there. She can rise to any office and she can fill it satisfactorily. Here you feel your inferiority, you are expected to have thoughts, but never mention them, and the conventions are stilted and uninteresting. Is it selfishness or fear that puts this ban on the church? The Gospel translated in the language of those people has the freedom of the apostles, and it will be the converts from those nations that will convert the world in a way it will stay converted."

Dr. A. J. Gordon had a large class of Chinamen taught in his church Sabbath afternoons. They desired to learn the language as well as know the doctrine of Christ. Each scholar had a teacher. These Chinamen were well behaved, had American dress and but a few had on the queue. They were laundrymen or barbers, and it is these men in our cities who have written home of the advantages of American civilization, that has changed the sentiment of China.

Thomas Babington Macauley was the first one to see the handicap of that nation in its caste system. He, in 1852, wrote out a new criminal code and wanted England to enforce it. As it then was, the coolies, or work people, had to endure the most severe punishments, while the Brahmins, because of their caste, were not punished, only fined.

Macauley, also, while there as an ambassador, proposed that the English introduce the English language into the colleges of Calcutta and other cities, for, said he, they would then stand on a footing with our own schools. Now their classics or mythology is most absurd. Heaven is first surrounded by a sea of molasses and then by a sea of milk. Nervana, or absorption into God, is the future of all souls.

The Life and Letters of Thomas Babington Macauley are full of his efforts to give them broader views of life. He said: "I am writing not for 1852, but for 1952, a thousand years hence." What may we not see accomplished? "Men now run to and fro in the earth," carrying the news of what has been successful to the race. That is what is said by one of the prophets.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN DENVER, COLO

Christian Science has taken a deep hold on Denver. It began in this way. A lecturer on the subject went to a leading woman and said: "If you can restrain your lost boy and return him to you through 'absent treatment,' would you be willing to learn, through my lectures, how to do it?"

One, who had a son, she knew not where, said: "Yes, that is proof it is of some worth." Therefore a course of lectures was given and before they were finished that woman's lost boy returned home. He said: "I do not know why it was, but I could not keep my parents and home out of my mind. I knew mother was sorrowing for me, and so I came to tell her I was all right."

Another, whose husband had learned the love of liquor, or rather its stimulant, said: "If you can help him overcome the habit I will believe; he learned it when he was a chaplain in the army."

His church was open to all classes and that Sunday a lady preached in his pulpit. He was beloved by everybody; he was saved from the love of strong drink by this "absent treatment." Another said: "My husband was given chloral and whiskey by a physician to make him peaceful under reverses in business, but he hated it; he knew it would lead him to perfect lack of self control." He said to his wife: "Are there any men, who are Christian Science doctors? If so, send me one." He gave him "absent treatment" and he was better, but as his fortune seemed slipping away, his wife feared he would take it again. They were invited to a dinner in compliment to Mrs. Rose. The

business man refused to go. Mrs. R. said to his wife: "Get your science doctor to give him 'absent treatment.'" "Now? It is no use, it is time to start." But she said: "I will go, it is not far away, I will be back in a minute." She went and met the young lady at the porch; she looked at her watch and said: "Ten minutes of six; I will begin right away."

The next morning he said: "I had to wait in a chair for the barber to be through with a customer and thought 'I must go to the drug store; it is ten minutes of six and the dinner is at six-thirty,' and then such a sweet sleep seemed to envelop me I just could not go." The next day he resumed his business as usual.

"It is these things," said Mrs. Chevelier, who was there to Sunday dinner, "that has spread the belief in Christian Science. I want you to go to our meeting at three, Sunday afternoon." She went.

There were about twenty present. After singing a familiar hymn, each rose and gave some reason for the faith that was within him. On going home Miss Chevelier said: "What do you think of it?" She replied: "It is an old fashioned Holiness meeting; I have been in them several times." Miss C. remarked: "I gave my heart to God for three years before I really did it. There was always a little reservation that God would not ask me to do anything peculiar. I wanted to be like the people around me. I had a man-fearing spirit."

That is the way of us all. Even when Moses led them away from idolatrous nations they wanted to go back to Egypt. The very humility of a Christian prevents him being a leader. And the rich give to be seen of men and to be voted into office by men. It is very discouraging to God Almighty. He must see the soul is worth saving or he would not have patience with its backsliding and its love of the world.

Miss C. said: "When I once gave up all for Christ to be led by his Holy Spirit, such freedom came to me I wanted all the world to know it. It is delightful to have all your work planned for you. Your opportunities and how to fill them. Christ went into the Mount, and opened his mouth and the Word spoke the beatitudes through him. If he had not been willing to open his mouth, even the Heavenly Father could not have spoken it to the world.

"Do you notice how Moses was told to 'Say unto the children of Israel?' He was the mouthpiece for the great Jehovah. God appeared as an angel to Abraham and had walked with Adam as a man in the Garden of Eden, and if he had not sinned, it might have continued until this day."

Mrs. Rose said: "It seems strange so few enter into this rest. So few let God have his way with them. So few have the experience that leads them, not to trust in themselves, but in God. That slaying of the Egyptian by Moses led him to see how his temper might lead him to commit murder and made him humble."

"Did you ever read the life of Madame Guyon?" said Mrs Rose. "No, I have not," said Miss C. "I have just come in possession of her book called Torrents, where she says, some are so in earnest in this consecration to God they sweep by every obstacle, they rush like torrents into the sea, and are, as Christ says, 'I and my father are one, his will is my will.' Others are like mountain streams that slip into some shady nook or into some lake and are used for ships of merchandise. They are the secular church, good to promote its finances, through labor of their hands, but know nothing of letting the God of harvest provide the funds through thank offerings for benefits received."

Let me tell you a little about this book "Torrents." When in Boston I attended the Kneeland Street mission and sent some books to our little church. A lady said: "They are giving away books because of removal. I got 'Power through Repose,' by Anna Payson Call. She went to the store and was told they were all gone, except that of Madame Guyon's "Torrents." She took twelve. Her trunk had gone on the train, so she put them on the seat beside her in the car.

At Binghamton, those in her car were put in another, where were a company of soldiers. She took out one of the books, it had a yellow cover, and was reading, when a soldier opposite asked for one of the books. Then all asked for one. She gave them away until but two were left. The conductor took one. He said: "Madame, these are religious books. I want to tell you a story. I have been on this train many years. There was often an accident. I came near losing my life once and I was awfully profane. I could not help it. It was a habit. They called me 'swearing Joe.'" The soldiers came as close as they could to hear him.

"I thought I would go to a little red schoolhouse in Vermont, where I used to live, and get converted. So the next vacation I started and Sunday night I went in there, where were not more than a dozen people, and I said: 'I want you to pray to God for me. I want Him to forgive my sins and help me to serve Him.' They prayed and I prayed and I felt my sins forgiven. I came back to my train. I did not have any inclination to swear. I talked to the men and one big fat conductor said: 'Joe, what if I should die suddenly, where would my soul be?' I told him to give himself to God 'But I cannot. The words I say, but I do not do it.'

"One morning his train hit a frog out of place, the car was

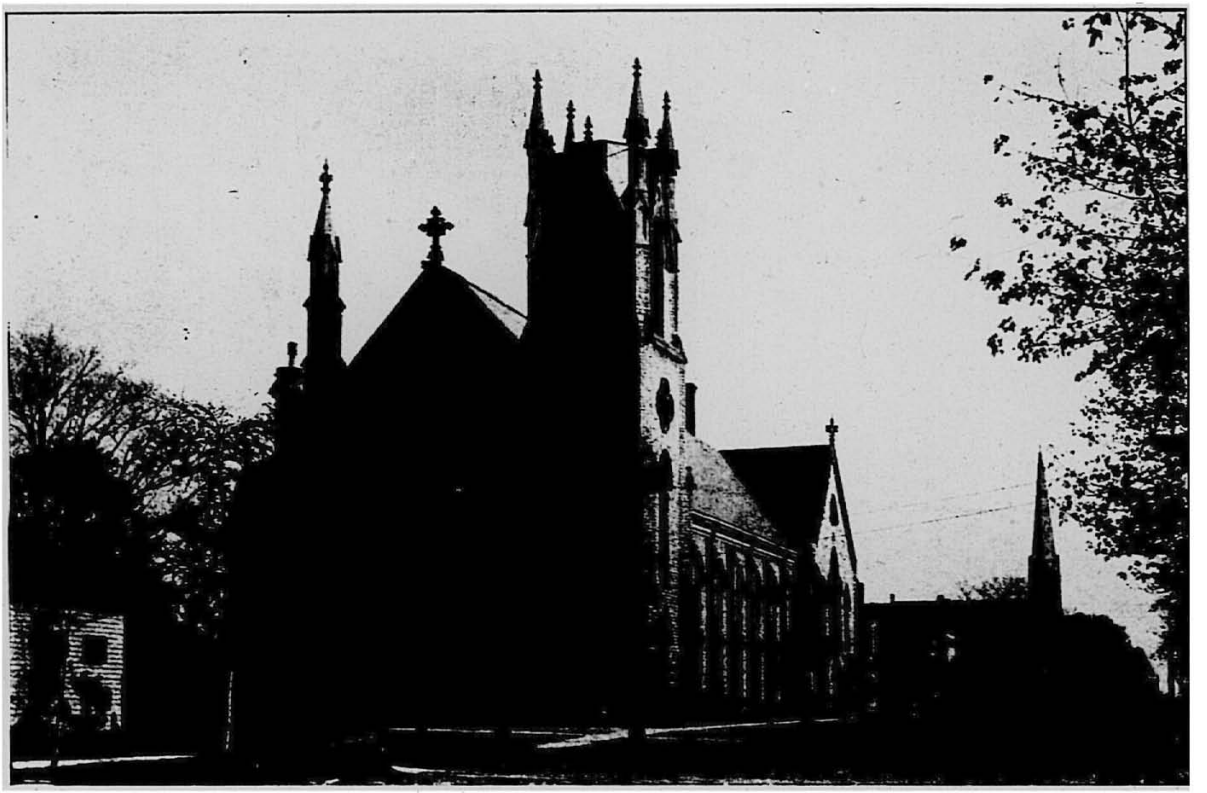
turned over and he was thrown to a distance. I ran to him and he said: 'Joe, what shall I pray, tell me, my soul is leaving me.' And I said: 'Say this, 38th Psalm, 21st verse, Forsake me not, Oh, Lord; Oh. my God, be not far from me.' It was all I could think of. Do you not believe God received his soul?" said the conductor.

The soldiers returned to their seats, except two. One said: "We have many books in the soldiers' barracks. I do not know of any religious books except the New Testament. We are going to St. Louis to take the place of soldiers ordered to the far West."

When they left the car at Hornelsville, every soldier was on the platform to bid goodbye to us, with a lifted hat. May God bless that little book of Torrents to them. The loneliness of a soldier would be overcome with this faith and true happiness would result, but too often he is made to think that liquor, gambling and wine will bring relief and he finds to his sorrow they do not.

I was once at a Soldiers' Home in Washington and waiting in front of it in a carriage, I said to the sentry: "Do you sometimes wish you were at home or could see your mother?" He replied: "I have no home but this one. I have no mother. I have no wife or children." But she did not want to say: "Who are you?" The Hessians that are brought up like that are the sons of soldiers called illegitimates, though they are true to one girl.

In one city in Europe there are 65,000 born every year and are put in orphanages and in hospitals, if need be, where students can have practice without being interfered with. What a desolate life is the soldier's; if for no other reason, we should have arbitration and abolish the standing army.



FIRST M. E. CHURCH, COR. EUCLID AVENUE AND EAST 9TH STREET

AID SOCIETY EXCURSION TO LONDON, ONTARIO

When Mr. Rose was mayor he and wife were invited to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. William Bowler. They had as guests the mayor of London, Ontario, Mr. Beltz, a merchant of that town, and their wives.

When leaving, the mayor said: "We will give you a ride at 10 o'clock tomorrow and show you the sights of our city." The great avenue so famous for its yards and palatial residences, they had already seen, so they visited the reservoir, the water works and the Rogues' Gallery. Mrs. Rose was curious about this latter; it was a new phase of life and she called attention to the lack of symmetry in the faces, the squint eyes, the protruding jaws, the thick neck and said: "These fellows are not normal. We should have a school of manual training and books, and send them to it, for first offences or for those under twenty years of age. It is a pity they must carry the memory of a jail with them all their lives."

This was before the time of a Juvenile Court. When about to bid goodbye at the curbstone of the City Hall, Mrs. Rose said to them: "Our First Methodist Church has planned an Aid Society excursion to your city. We can cross the lake on a little steamer and have a day there." This had been proposed and the president had consented, as they wished something new. The Aid Society had earned $6,000.00 for the new church, mostly by giving dinners at the State Fair.

In a week they had a letter from Mayor Lewis of London, Ontario, saying: "Our people will give you a royal welcome when your Aid Society visits our city. Let us know a few days before hand." She hastened with the letter to the president,

Mrs. Cook, and said: "Oh, it was given up; I meant to have told you; there might be a storm on the lake, but I will give the letter to our pastor and he will see what the rest of the people say." The next Sabbath, after benediction, Rev. Mr. Brooks, the pastor, said: "I wish you would stay and hear this letter that has been written to us." He read it to a houseful. Immediately Jacob Lowman said: "I move we accept the invitation." It was seconded and passed by a unanimous vote.

"When shall it be?" said the pastor. "Two weeks from Wednesday next," said some one, who was then in consultation with others.

"All in favor of two weeks from next Wednesday, rise." The whole house rose. Then the pastor said: "A committee to get rates and give tickets had better be stated now." They were named; one was the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. W. P. Cook.

"The Saginaw" was a small steamer that ran out to Port Stanley every evening, leaving at three o'clock. When the day arrived a heavy thunderstorm prevented many from going, for it occurred about noon. Even then 250 were on board and also many who had not attended that church, but wanted to see London, Ont. One of the prominent citizens said to those who sat in the cabin: "You are seasick. They say to dance helps seasickness." He went through the forms but the rest giggled and soon all retired to their staterooms, except those who had to have cots placed on the cabin floor.

When they arrived next morning at Port Stanley, two gentlemen were on the dock. Mrs. Rose recognized them at once as Mayor Lewis and Mr. Beltz, the merchant. They came on board and she introduced them to the Superintendent of the Sabbath school, who took them in charge and went the length

of the car, introducing them to everyone. (Mayor Rose was in Europe).

When at London they formed in procession and marched to the church for breakfast. There was never so good a breakfast. Four long tables in the Sabbath school rooms; a lady to wait on every ten, seated. Every kind of warm meat, and hot bread, tea, coffee and vegetables, pie, cakes and cheese.

When it was finished, they were seated in a large auditorium and had a welcome from every church of the town for all were invited to this conference; our own pastor and lawyers were surprised. Just then, one and another came to Mrs. Rose and said: "Who shall go to Mayor Lewis' for luncheon? We have that at private houses." She gave first one name and then another and they would return and say "They are engaged." At last she said: "Take this one in front of me, and his daughter; he is wealthy and good, but don't talk much." This they did and soon they took carriages.

Mr. Beltz's house, where lunch was served for them, was a dream. As you entered, four rooms were seen, red, green and white were the colors. Carpet of white, covered with vines of green and flowers of red; all rooms with the same carpet. The paint was a white enamel, the wall paper a pink with border of red roses. The long table, in view from the front door, was also in white and red, red cherries, red tomatoes sliced, at each plate, red geraniums in silver-and-white vases and the whole was cheerful to a great degree. The young folks who went with us called attention to all the decorations and wauld say, "How pretty; we must do like this some time," and so on, for an hour.

We went into the garden and there, against the yellow brick wall of the house and barn, were frames of window-sashes reaching to the roof, with white grapes hanging in clusters on

vines under them, not ripe, of course, but would be, if you gave them time. They, then, took a carriage for sight-seeing, past the college and to the home of a member of the Canadian Parliament, Mr. Carlin. This was a bungalow in a forest with lawn at the side, a low one-story house, with wide porch full of settees and large pretty cushions.

They went down to the golf grounds and tennis court and found, alas, that to leave on the 5 o'clock boat they must not stay for a game. It was a most cordial greeting and every one felt, "What can we show them when they return this visit?"

When they reached the church the procession had formed, each had a bouquet and had a lunch. After a hasty one, our company joined the crowd and at parting said to them, "It was the best outing they ever expected to have."

Time wore on, and soon Dr. Brooks would go elsewhere, those Canadian friends must be invited, and they were. Brother Lowman said, "Let a caterer prepare for them, he can handle a large crowd." The ladies of the Aid Society thought they had experience in handling a crowd, but it was carried, a caterer was to provide meals for two hundred and fifty people or more.

The boat was to arrive from Detroit at 7 A. M. Mrs. Rose went down to the church at 7 A. M. and behold the church was full of folks. They had arrived at one A. M. and could have remained on board the boat until seven, only it was so crowded. Four hundred had come and more would, only standing room was necessary. "What shall we do?" said some one to Mrs. Rose. She said, "Put on for breakfast what we would have had for both meals; these people are hungry."

The caterer had already gone for more dishes and more food and in an hour all were served. They then went into the church for welcome; it was half full of spectators. Dr. Brooks' speech

was spicy and did him credit. The acting mayor read a speech that was of too fine a print, for his glasses, but apologies were received with laughter and cheers.

A ride was to be taken, after the exercises, and then they were to return to the church for luncheon. It was expected each carriage would have one, familiar with what they saw, to explain it, but so many were waiting the host and hostesses gave their place to others. Mrs. Rose said to a man as she was about to enter her carriage, "Are you a Canadian?" and he said, "Yes, I am." "Take my place," said she. On their return she said, "Where do you live?" "Oh, I have lived here six years." Of course he knew the city and was pleased with this Reception. The young people planned gatherings at private houses. The lunch was such as a caterer would serve, not at all like the grand meals given in London, Ontario, but we are not so old as they, and we have much to learn.

All walked to the boat at 5 o'clock and a crowd at every door waved a welcome as they passed. Mayor Lewis said in his walk to the boat, "I am a native of the States. I have been in London a good many years and I like its people." Thus we learn that the lines that divide us are invisible lines, like those between the states.

THE WESTERN RESERVE CENTENNIAL, 1796 TO 1896

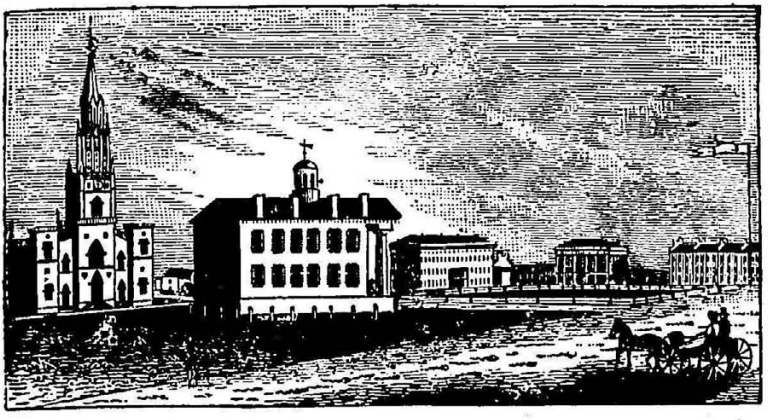
The Western Reserve consists of twelve counties, Ashland, Lorain, Ashtabula, Erie, Geauga, Huron, Lake, Mahoning, Medina, Portage, Trumbull and Cuyahoga.

The centennial was celebrated in Cleveland, July 28, 1896. At its close a banquet was held in Grays' Armory, followed by toasts and addresses.

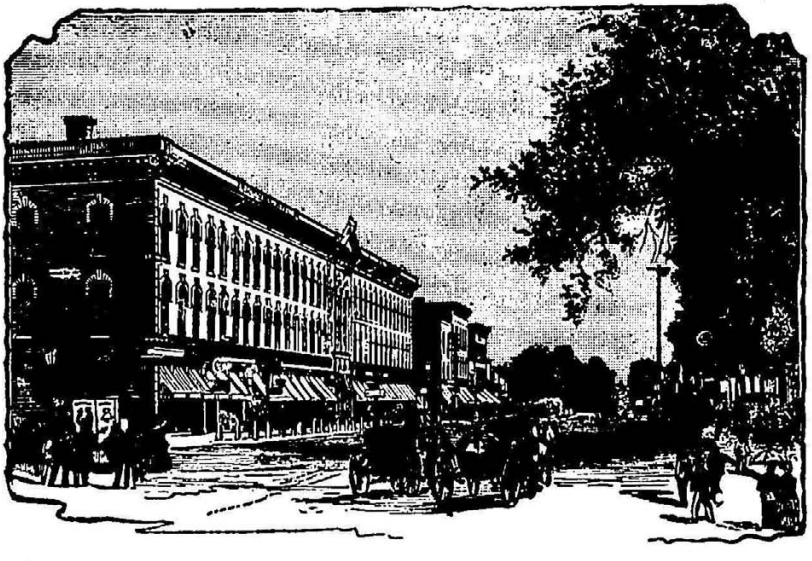
Mrs. Wm. Grey Rose was made chairman of the Banquet Committee. The reception was from 5:30 to 6:30. Twenty tables had hostess, chairman and vice chairman. These were to attend to the guests from the twelve counties. When the president announced that William McKinley, President of the United States, would be present, there was a great rush at the office. But the caterer had insisted on knowing the number he should provide for and it was placed at 400, 100 more than the tickets sold, at $2 each. We had to turn many away, although we offered the gallery as a good place to see and hear, at fifty cents each, and it was filled. The President sat at his sister's table and not with the distinguished guests.

The out-of-town replies to toasts were by Governor Bushnell, May Wright Sewell, Mrs. Annette P. Lincoln, Mrs. Helen Campbell, Mr. J. C. Crely and Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton. The toastmistress was Mrs. Sarah E. Bierce.

Mrs. Mary B. Ingham, who led the Temperance Crusade, was made chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Western Reserve Centennial. She called to her aid many who had been active in other societies, Mrs. M. B. Schwab of the Jewish Council of Women, and prominent women in each of the twelve coun-



PUBLIC SQUARE, ELYRIA, 1846



PUBLIC SQUARE, ELYRIA, 1887

ties. Her natural enthusiasm was contagious and it was decided to close the exercises with a banquet in Grays' Armory, the largest hall in the city.

Mrs. Bierce, L. E. Holden's sister, asked Mrs. Rose to superintend the banquet as she had experience in some very successful banquets for Sorosis in Hollenden Hotel. The Centennial Alumni, whose name was suggested to Mrs. J. A. Stephens, had a prospectus that led many to believe there would be a permanent contribution to the annals of the city of those who took part, and daily there were added scores of people willing to work for it. The caterer insisted on knowing for how many to provide, and as ladies are proverbially slow in buying tickets, and some other dinners provided were not accepted, we put it at four hundred.

Ten tables were added contrary to his advice and the hostess said we will provide only literary entertainment. However, food was given them, though it depleted the other tables. Mrs. Rose in her welcome said we claim all twelve counties as suburbs to our city. Instead of living on Euclid Heights you have suburban cars that can take you to your county seats; you will share in all our public meetings and festivities. We welcome you as a part of our growing city. Immediately some suburban cars were built and now Akron, Berea, Ashtabula, Chagrin Falls and Painesville have suburban cars.

The Menu was: Bouillon in Cups, Wafers, Cream of Lobster in Cases, Fillet of Beef and Two Vegetables, Sherbet, Chicken Salad, Olives, Pickles, Almonds, Neapolitan Ice Cream, Assorted Cake, Coffee and Tea.

CENTENNIAL OF WESTERN RESERVE

From Cleveland Leader, Sept. 19, 1896.

The Centennial is here.

Today begins the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Cleveland, and from the moment when at 8 o'clock this morning, the chimes of Old Trinity Church ring out in glad tones and communicate with their iron tongues to 350,000 people that the dawn of another century in the lifetime of a city is come, until the last rocket mounts high into the air on the night of Sept. 10, and bursting fireworks sends forth a shower of multi-colored stars, the Forest City will celebrate its birthday.

It will be a season of joy and festivity. The city will be in holday garb, music will float in the air, flags will wave in the breezes and the patriotic feelings of the citizens will be given vent to, in whatever form their fancy takes them. But the celebration will have its historical significance, too. The young will be instructed in the history of their city. The old will teach them and be taught by the display of patriotism by the young what grand results the future will bring forth.

The centennial is bound to be a success.

The official program of the summer will be issued tomorrow.

The program is given complete, preceded by a full and technical description of the floats which will appear in the pageant parade Wednesday night.

The full program for the summer is as follows, beginning with today:

SUNDAY, JULY 19.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

8:00 A. M. (standard time).—Sacred and patriotic selections on Trinity cathedral chimes, by Mr. Harold A. Vosseller.

PROGRAM.

1. "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," (old English chimes).
2. "Scarborough."
3. "Star Spangled Banner."
4. "Siloam."
5. "Antioch."
6. "Red, White and Blue."
7. "Boylston" (two part harmony).
8. "Stella."
9. "The Old, Old Story."
10. "Sicilian Hymn."
11. "Ye Merry Bells," (old English chimes).

10:30 A. M.—Appropriate centennial services in the churches. Attendance by civic organizations.

2:30 P. M.—Citizens' mass meeting in Central Armory.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Mr. John G. W. Cowles, chairman of the committee on section of religion, presiding.

1. Music—Cleveland Vocal Society.
2. Prayer—The Rt. Rev. Bishop William A. Leonard, D. D.
3. Opening remarks by the chairman.
4. Address by the Rev. Levi Gilbert, D. D.
5. Music—"America," by the assembly.
6. Address—Mgr. T. P. Thorpe.
7. Music—Cleveland Vocal Society.

8. Address—Rabbi Moses J. Gries.

9. Prayer—Rev. Herman J. Ruetenik.

10. Music—"Nearer My God to Thee," by the assembly.

2:30 P. M.—Mass meeting of German Lutheran congregations of Cleveland and vicinity in Music Hall.

3:00 P. M.—Mass meeting of Lutheran congregation in Music Hall.

7:30 P. M.—Mass meeting of German Protestant congregations in Central Armory.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Overture—By Great Western Orchestra.

2. Song by the congregation.

3. Reading of the 118th Psalm by the Rev. Th. Leonhardt.

4. Song by mixed chorus.

5. Prayer by Rev. H. Pullmann.

6. Song by men's chorus.

7. Opening address by the mayor of the city of Cleveland.

8. Address by the director general of the centennial commission.

9. Song by the congregation, "America."

10. First address—On "The German Immigration Into Cleveland and Its Results on the Community," by Rev. J. H. C. Roentgen, D. D.

11. Song by men's chorus.

12. Second address—On "The Growth of the German Churches in Cleveland," by the Rev. G. Heinmiller

13. Song by mixed chorus.

14. Instrumental music.

15. Prayer by Rev. C. Streich.

16. Song by the congregation.

17. Benediction by Rev. E. Friedrich.

MONDAY, JULY 20.

2:30 P. M.—Opening of the Ohio National Guard and United States regulars' encampment.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Massing of troops around flagstaff.
2. Music by band.—First Regiment O. N. G. band.
3. Presentation of encampment grounds by the military committee, Col. George A. Garretson, chairman, through Mayor Robert E. McKisson, president of the centennial commission, to the commander-in-chief, Gov. Asa S. Bushnell.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. W. A. Ingram.....President
Mrs. Mary Scranton Bradford.....Active Vice President
Mrs. Sarah E. Bierce.....Active Vice President
Mrs. Chas. F. Olney.....Active Vice President
Mrs. Ella Sturtevant Webb.....Recording Secretary
Mrs. S. P. Churchill.....Corresponding Secretary
Miss Elizabeth Blair.....Treasurer
Miss Elizabeth Stanton.....Assistant Treasurer

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, *Chairman.*

Mrs. T. K. Dissette,
Mrs. W. B. Neff,
Mrs. F. A. Kendall,
Mrs. H. A. Griffin,
Mrs. O. J. Hodge,
Mrs. Chas. W. Chase,
Mrs. L. A. Russell,
Mrs. A. J. Williams,
Mrs. N. B. Prentice,
Mrs. G. V. R. Wickham,
Mrs. Mary S. Bradford,
Mrs. Sarah E. Bierce,
Mrs. M. B. Schwab.

HOSTESSES AND CHAIRMEN.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Mrs. T. D. Crocker, Hostess; Mrs. C. C. Burnett, Assistant; Mrs. E. J. Farmer, Chairman; Mrs. E. W. Doan, Vice Chairman

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Mrs. Sidney M. Short, Hostess; Mrs. J. K. Hord, Assistant; Mrs. S. C. Smith, Chairman; Mrs. W. S. Kerruish, Vice Chairman.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.—FIRST TABLE.

Mrs. W. A. Ingham, President of Woman's Department, Hostess; Miss Elizabeth Blair, Assistant; Mrs. H. A. Griffin, Chairman; Mrs. T. K. Dissette, Vice Chairman.

CLEVELAND BELLES.

Mrs. I. D. Barrett, Hostess; Miss Alice Hoyt, Assistant; Miss Gabrielle Stewart, Chairman; Miss Mary Upson, Vice Chairman.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.—SECOND TABLE.

Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, Hostess; Mrs. O. J. Hodge, Assistant; Mrs. Chas. W. Chase, Chairman; Mrs. E. S. Webb, Vice Chairman.

BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS.

Mrs. T. K. Sherman, Hostess; Mrs. A. E. Stockwell, Assistant; Mrs. W. J. Springstein, Chairman; Mrs. E. J. Blandin, Vice Chairman

EARLY SETTLERS.

Mrs. B. S. Coggswell, Hostess; Mrs. Arthur Coggswell, Assistant; Mrs. William Bowler, Chairman; Mrs. Williams, Vice Chairman.

BICYCLE TABLE.

Mrs. George Van Camp, Hostess; Mrs. Philip Dillon, Assistant; Mrs. N. A. Gilbert, Chairman; Mrs. M. Striebinger, Vice Chairman.

PIONEERS.

Mrs. F. J. Pelton, Hostess; Mrs. A. A. Wenham, Assistant; Mrs. W. J. McKinnie, Chairman; Mrs. Harry McKinnie, Vice Chairman.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Mrs. George M. Hoag, Hostess; Mrs. Samuel Scovill, Assistant; Mrs. Jotham Potter, Chairman; Mrs. C. W. Phipps, Vice Chairman.

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY.

Miss Blanche Arter, Hostess; Miss Kate Croxton, Assistant; Miss Mabel Van Cleve, Chairman; Miss Emma Brassington, Vice Chairman.

QUAKERS.

Mrs. Joshua Ross, Hostess; Miss Edith Charlesworth, Assistant; Mrs. J. A. Malone, Chairman; Mrs. Charles Moses, Vice Chairman.

CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOLS.

Mrs. Clarence Melville Oviatt, Hostess; Miss Luthella Holmes, Assistant; Miss Eva D. Drysdale, Chairman; Miss Ella F. Clark, Vice Chairman.

HIRAM COLLEGE.

Mrs. George H. Robertson, Hostess; Mrs. Marcia Henry, Assistant; Mrs. Henry Dietz, Chairman; Mrs. B. E. Helman, Vice Chairman.

MANUAL TRAINING.

Mrs. H. G. Boone, Hostess; Mrs. E. J. Phinney, Assistant; Mrs. L. Johnson, Chairman; Mrs. M. J. Roberts, Vice Chairman.

LAKE ERIE SEMINARY.

Mrs. Dr. Gerould, Hostess; Miss Anna Edwards, Assitant; Miss Luette P. Bently, Chairman; Miss Abbie Z. Webb, Vice Chairman.

COLONIAL.

Miss Mary C. Quintrell, Hostess; Mrs. Charlesworth, Assistant; Mrs. X. X. Crum, Chairman; Mrs. Charles H. Smith, Vice Chairman.

BALDWIN UNIVERSITY.

Mrs. G. M. Barber, Hostess; Mrs. Fred Pomeroy, Assistant; Mrs. Warner, Chairman; Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, Vice Chairman.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Miss Ida Zerbe, Hostess; Mrs. Gen. E. S. Meyer, Assistant; Mrs. Wm. R. Gerrard, Chairman; Miss Birdelle Switzer; Mrs. Mathewson; Miss Mona Kerruish, Chairman of Relics.

OBERLIN UNIVERSITY.

Mrs. L. H. Johnson, Hostess; Mrs. E. J. Goodrich, Assistant; Mrs. Prof. A. M. Mattison, Chairman; Mrs. Prof. Jas. H. Smith, Vice Chairman.

ASHLAND COUNTY.

Mrs. Stilman, Hostess; Miss Elizabeth Treadway, Assistant; Mrs. A. O. Long, Chairman; Mrs. Cressinger, Vice Chairman.

ASHTABULA COUNTY.

Mrs. Rufus Ranney, Hostess; Mrs Noyes B. Prentiss, Assistant; Mrs. Stephen Northway, Chairman; Mrs. E. C. Wade, Vice Chairman.

ERIE COUNTY.

Mrs. G. F. Paine, Hostess; Mrs. A. D. Hudson, Assistant; Mrs. T. M. Sloan, Sandusky, Chairman; Mrs. F. A. Victor, Vice Chairman.

GEAUGA COUNTY.

Mrs. J. M. P. Phelps, Hostess; Mrs. Calvin Knowles, Assistant, Mrs. Edwin Patchin, Chairman; Mrs. Horace Benton, Vice Chairman.

PUBLIC BUILDING, ASHLAND, 1888

MRS. HENRY A. GRIFFIN

MRS. T. K. DISSETTE

HURON COUNTY.

Mrs. C. B. Stowe, Hostess; Mrs. W. A. Mack, Assistant; Mrs. W. B. Woolverton, Norwalk, Chairman; Mrs. L. C. Laylin, Norwalk, Vice Chairman.

LAKE COUNTY.

Mrs. J. H. Morley, Hostess; Miss Elizabeth Burton, Assistant; Mrs. M. D. Matthews, Painesville, Chairman; Mrs. James Allen, Painesville, Vice Chairman.

LORAIN COUNTY.

Mrs. A. W. Wheeler, Hostess; Mrs. G. A. Ingersoll, Assistant; Mrs. P. H. Boynton, Elyria, Chairman; Miss Helen Gates, Vice Chairman.

MAHONING COUNTY.

Mrs. S. McKinley Duncan, Hostess; Mrs. Thomas H. Wilson, Assistant; Mrs. Rachel Wick Taylor, Youngstown, Chairman; Miss Louise Edwards, Vice Chairman.

MEDINA COUNTY.

Mrs. A. C. Caskey, Hostess; Mrs. J. F. Isham, Assistant; Mrs. Judge Lewis, Medina, Chaiman; Mrs. R. M. McDowell, Vice Chairman.

PORTAGE COUNTY.

Mrs. Arthur B. Foster, Hostess; Mrs. T. Spencer Knight, Assistant; Mrs. W. H. Beebe, Chairman; Mrs. Chas. Harmon, Vice Chairman.

SUMMIT COUNTY.

Mrs. J. F. Pelton, Hostess; Mrs. E. K. Wilcox, Assistant; Mrs. A. C. Voris, Akron, Chairman; Mrs. Charles Baird, Akron, Vice Chairman.

TRUMBULL COUNTY.

Mrs. Henry C. Ranney, Hostess; Mrs. John C. Hutchins, Assistant; Mrs. Homer Stewart, Chairman; Miss Mary Baldwin Perkins, Vice Chairman.

The Director General was Wm. M. Day, the special committees were: Pioneer history, Mrs. G. W. Wickham; philanthropy, Mrs. D. P. Eells; household economics, Mrs. L. G. Guilford; education, Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer; past, present and future, Mrs. P. D. Babcock; looking forward, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Canton, O.; reception, Mrs. M. A. Hanna; banquet, Mrs. W. G. Rose; president woman's centennial, Mrs. Mary B. Ingham, who called on Mrs. Rose to welcome the guests when they were entering the hall; then prayer by Rev. H. M. Lodd.

The Historical Society gave portraits of the pioneers of the Western Reserve. They filled the space below the gallery on three sides. The High School Alumni Association table was decorated with sweet peas; white lilies were at the distinguished guests' table, chairman, Mrs. T. D. Crocker. The Oberlin table had red roses for its colors; the Colonial table had the colonial style of dishes; the Century table had only women with white hair; another table was decorated with bulbs of electric light; the writing exhibit, Mr. T. B. Williams; Portage County, bicycle table, Mrs. D. A. Upton. The Dorcas table, Mrs. Joshua Ross; Summit County table, Hon. F. J. Pelton; the Geauga table, Mrs. J. M. P. Phelps; the Lorain table, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Boynton; Huron County table, Mrs. Chas. H. Stone; Ashtabula table, Mrs. Rufus B. Ranney; Trumbull County, Mrs. H. C. Ranney; the electric light table, Mr. Geo. Hoag and wife, who gave the word, "Welcome," in large electric light letters. The Colonial table, Miss M. C. Quintrell.

The banquet on Woman's Day was held in the Grays' Armory, July 28, at 6:30 p. m., preceded by a reception at 5:30. The counties of the Western Reserve were each represented by a table. The four presiding officers of each table were a hostess and assistant living in Cleveland, a chairman and as-

sistant residing at the county seat. The hostess was in constant communication with the chairman. The tickets were taken by the presiding officer and placed among those of their friends who would attend, twenty-four at each table, designated by the names above.

There were many unique tables—representing the Early Settlers, Colonial Times, Twentieth Century, Writing Exhibit, Bicycle, Art, Normal School, High School Alumni, Lake Erie Seminary, Oberlin, Baldwin, Hiram and Western Reserve University, also the twelve counties.

The Armory was significantly decorated by the portraits of those who have made the Western Reserve what it is.

The Centennial Album, containing views of Lesser and Greater Cleveland, the Western Reserve Colleges and Universities and their Faculties, portraits of distinguished men and women of the Reserve, was for sale at fifty cents and one dollar, paper cover or cloth cover, respectively.

Rates for railroads, one-half. Rooms at the Hollenden $1.25 per day, each, two people in each room, board *a la carte* at the hotel, or at restaurants near by.

Headquarters of Centennial 340 Superior street

MRS. W. G. ROSE, Ch. of Banquet,
MRS. H. C. RANNEY,
MRS. T. K. DISSETTE.

Silver casket not to be opened until 1996.

RECEPTION AND BANQUET ON JULY 28—WOMAN'S DAY

At Gray's Armory.

Mrs. M. A. Hanna, Chairman Reception Committee.
Mrs. W. G. Rose, Chairman Banquet Committee.
Miss Lucy Waldo Day, Chairman Music Committee.
Reception from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Mrs. M. A. Hanna, Chairman; Mrs. Wm. McKinley, Mrs. W. A. Leonard, Mrs. William Chisholm, Mrs. A. A. Pope; Mrs. William Edwards, Mrs. P. M. Hitchcock, Mrs. L. C. Hanna, Miss Laura M. Hilliard, Mrs. Asa Bushnell, Mrs. Stevenson Burke, Mrs. D. P. Rhodes, Mrs. W. H. Corning, Mrs. J. F. Whitelaw, Mrs. C. C. Bolton, Mrs. T. W. Burnham, Miss Stella Hatch, Mrs. R. R. Rhodes, Mrs. Jas. A. Garfield, Mrs. C. F. Brush, Mrs. R. E. McKisson, Mrs. J. B. Perkins, Mrs. H. W. Boardman, Mrs. J. H. Hoyt, Mrs. R. W. Hickox.

BANQUET COMMITTEE.

Mrs. W. G. Rose, Chairman; Mrs. T. D. Crocker, Mrs. S. C. Smith, Mrs. H C. Ranney, Mrs. Benj. Rose, Mrs. J. A. Stephens, Mrs. E. B. Hale, Mrs. J. V. N. Yates, Mrs. Jos. Ingersoll, Mrs. F. J. Pelton, Mrs. M. D. Leggett, Mrs. A. T. Osborn, Mrs. J. M. P. Phelps, Mrs. E. J. Farmer, Mrs. E. W. Doan, Mrs. J. H. Paine, Mrs. B. S. Coggswell, Mrs. George Van Camp, Mrs. W. J. McKinney, Mrs. C. C. Burnett, Mrs. T. Spencer Knight, Mrs. W. S. Kerruish, Mrs. E. G. Rose, Mrs. Philip Dillon, Mrs. J. K. Hord, Mrs. N. A. Gilbert, Mrs. S. H. Short, Mrs. R. P Ranney, Mrs. J. C. Hutchins.

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS

Flowere were Arranged to the Best Advantage on the Twenty-Seven Tables

Abounding variety characterized the floral decorations of the twenty-seven tables. From slender glass vases spread forth white lilies over the oblong table at which sat many of the more distinguished guests. One of the most striking of the floral groups was that about the bicycle table. A new wheel

was in the center, burdened with many colored roses. Those at the table ate their ice cream from wheel-shaped dishes. Not far away was the Twentieth Century table, which was remarkable for a collection of pictures representing a century of progress in art, music, architecture, and other departments, prepared by Mrs. Ida Zerbe. A "belle's table" was rich in gladioli. Yellow, orange and red were massed in heavy bouquets at the Oberlin table. Sweet pea blossoms constituted the principal materials of an exquisite floral design bearing the initials of the High School Alumni Association. These are a few examples of the many pretty decorations which graced each spread. The costumes at the Colonial table attracted special attention. Gowns of silk in rich colors were to be seen about the table upon which were great clusters of flaming red gladioli, and the luxuriant shades were rendered all the more striking by the white hair worn by those who represented the ladies of a century ago.

One of the most conspicuous features of the decorations was that over the electric light table. A canopy formed by strings of vari-colored incandescent lights, trimmed with evergreen, was suspended over the table, while amid large bunches of sweet peas, with which the table was adorned, were clusters of miniature electric lights, and the effect was beautiful.

At the distinguished guests table were: Mrs. W. F. Carr. Mrs. S. P. Churchill, Mrs. Charles C. Burnett, Mrs. Carrie T. Doan, Mrs. N. Coe Stewart, Jennie June Croly, of New York, Mrs. E. J. Farmer, Mrs. C. E. Burke, Mrs. A. S. Bushnell, Mrs. T. D. Crocker, Hon. T. D. Crocker.

At the Mahoning county table were: Mrs. McKinley Duncan, Mrs. George Pickerel, Mrs. T. A. Ross, Mrs. J. G. Butler, Mrs. E. L. Ford, Mrs. Homer Baldwin, Mrs. R. W. Taylor, Mrs. Thomas H. Wilson, Thomas H. Wilson, Mrs. Wil-

lard Wilson, Mrs. M. T. Herrick, Mrs. M. A. Hanna, Major William McKinley, Mrs. McKinley.

Those at the east executive committee table were: Judge and Mrs. T. K. Dissette, Hon. A. J. Williams, Rabbi M. J. Gries, W. A. Ingham, Mrs. W. A. Ingham, Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. F. A. Arter, Mrs. J. R. Blakelee, Mrs. C. H. Weed, Mr. C. H. Weed, Mr. H. A. Griffin, Mrs. H. A. Griffin, Mrs. G. P. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. White, Miss Lilla White, Miss Elizabeth Blair, Mrs. Gertrude V. R. Wickham, Mrs. M. B. Schwab, Mrs. M. B. Schwab.

At the west executive table were Rev. Dr. Henry M. Ladd, Mr. Charles W. Chas. Prof. A. H. Tuttle, Mrs. A. H. Tuttle, Miss Katherine Wickham, Mr. L. A. Russell, Mrs. L. A. Russell, Hon. O. J. Hodge, Mrs. O. J. Hodge, Professor Charles F. Olney, Mrs. Charles F. Olney, Mr. Wilson M. Day, Mrs. Wilson M. Day, Hon. Elroy M. Avery, Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Mr. Augustine C. Wright, Mrs. Benjamin F. Taylor, Mrs. Ella Sturtevant Webb, Miss Louise E. Webb, Mrs. P. H. Babcock, Mr. L. F. Mellen, Mr. George Stuart, Miss Birdelle Switzer.

The guests at the pioneer table were Mr. Levi Booth, Mrs. L. Booth, Mrs. W. J. McKinnie, Mrs. Richard Allen, Mrs. H. J. McKinnie, Mrs. F. S. Smith, Miss H. E. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Foote, Miss Elizabeth Petton, Miss Ellary H. McKinnie, Mrs. I. T. Fisher, Mrs. C. M. Gayton, Mrs. Ward B. Smith, Mr. John Corlett, Mr. James Wade, Mr. John Paul Baldwin, Mrs. James McCroskey.

At the early settlers table were M. H. Bodman, Mrs. S. H. Waring, of Toledo; Mrs. A. J. Minard, of Chicago; Mr. James G. Gibbs, Mrs. O. W. Williams, Helen Gates, Mrs. D. B. Andrews, Mrs. W. B. Woolverton, Mrs. J. F. Dewey, Mrs. James G. Gibbs, Mr. A. J. Minard, of Chicago; Eula Dewey, of Norwalk; Mrs.

Arthur E. Whiting, Mrs. L. C. Laylin, of Norwalk; Miss Eleanor Andrews, of Milan; Dr. Lillian G. Towslee, Miss Lillian Wightman.

At the Ashtabula table were Mrs. Rufus P. Ranney, Mrs. W. B. Prentice, Mrs. S. A. Northway, Jefferson; Mrs. E. C. Wade, Jefferson; Mrs. George E. Nettleton, Ashtabula; Mrs. H. P. Fricker, Ashtabula; Mrs. J. P. Treat, Geneva; Mrs. S. F. Higley, Geneva; Mrs. E. L. Lampson, Jefferson; Mrs. S. J. Smith, Conneaut; Mrs. Hiram Lake, Conneaut; Mrs. Willis E. Robison, Kingsville; Mrs. E. C. Sheldon, Mrs. Myra B. Binger, Andover; Mrs. Sara Phelps-Holden, Kingsville; Mrs. Martha Coleman Robertson, Mrs. E. Robertson-Miller, Canton; Mrs. Elvina Lobdell Bushnell, Mrs. J. A. Howells, Jefferson; Mrs. R. B. Hickox, Kelloggsville; Mrs. C. M. Traver, Conneaut; Mrs. Edward H. Fitch, Jefferson; Mrs. W. F. Stanley, Conneaut.

At the electric light table were Mr. and Mrs. George Hoag, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Scovill, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McKinstry, Mrs. R. G. Pate, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Tripp, Mrs. W. S. Scovill, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dalzell, Mr. and Mrs. K. Gill, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. D. Johns.

At the Trumbull county table were Mrs. Henry C. Ranney, Mr. A. E. Adams, Mrs. W. Packard, Mrs. Homer Stewart, Mrs. Mary Hutchins Cozzens, Mrs. Jane Todd Ratliff, Mrs. L. P. Gilder, Mrs. C. B. Darling, Mrs. E. P. Babbitt, Mrs. H. R. Perkins, Miss E. H. Baldwin, Mrs. Cornelia Fuller Hammon, Mrs. B. F. Taylor, Mrs. Martha L. Hunter, Mrs. Charles Ranney, Mr. Charles Ranney, Mr. Julius Lembeck, Mr. Alfred Adams, Hon. John C. Hutchins, Mrs. John C. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. Homer, Mrs. Helen Teller McCurdy, Miss Olivia Hapgood, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Brett.

Toasts

SIXTEEN TO ONE

Governor Bushnell Gives a New Turn to the Expression, and in That New Sense He Says He Believes in It—A Bright Response From Ohio's Chief Executive

"Toastmistress, Your Honor, Governor McKinley, Ladies: You see I don't include the gentlemen. This is woman's day and all you can do is to be good boys and congratulate yourselves that you are here, as I do. Ladies, I salute you. It is unspoken bliss, and worth half a life to see a crowd like this. I take great pleasure in welcoming you to your own Western Reserve, and city of Cleveland. It is safe for me to say that Cleveland is the largest city of Ohio. (Applause.)

"It is always a delight to me to speak of Ohio, and I am going to tell you of a circumstance of which some of you may have heard.

The minister at the revival asked all those who wanted to go to heaven to rise. All except one boy arose. The minister then asked all those who wanted to go to the other place to stand. The boy didn't arise, and when the minister asked him whether he didn't care to go to either place, he replied, 'No, Ohio is good enough for me.'

