

Stories of Great Wives and Mothers

GREAT LIVES SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

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Selected Authors

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Table of Contents

Preface 1

Mothers of Antiquity 4

Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi 13

Monica, Mother of St. Augustine 15

The Good Protestants An English Tale. 25

Rachel, Lady Russell 50

Susanna Wesley. 64

A Republican Mother: Mary Washington 111

The Mother of Goethe 123

Martha Washington 130

Abigail Adams 143

Molly Pitcher 153

Marie Antoinette as Wife and Mother 159

The Wife of Lafayette. 178

Jemima Johnson 195

Dolly Madison 201

Mary Lindley Murray 212

Abraham Lincoln's Mother 218

The Mother of Garfield 225

Julia Ward Howe: The Singer of a Nation's Song 232

The Story of a Good Woman Jane Lathrop Stanford 254

"The Princess" of Wellesley 279

The Heroine of Radium: Marie Sklodowska Curie 296

A Mother's Faith Through the Eyes of a Child 314

Preface

All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

It must not be supposed that in selecting the mothers of great men for a subject, the writer imagines that all great men had great mothers, or that the same continuity of qualities are to be looked for in human families as in the lineage of the race-horse. As a rule, however, it has been generally conceded by physiologists that the mother has most to do with the characteristics of the child, and that the fountain of his earliest physical nutriment is also the chief source of his mental and moral attributes. There is usually to be found in the characters of the mothers of great men innate strength and a good development of mind, even if they are not what may be termed highly educated. And they are nearly always women of good physical development as well. They cared for their bodies as well as their minds, and gave life to children who in after years rose up and called them blessed.

The influence of the mother has been proclaimed by all races of men in all ages. The Red Cross Knights who sauntered to "Sainte Terre," and when they reached the Holy Land fought for the Holy Sepulchre, were inspired to their pilgrimages by zealous mothers and wives. The deeds of heroism in every age have been the indirect, if not

the direct, work of women, and most frequently of mothers.

We need not travel back to antiquity to find illustrations of this truth; the women of this age are living-evidences of the source from whence their sons have derived their gifts of mind and health. Every department of human energy and excellence in modern times in all countries furnishes abundant examples of the truth that whatever the mother is that will the son be also.

In this volume of pen portraits of the mothers of great men, the silent influence of mothers, themselves in many instances unknown to fame, has been traced upon their sons, and in several cases upon their daughters. The marks of physical and intellectual lineage have been emphasized and the personal influence of mothers over the career of sons like them has been eagerly proven. The difficulty of explaining how men of genius are indebted to mothers whose attainments in no wise compared to their sons is granted, but the writer assumes that while genius escapes all formulas, the physiological and mental aptitude of the man of genius is inherited, and in the majority of cases directly, from the mother. The spiritual side of a man's character is likewise largely transmitted by the mother, while to the mother's training is due the moral development and the aspiration and hope of a higher life present in men.

There is no love like a mother's love, and love being the highest and most potential of human qualities, it may be concluded, very naturally, that the intensity of affection bestowed by a mother of character upon her son marks him as hers through life.

The difficulty in the way of establishing clear testimony of the pre-eminent power of the mother in the development of the child is due to social conditions, which have operated adversely for them. It is an almost insurmountable obstacle to the right presentation of the mother's influence in the world. Ignorant prejudice has set such limitations about women and hedged them in with so much that is false in theory and in fact, that the history of the mothers, even of the greatest men, is not easy to obtain. The exceptions are noted, but the lives of the generality of women are not deemed important enough to trace, even in the histories of their distinguished sons. Particularly is this true of American women who have been well-nigh ignored by historians.

If this work succeeds in awakening a new interest in the subject, and arouses in the sex a desire to know more of the great even if obscure mothers of men and women of light and power in the world, it will have fulfilled a worthy mission, and performed a good work.

Mothers of Antiquity

The theory that mothers were the ruling influence on the characteristics of their children is not a new one, having been held by the ancients as an indisputable truth. To the mothers they looked as the source of the improvement or degeneracy of the race. Plutarch, alluding to the training and position of woman under the laws of Lycurgus, remarks: "Hence they were furnished with sentiments and language such as Gergo, the wife of Leonidas, is said to have made use of. When a woman of another country said to her, "You of Lacedemon are the only women in the world that rule the men," she answered, "We are the only women that bring forth men."

Of many of the mothers of antiquity, even of those who are known to have moulded the character of their children, very little is known, and for them there is only material for general classification.

Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, as is finely indicated by Shakespeare, had a powerful influence on the qualities and actions of her son. Thus, when she is urging Coriolanus to adopt a conciliatory policy toward the people, she pleads to him:

"I prithee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier: so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before."

And, again, when she is lamenting his banishment, Coriolanus cries:

"Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat."

His wife, on the other hand, is little better than a lay figure in the scene where he consents to withdraw his troops, and it is holding his mother by both hands that he exclaims:

"O mother, mother!
You have a happy victory for Rome,
But for your son—"

Nothing is known of the mothers of many of the greatest orators and writers of antiquity. All that we know, for example, of the mother of Julius Caesar is that her name was Aurelia, and even that fact is not mentioned by Plutarch. She carefully watched over the education of her children, and Caesar always treated her with the greatest affection and respect.

All that is known of Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great, strongly confirms the theory of maternal influence; for the intemperance and bursts of passion which sullied his greatness can be traced to her, as well as the restless and discontented nature which made him weep because there were no more worlds to conquer.

"In violence of temper," says Grote, "in jealous, cruel, vindictive disposition, she forms almost a parallel to the Persian Queens Amestris and Parysatis." Alexander quarrelled with Philip of Macedon, his father, for denouncing her, and always treated her with the greatest respect, although she gave him so much trouble by her intrigues, during his absence in Asia, that he "was wont to say that his mother exacted from him a heavy house-rent for his domicile of ten months." After his death she usurped the supreme authority in Macedonia, and caused more than one hundred of the party opposed to her to be put to death; but within a few months she was deserted by her adherents, and brought as a criminal before a popular assembly, when sentence of death was passed upon her; yet such was the awe and reverence inspired by the mother of Alexander, that the sentence would have remained inoperative if the sons of her victims had not volunteered to execute it."

Octavia, the sister of Augustus Caesar, was one of the most illustrious women of ancient Rome. Her second husband, Antony, treated her so contemptuously, under the influence of Cleopatra, that the people of Rome were indignant, and while expressing hatred and contempt for him, they showed Octavia every honor. Antony was her second husband, and her household consisted of one son by her first husband, her daughters by Antony, and several children of Antony's by his first wife. She was an admirable mother and stepmother. Her son was a lad of

great genius, whom her brother married to his daughter, and declared him heir to the throne. He died shortly afterward, and was believed to have been poisoned by his mother-in-law, who was also his aunt. Few women of antiquity are more admirable in character than Octavia, who, as woman, wife, and mother, was a shining example to her sex.

One of the most remarkable of the early Christian women was the Mother of Symphorian, whose son, in the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, was condemned to die because he was a Christian. It is related that on his way to execution, his mother, unable to see him while in prison, mounted the wall in order to bid him farewell, and instead of wails of lamentation she greeted him with these words: "My son, my son Symphorian, cleave to the living God! Resume your courage, my child! We cannot fear death, for it surely leads to life. Lift up your heart, my son! Behold Him who reigneth in the heavens! Your life is not taken away today; you go to life above!" Surely, such courage is not surpassed in any age or by any mother.

The mother of St. Ambrose conducted his education, and when it became necessary for him to seek other teachers than herself, she accompanied him to Rome and became the companion of his studies. Years later, when acknowledged the foremost prelate of his time, in his own account of his sister, a lovely Christian woman, he paid earnest tribute to the influence exerted by this mother upon his youth and early manhood, as a preparation for

the service to which he afterward consecrated his life. Indeed it was to a bevy of Christian mothers that the movement against imperial oppression, in the reign of Julian the Apostate, owed its greatest leaders. Under the eye of their mother Emmelia and their grandmother, Basil and Caesarius learned the law of liberty, which became the law of their lives. Under the guidance of their mother, Gregory, their friend and companion, dedicated before his birth to the service of the Master, was educated from his childhood, like the infant Samuel, as an offering to the Highest.

Jerome speaks in his writings of his mother and his maternal grandmother as the teachers of his infancy, and gives testimony to the fact that to his mother he owed his religious training. From the arms of his grandmother, he says, he had to be taken by force when he was sent away to a master.

Helena, the wife of Constantius and the mother of Constantine, was one of the most eminent of the early Christians. Her husband divorced her on his elevation to the rank of Caesar, but when Constantine ascended the throne she was proclaimed the Empress Mother. She was paid every honor, and was dearly beloved by the religious sect whose cause she had espoused. When nearly fourscore years old she set out on a pilgrimage to Palestine, then, as now, the Holy Land of the Christians. All along the rout her charities and sumptuous devotions were most marked, and her presence was everywhere

hailed with delight. She caused several churches to be erected and her later years were devoted to the observance of her religious duties.

Chrysostom owed to his mother, Anthusa, the widow of an imperial general, the tenderest care, and he gave in return the sincerest affection. When her son had made up his mind to retire to a convent and spend his life apart from the world, as his nearest friend had done, his mother prevented such a step, believing that his usefulness to the world would be more marked outside than within the convent walls. He tells us how she influenced his decision. Taking him by the hand, she led him into her chamber, where she broke into tears and "into words more moving than any tears." She told him of her grief over the death of his father soon after his birth, and spoke of the efforts she had made to provide for his education and preserve to him her husband's property. Her request to him was that he would not leave her in a second widowhood, or renew a sorrow that had been partly assuaged. "Wait, at least," she said, "until I am dead; and that will not be long."

Obeying his mother, Chrysostom attained to a dignity and usefulness that would not have been reached by him perhaps within the cloister.

So potent and beneficent had been his mother's influence over him that he honored all women, and entertained an exalted idea of the power, of a Christian mother. The position he accorded a Christian woman in

the fourth century is more advanced than that granted her in many denominations in this nineteenth century. In a letter to a noble Roman lady, he thus expressed his views on the subject:

"In the order of affairs of this world, as in that of nature, each sex has its particular sphere of action: to the woman, household affairs; to the man, public business, the government of the city, discussions in the agora. But in the work which has the service of God for its object, these distinctions are effaced, and it often happens that the woman excels the man in the courage with which she supports her opinions, and in her holy zeal…Do not consider as unbecoming to your sex that earnest work which in any way promotes the welfare of the faithful. On the contrary, I urge you to use every effort to calm, either by your own influence or by that of others whom you can convince, the fearful storm which has burst upon the Eastern churches. This is the great work which I beg you to undertake with the utmost diligence; the more frightful the tempest, the more precious the recompense for your share in calming it."

Among the beautiful pictures of the mothers of olden times, what more touching than that of Rachel, daughter of Laban, wife of Jacob, and mother of Joseph and Benjamin. How faithful the affection of the husband, who served seven long years for the dear reward of Rachel's hand, "and they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he bore her." And yet another seven years he served the

cunning Laban, who deceived him in giving the eldest, instead of the youngest daughter, to the patient lover. That she was exceedingly lovely in character as well as in person must be the case, since the affection of his manhood continued undimmed until his latest breath, and he passionately cherished the memory of the one chosen out of all the world, and ever her grave was kept precious.

Among the most celebrated of the statues to be found in Rome is one of Faustina, the daughter of Antoninus Verus, prefect of the Imperial city, and the wife of the great and good Titus Antoninus Pius. She was also the mother of Annia Faustina, who married the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. These beautiful women shared the throne with the noblest, wisest, and most revered of all who came to the highest honors of the City of the Seven Hills. History has been terribly unjust to these beautiful wives and mothers, for one account renders them dissolute and unscrupulous. That, however, is incredible, nor is it impossible to guess at the source of the calumnies which have been circulated about them, since ancient history is too often only common rumor transfixed by the art of the writer.

We are sure that the noble Antoninus built temples to the honor of his empress, and coins have been found bearing her beautiful effigy, and that he loved her with tenderness and constancy words written by his own hand attest. After her death temples were dedicated to the

memory of the woman so lovely and beloved. And there is still extant a medal representing Antoninus Pius on one side, and on the other Faustina ascending heavenward under the figure of Diana. Her daughter inherited her virtues with her name, Faustina. And Marcus Aurelius, whose meditations and maxims have been the admiration of all time, gives thanks to the gods for a consort so lovely and so loving. Yet she, like her mother, was slandered by the envious. The elder Faustina died about the year 140; the younger died A.D. 175.

Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi

190-100 B.C.

Of the many thousands to whom "the mother of the Gracchi" is a familiar phrase, very few comparatively know anything about the Gracchi or their mother. Yet Cornelia may be called the greatest of all Roman matrons, the daughter of the greatest Roman general of his time, the wife of a virtuous and distinguished statesman, and the mother of two sons, who, with one daughter, were all that reached maturity out of a family of twelve children, whose brilliant talents and tragic endings form two of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the later Roman Commonwealth.

The pride of Cornelia in her sons Tiberius Empronius Gracchus and Caius Gracchus was shown by the fact that she accounted her maternal relationship to them her supreme claim to honor and respect. When left a widow in the prime of womanhood, she refused many advantageous offers of a second marriage through the honorable pride she took in her husband's memory and in the education of her children; and when the great King Ptolemy himself, charmed with her virtues, intellect and accomplishments, offered to make her his Queen and the sharer of his kingdom, she refused to exchange Roman widow's weeds for the splendors of a court. When a companion lady, noticing the severe plainness of her apparel, asked her, "Where are your jewels?" Cornelia introduced her sons and said, with a true mother's pride,

that they were the only jewels she could boast of possessing. And when those sons were dead, both of them murdered at the Capitol, though at different times, she bore her grief heroically, and when a friend condoled with her, replied, "The woman who had the Gracchi for her sons cannot be considered unfortunate." No stronger proof can be adduced of her being esteemed the noblest of Roman matrons than the fact that at her death the people erected a brass statue to her memory, bearing on it the legend: "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi."

Monica, Mother of St. Augustine

331-387

Those not familiar with ecclesiastical biography may need to be reminded that there were two St. Augustines who have left illustrious records in the annals of Christianity. One of them was a monk, who with forty of his comrades was sent by Pope Gregory the Great to Christianize Britain, and who, landing on the coast of Kent, became the first Archbishop of Canterbury. But the other and greater St. Augustine, who became after his conversion first a priest and then Bishop of Hippo in Africa, is he whose mother has left an example of encouragement and benediction to the Christian mothers of all time. It is of her that we would now speak.

St. Augustine was born under very different auspices from those of the Christians in the nineteenth century. Although Christianity had a large domain in the fourth century, and the Roman emperors were nominally Christians, yet the dissensions of Christians as to doctrine were so great and their morals were so largely influenced by heathenism, that when the third century closed it seemed as if the salt of Christ's followers had lost its savor and the light and sweetness of Jesus had deserted his professed disciples. A wholesale relapse into paganism seemed imminent until St. Augustine lifted up the cross anew, and "the plague was stayed."

It is from his own "Confessions," a work that has been translated again and again into all the languages of Europe, that we must gather the chief characteristics both of his mother and himself. His father, Patricius, was a heathen until within a few years of his death, which occurred when St. Augustine was a lad of seventeen.

Monica's birth took place in 332, and she was raised in the Catholic faith, to which her parents steadily adhered. They were persons of genteel poverty who kept a small retinue of servants. One of these servants had nursed the father of Monica in his infancy, and had obtained great authority in the household. She also cared for the future mother of St. Augustine, and it was through her restraining influence that Monica, after her marriage with Patricius, was enabled to live peaceably with her mother-in-law, who, at first, did all she could to prejudice the pagan husband against his unoffending Christian wife. Monica returned good for evil, and when her mother-in-law and the servants whispered against her, "she so overcame by observance, and persevering endurance and meekness, that in the end these whispering tongues were silenced," and the wife and mother of Patricius lived together "with a remarkable sweetness of mutual kindness." It is her illustrious son who tells us this, and who exclaims, "Such was she, Thyself, O God, her most inward instructor, teaching her in the school of the heart…"

We hear much in our time of the dangers and temptations of college life. Carthage, which was now a part of the Roman Empire, was the seat of the best learning of the time, and thither St. Augustine was sent, in the year 371. Here he studied rhetoric, heathen literature, and philosophy. The Scriptures appeared to him trivial when compared with the heathen classics, and especially with Cicero. Augustine remained at Carthage until his nineteenth year, at Monica's expense, his father having died two years before.

It was a great consolation to Monica that her husband had become a Christian before his death, and that the last few years of their union had been peaceful and affectionate. It had not always been so. Patricius was a man of violent temper, who had abused, though he did not beat her, had impeded her religious doctrines, mocked at her high standard of virtue, and when Monica learned that her son Augustine, long given to immorality, had become the father of an illegitimate child, Patricius only laughed as though his sowing of wild oats were a matter of course. For the mother of this boy Augustine entertained a sincere affection, although their relations, which continued for fifteen years, were unlawful.

Among those whom Monica interested in the mental and moral struggles of her son was a bishop who bade her leave Augustine alone and trust to prayers and time for the longed-for change, and who cheered her with the words, "It cannot be that the son of such tears should perish."

There followed a hard period of sorrow and probation both for the mother and the son. Monica believed in dreams. On one occasion, while she slept, there appeared to her a youth of shining aspect, who had, as it were, the face of an angel, and who whispered words of hope and consolation to her regarding the future conversion of her son. She herself seemed to be standing safely upon a bridge, which no storm could shake or waters of destruction reach. The radiant messenger assured her that "where she was there should her son be also." She awoke, and beheld Augustine standing at her side. Through the long years of waiting that were yet to come she drew comfort from the recollection of this vision, and pondered it in her heart.

Slowly and silently the change was wrought. Augustine had a dear friend, Nebridius. "I had made one friend, only too dear for me … and, like myself, in the fresh opening flower of youth." Nebridius was taken sick of a fever, and lay unconscious and nigh unto death. He seemed to be getting better, but one day was attacked again with fever, and so departed. Augustine sorrowed long and bitterly for the loss of his "one friend."

Augustine at this time was occupied with the study of the beautiful, and, like Edmund Burke, wrote a book upon the subject. He dedicated it to a famous orator in Rome, and to Rome he himself set out from Carthage. He caught a sickness on his arrival, and while sick studied the Scriptures with more attention. From Rome he set out for

Milan, where he had received an appointment as a teacher of rhetoric.

Augustine was now thirty years old: it was the year 385. Monica had for some time been kept anxious by the despondent tone of Augustine's letters, and at last resolved, at all hazards, to rejoin him at Rome. In those days the journey was a difficult one, especially for a woman. She was at this time residing at her native place, Tagaste. To meet the expenses of the journey she had to sell her valuables. But she made her way to Carthage, from which her son had sailed two years before while she was waiting on the shore, and embarked. Hardly had the vessel sailed when a violent storm set in. The hearts of all on board sank with apprehension, and even the captain and sailors gave up all hope. But the faith which had enabled St. Paul to tranquillize a ship's company when he too was traveling Romeward, inspired poor Monica with courage. She cheered the sailors and restored their courage. She told them that though the waves of the sea were mighty and raged horribly, the Lord who ruled them was mighty and could still their raging. And so it was.

They reached Civita Vecchia, and Monica hastened on to Rome, only to find that her son had left for Milan. The latter city is two hundred leagues from Rome, and to reach it one must cross the Apennines. This did not scare her. The mountain passes had no more terrors for her than the stormy sea. So, after one day's rest, she set out for Milan, where the long desire of her soul was to be

accomplished, and her son, after all his wanderings in the far country of sin and unbelief, was to be converted by the preaching of St. Ambrose, "whom," said Monica, "I shall ever think of as an angel of God," and receiving baptism in the spirit of a little child was to learn the eternal strain, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ."

Except for St. Paul, Christianity had never gained a greater convert than St. Augustine, so far as intellect was concerned. Augustine stayed the sceptic process that was fast destroying the life of the Western Church. His marvellous gifts were transferred at once from the school of heathenism to the school of Christ; from the vain babbling of false philosophy to the service of absolute truth. His natural characteristics became sanctified and consecrated to higher uses. The eye that was so keen to note things beautiful in books and nature now saw the beauty of the City of God.

Deep were his thoughts while yet a youth, and they grew deeper still when he discovered that God has created the soul and reason of man for His own abode, and that happiness and contentment can be found in Him alone.

The angel who wrestled in prayer for him and shed such tears of anguish was his mother, Monica. His "Confessions" are full of the most grateful acknowledgments to God for what she had wrought for him. "Thy faithful one," he says, "weeping to Thee for me, more than mothers weep the bodily death of their

children; for discovered the death wherein I lay, and Thou didst not despise her tears when, streaming down, they watered the ground in every place where she prayed." It was not until after seventeen years of anxious wandering and doubt that the voice of enfranchisement was heard.

The immediate circumstances are worth narrating. An old friend from Africa named Pontitianus, one of "them that were of Caesar's household," being a military officer of the imperial court, but a fervent Christian, paid Augustine and his mother and his friend Alypius a visit at Milan. The old soldier of Christ and of Caesar had travelled much in Gaul, in Spain, in Italy, and in Egypt, and his talk was much upon religious houses which had taken rise from St. Antony, in Alexandria, and had spread to Africa. Augustine listened eagerly as the old man narrated that, while the Emperor was at the circus, he had gone with three or four friends to walk in some gardens near the town. On their road two of them went into a hermit's cell and found a manuscript life of St. Antony, which they began to read. "Tell me," said one to the other, "to what, after all, does our life tend? What do we seek or hope for? The favor of the Emperor? But that is here today and gone tomorrow! Instead of that, if we will seek the favor of God, it is ours at once, now, and forever!"

When Pontitianus and the others joined them, the two men declared their purpose of devoting themselves henceforth to the service of God. Augustine, who with his friend Alypius was moved at the story, went into the

garden, whither Alypius soon followed him. "What are we doing?" said Augustine. "Do you not hear? The ignorant, the unlearned, carry the kingdom of heaven by storm, while we, with our boasted science, grovel on the earth. Is it not a shame that we have not the courage to imitate them?" Abruptly quitting Alpius, he threw himself under a fig-tree and began to weep in misery.

Suddenly a child's voice seemed to reach him, singing and repeating the words, "Take and read!" These words appeared to him as a revelation from heaven. Seizing a copy of the New Testament, he opened the passage, "Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and wantonness; not in strife and envyings. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." "Instantly," he says himself, at the end of the sentence, "by a light, as it were, of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away."

Henceforth, until her death, a spiritual union was added to the natural affection subsisting between the now happy mother and her transformed son. Many were the conversations about high and heavenly things which they enjoyed together.

"Son, for my part," said Monica, "I have no further delight in anything in this life. What do I here any longer, or to what end I am here, I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished. One thing there was for

which I desired to linger for a while in this life—that I might see thee a true Christian before I died. My God hath now done this for me more abundantly, that I now see thee, despising earthly happiness, become His servant. What do I here?"

The shadows of life's evening were indeed closing around the mother of Augustine. About five days after this, she was taken with a fever, and said to him, "Here shall you bury your mother." And when some lamented that she was about to die so far from her old home in Africa, she meekly answered, "Nothing is far to God; and I do not fear that He should not know where to find me at the resurrection morning."

"I closed her eyes," said her son, "and there flowed a mighty sorrow into my heart. O my God, what comparison is there between the honor that I paid to her and her slavery for me? Being then forsaken of so great comfort in her, my soul was wounded…And behold the corpse was carried to the burial. We went and returned without tears. And then by little and little I recovered my former thoughts of Thy handmaid; her holy conversation toward Thee; her holy tenderness and observance toward us; whereof I was suddenly deprived."

Such was the mother of whom Augustine, to the close of his own life, declared, "It is to my mother that I owe everything. If I am Thy child, O my God, it is because Thou gavest me such a mother. If I prefer the truth to all

other things, it is the point of my mother's teachings. If I did not long ago perish in sin and misery, it is because of the long and faithful tears with which she pleaded for me."

By prayer and patience she won her great son Augustine from unbelief and sensuality to that faith and self-consecration which made him a burning and shining light to all ages of the Church and of the world. His influence upon Christian civilization can hardly be overestimated.

The Good Protestants
An English Tale

Mid 1500s

It was a lovely morning in October, and the sun shone bright and clear over the ancient city of Oxford, with its numerous large and massive buildings, glittering in its first rays.

This magnificent place has been the centre of learning since the time of Alfred the Great, an early English king, who, whether considered as a sovereign, a hero, a scholar, or a patron of letters, may be safely compared with the best men of either ancient or modern times. It is almost one thousand years since he founded the College of Oxford, for the purpose of enabling his nobles to bestow a liberal education on their sons; and since then, it has been the nursery of some of the brightest minds that ever lived. Oxford is generally remarkable for the quiet and sober appearance of its exterior; but on the particular morning to which my story refers its streets were thronged with the bustle of a confused and irregular multitude; the windows of every house around Baliol College, situated in the northern part of the city, were filled to overflowing; and a long and motley crowd came pressing across the Magdalen Bridge, which forms one entrance from the surrounding country, over a small stream.

At a distance, judging from the numbers, of all ages, and both sexes, who thus met together, a stranger would

have supposed it to be a great festival-day; but a nearer view disclosed sullen frowns, and revengeful gestures, and desponding forms, among the crowd, telling, as plainly as words could tell, of some sad and momentous circumstance which was about to take place. Men spoke in low and subdued tones, as they stood in groups together; and women and children watched with that straining glance, which ever reveals the approach of some uncommon spectacle.

Presently there was a stir among the multitude, and a pathway was forced by armed men, while a band of the same assembled around an open square, where stood a huge pile of fagots of wood, about the centre stake of which hung a heavy iron chain.

Every eye now turned to the end of the long, living avenue, through which the victim slowly came, for whom the pile was intended. The cathedral bells tolled with melancholy sound, and the prisoner appeared, seated on a hurdle or sledge painted black, and drawn by a white horse. It was the good Bishop Latimer, one of the most pious and humble Christians that ever lived, who was now sentenced to be burnt to death.

"O! father," exclaimed Julia, "what could induce any body to burn so good a man to death?"

"You may well be astonished, my daughter," answered Mr. Seymour, "that our religion, whose distinguishing trait is benevolence, should have been ever employed as

an engine of persecution. In our happy age, every man may judge for himself, and safely adopt whatever creed he chooses, without endangering his life or property. But it was a very different case in England, three hundred years ago. A cruel queen then reigned, by the name of Mary, every feature of whose character seemed marked by bigotry, violence, revenge, and cruelty. She was ardently devoted to the Romish faith, and instead of allowing the Protestants to live quietly, she treated them in the most barbarous manner; and during three years of her short but bloody reign, more than three hundred Protestants were burnt to death, because they would not become Papists. She offered a pardon to Latimer, if he would recant, but the good old man was not afraid to die; and when they tried to shake his faith, he sent the messengers away, to tell Queen Mary, that he would rather lose his life than his soul."

For sixteen months he had been confined in a dark and dismal prison, and when the day for his execution arrived, he seemed quite cheerful, as he was led out into the bright sunshine; and as he moved along on the sledge, dressed in a white shroud, with his silvery head palsied with age, many of the spectators burst into tears, while a few fearless friends, who loved him dearly, entreated for the old man's blessing. When the open square was reached, he gazed calmly on the pile, and a sweet smile played on his lips, as, with the aid of his staff, he ascended it, cheerfully observing to a fellow-sufferer, at his side, "Be of good

courage, brother! stand fast like a man! for we shall this day light a candle in England, that shall not speedily be put out;" by which he meant, that the Protestant religion should at last rise triumphant, in spite of all the efforts of its persecutors.

The executioner firmly fastened the iron chain around his body, and placed a blazing fagot in the pile of wood. Sighs and lamentations broke from many, amid the multitude, as they saw the wild flames rising around their beloved Bishop, but no one ventured to release him, because they feared Queen Mary's guards, who were stationed in every part of the city, and whose cruel vigilance would mark out every one who made any resistance to her authority.

But among that horror-stricken crowd was one, whose distress prevented all measures of prudence. Alice Bertram was a poor widow, whose husband had died two years before, leaving her with a young daughter, and small means of support. It was a dark day to Alice, as she returned to her miserable home, after having seen her husband's remains committed to the lowly grave. While her partner lived, she had cheerfully contended with want and privation of every kind; but when his loss fell on her, like a sudden and unexpected blow, her buoyant spirit gave way to the deepest despondency, and, after seeing the last clod thrown on his coffin, she sank beneath that cold, cold heart-chill, that comes with the startling conviction that we are left friendless in the world. But a

good Providence still watched over the widow and her little daughter. As she sat, on the evening of her husband's funeral, paralyzed with grief, and regardless of the young Lucy's caresses, she was startled by a soft rap at her cottage door. It was Bishop Latimer, who had marked her deep dejection, as she passed by his house; and although an entire stranger, he slowly followed in her footsteps, for he was in the habit of paying visits to many a lowly hovel, which was ever cheered by his charities and consolations.

The Bishop was very happy to learn that she was a Protestant; and before he departed, Alice Bertram seemed much comforted, for, after reading a beautiful and tranquillizing portion of the Scriptures, which he always carried secretly about his person, he placed in Lucy's hands a small amount of money, to assist them in their present need.

From that period, Bishop Latimer was a constant and most welcome guest at the cottage; and when he presented the widow with a plain, but strongly-bound New Testament, she felt that she owned a treasure of more value than all the Queen's wealth.

"Was printing then discovered?" asked George Somers.

"Yes," replied Mr. Seymour, "but the purchasers of books, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were almost wholly confined to the class of nobles, and the richer citizens, and scholars by profession."

No wonder, then, at the widow's distress, when she heard that her beneficent friend was about to be put to death in so dreadful a manner. "I cannot go! I cannot go!" said she, when an humble neighbor came to invite her to join the multitude, who had assembled to see Latimer die. But then she remembered what a testimony to the truth of her religion it would be, to watch the martyr in his last trial; and after shedding many tears, she took Lucy by the hand, and, with a fervent prayer for strength, went the way leading to Baliol College.

Alas! Alice Bertram little imagined her want of fortitude. While the procession moved to the stake, she stood in a deep revery, or as one stupified by a frightful dream; but when the flames burst out, and wrapped Latimer in their devouring mantle, she rushed forward, regardless of consequences, and tried to clasp the burning fagots, calling her friend by the most tender names, and entreating those around to save him.

"Throw the wretch into the flames, with her Bishop!" shouted the savage Bonner, a man of the most brutal character, and who seemed to take delight in executing the commands of his cruel sovereign. But before the executioner could accomplish the unfeeling deed, a kind neighbor rushed from the surrounding crowd, and, seizing the fainting Alice by the arm, dragged her rapidly through the streets, until he lodged her safely in her own home.

But her devoted attachment to the martyred Bishop had not passed unnoticed. When the curfew bell tolled that evening at eight o'clock, a regular signal, that all the inhabitants of the city should extinguish their lights and fire, the widow blew out the small lamp by which she had been spinning, and, approaching the door of her cottage, listened for a moment, if any noise could be heard in the streets. All was as still as death, and Alice knew that they might safely read their accustomed chapter in the New Testament, which their friend had given them. She quickly blew the dying embers to a low blaze on the stones; for in those times they had no chimneys to their houses, but the fire was kindled on a rude mass of rock or stone in one corner of the apartment, and the stifling smoke escaped partially through the door and windows; then, with Lucy's assistance, she displaced a block in the chamber floor, and took out the precious volume, which she devoutly kissed before she placed it in her daughter's hands. The child followed her mother's example as she unlatched its metal clasp, and then, stooping over the fire, commenced reading, in low and subdued tones, a favorite chapter from the Gospel of St. John, in which Jesus Christ so beautifully comforts his distressed disciples with hopes of heaven, and promises that every sincere and heart-felt prayer shall be answered by our heavenly Father.

Every now and then Lucy paused, as her mother explained some difficult text, or rose to listen at the casement, if any sound could be heard in the

neighborhood, for she well knew that theirs was a dangerous employment.

"How strange it seems to me," exclaimed Alice Somers, "that any one should be punished for reading that best of books. I will love my Bible better hereafter, when I think of poor little Lucy trying to read hers in that dark and dismal cottage. But why were they in danger?"

"Because, in those days, none but the priests were allowed to own a copy of the Scriptures, and even they, who enjoyed this privilege, could only read portions of its contents to the people."

