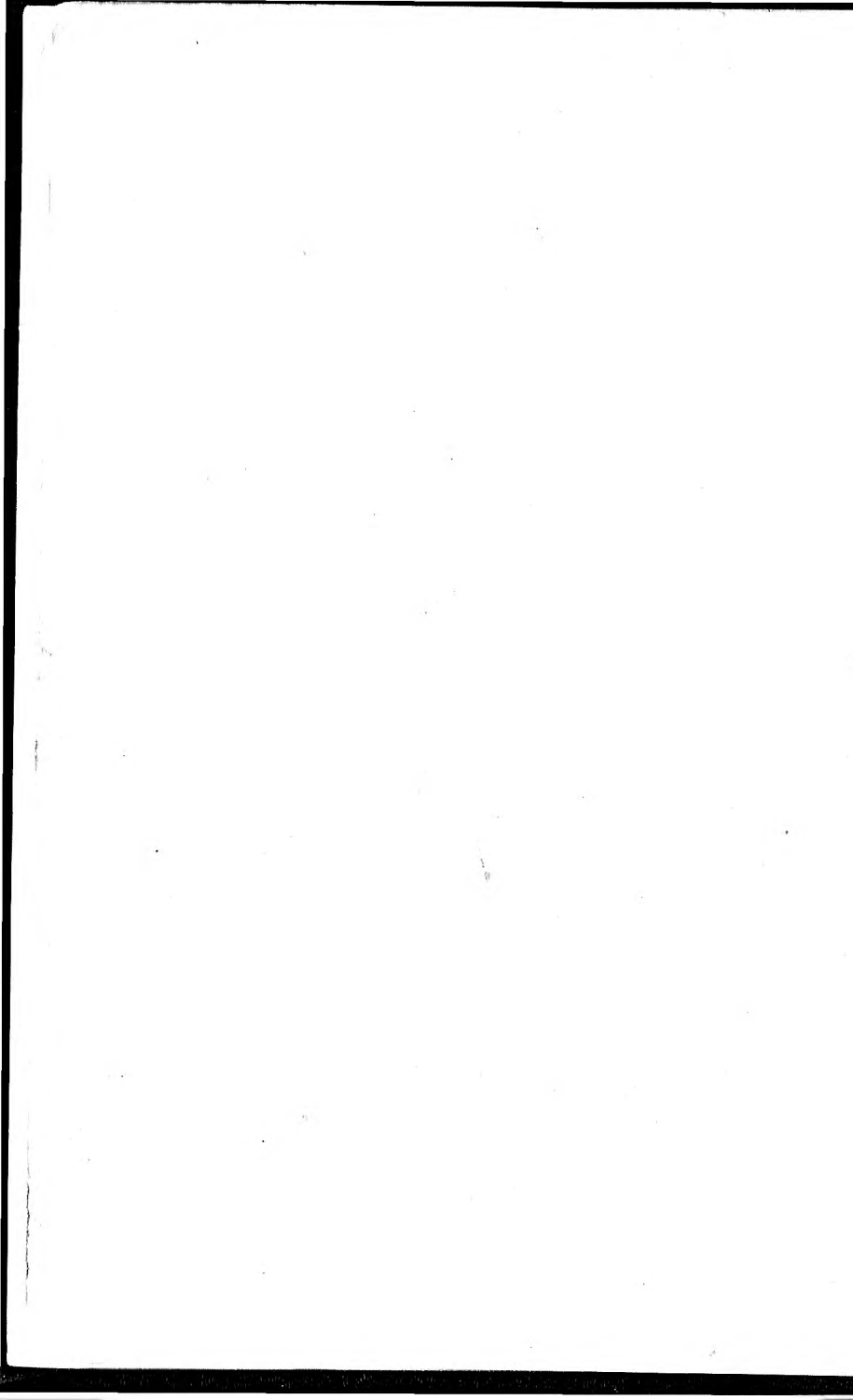


*They
Also
Served*

COVINGTON

They Also Served



They Also Served

Stories of Pioneer Women
of the Advent Movement

By

AVA M. COVINGTON



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Foreword

MUCH has been written and said about the men of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination who were the pioneers of the message, the founders of the message; but, with the exception of Mrs. E. G. White, little has been written about the women who have pioneered with the pioneers and stood by their side, some even going before them, encouraging them by their faith and confidence in them and in their message.

This volume has been written to fill a definite need for which nothing has heretofore been prepared—not because of a lack of material, but because the material which existed has never been assembled and placed in written form.

The search for material extended around the globe—to workers in India, in China, and in Africa, as well as in the homeland, and to individuals living obscurely as far as denominational work is concerned. Old volumes of denominational periodicals have been consulted as have other books in which reference is made to women who have done outstanding work.

There may be those who feel that other women have contributed more to the growth and progress of the denomination than did the subjects considered here. But these particular ones were chosen, not as the most outstanding women of the denomination, although undoubtedly some were, but rather because of the availability of biographical material, and because they are as nearly representative of the various lines of denominational activity as could be treated. There are missionaries—the first to India, the first to Africa, the first to China. There are

represented those who grew up in the message and those to whom it came later in life. There is represented the medical field, the educational field, the departmental work; and those whose greatest work has been in caring for the homeless youth who needed mothering.

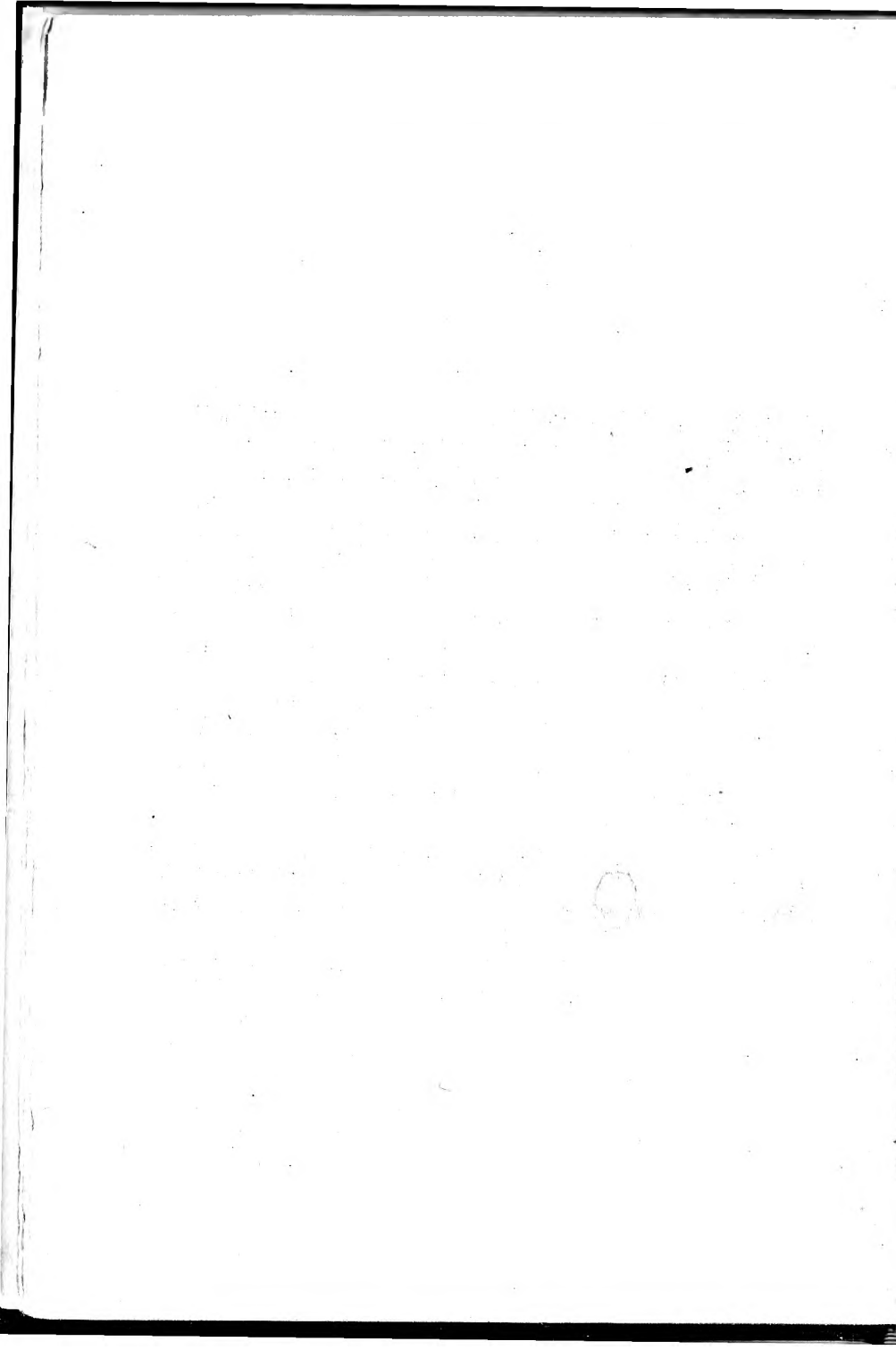
Too much space would be occupied in giving the names of contributors; therefore acknowledgment and thanks are hereby given to one and all. Appreciation is expressed also to the publishing houses whose books and periodicals have been consulted—the Review and Herald, the Pacific Press, and the Southern Publishing Association.

It is hoped that all who read these pages may feel inspiration for greater activity and for more consecrated service in these closing days of earth's history, so that we who see the finish of God's work on earth may share in the triumphant reward with those who saw the beginning of the finishing work. To that end, with gratitude to those who have given encouragement in the gathering and preparing of the material, "They Also Served" is prayerfully dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

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First Lady

Maud Sisley Boyd



HER WORLD WAS TO INCLUDE not only the land of her birth—she who became Maud Sisley Boyd—but was to reach out to include America, Switzerland, Africa, and Australia, where she spent her last days.

Little did John and Susannah Sisley dream of the romance that was to color the life of their youngest. She was a squirming infant, only a few hours old, when the sun rose on Kent, England, November 24, 1851. With seven older brothers and sisters to amuse and tease her, Maud had every opportunity from that day forth to develop into a capable, independent young woman. I say capable, for Mother Sisley saw to it that her daughters learned the rudiments of capability and reliability.

Maud's first experience in traveling came when she was just eleven. Hers had been a happy childhood to the time she was seven. The first shadow darkened it at the death of her father. From that time on she had to share in the household duties. Her oldest brother, on whom had fallen the burden of supporting the family, had gone to America, and the reports he sent back home filled Maud's mind with vivid pictures of a Michigan winter, with snow falling softly to the tinkling and jingling of sleigh bells. She wondered what the great orchards were like in the spring when they filled the air with sweet

perfume. And she even smacked her lips at the thought of John's description of the trees laden with ripe, luscious fruit, so scarce in England.

Nor was Maud the only member of the family who was brought under the spell of John's letters home. When he sent passage money to his mother and younger brothers and sisters, the good-bys were soon over, and they were on the boat that bore them quickly, for those days, but, oh, so slowly for Maud, to the land of their dreams—America.

Maud felt that she had reached her haven when big brother John joyously clasped her to him. She had grown! Yes, the difference in inches between nine and eleven years is undoubtedly perceptible, but she was still his favorite. At the end of the long ride over rough roads behind two horses, with their luggage coming on another wagon, they were at home—about one hundred miles from Battle Creek.

"How shall I tell them?" And we can imagine John Sisley asking himself this question a hundred times or more before their first Friday in the new home rolled round. We can see him, tense with anxiety, when, on that Friday morning, he took down the family Bible to read before taking up the duties of the day. It had to be done sometime; so, turning to Exodus 20, he read the fourth commandment.

Then, in a straightforward manner, characteristic of the Sisleys, he said, "I believe these words with all my heart. Tomorrow is the seventh day, and God says that the day begins when the sun sets. Can we not have the chores all done when the sun goes down today? I'll be home early, mother," he said. "I have a story to tell you, and I pray it will mean as much to you as it does to me."

After earnestly petitioning the heavenly Father for

FIRST LADY

guidance and for protection throughout the day, the family went about their tasks, wondering not a little at John's strange words. When the sun sank low in the west, Mrs. Sisley, with her children, had gathered in the sitting room and was ready for John to explain what he had meant by his strange words that morning. Beginning with the pitching of the tent in the neighborhood a few months before, he told them the story, and, as the family followed him, he read the Bible texts that he had come to love, and explained the doctrines taught by Seventh-day Adventists. It was a great deal for them to accept in so short a time, but that the seventh day was the Sabbath there could be no question, and before they slept, John's family were convinced that they should honor God by keeping His Sabbath holy.

The little group of believers in this community met for worship in four different homes. Covered planks placed on boxes around the sides of the rooms furnished the seats.

The Sabbath services that Maud Sisley first attended were very simple. There were no printed Sabbath school lessons. Usually a chapter of the Bible was read and discussed. Then came an intermission, during which plates and silverware were handed around and the food brought by the different families was put together and served to all. A social meeting followed, and at the conclusion of this, all withdrew quietly.

Although in point of birth she was last, Maud Sisley was destined to be first, or one of the "firsts," in some of the most important incidents connected with the development of Seventh-day Adventist denominational work. She was among the first to enjoy the benefits of Christian education. It happened this way: Elder James White and his wife visited her home on the farm, far removed, educationally, from other than the three R's, and, recognizing

the possibilities in these young people, urged that their property be disposed of and that they move to Battle Creek. There the children might find employment. This last was an inducement, for it was very hard work making a living for such a large family. The farm was sold when Maud was fifteen, and she entered the Review and Herald Publishing Association, beginning work in the composing room.

About this time Mrs. White was shown that the young people engaged in the office work should have an opportunity to improve their education. The hours were long and the work was taxing, but there must be opportunity for these faithful workers to improve their time. A patient in the Health Reform Institute, who was actively interested in educational projects, had accepted the advent doctrines, and he organized a grammar class that met at six-fifteen in the evening. Here was a class, and a teacher, but there was no classroom. However, there was a way out of this difficulty, and Maud Sisley was among that group who, until the cold weather came on, had oral lessons under the friendly trees on Professor Bell's front lawn. Then this embryonic college was invited to transfer all its properties into an unused portion of the carpentry shop, where they had homemade desks and a painted plank for a blackboard.

Nor were the spiritual graces forgotten or neglected in favor of the scholastic. After the denominational college was opened, this same little group were permitted to leave their work long enough to attend Elder Uriah Smith's Bible lectures. And valuable help was given by Elder and Mrs. White in the Sunday morning talks in the editor's office.

It was in one of these Sunday morning services that attention was first drawn to the tithing system. The work

of God must be supported. The Sabbathkeepers had practiced "systematic benevolence;" but, "All the tithes of the land . . . is the Lord's." "Thou shalt truly tithe all the increase."

The plan of systematic benevolence was good, but the difference between that plan and the tithing system was that the latter was God's plan, while the former was man made. On the day when this was brought to their attention, they studied every text referring to the support of the gospel, and accepted the Bible teaching. Thereafter, a collector came around every Sunday morning, to receive the tithe which was gladly returned to God. And again Maud Sisley was a "first," this time a first tithepayer.

And she attended the first camp meeting, too. This was held at Wright, Michigan, in September of 1868. The sun shone brightly on a wagonload of young people from the Review and Herald office, among whom was Maud Sisley, as they started for the campground. They could not cover the distance from Battle Creek to Wright in one day; so when night came, they camped in the friendly woods by the roadside. Tents were pitched, a lunch was eaten, and then they prepared themselves a place to rest on the grass. During the night a heavy thunderstorm burst upon them, thoroughly drenching all their belongings. When it cleared away, a bonfire was made, and they spent the rest of the night drying their clothing. The next day they arrived safely at the campground.

This first campground did not very much resemble the great tent cities or permanent campgrounds of today. Those attending did not rent tents from the conference. Rather, they were advised to buy new sheeting out of which to construct them, so that later the material could be made into sheets for family use. There was no fine pavilion with a commodious speaker's stand neatly car-

peted and decorated with flowers and plants, and furnished with electric fans to keep the speaker comfortably cool.

Instead, a small structure made of rough boards accommodated the few ministers present. The congregation sat on unplanned boards from the mill, placed on risers, without backs. The friendly trees and the blue sky formed the only covering. There were no musical instruments with which to lead the congregational singing. There was no special tent for the young people, nor for the Juniors and the children. To begin the singing, someone would strike the pitch of the first note on a tuning fork, and then all sang together the good old hymns of the message. The children sat with their elders, dangling their feet, because they were too short to reach the ground, and listened with awe to the solemn messages of the speakers.

There was no grocery store or dining tent where food could be obtained, for this camp was in the woods. All supplies had to be brought from home. The meeting lasted only a few days, but the length of it, or the inconveniences, did not interfere with the outpouring of the rich blessings of God. Not being confined to time or place, His Spirit in great measure rested upon them, and all agreed that He had been in that place.

The next event of importance in the life of Maud Sisley was a visit of Elder S. N. Haskell. His burden was to organize a tract and missionary society at the headquarters in Battle Creek. He told of what some sisters were doing in South Lancaster, Massachusetts, and how, in a singular manner, God was blessing their efforts, and painted in glowing colors what might be accomplished if all of God's people would unite in doing their part. He succeeded in arousing a good deal of enthusiasm, and the first tract society was organized at Battle Creek, with Maud

Sisley as a charter member. She was so fired with enthusiasm that she asked for a six months' vacation, so that she might join Miss Elsie Gates in self-supporting work in Ohio.

Fifty cents a month for a small attic room would not seem high today, but to Maud Sisley and her companion it was dear, for their money was saved out of a ten-cent-an-hour wage. Economy became their watchword. These two enterprising young women spent only twenty-five cents a week each, and, since they could not afford to pay street-car fare, their food had to be of such a nature as to give strength for walking. They traveled long distances, lending many books, giving away tracts, and talking with people concerning the truths of the gospel.

During their stay in Ohio, Elder J. H. Waggoner came to the same city in which they were working and pitched his tent for an effort. In those days the personnel of a tent company consisted of a minister and a tentmaster, and as Elder Waggoner envisioned the greater scope of his work with these two young women to help in distributing invitations, in playing and singing, and in talking with the women who came to the tent, his heart rejoiced.

Suddenly there was brought to Maud Sisley an opportunity for adventure and romance aplenty. In 1874 a missionary family, that of Elder J. N. Andrews, had been sent to Switzerland. The progress of their work was impeded by a lack of literature for distribution. They must have literature, and the best way to get it was to print it. But how? The small company could not operate a printing press in addition to preaching the gospel, giving Bible studies, and ministering to the sick. Maud Sisley had been in the editorial office back in Battle Creek. Why couldn't she, as well as, or perhaps, better than, anyone

else, come to Switzerland for the work there? The request for her services was made of the General Conference and granted, and in November, 1877, the intrepid young woman made her second voyage across the Atlantic, this time in company with Elder and Mrs. William Ings. Elder Andrews met them in London, where purchases were made of material with which to begin their work. Thus, although not the very first missionary sent out, she was the first single woman missionary to go, and that only three years after the first missionary had gone from the United States.

A room about twelve feet square in the house in which the mission family resided in Basel, was set apart for the office. And here was an example of rugged individualism. No presses were owned in this publishing house; so the type was set in the office. When the forms were locked up and ready for the press, they were taken in the hand-cart to the city, where the printing was done. The sheets were brought back to the house in the same vehicle, and folded and addressed on the dining-room table. Thus was the first Seventh-day Adventist French paper, *Les Signes des Temps*, printed, as well as various tracts in German and French, and sent out to the people.

Mrs. Ings, of German parentage, had been employed in the Review and Herald in Battle Creek to set German type and read the proofs, and this experience made her a valuable assistant in the little publishing house in Basel. But again Maud Sisley was to be a "first." There was need for literature in the Italian tongue, on the second coming of Christ. In telling of their experience in printing it, Miss Sisley said, "As we had no compositor who understood the language, Brother Ings urged me to try to set the type for the tract which he had had translated, and offered me a bonus of ten dollars if I would do it. It

was no easy task to set it from the manuscript—there were no typewriters then—and as I did not have a very clean proof to read, I fear some mistakes slipped by. But I hope that with God's blessing it accomplished good." Later the situation was somewhat relieved by the addition of an Italian youth to the little force.

Elder Andrews' daughter became very ill, and it was necessary for him to return home with her. He left a "league of nations" at Basel, eight in number, no two of the same nationality. But they carried on successfully.

The next year the land of her birth, England, again became home to Miss Sisley, and she lived here for six months. Elder Ings had awakened an interest among his own people in Southampton, and Elder J. N. Loughborough was sent there to follow this up. Miss Sisley assisted him.

But cupid shot an arrow all the way across the Atlantic, and Miss Sisley returned to America, added Boyd to her name, and with her husband, Elder C. L. Boyd, spent four years in Nebraska, where he was the conference president. The churches were located mostly in the country, far from the few railways then in existence, and, as other means of transportation were sadly deficient, Elder Boyd traveled in his private conveyance, a covered wagon. Sometimes Mrs. Boyd accompanied him on these long trips. Later they pioneered in the great Northwest, where Elder Boyd was president of the North Pacific Conference.

But oceans away there was work for these two young people. Two South African brethren had joined in sending a call to the General Conference for a worker. With their request they sent \$250 to aid in paying the transportation of the one sent. These men had been led into the Sabbath truth independently of each other, and by their own study of the Bible.

One, Peter Wessels, had some years before experienced the special blessing of the Lord in being healed of illness, and in new devotion he was troubled about the question of healing in the church. His brother, a deacon of the Dutch Reformed Church, whom he consulted, said that if the Bible were to be taken literally, the seventh day is the Sabbath and should be observed as such. This started Peter Wessels to thinking, and he soon began to keep the Sabbath.

About the same time, G. J. Van Druten, in the Orange Free State, was somehow led to study the Bible on this question, and began to honor the Sabbath, not knowing of others doing so. Soon some Seventh-day Adventist publications fell into his hands, confirming his belief. These publications were brought to Africa by William Hunt, a miner, who had accepted the Sabbath truth in California, and had worked in the gold fields of Australia, finally going to the newly opened Kimberley diamond regions, carrying with him literature on the third angel's message. Providentially Brethren Van Druten and Wessels met and learned of each other's experience. Together they looked up the man who had scattered the papers, and learned of the work being done. Then they sent the call to America, and devoted much of their time to leading others to join them.

Our "first lady," her husband, and Elder and Mrs. D. A. Robinson were called to go to Africa, and thus became the first missionaries to enter the Dark Continent under the direction of Seventh-day Adventists (1887). Much might be written of their experiences in opening up mission stations. Strict economy had to be practiced, but Maud Sisley Boyd had trained for this when she lived on twenty-five cents a week back in Ohio. With the exception of bedsprings, a folding organ, and

chairs, their furniture consisted of kerosene boxes—wooden crates in which five-gallon cans of kerosene had been shipped—but the ingenious work in making attractive and suitable coverings for these boxes created a neat and cozy home.

While Elder Boyd visited the believers in diamond fields round about, his wife remained in Cape Town with the Robinsons, and did Bible work in Wellington, where a company was formed later. Soon a tent came, and a new worker, I. J. Hankins, arrived. A company was raised up in Cape Town, and from these beginnings the work went forward among the English and the Dutch. Young people were sent to America to attend Battle Creek College, and upon the completion of their courses, returned to South Africa to engage in the work in their own land for their own people.

The ten years spent in South Africa were marked by two sorrows. One was the death of little Ethel, the younger of the two precious little girls born in Africa. Then, the privations endured in exhaustive pioneer work brought about a complete breakdown in Elder Boyd's health, and he found it necessary to return to America. His life was one of accomplishment for God, and his work was greater because of the loving devotion of his wife. But his labors came to an end soon after they arrived in America.

Although bereft of her loved companion and one child, and although the better part of her life had been given in sacrificing work in lands far and near, Maud Sisley Boyd did not cease from her activities. She possessed untiring zeal, and her vitality seemed undying. She had a daughter to live for, and God's work was not yet finished. There was a place in Avondale, Australia, where her services could be used to great advantage. Her background of ex-

perience would be an inspiration to the young people attending the college, which was then in its infancy, and Mrs. E. G. White earnestly requested that she come.

The Avondale school was to be different from any school then in operation. It was to be a pattern for all denominational institutions of learning. There were many problems to be worked out; but the leaders and instructors were not left alone to solve them. They had the Lord's messenger right with them, and when perplexities arose, counsel came direct from the Source of all wisdom.

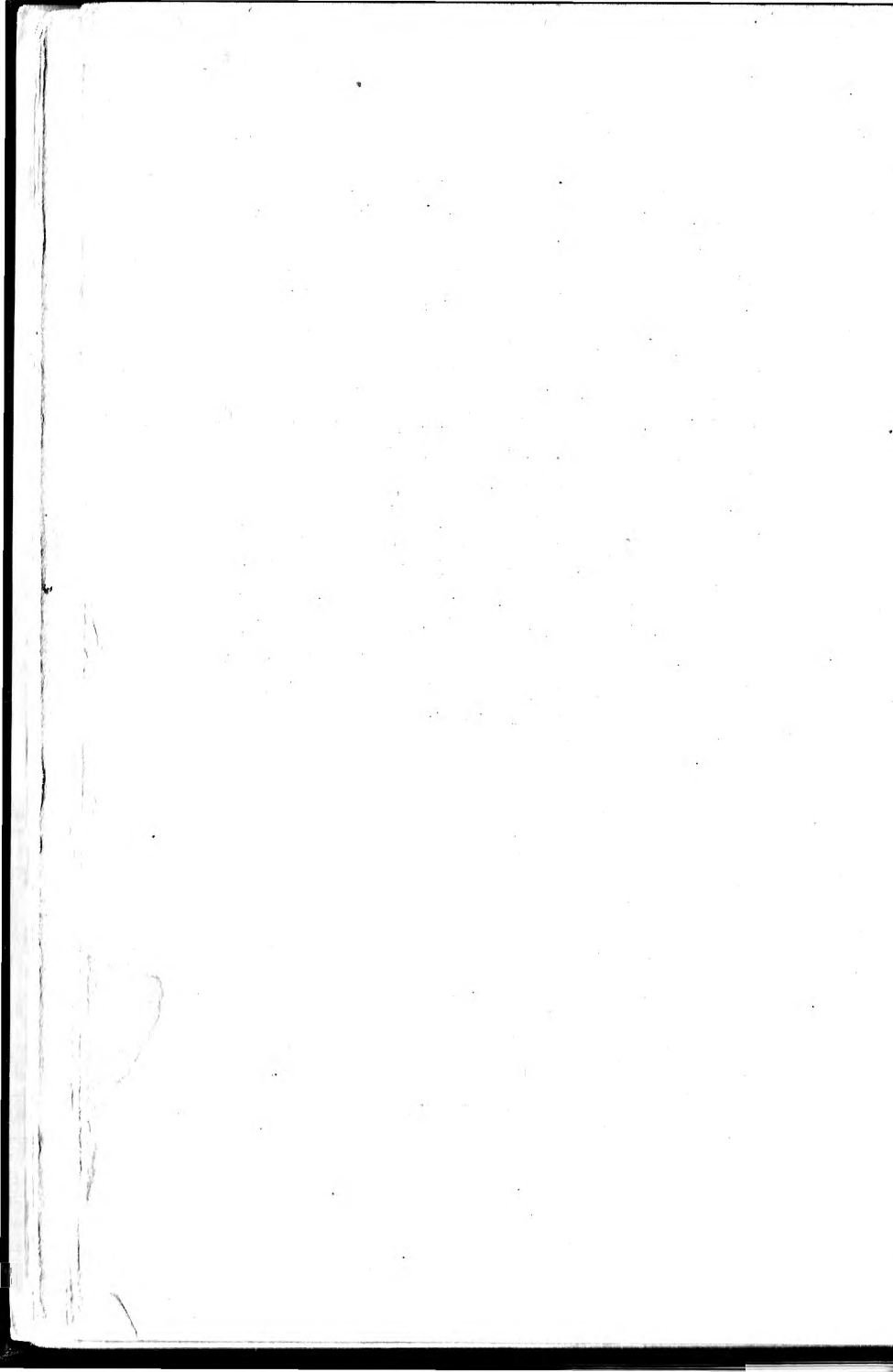
Nine busy and happy years were spent by Mrs. Boyd at Avondale as preceptress, matron, and teacher. Three years were devoted to Bible work in New South Wales and Victoria. The illness of Mrs. Boyd's sister, Mrs. G. B. Starr, necessitated her return to the United States, and for seventeen years, while caring for this dearly loved sister, she labored untiringly as Bible worker in the sanitariums at Loma Linda and Glendale, in California.

In a message to her friends through the *Australasian Record*, written a short time before she laid down her work in 1937, Mrs. Boyd sketched briefly her life in connection with denominational work, closing with these paragraphs:

"As I look back I can but exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' When my family connected with this message there were only about 5,000 adherents. There was but one publishing house, printing only three papers and a few books and tracts in English. We had no denominational schools, no sanitariums, no treatment rooms, city missions, or tract societies. There were no Bible workers or large public efforts, and the work had been done principally in the country districts. There were no canvassers or layman's movements. There was no work being done among the foreigners or the colored people in the United States.

"It is only in comparing these statements with the latest statistics that we realize what the Lord has wrought in so few short years. Is it not enough to cheer all our hearts and make us realize that God has put His hand to the finishing of His work, and that it will be accomplished at the appointed time?"

Our "first lady" saw many wrecks along the way. She saw some of the brightest stars go out in utter darkness, because they questioned some things that did not appear clear to them. They rejected the light from the Spirit of prophecy, which has brightened the path all along the way and made matters plain that otherwise could not be understood. But her faith was ever bright. Her courage never wavered. Her heart was ever filled with gratitude to the heavenly Father for permitting her to have what she considered a small part in spreading this glorious message of the soon-coming Saviour, and all the associate truths that cluster around. "That God may keep us all faithful, is my prayer," was her last message to the public.



Lantern in Her Hand

L. Flora Plummer



IN A TWO-ROOM LOG CABIN IN A woodsy swamp in Jay County, Indiana, a dark-eyed, curly-haired baby first saw the light of day on April 27, 1862. A home-made, or rather, a "father-made," wooden cradle was her first bed. "Very satisfactory," baby's mother said, only it had a way, when vigorously rocked, of walking across the bare floor and, unless rescued, colliding with the red-hot sheet-iron stove. They named the baby Lorena Florence, which in afteryears became permanently L. Flora.

Later the family moved out of the swamp and into the edge of a near-by village. Soon school days came. L. Flora was the proud owner of the first pair of rubber overshoes and the first bottle of liquid shoe polish used in the village. She greatly enjoyed the distinction which those articles gave her. Incidentally, she learned the pleasure and the advantage of belonging to a "society." The "members" were those who were permitted to "shine," and as long as the one bottle of shoe polish lasted, the "society" flourished.

The years passed, and L. Flora became a laughter-loving, fun-loving, pleasure-loving young woman. She attended Sunday school quite regularly, but for her it was merely "somewhere to go." Once in a while she had a serious thought. In one of these moods she decided

definitely that it was time for her to carry out an ambition secretly cherished from childhood. She would become a school teacher. She began to apply herself quite steadily in preparation for that calling. Other serious thoughts led her to unite with the Christian (Campbellite) Church in response to the preaching of a visiting evangelist. Baptistries were unknown in that community. It was January, and all the streams flowed underneath a heavy layer of ice. There was to be no obstruction in the way, however. The ice was cut, and L. Flora was baptized.

After some months the young woman decided to take the county examination for a teacher's certificate. On a cold, misty day her father drove her, in a farm wagon drawn by two huge farm horses, the fourteen miles to Portland, the county seat, and she took the written examination with nearly twenty-five young people of similar inclinations. Oh, joy! She passed with high marks, and instead of the one-year certificate for which she had hoped, she received one for three years, the highest granted by the county superintendent!