"Ohio is a great and growing State, and no city is of more importance to its growth than this city. Mr. Mayor, I congratulate you on the magnificence of Cleveland. Women have been an important element in advancing the interests of the State, and we may properly say that the women of Ohio are first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen. In the love for you, ladies, there should be no limit, and that is the only thing in which I am willing to concede a ratio of 16 to 1. For the benefit of those who do not understand the comparison,

I will explain that we should love the women sixteen times more than they do us. This is one of the most pleasant occasions of my life. I congratulate you on the great success of this affair, and I trust you may all have great happiness and prosperity."

THEY WERE THE PLANTERS

The Pioneers Sowed the Seed Which the People of Today Are Reaping—They Never Saw Electric Street Cars or Bicycles, But They Blazed the Way for the Enjoyment of These Things—Mrs. T. K. Dissette's Speech

Mrs. T. K. Dissette was next introduced. She responded to the toast "We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for Auld Lang Syne." Mrs. Dissette said in part:

"The log cabin pioneer of the beginning of the century is the hero of today. And as we recall how much the early settlers suffered and accomplished; how much we have that they didn't have, we exalt them as marvels and canonize them as saints. But I think these fathers and mothers of our civilization were not unlike the frontiersmen that are found on the extremes of American civilization at the present time. They despised effeminacy. Take one of those young men, with spike-toed shoes, fashionable garb, carefully creased trousers, immaculate shirt front, cuffs as large as a small bandbox, a collar that threatens his ears, and one of those senseless things called a cigarette in his mouth, set him down amongst those pioneers, and they would either set him up in the corn field to scare crows or would ship him to the nearest institution for imbeciles.

"The pioneer never heard of railroads, the application of electricity as a means of locomotion, the telephone, or the bicycle,

and knew nothing of other marvelous developments the benefits of which we are now enjoying. But, after all, these things are the heritage our fathers and mothers made possible for us when they planted our civilization in the forests of the Western Reserve. They understood well and contended earnestly for the true principles of human greatness, a pure morality, an educated brain, and an industrious application of the talents of each individual to some useful department of life. These were the underlying principles of the fathers and mothers of the Western Reserve, and they have been the foundation of the marvelous achievements of the past century."

A DUAL COURTESY

Such Mrs. Annette Phelps Lincoln, President of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs, of Lincoln, Ohio

The "Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs" was the theme upon which Mrs. Annette Phelps Lincoln addressed the guests. "In extending to me this delightful privilege, ladies," she said, "yours has been a dual courtesy. You not only make me very happy, but you recognize the organization with which I have had the pleasure to be closely connected. Are we not daily realizing that largely through organized efforts we more easily attain the best ideals? The various associations represented here today fully attest this fact. Notable among these are the local organizations represented in Cleveland. This work speaks of their advanced ideas and methods. The Cleveland women are well and widely known for their intellectual and social culture. They have directly and indirectly planned and executed many noble schemes. They have in their respective orbits aided and ad-

vanced the material wealth and prosperity of this city. Every woman has contributed her increment of power to the whole. We are glad to say, all honor to the women of Cleveland for their progressive tendencies and for their organized efforts. The organization which I represent is a State organization. It is a conservative and dignified association of women worthy of the countenance and support of all good, broad and refining influences. It now numbers 112 clubs, with a membership of 4,000 women."

A DIZZY SUBJECT

Mrs. N. Coe Stewart responded next to the toast, "The Wheels of the Past and the Wheels of the Present." Mrs. Stewart preluded her remarks by saying: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I want to introduce to you the wheel of the past, and the wheels of the present."

Thereupon a spinning wheel, and a bicycle of the latest fashion, decorated with flowers, were placed on the large table immediately in front of the platform on which the speaker stood. Mrs. Stewart then said:

"Woman invented the wheel. Archaeologists tell us that the potter's wheel is the oldest form of mechanism, the pictures of which on ancient clay vessels show it to be absolutely the wheel of the present, no improvement having been made up to this time. It is the foundation of all mechanical art. What need for woman to be continually inventing when she can revolutionize the world by one turn of her hand? The wheels and wheels, and wheels within wheels she set in motion! The world has been 'seein' wheels go round' ever since. The innumerable mechanical wheels, from the tiny wheel of the watch to the

enormous and awe-inspiring Ferris wheel! The wheels of industry, revolving more and more rapidly and increasing as the world advances. The metaphorical wheel of fortune which, like the bicycle, is so difficult for the uninitiated to mount. The wheel of time. Poor old Father Time; what a tiresome journey he would have had without a wheel. I wonder some ambitious bicycle dealer has not claimed to have invented it. It would be such a good advertisement in the parade, for, while its staying qualities are a dead failure, it always keeps at the head of the procession, and increases its speed at the end of the race."

She was loudly applauded.

THE FUTURE CITIZEN

Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June) Tells How He Should Be Brought Up—An American Guard

"The Future Citizen" was the subject of a thoughtful talk by Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June).

"The citizen of the future is the boy in the street," she said. "He will be the voter of tomorrow. He will have to maintain the order of the city of Cleveland. The boy between ten and twenty stands second in the annals of criminals. That ought to bring serious consideration to us. What remedy can we apply to this? Is it not that we have turned the boy into the street without occupation? I think one of the answers is to organize the boys. We look at the boy, unorganized, unrelated. He is not all wicked; he drifts into wickedness. Organize him into a young American guard, that he may be taught to help instead of to injure. It is all possible. We should have in the boys of the streets a guarantee of the safety of the nation."

MRS. J. C. CROLY
("JENNIE JUNE")
2ND PRESIDENT OF N. Y. SOROSIS

The response to the address of welcome was made by Rev. A. A. F. Johnston, president of the Ladies' College at Oberlin. She said:

"Mrs. President: In behalf of the women of the Western Reserve I wish to thank you, and through you the women of Cleveland, for the invitation that has opened to us this festal occasion. I wish also to thank you for the hearty and gracious welcome with which you greet us. It is fitting that we meet together on this memorial day that emphasizes a century of growth and progress, for the relations existing between your beautiful city and the favored region known as the Western Reserve have always been intimate and vital. Cleveland might well be called the capital of the Western Reserve. Here in your growing city the early settler found a steady and open market for his farm product. Here also he supplied himself with agricultural implements and household necessities.

Not all the thought of the early settlers was spent upon the clearing of farms and the building of homes. They understood very well that individual prosperity is based upon public prosperity. They laid carefully and well the lines that made for public good. They organized township government, built churches, and established schools."

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton was obliged to leave before her toast was reached, at 11 P. M.

CONTENTS OF THE SILVER CASKET.

Not to be Opened for 100 Years.

Relating to the Woman's Department of the Centennial:

Constitution, Treasurer's Report, Memorial History of the Women of the Western Reserve, Copy of the Addresses made on Woman's Day, Programmes for Woman's Day and for the Departments, Tickets, Invitations, Badges, Letters, Membership Roll, and Certificates.

Official Programme, Official Gavel, Official Certification to Contents of Casket.

Centennial Album, Quarter Century Lectures on Cleveland.

Reports:

Young Woman's Christian Association, Woman's Relief Corps, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Day Nursery and Free Kindergarten Association, Kindergarten Committee of Public Schools, Bethany Home, Dorcas Society, Circle of Mercy, Jewish Council of Women.

History of the Charities of Cleveland.

History of Women of Cleveland and Their Work.

The Official Certificate of the First Woman Chosen to an Elective Office in Cleveland.

Programs:

The Conversational, Art and History Club, Woman's Press Club, Sorosis, Literary Guild, Case Avenue Literary Club,

Badges and Pins:

Woman's Press Club, Sorosis, Woman's Relief Corps, Daughters of the American Revolution, Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Newspapers:

Hand-Book of City of Cleveland, Map of Cleveland.

Ohio Legislative Hand-Book.

United States Flag.

Message from 1896 *to* 1996.

The Packing of the Casket.

The Newspapers.....Mrs. L. A. Russell
The Official Program.....Mr. Wilson M. Day
Membership Roll.....Mrs. T. K. Dissette
History of the Pioneer Women of the Western Reserve,
Constitution of the Woman's Department,
Mrs. G. V. R. Wickham
Mrs. Mary S. Bradford

Treasurer's Report.....Miss Elizabeth Blair
Work of Printing Committee.....Mrs. H. A. Griffin
Reports of the Philanthropic and Charitable Societies
of Cleveland.....Mrs. Charles W. Chase
Programs of Literary Clubs.....Mrs. W. B. Neff
Badges (Woman's Day and Others).....Mrs. M. B. Schwab
History of Cleveland, (Miss Urann)
History of the Women of Cleveland, (Mrs. Ingham) and
State and City Official Hand Books, Mrs. B. F. Taylor
Centennial Album.....Mrs. W. G. Rose
Correspondence.....Mrs. S. P. Churchill
Account of Woman in the Industries....Mrs. Jane Eliot Snow
Music—"The Star Spangled Banner".....The Temple Quartet
Prof. Gustav Schildesheim, Accompanist
An American Flag.....Mrs. O. J. Hodge
Map of Cleveland.....Mrs. E. S. Webb
Manuscript of Papers Read on Woman's Day..Mrs. S. E. Bierce
Woman's Edition of the Plain Dealer (on silk),
Mrs. W. J. Sheppard
The Gavel That Closed the Centennial, (made from Centennial Log Cabin Timber).....Mayor R. E. McKisson
Official Certification to the Packing of the Casket,
Mayor R. E. McKisson

THE CLOSING OF THE CASKET

To Be Opened in 100 Years

Presentation of the Casket to Mrs. W. A. Ingham, President of the Woman's Department....Mrs. Elroy M. Avery
Presentation of the Casket to Mr. H. C. Ranney, President of the Western Reserve Historical Society,
Mrs. W. A. Ingham

Response.....Mr. H. C. Ranney
Music—"America".....The Temple Quartet
Benediction.....The Rev. H. C. Haydn

GREATER CLEVELAND

The parade of the Republicans, October 31, 1896, was on Euclid avenue from Erie to Willson and return. Twenty-five thousand with the steps of the marching men rose and fell like waves of the sea.

The sight was magnificent when viewed its length. Here and there were banners of weird devise which divided the battalions or regiments. These were some of them:

"Honest money for honest labor."
"Protection against cheap English labor."
"Not coercion but cohesion."
"Protection for American labor."
"First voters."

We do not care to go back to those days, nor do we admire the pride engendered by them. It ought to make us feel humble, for no matter how much gold trimmings are on the horses, it looks old and barbarous to succeeding generations.

A city is not unlike a boy, who, arriving at his majority at twenty-one, is then able to appreciate his surroundings and measure himself with his fellows. So a city or nation in the first hundred years is uniting its suburbs, bridging its chasms, arranging its parks, enticing to its borders, by universities and colleges, erecting for its masses its high schools, grammar and primary schools, as well as normal schools.

Believing that education is better than punishment, that an ignorant boy is an idle boy, an idle boy is a mischievous boy. If

not given work, the city has to provide him a home and employment under iron bars.

Cleveland set the glorious example of the first High School with a library and the good thing was contagious until Ohio has received full and complete education, free of cost, to its citizens, above any other state. Cleveland is beginning to be known abroad. It has sent out wise consuls in Frank Mason and J. C Covert.

It has given its refined oil to China and India. It has ships that sail the seas, second to none. Cleveland has an abundance of pure water, a warm sandy soil, intelligent and industrious citizens. Oil has been carried here in tubes from the oil regions a hundred miles. Today our steel mills rank with any in the world.

Cleveland has a great foreign population, its Yankee or native element being one-tenth of the whole. But that tenth can control. It has precedence, prestige, education and the desire to direct the forces into useful and desirable channels.

We shall then see the automobile have its special road. The electric light dispelling shadows until there will be no more use of policemen than in broad daylight. We shall have country roads with city villas upon them and the health of cities improved; the slums a thing of the past. The poor man with his cottage on the country hillside, yet doing his eight hours' work in the city. Employe and capitalist alike benefited. May some one of us live to see that day.

WILLIAM G. ROSE

Mayor of Cleveland, 1878-79—Twelve Years Later, 1901-02

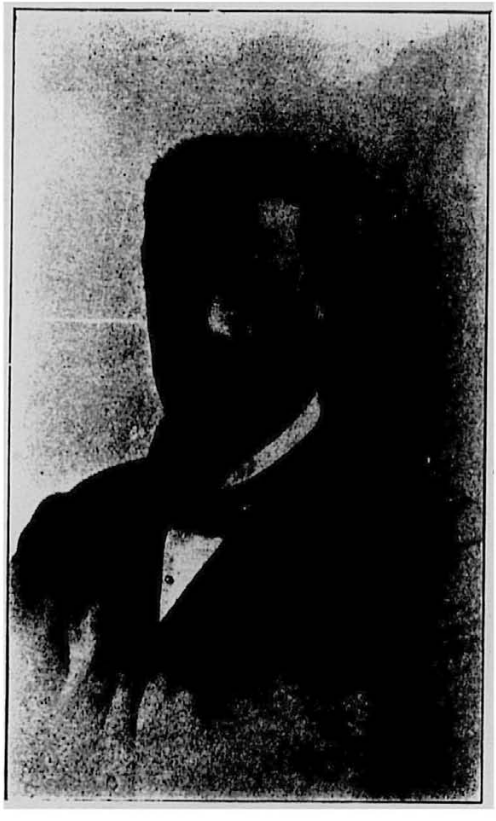
William Grey Rose was born in Mercer County, Pa., September 15, 1829. His father, James Rose, came from Darlington, Westmoreland County; he was of English descent, tracing the Grey to the Earl of Suffolk. His mother, Martha McKinley Rose, was of the clan of McKinleys which met in Topeka, Kans., in September 18, 1893, John A. Goodwin, Chicago, Secretary.

President McKinley's father was a double cousin of Mayor Rose. A brother of McKinley married a Rose and a Rose married a McKinley. The families visited each other frequently.

The president was eleven years younger and he said to him, "If you will stand aside politically, I can be governor of Ohio, and that is a stepping stone to the presidency." This he did, sending a telegram to Springfield to the nominating convention that he would not accept the nomination if it was given to him. He had run on the Foraker and Rose ticket and as lieutenant governor was 3,000 ahead of Foraker. He satisfied his family by telling them that in some counties in southern Ohio men sold their votes to the highest bidder and it cost a fortune to be elected.

William G. Rose's boyhood was spent on a small farm; his father preferred the work of a furnace of his brother Chapman Rose in Lawrence County. His mother took charge of the farm; she had a loom for weaving, and the family braided whip-lashes. In all industry she was very successful.

When William was fourteen she gave him all he could earn with the farm to forward his education. He wore out a team of horses but could not sell the produce. The villagers of Mer-



MR. WM. G. ROSE
WHEN HE WAS MAYOR THE SECOND TIME, 1901-2

cer had out-lots and raised all they needed of vegetables, corn and oats.

He then bought a daugerian wagon and traveled from place to place. We have a picture of himself with jewelry, in gold color, to show what he could do.

In 1849 he attended the school in Austinburgh, O., and there met Edwin Cowles, afterwards editor of the Cleveland Leader. Then for three years he went to Beaver Academy, Pa. Superintendent Jones preached very pointed sermons and said to him, "I mean you." Mr. Rose explained how he had taken care of preachers' horses, when he was a boy, and that he would wait until he could support himself before he became a preacher. Professor Jones gave him classes to teach in Latin and Mathematics and wanted him to go to Washington College at Bethlehem, but instead he went to Mercer and studied law with Honorable William Stewart, a member of congress from that district. In a year he bought out the Mercer Democrat and made it a Free-Soil or a Republican paper. In 1858 he was sent to Harrisburg as a Representative. That year he married Martha Emily Parmelee, who was a music teacher in Mercer Female Seminary, taught by her sister Eliza. She was a graduate of Oberlin Literary Course of 1855.

When in the legislature there was a lobbyist, Owens, from Philadelphia, employed by the Sunbury & Erie R. R., and a committee to redistrict the state. Some of the members that would be affected by it came to Mr. Rose to oppose the measure. On the floor of the house he asked Mr. Owens to explain the bill. He replied, "You will get it outside quicker than you want it." As the members passed out at noontime, Mr. Owens stood in the passageway and struck Mr. Rose in the face. His nose bled and he was blinded for a moment, but he returned the blow,

sending his assailant onto an apple stand. In the confusion members interfered, and Mr. Owens was sent to the hospital.

Simon Cameron saw an account of it in the paper and sent for Mr. Rose several times, and said, "We need your courage in politics, then there would be less of this influencing of legislators for private gain."

Owens had threatened he would "make a yearling of him," that is, sent for only one term. But it proved false. He was offered at home anything in the gift of the people. He received the county votes for congress, but the district convention was held for three weeks. Then one delegate came to him and said, "The man who ran with you for the nomination, and out of compliment you made a delegate, is the one that is blocking your nomination. You can name a man and he will get it." So Mr. Rose named Mr. Culver, who accepted and was elected. But he was so busy with his new railroad near Titusville he was in congress but a few times.

The Civil War came on and Mr. Rose was made Cononel, but on "double quick" in the parade of the Mercer Rifles, he fell to the ground and was brought home on a stretcher. It was heart trouble. He paid the bounties of three and did not serve in the war until Pennsylvania was invaded, when every male over sixteen or less than sixty went to the front. They took the places of those who were prepared for battle. He was at Parkersburg at the time of the capture of the guerrilla Morgan. He returned home a very sick man, caused by coarse diet and exposure.

He had ten nephews in the army and when they were offered "a furlough to all who would enlist for three years or to the end of the war," they all enlisted. Mrs. Rose made a Soldiers' Reception. Their house was crowded, 76 soldiers were

present. Alas, two of his nephews on their return to the army were captured at Cold Harbor and sent to Salsbury prison. The mother of her boy Johnny refused to eat if her son had no food and died. The cruelty to them will never be forgotten.

Mercer was near the "oil country" and at a Sunday dinner Mrs. Rose asked for money for a life membership of the Bible Society. "I will give it to you if I can sell some land now offered me at Tidioute," he replied.

When he went to look at the land he found a party from New York glad to purchase it and returned in a few days. His profits were a multiple of the money needed for the life membership, $3,000, and she received $30.00 and has used it to get Testaments or Bibles since its date, 1864. Mercer men formed a company to test the property and they put down a well and had a "gusher," but, as Mr. Rose wished to be out of debt, he offered to a merchant, who was one of the company, his share for his store bill. And when he found it but a trifle, they made him their agent in Philadelphia to sell its output. He sold on daily stock quotations. Often a well is tapped by one put down above it. And then the company is sued for false representation. Some men make it their business to buy up this "rotten stock" and sue those who have sold it. His partner from Mercer sold for anything he could get, a church organ, silverware, a piano and other merchandise. When Mr. Rose moved to Cleveland he came to him to say, "We are each sued for $250,000. It would take all I possess." He proposed to flee to Canada. Mrs. Rose said "Go East and make an offer." And they did. It was accepted; $10,000 from each of them and he gave them no trouble afterward. This is what they expect will be done when they sue a man.

In 1865 Mr. Rose and family moved to Cleveland and bought

Mr. Sherwin's property on Fairmount street. After two years they stored their goods and went to St. Louis and then to Chicago, but returned to Cleveland because of its greater possibilities. It is in a fruit region, has plenty of good lake water and is near to coal and iron.

They had seen the beautiful homes in the suburbs of St. Louis and proposed to make a similar one on Kinsman Road. Israel Hubbard gave him eighty acres which he sold to real estate men, but the odors of the Standard Oil tanks prevented it from becoming a place of residence. He gave ten per cent to agents; others gave two per cent. He soon had a large amount of land to sell. He obtained the right-of-way for the N. Y. P. & O. and located Collinwood.

In 1871 he was urged by friends to run for mayor, and was elected without opposition. At once he began to study the city's assets, which were only the public market fund on Ontario street and a sinking fund from Ohio City very ably handled by its commissioners.

In his first message to the city council he said, "The canal-bed to the three-mile-lock would make a good entrance to the city for all the railroads. The Valley Road has bought it, but not a cent is paid. The contract will be void in a few months and I advise you to take it back and offer it to all the railroads and that will relieve Euclid avenue from its menace of steam cars, also the lake shore and Pelton Park of the odors of cattle and hog trains. It will add very much to the city's health and pleasure."

The stockholders of the Valley R. R. at once sent to England men to report the Valley Road, if paid for, could rent to other roads and make a fortune for them. They paid their indebtedness, but alas, could not rent to a rival road. The manufac-

tories soon filled up the vacant spaces from Euclid avenue to Newburgh with expensive works.

The mayor found the Superior viaduct would not be done in the time allotted by the contract. Mr. Ensign, a man from Buffalo, was not employing Cleveland men and he was sending material to other bridges and neglecting this one. The mayor sent him a letter calling attention to the fifteen dollars a day he would lose after the time when it was to be finished. He paid no attention to the letter. When the time expired, Mayor Rose had the end of the bridge toward Superior street made of structural iron and it has served as well as stone arches. He employed men from Cleveland and in three months it was ready for use.

He proposed to have "an opening," sending out invitations. A wealthy man said, "Why not wait until spring?" His reply was, "After we have used it three months we could not have an opening. Cleveland has been invited to all the lake cities and to Rochester and now we have an opportunity to ask them in return."

They had the celebration. The day was bright with sunshine, and brighter still because of snow falling which made the air filled with rainbows. Letters were received from Congressmen and neighboring cities, east and west. The Cleveland Leader of Saturday, December 28, 1878, giving an account of it, says, "The great viaduct is now open to the public. The day opened with a morning salute; it had a grand procession, much eloquence and ends with a royal banquet; reviews by the governor and staff; letters from great men of the country; toasts and responses. A successful time and a glorious ending." Thousands of carriages, wagons and sleighs. At the Tabernacle where the exercises were given prayer was by Rev. Charles

F. Pomroy of the Second Presbyterian Church. Then Mayor Rose gave an account of the "war of the Cuyahoga" on its several bridges. A high level bridge was talked of in 1836. Also the annexation and the sinking fund. In 1872 the city was given power to issue $1,100,000 to build the viaduct. Members of the house of representatives were H. R. Beavis, Allen T. Brinsmade, W. C. McFarland, H. M. Chapman, C. H. Babcock, H. W. Curtis and George Noakes. The total cost, including the right-of-way, was about $2,170,000, but the city has a great structure to show for it. The Cincinnati suspension bridge cost $1,800,000 and the estimated cost of the Brooklyn bridge is $6,000,000. The time saved to business men and laborers would go far toward paying the interest on the cost of the structure."

At the close of Mayor Rose's speech, Honorable R. C. Parsons spoke, then Judge F. J. Dickman, followed by W. W. Armstrong and Governor Bishop of Ohio, Governor Matthews of West Virginia, Mayor Parsons of Rochester, N. Y., Mayor Jones of Toledo, who said, "It is one of those useful things which benefit all the people. It was made for the whole people and nothing but the people." Mayor Horn of Windsor, Canada, said, "The city of Cleveland is better known and better appreciated in our little Canada than almost any city along the border. My friends at home said, 'You are going to one of the most hospitable places, don't miss it for anything.'" Mayor Butts of Dayton closed the speeches. At the banquet in the evening there were many who responded to toasts. General Albert Rarnitz "To the citizen soldier." He was also marshal of the day. All pronounced the day successful.

The question of toll was settled, by an estimate of what would be received. The collectors would take it all, therefore it was made a free bridge and it opened up a large section of land, near to business, that could be reached by pedestrians.

Mayor Rose was known as the friend of the working man. The iron ore handlers were the first to petition him for an increase from nine cents per ton to fifteen cents per ton. Their business could not continue during the winter. Many had six to eight in their families. They earned about $150 in the season and must depend upon the city's "out-door relief," which was a fund set apart from the city treasury. Surely the rich men who employed them ought to support them during the year. The mayor after a thorough investigation gave twelve per cent as the price. One of the company came to say they would not accept his judgment, but he could choose a man, who gave only a raise of one cent. A few weeks later an employer said to him, "That difference of two cents will make $65,000 in our pockets in the year." When these facts became known, he made great efforts to appear as the friend of laboring men.

The next strike was by the street car drivers, who worked fourteen hours a day. Mayor Rose talked with the men and told the company they must have shelter from the storm and work but ten hours a day. If that was done he would have the Pinkerton detectives withdrawn. Only one day did the people have to walk, for he superintended the running of the cars himself, so as to have no trouble. The men were given shelter and the same wages for ten hours.

There was a riot in Pittsburgh. The rioters came to Cleveland. The mayor knew of it and ordered all fire arms to be sold only at one place, where they could be under lock and key. He then studied the law and found it was a penitentiary offence to be in or aid in a riot. A grocer from Merwin street called to say, "This blocking of business has got to be stopped. We have perishable goods," and the mayor showed him letters that said, "The fuse has been laid for the residences of some of your

business men; your name is the first on the list." "But here is the law just off the press. It will be posted conspicuously today." It was done and the rioters left the city secretly. This grocer went to his place of business saying to all he met, "The mayor is right. He will prevent a riot such as they had in Pittsburgh."

About this time at 2 o'clock in the morning Mr. Rose was called by telegraph saying, "The lines between the city and the 'Iron Ward' are cut. We can get no answer from there." In a few minutes he was dressed and, taking a revolver that would shoot through a two-inch door, he went in his carriage to the street. There stood two coaches. He leaped out holding his revolver where it could be seen and went to the nearest one, when a man slipped out of the door on the further side, ran to the other carriage, mounted with the driver and they galloped furiously toward the city. Mr. Rose followed them until they turned north on Perry street. Then he went south to Prospect and called up Dr. Sterling to go with him and they went toward Newburgh. On arriving at the place where the telegraph wire was cut, the operator said he had occasion to go to his home and so disconnected it for a while. How much this had to do with the former circumstances was only conjecture.

The streets of the city were very dusty; only the main streets were swept at night. The delivery wagons carried mud from unpaved streets onto those paved. Mayor Rose proposed, "The residents pay one-half cost, the city pay the other half and leave it to their choice of the kind of pavement." This was done and more than a million dollars was thus contracted for. Indeed, Mayor Blee had not finished them during his administration.

The second term of Mayor Rose was from 1891 and 1892.

During the twelve years from his first mayoralty he had visited Europe and California and examined their method of keeping roads, lighting the streets and reduction of sewage. He had spent some winters in Columbus, saying to the Assembly, "The mayor of cities has no control of officials. He cannot choose his cabinet. If things go wrong and he speaks of it, he is told by the officers that it is none of his business." Therefore the cabinet plan was adopted and he chose men to fill all places of public trust. In monarchies all public business is owned by the monarch. It is his legitimate resource. No one would think of giving a franchise to private persons and thus make wealth, by which they could perpetuate themselves in their business. The United States is taxed beyond any other nation because she does not assert her rights.

When made mayor in 1891, the subject of gas was put into the care of the city attorney, General E. S. Meyer. Experts were called from New York and from Case School of Applied Science to tell its cost. The city had been paying $1.50 for 1,000 feet and some had offered water gas for 5 cents per thousand. For this there was no material from which it could not escape. There was six months' discussion. The result was gas was put at 80 cents per 1,000 feet and the city to receive one-tenth of the gross receipts, to be applied to a fund for a new city hall. The present one was unsanitary, but the rental went to Case School of Applied Science. $36,000 per year was the rental. Some were slow or lax in the payment of their rent.

The first year the city received from its tenth of the gross receipts $21,000 and it yearly increased until more than half a million was in the treasury. Meanwhile, the Group Plan was proposed and architects employed at large salaries to prepare it. The fund was raided upon for various purposes. At last it was

proposed to let it pay for playgrounds, and it was said, "The children on Washington street playground would come at six in the morning and stay until six at night. They were children or foreigners, never had on any underwear. This was the reason for breakfasts being prepared for school children by some of the city charities.

Mayor Rose was afflicted with rheumatism, as many others who had their offices in the City Hall.

He refused another nomination, but had changed its methods from those of an extended village to that of a first class city. Now it is the sixth city of the United States. He died September 15, 1899, seventy years of age, and is buried in Lake View Cemetery. He left a wife and four children to mourn his death —Evelyn Rose Miller, wife of attorney Major Charles R. Miller; Hudson Parmelee, Frederick Holland and William Kent, two reside in New York City and two in Cleveland, and Mrs. William G., 2084 Cornell road.

MRS. W. A. INGHAM
PRESIDENT OF WOMAN'S AUXILIARY CENTENNIAL, 1876-1896

NOTED WOMEN OF WESTERN RESERVE

MRS. M. B. INGHAM

Mary Bigelow Ingham attended Norwalk Seminary and Baldwin Institute. When 18 years old she came to Cleveland as a teacher in the public schools and was very soon head of the primary department. She, for one year, boarded with Madame Pierre Gollier, and learned to speak French.

She was appointed professor of French and belles lettres in the Ohio Wesleyan College for women at Delaware, O. There she studied German, Spanish and Italian.

On the 22nd of March, 1866, she married W. A. Ingham, publisher and book seller, removing to Cleveland. In 1870 she was chosen to inaugurate the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in northern Ohio, with the wife of Bishop Clark, of Cincinnati. She addressed also large audiences in Baltimore, Washington, New York, Buffalo, New Haven, and Minneapolis. She led the temperance crusade in Cleveland and helped to establish Friendly Inns and Reading Rooms, and for seven years was head of the Pearl Street Inn. Mrs. Ingham was at the meeting in Chautauqua that projected the organization of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which met, by her invitation, in Cleveland, November 18, 19, 20, 1874, and was elected its first Treasurer. In 1882 she was chosen the first Secretary of Young People's Work in the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the year previous she was journalist for that national society, writing for sixteen church papers. In 1884 she became a founder of the Cleveland School of Art, was secretary of its Board of

Directors and journalist for ten years. In 1896 she became, at the request of the Early Settlers' Association of Cleveland and the Reserve, President of the Woman's Department of the Centennial Commission, and for one and a half years carried forward that work assisted by able women, chief of whom were Mrs. W. G. Rose, wife of the Mayor of Cleveland, Mrs. Wm. Bradford and Kate S. Avery. Mrs. Ingham had a facile pen; her first story was "Something to Come Home To," suggested by Professor W. G. Williams, of Delaware, O. Other articles followed, among them letters from Europe and from Florida. At the request of Mr. Edwin Cowles, editor of the Leader, and Miss Sarah E. Fitch, President of the Woman's Christian Association, she wrote "Women of Cleveland and Their Work," making a three years' series in the Leader. These were subsequently gathered into a book published in 1893. She also wrote the history of the First Methodist Church, which was gratefully received by the Western Reserve Historical Society.

Her Flag Festival was a popular entertainment for years. A friend of hers saw it played in Sitka, Alaska.

She was a charter member of Sorosis and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Ingham now resides in Los Angeles, Cal.

She sent to the Early Settlers' Association an account of the pioneers of the West Side, and is still writing for newspapers in her eighty-first year, being born March 10, 1832, in Mansfield, Ohio. Rev. John Jaynes was her father. Her mother, Hannah Brown, as a girl with her sister, Rebecca Brown, founded the First Methodist Church of Ann Arbor, Mich., and her grandfather, Daniel Brown, Sr., and Daniel Brown, Jr., helped to establish Michigan University at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Ingham's sister, Emma Jaynes, is in the employ of the

United States Government and is a writer of repute in Washington, D. C. Her brother is a prominent railroad man of Toledo, O. In her retirement, Mrs. Ingham enjoys the religious life of Los Angeles, being a member of Rev. Chas. Edw. Locke's Church with its Sabbath School of over 3,000 and membership of more than 2,500. Her address is 1009 W. 36th street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Mattie Parmalee, wife of our Mayor, W. G. Rose, is one of those unselfish spirits destined to live forever in the hearts of her friends and the people. She was thoroughly educated at Oberlin College. As a good mother, she reared children who are an honor to their parents, and in public life she contributed largely to the city's welfare. So skillfully did she transform the Western Reserve Club that she became the founder of Sorosis and for years was its popular president. Most of all, to my mind, was she brilliant during the Centennial Commission of 1896. She suggested the Western Reserve banquet for the close of Women's Day. All its twelve counties were represented by splendid people. Governor and Mrs. McKinley standing for Stark County, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hanna, with a host of others, representing Cuyahoga. So large was the attendance and so extraordinary the management that over $1100.00 were placed in the treasury of the woman's department She is still active in all good work.

MARY B. INGHAM.

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

Author of twenty-eight books, among which the "Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous," "Girls Who Became Famous," "Famous American Authors," "Famous American Statesmen," "English Statesmen of Queen Victoria's Reign," poems, and similar subjects.

She was born in Farmington, Conn., in 1841 and at 17 years of age became a member of her uncle's family in Hartford, Conn., where she met Lydia Sigourney, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others like them. She graduated from Catherine Beecher's school. Later she married Charles E. Bolton, a graduate of Amherst, and removed to Cleveland. He died in 1901. She has one son, Charles Knowles Bolton, of Boston, Mass.

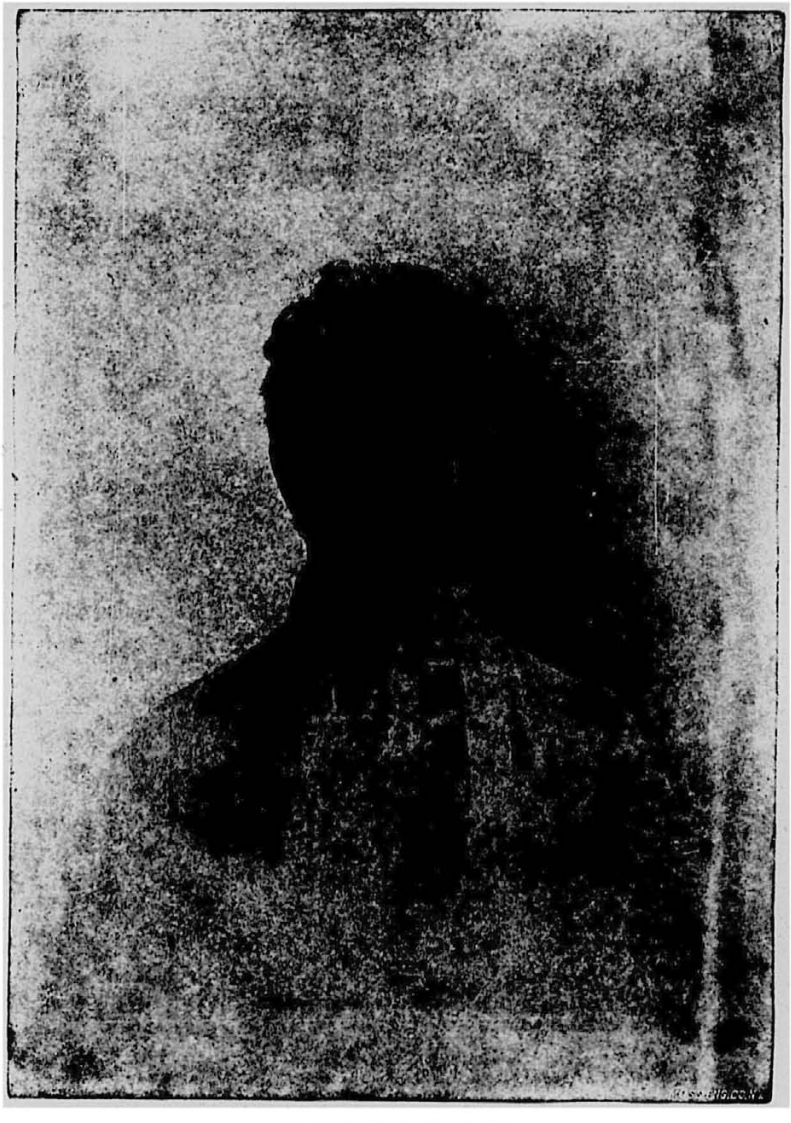
She wrote a temperance story called "The Present Problem." She was invited and did become one of the editors of The Congregationalist, in Boston, Mass.

She was two years abroad, making a special study of woman's higher education and what is being done for the mental and moral help of the laboring people by their employers.

She is now at Windermere Hill and sent the enclosed poem. She is intensely interested in the care of dumb animals. Her latest book is "Our Devoted Friend, the Dog."

HIS MONUMENT

He built a house, time laid it in the dust;
  He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
  He ruled a city, but his name is not
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
  He took a child from out a wretched cot,



SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

Who on the State dishonor might have brought,
On any tablet graven, or where rust
And reared him in the Christian's hope and trust.
The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, and preached for human need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a marble monument.

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

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With portraits of Gladstone, John Bright, Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord Shaftesbury, William Edward Forster, Lord Beaconsfield. 12mo.

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With portraits of Andrew Carnegie, Stephen Girard, John D. Rockefeller, and others. 12mo.

MRS. S. M. PERKINS

MRS. ANNA K. SCOTT, M. D.
SWATON, CHINA
MISSIONARY FOR THIRTY YEARS

SARAH M. PERKINS

Sarah M. Perkins, editor of "The True Republic," a preacher in her husband's church after his death, and member of Sorosis' Health Protective Association and W. C. T. U. A lecturer of note. From her life written by herself we take the following:

"I have had seventy years in temperance work. because I signed the temperance pledge when I was eight years old. It was called the Tetotal Pledge, so I thought it prohibited tea. Consequently I drank no tea. Then because the children of drunkards were abused by their schoolmates, I got the children with whom I played to sign the temperance pledge. In Sunday School, every spring, we made additions of books to the library. Girls were given blanks, to secure subscriptions—some reported three dollars. I had sixty dollars and urged them to buy Sargent's Temperance Books, just out, and to please me they bought the whole series. This money raising brought me in contact with many good people whose influence has helped me to higher ideals. At fifteen I was made a teacher in the Sabbath School. In season and out of season I talked temperance.

"I taught a district school at eighteen. I had them, in a day for elocution, recite a poem or an extract from old Lyman Beecher, who was the apostle of temperance in New England. I then joined the Sons of Temperance, a secret society, but I do not know what their secrets were. I urged my husband to preach temperance sermons; he was warned by a maiden lady that he would have trouble, but he told her: 'I shall preach against the liquor curse as long as I live and if they do not

want to hear it, they can get another pastor.' The woman went away and was the same good friend, but it showed me the reform was unpopular.

"When the Civil War came women took the places of men in the lecture field. I went to hear Miss Anna Dickinson and I said to myself, I can do that. I can do that. I wrote out lectures and waited my opportunity. Three divine openings came and I went into pulpits and told them the most sacred mission was temperance. The Good Templars were formed in my home place and I joined them. I spoke in my home church, Cooperstown, N. Y. My family was there to criticise, but they did not, and gave me pleasant encouragement.

"My husband was for woman's suffrage. I told him I had now a wider sphere than I could properly fill. I went to Boston and heard Julia Ward Howe. She and Lucy Stone invited me to the platform. They asked me to speak. The papers next morning said: 'A bright woman from the West could be heard, and that was more than could be said of the Boston women.' This was the turning point in my life. I began to study civic conditions; the corruption of politicians; the wages given and how boys could be protected. I said the moral influence of women was needed in our government.

"Rev. Olympia Brown heard me in New York City, where we met to organize a Woman's Congress. She invited me to come to Connecticut and work six weeks with the suffragists. I said the church women should help us and then we can speak in the churches. The next morning the papers were full of the crusade in Ohio. They ridiculed the helplessness of women who knelt before saloons in prayer. I said to Mrs. Brown, Those women, after futile efforts, will see they never can close saloons without the power of the ballot. The gospel and the law must go together.

"Mrs. Thompson, a daughter of an ex-governor, inaugurated the crusade in Hillsboro, O. Women are the greatest sufferers. In Chautauqua, N. Y., it was asked that the crusaders be organized into a society. Mrs. Mary B. Ingham was in that meeting and led the crusade in Cleveland, O. The meeting was called for Cleveland and held in the Second Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Wittermeyer of Pittsburg was made president; Miss Frances Willard, first secretary.

"A few years afterward God called me to Ohio. I came for two weeks and have stayed twenty-three years. God had taken my husband and father and I said, what was the use of all this reform work. I was given a broken limb and as I lay in bed for sixteen weeks, I became submissive. I said I would do the work that came to me and would enter every door for service.

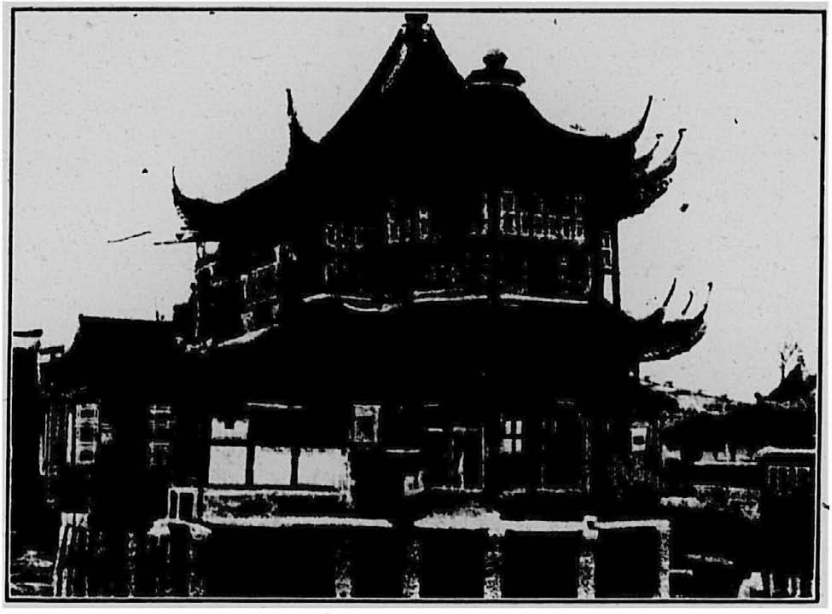
"I called on Jennie Duty and asked for temperance work. She gave me Geauga County to organize. In two weeks I returned with nine unions—one town had not heard of my coming, sent two little girls who went to every house. About twenty-five came, that union is still alive. At another place our horses became frightened by a threshing machine, tipped us out and our boy driver got a broken leg. I hired a man to take me to the appointment and gave an address and organized a union. In it was Mrs. Chase of Cleveland, a splendid worker. Mrs. Chase often refers to that evening.

"In another place the wheel came off and I had to go to a farm house, then another and another; all said they would not take horses out in such bad roads. At last a man walked with me, carrying a lantern. When I got to the meeting they were singing hymns waiting for my arrival. The stage driver had told them I was coming. When the voting day came I thought God was going to give us the victory. Women had prayer meet-

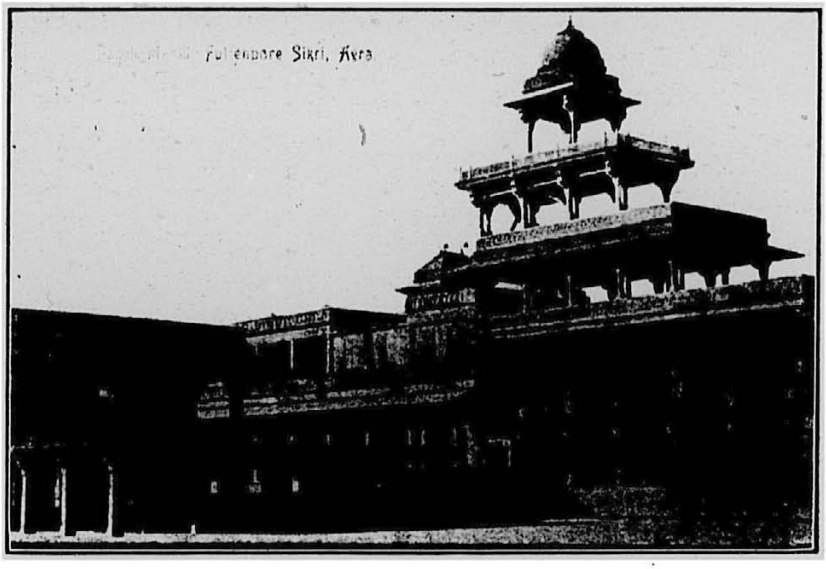
ings all day, and they had lunches at the polls. Some of those men could not read their own ballots. The next day we found we had failed, that prohibition had not carried the state. I was asked by Esther Pugh to go to the Indian Territory. Miss Willard had been there and had organized a few unions. Verily I found hardships. No roads, no bridges, time and again I forded the Mississippi River in an old stage coach, the only passenger, the driver an Indian, the water sometimes covering the floor of the coach, my satchel on my lap to keep my best dress from being spoiled. Everybody was kind to me and lo, the poor Indian is a pretty good man if he can have a decent chance.

"We organized a Union for the territory and Mrs. Horsha is now president. Mrs. Stapler of Talequah was then president. She is a culturad Indian woman. Her father was an Indian chief. I passed a week in her beautiful home and held meetings in her village. I was tired, and I wrote Miss Pugh I was going home. She sent me one hundred dollars for my expenses, and I was soon with friends in the North.

There were thirty-five countries represented in Edinburgh, Scotland, at our convention. There have been divisions. The non-partisan went out. I kept with the majority. When the Temple was dropped I kept with the minority for it seemed right that the debts should be paid. Life is grand and beautiful; sometimes I wonder if even heaven will bring such blessed opportunities for doing good as I now have. The victory is coming, for God is on the throne and the right will prevail. What ought to be, will be, in God's good time." Mrs. Perkins was killed by a horse kicking her in the back as she was getting her daughter into a car. A sweet peace was on her face when in the casket. Her paper, The True Republic, ceased but it had done great service for many years for temperance and suffrage.



TEA HOUSE, SHANGHAI, CHINA



AGRA, INDIA

ANNA K. SCOTT, MEDICAL MISSIONARY, SWATOW CHINA

Taken from the Life of Anna K. Scott.

Mrs. Scott, a member of the First Baptist Church of Cleveland, was active in all good work. She was the mother of one daughter and two sons.

She writes: "China, November 15, 1889. How strange the providence that has brought me to China instead of Assam, but for five years the place of Dr. Daniels has been vacant while she was in the home land for health. (February 18, 1880.) What a 'petrified fixedness' characterizes the Chinese. They never have a reason for anything, only say, 'It is an ancestral custom.' They fear demons, and say a demon is in every eight feet square. So in their homes they crowd into that space so no demon can enter. The loathsome diseases appeal to my sympathy. June 20 my only daughter is to come to Swatow to engage in Chinese work. May her coming be a blessing to this people.

(October 17.) I go to Yip Lyang to select a site for a new hospital. Our hospital, in Swatow, is too far away to meet the needs of our vast population. Two small rest houses are built by a former mandarin that his wife's spirit might not grow too weary before she reached Yamen, where her husband tries criminal cases.

(October 25.) Spent Sunday at Kie Tau, where Lotus lives. She was formerly an interpreter in the temple of the heathen gods. She had her tongue split that she might be more impressive. She has for years been a devout follower of the

Saviour and is doing all she can to bring her descendants into the way of truth.

(October 26.) At Kiang Po I visited a woman who, after treatment in my hospital, has cast aside her idols and believes in the true God.

(November 6.) My daughter Mary and Miss Dinwiddie and Mrs. Campbell are at Swatow. The single ladies are a very important factor in our work for Chinese women.

(December 5.) I go with the Fosters for another trip. We go to Chow Yang, a city wholly given to idolatry. We hope to open a dispensary there.

(December 25.) Had all our family at home for a Christmas dinner.

(February 28.) Visited Kip Yang. The hospital is in good working order.

(February 28.) Am not sleeping well as the rats run over my bed all night, and were it not for a mosquito net would gnaw my flesh. At four o'clock I went to visit a haunted house. The owner committed suicide in it several years ago and no one dares to occupy it since. My "bible-woman" tells me that houses are made to appear haunted. Sometimes. when a man wishes to get a cheap house he will catch a few frogs and place them in various places in the house. The owner knows nothing of the scheme; he sells the house cheap and it is but the work of a few moments to kill the frogs.

(May 10.) Made another trip to Kip Yang. Much hard work, many rats and many sleepless nights.

(September 1.) I have been quite ill. Went to Double Island for a rest, the first I have had since my arrival, November 19, 1889.

(September 23.) Swatow was visited by a very destruc-

tive typhoon which injured our mission compound and the mission boats.