A half hour passed by, and still no sound was heard, save the sighing of the autumn winds, when suddenly distant footsteps advanced along the street, and approached nearer every moment. "Who can they be?" thought Alice; "few walk after the curfew bell ceases to ring, in these dreadful times;" but before she could express her surprise, the cottage door was forcibly burst open, and two hard-featured men rushed in. One of them rudely seized Alice by the arm, while the other, with a brutal laugh, tore the Sacred Volume from the hands of the terrified Lucy, who clung to her mother's garments, and trembled like some timid fawn when pursued by the hunters.

"Make haste! and confine the woman," cried the elder of the men to his companion, "or we shall find it hard to

fill the London cage with a fresh show, by the time it needs."

The unhappy Alice stood, at first, motionless with distress, but, aroused by the cries of her daughter, who had received a threat from one of the armed ruffians, she threw herself at their feet, as they were about binding her hands with cords, and exclaimed, "For God's sake, tell me, why are you here? and how have I offended?" "This paper will inform you," said the elder officer, for the intruders were indeed servants of the cruel Bonner, who had that morning observed the widow's conduct, and resolved to punish her temerity.

Alice opened the order of arrest, which was presented, and judge of her horror when she discovered that she was accused of heresy. It was a dreadful moment to the unhappy mother. When they bade her follow them, she fell on Lucy's neck, and shrieked aloud, "My daughter! my daughter! and must I leave you? Oh! what will become of my poor child!"

"Away with the little heretic," growled the excited officer, at the same time levelling a blow with his sword, that threw the young girl senseless on the pavement. "Come, Barnes, let us be off;" and so saying, they succeeded in dragging the lifeless Alice across her own threshold, and soon disappeared with their unresisting victim round a neighboring corner.

Several hours elapsed before Lucy recovered from her stupor, and found herself in utter darkness. "Mother! dear mother! where are you?" she murmured, as, groping along the floor, she at last succeeded in finding the low couch on which they usually reposed. But her mother was not to be found! Then the poor child recollected what had happened, and, throwing herself on the bed, gave way to her passionate despair, crying aloud and repeatedly, "Mother! mother! come back! come back! what shall I do without you!" until at last she became exhausted by the violence of her emotions, and fell into a heavy and unrefreshing sleep, on the straw, which alone formed her pillow. The kind neighbor who had that morning rescued Alice from the flames, was awakened by the noise in her cottage, but he did not dare to venture out to her assistance, because he knew that in so doing he would himself fall a sacrifice. With the first peep of dawn, he however left his dwelling, and hastened to the widow's cottage.

Lucy was still asleep, but there was a restless motion about her lips, and a fresh gush of tears on her pale cheek, that showed that even her slumbers had been visited by frightful dreams. She started up, as the good man approached, and joyfully uttered her mother's name; but on discovering her mistake, she sobbed convulsively, as, throwing herself on her neighbor's shoulder, she earnestly entreated him to bring back her lost parent.

William Dupré tried in every way to comfort her, until at last, lifting her in his arms, he carried her to his own door, where his warm-hearted wife stood ready to welcome the hapless orphan. He was an excellent weaver, and had just finished a small quantity of very fine cloth, which he intended selling to some of the rich nobles in the Queen's court; but when his wife heard Lucy's sad story, she determined, with her husband's approbation, to appropriate it to a very different purpose.

"Depend upon it, William," said she, addressing her husband, "our Queen has a woman's heart after all; and something tells me, that if our pretty Lucy could reach London, and force her way to her Majesty's throne, she would not come back to us broken-hearted. But then she must not go empty-handed; and I am sure, that with some of yonder beautiful cloth, I could make a pair of hose that would not disgrace the best lady in the land. Only speak the word, and I will set to work immediately."

Dupré readily consented, and, with the aid of their eldest daughter, who was skilful in embroidery, his industrious wife soon completed a pair of stockings, which were really beautiful, both for texture and workmanship.

"But what awkward things they must have been," observed Mary Grey; "why did they not rather prefer a pair of embroidered silk? They would be so much more pliant and elastic."

"Because neither cotton nor silk manufactories were then established in England, and the first pair of silk stockings worn in that country graced the feet of Mary's successor, Queen Elizabeth, to whom they were presented by one of her ingenious tire-women."

Their next difficulty was to contrive the best way for reaching the capital, where her Majesty resided. Neither private nor public coaches were to be seen in those days, but even the Queen was obliged to sit behind her Chamberlain, as he rode on horseback, when she wished to take exercise in the open air.

William Dupré was desirous of purchasing some pewter ware, which was then as much esteemed by the lower classes, as silver is, at the present day. He therefore determined, with the above charitable purpose in view, to visit London, at the distance of more than fifty miles, and bargain, himself, for the needed utensils.

The parting was almost cheerful between Lucy and her kind friend; for the former rejoiced in the hope of soon embracing her beloved mother, and the latter encouraged her by the assurance, that the Queen would certainly lend an ear to her prayers, and release her fond parent from prison. After a wearisome journey, they reached the great city, and Lucy, if left to her own inclinations, would immediately have sought the way to the palace; but her more prudent friend insisted that she should rest quietly for one night, at the inn, and be thus strengthened for the

next day's trials. But whoever has anticipated some great joy or sorrow, will believe me, when I tell them, that the poor child's eyelids hardly closed for a single hour, that night. She tried over and over again to repeat what it would be best to say to Queen Mary; but every time that she made the attempt, so overcharged was her heart, that fresh tears stole down her cheeks; and when daylight dawned, it hardly shone on a more wan and pallid face than hers. Dupré offered her a mug of ale, and a piece of oaten bread, for her breakfast, but the anxious girl could not swallow a single mouthful; and drawing her dark hood over her head, she hurried her good friend so much in his breakfast, that at the moment when the palace door was opened, she stood a suppliant on its threshold. At first the porter refused to grant her admittance; but when he glanced at her pale and beautiful face, and marked the despairing clasp of her small hands, his heart smote him strangely, and bidding her follow in his footsteps, he showed the way into the splendid mansion, while Dupré, with a hearty blessing, bade her take comfort, promising to call for her on his return from another errand.

The Queen's palace was as elegant and costly, as the fashion of the times would admit. The walls were hung with heavy tapestry, and the stone floors were completely covered with fresh and sweet-smelling rushes, in place of carpets, which, although now often found in the humblest dwellings, had not then been dreamed of, even in the English Queen's palace. All that wealth could purchase or

power command, was lavished on Mary's person and habitation; but the first glance that stole from Lucy's drooping eyelids, discovered that she was not happy. Her thin cheek looked paler, when contrasted with the crimson couch on which she reclined; and the jewelled coronet was pushed far back from her brow, which wrinkled beneath, as if it were angry with its costly ornament.

Several handmaidens sat on low stools around her, and tried to engage her in conversation on different topics; but she listened to none of them, but sat listlessly, holding in her hands a letter, from her absent husband, King Philip, whom she loved very dearly, but who ever rewarded her affection by cold looks and harsh words, until, at last, he departed for his native country, Spain, and would not return to England, although his Queen sent numerous letters, entreating him once more to bless her with his presence. The above-mentioned epistle was, however, more friendly than usual, for he had need of money, and knew well enough, that a few kind lines of remembrance would rouse his weak wife's spirit, and cause her to lay heavy and fresh taxes on her British subjects, rather than refuse his unreasonable request.

The sound of approaching footsteps aroused the Queen from her pleasant revery, and her face grew red with anger at this untimely interruption. But when the young stranger, springing lightly forward, fell, in graceful humility, at her feet, and raised her tearful blue eyes, with

a beseeching glance, to Mary's face, the softened Queen, though seldom prompted to acts of kindness, laid her jewelled hand on Lucy's head, and said, in a soft tone, "Speak out, child! for here you have no cause for fear." The suppliant kissed her Majesty's hand, as she arose, and opened a neatly-tied and perfumed package, containing her present, the embroidered hose. Mary took the stockings, and, with her maidens, admired their fine texture and needlework, till, suddenly throwing them aside, she sharply added, "Now, speak out, wench, for I well know that this is only the opening to some favor, that you would ask of me." Her assent was all that Lucy wanted. In a moment she was kneeling again at the Queen's feet, with her eloquent face suffused with a crimson blush, as she told, in faltering accents, of her father's death; of the kindness of the martyr Bishop; and, more than all, of the dreadful manner in which her only parent had been lately torn from her home.

As Mary heard the name of the ill-fated Latimer, she rose in the excitement of hatred and passion, and would have driven Lucy away from her presence; but when the suppliant clung to the hem of her garment, and, beseeching those around to pity her, told of the dark and lonely fate that awaited her, now that she was separated from the only being whom she dearly loved, the Queen glanced at her husband's letter, thrown on the couch, by her side, and perhaps she contrasted the child's sorrow, for a moment, with her own; or what else, save sympathy,

could have made her look so kindly on Lucy, as she bade her rise, and dry up her tears.

Alas! the presence of one cruel being, who just then entered, cast a dark and threatening cloud over this scene of breaking sunshine. Lucy had been only a short time seated at her Sovereign's feet, telling, with many tearful interruptions, the favor which she came to supplicate, namely, the restoration of her mother to liberty, when quick and hurried steps were heard in the passage, the door was thrown open, and the Protestant's most unrelenting enemy, the cruel Bonner, stood before them. He advanced with the assurance of one privileged in every respect by his mistress; and, approaching the couch, laid on it a list of fresh victims, whom he had hunted out among the persecuted sect, muttering, in a few inarticulate words, some dreadful threats against the horde of base heretics, as he called them. Lucy's heart fluttered with hope, before his entrance, but when she heard her Sovereign call him by name, a despairing pang darted through her mind, and, falling at his feet, she tried to pray for mercy; but the tyrant's angry eyes fixed themselves upon her, with the strange spell of the poisonous rattle-snake, and paralysed her so completely, that the words died away, ere she could utter them, and all that came from her parted lips, cold and white as marble, was, "Mother! mother! Oh! save my mother!"

"Who is this?" asked Bonner, turning familiarly to the Queen, who was carelessly looking over the list of victims,

about to be sentenced to the stake. "This girl is the daughter of one Alice Bertram of Oxford, whom you have had imprisoned for heresy," replied Mary; "yet I am almost ready to part company with her, for the sake of this pretty one who pleads her cause so well."

"Ha!" exclaimed Bonner, with a haughty start, as he approached his Sovereign; "has our Queen changed sides? and does she reject the counsel of her faithful servant, that she would dream of granting grace to one of these heretical wretches?"

"No more! no more!" cried his mistress, striking her clinched hand on the stone table. "Who dares dispute my authority? Let him beware, as he values his own life!"

A strange expression flitted over her minister's countenance, as, with apparent humility, he knelt before Mary. It was an expression of triumph; for he felt sure, that one single chord, which he had often struck before, would jar every charitable feeling in the Queen's mind. King Philip, her husband, was a rigid Papist, and encouraged every measure, however violent, which his servant could contrive for the destruction of the Protestants. Bonner was fully aware of the despotic power which her absent consort exercised over his wife's inclinations, and was certain, that the most unholy act would meet with her sanction, if only agreeable to Philip. There was policy, then, in his seeming humility, as, in a subdued tone, he replied, that it grieved him to awaken the anger of his

mistress, when he had only desired to obey his absent master, whose strongest earthly wish was, to free his beloved kingdom from the nest of intriguing heretics, which already had planted its sting in the minds of so many of the most devoted servants of the church.

The name of her cold and calculating husband, roused the fanatical flame, that had slumbered for a moment, in the Queen's breast. Springing wildly from the couch, with her woman's countenance changed to that of a demon's, she almost shrieked aloud her commands, as, stamping furiously on the ground, she bade Bonner, in the King's name, seize on the unoffending girl, and convey her instantly to the noisome prison, where her mother was already confined.

Even as some bright flower bows its head, beneath the blow of the sudden tempest, so the frail and delicate Lucy sank under the harsh words and infuriated gestures, that now met her alarmed senses. She was entirely unconscious of what followed, until she found herself in a gloomy dungeon, but, what a comfort! clasped in the arms of her weeping parent.

I will not tell you of the weary days and nights, passed in that prison-cell; for they were all alike, save that the last was always the saddest and darkest, because it brought the dreadful moment of execution somewhat nearer. For many months, those innocent sufferers were shut out from the light of heaven; with no food, but bread and

water, and that of the most indifferent kind. The Queen's ill health prevented her cruel minister from pressing on her the execution of the sentence against heretics, and he only waited some change in her disease, to determine him in his horrid course. One morning, he learned that Mary was better than usual, and accordingly hastened to receive her seal of approbation, for the immediate burning of the prisoners. The next day, as Alice reposed on the floor of her cell, with her young daughter by her side, the door was thrown open, and a band of the Queen's officers appeared, who, placing in her hands the warrant for immediate death, bade her awaken the girl, and follow them without loss of time. What tongue can describe the anguish of that mother's heart, as she aroused her precious child from a refreshing sleep, never to lie down again, until her fair body should blister and consume in the indescribable torments of a fiery death.

The officers mistook her agonizing distress for irresolution, and one of them remarked, that perhaps even now his merciful mistress would relent, if Alice would but abjure her faith, and sign a scroll to that effect.

"Sooner would I die a thousand times over," answered the noble-minded woman, "sooner suffer by the rack, the flames, ay, even lingering and life-gnawing hunger, than buy existence, by such base hypocrisy. Man I may deceive; but I will not, I cannot deceive my God!"

"Unfeeling mother!" said one of the men, who affected humanity: "and then you can stand by unmoved, and see your innocent daughter condemned to a cruel death? ah! far more horrible than you have ever dreamed of. Unnatural woman that you are!" The taunt was too much for a mother's heart to bear, and, uttering a ringing shriek of despair, the miserable parent pressed the now-awakened girl to her bosom, and murmured irresolutely, "The choice is mine! my child or my God! The choice is mine!"

"Mother! dear mother! God wills that we should die together," murmured a clear, silvery voice. It was that of the young Lucy.

"My blessed one! my daughter! thou hast directed me," exclaimed Alice, rising, with a heavenly smile, from her momentary weakness. "The path of right lies straight before us. Let us walk together therein;" then, turning to the officers, she calmly bade them lead her out.

It was a most touching sight to witness the mother and daughter, as they took their place in the long procession of victims. At first, Lucy seemed to shrink from the dense crowd, that pressed on either side, and would have hid her face in her mother's arms: but when she marked her parent's serene and placid countenance, she felt suddenly elevated above fear, and when, at a secret signal, the loving pair raised a well-known hymn, their low but modulated voices mingled strangely with the hoarse scene of discord

around them, as they continued the chant, unbroken, even to the foot of the pile.

Every preparation was already made, and the executioner stood, with a blazing pine fagot in his hand, ready to kindle the whole frightful fabric. The officer had just given the signal, and the blazing match was already placed within the dry pile of wood, when a sudden stir took place among the multitude. In a moment more, the noise of horsemen was heard from a distance, trumpets pealed merrily on the air, the city bells rang out, with loud and startling violence; troops of cavaliers approached at full speed, bearing white banners in their hands, on which was inscribed, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" and the whole populace, who dearly loved that princess, took up the words, and shouted aloud, in one thundering peal, "Long live Queen Elizabeth! Long life to our blessed Queen!"

I need hardly mention, that Mary had died suddenly, after a long illness, and that the persecutions of the Protestants ended with her reign.

"And, father! tell us quickly," exclaimed Julia, "did poor Lucy and her mother escape quite unhurt from the burning pile?"

"O yes! some of the cavaliers rushed immediately forward, burst the chain which confined them to the stake, and, locked in each other's arms, they were tenderly conveyed to the neighboring college, where proper

remedies soon recovered them from their faintings, and restored them to life and future happiness."

"Ah! Mr. Seymour, are you sure they were always happy after that dreadful day?" asked Mary Grey.

"Yes! Alice lived to a good old age, and received many favors from her Protestant Queen, and, among other blessings, she had the pleasure of seeing Lucy united to a pious clergyman, whose eloquence and earnest zeal often won royalty itself to sit beneath his preaching."

"But, now that the tables were turned, I suppose the Papists met with pretty bad treatment from Elizabeth," observed Frank.

"No!" answered Mr. Seymour; "she had received a liberal education, and therefore determined to allow all sects their rightful privileges, although, I own, her heart inclined most to favor the Protestants. She was a very vain woman, yet, during her reign, England enjoyed greater prosperity, both in secular and religious matters, than it had ever done before; and hers may well be called the golden age of Great Britain, if the number of learned men, the success of heroes, and the triumphs of genius, form the gold, if I may so say, of any country."

"Yes, indeed!" remarked Mrs. Seymour; "Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and Raleigh form a bright galaxy of stars, such as will shed a glorious and immortal light over England, through coming ages. But

see! tea is quite ready, and I am sure you are all willing to enjoy the pleasant beverage."

The light meal was soon despatched, and after receiving each a copy of the following lines, the little party separated, with a promise to meet again, on the next evening.

Within the dungeon cell they laid
The mother and her child,
And gentle sleep hung like a veil
Across their features mild;
For though a harsh Queen's stern decree
Had all life's comfort riven,
She could not break that chain of faith,
Which bound them unto heaven.

But soon, at a loud, startling sound,
The parent sprang from sleep,
And firm, before the armed men,
She stood, too proud to weep;
Until they bade her wake the girl,
Who look'd so full of bloom,
And smiled so sweetly, O! 'twas hard
To rouse her for the tomb.

With a low, ringing shriek, she kiss'd
The slumberer's blue-vein'd brow,
And murmur'd, with her white, cold lips,
"My daughter! wake thee now!"
Till when the sweet child raised her head,

And shook back her bright hair,
The hapless mother look'd as if
A statue of despair.

"The choice is mine!" she cried, at last,
"My daughter or my God,—
Would, would that death would come and break
This agonizing rod!"
But, as she spoke, a soft voice said,
"God wills that we should die;
Mother! dear mother! let us go,—
No fear of death have I."

"My blessed one!" the parent cried,
"'Twas but for thy young sake,
That, for a moment, I delay'd
The right, clear path to take;
But now thy cheering faith shines out,
And guides me like that star,
That lit the Saviour's humble couch,
With radiance from afar.

"Yes! let us go!" and as she spoke,
They left the darksome cell,
And join'd a host, to whom life, now,
Was but a funeral knell;
Till, as the long procession moved,
The mother and her child
Raised a soft, soothing, sacred hymn,
Which all their grief beguiled.

Thanks be to God! we dwell within
A land, where Christian prayer
Is fearless breathed by every sect,
Who in the Gospel share;
Where "peace and good-will unto men,"
Is still the growing sound;
And O! may it increase, and soon
Echo, the world around.

Rachel, Lady Russell

1636-1723

Rachel Wriothesley was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton and a French Huguenot lady whom he had married when travelling in France, and who was renowned for her beauty and virtue. Rachel was born in 1636. She never knew her mother, who died when she was an infant. Her father married again, and we know nothing about her relations with her stepmother, but we know that she dearly loved her sisters, and was very good friends with her stepsister. England was passing through troublous times during her childhood on account of the disputes between Charles I and his Parliament. Lord Southampton was a sensible, moderate man, and he could not approve of the king's doings, but he remained true to him and took his side when the civil war broke out. When the terrible end came and Charles I was beheaded in 1649, Southampton got permission to watch by the king's body during the night after the execution. He is reported to have told a friend that, whilst he was watching, at about two o'clock in the morning, he heard a step on the stair and a man entered, muffled in a cloak, and stood by the body. He heard him sigh, "Cruel necessity," and knew by the voice that it was Cromwell.

Southampton's moderation was so well known that, though he had been the king's friend, the Parliament did not seize his lands, and he was suffered to live quietly on one of his estates in Hampshire. Rachel was then about

thirteen years old and must have benefited from the companionship of her father during these quiet years. We know nothing of her education, and she does not seem in after life to have possessed any learning; but no doubt it was from her father she gained the good sense and the deep religious faith which distinguished her through life. She was an heiress since her father had no son, and only two of his other daughters survived him. As was the custom in those days, a suitable marriage was soon arranged for her. She was only seventeen when she married Lord Vaughan, who died four years afterwards. All that is known of their married life is that Lady Rachel behaved so as to win the love of her husband's family, who always remained her friends. When her husband died, she went to live in Hampshire with her sister Elizabeth, to whom she was deeply attached. Each of the sisters possessed a fine place in Hampshire, and when Elizabeth died both these places, Tichfield and Stratton, belonged to Rachel. Her father had lived to see the restoration of Charles II and to be one of his first ministers, but he was now dead and Rachel was completely her own mistress. There was no one to arrange a marriage for her, and she was able to choose for herself a man whom she deeply loved. She had known William Russell, the younger son of the Duke of Bedford, for two years before they were married. He had shown his devotion to her for some time, but perhaps because he was a younger son and she was an heiress, he hesitated at first to ask her to be his wife. They

were married at last in 1669, and fourteen years of perfect happiness began for Rachel. The only real sorrow that came to her was the death of her sister, whom she described as "a delicious friend." Her other sorrows were her brief separations from her husband when he had to visit his father at Woburn.

William Russell's elder brother had died, and he was now heir to the dukedom of Bedford. He was not a brilliant man, but he was a very good man, devotedly attached to his family and his friends, and very anxious to do his duty. When they were separated, Lady Russell wrote constantly to him, telling him all she heard that might interest him. When he had only been gone a few hours she wrote that she could not "let this first post night pass, without giving my dear man a little talk." Once, when she had gone over to Tunbridge Wells to drink the waters, she wrote: "After a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer mingled my uncle's way, with nutmeg and sugar. Beds and things are all very well here: our want is yourself and good weather." They had three children, two girls and a boy, and her letters are full of allusions to the eldest: "Our little girl is very well, and extremely merry and often calls Papa. She gets new pretty tricks every day." And another time: "Your girls are very well; Miss Rachel has prattled a long story, but I must omit it. She says Papa

has sent for her to Woburn, and then she gallops and says she has been there, and a great deal more."

Lord Russell was in Parliament, but at first he did not take much part in public affairs: he had no ambition and liked his quiet home life better than the bustle of public life. For many years he sat silent in Parliament but his strong love of liberty and of the Protestant religion at last drove him to be more active. There was much discontent with the government of Charles II and with the favour which he showed to the Roman Catholics. Lord Russell joined himself with a number of others, to whom the nickname of Whigs was given, who were anxious to maintain the rights of Parliament, and to prevent the king's brother James, Duke of York, who was a Roman Catholic, from being considered the heir to the throne. Lady Russell was very anxious lest her husband should do or say anything rash, and even once sent him a little note to the House of Parliament begging him to be silent. People were then very excited and very bitter against those who thought differently from them. An impostor, named Titus Oates, pretended to have discovered a popish plot to destroy the king, and by his false accusations caused many innocent men to be put to death. A few years afterwards, others pretended to have discovered a Whig plot to kill Charles II and his brother. Lord Russell had not joined in any of the violent accusations made against those opposed to him, nor had he been aware of any plot, but he was a man of great

influence, one of the leaders amongst the Whigs, and he too was anxious to keep James from succeeding to the throne. When people were angry and alarmed at the supposed Whig plot, the king and his friends thought it a good opportunity to get rid of some of the Whig leaders. There was one amongst them, Lord Howard, who was ready to secure his own safety by betraying the others. Lord Russell knew that he was in danger, and one day a man was set at his front gate to watch and prevent his going out. But there was no one at his back gate so that he could easily have escaped had he wished. This was perhaps what his enemies wanted. But he felt that to escape would be the same thing as confession of his guilt. He sent his wife out to ask the opinion of his friends, and they agreed with him. So he stayed quietly at home, and the next day he was fetched to appear before the King's Council, and was afterwards sent as a close prisoner to the Tower. He knew the fury of his enemies, and said to his servant that "they would have his life;" and when the servant answered that he hoped they would not have the power, he said, "Yes, the devil is loose."

From that moment, Lord Russell allowed himself no hope. He looked upon himself as a dying man, and turned his thoughts away from this world to another world. But his friends, of course, were eager to do everything to save him. We can imagine what the suffering of his wife must have been; she who had found it hard to bear a separation of a few days, had now to face the terrible probability that

he would be condemned to death for high treason. Her first letter to him in the Tower was sent concealed in a cold chicken. Afterwards she seems to have been able to communicate with him more easily. Her courage was equal to her love, and she set to work at once to try to collect evidence in his favour. Her efforts never ceased during the fortnight which passed before he was brought to trial, and she got hold of every possible fact that could be urged in his defence. Moreover, she was brave and self-controlled enough to determine to be present at his trial. She wrote to ask his leave saying: "Your friends believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extremely willing to try; my resolution will hold out—pray let yours. But it may be the court will not let me; however, do you let me try." When Lord Russell was brought before the Bar at the Old Bailey, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and the use of the papers that he had, and said, "May I have somebody to write to help my memory?" He was told that he might have one of his servants to write for him, and he answered, "My wife is here, my lord, to do it." The Lord Chief Justice said, "If my lady please to give herself the trouble." So Lady Russell was allowed to be at his side to help him. He was accused of conspiring against the king's life, and of plotting to raise a rebellion in England. Both these accusations he firmly denied. The witnesses against him were men of despicable character and there is no doubt that their evidence was false; but the jury found him guilty, and he was condemned to death as a traitor.

There was only a week left before he was to be executed. His wife and his friends could not give up hope. His father offered the king £50,000 if he would spare his life, and begged him not to bring his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. People of all kinds interceded with Charles, but it was all in vain. Lady Russell never ceased her efforts. It was suggested that she should try to surprise the king in the park and throw herself at his feet, but this does not seem to have been possible. At her earnest entreaty Lord Russell wrote to the king asking his pardon for having been present at any meetings which may have been unlawful or provoking to the king. But Charles never hesitated. He seems to have regarded Lord Russell as a dangerous person. Lord Russell himself was absolutely resigned to his fate, and only wished to be left in peace to prepare for his death. Every day he was visited by a clergyman, Dr. Burnet, who has left an account of his last days, and Lady Russell was also much with him. She did not distress him by her lamentations, but showed a greatness of spirit which was an immense comfort to him. Sometimes when he spoke of her, the tears would come into his eyes and he would quickly change the subject. Once he said that he wished she would give up beating every bush for his preservation. But he realised that it would help her afterwards to think that she had done everything in her power, just as it helped her during those sad days to have something to do. He was always cheerful and ready to talk and even joke with those who came to

see him, but he gave his mind chiefly to prayer and religious thoughts, and to preparing a statement of his opinions which he wished to be distributed after his death. On the last evening of his life, he signed this paper and sent it to be printed. Then some of his friends and his children came to see him, and he was calm and cheerful with his children as usual. He bade his wife stay to supper with him, saying, "Stay and sup with me, let us eat our last earthly food together." He talked cheerfully during supper on various subjects, and particularly of his two daughters. When a note was brought to Lady Russell with some new plan for his deliverance, he turned it into ridicule, so that those who were with him were amazed. At ten o'clock Lady Russell had to leave him. He kissed her four or five times, and she, brave to the last, kept her sorrow so within herself that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. After she was gone, he said, "Now the bitterness of death is past," and he talked long about the blessing she had been to him, and what a comfort it was that in spite of her great tenderness she had never wished him to do a base thing in order to save his life. He said, "What a week should I have passed, if she had been crying on me to turn informer and be a Lord Howard." He thanked God for giving him such a wife, and said that it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised to him to take care of herself for their sakes. Then he turned to think of the great change that was before him, and at last went to bed and slept

soundly. Those who were with him next morning were amazed at the temper he was in. He thanked God that there was no sort of fear nor hurry in his thoughts, and so he prayed and waited till they came to take him in his coach to his execution. He was still cheerful as he went, singing softly a psalm to himself. As they came near his own house and then turned from it into another street, he said, "I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, and now I turn to this with greater." But as he looked towards his house, some tears were seen to fall from his eyes. So he remained calm and cheerful till he laid his head on the block and all his troubles were over.

We do not know and we can hardly bear to think how his wife passed those terrible hours after she had parted from him. Seven years afterwards she wrote: "There was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe, that in some measure kept me from being then overwhelmed." She was roused, only a few days after Lord Russell's death, to defend his memory, since it was asserted that the paper which he had written before his death, and which had been printed and widely read, was not his but had been written by Dr. Burnet. She wrote to the king describing herself as a woman "amazed with grief." and begged him to believe that "he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so false a thing as to deliver for his own what was properly not so."

Still Dr. Burnet was regarded with such suspicion that he thought it wise to leave the country for a time.

Lady Russell left London and went with her children to Woburn, the place of the Duke of Bedford, her father-in-law. She had kind friends to help her in her sorrow. The Duke of Bedford cherished her and her children with tender affection, and for long she made her home with him. He addressed her in his letters as his "dearest daughter," and signed himself "your most affectionate father and friend." A clergyman, Dr. Fitzwilliam, who had been her father's chaplain and had known her from infancy, wrote often to her, and to him she poured out her sorrow, as to one who had known both her and her husband and had seen their life together and therefore would be patient with her whilst her "disordered thoughts" and her "amazed mind" made it difficult for her to speak of anything but her grief. She had promised her husband that she would live for her children, and to their care she now devoted herself, determining to teach them herself, and we do not hear that her daughters ever had any other teacher. Mr. Hoskins, her lawyer, helped her in the management of her affairs with most tender sympathy, and tried to persuade her by degrees to take some interest in them, so that she might not be too entirely absorbed in her sorrow. He told her that great persons had great trials, but also had more opportunity than common people to fit their minds to bear them.

Her children were too young to know what they had lost, and she was determined to do all in her power for them, and particularly for her son, that he might not feel, if he grew to be a man, that it would have been better for him had he had a mother "less ignorant or less negligent." She said that she had no choice in any matter for herself, and could not like one way better than another, so long as what was done was for the good of those young creatures whose service was all the business she had in the world. But she hardly realised how dear her children were to her, till the serious illness of her little boy showed her what it would cost her to part with him. When he recovered she felt that she had indeed something still to live for, and that she might be blessed with some joy and satisfaction through her children. Her little boy was heir to his grandfather, the Duke of Bedford, and on all matters connected with his education she consulted the duke. Neither of them wished to make him begin study too soon, but Lady Russell was anxious that he should have a French tutor, that he might learn the language. There were many Huguenots in England, who had fled from the persecutions in France, and by engaging one of them she was able both to do a charity and to be of use to her son.

Only two years after Lord Russell's execution Charles II had died and been succeeded by his brother, James II. James II's attempt to upset the authority of Parliament, and to rule by his own will alone, led to the rebellion which, in 1688, made his daughter, Mary, and her

husband, William of Orange, King and Queen of England. Whilst these stirring events were passing, Lady Russell was living quietly in the country, her only fear was lest her children should run any risk. Once things were settled, she knew that she could count upon the friendship of William and Mary, and at the Duke of Bedford's wish, she went with him to London. She was full of thankfulness for the change, and wrote that it was difficult to believe that it was more than a dream, yet it was real and an amazing mercy. Her husband's friend, Dr. Burnet, came over with Mary, and was made Bishop of Salisbury. One of the first acts of the new government was to reverse the sentence passed on Lord Russell, and the House of Commons decreed that his execution had been a murder.

Lady Russell was now in a position of influence and importance, but she did not change her quiet way of living. A paper that she wrote about this time for her children shows her loving anxiety for them. In it, after bidding them never to forget their prayers morning and evening, she tells them about her own prayers, and how she always carried with her a little piece of paper on which she noted her faults, that she might ask forgiveness for them; in this way she had gained a habit of constant watchfulness.

One of her anxieties had been to arrange suitable marriages for her children, and it was a great joy to her when her husband's closest friend, the Duke of Devonshire, proposed that his son should marry her eldest daughter. When this marriage was decided on, Lady

Elizabeth was only fourteen and Lord Cavendish not sixteen. Lady Russell had to go to London to make the necessary arrangements, and felt it right to go more into society, though she said that going to parties was hard for one with a heavy and weary mind. The marriage was delayed by the bride having an attack of measles, and when it did take place, the young couple only spent three weeks together under Lady Russell's care, and then Lord Cavendish was sent to finish his education by travelling on the continent for two years. A few years later Lady Russell married her younger daughter to the eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, the best match in England. When her son was only fifteen, a seat in Parliament was offered her for him, but she refused because she thought him too young. She had, however, already arranged a marriage for him to a girl in whose education she took the deepest interest. He was married when he was fifteen, but his wife stayed at home with her mother and he went to Oxford for a year's study, during which his mother often visited him. At seventeen he was sent to travel abroad, as Lady Russell believed that to "live well in the world, it is for certain necessary to know the world well." During his travels he caused her some anxiety for he took to gambling, and lost so much money that when he came home, she had to ask his grandfather for money to pay his debts. Shortly afterwards his grandfather died, and he became Duke of Bedford. Now it seemed as if Lady Russell's anxieties were over, since her three children were all happily married, but

sorrow followed her to the last. Her son, in the fulness of life and health, was seized with smallpox, the haunting terror of those days before vaccination was discovered. His wife and children had to fly from the infection, and only his mother, with her never-failing courage, stayed to soothe his last moments. Shortly afterwards her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, died. Once again a demand was made on Lady Russell's courage. Her only remaining daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, had just given birth to a child; it was feared that, if she heard of the death of her sister, the shock might be fatal; so her mother stayed with her and did not let her learn the truth, telling her that she had that day seen her sister out of bed, by which she really meant that she had seen her in her coffin.