That fall L. Flora taught her first school. Her pupils, children ranging from very beginners to young folk older than their teacher, met in a little frame, country school-house, which had three windows on each side. She found teaching pleasurable, and was satisfied with the very evident progress of the pupils. She learned many things that first winter which she used with profit through later years.

After eight years of profitable experience as a country school teacher, she received a call to "assist" in high-school teaching in Nevada, Iowa. She accepted. What she did not know about the subjects assigned for her to teach, she acquired by the aid of much midnight oil.

On July 12, 1883, L. Flora Fait was married to Frank

E. Plummer, the principal of the Nevada High School. Two years later the Plummers were asked to take up work in the East Des Moines High School. They moved to a very modest little house at 706 East 9th Street. They knew no one in the city. In a very few days a light knock on the front door announced a caller. It was Miss Della Wallace, who later became Mrs. A. J. Breed. She was interested in promoting Bible study. She wished to call once a week and conduct Bible readings. Thinking that this was one way the Des Moines women had of welcoming newcomers, Mrs. Plummer entered heartily into the plan, and a date was set for the first reading. A speaking acquaintance with next-door neighbors gave opportunity to invite them to attend the readings. So Mrs. A. E. Burnett and her daughter, Mamie, with Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, attended the readings regularly.

Elder A. G. Daniells conducted most of the studies. His wife and two or three of the girls from the "mission" came also. All thought that the readings were wonderful. The prophecies were fascinating, and the chain of truth, so perfectly connected and plain and clear, as read in turn from the Bible which each held in his own hand, was profoundly convincing.

In a few weeks it had been whispered to some one of the company that the visitors were Seventh-day Adventists. The Burnetts and the Plummers discussed that idea. "No matter," they said; "we will quit when they try to make 'seventh-day people' out of us." And the readings continued. It so happened that when the group of Seventh-day Adventists went to church on Sabbath, they passed the house in which the Plummers lived. What fun it was to shake rugs and sweep porches about that hour on Sabbath morning! Mrs. Plummer's defiant spirit thrived, and the clearer the Sabbath truth became, the heavier the

cloud of dust that was shaken out on Sabbath morning.

But there came a change. When Mrs. Plummer learned that there was no Bible authority for the observance of Sunday, that Catholics taunted Protestants with the fact that practically all the world showed deference to the Roman Catholic Church by their observance of Sunday, that a Sabbath-reform movement would be featured before the end, and when she understood the real meaning of the third angel's message, her defiance vanished, and her surrender was complete.

In the spring of 1886 she made her decision. The time was critical. The pupils of the Marshalltown High School and those of the East Des Moines High School were to have a speaking contest, to decide which of the two schools had the better speakers, and Mrs. Plummer was drilling the East Des Moines pupils. Feeling was tense. Teachers, pupils, and parents were aroused, and the excitement became general. The occasion was set for a Friday evening. In the midst of the preparation Mrs. Plummer announced that she could not attend the contest, as she was going to keep the Sabbath thereafter, which begins Friday evening at sundown. This announcement had much the effect of a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Pupils were panic-stricken; parents and teachers were indignant. Why begin now? they asked. One more week would not make any difference. Did Mrs. Plummer not know that it was her *duty* to finish what she had begun? Poor, heartbroken Mrs. Plummer! She visited an upstairs storeroom in her home frequently and for long periods of time. Afterward she often referred to it as her "Gethsemane." Having made her decision, she was prepared to carry it out at any cost. And it was costly, for highly prized friends were irretrievably lost. "Crazy," "silly," "hypnotized," were words used to describe her decision. "It will not last long," they said.

Faithfully, up to the last moment, she drilled the pupil speakers. She had them do their parts when she was out of the room, and noted carefully what each one said of the others. Then she drilled again and yet again, until she felt that she had done all that she could to equip her pupils for success. Then before sunset on Friday, she went home, and the floodgates burst their barriers. In anguish of soul she dedicated herself to God, pledging faithful observance of the Sabbath, and beseeching the Lord to help her pupils that evening in her absence. She felt a measure of comfort when her husband bade her good-by, for with his caress, he said, "Never mind, dearie; I don't want you to go when you feel as you do. We will carry on the very best we can without you. Please do not worry."

Later in the evening Elder Daniells and his wife called. They were very anxious to know how Mrs. Plummer was holding out in her new decision. They were comforting indeed, and after prayer, she was considerably cheered. They noticed the absence of her rings and a dangling bracelet which she had been wearing. The surrender was absolutely complete so far as her understanding went. Later the victory was made sweeter by the announcement of the judges that her pupils, so faithfully trained, had gained the decision on every point, and her fears that she would be counted unfaithful to her duty were entirely dispelled. When she was offered a contract for the ensuing year, she respectfully declined to sign it. And school-teaching days were over.

When the Des Moines church was first organized, Mrs. Plummer, Mrs. Burnett, and Mamie became charter members. They had attended the Sabbath services of the little company for several months while the church was being erected. They had met in a lodge hall on the third floor of a downtown building. It had a rather unsightly

approach, and Mrs. Plummer had opportunity to battle her pride to its very finish during this time. Miss Mamie Burnett became a helpful member of the family during those days, and has been a part of it for more than half a century.

With the love of present truth burning in her soul, Mrs. Plummer greatly desired to do something that would help in the special work. Her first thought was of Bible readings. Under the guidance of one of the Bible workers connected with the mission, she made an appointment to give Bible readings to a woman who was a stranger to her. With the help of Miss Burnett, who amused and kept quiet a two-year-old, the readings were given, and the woman accepted the truth. She gave other Bible readings that winter, but without visible results.

Her next effort was the sending out of literature. By advertising, she secured a list of names of persons who desired to receive religious reading matter, and, bearing the expense herself, she, with the aid of her helper, wrapped and sent out through the mails several thousand papers and other pieces of literature.

The next call was an official one. It came from Elder J. H. Morrison, and was a request for her to connect with the Iowa Sabbath School Association. This was a wholly unexpected pleasure. For several years she promoted the Sabbath school work in Iowa, giving herself wholly to it. By correspondence, and by visiting churches and isolated members, she did much, and also learned much which she could use in her later endeavors to promote Sabbath school interests.

During these years she did a large amount of camp meeting work. Four camps were pitched in the autumn of each year, besides the general camp meeting held each spring. The autumn camps were in different sections of

Iowa, and she was asked to attend these. They were strenuous times for her. She was up for the six o'clock service each morning. She held two children's meetings each day, and one meeting each day for instruction in Sabbath school work. Between times she tended the book tent, selling about two hundred dollars' worth of books at each meeting. Usually she played the organ for each service. At about 10:30 P.M. she rolled into bed, thankful for the comfort of her straw-filled tick. This program proved a severe strain, but at least a month each year for several years was spent in this way.

One chilly autumn she was requested to bring with her to camp, as hand baggage, seven camp meeting stoves. Two packages were made of these—four stoves in one and three in the other. She was assisted in boarding the train in Des Moines, and the stoves were placed near the door. Two changes of cars had to be made before she reached her destination, and since she had two pieces of personal hand baggage, it required three trips to get everything on and off the train each time a change was made. No porters were on those trains. At one change she had a close call. She had made the second trip and was returning for the third load when the train began moving. An obliging bystander nimbly gave her timely help, and a disaster was averted.

On arriving at camp she hardly had time to turn around before the stoves disappeared, every one of them. When she went to her tent, she could not take off her wraps, it was so cold. Word finally got around that Mrs. Plummer, who had strugglingly brought seven stoves, was sitting in her tent shivering. In a very short time one of the stoves was in her tent, and some poor camper was without. Considering the effort she had made to get the stoves there, it seemed only right that she should have one. However,

she invited some who looked cold to warm themselves at her fire. Wood was generously provided, and the little stove did its full duty.

As her work for the children at camp meeting grew more interesting, she felt the need for fuller equipment, and her personal baggage grew proportionately in volume. Often she was heard to say, while trying to put more material into an already bulging suitcase,

“Oh, little suitcase, don’t you cry;
You’ll be a boxcar by and by.”

The Plummers said farewell to Iowa in 1900, and moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota. In June, 1901, Mrs. Plummer was appointed corresponding secretary of the General Conference Sabbath School Department. An office was opened up for her in the Northwestern Building in that city, from which point she began her general work in behalf of the Sabbath schools.

In 1905 Mr. Plummer’s business was transferred to Washington, D.C., and this change enabled Mrs. Plummer to connect with the headquarters of the denomination, at 222 N. Capitol Street. This connection continued, with Mrs. Plummer serving as head of the department from 1913 until the spring of 1936. From 1901 to 1936 with the Sabbath School Department is her record. Add to that the years served in Iowa, and it is a lifetime of active work.

For the Plummers 1905 was a very special year. They acquired two additional members to the family—little Donn Lawrence and little Dorothy Virginia. This made a very pleasurable change in the home life. Miss Mamie became “Aunt Mamie” without any difficulty whatsoever. Mrs. Plummer’s work at the office continued as before, but evenings and nights and early mornings were otherwise occupied.

July, 1918, marked the death, at the Washington Sanitarium, of her dearly beloved companion, whose health had been failing gradually for some time. A marvelous conversion was his experience before the end. Elder W. A. Spicer told Mrs. Plummer that he had never seen a more sincere change of heart in anyone. She laid him to rest with a breaking heart, but with the assurance that he would come forth in the first resurrection.

The summer of 1929 is memorable, for Mrs. Plummer was invited to spend it in Europe. This was her first trip abroad. She visited France, Italy, Norway, Rumania, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and England, battling her way through the difficulties of getting ideas across by way of interpreters when she knew not a word of the tongues of the various peoples. She did her best, but always with the conviction that her best was not very good. Be that as it may, that trip was invaluable in cementing more strongly the chain of Sabbath schools the world around. The people were wonderfully kind, and she was treated royally from start to finish.

On her return from Europe she was asked to conduct the worship hour for the workers in the General Conference office. The young women, having heard the stories that the men tell on returning from abroad, and that they would continue to tell, requested Mrs. Plummer to tell some of the things the men forget or else overlook. And her worship talks throughout that week were different indeed, for she told of little things that escape the notice of men, but which nevertheless are of importance in the development of the denominational work throughout the world.

As she looks back through the years of General Conference work, Mrs. Plummer considers the formation of the home department division of the Sabbath school the first

real achievement under her administration. This department includes those who perhaps have been active members of the Sabbath school, but who, because of illness, are unable to be present. Through contact with this division they are made to feel that they are a part of the great organization.

Another very important phase of her work is the connected lesson plan, fitted for all grades of pupils. This resulted after much study and work and prayer.

Changing the haphazard manner of giving to the "All-to-Missions" plan required pluck and determination, for there was opposition in high places. The average gifts had totaled about \$23,500 each year. The peak of giving was \$1,970,993.55, reached in one good year. It took twenty-five years of giving to reach the first million dollars to missions through the Sabbath school. In the fourth quarter of 1929 and 1930, however, a sufficient sum was given to make a million dollars in six months.

The Thirteenth Sabbath Offering plan has brought in many millions of dollars. And it is still popular. Children sell garden produce to raise their "dollar for thirteenth Sabbath." They save their pennies. They run errands, and do many other things. Starting with the first quarter of 1912, the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering was \$7,674. The largest Thirteenth Sabbath Offering was given the first quarter of 1928, when the gifts amounted to \$127,754.

The Investment and birthday offering plans are generally accepted, and are carried out the world over.

At home and abroad the daily-lesson-study plan is followed by old and young alike.

A strong plea for personal work for every soul has constantly gone forth from the Sabbath School Department. Mrs. Plummer is a strong believer in personal work for pupils, and has written much concerning it. Three books

have come from the pen she wielded: "The Soul-Winning Sabbath School," "The Soul-Winning Teacher," and "The Spirit of the Teacher." She has left in these writings a wealth of instruction and inspiration that will be helpful to the Sabbath school world until Jesus comes.

She is now somewhat broken in health. She sits quietly in her easy chair, her trusty cane close by, to aid in taking the few steps necessary to get about the house. She reads eagerly every bit of news that shows how the message is spreading. She is waiting, merely waiting.

This last sentence might have been the end of this chapter, but a friend, reading it, said, "I do not like the ending. Every time I read a verse in a certain book, I think of Mrs. Plummer. I would like that verse adapted and used as the close of her story." This is the verse:

"Because the road was steep and long,
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon her lips a song
And put a lantern in her hand."

Mrs. L. D. Avery Stuttle



LILLIAN D. AVERY WAS BORN IN Michigan, July 12, 1855, and died in San Diego, California, March 17, 1933. In early life she gave her heart to the Master, and through a long life proved her devotion to Him and to His work through her beautiful poems, many of which were printed in the *Review and Herald* and in others of our denominational papers. Several were set to music and appear in "Hymns and Tunes," "Christ in Song," and other songbooks. Although we know that no new ones will come from her pen, the songs she has given us convey deep spiritual messages. Her favorite hymn was, "O, Let Me Walk With Thee, My God." Perhaps, in the last poem she sent to the *Review*, she had a premonition of the nearing rest, for the title was "I Am Old—So Old."

Besides being a sweet singer, Mrs. Stuttle wrote a good deal of prose, the most popular of her books being "Making Home Happy." "Making Home Peaceful" and "Shiloh" also were by her, as is a collection of her poems called, "Gleanings." This volume contains her best poetical efforts.

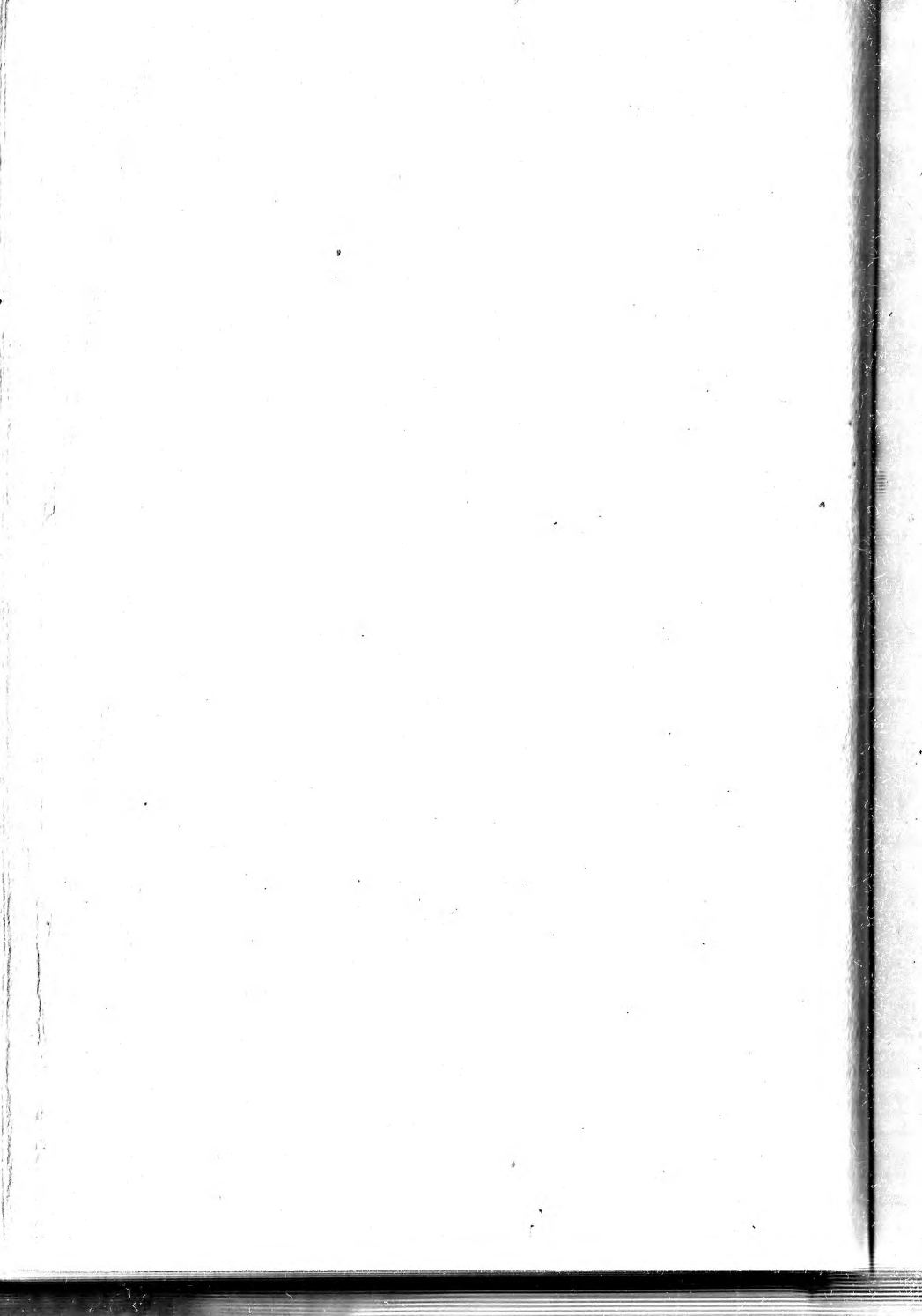
WALKING WITH GOD

O let me walk with Thee, my God,
As Enoch walked in days of old;
Place Thou my trembling hand in Thine,
And sweet communion with me hold;
E'en though the path I may not see,
Yet, Jesus, let me walk with Thee.

I cannot, dare not, walk alone;
The tempest rages in the sky;
A thousand snares beset my feet,
A thousand foes are lurking nigh;
Still Thou the raging of the sea;
O Master, let me walk with Thee.

If I may rest my hand in Thine,
I'll count the joys of earth but loss,
And firmly, bravely, journey on;
I'll bear the banner of the cross
Till Zion's glorious gates I see;
Yet, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

—Mrs. L. D. Avery Stuttle.



Other Mother

Mrs. Anne E. Shepherd



"OTHER MOTHER," THEY CALLED her, the kindly faced woman who greeted hundreds of girls with outstretched hands as they entered the young women's home of old Union College. And she loved each and every one of them from the day they set foot in the cozy reception room on entering college; yes, even after they had gone to the distant reaches of earth as wives of missionaries, missionaries themselves; as they became teachers, nurses, office workers in the homeland; and sometimes just homemakers. Being a mother herself, she knew with what prayerful, careful planning those girls were committed to her keeping, and she regarded them as a sacred trust.

Anne Eliza Stewart was born in old Kentucky in 1846—the year that Ellen Harmon and James White were married, the year that Elder Joseph Bates wrote a tract on the Sabbath question. Her first education was received in a little country school in Kentucky. When she was ready for advanced work, the Bluegrass State was in the midst of the conflict between the North and the South that separated so many families, and educational privileges were greatly restricted. Anne was sent to live with an uncle in Greencastle, Indiana, where she attended a university for several years. She was an accomplished musician, and had intended to open her own music studio. Her ambition was

not to be realized, however, for she met a young man whose work made it necessary for him to travel almost constantly. He had heard the call of the West, and, not wishing to take up a homestead alone, he persuaded Anne Stewart that, despite the rigors of pioneer life, a home would bring her more happiness than a career. After her marriage to William Alonzo Shepherd, she went with him to Nebraska City, Nebraska. Her mother accompanied them. This was in 1865, and the place was home to Anne Shepherd until she took up her work at Union College.

Before their marriage, Alonzo Shepherd had heard Moses Hull preach. Although not of a very religious disposition, the young man was interested, and on inquiring about the strange doctrines he heard, was directed to Father Waggoner (J. H.), and went to him.

"I want you to tell me about the things you teach," he said. "My impression is that what I have heard is true, and I want to hear more."

"All right, young man," Father Waggoner replied. "I'll teach you all I know."

And through the day young Mr. Shepherd walked with Elder Waggoner, listening to his stories of the message and his interpretation of Scripture, with which he could find no fault. He heard him preach at night, and would go to bed pondering the things he learned. He marked his Bible and studied over and over the points of doctrine until he was convinced that what he had heard was truth.

At the end of two weeks Father Waggoner asked, "Well, young man, what do you think now?"

Like the eunuch to whom Philip had preached the Scriptures, he replied, "What hinders my being baptized?"

There was nothing to hinder; so he was baptized. However, since he was traveling much of the time and did not live in any one place long, he did not unite with any local

church, but he never failed to tell those with whom he discussed business about the truths of the Bible that he had learned.

Young Mrs. Shepherd was not a member of any church, although she was a believer in God and in prayer. After their marriage and move to Nebraska City, they attended religious services held on Sundays in the courthouse (there were as yet no churches in the little city). On returning home from church, Mr. Shepherd would busy himself with chores about the house and yard. His wife did not wish him to work on Sunday, but one day, on being remonstrated with concerning it, he said, "I'd rather keep the same day that you do. If you'll show me from the Bible that I ought to keep Sunday, or even that it is just as well to keep the first day as the seventh, I'll keep it."

Quite sure that she could show him, and already feeling relieved that no longer would the neighbors have cause to peer at her husband on Sunday from behind closed windows, she replied, "I'll do it."

Now, she had read her Bible a great deal, and knew that she could turn readily to just the text she wished. But on coming into the house after a while, her husband noticed her sitting with her Bible open in her lap, gazing thoughtfully out of the window.

"Find it?" he asked.

"I just can't seem to, but I know it's there," she affirmed.

"It seems to me that we need some help," he said. "Suppose we send to some religious publishers for literature that will clear up this question for us. We can spare this five dollars for it." And the next mail carried an order to Battle Creek for a copy of every book and tract published by the Review and Herald Publishing House. Believe it or not, the five dollars covered the cost of all these, and included a year's subscription to the *Review* besides.

That was a very busy and profitable year for the young Mrs. Shepherd. She began with the first chapter of Genesis and read through the Bible. She studied baptism, tithing, the state of the dead, and other salient points of doctrine, searching all the while for a verse to prove that the first day of the week was the Sabbath of the Lord. When she finished the last chapter of Revelation, she closed her Bible and said, "I don't believe there is such a verse in the Bible."

Looking across the table from where he was reading the good old *Review*, Mr. Shepherd quietly asked,

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Why, I'm going to keep the Sabbath." And her voice carried the conviction that she felt in her heart. And she did keep the Sabbath. She kept it faithfully for ten years before she ever heard a sermon or even saw a Seventh-day Adventist besides her husband. During that ten years they kept this announcement running in the *Review and Herald*: "Any Seventh-day Adventist passing through Nebraska City will find a welcome at the corner of Fifth and Ferry Streets." But no one ever came.

At the end of the ten years, the Shepherds secured the use of a church building, without any cost for rent, and asked for a minister to come and preach to those who were interested.

Elders George I. Butler and R. M. Kilgore answered the call. A series of meetings was held, and a church was organized in Nebraska City. Mrs. Shepherd was among those baptized. Immediately she became active in local church work, but was unknown in any other capacity at that time.

In the spring of 1891 she was bereft of her loved and faithful companion, and was left to journey alone except for her two children, a girl, Clare, just finishing the Nebraska City Academy, and a ten-year-old boy, Carl.

Wonderful news was announced at camp meeting that same year—wonderful to Mrs. Shepherd's daughter. Union College was to be opened near Lincoln. Clare had wanted to go to college, but with her father gone, she felt that it was out of the question. But with the announcement of the opening of Union College came the reviving of hopes, and she began studying the catalogue. In so doing she found something that made the news of the new college wonderful to her mother. In going over the faculty list, she noticed that as yet no music teacher had been selected. Hurrying to her mother, she said,

"Oh, mother! Do apply for the place. I know you can get it, and then I can go on to college, and we won't have to be separated. Please do!"

To satisfy her daughter, Mrs. Shepherd did apply, not really expecting to be chosen for the position. A few days after the close of the camp meeting she had a visitor, who was none other than Professor W. W. Prescott, the president of the college. He came to Nebraska City to interview Mrs. Shepherd, promising to send her soon the board's decision. In a few days it came, and with a prayer that the decision might not be a disappointment, even though it were not what they desired, she tremblingly opened the letter. School had begun two weeks before; so, to the "Come immediately" that was in the letter, the Shepherd family responded gladly, and soon were settled at Union College, the mother as the first music teacher of the school, the daughter as a freshman in college, and the boy as a student in the public school, which at that time had a Seventh-day Adventist teacher in the grade that he attended. (There was as yet no academy at College View, where the college was located.) Thus from its first year Mrs. Shepherd was able to exert her influence over the cultural life of the school.

When school closed that first year it was necessary to make a change in the faculty, and since Mrs. Shepherd so wisely and kindly governed her own children, she was invited to enlarge her capacity for mothering and include the young women in the dormitory, at the same time continuing her work as music teacher. She held this post for eleven years.

A sister school to Union College was being conducted at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and in 1902 Mrs. Shepherd was called to that place. The first year she had charge of the young men's dormitory. She was never resented in any way by the boys, but was "Mamma Shepherd" to all of them. Being a typical mother, she cautioned them about their rubbers and their umbrellas; she watched over them when they were ill, and looked after them in countless other ways in which a real mother cares for her boys. At the end of that year she was given charge of the young women, but she did not forget the young men. When a group of them returned on a cold winter evening from where they had held a gospel meeting, she would meet them at the door. "Come right in, boys," she would say. "I have just made some good, steaming cocoa that I know you will enjoy." And it was a grand finale to the long, cold drive in an old bobsled.

In 1907 Mrs. Shepherd was called to Sheyenne River Academy in North Dakota. She was there for two years, enjoying her work for the young people, and giving them the same motherly care that she had given in Union and in Mount Vernon. But sixteen years of strenuous work proved to be too great a strain, and after two years she was compelled to take a rest.

While she was yet in Mount Vernon, her daughter had married N. S. Ashton, a ministerial student, and they were now living in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The first the

daughter knew of her mother's illness was when she received a telegram from her brother, who also was teaching at Sheyenne River Academy, saying, "Bringing mother. Have a doctor in the house when she arrives." Her mother was very ill with Bright's disease, but in time she responded to the treatment and loving care given her, and, although not at all well, she was able to be up and around the house.

"Mamma Shepherd" felt that her work was not yet finished, and in the summer of 1910, at her request, the instruction given in James 5:14 was carried out, and the promise in verse 15 was fulfilled. She was completely healed. That fall she was called to be preceptress of Union College again.

And she is remembered best for the work she did during the next five years, which were "added years." After her final retirement from active duty, she told her daughter, "When I was healed, I gave myself just five more years for Old Union."

She was always thinking of the thing that was not expected of her. She was constantly doing things to make her girls happy, but the fact that she thought of them in so many little ways endeared her to their hearts and filled them with pride for her confidence in them. Not one of them would have betrayed that confidence.

A group of girls would request permission to go to town. "When will you return?" they were asked. On being told the hour, she would say, "Why, that's after dark. I don't like to have my girls out alone after night. I wonder if there is not a faculty member who could go with you." If unable to find one, she would turn to the telephone and call the dean of men.

"Is So-and-so in?" she would ask. "A group of my girls are going to town, and I would like to have him go with them and be responsible for their safety." And likely as

not the young man for whom she asked would have a special interest in one member of the group. But no one ever took advantage of such a situation.

Her highest hope for her girls was that they might cultivate an acquaintance with the heavenly Father and learn to trust Him. One rule she emphasized over and over. She would say, "Make this your rule, girls: If you are buoyantly happy, thank Him for the joy in your heart. If you are discouraged, talk with Him about it. When an emergency arises, take it to Him. We never know, girls, what an hour may bring forth. But whatever the emergency, however insistent its demands, remember the Father first."

It was following such a talk as this that one girl, who gave every appearance of the need of such trust and confidence and friendship as had been recommended, replied to a comment, "Oh, I don't know. It may work, but I've never known anyone who had a prayer answered yet. What was thought to be an answer to prayer would have happened nine times out of ten in the natural course of events." But soon she was to tell a different story.

"Are all the young women out?" asked the president, as young men and young women, faculty members, and villagers gathered around the dormitory from whose windows and doors smoke was pouring.

"Yes, there's not a girl in the dormitory."

"Where is the preceptress?"

"She couldn't be in there. We knocked on her door and there was no answer. We then tried to open it, and it was locked."

"But are you certain she is not there?"

And the reply was a faltering, "No, sir."

Those standing near who overheard this conversation passed the news along to others, and repeatedly then her name was called, "Mrs. Shepherd! Mrs. Shepherd!" The

inside passage to her room was cut off entirely; so a ladder was placed against the side of the building to force entrance. They felt that she must have been forced into unconsciousness by gases from the fire.

But before anyone could start up the ladder, there was a hissing sound, accompanied by crackling and puffing, like water being poured onto a fire. Then came a puff of black smoke, a clearing of white smoke, and then no more smoke or flames. The door opened, and Other Mother came out, as calm and smiling as ever.

"Where have you been, Mrs. Shepherd? We've been so worried about you," said the president.

"Why, in my room praying."

When first she appeared, there was great cheering, but on hearing her calm, trustful, "In my room praying," the cheering changed to silent awe, and eyes were filled with tears. And the young woman who had never known a prayer to be answered, now said, "I'll never doubt again."

Mrs. Shepherd watched over her girls as though each one was her very own daughter. As far as was possible she permitted friends to room together. However, if she saw that one of them could have greater influence for good over a less fortunate one who needed the companionship of a devoted Christian roommate, she would make a change, but never without the full consent of both girls. Sometimes girls would be unwilling to make the change. Mrs. Shepherd would kindly point out to them her reasons, then leave them with, "Now, my dear, you think it over a few days, and let me know your decision." Invariably the wisdom of her request would be recognized. On the other hand, she would not keep two uncongenial girls together.

To her, girls were possibilities. She trusted them, and because she trusted them, they would not deliberately betray her trust. There were occasions when some would

thoughtlessly or impulsively disregard a regulation which seemed petty at the moment, but Mrs. Shepherd never accepted such an act as a personal affront to herself. She placed them on their honor, and when dealing with problems of discipline, she was infinitely tactful. She would reason with them prayerfully and kindly, and leave them to decide whether or not they were in the wrong.

Girls came to Other Mother with their problems. Sometimes they would spend almost four years in the dormitory before they would share their confidences with her, but invariably, before the time came for departure, at one time or another, every girl would come into her office for a chat about her ideals, her hopes, her ambitions.

Thus her "added years" passed. In 1915 Mrs. Shepherd was asked to take charge of the nurses' dormitory at the Nebraska Sanitarium. Union College had grown so that the burdens were too great for her. In the sanitarium there were not so many young women. But in the spring of 1916 she had a fall from which she did not seem to recover. Her daughter, then living in Mount Vernon, Ohio, again took her mother to her home. Her days passed, made happy by the prattle of her grandchildren, Wilton and Shirley, who were then very small. She talked a great deal of the days back in Old Union. She wrote to her "girls," and received a great many letters from them.

Out of the twenty-four years from the fall of 1891 to the spring of 1916, twenty-three were spent in active work for the young people whom she loved devotedly. She had a heart hobby. It was working with and for young people. Her daughter said of her, "How she loved her boys and girls I, perhaps, knew better than anyone else. Mother did her work quietly, unobtrusively, and said little about what she did. She was with me till the fall of 1919, when, quietly and easily, she dropped to sleep, ready and glad to rest."

New Worlds to Conquer

Dr. Kate Lindsay



"I KNOW A BETTER WAY TO GET a mule to pull." And the speaker, a woman, slight of figure, climbed down out of the wagon, waded through the mud of the Khami River in which the vehicle had become stuck fast, and offered the stubborn mule a sanitarium biscuit. But the mule was angry, rather than hungry, and the woman retreated, leaving a portion of her sleeve in the mule's mouth, and the driver was left to get the wagon out in his own way. The woman who had revolutionized the nursing profession in America, who had invaded man's realm by entering medical school in the University of Michigan, being graduated with the first women who were granted degrees from that institution, meekly gave up when it came to moving a balking mule.