(October 30.) Twenty-one were baptized at our last Communion service.

(November 15.) The Chinese are a much more self reliant people than I expected to find them, and they have energy and patient endurance. There is nothing of the abject or servile in their make-up. They are justly called the Yankees of the Orient. They show an iron will in overcoming all obstacles to their success. They are thrifty and industrious. It was for soul-saving work I left my medical practice in Cleveland and came so far away from friends and native land.

(January 1, 1892.) The two years of my stay in Swatow have been crowned with blessings. This beautiful mission compound, the helpful and harmonious companionship of my co-workers, one of whom is my own daughter. The two years stay with me, of my youngest son, who bears the name of his sainted father; the prosperity of the work has been a source of real enjoyment. I now begin to use Scripture texts in Chinese, with some facility. I wish I could talk Chinese as I can Assamese, those words always came to mind first. I have a worker called "Speed." She encourages those who are trying to get rid of the opium habit. China has, in the inscrutable plans of the Almighty, been kept back until the present era. The days of extreme conservatism and bigotry are now passing away and a brighter day dawns for the land of Simm.

Oh! this Chinese language, so difficult and yet so fascinating. Shall I ever be able to use it better than my present poor stammering tongue?

Medical work in China is hard on the doctor, where with the lepers, scrofulas and a thousand other loathsome diseases the

joy is that I can lead them to the Great Physician. The people eagerly seek the doctor, but the evangelist must seek the people. The healing of the soul is infinitely more important than the healing of the body.

I have a class studying to become our helpers. Thus far I have had to treat all cases, fill all prescriptions and personally care for every patient. If I had not had an iron constitution I never could have endured the work of the past four years. I have often treated one hundred in a single day, and have had barely time to swallow my meals. Sometimes I long to get away from the vile odors of this filthy land. Sometimes I long with an inexpressible longing to be present at the services of the dear First Baptist Church in Cleveland and grasp their hands and tell them how thankful they should be that they do not live in China, and then I think of the words "Go ye," and my heart yearns over these people whom I love and I pray to be used many years in this great work and I am glad to stay on.

(April, 1894.) I was about to go to Ann Po to join my daughter in a country trip, when she entered our house looking very pale and worn. Her house-boat was struck by lightning in a storm that lasted six hours. One boatman was burned in the leg by the passage of the current. The boatman said: "The true God must care for Miss Scott or she would not have lived through the terrible experiences of that dreadful storm." For three days she and I visited Ann Po and many other towns, healing the sick and preaching the gospel.

The hospital at Kip Yang is ready. It has real glass windows instead of slits in the wall; real board floors instead of mouldy tiles. It was built through the generosity of the women in the west and Mrs. Sherman, Spencerport, N. Y. The land for the site was the gift of the Ashmores of our mission.

Our delightful home was also built by the women of the West. It is all I can ask for a home. Our daily routine is this:

At 9 o'clock we have services in the chapel, then bible study. By Bixby, who has now returned, treated more than one thousand women. She works with those in the dispensary, while I am more than busy with tumors, cancers, leprosy, beri-beri, eye diseases and ulcers.

At Kip Yang, one young man had been put on the floor to starve and so kill the fever. His mother has taken down her idols and the son will never again worship them. One gave up the opium habit and became a Christian. He has brought three others to Christ and they are members of the Kip Yang Church.

My bible woman found a woman who had been put on the floor to die, had been starved for twenty days. She was covered with vermin. The bible woman cleaned her and put her on a bed. She is now getting well, and so the work goes on and some of the patients are brought into the light of the new birth.

I am sometimes a whole day with a confinement case. I am weary in the work but not weary of it. When I got a roll of bandages from America they asked, 'Do Christian children care for sick Chinese children?" When they saw the name of Annie Anderson, 10 years old, in the roll, I said yes.

A very respectable Chinese gentleman was, four years ago, cured in the Swatow hospital. He became a Christian, he has brought eight others to be believers. During the week Dr. Bixby takes care of the numerous eye cases. I never enter their dark and filthy houses, where pigs are treated more tenderly than their children, without a shudder and have exceeding joy that I am not a Chinese woman.

(January 1, 1900.) Five years have passed since my rec-

ord in this journal. In the spring of 1898 my daughter and I went on a short furlough to America. I had been here eight years and with scarcely any change and very badly broken down.

(July 18.) The Boxer movement made us flee to Japan.

(May 7, 1901.) My daughter today married Rev. George H. Waters, of our mission.

(October 30, 1902.) My daughter's son lived but five days; he is now in heaven.

(January, 1903.) The home work and the foreign work are one. I go home content."

Dr. Anna K. Scott came back to Cleveland expecting to remain. Her son-in-law, Rev. George H. Waters, took the work of an absent missionary upon his own work and broke down. So he and his wife also came for a brief stay to recuperate.

Dr. Scott attended numerous Home Missionary meetings, but when her daughter and husband and two children returned to Swatow, went with them and said, "I am good for 25 years yet," and she is now in Swatow. That portion of China Hongkong and Canton is the headquarters of the new President of China and is doing more for a Chinese republic than any other part.

LYDIA HOYT FARMER

This author was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 19, 1843. The family includes names prominent in the professions of law, theology and literature. Her mother was Ella Beebe, daughter of Alexander Beebe, LL. D. Her father was Hon. James M. Hoyt. In October of the year 1885, she was married to Elihu J. Farmer, and on December 24, 1903, she died, survived by three children, James E. Farmer, Ernest M. Farmer and Mrs. Allan J. Horner.

Living in Cleveland all her life, with the exception of five years spent in New York, she wrote prolificly. Her novels were always written with a high purpose, and showed the trend of an exceptionally spiritual nature.

She was the author of "A Story Book of Science," "Boy's Book of Famous Rulers," "Girl's Book of Famous Queens," "The Life of Lafayette," "A Short History of the French Revolution," "A Knight of Faith," "A Moral Inheritance," "The Doom of the Holy City," and many others.

MARTHA A. CANFIELD, A.M., M.D.

Dr. Canfield was born in Freedom, Portage County, Ohio, September 10, 1845. Her parents, Henry and Eliza Ann Robinson, were pioneers of Freedom and their four children received a liberal education. They lived, after retirement, twenty years in the home of Dr. Canfield in Cleveland.

Dr. Canfield graduated from Oberlin College in 1868 and subsequently received the degree of M. A. from that Institution. She graduated from the Homeopathic Medical College of Cleveland in 1875. She studied in Dresden, Germany, with Dr. Leopold in 1899; and in Paris, France, with Dr. Pozzi in 1905. In Cleveland Homeopathic College she was Professor of Diseases of Women for seven years, and has been on the staff of Maternity Hospital since its organization. For sixteen years she has conducted the Canfield-White private hospital. She has written for medical journals and read a paper at the national meeting of the Health Protective Association held in Buffalo in 1901, which was published in the London Lancet, on "Physicians Paid by the Year." September 7, 1870, Dr. Canfield was married in Freedom, Ohio, to Harrison Wade Canfield, now an attorney in Cleveland. Their four children are Elma, wife of H. B. Cody, who is engaged in real estate and has greatly aided Beulah Park; Mary, wife of Rev. J. R. Ewers of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Hiram Henry, who is associated with his father; Charles Morrill, who died in infancy.

Dr. Canfield is a member of the Euclid Ave. Congregational Church and of the Women's College Club. She in 1813 was in London.

DR. MARTHA CANFIELD

ALMEDA A. BOOTH

A teacher in Hiram College for twelve years; came to Oberlin in 1854 and entered the junior class of '55.

She had studied with Garfield the Latin and Greek classics, Virgil, Homer's Iliad, Herodotus, Xenophon's Memorabilia, and had made them familiar to a class of four of whom one was Abraham Garfield.

When Professor Timothy B. Hudson examined her for entrance to our class she said, "He has asked me every question. I have been examined for two days of six hours each."

In President Finney's fourth-year class she was one to question almost every statement, to the delight of all who listened.

In Garfield's testimony to her worth, he said, "I had never seen a geometry and I studied both teacher and class with reverential awe. I studied their faces so closely I can seem to see them now." She was so much his senior in years, had such elevation and decision of character and was so resolute of purpose to maintain the "maiden-widowhood" occasioned by the death of her affianced, before marriage, that the friendship of Garfield could not be misunderstood by the gossips. "She found happiness in the profession of a teacher, to which she consecrated her whole life without reserve."

Her portrait is on the walls of the college; a pamphlet of forty pages has this on its front cover: "Life of Almeda Booth. To the thousands of noble men and women whose generous ambitions she awakened, whose early culture was guided and whose lives have been made nobler by the thoroughness of her

instruction, by the wisdom of her council, by the faithfulness of her friendship and the purity of her life, this tribute to the memory of Almeda Booth is respectfully dedicated."

She was from Nelson, O., died in Cleveland, O., December 15, 1875; Oberlin A. B. '55.

When President Hopkins, of Williams College, was written to in regard to James A. Garfield, he said, "He was not sent to college; he came. This makes a distinction between college students. The contrast is like that of a mechanical and a vital force. He came with a high aim and pursued it steadily. What students have an affinity for, they will find. Not given to athletic sports he was fond of them. As he was more mature than most he naturally had a readier and firmer grasp on the higher studies."

Charles D. Wilbur, A. B., came from Hiram College to Oberlin, but soon James A. Garfield called on him to say, "Will you go with me to Williams College," and he went.

Many years afterwards he was employed by the railroad companies to locate coal lands in Illinois. He had prepared a series of lectures on Genesis and Revelations where he produced the analogy between the six days of creation, with the facts of geology and a convincing argument on the inspiration of the Scriptures, showing how clearly they stated, first light, then a creation of vegetable matter made into coal and oil and then animals, and last, man.

PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARFIELD

PRINCIPAL OF OBERLIN WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Adelia A. Field Johnston was born in Lafayette, O., on February 5, 1837. At the age of 11 she was sent to Grange Seminary and in 1870 she came to Oberlin to enter the preparatory department. She resided in a house just east of the hotel and she will long be remembered as standing at the gate and greeting joyously those of us who were returning from Chapel prayers. Her auburn hair and dark brown eyes were particularly attractive.

She graduated from the Literary course in 1856. She taught for three years in Warsaw and became a friend of those who were patrons of her school at Black Oak Grove Seminary. She was married in 1859 to Mr. James M. Johnston, who had graduated from Oberlin in 1858. Mr. Johnston was a teacher and during the first year they taught in Orwell Academy, Ohio. Mr. Johnston died in 1862 as he was entering active service in the Civil war. Mrs. Johnston served the Academy at Kinsman, O., for three years as its principal.

She then went to Andover, Mass., and studied Latin under the tutelage of Dr. Samuel Taylor, and from 1866 to 1869 was preceptress of an academy in Long Island.

Mrs. Johnston then went to Germany to study its language and European history. She attended the public schools and was advanced rapidly from grade to grade, gaining rapidly a mastery of German.

She returned to Oberlin in 1870 and was elected principal of the Woman's Department, which she held until 1900, though in 1894 it was called dean. She was also made professor of Medieval History, made clear to her by her visit in Germany, where she could locate its many changes during the reigns of the Henrys, Ottos, and other monarchs. Germany, having no capital, and the King itinerating in his provinces, made but

slow progress in civilization compared to France with its beloved capital of Paris.

In the general exercises she gave many practical thoughts to the young ladies and led their Sunday evening prayer meetings.

Three of the women's buildings, Talcott Hall, Baldwin Cottage and Sturgis Hall, were procured largely by her efforts. The writer remembers her call to her on the street in Cleveland, saying, "Oh, I must tell you I have just received a check of $35,000 from E. I. Baldwin. I had many talks with him on shipboard coming across the Atlantic and he said, 'Come to me on your return and I will give you a check.' I little thought it would be more than enough to build a ladies' hall, but it is, and I am so glad. We never know what will be the result when we lay our cause before friends and I had abundance of time to tell him all the details of our work."

When the Sorosis of Cleveland held its first meeting in the Hollenden, Mrs. Johnston gave us a unique address and when asked for notes, replied, "I have none; only thought it up as I came on the car."

She also came to Cleveland to address the National Health Protective Association and invited us to visit Oberlin, which we did, members and delegates numbering more than sixty. She met us at the street car and conducted us to her study and gave us a sincere welcome. Our time was too limited to visit the separate buildings but we had the great pleasure of seeing the Oberlin Library with the statues and portraits of many of the noted professors.

Mrs. Johnston gave also at the College Club in Channing Hall of Cleveland her lecture on Tunis, Egypt and the Nile. Her power of expression was wonderful and we feel she has emphasized the thought, give women the advantages of men and they will equal them in public expression and influence.

JENNIE DUTY

THE FUNERAL

The funeral of Miss F. Jennie Duty took place at 1:30 p. m. Wednesday, April 1, 1896, from her home at 180 Arlington street. Rev. J. S. Reager, of the Epworth Memorial Church, had charge of the services.

The pall-bearers were: Gen. E. S. Meyer, E. C. Pope, Platt Spencer, superintendent of the Detroit schools, and Mr. Hayes. The remains were taken to Lake View Cemetery.

The work and worth of Miss Jennie Duty could be seen by the large audience that gathered at Central Friendly Inn Sunday night in response to the announcement of a Memorial Service. Every chair in the large chapel was taken, and everything was beautifully suggestive of her whose energies and life were so much concentrated in this very place, for Miss Duty often expressed herself as believing the chapel work the most important part of the Inn's work and the one to which all others should be tributary.

The platform was profusely decorated with flowers, not only fitting to the memory of the departed, but appropriate to Easter. They were the gifts of friends of Miss Duty and the Inn.

In a sense, Miss Duty's life is a part of the history of this city. Her father, Daniel W. Duty, was one of its pioneers, having come to Cleveland when the city was but a village of five hundred inhabitants. She was born on Water street in 1845. Her early education was received in the public schools, and later in the Cleveland Female Seminary. Her unusually fine, active

mind, and her winsome manners made her a leader in whatever circle she moved; especially was this so in her religious life.

She became a Christian when 9 years of age, and her friends of those early days speak of the positive influence for good she always exercised over her associates. When only twenty years of age, Miss Duty was called to a position of much responsibility as teacher in the Ohio Female College, then located at College Hill, Cincinnati. After two years of successful work there she accepted the principalship in De Pauw Female College, at New Albany, Ind., and later occupied a similar position in a college in Wheeling, W. Va. It was in the latter place that Miss Duty began what has been really her life work, to which she gave until her death efficient, wise, consecrated effort. It has recently been said that a great revival which occurred in Wheeling at that time was thought to be due, humanly speaking, to the work of Miss Duty.

Her father's health becoming impaired, Miss Duty decided to remain at home, in Cleveland, and assist him in his business; at the same time giving two or three hours each day to teaching in the school then conducted by Miss Mittleberger on Superior street. It was in the year of 1874, memorable for the beginning of the woman's temperance movement, that Miss Duty's public work began. She was chosen, with Mrs. S. W. Adams, to lead the praying band which visited the saloons on Ontario and Seneca streets and Haymarket region, and when in September of that year, through the wise planning and energetic effort of Mrs. Samuel W. Duncanson, a Friendly Inn was opened on what was then known as Central place, Miss Duty was made chairman of the committee for conducting the work, a position held by her until about two years ago. To say that the remarkable growth and great successes that have marked the

history of this institution—the pioneer, if not the model, of the institutional church in our city—is in very great measure due to the rare executive ability, the good judgment, the leadership, and especially the Christian faith and courage of Miss Duty, is not at all to disparage the work of those who have been for more than twenty-one years associated with her in the Inn work.

Although Miss Duty retired from the official position of chairman of the Inn board over two years ago, she has continued to have the deepest interest in all that concerned the Inn. Her advice and active participation in the conduct of its affairs were constantly sought, and up to three weeks ago committee meetings were often held in her sick room, her mind being as busy with helpful plans as ever. The burden of her desire was that the chapel work might be given the first place in the thought and the plans of the board. During the nineteen years in which she stood at the head of the Inn work, it was her greatest joy to give out the gospel to the multitudes that gathered in the chapel. Nor was it in the chapel alone that this was done. To lowly homes, saloons, houses of ill-repute, she went often in the dead of night, when sent for to pray with a person dying in one of these places.

Besides this ever exacting home work, Miss Duty gave valuable service to state and national unions.

The kitchen-garden work was presented to Cleveland for the first time by Miss Anna Huidekuper, of Meadville, Pa. She was a room-mate of Evelyn Rose when attending school in Boston and in their latter correspondence Anna had constantly expressed her delight in a kitchen-garden. At her home in Meadville, through the request of Miss Duty, Evelyn Rose invited Miss H. to present it to the W. C. T. U. She came at her request and gave it at their headquarters for two weeks.

The society afterwards sent to New York for a professional to teach a normal class at a price of two hundred dollars. Classes followed at Central Friendly Inn, at Wilson Avenue Reading Room, Work House and other places. Evelyn often attended the classes at Central Friendly Inn and at one time was asked to accompany Miss Duty to the "flats" where she had been called to see a sick girl of the kitchen garden. They found her dying; the room was cold and bare and but filthy rags for her person.

"Will you kindly bring some underlinen in which to lay her out, and be with me at the service." This she did.

MRS. EMMA B. ELLIOT

Mrs. Elliot has a home for working girls at 8906 Euclid Ave. It has two large dining rooms, a kitchen large enough for the girls to prepare their own meals, a cool large room for ironing, and plenty of lockers and refrigerator space for each young housekeeper to keep her individual supplies.

Mrs. Elliot was formerly in charge of the Y. W. C. A. home for transients; before that she was president of the Mill Girls Educational and Recreation Club in Preston, England.

She has been a church visitor for the Euclid Ave. and First Baptist churches during her five years in Cleveland. She is a motherly woman whose heart is in her work, who understands girls' nature and whose efforts to build up a real home for a score or more of the city's young workers is meeting with deserved success.

LIGHT FOR THE DARK CONTINENT

Willis R. Hotchkiss, 3504 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, O., is at the home of his widowed mother. When converted to Christianity he asked the Lord to send him to the worst place in the world. He went almost direct to Eastern Africa, to Mombasa, the terminus of the Uganda Railway. Sixty miles further inland is Lake Victoria Nyanza, the largest fresh water lake in the world, visible from this station in a clear day. The climate is fine, due to the altitude, 7,500 feet above sea level, although it is but 13 miles south of the equator.

The Lumbwa Mission is where the natives slept in low huts with their cattle. It was dark and damp but he showed them the benefit of a home suitable for human beings and soon had the language so he could teach them about the life after death which was dependent on their habits here. He has made several visits home for sympathy in his work and for material to work with. God has blessed his earnest endeavors. The last time he married a wife who has been of great use to him in leading the natives to see the blessedness of a pure home. The writer knew nothing about the man until she heard him at an evening meeting and asked an usher his name and address and said she would give five dollars. The next evening she called on him with it and invited him to come to dine and then tell her family of his wonderful experience. This he did and she has watched his progress ever since. She will now quote again from this "Light of the Dark Continent."

We have two large stations in the most fertile part of the great highlands of East Africa. One of one thousand acres and one of seventeen hundred acres.

The first is four miles from Lumbwa Station, the second sixteen miles. Three tribes are depending on us for the Gospel. No lazy man can be a Christian and with rare exception the native African is distinctly lazy. They are in a starving condition for months of the year; though they have a rich soil but they will not cultivate it. In 1905 we took care of from 200 to 500 a day for five months.

The British Government officials are placing in our care the sons of native chiefs. At this writing, December, 1909, there are ten of these men coming as far as seventy miles. They are committed to us for four years. These are the men who can retard or accelerate the development of their people. How important then that they should be trained so that they may set an example of Christian purity and Christian usefulness. They devote certain hours every day to industrial work. They are learning to break the soil, plow, and plant wheat, grain and vegetables, and in this way have become self-supporting. We ought, in five years, to have an income of ten thousand dollars, but now the grain has to be reaped by hand and also threshed by hand, which is very wasteful. We have grown excellent wheat thirty-two bushels to the acre; it sells for two dollars per bushel for seed purposes where wheat brought $1.50 for consumption. We must have machinery and implements, then we could put in several hundred acres. Our plowing has been done with oxen. It takes a team of fourteen to break up new land, and as much time to turn around at the end of the furrow as to plow the furrow. We need a traction motor engine capable of pulling six plows to replace this slow method. We have three fine streams and a dam 26 feet high and 240 feet long to furnish power for a turbine wheel. This is to drive a saw mill and small brick-making plant and a lighting plant.

We will have no difficulty in disposing of the output of the saw mill and brick plant because of the new settlers in this region. We should have a School of Agriculture where the simplest methods of farming could be given boys who would take positions as head boys on estates. There can be no question of what is the supreme thing. The devils of lust and lying and dishonesty must be cast out; civilization only veneers savagery. They need a change of heart. Eight of the ten chiefs' sons have made a public confession of Christ and are conforming their living to his teaching. The naked man must be clothed; the lazy man must be induced to work and the improvident man to provide for his own family. You cannot expect him to withstand the awful pall of the old life of sensual gratification if you fail to give him the means of occupying his time. One old man said, "When I am tempted I go and dig in the fields." We need also a medical mission for natives and Europeans, then follows a list of what is needed, almost all of which have been stated heretofore. There is an office at 541 Lexington avenue, New York City, Rev. C. B. Rutenger or the treasurer, Dr. W. J. Hoag, 541 Lexington avenue, New York. Every cent given goes to the field missionary for Willis R. Hotchkiss.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS

On Christmas day after dining we gathered in a circle and indulged in reminiscences.

L. S. said this: "When a young girl I was in a family where all the children had left home. It was a large house with a fireplace in the sitting room usually aglow from blazing logs. There were plenty of servants and I had nothing to do. Mother was to be found in the kitchen preparing for company of which there was a great many. I said, 'Mother, cannot I take a walk so as to have something to do?" Mother said, 'Go and talk to the horses, and sing with the birds, and feed the chickens; and the horses love sugar.' I gave them some each day, and I climbed the trees and sang with the birds.

"One morning a gentleman guest stood on the porch and said, 'Little girl, what are you doing in that tree?' I said, 'Singing to the birds.' 'Well, be careful or you will fall and hurt yourself.'

"One day a new horse was put in the stable. It was a roan and had a queer eye. I gave it some sugar, and began to pat it, and it would move away. I saw it did not want me to touch it, so I only gave it sugar and talked to it. After a few days I put on a bridle and a saddle which did not fit verv well, and led it out and rode around the yard. This I did several days. Mother noticed it, and she said, 'I want to make some purchases at the store,' and when I said, 'There is no horse but that new one,' she said use that. So I put it in the buggy with some difficulty and we rode to the store. The proprietor came out and at once got on a horse and went to the factory where my

father was, and said, 'General, your family are at my store with that circus horse. It was never in a buggy before; they will never get home alive.' So both came hurrying back. We were just through our purchases and they said that horse is dangerous, but mother said, 'We came all right. You can ride near to us, but we will go back as we came.' And we did, and the horse was used in the buggy always after that.

"I was sent to the Berg to school, and the teacher said, 'You can never be a good scholar unless you teach. A good teacher is a good scholar.'

"I told mother this and said, 'Can I teach school?' She said, "If you want to, you can.' I had found the names of some directors, so I took the horse and called on one. He said, 'Three of our teachers have left before the term was out. We are in need of a teacher. I will give your name to the Board, which meets tomorrow.' He came to say it was unnecessary as he had seen how I had driven horses that would rear up on their hind feet and then rush ahead at breakneck speed. Then father said, 'I will ask mother.' He consulted her in most things. Then he said, 'Your mother said, "Let her teach."'

"The director offered to be there on the opening of the school, but I said, 'You may introduce me, but I want to try to manage the school myself.'

After the director left I said, "Let us sing. I have books; one and all sing who can. She who had sung alone for years did not need any help. They sang three pieces, and then she said, "It is a law for school teachers to board around among the scholars. I will go to the nearest place tonight," when some one said, "Our teachers only boarded with rich people." But she answered, "It will help me to know your difficulties. I can help you better if I know your parents." One

place they had for breakfast only bread and molasses and very poor coffee. She wrote a note to mother to send some of her good bread and pies, and she sent two baskets full.. The woman said, "We are poor and cannot give you good food." But I said, "Mother does this all the time. Last month she sent me to a sick family with clean clothes and a basket of food. When I got there I found the father sick in bed with fever, and six children under the age of twelve.

"The mother sat down and was very soon asleep. I washed the baby and put on clean clothes and fed it, and it went to sleep. Then I washed the girl of 12. She was so dirty I hated to touch her. It was growing dark, so I stayed all night. Mother said, 'She will get home in the morning.' That family got well and own fifty acres of land there."

The boys used so much tobacco that they spit great pools on the floor. I said to the school, "We have some boxes at the factory and I will have some put where you spit. Then the sawdust can be emptied."

I went around to help the scholars in their lessons, and had to hold my dress from the spittal. One day a boy said to me, "We are going to stop using tobacco."

"Oh, you cannot. You have used it so long."

"Yes, we are," he said, and one boy was sick in bed for a week in consequence.

The boys had not tried to spit in the boxes, but would see how far they could throw it, and she had moved the boxes several times so they would use them.

Another boy came and said, "Miss B., you are the first teacher that's tried to help us get our lessons. They would help the rich children but not the poor ones. We want to help you keep the school."

The director came to say they would hire her for two months more, and would like me next year. Unfortunately the General had sold his factory and they would move to the city.

"Did you hear from the scholars?" was asked.

"Yes, I got a letter from one in the West, who said, 'I owe all that I am to you.' Another became a music teacher, I have not told you."

How, when I drove the General to the car at five, he said, "Do not be afraid of highwaymen. The horses will help you to escape." As I got into the ravine a man's hand was laid on the door of the carriage. I brought the whip down on it with all my might. It must have touched the horses, for they reared on their hind feet and then rushed forward up the hill at a furious rate. I did not see the man, but I had noticed one on the top of the hill. Both had disappeared; but I was tired when I got home.

Yes; horses can be taught by kindness to take care of you, and boys can be led to do right if we are just toward them.

CHAUTAUQUA LETTER

The Amphitheater that seats five thousand people, is the center of attraction for all Chautauquans. The air is perfect, for the sides are open and the foliage of giant oaks and beeches seems to shut it in. Various denominations have built headquarters on streets that surround it. There the music of the choir and the orchestra can be enjoyed.

President Roosevelt's day was the most crowded of any since this great institution was formed, but quiet and order prevailed.

Five arches were built between the men's club house and the Amphitheater. The boys' and girls' clubs joined the parade at this point, scattering flowers in his path and lining the walk. The choir and audience had been drilled to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America."

The speech of the President was to be at 11 o'clock, but at 8 every seat was filled. After one hour's waiting some one started songs, "The Old Kentucky Home," "Dixie's Land," "The Red, White and Blue," and others. At 10:30, the one hundred gentlemen that had had breakfast with him at Higgin's Hall, came in and filled the rostrum. Among them was Jacob A. Riis and Kermet, the President's son, a bright lad of fourteen years.

The Chautauqua salute of white handkerchiefs hid the audience from view for a moment, then the choir sang "Dixie," by special request of the President, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the audience. Enthusiasm was at its height as never before. Hundreds packed the aisles, and the sides were filled with wet umbrellas of those who stood outside in the pouring rain.

The President, with a loud clear voice and few gestures, began at once to tell us of the condition of Cuba and Porto Rico and the duties of the United States to those who yet need our care. He explained the arduous task of Congress to administer justice to all when trusts with laws of their own were opposed to any change.

The subject was too serious for applause. We listened to hear the subject from one who has an inside view. "Put yourself in his place," is the motto we ought to follow in order to do perfect justice. He had seen the greed of the millionaire, has felt the serious delay to business by strikes, and said in closing, "The great American Republic will go down as others have in the past, if good laws cannot be enforced. Justice is the foundation of life."

If President Roosevelt does nothing more than to impress the minds of the youth of the next generation that "To live and let live" is the only true policy, and on that we can ask the blessing of the Eternal Father, he will have been the author of an American Revolution equal to that of the French Republic.

PREPARED FOR CHAUTAUQUA COURSE, A GRADUATE IN 1905

Frances Peter William Guizot was born October 4, 1787, in the south of France. He died in 1874. He first learned the carpenter's trade, then was a college student and journalist. At 25 he was a teacher in the University of France.

Two years later he was Secretary of Interior under Louis XVIII and ambassador to England in 1840 when 53 years of age. He desired to be known as a statesman. He introduced in his History of the Civilization of France and England a new and broader view of the facts of history which are now accepted.

In politics he believed in a property qualification in the elector or voter. This satisfied neither people nor the nobility. He was suspended as a teacher in the university for three years. Then he wrote histories of science and was assisted by his wife in these papers.

The French Review of the World, "Memoires of French History," "Memoires of the English Revolution," and reviewed Shakespeare and Voltaire.

He reorganized the system of education, knew Thiers, who succeeded him to the presidency of the French republic; both had been journalists. Guizot searched records and old files of papers. Thiers talked with the old for his ideas.

Guizot wrote the life of George Washington, the ideal patriot. Guizot was secretary of state after his ambassadorship to England and was the leader of the cabinet. He believed deputies should be salaried officers. He saw no peril in it. He said

they were better able to act because of their knowledge of affairs, but they confounded the interests of the state with their own interests, and were blind to the general interest of all.

In 1848 he was a fugitive with the king. The universal suffragists considered him their worst enemy. The contempt of the literary circle for that of the commercial is still to be seen as a result of Guizot's teaching.

He returned to Paris to lecture before the Academy of Science. His first wife had a literary reputation and was a strong character. She died in 1827. His second wife was her niece and died in 1833. Four years later he founded the French Historical Society to preserve all records, which is still in existence.

He increased the public schools and had them controlled by a Board of Education. He said the strong minds came from college, the distance between the intellectual and the real world was too great. He would not concentrate the schools in Paris, but have four universities.

He said, "Old age has no hold on men who follow ideal pursuits." The middle class seeking to advance itself gives progress. The middle class gone, there was nothing to withstand the enemy.

Freedom of investigation has constantly clashed with centralization of power.

For Chautauqua Examinations

Louis Adolphus Thiers was born at Marseilles in 1797. He studied by means of a scholarship, for his parents were not prosperous. At 18 years he went to Aix to study law and had a friend in the historian Marquet.

He won three prizes for essays. One purported to come from Paris and so received the reward. He and Migut went

to Pons in 1821 and he was on the editorial staff of the daily called "The Constitution."

It took the side of the people. He also tried art criticism. He wrote a book called "The Pryenees and South France." It was a political pamphlet. He wrote "The French Revolution" in ten volumes, collecting reports from the people, as he did for newspaper work and it was full of life and very popular, though perhaps not accurate.

He belonged to the Third Estate. It made him the leader of a party, for he wished his own social class should have a part in public affairs.

In appearance he was short and ugly looking. His first speech was a failure; his second speech was witty, logical and clear and made him so popular he was made Secretary of the Interior by Napoleon III.

He added to his reputation by his "History of the Consulate and the Empire" and taken from the files of the government, it is of great value. Its clear style and rapid narration of events made it popular with the people. He would prize success and blame failure.

He entered the legislature as deputy from Paris. He asked for what he called "necessary liberties" that of the press and the individual and of ministerial responsibility and said there was danger in refusing them.

France desired fame and therefore he favored the Crimean War against Austria for Italy and of Mexico. Thiers accepted the republic to preserve the fruits of the Revolution but when the emperor was deposed, Thiers would not consent to be part of the third republic that believed in universal suffrage.

His lack of decision and thoroughness alienated some people. The liberal constitution was left to the vote of the people

and was ratified. He was blamed for his military interference with Prussia and the war France declared against Germany, still he said France was in no condition to resist Von Moltke's disciplined army and went to London and Vienna to intercede and thus prevent the war.

Gambetta did not wish an inglorious peace and as the siege dragged on he went in a balloon across the fields to solicit men and means. Alsace and Lorraine were ceded to Germany, as Bismarck would accept nothing less, and also a sum of one billion dollars.

The Germans were to be withdrawn in proportion as the impact was paid. In 1893 the last dollar was given and Gambetta cried out, "The credit is due to our President Thiers."

The army was brought from Bordeaux to Versailles. Some of the public buildings were burned; both royalists and Jocobins were alarmed. Thiers was nominated to stand for Paris in the third republic, but a stroke of apoplexy caused his death before he was elected, September 3, 1877, at 80 years of age.

His will revealed he had bequeathed his collection of pictures and statues to the nation and his prize essay money to establish the French Academy, and his widow left five prizes for the scientific associations to give scholars.

Gambetta, born April, 1838, his father a grocer. He was educated at the high school of Cohoes in Southern France. He lost one eye at 18 years of age, but was a fairly good student.

He came to Paris at 19 years of age and took lodgings in the Latin quarter. He spent his evenings in cafes where literature, politics and philosophy were discussed. He spoke a great deal and used every opportunity with a voice that cut off phrases like a pendulum and stamped words like a medallion. He assimilated everything, had an enormous supply of facts and was ready to direct a country in time of storm.

Gambetta knew the secret of making men useful by winning their affection. He was careless in dress, thereby disarming envy. His voice overwhelmed all others. The flow of words swept away criticism. Lawyers admired his eloquence.

He ridiculed what had been accomplished and it was heard in every part of France. It provided for a senate and chamber of deputies and they could elect a president to hold office for seven years. He was not for an electoral college, but by adopting it he saved a return to monarchy.

MacMahon, not elected by the people, made his cabinet too conservative to suit Gambetta. At the next election Gambetta caught the popular ear and MacMahon resigned and Gambetta was famed for his newspaper articles. He asked for the suppression of clerical schools, unauthorized by government, and the discharge of officers not Republican.

James Grevy took the place of MacMahon. Gambetta presided over the chamber. He was for uniting several deputies in a department, but it offended many who had their importance thus diminished.

It met with little response and he returned to the house where Balzac had lived. He was accidentally wounded by a pistol shot, which resulted in appendicitis, and died December 1, 1882.

His statue is in the square of the Louvre and part of the epitaph is:

"It depends on you to show to the universe what a great people who will not perish, is."

Letter from Mrs. W. G. Rose, delegate of The Chautauqua Woman's Club, to the National Woman's Clubs at their meeting in Los Angeles, 1903.

LETTER FROM MRS W. G. ROSE

San Francisco of 300,000 inhabitants has the business of a much larger city. The stores are artistic and well stocked. The people seem preoccupied and are bronzed by the sun. We took the steam cars to the Cliff house and watched the great seals as they raised their heads, with each dash of the waves. Most of them were stretched on the rocks, basking in the sunshine, but two, which they call Ben Butler and his wife, were very playful.

We passed through Golden Gate Park, which is laid out with sidewalks or drives, but few flowers. The field daisy made a white border to Palm avenue. Statues of Goethe and others stood at the side. In the evening Mrs. Harris of Japan showed us the Japanese school. It is divided into about ten classes of fifteen each. Some were writing English from dictation; others translating sentences and others reading from a second reader. It is a tedious process, and if done when children the drudgery would not seem so great. These all expect to return to Japan and will carry with them many of the American customs. There is a large chapel with cabinet organ, and a native who spoke English perfectly, sang for us "America," "Star Spangled Banner" and the Japanese national hymn, which is very beautiful. Mrs. Harris translated the words. Mr. Harris is presiding elder and has charge of numerous stations on the Pacific coast. The Japanese minister in charge is very successful in his efforts and has service week days and Sundays. They have a weekly religious paper, also a daily, printed in Japanese, with home and foreign news. They desire a larger library, their only one is that of Rev. Mr. Harris.

"If Carnegie would remember us in his gifts, it would greatly aid our work," said Mrs. Harris. These students work during the day and study evenings. They have large heads and fine physique and learn rapidly.

We visited the mint, which coins more gold than the other two of Philadelphia and New York. The dust is heated and poured into iron tubes; it is then heated again with an alloy and made into long bars. These bars are run under a hammer that cuts out twenty or more as it passes under it, and a boy stands at the end to fold up what is left and have it again melted into bars. These gold pieces are $20 in value and are put under the stamp and come out ready for the market. The processes are few and simple. Exhibited in a show case there was a collection of coins of all nationalities and of many distinguished generals and emperors.

"The Forum" Woman's Literary Club invited the federation to a meeting. They rent of the Elks and have three large, well furnished rooms. The Chinese minister, Ho You, who had graduated at Harvard, gave a talk of an hour on the social life of the Chinese, and the marriage relation of wife to her husband's family.

After his speech the guests were called upon for a few words. Mrs. Jones of Utah said the cordiality of California was seen in the greetings they gave to all ladies, if they had on the Federation colors or badge. Mrs. Brown of Boston told of how she had seen, en route, Niagara Falls, Salt Lake, Los Angeles and felt it was all due to the invitation of California to the G. F. W. C. The writer said she had become interested in forestry and irrigation through the talk of Mrs. Mulford of Philadelphia, and of Mrs. Lemon of Colorado, who said the alkali could be removed by raising beet sugar. Women can

help this enterprise and should use their influence for it. For California has the climate and the energetic people to enrich the world. They receive the Oriental nations for us. The visitors were asked to stand in line to receive and were each given a bouquet. Asparagus and daffodils were given to Mrs. Rose.

A basket of roses was placed in each guest's room of the Occidental hotel. The table was the most abundant and best prepared of anything we had so far seen. A lunch was packed daintily in tissue paper for our ride up the Sierre Nevada mountains.

When we left Placerville at 8 a. m. the driver said, no matter which of three roads we took, we would wish we had chosen another. For twenty miles it was not bad—long hills with detours when the road was impassable, but when we had reached five miles of Mount Hope, the roads forked with no guide mark, and not any of us having gone over the route, we had to return or lift a fallen tree from the highway. Once we lifted the carriage over a fallen tree, but did not try it again. We would sooner go over broken limbs at the right or left. At last we came where many roads branched off and seeing a barn in the distance went down a steep declivity towards it. Some children were near us and we called to them and one said go back, no wagon ever went down that hill before. It was with the greatest difficulty we could creep up over the slippery pine needles or "mash." One of the children went with us a mile and showed us the real road.

Our friends, when we reached there at 6 p. m., said, "You came the wrong road, we have had workmen at work on another especially for you, and on our return down the mountains we found it much easier, but the state road never goes directly over the hill. It goes around it, for like a bail to a kettle, it is no longer around than over the top."

This Hope mine has a view down the most beautiful canyon we have yet seen—great pine trees, 200 feet high, surround it on all sides; they are straight and of immense trunks, also a few live oaks or black oaks with the mistletoe hanging like green mists from the boughs.

Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Pearson, have an "eyrie" or small room built on the mountain side. It is like one large window and frames in the hills and valley with its rapid stream of water, and mills and barns with here and there an open field. Green of every shade—white dogwood blosoms, and the red leaves of the ash, beside large hills with only these immense pine trees. We went into the tunnel, which is 1,000 feet long, and met the car returning with gold ore. The conductor said, "There is to be an explosion soon," and the air just then trembled and the smoke from the powder came pouring out of the tube at the entrance, which conveys the smoke away from the tunnel. The ore was fine, $30 to the ton, though the average is $10. Some neighboring mines get but $3 to the ton, but produce much larger quantities of ore.

We visited the stamp mill. The process is very simple and is fed somewhat like the coal is made into coke in the screw works of Cleveland. Summer and winter are alike to the miners in an atmosphere of 60 degrees; he is every ready to work.

This pure air, the ozone of the pines, the cleanliness of all surroundings make the life of the gold miner almost ideal.

With the San Francisco Daily Chronicle and the Outlook, with the latest Christian Science book and a healthy appetite they say there is nothing to be desired except an occasional visit to a neighboring city. It is a business as necessary to our government as the mining of coal or the manufacture of paper.

At Santa Cruz, 120 miles from San Francisco, we were

driven over a six-mile wagon road up the beautiful Powdermill canyon to the Big Tree grove. This has 100 trees, from ten to twenty feet in diameter. The largest is 310 feet high, 63 feet in circumference, 21 feet in diameter, and 100 feet to the first limb.

Our driver, who has been fifty years in California, said this one tree would, if made into cordwood and placed on a wagon and twenty-five feet allowed for horse and wagon, reach over two miles; also that the lumber in it would build forty houses of six rooms each.

The trees are well proportioned; there are several clusters, but the black and charred stumps tell of a destruction wasteful and extravagant. Everybody of our party spoke in favor of Congress preserving these trees. No time or money can restore them, and when once gone no imagination can supply their place.

It is of the sequoia variety and is unique, of solid structure, tall, straight trunk and built as if to stand for centuries. All other woods seem trifling and ephemeral. Congress has saved for us Niagara and the Adirondacks, and the Yosemite; let it also save the big trees of Santa Cruz.

This is a country of surprises with man's co-operation; flowers bloom all the year round—"27,000 on one plant," said a lady today, "by actual count."

One great pine was entirely covered and in full bloom. One of the streets of this noted winter resort is a veritable garden. "What blossoms when the roses are done," said one. "They are never done; they blossom all the year round," was the reply, and every variety of rose. American Beauties, the pink or yellow tinted, the red rose, called George IV, and all sorts.

At this time of year the trees are in bloom, pale sickly green flowers, and the hillsides are covered with bushes in blossom of a dainty blue, called wild lilac.

I saw no bees or insects. Usually flowers are not for man so much as for honey bees and insects; if we pick a flower we rob a bee. But here I saw not one roaming from field to field, nor many birds. We heard their songs, so they were not far away.

Our driver told us amusing stories. One was: "Two ancient maidens traveled alone. One had a camera, another a note book and pencil. And when I told them it took four yoke of oxen to bring down two cords of that solid redwood they flatly denied that oxen could come down the hill without falling over each other, but when told each wheel had a locker they still would not believe it, but when told in a joke that each oxen had his tail tied to a big stone, thev said, 'Oh, yes, I see how that can be.' "

They thanked the driver for the information and said, "New, I forgot one thing. We wish to do as others do, and will pay you a little for your trouble." As he stood handling the money he said, "But you may need this before you get home; you had better take it." And they said, "Thank you, so we might," and took it back.

On the cliff road we saw the residence of the mayor of San Francisco, the home of a retired merchant of Pittsburg and the winter home of Bishop Warren of Denver, Col. They have a fine sea view and are gay with flowers.

Twin Lakes Park, a Baptist resort, is two miles along the East Cliff road.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

Portland, Oregon, has over one hundred thousand inhabitants. The Portland Hotel, built in a hollow-square, has a series of parlors in white and gold, like the palaces of Europe; in one was a ping-pong table, in another a piano, in another writing tables, sofas and other creature comforts. It has a variety store in its corridors and notices of churches and their pastors on its walls.

In visiting the suburbs on an electric car we saw thorn-trees full of red blossoms. On a high bluff was a fine residence, and on inquiring how the steep lawn was kept so well shaven, the conductor said: "They use lawn mowers, letting them up and down with a cord."

In the year 1853 Governor Slade, of Massachusetts, was sending female teachers to Oregon by way of Cape Horn. Every shipload were soon married to the young men of the country and by this Divine Providence it made a wonderful New England society on this Pacific Coast.

I met in 1900 one of these wives, whose daughter graduated at Leland University. These scholars are the leading women of the West.

In 1903 the National Women's Clubs convened in Los Angeles and our return trip was through Portland. When we left this city we crossed the bay on a ferry and then came into the rough country of the Rocky Mountains. The railroad is above the deep rapid Grand River and runs through short tunnels in the spurs of the mountains. We can see them before and after we enter. We had three engines and had a grade of two

feet to every hundred; later on at five feet to one hundred feet, and go at the rate of ten miles an hour. Bridges span the chasms.

We no longer saw the Indian Trail that was on the opposite side of the river, for the rocks extend down perpendicularly to its edges. The railroad bridges span foaming cataracts. We passed a fire over which an Indian was cooking his evening meal. Snow lay on the ground and the green fir trees tower above it, making a beautiful combination of color. All the mountain tops are covered with snow and the sides are crevassed with ice that in many places melts and becomes a foaming stream. All rivers are too rapid and rough for even a canoe; they are narrow and deep with frequent accessions from waterfalls. They make a constant roar.

A frame house was on the plain and near it a little white church with a cupola. Then a village, houses all unpainted except one, which has the sash of the windows and doors painted white. Again we passed a square with white fence enclosing other white fences—probably a burying ground.

The trees are no longer ten feet in diameter and two hundred feet high. One mountain had hundreds of these big trees half burned pines stand, only to fall with the first tornado; indeed fire seems the resort of the pioneer who clears his land with it. We passed through Assiniboia, a part of the British Empire (pronounced Assiniby), but, for asking, we would not have noticed it. The lady who told me soon left the cars. Some finely dressed soldiers came into our cars and others on the platform bade goodbye to those who came with us.

It is strange indeed, in this solitary region, where but few, except men employed in the lumber regions, ever stay, we need a standing army, with idlness which is always demoralizing.

We hope the army drill in the public schools will be sufficient for any emergency. Our volunteers did as well as others in actual service in our Civil War, and peace and its accompanying industry is better for the world than an idle soldiery.

The small bridge that divides Dakota from Montana was pointed out to us. Some trees were planted in groves, wheat fields are smaller and a great variety of cereals. We bought a Winnipeg Journal which said: "Where the rains and floods which had destroyed wheat, flax would be grown by the farmers."

A couple in front of us, when asked if they stopped at Seattle, said: "We go to Skagway. We will reach there day after tomorrow night." Therefore this is the highway to the greatest gold region of the west. The Chinese and Japanese will enter here. Seattle boasts they will have the city of the world, for they are to have a harbor in which battleships and other fleets can rest, free from the growth of barnacles. They are to join a fresh water lake to their harbor by a broad canal.

On the cars a Baptist preacher approached us for a contribution. He said the west had been divided between three denominations so as not to overlap each other and we were passing through the Baptist division. "The church must look to the young for advanced methods of work, so we must look to the west for advanced methods of living."

Seattle has the same steep hills to climb with street cars as has San Francisco. Our depot was near the steamboat landing and represented the Klondike in their advertisements. We seated ourselves in the Northern Pacific car for St. Paul. A man and wife came with baskets and bundles; then he left her. She was on crutches. With much sympathy we asked how far she would go. She said: "To Boston. I am a music teacher and

composer, so go by way of Winnipeg." I said: "Oh, I want to see Winnipeg; could I change my ticket?" She replied: "There is the Superintendent, call him." He looked at the ticket. "We have great trouble with the Lake Shore and Michigan. It would be better to buy a new ticket from here and trust to getting them to take it back." "Oh, I will go on as I planned," and I moved into my touring car. Soon the music teacher called me to say: "Give the porter a quarter a day and he will bake these potatoes for you and make you a cup of tea. I have beeksteak and eggs in this basket." What a find, for meals were 75 cents each, if taken at a restaurant. I bought a loaf of bread and half a pound of butter and had my own tea. A lady back of me said: "I will give you milk for some of your tea." Then all meals cost only a trifle.

The music teacher said: "Tell that man with a concertina to play for us," which he did. "Old Lang Syne," "Old Folks at Home," and dozens of good old tunes. At Oxbow the music teacher left. May God bless her and return her to Seattle.

Sabbath day was quiet and soon the Scotchman was asked to play on his concertina. He played but two tunes; said it was a day to rest, that he was a forty-niner and had orchards of fruit to sell and was going East to hunt up purchasers, that his wife would meet him in New York; she had been on a visit to Scotland.