Another trouble of Lady Russell's later life was the fear of blindness; but she bore this calamity with patience till an operation restored her sight. She lived till the age of eighty-eight, when she died after a short illness, watched over by the loving care of her only remaining child. During a long life, her courage, her love, her faith had never failed her in spite of her sore trials. It is interesting to remember that three of the chief families of England, the houses of Devonshire, Bedford, and Rutland, look back to this pure, warm-hearted woman and her murdered husband as their common ancestors.

Susanna Wesley

1669-1742

One of the extremely interesting places in London is Bunhill Fields, completely filled with graves, a quiet, suggestive spot in the midst of the commotion of a great city. John Bunyan has been long sleeping there. Close to his grave is one beside which thousands have stood, and will stand, in the years to come. It is the grave of the mother of John Wesley.

Here he preached at her death one of his most eloquent and impressive sermons. She was his companion, his guide, his ideal woman. He hoped he might find one like her in marriage, but he failed. He hoped he might not survive her, but he was spared many years to do his wonderful work. She was, says Isaac Taylor, "the mother of Methodism in a religious and moral sense; for, her courage, her submissiveness to authority, the high tone of her mind, its independence and its self-control, the warmth of her devotional feelings, and the practical direction given to them, came up and were visibly repeated in the character and conduct of her son."

She was the twenty-fifth, and youngest, child of Dr. Samuel Annesley by his second wife, and was born in London, Jan. 20, 1669. Dr. Annesley was an able and prominent dissenting minister, dignified and handsome, closely related to the Earl of Anglesey. Mrs. Annesley was a lovely woman, the daughter of a member of parliament,

who was also one of the Westminster Assembly of divines. Susanna was always a favorite with her father, who gave every attention to her education. "Greek, Latin, and French, and both logic and metaphysics, had formed part of her studies," says Dr. Adam Clarke. She was deeply interested in the absorbing religious discussions of the day. Though her father was a Nonconformist, she was permitted to think for herself, and joined the Church of England when she was thirteen. In these early years a youth, Samuel Wesley, six and a half years older than herself, visited at the Annesley home.

When Samuel was sixteen, his father died, leaving his widow and children in very poor circumstances. Several persons contributed thirty pounds a year, and sent the lad to school in London, where he met Susanna Annesley and, doubtless, enjoyed her bright conversation, and admired her beauty.

At twenty-one, he, too, left the Nonconformists and joined the Church of England; possibly he had influenced Susanna in her choice.

Determined to study and enter the ministry, he walked to Oxford one August morning, in 1683, with a little over two pounds in his pocket, and entered Exeter College. He maintained himself by teaching and some literary work, and after graduation became a curate in London, with an income of thirty pounds a year. This he doubled by writing, and on sixty pounds a year the young

couple—Samuel, twenty-seven, and Susanna, twenty—began their married life in London lodgings in 1689.

It must have required great faith to marry on this income; it required something more than faith in the years of privation which followed. The young husband was an untiring student, a man of cheerful nature, and devoted to his work. The wife was a person of fine manners and uncommon beauty. Dr. Adam Clarke says: "She was not only graceful but beautiful in person. Her sister, Judith, painted by Sir Peter Lely, is represented as a very beautiful woman. One who well knew both said, 'Beautiful as Miss Annesley appears, she was far from being as beautiful as Mrs. Wesley.'"

The Marquis of Normandy heard of the poverty of the young minister, and obtained for him the position of rector at South Ormsby, where the salary was fifty pounds a year, instead of thirty. Mr. Wesley was not preaching for money; but having a son four months old, named Samuel, after himself, added to his family, he looked upon the twenty pounds' increase as a great blessing.

They left London with its activities, its libraries, and its cultivated people for the little parish of thirty-six houses and two hundred and sixty persons, at South Ormsby. Mr. Wesley tried to make the best of it, and found expression for his loneliness in verse:—

"In a mean cot, composed of reeds and clay,
Wasting in sighs the uncomfortable day;

Near where the inhospitable Humber roars,
Devouring by degrees the neighboring shores.
Let earth go where it will, I'll not repine,
Nor can unhappy be, while Heaven is mine."

The next year, in 1691, a little girl was born to the Wesleys, but died two years later. In January, 1692, Emilia was born, and in 1694 twin boys, Annesley and Jedediah, who died in infancy. A few months after their death another little girl was born, named Susanna; and then Mary, who, through a fall, became deformed and ill.

Mrs. Wesley's life was already full of cares. Three children had died, and of the four who were living, one was continually ill, while the mother, a slight, frail woman, was not yet twenty-seven years of age.

Besides his parish work, Mr. Wesley was writing his heroic poem in ten books, on "The Life of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." The work was dedicated to Queen Mary. Pope and others pronounced it "intolerably dull," but it went through a second edition. It was probably of little pecuniary help to the beautiful wife and four children.

Mr. Wesley thus describes his wife in the volume:—

"She graced my humble roof and blest my life,
Blest me by a far greater name than wife;
Yet still I bore an undisputed sway,
Nor was't her task, but pleasure, to obey.
Scarce thought, much less could act, what I

denied.
In our low house there was no room for pride
Nor need I e'er direct what still was right,
She studied my convenience and delight:
Nor did I for her care ungrateful prove,
But only used my power to show my love:
Whate'er she asked I gave without reproach or grudge,
For still she reason asked and I was judge."

As Mrs. Wesley was a person of very strong will, and could not have been the grand woman that she was without it, perhaps the "undisputed sway" was somewhat imaginary, but seeming real to him was doubtless comforting.

In the latter part of 1696, Dr. Annesley died, and Mrs. Wesley sincerely mourned her gifted father, but believing in the communion of departed spirits with those left on earth, she found great consolation in the thought that he was always near his favorite child.

Early in 1697 the Wesleys removed to Epworth, a small market town of two thousand inhabitants. It is said that Queen Mary, not forgetting the dedication of the life of Christ, shortly before her last illness expressed a wish that Mr. Wesley should have the living of Epworth, worth two hundred pounds.

The house was of timber and plaster, three stories high and thatched with straw, with large grounds attached. Mr.

Wesley determined to farm his own glebe, and therefore purchased oxen and the necessary farming implements. He was in debt already, and was obliged to borrow one hundred and fifty pounds to furnish the house, move his family, and begin life in the new parish. These debts he was never able to cancel, and they proved the intolerable burden of his life.

Soon after the family were settled, Mehetabel was born; the next year the ninth child, which soon died, and in the two years following, John and Benjamin, both of whom died in infancy.

In May, 1701, poverty, even worse than usual, stared Mr. and Mrs. Wesley in the face. The latter was feeble, and often confined to her bed for six months at a time. Writing poetry for London publishers brought little remuneration. Coal was needed, and the last six shillings were used to buy it.

It is probable that the parishioners did not inquire whether the rector had any money in his pocket so long as he preached the gospel regularly. Fortunately, Archbishop Sharpe heard of their poverty, spoke to several of the nobility about it, and even appealed to the House of Lords.

The Countess of Northampton, moved to pity, sent twenty pounds to the family, ten of which Mr. Wesley gave to his own widowed mother. The money was received in both families with thanksgiving.

That evening, May 16, a boy and a girl were born in the Wesley home, but soon died, and the next year, 1702, Annie was born.

The children must be educated; but how? There was no money for schooling, and Mr. Wesley had little time to spare from his church and his writing. The educated but delicate mother must do it.

She, therefore, began her household school, and for six hours a day through twenty years she continued it. When her son John had become a noted man, he begged her to write some details of the education of her children, to which she reluctantly consented. She said, "No one can, without renouncing the world in the most literal sense, observe my method; and there are few, if any, that would devote above twenty years of the prime of life in hopes to save the souls of their children, which they think may be saved without so much ado; for that was my principal intention, however unskilfully and unsuccessfully managed."

The children were early taught to obey, and to "cry softly." A child was never allowed to have a thing because he cried for it, and John Wesley used to emphasize this in his talks to parents, urging that if a child obtained a thing because he cried, that he would cry again. Mrs. Wesley says, "That most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house."

One cannot help wishing that Mrs. Wesley had lived on through the centuries to teach this doctrine.

"Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed," she says; "unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened....At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper; at seven the maid washed them, and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight, at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of in our house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep."

"The children were taught never to address each other without prefixing "brother" or "sister," a fashion which John Wesley followed through life, as indeed he did thousands of things taught him by his mother. Her will was law with him, her letters through college his oracles, her life his blessed example.

With great firmness she combined great patience. Once, when she repeated the same thing to one child twenty times, her husband said, "I wonder at your patience; you have told that child twenty times that same thing."

"If I had satisfied myself by mentioning it only nineteen times," she replied, "I should have lost all my labor. It was the twentieth time that crowned it."

Psalms were sung every morning and night at the opening and the closing of school. Each elder child took a

younger one morning and evening, and read a chapter in the Bible with him or her, after which each went to private devotions. As soon as they could speak the Lord's Prayer was taught them.

They were to be courteous in all things; a servant was never allowed to grant a favor unless the child said, "Pray give me such a thing." If a child confessed a fault and promised to reform, he was not punished. "This rule," says Mrs. Wesley, "prevented a great deal of lying." Nor was he ever reminded of it afterwards. Acts of obedience were commended. Mrs. Wesley had learned early that the world forgets to commend, but rarely forgets to blame. No one could take the property of another, even to the value of a pin. Every promise must be strictly observed, and a gift once bestowed could not be taken back. The children were not taught to read till they were five years old, and then the letters and small words were learned from the first chapter of Genesis.

In 1702 Mr. Wesley had published his "History of the Old and New Testament attempted in verse, and adorned with three hundred and thirty sculptures," but for this money failed to flow in as he had expected. He therefore went on horseback to London and appealed in various quarters for aid. The Dean of Exeter gave him ten pounds, the Archbishop of Canterbury ten guineas, and others to the amount of sixty pounds. Possibly these were subscriptions previously promised.

He had been home but a short time when his house took fire. He wrote to Archbishop Sharpe, "He that's born to be a poet must, I am afraid, live and die poor; for on the last of July, 1702, a fire broke out in my house by some sparks which took hold of the thatch this dry time, and consumed about two thirds of it before it could be quenched....I got one of his horses [a sick neighbor's, whom he was visiting], rode up, and heard by the way that my wife, children, and books were saved, for which God be praised, as well as for what He has taken.

"I find 't is some happiness to have been miserable, for my mind has been so blunted with former misfortunes that this scarce made any impression upon me."

The house was rebuilt with great difficulty. A fifteenth child was born into the home June 17, 1703, old style, or June 28, new style, and this was John Wesley, the founder of Methodism.

A few weeks later Mr. Wesley's crop of flax was set on fire, perhaps by some incendiary. As that was a day of theological conflicts, and Mr. Wesley was not disinclined to be belligerent with his pen, he doubtless made some enemies.

Samuel, the first born, had been sent to Westminster School, where he became distinguished for scholarship. His fond mother wrote him long letters, chiefly about religion, asking him to preserve them till he was older and could better understand them. He seems to have confided

in her. Would not anybody in such a mother? She writes: "If you have wasted or misemployed your time, take more care of what remains. If in anything you want counsel or advice, speak freely to me, and I will gladly assist you. I commit you to God's protection....If you can, possibly, set apart the hours of Sunday, in the afternoon, from four to six for this employment [prayer and meditation], which time I have also determined to the same work. May that Infinite Being, whose we are, and whom I hope we endeavor to serve and love, accept us and bless us....I think your health and studies require that you should take a pretty deal of exercise. You know whether your heart be too much set upon it. If it be, I will tell you what rule I observed in the same case when I was young and much addicted to childish diversions, which was this: never to spend more time in any matter of recreation in one day than I spent in private religious duties."

Again, she writes: "I would advise you, as much as possible in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties....Appoint so much time for sleep, eating, company, etc., but above all things, my dear Sammy, I command you, I beg, I beseech you, to be very strict in observing the Lord's Day. In all things endeavor to act on principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which

way the stream or wind drives them . . . .I am sorry that you lie under a necessity of conversing with those that are none of the best; but we must take the world as we find it, since it is a happiness permitted to a very few to choose their company."

She writes him as "the son of my tenderest love, my friend, in whom is my inexpressible delight, my future hope of happiness in this world, for whom I weep and pray in my retirements from the world, when no mortal knows the agonies of my soul on your account, no eyes see my tears, which are only beheld by that Father of Spirits of whom I so importunately beg grace for you that I hope I may at last be heard."

Mr. Wesley writes earnest letters to his beloved Samuel, and speaks thus beautifully of his noble wife: "You will, I verily believe, remember that these obligations of gratitude, love, and obedience, and the expressions of them, are not confined to your tender years, but must last to the very close of your life, and even after that render her memory most dear and precious to you....You will endeavor to repay her prayers for you by doubling yours for her, as well as your fervency in them; and, above all things, to live such a virtuous and religious life that she may find that her care and love have not been lost upon you, but that we may all meet in heaven.

"In short, reverence and love her as much as you will, which I hope will be as much as you can. For though I

should be jealous of any other rival in your heart, yet I will not be of her; the more duty you pay her, and the more frequently and kindly you write to her, the more you will please your affectionate father."

The Epworth household went on as usual, except that financial matters were growing worse. Hard-working Mr. Wesley had written a poem of nearly six hundred lines, "Marlborough, or the Fate of Europe," on the duke who had gained the battle of Blenheim, August, 1704.

The faithful Archbishop Sharpe showed the poem to the duke, who appointed Mr. Wesley to the chaplaincy of Col. Lepelle's regiment, but the Whigs gaining a victory in politics soon after, the rector was deprived of the chaplaincy, and insulted by a mob on account of his Tory sympathies. They fired pistols about his house, and under the window where his wife lay ill. Her infant of three weeks old had been carried across the street to a nurse, who, broken of her rest by the disturbance, smothered the child when she fell asleep; and then, nearly crazed by the accident, carried it dead to the arms of its mother.

Brave Susanna Wesley bore all these things well; for her husband writes to the archbishop, "All this, thank God, does not in the least sink my wife's spirits. For my own, I feel them disturbed and disordered."

Other troubles soon followed. Mr. Wesley owed some money to one of the persons whom he had angered in the recent election, was arrested and sent to Lincoln jail. The

archbishop, in deep sympathy, wrote asking how much he owed. Mr. Wesley replied, "Three hundred pounds"; but he cheerfully adds, "I hope to rise again, as I have always done, when at the lowest, and I think I cannot be much lower now."

While in jail he devoted himself to his companions, and wrote Archbishop Sharpe: "I don't despair of doing some good here (and so long I sha'n't lose quite the end of living), and, it may be, do more in this parish than in my old one, for I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and to preach once a Sunday, which I choose to do in the afternoon, when there is no sermon at the minster. And I am getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can, and shall write to London, next post, to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, who, I hope, will send me some books to distribute among them." The cows on his farm were mutilated, and also his house-dog, because he barked; but Mr. Wesley adds, "'T is not every one who could bear these things, but I bless God my wife is less concerned with suffering them than I am in the writing, or than I believe your grace will be in reading them."

The Archbishop of York went to see Mrs. Wesley, and said, "Tell me, Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread."

"My lord," said she, "I will freely own to your grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I

had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all."

"You are certainly right," said the archbishop, and gave her a generous sum of money.

Mr. Wesley remained in prison for three months. His heart must have been touched when his wife sent him her rings to help cancel the debt, "because she had nothing else to relieve me with," he says. But he returned them. Finally, several persons raised money enough to pay half the debts; and Mr. Wesley joyfully writes, "I feel I walk a deal lighter, and hope I shall sleep better now these sums are paid....I am a bad beggar, and worse at returning formal thanks, but I can pray heartily for my benefactors." He returned to his rejoicing family.

In the latter part of 1706 another child was born, Martha, who closely resembled John, both in looks and character. On Dec. 18, 1707, Mrs. Wesley's eighteenth child was born, Charles, whose hymns have been the delight of thousands. The babe was so delicate that he was wrapped in wool, and "neither cried nor opened his eyes for several weeks," says Eliza Clarke in her "Life of Susanna Wesley."

A most trying calamity was coming to the Wesleys. They had suffered poverty, imprisonment, and the horrors of debt. On the night of Feb. 9, 1709, Epworth

Rectory was burned to the ground. Five days afterwards Mrs. Wesley thus describes the desolation to her eldest son, Samuel: "The fire broke out about eleven or twelve at night, we being all in bed, nor did we perceive it till the roof of the corn chamber was burnt through, and the fire fell upon your sister Hetty's bed, which stood in the little room joining upon it. She awaked, and immediately ran to call your father, who lay in the red chamber.

"We had no time to take our clothes, but ran all naked. I called to Betty to bring the children out of the nursery; she took up Patty and left Jacky [John] to follow her, but he, going to the door, and seeing all on fire, ran back again. We got the street door open, but the wind drove the flame with such violence that none could stand against it. I tried thrice to break through, but was driven back. I made another attempt and waded through the fire, which did me no other hurt than to scorch my legs and face.

"When I was in the yard I looked about for your father and the children, but, seeing none, concluded them all lost. But, I thank God, I was mistaken. Your father carried sister Emily, Sukey, and Patty into the garden; then missing Jacky, he ran back into the house to see if he could save him. He heard him miserably crying out in the nursery, and attempted several times to get up-stairs, but was beat back by the flames; then he thought him lost, and commended his soul to God, and went to look after the rest. The child climbed up to the window, and called out to them in the yard; they got up to the casement and

pulled him out just as the roof fell into the chamber. Harry broke the glass of the parlor window, and threw out your sisters Matty and Hetty, and so by God's great mercy we all escaped."

And then she adds to this pitiful letter, homeless and penniless as they are, "Do not be discouraged; God will provide for you."

Mr. Wesley writes to the Duke of Buckingham, that when he heard that "killing cry" of his Jacky, and could not help, "I made them all kneel down in the garden, and we prayed God to receive his soul."

John Wesley, who was then six years old, always felt that God had miraculously saved him. He believed that the moment when his father was praying for him in the garden he awoke. "I did not cry, as they imagined," he says, "unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no farther, all beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on the chest which stood near the window; one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder.

"Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another experiment. Here, I will fix myself against the wall, lift a light man and set him on my

shoulders.' They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough.'"

The books which had been purchased with the utmost self-denial were all gone; the collection of Hebrew poetry, the papers of the Annesley family, twenty pounds in money, and their clothing. A month after the fire, in March, 1709, Mrs. Wesley's nineteenth and last child was born, Kezia, who, like Charles, was extremely frail.

The fire, for a time, broke up the Epworth household. Susanna and Hetty went to London to stay with their uncles, Samuel Annesley and Matthew Wesley. Emilia, who was seventeen, and fitting herself to be a governess, stayed with her mother for a year in lodgings, caring for her with a peculiar tenderness and sympathy.

The rectory was rebuilt, after a time, in the Queen Anne style of red brick, at a cost of four hundred pounds, and the scattered Wesleys were gathered again into the fold. The rector, though he could ill afford it, journeyed to London for several winters as the representative of the clergy in his diocese, in convocation.

Mrs. Wesley's teaching went on as usual. Sometimes, in the evening, Emilia read to her mother. The latter writes

to her husband at London that Emilia has been reading an account of a Danish mission to Tranquebar: "Their labors refreshed my soul beyond measure," she says; "and I could not forbear spending a good part of that evening in praising and adoring the Divine goodness for inspiring those good men with such ardent zeal for His glory. For some days I could think and speak of little else.

"It then came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister of the Gospel, yet if I were inspired with a true zeal for His glory and really desired the salvation of souls, I might do more than I do....However, I resolved to begin with my own children, and accordingly I proposed and observed the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself, on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles; and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday."

These Thursday talks with John were never forgotten by him, and he wrote her years afterwards when he was a Fellow of Lincoln College: "If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not it would be as useful now for correcting my heart, as it was then for forming my judgment."

Since John had been so wonderfully preserved to her, Mrs. Wesley writes in her private meditations: "I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been, that I may do my endeavor to instil into his mind the principles of Thy true religion and virtue."

Besides Mrs. Wesley's school duties, she prepared for the religious instruction of her children three text-books: "A Manual of Natural Theology," "An Exposition of the Leading Truths of the Gospel, based upon the Apostles' Creed," and "A Practical Exposition of the Ten Commandments," besides sixty pages of manuscript, entitled "A Religious Conference between Mother and Emilia."

Reading of the Danish mission was about to bear fruit, even if Mrs. Wesley was "not a man nor a minister of the Gospel," for in 1710 she began to hold service every Sunday evening in the rectory kitchen for the benefit of her own children and servants. Others asked permission to come till soon two hundred or more were present, and many were obliged to go away for lack of room. She read a sermon and then held converse with the people. A woman who could write theological books for her children could talk as acceptably, doubtless, as the curate who preached in Mr. Wesley's absence.

This was indeed an innovation, and Mr. Wesley wrote to his godly and intellectual wife remonstrating with her.

She replied in a way that must have been convincing if not conclusive: "The main of your objections," she writes, "against our Sunday evening meetings are—first, that it will look particular; secondly, my sex; and lastly, your being at present in a public station and character....As to its looking particular, I grant it does; and so does almost every thing that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit, or in the way of a common conversation....To your second, I reply that as I am a woman, so I am also a mistress of a large family. And though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, as head of the family and as their minister, yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me, under a trust, by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth....I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good; the farthest I ever durst go was, 'It may be; who can tell? With God all things are possible.'"

To his third objection that he was in a "public station," she replies: "If I and my children went a-visiting on Sunday nights, or if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do who think themselves good Christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice, though, in truth, it would be so.

"Therefore, why any should reflect upon you, let your station be what it will, because your wife endeavors to

draw people to the church, and to restrain them, by reading and other persuasions, from their profanation of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. But if any should be so mad as to do it, I wish you would not regard it. For my part, I value no censure on this account."

When Mr. Inman, the rector, wrote Mr. Wesley asking him to stop his wife's meetings, and saying that more people went to hear her than came to the church to hear him, Mr. Wesley again remonstrated. Mrs. Wesley wrote back that some who had not been inside a church for seven years came to her meetings, and then she wisely puts the responsibility on him: "If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

John Wesley never forgot these precious services, and felt that if his mother could win souls, other women should not be debarred from such a labor of love. It is not strange that in his great work in after years, women should have been his invaluable helpers, both by word and deed.

Nearly two centuries have come and gone since the mother of Wesley held services in the Epworth rectory. How many noble and educated women since then have

prayed and preached! And what human being shall dare to close the door which Susanna Wesley helped to open for her sex?

John had entered Charterhouse School, London, when he was a little over ten years of age, on the nomination of the Duke of Buckingham. Here he studied for six years, and became a favorite with both teachers and pupils. Through the tyranny of the older boys, who took away the food of the younger, he says, "From ten to fourteen I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that." He was ambitious, and necessarily so, if, as Addison says, "Men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition."

Of course, letter after letter passed from the devoted mother to her son. Now she wrote of the "knockings" at the rectory which have never been accounted for; now to keep courage in his struggle with poverty,—he had gone to Christ Church, Oxford, on a forty-pound scholarship from the Charterhouse School,—"and to hope for better days."

A rich brother, Samuel Annesley, was coming from India, and he would probably help them all. Mr. Wesley had acted as his agent for a time, but the arrangement had not been satisfactory. He blamed Mr. Wesley, and the loyal wife replied that her husband might not be "fit for worldly business," but added, "Did I not know that Almighty wisdom hath views and ends in fixing the

bounds of our habitation, which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge in relation to the church of God should be confined to an obscure corner of this country, where his talents are buried, and he determined to a way of life for which he is not so well qualified as I could wish."

Sukey, who had been led to expect aid from her uncle, becoming discouraged by poverty, married, unwisely, a man from whom she afterwards separated. Mrs. Wesley went to London to meet the brother from India, but he did not come, and was never heard from afterwards. When John learned that his mother was going to London, he wept for joy at the thought of seeing her, but as he had no money, he could not leave Oxford.

On closing his college life, John began to think of becoming a clergyman. He wrote to his father, who counselled him to wait, fearing that he might be inclined to this step merely as a profession, but his mother understood him better, and wrote at once, "I was much pleased with your letter to your father about taking holy orders, and liked the proposal well....I approve the disposition of your mind, and think the sooner you are a deacon the better." Mr. Wesley soon agreed with his wife.

John wrote her, making inquiries about predestination and other doctrines which troubled him, and she, with her superior education, answered with rare ability and clear

judgment. She advised what books to read. Thomas à Kempis, on the "Imitation of Christ," and Jeremy Taylor's "Rules for Holy Living and Dying" made a lasting impression upon John Wesley. After reading the latter, he said, "I resolved to dedicate all my life to God,—all my thoughts and words and actions,—being thoroughly convinced there was no medium." What John Wesley would have been with an ignorant mother, it is difficult to conjecture. The old question of ways and means could not be ignored. The expenses of ordination must be met. Poor Mr. Wesley wrote his son, "I will assist you in the charges for ordination, though I am myself just now struggling for life."

John was ordained deacon Sept. 19, 1725, and in the following March was elected Fellow of Lincoln College. His father had interceded for him with Dr. Morley, rector of the college, telling John meantime to "study hard lest your opponents beat you"; and when elected, with a glowing heart, though burdened with debt, writing, "I have done more than I could do for you....The last twelve pounds pinched me so hard that I am forced to beg time of your brother Sam till after harvest to pay him the ten pounds that you say he lent you. Nor shall I have as much as that, perhaps not five pounds, to keep my family till after harvest....What will be my own fate God only knows. Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

For more than a quarter of a century John Wesley held this honorable position. He laid out a plan of work, and

closely followed it. Mondays and Tuesdays he devoted to Greek and Roman historians and poets; Wednesdays to logic and ethics; Thursdays to Hebrew and Arabic; Fridays to metaphysics and natural philosophy: Saturdays to oratory and poetry, chiefly to composing; and Sundays to divinity. He perfected himself in French, and gave considerable time to mathematics and optics.

He wrote to his brother Samuel, "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live."

In the summer of 1727 John came to Epworth to assist his father who had become somewhat disabled by paralysis. He was now sixty-five years old, and poverty and labor were telling upon the rector of Epworth. Brain work was fatiguing, but poverty a thousand times more so, and the never-to-be-lifted debt was eating like a cancer. Strange that somebody did not lift the burden! And yet we are as blind to-day as were the people of Epworth. To be our "brother's keeper" was, and is, a very difficult part of religion.

All were delighted to have John at home. He seems to have fallen somewhat in love with Betty Kirkham, which he confides to his mother, but he is soon recalled to Lincoln by Dr. Morley to become Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes, with several private pupils, and is so busy that his love matter is neglected or forgotten. When John returned to college he found that his brother

Charles, who was at Christ Church, Oxford, had gathered round him a small band of Christian young men who not only studied earnestly, but met frequently evenings to read the Greek Testament together. Charles attributed his increased spirituality to "somebody's prayers,—my mother's, most likely."

John at once joined the little band, and, being older, became the leader. They were all devoted churchmen, visited the poor and the sick, prisoners and debtors,—the Wesley boys must have had a tender feeling for the latter,—went without all luxuries and many necessities for the sake of doing good; and, living with all the method to which they had been trained by Mrs. Wesley, were nicknamed "Methodists."

John Wesley began to rise at four o'clock in the morning for his work, and continued in this habit for sixty years. In the first six years the number of Methodists grew to fourteen. Who supposed then that it would ever grow to over fourteen millions?

John wrote his father of the work they were doing, and the good old man wrote back, "I have the highest reason to bless God that He has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom He has granted grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil."

A curacy was offered to John eight miles from Oxford, at thirty pounds a year, which he accepted in addition to his other work. When he had thirty pounds a year, he lived

on twenty-eight pounds, and gave away two. The next year, receiving sixty pounds, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two. The third year he received ninety, and gave away sixty-two.

One cold winter's day, a young girl whom the Methodists were keeping at school, called upon John Wesley. She looked nearly frozen. "You seem half starved," said Wesley; "have you nothing to wear but that linen gown?"

"Sir, this is all I have," said the girl.

Wesley put his hand in his pocket, and found it nearly empty. Then he looked at the pictures on his walls. "It struck me," he says, "will thy Master say, 'Well done, good and faithful steward'? Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold! O justice! O mercy! Are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid?"

This habit of giving he continued through life. When he was an old man he wrote in his journal, "For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can: that is, all I have."

In one of his last impassioned sermons, he says, "Leave children enough to live on, not in idleness and luxury, but by honest industry. And if you have not children, upon what scriptural or rational principle can you leave a groat

behind you more than will bury you?...Oh, leave nothing behind you! Lend all you have before you go into a better world! Lend it, lend it all unto the Lord, and it shall be paid to you again."

In the spring of 1731, Mr. Matthew Wesley, of London, came to Epworth to visit his brother, and on his return wrote a very stern letter to the rector, because he was rearing his family in such poverty. He did not realize that it cost more to support and educate the rector's eight children than it did his only child.

Mrs. Wesley, as ever, was enduring trials. Several of her daughters, tired of the struggle with poverty, had married unfortunately, and increased their troubles. The bright and beautiful Hetty, who read Greek at eight, married against her will a drinking man, who ill-treated her. Martha, a woman of unusual loveliness of character, married a curate who led a most unworthy life. When he was dying, after he had made her unhappy for forty years, he said, "I have injured an angel,—an angel that never reproached me." Kezia died at thirty-two, her affections having been won by the man who was already engaged to Martha.

Mary, the deformed girl, was married to a young man whom the Wesleys educated, and then gave him the living at Wroote, a part of Mr. Wesley's parish. The young couple had fifty pounds a year to live on. Mary and her

infant child died a year after her marriage. Mrs. Wesley took this death very much to heart.

In 1734 Mr. Wesley made his last visit to London to see his "Dissertations on the Book of Job," dedicated to Queen Caroline, through the press. Five hundred copies were printed, and Samuel and John, as well as their father, obtained all the subscriptions possible.

Mr. Wesley was growing old, seventy-two,—the wonder was that he was not growing discouraged,—and how to leave his family provided for was a serious question. He wrote pitifully to Samuel, urging him to become rector of Epworth, and thus care for his mother at her home: "As for your aged and infirm mother, as soon as I drop she must turn out unless you succeed me, which, if you do, and she survives me, I know you'll immediately take her then to your own house, or rather continue her there, where your wife and you will nourish her till we meet again in heaven; and you will be a guide and a stay to the rest of the family."

Samuel did not wish to live at Epworth, and John was urged to come, but he gave twenty-six reasons against it. As ever, through life, Mr. Wesley's hands seemed tied, and he could do no more.

Mrs. Wesley saw that the end was approaching, and wrote John and Charles to come to Epworth. They arrived in time to talk with their father. He longed to see his "Job" through the press and his debts paid, but both these

comforts were denied him. Mrs. Wesley came into the room but seldom, for she fainted each time and had to be carried out. At sunset, April 25, 1735, the debt-burdened, devoted Samuel Wesley passed away, while John was praying. Mrs. Wesley was comforted, because she believed that her prayers were answered in his easy death.

The day after the burial in Epworth churchyard, the landlady seized all Mrs. Wesley's "quick stock," Charles wrote to his brother Samuel, valued at forty pounds, for the fifteen pounds which his father owed her. "It will be highly necessary," he adds, "to bring all accounts of what he owed you, that you may mark all the goods in the house as principal creditor, and thereby secure to my mother time and liberty to sell them to the best advantage....Let the Society [which gave aid to the widows of clergymen] give her what they please, she must be still in some degree burdensome to you, as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burden, and wish I could share it with you! You must put me in some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in the shipwreck of the family, though it be no more than furnishing a plank."