She was born of Scotch parentage in a little log cabin on the bank of Lake Manona near Madison, Wisconsin, September 11, 1842. She was a precocious child, having inherited unusual courage, a desire to know the unknown; and with that desire was coupled a free and independent spirit far beyond the comprehension of her parents. There seemed to be bound up in her all the strange characteristics of her ancestry. Her own father had been a gardener to a rich lord in Scotland, and her mother, a waiting maid to the lady. On the Lindsay side she was a descendant of

Lord Lindsay of Queen Mary's reign; and her grandmother on her mother's side was Jeanette Livingstone, a cousin to David Livingstone, the great African missionary and explorer. This child, Kate Lindsay, she was named, was "Scot to the backbone."

Today the ancestral home of the Lindsays, standing on the hill overlooking the fruitful valley, all under cultivation, tells nothing of the struggles of the pioneers in what was then known as the "sod-house frontier" country. Then it took great strength of character and a great vision to continue the struggle to build a home. The story is told that one day Thomas and Katherine Lindsay took their eldest, then just a baby, to the hayfield and placed her near a bush, on a blanket, which protected her from the ground. Two faithful dogs were left to guard the precious infant while the mother and father, at some distance away, carried on their work in the field. After a while the mother returned to see how the baby was faring. Fear gripped her when she saw a huge wolf being held at bay by the two dogs.

At night the doors of the log houses had to be bolted, for hungry coyotes, wolves, and panthers, attracted by the smells coming from the cabins, threw themselves heavily against the doors, hoping to gain entrance.

As she grew older, Kate assisted with the farmwork, preferring to work outdoors rather than within the home.

Kate Lindsay secured her first introduction to books in a rude cabin made of logs. Her school desk was made of a log, split in half, with the flat side up. Her slate pencil was a stick, long and pointed at the end, and her first slate was a level place in front of the schoolhouse where the soil had been pulverized and smoothed over to make a writing surface. To Kate all this was a luxury.

In order to reach the schoolhouse, she had to walk several miles through dense forest and rough underbrush.

NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

She was the oldest of eight children, four of whom did not live, and for a while she had to go alone. Then there were neighbor children who helped to make the way seem less lonely, and later the younger children were old enough to go, glad for the protection of Sister Kate. But distance and hardship meant nothing to her, unless it served as an impetus to make her prove to herself that she could cope with whatever confronted her. She learned rapidly, and soon was devouring every book which came her way, reading from cover to cover, and absorbing what she read. But she did not slight household duties. When the younger children were little, she helped faithfully, promising her mother that she would remain at home until Mary, the youngest, was sixteen. She was strong and capable, and in good health.

Night after night in that early pioneer home the mother would read to the children books and literature which eventually molded the type of reading of her ambitious daughter. One story illustrates the effect of this type of guidance on Kate. She was but a little girl when one evening the mother was reading in front of the fireplace, as usual, to the listening children. Kate sat on the floor at her feet, listening intently to every word. It happened to be the story of Palestine, and told of the travels of some noted persons to the Holy Land. Just at this time young Kate was engaged in the construction of a wagon during her spare time. The next day she completed her project, and, proudly exhibiting it to her mother, she announced daily, "I'm starting for Palestine today in my wagon." Little did she realize that there would come a day when she would visit not only Palestine, but also many of the far-off places on the African continent, and that she would there play a very definite part in the service of God and in launching the type of training which would prepare

countless women for His service in all parts of the world.

Women who learned more than merely to read and write were fortunate indeed, during the time when Kate Lindsay was growing to womanhood. And as she read and thought, her very soul would almost burst at times with rebellion at the restrictions which kept women tied down to household duties, and permitted them no part in the great work of, to her, the very interesting and exciting world. The time she spent waiting for the day to come when she could go out into the world and accomplish something unusual and difficult, seemed to her utterly useless years. She did not know yet what she would do, but she studied constantly, reading every book she could find.

One day she was given a book containing a biography of Florence Nightingale. There! Why hadn't she thought of that before? She would be a nurse. And now that her ideas had taken definite form, her study became more ardent than ever—if that were possible. She studied phrenology, geology, zoology, and every other "ology" about which she could find any written material that she had the vaguest idea would be of help in her chosen profession when she came to enter it. Fortunately, she was of a religious turn of mind, so that the false theories that she heard and read were exposed as she proceeded to study more carefully the word of God. Fortunately, too, she was always very practical, and her scientific curiosity was never satisfied until she could see the practical application of the knowledge gained.

Her mother was disgusted. Her father reasoned, commanded, and even punished, but to no avail. She was hungry for knowledge. What people thought and suggested meant little to her. Even personal appearance was sacrificed—a new book and new knowledge meant far more to her than a new dress, a hat, or a pair of shoes. To her

frugal, hard-working parents, it was strange that their eldest daughter should become a source of such utter bewilderment. An estrangement sprang up between her and the rest of the family, which caused her to develop a cold and independent feeling. They could not understand her — would not try, it often seemed to her. There was built up within her a reserve akin to a rebellious attitude. But something urged her on, making her feel that there were great possibilities ahead of her, as well as great responsibilities. Her people could understand neither her nor her ambitions.

For a while there was one thing that kept her parents from distraction over the way in which their eldest was going. From early childhood she had evinced a deeply religious nature, reading her Bible faithfully and attending church services regularly. Her father and mother reasoned that as she grew older she would "come to her senses" and settle down to the life that other girls lived. But there came to her a religious experience which caused even more astonishment and perplexity to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay. They were staunch Presbyterians. Kate, after studying her Bible some and attending a series of Methodist protracted meetings, decided that Presbyterians did not have all the light the Bible taught, and became a member of the Methodist Church. But this was not yet the end! An itinerating preacher came into the neighborhood and began preaching in the schoolhouse. He had pictures of images and queer-looking animals, some with four heads, and some with wings on their backs, which he explained, after reading about them in the Bible. Kate attended these meetings regularly, taking notes as the preacher spoke, and comparing them the next day with the things she read in her own Bible.

No doubt her interest in this strange religion was in-

tensified by the opposition this man met. In those days every preacher denounced Seventh-day Adventists and warned his people against them. One man abused them so much that some became interested just because the criticism was so extreme. This preacher became known as the champion Adventist abuser. It was thought by some of his own church people that his death, caused by his falling and breaking his neck, was a judgment upon him for his violent abuse of this new sect.

Kate had sought every opportunity to understand her Bible more fully, and she became one of the regular attendants. She decided that every point of the third angel's message, as preached by Elder Isaac Sanborn, was in accordance with Bible teaching, and, in spite of the protests of her family, she became one of a stanch little company of Seventh-day Adventists. Later her entire family accepted the same truths, but not until after a long, fierce conflict, especially on the part of her mother.

Romance came to Kate when she was eighteen, and it so filled her heart with the joy of love that it was always remembered as the brightest part of her life. A young Mr. Porter came to the neighborhood in which she lived, and taught the country school. Her evident superiority and intelligence attracted him to her. They found things of mutual interest. Kate was familiar with even the progress of the political parties, and he had read of the great work of Florence Nightingale, and was thus sympathetic with Kate's ambitions. Soon a warm friendship sprang up between these two, and in due course of time they decided to cast their lot together. She threw her whole heart and life into preparation for her marriage, as she had done with everything in which she was interested, forgetting for a time her ambition to become a nurse. But this boundless happiness was soon to end. The Civil War began, taking

with it the life of her lover, who died of pneumonia while in a training camp in Milwaukee. She was grief stricken. She had found in her lover a sympathetic and understanding companion, and when he had gone, she was left alone to fight out her life problem. She made no more intimate friends, rather shutting herself in from those with whom she associated, so that many who knew her thought her hardhearted, unsympathetic, and unkind. They thought that her experience had hardened her. But underneath this exterior was a heart that beat with longing for understanding and companionship, that yearned for the sympathetic touch of the hand of a friend. Over it all she maintained an indomitable courage and an unswerving purpose which fired her as she went about her daily tasks, still studying, still planning for her future work when the children were old enough for her to leave home.

During those years of waiting Kate Lindsay kept in touch with the developments of the work which Florence Nightingale had been carrying on in the Crimea, and fully informed herself relative to the new movement for the preparation of professional nurses which was being developed in the St. Thomas Hospital. The results of this school were far-reaching, and it was not difficult for Kate's keen mind to grasp its relationship and need in this country, where hospitals were still in the pioneer stage, and where nurses were not worthy of the name. In the hospitals of New York City there was the Mrs. Sairey Gamp type of worker, and hospitals were known as places where people went to die. There was no place in this country where a young woman could secure an organized course of instruction in nursing. There was much conflict in the field of medical practice. Pills and potions were largely the curative measures used by the average practitioner. The use of natural remedies, such as fresh air, sunlight, rest, water,

and diet, was given little thought by the large percentage of medical men. In fact, bathing was discouraged, and articles appeared in some of the leading medical journals opposing the use of water and bathing.

There were scattered throughout the country what were known as "water cure" institutions. One of the most important of these was conducted by Dr. Thatcher Trall, in Florence Heights, New Jersey. Associated with Doctor Trall were two or three physicians, one a prominent practitioner from Germany, where these natural therapeutic measures had secured wider recognition among medical circles than they had received in the United States.

Kate learned of this institution through a magazine known as the *Water Cure Journal*, of which Doctor Trall was the editor. Sensible presentations of the treatment of disease and the use of these practical measures appealed to the keen mind of this young woman, and she determined that she would go to this institution and learn these most practical measures in caring for the sick. Although opposed by her parents, and because of this opposition given no financial support, she finally reached the health institution in New Jersey, and remained two years, studying and gaining from her experiences all that she could regarding the care of the sick.

As she busied herself with the variety of patients which found intelligent medical and nursing care in that New Jersey hospital, Kate learned to realize that nursing as an art meant "nursing the sick, and not nursing sickness." In later years, when she was playing such an important part in the development of the first training school for nurses in this denomination, her previous experience was the basis for her insistence that nursing, properly taught, must be taught at the bedside of the patient and in the sickroom, and that while organized class instruction was vital, it be-

came as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," if disconnected from the practical work which gave to the student the opportunity to become conscientious and observing as a nurse should be.

The two years in the New Jersey institution awakened in her ardent soul a deeper desire to know more about sickness and disease, so that she might minister more intelligently to those who would call upon her. We have reason to believe that had nursing education been developed in that day to the degree that it would satisfy an inquiring mind of the type of Kate Lindsay's, she would not have aspired to the study of medicine, for in the years that followed, she spent the major part of her time in making use of her knowledge to improve the status of nursing in this country.

In 1870, when Kate was twenty-eight, she entered Ann Arbor as a medical student. Today this would be a very uneventful procedure, for it is a recognized fact that women have made great contributions in the field of medicine, but in 1870 Ann Arbor opened its doors for the first time to women medical students. Kate Lindsay eagerly looked upon this as an opportunity to satisfy her mind on many points and to enable her to plan better for what even then had begun to germinate in her mind.

This entire experience was a great adventure to her. But it was not an easy life—even the townspeople of Ann Arbor did not welcome this strange new type of woman. It was difficult to find those who would be willing to board a girl who really wanted to attend a boys' college. In 1871 the board of regents of the university published a paper which definitely gave recognition to the rights of both sexes to higher educational advantages of State schools. But this did not mean that the faculty of the university were all in agreement on this new step.

When women were admitted, separate instruction was given them in certain classes. This seemed to be the practice over a period of years, and for this additional lecture work, each professor in the medical school had an increase in salary of \$500 a year.

When Kate entered the university she was required to take the entrance examinations. These included mathematics, algebra, geometry, Greek, and Latin. The examinations were all oral, and their degree of severity was often determined by the attitude of the professor toward girls in the school. The Greek professor was bitterly opposed to admitting women to the university, and it was with fear and trembling that the girls faced this examination. "Well, Miss, what do you know about Greek?" And his eagle eyes would peer down at the frightened girl from the rostrum where he sat. He had Kate translate pages of Greek material, and decline nouns and adjectives. He asked her for the comparatives and superlatives of all the irregular adjectives. He would have kept on indefinitely had the room not darkened so that it was difficult to see.

No, they were not easy, those entrance examinations. And it is evidence of the application and thoroughness of Kate Lindsay's academic preparation that she passed creditably and was admitted to the class as a regular student. And not only did she meet the entrance requirements, but of such high quality was her work, and also that of the other girls, that the board of regents voted, in 1876, that coeducation in the University of Michigan had become an established fact. The girls not only became a recognized group of students in the university, but it was not long until the community learned that they were often more ideal roomers than were the men. They were not quite so destructive of the furnishings, and they were not so noisy and boisterous.

The records of the University of Michigan give us the information that "Catherine Lindsay, aged thirty-three, was a senior, October, 1875, and that she lived as a student at 318 Ingall Street, Ann Arbor." She roomed with another girl. She had the highest rating of any student in her class.

As Dr. Kate Lindsay, she was now able to begin her lifework. With a sound general education, the best that she could secure, together with a foundation such as was offered in nursing, and with her added knowledge secured at the University of Michigan, she was well qualified to join the staff of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. She did not allow that faculty to rest day or night until they had conceded to her vision that there must be established in connection with the educational features of that institution a school of nursing.

Bellevue Hospital, in 1873, had only just established a school for nurses. However, nursing as an educational procedure was greatly frowned upon, and it took *courage* to push the new venture. It was not long until the entire staff at Battle Creek had caught something of her vision of the need of trained workers in the care of the sick, but it took the determination possessed by Lord Lindsay, her paternal ancestor, to stand against them with insistence when they said, "It can't be done." For, as was true in the pioneer work in the early school in Bellevue, the place of this new school among Seventh-day Adventists, so closely related to the medical institution, was not clearly defined; consequently student education was often sacrificed to meet the immediate needs of an ever-increasing patient list. Kate Lindsay would see to it that education of student nurses should be defined.

A shortage of help often came in conflict with the objectives in the training of student nurses, and Doctor Lindsay insisted that students should not miss their organized class

instruction. She became one of the foremost instructors. She was untiring in her efforts to prepare every student in every phase of the nursing service. She was artful in questioning students, and those who sat in the back seats were the greatest victims of her untiring questions.

It was indeed unfortunate for the student who was not keenly interested in the nursing care of the sick, for both in the classroom and in connection with the practical clinical application of instruction, Kate Lindsay's keen interest was in the welfare of the patient, and she expected everyone who was devoting himself to this sacred task to give all his interest and effort to that end. She had little sympathy for students who would try to "get by." She taught them that nursing was more than floating airily in and out of a sickroom dressed in a becoming white uniform and speaking superficial words which did not comfort the wearied hearts of those who must have understanding as well as words. They learned that beneath technical knowledge there must be a heart which feels the sufferings of the human family, and an undying desire to do all in one's power to alleviate such suffering. Her early lectures to her classes were published in book form in 1893, and there is still preserved the voluminous stenciled notes she provided for her classes in later years. These notes give mute evidence of the thoroughness with which she approached her every task.

Doctor Lindsay believed that careless work was an indication of a careless character. She felt that institutions that proposed to maintain a nursing school should make adequate provision for the practical training of the student in every important phase of nursing care. And while she held to high standards, she was not unaware of the problems that confronted the students of that day. Many times they did unsatisfactory classwork because of long hours of

service in the care of the sick. This she could not condone. One day when a student had fallen asleep in her class, and she learned that he had been on all-night duty, she used the remainder of the class period to give a lecture on the value of an eight-hour day for students, and admonished the class that in the years to come, when they would become leaders of nursing, she hoped that they would contribute to the betterment of the care of the patient by insisting on a reasonable working program for the nurse.

While she insisted on a reasonable working day, she was not unaware that certain patients require nursing care beyond the ordinary. She herself would often remain up an entire night to assist in the care of a critically ill patient whose life hung in the balance; and she taught the students, through practical application, some of the principles relative to the conservation of their own health, and made it clear that personal comfort must be sacrificed when real emergencies rise in ministry to the sick. She believed that only by the regular conservation of health was a person able to meet successfully the emergencies of life.

Doctor Lindsay's introduction of every individual student to this pioneer nursing school was unique. Each one was required to have a long conference with her before she could be admitted to the school. Doctor Lindsay conversed with prospective students to ascertain their ideals and standards of life. She critically surveyed their attire. Healthful dress, she felt, was one of the most important measures. For many years she was one of the group of women, not only in Seventh-day Adventist ranks, but in the outstanding women's reform-dress organization of the world, who tried to change the unhygienic clothing which fashion decreed as the dress of the women of her day. This costume was a tight wasp corset, crinoline, and hoops. In fact, girls were so hampered by their dress that, had they not

joined the women's dress-reform movement and shown some independence in their type of dress, they could not have competed with men in educational or professional circles. The tight waist alone, which caused the death of many women, and the long, heavy skirts, brought untold misery to thousands, many of whom came to the Battle Creek Sanitarium for treatment. Doctor Lindsay wished the students in the school of nursing to be representatives of proper and healthful dress, and a part of her introductory lecture to every student centered upon this subject. Her parting words as the student would slowly disappear from her office would often be, "And remember that when I see you next time, that corset must be off."

Diet also had a large part in this early pioneer movement in nursing education, and most unusual of all, Doctor Kate saw to it that this school placed great emphasis upon natural remedies in the treatment of the sick. Physical therapy even then was an important phase in the preparation for the nursing profession. Doctor Lindsay and her associates builded well, as is evidenced by the fact that the school was recognized by the outstanding nursing educators of that day, and history records that a representative of that school was invited to join the group of women who met at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, when was born what is now known as the National League of Nursing Education, the most influential organization in nursing education in this country.

Doctor Lindsay, through pen and voice, discouraged the eating of sweets and other knickknacks between meals. She believed in using paper handkerchiefs as a sanitary measure. She taught isolation technique in the care of communicable diseases. She religiously advocated the importance of good circulation. She held for the long skirts, trailing the floor or the sidewalk, a contempt which she

could not conceal. One day, when walking down the corridor in the sanitarium, she inadvertently stepped on the train of one of the guests. "I never apologize for stepping on anything that is on the floor," was her only comment.

She talked little of germs and more of cleanliness. "No disinfectant is better than yellow laundry soap and elbow grease," she would say. She believed that sickness was not a visitation of Providence, but was brought upon the human race through their own violation of the simple principles of the laws of health. She believed that one of the greatest services a nurse could render was to become a health educator in every home she entered to care for the sick. She emphasized water drinking as a necessary hygienic measure for the internal cleansing of the system.

Not only was Doctor Lindsay an advocate of the principles of health reform and health conservation, both by precept and by example, but she was a voluminous writer, and often could be seen with paper and pencil in the midst of books and journals spread out before her. She contributed extensively to the most popular magazines of her day, both medical and general. She established a nursing club in connection with the community in which she spent the later part of her life. She attended regularly medical society meetings, and it was said that the leader of the medical society in Boulder, who was president of the university there, considered Doctor Lindsay the best-informed physician in that section of the State.

The investigative turn of mind which she had exhibited as a little child caused the doctor to make the same inquiry into every phase of work which she carried as physician and nurse. She experimented with paper comforters, thinking that they might be lighter and more hygienic. One day, when suffering from an attack of asthma, in desper-

tion she covered an electric bulb with paper and held it over her chest, and found that it gave quick relief. Through this simple discovery, we today have "radiant heat," so useful in physiotherapy. Doctor Lindsay learned also that a salt-free diet is beneficial for an asthmatic patient. All her interests, however, did not center in medicine and nursing, for she was an inveterate reader in the fields of religion and politics. Men enjoyed talking with her on current events as well as on many other phases of life, because she was so well informed. In later years it was often remarked that from this queer little old woman "fell great words of wisdom."

In 1891 the first medical missionaries were sent to South Africa. Doctor Lindsay joined the group just four years later. Unfortunately, she did not stay in England long enough to secure the necessary credentials for admittance to the medical profession in Africa, and she had to practice under the license of Doctor Anthony, who was medical superintendent of the Plumstead Sanitarium. This was a sore trial to one of her independent spirit, but the medical men of Cape Town soon learned that Doctor Lindsay had something to offer them, and she became well known as a consultant in critical cases, and was called for consultation by some of the best practitioners of that city.

While in Africa Doctor Lindsay visited the Solusi Mission. She had conducted classes on the problems of healthful living in pioneer missions for workers in Cape Town, and now she wished to see the actual conditions under which these missionaries must live in an isolated institution. She left Cape Town on a train and arrived at the mission on muleback, just at the close of the Matabele War, while the bones of the natives who had starved following the burning of the wheat crops by the English were still bleaching on the plains just a few miles from the

mission. After much arguing and persuading, she was able to get one of the skeletons for her educational work in Cape Town.

She gave lectures on healthful living to the chiefs and headmen of the tribes, but she soon learned by experience that the native African could not take his health teaching in large doses—that it must be given here a little and there a little. And not only was she eager to give of her store of knowledge, but wherever she saw a need, she opened her purse to contribute from her limited funds. When she left Solusi the workers were made happy with the gift of a pump and a windmill.

While Doctor Lindsay's foreign mission service was short, it gave her sufficient opportunity to observe the needs of the mission workers, and through her pen and voice in the years that followed she did much to mold the policy of our great missionary movement.

When she returned to the States in 1899, at the age of fifty-seven, she connected with the Boulder-Colorado Sanitarium, and there, as in the earlier days of her medical ministry, she devoted the major part of her time to the interests of the school of nursing.

During the last days of her life, Doctor Lindsay was quite feeble, from rheumatism and the general weakness of old age, but her mind was clear on most subjects, and she enjoyed most talking of the work she dearly loved. During her later years she had about four or five hours of nursing each day. While everyone loved the dear old woman, each young nurse who came to wait on her, came with fear and trembling, for Doctor Lindsay had very definite ideas as to what she wanted and how she wanted things done. Desiring little company, she read and thought much. She was tired and really longed for rest, believing that her work was done.

The greatest impression left by this woman who demonstrated a thoroughness, promptness, and perseverance not found in any except the unusual individual, was that she loved virtue and excellence more than anything else, and she believed that there was no excuse for a shortage of either of these two.

Remembering how God had blessed her services, she was thankful for the privilege of being His humble servant. On March 30, 1923, she went quietly to sleep, leaving behind her a priceless heritage to womankind. Out of her lengthened shadow has grown an organization of consecrated, well-trained missionary nurses, efficiently doing its part to minister to the suffering world under the guidance of the Great Physician. Now, do you ask why nursing organizations are called Kate Lindsay Guilds?

From India's Coral Strands

Georgia Burrus Burgess



"IT MUST BE THOSE ADVENTIST people," exclaimed Georgia. "I heard in school that they were having meetings in a tent every night, and that the young people of their new college were conducting the song service. Let's go in, just for fun, and listen to the singing."

And thus came a pause in that late stroll one warm summer evening in 1882, as Georgia Burrus and her sister sat down near the entrance of the well-lighted tent in the village of Healdsburg, California.

The sister was not especially interested, but that meeting, so thoughtlessly entered, sowed in Georgia's heart the seed of amazing achievements. She attended every service afterward, and at the conclusion of the tent effort, despite the ridicule and opposition of relatives and friends, she launched a new life in keeping with the commandments of God.

Although she was only sixteen when she began keeping the Sabbath, Georgia was already preparing to teach in the public schools. Now a new vision rose before her. Fortunately, only a few months earlier, Healdsburg College (now Pacific Union College) had opened, and it became Georgia's desire to attend. She knew it would be useless to expect her father to pay her tuition in a Seventh-day Adventist school. She didn't ask him. But Professor Sid-

ney Brownsberger, learning of the yearning of this sixteen-year-old girl, arranged for her to enter the school and pay her own tuition by caring for the bookstand and teaching several of the lower classes.

But even Professor Brownsberger had little intimation of the vast power for good that he was developing, for Georgia's school days came to an end with none of the romantic experiences that were to be hers yet in sight. She went from one schoolroom to another, but as a teacher instead of as a pupil.

It was while she was teaching in the Oakland Bible Training School that Georgia became acquainted with Elder S. N. Haskell, who had just returned from a trip around the world, on which he visited mission stations of other denominations. Seventh-day Adventists had no mission work in heathen lands, but Elder Haskell's description of the sad condition of the women and girls of India made a deep impression on her young mind. There was awakened in her heart a burning desire to go to that field and carry a few rays of sunshine into the darkened hearts and homes of her Indian sisters.

Another young woman, Myrtle Griffiths, a Bible worker in California, also had a burden for opening up mission work in India, and in 1893 she and Georgia were invited to forsake the ease of their homeland and take the knowledge of God to India, where, even as they learned the language, they would work among the shut-in women of the zenanas. But first they needed to spend a year in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, to take a special health course for missionaries that was offered there. This proved to be too strenuous a task for Myrtle, and she was forced to abandon the idea of foreign work for a while.

But Georgia went on alone. Shortly after she finished the course at Battle Creek, she was notified by the Mission

Board that a party of workers was soon to sail for South Africa, and that arrangements were being made for her to go with them as far as London. There she would join Elder and Mrs. D. A. Robinson, who also were under appointment to India.

Today, when a missionary leaves for a foreign field, he is generously outfitted, and his incidental and traveling expenses are paid by the General Conference Mission Board. But it was not so when Georgia Burrus went to India. She received only a bare transportation allowance. After settling her account at the sanitarium and purchasing a few necessary articles for the journey, she had less than a dollar in her purse. On the day she was to leave Battle Creek to take the boat in New York, she was sitting on her trunk in her room, considering whether she should ask for a few dollars in advance from the Mission Board. Doctor J. H. Kellogg, stating that he did not believe she could endure the climate of the tropics, had advised the Mission Board against her going to India. "If I ask them for money," she rightly reasoned, "they might reconsider their decision and advise the postponement of my journey until a more auspicious time."

But Georgia Burrus had a secret source of income that supplied her every need. Kneeling beside her trunk, she again placed her future in the hands of God. As she sat weighing financial matters, waiting for the Lord to answer her prayers, there came a knock at the door. When she opened it, W. H. Hall, the genial steward of the sanitarium, stepped in.

"Well, Sister Georgia," he said, "I hear that you are starting for India today, and it occurred to me that you might need some pin money along the way; so I have brought this." And he thrust a roll of bills into her hand. With a "God bless you! Good-by!" he was off before she

had time to thank him or to learn the amount of the money he had given her.

Recovering from her surprise, Georgia counted her "pin money"—\$80. Again kneeling beside her trunk, she expressed gratitude to the heavenly Father who had impressed this kind man to provide for her needs.

She shed tears of sadness and joy that evening as, to the beautiful strains of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," sung by her classmates, she boarded the train—sadness at parting with all the world held dear to her, but unutterable joy at the realization of an ambition. She had started on a long journey that proved to be long indeed, for she spent more than thirty-five years in the land of her heart's desire.

In London, Georgia learned that Elder Robinson was not to go to India for another year or more. But not to be deterred, she wrote the Mission Board that if they would pay her way on to India, she would labor as a self-supporting worker until Elder Robinson arrived and the mission was regularly opened. Strangely enough, her proposal was accepted, and she arrived in Calcutta late in January, 1895.

Shortly before reaching Calcutta the boat stopped to let the pilot off and to take on mail for the incoming passengers. As her fellow passengers were eagerly reading their messages from friends on shore, Georgia was counting the minutes until the boat would actually dock. She was startled to hear the steward call out, "A letter for Miss Burrus!" Who could be writing to her from this strange land? She had not been told of any Seventh-day Adventists in India. And surely no other boat had overtaken the one on which she was. But somehow God, in His providence, had prepared a welcome for her. There would be a man and his wife at the pier waiting to welcome her to India.

Many years before, this gentleman had been an officer in the English army in India. After retiring to his home in Australia, he had become a Seventh-day Adventist. Now, in their old age, he and his wife had visited India, hoping to interest some of their old associates in the message. However, because of poor health and the intense heat of the tropics, it was impossible for them to remain. Their return had been delayed until shortly after the arrival of Miss Burrus, and they were there to help her find a place to stay in that great heathen city.

The first night in India was spent in a lodging house kept by a Scottish woman. There Georgia first learned the inadequacy of her equipment. Her barnlike room contained a bureau, a chair, and a bedstead with a mattress on it, but no bedding. Although the kind landlady supplied bedding for the night, she unhesitatingly informed Georgia that lodgers always furnished their bedding.

Just in front of her room was a large park. It was alive with people. As she stood watching the natives gather for a heathen ceremony, and listened to the sounds so strange to her American ears, a wave of nostalgia swept over her that almost engulfed her. She realized fully that she was indeed a stranger in a strange land.

Georgia was denied even the friendly ticking of her watch, which had been given her by a dear friend in America—it had stopped and refused to run after being dropped on the ship's deck several days before landing—and this silence made her more lonely than ever. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she dropped her face in her hands, and from the depths of her feelings cried out, "O Father! I am so lonely and homesick I don't know what to do. If only I could hear my watch ticking again, I think I would feel better." And the Father who had answered her prayers in big things, cared for her every seemingly little

need, for scarcely were these words out of her mouth when—tick, tick, tick—away went the little watch, ticking as lively as ever. It was all right, and Georgia Burrus was all right, too. The weight of homesickness and loneliness lifted from her heart, and this answer to a simple prayer brought again a realization that she was not alone in India, that her Saviour was still with her. And that was the last feeling of homesickness she ever had during her years in India.

After a few days our missionary heroine moved to the Y.W.C.A. home, conducted by an Englishwoman, where she received a warm Christian welcome and found a safe and comfortable home during the time she was alone in India. Within a few days at the most she was lost in the study of the Bengali language, filled with a determination to work among the women of Bengal and bring the message of truth and hope to them.

Georgia's first year in India was to be a self-supporting year. But after six or eight hours of intensive language study each day, she had neither time nor strength for work. One Thursday she awakened to the fact that she had sufficient money to pay her board for only another month and nothing at all for further language lessons. What could she do? She dared not give up and go home. What would the Mission Board say to that? But she had no money. She did not know the language well enough to talk with the people. She must earn money somehow, so that she could continue her study. Although she met them every time she walked on the street, she was a long way from the zenana women. With a prayer in her heart that the Lord who had directed her through the long journey across the continent and two oceans, and who had made her watch run again, would not fail her now, she rose on Friday morning and began working on her lesson, her mind at rest and her heart filled with faith.

When her teacher came she told him that she would have to postpone her lessons for a time, but that she hoped in the near future to resume them. He delicately inquired in true Oriental manner if it were for financial reasons. When she hesitatingly told him that it was, he said,

"Miss Burrus, if you are willing to leave home and friends and come to my country in order to help my people, surely I ought to be willing to teach you our language, even though I am not paid for it. I shall come next week as usual for your lesson."

But the great God who watches over trusting humanity had prepared for just such an emergency as Georgia faced. On the day following her proposed dismissal of her language teacher, she received in the foreign mail a letter containing a draft for twenty-five pounds (\$125). The letter said that a similar amount would be sent each succeeding quarter of her first year in India. Many years passed before Georgia learned the source of this aid, but nevertheless she was thankful for the privilege of working uninterruptedly toward her goal.

Georgia was relieved now of anxiety over finances, and time passed so quickly and happily that when the glad word came to her that Elder Robinson's party was on the way to join her, her departure from home seemed only as yesterday. And you may be sure it was a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath day when she stood alone on the pier and watched the vessel bearing reinforcements slowly swing into the harbor. No longer was she to be the only representative of the third angel's message in India. No longer must she pray alone and study her Bible alone. Henceforth she would have the encouragement that comes from studying and praying with fellow believers.

The first of Georgia's converts was a young Bengali woman of unusual education, with whom she became ac-

quainted in the Y.W.C.A. And when a day school for Hindu girls was started, this young woman whose heart had been touched and won to Jesus, was prepared to teach the secular classes, and Georgia gave instruction in the Bible classes.

Georgia had not yet mastered the Bengali. She found her limited knowledge of the language a handicap in teaching those Hindu girls, but she wrote out her lessons for each day in English. Then, with the help of her language teacher, she translated them into simple Bengali and memorized them. And in three months she had learned more of the language than she had during the entire previous year.