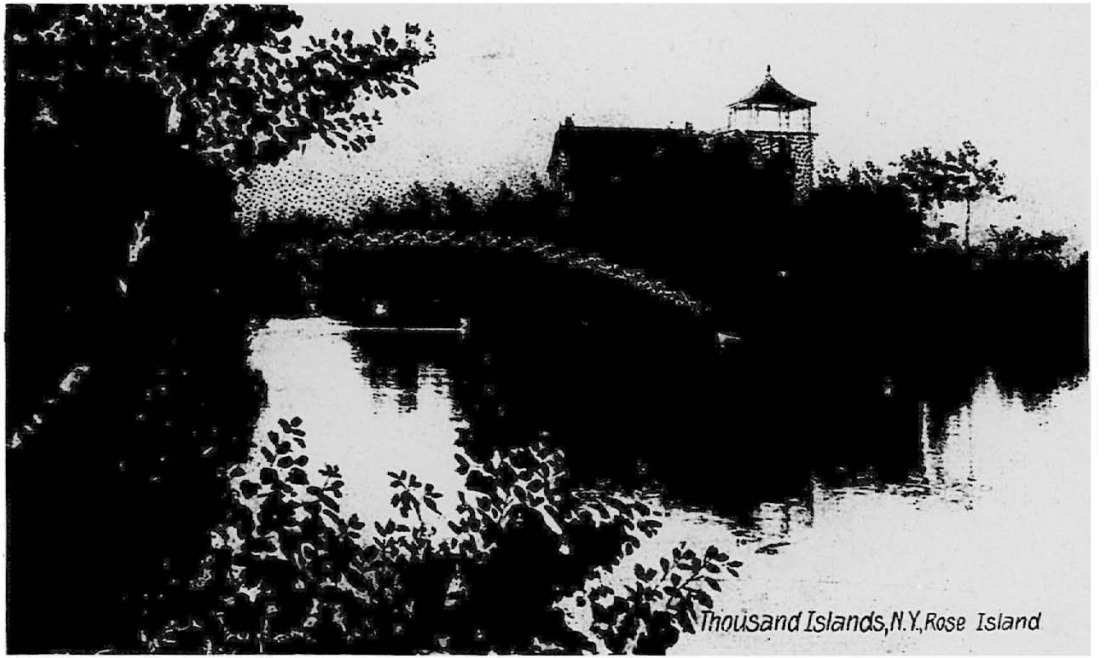
The Union Depot in St. Paul is the best we had seen. We waited there from 7 p. m. to 2 a. m.

At Madison we saw the State House and Wisconsin University. Lake Moronu adds much to the pleasure of the students. The roadbed is not smooth and we were glad to reach Chicago. As this is near to Aurora, Ill., we wished to go there and see the civic improvement made by the women's clubs, by

offering to school children five cents a market basket full of dandelions and plantains. It was done also in Dixon, Ill. But time tables were not found. Then we returned to Cleveland and went to our summer home on the Thousand Islands. Many Clevelanders are there, W. G. Rose, Rose Island; J. M. Curtis, Gipsy Island; L. P. Lamson, Edgewood, and Mrs. Burke, Round Island.

Yesterday was the Sabbath. At 10:30 service is held in a square, brown school house, which stands on a side hill on the other side of the river. Three years ago the Protestant Methodists had held revival service under a tent, and a number of young people were converts. Before that natives had worked their farms Sundays and week days; they cared not to better their condition; strong drink possessed them, and men and women indulged in the intoxicating bowl. Suddenly a blow fell upon one family, two boys who went out sailing, one 17 and the other 19, were capsized and drowned. They were found two days later, for father and mother were too stupefied by drink to know of their absence. It was a shock that brought them to their senses. "I will drink no more," said the mother. "Husband, you must promise me the same. Our three children spared to us must know of this agreement and pledge the same with us. We must worship God, we must aid the poor missionary recently sent amongst us by the Canadians. I will go myself and see what I can beg from the Islanders," as the cottagers are called. And she came, and when given a dollar, she said, "God bless you. We poor folks never saved that much from drink, but He shall have this sure as our thank offering for being brought to our right minds."

The school house was weather beaten and small, thirty people would crowd it, and by applying to the authorities two


Thousand Islands, N.Y., Rose Island

hundred dollars was applied from the county treasury for repairs.

Nothing but the frame was used. It was turned around and added to, with a vestibule, patent seats put in, that allow the seat to turn back when you rise, and an organ was solicited and paid for by the young people.

The social hymns sent for and the Gospel News published in Cleveland used in the Sabbath school. An Epworth League formed, for they had applied and been admitted to the Methodist Episcopal Church. A young man and his wife came. The first three years his salary for this "charge" was one hundred and seventy-five dollars per year.

A local preacher purchased the largest farm. He visited the sick and gave from his own land a place for a cemetery. He gave forty dollars of the hundred they raised, and he came to the Islanders to solicit for the seventy-five.

"How would it do to have a musical?" said he.

"An excellent idea," said one, "but who would attend? At night this place is difficult of access, and in the daytime we must work."

"The Islanders, of course," said Mr. F., and a lady who has great influence with the boats, because a stockholder, at once planned and executed the "musical." Three parks contributed talent, recitations, solos and duets; ice-cream was served and the amount raised.

The next year the same effort was made to make the deficit of salary, more was needed. With all outlays over five hundred dollars was required, and two hotels opened their doors for "musicals," and they were largely attended. Mrs. Rose, who remained for the winter in Boston purchased a small library at

Lathrop & Co.'s, one guest had contributed five dollars, and she herself gave eight, and wholesale prices were given. She bought the lives of Franklin, Grant, Lincoln, Garfield, and other great men, also works of Pansy and Henry Ward Beecher, and in Cleveland one neighbor gave a series of books, another choice volumes, and again the empty shelves were filled.

These people are a mixture of French, Canadian and English; they appreciate good clothes and witty repartee; they know a good thing when they see it, and they make much of the few gifts bestowed. Out of this people have come such men as Dr. Buckley, Bishop Jaynes, Charles G. Finney, Bishop Rulison, and many other distinguished men.

Two professors have taken the island next to the school house, and contributed of their talent and brains to the general class which takes place every Sabbath and to the Bible class study. One has for twenty-five years held a chair in a New York College; Dr. McAfee and General Von Patton examine the applicants to the ministry of the M. E. church in history, sacred and profane, and every Sabbath is interesting in the new thoughts presented.

If we would rise in time we could attend one of the three churches of Alexandria Bay. The Episcopal only keeps open in summer time, but the Methodist and Dutch Reform are old and established and have good music and able sermons.

Churches to do the most good should stand like lamp posts on the highway, not grouped together like dry goods stores or lawyers' offices to catch the stray customer.

Two miles is a little too far to be regular in attendance, and to lift one needs a short lever. Worship is a command from the Most High, in the presence of Jehovah all the thoughts

of the heart are made known to us in the clear light of his countenance, and we involuntarily say "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

The waters of the St. Lawrence are full of foliage. Long slender leaves grow from centers as do the ferns on the rocks above. Fishes hide in their green alcoves, and turtles are often seen. Frogs are speared at night by the aid of torches, and pickerel or muskellunge have been found hiding away from the sharp hook of man's invention.

MR. MOODY IN BOSTON

First Day

Tremont Temple is used for the noonday meetings of one hour only, the business men Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday. The first half is devoted to singing; a choir of volunteers fills the orchestra seats. First a solo of sweetness and power, then the upper tier is often called on to sing the chorus alone and they do it well; then the first, then the floor, then all, in concert, as one lovely lady remarked it seems like the Judgment Day.

The first day Mr. Moody said: When I go to a prayer meeting I speak to God. When I go to my closet God speaks to me.

Our work goes for nothing because we do not know how to use our weapons.

A man in Boston said to me: "I hope, Mr. Moody, you do not believe in the whole Bible."

I believe it all is given by inspiration of God, but not all inspired, neither Jezebel nor those who troubled Job but the men were inspired to write it up, the Master behind it.

I believe as it was in the days of Noah so it will be again. Of Sodom and Gomorrah, the angry God said: "As it was, so it shall be, remember Lot's wife."

"As the brazen serpent was lifted up so shall the Son of Man be lifted up."

They say, "Do you believe the story of Elijah?" and then the reply: "There is not one question that Jesus did not put his seal to. He referred to Jonah when he said, 'You ask for a sign and

there shall be no sign given to you, but the sign of the Prophet Jonah.' He was three days in the whale's belly; so was Jesus three days in the grave."

There is no part of the Bible that does not teach supernatural things. If you go into Exodus, from first to last there is no part that it did not take place. In Leviticus, five times, in Numbers the brazen serpent was lifted up, and so you can go into every book of the Old Testament. The last that the skeptic gives up are the four gospels, but five hundred years before Christ was born it was told that he should be born in Bethlehem.

This is my beloved son, was not this supernatural; he casts out devils; speaks to the winds and they obey him; and the resurrection; and the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom. Not bottom to top, also at the sepulchre; he led captivity captive.

When God went from Eden he left a curse and when he went from that grave he lifted the curse.

This refusal to believe the Bible only in parts is spread all over the earth. I heard of a man who cut the Bible as he heard it preached. He said to the man: "This is not authentic, all of Job, all of Revelations, and I cut it out. I have got the covers and I will hold onto them."

I can't understand everything; I do not understand all about my body. I believe it all the same. If I could prove it, it would not be divine. "There are thoughts I have not been able to understand."

The Second Day

He showed how to study the Bible; the New Testament, in Matthew, has 100 references to the Old Testament. It says, "This is done that it might be fulfilled." Luke has 25, Galatians 16, Ephesians 10, Hebrews 27, Romans 18. It is said 40 times

in Revelations; 200 times it is quoted, and a benediction is pronounced on him who reads it.

I never met but one skeptic who had read the Bible through. He could not tell whether Genesis or Revelations came first in order.

We say we want something new; it is time we had a Bible; yet we do not say we want a new sun in the heavens. Why do we not ask to have electric lights put up and not have any windows in our houses?

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of my word shall pass away. Some, no doubt, said: "Hear the conceit of that Jewish peasant." All the religions of those times were thundering against him.

He let light in, however, and has his word passed away? It has been translated into 350 languages, the Bible is just coming in. Two hundred million are printed every year and there are but fourteen hundred million people on the face of the earth today. Is the word going out of date? Every hour fifteen hundred Bibles are made by two publishers. The lightning comes out of heaven. It was about like this, for it was revised and got there before it could be carried, so let us remember he said heaven and earth shall pass away but his word shall not pass away.

Third Day—How to Study It

Give one year to Genesis. It is the seed plant, it has eight great beginnings. You will then understand Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers; the whole book is written by prophets.

Study the fulfilled promises. Augustus said proclaim a tax so that Christ should be born in Bethlehem. But it was not collected in nine years.

One had to write: "That there should be a fountain opened

for sin and uncleanness and the hand had to be pierced to fulfill it."

Once we thought the American desert good for nothing, but the pickaxe uncovered the Comstock mine, and 100 million had been taken from the product, so we find there is value there. So it is of the Bible, if it were studied properly.

Take the fulfilled, then the unfulfilled prophecies, as a light in a dark place.

Of five places it has been literally fulfilled. Jerusalem, Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, Tyre—"they shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah, neither shall an Arab pitch his tent there." They are as afraid of Babylon today as a child of a graveyard. The wild beasts shall dwell there. No doubt they laughed at that prophecy.

One hundred times the word of the Lord spake unto Jeremiah. Because of the wrath of God, Babylon became desolate. He said of Nineveh I will make thee a gazing stock. How could he cast filth on it and then make it a gazing stock? But it is, unearthed, and parts are in the British museum and other museums of Europe today.

Ezekiel speaks of Tyre, twentieth chapter, sixth verse. It shall be a place for spreading of nets in the sea. A gentleman of your city said: "He saw fishermen spread nets on that rock."

One hundred prophecies have been fulfilled already. Now follow the history of Egypt. Ezekiel 29:15. "It should be the basest of the kingdoms," so it is today, because it has been prophesied.

In that way you study. Joshua meditated on the law, day and night. Study it and may God give us a love for it. Then we shall see signs and wonders.

English will be the language, for France rejected the Bible. France went down because of it.

The interest increased as he enters on his ninth week. More Testaments have been sold than ever before. People are studying their Bibles to see if what he states is true. Friday, February 27, he spoke on the atonement.

Atonement

There is no portion of God's word that does not teach the atonements. In Genesis we find before they left Eden blood was shed; the heel of the woman could not bruise the serpent's head without the shedding of blood. Skins for clothing caused the shedding of innocent blood.

Abel and Cain had the same parents and same surroundings. There was no difference until at the altar. No doubt Cain said: "Why should God demand blood? He loves everything that is beautiful."

There have been Cainists and Ableists ever since who opposed it and don't believe it.

Clean animals were taken into the ark and went all that way that they might be sacrificed to God. They are putting blood between him and his sins.

One of the grandest characters who led Israel out of Egypt, and against all the gods of Egypt, said: "When I see the blood, I will pass over you, he shall keep it, for a feast, as a remembrance forever." To kill the lamb, he does not say, "When I see a live lamb, then I will pass over it," put the blood on houses; and living men behind that blood are as safe as God himself. Not their good works or their beautiful religion. If you are safe behind the blood it is not anything in you, but the blood.

The Ark saved the little fly, as well as the elephant. It was the Ark that saved, was it not? You cannot make a law without a penalty. Suppose the Legislature did not have a penalty. I could not do anything with the man if he should steal my watch;

it is an absurdity to make a law without a penalty. God said: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." There are some in Boston who don't believe it.

Turn to seventeenth chapter of Leviticus: "For the life of the flesh is in the blood." "The blood of it is for the life thereof, whoso eateth of it shall be cut off." Life he demands for life; life has been forfeited. I have to either pay the penalty or life is demanded. I have never seen a man that God ever used, who did not believe in the atonement; his church is as cold as a sepulchre. Men are covering up the cross better than the devil can do it himself. The moment he covers up the atonement there is no conversion. Read Mark, 9th chapter, 31st verse and 10th chapter, 34. "They shall kill him and after the third day he shall rise again." Jesus Christ never died as a martyr, or gave up his principles, for Christ said: "I lay my life down, and I have power to take it up again."

Could he not have sent them away with a wave of his hand? One angel once killed one hundred and eighty-five thousand men, and five or six could slay all on the face of the earth.

They had sixteen men around the sepulchre, watching the body. What did they let Him get away for? He says: "For this is my blood of the new testament which is shed for you; it is shed for many for the remission of sins." Luke 22:20, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" He explained these things concerning himself he did teach it.

Go through Acts. Peter said he is Lord and Christ. Paul preached this same doctrine. We do not worship a dead Jew. The crowning act of death and hell was to drive the spear into his side and the blood came out and covered the spear.

"I believe he shed his blood for me." I don't know any other gospel. The people come because it finds a response in

every man. Blood came out of the five wounds and he is saved by it. The year of Jubilee is coming. Jesus Christ has shed his blood. The vilest sinner can come that way. There is nothing better in the old book. If a man can read, he can interpret the Bible. Bibles do not need a preacher. A lazy question book is one with question and answer. I went to Mt. Vernon St. church when seventeen years old, just from the country. And I could not find the epistles of St. John in the Bible class. College boys punched each other and said: "See him." Great beads stood on my brow I was so mortified, and I resolved I would know the Bible.

Revivals

There is not a denomination that did not spring from a revival. The Episcopalians, from the Apostolic times, they were all evangelists. Methodist from Whitfield and Wesley. The Quakers from Fox. The Baptists from Roger Williams. The Congregationalists from Finney.

In all ages God has blessed revivals. What does Boston need more than a pure revival?

I know some men who have preached thirteen years, yet have not led one to Christ, and had an annual sermon against revivals.

Some do not believe in sudden conversion. Was not Paul's sudden? Revival means bringing out from obscurity. Look at Egypt; look at Palestine. She shook under John the Baptist. They stayed out in the woods to hear him preach. Did Christ rebuke it? Think of sending 70 laymen in pairs, and he yet not on high and the Holy Ghost came down and the fire spread all over the nations round about.

Go to the old book and see. Elijah was not of the regular order, nor was John the Baptist.

I would have the drunkard in the church rather than some deacons.

Where is your son? Has he gone astray? Do not say a word, this meeting might save your boy.

Take up all these subjects. Sudden conversion. Zaccheus must have been converted getting out of that tree. After Christ went away they were converted a great deal faster. He says, "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father." And as I speak these words I would like him to say it to us.

If all blossoms nature put on trees come to maturity it would break them down. Do all business men succeed? How many have failed? Did Christ give it up when many walked no more with him?

Four-fifths of the church have been converted in revivals. Some say, I don't like them because they are not in the regular order; perfect order is when you are dead. At the resurrection some of the grave stones will come tumbling down.

In topics, go from Genesis to Revelation. Pray for faith. I prayed and thought it would come, and then I would turn towns upside down. One day I read in the tenth chapter of Romans, 17th verse, Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. There is no man with faith who does not read the Bible. Men flatter themselves. If I had faith, said a preacher, that I should be saved, I could get out of my carriage and leap for joy.

Read James' Epistles then we will see if we might know. Thirty-two times it speaks of knowing.

Take up justification. Those who believe it become a mighty power. No book teaches it like the Bible. Some do not believe in the atonement—not a book in the Bible but what refers to it. "The heel of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Christ's

divinity, they say, He is not divine. Am I going to take John Jones' opinion or see what the Holy Spirit says or Peter or Paul?

A man came to the after-meeting and said: "Can I see you alone? I have overdrawn my account." The new phrase for stealing. Suppose I had said: "Have you stolen a thousand dollars? Don't you steal more than five hundred this year, then one hundred, then none at all." And he could say, "I have been converted gradually." What does the Bible say? Let him that steals, steal no more.

I heard a man say: "I had two false doctrines, sudden conversion and saints to know that they are saved." You are a drunken man and strike your wife. Do not do it as often. If once in a week, only once in two weeks and ten in six months. No, if you are going north turn and go south Fourth day.

The types of Christ are: Isaac, Jacob, Enoch, Job, Daniel; find Christ in these men.

Take Joseph: Did not God take him out of the pit and place him on the throne and put the grace of the right kind in his heart and at the right moment?

Take one word in your study of the Bible. "Bless you, understand it, reflect on it." The word obedience in Ephesians, obey him, do his will, walk worthy of your vocation, walk in him acceptably.

There must be a difference in the children of light. It will teach you separation. Study Thessalonians, the letter W. Worshiping or witnessing or take notes, it will fascinate you. Study the blessings of the Lord. Psalm 103 are six things forgiveth, forgetteth, beautifier, humbleth, redeemeth, crowneth.

The Bible is the book that is to last. Turn aside to hear about it. Study it, divide it up, as it is. Law, prophecy, Psalms, Gospel, Epistles, Revelations, get the key.

Exodus, sixth chapter, sixth and seventh verses. Deuteronomy is Christ's special book of reference. We want God's

thought, not man's opinions. This world wants the truth. Isaiah 11:10. Fear not for I am with thee. Be not dismayed for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. God can heal all our diseases. The soul has diseases as well as the body. We are not satisfied. He also satisfies us with good things, if we will take them.

Exodus is redemption, Leviticus is the law speaking, Deuteronomy brings you out of bondage. I will take you to me as a people. Take the "I wills." The great God says the "I will." If God is with me cannot I stand? God holds me. Believing is in John 78 times. I believe the time has come to study the Bible. We have too much text preaching. They go to a Bible just to get a text.

The people say they want something oratorical. They forget in 24 hours what you have talked. But if of the Bible that will abide, if sent into their minds, he has made it truth, if not pr e it wrong, the professing Christian does not know, and the unconverted ones are standing off and laughing at them. That's the crying want of today. Feed the people out of the Bible. Some say the people will not go to hear that kind of preaching. Go to Glasgow, Scotland. Two-thrids of the congregation are taking notes. Andrew Bonar's plan is to take six months through Jeremiah. The whole people send these notes to friends. Men stop off or go out of their way to hear the theologian Bonar. I said, when last in Europe, What is he preaching on now? They said, Andrew is on Galatians. He told the story of Paul visiting Peter, and they went out and viewed the grounds around Jerusalem, and out toward Galilee and Kedron. Don't people like to hear such preaching Make the scriptures real. We have got to put flesh on these bones, and set them walking.

Prayer

We thank Thee so many come to hear, may we love it more and live in the spirit. We are away from home, journeying to a better land; we pray for ministers and people that they shall love the way of salvation, and appear with thee in glory. Amen.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

The Home of Emerson, Thoreau and Louisa M. Alcott

A winter in Boston includes in it a visit to its noted suburbs. In the year 1889, when in a boarding house of a select few, this visit to Concord, Wellesley and Plymouth was planned by all, but as it is impossible to select a time convenient, I went alone, promising to go again when they were ready.

It was a mild January day. I sat in the Fitchburg depot watching the clock, and also some domesticated Indians, who travel by cars and speak our language and look like garden women with baskets and children. Then at five minutes of the time of departure I went in search of the cars and found them filled with people; all had taken the caution to procure seats. I requested a place by an elderly lady and after the car started asked her if she could tell me anything about Emerson, for I was going to visit his former home.

"Yes," she replied, "I can. I know his wife very well. She was a Miss Jackson, my old Sunday school teacher, and a sweeter woman never lived; but Emerson, I don't see why people make fools of themselves praising him. He could not take a dollar to market and bring home a dollar's worth."

"That is the way of literary men," I replied.

"Well, I cannot see why it is so; if he is going to talk about things he should know something about them." Again she said, "His grave is in Sleepy Hollow Cemtery, and they sent to Vermont for a big boulder for a tombstone, with not a scratch to tell where it came from, only his name. One of our rocks would have done as well. These mountains are all alike. They never change when across the line.

"But I get off here. I live on Huntington avenue, and I am calling on old friends. His son lies buried by his first wife, and you will find a good many noted people buried there."

On arrival at Concord I asked the ticket agent the nearest way to Emerson's home or that of Thoreau. A young lady standing by said, "I will show you Thoreau's old home." So I went with her. But few people were to be seen. She said, "This is the street. I turn off here, but those children will take you to the very door." She called them and the eldest girl said, "Certainly we will."

It was but a few steps and there the street ended. They pointed to a low, two-story frame house with two windows above and two below, and a door at the side, with a window near it.

I rapped; a comely lady came; I gave my errand and in substance she said: "Thoreau went to live with Emerson after his stay of two years at Walden Pond. He had queer notions. Emerson was the only person who really appreciated him, living on what he grew himself."

"Can I look through the windows he looked through?"

"Oh, yes; step in. The room is just as he lived in it. To get to Emerson's, follow the road to the forks at the hotel; then turn to the right and ask whoever you meet."

I found the hotel and here met the lady who accompanied her to Thoreau's. She pointed out the way; it was a half mile, and as we traversed it and thought how often had this philosopher as he walked to town left his impress on the sands, while he has drawn his inspiration from this ridge of timbered hills, with the cemetery stones at its base.

Emerson's house we are familiar with, but the interior, where his study is, we would like to see. We gently rapped at the door. A sweet girl came and said the family were at dinner, but while she was gone to ask the privilege we stepped within

the entry with its spiral stairway and saw the length and breadth of the sitting room, with its front windows and its fire in a grate opposite, the table and books and library gave the appearance of a cultured family. We sketched the house at the front gate, under some tall trees, and then turned to the School of Philosophy, which is in sight and just back of Hawthorne's old home, now occupied by W. L. Harris, President of the National Board of Education. Once occupied by Louisa M. Alcott—a double house, also beneath the ridge, which is covered with trees and bushes.

As we retraced our steps a carriage was driven out of Emerson's yard by a lady with white hair and pallid face. She eyed me keenly, then spurring her horse, drove rapidly to town.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803; entered Harvard at the age of 14, graduated when 17 and became a pastor of a Unitarian society at 26. He resigned in three years because of the gradually increasing difference between pastor and people in modes of thought and usage.

His first noticeable productions were a series of lectures before a college society—"Nature and Man." At the age of 34, in 1841, he published the "Methods of Nature," "Man, the Reformer." At the age of 46 he made us to sing for joy that we were ever born and as loved ones of the great "I Am." What he says is true, is intuitive. He steps boldly out and we feel we have followed his thoughts as they entered his mind, and he has made the world to appear to us as it does to God, a scaffolding on which to climb nearer to the Great Eternal, and that all religions are messages to the various grades of understanding. He has made us to rise higher as soon as this life and its helps are sufficiently studied.

Concord was the home of Nathaniel P. Hawthorne from 1843 to 1846. In those three years he published "Mosses From

an Old Manse." He then returned to Salem, his native place. He was one year younger than Emerson, a classmate of Longfellow, and a graduate of Bowdoin College.

Henry David Thoreau was of French ancestry, who came from the Island of Guernsey. He was born in Concord, July, 1817, graduated from Harvard, 1839, but without any literary distinction. His father made lead pencils and Henry tried to make a better one than was then in use. He was powerful in arithmetic. He could measure the distance of objects, the size of trees, the extent of ponds, and, given the height of mountains, the air line distances of summits. A good land surveyor, it led him into secluded grounds and helped in his study of Nature.

He found all the employment he wanted. At 28 he built a small house on Walden Pond. As soon as he had exhausted the advantages of that situation he abandoned it. It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the countryside as does a bird, and passed through it as freely on paths of his own. Under his arm he carried an old music book to press plants. In his pocket was a diary, a spy-glass for birds, a microscope and a jack-knife and twine.

He noted all the plants that would bloom on a certain day. He could tell the time of year it was by the plants. He grew to be revered by his townsmen. Farmers who employed him as a surveyor discovered his rare accuracy and skill. He would know the makers of the stone arrow head. It was well worth a visit to California to learn it. He would ask questions of Indians, but it was like catechising bears and rabbits. His eye was open to beauty and his ear to music.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

Congress has established in Washington this school of object lessons. It is in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute, of which it is a part, and where it could be easily defended from fires. It should be the pride of our nation. We have but a little more than a century's growth as a Republic, but from the exhibit of the utensils and fabrics there we are astounded at the improvements made. In viewing the work of the western Indians, we are led to hope our people will feel more friendly toward them, and have a desire to aid in their civilization, for they once roamed over this soil and claimed it for their own. The spcialist, the philosopher and theologian and the child are delighted with this rapid and accurate means of knowledge.

The first to attract your attention is a feather cape from Hawaii, of scarlet and gold; the network is native hemp, and by finer threads of the hemp the feathers are attached to it. The yellow feathers are obtained from a rare and shy bird. It has a small tuft of these feathers on each shoulder. It is caught alive by bird-catchers, the yellow feathers removed, and then let go. The red feathers are from the body and neck of the cocina, the most abundant bird of Hawaii. This feather cloak was made before 1819. It took eight years to make it; not less than a million dollars were spent upon it. A piece of moleskin worth $150 was given for five yellow feathers and a bunch of yellow feathers was received by the King in payment of a poll tax. Until recent years they were the robes of royal state and considered the principal treasure of the crown.

European clothing has now taken their place and they are no longer manufactured. Captain A. H. Aulick, U. S. A., who presented it, stated that in 1837 in a rebellion to establish the old religion, it fell from the shoulders of one of the chiefs, "Ta-me-ha," and was presented to the United States. The width is four feet, bottom 11½, and the neck 23 inches.

The cases next to it are filled with relics of George Washington; his last uniform; his mess chest; a leather box two feet square, with its little gridiron, salt, pepper and other bottles; his tent of linen cloth, ridge pole 13½ feet, pitch of roof 8¾ feet, circumference at foot of roof, 75 feet; surveying compass and field glass used at Mount Vernon, and his ledger. In a note he says: "Before the accounts are finally closed, justice and propriety call upon me to certify that there are persons in the British lines, if they are not dead or removed, who may make a claim upon the public under the strongest assurances from me for their services, in giving me private intelligence, and which when exhibited, I shall feel in honor bound to pay. Why these claims have not made their appearance ere this, unless from other than the causes above mentioned, or from a disinclination to come forth until the British force is entirely removed from the United States, I know not, but I have thought it is an incumbent duty upon me to bring the matter to view, that it may be held in remembrance in case such claims shall hereafter appear.—G. W."

In another place he says: "July 2, cash advanced Lieutenant Colfax for household expenses between first of January, 1779, and this date." The expenditure for the year 1779 and 1780, 6,000.74 ($7,000) lawful, together with interest. The relics of George Washington; his blue and chamois skin military suit, his tent of hand-spun linen, his mirror, his cloth chairs with carved, fan-shaped backs and his field glass.

Martha Washington's Sevres chinaware and blue stoneware, presented by the officers of the Cincinnatus Society, made in 1770; a few pieces of the tableware presented by General Lafayette, decorated with a chain of fifteen links, containing the names of the States; border painted by O'Neil; candlesticks of silver, candelabra, finger bowls—all as good as our colonists could afford.

Placed beside these were the souvenirs given to President Grant in 1870 by officers, when he sailed around the world, as tokens of good will and fellowship by other nations.

You see his saddle used at Fort Donelson and from then until the close of the war.

The statue of himself in marble, with its calm, symmetrical face, who with silent prayer and not oaths unraveled all difficulties. From Hongkong, China, the flags of two nations, in miniature, stitched on a satin background and bound in silken wire were given him.

From Yokohama, a crimson silk decorated screen; from Canton, a cloisonne vase and other ceramics; from Dublin, a box of rosewood and a gold certificate of "freedom of the city;" from Glasgow, a gold box of beautiful workmanship with the eagle upon it.

In the ceramics we find a case of very beautiful Sevres china, prepared under the supervision of the director of fine arts; a Chinese cup, saucer and plate with net-like perforations; and a cup and saucer baked with strong fire, the latter giving a gloss. Mantua pottery from Korea; two large pieces of the Cessrioli, collection of Cyprus; a case of silver jewelry from Japan; Mexican Indian bracelets of metal, with carvings; idols of heathen countries.

Spheroids of clay formation from the head-waters of the Connecticut River, the work of boring mollusks in rock, with

many shells imbedded in them; shell work from St. Augustine, used for building purposes; large balls of sandstone weighing several hundred pounds from Dakota; and in a cyclone a board twelve inches wide and one inch thick, driven through a small tree. Musical instruments are shown from all the nations of the earth, the first and rudest look like barrels, top and bottom covered with dried skins, fastened together with cords of skin through holes cut in it. A moon guitar from China with four silver strings in two pairs. An Eskimo guitar is a triangular piece of wood, long neck, flat body, frets of gut, these strings tightened with wooden pegs thrust through the back; a Bengal tambourine mounted by Tambour is strung with four wires, one brass, the rest steel. Its use is to fill pauses in the song and to keep the singers in the right key. It reclines on the shoulder with a bag-like globe resting on the floor, similar to our viol, and requires the hairs of the bow to pass between the strings and needs much practice for the learner to pass the bow firmly upon one without touching the others, thus mingling the tone desired with some extraneous noise of the most grating description. Some of their work is so great it is a pity they cannot have a better tool for their pains.

Tongkin, a sort of dulcimer from Canton, China, has the strings run through two bridges and over the other wires, struck with two small wooden horns, was known in Hindustan and western Asia as "war horns," are made of perforated conch shells.

The various brass instruments used with us; flutes from Arabia; Bengalese music written on one line; Hawaiian sheet music for piano in native language. Medieval church music by Missal—a name widely used—a concert given on those instruments would draw large audiences.

As you enter the geological room you stop to admire the ripple marks on stone and imagine what a beautiful wall could be made with jasper, opal, flint, crystallized limestone, from the caves of Virginia, it looks like honey, alabaster, rock salt, specimens of all kinds of granite, with Nature's effort to stamp color on the stone, glacial flutings on the stone from Kelley's Island, Lake Erie; lava stalactites from Hawaiian Islands; material ejected from volcanoes in Bering Sea. Lava volcano aglomerate are like solidified bubbles. Basalt from Germany, Mexican onyx, which is a stalagmite and is the most beautiful of all stones.

Nature here distills her solids.

Among the skeletons, a cat is placed with a tiger, and shows they are of one genus. The fiercest, by domestication, becomes docile.

From Australia we have the kangaroo, a species of rodent or rat, also the kaola, with monster head and no tail. These freaks of Nature remind us that it is the part of the world where the peaks of the lost continent Atlantis project, and these may have escaped from the great destruction of the deluge. Opossums, monkeys and gorillas are in the collection. The skeletons of serpents resemble lace, so small and even are their ribs. A human head is placed in the case with the skeletons of monkeys; you can observe the difference. The sockets of the eyes are larger in the monkey, the jaw and the teeth greater and the depression above the eyes shows a much less weight of brain.

As you see the skeleton of man beside the others you feel if it should try to walk on all fours its head would be out of proportion, to be well sustained. It is the only animal in an upright position, and its brain is equal in weight to the sum of all others. We cannot believe all animals come from one;

but that wisdom could as readily create other kinds suited to their condition.

We saw skeletons of bats, which, if man had wings in proportion, he could fly. A species of turtle, or tortoise, flying fish with elongated fins. The horns of the rhinoceros are simply an epidermis structure and are not formed on a bony core, sections of bone showing this cellular tissue, sections of an elephant's head with the remark that "a ball could traverse it and not cause death," as has been found by post-mortem examination. The immense head of a catfish containing a sponge-like substance. The skeleton of a flounder is so thin it might be taken for an engraving.

CORK, LAKES OF KILLARNEY, DUBLIN

The library of the Etruria was well filled with good books, Boswell's Life of Johnson, Hume's Detective Stories and Strickland's Lives of the Queens being samples of their character.

As we neared the coast of Ireland, several detours from the route were suggested, some wishing to visit Windsor Castle, some Holland and some Italy.

Queenstown harbor is protected by two immense forts, has ten square miles of surface, and is the finest in Great Britain. Six miles from it is Monkstown, which has a castle that was built by a woman, and as she paid for it in goods, all excepting one groat, the inhabitants in its vicinity say that it cost but a groat.

Cork has a wall built by the Danes, in the 9th century, and a cathedral built on the site of a pagan temple, in the 7th century. Desmond McCarthy surrendered this cathedral to Henry II in 1172; Cromwell took it in 1649 and Marlborough, in 1690. This is the edifice where William Penn became a Quaker, through the preaching of Thomas Lee. The bells of Shandon are in the tower of St. Ann's Church, built in 1772. Victoria Park contains 140 acres.

The ride of eight miles to Blarney Castle was made in omnibuses and jaunting cars. When we alighted at Blarney village, women met us with strawberries of a most delicious flavor, which they sold for three-pence per pint and presented to us on leaves of the grape vine. Gooseberries, both ripe and green, of great size, were also offered us and were served in the same manner. To reach the castle, we had to cross a rustic bridge and then a campus, dotted here and there with large chestnut trees, under which were seats; making a good place for tournaments and giving the castle a hospitable appearance. We fol-

lowed a wide path up a hill, as the lower windows of the castle were barred, and entered the tower, with its spiral stairway of 120 feet. As you go upward, corridors lead off to different parts of the building. At the top, where you reach down to kiss the Blarney Stone, two iron rods extend the entire side of the tower. In explanation of their use, we were told that between them stones could be let fall on the heads of invaders below; and, also, that the triangle by each long, narrow window was so placed to enable the inmates to send arrows from both sides, while those shooting from without would have little chance of getting even one arrow to enter the small opening. Ivy was creeping across the walls from without, and as we looked over the battlements, we could see a wing, two stories high, which had a bay window, and three large, long windows on each side, similar to houses of the present century.

All but one of our party, of eighty persons, made the ascent of Blarney Castle, and a dozen were held by the feet while they reached under the arch and kissed the Blarney Stone. The guardsman at the rustic bridge said the castle was built in the 15th century, by Cormac McCarthy, one of the petty kings of Ireland.

At Blarney village, we saw "National School" on a low two-story building, which had white sash curtains at the lower, and boxes of flowers at the upper windows, giving it a cozy appearance. As our three omnibuses and six jaunting cars, over one of which "Old Glory" floated, passed along the streets, the pedestrians gazed and smiled upon us in good natured wonder. As we approached Cork, we saw flocks of sheep and herds of goats and other cattle being driven along the same road over which we passed.

The Imperial Hotel, at Cork, gave us a meat luncheon, but for a cup of coffee, we had to pay sixpence (12 cents) each. We

left for Killarney at four o'clock in the afternoon, arriving at six. The next morning at ten we drove through the village of Killarney, past an Episcopal and a Catholic church, both of which were built of gray granite, and entered an arch of lime and ash trees, the bark on the trunks of which was covered with green mold. The great branches spread over us, making a roof of green. On either side was a wall five feet high, built, we were told, three hundred years ago. The stones of the top row were placed edgewise and the interstices filled with earth, and upon this grass was growing and English ivy was matted for a foot or more. Through openings in the trees, made on either side, we caught glimpses of vistas of sloping meadowland and green hills draped in purple. We passed the residence occupied by Queen Victoria in 1861, which is of a pale yellow color, also a cottage used by her, with grounds sloping down to the water's edge.

Holly trees, yew trees and laurel bushes hedged us in. After a two hours' ride, we approached Muckross Abbey, which was founded in 1440 and rebuilt in 1602. These cathedrals, Inverness, Ross and others, were destroyed by Cromwell. The windows are long and narrow and the ceilings lofty. On one side of Muckross is a room without a roof and in it grows a huge yew tree, which was planted when the castle was first being built. A marvellous way of preserving the age of a cathedral.

Some queer epitaphs were to be seen on metal or marble slabs on the walls of some rooms. One Stephen Coppenger says of his wife Helen, "Her solid understanding, her judicious thoughts diffused charity and true piety and adherence to the Christian religion. The charity which she never ceased to perform, rendered her an object of admiration to all who had the happiness to know her. She lived and died the ninth of August, 1802." A similar one was to the memory of one Mary Delaney, who died January 13, 1737.

Lunch was served at noon within sight of the oldest bridge in Ireland, which consisted of one stone arch. One-half of our party came by boat and met us near this bridge, which is opposite Brandon cottage, so noted in Churchill's late novel, "When Knighthood was in Flower." Three boats took us across the Killarney lakes, while a cornetist played "The Star Spangled Banner," "Annie Laurie" and other melodies. The music was perfect, bringing out the sad tones of the Scotch songs with much pathos.

At Inverness we were drenched with rain, having to seek shelter in the deep doorways and under the trees. Fortunately, the shower soon passed and as we rode to Ross Castle our boatman told us of the castle of the Earl of Kenmere, whose owner lives in Grosvenor Square, London, nine months of the year. Kenmore Castle is a modern structure of red stone. The boatman showed us the pulpit-rock, where O'Donahue comes back to preach in the Irish tongue. We also passed the rock of Colleen Bawn, then landed at Castle Ross, which is the best preserved of the older castles. Here strawberries and gooseberries were again offered for sale, and also jewelry made of bog-wood. Many sales were made to the half of our party that was waiting for the carriages, which had gone to the hotel with the other half.

Great bushes of blooming rhododendron, the rose of Sharon, the yellow blossoms of the shamrock and the blue of the heather made the country beautiful, suggesting the question, "Why is Ireland forsaken by its youth?"

Our coachman said the stronger among the young men had gone to the war in South Africa, and an old man in a store told us that seven of his children were in America, coming home occasionally on a visit, only to return again.

The ride to Dublin was through fields in a state of perfect cultivation, small patches of wheat, oats and potatoes being on

either side. Sleek cattle, in herds of ten, twelve and in one case thirty-five, were grazing in the fields. A few one-story cottages were to be seen, but no barns. A great quantity of grass which was ready for the sickle which must be preserved in stacks. The dividing fences were either hedges or ridges of earth covered with ivy.

As we sat at table at the Great Southern Hotel at Killarney, a landlord of Sherwood Forest said, "The poor do not own a foot of land, and if they did, they would soon spend it in drink."

But to be always a tenant, with nine-tenths of the profit going as rental; to see no day in the future when one could be independent, seems enough to make the bravest heart seek in the bottle the pleasure that lasts but for the moment.

On our way to Dublin the cars shot through distance like a cannon ball. A passenger counted the mile stones, and the record was sixty to sixty-five miles an hour. We landed in a downpour of rain, having passed the only dry day in two weeks at Killarney. Later, we drove out to St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is on the same ground on which St. Patrick built one. It is of gray stone. The interior is surrounded by a corridor, in which are many monuments, the finest being that of Archbishop Whately. Red tiles cover the floor. We next visited Phoenix Park, which contains 175 acres. In it is a monument to Wellington and also one to Lord Carlisle.

The houses of Dublin, made of brick and stone, look as though they would withstand the ravages of all time; fires would have little to feed upon. Our meals at "The Maples" were wholesome, consisting, in part, of good bread, and butter without salt, good coffee, delicious strawberry jam and orange marmalade; but they were served in a very informal manner, the dishes being passed, for all to help themselves.

GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, ABBOTTSFORD

As we crossed the Irish Channel to Glasgow, we passed Ayr, the birthplace of Burns, which was on the right, the seat of Hamilton and the place of Brandon being on the left. The Central Station Hotel, at Glasgow, is one of the finest in Great Britain, having three hundred rooms and the best of service. In our ride about the city, we saw such signs over shop doorways as "Fruiterer and Flowers," "Tea Blender," "Fish Monger," "Family Butcher," etc., showing a variation from American ways. Glasgow's Town Hall and the statues of Scott and Robert Peel were some of the points of interest.

The Cathedral of St. Mungo is near the Acropolis, which stands on a high knoll, topped with the statue of John Knox. The cathedral has a "bridge of sighs," so-called, which passes over the railroad track, connecting the burial grounds with the building. In the churchyard are many tombstones, which lie flat upon the ground, and are inscribed with this sort of epitaph: "Mr. Peter Ross Wright, a rope maker, now the property of Daniel McCorkel." "James Barr, Clothier." "Alexander Scott, writer, ground 7-5 feet, died 1861, aged 76 years."

The cathedral building is of pure Gothic architecture and was 250 years in construction, having been begun in 1666. It is four stories high, and as you enter you feel its loftiness, although from an outside view you do not get the same impression. The stained glass windows are lessons from the Bible. One represented the prodigal son. In the first section was the pig he was feeding; in the next, himself in prayer, with an angel hovering over him; in the third, his father welcoming him as he returned home, and in the last, the fatted calf, with the prodigals

surly brother in the background. The interior is very much like that of a Catholic cathedral, a corridor running around the second story and being called "The Nun's Walk." Plain glass windows let in the light. Services are held in this cathedral every Sabbath by the Presbyterians. Only two other churches survived the period of the Reformation.

We took cars down along the river Clyde to the Scottish lakes, where we found the pleasure boats around the eleven isles that dot them, crowded with excursionists. This was because of the vacation of two weeks that is given in July to employes. We there could study the typical Scotch character, with the red cheeks and the bonny blue eyes. Pure air, and plenty of it, must account for this highland characteristic. The hills around Lake Katrine are terraced by nature and the grass upon them is of a velvety green. Ellen's Isle, which contains but a few acres, is so densely wooded as to entirely hide the ground from view.

Our boat, the Adder, stopped at many landings where were refreshment booths and swings, and from which bicycle paths led away, very much as at our home resorts. We soon reached our place for disembarking and, near a waterfall, entered our high "brakes" or omnibusses—built with high seats to allow room for hand bags below—and took a ride of eight miles along the banks of the swiftly running stream. Then, as we were not booked for lunch at the first hotel we saw, we went on board another steamer, sailed across a second lake, took another ride, this time of four miles, and finally alighted at a hotel called "The Trossachs." As it was three o'clock, our hungry crowd was scolding, but savory soups, roast beef with cabbage, potatoes and peas, followed by oat cakes with orange marmalade, soon brought quiet. The diet was not the same we had been

accustomed to, coffee being served only at breakfast without extra charge, and no fruit being visible. However, the pure air had given us appetites and we were a merry lot.

After lunch, we again mounted our vehicles, which, by the way, we had to do by step-ladders, and as we passed along, we saw pheasants in little cotes, where they were being raised for market, large, fine sheep and fat cattle not unlike those from Texas. At last we were glad to roll down the steep hills to Callender, which is a village of one street, every house on which is of stone, two stories high and with most beautiful grounds of flowers and shrubs.

A ride of forty miles brought us to Edinburgh, where dinner awaited us, it being six o'clock when we arrived. The meal consisted of soup, thick or thin, as we chose, roast beef with vegetables, Victoria pudding and cheese, but no tea or coffee unless ordered and paid for as extra at the table.

The morning after our arrival, the party climbed into six large "brakes," containing from fifteen to twenty persons each, seats facing the front, with an aisle between the two rows, and went direct to Edinburgh Castle. The road wound gradually up a high ascent, and when we arrived, the highlanders, in red coats and short breeches, and short plaid hose, which showed their bare legs, gave us a royal salute with pipe and drum. The banquet room, where the two Douglas boys were killed, is now used as an armory. The youngest, David, was only twelve years of age. He had been invited, with a thousand others, to the feast, to be companion to the King, and although friends pleaded with him not to accept, he did so, and there, with the other Douglas, was murdered. A large stone is over a door on the exterior of the castle, and as it gave out a hollow sound, it was removed and in a cavity was found the skeleton of an infant wrapped in cloth of gold.

Margaret's Chapel is the oldest edifice of the castle grounds, having been built in 1093. It is a one-story, gabled house, of stone. In it we purchased photographs, which were on sale. The view from the castle wall looks over the whole city. It is two hundred feet above Edinburgh and six hundred above sea level. We next descended to St. Giles Cathedral, and passed the quarters for married soldiers. St. Giles, or John Knox' church, is large enough for four congregations, and is now divided to accommodate that many. The picture of Knox preaching to the people is brilliant with color and is said to represent the scene where, when a collect was given out, Jane of Guise threw a stool at the dean and turned the tide of feeling against it, and thus greatly advanced the Reformation. A slab is on a pillar, giving an account of the occurrence.

Outside of St. Giles Cathedral is a raised platform, with a canopy, where proclamations of the city are announced. Opposite are the City Council Rooms. In an open court, well paved, is the grave of John Knox. An oval piece of brass on which is engraved "J. K. 1672" marks the place.

After proceeding down the street in old Edinburgh where stands the red tiled house of John Knox, with its little porch on which he stood and preached to the people, we arrived at Holyrood Palace. This home of Mary, Queen of Scots, is still kept as it was in her own desolate life. The portrait of Darnley, her second husband, represents a young man (he was four years the queen's junior) with long black locks hanging around a ruddy, but hatchet-featured face with most sinister eyes, and of small, straight form. It seems small wonder that Mary soon saw through his character and was obliged to ask the protection of David Rizzio, who, both a musician and her private secretary. was devoted to the Queen's service. Darnley's jeal-

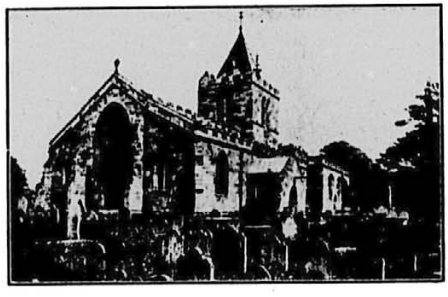
ousy became so intense, as all readers of history know, that with the aid of dukes and earls who wanted to get rid of them both, he succeeded in accomplishing Rizzio's murder in the very presence of the queen. But his triumph was of short duration, as his own life was soon after ended by his being blown up by gunpowder in a building in which he lay ill with small-pox. Bothwell, who afterward became the husband of Mary, was the perpetrator of the deed. It is also related that Bothwell's treatment of Mary was such that at one time she was heard to cry out, "Kill me! I do not care to live."

We saw the stairway down which Rizzio's body was thrown, and the bed-room of Mary, which was afterwards used by Charles I. The tapestries, of Gobelin manufacture, are still preserved. The banquet room is lined with portraits of Scotland's distinguished men and women. In the chapel, we saw the brass plate on which is inscribed the death of Darnley. This wonderful Holyrood House is a beautiful specimen of the architecture of the time in which it was erected.

Stirling Castle, which is thirty-four miles from Edinburgh, was next visited. The ride was by steam cars and only occupied about thirty minutes. Within sight of Stirling Castle is Wallace's monument, which is on a hill behind which he kept the main part of his army when the English crossed the bridge and made the attack. Those concealed came to the rescue and the English were many of them drowned in their efforts to retreat. The armor worn in those days, judging from actual appearance, would certainly have sunk anyone who attempted to swim a river. The view from Stirling Castle is fine, with the battlefield of Bannockburn in the distance. The room in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was born, for Stirling was her birth-place, is a very small one, but has two windows and a fire-place. The

dungeons are large, and with but one window, each of which has a large triangular sill, where, no doubt the prisoner spent most of his time. We entered the royal cemetery and on one tomb saw the words: "Throne of Light, Word of God, Light and Truth," whatever they may have meant by it.

As we came down the steep descent from Stirling village, we bought strawberries of very large size of the fine flavor of our wild ones at home, at the rate of two quarts for twenty-five cents. Edinburgh is a good place to shop in, being modern in every way. Its street cars carry a double number, not by the American way, but by having extra rows of seats on the top. The public parks are clean and attractive, and the monument of some noble citizen stands at nearly every street crossing.