Mrs. Wesley moved away from Epworth, the place of so many joys and sorrows to her, and went to live with Emilia, who had been helped by her brothers to establish a school at Gainsborough.

A short time after the death of Mr. Wesley, John and Charles were invited by Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe,

a member of Parliament who had founded the State of Georgia, to go to the New World and help Christianize the natives as well as minister to the colonists. John declined to leave his aged mother. On being urged to go if she would consent, he visited her, determining to abide by her decision. When asked her advice, the brave woman replied, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

This, of course, was decisive, and the two young men bade her farewell, and sailed Oct. 14, 1735, for America.

In her first letter to her beloved John, she mourns that she "does not long to go home, as in reason I ought to do. This often shocks me; and as I constantly pray (almost without ceasing) for thee, my son, so I beg you, likewise, to pray for me, that God would make me better, and take me at the best." One does not wonder that she desired to live, if only to see brighter days if possible! After spending a year or more with Samuel, she went to live with her daughter, Martha.

On the voyage to America the two young ministers used every hour well. Wesley studied German, Spanish, and Italian, when not talking with the passengers or holding service. He found the Indians ready to hear the Gospel, though "they would not be made Christians as the Spaniards make Christians," one of the chiefs said. After two years or more, Wesley decided to return to England, not satisfied with his success, though Whitefield said,

"The good Mr. John Wesley has done in America is inexpressible. His name is very precious among the people."

Early in 1738 Wesley met Peter Böhler from Germany, an educated Moravian, who "preached justification through faith in Christ, and of freedom by it from the dominion and guilt of sin." Böhler taught that a man may be converted in an instant from sin to joy in the Holy Spirit. Wesley felt that there was a peace in believing and an assurance of pardon which he did not then possess, and was determined to find it through prayer.

He was troubled for many days, till, on the evening of May 24, 1738, he experienced a great change. "I felt my heart strangely warmed," he says. "I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins." His joy and peace were not unbroken, but from that time onward he knew no rest in his marvellous work. His message forever after was, "By grace are ye saved, through faith."

"Christians are called to love God with all their hearts, and to serve Him with all their strength," he said, "which is precisely what I apprehend to be meant by the scriptural term, *perfection*."

He began to preach with renewed ardor. He talked to the felons in Newgate; he spoke in churches and before societies, and the congregations grew larger every day.

Soon the church doors began to be closed against him and Whitefield, and they preached in the open air.

"At first," he says, "I could scarce reconcile myself to this strange way of preaching in the fields; having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church."

During the last eight months of 1739 Wesley delivered five hundred discourses, only eight of which were given in churches. At Blackheath, from twelve to fourteen thousand persons gathered to hear him, and quite as many at Moorfields, Kennington Common, and elsewhere. Good Mrs. Wesley was seeing the fruit of her labors.

Persecutions had begun in earnest. John Wesley was forbidden by the sheriff to speak at Newgate, the last place where prohibition was to be expected! The Methodists were called "crack-brained enthusiasts, profane hypocrites, and mad dogs."

In Staffordshire a crowd surrounded Wesley, struck him with clubs on the breast and mouth till the blood flowed, and one seized him by the hair. The slight, sweet-faced John Wesley said, "Are you willing to hear me speak?"

"No, no; down with him; kill him at once!"

"What evil have I done? Which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?"

"Bring him away, bring him away!" cried the mob.

Wesley began to pray, when the ring-leader said, "Sir, I will spend my life for you; follow me, and no one shall hurt a hair of your head."

"From the beginning to the end," says Wesley, "I found the same presence of mind, as if I had been sitting in my own study. But I took no thought for one moment before another; only once it came into mind, that, if they should throw me into the river, it would spoil the papers that were in my pocket. For myself, I did not doubt but I should swim across, having but a thin coat and a light pair of boots."

Sometimes cattle were driven among the congregations; stones were thrown, one of which struck Wesley between the eyes, but wiping away the blood, he continued preaching. Women were kicked and dragged by the hair, and their clothes set on fire by rockets. Men were knocked down and thrown into the gutters. The houses of those who were called Methodists were torn down and the furniture was broken into fragments.

Thousands of conversions were reported, and many marvellous answers to prayer. Samuel Wesley had become alarmed at such strange doings, and the more so that he had heard that his mother had attended one of these gatherings. He wrote her: "John and Charles are now become so notorious, the world will be curious to know when and how they were born, what schools bred at, what

colleges, if in Oxford, and when matriculated, what degrees took, and where, when, and by whom ordained; what books they have written and published. I wish they may spare so much time as to vouchsafe a little of their story. For my own part, I had much rather have them picking straws within the walls, than preaching in the area of Moorfields.

"It was with exceeding concern and grief I heard you had countenanced a spreading delusion, so far as to be one of Jack's congregation. Is it not enough that I am bereft of both my brothers, but must my mother follow too?"

Two weeks later Samuel Wesley was called away from such earthly distractions as John was engaged in. He died suddenly, Nov. 5, 1739, at the age of forty-nine. Mrs. Wesley bore the death of her first-born and dearly loved Samuel with composure, saying, "He is now at rest....He hath reached the haven before me, but I shall soon follow him."

A month later she wrote to Charles: "Your brother, whom I shall henceforth call Son Wesley, since my dear Sam is gone home, has just been with me and much revived my spirits....I want either him or you; for, indeed, in the most literal sense, I am become a little child and want continual succor."

Shortly after Samuel's death, in 1739, John Wesley purchased the old Foundry, near Moorfields, London. It had been used by the government for casting cannon, till

in 1716 an explosion left it in ruins. He had no income save the Oxford fellowship, but friends loaned and gave money, some four, six, and ten shillings a year, so that at an expense of about eight hundred pounds a plain chapel to accommodate fifteen hundred persons was built, with a house for lay preachers, and a band-room, large enough for three hundred, where the classes met, and where five o'clock morning service was conducted. The north end of the room was used for a school, and the south end for a book-room where Wesley's publications were sold and the proceeds devoted to Gospel work. During his long ministry he wrote hundreds of pamphlets and books which had an extensive sale.

Besides his own works, he prepared about fifty volumes of the "Christian Library," which were made up of extracts from the best writers, grammars of five languages, natural philosophy, history, memoirs, etc. His object was "that peasants and persons of neglected education might have the means of acquiring useful knowledge at the smallest expense of time and money."

He used to say, "It cannot be that the people should grow in grace unless they give themselves to reading. A reading people will always be a knowing people."

Over this band-room were the rooms of John Wesley, and thither he brought his idolized mother to live with him. He was then thirty-six. These must have been happy days for tired, trusting Susanna Wesley. She and her son

talked together of theological matters. When Thomas Maxfield, one of the first lay preachers, was almost insensibly led from praying with the converts to preaching, and John was disturbed at this new departure, Mrs. Wesley said, "John, take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him yourself."

Wesley was convinced, and said, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good. What am I, that I should withstand God?"

A little later, Emilia, who had married an impecunious apothecary, was left a widow, and came to live at the Foundry.

Wesley was drawn into some Calvinistic disputes with Whitfield and others, but, in the main, his life was devoted to the one purpose of winning souls. He was punctual, always kept his word, would ride all night rather than fail to meet an appointment, and was careful in the use of time. Once, when he was kept waiting, he exclaimed sadly, "I have lost ten minutes forever!"

Meetings were being held all over Great Britain. The persecutions continued, and so did the conversions. Charles, too, as well as John, was becoming known and loved for his hymns. During his life it is said that he composed not far from six thousand six hundred. The Wesleys collected and furnished the tunes for their

people. John said to his preachers, "Exhort every one in the congregation to sing, not one in ten only."

In 1742, when John was thirty-nine, he visited his old home at Epworth. He offered to assist Mr. Romley, the curate, either by preaching or reading prayers; but the offer was declined, and a sermon preached against enthusiasts. At six o'clock, therefore, Wesley preached in Epworth churchyard, standing on his father's grave, to the largest congregation ever gathered in the town. He remained eight days, every evening preaching on the grave. The effect was magical. On one occasion the people on every side wept aloud, and then broke into praise and thanksgiving. Men who had not been inside a church for thirty years were deeply moved. The "brand plucked from the burning," when he was six years old, had kindled such a fire at Epworth as would never go out. The fifteenth child of the patient Susanna Wesley was paying her a thousand-fold for all her care and sacrifice.

Wesley was building more chapels in London; one had just been opened by him in Seven Dials; visiting the sick, going among the poor, preaching several times a day,—never weary, never despondent, never fretting, he said, "I dare no more fret than curse and swear."

Wesley preached without notes. As he was about to preach in Allhallow's Church, London, when he was eighty-five, he said to his attendant, "It is above fifty years since I first preached in this church. I came without a

sermon; and going up the pulpit stairs, I hesitated, and returned into the vestry, under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who stood by noticed my concern, and said, 'Pray, sir, what is the matter?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand on my shoulder, she said, 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' This question had such an effect on me that I ascended the pulpit, preached extempore, with great freedom to myself and acceptance to the people, and have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit."

Wesley's style was always simple and clear—two characteristics of all good writing or speaking. He said, "When I transcribe anything for the press, I think it my duty to see that every phrase be *clear, pure, proper,* and *easy.*'"

Feeling that relief for the needy and Christian consolation should go hand in hand, Wesley divided London into twenty-three districts, and appointed visitors to call upon the sick three times a week, and relieve the wants of the poor. One rule he especially emphasized: "Be mild, tender, and patient." Those who asked relief were to receive "neither an ill word nor an ill look." He carried this out in his own life.

Once, when he was eighty, on leaving Norwich, a crowd of poverty-stricken people gathered about him. He had given so much that he had just enough left to take him to London. He said, somewhat sharply, "I have nothing

for you. Do you suppose I can support the poor in every place?"

At the moment he was stepping into his carriage, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. Feeling that God had rebuked him, he said to a friend near by, "It is all right; it is only what I deserved; for if I had no other good to give, I ought, at least, to have given them good words."

Wesley said, and with truth, "Money never stays with *me*; it would burn me if it did. I throw it out of my hands as soon as possible, lest it should find a way into my heart."

When asked by the Commissioners of Excise to pay a tax on his silver plate, he replied by letter, "I have two silver teaspoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread."

When he was eighty-four years old, the white-haired preacher spent five days in traversing the streets of London, often ankle-deep in mud and melting snow, to collect funds for the poor. This he did each year.

An eminent artist once asked Wesley to have a cast of his face taken, and he would pay him ten guineas. He refused, but finally consented and took the money. On leaving the house, he saw an excited crowd surrounding an auctioneer who was selling the furniture of a poor debtor; even the bed upon which the man was dying. Wesley rushed into the crowd, and asked the amount of the debt.

"Ten guineas," was the answer. "Take it," said Wesley, "and let the man have his furniture again. I see why God sent me these ten guineas," said the devoted preacher.

Two small houses were added to the Foundry for needy and deserving widows. A school was opened with about sixty children, most of them so poor that they were taught and clothed gratuitously. A lending society was also started, Mr. Wesley begging from the London people fifty pounds, to be loaned in sums not to exceed twenty shillings, payable within three months. With this small sum two hundred and fifty persons were helped in one year. Mr. Wesley said, "If this is not lending unto the Lord, what is?" The capital was increased later to one hundred and twenty pounds, and the maximum loan was five pounds. And all this time Mr. Wesley was preaching day and night to assembled thousands, and organizing societies of Christians in the various chapels. He had no thought of separating from the Church of England, and, indeed, never did leave the church; his one desire being, as he said, "Church or no church, I must save souls."

The blessed work of Susanna Wesley was about to end; no, not to end, for it was to be carried forward by millions after her. What must have been her feelings as she saw societies and schools springing up throughout the land? Books and tracts scattered by thousands; people sitting up all night in the chapels for fear they might not be awake in time for the five o'clock service before the great preacher left the town!

While preaching in Bristol on Sunday evening, July 18, 1742, John Wesley heard of his mother's illness. He hastened to the Foundry in London. "I found my mother on the borders of eternity," he writes in his journal; "but she has no doubt or fear, nor any desire but, as soon as God should call her, to depart and be with Christ."

On the morning of Friday, July 23, as she awakened from sleep, she cried, "My dear Saviour! art Thou come to help me at my last extremity?"

"About three in the afternoon," writes Mr. Wesley, "I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle or sigh or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled the last request uttered before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'" The poverty and the struggle were over at seventy-three. These last days must have been the best and brightest.

Mrs. Wesley was buried on Sunday, Aug. 1, in Bunhill Fields. John records in his journal: "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion

of scripture from which I spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see this side eternity."

Mrs. Wesley's tombstone having become defaced by time, eighty-six years afterward, in 1828, a new monument was set up over her grave, and in December, 1870, an obelisk of Sicilian marble was erected to her memory opposite the City Road Chapel, fronting Bunhill Fields.

The triumphant words of Charles Wesley, "God buries his workmen, but carries on His work," were true, and though the remarkable mother had gone, the remarkable sons went forward in their untiring labors.

The amount of Mr. Wesley's work seems almost incredible. During the fifty years of his itinerant ministry it is estimated that he travelled a quarter of a million miles, usually on horseback, reading poetry, philosophy, and history, while the bridle hung loosely on the horse's neck. He loved poetry and sometimes wrote it, but his mother said, "Make poetry your diversion and not your business," and he accepted her advice. He delivered more than forty thousand sermons, a large part of these in the open air, and

sometimes preached four and five times a day; he wrote books, he superintended churches and schools, he carried on a vast correspondence; he was accessible to the highest and the lowest.

"When you met him in the street of a crowded city," said Southey, "he attracted notice, not only by his band and cassock, and his long hair—white and bright as silver—but by his face and manner, both indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost." Wesley said, "Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry; because I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit."

On Feb. 23, 1791, John Wesley arose at four o'clock as usual, and set out for Leatherhead, eighteen miles from London, where he preached in the dining-room of a magistrate from the words: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." This was his last sermon.

The next day he wrote his last letter to Wilberforce on the abolition of slavery. "Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but, if God *be for you, who can be against you?* Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh, *be not weary in well doing.* Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it."

Each day he was failing. On Tuesday, March 1, he said, "I want to write." A pen was put in his hand, but he could not use it. "Let me write for you," said a friend; "tell me what you wish to say." "Nothing," he replied, "but that God is with us."

He tried to speak, but it was difficult to understand him. He was able to communicate to them that he wished his sermon on "The Love of God to Fallen Man" given to everybody. And then, with great effort, he said, "The best of all is, God is with us!" And after a pause, while lifting his arm in triumph, he reiterated, "The best of all is, God is with us!"

During the night he repeated scores of times, "I'll praise! I'll praise!" In the morning, at ten o'clock, the friends present knelt around his bed, while one prayed. "Farewell!" said the dying man, and passed away March 2, 1791.

The excitement was so great when it was learned that Wesley was dead, that it was decided to have the funeral at five in the morning. He was buried March 9, behind the chapel in City Road.

He left "six pounds, to be divided among the six poor men, named by the assistant, who shall carry my body to the grave; for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of those that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom."

A great multitude came notwithstanding the early hour, and sobbed aloud when their precious dead was buried from their sight.

Southey said, "I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century; the man who will have produced the greatest effects, centuries, or, perhaps, millenniums hence, if the present race of men should continue so long."

Wonderful son of a wonderful mother! Both educated, both saving every moment, both cheerful. Wesley said, "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for one quarter of an hour since I was born." Both brave to meet every trial; both consecrated to the winning of souls.

It was a blessing to the world that Susanna Wesley ever lived, and the work of her and her noble son is only in its beginning. What shall it be centuries from now?

A Republican Mother: Mary Washington

1708-1789

Had the mother of Washingon been associated with the daily life of her distinguished son after he reached man's estate, hers would have been a familiar historical character. As she was not, the world knows but the barest incidents of her life as compared with its knowledge of Washington's wife.

Like the mothers of all great and earnest men, she was a praying woman. Her Bible was her constant companion, and its precepts were ever on her lips. A silent, serious woman she was, self-contained, self-respecting, and reserved. During the forty-six years of her widowhood she managed her household and farm without the assistance of any adviser, and reared her children to usefulness and honor, and saw them go forth into the world equipped for its work and pain. That they each and all revered her, and sought her counsel in every emergency, is sufficient testimony of her worth and ability.

Mrs. Washington's lack of personal ambition and her constitutional reserve were qualities which prevented her from becoming popularly known to the public, even at a time when the people were eager for any opportunity to show her honor. But no demonstration was ever made in her behalf, and there is but one instance recorded when she appeared in public with her son. This was after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, when Washington,

accompanied by his suite and many distinguished military men, went to Fredericksburg. A grand ball was given in his honor, and the proud old mother was the belle of the evening, the observed of all observers as she passed from group to group, leaning on the arm of her happy son. The beautiful devotion of Washington to his mother endeared him to her neighbors and to the people of Virginia, and the honors that were paid him on that occasion were doubly sincere because they were a recognition of his worth, not alone as a patriot, but as a son.

Mother and son were much alike in character, personal appearance, and conduct. Washington, in the most trying emergency of his career as commander-in-chief, did not display more self-control and courage than did his mother in hiding from her children for months and years the distressing face that she was a sufferer of cancer. This circumstance it was that strengthened her resolve to live alone, which she did up to the last few months of her life, and her mode of life probably had much to do with prolonging her existence to the great age she attained.

The last duty that Washington performed previous to leaving Virginia for the seat of war at the breaking out of the rebellion, was to go to Fredericksburg and remove his mother from the country into the city, where her married daughter was residing. He was unwilling to go away leaving her on the farm, and to overcome her opposition he knew that a personal appeal must be made. The prospects of a long war and the uncertainty of his return

were shown her in their conversation, and when convinced that it was to add to his peace of mind when away, she consented, and removed at once, leaving a competent man in charge of the farm, subject to her daily supervision. And supervise it she did every day of her life, riding about the fields, directing the planting and the gathering of crops, ordering repairs, and buying supplies. She had what would not be termed an old-fashioned buggy and a gentle horse, and every morning both were before her door awaiting her. She lived out of doors the greater part of the later years of her life.

Her children were grown and gone from her, and her eldest son was engaged in duties that exposed him more or less to constant danger and separated him almost entirely from her. It was wisdom in her so to live, and the disease that had very gradually come upon her was kept at bay for many years by her uniform, quiet, and peaceful life. Where another mother of less fortunate temperament would have found occasion for constant worry and anxiety, in her son's prolonged absence and trying if high position, Mrs. Washington fretted not at all, and troubled no one with her heart experiences. She had great native sense, and she was strong of will and firm of faith, and her outlook on life was in consequence extended.

As a child on her father's Virginia plantation, Mary Ball was trained religiously, and as she grew to womanhood she became a church member, and all her associations were of a religious nature. The children of the

early settlers of this country and their immediate descendants were strenuous advocates of church worship, and they gave of their means and their time to build meeting-houses. The Sabbath was the day of all others most filled with important duties. All the week the colonists worked hard, and at the meetings on Lord's day they met together and were companions in devotion. They learned the Bible, and could repeat large portions of it.

Mary Ball was, by reason of her careful rearing and her natural disposition, altogether fitted for the position of stepmother, which position she assumed when she became the wife of Augustine Washington, her father's friend and neighbor. She was twenty-four years old when she married—an age not considered very young in that day.

The Washingtons were planters of considerable means in Westmoreland County, and the home to which Augustine conducted his wife was one of the most comfortable in that section of the country. In this pretty country home was born on the 22nd of February, 1732, George, the first child of Mary and Augustine Washington. Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Washington, five of whom lived to maturity.

It was a very religious household: both father and mother were members of the Episcopal Church. Family prayers were said morning and evening. The Bible was

read, and the servants of the household were always present. The mother instructed her children constantly on religious subjects, and as often as not her reproofs were made in scriptural language. In this way she inspired their hearts with respect, and impressed upon their unfolding minds the dignity and responsibility of a mother.

Mr. Washington died at the age of forty-nine years, leaving to his wife the responsibility of rearing her young children, the eldest of whom was but a small lad. Mrs. Washington found little difficulty in bringing up her children. They were disciplined in obedience, and a simple word was her command. She was not given to any display of rage, but was steady, well-balanced, and unvarying in her mood.

A relative and playmate of George in boyhood, who was often a guest in her house, says: "I was often there with George—his playmate, schoolmate and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. I have often been present with her sons, proper tall fellows too, and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the Father of his Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of

her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

Mr. Sparks, than whom there is no better authority, says:

"It has been said that there never was a great man, the elements of whose greatness might not be traced to the original characteristics or early influences of his mother. If this be true, how much do mankind owe to the mother of Washington?"

Mrs. Washington permitted her son to spend his holidays at Mount Vernon, with his brother Lawrence, and there he was brought into contact with military men and naval officers. The martial spirit was always strong in the lad, and he was a careful listener to the conversations held in that home on the Potomac. Lawrence encouraged George in his desire to become a military man. An opportunity offered to secure for him a midshipman's position on a British man-of-war, and Lawrence urged Mrs. Washington to let him accept it. George also petitioned her, and the trial was a severe one to her. She refused finally, on the ground that there was no reason why her son (he was then fourteen years of age) should be thrown out into the world, and separated so far from his kindred. The professions she objected to also as one that would take her boy from her permanently. She could not bring herself to see that it was to his advantage to go to sea,

and we may feel assured she made it the burden of many prayers.

There was a neighbor of hers who was a friend of her stepson's and this man, Mr. Jackson, at the request of Lawrence, went to see her regarding the matter. After visiting Mrs. Washington, he wrote to Lawrence as follows:

"She seems to dislike George's going to sea, and says several persons have told her it was a bad scheme. She offers trifling objections, such as fond, unthinking mothers habitually suggest."

Mr. Jackson, who rated his worldly judgment against a mother's intuition! His obtuseness in styling her an "unthinking" mother was sufficient to have made a woman of her strong sense distrust advice from such a quarter. Had she been persuaded against her will, her son's great future would have been marred, and the probabilities are that his career would have been a comparatively obscure one.

In the archives of Mount Vernon may be seen a manual compiled by Mrs. Washington from Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," which she wrote out for her son, and which he preserved until the day of his death. It stands to reason that a son who heeded every other instruction would yield implicit obedience in a matter of so much importance, and it is an historical fact that he in after years alluded to it with expressions of

gratitude to his mother for preventing him from taking a step that would have been unfortunate if not fatal to his future.

It was a not a great while after the circumstance narrated above that the French and Indian War broke out, and George Washington received his mother's consent and blessing when he made known his desire to go. From that time henceforth he was with her only on occasional visits.

When the war broke out he paid her, as has been said, a visit before starting north to assume command. In the long years that passed before she saw him again, he wrote her repeatedly, and lost no opportunity to relieve her mind of anxiety concerning him. The lavish praises bestowed upon him by all who saw her hardly ever received any other recognition than a quiet reminder that Providence was ordering all things. For herself, she found her self-control in prayer, and much of her time was spent alone.

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was the auspicious event that hastened their reunion. A messenger was sent to apprise her of the fact, and as soon as possible public duties were laid aside, and Washington visited her, attended by his staff. His presence in Fredericksburg aroused the enthusiasm of all classes. For the first time in six years mother and son met, and it may be imagined that her heart rejoiced over the meeting. She

was then over seventy-years of age. On this occasion the people of Fredericksburg gave a ball in his honor, and it was attended by a brilliant throng of military officers and foreigners. Washington presented the American and European officers to his mother, who regarded her with undisguised pleasure and astonishment. Tradition says she was the picture of beautiful simplicity, moving among the dazzling throng dressed in the appropriate costume of a Virginia matron of the olden time.

At the close of the Revolution Washington endeavored, as he had done before, to have his mother reside with him at Mount Vernon. She was now past seventy, and he was unwilling that she should live alone at her time of life. Her children all shared this feeling. Nothing could shake her determination. Her reply was, "I thank you for your dutiful and affectionate offers, but my wants are few in this life, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself."

Very often Washington visited her, and always with increasing anxiety. During the latter portion of her life, when the pitiless disease from which she had suffered for years was making rapid headway, it was her habit to repair daily to a secluded spot near her dwelling, and their commune with her Maker. She sought by this means to gain strength to live out her days without harrowing the feelings of others with the sight of her sufferings. But for this disease, cancer in the breast, which had exhibited itself years before, she would in all probability have lived with

her son, or at least her daughter. But as long as she could hide the cruel secret from her children, she did, and it was not until the last years of her life that her son knew of it. His alarm and anxiety she quieted by her resolute course, and her own courage and calmness helped the others.

When Washington was elected President of the United States, he paid her a farewell visit. He was soon to start for the seat of government, and he felt that he would not see her again. This was the year of her death, and she knew when she gave him her last blessing that the end was not far off. The separation was intensely painful to him. He rested his head on her shoulder while she folded her feeble arms about his neck. Both wept, the mother silently, while Washington, unable to control his feelings, sobbed as she gently released herself from his embrace. She bade him do the duty Providence had assigned him, and live his life through with her blessing on his head.

The trial was bitter to her, because she was fast hastening away, and would have gladly had his loving support to the end. But it was not to be, and controlling herself with great effort, she met the parting with more composure than he could summon.

After intense sufferings, she died on the evening of the 25th of August, 1789, in her eighty-third year, and the forty-sixth of her widowhood. Mrs. Lewis, after the last sad rites were paid her, wrote to Washington informing him of the end. He had been extremely ill, and the

intelligence deeply affected him. His letter included the following:

My Dear Sister:

Under these considerations, and a hope that she is translated to a happier place, it is the duty of her relatives to yield due submission to the decrees of the Creator. When I was last in Fredericksburg, I took a final leave of my mother, never expecting to see her more.

Mrs. Washington's business integrity throughout her life was one of her finest characteristics, and in her last worldly transaction she recorded the fact that her estate was encumbered by no debts.

She died as she had lived, a grand character, one of the noblest this country ever has produced or ever will produce.

Her grave was unmarked, even by a headstone, until the year 1833, when the corner-stone of a monument to her memory was laid by President Jackson, in the presence of a great concourse of people. The day, the seventh of May, was beautiful, the soft spring air and cloudless sky making it seem the perfection of weather. The grave was made near the spot where she was accustomed to retire and pray, and it recalled the memories of her last years to very many who stood on ground consecrated by her presence. The simple but eloquent inscription it contains is:

MARY,
the Mother of
WASHINGTON.

Mrs. L.N. Sigourney's poem and tribute read on the occasion contains the following touching lines:

A nation's liberty and earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca haunt
For patriot and for sage, while time shall last,
What part was thine, what thanks to thee are due,
Who 'mid his elements of being wrought
With no uncertain aim–nursing the germ
Of Godlike virtue in his infant mind,
We know not—Heaven can tell!

Rise, noble pile!
And show a race unborn who rests below,
And say to mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind;
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to His garner.

The Mother of Goethe

1731-1808

The mother of Goethe was only eighteen when he was born. At seventeen she had married a man whom she did not love, from the spirit of filial obedience which is so peculiarly German. There can be no question that it was the mother who set the wheels of his imagination in motion, and that he inherited from her little store of quick observation, vivacity, good-humor and youthfulness, the wit and elasticity of feeling that illumine and pervade his writings.

Goethe's biographer, George Henry Lewes, says that "she is one of the pleasantest figures in German literature, and one standing out with greater vividness than almost any other. Her simple, hearty, joyous and affectionate nature endeared her to all. She was the delight of children, the favorite of poets and princes." Although her culture was not very deep nor very extensive, yet she had made herself acquainted with the best books in German and Italian. One writer, after an interview with her, reflected, "Now I understand how Goethe has become the man he is."

"Hearty" is just the word to describe Katherine Elizabeth Goethe, who, as the town clock struck the hour of noon, on the 28th of August, 1749, gave birth to Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Another biographer says: "All the freshness, the wit, and the humor we find in Goethe, all

the depth of feeling and the poetry, were foreshadowed in his mother's character."

Goethe himself has told us that he learned from his mother the love of stories and poems that appealed to the imagination. She herself has given a more particular account of this mutual pastime: "Air, fire, earth and water I represented under the forms of princesses; and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was a eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me in his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often broke in with, 'But mother, the princess won't marry the nasty sailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the mean time think it out for himself, and he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, then he was all fire and flame and we could see his heart beating underneath his dress! His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidante of all his

ideas as to how the story would turn out; and as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, there was a little diplomatic secrecy between us which we never disclosed. I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfilment of his own conception, and listened with enthusiastic applause."

Through this story-telling, and even the harmless deception practised through the intervention of the beloved grandmother as mutual confidante, the mother exercised a very powerful effect in stimulating the original genius of the youthful auditor.

The fairy tales of the nursery bear an indelible impression. Aged authors and statesmen recall at fourscore the feelings of delight with which they first read or heard the "Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe." No gift of nurse, mother or sister is more valuable and at the same time more rare than that of a good raconteur of children's stories, or an original inventor of them. We can weave the plot as she goes on. The imagination, which includes the exercise of reason, as in the tracing of cause and effect, the conjecture of the outcome of complex circumstances, the moral judgments which the youthful listener passes upon the several characters, and the anticipation of the ultimate result, is the faculty which more than any other divides man from the beast. The

chambers of imagination are none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

The late Lord Beaconsfield declared that lack of imagination was the chief cause of suicide. Perhaps an excess or distortion of it is quite as frequently so. But as a lightener of physical and worldly burdens; as the fount and origin of hope—for it has not other; as the sunshine that lights the dark corners and broken windows of this hard, suffering life of ours, and bids us look onward and upward to the distant mountains of deliverance and freedom—imagination is heaven's greatest gift to man, the magic wand which can bring "water from the rock, and honey out of the stony rock," and which alone can "make the wilderness to blossom as the rose."

Take away Shakespeare's imagination, and there is no Shakespeare. Take away Goethe's imagination, and there is no Goethe.

If this be true, as it unquestionably is, how awful is the responsibility of parents in choosing the early choir leaders, so to speak, of the nursery, those whose Homeric songs and stories, like those of the old troubadours, awaken the responsive echoes from the hearts of children. A vicious or feeble imagination in the storyteller of the nursery is perhaps worse than none at all, because the impressions it leaves on the white surface of the young child's mind do not tend to educate, but to pervert and embarrass the right ascension of this noble faculty.

Goethe's mother possessed the great gift of storytelling and plot-weaving in a remarkable degree. Her own perceptions were as quick as intuitions, and her own nature was full of sunshine, kindness, and the enthusiasm of humanity. Her own words describe her better than any analysis which could be made by others. "I am fond of people," she writes, "and *that* every one feels directly, young and old. I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never *bemoralize* any one, always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." "Order and quiet are my principal characteristics. Hence I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, then I defy any one to surpass me in good humor."

Not only, as Goethe writes, did he inherit

> *"From mother dear the frolic soul,*
> *The love of spinning fiction"—*

but that radiant sense of happiness and contentment which sparkles in all his life. Her picture gives us a good idea of the jovial, intellectual, life-enjoying housewife, who picked up all she knew from insight and experience of men and things, not from regular study.

How deep and tender was the natural affection of Goethe himself while yet a child, the following brief anecdote will serve to show. The small-pox had carried off his little brother Jacob. To the surprise of his mother, Johann Wolfgang did not shed a tear, for he believed with a young heart's trust that God had taken little Jacob to dwell with Him in heaven. His mother, not understanding the cause of his equanimity, asked him, "Did you not love your little brother, then, that you do not grieve for his loss?" He ran up to his room, and from under the bed drew a quantity of paper on which he had written stories and lessons. "All these I had written," he said to his mother, "that I might teach them to little Jacob." He was then only nine years old.

Those who had known Goethe's mother never forgot or ceased to love her. "How did we hang upon her lips," says one, "when in her joyous yet earnest manner she related to us, then girls of twelve or fourteen, a story by Wieland, or recited a poem by her son! How intense was her attachment to her friends! How efficient a mediator and helper, how faithful and discreet a confidante was she!"

"How many hours of intimacy," says another, "have I passed with her nailed to my chair, listening to stories!"

As the shadows of old age gathered around her, her spirits became more subdued, tranquillized by a deep trust in God. Frau Rath's death was somewhat sudden, and

occurred on the 13th of September, 1808, when she was seventy-seven years old. Her faithful servant was with her to the last. Death did not take her by surprise, for she had prearranged all the details of her funeral, even to the wine and biscuits for the mourners.

"To the last her love for her son, and his for her, had been the glory and sustainment of her happy old age."