But she had not mastered it, as she learned in visiting and studying with the women. On one occasion she was delayed from making a promised visit to one of the zenanas. When she finally arrived, the women all wanted to know why she had not come sooner. She told them, as she supposed, that she had been suffering from a cold, and was very much surprised when they all began to express great joy, and congratulated her, and asked her all sorts of questions about the wedding. To her chagrin, she found that instead of saying that she had a cold, she had told the women she had been married—the words for a cold and marriage being very similar. When the tangle was straightened out, all had a hearty laugh. But the women were greatly disappointed. Marriage, to a Hindu woman, is the chief aim in life, and it seems impossible for them to realize that any woman would remain single from choice. They do, however, have great respect for the unmarried woman missionary, believing that it is her devotion to God that leads her to renounce marriage.

The work in the school was fruitful, but that was not where the heart of Georgia Burrus lay. There were

zenana women, thousands of them, yes, millions of them, women who were not permitted to commune with the outside world, who had no contact with others except those of their own households—and the cry of their great need had spanned continents and oceans and had touched her heart. She was not content to work in any other capacity while these women hidden behind the purdah had no one to tell them of the Saviour and of His wonderful love for them. And not to be turned aside from her original purpose, she soon directed her efforts entirely toward them.

But the avenue of approach was narrow and difficult of access. However, through the school for girls she gained an entrance to some of the homes, and while responding to an invitation passed on to her from one of these homes, she met Nonibala, who was the first fruit of her zenana work. Nonibala was an intelligent girl. She loved music, and while Georgia did not have the voice of a prima donna, Nonibala recognized a quality in her songs that gripped her heart, and when the *mem-sahib* departed, it was after having been urged to come again and teach them about the One of whom she had been singing. Soon she became a weekly visitor in the home, and Nonibala learned to love the Saviour and confessed openly her belief in Him. When she refused to again bow down to the family idols, she incurred the wrath of the other members of the family, whose interest in the Bible lessons had decreased as hers increased.

Nonibala was beaten by her father and scorned by the women in the zenana, and her life was made most miserable. She was watched closely, but she escaped one night by means of a ladder left within the walls. Climbing onto the top of the house, she jumped from the flat roof into the street below. About that time a training class for nurses was opened in Calcutta by Dr. O. G. Place, who

had recently arrived in India, and Nonibala was one of the first students to take the course. Many years have passed since she scaled the walls of her zenana prison at midnight in her desire to follow the way of the cross, and she is still a bright and happy Christian—a source of light and blessing to those to whom she ministers in her work as an efficient nurse.

Although Georgia Burrus had of her own free will gone far away from young people of like faith, of similar ideals and ambitions, romance did not pass her by, but rather it sought her out. Given a young man and a young woman dedicated to a similar cause, without other associates, and the inevitable result is a mutual understanding and appreciation of each other's virtues, aims, and desires, and a mutual tolerance of each other's faults, if faults they perchance see. And what more is essential to a love affair of unusual interest in a faraway land? So thought Georgia Burrus and L. J. Burgess, secretary-treasurer of the India Mission, the first denominational organization in India.

Mr. Burgess was kept quite busy with the work in the office, but, feeling a special interest in the native people, he managed to find some time each day for language study. A personable young woman, who knew Bengali fairly well by this time, was doing zenana work in Calcutta. Hindi was rather closely related to Bengali, and therefore not so difficult for her as for the young man who was studying it also. It occurred to them that if they studied together, they might be mutually benefited. And they were.

Who would wish for a more suitable place for Cupid to do his subtle work than the soft turf underneath the palm trees of the sanitarium compound? But the period of courtship was not taken up in idly dawdling their time away. These young people came to appreciate each other through the seriousness with which they attacked their

problems. There they sat in early morning while India was yet asleep, a Hindi Bible and a dictionary as their companions. But who would say that after the day's work was over these two did not seek these same palm trees for a further development of the friendship begun in study that terminated in a lifelong partnership in the work in India? They were married the following year, and Georgia Burrus became Mrs. L. J. Burgess. The secretary then resigned his position in the office to devote his entire time to native work.

Soon a Macedonian call came to these two. Up to this time the vernacular work had been confined largely to the Bengalese. Several native workers had been developed, and other recruits from America were expected soon.

One day Mrs. Burgess was standing on the railway platform at Calcutta, distributing tracts and papers to the thronging crowds. A man stepped up and asked for some literature in the Hindustani language. She was compelled to tell him that she had none. With a weary, disappointed look on his face, he said, "*Mem-sahib*, there are millions of people in this country who know only my language. What are you going to do for us?"

"We must do something for those people," Georgia told her husband when she returned home. And to determine to do was to do. That was the same spirit that had sent her to India. As a by-product of their early morning language study, these two young people had prepared the first Hindi tract—"The Coming King." Now they turned their entire thought and time to these 80,000,000 Hindustani-speaking people of North India. There was not a convert among them, and that little eight-page tract was all they had in the way of literature.

The appeal from the railway platform at Calcutta hastened the work, but before these two were able to do

anything definite, they were compelled to return to America because of broken health, and the answer to the question so pleadingly put to Georgia was delayed a while longer.

Again Elder Haskell was to be an instrument in securing funds to aid Georgia in her work in India. On learning of the interest that she and her husband had in the Hindustani people, and their burden for them, he proposed a plan for raising means to open up the work in North India. He offered to print 20,000 copies of a special number of the *Bible Training School*, a monthly journal which he was publishing at that time, that would be sold for ten cents a copy. All the proceeds above the actual cost of printing were to be devoted to the opening of the Hindustani work. The Mission Board endorsed the plan, the special edition was printed, and within three months the magazines were all sold and these two were on their way back to India.

It was necessary to wait several days in London, and while there Elder and Mrs. Burgess were invited several times to speak on India. However, because of a campaign that was then being pushed to secure funds for the English training school, they did not ask for any money for India. But from here and there came a gold piece, with a whisper, "Use it in your work in India." Coins fell from napkins where they were invited to dine. They received anonymous letters containing money and a note, "From a friend of India." And on counting up the unsolicited sums, they found that they had exactly sufficient to pay the extra for second-class passage which they were obliged to pay because of some misunderstanding in regard to their sailing arrangements.

Heretofore all literature distributed in India had been given away. Seventh-day Adventists had nothing for sale

in the vernaculars. Missionaries of other denominations did not hesitate to assure Elder and Mrs. Burgess that the people of India were so accustomed to having Christian literature given them that it would be impossible to persuade them to buy it. But the same courage and faith that sent Georgia Burrus into uncharted lands, as far as Seventh-day Adventist missions were counted, now moved upon the heart and mind of Mrs. Burgess and her husband as they prepared a number of articles in the Hindi language to make a twenty-four-page pamphlet, which they called "*Sunatan Susamacher*," the "Everlasting Gospel." An edition of 10,000 was printed, and with the help of a young Hindustani man who had accepted the message, and others who soon united with them, all were sold in just a short while, and another edition, this time of 20,000, was printed. This same pamphlet was printed in the Urdu language, and had a wide circulation in that language, too. Elder J. L. Shaw, who, with his wife, had joined the forces in India, then prepared a pamphlet for translation into the Bengali language, which also met with a ready sale, and the vernacular colporteur work in India was firmly launched.

As recruits joined forces and natives were trained, the Burgess family, possessed still of the rugged individualism of which pioneers are made, moved on into unentered territory.

"Are we really in India?" was the question Mrs. Burgess asked her husband frequently when they went to the beautiful hill station of Shillong to labor among the Khasi people. Here was a different class of Indians from any they had met before. Their language was different—so different that it had absolutely no similarity to any of the other languages of India. They thought often that they might learn Khasi better had they never studied any of

the other languages. It seemed that every rule of grammar was just the opposite of the rules they had learned before.

But the most marked difference they found was in the state of the women. They were absolutely free. There was no zenana system, no seclusion of women. What a contrast to the heavily veiled women they had met before were the bright, smiling faces and the cheery "*Khublei*," meaning "God bless you," of the Khasi women.

Besides being free from the zenana system, the Khasi women were the leading factors in the family. Most of the business was carried on by them. The missionaries found them carrying the purse and deciding practically all financial matters. Property was in their names. The inheritance of the family fell to the youngest daughter instead of to the eldest son. The wife retained her maiden name when she married, and the children took the mother's name instead of the father's name. The Khasi women also had higher educational privileges. Gone were the struggles against the rigid purdah; gone was the clever maneuvering to pierce these veils; and instead of the slow-moving work of the years before, when they were forced to beat, as it were, against an almost closed door, they were able to see, after a short while, their first converts to our message.

And Georgia's last work was to be with the Khasi people. The rigors of pioneering proved too trying in the torrid climate, and took its toll of the health of her and her husband. They must return to the homeland to spend the sunset of life in a peaceful California valley. Who knows but that many tears were shed as they packed their few belongings, bade farewell to the people who had become their family, and set sail again for the homeland?

As a farewell gift to India, they left literature in the Khasi language on practically all the principal points of present truth. Although, as far as actual contacts with

those people are concerned, their labors are ended, yet the work they did has continued to progress, and their thoughts and prayers are constantly in India as they await the time when the fruit of their labors will be gathered together in a new land where there is no purdah, no zenana, no difficult languages to be mastered, but where we shall meet all our friends who are faithful, and where all will speak one universal language, the language of the love of Christ.

Eliza H. Morton



ELIZA MORTON MADE HER HOME throughout her life in "The Cedars," in North Deering, Maine, where, in 1852, she was born. She was the only daughter of William and Hannah Morton, who brought her up in the advent hope. She began teaching in public school when she was only sixteen years old, and continued for fifteen years. In 1880 she was at the head of the normal and commercial departments of Battle Creek College, in which capacity she continued for three years. From 1893 to 1910 she was secretary and treasurer of the Maine Conference and Tract Society. It is said that during those seventeen years no single individual contributed more to the upbuilding of the work in Maine than did Eliza Morton. Her good judgment, clear views, and aggressive policy were invaluable assets. In 1914 her contribution to the Maine Teachers' Association was an outstanding geographical exhibit. She was a member of the National Geographic Society.

Her first poem was published in the *Review and Herald*. Many of her poems have been set to music, the most notable being, perhaps, "The Songs My Mother Used to Sing," which was used extensively by D. L. Moody's evangelist, D. B. Towner. She was especially interested in geography, and wrote two series of textbooks, which were published and used all over the world.

Her complete published works are as follows: Two series of Potter Geographies; two series of Morton Geographies; "Chalk Illustrations;" "Geographical Spice;" "Les-

sons on the Continents;" "Thought, Its Origin and Power;" "Still Waters" (poems); "Star Flowers" (poems); and the last, "Rays of Light on the Sabbath Question." On her request one poem from "Star Flowers" was read at her funeral.

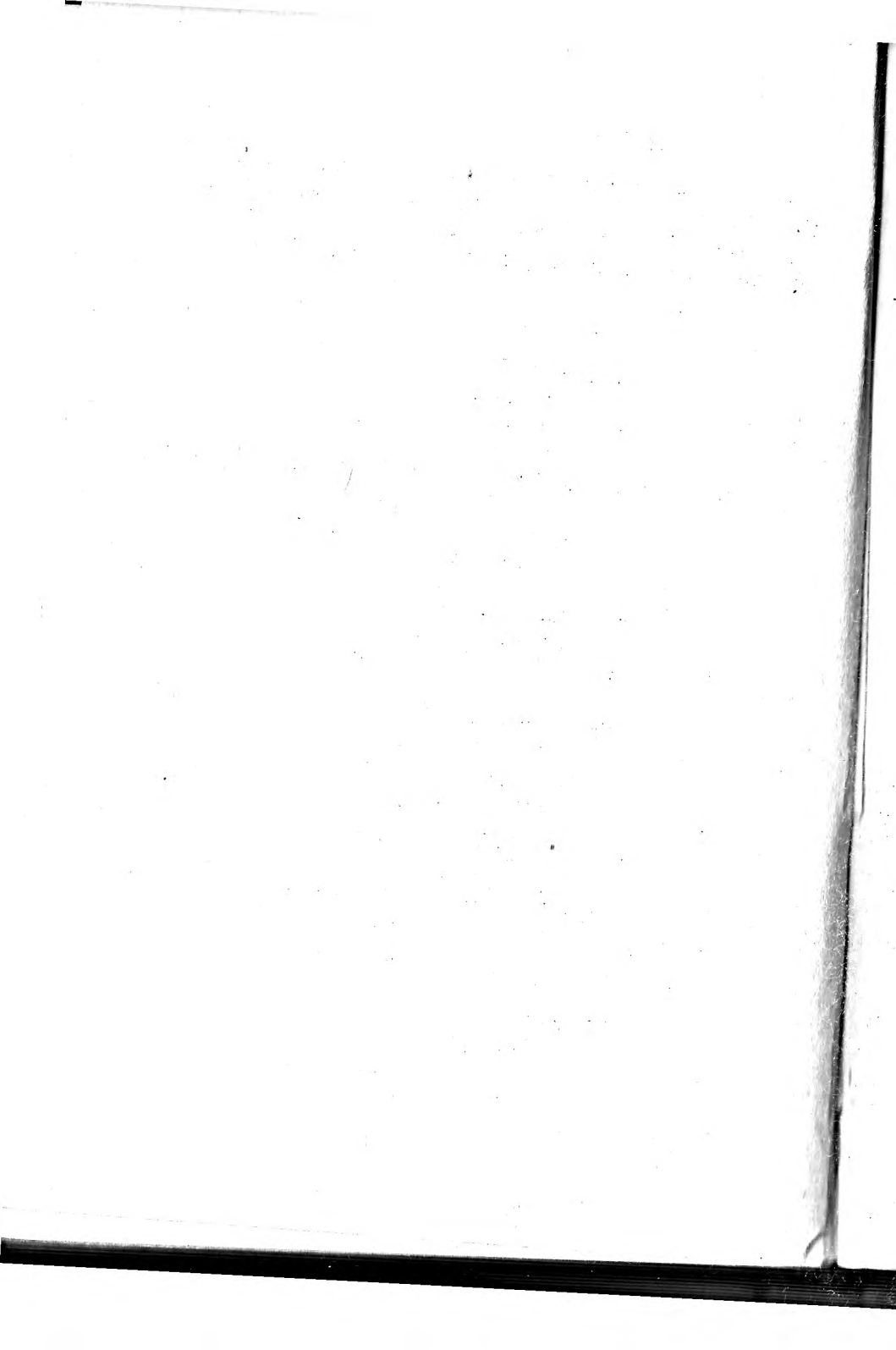
IF I SHOULD DIE

I do not care to die, for life is sweet;
But death is here,
An enemy forever on my track,
Forever near.
If I should die, I ask not for a throng
To crowd around
To gaze upon my face, to see me lowered
Into the ground.

I ask not for an epitaph of fame
When I am dead;
I care not for the flattering words
That may be said.
I would the poor that I have helped,
The sick and sad,
Might say with tears beside my bier,
"She made me glad."

If I should die, I ask my friends
To kindly speak,
Forgetting all the things that grieved
And made us weak;
And looking on beyond the days
And years to come,
Think of the promise of our Lord,
The mansion home.

—*Eliza Morton.*



"The Angel Said to Me . . ."

Mrs. E. G. White



IT DID NOT OCCUR TO ROBERT and Eunice Harmon that one of the twins born to them at Gorham, Maine, November 26, 1827, would one day be chosen by the Lord to act a prominent part in the development of an organization that would embrace membership from among all peoples of earth. And if either of them had any hopes of little Ellen's achieving great distinction, those hopes were dispelled when, at the age of nine, in company with her twin and a schoolmate, she became involved in a childish misunderstanding which resulted in her receiving a blow that caused permanent injury to her nose and necessitated her discontinuing all schoolwork after several attempts to study ended in failure. The girl who threw the stone at Ellen, breaking her nose, was appointed to assist her in writing and in studying her other lessons when she returned to school. But the impossibility of Ellen's accomplishing anything along this line was soon realized because of her extreme nervousness and her inability to control her hand in writing.

With finite judgment, man might well deplore the painful experience that seemed to blight the child's life and close to her many a door of opportunity for that which is regarded as desirable in this life. Without doubt the hand of the Lord was in it all, for, had she been better educated,

when Ellen Harmon became the messenger through whom the Lord spoke to guide His people, the things she wrote and said might have been attributed to her intellect and education rather than to the power of God in her life, and His Spirit working through her.

After the accident Ellen was afraid that she would die, and although she was very young, she began to pray the Lord to prepare her for death. One day as she was earnestly seeking the Lord for forgiveness of sins, she said she felt peace of mind, love for everyone, and a desire that all should have their sins forgiven and love Jesus as she did. Later when she was able to be up and play with other children, she realized what a handicap to popularity is a disfigured face. Those who had been her playmates shrank from her, and she was left to herself. Perhaps the Lord used this experience for her good, leading her to seek Him more earnestly. Then, too, just a short while before her illness she had picked up a scrap of paper on which was an account of a man in England who was preaching that the earth would be destroyed in about thirty years. In thinking over what she had read on this subject, she was seized with terror, and the impression it made was so great that for several nights she could not sleep. She prayed continually to be ready for the coming of Jesus. She was so sensitive that when even her mother came into the room where she was reading the Bible, Ellen would hide it lest her mother learn of her mental sufferings.

All these experiences, remarkable and unusual in one so young, helped to make her mind receptive to the doctrines preached by William Miller, which she heard first in 1840. He, too, preached that the Lord was coming very shortly, setting the date for His coming as three years hence. Ellen was possessed with the thought that she could never become worthy to be called a child of God. At a

Methodist camp meeting the following summer she received great encouragement, and the darkness that had enshrouded her soul began to pass.

One day when she felt her needy, helpless condition more deeply than ever before, she cried out to the Lord, "Help, Jesus; save me, or I perish! I will never cease to entreat till my prayer is heard and my sins are forgiven." Suddenly her burden left her and her heart was light. Then she was seized with alarm and tried to take up the burden again, fearing that the joyous satisfaction that had come to her was but a delusion of Satan to bring about her utter loss. For so long had she been burdened that the relief she felt seemed to her to be out of place in the heart of a Christian, but there came a calm assurance that this was the peace that passeth all understanding, the peace that Jesus would have all His children experience and cherish. And when one of the mothers in Israel asked her if she had found Jesus, she did not wait for a reply, but exclaimed, "Indeed you have; His peace is with you, I see it in your face!" This new experience seemed too exalted a privilege for her; yet while she was too timid to confess it openly, she felt that the Saviour had blessed her and pardoned her sins.

Soon after returning home from this camp meeting, Ellen was taken into the Methodist Church on probation. When she was baptized—by immersion because she believed that to be the right form of baptism—she felt indeed that she had truly risen from the watery grave into a newness of life, and that henceforth she was not of this world.

Again, in 1842, the Harmons heard William Miller give a series of lectures which created more excitement than had the first; and the message he preached was accepted and honored by the Harmons as well as by many others. Up

to this time there were advent believers in all the churches. But there later came a change, and the churches began to close their doors against the preaching of the advent doctrine.

It was a great disappointment to Ellen that those who had been the means of leading her to the Saviour should arise in opposition to the word of God that seemed to show His coming near, and that they should manifest bitterness when the subject of the second advent was introduced.

There were other occasions for perplexity. She could not understand the relationship of justification and sanctification as it was discussed by the church leaders. Nor could she understand how God could be just and yet consign those who did not do His will to everlasting punishment, which she had been taught was the fate of the sinner. The heavenly Father was presented before her as a tyrant who delighted in the agonies of the condemned—not as the tender, pitying Friend of sinners she later learned Him to be. At last almost total darkness settled down upon her, and there seemed to be no way out of the shadows.

Once she dreamed of a temple in which was a lamb that was torn and bruised, it seemed, because of the people who entered the temple. Those who confessed their sins before this lamb would be saved. But before she could make her way to the place of confession, the dream ended, and she was more discouraged than ever before. Soon she had another dream in which she was taken before Jesus Himself, who placed His hand on her head and said, "Fear not." As she left His presence her guide gave her a green cord that was to be taken out and stretched when she wished to see Jesus. She was cautioned not to let it remain coiled for a very long time, for it would become knotted and difficult to straighten. This dream gave her

hope and courage, for the cord, to her, represented faith, and the beauty and simplicity of trusting God began to dawn upon her soul.

Ellen had kept all these experiences to herself, but after this latter dream she confided in her mother, and then in Elder Stockman, who was at that time preaching the advent doctrine in Portland. Not realizing the full implication of his words, the kind old man placed his hand on her head and said, with tears in his eyes, "Ellen, you are only a child. Yours is a most singular experience for one of your tender age. Jesus must be preparing you for some special work." She went back to her home, happy in the love of Christ, and labored earnestly for the conversion of her friends.

When the Harmon family were disfellowshipped from the Methodist Church because of their advent faith, they allied themselves with the little group in Portland, Maine, who were looking for the soon coming of the Saviour. Ellen and her twin sister, Elizabeth, and an older sister, Sarah, worked for their father, who was a hatter, to earn money with which to help further the cause of preaching Christ's imminent return. Ellen, the frail one, was given the easiest job, that of making the crowns of hats. She also knit stockings at twenty-five cents a pair. Her heart was so weak that she was obliged at times to sit propped up in bed to do this work, but day after day she toiled on, happy that her trembling fingers could do something to bring in a little pittance for the cause she loved. And how fast those knitting needles flew, clicking out the twenty-five cents a day she earned! How carefully she would lay aside the precious bits of silver, which were to be spent for reading matter to enlighten and arouse those in darkness. Although her dress was very plain, she had no temptation to spend any of her earnings for needless

ornaments. Such appeared sinful. Every leaf of printed matter seemed precious to her, even at such an early age. It was a messenger of light to the world, bidding people to prepare for the great event at hand.

As the time drew near when the Lord was expected, believers were encouraged to work for their friends and relatives, and conversions multiplied daily. Miraculously men and women—even ministers of other congregations—accepted the message. The presence of the angels was felt in the meetings. Frequently as the people returned to their homes in the chill of the autumn evening, following a precious season of prayer together, a voice praising God would be heard in one direction. Then, as though in response, voices from another and still another direction sang, "Glory to God; the Lord reigneth."

William Miller had taught that the Lord would come some time during the Jewish year 1843, which, according to his reckoning, terminated March 21, 1844. That period passed, and the Lord did not come. Some were discouraged, and fell out by the wayside. Others, who knew of a surety that the Lord had been with them, continued in supplication and prayer that their faith might not go unrewarded. They felt that there was some explanation for the disappointment. Ellen Harmon was among that number. They took out their Bibles and began examining the prophecy and searching the Scriptures again. They discovered that they had incorrectly placed the crucifixion of Christ in 33 A.D., and accounted that it came at the end of the seventieth week. They also saw that 2300 full years from the going forth of the command would carry them over to the fall of 1844. And then on the basis of the fulfillment of types at Christ's crucifixion, they concluded that the second coming would also be based on types—the Day of Atonement. This led them to select October 22

as the day for Christ to appear. But again they were disappointed. The morning of October 22, 1844, arrived. The sun rose as usual. It took its course through the heavens, as usual, and set, as usual. The hearts of those who had so eagerly and expectantly looked forward to that day were now heavy with bewildered grief.

The company of believers was broken up. Some, rejoicing that their fears had not been realized, now joined the careless multitudes in opposing and ridiculing their former associates. Those who still maintained their faith that the coming of Christ was near at hand, were soon divided into two main parties, aside from the fanatical group. The first, more numerous than either of the others, held that the failure of their hopes was evidence that they had been mistaken in their reckoning of prophetic time. Some of these sought to maintain a waiting, watchful attitude; others even made new calculations of the prophetic periods, and set new dates for the coming of Christ.

There was a third class who could not deny the reality of the blessings they had received in proclaiming the "midnight cry." Though they might not understand, yet they were assured that God had led them in their experience, and that He would still lead them if they would earnestly continue to seek Him for further light. And as before when the Lord failed to appear, they set about to ascertain their mistake. After much study and prayer, it was discovered that they were mistaken in the event that was to occur at the time unmistakably indicated in the prophecy.

A few weeks after the disappointment, Ellen Harmon was visiting at the home of a neighbor in Portland, Maine. There were five women present, all of whom had earnestly striven to further the cause of God. As they were engaged

in prayer, Ellen apparently lost consciousness. It seemed to her that she was surrounded by light, and was rising higher and higher from the earth. She saw the advent people traveling the path that led to heaven. She witnessed the end of the journey and was shown the reward of the faithful. When she related this vision to the believers in Portland, they recognized this as God's means of comforting them and strengthening their hope. Only seventeen, Ellen was, and this experience filled her with unspeakable awe.

About a week later a second vision was given her in which she was bidden to go from place to place and relate to others what had been shown her. But she could not bear the thought of appearing in public and telling what had been revealed to her. She had also seen the trials through which she must pass. Said the angel, "Make known to others what I have revealed to you. . . . Deliver the message faithfully; endure unto the end, and you shall eat of the fruit of the tree of life."

Ellen was frail, weighing only eighty pounds, and had a weak heart and diseased lungs. She was extremely timid, and sensitive to criticism or censure. Her family, though respected for their Christian integrity, were poor and had no claim to distinction. Who could have foreseen that she would be strengthened physically for a life of arduous labor, ending only when she was nearly ninety; that she would acquire intellectual power to qualify as an outstanding author and lecturer; that she would be fortified to stand courageously for her conceptions of right, at times against acute opposition; or that in the years to come she would, as a steward of means, though laying aside nothing for her own enrichment, dispense thousands of dollars in various benevolences?

After great soul conflict, she gained the victory over

her timidity and dread of opposition and ridicule, and fearlessly stood before the people. She was urged to travel and tell of her experiences. Her father's business would not permit him to accompany her, but she had been shown glimpses of the tree of life and of the river of life, and she rose from prayer to take up the burden laid on her of the Lord, and trusted in Him to provide ways and means of travel.

And while Ellen Harmon recognized that the visions she had were of God, she never placed them before His word. In the first book she wrote she said, "I recommend to you, dear reader, the word of God as the rule of your faith and practice. By that word we are to be judged." —*Early Writings,* p. 78. And that was her counsel all along the way. The last words she ever spoke in a general assembly of this movement as she opened the Bible and held it out with trembling hands, were: "Brethren and sisters, I commend unto you this Book." Without another word she closed the Book and walked from the platform.

In those early days she was directed to travel from place to place, visiting those who had accepted the advent doctrines, and telling them of the light that had been given her which explained their perplexing disappointment. Many there were who refused to accept her as a prophet of the Lord. They spoke bitter words against her, and opposed her in every way they could; but, as with Baalam, their words were turned aside, and the cause of God triumphed. Sometimes miracles were wrought in connection with the work of Miss Harmon and her associates. Sometimes in answer to the prayer of faith, the sick were healed, as in the case of Miss Frances Howland, of Topsham, Maine.

False teachings were being advocated by religious fanatics. These were shown to Ellen Harmon in their

true nature. One group professed that they were sanctified and could not sin. Others said they were living in the year of jubilee and should do no work. While some were freed from their errors, others disregarded the admonitions sent them from God and continued to teach their spurious doctrines, denouncing the one who had pointed out their false teachings.

On one occasion, after having been maligned and harassed because of the straight testimonies she had borne to those who were in error, Ellen herself was tempted to question the source of her inspiration. She was immediately stricken dumb and told that she would remain so nearly twenty-four hours. Then in vision she was shown a card on which were printed fifty texts in letters of gold. On coming out of the vision she wrote her request for the large family Bible; then, taking it in her hands, she turned to all the texts she had seen. She was unable to speak all day. But the next morning her tongue was loosed and she could tell of her experience.

During his labors as a second-advent preacher, James White, a young man whose life was devoted to warning sinners and preaching to them salvation, visited the city of Portland, Maine, and there met Ellen Harmon for the first time. In writing of her, he said, "She was then a Christian of the most devoted type. And although but sixteen, she was a laborer for the cause of Christ in public and from house to house." A few months after her first vision, Miss Harmon was led to Orrington, Maine, to relate her visions. James White was there at that time, and during a three-months period they were both working in behalf of the believers in that vicinity, and had opportunity to become better acquainted.

Of course they had no idea then of marriage at any future time. But the Lord had a work for both of them

to do, and He saw that they could greatly assist each other. Elder White saw that as Ellen was to come before the public, she needed a lawful protector, and as he had given himself unreservedly to the cause of God, he felt that she, as a channel of light and truth to the people, in a special sense could be of great help to him. But it was not until both had taken the matter of marriage to the Lord and had obtained an experience that placed the matter in question beyond the reach of doubt, that they took the important step. And so they were married; and God blessed the union, as He always blesses two souls who seek, under His hand, to make of marriage the blessing that it should be. Now they traveled together and labored together for the salvation of souls.

The early believers observed the first day of the week as the Sabbath. Through the influence of Rachel Preston and the reading of Seventh Day Baptist literature which she gave them, one group of believers in Washington, New Hampshire, were led to observe the seventh day. Others here and there through the influence of Bible study and of Sabbath advocates also saw the Sabbath truth. Early in 1845, an Adventist minister, T. M. Preble, wrote a tract on the subject, and although he later abandoned his position, he could not check the influence of his article.

In 1846 Ellen Harmon, James White, and others visited Joseph Bates in Massachusetts, who was then observing the Sabbath. He gave them his reasons for it, but Miss Harmon did not at that time see its importance. Soon after this she was married to Elder James White, and through a study of the Sabbath tract written by Elder Bates, they were led to begin to keep the Sabbath in the latter part of 1846.

Some months later God gave Mrs. White a vision of the heavenly sanctuary, in which she saw the ark, covered

with the mercy seat, an angel standing at either end of the ark, with wings spread over the mercy seat in protective attitude, their faces turned toward it. When Jesus Himself raised the cover of the ark, the fourth commandment appeared in the center of the ten, with a soft halo of light encircling it. Henceforth there was no doubt in her mind as to the sacredness of the seventh-day Sabbath of the Lord and the importance of observing it.

One morning in 1848 Mrs. White had a vision in which she received instruction to begin a work that was destined to encircle the globe. Coming from the vision, she said to her husband, "I have a message for you. You must begin to print a little paper, and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first."—"*Life Sketches*," p. 125.

Elder White himself was penniless, and he received no encouragement from friends who might have helped in financing the new venture. But the Lord had directed in the plan, and He would see it through. Elder White had previously worked in a hayfield to earn money for the support of his family and to secure means to make a trip to attend meetings in New York, and he decided that again he would do that, and use the money earned to begin publishing. The Lord, however, showed Mrs. White in vision that it was not His will that her husband should again enter the hayfield, but that he should devote his time to writing and publishing what he had written. Divine assurance was given that his faith would be rewarded by the provision of means for the support of the paper.

The first issues of the new paper, *Present Truth*, were prepared in the large, unfinished room over the kitchen in the home in which the Whites were then living. This one room was their apartment. Elder White, with Bible and concordance, sat by one window writing articles for the paper; his wife sat in a chair by the other window writing

letters; and Clarissa Bonfoey worked at the stove in one corner preparing the meals, or busied herself in keeping the place clean. In less than a year from the time of the first instruction on the publishing work, four issues of the paper had been printed and distributed. These were read and reread many times. While they were being published, sufficient means was received to pay the cost. Numbers 5 and 6 were printed in December of that same year. But for these issues the funds did not come as they were needed, and Elder White decided to discontinue the printing. Six days after the decision, Mrs. White, while praying for her sick babe, was given another vision. She saw that the paper was needed, that souls were hungry for the truths which they must write, that the paper would go where God's servants could not go. This experience was related, and the discouraging outlook was changed.

The story of the growth of the publishing work is an intensely interesting one, but it cannot be retold in these few brief pages. Today it can be truthfully stated that the sun never sets on the publishing work of Seventh-day Adventists. Gospel presses, busily turning out pages of truth, encircle the globe. The angels of the Lord, standing guard over them, direct the movements of those who labor to continue the work begun when the messenger of God said, "You must begin to print a little paper," and they rejoice as they count the souls won through the printed pages. The enterprise, represented in 1849 by only that first paper, has progressed to such an enormous magnitude that those who carry the printed word cannot keep up with it. The industry has grown with the denomination.