GLADSTONE'S CHURCH AT HAWARDEN

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
HOLYROOD CASTLE, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

ABBOTTSFORD

The home of Walter Scott nestles in the hills, not showing itself until one is at the very gate. Other fine residences are on different knolls not far away, and are seen from a distance. After going down the driveway we ascended some steps and were at the front door, which opens upon a beautiful lawn with flowers of various hues in small oval or crescent-shaped beds. (We were in England at the time of rose blossoms and yellow calcolaria.) The room into which the front door opens is oblong, perhaps twelve by twenty feet. In it is a large mantel, upon which are three skulls. One is that of Robert Bruce, a head with a wonderful development of the posterior portion and larger than the others, which are those of men of less note. On a table is a marble bust of Wordsworth, which shows a long oval face, narrow at the chin and in an exceedingly pensive and contemplative mood.

We passed on into the library, where, in the center of the room, was the chair Sir Walter Scott occupied while writing, and which stood before his table. From this room we entered another and larger library room, the whole containing many thousand volumes. In this room is the original bust of Scott, in marble, from which all others have been cast. In the alcove of a bay window looking out on adjacent hills, stood a circular table, and under a glass upon it were various presents that had been given to the author. A gold snuff box, portraits of Mrs. Scott, upon ivory, and locks of hair of Napoleon and Wellington were among the articles. Their arrangement was by Sir Walter himself.

In the next room visited were many portraits, one being of Scott's mother, whom he greatly resembles, and of whom an amusing story is told. It is said that when Sir Walter's father was a young man, his father placed a pair of spurs on the breakfast meat-platter and said: "You must provide meat for our table." In the effort to win his spurs, the son resorted to stealing some sheep, and being caught in the act, was arrested, but was promised release if he would marry the owner's daughter. Young Scott asked to see her, but her mouth was so large, he said he preferred to go to jail. When there, however, the young lady's visits were frequent and kind, and he finally concluded she should be his wife. In the feature of the mouth, particularly, Sir Walter greatly resembles his mother.

Full length portraits of Scott's two daughters show them dressed in Highland costume. There is also a portrait of Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the grand-daughter who preserves Abbottsford so perfectly, but who was on the continent at the time of our visit. The portrait is of life size and represents Mrs. Scott seated in a chair and dressed in white satin, with an abundance of rich white lace on waist and skirt. She has an oval face with rather a sharp nose, but regular features and a pleasing, refined expression. Sir Walter's portrait is above a mantelpiece, and next to it is that of his wife, who was a Miss Carpenter. The latter was painted in the younger days of the original and represents her with dark hair and eyes.

On another side of the same room hung a life size portrait of Oliver Cromwell. He resembles a clergyman of the old school, with high, receding forehead, long, straight nose, hatchet-face, flushed with color, and sharp eyes with a far-away look in them, as though he might be contemplating what ought to and could be accomplished for the cause of God and humanity. The con-

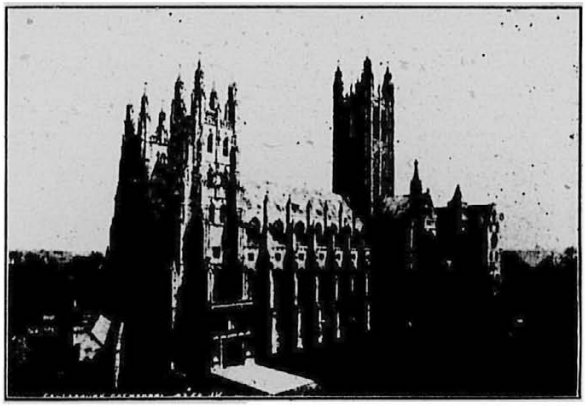
vents so corrupt, his look says, must be razed; the places where ambitious youths were being destroyed by unscrupulous monks, must be torn down, and their paraphernalia burned. We had but just come from Muckross Abbey and Inverness and Ross castles, in Ireland, where we had seen how complete the destruction had been. Thomas Cromwell, his uncle, plainly shows that that this man was used to accomplish God's designs. It was an inspiration to look at his portrait, and gave rise to the hope that another such man would be raised up in the 20th century to attack our breweries and distilleries in the same way. No money can rebuild the human wrecks they make, the slaves to appetite they create. And their victims would help in their destruction; for, as a former Cleveland, Ohio, judge said when he voted the Prohibition ticket, "Would you not crush the serpent that bites you?" In another room, very like an armory, were the two pistols of Napoleon, taken at the battle of Waterloo, and over the doorway was a bas-relief of Scott.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL, LONDON MUSEUM, NATIONAL ART GALLERY

We crowded into our vehicles, adjusted our umbrellas to shield us from the drippings of a heavy thunder shower that was on and proceeded to Melrose Abbey. The heart of Robert Bruce is buried here, that having been his wish. Melrose was once restored by Bruce, and was, consequently, dear to him. The carved window frames of stone are still intact; indeed, it is said that the stone out of which they are made is the hardest known. We went to a Melrose hotel for lunch, which was well prepared and bountiful. Strawberries, which were large and sweet, were served in their hulls.

A short walk brought us to the train. We entered a building, went up a flight of stairs and were on a platform close to the cars. These cars have two compartments; one of seats for four, opposite each other, and a smaller one with seats for one on each side of the doors. Our large company was thus divided into half dozens, and became well acquainted by the interchange of opinions, books and photographs.

Chester, which we reached at eight o'clock, is on the border of Wales, only one mile from the River Dee, which separates the two countries. It has the oldest cathedral in Great Britain, and a stone wall a mile and three-quarters in length, in a good state of preservation, still partly encircles the town. The old castle of the place, Derby, is now used as a barracks, and a street lined with two-story shops is called "The Row." The upper stories of the shops have a porch upon which the stores open, making a business place above, and one below. In some



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL (EXTERIOR)

INTERIOR OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

instances the upper story projects over the sidewalk, giving a good view up and down the street. A large clock hung in the middle of the street, as we often see electric lights in America.

Sunday we went to Gladstone's church, at Hawarden, eight miles distant. Two omnibusses, each with three horses abreast, were filled with members of our party. The road was through Hough Green, a resident street of new, two-story, brick houses, with small yards filled with flower-beds and pebbled walks. We passed by trees of beech, maple and oak, and then through acres of pasture and grain lands to Broughton, the station where Gladstone took the cars for London; then past the Home For Indigent Poor, built by him, and then onto his estate. This estate was the dower of Mrs. Gladstone, who was a Miss Gwinne. In Hawarden village is a stone fountain, erected at the time of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's golden wedding, on one side of which is the bust of the great premier, and on the other that of his wife. Above the fountain is the inscription: "Drink ye the water." The fountain is arranged to accommodate both man and beast.

The cathedral stands at the end of a lane, and is substantial looking. The services had begun, and a boy choir was chanting the responses. Stephen Gladstone, the rector, who is the son of the premier, was not present, but his assistant gave the sermon. It began thus: "Life, what is it? Science does not tell us what it is. Life is a mystery. The spirit returns to God who gave it. God calls it to enjoy His presence forever. But how is this to be gained? Not by wishing or praying, it must be by action. The woman spoken of in my text did more; she went to Christ, touched his garment, and was healed. There is a truth for us, we must ourselves draw near." The congregation was large and the collection plates well filled. The same evening we attended

a concert of Mendelsohn's "Hymns of Praise," in the old cathedral of Chester. Every seat was filled and many were obliged to stand, although the cathedral seats three thousand. This was the first rehearsal of a festival lasting three days. The noted brass bands of Lancaster and the unequaled voices of York were trained by the organist, Mr. Bridges, whose brother is organist at Westminster Abbey. A lady lent us the use of the score, which we closely followed. The music was grand, yet smooth and sweet in its cadences. The great organ was used at the opening, and the vaulted roof and great space gave a volume of sound seldom heard. The lady previously spoken of had been a member of the cathedral choir for twenty-five years, and she told us that Archbishop Pearson, whose monument stood on one side of the aisle, had published many books, and had revised the creed of the Episcopal church. The revised creed, she said, was used in America, and Dean Howson had collected much money in our country with which to repair the Chester Cathedral. The Duke of Westminster had, she said, left a legacy for the same purpose.

THE LONDON MUSEUM

The London Museum, which is on Brompton Road, is a large, new building, with room for many more exhibits than it now has. As one enters, the statue of Thomas Henry Huxley, attracts the notice, the heavy eyebrows, prominent, indented chin and general appearance indicating a man of power. He was born in 1825 and died in 1895. At the entrance to the second gallery is the statue of Charles Darwin in a sitting posture. He, also, has heavy eyebrows, which hang over eyes that seem to recede into his head. He has a long beard and a wrinkled forehead, but withal a pleasing expression. Both of these gentlemen seem to greet the visitor, with their eyes, in a friendly way.

The large trees of California are represented by a section ninety feet in circumference, cut from a tree at a height of eighteen feet from the ground. Near a sign reading, "Adaptation of external covering to the conditions of life," were birds of the color of the yellow sand in which they were rollicking; a group of white birds and rabbits on white, chalky ground, and speckled birds on speckled ground. The remains of mastodons and many other prehistoric animals are in the wing to the left, and it would seem that at least inland waters must have been deeper and broader than now to have given room for such monsters to bathe or live in. And yet they were all made to master the conditions in which they were placed.

On the second floor were animals of the present day. Immense giraffes, that could browse on the leaves of tall trees, but must spread their fore legs apart to graze or drink. There

were Indian buffaloes with horns peculiarly broad at the base and hair coming down on the forehead and parted in the middle, suggesting that they might have set the fashion for some women. There were also Japanese, Thibetan and polar bears and sloths and weasels.

In the exhibit of marble, there was the rare Persian blue marble. There was Deccan Indian foliage, in agate; cats-eye quartz and quartz from South Africa with stripes like a gold and black ribbon. Humming birds with bills that would reach into flower tubes six inches long, were among the rare sights. In fishes, there were the red finned king fish, the jelly fiish, the sea anemone, the squid and other curiosities.

Children of all ages and sizes were running through the halls of the museum and examining all the exhibits. There seemed to be no obstacles placed in the way of English children in gaining definite ideas in natural history and the classification of animals.

In the Albert Memorial, near Hyde Park, beside the groups at the corners representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America, there is, below the statue, which is in gold, a frieze of Homer playing the harp, while in a listening attitude are, Dante, Virgil, Cervantes, Molliere, Corneille, Ambrose, Guido, Rosini, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Hayden, Bartholomew, Tullis, Purcell, Auber, Necker, Rosseau, Sully and others.

NATIONAL ART GALLERY

As we entered the Art Gallery a heavy shower occurred and lightning flashed over the windows in the ceiling. The artists ceased work, and the dark clouds made it difficult to see any but the brightest of the paintings. In the first gallery, on the left, is a portrait of Hogarth, near to one of his sister and many others he had painted. His ruddy cheeks and large, round face gave him a youthful appearance. In the next room was a portrait of Gilbert Stewart, who might have passed for a younger brother of George Washington, and who made the picture of him, which is so universally admired. It was an idealized likeness, no doubt. Near the portrait of Stewart is that of Mrs. Siddons, which has been duplicated many times by artists. The youthful Christ embracing St. John, by Guido, was particularly attractive, from the fair, open countenance, regular features, light hair, oval face and modern appearance of Jesus, and the ruddy cheeks and natural look of St. John. Both appeared young and looked as though they might step from the canvas.

One of the visiting artists had painted a copy of two little pug dogs so knowing looking and so bright in contrast of color as to make it as pretty as anything in sight. Landseer's Sleeping Bloodhound and a canine head by him were strikingly lifelike. Near these were Constable's landscapes, "The Hay Field," "The Valley" and "The Hay Wagon." They were dark with age, but exceedingly full of interest. Murillo's "Drinking Cup" shows a boy with a bottle of wine in one hand and a

tumbler half full in the other, looking up at us from the canvas It seems a pity to immortalize a custom that tends to so much misery. The habit of using intoxicants is begun early in London, the absence of cool water and the usual table drinks used in America making it natural to resort to wine, beer or ale. The day of our visit to the art gallery was the first time we had been informed that we could have tea and coffee at all meals without extra charge.

We passed on to the room which has a copy of the picture of the "Infant Jesus" by Salvator Rosa. The portrait has a dark green background, and Jesus is represented as a bright little boy looking intently at his mother. There is the plumpness of childish limbs, with dimples in the knees. The artist has represented only the boy—not the Christ, and if the picture graced the walls of a private residence it might easily be taken as that of a household pet. "History in canvas" may be the reason given for the existence of such paintings—or was it need of the money paid by the church to the artists? The collection of Turner occupied one large room, and some were being copied by different artists. This exhibition was fascinating, but seemed hardly of this world. There was a blinding effect of color that rendered outlines indistinct and made it impossible to view the pictures with pleasure, except at a distance. We did not need Ruskin to tell us of their worth, yet, no doubt, without his commendation they would not be estimated as highly as they are. There were portraits by Joshua Reynolds, and a very fine one of Gladstone.

GUILFORD, KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICK CASTLE, GUILFORD

Being a descendent of John Parmlin, now called Parmly, who joined the persecuted Huguenots in the Island of Guernsey and afterwards went to Guilford, England, and wishing to obtain some information regarding his son, John Parmlin, Jr., who came with the colony from Guilford to New Haven, Connecticut, early in the 17th century, I secured a pleasant traveling companion, in Miss Mabel Russell, and started from London, at Waterloo station, the ride to Guilford being one of only two hours. On arriving, we went first to St. Mary's Church, which is a very old but well-preserved structure, cruciform in shape and with a square tower. The ceiling was high and the windows were of stained glass. On the walls were several brass tablets with inscriptions in black letters. One read: "To the glory of God and the loving memory of Zeb. Few, for years rector of this parish, died Sept. 18, 1879." Another was to "Mary Knowles, daughter of John and Mary Allen, aet 16 yrs. 1741." There was also one to "Philip Lovejoy," and one to "Harriet Lockwood."

We left the church, crossed a bridge and went up a street lined with stores and shops. A sign on a hotel read: "Pot of tea, roll and butter, 4d." In a book store we bought views of the place, and the lady in charge pointed the way to the old castle of the town, which was in a well kept park. The four gray walls were about forty feet high and in a fair state of preservation.

As we returned toward the railroad station a lady pointed out St. Nichol's Church, which is still older than St. Mary's. We entered a gateway and followed a diagonal path leading past numerous upright slabs (they are usually laid flat) to the door, which we opened by turning a big ring, and found ourselves in a quiet resting place. There were cushions for the knees when in prayer, one lying in front of each chair. There were no pews in these churches.

On the return trip to London I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Algernon Stewart, of Wickworth Hall, Goddenning, England, and have since had the pleasure of corresponding with her regarding the ancestral line of descent that took me to Guilford.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Stratford-on-Avon is a market town in the southwestern part of Warwickshire, not far from London. William Shakespeare was born in the year of 1564, in a two-story gabled house on Henley street. The room we first entered was a butcher shop of his father John Shakespeare. A large fireplace is on one side, and a wooden staircase leads to the noted birth-room above. The small window panes in this room have many autographs of distinguished visitors, among them those of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle. The library, or museum, contains many mementoes besides Shakespeare's bust.

To the curator we said, "Whose grave is it, in the church yard, that bears the name of Rose?"

He replied, "My name is Rose," and when I said my husband was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London because his name was Rose, he replied, "That was Sir Philip Rose, the great friend of Lord Beaconsfield. It is a very common name in England."

New Place is where Shakespeare came to live in the days of his prosperity. The first tree he planted was a mulberry, and it was cut down by a Rev. Francis Gastnell, because he was so pestered by visitors desiring to see it.

Shakespeare lies buried in Trinity Church, the flagstone over the place bearing this inscription:

"Good friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be the man who spares these stones
And curst be he who moves my bones."

On the wall is the monumental bust by Gerard Johnson modeled from a cast taken after death. The eyes are light hazel and full-orbed, the hair auburn, the chin set, and forehead towering, the whole head being well poised and massive. When twelve years of age he attended, probably, the tournaments given by Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle for Queen Elizabeth. At 18 years he married, and two years later went to London because arrested for poaching on a nobleman's preserves.

A relative by the name of Green, engaged in Black Friars Theater, got him a situation as call-boy; and Goethe, speaking of him, said: "It is easy to understand the rapid strides with which a superior man reaches the summit in any career into which he has once obtained admission."

He went to London in 1584, and his first work appeared in 1590. It is thought he spent his time on works that were not his own, as one of the actors called him "An upstart crow beautified with our feathers," His manuscript contained scarcely an erasure.

At that time dramatic representations were the favorite amusements of the most distinguished men, and dramatic poetry was numbered among the national pleasures; so Shakespeare made his plays the acts of kings and courtiers, where human life was made to pass in review as a brilliant reflection of the real. Four years after obtaining Black Friars Theater he returned to Stratford and became a religious man. In two years he died, of what disease is not known. It is said he never bestowed much labor on either his work or his glory, and was vexed but little with a craving after success, being more inclined to doubt its value.

OXFORD

Oxford is a city associated with great names. John Wickliffe here taught and thought, sowing the seeds that produced the Reformation. The first printing press in England was established here in 1468. The London Gazette, the oldest English newspaper, was established here in 1665. Latimer and Ridly were here burned at the stake. Erasmus studied at St. Mary's College; Jeremy Taylor at All Souls; John Wesley at Christchurch; Dr. Johnson and Whitfield were Pembroke men, and Henry V, Edward the Black Prince, and Edward VII each studied in one of the twenty-six colleges. A university library was first begun by arranging some chests in a room over the vaulted chamber east of the Tower of St. Mary's, in 1327. The present building was begun in 1445. Edward VI burned the books having a tendency to Romanism, and in 1597 Sir L. Bodley, of Merton College, refounded the library and named it the Bodleion; being persuaded he could not busy himself to any better purpose than by converting the place to the public use of students. It has 470,000 books and 26,000 manuscripts. A picture gallery contains a collection of portraits of university benefactors. A card says, "Touch what you like with your eyes, but do not see with your fingers."

We were in Christchurch dining hall, and looked with pleasure at two portraits done by Herkomer, father of a Cleveland artist. We passed through the broad walk lined with oak trees of great growth, saw the old school tower, the cloisters of the new college, and Addison's walk, and rode through High street to the Isis, where are many yachts of the students that are in the regattas on the Thames.

KENILWORTH CASTLE

Kenilworth took its name from Kenelph, a Saxon King of Mercia. Henry I, son of William the Conqueror, granted the estate to his chamberlain, Geoffrey de Clinton, in 1115, and in 1120 Clinton built the keep and kitchen, the outer defences and moats, and the priory of St. Augustine. Henry II of Anjou and Normandy, in 1154, ordered all castles destroyed, but seized this castle and garrisoned it against his rebellious sons Henry and Richard, and held it for eight years. In 1175 Geoffrey de Clinton the younger had possession and built Lumm's tower and a great hall and chapel. In 1181 Henry II again seized the castle, but died in Normandy in 1189, Richard the Lion Hearted succeeding him. Henry, grandson of the founder, relinquished his right to the castle to King John in 1200, but had built the Swan tower, water tower, Mortimer's tower, gallery tower, tilt yard and bridges. Pope Adrian V resided in the castle in 1238.

In 1254, Henry III granted a lease of Kenilworth to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and his wife Eleanor, who was a sister of the King, for their lives; yet two years later, during the "war of the barons," he besieged it. He was repulsed, however, and in 1264, after the battle of Lewes, he, with his brother Richard of Cornwall, and Robert Bruce were imprisoned in the castle by Sir Simon de Montfort. At the battle of Eversham, de Montfort was slain and his possessions confiscated to the king. The Pope's legate advised a parliament to be held at Kenilworth, and by common consent the bishops of six dioceses were empowered to choose six others and "do what was best

for the peace and security of the land." Their decision was that those in open rebellion should have the privilege "to redeem their estates by pecuniary fines." This decision is called "The dictum de Kenilworth."

Two Knight Templars were imprisoned in the castle in 1307, and their shields are still seen cut in the stone of their prison. The deepest dungeon of the keep at Kenilworth held Edward II while his resignation of the crown in favor of his son, Edward III, was wrung from him; and Roger Mortimer revelled in the castle halls while his sovereign languished in its dungeons. In 1446 Eleanor Cobham, the "lively but unlucky Duchess of Gloucester," was imprisoned at Kenilworth, and about 1520 Henry VIII built his state apartments there.

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, she made Robert Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland, Knight of the Garter, Master of Horse and a member of the Privy Council, and gave him Kenilworth Castle; and many years afterwards when Elizabeth visited Kenilworth, Dudley, then Earl of Leicester, built a new bridge over the moat that she "might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden." The castle was again confiscated by the crown in 1603, about the time of Elizabeth's death, and was given to Prince Henry, and later to Prince Charles. In 1618, Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded in the tower of London.

All this history had lent a charm to Kenilworth Castle before our party entered its arched gateway, walked through a lane bordered with blooming roses, then up a grassy lawn and saw its time-and-battle-scarred, but massive walls looming fifty feet high before us. As we approached, the broad surface showed but few opening for light; around to the left we discovered that the walls were fully six feet thick, a man

AMY ROBSART
KENILWORTH CASTLE

being able to lie at full length across a window sill. In Mervyn's tower a staircase formerly occupied each corner, but are now gone to decay.

We passed through a grass-grown enclosure to Queen Elizabeth's rooms, which were in the second story of another building from that first inspected. A bay-window occupied the entire side of the main room and looked out on an open court, which had a place for a fountain. An open grate with chimney was on one side, and a separate stairway led to this one room. Elizabeth could see the Earl of Leicester's building from her own. The Leicester building ran up five stories as square as a chimney. The lower room could well have been used as a dungeon. In the rear of Elizabeth's building was the octagon tower room where it is supposed Amy Robsart, Leicester's wife, was confined by him. It has an outlook on the open country. In an enclosed grass plot below we saw a company of children, with their teachers or nurses, enjoying a picnic.

The road from Kenilworth to Warwick Castle has been made historic from the many who have traversed in the past, the same broad way, fifty to seventy feet wide and hard as a floor. On one side are forest trees of great age, and on the other, well-tilled farm lands. Some pretty villas were to be seen, one owned by a man who had made his money in the manufacture of pins, in Birmingham, and another who had made his fortune in lamps.

As we entered the grounds of Warwick Castle, a carriage containing Lady Warwick passed us. We noticed that she held the lines, wore gauntlets, and was beautiful.

We first saw Cæsar's tower, which has a clock and a sundial, and then walked around a circular drive to a grass plat where were pea-fowls in great numbers—standing like statues

or spreading their gorgeous trains. Stray feathers were scattered about, which the children of our party gathered up as souvenirs. In cages were a raccoon, a monkey and other animals. A guide next took us to the entrance of the castle, where hung six large rifles in a row, and swords, spears and armor of all kinds. We then visited the room of Queen Anne, which has a portrait of her above the mantel, and full length portraits of Lord and Lady Brooke. Gobelin tapestries are on the walls, and pieces of inlaid or gilded furniture—wardrobes, chairs and sofas, are placed about the room. The "green room" came next, which is of a very delicate shade of green, with hard wood floor. Then came the "red room," the noticeable features of which were its portraits of noted people and heavy glass chandeliers. All the rooms were of medium size and very home-like in appearance. The rooms occupied by the family were not on exhibition.

We crossed a campus through exquisite flower gardens, to a building much like a conservatory, to see the Roman vase brought to England by the Earl of Warwick, and said to have been taken from a lake near Rome, then followed the drive to the gate and took our great wagons to Leamington Spa, the best watering place in England. In this town were stone villas hedged in with holly or cedar, with bright flowers and graveled walks, and each having its name on one of the gate posts. It was easy to see the benefit of the high hedges as we drove into the yard at Manor House. Although on a dusty highway, it seemed as clean, cool and quiet as if in the country. Who cares to see carts, hacks and pedestrians, when one can see flowers, statuary and fountains, and trees with seats in their shade?

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WINDSOR CASTLE, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

This ancient edifice, which has been the scene of many coronations and pompous pageants and was at one time the meeting place of Parliament, is one of the great attractions of London. It stands in front of an open park and close to London Bridge, where cabs and carriages pass in great numbers, making it easy of access. The first view of the exterior is somewhat disappointing, as the dark gray stone of which it is built does not at once reveal the ornateness of its architecture. It stands on the site of a Benedictine monastery founded by St. Dunstan and built upon Thorny Island, a small area of land bounded on the east by the Thames, on the north and south by small streams running into the Thames and on the west by a moat. In 1065, Edward the Confessor replaced the simple monastery of St. Dunstan by a massive structure in the Norman style of architecture and cruciform in shape, which defied the lapse of time for 200 years. Some time in the early part of the 13th century, King Henry III razed the walls of this Norman structure and built a more magnificent one in honor of Edward, still holding to the cruciform shape, which has not been changed, although the building was in process of construction through several centuries and a number of additions to it have been made. In Queen Elizabeth's time the name "Westminster Abbey" was changed to "The Collegiate Church of St. Peter;" the monastery having been dissolved and a college church established. But the time-honored edifice is still Westminster Abbey to England and all the world, and will, probably, always remain so.

For 300 years the House of Commons met in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. When the Abbey was dissolved, the Chapter House became national property, and was used as a record office up to 1863. In 1865 it was restored to its pristine splendor, and its beautiful windows are now filled with illustrations of English history as blended with that of the Abbey. In the days of the monastery, the abbot and his officers met weekly in its place to judge offenders, and punished such by scourging at a whipping post which then stood in the center of the room.

The old dormitory of the monks has been converted into a large hall called The Great School, and what is now called The College Hall was the dining-room of the monastery. The Chapter Library is an interesting collection gathered by Dean Williams, the last churchman who held the Great Seal of England, and who was both Dean of Westminster and Archbishop of York. There is also a "Jerusalem Chamber," once the abbot's parlor, and which got its name from the tapestry with which it was first hung, there having been scenes from the Holy Land represented upon it. In this room occurred the dramatic death of Henry IV.

As you enter the door between the two great towers, you find yourself in the Abbey nave, which is 166 feet long. To the left, in the Statesmen's Corner, is the statue of Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister in 1834, then Admiral Warren, and then Lord Beaconsfield, who asked not to be buried there, but whose statue is placed there to his memory. There is also a statue of William Pitt. To the right there is a gallery where are bas-reliefs of John and Charley Wesley, and where Major Andre, famous in English and infamous in American history, is immortalized. The poet's corner is on the opposite side, and in it are busts of

famous poets, among them one of our own, Longfellow. There are, also, the tombs of Browning, Tennyson, Chaucer and many others.

As is well known, the Abbey is now noted as the burial place of famous men of all ranks and creeds and forms of genius. As we lingered in one of the galleries, some workingmen were changing the position of a body, the feet of which were wrapped in red flannel. We did not stop to see whose remains were being disturbed, but hastened on with an increased belief in cremation.

The chapel of Henry VII is a very fine structure, and in it are buried, Mary, Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth and many others of the rulers of England. Wax effigies of noted persons were once borne at funerals, and were set up in the Abbey, often filing the place of permanent monuments. Of the eleven still preserved, that of Charles II stood for two centuries above his grave. The figure of Lord Nelson has on the very clothes he wore except the coat.

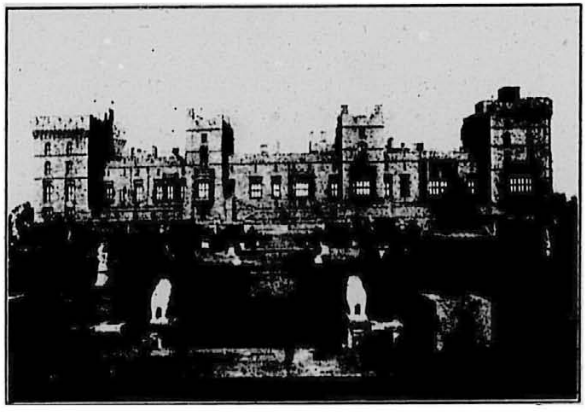
The Coronation Chair was made to the order of Edward I, and is said to contain the stone on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel. How much of truth or fable there may be in the story is not known, but that every sovereign of England since Edward I, excepting Edward V, has been crowned in this chair, is a matter of history. The coronation ceremony is performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and at its conclusion, the sovereign ascends a throne raised for the purpose and receives the homage of the peers. The coronation of a ruler of England has no legal significance, however, as the succession of a new king or queen is instantaneous upon the death of a sovereign.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

The present houses of Parliament stand on the site of the old Palace of Westminster, first built by Edward the Confessor and rebuilt later, but finally destroyed by fire in 1834. After the fire, which obliterated everything except the Great Hall, the cloisters and the crypt, architects and sculptors were engaged to erect an edifice fitted to enshrine England's new constitution. The result was the magnificent structures now called the Houses of Parliament, which cover eight acres of land and took thirteen years to prepare for occupancy. The main edifice has a tower at each extreme end, and a central one rising above an octagonal hall, where you enter to reach the House of Lords and of Commons.

One of the larger towers is called Victoria Tower, and in it are stored the original rolls of Parliament. The Clock Tower contains the old prisons, which are now but little used. The House of Lords is to the right, as you enter, and in it Parliament is opened by the sovereign. It is not only the superior house of legislation, but is the final court of appeals for the Kingdom. The House of Commons, which is to the left, is purely a legislative body, having no jurisdiction as a court of justice. A peculiar feature of this room is the manner of ventilating it. The floor is of iron and perforated to let the air through, the air first passing over muslin which is sprayed with water under the floor, thus taking up all the dust and impurities before the air is breathed.

The room used for nearly half a century by Queen Victoria as a robing room, has a figure of herself with a statue of Justice on one side, and one of Mercy on the other, showing, as her life did, that her idea of justice was true to the teaching that it should always be tempered with mercy.



WINDSOR CASTLE, LONDON

WARWICK CASTLE

WINDSOR CASTLE

To give a full account of Windsor Castle, would be to write the history of England, and space gives room for only a passing glimpse of this magnificent edifice and its beautiful grounds. It is said that Edward the Confessor donated it to the monks as an offering for the remission of the sins of himself and all his relatives, and that William the Conqueror, being pleased with its beauty, took it as his residence, giving the monks the county of Essex in exchange. But tradition coming down through some nine centuries is so liable to change that little remains certain except the fact that Windsor existed in the 10th century, then being called Windleshore, from the winding of the Thames at this point, and that it stands today one of the most beautiful of the homes of the sovereigns of England.

On one side of the castle is a broad drive with a stone wall separating it from a deep ravine, across which is seen the fine buildings of Eton school, and also its grounds, which are extensive and shaded by many old elms. On the east terrace are flowers and shrubs arranged in various forms. At one end are two white elephants in stone, sent from Lucknow, India. The late queen's apartments were on this side of the castle. Thirteen acres are given to gardens of flowers and shrubs, in which are quaint retreats; such as a Brahmin hut, an Italian temple, and a hermitage. A fine park containing some hundreds of acres of forest trees affords lovely shaded walks and drives.

The royal Tomb House under the Albert memorial chapel has the tombs of George III, George IV, William IV, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Charles Brandon, who married Mary Tudor, and was made Duke of Suffolk; the son of Empress Eugenie, slain in the African war in 1879; Princess Charlotte, only child of George IV; the Duke and Duchess of Kent, parents of Queen Victoria, and many others. It is, then, to Windsor as to Westminster we turn for the tombs of those noted in English history.

Why cannot the United States of America have a similar mausoleum for its Presidents and inspire its people to acquaint themselves with its past?

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

This oldest and most beautiful of churches stands back of a small village with narrow streets, and two story buildings of very quaint appearance. It is now the Mecca of all travelers, as it was of pilgrims centuries ago.

During the reign of Constantine, St. Martin's hill, the site of Canterbury, was occupied by Roman villas. Maximus was sent by Constantine to Great Britain, and Martin, who was an intimate friend of Maximus, was the founder of this cathedral. The venerable Bede states that it was built in honor of St. Martin. It fell into decay, and was restored by Queen Bertha, who married Ethelbert, King of Kent, in 449.

St. Augustine held missions at Canterbury in 597 A. D. The cathedral was ravaged by the Danes in the 11th century, but was repaired by the Normans, and in the 13th century it was rebuilt, in the early English style, during the reign either of King John or of Henry III. Its total length is 537 feet. The walls to the height of three or four feet are the actual walls of the Norman foundation.

The bishops sent by William the Conqueror, from 1070 to 1079 wished to make the cathedral like the stately structures they had been accustomed to on the continent, and the chalk hills near by lent their aid to the purpose, the exterior being faced with a cement made of this chalk mixed with flinty stones. The cement is like that of the Romans, and will endure for ages.

The building is of both Norman and Gothic architecture, and has been rebuilt, added to and improved many times. As we enter and see the vaulted ceiling and the polished arches reaching upward, we exclaim, "How beautiful!" But it must

be seen to be comprehended; as no description would be adequate. We walked along the arched way for three hundred feet and then ascended on steps of white marble to the nave. A framed card which hung at the entrance said:

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this house of God, leave it not without a prayer to God for thyself and those who minister and those who worship here."

In the chapel of St. Andrew we were asked to register if we were of Huguent descent. In this chapel were evidences of service at the present time, there being an organ, prayer books and cushioned chairs around the pulpit. A mellow light came through the yellow stained glass windows, which were on two sides of the small, square room.

In 1850, during the first World's Fair, 100,000 persons visited this shrine. We were in the chapel restored, in white-and-gold, by the Prince of Wales, in 1897. It is seventy by ninety feet in size, and eighty feet high. The cathedral was visited by Queen Elizabeth in 1571. As the seat of the Archbishops, who, we were told, receive $75,000 per year, it is honored above all other cathedrals.

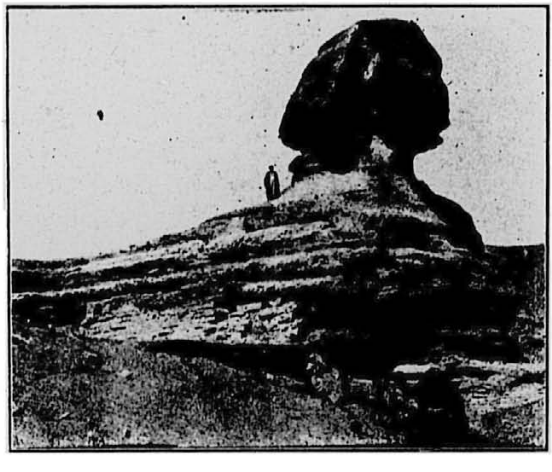
We descended and inspected the undercroft, built in 1305. This is where St. Augustine held his services. It is fourteen feet high and extends the entire length of the church, brass lamps being hung at equal distances between the enormous pillars. We stood in the place to which Thomas-á-Becket fled and was struck down, lying five hours before his murderers came back to see how he fared. His skull had been fractured, and he was dead. His remains were kept here from 1170 to 1220, when they were placed in the chapel above with great religious pomp and ceremony; yet, in 1888 a stone receptacle was found, containing a fractured skull, and bones of the size

and age of those of Thomas-a-Becket, which created a good deal of wondering and some doubt as to whose remains rested in the chapel.

Several tombs were shown us, one of which had been studded with jewels to the amount of $3,000,000, all of them having now been removed. There was the tomb of Admiral Rooke, to whom was due the capture of Gibraltar; and that of Archbishop Warham, who was the last archbishop before the Reformation. Near the latter was the tomb of Archbishop Peckham, who presided over the convocation that recognized the king as head of the church instead of the Pope. The tomb of the Black Prince is also there, in the center aisle, and over it hang his sur-coat, gloves, shield and scabbard. Next to it is that of Archbishop Courtney, before whom Wickliffe was brought for trial. On a wall is a Bible which is secured by a chain and is to be read only by the priest.

A brick structure covers the remains of Odet Coligny, Cardinal of Chantillon. His sympathies were with the cause of the Protestants, and he was obliged to flee to France. The cathedral shows the fate of others during the time of its partial destruction by Henry VIII. A memorial window to Dean Stanley has in it some of the glass of early manufacture. When asked the meaning of the feet of the queen resting on a dog, and the feet of the king on an eagle, the guide said the dog meant fidelity, and the eagle, ambition or expansion. At every point was posted this request: "Please give sixpence to the support and preservation of this church."

MONUMENT AT WATERLOO



THE SPHYNX

AMSTERDAM, BRUSSELS, WATERLOO, HOLLAND

We left the beautiful hotel Lord Warden at Dover, crossed the channel to Ostend and took train for Amsterdam. We were four hours in crossing, and as there were several tourist parties on board besides our own, every chair and place was taken. A cold wind was blowing, and all put on heavy wraps, some raising umbrellas to shield themselves from the chilling blast. A Canterbury guide-book received close attention from the writer; experience having shown that an occupied mind is a good safeguard against sea-sickness. A lunch consisting of cold ham, bread and butter, cheese and hot tea was served to all.

At Ostend, our baggage had to be examined, but was passed without trouble. We went through a part of Flanders and Belgium, and although the cars thundered along rapidly, that did not prevent our having a view of the country. A flat country, with the emphasis on the "flat." Canals were to be seen only occasionally, but ditches were around and across every field. One-story white houses, with window sashes painted blue and roofs of red tiles with a row of white ones at the roof-tree for a border, were some of the residences. We stopped to dine at a wayside station that had been telegraphed to for our benefit, and found hot beef-steak, tender and well seasoned; cold roast beef, with lettuce salad; cake and tarts, cherries and green gage plums, and tea and coffee—the best meal since leaving the Etruria.

AMSTERDAM

Amsterdam is on the Zuyder Zee, a branch of the ocean, and contains a population of 350,000. We were there the day before Queen Wilhelmina was to review the fishing boats, and the children were holding a picnic in a park in her honor. The flags, with red, white and black stripes and yellow streamers, made the occasion bright with color. Our party of thirty were given a view of the city from carriages, and the pedestrians gazed upon us as we made the circuit of the streets. We first visited the diamond cutting factory, where we saw the diamond first, in the rough, like a pebble, then after an incision was made into the covering by a sharp diamond, and then when broken by a mallet. The diamond is placed in wax on the end of a wood handle, and when in pieces, is placed in lead instead of wax, and then cut and polished by machinery. The small bits of diamond falling away in the cutting make a dust with which to do the polishing. Good imitations of the diamonds of kings and emperors were on exhibition, with name attached. We then rode around the city along the waters of many canals, which give richness to the various parks. Swans were seen on the water, and beds of flowers everywhere on the land.

After lunch at the Victoria Hotel, where we had beef-steak, biscuits and butter, with peaches, what is here called a meat luncheon, we went to the Art Gallery. This is a very large building, with ceramics on the first floor, similar to those in the London Museum. The second floor is very extensive. One picture called the "Night Watch," which represents a policeman just going out upon his beat, was attractive in its lights and shades and the clear expression of the faces. One by Van Dyck, of "Mary, Martha and Jesus," shows Mary as a blonde young

lady seated on a chair, and Martha standing, with her apron on, remonstrating with Christ for Mary's indifference to the ordinary duties of life. The picture had a very modern look, not at all in keeping with the times of which is was painted. Groups of from fourteen to twenty persons on one canvas represented them in the Elizabethian ruff, recalling the days in which the early builders of Amsterdam had lived.

We also visited the palace, which is much like others we had seen, except that the walls are white, with white marble around the doors and windows. The grand hall is large and high. Two statues are at the entrance, one of Minerva and representing Wisdom; the other of Jupiter, and representing Strength. The "red room" was the sitting-room of the late queen. A painting on the wall represents Justice, Prudence and Peace, and is by Rubens. The throne room, in existence from 1600 to the present time, was in damask of red and yellow. Two chairs were under a canopy, one with a crown and jewels represented on the back of it. A tea room was furnished in yellow satin, and Sevres vases were on the mantel-piece. There was a secretary's room, and lastly, a banquet room, the whole side of which was covered with Rubens' paintings. They represented "The Blessing of Moses when he came down from Mt. Sinai," "Solomon Praying for Wisdom," "Sons of Brutus," and "Council of Gratitude to Moses," which last contained the greatest number of persons.

We took table d'hote at Hotel Victoria at five o'clock, and the train at six. The country is level, but has variety because of the canals and ditches that checker it. Cattle were feeding on the short, green grass, and frequent windmills lent a charm to the scenery. We passed through Rotterdam before dark, and Antwerp about ten o'clock, arriving at Brussels at

midnight. The streets of Brussels are paved with brick and stone, and we saw some boys with brooms, made of twigs, and wheel-barrows, collecting the dust and garbage. At ten in the morning we visited the lace factory. Many girls were plying the bobbins or sewing applique lace, while some were attending to sales. Many of our party bought lace handkerchiefs, fans, or dress fronts and sleeves, the price being about one-half lower than in the United States. It takes a girl two days to make one of the larger flowers in Brussels lace.

A part of our company that did not make the detour to Amsterdam, met us at Hotel Empereur, Brussels, and we all took cars for the battlefield of Waterloo. The mound in the center of the battlefield was two years in being built, and the earth for it was brought by peasant women. It has a platform of sandstone and the figure of a lion on the apex, 326 steps have to be ascended to reach it, but all of our party climbed to the summit and listened to the story of the guide, whose grandfather was in the battle.

To the extreme left lies Charleroi, where Napoleon attempted to surprise the Allied forces, and where he defeated the Prussians and took the town. Word was sent to Brussels, and soldiers hurried from the ball-room in their dress suits and engaged in the batle. Brussels was the depot for supplies from Ostend and Antwerp, and therefore necessary to the success of the English troops; and as Charleroi was but a few miles distant, every effort was made to hold it. On that day, June 17th, 1815, the day before the great battle, the Duke of Wellington came so near being taken prisoner that he only escaped by ordering a part of the 92nd, who were lined along a ditch, to lie down, and leaping his horse over them. The horse of Marshal Blucher was shot under him, and while lying on the ground the Marshal

was twice charged over by the enemy's cavalry. Troops had been taken from his center to strengthen the right wing, and Napoleon seeing this, made a dash at the center, forced it and gained the victory. Rain had begun to fall, and the horses sank to their knees—often to their girths, in the soft fields, which were sown with flax, wheat and oats.

On the morning of the 18th, the day of the memorable battle of history, the Duke of Wellington rode along his lines on a chestnut charger, with a field glass in his hand, seldom speaking to anyone, not even to his body guard. Napoleon, expecting help from those who were not pleased with the Alliance, had sent out this call: "To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has arrived to conquer or die." The French were arrayed with the infantry in front, in two lines sixty yards apart, and in their rear, the cuirassiers, in two lines. On the right were the lancers, in scarlet, the chasseurs, in green and with bear skin caps, and behind them were the horse grenadiers and dragoons. In the rear center were the reserves, and on the left was the light cavalry, while in the rear of the whole was the Imperial Guard, 72,000 in all. The Allied army numbered 68,000.

The reason for delay on the part of Napoleon in beginning the fatal battle, is thought by some to be that he was waiting for the ground to dry. At last, however, Prince Jerome commenced an attack on Hugemont, the headquarters of Wellington. The German battery opened on them, making a complete road through the mass, and forced Jerome to retire. His command was again advancing through a gap in the woods, but Lord Saltoun forced it to again retire. The French occupied the wood and open fields on both sides of Hugemont, making the latter a stumbling block to Napoleon. Marshal Ney was to cover, with the artillery, the advance, Napoleon was to force the left center,

get possession of La Hay-Sainte and Mont St. Jean and prevent co-operation with the Prussians. As this movement was about to be made, a dust cloud in the distance showed the approach of Prussian forces that had been resting at Ligny. Napoleon consequently had to change his plan, but, keeping a large force to watch the advancing re-enforcements, he still ordered Ney to advance, and soon the French batteries, of seventy pieces, opened on the British lines, causing dreadful havoc in Picton's division. The German Legion and the 2nd Life Guards hotly pursued the French cuirassiers, and the carnage was great. Many females were found among the slain, clothed in male attire. Picton himself fell, crying, "Charge! charge! Hurrah!" He was struck in the temple by a musket ball and died at once. His command was so obliterated that Napoleon asked, the next day, "Where is Picton's division?"

The French batteries were decimating the Allied troops that were between the two roads, and Somerset ordered them to retire. Napoleon thought it was a retreat and ordered his cuirassiers forward. They met the Germans advancing, and swords clashed in awful combat. The shock was terrific, and the cuirassiers fled on both sides of La Hay-Sainte. On the field the British cavalry dashed upon the French batteries and sabred the gunners, and not a division except a body of infantry was in line when Napoleon retreated. In an hour all was confusion, and Waterloo was gained by the Allied forces. By a singular coincidence the battle was brought to a close by the troops that opened it—the cuirassiers. Their armor weighed heavily upon them, and was a hindrance in hand to hand fighting.

Our English guide would not admit that Victor Hugo's story was true—that the French cavalry, supposing the ground level, fell into an excavated roadway not seen till upon it. Others believe that statement, and two monuments are near the spot where that calamity is supposed to have occurred.

In the museum at Waterloo are autographs of all the generals; also carbines, pistols, swords, helmets, bridle-bits and French eagles. A case containing skulls had one with three sabre cuts.

COLOGNE, WIESBADEN, BERLIN, DRESDEN,

COLOGNE

The great cathedral at Cologne is near the large railroad depot and close to hotels and business places. A yard filled with flowers and plants extends along all sides of it except the front, and in the rear is a fountain with four large lions, out of whose mouths water pours for the thirsty. As we entered the cathedral on Sunday morning, the wooden seats near the pulpit were filled with attentive listeners. The priest spoke very loudly, but the echoes, together with the patter of feet on the tiled floor, seemed to drown his voice. The cathedral was begun in the 13th century and was finished in 1880, costing a million dollars. This is Christianity in Germany. The meek and lowly Jesus would never recognize his followers in the rich regalia worn in this service.

We visited the church of St. Ursula, five blocks away, which is beautiful in its interior and rich with relics of those buried there many years ago. The story of this church says that when Cologne was conquered by the Huns, St. Ursula refused to surrender herself and followers to their lust, standing firm even when threatened with death. Consequently she and her companions were all slain and buried in a heap on the spot where the church now stands. When this monument to her memory was built, the bones were uncovered and those of St. Ursula placed in a gilded tomb now in the chapel. A box of teeth and other bones gathered from the same place are beside it. The assurance that a large vase to be seen was one of the waterpots that Jesus filled with wine at the marriage of Cana, led to the

feeling that any or all of the legends might be false. Three hundred children, neatly dressed, were seated in the auditorium, which was brilliant with the morning sun falling through stained-glass windows.

We next visited the Museum. There were the invariable and ever-present plaster casts of Augustus, Demosthenes, Venus and Apollo, but we passed on to the paintings. That of Queen Louise, the mother of four boys, two of whom became kings, was attractive and beautiful; grace and sweetness was in every feature. The signing of the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Elizabeth, gave a clear profile view of that noted queen. The Resurrection is the key to the productions in the many rooms given to sacred themes. It is easy to see where Dante got the idea that has shaped the thought of generations of men regarding our eternal future.

At nine o'clock the next morning, we went on board the Victoria for a sail down the Rhine to Wiesbaden. The day threatened rain, but little fell. The Rhine is wider and deeper than the Hudson, but is shut in by high hills similar to those at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In many places the banks are terraced with brick or stone and the levels given to grape culture. After we pass Bonn, the home of Beethoven, where a bronze statue is erected to his memory, the castles of the middle ages appear. Some have been restored, but they all tell of feudal times, when they were used as fortresses against invaders along the great waterway. A little book called "Legends of the Rhine," was bought by many. In it is a beautiful story of Gutenfels. In the 13th century, Guta and her brother Philip, a knight, attended a tournament at Cologne. The one who became victor fixed his eyes on Guta, and after the contest, was presented to her. She dropped her glove in her embarrassment, and he asked her for

it, afterwards carrying it about on his helmit. Philip invited him to their home, and there Guta and the guest plighted their troth. He said he had matters to attend to, and then would return. But Guta grew pale and ill with waiting, for he did not come until three months had passed. When he did come, he was refused entrance, but sent in the glove he had kept, which Guta at once recognized, and permitted him to see her.