Martha Washington

1732-1802

On a great Virginia plantation in the year 1732 Martha Dandridge was born. Her father was a prominent landowner and his daughter had the usual education of the time—not much schooling in comparison with today, but she learned to play the spinet, to dance gracefully, and to sew with all the mysteries of elaborate stitches. A well-behaved, pretty child she was who at fifteen made her debut in Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, which then afforded the gayest social life in America. Dressed in a stiff bodice and flowered petticoat, Martha was the belle of the ball, and of many succeeding ones as well, for at once she became a great favorite.

When she was barely eighteen she married Daniel Parke Custis, a wealthy landowner, who was more than twenty years her senior. They lived near Williamsburg at his country home, the "White House." Seven years later he died, leaving her with two young children and a great fortune—thousands of pounds and thousands of acres of Virginia land.

In May, 1758, Mrs. Custis was visiting at Major Chamberlayne's, when her host brought an unexpected guest—none other than young Colonel George Washington, already a military hero and commander of the Virginia troops. He was en route to Williamsburg to

report to the governor on the needs of his regiments, and when Major Chamberlayne pressed him to stop, he had at first refused, but yielded when told that the prettiest and richest widow in all Virginia was there.

He would stay for dinner then, but must go on at once, and gave orders accordingly to his servant, Bishop, bequeathed to him by General Braddock. But when dinner was over and the horses were brought round no Washington appeared, though Bishop had never known his master to be late before. In the drawing-room the young colonel and the young widow were talking, oblivious to everything else, while the impatient steeds pawed the drive restlessly. Till the day was done and twilight at hand Washington loitered.

"No guest can leave my house after sunset," said the major, and insisted that he must stay the night. Late the next morning Bishop and his master rode away to Williamsburg. The little widow in the white dimity frock, with the cluster of May-blossoms at her belt, and the little white cap half covering her soft, wavy brown hair, had completely captivated the soldier. His business in the town completed, he rode on to the "White House."

"Is your mistress at home?" he asked the negro who met him at the ferry.

"Yes, sah," was the reply, and the man added, his white teeth flashing in a broad smile, "I reckon you's the man what's 'spected!"

Evidently he was, for when, on the following day, Washington left for camp and the western campaign against Fort Duquesne, the two were engaged.

In January, 1759, when they had met just four times, Mrs. Custis and George Washington were married. A brilliant scene the wedding was. The guests included wealthy planters and their wives and daughters, all very grand in their satins and brocades, English officers in army and navy uniforms, the governor of Virginia, in scarlet embroidered with gold, with a bag wig. The groom wore a blue suit, the coat lined with scarlet silk and trimmed with silver, an embroidered white satin waistcoat, with knee and shoe buckles of gold; while in contrast to his six feet two was the little bride in a petticoat of white quilted satin, with an overdress of white corded silk interwoven with silver threads, high-heeled satin shoes with diamond buckles, point lace ruffles and pearls. At the door, attracting almost as much attention as the wedding party, stood Bishop in his red coat, holding his master's chestnut horse.

With her three bridesmaids Mrs. Washington drove to her home in a coach and six, while her husband and a group of his friends rode beside them. Thus began their forty years of married life.

After a few months in Williamsburg, to settle the business of the Custis estate and to attend the meetings of the House of Burgesses, of which Washington had been

elected a member during his campaign against the French, he took his bride to Mount Vernon, his eight-thousand acre plantation on the Potomac River. Here they planned to live quietly, he busy with his fields and flocks, she with the large household, and both enjoying the growth of the Custis children. In a white apron and cap, with a bunch of keys jingling at her side, Mrs. Washington supervised the busy kitchen and slave quarters, looked after the strict training and the lessons of the children, and was a charming hostess to their guests.

But public affairs changed and with them this quiet happy life. The stamp act and oppressive taxes stirred the colonies. Like many patriot women, Martha Washington ceased using tea at her table, ceased to buy English cloth and other goods of English manufacture. No less than sixteen spinning-wheels were kept busy at Mount Vernon, and on the looms homespun was woven for the family's clothing and for the large number of slaves.

Rapidly events moved to a crisis. The first Continental Congress was called, and Washington elected as one of Virginia's three delegates. When the party started north Mrs. Washington saw them off with these words of wifely appreciation, "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will. God be with you, gentlemen."

And this was not idle talk on her part, for she foresaw plainly the consequences. At the many discussions and debates which had occurred at their home, for and against

English policy, she had said little, but had listened intelligently. She summed it up in writing to a friend:

"Dark days and darker nights, domestic happiness suspended, social enjoyments abandoned, property put in jeopardy but what are all these evils when compared with the fate of which the Port Bill may be only a threat? My mind is made up, my heart is in the cause."

The second Congress met the following May and Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the army. He wrote this news to his wife at Mount Vernon, adding that he hoped to return in the autumn. Instead he then invited her to come to him in Cambridge, but carefully pointed out the difficulties of the journey. Unhesitating, undismayed, a true soldier's wife, she set out for the long trip to the North, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to leave the ease and security of her southern home and spend the winter in a New England camp on the outskirts of a city held by the enemy.

The coach with its four horses, and postillions in white and scarlet livery, attracted great attention. In the country people rushed to doors and windows to get a sight of her. In the towns she was met by escorts of Continental soldiers, the ringing of bells, and enthusiastic cheering. With a mingled feeling of pride and wonder this little woman, who had never been out of Virginia, realized what it was to be the wife of General Washington.

This was a real farewell to the quiet plantation and the beginning of her public life. Except for the year when Trenton and Princeton and active winter campaigning made it too dangerous for women to be present, it was Martha Washington's custom to join her husband when the army went into winter quarters, and to march back home when work opened with the spring. Thus she heard the first and last gun of every campaign, and described herself as a perambulator for those eight years.

Because she was the wife of the general, it did not follow that she could live in luxury. In Cambridge to be sure headquarters were in the Craigie House, later the home of the poet Longfellow; and here Mrs. Washington had some social life, with the wives of the Harvard professors. But in other places lodgings were often very, very uncomfortable, "a squeezed-up room or two." At Valley Forge a log cabin was built—near a Quaker farmhouse where the Washingtons had two rooms—to serve as a kitchen and dining-room; but when this same plan was proposed for the headquarters at Morristown, no lumber was available! At Newburgh their inconvenient dining-room had one window and seven doors, and the sitting-room was so small that when Washington entertained a French officer, the guest had to sit on a camp bed.

Martha Washington's presence lessened the general's cares and broke the monotony of the long anxious winters. She was always a delightful hostess and even with camp

limitations her hospitality and genial manner reminded her guests of Virginia. Nearly every day some of the young officers and their wives were invited to dinner, the General and Mrs. Washington sitting side by side, while Alexander Hamilton carved.

Martha Washington was always a simple, dignified woman, as a group of Morristown ladies who went to call upon her testified. Having heard that the general's wife was a very grand lady, they wore their best bibs and bands, and most elegant silks and ruffles. Mrs. Washington, in a plain homespun dress and a "specked" (checked) apron, received them very graciously, a half knit stocking in her left hand, the ball of yarn in her pocket. After the usual compliments were over, she resumed her knitting.

"And there we were," described one of the women afterward, "without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady was knitting socks!"

She showed them two dresses of cotton and silk, woven at Mount Vernon, the stripes made from ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair covers. She took pains to tell them that the livery of her coachmen was all homespun, save for the scarlet cuffs, made of English material imported long before the war.

After that visit, work for the soldiers, rather than fine feminine clothes, became the fashion in Morristown.

At another New Jersey headquarters Washington was staying at a private house, whose mistress one day saw a

coach drive up to the door, with ten dragoons as the escort. Out stepped a plain little woman dressed in brown homespun, wearing a hood; over her bosom was folded a large white kerchief. She must be a maid, thought the hostess, until she saw General Washington greeting her, and inquiring about the children, and his favorite horses at Mount Vernon. The general's wife, dressed like that!

Everywhere the soldiers loved Lady Washington, as they called her. During the sad winter at Valley Forge, when the army was in desperate straits, suffering greatly from lack of food and blankets and clothing, and the consequent constant sickness, she went to share the soldiers' privations and make a spot of cheer in their dreary lives. She arrived in a rough farm sleigh, hired from the innkeeper at the forks of the Brandywine, where the deep snow had forced her to abandon her coach. Stanch patriot that she was, she made light of inconveniences and discomforts and hardships; and never was a woman busier than Martha Washington, all that dismal winter. In a cloak and hood, with her basket on her arm, she went in the deep snow from hut to hut, carrying delicacies for the sick and consolation for the dying, and by her sympathy and generosity stimulating the loyalty and courage of the men. "God bless Lady Washington!" was frequently heard, when her kind, motherly face appeared.

Day after day she assembled in her two rooms the wives of the officers, to knit and patch, and make new garments whenever materials could be secured. No more

embroidering and spinet playing, and other light accomplishments! The work these women did at Valley Forge was far-reaching in its effects. News of it spread to Philadelphia, where the British were having a gay winter, and the patriotic ladies there commenced making shirts for the soldiers, and ultimately contributed nearly three thousand garments. Small in amount, perhaps, in comparison with such service to-day; but Martha Washington was a pioneer, anticipating the work of the Sanitary Commission and the American Red Cross.

Officers, soldiers and women, all were steadied by her serenity and unwavering faith. And when the middle of March brought better times, she led in the camp gaiety. The news of the French alliance was celebrated with a grand review. The soldiers cheered for the king of France, for the thirteen states, for their general; then there came shouts of "Long live Lady Washington!" and a thousand hats were tossed into the air in the excitement.

Yorktown and victory, and the end of the war in sight, but Washington must remain on duty until peace was actually signed. Martha Washington was present, sitting in the gallery of the old capitol at Annapolis, when he resigned his commission; and together they drove to Mount Vernon, arriving on Christmas Eve. Standing at the door of his cottage to welcome them was old Bishop, dressed in the scarlet regimentals he had worn at Braddock's defeat. All the servants and slaves assembled, and such a Christmas celebration as Mount Vernon had!

More than all else the Washingtons longed for quiet days on their plantation, to enjoy the rest they so much needed. But there were guests innumerable, so that Mount Vernon was described as a well-resorted tavern. When he had been home almost two years, Washington wrote in his diary,

"Dined with only Mrs. Washington, which I believe is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life."

This furlough, as the general used to speak of it, was not destined to continue overlong. The federation of the states proved too weak a government, and Washington must go to Philadelphia for months, to sit as president of the Constitutional Convention. Then after the people had ratified the Constitution, there came one day riding up the broad drive at Mount Vernon the aged secretary of Congress, with a letter notifying George Washington that he had been elected president of the United States.

"I little thought when the war was finished," wrote Martha Washington, "that any circumstances could possibly have happened which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that we should have been left to grow old in solitude and tranquillity together. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart...Yet I can not blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country."

Alone to New York for the inauguration went George Washington, wearing a homespun suit woven at Mount Vernon. When his wife, likewise dressed in homespun, followed a few weeks later, her welcome all along the journey was second only to his. She entered many a town between two long columns of Revolutionary soldiers; and at New York City she was rowed across the bay by thirteen oarsmen dressed in white, while the guns fired thirteen rounds and crowds cheered her.

As the president's wife, Martha Washington was hostess for the nation, entertaining distinguished citizens and foreigners, cabinet officers and congressmen, presiding at the state dinners and giving public receptions every Friday, where plum cake, tea and coffee were served. The guests were always dismissed before nine, with her grave, frank little formula, "For the general always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." The need over, she laid aside her homespun and dressed in silk, satin, velvet and lace, as became the wife of the president.

People criticized Mrs. Washington for the ceremony in force at her levees, saying they were too much like those of royalty. Guests were shocked because they had to stand, while the truth was, the rooms would not have contained a third enough chairs. Presided over by the Washingtons, the executive mansion combined with the most ardent patriotism a dignity and elegant moderation that would have honored any European court. They saved the social life of a new country from both the crudeness

and bald simplicity of extreme republicanism, and from the luxury and excesses often marking sudden elevation to power and place. And in all these social functions Mrs. Washington never joined in any political discussion. Though the letters between her and her husband were filled with talk of public affairs, she was never once heard to utter any opinion on important questions of state; and in this, as in many details of her life, she is a worthy model for any American woman whose husband is in public service.

The year in New York was followed by similar years in Philadelphia, after the capital was moved there. The second term of the presidency over and a third term refused, the Washingtons gladly returned to Virginia; their joy being evidenced in this letter:

"I can not tell you how much I enjoy home, after having been deprived of one so long, for our dwelling in New York and Philadelphia was not home, only sojourning. The General and I feel like children just released from school or from a hard taskmaster, and we believe that nothing can tempt us to leave the sacred roof tree again, except on private business or pleasure. I am fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket."

Happily they lived at Mount Vernon two years, until the general's death. During his brief illness Mrs.

Washington never left his room. "'Tis well," were his last words.

"Is he dead?" she asked, so gentle had been the change. "'Tis well. All is over now. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

She moved up to a little attic room whose windows looked out toward his grave, and beyond to the waters of the Potomac which he had so loved. Surrounded by her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, cheerful in her sorrow and loneliness, she survived him two years, and when she died, was buried beside him in the simple brick tomb at Mount Vernon.

A woman not wise nor great perhaps in any worldly sense, Martha Washington had those qualities of heart that make a noble rounded character. A devoted and loyal wife, a tender mother, an earnest Christian, she was fitted to be the chosen companion of "the greatest of our soldiers and the purest of our patriots." Serene and kindly, in the familiar white cap and kerchief, she has become the nation's ideal of the president's wife, our country's first hostess.

Abigail Adams

1744-1818

In very many respects Abigail Adams, the wife of John Adams, the second President of the United States, and mother of the sixth, is the greatest of American women. She had a great husband, one who encouraged her to be the thinker, reasoner, and fearless patriot that she was. He on one occasion wrote her, regarding a certain statesman, words which were as true in his case as in that of the person of whom he was speaking. He said, "In reading history you will generally observe, when you find a great character, whether a general, a statesman, a philosopher, some female about him, either in the character of a mother, wife, or sister, who had knowledge and ambition above the ordinary level of women, and that much of his eminence is owing to her precepts, example, or investigation, in some shape or other."

Mrs. Adams was a women who in the strife of war, separated for months and years at a time from her husband, remained upon their little farm at Weymouth, Mass., and so wisely and judiciously managed that at the end of his public life they had a small competence to live upon and a home to shelter them in their last days.

She had a wonderful understanding, the inheritance bequeathed her by ancestors, who on both sides were ministers. She was the finest correspondent a man could have, because while she was observing and discriminating

in giving facts, she was full of suggestions, and her delicacy in treating social matters was remarkable. A hundred years hence they will be read with equal interest as now. She never had a day's schooling, and in referring to this fact she says:

"My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunities which the present days offer, and which even our common country schools now afford. I never was sent to any school. I was always sick. Female education in the best families went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few rare instances, music and dancing."

The knowledge she possessed was gathered without systematic instruction, and her acquirements were therefore all the more remarkable. She had great religious principle, and her training was of that serious, practical nature which enabled her to meet all the vicissitudes of life with equanimity and self-composure. Her interest in public affairs was surprising, and from the time of her marriage until her death she discussed men and measures with a sustained interest and an unflagging zeal. The fact that her husband was one of the leading men of his time, and one of the best educated in the country, does not of itself account for her attainments; her mind was as original and intellectual as her husband's, and she only lacked the occasion to display great qualities that lay dormant.

When her husband was away from her she spent her time either in attending to her business affairs or in improving her mind. In one of her letters to him, written in 1774, she says, in regard to the condition of the country: "The great anxiety I feel for my country, for you, and for our family, renders the day tedious and the night unpleasant. The rocks and quicksands appear upon every side. Uncertainty and expectation leave the mind great scope. Did ever any kingdom or state regain its liberty, when once it was invaded, without bloodshed? I cannot think of it without horror. Yet we are told that all the misfortunes of Sparta were occasioned by their too great solicitude for present tranquility, and from an excessive love of peace they neglected the means of making it sure and lasting. They ought to have reflected, says Polybius, that, 'as there is nothing more desirable or advantageous than peace, when founded in justice and honor,' so there is nothing more shameful and pernicious when attained by bad measures and purchased at the price of liberty."

The next year matters in the struggling country were not looking better, and the clever woman was watching the changes going on about her with anxious dread. She wishes, she says, that she knew what mighty things were fabricating, and then she philosophizes on politics in this wise:

"I am more and more convinced that man is a dangerous creature; and that power, whether vested in many or a few, is ever grasping, and like the grave, cries

'Give! Give!' The great fish swallow up the small; and he who is most strenuous for the rights of the people, when vested with power, is as eager after the prerogatives of government. You tell me of degrees of perfection to which human nature is capable of arriving, and I believe it, but at the same time lament that our admiration should arise from the scarcity of the instances.

"The building up a great empire, which was only hinted at by my correspondent, may now, I suppose, be realized even by the unbelievers. Yet will not ten thousand difficulties arise in the formation of it! The reins of government have been so long slackened that I fear the people will not quietly submit to those restraints which are necessary for the peace and security of the community. If we separate from Britain, what code of laws will be established? How shall we be governed, so as to retain our liberties? Can any government be free which is not administered by general states laws? Who shall frame these laws? Who will give them force and energy? It is true, your resolutions, as a body, have hitherto had the force of laws, but will they continue to have?

"When I consider these things, and the prejudices of people in favor of ancient customs and regulations, I feel anxious for the fate of our monarchy, or democracy, or whatever it is to take place. I soon get lost in a labyrinth of perplexities; but, whatever occurs, may justice and righteousness be the stability of our times, and order arise

out of confusion. Great difficulties may be surmounted by patience and perseverance."

To Abigail Adams belongs the fame of having been the first advocate of woman's rights in this country. In 1774 she wrote from her home in Weymouth, Mass., to her husband, who at the time was a member of the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia, these ringing words:

"In the new code of laws…I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power in the hands of the husband. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation."

The Constitution of the United States was framed, and women were disenfranchised. This, too, in the face of their heroic sacrifices in behalf of their country.

Mrs. Adams was disappointed, and wrote her husband:

"I cannot say that I think you are very generous to the ladies, for while you are proclaiming peace and good-will to all men, emancipating all nations, you insist upon retaining absolute power over wives. But you must remember that absolute power, like most other things which are very bad, is most likely to be broken."

Such were the subjects that Mrs. Adams considered as she watched over her family of five children and cared for her household. She herself was a marvellous example of patience. Her husband went to Europe, to be gone an indefinite time, taking their eldest son with him, and later their second son joined his father. Her anxiety for this son's safety was intense. The vessel in which he sailed started just before a violent storm, and for four months she did not know whether it had foundered at sea or not. Months would pass before she would hear from her husband, and there was one period of fifteen months when no word reached her.

She was asked during this season of waiting this question: "If you had known that Mr. Adams would have remained so long abroad, would you have consented that he should have gone?" and she answered, "If I had known, sir, that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three years more should be added to the number. I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passion to the general good, and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust of the balance, when compared with the great community."

Mrs. Adams joined her husband in England in the summer of 1784, and spent the winter in France. She had but slight acquaintance with the French language, but so

soon as she was settled she commenced, with the aid of her dictionary, to read Racine, Voltaire, and Corneille, and soon was able to converse in it.

In 1800 she went to Washington as the wife of the second President of the United States, and took possession of the White House, then an unfinished and uncomfortable habitation. President Adams served one term, and then was defeated by Jefferson, the Democratic candidate.

The differences that grew up between Adams and Jefferson had separated these old and tried friends, and the silence between them might have remained unbroken to the end had not Mrs. Adams written her husband's political foe, on the occasion of the death of his second daughter, Mrs. Eppes, who as a little child she had known and had with her in her London home for a time. Her letter called forth a long one from President Jefferson, and the correspondence was continued through several letters. Mr. Adams knew nothing of his wife's letters at the time, but later she showed him the correspondence, which was a credit to her noble mind and heart.

These admirable sentiments are excerpted from a letter to her sister:

"No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and cooperation of his wife. It behooves us, who are parents or grandparents, to give our daughters and granddaughters, when their education devolves upon us,

such an education as shall qualify them for the useful and domestic duties of life, that they should learn the proper use and improvement of time, since 'time was given for use, not waste.' The finer accomplishments, such as music, dancing and painting, serve to set off and embellish the picture; but the groundwork must be formed of more durable colors.

"I consider it an indispensable requisite that every American wife should herself know how to order and regulate her family…and train up her children. For this purpose the all-wise Creator made woman a helpmeet for man, and she who fails in these duties does not answer the end of her creation.

"'Life's cares are comforts; such by Heaven
designed;
They that have none must make them, or be
wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest.'

"I have frequently said to my friends, when they have thought me overburdened with care, I would rather have too much than too little. Life stagnates without action. I would never bear merely to vegetate.

"'Waters stagnate when they cease to flow.'"

Upon her retirement from public life Mr. and Mrs. Adams went to reside at Quincy, Mass., and there the last years of her life were spent. She never lost her buoyancy

of spirit, or failed to be the cheerful companion she had ever been to her family circle. Party spirit, which was intense during Mr. Adam's presidential term, did not abate after his defeat a second time, and the task of soothing his wounded spirit and enlivening his leisure hours was her occupation. She had strong influence over him, and from the day of her marriage until her death her opinions had great weight with him. Mrs. Adams as a wife was as admirable as a mother, and as a woman she has had no superior in her own country.

She lived to see her son, John Quincy Adams, elevated to high place, and died in the fulness of years and in the perfect possession of all her powers, in October, 1818.

In his old age this son wrote of her as follows:

"My mother was an angel upon earth. She was a minister of blessing to all human beings within her sphere of action. Her heart was the abode of heavenly purity. She had no feelings but of kindness and beneficence; yet her mind was as firm as her temper was mild and gentle. She had known sorrow, but her sorrow was silent… She had completed within less than a month of her seventy-fourth year. Had she lived to the age of the patriarchs, every day of her life would have been filled with clouds of goodness and love… She had been fifty-four years the delight of my father's heart… If there is existence and retribution beyond the grave, my mother is happy. But if virtue alone

is happiness below, never was existence upon earth more blessed than hers."

Molly Pitcher

1754-1832

Mary Ludwig, the daughter of a German settler, was born on a small farm between Princeton and Trenton in New Jersey. Her father was a dairyman and Molly, like other children of her parentage, was brought up to work hard. A typical German peasant girl, heavy-set, strong and sturdy, she toiled in the fields, she milked the cows, and drove them to pasture. The story is that she could swing a three-bushel sack of wheat to her shoulder and carry it to the upstairs room of the granary; and this strength and endurance stood her in good stead years later, for after the battle of Princeton she picked up a wounded soldier, carried him two miles to a farmhouse, and there nursed him back to health.

A Mrs. Irvine from Carlisle, visiting in Trenton, wished to take a young girl home with her to help in the housework. She saw buxom Molly Ludwig, liked her honest face and wholesome, energetic appearance, and on her return took the German girl with her. For some years Molly lived with Doctor and Mrs. Irvine, and proved to be a valuable assistant in their home. She did not like sewing, but she was expert at scrubbing and scouring and washing—any kind of violent exercise!

Near the Irvines' house was a little barber shop kept by an Irishman, John Hays. Whenever Molly was scrubbing

the front steps or scouring the door-knocker, the young barber was sure to be watching from his window. When the girl was about sixteen years old, this courting ended in marriage.

Then suddenly Carlisle heard the news of Lexington, nothing but war was talked of. Doctor Irvine, who had served in the French and Indian campaigns, was colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment. Hays went as gunner in the artillery, and when his time was out reenlisted under Colonel Irvine.

"I'm proud to be a soldier's wife," was Molly's answer when he told her he must go. "I'll stand by you!" But neither of them guessed that this would literally come true. No slacker, she waved him a cheerful good-by, and went on with her household duties for Mrs. Irvine. But when a few months later Hays sent her word to go back to her father's, as the troops were encamped near by and he could see her occasionally, she too said, "I must go," and rode off behind the messenger. At home again Molly donned her rough farm garments, helping with the cattle, working in the fields as before. And frequently John Hays paid a flying visit to the little farm, and Molly occasionally went to visit him in camp.

During the Revolution it was not unusual for wives to accompany their soldier husbands, not to fight, but to wash and mend and cook, to care for the sick and wounded. Once while Molly was cooking for the men, she

had a large kettle over the fire which she wanted to remove, so she called to a passing soldier to help her. His prompt compliance and kindness of manner made her ask his name, and she was so astonished that she almost dropped the kettle when she heard his reply, "I am General Washington."

Hays and Doctor Irvine were both soldiers. Molly's heart was with them and with the country, fighting for independence. All she needed was the opportunity to show of what mettle she was made. This came at the battle of Monmouth Court House.

After the winter's drilling at Valley Forge, Washington followed closely behind Clinton, who was marching across New Jersey from Philadelphia. The British had an enormous amount of baggage and their line was twenty miles long. The Americans waited for the chance to attack. Cornwallis brought his men into line of action opposite Lee, who ordered a retreat. Washington's angry rebuke to Lee, plus the splendid work of Mad Anthony Wayne and Lafayette and Knox and Greene, saved the day for the patriot army. Lee's record was stained by this traitorous action. The outstanding hero of the day was Molly Hays.

It was a very hot June Sunday. The blazing sun beat down on both armies with scorching, record-breaking heat. Men and horses were well-nigh overcome. The Americans, however, had the advantage, for they were dressed for summer weather and had left their packs by

the meeting-house at Freehold. The British had heavy woolen uniforms and full knapsacks. The Hessians carried in addition to all this the load of decorations which Frederick the Great thought necessary for his soldiers.

The air was sultry. Not a leaf stirred on the maple trees. Men dropped fainting to the earth, from sunstroke. Yet the American guns were fired vigorously, sending their shot across the swamp into the British ranks, and until night the battle went on. Sometimes under shelter, sometimes under fire, Molly Hays went back and forth to the spring, carrying water for the suffering men, and for wetting the sponges to swab out the cannon. And the weary thirsty soldiers, welcoming the sight of her with the sparkling water, would call out gratefully, "Here comes Molly with her pitcher!" a call soon shortened to "Molly Pitcher!"

On one of her trips from the well Molly saw her husband fall suddenly. Accounts differ as to whether he was wounded, or had a sunstroke working in the blistering heat near the cannon. General Knox, in charge of the battery, had no competent man to put in Hays' place and was about to withdraw the gun, when Molly sprang forward, seized the rammer and fired. A moment was sufficient to show that she could fill her husband's position, that she had the strength and nerve for his task. The men cheered as she loaded and fired shot after shot, with the skill of a veteran gunner. Her hair disheveled, her eyes blazing, her hot face begrimed with powder and

smoke and dust, barefooted like many of the soldiers, she kept on with her perilous work. That night the British stole silently away, leaving their dead and wounded, with Washington in possession of the field. This victory was the last battle of importance in the North, the beginning of a brighter period for the Americans.

The story of Molly Pitcher's brave act spread through the camp. General Greene thanked her, "in the name of the army." The next morning in her dusty, torn, powder-stained dress, she was presented to Washington. With such honor as he would have shown to one of his gallant men, he spoke a few words of sympathy and praise, gave her a sergeant's commission, and later placed her name on the list of half-pay officers for life.

An old Revolutionary rhyme tells the story:

"Moll Pitcher she stood by her gun
And rammed the charges home, sir;
And thus on Monmouth's bloody field
A sergeant did become, sir."

Hays was the proudest man in the army, at Washington's praise of his wife, when he heard the soldiers cheer her to the echo. Lafayette asked if his men "might have the pleasure of giving Madame a trifle," and invited Molly to review his troops. Between two long lines of French officers she passed, and at the end her hat was filled with gold crowns.

Until the close of the Revolution, Molly Hays, or Molly Pitcher, as she was always called, remained with the army; and following her husband's death, shortly after the war ended, she lived for many years at the Carlisle barracks, cooking and washing for the soldiers. In 1794 she saw General Washington again, for when he was traveling through Pennsylvania, he stopped near Carlisle, and Molly Pitcher made a pilgrimage on foot to see him. When her story was recalled to the general he greeted her most cordially.

In 1822 the legislature of Pennsylvania, without a dissenting voice, voted her the sum of forty dollars, and an annuity of that amount during her lifetime. When she died ten years later, she was buried with military honors, a company of soldiers firing a salute. On the Fourth of July, 1876, there was unveiled at her grave a white marble monument inscribed to "Molly Pitcher, the heroine of Monmouth." And each year on the thirtieth of May, along with the score of Revolutionary graves in the churchyard, hers is decorated with flowers by the people of Carlisle.

In the little park at Freehold a monument was erected to commemorate the victory of Monmouth Court House, and on one of its five panels Molly Pitcher is shown, barefooted, ramming home the charge, her husband lying exhausted at her feet. She was a real heroine, when the need came, a true and courageous soldier.

Marie Antoinette as Wife and Mother

1755-1793

The world has never seen and never can see a sadder and more pathetic biography than that of Marie Antoinette. Here is a woman supported through such experiences as make the least emotional of us shudder even now to think of, and we wonder how she retained her reason and her trust in God. In other tragedies there is an interlude of light and hope; in this one there is none. From the discovery and arrest of the fugitive royal family at Varennes to the scaffold that faced the gardens of the Tuileries, there is no respite, no relief, no ray of hope, no parenthesis of pity. From palace to prison, from prison to dungeon, from the Tuileries to the Temple, from the Temple to the Conciergerie, from the Conciergerie to the common felons' prison and the guillotine—this is the cumulative story of the royal victim, these the steps of the ladder that bore her heroic footsteps from earth to heaven.

Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne was the youngest daughter of Francis, eventually the Emperor of Germany and of Maria Theresa more generally known as the Empress-Queen who bore sixteen children. She was born on the 2nd of November, 1755. Her parents preferred greatly to their gorgeous palace at Vienna a smaller one which they possessed in the neighborhood where they could cultivate rural and domestic tastes and bring up their children healthily.

In this quiet home Marie Antoinette passed a happy childhood. Her beauty, intelligence, and affectionate disposition made her the favorite of her father, and the first sorrow she ever knew was at his death, which occurred in 1765, before she was ten years old. He was going to Innspruck on some business, and his carriage was drawn up in the courtyard of his palace. Before starting he asked for his little daughter, that he might kiss her good-by. "Adieu, my darling child. Papa wished to press you once more to his heart," are the words ascribed to him. If so, they were prophetic, for he was seized with illness at Innspruck, where he died, and they never saw each other again.

The superintendence of her vast empire occupied a far larger share of his widow Maria Theresa's attention than the education of her children. But as Marie Antoinette grew in beauty and attractiveness, the empress-queen, her mother, saw a prospect of cementing more closely her recent alliance with France by a marriage between Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin of France, grandson of the reigning King, Louis XV. For this purpose she made proficiency in French the chief aim in the young girl's education. Metastasis taught her Italian; and Gluck gave her lessons on the harpsichord.

Marie Antoinette was perhaps too fond of play to apply steadily to her studies. At any rate, she herself regretted sincerely in after life her own want of literary information and culture, and endeavored to make up her

deficiencies by taking lessons in more than one accomplishment during the first years of her residence at Versailles. She felt, when afterward Queen, her inferiority in culture to the ladies of the old French noblesse, and once exclaimed sadly, "What a resource amid the casualties of life is a well-cultivated mind! One can then be one's own companion, and find society in one's own thoughts."

Such, then, was Marie Antoinette, when, at the age of fifteen, she went to Paris and became the bride of the Dauphin, afterward Louis XVI. On the day on which she set out from Vienna, her mother had written the following letter to her future son-in-law:

"Your bride, my dear Dauphin, has just left me. I do hope that she will cause you happiness. I have brought her up with the design that she should do so, because I have for some time foreseen that she would share your destiny.

"I have inspired her with an eager desire to do her duty to you, with a tender attachment to your person, with a resolution to be attentive to think and do everything which may please you. I have also been most careful to enjoin upon her a tender devotion toward the Master of all Sovereigns, being thoroughly persuaded that we are but badly providing for the welfare of the nations which are intrusted to us when we fail in our duty to Him who breaks sceptres and overthrows thrones according to His pleasure.

"I say, then, to you, my dear Dauphin, as I say to my daughter: 'Cultivate your duties toward God. Seek to cause the happiness of the people over whom you will reign (it will be too soon, come when it may). Love the king, your grandfather; be humane to him; be always accessible to the unfortunate. If you behave in this manner, it is impossible that happiness can fail to be your lot.' My daughter will love you, I am certain, because I know her. But the more that I answer to you for her affection and for her anxiety to please you, the more earnestly do I entreat you to vow to her the most sincere attachment.