In 1865 Mrs. White was shown in vision that a home should be provided for the afflicted and for those who wished to learn how to take care of their bodies, that they might prevent sickness. She was shown that as the sick

and suffering became acquainted with Seventh-day Adventists and their real faith, their prejudice would be overcome and they would be favorably impressed. Within nine months from the time of this vision a spacious dwelling with eight acres of grounds had been purchased and was opened as the Health Reform Institute. A health journal, called the *Health Reformer*, was also being printed.

Mrs. White said that the health work was to be the "right arm" of the message. She said that it would allay prejudice. Today, there is a chain of institutions the world around. Seventh-day Adventists own some of the best-equipped, most efficient sanitariums in the world. These institutions aggregate millions of dollars in investment. In some countries rulers have donated hundreds of thousands of dollars for the building and maintenance of sanitariums and health clinics. Influential men of wealth in the homeland have contributed in a marvelous manner to the sanitarium work. One man, because of the honesty and courtesy shown him in one institution, donated money for a sanitarium and also for a nurses' home in one of the Midwestern States. Has the health work allayed prejudice? The answer is to be found in the stories of incidents repeated over and over in mission fields, where hearts have been won and the front line of the message has been advanced through the work of medical missionaries.

In the summer of 1867, a Professor G. H. Bell had begun teaching a group of young people in Battle Creek, Michigan. When cold weather came on, they moved from the lawn, where the classes were held in warm weather, to an old office building of the publishing house already established there. This school was continued for several years, conducted for the benefit of the sanitarium and

publishing house workers. In 1874 Battle Creek College was opened, and there was definitely established the educational system that has grown so that today children may begin at kindergarten age and emerge from school in due time as full-fledged college graduates with a degree that is accepted by the highest educational institutions in the United States. When a missionary goes to a foreign land, often one of the very first things he does is to establish a school. Often this school meets under the widespreading branches of a leafy banyan tree, or on the banks of a rushing stream. But the school goes with the missionary, and wherever Seventh-day Adventists are found, facilities for Christian education are found also. Why?

The Lord, speaking through Mrs. White, said that true education is the harmonious development of the physical, mental, and spiritual powers. Religion as such cannot be taught in public schools with complete justice to the parents of children of varying beliefs and of no belief. The battle cry of the denomination is, "Prepare to meet thy God!" The schools of the world do not give the preparation that is necessary. Therefore, Seventh-day Adventists should be in separate schools, where they may be trained in religious branches as well as in other lines. As one of the leaders has said, "In such an age as this, any education that stresses intellectuality alone will not suffice. An education that puts more emphasis on chemistry than on character; on politics than on piety; on oratory than on obedience; on gymnastics than on God; which says 'prepare to get a job' rather than 'prepare to meet thy God,' may in the end prove more of a detriment than an advantage, both to the individual and to the nation."

When Mrs. White was only twenty-three years old, important instruction regarding organization and church order came to her. There were those who opposed a

definite organization, feeling that such a step would be patterning too much after the world. But there was no way to keep down disorders. Some, claiming to belong to the faith, would go about preaching ideas that were not upheld by the leaders. Mrs. White was told that " 'the church must flee to God's word, and become established upon gospel order, which has been overlooked and neglected.' "—*“Early Writings,”* p. 100.

So the leaders went to God's word, and from their study of that, and from the instruction received through the Spirit of prophecy, an organization was formed, simple at first while the numbers were small, and later adapted to the enlargement and growth of the work to world-wide proportions.

It was by counsel given through Mrs. White that the vision of a world-wide work was gradually unfolded. In 1871 she wrote:

“Young men should be qualifying themselves by becoming familiar with other languages, that God may use them as mediums to communicate His saving truth to those of other nations.” “Our publications should be printed in other languages, that foreign nations may be reached.” “Missionaries are needed to go to other nations to preach the truth in a guarded, careful manner.”

In 1874 Elder J. N. Andrews went to Switzerland and opened up mission work in Basel. Three years later, in 1877, Maud Sisley, with the Ings family, joined him; in 1885 Elders Haskell and Corliss sailed for Australia; in 1887 Elders Boyd and Robinson went to South Africa. In 1894 Georgia Burrus landed in Calcutta; in 1901 the J. N. Andersons were in China; and by 1902 there were, altogether, 754 missionaries in various parts of the world. This great missionary movement, begun under the direction of God, has grown and prospered. When, during

recent years, other denominations have been recalling missionaries, Seventh-day Adventists have remained at their posts of duty, the calls for more workers increasing so rapidly that it seems humanly impossible to fill them.

In 1881 came a severe blow to Mrs. White. For thirty-five years she had had the constant companionship, encouragement, and protection of her husband. She had leaned heavily upon the strong arm of Elder White for comfort and help during trying periods through which she had passed. Now she was bereft of the chosen protector of her youth, the companion of her life, the sharer of her labors and afflictions and joys. The blow came suddenly and was a terrible shock to her, but even then she felt that Jesus was more precious to her than she had ever felt Him to be before. When her oldest son had been taken from her—her sweet singer, she called him—she could but say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And when he who had labored by her side through the years was taken, she laid her hands on his eyes and said, "I commit my treasure to Thee until the morning of the resurrection."

Mrs. White was herself seriously ill when her husband died. But she soon rallied, and later made her home in Healdsburg, California, devoting her time to writing and laboring among the churches. The camp meeting the following year was held at that place. As the time appointed for the meeting approached, Mrs. White was taken sick, and the gathering was postponed in the hope that she might be sufficiently recovered to be able to take part.

On the first Sabbath of the meeting, although still suffering and very weak, she requested to be taken to the campground and placed on a sofa near the speaker's stand, where she might hear the discourse. When the

speaker had finished, Mrs. White said to her attendant, "Help me onto my feet." She was led to the desk. At first her voice trembled as she began in a feeble way to tell the people that this might be the last time they would hear her voice. After she had spoken a few sentences, there was a change in her attitude and appearance. Her voice was strengthened, and her sentences came clear and full. The audience beheld a miracle performed before their eyes. They saw the pallor of illness change to the flush of health, gradually spreading from her neck over her face. During the remaining part of the meeting she spoke five times.

Relieved of suffering, and with former strength renewed, Mrs. White was able to continue with her important work. Three years later she traveled through Europe, comforting, strengthening, and counseling the brethren. Later she spent a decade in Australia, where, with her counsel, a "model" school was established. She returned to the United States for the remaining years of her life, and wrote and traveled and preached.

While Mrs. White was deeply religious, the possession of the prophetic gift did not make her a strange and different kind of person. She loved her life in the home as a wife and mother, and in her earlier years was often heard singing to herself as she performed the humble duties of the household. But her public service in writing and lecturing took more and more of her time, and after a while the household duties were of necessity largely delegated to others.

Mrs. White did not assume personal authority, or claim for herself personal wisdom above others, but when the Spirit of the Lord impressed her to give counsel, she gave it fearlessly and without hesitation.

Many sought her for counsel either concerning their personal problems, or concerning problems connected with

the work of God. If she had not received definite counsel from God for these inquirers, she would tell them so, and recommend them to trust in Him and to do their best. On many occasions, however, she would have definite light, either presented at some previous time, or in answer to her prayer for guidance. That which was revealed to her was presented orally, or written out and sent by mail to those who were concerned. Many times these communications would arrive at their destination at such an opportune time that it was evident that no ordinary human wisdom could have foreseen the situation and sent the timely counsel that brought light upon some perplexing problem.

Her writing was often interrupted by requests to attend meetings, by personal interviews, or by ministry to others at home or abroad. At times she manifested courageous fortitude and perseverance in pursuing her labors despite great physical weakness. During eleven months of 1892, she suffered from neuritis. Yet, propped up in bed, suffering intense pain, she wrote during this period no less than two thousand pages. She testified, "Never once has that right hand failed me. My arm and shoulder have been full of suffering, hard to bear, but the hand has been able to hold the pen and trace words that have come to me from the Spirit of the Lord."—*Life Sketches,* p. 340.

Mrs. White's last years were spent at her home in northern California, near St. Helena. Living with her, or in homes near by, were a group of secretaries who assisted in the preparation of her manuscripts and in caring for her heavy correspondence. The home was comfortably, but not expensively furnished, and here with the family she lived a quiet life, except that from time to time she traveled to conferences, camp meetings, or to some institution, where her counsel and her spiritual ex-

hortations were a source of blessing and encouragement.

She took an interest in the simple matters of the household. She often called on her neighbors for friendly visits. She knew the names of the children, and would inquire about them, and talk to them in language adapted to their years. She would go to the orchard or the family garden, and talk with the farmer regarding the crops, or to the barn, where she would pat the necks of the horses or the cows. She liked to take the fruit or produce of the farm to those who were having a hard time. She gave the land for the church school, and frequently visited the school and spoke to the children at their picnics and outings. She was a true mother in Israel, and was so regarded by those who were associated with her.

She took her meals with the family, and met with them, as a rule, for both morning and evening worship, which nearly always included a song, a Scripture lesson, and prayer. One of the group would frequently be called on to lead in the prayer, but she nearly always prayed herself. Her prayers in the home as well as in public seemed like wings of glory, bearing the hearers to the very throne room of heaven.

One evening, after worship, bidding her helpers good night, with lamp in hand she started for the stairway to go to her room. A young man who was temporarily a member of the family stepped to her side, and with his hand on her arm sought to steady her as she went across the room. But her step, though in quick tempo, was firm and sure. At the foot of the staircase, he offered to assist her upstairs. But, turning toward him, she said, "Oh, no, thank you. I don't need any help. Why, I am as spry as when I was a girl. As when I was a girl?" she echoed. "Well, I should say so! When I was a girl, I was very frail and ill, but God has given me good health and long

life, and I am better, far better, than when I was a girl."

As she became more feeble, faithful attendants took care of her. She gradually grew weaker, and on July 16, 1915, the end came. Her last words, spoken just before she went to her rest, were, "I know in whom I have believed." An inconspicuous shaft marks her resting place in a cemetery in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Before her death the question, "What if Mrs. White should die?" was occasionally raised. In 1907 she wrote: "Whether or not my life is spared, my writings will constantly speak, and their work will go forward as long as time shall last. My writings are kept on file in the office, and even though I should not live, these words that have been given to me by the Lord will still have life and will speak to the people."

And her writings do still live. She, in her own strength, could not have produced the wealth of books she has left for the benefit of the church and the world. It seems that, like the man in the Bible who was born blind, so that the Lord might be glorified, Ellen Harmon was stricken and kept low, so that God's name and power and strength might be exalted in an age when human beings would be likely to forget Him and trust in their own strength and wisdom. He chose one who had no strength, one who was poor, plain in appearance, and without educational advantages, that through her His name might be glorified among men, and that they might come to respect, love, and trust Him more.

Testimonials in regard to the character of her writings could be multiplied over and over, but if you, reader, would sense their real import, take up any one of her books and read for yourself what she has written in a simple, clear, forceful style. Her stories were told in fitting words, in sublime phrases, in the best of diction.

Other outstanding leaders of the denomination have written many books, but there is no comparison between what they have written and the things that were written by this frail woman under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. And the ministry of this gift of the Spirit of prophecy as manifested in the words from the pen of Mrs. White, is ever a token of the leadership of the living God. Moved by an earnestness supplied by the Holy Spirit, she penned with directness and marked grace and simplicity the sublime words of instruction that would guide the people of God into the heavenly port, through them all weaving the thought contained in the last words she spoke before a General Conference assembly, "Brethren and sisters, I commend unto you this Book."

7

A Noble Warrior

Mrs. Nellie R. Druillard



THE MADISON SANITARIUM, stretching out along the winding banks of the Cumberland River in the beautiful foothills of sunny Tennessee, owes its very existence to the persistent efforts of a very small group of men and women who started the work on a desolate farm thirty-five years ago, and of that group one woman was the outstanding and leading character. That woman was Nellie Rankin Druillard.

The early believers were not yet over the disappointment of October 22, 1844, when Nellie Rankin was born in Wisconsin. Her parents were pioneers, and they reared their family of ten children, of which Nellie was the third, in the simplicity of pioneer life. The same pioneer preacher, Elder Isaac Sanborn, who gave the message to Kate Lindsay, taught it also to the Rankin family.

From early childhood it was evident that Nellie was to be a leader. She quickly mastered such education as was afforded for her time, first attending the district school, and later being graduated from a State normal college. Her climb up the ladder of success was rapid. She taught for a few years in the rural schools of Wisconsin, and later went to Boulder, Colorado, to teach. There she was made superintendent of the Boulder schools. Being a very good mathematician, she secured, along with her position

as superintendent, a position as secretary to a mining engineer, and helped him make out important charts and adjust tangled accounts. After spending a few years in Boulder, she moved to Battle Creek, Michigan, to assist in the sanitarium work there. Later, when her parents moved to Nebraska, she joined them there, and taught in the public-school system. Later she became superintendent of schools in Furnas County. This last position she held for a number of years.

Although she was meeting with success in the world, her success did not give the satisfaction for which she yearned. And when, in 1886, she was invited to become tract society secretary of the Nebraska Conference, she accepted. A few years later she was married to Alma Druillard, and together they went to Africa as missionaries, just at the time when Cecil Rhodes was giving tracts of land for missionary enterprises. Mr. Druillard had an active part in the establishment of the Rhodesian Mission for the natives. Nellie worked as bookkeeper in Cape Town, and she became known, not only among denominational circles, but among national circles as well, for her financial acumen. It was in Africa, too, that her interest in the work of the W.C.T.U. was aroused.

It became necessary for the Druillards to come back to America, and although they longed very much to return to work for the natives, an urgent call came from Emmanuel Missionary College, which they accepted. There a group of teachers and students kept alive an interest in the work in the South. Mr. Druillard died in 1903, and for a while it seemed to Nellie that she had little to live for. However, her determination and faith in God came to her rescue, and the next year, when it was proposed that a group of workers go South and begin pioneering there, she lent the money with which to make the initial payment

on the farm, and furnished initiative, economic plans and skill, unrelenting zeal, and faith to back the new project.

A young Irish lad had been brought to Mrs. Druillard's attention back in her Nebraska days. He was alone and homeless in a strange land. His parents had disowned him because of his acceptance of the Adventist doctrines. He felt himself almost friendless until he met this dynamic woman. She was attracted to the potentialities hidden behind that freckled face. His name was Percy T. Magan. Today he is known all over the Seventh-day Adventist world. He is an outstanding leader in our medical work. But few know that his education began when Nellie Druillard sent him to Battle Creek College. When she went to the Southland to begin her work there, this young man and a nephew of hers went along with her. Later both of these young men took the medical course.

Having made up her mind to do a task, Nellie Druillard never wavered or swerved from her purpose. She might not always accomplish what she set out to do in the time she anticipated, but in the end she always reached her goal. The property was purchased. By dint of hard work and strict economy, with a commanding hand on all the affairs of the little school, and a determined policy that no debt should be incurred, the project progressed. No sacrifice was too great for her. Personal needs and comforts were forgotten in her love for the work with which she had identified herself. Those friends who later rallied to her help in supplying money for buildings, a water system, farm implements, etc., gave their assistance as a result of their confidence in her ability to make a little go a long way, her good judgment, her stick-to-itiveness, and her determination, under God, to make the work a success. And what she practiced herself, she expected and demanded of those working with and for her.

She had an unbounded faith in young people. Although she had no children of her own, yet she was mother to hundreds when it came to the education of young men and young women for the service of Christ. And he who knows Madison knows "Mother D," for so was she called there. And her impress, like unmistakable fingerprints, may be traced throughout the buildings of this enterprise.

From the earliest days she was treasurer. At some time in the history of the school, she filled every chair on the faculty, headed every activity, and directed every group of workers. The adopted policy of the institution was that the operators must earn their living from the place. Friends donated equipment, but the operation of the institution was the responsibility of those in charge.

Mrs. Druillard—Mother D—purposed to conduct the school after the schools of the prophets, the students earning their way as they studied. Students who otherwise would have been denied the privileges of education, were drawn by this work-study program. Industries multiplied, and men and women of experience joined the original group. It was years before the institution was known at a distance, but gradually, like a tree deep-rooted in rich soil, it began to spread its branches and bear fruit.

But why so much about Madison? Simply because the life and work of Mrs. Nellie R. Druillard, from the time of the organization and the establishing of the school, was so inseparably bound up with the institution, that its history cannot but be included in the telling of her life story. They are inseparable.

But Mother D did not plan to confine her efforts to that one place. Always it was her conviction that Madi-

son must not become self-centered. Had not the founders come South to reach the needy and isolated sections? This small district near the city of Nashville was not the only place where people lived whom they could help. That group alone could not reach out over the Southland to all who needed the message of education, health, and salvation. Theirs it was to set the pace, and others, catching the spirit, and imbibing courage during their period of training, were to go out to repeat the efforts of the parental institution. Scarcely was Madison born until some of its more aggressive spirits went forth to establish other educational centers.

Nor were these units established and left to flounder around as best they could. Mother D was always an inspiration to those who took charge. If things began to look so dark that they felt they could not continue, they were sure to receive a visit from Mother D, who studied with them their problems, no doubt reminding them of difficulties overcome in establishing the parent institution, basing plans on experiences encountered back at Madison, and urging upon them further economies, more work, and always more prayer and more trust in God. She continued this program to the end of her life. Only a few weeks before the end came, she attended the annual board meeting of one of the largest and most prosperous units several hundred miles from Madison. All these units were her children, and she loved and cherished them as long as she was able.

Mother D was sixty years old when she moved to Madison. Often she talked of laying down the burdens of active life, but those who knew her knew also that her interest in relieving the suffering of humanity, and in seeing young people become educated so that in turn they could serve others, would never permit her to lay

down the reins of the institution as long as she was able to hold them. Even at the first many thought she was fostering an impossible undertaking. "Those people are ignorant," they told her. "Just 'po' white trash.'" "They are prejudiced against Northerners. You'll never get anywhere with them." But she had read the words of the messenger of the Lord saying that there is a great work to be done for the people of the great Southland, and to them she would give diligent heed.

But she had faith, an unyielding faith. She had energy, tireless energy. When there was no physician, she was the doctor. She was the receiving matron. She was the dietitian. She trained nurses. In giving so unselfishly of herself, she won those for whom she labored. She was abrupt in her manner of speech, but kind. She appreciated the expenditure of honest effort, and she showed her appreciation. And the inspiration of the work she did seemed to renew her own vitality.

As Madison grew and became a training ground for young men interested in the medical course, Mother D gave financial backing to a number of youth who otherwise would have been deprived of this training.

All the while she was laboring to develop Madison and its units, she harbored a secret desire, an ultimate purpose, or ambition. She longed to do something for the Negro young people, too.

In 1922 she made a trip to California to attend the General Conference session and to visit relatives and friends living in that State. She felt that this might be her last trip, and she wished to have final talks with them and then return to Madison to die. While in San Francisco she had an accident—an automobile ran into her—and it seemed for a while that she would never return to Madison, but rather that her work would end there. While she lay

on her bed of suffering, thoughts of the past crowded through her mind. She recalled that when she first went South she had planned to do something for the Negroes as well as for the white people. She seemed impressed that the Lord wanted her to do this yet. She had failed to accomplish her original purpose, and now she realized that it had been a great mistake on her part. She promised the Lord that if it were His will for her to do this work, He would restore her, that she could spend the rest of her life in carrying out that plan. Immediately upon returning to Madison she informed the family there that since they were now able to carry on without her assistance, she was going to start a school near by for the education of the colored young people.

Soon opportunity presented itself for her to purchase a tract of land near Nashville, and she slipped out from under the burden at Madison, leaving it for those whom she had trained. Her indomitable will and her trust in God brought her through the results of the accident, and, in some respects, she did the greatest work of her life in the following years.

While it was difficult to get medical help for the poorer white people of the South, it was almost impossible to get medical help for the Negroes. Educational advantages for Negroes were few and limited. There were few, if any, hospitals in which colored nurses could be trained. Mother D realized that their impoverished condition made it impossible for them to go to the North to be educated. She realized also that once they were in the North, where greater privileges were offered the race than were obtainable in the South, those who might be trained there would meet too great temptations, and would not be anxious to return to minister to their race in the South.

Fifteen years of her life were spent in the development

of this institution. Property investments of her earlier years brought unlooked-for returns, which she gave unstintingly to this new work. She loved it. She gave to it all she possessed in the way of strength and means. It touched the lives of many who needed help. It met the approval of business and professional men in the city of Nashville. But she bore the burdens of this enterprise almost entirely alone, investing in it approximately \$70,000.

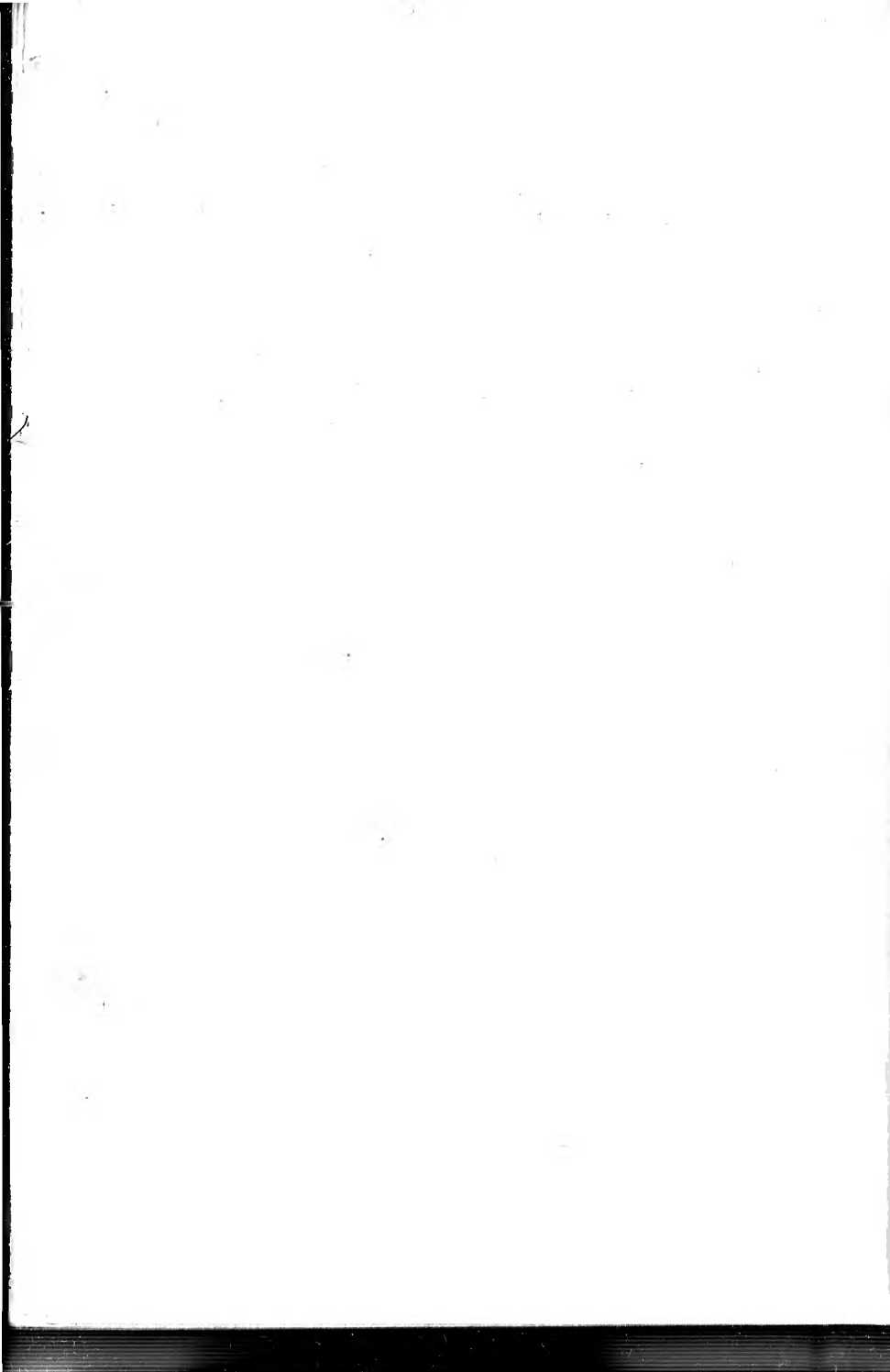
When Mother D's advancing age made her friends realize that some disposition must be made of the institution, a fortunate turn of events led her to donate the property to the General Conference. Today Riverside Sanitarium is being enlarged and developed, and Christian nurses are being trained to work for their own people. This portends a wider influence and a more permanent growth of the institution. It was a happy termination to her long years of tender nourishing of this child of her old age.

Mrs. Druillard spent the last two years of her life on the campus at Madison. In connection with relatives who had been associated with her at Riverside, she built a comfortable home on the campus—fit ending, so many said, of a long and useful life—so that she might spend her last days in the scenes of her most active labors. She saw the beautiful new science building completed, built of stone quarried on the grounds and erected entirely by student labor. She saw the library building begun and almost finished. Almost to the last day she attended meetings of the Madison board, and of the boards of the various units. Her physical strength gradually declined, but her interest in the work never abated. On July 1, 1937, she quietly slipped away to her rest.

One of her lifelong friends—a man who is internationally known in the medical world—on the occasion of her

death sent this telegram to her nephew, Dr. E. A. Sutherland: "I want to assure you and your associates of my most sincere sympathy in your bereavement through the loss of your coworker, Mrs. Druillard. She was a woman of remarkable qualities, a true lover and staunch defender of truth. Truly her works will follow her. The influence of her life will never die."

And as long as the waters of the muddy Cumberland meander lazily down the valley, or hurl themselves along violently in flood to swell the Ohio, will she be remembered in the two institutions located on its banks, high above the flood level. They are her monuments!



Gray Dawn

Mrs. Emma T. Anderson



EMMA THOMPSON ANDERSON'S SPECIAL task as one of the first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries in China was keeping the mission books, but in her heart and mind she shared all the interests and all the experiences of the other workers. And on rare occasions she made journeys by wheel-

barrow, sedan chair, "rice power" boat, jinrikisha, and mule cart. She visited the heart of China by steamship and by rail, and became acquainted with the boat people who lived on the rivers, and who used the muddy, polluted water for all purposes.

She spent hours in native villages learning how the people lived. She was astonished at seeing the great strings of "cash," and disappointed when she learned that each piece was worth very, very little. She visited a boys' school and there received an insight into the educational methods of China; she became acquainted with the salt merchant, and learned that business failures were not peculiar to the Occident. She witnessed betrothal and marriage; she learned the religious customs of old China, saw ancestral tablets, and looked upon the acts of ancestral worship. She saw lives changed from dark despair to glimmering hope by the vital power of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Wisconsin was her native State. May 6, 1865, was her birth date. Her early home was at Lone Rock Valley, near

Mauston, where her happy girlhood days were spent among the flowers and the multiplied beauties of nature. The three R's she learned in the country school in the valley, and then she entered the high school in Mauston. Secrets contained in schoolbooks constituted no problems for her. In fact, it was not infrequently that she "played" at teaching as less alert classmates sought her assistance in solving some of the knotty problems encountered. By the time she was seventeen, Emma was a salaried school teacher in a public school in Wisconsin, where she taught for five years.

Another five years she was occupied in Bible work, in which her enthusiasm and insight into human nature, and her deep sympathy for others, made her singularly successful. Then a third five-year period found her visiting the adherents of Seventh-day Adventism in the State of Wisconsin as Sabbath school secretary and as president of the Sabbath school association, spending this time in visiting the Sabbath schools and churches of the entire State in the interest of religious education. It was during this third period that Miss Thompson became acquainted with a young minister, J. N. Anderson, who had been teaching and preaching in the Wisconsin Conference. In December, 1896, they were married. Just five years later they embarked for China.

Late in the afternoon of a dull December day the overland train from Chicago stretched its length along the shore of San Francisco Bay. The dark gray of the skies was exceeded in grayness by the waves below, as bridge after bridge was left behind. A heavy fog hung over the shore, rising like a vast, uncertain shadow. An awful sense of isolation and loneliness came over three travelers on that train, for it was the one on which Elder and Mrs. J. N. Anderson, with their little four-year-old Stanley, and Mrs. Anderson's sister, Ida Thompson, left their home in the

Middle West the day before, and which soon would take them to San Francisco, where they would sail for Hong Kong.

Only April of that year found Emma Thompson Anderson busily engaged in household duties incident to making a home for her husband and for the light and joy of their life, Stanley. But with her household duties, the most important phase of life was not neglected, for she was a devout Christian wife and mother. Thus, when the call came to her to accompany her husband into the gray dawn of China in the initial entrance as emissaries of the three angels' messages, she did not wait to count the cost, to think of the hardships that might be endured in contrast to the simple but comfortable life in the homeland. She accepted it as a direct call from each of the 400,000,000 souls of that vast empire. This was but a turn of the wheel of progress by which the message was to be carried, but it meant a complete revolution of all of life's plans, the real meaning of which cannot be fully realized until it is experienced.

But, on that gray day, as this small group approached San Francisco with the thought that from that time till seas should be no more, thousands of miles of ocean would separate them from home and friends, the fog lifted, and they were ushered into the life and stir of the busy city. And with the lifted fog came lifted spirits, and as always, Mrs. Anderson became the spirit that animated the little group.

The ship on which they sailed from San Francisco seemed to take pleasure in torturing its voyagers, for as the swells kept coming faster and longer, the ship went on diving and rolling and shivering. Their cabin trunks skated back and forth across the floor, while suitcases and hatboxes hopped about to keep out of their way. When

they managed to get into their berths, they had to fasten themselves in by straps bolted to the wall at the back.

"She isn't loaded quite evenly down below," explained the first officer. The stewardess whispered, as she staggered from cabin to cabin, helping where she was needed most, that she had made a number of trips with the "America," and she always acted that way. "They always make the same excuse for her," she said.

This journey was a trial to the end. The first day after leaving Honolulu little Stanley came down with chicken pox. Since there were other children on board, the only thing to do was to lock the Andersons up under quarantine. They were locked in a large cabin that, on being opened to admit them, emitted odors of seventy-times-seven disinfectants and fumigants. Shut up with those smells, no germs could live.

And if it had been rough sailing in their room in mid-ship, it was doubly so here, for they could feel the first shock and returning tremor of every wave. Two long weeks were spent in this solitary confinement before they finally reached Yokohama, Japan, where they were permitted to go up on the forward deck while the other passengers went ashore. After another week at sea (the quarantine was lifted the day following their arrival at Yokohama), they reached Hong Kong (Fragrant Harbor), and the experiences of their first ocean voyage fully convinced them that they would never yearn for a "home on the rolling deep."

They were not met in Hong Kong by friends. On landing, Elder Anderson drew from an inside pocket a slip of paper which he had guarded jealously, and read it to the coolies that surrounded the group. But they shook their heads. Finally a newcomer recognized the name and immediately loaded the little passenger and began stowing

baggage about him. But he didn't get away with that, for the Andersons were not going to be led on a goose chase. A British seaman satisfied them that the coolies were right, and added, "All the chaps know Daddy La Rue."

In about twenty minutes they halted before a row of three-story buildings, climbed the stairs, and turned to the first door to the left, as the coolies instructed them. The glimmer of a small lamp revealed the location of the door, which yielded to light pressure, and they found themselves inside a large, meagerly furnished room. Opposite the door a low fire smoldered in the red-brick fireplace. The light of an oil lamp on the table left deep shadows in the far corners, and the apparent size of the room was further increased by the blue-tinted bare walls. Plenty of chairs were set about in convenient places, and several straight-backed chairs and armchairs stood around the table, where books, papers, and leaflets were laid out invitingly. As the new arrivals paused a moment before entering the room, taking in its furnishings, it seemed that they were in a sacred spot, for here was the home, the chapel, and the office of the first man to preach the gospel among China's millions. Daddy La Rue was not there; so there was nothing for the Andersons to do but sit and wait for his return. Did I say there were no friends to greet them on their arrival? But there were. There had been a misunderstanding in regard to the time of the docking of the boat, but soon callers began to come in, pushing open the door, as they had done—a scarlet-coated marine, a blue-jacket, several stokers, and one or two royal engineers, distinguished by gold-plated buttons. They were some of the "chaps" from the steamship "Terrible" who had come ashore to meet the new American missionaries.