"Would I deserve to be Emperor of Germany if I did not profit by the liberty to keep my word?" said he.

"You Emperor!" said Guta.

"Emperor Richard of Cornwallis," answered Philip, who knew him.

The marriage ceremony was performed, and the victor of the tournament, the king, built the castle of Gutenfels on the mountain side near Chaube. It is built of stone and has a square tower; and a walled road zig-zags up the hillside. The castle is now occupied.

There are two other castles within view, Reichenstein and Ehrenfels, and between them is the church of St. Clemens. Concerning these another story runs something as follows: Cuno, the Knight of Reichenstein, loved the daughter of Siegfried, who lived at Castle Rheinstein, and asked Kurt, owner of Ehrenfels, to speak for him. This Kurt did, but when he saw the daughter he at once determined to make her his own wife. He told Cuno, however, to send her a costly present, and Cuno sent her his favorite horse. But Kurt was favored by the father of the girl, whose name was Gerda, and the day was set for the marriage. Gerda told her father of her love for Cuno, but he would not consent to the union.

One night Gerda dreamed that Cuno said to her, "Why not fly and take refuge with me?"

When Gerda awoke the next morning, she said to herself, "I will prepare for the wedding and then his horse shall carry me to the castle of the one I love." She then gave notice to her lover, and waited for the wedding day. When it arrived, she arrayed herself in fine attire, with pearls and precious stones, and upon Cuno's horse started for the church, but as she approached, she suddenly spurred her horse and galloped toward Reichenstein. Kurt followed her, with curses, but Cuno opened the gate for her, closing it quickly upon Kurt. Siegfried's demands for entrance were of no avail, and so the marriage was celebrated at Reichenstein instead of Ehrenfels.

These stories lent a charm to the old castles, and showed love was the same in those old feudal days as at present.

We arrived in Wiesbaden at eight o'clock in the evening. It is a watering place, more patronized in May and June than in August, the time of our visit. The various stores showed fine jewelry, laces and embroideries. The hotels are built for many guests, and our full number, eighty persons, was accommodated in one of them, The Four Seasons hotel.

BERLIN

This great city, of 1,700,000 inhabitants, has its history in the buildings, monuments and statues that ornament the place. In 1640 Frederick William was made Elector of Brandenburg and at once began improvements in Berlin. He started the first newspaper, paved and lighted the streets, and did many other things to build up the city during his reign of forty-eight years. He was succeeded by his son, who built the Armory, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, the castle and some of the churches, and erected a monument to his father. In 1713 Frederick William, who was called the "economical king," succeeded to the throne, reigning twenty-seven years and leaving a full treasury. Next came Frederick the Great, in 1740. Berlin then had but 147,000 inhabitants. Frederick the Great said that a sovereign should have no interest except to promote that of his people, and he carried out this theory by building the Royal Library, the University, the cathedral, St. Hedwig's Church, Opera House, Royal Theater, and encouraging commerce and the fine arts.

We visited the old palace, in Potsdam, sixteen miles from Berlin. It is in a court, and is gloomy in its exterior. As you enter and ascend a flight of stairs to a square hall, there is a private dining room to the left. Our attention was called to the large round table in it, the center of which was detached from the outer portion and could be made to descend as a dumb-waiter to bring up edibles from below. Under the outer portion was a place for bottles. The doors of this room were double, to prevent conversation being heard Next came the private room of Frederick the Great, with a writing desk upon which were two hats, two brushes, and various personal effects. His statute in marble represents him sitting in a chair, haggard and

thin. On the wall is his portrait, and beside it one of his mother and one of his wife. He had no children. Eleven dogs belonging to him are buried under marble slabs on the lawn before the palace, and beside them is his favorite horse. The clock stood at twenty minutes past two, the time he died.

We passed through a large audience room, in white marble, a ball-room in hardwood, and another audience room, besides the hall or gallery that contained the portraits of the different sovereigns. In the last were the portraits of the Elector of Brandenburg, William I, William II, Frederick the Great and William IV. In an annex was the potrait of Queen Louise. There was a place to stand upon with which to make the height of soldiers, who were required to be six feet high. It had a library of exclusively French books, the case for which was of curly maple from America. There was also a monkey room, in white enamel with flowers, birds and animals raised on its surface. It is said that the king once told Voltaire, who was his friend, that he was a monkey, and made him his lasting enemy. A gold room is another feature. It has six mirrors, and several platters of gold, sent from the various duchies of the kingdom. A silver room has immense ornaments of silver on the sides and ceiling, made from the silver left over after the war.

To prove to the nation that the seven years' war did not exhaust his treasury, the Emperor built a new palace a few miles from the old one, called Sans Souci.

This palace fronts on six broad terraces, with conservatories beneath the banks. Under the cornice of the palace were uncouth human figures. As we enter there is a shell room, which is most unique—the wonder of all who visit it. Two immense serpents made of conch-shells, are at the side of each pillar, the mouths of the serpents being open, with tongue protruding. The pillars are girdled with bands of

agates and crystals, and yards of space are covered with small white shells. The room is one hundred feet long, with four windows and numerous pillars. The grouping of the shells is beautiful, and will never be finished; as shells are now gathered by the royal family for this purpose. As we departed we went down a steep descent, which was made smooth for the rolling chair of Frederick the Great, who was afflicted with gout.

In 1827 Berlin was lighted with gas, and in 1838 the first railway to Potsdam was built. When King Frederick William IV succeeded to the throne, in 1840, Berlin had a population of 500,000. It was this king who erected the statue of Frederick the Great, and built the Column of Victory and the New Museum. His brother, who succeeded him in 1861, put in telegraph lines, built new depots and caused many modern improvements. He was the first to be called emperor. The Column of Victory, with its gilded statue, towers above all the high buildings. Near it is the Parliament, or Reichstag, Building, with gilded dome. The Avenue of Victory is through a park, and is ornamented with many statues, some of which are placed upon a crescent-shaped base of marble with a seat encircling one side, giving an appearance of hospitality. In a carriage ride we passed the City Hall, a magnificent structure in red brick, and miles of residences of light-brown color. Our party was delighted with Berlin.

On the way from Wiesbaden to Berlin, we saw fruit trees along both sides of the road. They were mostly apple trees, although a few pear and plum trees were to be seen. While in Berlin our guide told us that these trees were planted and owned by the government, which leased them to the inhabitants at ten cents each per year, not more than forty to one person. The government owns the land and rents the right of way to the railroad companies. As we went from Berlin to Dresden, the trees along the way were nut trees, and did not give the home-like look and promise that the fruit trees had done. Young America might adopt the plan of planting fruit trees.

DRESDEN

The Royal Picture Gallery of Dresden was founded by the Prince of Saxony, afterwards called the King of Poland. It would be a lesson to American art lovers to know with what painstaking and care some of these pictures were obtained in Italy many years ago, and were preserved until the erection of this building. The Italian, German and Spanish artists have contributed their best works to the collection.

Among the paintings first seen is a large canvas called "Columbus Before the Monks." "The Three Sisters," by Kessling, represents three blondes with regular features, blue eyes, and with modest dress in shades of pink; a lovely picture. "The Ruin of the Family," also by Kessling, shows two men playing cards for money; a woman, presumably the wife of one, on her knees pleading; a younger woman with a child in her arms, and other persons entering the room. "The Desert Robber," shows two lions on high rocks, their lair in view, gazing down upon a camp of travelers with camels on the plain below. Another picture shows a shepherd lying asleep with his arm thrown over his faithful dog, while the sheep stand wistfully at the door of the fold. "Reading the News" is an eager throng listening to a reader of news from the outside world; "A Light in the Window" is for the sailors on the water, and "Anannias' Visit to Paul" shows Paul behind prison bars.

Our party hurried on to view the marvellous "Sistine Madonna," by Raphael. This picture was a study. Mary was represented as standing on clouds, with eyes intent on distance, as if beholding the future that had been promised the Messiah.

The Christ-child's eyes have a glow seemingly caught from the mother's inspiration, as she holds him by the hand close to her side, and two little angels are gazing upward as if seeing invisible things. Pope Sixtus appears in kneeling posture. After all the sad and horrible pictures, one's eyes are glad to rest upon one that is all beautiful.

In the next room were heads of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. In "Peter at the Cock-crowing," Peter is given with face contorted as though dreading the misery before him for his denial of Christ. "Jesus in the Temple" represents Christ as a quiet-faced boy asking for information. With a previous knowledge of art and plenty of time to devote to the study, a person might be able to give some adequate idea of this wonderful collection; but on a tour such as ours, where other renowned places were waiting, it is impossible to give anything but the impression caught at the moment.

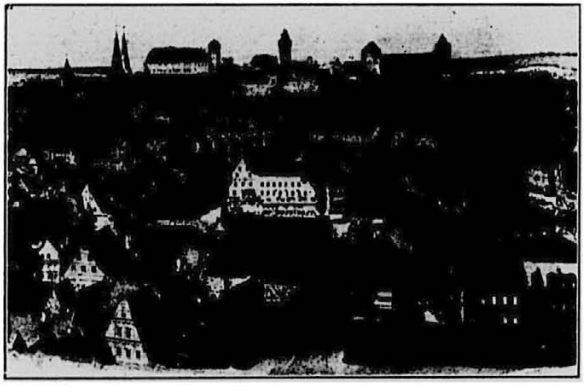
At our hotel, Rev. De Witt Talmadge was introduced, and it was hoped he would make a few remarks to our party, but he declined, saying he had come for rest. It was here I met my son and his wife, from New York City, who made the tour of the continent from the south toward the north.

NUREMBURG, OBERAMMERGAU, ZURICH

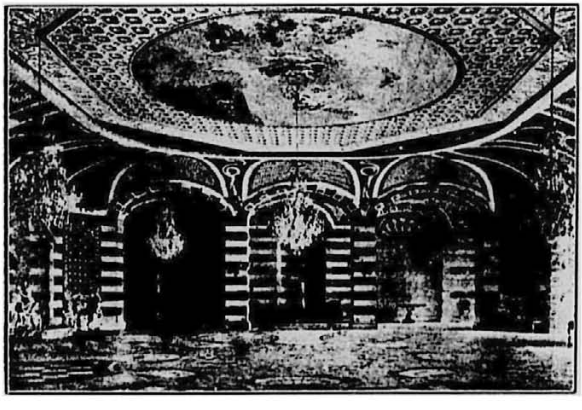
NUREMBURG

This city was founded in 1050 and has many very curious buildings. The high roofs have rows of dormer windows too close together to show separate stories, but which must give plenty of light. The walls are many of them well preserved. The old castle is now kept as a museum. The towers are cannon-shaped, to memorize the art of making implements of war, which is one of the industries of the place. As a sample of the architecture of the middle ages, Nuremburg is worth a visit, yet we saw residences on one street that would compare favorably with those in Berlin. The castle tower contains the instruments of torture used by the Inquisition. We noticed cradles with sharp spikes which cut and tore the flesh; a closet, the door of which had spikes so placed that when the victim was put into the closet three would pierce each eye and also the bowels, and there was also a wheel, which, in turning, would cut the body into small pieces. These, together with the rack, upon which bodies were broken and disjointed; hot lead, to be poured into the ears; and red-hot pincers, with which to grasp the nose, ears or fingers of the victim, are some of the instruments used by beings called human, upon others who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. At first thought, the intelligent tourist wonders why these evidences of unparalleled ferocity have not long since been destroyed, but further reflection convinces that they serve a better purpose in showing, by comparison, the advance of civilization in Germany since their use. The story of the robber knight Apollonius, who leaped his horse over the city wall near the castle and escaped, but was recaptured and put to death by torture in the closet before referred to, would hardly be credited by a visitor to the Nuremburg of today. The wall is still there, but its gates have been open for many years.

Other places and things of interest are St. Sebald's church, which has a magnificent shrine sixty-four feet high; the Schone Brunner and the Bag-Pipe Fountain, which are beautiful; the works of Albrecht Durer, the artist; the monument to Hans Sachs, the poet, and the National Museum. The city schools are trade schools, and it is said, "Nuremburg's hand goes through every land."



NUREMBURG



SHELL ROOM AT POTSDAM, GERMANY

OBERAMMERGAU

This little mountain town in upper Bavaria, noted as the home of the Passion Play, is five hours' ride from Munich. Extra trains were being run to accommodate the throngs eager to see the performance, but even then our party was much crowded. We made room, however, for two young ladies from Boston, but not of our party, who told us they came on from Naples to Munich the night before, and although they had lost their trunks and could not find them, nobody at the station being able to speak either English or French, they were still not dismayed.

"We had each a hand-bag, fortunately," said the elder, "and were determined not to miss the play."

They were Catholics, they told us, and knew that great care had been taken to make the performance perfect in every detail.

The suburbs of Munich presented a more modern appearance than those of many other cities we had visited, and as we passed over the country towards Oberammergau we came to a fine summer resort, which, with its gay yachts and large hotels, convinced us that the people were not so far from modern civilization as not to have caught its spirit. As we approached the town of Oberammergau, there was a gradual ascent; the pine trees became more numerous and the grass was greener, while many barns were to be seen, showing that provision had been made for the storing of feed. Just here it may be mentioned that the farmers of this section of country live in villages, which is found to be much to their advantage in many ways.

Having left Munich at 9:30 a. m. we arrived at Oberammergau at 2:30 p. m. quite ready for luncheon. Consequently we were shown to a large restaurant, and on entering, saw two long tables already laid and with a big bottle of beer at each plate. This seemed to the ladies, among whom, by the way, we espied Mrs. Mary Wright Sewall, of Indiana, to be a slight overdoing of hospitality, but all apparently felt that protest would be useless. We called for water, however, as many were very thirsty, and after some trouble our guide succeeded i ngetting one single glass full. Everybody wanted that, but he could get no more. We then called for lemonade, which we were told was for sale in bottles, but when procured it turned out to be ginger ale. We had the usual "meat luncheon" with plenty of food, well salted, but neither tea nor coffee—only beer, unlimited beer.

Luncheon over, we sought our boarding house. Every cottage is an inn during the Passion Play, but our stopping place proved to be a two-story white building, situated not far from the residence of Anna Flunger, who was to personate Mary, the mother of Jesus. The rooms on the first floor gave out a peculiar odor as we entered, and nobody wanted them. So the writer and a companion went higher and found a room, very simply furnished and with only one window, but as that looked out on the main street, and also gave us a view of the great cross on a hill, erected to mark the deliverance from the plague, and shining like gold in the sun, we were content. At this time a part of our company started for the palace of Ludwig, the "crazy king," which is but fifteen miles from Oberammergau. They returned about nine o'clock the same evening highly pleased with the trip, reporting that the palace was the most perfect they had yet seen. The king was at a sanitarium near Munich, and the rooms were all open to visitors. Those

of us who did not go to the palace, visited the stores and shops, viewing the fine pieces of wood carving, which art seems to be one in which many of the people are proficient. There were saints and apostles and the Saviour with a crown of thorns, and also as a boy before the learned doctors, all carved in wood. Photograps of the actors in the play were on sale and many purchased them. Some did more, for they called on the actors who had them on sale and secured their autographs also. The writer of this visited Mary, or Miss Flunger, and found her to be a sweet looking girl of twenty.

Understanding that she could talk English, I said, "My dear, water is abundant in this valley; why can we not have some to drink?" and added the request, "Will you not speak to the authorities for us and explain our wishes?"

She only laughed and nodded her head in approval, probably not fully understanding English when rapidly spoken.

A temporary room was put up in the garden of our boarding house for our party and others to take their meals in. There was one waitress for twenty of us, and we asked her for water. She smiled and went away, returning finally with twenty glasses of milk, warm from the cow. She at last brought us water, but it was warm and unsatisfying.

On Sunday morning a wonderful tinkling of bells awoke us, and on looking out, there were a hundred and fifty brindle cows, more or less, being driven to the hills to graze, each one wearing a large bell that tinkled with every motion. The streets have neither sidewalks nor foot-paths; and the great number of cattle passing over them leave them in no pleasant condition. We soon learned, however, to make cross-cuts where the cattle were not driven. Some of the party climbed the mountain where the great cross stands, and while the ascent

was not difficult, the descent was so precipitous, they told us, that many slid down in terror of their lives.

One morning, I opened a door at the boarding house and found myself in a vast barn. The door closed behind me locking itself, and as the floor to the barn was many feet below where I stood, and reached only by a ladder, the situation was not enviable. But I had solved the mystery of the odors; there were cattle, pigs and chickens all under the same roof with us. After I had called out several times, a girl appeared on the barn floor, and, climbing the ladder released me. The room into which I had blundered was the family sleeping apartment. We all felt thankful after this, that our dining-room was in the garden. Another peculiarity of Oberammergau architecture was to be seen in the shingles on the roofs of many houses being kept in place by long strips of wood held down by large flat stones.

On our way to the theatre where the Passion Play is enacted, we went into the only church the town offords. In it was an organ, various symbols of the Catholic church and the ever-present confessional; while a number of penitents were kneeling in prayer. The theatre itself is at one end of the town, and upon reaching it, we found a flight of steps on the outside leading to a gallery that would seat 4,000 persons. The seats were of planed but unvarnished wood, yet very comfortable. Ours were, fortunately, in the center row and directly in front of the stage. The auditorium is roofed over but open at the sides, giving an extended view of the green hills back of the town. A Greek temple was back of the stage, and the house of Pilate on one side, with the house of Annas on the other, each reached by a broad flight of steps. Two handsome curtains draped the entrance to the temple.

The performance opened with the singing of a chorus of

thirty-four—twenty ladies and fourteen gentlemen. They came down the steps from the house of Pilate and that of Annas, led by Joseph Mayr, the former Christus, as prologue, and Jacob Ritz as leader of the chorus. The end man wore a cloak of red velvet with a wide gold border and flowing sleeves; the next, a pale green one, of same make and material; the next, a pale blue one, and then mauve, giving a rainbow effect quite striking to the beholder. Several verses were sung, accompanied by the orchestra, which was in front, and the chorus retired. The first scene was of children bearing palms before Jesus as he entered, riding upon an ass. He then alighted and proceeded to overturn the tables of the money changers, causing great confusion.

The priests and traders called out, "By what authority doest thou these things?" and, "Who gave thee this authority?"

Caiaphas, who is jealous of Christ's growing influence, quotes the law and says to the traders, "Your loss shall be made good from the Temple treasury."

Then Nathaniel tells the traders they must all assist in putting down an enemy of the law, and they all cry out with zeal that they will give their lives for the law of Moses and the Holy Sanhedrim.

But, to go into minute details of the Passion Play would be unnecessary, as the public already understands that it is the dramatized story of Christ and his crucifixion. There were some parts, and special features of acting, however, that made a lasting impression. Anton Lang, who personated Christ, preserved his calm and graceful demeanor under great provocation that would naturally be ascribed to one without sin, and showed fully the superiority of the Saviour over other men. His farewell to Mary, his mother, was more expressive of kindness than

the bible story, and his acting throughout was highly commendable. Judas was a character not soon to be forgotten, as personated by Johann Zwink. He had the gait and mein of an impulsive and suspicious person, and as he came and listened and went again, he gave to the onlooker the full impression that he was not quite sure of himself. Except for the long monologues that were in his part, and were very tedious, Judas was interesting.

The disciples seemed to be weak mortals, frightened by the words of the rulers, and appeared only in the distance. Peter was represented as a small man in a pale green tunic with white sleeves. As the notes of chanticleer were constantly being heard we did not share his dismay when the cock crowed. In fact, the Peter at Oberammergau was so true to the Peter of old that he awakened the same feeling we have when reading the bible story.

But when Pilate entered, a new element seemed to have come into the confusion. He was a man of a different cast of countenance and of powerful physique; and when he ordered his soldiers to protect Jesus, they stood around him with drawn swords as though they knew their duty.

And when Pilate said, "I see no fault in this man; let him go," the impression was that he believed in this Jesus, but was overruled by the injustice of the people and the fear of losing his office.

The first among the sadder scenes is the one where Mary and John and Magdalene are waiting for Jesus as he comes bearing the cross and falls beneath its weight.

Mary cries out, "Will no one carry the cross for Jesus?" Simon is then thrust forward and takes up the cross, under the weight of which he, also, nearly falls.

A little later John says to Mary, "Mother, will we not go back to Bethany? Thou wilt not be able to look upon the sight."

"How can a mother leave her child in the last and bitterest need?" Mary replies, and adds that she has prayed to God for strength and has received it.

A very impressive scene is that in which, after Christ has called out, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Zarababel rushes in, as the earth trembles, and cries out that the veil of the Temple is rent in twain. Consternation is upon all faces, and some exclaim, "What if this were the true Savious!"

The last tableau represented the ascension; and the people in the side seats rose to their feet and rushed into the central isles to get a full view of the last scene in the wonderful drama. The play was ended. It was 5 o'clock, and the audience had listened and looked with rapt interest from 8:00 to 12:00 in the forenoon, and from 2:00 to 5:00 in the afternoon. So deep had been the interest that there had hardly been a whisper or a sound. Ten thousand persons had witnessed the play, and thousands were waiting; there being 6,000 strangers in the town.

As we left the theatre, the question on all sides was, "What do you think of it?" And a question immediately following that was, "Should it—or should it not—be enacted everywhere?"

The only reasonable answer to the latter question would seem to be: The dramatized representation of Christ's suffering and death teaches a fuller lesson than printers' type has ever done; why not let the people see it?

ZURICH

As we approached Zurich from Lake Constance, by railroad, we passed through a country with cultivated farms and orchards and strips of forest land, similar to that in Canada between Sarnia and Toronto. It was not the hill country one would expect in the land of the Alps. Zurich itself is on a rise of ground, showing at a glance its streets and churches. Hotel Bellevue, where we stopped, is on a square, within sight of the old church of Zwingli. This church has no spire, and presents a chapel-like appearance. The Dissenters called it their "meeting-house." A large bronze statue of Zwingli is in front of the church on a pedestal. Our guide took us to another church, not far away, which had two spires, but was as plain as it well could be except for the stained-glass windows at one end. The wooden seats were unpainted, but at each pew door hung an extra seat, to be used when needed, showing that the attendance was sometimes large. This church was 347 years old, yet was in as good condition as one in the United States of fifty.

We went through the shopping district mostly in arcades. Everything a traveler needs is to be seen. All goods imported from America are, however, one-third higher in price than at home. We crossed the river to the Pestalozzi Hof, where is a collection of the works of Pestalozzi's life time. Pestalozzi's portrait in oil was very gratifying. The eyes were large and dark, the complexion ruddy, and the nose was sharp at the ridge and spreading toward the base, betokening character. This feature was not so noticeable in his marble statue nor in other

portraits of him. The models he used in teaching were all there; the cubes and squares in wood; circles in plaster, and maps and many other things. Here, also, was the portrait of Lavator. In a reading-room were rows of magazines, and in the English ones we found some interesting items. There was a place to register, and we found the names of some New York people there.

The Museum contained all sorts of old china and costumes of the native forefathers, besides the usual number of busts of Greek and Roman heroes.

The statue of Charlemagne stands near that of Zwingli. He is well called Charles the Great, for he said to the provinces he governed, "Come together in a body and present your grievances, and we will see what can be done."

It was the first parliament, and gave liberty of speech, which means free thought and a free man. Its effects are to be seen in Zurich today, which city is noted for its scientific research and its modern methods of study.

From Zurich to Lucerne we pass Lake Maggoire and Lake of Zug. The villages at the foot of the hills made fine pictures on the way.

LUCERNE, INTERLAKEN, GENEVA

LUCERNE

This most beautiful city is on a lake of the same name, and is crescent shaped. The principal street follows the shore of the lake and is lined with white "pensions," or hotels, all vying with each other. Back of these are upright hills, but with velvety lawns, and garden patches, and often, a cottage perched high above all the rest. The mountain Pilatus is to the right, with clouds encircling it and a railway leading to its top. Lake Lucerne acts as a mirror to the cloud-capped and snow-clad mountains, whose tops retain their ice the year through, while their sides display all shades of green, and are reflected in the quiet waters below, often unruffled by a breeze. Many shrines and statues are to be seen along the shore; one of Christ with arms extended, as if saying to the waters, "Peace, be still." At Altdorf is the chapel of William Tell, whom Schiller immortalized. Not far from it is his statue. He stands with his son beside him and his bow over his shoulder.

There are but 5,000 Protestants among the 30,000 people of Lucerne. The Swiss are a warlike people, and when not needed at home are employed by other nations. The guard of the Pope at the Vatican are Swiss soldiers. In 1792 the Jacobins stoned the Tuilleries, furious at the approach of the Austro-Prussian army for the defence of the king. Two battalions of the Swiss Guards were conquered by the Revolutionists, and the remainder fell in the discharge of their duty. Col. Von Pfyffer proposed the monument called "The Lion," to their memory. It is on a rock cliff sixty feet high. The lion in death defends the charge intrusted to him. It was sculptured

by Ahorn, after a model by Thorwaldsen. Vines hang from above, trees are all around, and there are seats for those who may wish to ponder on the fidelity of their countrymen or the character of the true soldier. The shops near it are filled with models of it, small and large, in wood or ivory, and varying in price from forty cents to twenty dollars.

Near the carved lion is the Glacier Garden , which can be entered for a franc (20 cents). In 1872, in excavating for a house, nine of the pot holes of an ancient glacier were discovered, the largest thirty-one feet deep and twenty inches across. Water going into these gave a rotary motion to the stones in them, making them round or nearly so. It is a real illustration of the phenomena of glaciers. In buildings are various Alpine animals, and other sights to interest the traveler.

One day was planned for us to ascend the Righi, so we took boat to Vitznau and ascended, two cars at a time, at the rate of twenty-five feet to the hundred. The rock is conglomerate, and as we went up, the little lakes appeared, there being fourteen in sight from the highest point. We passed one village with a church, and its red roof in the group of white buildings made a pretty picture. There were some farms on this high range. The road has a double track, and cars were going down as we were going up. We thought again and again that our getting-off place must be near, but still up we went. Some garrulous Germans left us at one point, and a girl came out with a platter of peaches and pears, at two for ten cents. Unfortunately after purchase we discovered that the peaches were cling stones. At last, at the very top, we stopped, and from the steps and windows of a very large hotel, looked upon a sight never to be forgotten. We had seen, as we came up the heights, clusters of mountain peaks, but here was an expanse of two hundred miles

of snow-clad and grassy mountains. Some were pointed, some were round-topped, some had long ridges, and on one was a convent. We thought at once of St. Bernard dogs, and how friendly they would look to a traveler lost in such a place. There was scarcely a dividing line between the clouds and the mountains. They had similar shapes and the connecting link was not missing. The sight was a glorious one. The sun shone down with August heat and the wind lulled, but after luncheon the party scattered in pursuit of souvenirs. One gathered flowers like the wild larkspur; another bought a thistle (a blue flower with sharp thorns,) and many gathered the eidelweis, but the latter lost its chaste beauty by being placed with branches of evergreen. One trophy was a fox's tail, which had a goat's foot attached as a handle, the whole to be used as a fly brush. As we had three hours to stay, six of the party of eighty concluded to walk down the Righi. The cars descend very slowly, and one of the ladies gave up the attempt to walk, and came aboard. She was fined two dollars, but on account of not knowing of the rules of the railroad, was let off by paying one. Although flushed and stiff from the effort, none of the others would admit they were anything but benefited. The memory of that high mountain top, often swept by storms and covered with snow, suggests the reason why the Greeks selected the mountains as the home of the Gods.

CHAMONIE, SWITZERLAND

LUCERNE TO INTERLAKEN

By Brunig Pass from Lucerne to Interlaken, the first town is Alpnach, and from there we rose higher and higher, looking down on valleys with small groups of houses; seeing frequent waterfalls, and all around the green grassy slopes, made fresh by constant moisture. The scene was as perfect as a picture. We followed a small lake four miles and then wound up the pass 3,396 feet, descending on the other side to Meiringen, where we took the boat for Interlaken. Rain had been falling at times all the way, and after we got on board the steamer there came a perfect down-pour. The deck canopies had been taken down, and we were crowded into the cabins, very much cramped for space, and sitting on our satchels or anything available. An English lady traveling with her son, said she had visited the place twenty-eight years before. She wondered if we were not bothered with having to wait for laggard members of our party at different points, and when we told that the half-hour of grace granted to all always brought every one to the trysting place, she thought ours was a well-disciplined party.

Interlaken is between lakes Brienz and Thun, and facing our hotel, "The Jungfrau," is the famous Jungfrau itself, showing between two green mountains like a triangle of snow. Curiosity was aroused to get behind the hills that hide it, and the next morning, a carriage ride to Grindelwald, from which point ascent could be made, was taken. We stopped at Lauterbrunnen on the way, for water for the horses—and beer for their drivers, and the ladies took the opportunity to buy photographs. We took luncheon at "The Bear," at Grindelwald, and

two parties were made up for the ascent. The lower glacier is easy of access, but very deceptive as to distance and height. The path is broad but full of rolling stones, and the alpenstock must be used to keep from stumbling. There is a knack in using this mountain staff, which should be planted firmly each time, and slightly in the rear in going up, instead of being thrust forward. When we reached the last elevation we found a small house and restaurant, where photographs, wine and beer were sold, and half a franc was required for a visit to the Ice Glen. We crossed a bridge, had blankets thrown over us and stood in the most glorious temple ever wrought by mortal hands. The crystal pillars and iridescent arches cannot be described.

In descending we saw a window in the rocks, which our guide humorously told us was the hole the Almighty made when he pushed the rocks aside to make room for the glacier. The absence of cattle was accounted for by the explanation that they had been driven to pastures higher up, the milk needed being brought down each day by the mountaineers, and the remainder made into cheese. Our guide gave us the mountain bugle-call, the echo of which came back to us after some seconds, from far up the steep. He could speak English perfectly, having once lived in London. On the descent, we were surprised at the height and steepness of the way we had climbed. Alpenstocks were in greater demand than in going up. The path zigzagged all the way, to prevent too great momentum. Grindelwald valley was below us, and the mountains Schreckhorn and Matterhorn, each 13,000 feet high, were to be seen. The Hotel Jungfrau, at Interlaken, has in front of it scarlet geraniums, the fig tree and banana trees, all growing within sight of the ever snow-capped Jungfrau.

We bade a lingering good-bye to beautiful Interlaken, and

proceeded past Thun to Berne. The only sights old Berne could show were a church of the 13th century, with the wise and the foolish virgins on its front, those at the left having oil in their lamps, and the ones on the right having theirs upside down; an equestrian statue of Rudolph; a clock tower with a circle of small wooden bears coming in sight when a wooden man above strikes the hour, and a mile or more of arcade. Not quite all, either, as there is a "bear pen," and a Museum of Natural History. The bear pen had four old bears in shaggy, bedraggled furs, who caught crackers or apples from the sight-seers.

Lusanne, our next stopping place, is on a high elevation, and was full of life. A large public building was being erected, and the streets were full of wagons carrying stones or lumber. Electric cars passed in front of Hotel Gibbon, where we stopped, and in the back yard were the large horse chestnut trees and the arbor under which Gibbon wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." The hotel was full of guests. An Irish clergyman present, in speaking of the beauties of Erin's Isle, tried to explain why the Irish drink whiskey and are always poor. He said those things were the result of wakes and the social nature of the people.

We took cars to Vevey and stopped at Territet, where electric cars took us to the Castle of Chillon. As we entered, we were told what part was in the 12th century, built by Petit Charlemagne, and were shown through the prisoners' apartments. Immense pillars with arches rose from the stony ground, and on some were rings to which men were chained with only a yard's length in which to move. A slanting rock was a bed. We saw the cross-piece of wood to which the prisoner was hung, and the window through which his body was thrown into the lake. The Bernese in the 15th century owned the castle. In the

banquet room was a broad, low fire-place, used for cooking purposes, and on the crane hung the spits and other cooking utensils. On the wall was a scene called "Returning from the Battle," in which Charles the Bold was one of the figures. The windows were long and narrow, and through them the sun poured its rays, making a strong, bright light. The Judges' room above was of like shape, and with similar chimney place, but with seats around the sides and in the center. In some rooms, the chimney was in a corner, and the hearth several inches below the floor. We could look through this chimney to the sky above. The ceiling was of carved wood, and had been built in the 12th century. The castle is fairly well preserved, and stands out prominently, giving an extended view. The little island with its three small trees; the historic lake and the "pensions" and hotels can all be seen. It is the resort of the literati of the world.

We arrived at Martigny at seven o'clock in the evening. This is near the great St. Bernard Pass. Our hotel was as good as the village afforded, but was not luxurious. A large tower on the hillside was built by Pepin II, and used as a fort. The next morning we took the Tete Noire Pass to Chamonix. We took lunch at Tete Noir. Many of our party walked the whole distance, but the walk was needed, to bring relish for the sour bread, salt soup and kidney stew that awaited us. Coming down from Tate Noir we walked, as it was said to be the most dangerous part of the route. The mountains rise to a height of 7,000 feet, the gorge is filled with rocks and a river of foam rushes over them. The mountains reach down to the water's edge, so that the carriage road has, in places, been cut into their sides.

We met tourists walking or riding, continually, and were obliged to wait in the wider places for them to pass. We

gathered new kinds of maiden-hair fern and thistles, and sweet balm and lavender. But, among all the rocks we rested upon, we saw no living thing except one bird. Lichen in various forms, pine cones and burrs were abundant.

The wild scenery of the Pass suddenly gave place to a hostelry and a bleak landscape covered with boulders, among which cows and goats, with their ever-tinkling bells, were trying to gather herbage for their evening meal. At the last Chamonix was reached by an inclined plane, smooth as a floor. We could see the road as it doubled on itself, and Mont Blanc appearing, like a ragged, barren cliff, above the clouds. A part of it, covered with perpetual snow, looked in upon me as I wrote. The next morning sixty of our party rode on donkeys to the Mer de Glace, a guide with an alpenstock going with each. Two hours and more were occupied in ascending. Half of the party crossed the glacier, and following an iron railing met their guides and donkeys much farther down the mountain. Telescopes were provided at each hotel at Chamonix for guests to see the tourists on Mer de Glace.

At ten the next day three diligences were filled and we rode to Vauvais, over the best of roads. Six horses were attached to one diligence, and three, abreast, to the others. At short intervals we passed other tourists in diligences, all with six horses, as they were ascending, while we were descending. A railroad was being built to ascend Mont Blanc, and solid pillars as large as the keep of a castle, and arches for tunnels were already made. After reading of the efforts of Horace de Saussure to stay several days on Mont Blanc to get a correct view of the location of its various peaks, and of Dr. Jansen, who established an observatory there to get facts regarding meteorological effects, it will not be surprising to know that a railroad is being

pushed to its icy heights. While a heap of stones that had fallen from an embankment were being removed, that our vehicles might pass on, we could see two men three hundred feet above us. We soon moved on, and suddenly turning a corner saw the village of Vauvais before us.

Geneva, which lies within sight of Mont Blanc, is an old city. It was known to Cæsar and is said to have been founded over 2,000 years ago. Calvin preached there for thirty-six years. We visited his church. Some parts of it were built in the 10th century, and two tiers of seats for monks are now used by the judiciary. Curious old heads are on the pew doors. The church is large and lofty. The pulpit of John Calvin is reproduced as it originally appeared. There is a statue to Duke Henri de Rohan, in marble, and on his sarcophagus lie a crown and sword presented him by Madame de Vigne. A tablet on the wall is for the grandfather of Madame de Maintenon. There was a pretty chapel restored fifteen years ago, where marriages and deaths are solemnized. We were told that Calvin refused to have a monument erected to himself, as he said the people would remember him without it. This is a city of substantial bridges. One is called Rosseau's Bridge, and leads to his monument. Black swans and white ones sail in the water that surrounds it. The Rothchilds' villa is seven miles away, and Madame de Stael's, at Coppet, a half day's journey on Lake Geneva.

The Rhone and the Arve run side by side, but their waters do not mingle. The Rhone is clear and as blue as the sky, while the Arve is muddy and brown. We visited the power-house, where power is generated for the gas works, water works, and for the various business of a city. In the shops colored photographs of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Rosseau and others were for sale, which we bought.

PARIS, VERSAILLES, THE EXPOSITION

From Geneva to Paris, the first hundred miles is over a very flat country, but farther on the surface becomes rolling, and as we approach the city, hills begin to appear. Our long train sped on at the rate of a mile a minute, causing the cars to rock from side to side and making our views of the wayside landscape rather fleeting except during the stops that were made. At the boundary line between Switzerland and France, our baggage had to pass the usual examination, and one gentleman, (not of our party) was fined for having some cigars in his possession, but the others had nothing contraband. The government of France, we were told, has a monopoly of the tobacco trade.

"No one can rise in this country," said our guide, "as every hindrance is thrown in the way." Hucksters remain at the city limits to escape the tax on poultry and other things; those who do enter being rigidly searched for anything that might be a violation of the law.

Some say that France is on the eve of another revolution, claiming that the resources of the government are not equal to the outlay in public buildings, monuments, and salaries of the large number of officials. However that may be, the products from the French colonies to be seen in the Exposition fall much short of what one would expect.

We were sent to the St. James and the Albany hotels, within ten minutes walk of the Exposition, which is at Place de la Concorde. The two palaces of Grand and Petit Beaux Arts are to be permanent structures. As we entered at the great gateway, there were two paths, each lined with bronze statues or

marble monuments, leading to the buildings, and chairs at two cents were on the sides along the way. There were also free seats. The court of the Grand Palace of Beaux Arts is filled with large statuary. We noticed five very large pieces, all of bluish marble, as though made to fill one order, and that especially for the Exposition. Among these were, "Job," by J. Dressonelles, Job being in sitting posture, and with wrinkled brow; "The Pardon," by Ernest Du Bois, a father kissing his son on the back his neck as the son kneels before him; "Remorse," a companion piece of "The Pardon," and "The Prodigal Son," given as looking far away, while pigs eat at a trough at his side. "The Roman Marriage," close to the entrance, was a young man and young woman sitting side by side, the man holding the woman's extended hand. There were, also, a girl holding a distaff, Joan of Arc and equestrian statues of all kinds.

In the interior, the fine face of Cuvier made a pleasing impression, while that of Cardinal Richelieu had the opposite effect. There were among the many others, Napoleon in costume, by Claude Ramey; Dante; Louis Bonaparte, by P. Gurin; Madame Recaimer, Biuzot, Perrie Jeane David, Mendelsohn and Victor Hugo. There were David and Jonathan in bronze, also Mozart, as a child playing the violin. In paintings, which are, many of them, old and faded, one might look in vain for a striking picture. There were "The Cook," by Dupre; "Interior of a Cathedral at Toledo," "The Chateau of the Barben," "Oxen at Labor," by Rosa Bonheur; Carot's "Hagar and Ishmael," "Infant Malade," by Millet; a mother holding a child to her bosom, the father offering medicine. There were cartoons and drawings, and yet much space unfilled. Some Dresden china vases were in dark halls, where was, also, furniture of various periods of French history.

We passed out through the court with statuary and saw the statue of "Time," with his wings and hour-glass, then going to the Petit Palace of Beaux Arts. A flight of steps on the outside brought us into an immense corridor, where we could stop and view the passing throngs. There seemed to be no English spoken. High culture, was, doubtless, represented in the endless concourse, yet the majority followed their leaders, giving but little thought to the Gobelin tapestries on the walls; the illuminated books of monks; the carved ivory and the coins of all nations, which had been seen by our party, and probably many others, in cities previously visited.

We crossed over the Seine on the bridge called Pont Alexandre III. On each corner is a figure of Pegasus and of Fame. The bridge has five hundred electric lamps, and its statuary is gilded. It opens on Champ de Mars, which is lined with highly ornamented buildings, faced with staff, similar to the edifices of the Chicago World's Fair, and from this point was the finest view of the Exposition. Two rows of palaces extended to the right and to the left, with vast halls and double galleries in white-and-gold, and with beautiful frescoes. It was, indeed, a "dream city," and left nothing to be desired, except to see it illumined at night, which could be done on Friday and Sunday evenings only.

We entered the first building to the left, which was for Paris, and found it contained on the first floor, crucifixes and emblems of the Catholic church, and was filled with people. Up one flight of stairs, we saw rolls of Axminster carpet; rooms filled with modern furniture; silk embroidered satin bolsters, pillows and comforts; various medallion lamps; beautiful china and all sorts of decorated glassware. On the porch of this building were imitations of the walls of Luxor and statues from Nineveh, also varieties of huge cactus.

Two rides were to be given us by the Gaze company, and one morning at nine o'clock, we started for Versailles, the palace of Louis XIII, Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette, and Napoleon I and Marie Louise, his second wife. We rode through the Champs Elysees past the Arc de Triomphe, near which is the home of Anna Gould, Countess of Castellane. As we rode along, fan-like jets of water at the edge of the grass borders of the road made rainbow colors in the sunshine, producing a beautiful effect. Count Castellane's residence is of pink stone edged with white, and is surrounded with trees and shrubs, as are all the residences in its vicinity.

A little farther on, we enter the Bois de Boulogne, or woods of Boulogne, which is a park of many hundreds acres in a state of nature, except for the cutting away of the undergrowth near the drive. The trees are large but of second growth, the original forest having been destroyed. In this woods the Germans encamped and were shelled from Fort Velerian, which stands on a high hill near by. The Communists utterly destroyed the Tuilleries, built by Catherine de Medicis in what are now the Tuilleries Gardens. St. Cloud was also destroyed, but the blackened stones of the ruins have been put into two long terraces, which are now filled with flowers. Photographs of the place as it appeared after being laid waste are still on sale. We were shown the home of Gambetta, the orator and statesman, at D'Avray, and also that of President Loubet, on Champs Elysees, which is surrounded by large grounds. We saw the race course and the grand stand, made of brick, where he viewed the races with his friends on the 14th of July, their day of Independence. We saw also the wall of Paris, built in 1840, and which it has been proposed to destroy. It is sixteen feet high, with a coping, and looks as strong as though new.

The palace of Madame de Maintenon is called the Grand Trianon, and is the place where royalty used to come to get rid of pomp. It is one story in height and built to form a hollow square. The interior is painted white, and the gilding is in silver. The first room visited is called the "room of mirrors," there being several mirrors set in the wall. The chairs were upholstered in pink and white brocade. Next was a bed-room of Napoleon I, afterwards occupied by Louis Philippe, and next to it was the private study of the kings. In this was a table with a vase of platinum in the center. Then came Madame de Maintenon's private room, caled the "room of columns," which has four columns, painted white. In the private room of Napoleon there was a portrait of Louis XV and his queen. The furniture was of 1840. There was a room with book-cases, and then one called the malachite room, with vases of that mineral, and candelabra presented by Alexander of Russia, to Henry IV. There was a highly polished inlaid table that once belonged to Empress Josephine, and in the ante-chamber of Napoleon was a marble bust of Marie Louise. The banquet room had chairs upholstered in green velvet—a change from the pink and white brocade of all the other rooms.

We passed on to St. Cloud, and then between rows of large horse-chestnut trees, on foot, to our wagons at the other entrance and proceeded to the Palace of Versailles. This palace has not been occupied since the times of Louis Philippe. A terraced avenue lined with trees leads down to a lake, where once a barge holding a hundred persons afforded pleasure trips for the guests. The front of the palace looks out on four avenues, which, a mile distant, are crossed by a circular drive lined with trees. We saw the state carriages. That of Napoleon I is all in gold color, with a crown on the center of the top. Another,

used by Empress Josephine after her divorce, is in gold and brown, and the coronation carriage of Charles X, which was also used at the baptism of the late Prince Imperial, is a gorgeous vehicle, with very heavy wheels, and cost over a million francs. Eight horses were required to draw the largest of the carriages.

In fresco, set in the center of the ceiling of the Royal chapel, is the inscription, "The Eternal God in all His Glory." The chapel was dedicated to Louis XVI by Louis XV. The next room is fifty-five by sixty feet in dimension, and is all in gilt, even to the window sashes. In it are brass lion andirons, marble brought from the Alps by Louis XIV, and an ivory carving from the ruins of Pompeii. It is said that Louis destroyed all of the accounts of the building of the palace, so that the people might not know the cost. The room in which Louis XV died is the most central room in the palace. Josephine and Marie Louise's portraits in oil were at each side of the mantel, and there was also a picture of an interview between Louis XV and Philip of Spain. There was a gambling room, where, it is said, none dared refuse to lend money to the king; and in the "room of peace," nineteen princes and princesses were born. In this room was a painting representing Louis XIII presenting the olive branch of peace to the French nation. Louis Philippe sent the statues from Place de la Concorde to ornament the entrance to the Palace of Versailles, and also made the "Gallery of Battles," where, besides the battles of France, are busts of the heroes of France, a statue of Lafayette, and a representation of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

On our return route to Paris, we saw the manufactory for Sevres ware, the clay for which is brought from the province of Savoy.

THE LOUVRE

As we were about to enter the Louvre we were attracted by a new, large monument in the grounds near by. On examination it proved to be that of General Lafayette. On one side was written "Erected by the children of the United States in grateful memory of Lafayette, General and Statesman." On the other side were these words: "From the National Daughters of the American Revolution to the illustrious memory of Lafayette, the friend of America, the soldier of Washington and the patriot of two countries." It was a model, to be copied in stone. It gave me a thrill of pleasure to remember that this statue was the gift of the school children of the United States, and that many exhibitions for it had been held in Cleveland, and also that I was a charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In the Museum, there are statues of Jupiter, Thesis, Thetis, Venus, Juno, Etrurian sarcophagi and other sarcophagi from Egypt. Among the paintings are portraits of Bossuet, Hyacinthe, "Moses in the Bulrushes," "The Judgment of Solomon," by Poussin; "Ulyssus and his Father," by Claude Lorraine, and many others. There is a bust of Murillo, and "The Holy Family," by Van Dyck, and in the Rubens collection there is a history of Marie de Medicis in the various portraits of herself and those connected with her. She is represented as a blonde, tall and of commanding appearance. Henry IV, her husband, is given with gray hair, but not a look of age. From the picture of Henry receiving the portrait of Marie de Medicis, there are paintings representing nearly every phase of their history, including that of Henry's assassination, up to the last, which is

called "Felicity of Marie de Medicisi in Heaven." An equestrian statue of Henry IV is near the Lourve, and the tower from which Catherine de Mecidis ordered the beheading of the Huguenots is back of it. One thousand five hundred were guillotined, but many fled to the island of Guernsey and thence to all parts of the world; thus turning Catherine de Medicis' attempt to stamp out Protestantism into the very means of scattering it broadcast.

We visited La Madeleine, which is certainly one of the finest of churches. Fifty-six pillars support a verandah that surrounds it. The interior is lighted from above, and an altar at one end has above it a marble statue of the Virgin Mary with a guardian angel at either side and twelve wax tapers burning. In niches in the walls outside are the following statues: St. Philip, St. Louis, St. Michael, St. Denis, St. Anne, St. Elizabeth, St. Ferdinand, St. Christine, St. Jerome, St. Jennie de Valois, St. Gregory, St. Genevieve, St. Chrisostum, St. Marguerite de Cosse, The Angel Guardian, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. Raphael, St. Agnes, St. Gregory of Tours, St. Agatha, St. Martin of Tours, St. Adelaide, St. Irene, St. Theresa, St. Cecile, St. Helena, St. Frances de Sales, St. Bernard and St. Gabriel. At the entrance are bronze tablets representing scriptural scenes. The music on Sunday morning was very low, and as we had been told it was the best in the city, was somewhat disappointing.

The cemetery of La Madeleine has an open court with arches on either side decorated in memory of the Swiss guard whose members were slain in the defence of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. This court leads to a large building where their remains were kept for many years before being removed to St. Denis, where they now rest, among those of the kings and queens of France.

PANTHEON, PARIS
NAPOLEON'S MAUSOLEUM

INTERIOR OF CASTLE OF CHILLON

The Hotel des Invalides is a barracks used for the soldiers wounded in Napoleon's battles, and was once a palace. The Monceau Gardens are the gift of a man who gave his home for a museum of antiquities. On July 14, 1900, a fete was held there for the Republic and speeches were made from the forum, which has pillars like the Roman forum. We passed the home of the great chocolate king, Menier, and then on to the Arc de Triomphe. The names of the 400 generals in Napoleon's army are inscribed on the interior. The Arc de Triomphe was begun in 1806 and finished in 1836. It has 376 steps, and from it are seen twelve avenues, which lead in every direction. It was completed to what is called the "first relief" in Napoleon's time, and its total cost was 27,000,000 francs.