"Farewell, my dear Dauphin. May you be happy. I am bathed in tears."

The earlier years of the married life of Marie Antoinette were frivolous rather than happy. Her husband treated her with respectful coldness, for his nature was not demonstrative of attention. He had no idea of wounding her feelings, but he did not see her society in private, and had no perception that marriage was to her, as a warm-hearted woman, anything more than the matter of convenience and acquiescence that it was to himself.

Married at the early age of fourteen years and a half to a youth only a few years older than herself, the pair was childless for eight and a half years after their union. Louis XV died on the 10th of May, 1774 and the Dauphin and Dauphiness became King and Queen of France. There

seemed little prospect of a family, and this disappointment was keenly felt by the queen. Her natural desire for children of her own was greatly increased when her sister-in-law, the Countess d'Artois, presented her husband with a son. She treated the young mother with sisterly affection, but she could not restrain her feelings on the subject when writing to her mother, and she expressed candidly the extreme pain she suffered "at thus seeing an heir to the throne who was not her own child." At a pavilion her husband had given her at her own request, about a mile from the palace of Versailles, she sought to quench her grief in a constant whirl of pleasurable excitement.

Little did the yearning but giddy young queen imagine that she was helping by her extravagance to bring on that revolution of which hatred to rank and wealth was the spark that was to consume herself and her husband and all her dearest friends.

Her joy at the prospect of having a child was fully shared by her husband. All his coldness and apathy seemed to vanish, and he wrote himself both to her mother and her brother Joseph, the Emperor. The news created equal joy at Paris and Vienna, and the poor young queen showed her grateful sense of happiness by liberal gifts to the poor, and by founding a hospital for women in a similar condition as her own.

On the 19th of December, 1778, she gave birth to a princess, who was named Maria Theresa, in honor of her imperial grandmother. She alone of the four children of Marie Antoinette lived to maturity and a good old age.

"Boys will come after girls," wrote Maria Theresa to her daughter. The birth of the princess came near being the death of the queen. By the barbarous custom of that time in France, every one, even the rabble, who could gain an entrance into the chamber, was admitted to be witness of the royal birth. The heat was so intense that the queen became insensible and had to be bled in the foot. The king rushed to the windows and with all his strength, got them open. His was the voice that whispered tenderly to her that she had been delivered of a daughter. She herself was not disappointed. When the nurse brought her the babe, she whispered, "Poor little thing; you are not what was desired, but you shall not be the less dear to me. A son would have belonged to the state; you will be my own: you shall have all my care, you shall share my happiness and sweeten my vexations."

Besides the gifts to the poor and the hospital which were made before the birth, the happy mother now sent large sums of money to the prisons to release poor debtors, gave dowries to one hundred poor maidens, applied to the chief officers of the army and navy to send her a list of veterans worthy of reward, and to the clergy of Paris for the names of worthy objects for her bounty. She also settled pensions on a number of poor children who

were born on the same day as the princess, one of whom, who owed her education to this pension, became known to fame as Madame Mars, the greatest of comic actresses in Paris.

In the spring of 1780 Marie Antoinette was shocked by the news of her mother's death. They had been much attached to each other since Marie became a queen, and had corresponded regularly upon important subjects. Maria Theresa gave far more prudent advice to her daughter than did the haughty Catharine of Russia, who once wrote to her that kings and queens should do as they pleased and pursue their own plans, regardless of the interest of their dogs of subjects.

On the morning of October 2nd, 1782, a son and heir to the throne blessed the love of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. The king, whose affection for her had steadily grown in intensity since she began to have children, would not allow her life to be endangered this time by a crowd of strangers in her apartments. He forbade any one but himself to announce to her the sex of the child, and it was with a heart full of joy and pride that he told her that their hopes of an heir were fulfilled.

The child was not destined to live. The Dauphin, whose sad lot and early death from neglect and ill-treatment form one of the tragedies of that awful series, was Marie Antoinette's third child, not yet born. The elder son and second child was sickly, and had spinal

complaint from his birth. He had no stamina to support him through the ordinary ailments of children, and he died on June 4th, 1789, when not yet seven years old. On the 27th of March, 1785, the future desolate and slowly murdered Dauphin came into the world, which was for him a prison and a slaughterhouse, a habitation of cruelty, and the grave of all his young affections. The reader of history thanks the justice of a crime-permitting Providence, that his keeper, Simon the shoemaker, who starved him and beat him and kept him in filth and darkness for the last three years of his young life, was carried to the guillotine before the child-victim's death.

The Princess Sophie Helene Beatrix was the fourth and last child of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. She was born on the 9th of July, 1786, was a sickly child and died on the 9th of June, 1787, aged eleven months.

We have Marie Antoinette before us at the beginning of the Revolution as the mother of two children only, the Princess Royal, now nine, and the Dauphin, seven years old, the two others having died. She made it her happiness and her duty to study the dispositions of the young prince and princess. Her mind was bent on training her son not as a common child, but as one who was heir to the throne of a great and illustrious nation.

In a letter to Madame de Tourzel dated July 25th, 1789, the mother writes:

"I have always accustomed my children to have great confidence in me, and when they have done wrong, to tell me themselves; and then, when I scold them, this enables me to appear pained and afflicted at what they have done rather than angry. My son cannot read, and he is very slow at learning; but he is too giddy to apply. He has no pride in his heart, and I am very anxious that he should continue to feel so. Our children always learn soon enough what they are. He is very fond of his sister, and has a good heart. Whenever anything gives him pleasure, whether it be going anywhere or that any one gives him anything, his first movement always is to ask that his sister may have the same. He is lighthearted by nature. It is necessary for his health that he should be a great deal in the open air; and I think it is better to let him play and work in the garden on the terrace, than to take him longer walks. The exercise which children take in running about and playing in the open air is much more healthy than forcing them to walk, which often makes their backs ache."

The letter proves her to have been a good, a prudent, and a watchful mother. Poor little Louis! A far different fate awaited him from what she fondly hoped for. The Committee of Public Safety decreed that the young Capet, as they called him, should be placed in solitary confinement, under the charge of the brutal shoemaker Simon, who had private orders to get ride of him by degrees. It was night when the officers of the Committee came to carry him away. His mother flung her arms

around him, and resisted all efforts to tear him from her, exclaiming, *"Tuez moi donc d'abord"*—"Then kill me first." They only prevailed by threatening to kill the child, when she relaxed her hold and sank exhausted with the struggle. The unhappy Dauphin was shut up for nearly two years before his merciful release by death, in solitude, without employment, without human sympathy or kindness, denied even the light and air. When the door was opened it was to place a flagon of dirty water and a crust of bread for him. He was never washed and his clothes and linen were never changed. It was a slow death in a living tomb. His limbs became rigid, his mind vacant and insensible. After his keeper was executed for his other crimes, his persecutors relented, but it was too late. The celebrated physician, Dersault, was sent to his lowly bedside. His mother's image—that mother from whom he had been so cruelly separated two years before, when she was doomed to the guillotine, but whom he was not perhaps to rejoin in everlasting reunion—was the last that filled his dying vision. The physician asked him if he suffered much. "Oh, yes, I suffer still," he answered, "but much less than I did, the music is so beautiful." "On what side do you hear this music?" "There, on high; listen! listen!" Then, after a brief silence, his eyes kindled with the heavenly light, and he exclaimed, with the rapture of an enfranchised and departing soul, "Amidst all the voices, I have recognized that of my mother." He waved his hand, wafted a kiss to her, and sank back dead.

The opening of the year 1789 was the beginning of troubles for Marie Antoinette. Hitherto she had been alternately lauded and insulted by the artisans of Paris. Now the very refuse of humanity were to fling their dirt at her. Hers is one of those characters that are washed and made white by passing through great tribulation. All that was frivolous and extravagant in her conduct disappeared forever, and the heroic queen was only less admirable than the devoted wife and mother. The vilest slanders were circulated against the queen, one of them being that she had a mine ready to blow up the Parliament of Paris, or National Assembly.

On the 14th of July the cry "To the Bastile!" was echoed from mouth to mouth by a drunken mob along the banks of the Seine. This was the third day of the insurrection and they stormed the iron and stone forms of the Bastile, and murdered the governor and military that defended it, who had been taken by surprise and could make little resistance. At midnight couriers arrived at Versailles to apprise the king and queen of the terrible aspect of affairs.

On the 6th of October, 1789, when the mob insisted that she should make her appearance, she came forth on the balcony, holding the Dauphin with one hand and the Princess with the other. "No children!" was the angry cry. She led them away, and reappeared alone. Even the insensate crowd was astonished at her calmness and

courage, and with true French fickleness burst into rounds of applause.

On the night of the 13th of April, 1790, the king, after vainly looking for her in her own apartments, found her in the Dauphin's nursery, holding him in her arms. "Madame," said Louis, "I have been looking for you everywhere, and you have caused me much uneasiness." "Sire," replied Marie Antoinette, "I am at my post."

When Versailles was attacked, Louis tried to induce his wife to fly with the children, but she refused to leave her husband, declaring that her place was by his side, and that, as a daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, she had no fear of death. It was a sorrowful journey which the king, now accompanied by the queen and his children, took back to Paris. The procession was painfully slow, and as no food had been provided for the journey the little Dauphin cried from hunger. The good mother, who never shed a selfish tear, wept at the sufferings of her child. She begged him to be patient, and the little fellow ceased complaining. "Mamma," he said, when they reached the Tuileries, which had been neglected, and whose chambers were dismantled, "how bad everything looks here!" "My boy," she replied, "Louis XIV lived her comfortably enough."

It would be beside our purpose to stain our pages with the nameless and inhuman crimes of the Reign of Terror. Let us cling to the queen-woman, true and noble to the

last, who is so soon to leave us. A little plot of ground was railed off in the garden of the Tuileries for the Dauphin's amusement, and one of her favorite recreations was to watch him working at the flower-beds with his little rake and hoe, although neither she nor he were left for a moment without the grenadiers of the city guard, who watched her as though she were a criminal already condemned. Privacy and rest were never to be hers again in this world. "The king," said Mirabeau, "has but one man about him, and that is his wife." More than one attempt was made to murder her. "If my death only secures the throne to my son, I shall willingly die."

Even in their imprisonment in the Temple they had at least for a time the consolation of each other's society, and that of their children. But they were soon separated, and worse than the bitterness of death was the separation of the wife and mother, first from her husband, then from each of the children.

On the 11th of December, 1792, the mock trial of the king took place. On the 21st of January, 1793, he met death like a man.

Marie Antoinette, now a widow still young, but with locks white as snow through sorrow, was removed to solitary imprisonment and the last inhuman cruelty that can be inflicted on a mother fell upon her in the seizure of her darling son. Dearly did she love him, and when, while they were yet together, her friends proposed a plan of

escape, she refused the offer, and wrote: "The interest of my son is my sole guide; and whatever happiness I might find in being out of this place, I cannot consent to separate myself from him … I could enjoy nothing if I were to leave my children."

And when, on the night of the 3rd of July, the little king was sleeping, and, as we have already told, was snatched from her embrace, the last words which the unhappy child of misfortune was ever to hear on earth from his poor mother's lips were these: "My child, they are taking you from me; never forget the mother who loves you tenderly, and never forget God! Be good, gentle and honest, and your father will look down on you from heaven and bless you!"

To the Princess Elizabeth, her true sister in affliction, and who was soon to share the same fate, she wrote from the common prison in which she was herded with the lowest felons, her last letter, dated October 16th, 4:30 a.m, in which she said:

"It is to you, my sister, that I write for the last time. I have just been condemned, not to a shameful death, for such is only for criminals, but to go and rejoin your brother. Innocent like him, I hope to show the same firmness in my last moments. I am calm, as one is when one's conscience reproaches one with nothing. I feel profound sorrow in leaving my poor children: you know that I only lived for them and for you, my good and tender

sister. You who out of love have sacrificed everything to be with us, in what a position do I leave you!

"I have learned from the proceedings at my trial that my daughter was separated from you. Alas! Poor child; I do not venture to write to her; she would not receive my letter. I do not even know whether this will reach you. Do you receive my blessing for both of them. I hope that one day, when they are older, they may be able to rejoin you, and to enjoy to the full your tender care. Let them both think of the lesson which I have never ceased to impress upon them, that the principles and the exact performance of their duties are the chief foundation of life; and then mutual affection and confidence in one another will constitute its happiness.

"Let my daughter feel that at her age she ought always to aid her brother by the advice which her greater experience and her affection may inspire her to give him. And let my son in his turn render to his sister all the care and all the services which affection can inspire. Let them, in short, both feel that, in whatever positions they may be placed, they will never be truly happy but through their union. Let them follow our example. In our own misfortunes, how much comfort has our affection for one another afforded us! And in times of happiness, we have enjoyed that doubly from being able to share it with a friend; and where can one find friends more tender and more united than in one's own family?

"Let my son never forget the last words of his father, which I repeat emphatically: let him never seek to avenge our deaths. I have to speak of one thing" [referring to the depositions which the captive little son had been compelled by his persecutors to sign, containing accusations against his aunt and his mother] "which is very painful to my heart; I know how much pain the child must have caused you. Forgive him, dear sister; think of his age, and how easy it is to make a child say whatever one wishes, especially when he does not understand it. It will come to pass one day, I hope, that he will better feel the value of your kindness and of your tender affection for both of them... I beg pardon of all the vexations which, without intending it, I may have caused you. I pardon all my enemies the evils they have done me. I bid farewell to my aunts, and to all my brothers and sisters. I had friends. The idea of being forever separated from them and from all their troubles is one of the greatest sorrows that I suffer in dying. Let them at least know that to my latest moment I thought of them.

"Farewell, my good and tender sister. May this letter reach you. Think always of me; I embrace you with all my heart, as I do my poor, dear children. My God, how heart-rending it is to leave them forever! Farewell! Farewell!"

Her apprehensions proved well founded. The letter never reached her sister-in-law, but fell into the hands of Fouguier, who preserved it among his special papers. Had one spark of humanity survived in the monsters of the

Reign of Terror, they would have respected the doomed prisoner's last wishes and last words.

Those almost dying thoughts and anxieties, let it be remembered to her immortal honor, were not for herself, but for her children and her friends. It was dark when she began the letter, but now the faint beams of sunrise stole through the narrow window of her cell. She lay down on her straw bed and tried to sleep. At seven the executioner came in. The streets were thronged by that Parisian mob, whose faces, lurid with cruelty, were like a vision of pandemonium. She was used to their looks and their revilings, and minded them no more. Other women, and strong men also, have gone stark, raving mad at one tenth part of the sufferings this sublime woman endured. Yet the wounds were deep, and had left their scars in the white hair, and the wan, furrowed face, upon which still those lines of beauty lingered which had evoked the praises of Europe.

A few weeks before her death she struck her head against a door in following her jailer. Being asked if she was hurt, she answered, "No, nothing can hurt me now." An English lady saw her in her dungeon for any one who asked was allowed to look at her, on the one condition of expressing no sympathy, and said in a letter: "She was sitting on an old worn-out chair made of straw, which scarcely supported her weight. Dressed in a gown which had once been white, her attitude bespoke the immensity of her grief."

In a common cart, seated on a bare plank, the executioner by her side holding the cords with which her hands were already bound, she was borne to the place of execution. Her last words showed the true lady and the queen. In descending from the cart she had stepped on the executioner's food. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I did not do it on purpose," and she added, "Please make haste." In a few moments all was over.

So perished, by a death which as she nobly said was to her not ignominious because she was no criminal, one of the very noblest wives and mothers. She had never injured or borne malice against a single human being. Benevolence was native to her soul, and her charities were only bounded by her means. She had those virtues of purity, fidelity, courage, and affection which exalt humanity and redeem our fallen race. She was an angel whom accident had put under the power of devils. If families are reunited in a brighter world than this, there is no reunion that heavenly spirits would more gladly gaze upon than that of these poor Capets, King and Queen of France.

One more victim from that family was still to follow her—the saintly, meek and self-sacrificing aunt. Madame Elizabeth, as the king's sister was called since titles had been done away, committed the orphan children to God's holy keeping, and went calmly from those who, in the words of Socrates, falsely call themselves judges upon earth, to the presence of eternal justice. Her life and

character are a study worthy of a volume by itself. How little does the world appreciate the quiet life-service of such an aunt and sister as the Princess Elizabeth had proved herself to her brother Louis and his wife and children.

Young and beautiful, she had chosen to share their sorrows when she might have wedded nobly or passed a brilliant life in the court of other brothers, two of whom were in turn Emperors. At Vienna the Reign of Terror could not have made her a victim and a martyr, but she was one of those sweet women of whom, let us thank God, there are still many in a selfish world, who have no thought of self, who forego all thoughts of marrying and giving in marriage to tend a brother's or a sister's little ones, and who resemble in this our blessed Saviour, who came "not to be ministered to, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many."

The Wife of Lafayette

1759-1807

They have in Europe a mysterious thing called *rank*, which exerts a powerful spell even over the minds of republicans, who neither approve nor understand it.

We saw a proof of its power when the Prince of Wales visited New York some years ago. He was neither handsome, nor gifted, nor wise, nor learned, nor anything else which, according to the imperfect light of reason, makes a fair claim to distinction. But how we crowded to catch a sight of him! In all my varied and long experience of New York crowds and receptions, I never saw a popular movement that went down quite as deep as that. I saw aged ladies sitting in chairs upon the sidewalk hour after hour, waiting to see that youth go by—ladies whom no other pageant would have drawn from their homes. Almost every creature that could walk was out to see him.

Mr. Gladstone is fifty times the man the Prince of Wales can ever be. Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Bright, George Eliot, Mr. Darwin, might be supposed to represent England better than he. But all of these eminent persons in a coach together would not have called forth a tenth part of the crowd that cheered the Prince of Wales from the Battery to Madison Square. There is a mystery in this which every one may explain according to his ability; but the *fact* is so important that no one can understand history who does not bear it in mind.

The importance of Lafayette in the Revolutionary War was chiefly due to the mighty prestige of his rank—not his rank as a major-general, but his imaginary, intangible rank as marquis. His coming here in 1777, a young man of twenty, was an event which interested two continents; and it was only his rank which made it of the slightest significance. The sage old Franklin knew this very well when he consented to his coming, and wrote a private note to General Washington suggesting that the young nobleman should not be much hazarded in battle, but kept rather as an ornamental appendage to the cause. He proved indeed to be a young man of real merit—a brave, zealous, disinterested, and enterprising soldier—one who would have made his way and borne an honorable part if he had not been a marquis. But, after all, his rank served the cause better than any nameless youth could have served it.

I met only the other day a striking illustration of this fact, one that showed the potent spell which his mere rank exerted over the minds of the Indians. On coming here early in the Revolutionary War, he performed a most essential service which only a French nobleman could have rendered. It was a terrible question in 1777, which side the Six Nations would take in the strife. These tribes, which then occupied the whole of central and western New York, being united in one confederacy, could have inflicted enormous damage upon the frontier settlements if they had sided against Congress. Lafayette went among

them; and they, too, were subject to the spell of his rank, which is indeed most powerful over barbarous minds. He made a talk to them. He explained, as far as he could, the nature of the controversy, and told them that their old friends, the French, were joined, heart and soul, with the Americans, against their old enemies, the English. He prevailed. They afterwards admitted that it was owing to his advice, and especially his confident prophecy of the final victory of the Americans, that induced so large a portion of the Six Nations to remain neutral. What young man of twenty, unaided by rank and title, could have done this service?

The war ended. In 1784 the marquis returned to America, to visit General Washington and his old comrades. There was trouble again with the Six Nations, owing to the retention by the British of seven important frontier posts, Detroit, Mackinaw, Oswego, Ogdensburgh, Niagara, and two forts on Lake Champlain. Seeing the British flag still floating over these places confused the Indian mind, made them doubt the success of the Americans, and disposed them to continue a profitable warfare. Congress appointed three commissioners to hold a conference with them at Fort Schuyler, which stood upon the site of the modern city of Rome, about a hundred miles west of Albany. Once more the United States availed themselves of the influence of Lafayette's rank over the Indians. The commissioners invited him to attend the treaty.

In September, 1784, James Madison, then thirty-three years of age, started on a northward tour, and, meeting the marquis in Baltimore, determined to go with him to the treaty ground. The two young gentlemen were here in New York during the second week of September, and the marquis was the observed of all observers. Both the young gentlemen were undersized, and neither of them was good-looking; but the presence of the French nobleman was an immense event, as we can still see from the newspapers of that and the following week. After enjoying a round of festive attentions, they started on their way up the Hudson river in a barge, but not before Mr. Madison had sent off to the American minister in Paris (Mr. Jefferson) a packet of New York papers containing eulogistic notices of Lafayette, for the gratification of the French people.

They arrived at Fort Schuyler in due time— the marquis, Mr. Madison, the three commissioners, and other persons of note. But the Indians had no eyes and no ears except for the little Frenchman, twenty-seven years of age, whom they called Kayenlaa. The commissioners were nothing in their eyes, and although they did not enjoy their insignificance, they submitted to it with good grace, and asked the Indians to listen to the voice of Kayenlaa. He rose to speak, and soon showed himself a master of the Indian style of oratory.

"In selling your lands," said he, "*do not consult the keg of rum,* and give them away to the first adventurer."

He reminded them of his former advice, and showed them how his prophecies had come true.

"My predictions," said he, "have been fulfilled. Open your ears to the new advice of your father."

He urged them strongly to conclude a treaty of peace with the Americans, and thus have plenty of the French articles of manufacture of which they used to be so fond. The leader of the war party was a young chief, equally famous as a warrior and as an orator, named Red Jacket, who replied to Lafayette in the most impassioned strain, calling upon his tribe to continue the war. It was thought, at the time, that no appeals to the reason of the Indians could have neutralized the effect of Red Jacket's fiery eloquence. It was the spell of the Marquis de Lafayette's rank and name which probably enabled the commissioner to come to terms with the red men.

"During this scene," reports Mr. Madison, "and even during the whole stay of the marquis, he was the only conspicuous figure. The commissioners were eclipsed. All of them probably felt it."

The chief of the Oneida tribe admitted on this occasion that "the word which Lafayette had spoken to them early in the war had prevented them from being led to the wrong side of it." Forty -one years after this memorable scene—that is to say, in the year 1825—Lafayette was at Buffalo; and among the persons who called upon him was an aged Indian chief, much worn by

time, and more by strong drink. He asked the marquis if he remembered the Indian Council at Fort Schuyler. He replied that he had not forgotten it, and he asked the Indian if he knew what had become of the young chief who had opposed with such burning eloquence the burying of the tomahawk.

"He is before you!" was the old man's reply.

"Time," said the marquis, "has much changed us both since that meeting."

"Ah!" rejoined Red Jacket; "time has not been so hard upon you as it has upon me. It has left to you a fresh countenance and hair to cover your head; while to me—look!"

Taking a handkerchief from his head he showed his baldness with a sorrowful countenance. To that hour Red Jacket had remained an enemy to everything English, and would not even speak the language. The general, who well understood the art of pleasing, humored the old man so far as to speak to him a few words in the Indian tongue, which greatly pleased the chief, and much increased his estimate of Lafayette's abilities.

Such was the amazing power of that mysterious old-world *rank* which Lafayette possessed. Let us not forget, however, that his rank would have been of small use to us if that had been his only gift. In early life he was noted for two traits of character; which, however, were not very uncommon among the young French nobles of the

period. He had an intense desire to distinguish himself in his profession, and he had a strong inclination toward Republican principles. He tells us whence he derived this tendency. At the age of nine he fell in with a little book of Letters about England, written by Voltaire, which gave him some idea of a free country. The author of the Letters dwelt upon the freedom of thinking and printing that prevailed in England, and described the Exchange at London, where the Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, Church of England men and Dissenters, Quakers and Deists, all mingled peacefully together and transacted business without inquiring into one another's creed. The author mentioned other things of the same nature, which were very strange and captivating to the inhabitants of a country governed so despotically as France was when Lafayette was a boy.

The book made an indelible impression upon his eager and susceptible mind. He used to say in after years that he was "a republican at nine." He was, nevertheless, a member of the privileged order of his country, and if he had been born in another age he would in all probability have soon outlived the romantic sentiments of his youth, and run the career usual to men of his rank.

In the summer of 1776, when he was not yet quite nineteen, he was stationed with his regiment at Metz, then a garrisoned town near the eastern frontier of France. An English prince, the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of England, visited this post a few weeks after

Congress at Philadelphia had signed the Declaration of Independence. The French general in command at Metz gave a dinner to the prince, to which several officers were invited, Lafayette among the rest. It so happened that the prince received that day letters from England, which contained news from America.

The news was of thrilling interest: Boston lost—Independence declared—mighty forces gathering to crush the rebellion—Washington, victorious in New England, preparing to defend New York! News was slow in traveling then; and hence it was that our young soldier now heard these details for the first time at the table of his commanding officer. We can imagine the breathless interest with which he listened to the story, what questions he asked and how he gradually drew from the prince the whole interior history of the movement. From the admissions of the duke himself, he drew the inference that the colonists were in the right. He saw in them a people fighting in defence of that very liberty of which he had read in the English Letters of Voltaire. Before he rose from the table that day, the project occurred to his mind of going to America, and offering his services to the American people in their struggle for Independence.

"My heart," as he afterwards wrote, "espoused warmly the cause of liberty, and I thought of nothing but of adding also the aid of my banner."

And the more he thought of it, the more completely he was fascinated by the idea. Knowing well how such a scheme would appear to his prudent relations, he determined to judge this matter for himself. He placed a new motto on his coat-of-arms:

Cur non?

This is Latin for, Why not? He chose those words, he says, because they would serve equally as an encouragement to himself and a reply to others. His first step was to go on leave to Paris, where Silas Deane was already acting as the representative of Congress, secretly favored by the French ministry. Upon consulting two of his young friends, he found them enthusiastic in the same cause, and abundantly willing to go with him, if they could command the means. When, however, he submitted the project to an experienced family friend, the Count de Broglie, he met firm opposition.

"I have seen your uncle," said the count, "die in the wars of Italy; I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family."

He tried in vain to dissuade the young man from a purpose which seemed to him most rash and chimerical. One person that favored his purpose was his beautiful young wife, already the mother of one child and soon to be the mother of a second. She, with the spirit and devotion natural to a French lady of eighteen, entered

heartily into the very difficult business of getting off her young husband to win glory for both by fighting for the American insurgents.

Anastasie de Noailles was her maiden name. She was the daughter of a house which had eight centuries of recorded history, and which, in each of these centuries, had given to France soldiers or priests of national importance and European renown. The château of Noailles (near the city of Toul), portions of which date as far back as A.D. 1050, was the cradle of the race: and to-day in Paris there is a Duke de Noailles, and a Marquis de Noailles, descendants of that Pierre de Noailles who was lord of the old château three hundred and fifty years before America was discovered.

Old as her family was, Mademoiselle de Noailles was one of the youngest brides, as her Marquis was one of the youngest husbands. An American company would have smiled to see a boy of sixteen and a half years of age, presenting himself at the altar to be married to a girl of fourteen. We must beware, however, of sitting in judgment on people of other climes and other times. Lafayette was a great match. His father had fallen in the battle of Minden, when the boy was two years of age, leaving no other heir. It is a curious fact that the officer who commanded the battery from which the ball was fired that killed Lafayette's father, was the same General Phillips with whom the son was so actively engaged in Virginia, during the summer of 1781.

The mother of our marquis died ten years after her husband. Her father, a nobleman of great estate, soon followed her to the grave, and so this boy of fourteen inherited the estates of two important families. Mademoiselle de Noallies had great rank and considerable wealth. It is perhaps safe to infer that she was not remarkable for beauty, because no one of her many eulogists claims it for her. Nearly all marriages among the nobility were then matters of bargain and interest, mutual love having little to do with them; yet many marriages of that kind were very happy, and in all respects satisfactory. Lafayette's was one of these. The pair not only loved one another with ardent and sustained affection, but the marriage united the two families, and called into being numerous children and grandchildren.

Imagine them married then, in April, 1774, the year in which the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia.

The young husband—officer in a distinguished regiment—was not much at home during the first two years after his marriage; a circumstance which was probably conducive to the happiness of both, for they were too young to be satisfied with a tranquil domestic life.

One day in the summer of 1776 he returned suddenly and unexpectedly to Paris. His wife observed that some great matter possessed his mind. There is reason to believe that she was among the first to be made acquainted

with his scheme of going to America and entering the service of Congress. A married girl of sixteen—the very age of romance—she sympathized at first with his purpose, and always kept his secret. Nine months of excitement followed, during which he went and came several times, often disappointed, always resolved; until at length Madame de Lafayette received a letter from him, written on board the ship *Victory*, that was to convey him to America.

This was in April, 1777, when already she held in her arms their first child, the baby Henriette, who died while her father was still tossed upon the ocean. It was many months after his landing in America before he heard of his child's death, and he kept writing letter after letter in which he begged his wife to kiss for him the infant whose, lips were cold in the grave. His letters to her during his long absences in America were full of affection and tenderness. He calls her his life, his love, and his dearest love. In the first letter written at sea, he tries once more to reconcile her to his departure.

"If," said he, "you could know all that I have suffered while thus flying from all I love best in the world! Must I join to this affliction the grief of hearing that you do not pardon me?"

He endeavored to convince her that he was not in the least danger of so much as a graze from a British bullet.

"Ask the opinion," said he, "of all general officers—and these are very numerous, because having once obtained that height, they are no longer exposed to any hazards."

Then he turned to speak of herself and of their child.

"Henrietta," said he, "is so delightful that she has made me in love with little girls."

And then he prattled on with a happy blending of good feeling and good humor, until the darkness of the evening obliged him to lay aside the pen, as he had prudently forbidden the lighting of candles on board his ship. It was easy to write these long letters in the cabin of his vessel, but it was by no means easy to send them back across the ocean, traversed by English cruisers. When Madame de Lafayette received this letter their Henriette had been dead for nearly a year. He ran his career in America. He was domesticated with Gen. Washington. He was wounded at the battle of Brandywine. He passed the memorable winter at Valley Forge.

In June, 1778, thirteen months after leaving home, a French vessel brought to America the news of the French alliance, and to *him* that of the death of his Henriette, and the birth of his second daughter, Anastasie. There is nothing in their correspondence prettier than the manner in which he speaks to her of his wound.

"Whilst endeavoring to rally the troops," he tells her, "the English honored me with a musket-ball, which

slightly wounded me in the leg—but it is a trifle, my dearest love; the ball touched neither bone nor nerve, and I have escaped with the obligation of lying on my back for some time."

In October, 1778, about a year and a half after his departure, Madame de Lafayette enjoyed the transport of welcoming her husband home on a leave of absence.

Once, during the spring of 1778, she was present at a party at a great house in Paris, which was attended by the aged Voltaire, then within a few weeks of the close of his life. The old poet, recognizing her among the ladies, knelt at her feet, and complimented her upon the brilliant and wise conduct of her young husband in America. She received this act of homage with graceful modesty. When Lafayette again returned, at the end of the war, we can truly say he was the most shining personage in France. At court the young couple were overwhelmed with flattering attentions, and the king promoted the marquis to the rank of field-marshal of the French army. During the next seven years, Madame de Lafayette was at the height of earthly felicity. Her two daughters, Anastasie and Virginie, and her son, George Washington, were affectionate and promising children, and there seemed nothing wanting to her lot that could render it happier or more distinguished.

Then came the storm of the French Revolution. Both husband and wife were cast down before it. While he was immured in an Austrian dungeon, she, with her two

daughters, was confined in one of the prisons of Paris, along with other gentle victims of the Terror. Many of her friends went from her embrace to the guillotine. She, fortunately, escaped the axe, and, a few months after the death of Robespierre, she was released, and prepared at once to penetrate to the remote fortress in which her husband was confined. She sent her son to America, consigning him to the care of President Washington, who accepted the trust, and superintended the education of the lad with the affectionate care of a father. The mother and her daughters, in September, 1795, set out for Vienna, she calling herself Mrs. Motier, and giving herself out as an English lady traveling in disguise to escape pursuit.