Nearly an hour elapsed; then the hall door was opened again. "Well, boys, for some reason they did not come."

And the speaker pushed back his cap and wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"Haven't come! Come in and see if they haven't come!" returned the boys. And never were strangers made more welcome than this doughty old pioneer made these people so far from home.

The first year spent in China seemed to be worse than fruitless. The first lesson the Andersons had to learn was that the East has a pace all its own, and cannot be hurried into the jog trot of the West by any amount of prodding and fussing. The rainy season was short that year, and the hot season came on earlier and was hotter than usual. The atmosphere was oppressive, with a moist heat that gives the effect of a prolonged Turkish bath. Bubonic plague became almost a scourge, and cholera carried away more victims than usual. In August dengue fever crept into the colony, and all four of them were down at one time, with only a Chinese boy for help. Miss Thompson had been under the care of a physician since the beginning of the hot season as a result of extreme seasickness on the voyage.

In order to better their condition, they moved farther back from the sea to a more elevated location, only to meet a new enemy. Hiding in the underbrush of the mountains were swarms of mosquitoes; and before danger was suspected, all the family but one had been thoroughly inoculated with the germs of malaria.

It was five years later that there came a realization of the fruits of that first year's experience in Hong Kong, for eleven or twelve people were baptized as a result of their and Abram La Rue's work that year--seven of them being sailors from H.M.S. "Terrible," one of whom later was ordained to the ministry in England.

Mrs. Anderson's first visit into the interior was to the mission of another denomination at Shiu Hing, on the West

River, at the western border of the province of Kwangtung, the leading center for the manufacture and export of floor mattings, and formerly the capital of the province. The woman in charge of the mission, who was the daughter of a missionary in Canton, had invited the Andersons to visit her station. As their steamer arrived in darkness, one boat with a light brighter than the others drew near. A man was standing on its deck with a lantern in his hand. After a flow of words between him and the quartermaster, the latter turned to the missionaries and said:

"They have come for you. The man with the foreign lantern is from the mission. He says he has been waiting here for you for the last four hours." On reaching the mission they were cordially received by their hostess and the Chinese helpers. The light of the new day disclosed the fact that they had occupied the bedroom of their hostess, it being the only one in the house.

"Breakfast was not served," wrote Mrs. Anderson, "till nine o'clock that morning, or on any morning, in fact. A poor peasant woman, having heard the gospel, had a burning desire to read the Scriptures for herself, but could not go to school because her help was needed in the fields. She was fifty years of age, but she was determined to try to learn to read, and walked four miles regularly, arriving at the mission at six o'clock. She studied for two hours and then returned to her duty in her husband's rice fields."

From every such excursion into the interior of the country these pioneers returned with increased respect for the Chinese race, and a clearer realization of the wonderful influence of the gospel on the lives of men. And every contact with the natives made more impressive the fact that no one could become really strong and independent as a worker in China until he had first learned the Chinese language. He should at least be able to use it freely in con-

versation and in public address, and should know enough of the characters to enable him to read the Bible understandingly and keep in touch with the people through their current literature.

The Andersons were told before leaving America that their permanence in the field would depend largely upon their ability to acquire the language of the section of the country in which they expected to labor. Although ordinarily it took two or even three years for a missionary to acquire a practical knowledge of the Chinese language, they immediately settled into this line of study. They learned from their cook, from their houseboy, from the men and women in the markets where they bargained for food, as well as from their teacher.

After about two years in Hong Kong, Elder Anderson was requested to go on to Hankow on a visit, to "spy out the land." So again the family embarked to travel, first by steamer to Shanghai, 800 miles, then by river boat up the 600 miles of the Yangtze River to Hankow, another hundred miles by the Belgian railway, and the remaining distance to Sin Yung Chow by foot, their baggage going by wheelbarrow.

A circle, with a radius of eight hundred miles and Hankow as its center, barely enclosed the heart of the great country. When they landed in Hankow, their imagination traveled eight hundred miles southward to the southern provinces; another eight hundred miles to the fertile western provinces, not quite reaching the borders of Turkistan and Tibet; to the northward, where lay eight hundred miles of fertile plains, with Mongolia and Manchuria beyond; and behind, to the populous cities of the coastal plain—all these with only a handful of people to warn them of the soon coming of Jesus. Then came the beginning of a realization of what was meant by China's "400,000,000."

On their return from this visit to Honan Province, it was decided that the missionaries should lay aside everything else as fast as possible, and devote themselves to the study of the Chinese language and people. The latter, they felt, would be much more difficult, but they scarcely expected to really begin studying the people until they were able to communicate freely in their own words. They secured the services of the best Chinese teacher available, and sat four hours a day in class—part of the time in class drill, part of it in individual drill, and the third part in pronunciation and the writing of characters.

Previous to their trip to Hankow they had studied in Hong Kong for a part of a year, two hours daily, but were dissatisfied with the results. They seemed to repeat the teacher's words exactly as he pronounced them; but after their best efforts he usually said, "Lee-ta diff'ence," or a Chinese phrase which meant about the same and which sounded to them exactly like "Chop it off." This was also the signal to proceed, perhaps with the idea that the "little difference" would someday dawn on the stupid brains of the foreigners, and with true Oriental patience he could afford to wait for that dawning, so long as his pay came regularly.

Mr. Wong, the new teacher, knew his business, and went straight to the point at once. When he took them in hand, they found where the "little difference" lay. It was all in the matter of *tones*. The upper tone meant one thing, while the lower tone meant another. This had not been explained to them. Someone has said, "Chinese is never spoken; it is always sung," and so it seemed as they adjusted their vocabulary of Chinese words on the proper scale of nine principal tones and several secondary ones.

After camping on China's borders for fourteen months, they were permitted to cross over into the "Flowery Land."

Another family who had been sent to Canton required a change to more healthful surroundings, and the Andersons took their place, opening a small training school for young men in the same chapel in which the leader in the great Taiping rebellion had received his instruction.

April, 1903, found them catching up to the goal toward which their faces had been steadfastly set since they left home. They were in China at last, in the great metropolis of South China, a city of commercial and political importance second to none in the land. As a Protestant mission center, Canton is parent of all. Within its walls and overflowing on all sides was a purely native population of two and one-half million. On every hand were signs of that suffering and need of which they had heard in the homeland, and which had touched their hearts. How needy these souls now appeared by actual contact! That the soil of these sin-scarred pagan hearts was ready for the seed, was apparent in the curious, friendly faces that gazed after them whenever they went into the streets. What a fruitful place was this in which to bury that "corn of wheat men call life."

The village houses were just dropped down anywhere the owner chose to build them. When Mrs. Anderson called in the homes, she followed a winding path between the houses, and through dirty, unkept front dooryards to the hovels, the walls of which were built of reed stalks plastered with mud, some of which had crumbled away, leaving rents in the gables under the eaves. There was no pretense of windows, but the thatched roofs, as if in pity for the dreary rooms below, parted here and there, letting in the sunshine. The entrances were usually closed by two rickety doors shut together and fastened with a hay string tied to the latch. Though closed and locked, these doors were too badly broken to hide the empty

desolation within. She found the women politely hovering about on stumpy, bound feet, attentive to see that she was seated in the best chair. They made an ado over the little white children, and gave them tiny sticks of barley-sugar candy covered with nutty seeds.

When word went round that the foreign women were out calling, the neighbors came flocking in till the room was full, and all the "looksee" space before the door was occupied. The women brought their children with them, some on their backs, some in their arms, and others clinging to their garments. A few stopped only long enough to take a look, but others remained to follow after the callers to the next house.

On the occasion of such calls there was no telling to what their questions would lead, nor where they would end, if these women had their way. "Where did you get that coat? How much did it cost? Did you make it yourself?" one woman asked, not waiting for one question to be answered before asking another. Others began to examine the garment, making remarks as they did so.

"It certainly is strong cloth."

"It must have been made in an outside country. We Chinese do not make such cloth."

"Look at the sewing!" sneered one. "It must have been stitched by one of those foreign machines."

"No, no; but those foreign machines do sew quickly and well," protested a more liberal spirit.

Somewhere in the conversation they would ask Mrs. Anderson how old she was and why she and her child did not have black hair like theirs—all with one question mark. And from the appearance of her hair, as contrasted with their own smoothly patted and pasted-down locks, they judged that it had not been combed for two weeks or more.

One day while watching the work at one of the grist

mills, Mrs. Anderson was startled by a dreadful groaning, screeching sound in the direction of the opposite gate. Surely, she thought, something has happened. No, it was only the noise of an incoming "train" on the main wheelbarrow line from Hankow, which follows the paved street through the village. The Chinese did not oil their barrows, and the big wheels groaned and creaked with every revolution. Lying on the bedding spread out on the big frame of one as she journeyed, Mrs. Anderson would try to imagine that this noise helped to soften the jars and jolts as the wheel went bumping over stones and rough places in the road. At least it helped to keep her mind off these smaller troubles, for it screeched the loudest where the road was roughest.

Sometimes Mrs. Anderson accompanied her husband and the Chinese evangelist on itinerating trips. They would become settled in as comfortable a room as was available. Then the evangelist would send out his card to the most important men of the town. This card was a strip of heavy, bright-red paper. His name appeared on it in three large black characters, arranged in a perpendicular line down the center. Almost at once those who received these cards began to call. Through them word that there would be a public meeting in the evening would be carried throughout the village. In the evening the people would come in till there was no longer standing room in the big house, nor in the street before the door. The crowd consisted mainly of men and boys, with only now and then a venturesome woman in a distant part of the room. The docile peasant in blue-cotton garments crowded close upon the proud mandarin clothed in silks and soft fur.

The little group always returned to the mission with a strong feeling that God was opening the way for His message of salvation to be preached to the Chinese people, and

that it should be their greatest pleasure to use every means in their power to see this work accomplished. The Chinese were behind the times in using the wheelbarrow, and other slow means of travel. They were recalcitrant in adopting the use of modern inventions. But in their need of a Saviour they were not behind. Neither were they slower than Americans to accept His salvation. It seemed that they appreciated God's love the more in proportion to the darkness in which they had lived.

Mrs. Anderson had no official mission duties aside from her bookkeeping, and since the finances of the mission were small, she was left with time to study the people, and she really became acquainted with them and their customs. She gained a great insight into their way of living. She loved children, and felt an especial interest in them. She learned to know the Chinese better through her own children, and was thus enabled to interpret them vividly in the stories she wrote about them.

Thus the years passed with their manifold burdens, and these, together with the degree of isolation that characterized the group of pioneer missionaries, proved a great strain on her health. She became an unsuspecting victim of one of the insidious tropical diseases, which undermined her physical powers. In 1909 she made a permanent return from the field of her choice and to which she had given the best years of her life.

But her return to America did not necessarily mean that her work for China was finished. She had a great burden for the millions she had left behind. She had been especially interested in the Chinese children, and she felt that it was through them that she could appeal to the people of America to open their hearts and purses; so she made her last contribution to foreign mission work by writing the book, "Achu and Other Stories."

Following in the footsteps of the Master, whose gift for humanity was the outpouring of His life, the giving of Himself in service and sacrifice, Emma Thompson Anderson had given in no stinted measure to a people she learned to love as her own, all the while counting such giving as life's greatest privilege. But her last days were filled with pain, which she bravely endured until relief came from it in death. She entered China in the gray dawn of mission history. When she left, the sun was coming up over the horizon. And when the Sun of Righteousness returns, surely He will awaken her to the brightness of His glory, and she will again meet those for whom she labored.

Rugged Individualist

Mrs. C. C. Lewis



ALTHOUGH TEARS WERE SWELLING her lids as she packed her few belongings into her trunk to leave old Battle Creek College, and an occasional one was folded away in her clothing, they were not tears of discouragement, but of disappointment. No, Elizabeth Ann Wiley had faced seemingly insurmountable obstacles before she was compelled to discontinue her schoolwork for a time. She was only taking a recess. Resolutely she journeyed back to the West, where she took out a "tree claim"—a piece of ground given by the Government to anyone who would live on it a certain number of years and set out and care for a given number of trees until they grew to a reasonable maturity. That was near Oxford, Nebraska, and today that tree claim, and many others—miles stretching between—form veritable oases in the arid regions of Kansas and Nebraska.

Elizabeth Wiley was given a school to teach near by, and she, with a niece, lived all winter in the soddy that they built, the floor of which was of packed dirt. But this soddy was not so bad, as soddies went, when it was just cold. It was when the rains came and the floor became a regular "loblolly" that it was so uncomfortable. Added to the inconvenience of getting up in the morning after a rain, placing their feet in mud and finding their shoes

soaking wet, were the ever-present rats and mice, wild though they were, seeking food that was surely to be found where there were human beings. Her furniture was a bed, a trunk, a table, and a box, all set up on tin cans, to keep away the rodents. This sounds much like conditions in a mission field, and today seems impossible, but Elizabeth Wiley was a pioneer, and she lived like a pioneer.

The summer was spent in caring for her trees and in making a garden. She attended camp meeting, too. When school opened in the fall, she again taught, this time living alone through the winter, with only the rats and mice to keep her company. She did not know what was going on in the outside world. There was no daily mail to bring her news of her family in Kansas; there was no news at all except as someone braved the blizzard that was likely to sweep down upon the plains unannounced. The music she heard was made by prairie wolves. At the end of the second year, burning with the fire and ambition that no hardships could extinguish, but only fan into a brighter flame, and, perhaps, not caring to face the prospect of another long, lonely winter, she sold her claim, and with what she received and what she had saved of her meager salary, after helping her parents and younger sisters, she returned to Battle Creek to attend college.

Yes, we know something of her life before that day when she left Battle Creek. She was born in Toronto, Canada, of Scotch-Irish parents. She was the eldest of the Wiley children. She was old enough when the family moved to the United States to remember the long ride, and young enough not to realize the hardships through which the family went on the journey. She was just at the age to enjoy the novelty of such a long trip. When she was only twenty years of age, the family again pulled up stakes and set out from Cuba, Missouri, to the north-

western part of the State, where they settled in Phelps County. This home is still in the family, and brothers and sisters of this rugged individualist continue to reside in the vicinity. On this move, Elizabeth drove one of the ox teams that carried the family possessions, and not one of the stodgy animals pulling the load dared defy her voice as she sang out the "gees" and "haws" of the ox driver.

And Elizabeth was as wild and as fearless as any one of the sturdy ponies that her father used on his farm. She used to tell her daughters that often she and her sister, Nellie, were their "father's boys," as he called them. They helped him with the farmwork until the boys grew big enough to carry the heavy burdens. Elizabeth used to boast that there was not a horse on the place that she could not and did not ride or drive.

There were hardships on that prairie farm, but they served only to draw the family closer together, and to make them more devoted to each other, quick to defend and protect each other in trouble. Theirs was a happy home life.

"Lizzie," as she was called, was only fifteen when she hired out to work for a doctor's wife near Republican City, Nebraska, using the money she earned to help the family. Her education was sadly deficient, but she was interested in her work and did her tasks intelligently and enthusiastically. The kindly woman who was her mistress saw in her promise of greater things than could ever be accomplished by a house servant. And, although to her it would eventually mean the loss of a faithful helper, this doctor's wife encouraged Lizzie to study to prepare herself to teach. Books were brought out from the shelves, and after her work was finished for the day, Lizzie would open her books, and, under her mistress' instruction, review what she already had learned. She received help on

problems that were not clear to her, until she was thoroughly familiar with the information contained in books used in the schools of that day. She was given new books, and she was coached through subjects that she had never studied before. She attended school for a short time in Republican City, and finally was able to creditably pass the county examinations for teachers. She received a third-grade certificate. It was a meager preparation, but it served the purpose for the time being, and soon the kitchen girl was teaching in a country school not far from her home.

Lizzie's heart was filled to overflowing as she stood before her first group of pupils. No doubt a bit of fright clutched at her heart, but not one of those who stood before her ever dreamed that the teacher was more frightened than they. She put her whole heart and soul into her teaching, and although she did not have the help received from teachers' institutes, researches, and experiments made by educational experts, Miss Lizzie seemingly had unlimited sources of ingenuity. She taught things found in books. But she did not stop there. She went into the life and experience of each one of her boys and girls, and filled them with a portion of the courage and enthusiasm that she herself possessed.

As most teachers did in those days—and as some have to do even today—Miss Lizzie boarded around. If there were two children from a family in school, she stayed in that home double the usual length of time. If there were four children from a family, she stayed just twice as long as she did in the home in which there were two children. And since, in most cases, the poorer homes had the most children, she spent more time in uncomfortable circumstances. But neither the wealth nor the number of children in the family affected the real wealth and worth, for often, in the midst of dire poverty, she found the

warmest friends and received the greatest sympathy for her own life.

Once Miss Lizzie taught in a community of foreigners, and naturally enough her school registry was full of names that sounded like a committee from the League of Nations. That year she had only two cotton print dresses to wear to school—one to wear and one to wash. One week certain of the children would gather around her, admiring her "pretty dress." The next week she had another group admiring her "pretty dress."

There was a work that Elizabeth Wiley was to do for people that was beyond the confines of the rural school in the early days of Nebraska history; so there must come a turning point in her life. Somehow, we do not know how, but no doubt through a faithful colporteur, she obtained Seventh-day Adventist literature, and she and her mother learned of the message through reading. They read the *Review* and kept the Sabbath more than a year before they were baptized. Elder C. L. Boyd, husband of "First Lady," who was then president of the Nebraska Conference, became acquainted with Miss Wiley and encouraged her to continue her education and prepare herself for active service in connection with the Lord's work; and although the way seemed hedged about with impossibilities, she determined to attend Battle Creek College. From her slender salary she managed to save enough to pay railroad fare, and in the fall of 1877 she was in school.

After an absence of two years, during which time she was living in her soddy, she went back to Battle Creek, where evidently her experience was a continuation of the hard road she had traveled up to that time in an effort to secure an education. In the summers she taught school, carefully hoarding the meager salary she received, almost measuring the returns in education that each dollar would

bring. During the school year she worked in the bindery of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, then located in Battle Creek.

She and another "Lizzie," a Miss Caldwell, occupied a room together in the home of S. H. Lane. On Sundays they worked all day long in the bindery, each earning one dollar. Not much for ten or eleven long hours of hard work, but it meant food during the next week. When another Sunday came, they earned another dollar, and lived on it during the following week. Thus the days, months, and years passed. Friendships were formed that lasted through the decades. Her experiences in working for her own education made it possible for her, when she was dean of women in different colleges, to understand the problems of the working students, and to sympathize with them in a way that would never have been possible had she had all the necessities of life. God places those in such positions who are, from their own life experiences, suited best to encourage and inspire those who must look to them for encouragement and inspiration.

Although she greatly desired more education, and was ably fitted to enjoy and profit by it, Elizabeth Wiley was never able to be graduated. Circumstances made it impossible. However, even though she was not in a classroom again except as an instructor—not for many years—her education continued. But she had a great work to do. Among the friends she made at Battle Creek College was Charles C. Lewis. Their friendship grew, and when, on his graduation from college, he asked her to marry him, her answer could be only "Yes." As his wife, the Lord led her, and all the rest of her life she was associated with young people as a teacher and counselor in different schools.

She was married in 1882, and during that winter she

and her husband taught a school at Sumner, Michigan. In the summer they assisted in the conducting of a tent effort at St. Louis, Michigan. Young Mr. Lewis was invited to return to Battle Creek to assist in the college, and for four years Mrs. Lewis kept their little home, located near the college, cared for the two little girls who came to add to the sunshine of their lives, and taught in the grade school. A part of the time she acted as preceptress.

Although the duties of a preceptress were no lighter than they are today, Mrs. Lewis found time to do active work in the church. And she built a memorial that lives today—one that is a very definite part of the organized work of the denomination. It was thus. Little ones were restless during the Sabbath school hour. They did not understand the question-and-answer method of teaching lessons as practiced upon the children of that day. They heard their elders talking about the ark of God, the sanctuary, and many other things that were beyond their world of understanding. Mrs. Lewis asked for a special room in which to keep the little ones during the Sabbath school. She drew pictures. She cut paper objects, and pictured to the children the stories she told them from the Bible, so that they understood them. Thus was born, in old Battle Creek Tabernacle, the kindergarten department of the Sabbath school. Wherever she went after that, she took this same idea with her, and it worked.

The Minnesota Conference was conducting a school in Minneapolis, and when the Lewises were transferred there, Mrs. Lewis was again in charge of girls, this time for two years. The next move meant less heavy public work, but more home duties, for during the first five years spent in College View, Nebraska, she devoted her time and effort to training and caring for her own children. How-

ever, she continued her church work, introducing the kindergarten method into the Sabbath school there. She also busied herself with educational activities through the medium of a little monthly paper called *Early Education*.

About this time the kindergarten movement was taking a strong hold in the western part of the United States. Her interest in the little ones was heightened by the problems of her own children, two girls and, later, a boy, and she was alive to the need for further development of this feature in our own organization. In order to fit herself to carry it on more profitably, she attended classes in kindergarten teaching in the University of Nebraska, taking her own little ones with her into the school, often spending the greater part of the day in study and observation there.

Nor was her work devoted to the children alone. What she did for the young women who taught in her Sabbath school department was in itself a labor of love. Many years later she and her children were traveling through western Nebraska, and, being delayed, had to spend Friday evening waiting in a hotel. As the sun went down, they knelt in the little hotel sitting room and had their worship. As they were reading, a housemaid of the hotel looked in, and Mrs. Lewis said very naturally, "Come in, dear; we are just having sundown worship. Don't mind us. If you need to come through the room, don't hesitate to do so." The girl paused a moment and listened as Mrs. Lewis continued reading from the Bible. She waited through the prayer. When they rose from their knees, with tears in her eyes the girl said, "Oh, Mrs. Lewis, don't you know me? I used to teach kindergarten for you at College View, but I have not kept the Sabbath for years. I have not heard a prayer like yours tonight in such a long time." Only eternity will reveal the influence of her contacts with that young woman.

Professor Lewis was called to the principalship of the school at Keene, Texas, and although it meant laying down her work with the Sabbath school and discontinuing the publication of her educational journal, as a dutiful wife, Mrs. Lewis went with him. There she sacrificed the joys of having her own home, and answered the call to act as preceptress and matron, taking her children to live in the dormitory.

At the end of six years, it was Mrs. Lewis's intention to retire from public work again and give herself entirely to her own home. She felt that her children's right and heritage was a mother's undivided care for them. Her husband had just been called to the presidency of Walla Walla College, and here was an opportune time to follow her convictions. But on reaching Walla Walla, she found that no church school had been established there. What a tragedy! The older ones were taken care of educationally, but nothing was being done to give the children, the lambs that would someday be the sheep, the training that they should have. The old gift of grade teaching was aroused. A careful census was taken of all church-school children, promotion was carried on by the president's wife, supported by others whom she had persuaded of the necessity, and when school opened, forty children, with two critic teachers working under her direction, constituted the training school. She labored faithfully for two years, and when her husband was called again to College View, this time to the presidency of Union College, the church-school idea was so firmly grounded at Walla Walla that she could leave the work in the hands of those who since have carried it on successfully.

On reaching College View she was given charge of the young women's dormitory, and was dean of women for six years, in addition to teaching a number of classes. She

spent three years at St. Helena, California, enjoying a rest from public labor, but, because of the work she had done for mothers in helping them in child-training work, she was urgently requested by the General Conference to edit the Home Education department in *Christian Education*, the forerunner of the *Journal of True Education*.

Those who knew Mrs. Lewis best in her early married life, remember her as the editor of *Early Education*, which was devoted to child study and parent education. This small journal grew out of the experience that came to her after the death of her first child, and existed only two years. But her work in this had fitted her to take up this other work. She had retired to California, where she spent three happy years free from public labor. She then moved to Takoma Park, and shortly after, in addition to the other appointment, was given charge of the Home Department in the *Review and Herald*, which she edited until the last. Indeed, in the years 1912 to 1914, her last efforts were given to the work for the home. From her own wide and varied experience, she had a wealth of material, and she prepared this in lesson form for a course that was given for mothers by the Fireside Correspondence School (now Home Study Institute). She began the second series of the course, and was more than half finished when sickness compelled her to lay it aside.

In addition to her work for the mothers and children in the homes of our denomination, Mrs. Lewis carried a great burden for young people. For almost twenty years she was a dean of women, and in this her life touched and molded the lives of hundreds of young people. She had an incomprehensible understanding of others, and was able to enter into the joys and sorrows of the youth as few can. During her last illness, which was long and severe, she received numberless letters from men and women, fathers

and mothers of families, missionaries, nurses, doctors, teachers, and others, which bore witness to the direction that she had been able to give them. It was for her that the expression, "Other Mother," often affectionately applied to deans of women in our colleges, was coined by one of her girls on the occasion of her departure from Union College. Her nature, a rare combination of the deep piety of her Scottish mother and the strong enterprise and sense of humor of her Irish father, gave her an unusual understanding and a warm appreciation of people and of situations.

Through the work she did in connection with the Home Department of the *Review and Herald*, many people learned to know and love Mrs. Lewis. This work lay so very near to her heart that she found it difficult to believe that she must lay it aside. When she became ill, earnest prayers were offered for her recovery, and she claimed the promises of God. "I am not afraid," she said often, "and it is all right if my work is done, but I do not believe it is finished." Her heart yearned to serve a little longer, and she was permitted to do so. For the last three months of her life, although confined to a bed of suffering, she was able to continue her literary work—preparing many articles and dictating letters to many whom she had "mothered" during the years of her preceptress work. When she knew that the time had come to lay down her work, she sighed, "I am so tired. I long to be at rest. Tell the dear people that all is well." And her life ended. But the perfume of her nobility has never been lost. Rather, it has lived on to bless the world through those who were influenced by it.

Worthie Harris Holden



WORTHIE HARRIS WAS BORN IN Columbia, South Carolina, on March 11, 1871. Soon after her birth her father and mother moved to Washington, D.C., where her girlhood days were spent. In early life her heart was turned toward the Lord. She was a member of the Congregational Church until she was eighteen, at which time she became convinced of the teachings of the Seventh-day Adventists, and accepted them. She had been attending Moody's school in Northfield, Massachusetts. Now that she had become a Seventh-day Adventist, she transferred to Battle Creek College, and was graduated in 1894. Immediately following her graduation she entered Bible work in New York City, where she remained for a year. In 1896 she was united in marriage to William Burroughs Holden. Two daughters were born to them, one of whom died just fifteen years before the last call came to Mrs. Holden. The Holdens had gone to Chicago immediately after their marriage, remaining there until 1903, when they moved to Portland, Oregon. In Portland Mrs. Holden's work as a Sabbath school teacher was outstanding, as well as her other church work.

Soon after her acceptance of the third angel's message, Worthie Harris began to write the beautiful poetry which has been printed in various denominational publications. She was an invalid during the last fifteen years of her life, and it was during this time that the sweetest gems from her pen were written. A compilation of many of these is now in book form, under the title, "Songs for Our Pilgrim-

age." She died a few days past her fiftieth birthday, but her poems live on, giving encouragement to the weary and heartsick, uplifting the soul of the glad.

TOO BUSY

Too busy are we midst the whirl and the stress
Of our life as the days come and go,
Too busy to water with prayers and with tears
The seed we abundantly sow.

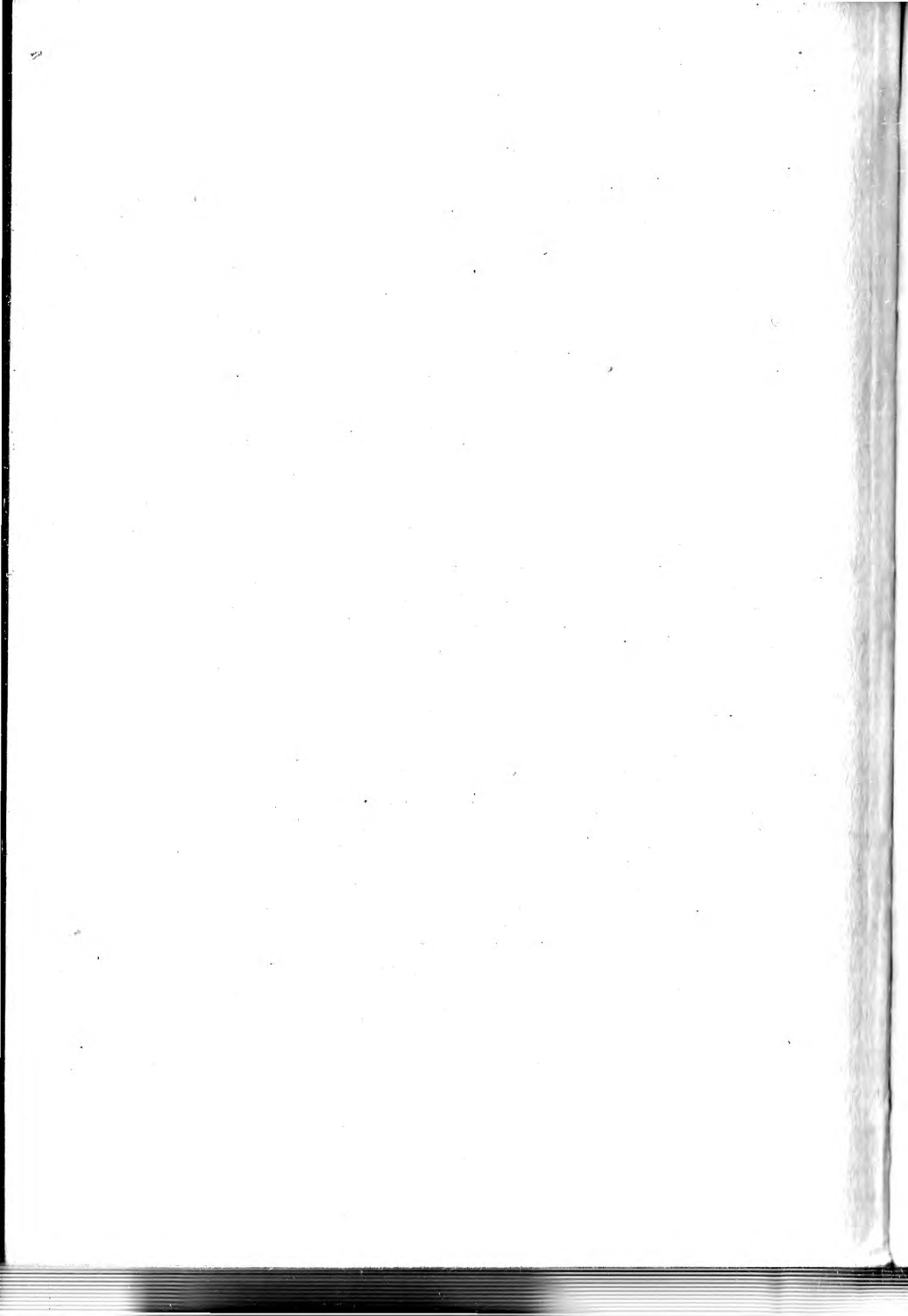
Too busy with working for Jesus to pause
And sit at His footstool of prayer;
Too busy commanding and guarding His field
To learn what His orders are there.

Too busy with routine of cares in the home
To seek Him alone through the day;
Too busy in striving to faithfully serve
To listen to Him and to pray.

How Satan doth gloat o'er his subtle decoy
Of winding our life in this coil!
He knows when too busy to watch unto prayer
Our triumph at last he will foil.

O guard us from whirlpools that threaten to wreck
Our bark, heavenly Pilot, we pray!
And teach us the blessing of walking with God
Through holy communion each day.