Napoleon's tomb is all he could have desired had his life terminated in success. "I hope," said he, "my remains may repose near the waters of the Seine and in the center of Paris among the people I love so well." And his wishes have been carried out.

At the right, after entrance, is the casket, in black and white marble, of Joseph, brother of Napoleon I and King of Spain. At the left, in an enclosure, is the tomb of Jerome, also brother of Napoleon, and that of Josephine Beauharnais. There is also a place left for Empress Eugenia. Napoleon III requested not to be buried here. In the center, as you look down over a balustrade, you see an immense casket on a pedestal, and this is where the ashes of Napoleon I repose. The dome above is beautiful with frescoes, and the numerous arches are brilliant with light. Spiral pillars of black-and-white marble surround a slab on which the last words of Napoleon, before mentioned, are inscribed. From the outside, the tomb might well be taken for a church, and can be seen from some distance on all the avenues leading to it.

The Column Vendome is made from cannon taken in the battles of Napoleon, and has bronze tablets portraying the battles in which they were captured. A staircase leads to the top of the Column. We next visited Notre Dame, which has two towers similar to Westminster Abbey. This cathedral was begun when Paris was a Roman village, called Letitia, and had a population of 148 persons. Julian was the first king, reigning in 585. Charlemagne reigned in 860. After that the town was called Paris. Archbishop Denis, who ministered in this church, defended Louis XIII before the people, and said he hoped his own would be the last blood shed. He would not have his eyes bandaged before execution, and after being beheaded he walked fifty yards with his head in his hand. This is represented at the entrance. His statue shows him as if blessing the people. A horrible piece of statuary is of a man trying to get out of his casket, with death standing behind him, and friends pleading with him to accept the inevitable. The main arch, with two side arches, of the church are very beautiful in effect, and the floor is of smooth white marble.

We visited the morgue and saw three unknown awaiting recognition by friends; then went to The Pantheon, where, in the crypt below, are the tombs of Voltaire, Boussuet, Carnot, Rousseau and others. Frescoes represent St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, as on her deathbed blessing the people. There is also one of Roman captives, which St. Genevieve pleads for. We visited the Saints' Chapel, erected by Charlemagne. In the basement is a room with many gilded arches, where servants hold their meetings. In the room above, the Diplomatic Corps now hold religious services. The tiled floor is in pale blue and white in regular pattern; the pillars have

GATE OF TUILLERY GARDENS, PARIS

TOMB OF CESTUS, IN A WALL OF ROME

each an ornament of different design, in red or blue, and the windows are of stained glass with small figures, giving a warm glow to the room. Mass has been said but once a year since the Republic was established; formerly it was said every month. Outside there is a large, airy hall where the Mayor issues his proclamations. It has marble floor and sides, with a ceiling of the same color.

After the two days given our party in carriage rides, with guides, some visited the Catacombs, where are the remains taken from old burying grounds that have been torn up as the city has been built. There are twelve miles of bones. The skulls are arranged in rows and the arms and legs are piled in order below them. Madame de Maintenon's remains are in this place, as she finally entered a convent and was buried in its grounds, which were afterwards appropriated to other uses.

Sunday was observed in Paris, although the Exposition was open on that day. The quiet that prevailed was as great as that in any other city on the Sabbath.

From the United States building we were told to go to the department of Social Economics, and from an English speaking officer obtained the monographs on American Social Economics edited by Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, and Richard Waterman. There are nineteen pamphlets. Richard Waterman states that in 1855 Prince Albert opened the London Exposition to all nations, and found that progress was greatly stimulated by that course. Paris has also gained by her previous expositions. In 1876, William P. Wilson, of Philadelphia, secured as gifts from different nations material for a great museum. Paris offers rewards to institutions for preventing improvidence and improving moral and

mental conditions; bringing about harmony between those working together; stimulating to ownership of homes; inducing respect for the character of young girls and mothers of families, and preserving and promoting the health of employees. The main conclusions arrived at in industrial betterment seem to be that as greater intelligence is required of employees in these days of labor-saving machinery and devices, better opportunities for both physical and mental improvement should be given them.

On Sunday evening we attended Wesleyan Chapel and heard De Witt Talmage, who had been engaged to preach on that night. His text was from Daniel xxx, 2, "If you are with God, you can do exploits." He thought the exploits in battles were about over and that our cannon would soon be spiked. He said that while we could not all be Morses or Fultons or Edisons, the great exploit of all was to save a man or woman or child, and we might do that; then relating several happy instances where this had been done. The congregation laughed aloud at times. Three Hindus from India sang "Sweet Bye and Bye," and the pastor of the church, who seemed to be a man of fine perception, closed with a prayer full of excellent thoughts.

Pere Hyacinthe, we learned, had no church, but lectured each Sunday. His son was in Germany preparing to become a journalist.

We attended the church of St. Roche, on St. Honore, famous for its music. By placing cannon on the steps of this church Napoleon dispersed the Royalist mob, Oct. 3rd, 1795. The Palais Legislatif was formerly the palace of the Bourbons, and is where Napoleon signed his final abdication. The tower of St.

Joseph, on the Rue de Rivoli, is above the vault of Pascal, and is where he made his experiments in atmospheric pressure.

The Champ de Mars had an electric fountain, which was very fascinating, with its artistic setting of iridescent lights, The display of costumes fashioned by Paris modistes was reflected by large mirrors, and the laces, velvets and satins thus produced a fine effect. Crowds blocked the passage to the room where they were, but glimpses showed that the style of dress is becoming more and more graceful each decade. The telescopic views of the moon made up from photographs were large and genuine, and consequently interesting and instructive.

One convenience of the Exposition was a traveling platform with seats upon it, which moved around a circle and would land you at whatever building you wished to go, within its radius. Other restful helps were cabs at forty cents an hour, no matter how many occupied them, and sedan chairs at sixty cents, which carried one anywhere, whether inside the buildings or outside.

It was with regret and sadness that we left the beautiful Paris Exposition of 1910 and the people who had been so courteous and kind.

LUCERNE TO MILAN IN 1894

From Lucerne to Milan, the route is the most beautiful in all the Alps, with peak upon peak cultivated to the very top. The small villages, with one church and its big square tower, are almost in sight of each other. Roads, smooth as asphalt, connect them either on the mountain sides or in the valleys. The first railroad was built by the united efforts of the four nations, Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy, and is cut into the sides of the mountains or pierced through them, with tunnels almost innumerable. Its cost is incalculable. The cars are with an open passage on one side, so that the tourist can have an unobstructed view of this wonderful panorama of mountains, hung, as it were, between these once hostile nations.

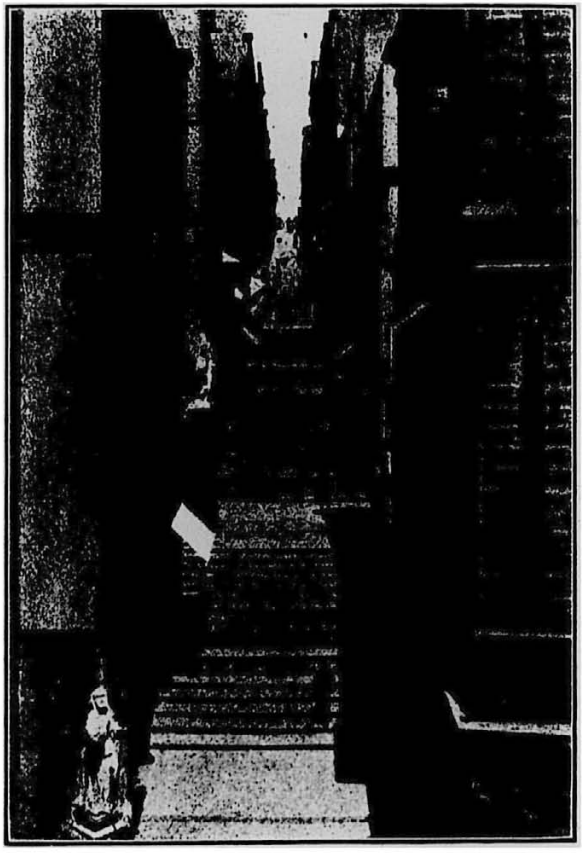
St. Gothard, except for its crown of snow, does not appear as high as many other peaks. In one place as we ascended we could see the same little white church with red roof, four times, as we wound gradually up the mountain.

We passed Mingo, the summer home of the King of Italy, and the beautiful Italian lakes, Lugano and Como. and arrived in Milan about nine hours after leaving Lucerne. Milan is in a valley. The great Cathedral is near the busy mart called "The Arcade." It has many statues on the exterior, which do not appear life size, and are brown with the dust and grime of years. In the interior it is very dark, as the stained-glass windows are high and small. We descended to view the crypt of St. Charles, the architect, where lights are continually burning, and were served by an order of monks who have a small place shaven on the back of their heads about the size of an old fashioned copper.

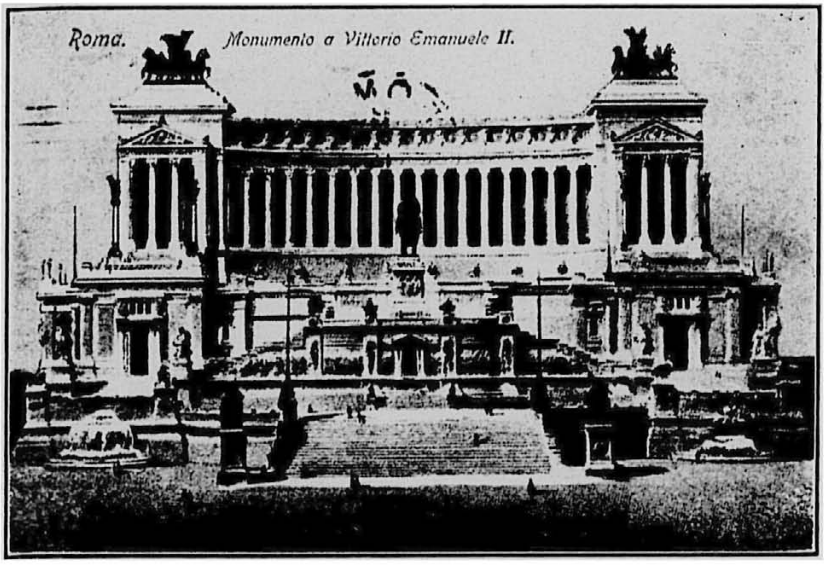
The palace, which is opposite the cathedral, has thirty rooms open for reception, all of the regulation pattern, large and square and varying only in the color of their upholstering and the few statues or portraits of royalty.

The cemetery is said to be the best in Italy. It is a few miles from the center of the city and was crowded with graves. One tomb had a marble covering which represented a sheet spread over it. Some small ones had the photograph of the person buried attached to the small tombstone. We went some miles further to view the "Last Supper," by Leonarda de Vinci.

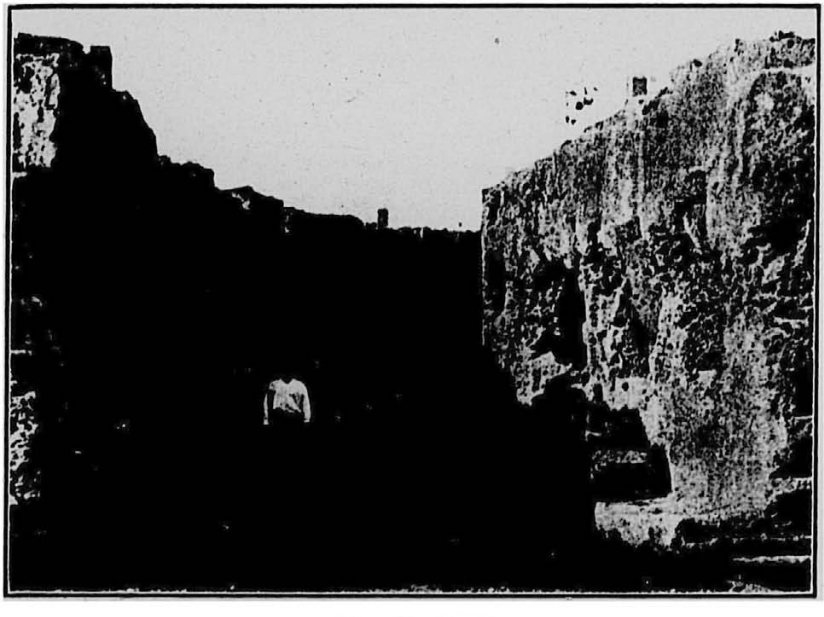
From Milan to Venice the country appears as a great garden irrigated by numerous canals, large and small. The forts were covered with earth and are thus more easily defended. Two officers of the Italian army occupied seats in our compartment and our courier, who understood four languages, interpreted their gossip, which was not flattering to either their integrity or morals.



MALTA



VICTOR EMANUEL'S MONUMENT, ROME



SIRACUSE, SICILY

VENICE, FLORENCE, ROME, THE PYRAMIDS

VENICE.

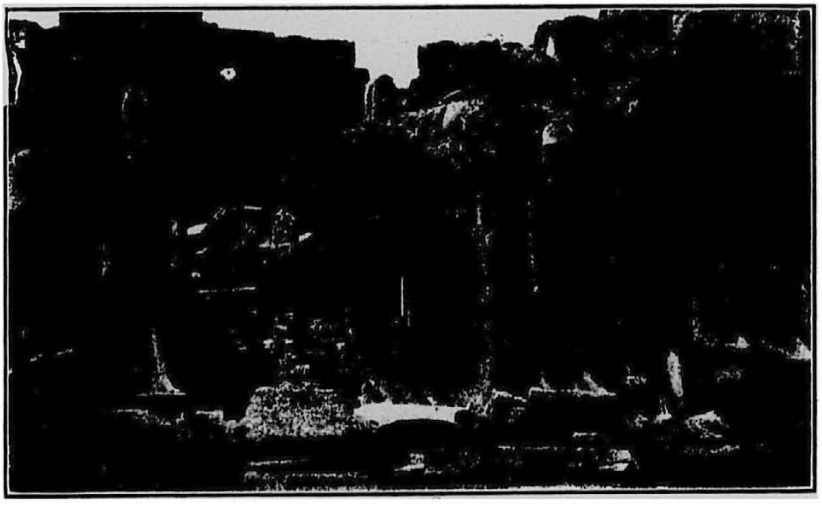
Venice, a city of the sea, was founded in 810 A. D. It was a republic formed of the aristocracy, who were elected to office for life. Its wealth was greatly augmented during The Crusades by transporting troops and merchandise. Samples of oriental industry, with splendor of color and delicacy of pattern served as models for their deft fingers. Ancient manuscripts were brought from Greece and a friendly asylum offered to men of learning and genius. The architecture and art show their origin. The Grand Canal, an arm of the sea, is the great highway, and the grand private residences are on either shore. Their peculiarity is the delicate and ornate window-sashes, similar to those of the Saracens, and sometimes a porch with pillars supporting it, of our colonial style. All smaller canals are branches of the Grand, so that the water is clean and fresh with the tides.

From the top of the Campanile we could see the few islands on which Venice is situated. There are 368 churches and about as many palaces. In the Doges' palace the frieze of one room is composed of the heads of the one hundred and sixty-eight Doges. They were elected by the senators, and ruled for life. The Council of Ten, to assist the Doge in his decisions, elected the three who decided the punishment of criminals. One Doge's head was covered with crape because he was a traitor to his trust.

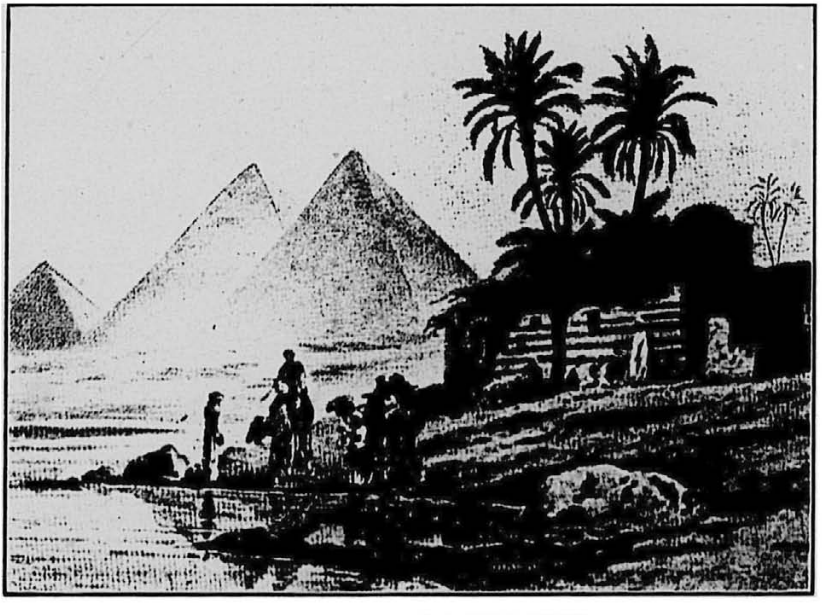
We walked over the Bridge of Sighs, which leads from the Palace of Justice to the dungeons, and entered some of the rooms. There were blocks of wood that served as bed and seat,

and the food was pushed through a grating. When the prisoners were executed the body was dropped into the sea through a hole, covered with a large stone, and the blood let through two separate apertures. The Senate Chamber has four sides painted by Tintorreta. One was the battle with the Turks, with their quaint ships of many oars. The outer porch has busts of senators with name and date of birth and death. It is a record of them and worthy of emulation. The Campanile is a square tower built of brick and has a sloping ascent in the interior, turning at every corner, where there is a large window giving abundance of light. Napoleon rode up this ascent of 471 feet on horseback.

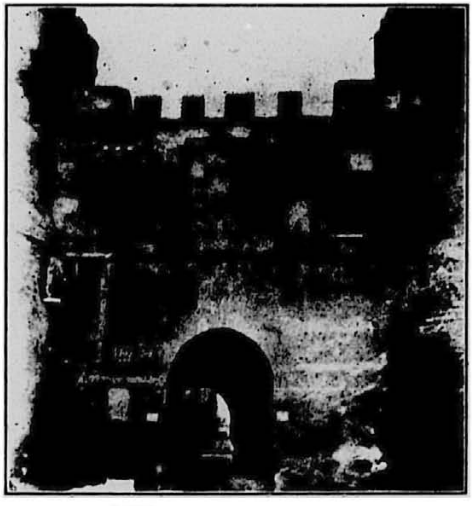
St. Marks, also on the Plaza, is brilliant in the interior with paintings in mosaics set in gold, only detected when the sun shines upon them. Service was being held, and we therefore did not see the pillars said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple. On the Plaza outside a band of music was discoursing and tables were filled with those partaking of refreshments. Theodore was formerly the patron saint, but in 1336 St. Mark was brought from Egypt, and the winged lion placed on a pillar, an dthat of Theodore on another pillar to guard, as it were, the entrance to this public square. It was here that, that Sabbath morning, the doves flew to us in great numbers to receive the corn proffered, which we bought in cornucopias. They sat on our shoulders, head and hands and gathered around our feet, and would fly away in flocks as quickly as they came. The gondolas are all black, a command of the city government, for when in colors the rivalry to outdo each other prevented any profit. They are neat and furnished with easy seats and cushions.



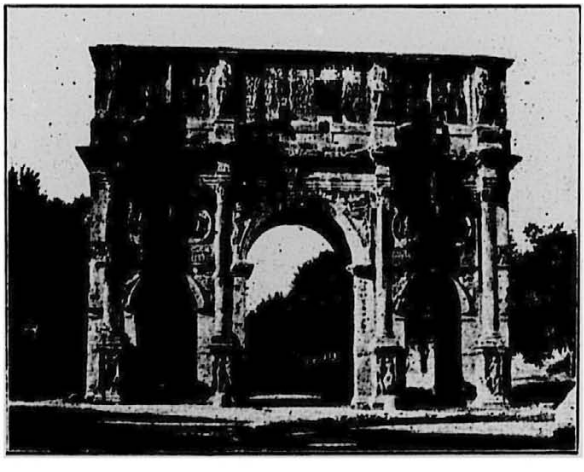
THEBES, EGYPT



ARABIAN VILLAGE NEAR CAIRO, EGYPT



GATE AT APPIAN WAY, ROME



ARCH OF TITUS, ROME

FLORENCE

Florence, the home of Savonarola, Dante, and other noted men, is on the River Arno. We visited the art stores, where we found the cheapest and most artistic pieces of statuary suitable for private residences. One, of Michael Angelo as a boy with a mallet in his hand, bringing out the angel enclosed in the block of marble; another, a girl with a handful of grapes; another with Gainsborough hat shading an innocent-looking face; and yet another, of two girls reading from a large book. Prices were from eight to twenty-five dollars each. There is a great deal of life in Florence. In the large depot the floor was of marble. There was a pillar in the center, and seats around it. Soldiers, priests and newsboys jostled each other in hearty good nature.

ROME.

Rome, the Eternal City, is built on seven hills so graded that they are not discernible except as you approach the Coliseum. The houses are of plastered brick, their yellow tone giving a cheerful aspect even on a cloudy day. St. Peter's church, the great attraction, is connected with the prison Castle Angelos by a private passage to be used by the Popes in case of danger, and is approached by a bridge over the muddy Tiber, guarded by many statues with flowing robes, the work of Michael Angelo; hence its name of Angelos. The church of St. Peter has a large leather door, which swings inward. Beggars who had tortured themselves to excite sympathy, some having red eyes, armless sleeves and other deformities. Within the church all was light, brilliant and beautiful beyond description. Various arches surrounded the great dome, and under each was the statue of a pope in sitting posture and of

heroic size, with the name written above. In the center of the church is St. Peter's tomb. Under a canopy above it some candles as big as a man's arm were burning.

Old Rome is being preserved; the Coliseum has many of its arches renewed with brick or strengthened with iron clasps. The underground passages are laid bare, moss has grown over the stones, but as you look at tier upon tier of seats you understand the reason for the frenzy of the actors in the arena.

The Arch of Titus is near the Coliseum, and through it we rode to the Roman Gate that opens on the Appian Way. This Appian Way is narrow, with a wall on one side built of cobble stones and cement and protected by a plaster coping. The tomb of Metella is the best preserved. It is of circular shape and of great height. We passed the Catacombs and saw in the distance the Sabine hills and the summer residence of the Pope.

St. Paul's church is outside of the city limits. It is next to St. Peter's in magnificence. It has a rich facade and a porch on three sides where are statues of the apostles and other scriptural personages. Forty-six marble pillars divide the nave into five aisles, and here we saw a frieze composed of the heads of all the popes. The tomb of St. Paul and St. Peter is covered by a canopy, and steps lead below to the tomb of Timothy. At each side of the steps were statues of St. Peter and St. Paul in heroic size, St. Peter holding the keys, and St. Paul addressing the multitude. The hall at the entrance has a large painting depicting the conversion of St. Paul as he hears the words, "Why persecutest thou Me?" Five chapels open from this room, with doors having gratings, so that we could observe the interior.

THE CAPITOL ROME USED AS A MUSEUM

NEW PALACE OF THE CAESARS, ROME

The Vatican has more than four thousand rooms, and twenty court yards. The paintings of Raphael are most admired, and are Bible history on canvas. The Sixtine Chapel, built by Pope Sixtus VI, in 1473, is 50 by 150 feet. On the wall facing the entrance is "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo. The frescoes of Moses and others, on the ceiling, must be viewed by a mirror held in the hand. On the sides are scenes in the life of Christ.

The Capitol is now used as a museum. As you ascend the stairs, to the right is a room with the art of Pompeii, and to the left, the hall of Philosophy, where are busts of Seneca, Socrates, Homer Caesar Augustus, Alexander the Great, and others. The Pantheon, a circular building, is in the heart of the city, and was built in 27 B. C. by Agrippa. It was destroyed by Titus, and restored by Hadrian. In 608 A. D. it was dedicated to the virgins and martyrs, by Boniface IV. It is lighted only from above. Within among others was the tomb of Victor Emanuel, with the inscription in Latin, "Father of His Country." As we left the city for Naples, the old aqueduct was to be seen above ground, and gave a historical meaning to an otherwise barren plain. We passed the birth place of Cicero. Windows of dwelling houses are on hinges, and were thrown open to let in the air, giving the houses a deserted appearance. Some had curtains flapping in the wind. No smoke arose from Vesuvius as we approached the beautiful city by the sea. We stopped at Hotel Continental, in the Bay, and close to the soldiers' barracks, which was once a fort.

At ten the next morning we started for Pompeii, passing the long street of Giovanni, which follows the Bay. Macaroni was hanging out on boards to dry, much as we would dry apples. Street cars had a division across them for first and

second-class seats. At the entrance to Pompeii we stopped at Hotel Diomede for luncheon. We had Scotch lemonade, which is pure lemon juice in water; small black oysters and macaroni soup, Sicily oranges, grapes and pears. We passed through a lane with immense cacti, orange and lemon trees, and through an old gateway and entered a yard paved with blocks of lava. At the right is the Museum, with models of what has been unearthed in Pompeii. The most striking were the preserved bodies of persons, which were contorted as only their appalling death would warrant. Shelves contained cups, lamps and utensils of all kinds.

The streets of Pompeii were narrow and the crossings were of three stones the size of small grindstones, with spaces between for wheels of chariots. The sidewalks were of beautiful mosaic, preserved by a coat of ashes, and extended to the doors of the residences. The houses were roofless, but showed many apartments. The temples of Mercury and Venus are large and filled with pedestals on which once stood statues of eminent men of Rome. Pompeii was a seaside resort, for the wealthy of that city. There is a hill of lava reaching from Pompeii to Vesuvius, six miles away.

The next morning we secured three horses and a carriage and rode over the same ground to the great volcano. The lava fields looked like deep plowing of wet land, the furrows having taken all sorts of fantastic shapes and hardened into stone. The road was wide, hard and smooth, and steep. Olive trees, like our crab apple trees, lined the way or stood in gardens with fig trees, which have very twisted and large branches. Our guide brought us olives on a branch of the tree.

At the cable railway was one of Cook's hotels, where we had lunch. We waited two hours for our opportunity to ride, as

the cars would carry but twelve, and a company of anthropologists then in convention in Naples, were crowding the cars. When we alighted we had a steep ascent to climb, either by being carried in a Sedan chair, or by holding to a loop on the end of a pole and being led or pulled up by a boy. Some were examining a place where smoke was rising, and we did the same, only to have our nostrils filled with sulphurous odors. The crater has large rocks in its center, and outside of them the soft lava was being deposited. Here we had three coppers thrown into the lava and covered with it, looking like eggs in a nest, and paid a franc each. Our guide, who led us from the cable to the crater, rode a donkey beside us to the city. It was dark as we returned, and the lights of Naples blended with that of the stars. The black lava of the roadway gave no reflection, and we asked our driver to light the lamps of the carriage. But they went out for lack of oil, and when halted by a policeman in the city, he gave the excuse of his long ride to Vesuvius, we paid his fine, and passed on.

From Naples to Port Said the sea was very rough. A sailor came to our state-room to fasten the window, but we asked him to leave it open for air, and within a half hour a lurch of the vessel brought a wave of the sea upon us. We received not only a reprimand, but a fine of a pound sterling for the disaster. We passed Mount Ætna in the day time and saw it smoke, and were also near the hills of Greece. On reaching Port Said, many went on shore, but we preferred to spend the money in the purchase of embroidery, made of gold thread on white kid, and jewelry, brought on board by the natives. Ismalia is forty miles above, on the canal, and for the first time we saw a view so often pictured of oriental countries. Hills of yellow sand against the bright blue sky, tall palms, and the

acacia, so like our locust trees, with pendent pods of seed. Here is the summer residence of Ismail Pasha, also one of M. De-Lesseps, and many other noted men. They are of one story with wide verandas, and near the street, with yards at the sides and back of them, filled with shrubs and flowers.

At Cook's hotel we met thirty persons from England, going to their winter home at Cairo. One lady said they had come there for thirty-five years. She had two grown daughters, and a husband who ended each sentence with "ah!"

The railroad to Cairo from Ismalia passed through several villages where young girls sold us dates or oranges. We saw the buffalo cows with bent horns, large in size, of a dun color, and which are used for plowing. The people use the same plow as of scriptural times, which is a stick with a pointed end; but this soil is soft as sand and easily worked. Shepard's Hotel, D'Angleterre, and others were full. We went to the Geezarah Hotel, the former residence of Ismail Pasha.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS

In 1894, during the Christmas holidays, Mr. Rose and I spent two weeks in Cairo, Egypt.

The residences are great square buildings, made of marble and stucco, three stories high and set back from the road in groves of the date palm, acacia and the banana shrub; only glimpses of the roof and upper story can be seen from the street. These homes are in the busy center of the city surrounded by a high fence or wall.

As we entered the enclosed area to see our physician, a sense of retirement and coolness, away from the view of all strangers, is very complete and in striking contrast to our American front door yards, so useless because open to the public.

The wife of the physician was ready to take her daily ride on an Arabian horse, but said to us: "Come in for a little while; I want to become acquainted with you." We went up a flight of steps and entered a long hall which opened into a large room covering the whole first floor. A shelf was near the ceiling filled with all sorts of bowls, busts and bric-a-brac. The windows that reached from floor to ceiling were draped with Madras curtains in colors.

The lady was a native of Alexandria whose father was a Scotchman. Her husband was a graduate of Glasgow Medical College and filled the request of the "expert surgeon" to reside in Alexandria. Six years after his marriage he removed to Cairo and had a very extensive practice.

We stopped at the Gezerah Hotel, the former residence of Israel Pasha, a mile from the center of the city. It was in a square, adorned with rock work, fountains and blooming plants.

It had a reading room that contained the best European and American magazines; among them were Harper's, The Atlantic, and the New York Herald, published in Paris by Mr. Bennett, with only a few advertising pages.

We visited the mosques, both Moslem and Egyptian. The latter have many domes around a central dome open from the first floor to the ceiling, fifty feet above. One was built by Abraham Pasha, who fled to Constantinople because of Egypt's debt to England for the money to build the Suez canal. It stands on the Mokhotton Hills, which are of yellow sandstone under the clear blue sky. The soldiers' quarters surround it; a large cemetery is in the rear. Our Arabian ponies took us up the steep hill to the wide porch with its alabaaster pillars, fifty feet high and eight in circumference. We were given heeless yellow slippers by an old man, who tied them on over our own shoes. We went through a gate to the yard of the fountain; its eight sides had each three faucets through which water was flowing into a trough.

We entered the mosque from the side. The interior was one vast room reaching from the floor to the numerous domes that surrounded one large dome, built after the pattern of St. Sophia of Constantinople. Around the upper part were windows of green, yellow or red, each of one color, opening on a hall with a railing, that the guide said was "where the women of the harem could view the people below." At one end of the mosque was a pulpit and at the right of the entrance was the tomb of Israel Pasha, behind a screen painted in white and gold. The floor was covered with immense rugs, either all red, or all yellow, or all green, dotted with black. There were no chairs or seats. As we stood, admiring the chaste and costly interior, an old man entered with his yellow slippers on and touched his head

to the floor, repeated some words, and slowly retreated backward to the door.

On the porch we were offered pieces of alabaster of which the mosque is built (at a shilling each). On our return, we rode past old Cairo, where the narrow streets are shaded all day from the sun, and saw a boy carrying water in a pigskin, such as was very usual in the last century, but seldom seen now.

The Boolak museum is nine miles from the city. In the yard are four lions couchant. The room of the mummies is at the right of the entrance. The first is that of Rameses II in a casket; his Roman nose and narrow face suggest his ambition. What a wonder is this preservation of the actual body and contour of the person who lived five thousand years ago. His statue was also at Ismalia in a reclining position. The one next to Rameses II was Set I—his face broad and eyes far apart in direct contrast to Rameses. In one corner was a wooden statue, the oldest of any in Egypt, made of a tree of which I have a photograph. There are forty or more rooms in the museum. In one were cases of jewelry which were flat and poorly engraved, cheap and tawdry compared with those of today. At the end of this room I could see a stairway—this room was "No. 23." I descended to see a sarcophagus like a huge chest, made of red clay, whitewashed and figures drawn in the sides, real hieroglyphics—this also was a disappointment. I went on to another room to see a boat like the galleys of the Nile, with three sets of oars. It was partly decayed. I was asked by an attendant to view the Labyrinth, but feared to enter, as I was alone—my husband remained at the entrance to the museum. There was a door to the yard but it was locked. As I began to feel that I was lost, a couple appeared, who took me to the stairway that led to "No. 23" and with great thankfulness I returned to the entrance and to the carriage.

All relics are now to go to the Egyptian museum and not to foreign countries as heretofore. Maratta Bey, a Frenchman, has these things in charge.

The next day we visited Cheops. The small gray Arabian ponies were full of life. We passed through Gaza and saw the Sphinx at a distance, so near the color of the dark sand it was not easily discerned. Israel Pasha had built the road and on one side were camels with baskets on each side filled with sand, which weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. This is thrown on the soft mud deposited by the Nile when it recedes. Poor camels, if they think at all, they would welcome the drift of sand that comes in from the desert when the great simooms occur.

At the Meza Hotel at the foot of Cheops, they said "Often the sand penetrated the rooms until it hides from view the carpets and cushions. "When you come here you must come on a clear day." Our day was bright. At the foot of the pyramid our ponies refused to climb the steep smooth track; they would just whirl around. At last our dragoman caught hold of their bridle and they lifted him from his feet and plunged forward. He dropped his hold but the horses galloped the spiral road until they stopped at the entrance of the pyramid. In ten minutes the dragoman arrived breathless and angry.

A party were in the interior, so arrangements at once were made to enter. The Arabs believed gold was deposited in the pyramids and made an entrance to it. After digging sixty-seven feet they discovered the real entrance, and now you have to go down that sixty-seven feet to get to the gallery or inclined plane that connects the Queen's Chamber with the King's Chamber. Three of the Sheik guides, one on each side and one before, were necessary. Soon they began to ask for money, for the old

sheik got the pay, but they did the work. The darkness could be felt; the lack of air made every pore of the body open, not a dry thread on the garments next to the skin.

When we arrived at the foot of the inclined plane, they said: "Do you want stalactites? This is the place to get them." "Yes." They brought two, a shilling each. "We want money," but I said: "Not until we get outside the pyramid." From there to the foot of the gallery we walked, half bent, then came to a square room 16 x 16 with a pointed roof. The three guides had tapers lighted for us to see the names, in red chalk, on the walls —Rawlinson, Wilkinson and Hume. A place for the casket was on one side but that had been removed to the British museum. We returned to the foot of the gallery and the visitors were descending from the King's Chamber. We asked: "Does it pay to go to the King's Chamber?" The lady said in German: "It is difficult." The gentleman said: "Yes, it pays." We at once started up that slippery steep, with one on each side and one behind. We told him to go in front of us. Indeed, the push he gave hurt for years. Their bare feet could cling to the smooth marble.

The King's Chamber is of the same size, with square roof and no names on the walls, which are of malachite and so polished no trace of the joining of the slabs could be seen by the tapers that were carried by the sheiks. It is three hundred and fifty feet from the Queen's Chamber. They again said: "Do you want light, new tapers, a shilling each," and were told to light them. Should we come thousands of miles to see the pyramids and fail for a few shillings of seeing all they had to show? We descended to the plane where there was a ltitle daylight and they again asked for money. When two dollars were offered they declined it; when a five dollar gold piece was given them,

they took from a white canvas bag, half filled with money, two-fifty, and were satisfied.

Once back to our carriage a photographer was there, but my husband waved him aside. "You are as red as a lobster." And when a camel knelt for me to go to the sphinx, he said: "I want my dinner, you have been two long hours in the pyramids. Let us go to Hotel Mena." It was two o'clock.

The hotel is the resort of the nobility of England. The entrance is a porch, shaded by fret-work. Fret-work is also in the partition separating the parlor from the hall. A gong was ringing for dinner; couples passed to the dining room each lady dressed in most elaborate costume, with trails of half a yard; one in jet, one in white, one in light blue, one in pink.

I went to the house of "notions" in the yard, and my husband lighted his cigar. We could reach Cairo in an hour and we postponed our dinner until then. Of the many beautiful things for sale, I found them in the stores of Cairo at less price.

Our next trip was to the Garden of the Pasha. We passed by cars, with men in red fez caps at every window; also an Arabian village built in block shape, with a roof on which were clothes to dry. Chickens and geese; each door with one window represented a house. The cooking was done out of doors. We saw where the Wadena of Cleveland, a yacht owned by Homer Wade, was stationed last year.

The Pasha was a young man and was to be married as soon as he had reached 21 years. His palaces for his many wives were painted light blue. We entered the Pasha's Gardens of fifty or more acres. A high board walk led up to the circle bordered on either side with every variety of cacti, begonias, lilacs (which grow like trees), and the oleander of enormous height. In the circle was a marble statue of Columbus, holding

a sphere on which was marked Spain, the Atlantic and North and South America. Numerous statues marked the avenues, but on examining them we could see the red pottery, where the white had scaled off. One was of a lady twining a wreath; another a lady holding something and closely examining it. As we returned, at the entrance gate a man was there with "Messina" oranges, three cents a dozen. We gathered twigs from the pepper tree that stood in the highway, which is like our cherry tree; the seeds are red and afterwards turn black. As we came to town by another route, we passed cottages covered with vines, and through wheat fields, with no fences, and huge sewer pipes, beside the railroad. Two boys on the ground were chewing sweet flag, out of which sorghum is made.

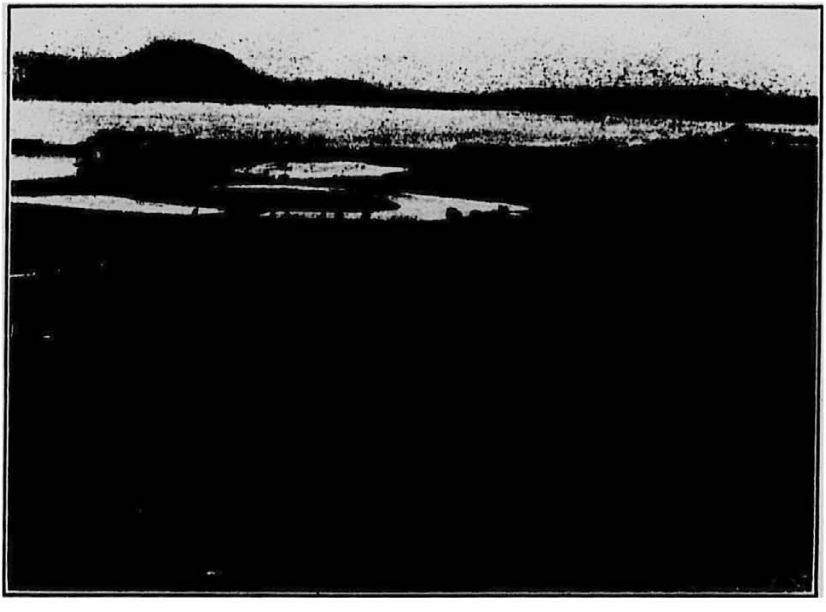
On the broad avenues we saw on one door "English College." On another very much carving, and were told it was the home of a wealthy Hebrew; in a shoe store a wealthy native woman had on a black silk dress with a double skirt, the upper one she drew over her head as she went out, and drew up a piece of cloth which hid all but her forehead and eyes. It was the exception and not the rule of the women.

We took cars for Alexandria and in our compartment came a Jew. Of him we asked questions. "What is that bundle of calico on the grass plot in the field?" He said: "That is a woman who guards the cows. Do you see those division lines of water? Every one must keep his beast on his own ground." She draws her double skirt over her head. "What are those stone altars?" "They are where the people put money for the priests. This is the Goshen of the Israelites, and where they made the brick to build the pyramids and the monuments." When we stopped at a village, he said: "This is a college town and the men with the red fez caps are the students. The girls

at the depot selling you dates are here more to see the young men than to sell anything." He left before we reached Alexandria, where the windmills are better than the one he pointed out, as of the old time—there a pail went down with a windlass and on the other end a bucket came up with water and was upset into a trough, which would run down around the plot of grass about four yards square.

We stopped at the Abbott Hotel. In front was a square on which stood the statue of Abraham Pasha. A large Bazaar was on the first floor, from which we purchased many mats and embroideries. The photographs were opposite in a store by themselves. In the dry goods stores only one clerk was necessary; if you wanted silk, he gave you cards that had samples, of prices on one page, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar per yard. If you wanted dimity he would give you another card on which were samples, from ten cents to one dollar per yard. We could do as well in New York—yes, better. We went to a photograph gallery that had colored photos, but they were double our price. We took four, however, bought on the ground of the great Pharaohs. A man approached with a long bright rug. "How much?" "Fifteen dollars." "But it might have been exposed to small pox." So we refused to buy. When we went to our rooms there were on the bureau bowls of fresh figs, Messina oranges and nuts.

When we went to our boat to sail for Naples, the conductor asked for our passports, the first time in all our travels, but he said: "I am a Mohammedan, and we are stricter than you Christians." On board the boat we met a lady, Miss Crabtree, and mother. Her letters were delivered at our cabin door. When a day or two out suddenly there was no noise of the engine. We were standing still, but on inquiry at the deck, they said:



CARTHAGE, AFRICA

"All was safe." When at dinner we asked the Captain "How many engines have you?" He replied: "Ten." "That will do to tell the marines." "Yes, it is true; we have ten; one to grind the knives; one to do every sort of thing that needs doing." When on deck I said: "What did you mean by saying 'We have ten engines'?" "Let me ask you a question, Why do you Americans come over here in such droves? Last trip we had eighty-seven, and one person lost a child by fever. Did she go back home? No, indeed! She had it embalmed, left it in town, and went on with her journey. Why do you come over here?" I replied: "It is the historic ground. If America had such a record you would all go to America to see it for yourselves."

ANCIENT EGYPT

The name pyramid is supposed to be derived from pi-rami, meaning mountain, or the Greek word signifying a pointed cake, used in the rites of Bacchus. There are seventy remains of pyramids in Egypt; that of the First Dynasty Sakhara; the last is Amenhut at Illahorn. All have been identified in height.

They had books on religion, meals, travel, and on morals, but the style was forced and stilted; their architecture was greater than that of Greece. It had the effect of mass, color glaring. They worked in shackles, a dull conventionalism; in morals it is said that Moses compiled his laws from the "Book of the Dead." The men openly practiced impurity and used a rod to avenge crimes; they were not good soldiers and were as a bruised reed; there was drunkenness among young men and sensual pleasure was the end of existence. Life was passed in feasting and sport; they gradually declined in power and were the subjects of Ethiopians, Assyrians, Persians and Greeks.

The Amu were the herdsmen who were treated with con-

tempt. There were those of Palestine also called herdsmen, called Hittites or sons of Hitt; these came from the north and the Philistines fought against them. From the Biblical Encyclopedia of Severance, page 816. "The Hittites were a nation of warriors and the most powerful in northwestern Asia. In the dynasty of Rameses II the king of the Hittites had under his control Trojans, Dardanese and ten or more other peoples. A mighty host was brought into the field by a voice of command that must be obeyed. When the ambassadors of the Hittites went down into Egypt they carried a silver plate on which the Hittite text was engraved in their own language and character. A copy of it is on the walls of Rameses. There was among them much progress in commerce, law and civil institutions. They used silver as a standard of value." Dr. Isaac Taylor said, "They were one of the most powerful people of the primeval world.

Their empire extended from the frontier of Egypt to the Ægean sea. They had an art, a culture and a script peculiar to themselves; they had holy cities or Cities of Refuge where the debtor or homicide were safe. The Queen of Sheba, the mother of Solomon, was a Hittite. In the time of the siege of Samaria they were distinguished for their swift chariots, their horses and engines of war. They appeared for the first time 3800 B. C. and do not disappear until the time of Sargon, 1717 B. C. Their features are those of a northern people; the Chinese appearance of the Hittites is very remarkable; they have a shaven head, with a single lock of hair on the crown, as shown in their sculpture are non-Semitic.

The commencement of monarchy in Egypt was 2450 B. C. and of Babylon 2300 B. C. The Egyptian language is a dead language, but used in Coptic churches. The hieroglyphics is

the language of abbreviation used in writing; it reports all the eye can see—O, for the sun; the crescent, for the moon; small o, for the mouth, and a goose for a son; mountains represent foreign countries; A, for eagle; as, for eagles, it also means elbow. They have nine hundred signs, read from right to left or vice versa if the characters face the other way. The numerals are known by straight lines, I, II, III, IO for ten, 2O for twenty, 3O for thirty, etc. Four volumes have been translated into English by the Egyptians.

A Song of Thotmes, the Greatest King of the Eighteenth Dynasty—Egyptian Poetry

"As Ray rises up every morn,
So woman conceived and man is born.
Each soul in its turn draws its breath;
Each man born of woman sees death;
Take thy pleasures today
'Mid the joys of delight.
Soon life's pilgrimage ends,
And we pass to silence and night.
Patriarch, perfect and pure,
Nofer Hotep, blessed art thou;
Didn't finish thy course on earth
And art with the blessed ones now.
Men pass to the great silence there
And their places do know them no more."

The temple succeeded the tombs. The oldest, Chephern, is 100 feet long. Then Medenet Abou of the eighteenth dynasty. Then Rameses II of the nineteenth dynasty. Then the temple of Karnak, which had seven monarchs and five hundred years in building. That of Medenet Abou is like a cross and has

pylons or towers to support the roof. Rameses at Theles is on a similar plan; it has round towers and eight square pillars on either side, regularly set, and thirty-six round towers, all ornamented with patterns and hieroglyphics cut in stone and highly colored. It has nine chambers for priests back of the hall and a sitting colossus known as the vocal Memnon. That of Karnak is 350 x 370 feet and has 164 massive stone columns, 12 x 66 feet and 30 feet in circumference, six on either side. An obelisk 70 feet in height and of 300 tons. The obelisks stood in pairs on each side of the gateway.

There are two kinds of temples, palace temples, residence of the kings, and strictly temples. The Arab says, "The arch never sleeps." The Egyptian prefers solidity and does not use the arch because it spoils that view of it. They also prefer non-uniformity; the wings of houses do not match; the pillars are of different heights. They say absolute uniformitv is wearisome. This makes the building seem greater than it is, which is a merit.

The Hyksos, or shepherd kings, came from the East, but allowed the Theban kings to rule over their own dominions. They even gathered some of their art and built stone temples after the Egyptian models (page 194, Rawlinson's history). They gave dates to times and places; they established revenues and a military system and had a single head, or fixed centre. The Hyksos produced the glories of the Later Empire.

Set was the one they placed at their head as they overcame the territory. Set established himself at Memphis and visited his soldiers and paid them. He was called the great and glorious Almoner. All kings were called Pharaohs. Appi made Joseph his heir and invited Joseph's family to Egypt. Appi sent a challenge to Rasaka and at last forced a war with the Hyksos

and drove them out of Egypt. This war lasted five years. Then Ahmes ascended the Nile and conquered the Nubians, but in turn was conquered by them. Peace reigned twenty-eight years.

Ahmes began restoring the upper Nile. Ahmes married an Ethiopian so as to claim his wife's right to the upper part of the Nile. She was called Nefert, which means beautiful, and consecrated the temple of Thebes by granite obelisks seventy-five feet high. Thotmes did not care for Nefert and his sister is supposed to have caused his brother's death and erased from the monuments his name. She wore male attire. She connected her temple to the others by long rows of sphinxes in repose and erected a monument to her architect, which is now in the Britiish museum. She made an annual expedition to the Red Sea for frankincense, ivory and trees for gum, and had it all exhibited on the marble of her temple. Her younger brother came to the throne and erased her name. In seven years he died at forty years of age; nobody could tell why.