Upon reaching Vienna she obtained an audience of the Emperor, and implored her husband's release; alleging truly that he had been Marie Antoinette's best friend in France. The Emperor's reply was, "My hands are tied." He refused to release the General, but permitted Madame de Lafayette and her daughters to share his confinement. For twenty-two months they remained in prison with him, suffering the horrors of a detention, which was cruelly aggravated by super-serviceable underlings. Anastasie, the elder daughter, was then sixteen years of age, and Virginie was thirteen. Though they, too, were subjected to very rigorous treatment, they preserved their health and cheerfulness. The mother suffered extremely, and more than once she was at death's door. When, in September, 1797, the doors of the fortress of Olmutz were opened,

she could scarcely walk to the carriage which bore them to liberty. They made their way to Hamburg, where they were all received into the family of John Parish, the American consul. Mr. Parish afterwards described the scene:

"An immense crowd announced their arrival. The streets were lined, and my house was soon filled with people. A lane was formed to let the prisoners pass to my room. Lafayette led the way, and was followed by his infirm lady and two daughters. He flew into my arms; his wife and daughters clung to me. The silence was broken by an exclamation of,—

"'My friend! My dearest friend! My deliverer! See the work of your generosity! My poor, poor wife, hardly able to support herself!'

"And indeed she was not standing, but hanging on my arm, bathed in tears, while her two lovely girls had hold of the other. There was not a dry eye in the room.

"I placed her on a sofa. She sobbed and wept much, and could utter but few words. Again the Marquis came to my arms, his heart overflowing with gratitude. I never saw a man in such complete ecstasy of body and mind."

Madame de Lafayette never recovered her health. She lived ten years longer, and died December 24, 1807, aged forty-seven years, leaving her daughters and her son happily established. An American who visited, twenty years after, the Château of La Grange, which was the

abode of General Lafayette during the last forty years of his life, found there a numerous company of her descendants, a son, two daughters, and twelve grandchildren, forming a circle which he described in glowing terms of admiration. The house was full of America. On the walls were portraits of Washington, Franklin, Morris, Adams, Jefferson, and a painting of the siege of Yorktown. Objects brought from America, or received thence as gifts, were seen everywhere, and there was one room containing nothing but American things, which the General called by the name "America." There was an American ice-house in the garden, and groves of American trees in the park. It was one of the most estimable and happy families in France. Alas! that the fond mother and the devoted wife should have been wanting to it.

Jemima Johnson
1753-1814

Of Jemima Johnson, pioneer and volunteer, I can tell you very little. Just this one incident has come down to us, but you are surely right in thinking that the rest of her life was in harmony with this day's heroism.

It happened in Kentucky, when the Revolutionary fighting was almost ended, but before peace had come to the frontier. Raid after raid on isolated settlements was made by the Indians, stirred up continually by the British in Canada. People were murdered and tortured with shocking barbarity, for once started the red men could not be controlled. Chief among them were the Wyandottes, a tribe that stood first for military skill and ferocious valor, and with them was the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, whose name was a byword and a hissing along the frontier.

Bryan's Station was a Kentucky settlement of forty cabins connected by strong palisades, set in a clearing with thick woods all around. One August day in 1782 messengers arrived, saying that the Indians were threatening to attack a neighboring fort and asking for aid. The men at Bryan's made ready to go and at dawn Captain Craig had finished his preparations when he discovered a group of savages in full view, just on the edge of the woods. There were only a few of them, and being out of rifle range

they were exposing themselves carelessly and indifferently.

"They're trying to attract our attention," Craig immediately said to himself. "Do they think that because they're few we'll leave the fort and pursue them?"

Their actions made him suspicious, for he had been trained in Indian fighting in the school of Daniel Boone. He ordered the relief party to wait while he called the principal men of the station to a council. They agreed that it was only a feint on the part of the savages to invite an attack, and that the main fight would come from the other side. They would meet one trick with another and beat the Indians at their own game.

But the siege would be severe, perhaps long. Nothing could be done until they had a supply of water—and the spring was not inside the palisade, as was the frontier custom, but a short distance away, near the very spot where the red men were hiding in the thick woods. The night before only the ordinary amount of water had been brought in. The buckets were empty, and it was a hot August day. Life inside the stockade, even though there were no battle, would be unendurable. Captain Craig thought a moment, then called up the women and children, and told them his plan.

"Will you, you women and you children who are large enough, go down to the spring, with every bucket you can carry, and bring back water? Our lives depend upon it. We

think the Indians are hidden near the spring, waiting. Now if you'll go, just as you do every morning, I think they'll not molest you, for that would break up their plan. As far as we can we'll cover you with our rifles. You see, don't you, that this is our only hope? If we men go to the spring, it would be so unusual that it would rouse their suspicions at once; and if we were shot down, there would be no one to save the fort and you. Will you go?"

They were quick to appreciate the situation. Of course Captain Craig might be all wrong in his theory. The savages might capture the women and children, right under the eyes of the men in the fort. No one could tell what they might do. It was a terrible state of affairs. They knew what capture meant—death by torture. They had not lived on the frontier for nothing. A shudder of terror went through the group.

Water we must have.

The men can't go for it.

We women will.

Such were the steps Jemima Johnson's thoughts took, and instantly she volunteered. The Spartan daughter of a fearless pioneer, the sister of others, the wife of another, Jemima Suggett Johnson was also the mother of five little children, and her husband was away in Virginia. But she was the first to offer to go.

Quickly she gave her orders: Betsy, who was ten, was to go with her; Sally, to look after the two little boys as well

as watch baby Richard, in his cradle. Now who would go with her for the water?

Armed with wooden dippers, the wives of the Craig brothers and their children volunteered. Others quickly offered. Captain Craig opened the gate and out they marched after Captain Johnson—twelve women and sixteen children—true helpmates of those sturdy frontiersmen. They were nearly overcome with terror, yet they laughed and chatted as they tramped down the hill some sixty yards to the spring. A few of the younger ones found it hard to hide their agitation, but Jemima Johnson's steadiness and cool composed manner reassured them and completely deceived the savages.

Within a stone's throw the Indians were concealed, and with eager covetous eyes watched the women filling their buckets. It took some time to dip up water for so many, but Captain Johnson had said each must wait until they were all ready to start back. Then deliberately they made their way up the hill to the fort, and not a shot was fired, for the Indians, in the hope of carrying out their original plan, did not betray their presence.

Some of the children, as they neared the gate, broke into a run and crowded into the door of the stockade, but only a little of the precious water was spilled. With sighs of relief the fifty men in the fort saw their wives and children safe again, and the supply of water stored away.

Then Captain Craig began to carry out his part of the scheme. Thirteen of his men were sent to the front of the fort, to engage the Indians there, with as much noise and confusion as possible. This, he guessed, was the signal agreed upon for the main body of savages to attack at the back of the stockade. So at the loopholes there he posted the rest of his men, with strict orders to make no move, to fire not a gun, till he gave them word. Hearing the noise at the front of the fort, the Indians near the spring dashed from cover and up to the back wall, which they supposed was undefended. They shouted their savage war cries, expecting an easy victory. Then suddenly the stockade bristled with rifles, and a steady fire was poured into the Indians massed for the attack. With cries of terror they fled to the woods; but all day long the firing continued. Deaths in the fort were very few, but any Indian who exposed himself was sure to be killed by the unerring shot of a frontiersman. Two savages climbed a tree, to fire from there, but were quickly dislodged. They shot burning arrows up into the air, to fall on the roofs of the buildings, but the plucky children put out the fires as fast as they were started. Betsy Johnson even tossed one arrow off baby Richard's cradle. The women who had brought the water that made this long defense possible, molded bullets and loaded rifles, repaired breaches in the palisade, and sometimes took their places at the loopholes.

At last the Indians decided their efforts could not succeed, so they killed the cattle, burned the fields of

grain, and made the country look like a desert. Then they stole away in the night.

Thus Bryan's Station was saved, due in large measure to Jemima Johnson and her party of women who brought in the water. Years later the baby Richard commanded the Kentucky regiment whose brilliant charge decided the battle of the Thames. He, it was believed, killed the Indian chief Tecumseh. And this same son of Jemima Johnson became vice-president of the United States.

Dolly Madison

1772-1836

Dolly Payne was a Virginian, though she was born while her parents were on a visit in North Carolina. She lived on a great plantation where she had wide fields to play in, and a devoted black mammy to look after her. Both her mother and grandmother were noted belles and Dolly, who was named for her second cousin, Mrs. Patrick Henry, evidently inherited their beauty, for as a very little girl, going to school, she wore a wide-brimmed sunbonnet and long mitts, to shield her face and arms from the sun.

Dolly remembered how her father, in spite of the fact that they were Quakers, had buckled on his sword and ridden away to be a captain in the Revolutionary army, and how when the war was over, he came home again to join in the neighborhood's thanksgiving for America.

Soon after the war, when Dolly was fourteen years old, he freed his slaves, sold the plantation, and moved north to the city of brotherly love that he might be among Quakers. It was then the largest town in the nation, with a reputation for being very rich and gay. But the Paynes maintained a strict Quaker standard of simplicity.

Dorothy was a pretty girl, demure in her gray dress, but with bright Irish-blue eyes, long lashes, curling black hair and soft warm-hued skin. She had a particularly gay and joyous disposition, but was forbidden such pleasures

as dancing and music. She went to the Friends' meeting-house where the men and boys in their black coats and broad-brimmed hats sat on one side of the room, the women and girls in their mouse-colored bonnets and drab gowns on the other.

Dolly's father had done very well on the southern plantation, but when he went into business in Philadelphia he found many troubles. Living cost much more than in Virginia, a good deal of his property had been lost through the war and he failed, then ill health added its burden. A rich young Quaker lawyer named John Todd helped and advised him. He had fallen in love with Dolly, and though she meant never to marry, she consented, to please her father who had only a few months more to live.

On two successive Sundays she went through the embarrassing Quaker ceremony of rising in meeting and saying she proposed taking John Todd in marriage; and standing up before the congregation, they were married in the somber bare-walled meeting-house. Mistress Todd lived for three years the life of a Quaker lady, and a devoted wife she was to her young husband. She always wore a cap of tulle, a gray gown, with a lace kerchief over her shoulders and a large brooch fastening it—no other ornaments. Except for her beauty she was like a hundred other young Quaker women in the city of brotherly love.

In August of 1793 an epidemic of yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia. Todd sent his wife and their two little children to a summer resort on the river, where many of their friends took refuge. He stayed in the city to care for his father and mother but they died of the plague.

Already ill himself he joined his family, only to give them the dread disease, he and the baby dying shortly after his arrival. Dolly too was stricken with the fever, but recovered.

At first she was bowed down by her great loss. But Philadelphia was gay and gradually Mistress Todd began going about again, far more freely than in the days of her sober girlhood. She found herself really enjoying society and all the pleasures of the city. From a shy girl she developed into a most attractive woman. With her youth and her riches, it is no wonder that she became the object of much attention. Gentlemen would station themselves to see her pass, and her friends would say, "Really, Dolly, thou must hide thy face. There are so many staring at thee!"

Among her many admirers was Aaron Burr, then a United States senator. For Philadelphia, you remember, was the capital of the newly organized government, and the leading men of the time lived in the city. One day he asked her if he might bring a friend to call, for the "great little Madison," as his colleagues called him, had requested the honor of being presented. So the handsome

Colonel Burr introduced Mr. James Madison, a little man dressed all in black, except for his ruffled shirt and silver buckles. Dolly wore a mulberry satin gown with silk tulle about her neck and a dainty lace cap on her head, her curly hair showing underneath. The scholarly Madison, who was twenty years older than she, was captivated by the pretty widow, sparkling with fun and wit, and soon offered himself as a husband, and was accepted.

The President and Mrs. Washington were much pleased when they heard of the engagement. Sending for Dolly Mrs. Washington asked her if the news was true.

"No, I think not," said Mistress Todd.

"Be not ashamed to confess it, if it is so. He will make thee a good husband and all the better for being so much older. We both approve of it. The esteem and friendship existing between Mr. Madison and my husband is very great, and we would wish you two to be happy."

Happy they were, during the week's journey when they drove down to Virginia, to be married at the home of Dolly's sister; and during the merrymaking following the wedding which lavish southern hospitality, with, a ball and feast after the ceremony, made quite different from her first marriage. The quiet reserved Madison let the girls cut off bits of his Mechlin lace ruffles as keepsakes. And happy they were together for more than forty years.

They lived only a short time at Montpelier, Madison's home in the Blue Ridge country, for public affairs soon

took them back to Philadelphia and then to Washington. At her husband's request Dolly laid aside her Quaker dress, entered society and entertained frequently. Her sweet manners, her tact and kindness of heart, made her friends everywhere. At that time party spirit ran high and political differences caused great bitterness, but all animosities seemed forgotten in Mrs. Madison's presence. She slighted no one, hurt no one's feelings, and often made foes into friends. Perhaps her influence had almost as much to do with Madison's prominence in national affairs as did his own unquestioned ability; for her sound common sense and exceptionally good judgment often helped him in deciding public questions.

When Jefferson was elected president he made Madison his secretary of state. And since Jefferson was a widower and needed a lady to preside at the White House, he often called upon Mrs. Madison for this service. Then Madison succeeded Jefferson and Dolly became in name what she had been in effect, the first lady of the land. Thus for sixteen years she was hostess for the nation, and a famous hostess she was indeed.

"Every one loves Mrs. Madison," said Henry Clay, voicing the common sentiment.

"And Mrs. Madison loves everybody," was her quick response.

The president used to say that when he was tired out from matters of state a visit to her sitting-room, where he

was sure of a bright story and a hearty laugh, was as refreshing as a long walk in the open air.

But even with such a mistress of the White House the affairs of the nation did not remain tranquil. Trouble with England, which had long been brewing, came to a crisis and war was declared in 1812. As most of the fighting was at sea, life at Washington went on undisturbed until August of 1814, when the British landed five thousand men near the capital and marched to attack it. The town was in a panic when the messenger rode in at full speed, announcing fifty ships anchoring in the Potomac.

"Have you the courage to stay here till I come back, to-morrow or next day?" asked the president.

And Dolly Madison replied, "I am not afraid of anything, if only you are not harmed and our army triumphs."

"Good-by then, and if anything happens, look out for the state papers," said Madison, and rode away to the point where the citizen-soldiers were gathering.

Many Washington people began carrying their property off to the country, but the brave woman at the White House did not run away. At last there came a penciled note from the president:

"Enemy stronger than we heard at first. They may reach the city and destroy it. Be ready to leave at a moment's warning."

Most of Mrs. Madison's friends were already gone, even the soldiers who had been left to guard the executive mansion. Not a wagon could be secured. "Bring me as many trunks as my carriage will hold," ordered Dolly Madison and set to work packing them with the nation's most valuable papers. Night came but the lady of the White House worked on. At dawn she began searching through her spyglass, hoping to catch a glimpse of her husband. All she could see was here and there a group of soldiers wandering about, men sleeping in the fields, frightened women and children hurrying to the bridge over the Potomac. She could hear the roar of cannon, the battle was going on only six miles away; still the president did not come.

One of the servants, French John, offered to spike the cannon at the gate and lay a train of powder that would blow up the British if they entered the house. But to this Mrs. Madison objected, though she could not make John understand why in war every advantage might not be taken.

About three o'clock in the afternoon two men covered with dust galloped up and cried, "Fly, fly! The house will be burned over your head!"

Some good friends had succeeded in getting a wagon and Mrs. Madison filled it with the White House silver.

"To the bank of Maryland," she ordered, and added to herself, "or the hands of the British—which will it be?"

Two friends came in to urge haste, reminding her that the English admiral, Cockburn, had taken an oath that he would sit in her drawing-room and that other officers had boasted they would take the president and his wife both prisoner and carry them to London to make a show of them. They were just ready to lift her into the carriage when Dolly stopped.

"Not yet—the portrait of Washington—it shall never fall into the hands of the enemy. That must be taken away before I leave the house."

The famous painting by Gilbert Stuart was in a heavy frame, screwed to the wall in the state dining-room, but in that frantic hurry there were no tools at hand to remove it.

"Get an axe and break the frame," commanded Dolly Madison. She watched the canvas taken from the stretcher, saw it rolled up carefully, and sent to a place of safety. Later it was returned to her, and to-day hangs over the mantel in the red room of the White House.

One more delay—the Declaration of Independence was kept in a glass case, separate from the other state papers. Notwithstanding all the protests of her friends, Dolly Madison ran back into the house, broke the glass, secured the Declaration with the autographs of the signers, got into her carriage and drove rapidly away to a house beyond Georgetown.

None too soon did she leave. The sound of approaching troops was heard. The British were upon the

city. They broke into the executive mansion, ransacked it, had dinner there in the state dining-room, stole what they could carry, and then set fire to the building.

Instead of sleeping that night, Dolly Madison, with thousands of others, watched the fire destroying the capital, while the wind from an approaching storm fanned the flames. Before daybreak she set out for a little tavern, sixteen miles away, where her husband had arranged to meet her. The roads were filled with frightened people, while fleeing soldiers spread the wildest rumors of the enemy's advance.

Arrived at the inn finally in the height of the storm, the woman in charge refused to take her in, saying, "My man had to go to fight; your husband brought on this war and his wife shall have no shelter in my house!"

The tavern was thronged with women and children, refugees from the city, who finally prevailed on the woman to let Mrs. Madison enter. The president arrived later, but before he had rested an hour a messenger came crying, "The British know you are here—fly!"

Dolly Madison begged him to go to a little hut in the woods where he would be safe, and promised that she would leave in disguise and find a refuge farther away. In the gray of the morning she started, but soon came the good news that the English, hearing reinforcements were coming, had gone back to their ships. At once she turned

and drove toward the city. The bridge over the Potomac was afire.

"Will you row me across?" she asked an American officer.

"No, we don't let strange women into the city."

In vain she pleaded. He was firm. "We have spies enough here. How do I know but the British have sent you to burn what they have left? You will not cross the river, that is sure."

"But I am Mrs. Madison, the wife of your president," she answered, throwing off her disguise. Then he rowed her across the Potomac. Through clouds of smoke, past heaps of still smoldering ruins, she made her way to the home of her sister, and waited there for Mr. Madison to return.

While the White House was being rebuilt the Madisons lived in Pennsylvania Avenue, and a brilliant social life centered about them. They revived the levees of Washington and Adams, gave handsome state dinners and introduced music at their receptions.

When Madison's second term was ended they went to live at Montpelier, their beautiful Virginia home, where they entertained with true southern hospitality the many friends and tourists who visited them. Mr. Madison, for many years an invalid, busied himself with books and writing.

Soon after his death in 1836 Dolly returned to Washington, to be near her old friends. Her home again became a social center, for her tact and beauty and grace made her always a favorite and a leader. She entertained many distinguished guests, "looking every inch a queen," the British ambassador declared. Sometimes there were as many visitors at her receptions as at those at the White House. All the homage of former times was hers, and much consideration was shown her by public officials, Congress voting her a seat on the floor of the House.

Brought up in strict Quaker ways, she adorned every station in life in which she was placed. And in a crisis when the White House was in danger, Dolly Madison was courageous enough to delay her departure till she had saved the Stuart Washington and the Declaration of Independence.

Mary Lindley Murray

1720-1782

Except for one day's events the story of Mrs. Murray is quickly told. A famous Quaker belle in Philadelphia was the beautiful Mary Lindley. After her marriage to Robert Murray, a merchant, she lived near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and in North Carolina, until in 1753 they moved to New York City, where Murray and Sansom soon became one of the great merchandising firms of the time. There were a dozen children in the Murray household, one son being Lindley Murray, the grammarian. Hoping the milder climate would benefit her husband's health, Mrs. Murray took her family to England where they lived for eleven years, returning to America during the first year of the Revolution.

Always a belle, she is described as a lady of great dignity and stateliness of manner, mild and amiable, quick at repartee. She and her daughters were ardent patriots, but Mr. Murray, the rich merchant and landowner, was not unnaturally a Tory, loyal to the Crown. Shortly before peace was made with England, after the success at Yorktown had crowned Washington's efforts for America, Mrs. Murray died.

But on the fifteenth of September, 1776, Mary Lindley Murray gave aid to Washington, her contribution to the War for Independence being woman's wit and beauty.

That September was a difficult month for the patriots. At the end of August had come the British victory at the battle of Long Island, and Washington's skilful retreat to Manhattan. As usual Howe was dilatory in following and not until sixteen days later did he cross with his troops.

The fifteenth of September was a hot day. From their country house on a hill near the center of Manhattan Island the Murrays looked down on the new breastworks thrown up at Kip's Bay. They knew the Americans were scattered—the main force at the north on Harlem Heights, and Putnam's men far to the south. Then up the East River sailed five British men-of-war and anchored opposite the Murray house, in the bay. Before the handful of militiamen had time to wonder why the ships had come, out swarmed a number of dories. To the Murrays, watching from the hill half a mile away, the river seemed suddenly dyed scarlet, for under cover of the warships' guns eighty-four boats landed the British soldiers, while up the bank clambered four thousand Redcoats, driving the Americans before them. At the first fire, the Continentals fled from their trenches back to higher ground, fled in head-long retreat.

Four miles to the north Washington heard the booming of cannon and galloped down to the scene of action. To his astonishment and consternation his men were flying in all directions. Riding excitedly into the midst of the runaways he, shouted, "Take to the wall! Take to the cornfield!" His attempt to rally them was vain.

Chagrined he would have ridden straight into danger, had not an aide seized his horse's bridle and turned the general back toward safety. In great confusion and disorder the post at the bay was deserted. And there were Putnam's divisions to the south, separated from the main army, caught in a trap if the British threw their men across the island.

Now this was exactly General Howe's plan, but he failed to count Mrs. Murray into his scheme. From the bay he marched west for a half-mile until he came to the Murray house. Set in a wide lawn, with extensive gardens on either side, "Belmont" was considered one of the loveliest spots on the island. Its fair mistress had heard the firing, had seen the disorderly retreat and realized what the Americans needed most of all was time. She would make it for them!

She posted a maid in the cupola of the great square mansion, with orders to report to her by signals how Putnam was progressing. It was a season of extreme drought, and the dense clouds of dust made it easy to follow his march. At the proper time Mrs. Murray sent a negro servant with a cordial invitation to General Howe and his staff to dine with her. This genial Quaker lady was not unknown to the Britishers, for they had met her in England. Here was an opportunity to renew the acquaintance of peaceful days, but duty first, for a general.

"I do thank you, madam," was Howe's courteous reply, "but I must first catch that rascally Yankee, Putnam."

"Did thee not hear he had gone?" was her quick rejoinder. "It is too late to catch him. Pursuit is hopeless. Thee had better come in and dine."

If Putnam was really out of reach there was no need for haste, and the day was sweltering. So across the broad veranda and into the cool attractive house went Howe, with Clinton and Cornwallis and Governor Tryon, and others of his staff. Outside, in the hot September sun, his men rested and prepared and ate their midday meal. Within, Mrs. Murray and her beautiful daughters proved charming hostesses, with a warm welcome for their English guests. The good merchant, who was known to be heartily loyal to the king, was not at home that day, but his rare old Madeira was served with dainty cakes after the dinner.

So witty and delightful was the talk, so keenly did the others enjoy Tryon's raillery of their hostess about her patriot friends and how the ragged Continentals had run that morning, that not one of them noticed the rapid flight of time. And you may be sure that Mistress Murray prolonged their stay, bearing the teasing with rare good humor and making herself thoroughly agreeable, for every moment gained would count.

Meanwhile, half a mile to the west, Putnam was hurrying northward, his march greatly hampered by his cannon, his camp impedimenta, and the refugee women and children. Terribly they suffered from the heat. Alexander Hamilton gallantly led one company. A young major, Aaron Burr, acted as guide, for he knew every foot of the ground; riding back and forth he showed the patriots bypaths and lanes through the thickets, until ahead they saw Washington's tents on the heights of Harlem, and knew they were safe. Through Mrs. Murray's hospitality the British had lost their chance to take four thousand prisoners. Her own wit and her husband's wine had saved the day.

Behind the Harlem entrenchments the patriots were ready for Howe's attack the following morning, and a spirited encounter that was in the buckwheat field. But the British failed to capture the heights and so force Washington off the island. Counted only by the number of men engaged, this was really not a great battle, but it was a great victory for the Americans who had lost heart after their defeat on Long Island and their forced evacuation of New York. It restored their confidence and put new hope into their hearts. It clinched Washington's determination and made possible the brilliant exploits at Trenton and Princeton.

In Revolutionary journals kept by American and British soldiers you will find Howe's delay at the Murray home given as the reason for Putnam's escape. And it was

a common saying among the Americans that the beautiful Quaker lady had saved "Old Put," the wolf-killer, and his four thousand men. For patriotism and courage do not exist only behind a bayonet. One can be heroic in any way that conquers circumstances.

Abraham Lincoln's Mothers

The great mothers of great men and women are few in number, but are widely known. The obscure and comparatively unknown mothers of men and women of genius form a great multitude of flitting shadows whose outlines and properties are not easy to ascertain. Undoubtedly these unknown mothers must have had strong characteristics, or they could not have transmitted great qualities in their children. It is the settled opinion of physiologists that the mother has a far greater influence than the father in the mental and moral qualities of the offspring. It has even been maintained that no great man has ever existed who had not a great mother, whether she was known to fame as great or not.

Whatever the mother is before the child is born that will it be when it enters upon its earthly career, and a more important subject than this cannot be submitted to the contemplation of intelligent people.

Mrs. Lincoln, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, would have been, under other and happier circumstances, a noticeable woman. She was well endowed, and by nature possessed of many excellent qualities. She had a limited outlook on life, but considering her surroundings she was far more intelligent than the majority of those about her, and to her her son was indebted for his rare intuitive faculty and his wonderfully developed sympathetic

nature. Dr. Holland says of her: "She had much in her nature that was truly heroic, and much that shrank from the rude life around her. A great man never drew his infant life from a purer or more womanly bosom than her own."

Three years after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln their only son Abraham was born, on the 12th of February, 1809. Both Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were born in Virginia. The little boy came of good stock, and had his father been an energetic, ambitious man, the family would have been far differently situated. The long, long rainy day of poverty and want was the lot of little Abraham. His mother died of that most terrible enemy of the poor, consumption, and left her desolate little boy alone in his misery when only ten years old. She could read and write—an accomplishment which her husband did not possess—and she taught her little child his letters, and by slow degrees to learn to spell and then to read. It was an absorbing task for him, for the cabin in which they lived afforded him no comforts, and he had no amusements. His mother's attention, denied him too much because of the hard work she performed, was the sweetest boon he coveted, and to lean against her knee or to sit beside her and laboriously wrestle with the sounds of letters and the spelling of words was a priceless treasure to him.

She encouraged and praised him, and pictured the future that he would make for himself when he grew to be a man; and the little child, watching her sad face and

listening to her earnest words, did not know how hard it was for her to make him understand what his mother wished him to be, without telling him in so many words how unlike he must be to his father. She had a morbid fear of her son growing up to idleness and ignorance, and she successfully impressed upon him the necessity of doing some particular task in life, and doing it well.

Had Mrs. Lincoln lived, her child's life would have been different, but as it was, she laid so sure a foundation in his nature that he owed to her, more than to any other human being, his finest traits of character.

She died, after a long illness, in October, 1818, and left her child wretched, not only in feeling but in condition. He was old for his age, and during her prolonged suffering he was her constant attendant, and while her greatest comfort was at the same time her one anxious thought. How to leave him alone in the world was the added anguish of her dying hours. Her great love for him, and his clinging, helpless dependence upon her, his sick mother, made her last days pathetic.

Her child was as forsaken as a motherless boy's fate could be, and he could not look back upon that time, to the latest day of his life, without emotion and humiliation. His greatest pleasure was found in the study of the books which his mother had taught him to read, and he busied himself, when opportunity offered, with practising writing, which he had learned with great difficulty. He

could write with tolerable success before his mother died, and when she had been gone nearly a year he used his knowledge of penmanship to secure a tribute to her memory which had been neglected by others.

The loneliest year of his life had scarcely passed when the boy's father married again, and his mother's place was taken by a kind-hearted woman who brightened the child's existence from the day she set foot into the cheerless cabin of Thomas Lincoln. She took an instant and especial liking to the neglected boy, and won in return his permanent affection.

Mrs. Johnston, Thomas Lincoln's second wife, was a widow, whom he had known when they were both children in Kentucky, and she went with him to his Western home, carrying with her a son and two daughters of her own. She opened her heart to the ragged, little boy, who gladly welcomed her cheerful presence to his comfortless home.

Mrs. Lincoln's fondness for the tender-hearted lonely little boy enabled her to read his character speedily, and she soon discovered that he had much natural ability and a strong desire to learn. As he grew older she said of him that "he read every book he could lay his hand on, and when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it, repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of scrap-

book, in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them."

Lincoln's youth was brightened by her companionship, and when he left home, at the age of twenty-one, to care for himself, the pain he felt was in leaving his stepmother. From the time Lincoln left his father's home, he never returned to his home to stay. Twice only during his father's life did he visit his home, but when his father died he wrote kindly to his stepbrother, who had informed him of the event. He was unable to see his mother at the time because of illness in his own household, but when he was elected President of the United States he went to see her.

Mr. Lamon thus describes this last reunion:

"It was all very pleasant to Mr. Lincoln to see such multitudes of familiar faces smiling upon his wonderful successes. But the chief object of his solicitude was not here; Mrs. Lincoln lived in the southern part of the country, and he was all impatient to see her. As soon, therefore, as he had taken a frugal breakfast with Dennis Hanks, he started off in a 'two-horse buggy' toward Farmington, where his stepmother was living with her daughter, Mrs. Moore. They had much difficulty in crossing the Kickapoo river, which was running full of ice; but they finally made the dangerous passage and arrived at Farmington in safety.

"The meeting between him and the old lady was of a most affectionate and tender character. It was soon arranged that she should return with him to Charleston, so that they might enjoy by the way the unrestricted and uninterrupted intercourse which they both desired above all things, but which they were not likely to have where the people could get at him… The parting between Mr. Lincoln and his mother was very touching. She embraced him with deep emotion, and said she was sure she would never behold him again, for she felt that his enemies would assassinate him. He replied, "No, no, mamma; they will not do that. Trust in the Lord, and all will be well; we will see each other again,"

The fear expressed by his stepmother had been impressed upon her from the time of his election, and it was generally shared in by her family and neighbors. She never saw him again. In her interview with Mr. Herndon, after the assassination, she spoke of him with a voice broken with emotion. "Abe was a poor boy and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand. Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, anything I requested. I never gave him a cross word in all my life… His mind and mine seemed to run together… He was here after he was elected President." (At this point the aged speaker turned away to weep, and then, wiping her eyes with her apron, went on with the story.) "He was dutiful to me always. I think he loved me truly… Abe was the best boy I ever saw,

or expect to see … I did not want Abe to run for President, did not want him elected; was afraid, somehow—felt in my heart; and when he came down to see me, after he was elected President, I still felt that something told me that something would befall Abe, and that I should see him no more." When Mr. Herndon rose to go, her eyes were filled with tears.

Kind to both mothers, and loving the stepmother dearly because he received from her hands the daily comforts of life and the companionship a nature so like his required, he was yet the likeness in spirit and purpose of his own mother. It seems a cruel wrong to deny to Abraham Lincoln's fame the influence of his mother's character upon his own, or to withhold from hers that which is her due—the acknowledgment that his best qualities were inherited from her. Had she no other title to homage as the mother of Lincoln, the one fact that she instilled into him while yet a little child the traits that distinguished him as a man, and endeared him to his kind, should give her rank with the noblest mothers of America.

The Mother of Garfield

1801-1888

Is there any other country in the world where the worthy poor have such an opportunity as ours; where the widowed mother may so surely count upon the ways and means to rear her children, and to see them educated?

Is there any factor so important to success for a man in any field of work as that he should have had a wise mother?

Mrs. Eliza Garfield, alone with her children in her cabin in the wilderness fifty years ago, realized that life was a stern fact to her, and poverty its condition. A widow with four children on a farm encumbered by debt, and with no money to provide the barest necessities of life, she must have possessed a brave heart to reject the advice given her by a neighbor to sell her home and go back to her friends in the East.

The advice was like a stab, but it did her good. She was startled from her hopeless despondency by such words, and looking at her visitor said: "Go away and leave my husband in the wheat-field? Never! I can't do that!" There was a reaction in her feelings after that, and her resolution was formed from that hour. She would stay near the grave of her husband, whose body she had buried so recently, and her children would grow up in sight of the grave.