—*Worthie Harris Holden.*



From Afric's Sunny Fountains

Nora Haysmer Anderson



IN A MODEST FARMHOUSE IN CENTRAL Michigan, on October 31, 1867, a fine baby girl arrived, the daughter of James and Anna Haysmer. Three sisters and a brother, with the parents, greeted the newcomer and soon made her feel at home. Although no satin blanket or eider-down robe was in her crib, it was a royal welcome that she received. Often James Haysmer was heard to say, "I'd like to have a forty-acre lot full of children if only I were able to care for them properly." This tiny tot was named Ellen Nora—Ellen, for Mrs. E. G. White—but the family always called her Nora.

At twenty James Haysmer had said good-by to his parents in Kent County, England, and sailed away to join an older brother who had come to the United States to seek his fortune. Because of unfavorable weather, his ship was eight weeks making the voyage. In New York State he soon found employment with a farmer. And it was in Orleans County of that State that he met and won as his bride Anna Staines, the daughter of a fellow Englishman.

A few months after their marriage these two turned their faces westward to carve out a home for themselves, and finally settled in a sparsely populated section of Michigan, where they passed through the privations of pioneer life, raised their family of seven girls and one boy, and

lived to enjoy grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren.

While James was with the Union Army in the war between the States, Anna learned strange and beautiful Bible truths. On his return home James was a bit surprised to find that she had taken up with this new religion, but after studying with her, he gave himself to the Saviour, and joined Anna in church fellowship. And so Nora was born into the message. From infancy she was told the story of the gift of the Saviour and of His great love for little children. The stories so sweet to the little ones—of baby Moses in the rushes, of the beautiful princess who found him, and of the love of his sister, Miriam, who watched to see what would become of him; of Samuel, who was given to the Lord even before his birth; and all the others—were far more fascinating to baby Nora than the wildest product of man's imagination in fairy tale and fable. Thus she learned to love the Saviour, who took such wonderful care of little children, and she grew up with a fixed determination to live to please this kind Friend. In fact, when she grew older she could not point to any definite time as the date of her conversion; for she had always chosen to be a child of God. She was baptized in her early teens, and united with the Bushnell church.

Nora's sweet face and winsome ways made her an unusually attractive child. In fact, it was difficult to reprove one whose dimples, when she smiled, pleaded for her. Yet the excellence of kindness, truthfulness, and obedience was held up before her by her parents as qualities more to be desired than physical beauty.

Even as a small girl, Nora was fascinated with pioneer life, and she took delight in entertaining her sisters with stories of the imaginary adventures that she and her father were to have after they had gone to live in the log cabin they were to build "way out in the woods."

Her mother was one of those wise women who believe that by letting little folk help in the work about the house, even when their inexperienced hands could only hinder, habits of work would be formed that in the future would be a definite aid, both to her and to them. So, in the Haysmer home, each child was given little tasks that became a special responsibility, and all grew to feel that they were a part of the family firm, and that their efforts really counted toward making home a success. And Nora played her part faithfully as a member of the firm.

"Oh, Fern!" Nora said one day when she and Fern were at the house alone. "Let's surprise mother when she returns."

All the duties that mother had left for them to take care of were finished, and Fern wanted to play; so her reply to Nora's suggestion was answered with a somewhat disinterested, "How?"

"Let's mop the kitchen floor," was Nora's animated reply. And she had her way. They even used sand and a broom to make sure that the dirt was all removed. And whether the floor really needed mopping, they never knew, for mother appreciated the thought and the effort and would not dampen the joy her children had in unselfish service.

Mr. and Mrs. Haysmer did not think it advisable to send their children to school at so tender an age as did some parents, and usually kept them at home until they were nearly eight years old. The schoolhouse was more than one and one-half miles away, but nevertheless Nora looked forward to the time when she could join the happy group that traveled along that road every day. There were always two or three of the Haysmer children, and others from nearly every house along the way joined the group, making a merry company to answer the call of the old bell.

Nora was always a diligent student, and made good progress in her classes. She was cheery, could see the amusing side of a situation, and yet had a certain seriousness that seemed unusual. It is not necessary to say that she was well liked by her schoolmates. She was not afraid to think independently, and she had the courage of her convictions. While yet a young girl, she had decided ideas as to what constituted proper conduct, being somewhat reserved, yet not aloof. She did not join so heartily as some of the girls in playground activities, but enjoyed the quieter games. Frequently she brought a bit of embroidery or other handwork to do during the recess periods. But when it came time for the outdoor winter sports, she thoroughly enjoyed the gatherings that ended in a skating party on the near-by lake or in coasting down the snow-encrusted hills. She was the first to get her skates on, and a beautiful picture she made as she glided across the ice.

The church at Bushnell met for several years in the schoolhouse. Back in those days there were no Sabbath school helps such as we now enjoy, and the teachers would tell a Bible story to the children, or have them commit to memory portions of the Scripture. How they enjoyed the lessons from the books written by Professor G. H. Bell for children and youth! To us they seem prosaic and dry. But the young people who used them then were expected to be able to answer every question correctly, and sometimes to repeat entire synopses.

The time came when a church building was erected, and it was in connection with cleaning this in preparation for use that Nora met with an accident that almost cost her life. As she was washing a window, in some way the pane of glass shattered under her hand, the broken glass cutting her wrist so severely that an artery and the cords to the

third and fourth fingers of her right hand were severed. Her father and mother were not there. The nearest doctor was six miles away, and there was, of course, no automobile in which to rush her to him, nor a telephone on which to call him to come. No one seemed to know what to do. Nora was faint and weak from loss of blood before the spurting could be stopped. It was years before she fully recovered, and those two fingers were always stiff and bent.

Not far from the old home was a stretch of swampland covered with tamarack trees. In this Nora discovered a strip of slightly elevated dry land where a number of fine old beech trees flourished. "Beech Knoll" became to her a favorite resort for reading and for communion with nature and with God.

When she was sixteen her mother's brother, N. R. Staines, who was connected with the sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan, opened his hospitable home to her, so that she could attend the college there for a term. After this she spent some time as a helper at the sanitarium. One summer she canvassed for a health book. She also taught for a while in the public schools of Michigan. But all this time she was hoping and praying that the way might open for her to return to college in further preparation for her lifework. So, as soon as it was possible, she was there again, even though it meant that she could afford but one Sabbath dress for the whole school year. This time she remained for several years, part of the time enjoying the privileges of dormitory life, and part of the time sharing the home of relatives. She took the nurses' course at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

When Aunt Amelia Staines moved from the farm to Battle Creek, so that her son could have the benefit of a Christian college, Nora and Nettie, an older sister of Nora's, lived with her.

During these happy years of training Nora met W. H. Anderson, a student from Indiana, and their acquaintance ripened into deep affection. On October 24, 1893, at a quiet wedding in the old home near Fenwick, Michigan, they were married, and immediately returned to Battle Creek to continue in school. At the close of school, in 1894, she and her husband went to work in Michigan. In those days workers did not receive salaries as they do today. The Andersons paid all their own expenses in traveling to the place of labor, paid for all the literature they used in house-to-house work, and lived in a tent that was kindly lent to them by a fellow church member. Nora spent her time doing Bible work.

Harry came home one evening with a high temperature, and Nora thought he had typhoid. She took the last five cents they had and bought some gasoline to heat water with which to give him a treatment. A short time before, she had received a letter from an old patient of hers at the sanitarium, requesting her to come to her home and treat her as she had at the sanitarium. She was offered board and room and good pay for that service. Harry had received an offer from an old employer, promising him good pay and the Sabbath off if he would return to work for him. With the last cent gone and Harry burning with fever, Nora burst into tears.

"Oh, Harry, we do not have to live like this. I will go and take care of this patient for a year. You can go to your old employer for a year, and by that time we will have saved sufficient money for you to go back to school and pay your way without having to toil almost day and night to pay all the bills."

She had no more than uttered these words when she brushed away her tears and said, "Harry, I did not mean a word of that. We are going to stay by this work and in

this work until the Lord releases us." That was the only time during the fifteen years of her married life that Nora's courage came so near failing her.

Nora was young and vivacious and enjoyed the companionship of other young people just as much as any young woman of today. For this reason, perhaps, her heart skipped a beat and her gray eyes left off their merry twinkling for a moment when Harry told her of the urgent call which had come to him to labor among the natives in faraway Africa. They had been married two years. Before they were married Nora had completed what was then called the English course. Now that a year had been spent in the field, during which time they had "proved" themselves, they had returned so that Harry might finish the ministerial course, for he had felt himself called to evangelistic work. They were both members of the foreign mission band, and had chosen Africa as their field of special study, hoping that sometime that needy continent might be their home. But Harry had not yet finished his school-work; so it was rather a surprise to be called so suddenly. With the first shock of surprise over, Nora did not hesitate or draw back. And after their state of health had been proclaimed satisfactory, she and Harry joined the company of workers who went with Elder G. B. Tripp to start our first mission work among the heathen. This mission site was a large farm not far from Bulawayo, Africa.

Their experience was similar to that of all early missionaries. There was no outfitting allowance. And when the Andersons had paid all their debts and had sold the little furniture that they had, and were ready to sail for Africa, they had just two dollars and a half between them. Nora's Aunt Amelia gave her \$5, thus tripling the amount of their capital. Imagine it, if you can! Two young people starting to Africa with only \$7.50. But their transportation

was paid to Africa, and the Lord would provide for them on the journey.

The trip through England and on to South Africa was uneventful. They landed in Cape Town and prepared to travel on the Cape to Cairo Railway for eight hundred miles. After fruitless searching, they found that they could purchase their tickets in a "booking office." On reaching Mafeking, the terminal, they found oxcarts to carry their goods on to their destination, but lo, there were no goods. Finally they located their boxes on a transport rider's wagon. The man had received instructions to carry several boxes of goods to a certain missionary in Bulawayo, and did not look to see what name was on the boxes. Then began a six-hundred-mile trip by ox wagon, and from June 2 to July 26 they were plodding along in the dust and dirt of the semidesert regions of Bechuanaland. At night they slept in the wagon bed on springs covered over with blankets. One of the three families, having no springs, used sacks of flour for their mattresses.

On arrival at the mission station at Solusi, they pitched their tent under a big tree, and began to build a home. At the same time they attempted to learn the language and carried on the regular mission endeavors.

Very few of the native women in that part of the country had ever seen a white woman, and Mrs. Anderson was a great attraction to them. Her long hair was always an object of curiosity. Many of them would be there early in the morning to see it combed, and groups would come throughout the day. Sometimes she had to take it down five or six times, so that the natives could see that it was her own, that it really grew out of her scalp, and how long it really was.

The early days of the Solusi Mission were days of toil and hardship, but soon a little house was built, with a mud

wall, a dirt floor, and a grass roof. The site chosen for mission homes had been occupied a little time before by a native village, and the whole place was infested with rats. There was no ceiling in the house, and the rats would run up the wall on the outside, follow along the plate to where the bed was located, and from there jump off onto the bed and then onto the floor. This was not very conducive to sound slumber or calm nerves, especially since Elder Anderson's work kept him away from home a great deal and Mrs. Anderson had to be alone in the house much of the time. But she courageously conquered her fear and kept the home fires burning.

A few months after the Andersons arrived at Solusi, the Matabele rebellion broke out, and they had to flee to Bulawayo for safety. Elder Tripp and his wife and their little boy lived in the back end of an ox wagon, Elder Sparrow and his wife and their baby lived in the front end, and Nora and Harry Anderson made their bed under the wagon. Thus they lived for five months until the siege at Bulawayo was raised and they returned to the mission.

At the close of the rebellion came the famine, and they took in a number of starving children to save their lives. In addition to treating the sick and spending a goodly portion of the day in school, Mrs. Anderson mothered these children. In 1898, when sickness took such a toll of the mission family, her nurses' training stood her in good stead. Even then, when the missionaries did not have enough food, Nora Anderson did not complain. She wrote her sister in America that when she thought of what Jesus had done for them, she could not call anything she had done a sacrifice.

After the death of Elder Tripp and his son, Mrs. Anderson accompanied Mrs. Tripp, who was very ill, to Cape Town, where she was placed in the sanitarium. She

stayed only six weeks before returning to the mission station, for her husband was alone and needed her help and comfort.

By this time more comfortable houses had been built for the missionaries, but Mrs. Anderson was not destined to enjoy long the satisfaction of her home. Elder F. L. Mead and his family arrived at Solusi, and the Andersons were transferred to a new mission station, where they went back to the mud hut again, with the dirt floor and the grass roof. Elder Anderson toiled tirelessly there, making bricks and burning them, and quarrying out stones, until he had a new house completed and they moved into it.

The women of that time wore long skirts and high-top shoes. One day when Nora Anderson was going about her work, a number of native women were squatted on the ground watching her. Suddenly they caught sight of her black stockings above the tops of her shoes. They all jumped, clapped their hands, and roared with laughter, saying, "She is black, just as we are; it is only her face that is white!" The stockings had to be taken off to convince them of their error.

The Andersons were permitted to live in their new house only a short time, and then were transferred to another place. But it was while they were there that they received a message from Mrs. White, who was then in Australia, saying that Mrs. Anderson must leave Africa, or at least leave that part of the country, or she would lay down her life there. Permission was obtained from their superintendent to go to Cape Town for six months. Two weeks after their arrival in Cape Town Elder Anderson received a telegram which called him back to the field, but Mrs. Anderson stayed for the six months, and then returned to the work. She was greatly benefited by being out of the country during most of the wet season.

The privations and sufferings of the Matabele rebellion were soon repeated during the time of the Boer War. Prices soared. Food supplies were often almost unobtainable. But 1904 came, and that year, following nine years of toil, the General Conference granted a furlough to the Andersons, and they returned to America. This was a wonderful blessing to Mrs. Anderson healthwise. When they were in Washington, D.C., Mrs. White told her that she should not feel obligated to attend camp meetings with Elder Anderson during that summer, but should go to her father's farm and spend the time there in rest to restore her shattered nerves and build up her bodily energies. She obeyed this counsel, and spent most of the year with her parents.

When the Andersons returned to Africa in 1905, it was again to pioneer work, this time in Northern Rhodesia. To get there meant another long trip in an ox wagon through a country infested with lions. On several occasions the lions were about the camp most of the night, and one Sabbath morning, the Andersons, after having spent a troubled night because of the presence of the lions, found from the tracks that these ferocious animals had come within easy springing distance of where they had slept on the ground.

On arriving at Rusangu Mission, they again began the construction of a little mud hut with dirt floor, and again they went through the hardships and privations of their first years in Africa. After two years Elder G. A. Irwin was able to secure sufficient money for a new house for them. It brought great joy to Mrs. Anderson's heart to think that again she would be able to have a home with a cement floor in it, in place of the dirt floor. How often she had longed during the years for a decent home in which to live! Now, after twelve years of service, it seemed that

this hope was to be realized. They built a very comfortable house, and the cement floor made it proof against the termites, which had destroyed so much in their other houses.

One afternoon as Elder Anderson was laying the bricks on the veranda, the last work to be done on their house, Mrs. Anderson came to him and said that she felt very tired. He went into the house and brought out a chair, and urged her to sit beside him as he continued his work, and rest. In the evening, after they had a light supper, Mrs. Anderson retired, saying that she was still very tired. This was unusual for her, and Elder Anderson spent anxious moments watching her till she was sound asleep. About two o'clock in the morning she wakened him and said that she was chilly. Elder Anderson tells the story:

"I got up at once and built a fire, and put the hot bricks and hot-water bottles around her. I soon discovered that she had the dreaded blackwater fever. We were alone on the mission at the time, except for about eight native boys and girls, and were two hundred miles from the nearest doctor; so I nursed her and cared for her as best I could. The night the crisis came, her heart would beat three times and then miss a beat, and then start again. Her pulse was very weak. This continued nearly all night. I never knew, when her heart skipped a beat, but that it was stopping for good. She felt a little better the next morning, and gradually gained strength again after that hard night.

"About ten days later we carried her to the railway. I flagged the train, and, putting her on board it, took her to the hospital at Livingstone. Fortunately there was a doctor on the train whom I knew, and I turned my precious patient over to him to care for while I went to bed and slept the whole way to Livingstone. I took her to the hospital, and she stayed there for about ten days, slowly

regaining strength. The doctor then advised me to take her on to Cape Town; so we started south. On arriving at Kimberley, after three days and three nights on the train, she said that she felt too tired to go any farther. I took her to the hospitable home of Elder and Mrs. J. V. Wilson in Kimberley. She had two days of rest, and in the afternoon of the second day she called me into her bedroom and asked me to make her a promise. She said she felt too weak to argue the question with me, but since she was there where there were good doctors, and could be cared for by Mrs. Wilson, who was a Battle Creek nurse, she would receive all the attention she needed.

"But there were all our boys and girls on the mission, as sheep without a shepherd, and she wanted me to promise her that I would take the train that night and go back to the mission. I remonstrated with her, but when I saw how agitated she was, I made the promise and returned to the mission that night."

Nearly a month later Mrs. Anderson had gained still further strength, and, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, she went on to Cape Town and entered the sanitarium, where she was cared for by Dr. George Thomason and his sister, Ida. They gave her every attention that it was possible for them to give her. She made rapid progress, and was soon up and around again. The committee was in session at that time, and they decided to transfer the Andersons again for pioneer work in a new field. When Mrs. Anderson heard of this call, she wrote to her husband, asking him to accept, saying that if the Lord wanted her to go back to the mud hut again, and to the privations of pioneer life, she believed that He would give her strength to endure it.

But Nora Anderson was not to go back to pioneer life again. About ten days after she had written this letter,

she had a relapse of the fever at the sanitarium. Then she realized that there was no possible hope for her recovery, and that it would not be possible for her husband to get to Cape Town in time to see her again while she was alive; so she wrote him her farewell, in which she said, "Stand by the work, and go on and make it all that we had hoped it might be." She told him that her burden was now laid at the feet of the Master, but that he must carry on and see the work through to success. So she was laid to rest.

But although Nora Anderson in the flesh died, her life is still glowing. She never regretted either her marriage or her decision to go to Africa. Once when she was on furlough, after telling her sisters of some particularly trying experience, she, fearing that they might feel that she was complaining, told them that she was happy, for she felt that God had directed, and therefore she accepted every experience that came as a part of His plan. It was true that her family wondered if she ever regretted her step. She had gone through so many difficult experiences. But, commenting on her life following her marriage, she said, "I want you to know that through all this I have had a happy married life." Then she told of how, years before she met the man who was to become her life partner, the thought came to her one day that God knew whether or not she would ever marry, and if so to whom it would be. So she began to pray for this young man, asking God to bless him and lead him through experiences that would train him to be a true follower of the Lord and a faithful worker in His cause. She prayed also that he might be the kind of man God wished her husband to be, and that she might develop into the woman that a young man needed for a helpmeet. She was sure the Lord answered her plea, for they had the deep joy known only to those who are united in love and service to their Maker.

One of her sisters, in speaking of Nora, said:

"Although Nora was only a little more than two years older than I, she seemed much more mature. And she was my ideal. I thought she always knew how to do the right thing at the right time, and her poise was a thing I needed so much. I cannot tell the help and inspiration her life has been to me. When it became plain to me that my health would not allow me to do the work I had chosen, the future seemed forbidding. From Africa Nora wrote to bolster up my courage. One letter said, 'Dear, you know that in the stone walls of a building [our father was a stone mason] some of the stones are squared and fitted to look well on the outside where all can see them. Others face the inside, where few can ever see. Still other stones are wholly embedded in the mortar. All are necessary for the strength of the wall; even the ones no one ever sees serve a purpose.' I could read the lesson she meant. To Mrs. Atteberry [another sister], as well as to me, Nora was an ideal to strive to be like, and her influence has been a great inspiration to us."

Another of her younger sisters has this to say of Nora Anderson: "Nora wrote me soon after my marriage to remember that sometimes we are a trial to others just as others are at times a trial to us. This has helped me many times. Then her telling us, when she was home on furlough, that even out in Africa she always changed her dress for the afternoon, has meant a great deal to me. Her ways as a mother were admirable. Her life always has been an inspiration to me, although she was away from home nearly all the time since I can remember."

A cousin, Mrs. Carrie Staines Kellogg, who was one of Nora Anderson's schoolmates and a lifelong friend, regarded her very highly. Recently Mrs. Kellogg wrote Fern:

"First, I will say that Nora was always sincere and honest

in all her dealings, and deeply religious—not solemn, but cheerful. She had a keen sense of humor, and was ambitious to do what she thought was right. She loved her home as much as anyone could, but was willing to forgo the pleasures of home and friends to do what she thought was her duty toward those in darkness.”

And in these statements one sees a clear reflection of the true missionary spirit that led this woman to deny herself for the good of others to the very end of her life—the spirit that still must be possessed by those who devote their lives to the service of the Master.

Sarepta Myrenda

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry



SAREPTA MYRENDA IRISH HAD but the dimmest remembrance of the home which she, with her parents, left to follow what her father considered the imperative voice of God calling him to go into the then Far West and preach the gospel to the pioneer settlers and the Indians. But two things always stood out distinctly. One was a pale, lame man who drew her tenderly to his side and talked to her in a voice which always seemed like an echo of eternity. He was her mother's only brother. The second was a gift from her grandmother—a little old-fashioned Bible, a plump red-calf volume, which played so important a part in her education.

When little Sarepta first saw Chicago, it was a marsh. She long remembered the tiresome rides over the muddy, boggy road through that portion of Illinois which is now covered by the great city and its beautiful suburbs. The water over the tall prairie grass came up to the hubs of the carriage wheels, and the horses' feet would swish, swish through it hour after hour.

Her life for several years was one of wandering around with her father, but finally his health became such that it was impossible for him to continue his nomadic journeyings. He had made a profound impression upon the new country by his earnest and gentle spirit. The lawless

people trusted him; so he felt perfectly safe to settle down in the midst of robbers and highwaymen. Their home—a little cottage surrounded by prairieland—her father had built with his own hands, so that he might live among these wanderers and teach them the gospel. It was a strange and lonely life, but she always looked back upon it with the assurance that it was a happy one.

Sarepta was always her father's companion in his travels. In fact, her earliest recollection was of sitting upon his lap while he read and studied, riding with him on his long trips, sitting beside him at the service with a motley crowd of reverent listeners gathered about. They would travel all day over the prairies, along the river courses, under the shadow of the Missouri bluffs, stopping at noon to eat their dinner by the wayside. Then they would ride on into the dusk of evening, and most often Sarepta would fall asleep in the carriage. When they stopped, she would be taken in some strange woman's arms into the cabin and put to bed. When later she awakened, the cabin would be filled with people, and her father would be preaching to them. Then, to the sound of his voice, she would fall asleep again. In the morning this same strange woman would wash her, comb her hair, and she would be ready for another day's journey. Because of the close association with her father, those days were the sweetest in her memory.

During those long rides, with her little calf-bound Bible in her hand, she was taught to read. The Bible was her one textbook, and from it her father taught her the rudiments of science as well as of religion. The first words she learned to read and spell were the first words in the Bible. The names of the figures were learned from the divisions of the chapters, and her first lessons in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division were illustrations from the pages of the Sacred Book. Her father was not

dogmatic. He was simply a gospel teacher, and he taught Sarepta to take the words of the Bible in their simple, everyday dictionary meaning. Many years passed before she learned that there were different theological meanings for those words.

There have been those who have sought, from the stories of the life of Sarepta Myrenda Irish, to discover some incident in her girlhood that would show her to have been at heart like other girls of her age. But she was different, at least different from the majority, in having instinctively a deeply serious and religious nature that no emotion or event could really modify.

Think of beginning evangelistic work at the tender age of six! But that is what Sarepta did. On one of her trips with her father she contracted a cold and was left with some friends while he went on his way. She had never before been alone among strangers, but when at the supper table the man of the house served her and then began his own meal, she sat still.

"Why don't you eat your supper, dear?" her hostess asked.

"Oh, we aren't ready yet," she answered. "We haven't asked the blessing."

The man stopped eating and looked at his wife. Finally he said,

"Well, don't wait for that, because we don't have any blessing at our table."

"Oh, dear," she said. "Aren't you afraid to eat? Why don't you have a blessing?"

"Because we are not Christians," the man answered simply.

Sarepta was puzzled; but presently she said, "Well, if you can't ask the blessing, I can. I never did in my life, but we can't eat till we have a blessing."

And that was the first time her childish voice was heard in any other petition than her bedtime prayer. Neither of the good people could eat, and once or twice they wiped their eyes. Finally the man left the table. The child and the woman then finished their supper, and both were impressed that something strange had happened.

It was the same thing at bedtime. Sarepta protested against being put to bed until after worship. She brought out her red Bible, saying, "I can't read very well, but if no one else can read, I will do the best I can, and we will have prayer." The next morning the woman gave her her Bible before breakfast, and she conducted worship; and she did this each night and morning during the time she remained with these people. After she was a grown woman, she received a letter from this man, referring to the time, and saying that the family altar established by a little girl six years old had never been broken up.

In Sarepta's studies she continued to use the Bible. Her father would give her the task of finding every passage of Scripture in which the familiar things of her life were found. When she studied geology, she was given water as a topic, water in every form, and was told to find where each of these was mentioned in the Bible. When she studied botany, her little red Bible became a herbarium of pressed flowers. A favorite expression of her father's was, "Every truth has its root in Genesis, grows its trunk and branches through the historical and prophetic books, blossoms in the Gospels, and drops its fruit in Revelation."

Her life passed in this charming, unhampered fashion until she was fifteen. Her father always wanted her with him, and insisted that the younger sister, who was stronger physically, could perform the household tasks, which were too heavy for Sarepta's frail hands. But her brother, a lawyer in Philadelphia, came to take Sarepta home with

him. He recognized that she was not receiving the kind of education that would fit her for life, and decided to take her to his home, where she might enter Mount Holyoke Seminary. But before she entered the seminary, it was necessary that she go through a period of preparation. Her father had failed to realize that someday, perhaps, his favorite would be a wife, a mother, and a housekeeper, and now her brother and his wife undertook to train her to keep her own clothes and room in order, to arrange the parlor, and to perform simple duties and carry responsibility in connection with household affairs.

Every Wednesday she sat with her sister-in-law, her workbasket beside her, to repair her own clothing where necessary, and to learn to darn and sew. She was not permitted to select her own reading matter. Her brother's wife chose her books, and she was required to sit beside her and read aloud ten pages a day. She was then required to write a synopsis of everything she read, among the various books being Hume's "History of England" and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." All this was good discipline, and would have continued, but her father became ill and she had to return to him. Again he would not permit her to take any part in the household duties, saying that she had no time for that. Sarepta always felt that he knew that the end of his life was coming soon, and that he had a mission to train her for Bible work.

Sarepta conceived the idea that she must be, to a certain extent, independent of the influences about her, that she must exercise the power of individual choice. Finding no other point on which to make a venture, she finally decided that she would like to join some other church. Her father gave her the privilege and even assisted her in her studies, with the result that she felt content to remain in the Methodist Church, of which he was a member.

She continued her studies with her father, he becoming gradually weaker every day. But he came to recognize the need of a better education for Sarepta than he could give her. She, too, had begun to recognize her lack of a systematic education. Her father, in favor of coeducation, sent her to Rock River Seminary, at Mount Morris, Illinois, then a small, but growing, institution.

A roommate of hers, and constant companion, later said of her: "She was always plainly dressed, for her father came from a Quaker family and held to the Bible teaching concerning gold and silver and wearing apparel. She had an indescribable charm, a refined and spiritual countenance, illumined by deep and solemn eyes. She always wore a flower in her hair, but no other ornament." When she married, she even declined to accept a wedding ring from her husband.

Sarepta wrote her first published poems under the name of "Lima Linwood." Her father objected to the nom de plume, and it was soon abandoned. The first money she earned from her writing was used to purchase three pairs of stout shoes for members of the family.

The young men found Sarepta an attractive young woman. She looked upon them only as friends, and enjoyed her associations with them. Three young men loved her, and either would have been highly honored had she given the least encouragement, but her naiveté prevented her from recognizing their attentions as other than friendly gestures. She heard men talk of preparing for their life-work, and found rebellion growing in her heart against the limitations of sex which had shut her from the same privileges and opportunities. She finished her work at the seminary and bade her friends good-by. These young men were going to Northwestern University. As she turned from saying good-by, she said to Ellen, her roommate:

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

Ellen looked at her with big eyes.

"Your daughter will be a girl, and they won't accept her," she said.

"Mark you what I say," was the reply. "My daughter shall go to that university. No other will answer. She must come up to make good the lack in my own opportunities." And Sarepta's daughter did go to Northwestern University.

A Mr. Henry, whom she had met at home the year before, took a teaching position in one of the schools of Pecatonica, Illinois, Sarepta's home town, and when she returned home, she continued her friendship with him. They spent many happy hours by the fireside on long winter evenings, reading and discussing topics of general interest. At a social gathering once, at a home where a number of young people were spending the night, a game was being played in which slips of paper were passed around and instructions given to write a line, folding the paper so that line would not show, and, giving the last word to which a rhyme was to be fitted, passed on to the next player. The fun was to come in when the medley should be read aloud. Mr. Henry sat next to Sarepta, and, as the slips of paper were going around the circle, he slipped one into her hand and whispered, "For yourself." She opened it and read expressed in a stanza the question which was to her the most momentous of a lifetime. The thought of marrying him had never entered her mind, and at first she couldn't understand. But there was the plain question. She felt that he wanted an immediate answer, but was not prepared to give it; so she wrote, "Not tonight."

The idea was all so new to her that she spent a sleepless

night. She prayed about it, and as soon as she heard someone stirring in the morning, she rose and went downstairs, the question still unanswered in her mind. Going to the kitchen, she met Mr. Henry with a cup of unground coffee in his hand, which he was taking up to the garret to grind for breakfast. "Would you like any help?" she said, not knowing what else to say. And he replied, "Certainly; all the help I can get." They went together to grind the coffee. She felt that she must tell him of her perplexities, and did so, saying that she had decided to refer the whole matter to her mother.

Sarepta's mother was willing, and they were married on a bright day in spring and left for the Spirit Lake region of northwestern Iowa. There in the woods they spent many happy days. There were narrow escapes from Indians. There were days of work and days of play. They had planned to begin a school in that wild region. There were Indian uprisings. Mr. Henry decided to take his wife back to Illinois for the winter, and they started, arriving at Pecatonica in the latter part of November. She was very ill after the birth of her twin boys, both of whom died, and lived herself only because she insisted on being taken out into the sunshine every day. In May she was able to travel with her husband to his home in New York. During her convalescence, she wrote a beautiful poem, "My Shells," which is a crystallization of her first experience of motherhood.

The War Between the States began. Mr. Henry volunteered, but because of his slight stature, he was rejected and was left at home to take care of his wife. They began their first venture in real housekeeping, the husband teaching the wife to make bread and do the other simple things that she had not learned from her mother in girlhood. But for her, farm life had no disagreeable drudgery. She

clothed the commonest detail with imagination and loving interest. She took her poetical nature into kitchen and cellar, and to her, dishcloths and brooms, corners and kettles, became sonnets and epics and odes of cleanliness. And under this influence she became comparatively well and strong. She was by inheritance orderly and systematic, so that even from the first she found leisure for literary work.

The family altar had been established in their home at the very first. Mr. Henry made no profession of Christianity, but he was a truly religious man. Their very first evening together he took her Bible, and, opening it, said, "I believe that this Bible is a help to anyone who will study it. I believe in prayer, and my house shall be a house of prayer. I believe that the Bible should be the guide of my life so far as I am able to understand it. I do not profess to believe it as you do, but I propose that we read it every day and pray together, that we have what you have always been accustomed to—a family altar." And this custom was always followed.