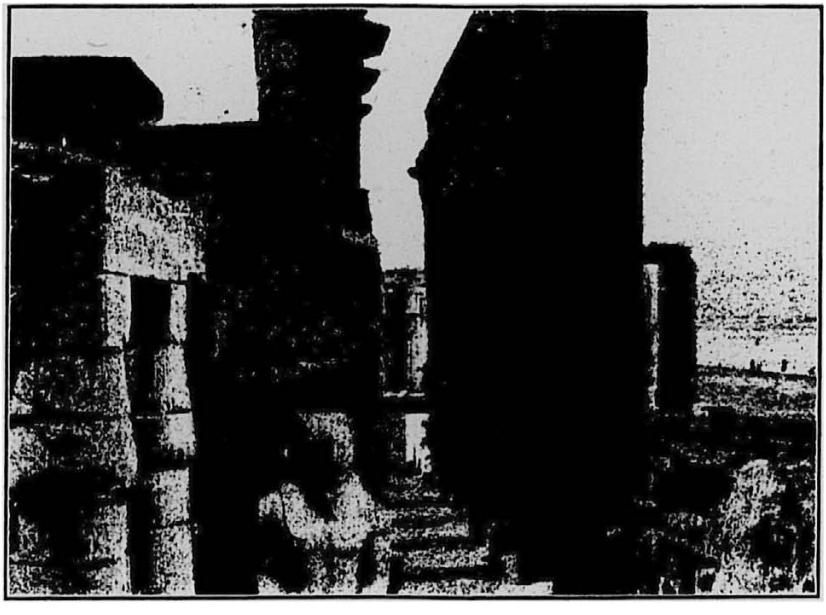
Thotmes III forced his way to Syria, besieged Megiddo and captured 5,900 prisoners, 924 chariots, and returned to Egypt in triumph. In his fifth campaign he took prisoners as hostages. In his eighth campaign he went to Nineveh and Assur gave tribute to Thotmes III, year after year. He was given in all 11,000 captives, 1,111 chariots, 3,800 horses, 4,500 cattle, 36,000 goats, 4,000 pounds of gold, 3,000 pounds of silver, two kinds of birds and one goose, all told on his wall. He arranged chronologically sixty kings. The great tablet at Karnak is his. He erected obelisks which are now in Rome, England and America; also the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. He left more monuments than any one except Rameses II. He had a reign of fifty-six years and died at sixty years of age, 1500 B. C. His son, who reigned with him, had conquered the Bedouins and he

had his hands full to keep them conquered. Thotmes IV devoted himself to clearing away the sands of the sphinxes. He died a young man, after reigning nine years (page 256, Rawlinson History).

Hotep, born of an Ethiopian woman, married a wife also foreign and through her influence worshiped the sun. The sun was to be substituted for forty or fifty Gods, as it was the lord of light.

Anonaphis reigned thirty-six years. He erected the temple at Luxor and united it with Karnak with an avenue of sphinxes; also built a temple at Elephantine and erected a statue of himself at the gateway, made of red sandstone, sixty-one feet, and a crown that made it seventy feet high; no other is more than fifty feet high. One emitted musical sounds and is called the vocal Memnon. He gave to Egypt grand and solid masterpieces of art. He loved field sports and tamed some lions. Since then they have been an emblem of royalty. He was kindly in manner and reigned with his mother and deferred to his wife.

Amen Hotep III created the Disk worship and said, "Thou art he who created that which previously was not, who art everything." Amen Ophis, eigteenth, built a new city and removed his mother to it and called it Kharten. He had several daughters and reigned twelve years. His daughters' husbands reigned in succession, but the priests restored the ancient religion. The chisel had removed the traces of the changes. Amen Ophis IV restored the temple that had fallen into ruin and won great victories over the Ethiopians by a general named Haren Meheb, 1400 B. C. Some say his brother-in-law was Rameses II. He reigned but sixteen months and gave his son the name of Seti, in honor of the sun-god Seti. He checked the Hittites of Western Asia. He was at once beset by the Semitics and



LUXOR, EGYPT

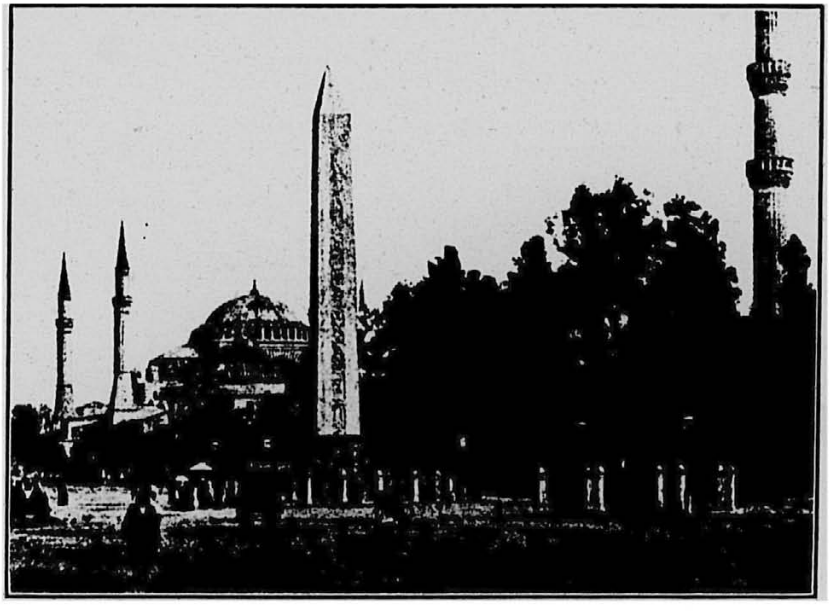
Turanian races. He ravaged Idumea, defeated the Hittites and obtained Mesopotamia. On his return he and his son Rameses went to the eastern borders of Egypt. The dwellers fled to caves. He also went to the south against the Cushites. He built a canal between the Nile and Red Sea twenty miles long. He arranged the tables at Abydos in chronological order, containing seventy-five predecessors. It differs from that of Thotmes III. He married the grand-daughter of Kharton and had three sons, and his son Rameses II united the claims of the two rival houses. He crowned Rameses II at twelve years of age and his son carried on his father's work. Setti II reigned twelve years alone and eighteen years with Rameses. The two reigns were eighty years. At twenty-eight Rameses II entered on his reign. He had one long war and it ended in a treaty. He went against the Hittites, taking one side of the river and Ra the other. Ra was attacked and overcome. Rameses heard of it, turned to the right, rushed in and was cut off from the rest of his army and confronted by 2,500 of the enemy. He fought right and left and pursued them to the waters, where they fell like crocodiles. The brother and secretary of the king were killed, and Kharton pleaded for peace and it was granted.

Not for five years was there any war. Khatusin was called the great king of Khita and Rameses the great ruler of Egypt. Each bound themselves to come to the assistance of the other and in no case to invade each other's dominion, nor his sons, nor his sons' sons. Rameses married the daughter of the Hittite king Khatusi. She had captured his heart when she plead for the captives of her native land.

Rameses cared only to obtain slaves. Whole tribes were removed from Soudan, and Lybians and Asiatics were planted on the upper Nile, Aperi and Hebrew, the latter of 600,000 adult males.

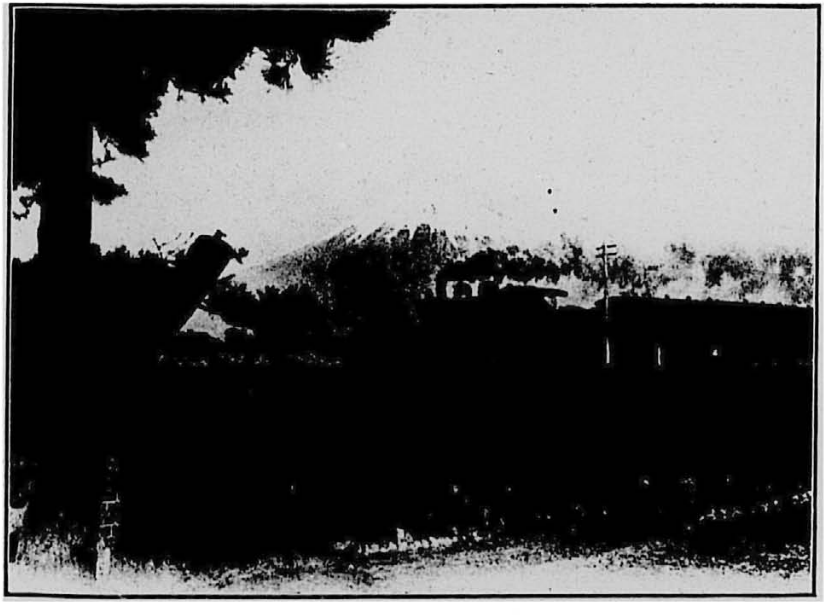
The canal from the Nile to the Red Sea was ninety miles with store cities. The cities were Tunis, Heropolis and Para, and had temples, obelisks, tombs and canals, rich in fish; also onions, grapes, almonds, figs and apples were raised in abundance. The king owned all the land and did not cramp farming operations, but they had to first pay the tax-gatherer. The seed was scattered on the rich deposit of the Nile as soon as the waters receded and was trodden down by sheep, goats or pigs. Egypt had 100,000 square miles; seven-eighths were worthless The Blue Nile rises in Abyssinia. At Abel Homed it makes a great bend and to shorten the distance travelers go by camel across the Nubian desert. In the bend are the sites Appolosilus and Setopolis; then the two mountains hem it in, called Gibilene, and then through the plains of Homenthus and Thebes; then the valley of Abydos, ten miles wide; then to Youseck to Cynopolis, and here the canal of Egypt is built 120 miles long. It took twenty years and sixty thousand men to build Cheops, the only pyramid that contained a gallery and tombs. The gallery was a telescope from which stars could be seen day and night, and the great heavens divided each hour the stars into constellations and reduced them to a system.

It was the patriarchal age when thousands of people could be fed and obeyed by one man. When the Arabs came into possession they believed much gold was buried here and a great army of them opened the sealed pyramid about thirty feet from its door, which fell at last and therefore the entrance is zig-zag. No money was found, but so clamorous were the people the leader deposited some for them to find and they were satisfied.



CONSTANTINOPLE

ARCH OF TRIUMPH, PARIS



FUJI MOUNTAIN, JAPAN

JAPAN

Remarks of W. G. Griffiths, late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Given at Plymouth Church, Cleveland, O.

In 1868 the Higo students came to the United States and were of equal good breeding and mental acumen.

From twelve to fifteen years of age the child is sent to a school, that does nothing else but teach the laws of etiquette.

At New Brunswick, N. J., they studied with Mr. Griffiths. Six died, and Mr. Griffiths was invited to go to Japan and organize a school, which he did in 1870.

One of those who was here is now president of the University of Japan. Two are the sons of its Prime Minister and were generals and soldiers in the war.

Japan had thirty-three millions of people and is situated on a number of islands.

They probably emigrated from Manchuria, because of similar physiognomy, high cheek bones, oblique eyes, black hair, broad face. They are also supposed to be the ancestors of the Indians of North America. They are a mixture of five races, Arno, Maglog, Negrito, Corean and Tomato.

Shinto is the oldest religion and was to ward off calamities. It had no priests. In the second century the Buddhists came and abolished burying one or two attendants when a man died.

When the Queen died, they substituted a clay image and thus a reform began.

There are no words meaning truth, morality or property. There was a military class which established a new aristocracy, by distributing among themselves the land they conquered.

The court nobles are descendants of the Mikado or Kings. A family would hold some high office and it would be kept in the family. They married their daughters to the Mikado.

In 888 A. D. the head of the Fugiwara tribe married his daughter to the Mikado and her son would be a Mikado at the death of the empress.

In 1879 the capital was removed to Kiota; before that it was in Nera. Kiota means the capital, in Chinese. It is in the middle of the northwest neck of land between the Sea of Japan and Pacific Ocean, accessible to ships from the west and a harbor for ships east and west.

The Yodo River flows through the center. Hills are on all sides on which are seen the red temples of Shinto, pagodas and shrines.

The Mikado, after the entrance of Buddhism, would remove from the vain world after two years and become a monk in a monastery.

In the streams of water were black and silvery fish.

On holidays a paper fish is put upon a pole before every house and it is hollow and fills with the breeze and flaps its tail and fins as if in the water. The carp can swim against the current, and leaps over waterfalls, and so is used for the young man as one who can surmount difficulties.

They have a folk-lore or grandmothers' stories. They have the superstition that if a person is very sick and you upset a cup of medicine it is sure the person will get well. If they tell a lie the imps will pull out their tongues. To grow tall you must not carry a basket on your head; also that when a person falls asleep the soul goes out to play.

The Mikado rode out in a car, closely curtained. The military classes dominated until 1868. The list of emperors from 127 to 1867 was 123. Kobo-Dashi made an alphabet, i, ro, ha,

ni, no, he, to. Kobo was born in 1774, died when 61 years old and founded the temple called "True Words." There were eight sects; two exist.

In the 13th century there was an arrival of Buddhism. One of its innovations is to have a flowing invocation. A piece of cloth is suspended, a pail of water and wooden dipper is beside it. When the cloth is worn out so it will not drain the water through, the spirit is freed from sin, and rises to the resurrection. The cloth can be purchased only at the temple. Some can buy cloth that will break in a little white, perhaps a day.

They also have evening games. The feast flag is the fifth and the like. They play shuttlecock, which is a gilded seed stuck around with feathers. Those who fail have a mark of black ink put around their eyes.

In the schools were eight hundred students. Those who study do not shave off their hair. The house was sixty feet broad and one hundred deep, with twelve rooms. Floors of soft mats. The paper partitions could all be taken out. The ceiling was twelve feet high.

I visited the Mikado, who had American chairs. On tables were half peeled oranges and fresh sponge cake. Boys brought tea in cups of silver. They handed me cards on which was, "I am glad your President is in good health. If you have need of anything make your wants known to me."

In 1872 Commodore Perry entered Japan. The money is 1, 3, 5, 10 and 50 cents standard, printed on paper. Bags of rice are the standard of value.

The Japanese play with their children, so that they are called the "Playing Nation."

In front was a garden, ten acres in all. On the sides a wall look at the locust flower, emblem of eternal calm.

Some of their maxims are: The frog in the well knows not the great ocean (the conservatives are the frogs)

The ocean does not mind the dust (a great man lives down slander).

Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain (don't send one man to bring back another from a place of pleasure).

In a hurry go around (the more hurry the less speed).

The rat-catching cat hides her claws.

The more words the less sense.

The newspapers are the Mail, Gazette and the Tribune.

Caste is to disappear. The true cause for Japan's degradation, filial obedience and polygamy.

The girl obeys her parents, who are ignorant and brutish. The same thing kept China down. The new civilization must be planted in the homes. Spirituality, morality and chastity will make the home life like ours. The work of Christian women, for women in Japan, will give far reaching results.

The Mikado in 1872 visited the navy yards when in America as a student.

In April a fire destroyed 5,000 houses in Tokio. The streets were widened to 90 feet. On the 14th of October a railroad was opened. One-half of the teachers are Americans. In 1895 they had 10 churches with 800 members.

July, 1872, there was an imperial proclamation that all sinecure offices be abolished, and the salaries be turned over to the imperial treasury and hereditary incomes should be reduced.

All officials had to be reported direct from Tokio. Now school directors are only four; then they were fourteen. The local offices were reduced from five hundred to seventy. Japan's greatest curse has been an excess of officials. Some men of in-

fluence say, "Now Japan will take a position like England or America."

At a function three thousand guests bade adieu to the Prince, who goes to Kiota. The Prince walked down the hall and his message was read by a chief minister of allegiance to the new dynasty.

His physician and body servant go with him to Kioto. Many hundreds of old men, women and children were weeping. Most of the high officials had been called to Tokio.

It is a great idea thus to break up local prejudices.

The military school is abandoned and the gunpowder works removed; taxes are being made uniform; old feudal privileges abolished.

The Buddhist theological school is broken up. Sections desire to restore the old Shinto faith. I lectured on the need of a polytechnical school and received a message today to come to Tokio and be the president of one there; also one from Fuki to remain, but I have not seen one of my race for six months, and the polite fencing with intellectual rapier against men cultured under other systems of morals is more than I care to undertake.

The silk worm was introduced in 403; tailors in 471; architects in 423; learned men in 912, and in 552 astronomers from Corea; with them the Buddhist missionaries.

Japan was invaded first by China, second Corea, third western Europe, fourth America through Commodore Perry.

Japan is divided into northern land, southern sea, western sea.

There are eight departments of government: Imperial, Palace, Civil, Education, Etiquette, Census, Revenue, War, Justice, Treasury, Religion, and four ministers. The Empress does not blacken her teeth or shave off her eyebrows. Etiquette is a moral education.

LIFE IN HIMALAYAS

Dr. Martha Sheldon, third child of the eight of Rev. Charles Sheldon and Mary Prentice, daughter of Clarinda Parmelee Prentice, eldest sister of Theodore Hudson Parmelee, was born in Excelsior, Minn., where her father preached for thirty years. She studied medicine in Boston and was sent by the Methodist Society to India.

Dr. Martha Sheldon was for eighteen years a missionary in North India. For six years Miss Sheldon's work was near Darjiling, then she and Miss Eva Browne were assigned by the Methodist Missionary Board to the northwestern border of Nepal, within ten miles of Tibet, and which included the Bhotiya villages in the valley of Kali Ganga and that of Dhauli river. For six months they lived at Dar Chula. Here hundreds of families came to escape the ice and snow of higher climes.

They then removed to Chaudus, a place surrounded by Bhotiya villages. These people are active and well-to-do. They live by farming and trading. They have flocks of sheep, which they use as beasts of burden to carry articles of trade over mountain-passes into Tibet, to exchange blankets and clothing, which their women weave, for salt, borax and wool. They teach their children to weave at a very early age.

Dr. Sheldon found the Bhotiya language had no written characters. She learned the meaning of words by sitting beside women as they weaved, jotting down words and phrases. Finding it like other dialects, she translated the Decalogue and other portions of Scripture, and hymns. She writes: "I find it very easy to love these people," and proved her love by her service. She made thatches for the sick, built some grist-mills, and had

DR. MARTHA SHELDON
TWENTY-THREE YEARS MISSIONARY IN BHOTA, NORTH INDIA

a kindergarten. She built a house for herself on the hillside, of which the explorer Landor said, "Was an object lesson in thrift."

The stories of her wonderful cures of cataract and goiter spread over the country; the natives had cured only by blood-letting or burning.

She observed Children's Day and had an Epworth League and Christmas. She writes: "The restless boys and girls do not sit, but stand, at our meetings. We had a Christmas tree; on it were dolls, picture books and games and a hot dinner of rice, chutney and goat meat for the adults." She gave scrap books to the highest officials in the Provinces, whose wives became her patients.

She writes: "We have to lead our horses up almost perpendicular places, and meet great flocks of sheep going up and down these places."

She wished to gain an entrance into Lasso, the capital of Tibet. Four different times she climbed mountains 16,000 to 18,000 feet only to be sent back by the ruling Rajah. At last she clothed herself in men's garments and entered. After a day, when it was discovered, she was obliged to leave, but she had shown them her leaflets in their language and soon they visited her to get more of them, and now they have sent twelve men to London to learn the ways of the English. She writes: "Would you, sister, have slept that night in a tent, in a strange country, under a guard of nearly thirty men, the night we were told we must go?"

"Again medical work opened the way for us to spend two weeks in Tibet, to operate on a cataract of a woman living near its monastery. We visited the monastery and performed opera-

tions in the stone houses built for pilgrims and traders outside. Just before reaching Lake Manasarowar, we saw a black cross on a white surface on the mountain, caused by the snows melting so as to cut this figure upon it. It was thrilling. It seemed as if the cross had gone before us, as indeed it had. What a power the printed page is; all parts of the world made one by the work of the press. We have had difficulty wandering over beds of snow packed from seventy-five to one hundred feet deep. These Tibetans resemble the North American Indians."

She transcribed the Scripture into their language, so, for the last few years, she went to and fro among these people, and was treated with great reverence for the work she was able to do for them.

She died in her home on the mountain-side October 10, 1912, having had a life of transcendent usefulness on one of earth's great highways.—From the Missionary Review of the World, Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York and London, April, 1913.

FLORIDA AND CUBA

On the 9th of January, 1903, one hundred and thirty-four left Cleveland for the "Sunny South." Snow and sleet were with us as far as Chattanooga. At Atlanta the weather was milder. On the morning after reaching St. Augustine, only one night on the car, we were greeted with a group of palm trees and blooming flowers in great profusion in the yard of the Hotel Alcazer, an annex of the Ponce De Leon. The poinsettia looks like beautiful red hollyhocks, but is really not a flower, but the calyx to the flower. It shows off admirably among the green palms. Nature and art are here combined by planting them amongst shrubs. The great hotels remind us of the Pan-American architecture and the interior, like them, possess halls of curios.

We visited Fort Marion. The moat was shallow and narrow. An old boat was in it, but the only use for the Fort and the city wall is to give us a photograph of the past. At the alligator farm the attendant said he had gathered twenty-seven of them in that vicinity. They were in a tent or cage. Their fat black paws, not unlike a child's hand, were laid affectionately on each other. The eggs were in an enclosure covered by mud, the mother alligator bringing water in her mouth to keep them moist. In a box near by were two rattlesnakes, and when their master poked them with a stick they rattled their tails and darted out their tongues and began to uncoil their huge forms.

The bear greeted us with his paws and the fox was glad to see us. On our return we saw the oyster beds in the river.

The next day we took luncheon at Ormand. Young ladies in black dresses and white aprons served our tables. The carriages that drove over the automobile race course the following

week were in waiting. It was a distance of nine miles. The track was wide enough for four abreast and was of solid sand from the constant wetting of the waves. Automobiles whizzed by at lightning speed. We hardly saw what it was that startled our horses until it was out of sight.

"Sea Breeze," a town near by, gets the best view of the "breakers," which are little waterfalls of white on a sea of blue. Daytona is a town of homes under the tall live oak trees draped in Florida moss. Here we were halted for a photograph, but the low limbs had, in spite of the caution "low bridge," made us in no plight for a photograph. This is the home of many Clevelanders. Some of our company will return here to stay until April. Daytona was founded by Lorenza Day, a student at Oberlin.

At Palm Beach we stopped at "The Breakers." H. M. Flagler has a home opposite the hotel "Poinsetti," and between this and "The Breakers" there is a broad promenade, having cocoanut palms on one side of the automobile track and the Australian pine on the other, a tall fine leafed tree. Between the former two is a poinsettia bush with great red flowers. The proprietor of the Poinsetta hotel is a Mr. King of Cleveland, married to Jessie Kimball. He greeted us cordially and we were shown some of its rooms, with a capacity for 1,500 guests. From the tower we could see roofs, roofs, and nothing else, but from the lower balcony we got a good idea of the landscape gardening. At "The Breakers" the swimming-pool was patronized by both ladies and gentlemen; also in the ocean; twenty-five cents across the bridge to view it.

On Saturday we took the "Martinque" at Miami for Cuba. It was a small boat, tossed like a chip on the waves, but most of us showed up at mealtime. It was said the remnants of the

Maine were to be put on exhibition in the towns of the United States, but there is not much left of it above water. We stopped at the Pasage or Arcade hotel, 95 Prado St. A fine park is opposite. The carriages and carts are allowed to go only one way on account of the crush. All sorts of things were for sale under the awnings and women were thronging us to buy some of their wares.

The rooms in this hotel are twenty-five feet high, with windows from floor to ceiling. The floors, banisters and stairs are white marble. Everything is white and clean. Pure air circulated freely. The meals were strange to us; gumbo soup (the green pods we saw in the market), oranges, grape fruit, pine apples, guavi, hard-baked rolls, but within sweet; attentive servants and clean napery. The meats were covered with gravy. A writing room off the office where twenty could write at a time and where this article is written; paper and envelopes free; postage to be obtained at the postoffice in the adjoining room.

At Motanza we were given a banquet with special reference to Cuba's popular diet. First, a rice mixture that had a relish. After dinner we had speeches, some very amusing, from both ladies and gentlemen of our party. We went in fifty carriages around the place and to Mount Tabor. Women in their homes viewed us from behind curtains, or from the sidewalk with smiles of welcome to Americans, who have come to invest in their lands or in their toys so freely displayed in all stores.

The following day we visited Marianna, the home of our Ambassador Squires. The town is new and the roads level and the houses of a better class. We were allowed to enter the house of Mr. Squire in the absence of his wife. It is ideal in its loveliness, of one story, with rooms opening on a corridor, that faces

a court filled with plants and trees of the tropics, and shaded by a roof from the sun. In its rooms it had books, music, pictures and furniture of cane with white silk brocaded cushions.

Opposite is the public school of the Cubans; we were invited to enter it. The girls were dressed in cool garments and greeted us with smiles. They study our text books and speak both Spanish and English. Our stay was so short that we did not look at the text books.

The next day we visited Mora castle. Our guide was Alexander Mendoza, who explained the guide book of the dungeons where the prisoners were kept after a sham trial and brought to the "dead line" and shot with many bullets; the impress of them are all over the wall. Twenty-seven boys were cruelly shot for an idle word in regard to such cruelties. We were shown where some were thrown to the sharks and their whereabouts reported "unknown." The place reminded us of the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, not unlike the Phonicians who gloated over their cruelty.

We next visited the penitentiary. Five hundred were imprisoned here. We were shown the electrocuting chair. This last year five have been beheaded. We passed through the kitchen. The meat was skinny and of the poorest kind, but smelt sweet as one handed us a piece of it. Many of the prisoners stood respectful but sullen as we passed them. If the government would provide work and food at fifty cents per day it would save taxes to keep them and save character and disgrace. It is time our rulers saw that prevention of crime is far better than punishment.

We next visited the National Club House, where whole families belong for $3.00 annually. It has 58,000 membership and besides paying expenses they have a hospital of fifteen miles

floor space, where everyone is provided, free, with medicine and care. There is some gambling, but not for money.

In the Arcade Hotel it was proposed we give to Mr. and Mrs. Colver a souvenir. The gentlemen selected for him a $15.00 umbrella. The ladies, at fifty cents each, gave Mrs. Colver a sandalwood box and a white Spanish lace shawl. At the giving of them at the Miami Hotel, where we separated, speeches were called for and Mrs. Rose said: "We have learned much in this travel to the West Indies and Florida. What will it be when we visit other worlds after death? Surely we will all live so as to be rewarded with that happy life."

At Miami on the Sabbath we visited the Baptist Church; one whose pastor came for his health; and it had memorial windows and a choir of excellent rendition. Everyone was friendly and one lady who accompanied us to her home on the way to the hotel said: "I do hope you have come to stay."

In our train to Jacksonville the cortege of the son of Mr. Croker was in the rear of our train. The casket had been sent on before. The accident happened by a bicyclist running before an automobile and the occupants thrown out. At Ormand we saw the machines covered with sand, left for others to care for, while their owners accompanied the friends to New York City.

At Chattanooga some of our friends went to look at Lookout Mountain, but reported the fog was so great that nothing could be seen. Surely no $200.00 could be better spent than a trip to Florida and Cuba.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO VOTE

To vote is to express an opinion, and women have opinions. They are workers for the family, for the state and for the nation.

Woman is intuitive—she can see remedies for causes. She is perceptive, as all know. She would make a good detective, the average woman—exceptions are in both sexes.

Mankind was made in pairs—Adam and Eve. Adam did little work until Eve came to his side. We might as well develop one eye or one hand or one leg, and cripple or blind the other by lack of work, as to cripple woman and then expect the world to make progress.

In every meeting I see women's eyes glistening with intelligence and appreciation of what is being said, but no one calls upon her to speak or expect to be benefited by her opinion.

This is not fair to her. She has a responsible place, as the mother of all living, and needs the broadest cultivation to do her work well. She understands the tender and susceptible child and she should be on all Boards of Education, and as one of the Trustees of Colleges, and mothers should help the boy out in the course of study and the hours necessary of work to perform it. Until children are of age, the mothers have the care and responsibility of their offspring.

Let us, then, give them a chance to become educated, by having a share in the government. Men who know nothing of its details are not debarred, and vote even when filled with blinding liquor.

Why refuse women who certainly are more clear-headed and intelligent than one-half of those who now vote, and who would conscientiously study the laws and be the first to call attention to their not being enforced.

Woman is interested in the disbursements of money, for they are taxed and forced to pay taxes. They would like to see that money go as far as possible in real improvements to the community.

Women are interested in street cleaning, for their dress more than man's is soiled by their foulness.

MRS. W. G. ROSE.

WOMAN'S SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

Woman has come to stay. She was made the equal of man in Eden and she must arise to that high privelege before she can expect to influence the men for good.

We are here for a day, as it were, but we are here at a time when invention has brought the nations into speaking distance. Newspapers and telegrams make us as one people. What is done in Russia, Korea or Japan is known to us at once.

Japan has even now sent a delegation to see if the Christian religion is better than Buddhism. The Buddhist succeeded the Shinto which was only appealing to the gods to keep off calamities. Buddhism provides a future life in Nervana or God. But the Christian religion believes that when we die we enter a life of greater activity, that we shall cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty" with an understanding heart.

Eternal life is to know God and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent. To know is the great hunger of the soul, and this is to be the fulfillment of the eternal ages to us.

Do you suppose a loving God would have spread out the heavens each night for us to see the innumerable worlds he has made growing more peculiar in their position with every new invention of the telescope? Now the heavens are divided into two hundred and fifty spaces and in no one of the spaces has there been less than three of the cylindrical placements of worlds, the larger at the front and growing less as they recede —what looks to be a street of worlds that move in cycles in space. Miss Proctor speaks of stars that move in circles and then suddenly after a great distance traversed they diverge in another direction, led by a leader, like a flock of sheep. If we,

in one corner of this universe, with our limited powers of observation, a small world among the other planets which form our coterie, can find out even this, what will we not learn when we leave this world and enter upon that eternal life with God the Creator of the Universe as our teacher?

Is it not worth while to use our utmost endeavor to be accepted of Him as worthy to live with Him who suffered to redeem us because He knew the life of the soul?

Christ said: "There is in heaven neither marriage nor giving in marriage," but we are as the angels of God in heaven. Shall we go handicapped into that life because here we were assigned so few public duties to perform, were shut up to the small horizon of young children and the physical needs of a growing family? Let us remember that Paul was put in the stocks with no companion but an ignorant soldier, yet there he composed epistles and sent them to the seven churches of Asia, who were in the midst of idolatry, costly, licentious and supported by the government, but out of his dungeon window he saw the stars and their light beckoned to him of other worlds and he prayed that God would so enlighten the minds of the few Christians that they would not despair but rise to their high calling and lead the discouraged and sin-sick soul to Christ. It is equally necessary, today woman has her mission, let her accept the vilest Magdeline who will forsake and repent of her ways, let her turn the thoughts of children to this blessed country, which floats above us, filled with the light of the sun as if it had streets of gold and the fashion of clothing or the fascination of cards will pass away. There is a life so much more worthy and Christ has said: "He that giveth to the least of these giveth unto me."

COLLEGE WOMEN IN WINNING THE WEST.

REV. DAN BRADLEY.

To College Club of Cleveland, O.:

There were 41,777 women in the Universities and Colleges of Liberal Arts of America in 1905. Of these about 6,000 were in the North Atlantic States, while 27,700 or, two-thirds of the whole, were in the north, central and western States, that is the States reaching from Ohio to the Pacific Coast.

The New England States, famous for "Smith," "Wellesley" and "Holyoke," have fewer women in college than California or Michigan and Massachusetts has fewer than Colorado.

The college education of women is still most vigorously prosecuted in the West, where, first, the doctrine was held that woman deserved and was capable of securing as thorough and complete education in liberal arts as man. This doctrine was first carried into practice in Ohio and Ohio has today the largest number of women in liberal arts of any state in the Union save Illinois. In the East this doctrine has received reluctant assent, and the establishment of Radcliff and Barnard Colleges with privileges grudgingly yielded to women, marks a profound change in eastern opinion. But the east has suffered by its undue conservatism in this regard and will never wholly make good its loss of time in the race with the more prosperous regions of the interior.

The West which began to give women education in its pioneer days has profited immensely by that wise and broad policy. It cannot be doubted that the unparalleled development of the western States, not only in material wealth but in all that makes for freedom and intelligence of the higher life, is

due in an important measure to the double intellectual leadership by college-bred women as well as college-bred men in all this region. It may also be, in part, due to these same causes that the States showing the lowest per cent. of illiteracy are such States as Nebraska, Oklahoma, the Dakotas and Iowa, where, twenty-one out of every hundred, attend school and only seventeen out of every hundred of the Atlantic States including New England. It is only seventy-five years since the privilege of a college education was conceded to women and it is apparent that the leaders of these Commonwealths could have done no wiser thing than they did, when they thus confessed to the intellectual equality of women with men and made provision to care for her complete education. For civilization must of necessity be greatly handicapped, when it checks the free development of arts and sciences in any class or section of society.

Progress of civilization comes from the superior contribution of some individual to that civilization. From what part of society that contribution shall come, no man can foretell.

Very often, your man of genius, for he it is that makes the distinct contribution to progress, arises in the most unexpected locality.

When Burbank desires a new kind of blackberry, he plants ten-thousand blackberries, out of which he may select the desired variation, the larger number of plants insuring, the more certainly, the desired variation.

So, civilization is most sure to have a man or woman of genius, if it gives him the largest possible chance of getting himself formed and educated and brought on. Now, the older civilizations reduce the number of blackberry plants, that is, they cut off first of all the women, half of the population, from

participation, in contributing some new direct impulse to human progress, that is, they did what they could in this direction. Some women like Joan of Arc, or Isabella of Spain, insisted on making some contribution to the progress of human life. But the stupidity of these centuries in which half of the brains of mankind were doomed to be without opportunity of education is unaccountable to us. If there had been a plan to deliberately cheat all progress to condemn women to an inferior life was certainly the best possible method of achieving that end.

If a stock herder had desired to keep his stock from improving or even desired it to degenerate he would have followed the plan arrived at by the generation of men who denied the light of truth to their wives and daughters and deemed it a waste of effort to teach girls anything outside the walls of the home.

And along with this cutting off of women from educational opportunity came naturally the cutting off by the caste system under various forms of the so-called "inferior classes," who were set apart to till the soil and do the menial work of humanity. So, if civilization marched at all, it did so under the greatest disadvantages. Only a few blackberry plants were allowed to grow in which there might be variations and improvement. Only among a select few, in the family of mankind, could any progress be expected. Now, the people out here in Ohio and Michigan did a great thing for the development of civilization, when they offered the highest possible educational opportunity to women. They doubled at once the number of blackberry plants out of which valuable variations might come. They gave to wifehood and motherhood a new distinction and while the results of their work have already

been shown in the fact that the seat of power in the nation is today transferred from Virginia, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts to the great interior Commonwealths, it is yet to be shown still more when the 27,000 women, now in college in the States west of Ohio, become a part of the working civilization of the Republic as compared with the 6,000 in the North Atlantic States.

When you consider the farther fact, that a large proportion of this 27,000 is to bear children and send them forth from homes of intelligence and broad outlook, the significance of the college education of women is greatly intensified. In the necessity and poverty of frontier life, to give women equal privileges with men meant to educate her in a school where both men and women should be trained together. Co-education was therefore a necessity of those meager times. If Oberlin, to give a college education to women could have afforded it, she might have had separate classes for men and women, but she could not, and they recited to the same teachers and sat in the same room and lost none of the bloom and charm of womanhood, as some conservatives feared. At Jacksonville, Ill., the two separate colleges were founded, but the school for women furnished easier and less advanced studies than the college for men. In Wisconsin, Beloit College was established on the same theory of Jacksonville and both have been overshadowed by the State Universities where doors are open equally for men and women.

It does not take a vivid imagination to see that when you turn loose in a plastic commonwealth of Anglo-Saxon people, a few women of college education, that you have a distinct leaven at work for the higher education and civilization of that community. For instance, a woman graduated from a college

finds herself in San Francisco; she opens a school and begins to teach girls in that school-less region. Her grace and charm wins her pupils' love; they become the wives of successful men, in San Francisco and Sacramento; children, growing up in those homes, are today leaders in the higher life of the Pacific Coast, standing by the University, prompting better things in the public schools. The influence of the Ohio College women abides there, in the churches, in the literary activity, in charities and in the saner sentiments of the people. This teacher, visited us in Asia and was such a comrade to me, a mere boy, that she won my mind and heart and drew all that was best in me to herself. In the northwest, a college man and a college woman, after marriage, came, organized a little church that was a social and religious center. They went to the Falls of St. Anthony and organized another church, where, now, the State has planted its university. They moved on, started another church in Dakota, which is equally prosperous, and again moved to the Indian Reservation on the banks of the Missouri. Their two sons and a daughter are leaders in the higher life of these western communities, for, to this woman, who lived to be 82, came the boys of the lumber camps, and girls from the village. In that home, were books and pictures, correct speech and refinement, and in her Sunday school class were the men who were to do the great work in that peerless northwest state, the central figures in the great milling industries, the lights at the bar, the constructors of a state like Minnesota. I lived in a northwest state when it was still a Territory but into which had come teachers from Wisconsin, Iowa and Ohio, a great number of whom were college bred women, wives of ministers, lawyers, physicians and teachers—they had an influence in forming the sentiment of the

state for temperance and thorough education. They helped to secure the law that the 16th and 32nd section, in every township, should be set apart for the endowment of free public education and no acre should be sold for less than ten dollars. This endowment, today, will aggregate 25,000,000 and the state is one of the most progressive and prosperous in the Republic. The average product, sold, was $750 for every man, woman and child within its borders.

In one of these northwestern states there was not a fair crop for three years. The Louisiana lottery said to the legislature, "We will pay a sum equal to the entire cost of your state to maintain your courts and legislature each year, if you will allow us to set up a lottery in your state." The political leaders said, "Let us accept it." Then the women arose by the hundred thousand and protested against this shame. Their leaders were the college women; they said, "We will not be bought and sold for gain." And that is the one state in this union that has kept itself clean from the beginning. It has never tolerated the saloon and never will. In ten years it has more than doubled its population, and of its 450,000 people all but 5,100 of its adults can read and write. The women of Colorado have a vote in all elections, the West has been won for better things by these college women in all the walks of life, they are going out in ever increasing numbers to build strong foundations for righteousness. In the lowest forms of life the brain of the female has never been found inferior. No good horseman expects less speed or sense in his trotter because of the sex and why men should have supposed that their fathers were smarter than their mothers is hard to discern. They clipped off higher mathematics, sciences of all sorts, history and philosophy, from the ladies' course of Oberlin to meet

the inferior brain of women. It was not long, however, before the women crept into the sacred classical course and demonstrated that in every study offered, she was a match of the highest men in college, so, in the most of our western colleges and universities the question of capacity and superiority is no longer raised, and when men object to having the women in the classes, the reason given is, that the women distract the attention of the young men and prevent their doing justice to their studies. Is it not significant that the empire is now passing from the eastern leaders to men who have grown up in these regions, where women have been accorded the highest education? If we go to Congress, the leaders there are no longer from New England or the Middle States. It is no accident that has made Allison and Doliver leaders of the best things, and to these men come such splendid recruits as La-Follette of Wisconsin. It is no accident, that Congressman Burton, beginning his education in Iowa, finished it in Oberlin, and now representing this great city should be the most respected man in the House; and that Hepburn, author of the rate bill should be the right-hand supporter of the Speaker; that Taft should be the right-hand of the President, who learned to live the strenuous life in Dakota; that the Supreme Court is made up of western men mostly; that the influential men of New York, who are standing for the best things, are from this region, where their mothers were first given the right to be educated.

The West never could have been won for high thinking and noble leadership in ideas, but for the college women who for two generations have wrought righteousness in them.

PER MARTHA PARMALEE ROSE.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF MOTHERS' MEETING AND SEWING SCHOOL

On July 2, 1912, we closed one of the best years in our history. By the help of kind friends we have been enabled to assist many families out of their difficulties, sickness and poverty and a number of times when death entered the family.

Many are leading better lives since they became members of our Mothers' meeting, due to the thorough instruction they have received in educational, industrial and spiritual lines.

In connection with our work we have many earnest women who are working for the betterment of the mothers and children, making them more efficient housekeepers and wives.

The house to house visitation has wrought many changes in the home life of the mothers and of many who do not attend our meetings, coming to us for advice in family troubles with which they are unable to cope. Numerous cards and letters are constantly received, telling of good results from our suggestions. Many letters close with the following: "I am so glad I came to you for advice, and all is well with me now." Our meetings are held every Thursday afternoon, which to many is the only church service they have, because of small children at home, poverty and unsuitable clothing, and in many cases an unwillingness on the part of the husband for them to attend church. In the mothers' meetings there is a unity of feeling and sympathy and the children are always welcome.

MRS. W. E. BOWMAN

The Bible study hour, which precedes the sewing, cannot be described in any written report, it must be attended for one to realize its power.

In the sewing department of the work for mothers, the women make bedding, the most needy receiving it first and pay the cost of lining and cotton only.

The reason for our being so enthusiastic over our mothers' work is that we thoroughly believe in it and see definite results.

Hunger is satisfied, the bodies are properly clothed and the soul is uplifted.

These women are taught the Good Samaritan spirit. Those who need help least give aid to their less fortunate sisters.

Much could be said further about this department of our work. Of the good that has been done no complete record could be kept—God alone knows. The discouragements and disappointments have been many, yet we are encouraged to go on, knowing God is with us.

Through the kindness of Rev. Cramer of the Christian Missionary Alliance, we were again enabled to give the mothers and children an outing. He kindly donated the use of Beulah Park, with its accommodations, on the Lake Shore Boulevard, where 165 mothers and children were cared for during two weeks in July. Tired mothers were rested and children received health and strength. Three good meals were served daily which, with the out-door life and lake air, gave them added strength to resume the burdens of their daily life.

It is impossible to show to those for whom trips to summer resorts are a frequent experience, how much these two weeks of freedom from toil have meant to our women and children.

The Sunday School of the East Cleveland First Presbyterian Church (Joseph Meriam, Supt.) donated 48 baskets with good substantial food for Xmas dinners for our women, giving them the best the market could afford. In addition, clothing, toys, books, canned fruit, etc., were plentifully and joyfully received. Many said they would not have had a Christmas dinner had they not received their basket.

In connection with the mothers' meeting we have a sewing school which meets every Saturday, to which the neighborhood children come. The average attendance last year was 42, their ages ranging from 6 to 14 years.

Many of the children made nine garments for themselves and in addition large kitchen aprons for their mothers. They are enabled thus to attend school, neat and clean.

No charge is made for this material, but the children are required to do their work well. A lunch is served to many who come without their dinner, the mothers being away from home at work. The lunch is enjoyed through the kindness of Schneider Bros. Bakery.

Our work is supported by a few voluntary friends, who for years have known of the work, and of the benefit to the women and children. They kindly give to its support.

Last Easter Mrs. E. W. Moore kindly donated 65 hyacinths, which were distributed among the mothers, also a beautiful Easter Lily for the leader. We wish also to acknowledge the receipt of many baskets of vegetables and boxes of clothing which Mrs. Moore sent in at different times.

A large order of groceries came from our friend, Mrs. Mary Klaustermeyer, several orders of groceries came from Mrs. J. Sencabaugh.

Much could be said of the good work accomplished, but it is only a beginning. We hope for a greater work during the coming year.

In closing, we wish to thank the faithful teachers in the sewing school—the East End W. C. T. U., for its annual donation for the summer outing; the Higbee Co. for material; Chandler & Rudd, candy at Christmas time; Mrs. E. C. Higbee, for material for comforters; and Mrs. Wm. G. Rose for a sewing machine which had been needed for years and which has proven indispensable in the work, and many others which space will not permit us to mention.

Thanking the friends who have aided us in the past with their valuable time and liberal contributions, and trusting that we may receive their kindly support for a larger work in the future.

MRS. W. E. BOWMAN, 2084 Cornell Road

MRS. A. D. STURGES

From the New York Times, January, 1894

Mrs. Iantha Wescott Sturges was born in Ellenville, Ulster County, N. Y., Jan. 1894. In her early childhood her father enlisted in the Union Army, leaving at home his wife and four children under ten years of age. He served during the four years of the war and returned from the front with a shattered constitution. He was an invalid until he died twenty years later.

It was during his absence in the field that Mrs. Wescott resolved to bestow a thorough musical education upon her daughter. In 1869 her family removed to Jersey City. It was about this time she became a professional church singer, belonging at various times to some of the leading choirs of Jersey City. Then she sang in old St. Paul's, in Broadway, for a year, where she received vocal instruction from Prof. Leo Kofler, who was leader of the choir of St. Paul's.

Previous to that period of instruction she had taken lessons from Mme. Murio-Celli, Mme. Clara Brinckerhoff, and other teachers. The fees for her instruction she earned by singing in concerts and churches.

In the spring of 1878 she joined the Hutchinson family, in whose company her voice achieved an immediate triumph, both in New York and its vicinity, where she continued for over a month. She went west with them to Colorado, singing in the principal towns and cities of nine States.

While she was in Kansas she was introduced to Arthur D. Sturges, a prominent citizen of Chetopa, in that state.

MRS. ARTHUR D. STURGES

Mr. Sturges was born in Mansfield, Ohio, and spent his boyhood there. His father and his uncle were among the earliest settlers who came from Connecticut to make their home in what was then the far west, taking up their residence in Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio.

While a student in the University of Michigan (his sophomore year) Mr. A. D. Sturges decided to go to Kansas, making his home for eleven years in Chetopa, where he engaged actively in the temperance campaign which resulted in the passage of the Prohibition Amendment to the State Constitution of Kansas.

After their marriage, which occurred in Jersey City Heights, N. J., January 29th 1880, Mr. and Mrs. Sturges came west to visit relatives in Mansfield, O., stopping en route in Painesville, where a reception was given them by Mrs. J. F. Scofield (the wife of the editor of the old Painesville Telegraph) there they met most of the prominent people of the city.

While in Painesville Mr. Sturges purchased a home on Mentor Ave. (a gift to his bride) and they have since made it their summer home, spending a number of winters in New York City, and for several years were in Cleveland for the winter months.

Herbert Arthur, the elder son was born in Painesville, graduated from the high school there, and from Oberlin College. After taking his second degree from Oberlin College and teaching there for a year, he studied in Paris, France, one year and returning, taught in a western college for a year; after which he graduated from Union Theological Seminary, New York, and has recently returned from another year's study in Berlin and Paris.

Dora, the elder daughter, who is an artist, graduated from the Old Chase Art School in New York City, and had several years' vocal training in New York. She married a singer, who also graduated from an art school, and both are continuing their studies in Boston, Mass. "Richard the III," as he was known in Painesville, is also

an artist, and after a year's study in Paris, France, and further study in Chicago Art School, is married, and lives in Los Angeles, where he is continuing his art studies.

Gertrude Eleanor, after graduating from Oberlin College (also from the Physical Training Department there) was a physical director of Bellingham, Wash., Y. W. C. A. Later after graduating from the Cleveland Homeopathic Medical College, was for a year an interne at the Homeopathic Hospital, Buffalo, New York, and is now traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sturges have a home in Mansfield and are still singing there and elsewhere in church and at temperance meetings and conventions. Both are ardent suffragists. Mrs. Sturges has been appointed superintendent of Medical Temperance for the Frances Williard W. C. T. U. of Mansfield, and also Supt. of Mothers' Meetings for Richland Co. W. C. T. U. While in Painesville she was also active in W. C. T. U. work, and for several years was Supt. of Petition and Legislation for the Lake County W. C. T. U.

While living in Oberlin, working with the Women's Christian Temperance Unions there, Mrs. Sturges helped to secure a Curfew bell; for although Oberlin had a Curfew ordinance, no Curfew bell was being rung at the hour specified.

In Mansfield, as the same condition of things obtained, Mrs. Sturges circulated resolutions to be endorsed by women's organizations, also by the Brotherhood of the city, to petition the mayor and council to see to it that the bell be rung at the required hour; some favor a whistle which might be more effective. Mrs. Sturges frequently sings Lincoln's favorite hymn "Your Mission," the last stanza of which exemplifies her life:

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Oh, improve each shining moment,
For your moments may be few,
Go and work in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare.
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere..

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