Sarepta Irish had been brought up so much alone, without the leveling fellowship of her kind, that she had never learned to look at things from any standard but her own. She was the soul of integrity, mercy, consideration, and noble-mindedness. Instinctively she chose the highest course of action. She could not comprehend low ideals. The very loftiness of her purposes and beliefs led her to sympathize with those who had sinned deeply and were despairing. Not to feel growing daily within her the heart of goodness and purity, to her would have been more than despair, even death. But when, as she went along her steadfast way, her eyes fixed upon beauty and truth, her mind absorbed in unselfish thoughts, she ran against a different mind, or was jostled by someone who was seeking

the same general end, but was taking a less straightforward path, she was startled, bewildered, and hurt to the quick. The severity with which she sometimes spoke was merely the expression of this recoil, and from its effects she suffered most.

It would be impossible for this short narrative to include an account of the trials through which Sarepta Henry passed, when, after the close of the war, her husband, who had been taken eventually in spite of his shortness of stature, returned to her, a wreck of a man who soon died and left her with four children to be clothed, fed, and educated. She had opposition from her husband's family, from friends, and even from her own brother. There were times when, but for the grace of God, who raised up kind-hearted people to help her, she would have had her children taken from her forcibly and placed in an institution. But although her father taught her no practical duties, he did teach her a faith in God that sustained her.

When writing she worked very rapidly, wholly absorbed in her task. It was through writing that she was able to keep her children together a great part of the time. She wrote poetry and stories. Her children sometimes took advantage of this fact. If one wanted to ask mother for permission to go visiting, the other would say, "No, let's wait till she gets to writing, and then she'll say 'Yes' without thinking." Yet, if any danger or evil threatened her children, no mother could be more alert or present-minded than she.

It was through an experience with her youngest son that she was led to take up the banner against the liquor traffic. She noticed him coming out of a neat-looking building, and immediately her curiosity was aroused to see what was in it. On questioning Arthur, she learned that a boy had invited him in and had given him some

candy. The candy was dirty looking; so she immediately decided to investigate. The scene that met her gaze when she entered that place was one that so filled her with horror that she ran from the place, holding her son's hand with a rigid grip, and dragging him after her, not coming to her senses until he said, "Mamma, you hurt!"

Although she had never before seen the inside of a saloon, she recognized it as an enemy of her home, of her peace, and of the purity of her children. This circumstance helped to prepare her mind for stories of the crusade against liquor that was started in Ohio shortly afterward. Loving her children as she did, she could understand how mothers with boys to bring up could go into the saloons and pray, how they could kneel on the sidewalks in the slush and make dramatic appeals. A great interest in this war against the saloon, and a longing to do something to help, took possession of her, but she did not see how she could do anything. She had her daily bread to earn, and she must care for her children. Her life must of necessity be a quiet one. Finally, she called the women of her church together and talked over with them the situation. She was urged to take the leadership of a movement to be started among the women of Rockford, where she had made her home. She protested, saying that she could do nothing.

"That depends," said one of the women, "on whether or not God wants you to do anything. Have you never thought that you had something to do?"

Then, for the first time, Sarepta Henry acknowledged what had been secretly hidden in her heart, and what she had been suppressing out of dread of the result. She replied: "Don't talk to me. I stand in relation to this whole subject where the little Holland boy did when he had his finger pressed against the hole in the dike. I am afraid to move for fear I shall let the ocean in."

At last there came a day when she felt that she could no longer withstand the urge; so she wrote notices and had them delivered to all the prayer meetings in the city, calling all Christian women together to consider what they could do with reference to the saloon. She had prepared a paper to read to the women. It was read, an open discussion was entered into, and a date was appointed for the second meeting to be held a week later in the same First Baptist church.

When this second meeting convened, the women talked freely. They found their tongues loosed. Mrs. Henry herself said that she felt upon her soul a sudden touch of inspiration which caused her to spring to her feet, and to speak as she would never have supposed possible. That day was organized the Woman's Temperance Union, which was later to become the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Those who formed that first organization of the W.C.T.U. were women who had been brought up in the shut-in sphere to which women of all generations had been relegated by the power and opinion of the world. The revelation of the evils of the saloon, and woman's taking up the fight for her sons, was one of the first steps in the emancipation of women.

It was hard for Sarepta Henry to go into public life. Many times she would weep at the necessity. She took great pleasure in entertaining her children's school friends, but now she had to give up this pleasant home life. This hitherto timid woman was given inspiration and physical strength to travel thousands of miles and make public address after public address. Often her life and the lives of her children were threatened. Once she was taken from one place to another after nightfall, and was not permitted to stay at one house two nights in succession. She worked hand in hand with Frances E. Willard, who

had resigned her position as dean of the Women's Branch of Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, to devote her life to the work of the W.C.T.U. Sarepta Henry became an evangelist, and preached in leading churches throughout the entire United States.

Sarepta Henry was not a good businesswoman. When, because of the strenuous life she lived as a public worker, she became too ill to continue, she came to recognize and deplore this fact. The change from desperate poverty in which she was placed after her husband's death, to a condition in which she might make provision for the future, had come so imperceptibly, and yet so quickly, that she did not realize it in the least. For so long she had been accustomed to depend upon others, and for so long there had been no other way to spend the money she earned than for immediate necessities, or to pay debts, that the possibility of laying anything aside for emergencies, to say nothing of making an investment, had never occurred to her.

Through the years she worked valiantly as national evangelist for the W.C.T.U. Her children grew up and were educated. Failing health interrupted her activity. At times she improved, and resumed her work and writing. Again she would be laid low. A serious operation almost put an end to her plans, but she recovered. She gave herself up to be an invalid for the rest of her life.

Finally, a prominent W.C.T.U. woman asked her why she did not go to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and declared that she would write to Doctor Kellogg herself to make the arrangements. Shortly afterward Sarepta Henry left for Battle Creek, where she was to remain, for an indefinite time, at the usual rate for ministers and missionaries. She had never met Doctor Kellogg. She had heard of him simply as a progressive physician, philanthropist,

and a friend of the W.C.T.U. She did not even know that he was a vegetarian, or that he was opposed to the use of drugs. She had heard a vague rumor that the sanitarium people were Seventh-day Adventists, but that did not impress her, for she did not know what was meant. When her daughter laughingly told her that those people might convert her, Mrs. Henry indignantly replied, "It isn't likely that a person of my age and convictions would change her views."

Looking at it from the worldly point of view, Sarepta Henry's career might have seemed more artistic had it ended at this point, but, taking into consideration the sacrifices she made for the truth of God's word when she came to know and understand it, the last three years of her life embodied the very acme of heroism, and put the crowning touch on her noble character. To her a knowledge of duty was to perform it, and when that duty was surrounded by a halo of God's love and tender watchcare over her and her children, there was only one course left for her.

The doctors under whose care she was placed, the nurses who waited on her, and no doubt even the girls who cleaned her room, helped to bring to Sarepta Henry the light of the third angel's message. She had believed her Bible, and had taken it literally. She was recognized as a Christian by all the people connected with the sanitarium, and when one day it was desired to have special prayer for one who was very ill, she was invited to take part in the service. Sitting in her wheel chair, with head bowed as they prayed, the thought came to her, "Here I am, praying for someone else, when it is I who should claim the promises of God for myself. How can I expect God to answer my prayer for another when I am a helpless invalid?" When her time came to pray, she opened her heart to God and besought

him to place His healing hand upon her body. Her prayer was answered. She left the room walking uprightly, pushing the wheel chair before her; and never again did she return to it. Many times she would feel so weary that she was sorely tempted to return to the chair, but believing that Satan was tempting her to distrust God, she firmly kept to her feet. What a wonderful experience for her! For several years she had been such a confirmed invalid, and had exhausted, she thought, all human resources. She had given up hope of ever regaining her health, and inclined to the belief that, as in the case of Paul, her infirmity, or "thorn in the flesh," was permitted for her good. Now she was well again.

She had always been honest and faithful to the best that she knew. God, who read her most secret heart, would go with her. He had restored her health, and had given her strength, so that she might carry this new light to those whom her previous teaching had influenced. It did not occur to her that any good people might misunderstand her, that all would not accept what she had to say with eagerness and interest. When she sent out her first little leaflet, "How the Sabbath Came to Me," making a very great effort to have it reach all who might possibly have come under the influence of her former teaching, a terrible storm of criticism burst upon her. She was overwhelmed with grief because it was not accepted as she intended it. She was disappointed in her friends. Many an ideal of her life went down in that wreck. But the hardest thing for her to bear in connection with this leaflet was the criticism brought upon the sanitarium where she had learned the Sabbath truth.

For some time after the truth regarding the Sabbath came to Mrs. Henry, she felt greatly perplexed in regard to the relation that Ellen G. White's writings, termed the

Testimonies, sustained to the Bible. She had been reared by godly parents; the Bible had always been her textbook. She had been taught that it was all-sufficient for salvation, and that nothing additional was needed. Naturally, she said, if that is so, why are these writings regarded as so essential to the remnant church? She had been schooled never to accept any doctrine without careful and prayerful study.

On several occasions attempt was made to explain to her that these Testimonies were not designed to give new light or additional light, but to impress upon the heart the truths of inspiration revealed in the Bible. By the aid of these writings, great truths were simplified and more clearly seen. But efforts to convince her seemed to be of no avail.

A meeting was held in Chicago at which leaders of the Seventh-day Adventist Church were assembled to consider and plan for a special effort to be carried forward along medical missionary lines in the large cities of the United States. Gatherings of this kind were usually recognized as special occasions to receive renewed grace and spiritual fitness for the work of God.

Mrs. Henry attended this meeting. There was an unusual outpouring of God's Spirit. Mrs. Henry took an active part, but again there loomed up before her the Testimonies and their relation to the truths revealed in the Bible. Again efforts were made to explain this, but she failed to see the matter clearly. With a feeling of intensity expressed on her countenance, she said, "I must have this matter made clear. Let us pray." Two or three prayed, and then she began most earnestly to plead with God for light. For just a moment her pleadings ceased, and then she began to praise God. On rising from her knees, she related what was revealed to her while she was pleading. Later she wrote out this experience in the most

beautiful language, expressing in the most fitting words the exact relationship between the Bible and the writings of Mrs. E. G. White. She said:

“All the great and marvelous blessings of my life were for the time forgotten in this present need, and, as must always be true, I was heard. The manifestation of the power of the Spirit of God was as clear as sunlight, and in that light I saw the Testimonies as simply a lens through which to look at the truth. It at once grew from a lens to a telescope, a perfect, beautiful telescope, subject to all telescopic conditions and limitations, directed toward the field of the heavens—that field the Bible. In their proper office as a medium of enlarged and clearer vision, as a telescope, the Testimonies had a wonderful, beautiful, and holy office. Everything depends upon our relation to them and the use we make of them. In the hand of the divine Director, properly mounted at the right angle and adjusted to the eye of the observer, with the field clear of clouds, it will reveal truths that will quicken the blood and gladden the heart.

“My failure has been in understanding what the Testimonies are and how to use them. They are not the heavens palpitating with countless orbs of truth, but they do lead the eye and give it the power to penetrate into the glories of the mysterious and living word of God. This has been the most beautiful experience which has ever been granted me. It grows from day to day.

“I think I feel very much as Galileo must have felt when, with his first telescope before him, he was bringing himself into position to look, just look at first, into the vast unexplored field, where worlds on worlds were keeping rhythmic time to the throbbing heart of the Infinite One, whose steady strokes of power set the pace for every moving thing. The simple possession of it must have given

a sense of might even before one glimpse had been taken through it. He knew that revelations such as eye had never seen or ear heard were awaiting him as soon as he humbled himself to the instrument, acknowledging its right to control his vision and fix his eye upon the point of observation.

"I have tried to imagine how Galileo's heart must have throbbed and his soul been thrilled even before he obtained one glimpse, and now I think I know. I have that sense of power which the possession of such an instrument must give. . . . It is a fresh token of my heavenly Father's care, one more beautiful than I have ever received before. You think it was wonderful when the Lord took me out of my wheel chair, and so it was, but I would be willing to go back to my wheel chair if by doing so I could get another glimpse of the hitherto unseen such as this has been to me. I would go through fire if I knew that out of it would come a corresponding revelation of the glory of God and His love for me.

"This experience has given me confidence in this small body of people, and confidence in the organization. I do not believe that God would ever have given me to see the things I have seen and to feel what I have felt, to see Him as I have seen Him in these circumstances, if there were not life and power in this organization to lift it up out of all shadow and doubt into the glory of His presence and to carry it safely through. This conviction came to me with all the rest, and has made me rejoice as never before. And I believe that something just as sweet and just as rich is for every one of my brethren and sisters if they will only come to God for it and accept it in His own way."

From that time on Mrs. Henry's faith in the Spirit of prophecy never wavered. She eagerly read and endorsed

everything that was written by the messenger of the Lord, and supported that noble woman in all her work.

Before she became a Seventh-day Adventist, Mrs. Henry had caused to be framed and adopted by the W. C. T. U., a memorial with regard to Sabbath observance, which had in it compulsory features. One of the first things she did after making her decision to observe the true Sabbath was to have a modified memorial drawn up, eliminating its legislative features. This memorial was signed by about thirteen thousand women, but the W.C.T.U. organization would not make the change. At a later convention the matter again came up for consideration, and although the original was not accepted, a substitute resolution was adopted. Then, because of her change in religious views, and recognizing that she could not influence her followers in religious matters as she had on the prohibition question, she thought that she would be called upon to give up her work as national evangelist for the W.C.T.U. Mrs. Henry sent in her resignation, which was not accepted. This gave her great joy, for she felt strange without the white-ribbon badge she had worn for so many years.

In 1898 she began a plan so stupendous in its possibilities that only the most undaunted worker could carry it out. It was to be a woman ministry—not an organized body of women preachers, but an organized service in which all good women might have a part. She felt that a woman's holiest ministry is in the home, among her neighbors and friends as they come and go about her, and it was her aim that the great truths might be served with the dinner, fitted with a dress pattern, bound in the same bundle with the common things about which women are wont to talk. She felt that the home should be a sanctuary and a school, the father and mother united in the ministry of the word of life and in the teaching of every vital truth, and that every

woman who knows the truth would find out and love her own work in her own God-appointed place, and become a true minister to all who came within her reach or who could be sought out and helped.

During her last year she dedicated herself to bringing about this ideal among the women of the denomination. And her energies seemed to constantly gain momentum. Every moment she was occupied. She was indefatigable. She traveled thousands upon thousands of miles, lecturing in churches, halls, and auditoriums everywhere. "The commonest things are the noblest," she said once when speaking to her son Alfred's congregation in a large Western city. And this statement also is typical of her: "Our mountains are awe-inspiring, but the cottage in a cleft is grander and of more importance, because it is the first expression of the will of God. The mountains exist for that little cottage." And from this point she would magnify the importance of the home.

"The home is a machine," she said. "Its proper work is to turn out men and women to subdue and reclaim a world spoiled by sin. God furnishes the power. . . .

"The home is God's safety deposit, from which He expects to derive His revenue. If we trusted God as He trusts us, we should want for nothing."

On her last trip Mrs. Henry was absent from home five months, traveled more than nine thousand miles, spoke two hundred and fourteen times, was subject to nearly all conditions of living and climate which would test the strength of the most robust, and yet returned in good working order. She was glad to get home to her daughter and her grandchildren, whom she loved very dearly. But her working days were over, and just a short while later she was laid to rest, the little white ribbon that had meant so much to her resting over her heart.

A Century of Progress

Mrs. Martha Amadon



"NINETY-SEVEN YEARS AGO TODAY there was born in the town of Buck's Bridge, New York, a little girl baby. There is nothing strange about that, for there were thousands of girl babies born that year, and many of them in New York State. And it was not remarkable that this little girl should grow up rapidly; that she should have been, along with John Byington and his wife—her father and mother—a charter member of the first Seventh-day Adventist church in New York.

"Nor is it because her father eventually moved his family to Battle Creek, Michigan, that I am telling about this girl today; and not even because her father became the first president of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. It was not strange that she should grow to womanhood and marry one of our pioneer workers—George Amadon—and live many happy, useful years in the city of Battle Creek. No, none of those reasons.

"The thing that is unusual is that Martha Byington Amadon is here with us today, in the college dining room, and that we are privileged to extend to her our personal greetings and congratulations on this, her ninety-seventh birthday.

"It is not often that we have the opportunity of baking and presenting a birthday cake to one who has lived so

many years. And so," turning to the guest of honor, "we are all very happy to have you with us. And if our heavenly Father wills it, we hope to have you with us on your one-hundredth birthday."

As the dean of women of Emmanuel Missionary College sat down beside the one who was being honored, toward whom every one of the more than two hundred pairs of eyes were turned, a round of hearty applause filled the room. The snowy-haired little old woman beamed her appreciation as she smiled in return. She had grown up in and near a similar institution, and while most of the faces she saw in the beautifully decorated dining room—all in her honor—were strange to her, she was familiar with the expressions of ambition, hope, and love of life that she saw there, and she felt at home.

Six months later, on my first Sabbath at E.M.C., I was standing before the church when a car rolled up in which were two elderly women. Both were white-haired, but one leaned on the other as they alighted from the car. A young man, evidently acquainted with them, came up just then. He took the little old woman's other arm, and, assisting her up the steps, led her to a seat near the platform in the auditorium.

"Who is the older of those two elderly women?" I questioned after watching this procedure for several weeks. I had come to look for that same blue car each Sabbath morning.

"Why, that's Mrs. Amadon. She is nearly one hundred years old. Lives near St. Joe."

"But *who* is she?" I persisted.

"She's a cousin of Miss Lamson's. You'll hear a great deal about her before you've been here a year."

And I had to be satisfied with that for the time being.

Cold weather came on. For a while I missed the car

and the dear old woman. Then, in the hustle and bustle of schoolwork, I forgot all about her. A few days before March 28 the following spring I was reminded of her again when I heard bits of her life story told by the dean at the worship hour. Plans were being made for another birthday celebration in Mrs. Amadon's honor, but this time in her home. During the three years I was in school at E.M.C., I heard this beloved woman's name many times. Each year the students participated in celebrating her birthday, always making a cake and sending some kind of gift. Once we gave her a beautiful bedspread, which she always seemed to prize very highly, for she loved beautiful things. As she grew older, it was difficult for her to get out of bed. Word was passed along that some extra pillows would make her more comfortable. When her birthday came round, two fluffy pillows were sent her, and she loved to think of the young people as she reclined in bed, supported by their thoughtfulness expressed in so tangible a way.

The Sabbath afternoon visits of the sunshine band from the college never failed to include a visit to Mrs. Amadon when she was able to receive callers. These young people sang her favorite songs. And the blessings they received equaled the sunshine they scattered through their songs. Mrs. Amadon liked to tell them of early experiences. She never forgot the time when she, with her family and brethren and sisters in the faith, watched for the Lord to come in 1844. They fully expected Him and were terribly disappointed. She liked to tell of the visits of Elder and Mrs. James White in her home. She saw Mrs. White in vision many times. Her love for God's work and her expressions of gratitude to Him for permitting her to live to see so much of it accomplished, always filled the students' hearts with a spirit of deep consecration.

Mrs. Amadon was given a great deal of publicity on

the event of her one-hundredth birthday. It so happened that March 26, 1934, was the one-hundredth anniversary of the city of St. Joseph, Michigan; so a reporter from the *Herald Press* in St. Joseph, and another from the paper in Benton Harbor, interviewed her.

"The city of St. Joseph receives greetings this year on its one-hundredth anniversary from Mrs. Martha D. Amadon. And the city can turn about on Wednesday to extend felicitations on the same occasion," wrote one man.

"It is not given to many communities to boast of a citizen one hundred years old, but on March 28, Berrien County may congratulate itself on the possession of a full-blown centenarian in the person of Mrs. Amadon, who resides with her daughter near interurban station 31, south of St. Joseph. There she is spending the closing years of her life, quietly, in fairly good health and active for her age," wrote another.

"Until recently, Mrs. Amadon was able to attend weekly the church services at Emmanuel Missionary College near Berrien Springs, with her daughter, Grace, but growing feebleness now confines her to her home," continued the reporter. "Her eyesight is nearly gone, but her mind is unusually keen and her accounts of pioneer days are as clear as her expressions of gratitude for friends, who are continually remembering Aunt Martha with gifts and greetings.

"The week preceding her birthday Mrs. Amadon received a birthday letter, written by himself, from her ninety-seven-year-old brother, Mr. Luther Lee Byington, of Wichita, Kansas. He wrote that he was in good health, regularly walked from eight to twelve blocks a day, and was looking forward to having a letter from his sister written by herself on her one-hundredth birthday." He then gave a brief sketch of her life, including the trip from Buck's

Bridge, New York, her marriage to George W. Amadon, her teaching work, and her association with the development of denominational work in Battle Creek.

When John Byington was about twenty years old he was very much an invalid, unable to do a day's work. Hoping that a change in climate would be beneficial, he went from Vermont to Connecticut. His health did improve somewhat, and he journeyed on to Potsdam, New York, where he and his wife settled on a farm, and where Martha, with her six brothers and sisters, grew up.

While attending a Methodist protracted, or revival, meeting, an Adventist brother who was present rose, and with the characteristic frankness and earnestness of his time, asked if they did not think their tea and tobacco were a tax on their holiness. This speech astonished Mr. Byington and set him to thinking. He made a study of the literature given him by the Adventist brother, and accepted the principles of health reform presented. Later the Sabbath question was brought up, but he found that a greater and more perplexing problem. While he was struggling with his conviction in the matter, his fifteen-year-old daughter died—a terrible blow to the entire family. She was buried on the Sabbath day, and it seemed to Mr. Byington that he heard a direct command from the Lord that day to keep the Sabbath; and from that time on, he, with his family, kept the commandments of God faithfully. And from that time on he preached so earnestly among his neighbors that a church of fifteen members was organized that same year at Buck's Bridge. Martha, although not the youngest, lived longer than any of the other charter members of this church.

It was about this time that the Review and Herald office was moved from Rochester, New Hampshire, to

Battle Creek, Michigan. There were many companies of Sabbathkeepers springing up in different parts of the State who needed much encouragement. Evil men went among these believers, poisoning their minds against the work of Mrs. White. In this new crisis John Byington was sent for, to come and visit all these companies, for he was the one man who they felt was able to meet such people and silence them—the one man who possessed the firmness and tact that would meet the objectors and put them to rout. Elder Byington recognized this as a call from God, and immediately started out with his horse and buggy. Martha, the one who best understood her father, was chosen by him as his companion for the journey.

They drove to Lake Ontario, a full day's journey (twenty miles), crossed the lake by boat, taking their horse and buggy with them, and then drove on to Buffalo. They crossed Lake Erie by boat, and drove on to Battle Creek. This journey was not made without stopovers, and took several weeks. Where there was a company of believers, Elder Byington and Martha held meetings with them, cheering them and strengthening them in the faith. If there was an organ, Martha played it and led the singing. If not, her clear voice easily gave the note for the beginning, and there was singing just the same.

On arriving in Battle Creek, Martha found work in the Review and Herald Publishing Association, and a home with Elder and Mrs. White. And instead of this journey's being just a visit, it proved to be a permanent move, for Martha never returned to Buck's Bridge for very long, and soon her mother and brothers and sisters came on to Battle Creek and made their home there.

A young woman so vivacious, so determined, and so charming as was Martha Byington today would be considered the "life of the party." But Martha's keen sense of

judgment tempered her fun-loving spirit, and her early consecration to God and to the finishing of the work of giving His last message to the world made her a real leader among the young people. Although her father was not a strong man, physically speaking, he possessed a quietness of manner and a determination not easily weakened. These characteristics were passed on to Martha. One who lived in her home as a young man said of her, "She was the most determined woman I ever knew, but she was always right."

Yes, she was right! She was brought up in a religious home. Her father, before allying himself with the Seventh-day Adventists, was a Methodist preacher-farmer. Martha's conscience had been trained early to do right, and when any course was presented to her, she clearly and firmly accepted or rejected it as her keen perception and understanding of right and wrong guided her stand.

A young man who had attended Oberlin College, believing the doctrines taught by the Adventist people, left school to go to work to tell others of those doctrines. He found his way to Rochester, New Hampshire. Elder White, attracted by the courage and straightforwardness of this young man, took him into his family. George Amadon, as his name was, teachable, dependable, and faithful, accepted responsibility as he became more experienced, often too willingly taking on burdens and jobs too irksome for those less dependable. He was known to the entire group of workers in the plant as "Uncle George."

When the move was made to Battle Creek, George Amadon was chosen to go along, and thus he became connected with the plant there. When Martha Byington came there to live, an acquaintance was begun between them which, as many acquaintances have done, and will continue to do as long as there are young men and young women, ripened into romance. In 1860, the year the de-

nominal name, "Seventh-day Adventist," was adopted, and one year before the first conference (Michigan) was organized, Martha adopted a new name, that of Amadon, and she and her husband moved into a comfortable home on Van Buren Street, near the old Battle Creek Tabernacle. There two girls came to add joy to that happy home. One of them died many years ago, but the other, Grace, lived to care for her mother during her last days. She it was who drove the old Packard the twelve miles from St. Joseph to church each Sabbath, and with the help—often of a young man or a young woman attending college—assisted her aged mother to a place near the speaker's platform.

Martha Amadon's husband was not without influence in her life. He was kind and sympathetic. If anyone in trouble found himself homeless or friendless, Uncle George and Aunt Martha were sure to know what to do. Mr. Amadon was a man of prayer. When in trouble he prayed much, and his prayers were answered. He was a quiet man, talking little, but when he talked, those who heard him listened and remembered what he said, for it was worth remembering. When the Review and Herald plant burned in 1903, he went silently to the scene of the fire. Seeing that nothing could be done, he silently watched to the last. Then, still silently, he walked back to his home with Martha and Grace. When they entered the house, he broke his silence with, "Let us pray." After he had gone to his rest, the highest tribute paid to him was, "Oh, we miss him so much, for he knew how to pray."

Soon after the fire Mr. Amadon's health began to fail. In 1913 Mrs. Amadon moved with him to St. Joseph, Michigan. He went to his rest shortly after. But her activity was by no means at an end. Through conference efforts a church was organized in St. Joseph, and again she became a charter member.

All her life she was a good neighbor. She was constantly doing kindnesses for those who were not so fortunate as she. And she was not content herself to be making over clothes to be used by the poor, and in mending and darning for the children whose parents did not have time to give them the proper attention. She gathered her neighbors and sisters in the church together in her cozy living room, and as they talked over the providences of God in the progress of His work, perhaps the stirring messages from the Lord delivered by His servant in the old Tabernacle, their fingers were busy sewing on buttons and fasteners, darning hose, knitting mittens and socks for those who had to be out in the cold, and cutting down outgrown suits and dresses. Out of the work she did in Battle Creek grew the Dorcas Society, Mrs. Amadon's contribution to the denominational organization, and without which many of our believers would suffer today.

Martha Byington received the first part of her education under her elder brothers and sisters and in a small country school. Later she attended Potsdam Academy. She gained much of her education through reading books and periodicals, and she was graduated from a Chautauqua course, such as was popular years ago. She wrote poetry and contributed scores of articles and poems to various publications. She was always very modest, and it was with a great deal of persuasion that she consented to quote a few lines which she was composing a few days before her one-hundredth birthday:

“How little we know, as onward we go,
Lingering with friends here and there,
Of the influence we have for good or bad,
Leading to hope or despair.”

When asked what, in her opinion, brought about the greatest change in mode of living during her lifetime, she

said, "Electricity is the most important and most useful of all modern inventions." Then she related how, when she was young, she read by candlelight, and how her parents started their fires by means of a flint stone. She could recall also the day when she saw the first lamp burning in her home.

"What do you think of the girl of today?" was another question asked Mrs. Amadon on her one-hundredth birthday.

"Young girls of today should, I think, eat less flesh foods, take more interest in their homes and their parents, and properly adapt themselves to present-day conditions," was her reply.

Continuing, she said, "I have attained this ripe old age because I have lived a simple life. I have been a vegetarian for seventy-five years. I still relish two hearty meals a day, and am looking forward to eating my share of the birthday cake which, Grace tells me, the college students are sending to me again this year." She added, "Mary [Miss Mary Lamson, her husband's cousin] hoped that I could eat my dinner with them, but I can't do it."

She did live past the one-hundred mark. She lived until she was just a little under three months of one hundred three. She read much while she was unable to be active, but toward the last her eyesight failed, and she was as pleased as a little child when someone would read to her. Without question, the Bible was her favorite of all books. Then came the *Review and Herald*. She kept up with the great work of God on earth, and rejoiced to know of the progress made in mission lands. She also read current magazines and newspapers, thus keeping up with events taking place in the world, and harmonizing them with the Scriptures. She saw in international happenings signs pointing to the coming of Christ.

Mrs. Amadon's greatest joy was on the occasion of visits from young people. She had always loved young people, and many, many times when she lived in Battle Creek, she had helped students to solve life's problems, encouraging them and praying with them as they came to her to pour out their troubles. But her heart could not beat always, and early Sabbath morning, January 2, 1937, without awakening, she passed from this life.

In her lifetime she saw almost a century of progress in the advent movement. She was present when the first General Conference was organized in 1863, and saw her father elected as the first president. She was at the opening of the Health Reform Institute in Battle Creek, in 1866. She attended the first camp meeting at Wright, Michigan, in 1868, no doubt in the same company with Maud Sisley Boyd. She watched the first buildings of old Battle Creek College as they went up, and was present at the dedication in 1875. She watched the growth of the Sabbath School Department from its birth in 1878—when Elder White wrote the lessons on wrapping paper under a tree as his horse rested—to and beyond the time when the first million dollars was given in six months. She was among the first to attend services in the old Battle Creek Tabernacle, which burned in 1915.

Mrs. Amadon saw the first missionaries off when they went to Switzerland in 1874. She saw others go to Australia ten years later, and to South Africa in 1887. No doubt she was well acquainted with Georgia Burrus, who went to India alone as the first missionary to that country in 1894—the same year that W. H. Westphal began pioneer work in South America. Yes, she witnessed all this, and much more besides.

As she continued her life of Christian neighborliness and helpfulness in the church, she read of the establish-

ment of schools in all parts of the world, until, from the small beginning that was Professor Bell's English class meeting on the lawn of his home, the number grew to 2,769, which it was at the time of her death. As she worked, read, prayed, and gave, missionaries grew in number from one in 1874, with a smattering of ministers in the homeland, to a total of 4,331 missionaries sent to foreign fields, and a total of 28,029 evangelists and institutional workers laboring in 385 countries, giving the gospel in 714 languages and dialects.

Mrs. Amadon read of rulers of nations giving thousands of dollars to establish sanitariums and health institutions for their people. She read of one man alone who built and equipped a modern hospital, giving the whole to the Seventh-day Adventist denomination to be run according to their plans. When she died there were 129 times as many Seventh-day Adventists as when the denomination was organized seventy-four years before. Their doctrines had not been heard of when she was born.

In summing up the lives of great people, it is customary to briefly mention the great things they have done. The "great things" that Mrs. Amadon did were not great in that sense. Her greatness consisted of her sympathetic attitude toward others, the little kindnesses that other people forget, a word of encouragement here, a garment there as was needed, and always her prayers. Of her it can truly be said, "Her works do follow her," and they extend throughout the length and breadth of the world in the lives of those who were influenced by the godly life she lived.

JUST BEYOND

A long, hard day of enervating heat,
 With heavy, humid, torrid, tropic air;
But, lo, at even came refreshment sweet,
 With all the landscape clothed in garb more fair.
We scarce could visualize the verdant scene,
 The burning sun was sinking in the west,
But then the purplish hills, fresh shades of green,
 And calm, embosomed lake, all spake of rest.

A dreary stretch of road on life's highway,
 With cruel pits beset, and snares unjust;
A lonely stretch, with none its fears to allay,
 With few who understand, and few who trust.
Is this the scene? O weary one, take heart;
 Like noontime heat, this, too, will have an end;
Press on, pray on! do still thy faithful part;
 The hills of Zion are just beyond the bend.

—*Pearl Waggoner Howard.*