Her eldest child was a boy of eleven years, and with him she talked, having no one else to confer with,

regarding her plans. She told him of their situation and the advice given her, and the sturdy lad replied in tones of firmness and boyish ambition, "I can plough and plant, mother. I can cut wood and milk the cows. I want to live here, and I will work real hard." The mother felt reassured, and her boy-farmer kept his word.

His was a life of toil, but love sweetened toil in the widow Garfield's home, and her example, coupled with her tender affection for her children, made them ambitious and industrious. She worked hard, and they worked with her. The wheat-field in which she had buried her husband's body was not fenced in, and with her own hands she split rails and built a fence around it. The resolution she exhibited in her effort to keep her children together, the self-denial she practised, and the careful training she gave her sons and daughters, prove her to have been a brave and a strong-minded woman.

Toil as she would, her scanty supply of food was fast becoming exhausted, and she had no money to buy more. Without letting her children know it, she put them upon a daily allowance, and when she found that the corn she had would not last until harvest-time for four, she denied herself a portion and lived upon two and then upon one meal a day. All the time she worked in the field and taxed her strength to its utmost to save her children from want. They never felt it, but she did, and she never lost the deep lines of care that anxiety and hunger brought upon her face in those early days of widowhood. They are the

honorable scars she received in a fierce and noble warfare with want. With the ripening of the grain and the coming of fresh vegetables hunger and starvation stared them in the face no longer. They were abundantly supplied, and the grateful woman rejoiced that the danger was past and her household was saved.

Her eldest son was now a boy of eleven years of age, and his sisters were next him in age. James, the youngest, was three years old, and was the idol of his brothers and sisters. The character of this eldest brother was noble and unselfish. As a child he took upon himself the cares of a man, and he never laid them down until his mother was above want. He hired himself out to do farm-work for a neighbor at twelve dollars a month, and with his first week's wages he bought his little brother the first pair of shoes which the child, then four years of age, ever had. He likewise paid a part of the cost of James's schooling. The eldest sister, to enable this pet brother to go so far to school, carried him on her back, and the wise mother worked for all and provided for them as comfortably as she could.

Mrs. Garfield was a devout member of the Society of Disciples, and she instructed her children systematically in Bible study. The Sabbath day she kept holy, and she invariably read the Bible and explained to her youthful audience what was not apprehended by them. Her Bible teaching took the place of church service, for there was no church near enough for them to attend. On week-days she

read four chapters regularly, and the family circle discussed the histories of Moses, Isaiah, and Paul as they sat at meals or gathered about the evening fire.

She was a pioneer reformer, and her children were zealously taught temperance, love of liberty, and loyalty to their government.

It was the widow Garfield who, from her scanty acres, gave the land to build a school-house, in order that her children and those of her neighbors might have the benefit of schooling all year round. She it was who proposed the erection of the school-house and who urged and encouraged the idea until it was successfully carried out.

Her eldest son left her to accept work in the clearings of Michigan, and the younger brother took his place on the farm; and in addition to his daily work he learned the carpenter's trade sufficiently to earn a dollar a day while yet a boy. The first day's pay he took home to his mother, and poured out the pennies into her lap. He was barefooted, and clad in jean trousers of her manufacture, but in his heart he was the happiest of boys, and mother felt that she was the mother of a Great Heart. The oldest son had set this example to the younger brother, for his six months' earnings for cutting wood in the wilderness he took to his mother and gave her to build a house. Not a thought of themselves had these boys; only for their mother they toiled, and the children were fathers to the men, for in all the years of their lives they considered her

first, themselves last. They loved her because she was worthy of their love, and they made sacrifices for her sake because she had made them freely for their sakes. They worked away from home, and as the years passed on they both went from home to live, but "mother" was the loadstar in all times and places.

She lived to see her two daughters settled in life, her eldest son a highly respected citizen, and her youngest son to pass from college to the church, to the halls of legislation, and to the army. He was spared to return to her after the war, and was sent to Congress. When he was nominated for the Presidency in 1880, Mrs. Garfield came into greater prominence, and her brave life was a familiar story in all parts of the country.

At his inauguration in Washington, Mrs. Garfield was a participator. When the oath of office had been administered, and President Garfield had reverently kissed the Bible, when thousands of eyes rested upon him to see the next act in the drama being enacted, in the presence of the foreign dignitaries and leading men of the country, he turned to his aged mother, who had been unconsciously weeping during the delivery of his address, and kissed her; then he kissed his wife—the two persons of all the world most interested with him in the events they had witnessed. The act, the most unexpected at the moment, called forth cheers from the multitude who witnessed it, and the one incident of the inauguration the most impressed upon all who saw it was the tribute paid

his mother and wife by the President. Wherever soldiers wandered in Washington during that day, wherever the news was flashed over the wires to distant sections of our own country or to foreign lands, was heard this sentence: "The President kissed his mother."

Widow Garfield was welcomed to the White House by the nation. All the incidents of her widowed life in Ohio were told and retold in the newspapers, and "Mother Garfield" was of more interest, if not more importance, than her son.

The world knows true merit when it is before it, and it delights to recognize it. The press of the country hardly had done with their reiterated praise of her, when one morning in July, as she sat at the house of her daughter in Ohio, whither she had gone to spend the summer, word was brought her that her son was shot. When she realized the import of what her daughter was trying to tell her, in the gentlest manner possible, she exclaimed suddenly, "The Lord help me." Then as the telegrams were read her, and she knew all, her only remark was, "How could anybody be so cold-hearted as to want to kill my baby?" Without the slightest traces of excitement in her manner, she waited for the news that was sent to her constantly of the President's condition, and when there was no strength left to meet the news expected, she would retire to her own room and remain secluded until the control she required had been gained by quiet prayer.

And when the President died she did not fail in courage or give up in despair. She went to Cleveland to meet the funeral cortege, and was there joined by her eldest son, who, as in the days of his youth, threw the loving arm of protection around her and tried to soothe her. The funeral ceremonies were the most imposing ever witnessed in this country, and the old mother noted the mourning emblems everywhere present as she rode along the streets to the park where the ceremonies were held.

Mrs. Garfield had not seen the President since she left Washington, a few weeks after the inauguration, when she parted with him in the height of health and happiness. Now she was sitting beside the coffin which held all that remained of him. The thought was too much to bear and she arose and walked to the head of the casket, where she covered her face in her hands and stood bowed in grief. The thousands who observed her wept from sympathy with her.

She went on to live a long life, and one so full of beauty that the word "mother" has increased lustre added to it. But the loss of her son took the joy of living from her. The people forgot him not, nor the aged mother who lived her last days bereft of her son, who, but for the assassin's shot, would in all probability have lived to comfort her last years and receive her dying blessing.

Julia Ward Howe: The Singer of a Nation's Song

1819-1910

We have told the story of our mother's life, possibly at too great length; but she herself told it in eight words.

"Tell me," Maud asked her once, "what is the ideal aim of life?"

She paused a moment, and replied, dwelling thoughtfully on each word:

"To learn, to teach, to serve, to enjoy!"

Life of Julia Ward Howe.

Two little girls were rolling hoops along the street when they suddenly caught them over their little bare arms and drew up close to the railings of a house on the corner.

"There is the wonderful coach and the little girl I told you about, Eliza," whispered Marietta, pushing back the straw bonnet that shaded her face from the sun and pointing with her stick.

It was truly a magnificent yellow coach, pulled by two proud gray horses. Even Cinderella's golden equipage could not have been more splendid. Moreover, the little girl who sat perched upon the bright-blue cushioned seat wore an elegant blue pelisse, that just matched the heavenly color of the lining, and a yellow-satin bonnet that was clearly inspired by the straw-colored outer shell of the

chariot itself. The fair chubby face under the satin halo was turned toward the children, and a pair of clear gray eyes regarded them with eager interest.

"She looked as if she wanted to speak!" said Marietta, breathlessly. "Oh, Eliza, did you ever see any one so beautiful? Just like a doll or a fairy-tale princess!"

"Huh!" cried Eliza, the scornful; "didn't you see that she has red hair? Who ever heard of a doll or a princess with red hair?"

"Maybe a witch or a bad fairy turned her spun-gold locks red for spite," suggested Marietta. "Anyway, I wouldn't mind red hair if I was in her place—so rich and all. Wouldn't it be grand to ride in a fine coach and have everything you want even before you stop to wish for it?"

How astonished Marietta would have been if she could have known that the little lady in the chariot was wishing that she were a little girl with a hoop! For even when she was very small Julia Ward had other trials besides the red hair. Nowadays, people realize that red-gold hair is a true "crowning glory," but it wasn't the style to like it in 1825, at the time this story begins. So little Julia's mother tried her best to tone down the bright color with sobering washes and leaden combs. One day, however, the child heard a visitor say, "Your little girl is very beautiful; her hair is pretty, too, with that lovely complexion."

Eagerly Julia climbed upon a chair and then on the high, old-fashioned dressing-table, so that she could gaze in the mirror to her heart's content. "Is that all?" she cried after a moment, and scrambled down, greatly disappointed.

Eliza and Marietta would have been truly amazed if they had known that the little queen of the splendid coach had very little chance for the good times that a child loves. In these days I really believe that people would pity her and say, "Poor little rich girl!" She was brought up with the greatest strictness. There were many lessons,—French, Latin, music, and dancing,—for she must have an education that would fit her to shine in her high station. When she went out for an airing, it was always in the big coach, "like a little lady." There was never a chance for a hop-skip-and-jump play-hour. Her delicate cambric dresses and kid slippers were only suited to sedate indoor ways, and even when she was taken to the sea-shore for a holiday, her face was covered with a thick green veil to keep her fair skin from all spot and blemish. Dignity and Duty were the guardian geniuses of Julia Ward's childhood.

Her father, Samuel Ward, was a rich New York banker, with a fine American sense of *noblesse oblige*. He believed that a man's wealth and influence spell strict accountability to his country and to God, and he lived according to that belief. He believed that as a banker his most vital concern was not to make himself richer and

richer, but to manage money matters in such a way as to serve his city and the nation as a whole. In those times of financial stress which came to America in the early part of the nineteenth century, his heroic efforts more than once enabled his bank to weather a financial storm and uphold the credit of the State. On one occasion his loyalty and unflagging zeal secured a loan of five million dollars from the Bank of England in the nick of time to avert disaster.

"Julia," cried her brother, who had just come in from Wall Street, "men have been going up and down the office stairs all day long, carrying little wooden kegs of gold on their backs, marked 'Prime, Ward & King' and filled with English gold!"

Mr. Ward, however, did not see the triumphal procession of the kegs; he was prostrated by a severe illness, due, it was said, to his too exacting labors. Years afterward, Mr. Ward's daughter said that her best inheritance from the old firm was the fact that her father had procured this loan which saved the honor of the Empire State.

"From the time I was a tiny child," said Julia Ward, "I had heard stories of my ancestors—colonial governors and officers in the Revolution, among whom were numbered General Nathanael Greene and General Marion, the 'Swamp Fox' whose 'fortress was the good green wood,' whose 'tent the cypress-tree.' When I thought of the brave and honorable men and the fair and

prudent wives and daughters of the line, they seemed to pass before my unworthy self 'terrible as an army with banners'—but there was, too, the trumpet-call of inspiration in the thought that they were truly mine own people."

If a sense of duty and the trumpet-call of her forebears urged little Julia on to application in her early years, she soon learned to love study for its own sake. When, at nine years of age, she began to attend school, she listened to such purpose to the recitations of a class in Italian that she presently handed to the astonished principal a letter correctly written in that language, begging to be admitted to the study of the tongue whose soft musical vowels had charmed her ear. She had not only aptitude, but genuine fondness, for languages, and early tried various experiments in the use of her own. When a child of ten she began to write verse, and thereafter the expression of her thoughts and feelings in poetic form was as natural as breathing.

If you could have seen some of the solemn verses entitled, "All things shall pass," and, "We return no more," written by the child not yet in her teens, you might have said, "What an extraordinary little girl! Has she always been ill, or has she never had a chance for a good time?"

It was certainly true that life seemed a very serious thing to the child. Her eyes were continually turned inward, for they had not been taught to discover and enjoy

the things of interest and delight in the real world. New York was in that interesting stage of its growth that followed upon the opening of the Erie Canal. Not yet a city of foreigners,—the melting-pot of all nations,—the commercial opportunities which better communication with the Great Lakes section gave caused unparalleled prosperity. In 1835 the metropolis had a population of 200,000; but Broadway was still in large part a street of dignified brick residences with bright green blinds and brass knockers, along which little girls could roll their hoops. Canal Street was a popular boulevard, with a canal bordered by trees running through the center and a driveway on either side; and the district neighboring on the Battery and Castle Garden was still a place of wealth and fashion.

It is to be doubted, however, if Julia Ward ever saw anything on her drives to call her out of her day-dreaming self. Nor had she eyes for the marvels of nature. The larkspurs and laburnums in the garden had no language that she could understand. "I grew up," she said, "with the city measure of the universe—my own house, somebody else's, the trees in the park, a strip of blue sky overhead, and a great deal about nature read from the best authors, most of which meant nothing at all. Years later I learned to enjoy the drowsy murmur of green fields in midsummer, the song of birds and the ways of shy wood-flowers, when my own children opened the door into that 'mighty world of eye and ear.'"

When Julia was sixteen, the return of her brother from Germany opened a new door of existence to her. She had just left school and had begun to study in real earnest. So serious was she in her devotion to her self-imposed tasks that she sometimes bade a maid tie her in a chair for a certain period. Thus, in bonds, with a mind set free from all temptation to roam, she wrestled with the difficulties of German grammar and came off victorious. But Brother Sam led her to an appreciation of something besides the poetry of Schiller and Goethe. He had a keen and wholesome enjoyment of the world of people, and in the end succeeded in giving his young sister a taste of natural youthful gaiety.

"Sir," said Samuel, Junior, to his father one evening, "you do not keep in view the importance of the social tie."

"The social what?" asked the amazed Puritan.

"The social tie, sir."

"I make small account of that," rejoined the father, coldly.

"I will die in defense of it!" retorted the son, hotly.

The young man found, however, that it was more agreeable to live for the social tie than to die for it. And Julia, beginning to long for something besides family evenings with books and music varied by an occasional lecture or a visit to the house of an uncle, seemed to herself "like a young damsel of olden times, shut up within an enchanted castle." When she was nineteen she decided

upon a declaration of independence. If she could only muster the courage to meet her affectionate jailer face to face, she thought that the bars of his prejudice against fashionable society must surely fall.

"I am going to give a party—*a party of my very own*," she announced to her brothers; "and you must help me with the list of guests."

Having obtained her father's permission to invite a few friends "to spend the evening," she set about her preparations. This first party of her young life should, she resolved, be correct in every detail. The best caterer in New York was engaged, and a popular group of musicians. She even introduced a splendid cut-glass chandelier to supplement the conservative lighting of the drawing-room. "My first party must be a brilliant success," she said, with a smile and a determined tilt of her chin.

A brilliant company was gathered to do the debutante honor on the occasion of her audacious entrance into society. Mr. Ward showed no surprise, however, when he descended the stairs and appeared upon the festive scene. He greeted the guests courteously and watched the dancing without apparent displeasure. Julia, herself, betrayed no more excitement than seemed natural to the acknowledged belle of the evening, but her heart was beating in a fashion not quite in tune with the music of the fiddles. When the last guest had departed she went, according to custom, to bid her father good night. And

now came the greatest surprise of all! Mr. Ward took the young girl's hand in his. "My daughter," he said with tender gravity, "I was surprised to see that your idea of 'a few friends' differed widely from mine. After this you need not hesitate to consult me freely and frankly about what you want to do." Then, kissing her good night with his usual affection, he dismissed the subject forever.

Julia's brief skirmish for independence proved not a rebellion, but a revolution. Her brother's marriage to Miss Emily Astor introduced an era of gaiety at this time; and when the young girl had once fairly taken her place in society, there was no such thing as going back to the old life. "Jolie Julie," as she was lovingly called in the home-circle, became a reigning favorite. Even rumors of her amazing blue-stocking tendencies could not spoil her success. It was whispered that she was given to quoting German philosophy and French poetry. "I believe she dreams in Italian," vowed one greatly awed damsel.

However that might be, "Jolie Julie" certainly had a place in the dreams of many. Her beauty and charm won all hearts. The bright hair was now an acknowledged glory above the apple-blossom fairness of her youthful bloom. But it was not alone the loveliness of the delicately molded features and the tender brightness of the clear gray eyes that made her a success. Notwithstanding the early neglect of "the social tie," it was soon plain that she had the unfailing tact, the ready wit, and native good humor that are the chief assets of the social leader who is "born to

the purple." Besides, Miss Ward's unusual acquirements could be turned so as to masquerade, in their rosy linings, as accomplishments. Her musical gifts were not reserved for hours of solitary musing, but were freely devoted to the pleasure of her friends; and even the lofty poetic Muse could on occasion indulge in a comic gambol to the great delight of her intimates.

Miss Ward soon tried her wings in other spheres beyond New York. She found a ready welcome in Boston's select inner circle, where she made the acquaintance of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, and other leading figures in the literary world. Charles Sumner, the brilliant statesman and reformer, was an intimate friend of her brother, and through him she met Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who not long after became her husband.

From both Longfellow and Sumner Miss Ward had heard glowing accounts of their friend Howe, who was, they declared, the truest hero that America and the nineteenth century had produced and the best of good comrades. He had earned the name of "Chevalier" among his friends because he was "a true Bayard, without fear and without reproach," and because he had, moreover, been made a Knight of St. George by the King of Greece for distinguished services during the Greek war for independence. For six years he had fought with the patriots, both in the field and as surgeon-in-chief. While in hiding with his wounded among the bare rocks of the

heights, he had sometimes nothing to eat but roasted wasps and mountain snails. When the people were without food, he had returned to America, related far and wide the story of Greece's struggles and dire need, and brought back a shipload of food and clothing. Having relieved the distress of the people, he had helped them to get in touch with normal existence once more by putting them to work. A hospital was built, and a mole to enclose the harbor at Ægina. Then, after seeing the hitherto distracted peasants begin a new life as self-respecting farmers, he had returned to America.

At this time he was doing pioneer work in the education of the blind. As director of the Perkins Institution, in Boston, he was not only laboring to make more efficient this first school for the blind in America, but he was also going about through the country with his pupils to show something of what might be done in the way of practical training, in order to induce the legislatures of the several States to provide similar institutions for those deprived of sight. In particular, Dr. Howe's success in teaching Laura Bridgman, a blind deaf-mute, was the marvel of the civilized world.

One day, when Longfellow and Sumner were calling upon Miss Ward, they suggested driving over to the Perkins Institution. When they arrived the hero of the hour—and the place—was absent. Before they left, however, Mr. Sumner, who had been looking out of the window, suddenly exclaimed, "There is Howe now on his

black horse!" Miss Ward looked with considerable eagerness in her curiosity, and saw, as she afterward said, "a noble rider on a noble steed."

In this way the Chevalier rode into the life of the fair lady. As the knight of the ballad swung the maiden of his choice to the croup of his charger and galloped off with her in the face of her helpless kinsmen, so this serious philanthropist and reformer carried off the lovely society favorite, in spite of the fact that he cared not at all for her gay, care-free world, and was, moreover, twenty years her senior. The following portion of a letter which Miss Ward wrote to her brother Sam shows how completely she was won:

The Chevalier says truly—I am the captive of his bow and spear. His true devotion has won me from the world and from myself. The past is already fading from my sight; already I begin to live with him in the future, which shall be as calmly bright as true love can make it. I am perfectly satisfied to sacrifice to one so noble and earnest the day-dreams of my youth.

Dr. Howe and his bride went to Europe on their wedding-trip—on the same steamer with Horace Mann and his newly made wife, Mary Peabody, the sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne. The teacher of Laura Bridgman was well known in England through Dickens's "American Notes," and people were anxious to do him honor. Dickens not only invited the interesting Americans to

dinner, but he offered to pilot Dr. Howe and his brother reformer, Horace Mann, about darkest London and show them the haunts of misery and crime which no one knew better than the author of "Oliver Twist," "Little Dorrit," and "Bleak House." The following note, written in Dickens's characteristic hand, shows the zest with which the great novelist undertook these expeditions and his boyish love of fun:

My dear Howe,—Drive to-night to St. Giles's Church. Be there at half past 11—and wait. Somebody will put his head into the coach after a Venetian and mysterious fashion, and breathe your name. Follow that man. Trust him to the death.

So no more at present from Ninth June, 1843. The Mask.

It had been the plan to go from England to Berlin; but Dr. Howe, who had once incurred the displeasure of the king of Prussia by giving aid to certain Polish refugees, and had, indeed, been held for five weeks in a German prison, was now excluded from the country as a "dangerous person." This greatly amused Horace Mann, who remarked, "When we consider that His Majesty has 200,000 men constantly under arms, and can in need increase the number to two million, we begin to appreciate the estimation in which he holds your single self." When, some years later, the king sent Dr. Howe a medal in recognition of his work for the blind, the Chevalier declared laughingly: "It is worth just what I was

obliged to pay for board and lodging while in the Berlin prison. His Majesty is magnanimous!"

After traveling through Switzerland, Italy, and France, the Howes stopped for a second visit to England, where they were entertained for a time by the parents of Florence Nightingale. A warm attachment sprang up between them and the earnest young woman of twenty-four.

"I want to ask your advice, Dr. Howe," said Miss Nightingale, one day. "Would it be unsuitable for a young Englishwoman to devote herself to works of charity in hospitals and wherever needed, just as the Catholic sisters do?"

The doctor replied gravely, "My dear Miss Florence, it would be unusual, and in England whatever is unusual is apt to be thought unsuitable; but I say to you, go forward, if you have a vocation for that way of life; act up to your inspiration, and you will find that there is never anything unbecoming or unladylike in doing your duty for the good of others."

After the Howes had returned to Boston and settled down to the work-a-day order in the Institution the young wife's loyalty to the new life was often sorely tried. She loved the sunshine of the bright, gracious world of leisurely, happy people, and she felt herself chilled in this bleak gray place of sober duties. If only she could warm herself at the fire of friendship oftener! But all the pleasant people lived in pleasant places too far from the South

Boston institution for the give and take of easy intercourse. Dr. Howe, moreover, was much of the time so absorbed in the causes of which he was champion-in-chief that few hours were saved for quiet fireside enjoyment.

"I hardly know what I should have done in those days," said Mrs. Howe, "without the companionship of my babies and Miss Catherine Beecher's cook-book. "

The Chevalier loved to invite for a weekly dinner his especial group of intimates—five choice spirits, among whom Longfellow and Sumner were numbered, who styled themselves "The Five of Clubs." These dinners brought many new problems to the young hostess, who now wished that some portion of her girlhood days lavished on Italian and music had been devoted to the more intimate side of menus. However, she was before long able to take pride in her puddings without renouncing poetry; and to keep an eye on the economy of the kitchen and her sense of humor at the same time, as the following extract from a breezy letter to her sister Louisa can testify:

Our house has been enlivened of late by two delightful visits. The first was from the soap-fat merchant, who gave me thirty-four pounds of good soap for my grease. I was quite beside myself with joy, capered about in the most enthusiastic manner, and was going to hug in turn the soap, the grease, and the man, when I reflected that it would not sound well in

history. This morning came the rag man, who takes rags and gives nice tin vessels in exchange....Both of these were clever transactions. Oh, if you had seen me stand by the soap-fat man, and scrutinize his weights and measures, telling him again and again that it was beautiful grease, and that he must allow me a good price for it—truly, I am a mother in Israel.

The hours spent with her wee daughters were happy times. Sometimes she improvised jingles to amuse Baby Flossy (Florence, after Florence Nightingale) and tease the absorbed father-reformer at the same time:

Rero, rero, riddlety rad,
This morning my baby caught sight of her dad,
Quoth she, "Oh, Daddy, where have you been?"
"With Mann and Sumner a-putting down sin!"

Sometimes she sang little bedtime rhymes about lambs and baby birds, sheep and sleep; and, when the small auditors demanded that their particular pets have a part in the song, readily added:

The little donkey in the stable
Sleeps as sound as he is able;
All things now their rest pursue,
You are sleepy too.

As soon as Dr. Howe could find a suitable place near the Institution he moved his little family into a home of their own. On the bright summer day when Mrs. Howe drove under the bower formed by the fine old trees that guarded the house, she exclaimed, "Oh, this is green

peace!" And "Green Peace" their home was called from that day. The children enjoyed here healthful outdoor times and happy indoor frolics—plays given at their dolls' theater, when father and mother worked the puppets to a dialogue of squeaks and grunts; and really-truly plays, such as "The Three Bears" (when Father distinguished himself as the Great Big Huge Bear), "The Rose and the Ring," and "Bluebeard."

In the midst of the joys and cares of such a rich home-life, how was it that the busy mother still found time for study and writing?

For she was always a student, keeping her mind in training as an athlete keeps his muscles; and the need of finding expression in words for her inner life became more insistent as time went on. One of her daughters once said:

"It was a matter of course to us children that 'Papa and Mamma' should play with us, sing to us, tell us stories, bathe our bumps, and accompany us to the dentist; these were the things that papas and mammas did! Looking back now with some realization of all the other things they did, we wonder how they managed it. For one thing, both were rapid workers; for another, both had the power of leading and inspiring others to work; for a third, so far as we can see, neither wasted a moment; for a fourth, neither ever reached a point where there was not some other task ahead, to be begun as soon as might be."

Life with the beloved reformer was often far from easy, but there were never any regrets for the old care-free days. "I shipped as captain's mate for the voyage!" she said on one occasion, with a merry laugh that was like a heartening cheer; and then she added seriously, "I cannot imagine a more useful motto for married life." Always she realized that she owed all that was deepest and most steadfast in herself to this union. "But for the Chevalier, I should have been merely a woman of the world and a literary dabbler!" she said.

A volume of verse, "Passion Flowers," was praised by Longfellow and Whittier and won a wide popularity. A later collection, "Words for the Hour," was, on the whole, better, but not so much read. Still, the woman felt that she had not yet really found herself in her work. She longed to give something that was vital—something that would fill a need and make a difference to people in the real world of action.

The days of the Civil War made every earnest spirit long to be of some service to the nation and to humanity. Dr. Howe and his friend were among the leaders of the Abolitionists at the time when they were a despised "party of cranks and martyrs." It was small wonder that, when the struggle came, Mrs. Howe's soul was fired with the desire to help. There seemed nothing that she could do but scrape lint for the hospitals—which any other woman could do equally well. If only her poetic gift were not such

a slender reed—if she could but command an instrument of trumpet strength to voice the spirit of the hour!

In this mood she had gone to Washington to see a review of the troops. On returning, while her carriage was delayed by the marching regiments, her companions tried to relieve the tensity and tedium of the wait by singing war songs, among others:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave;
His soul is marching on!"

The passing soldiers caught at this with a "Good for you!" and joined in the chorus. "Mrs. Howe," said her minister, James Freeman Clarke, who was one of the company, "why do you not write some really worthy words for that stirring tune?"

"I have often wished to do so," she replied.

Let us tell the story of the writing of the "nation's song" as her daughters have told it in the biography of their mother:

Waking in the gray of the next morning, as she lay waiting for the dawn the word came to her.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"—

She lay perfectly still. Line by line, stanza by stanza, the words came sweeping on with the rhythm of marching feet, pauseless, resistless. She saw the long lines swinging into place before her eyes, heard the voice of the nation speaking through

her lips. She waited till the voice was silent, till the last line was ended; then sprang from bed, and, groping for pen and paper, scrawled in the gray twilight the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

And so the "nation's song" was born. How did it come to pass that the people knew it as their own? When it appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" it called forth little comment; the days gave small chance for the poetry of words. But some poets in the real world of deeds had seen it—the people who were fighting on the nation's battle-fields. And again and again it was sung and chanted as a prayer before battle and a trumpet-call to action. A certain fighting chaplain, who had committed it to memory, sang it one memorable night in Libby Prison, when the joyful tidings of the victory of Gettysburg had penetrated even those gloomy walls. "Like a flame the word flashed through the prison. Men leaped to their feet, shouted, embraced one another in a frenzy of joy and triumph; and Chaplain McCabe, standing in the middle of the room, lifted up his great voice and sang aloud:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!"

Every voice took up the chorus, and Libby Prison rang with the shout of 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!'"

Later, when Chaplain McCabe related to a great audience in Washington the story of that night and ended by singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," as only one who has lived it can sing it, the voice of Abraham Lincoln

was heard above the wild applause, calling, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Sing it again!"

It has been said that what a person does in some great moment of his life—in a moment of fiery trial or of high exaltation—is the result of all the thoughts and deeds of all the slow-changing days. So the habits of a lifetime cry out at last. Is it not true that this "nation's song," which seemed to write itself in a wonderful moment of inspiration, was really the expression of years of brave, faithful living? All the earnestness of the child, all the dreams and warm friendliness of the girl, all the tenderness and loyal devotion of the wife and mother, speak in those words. Nor is it the voice of her life alone. The trumpet-call of her forebears was in those stirring lines. Only a tried and true American, whose people had fought and suffered for freedom's sake, could have written that nation's song.

Julia Ward Howe's long life of ninety-one years was throughout one of service and inspiration. Many people were better and happier because of her life. It was a great moment when, on the occasion of any public gathering, the word went around that Mrs. Howe was present. With one accord those assembled would rise to their feet, and hall or theater would ring with the inspiring lines of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The man who said, "I care not who shall make the laws of the nation, if I may be permitted to make its songs,"

spoke wisely. A true song comes from the heart and goes to the heart. A nation's song is the voice of the heart and life of a whole people. In it the hearts of many beat together as one.

The Story of a Good Woman
Jane Lathrop Stanford

1828-1905

There stands a castle in the heart of Spain,
Builded of stone, as if to stand for aye,
With tile-roof red against the azure sky,
Where skies are bluest, in the heart of Spain.
Castle so stately men build not again;
'Neath its broad arches, in its patio fair,
And through its cloisters, open everywhere,
I wander as I will, in sun or rain.
Its inmost secret unto me is known,
For mine the castle is. Nor mine alone,—
'T is thine, dear heart, to have and hold alway;
'T is all the world's as well as mine and thine;
For whoso enters its broad gate shall say:
"I dwell within this castle: it is mine."

I wish in these pages to tell the story of a noble life, of one of the bravest, wisest, most patient, most courageous and most devout of all the women who have ever lived. I want to give to those of the university to whom its founders are now but a memory some lasting picture of the woman who saved the university which she and her honored husband founded in faith and hope, and who thus made possible all the good to humanity which may abide in its future. I shall try to make my story as impersonal as I can, as though I spoke not for myself but

for all of you men and women of Stanford, those that are and those that are to be. I shall speak with all gratitude towards the many who have helped in the work of saving the great fund involved, for education, learning and research, and with all charity towards those whose interests or whose conscientious conviction ranged them on the other side. If I am successful, you will see more clearly than ever before the lone, sad figure of the mother of the university, strong in her trust in God and in her loyalty to her husband's purposes, happy only in the belief that in carrying out their joint plans for training the youth of California in virtue and usefulness she was acting the part which in God's providence had been assigned to her.

The university called "Leland Stanford Junior" was founded on Love, in a sense which is true of no other. Its corner-stone was love—love of a boy extended to the love of the children of humanity. It was continued through love—the love of a noble woman for her husband; the faith of both in love's ideals—and as an embodiment of the power of love Stanford University stands today.

It is fitting that these statements should not stand as mere words. I wish that in your hearts they may become realities. Not many of you as students or as alumni have seen Mrs. Stanford. The last of the freshmen classes which she knew took its departure in 1909. Still fewer have known Leland Stanford, broad-minded, stout-hearted, shrewd, kindly and full of hope, a man of action ripened into a philosopher. Stanford University has now reached

its twenty-second year. During the first two years of its history it was the hopeful experiment of Leland Stanford. The next seven years its history was recorded in the heart-throbs of his wife. The years that follow with all their vicissitudes have been years of calmness and certainty, for the final outcome is no longer open to question.

It is my purpose in these pages to tell a little of the story of the six dark years, the years from eighteen ninety-three to eighteen ninety-nine, those days in which the future of a university hung by a single thread, but that thread "the greatest thing in the world," the love of a good woman. If for an instant in all these years this good woman had wavered in her purposes, if for a moment she had yielded to fear or even to the pressure of worldly wisdom, this story could not have been told. The story would have been finished before it began. The strain, the agony, was all hers, and hers the final victory. And so any account of these years must take the form of eulogy. "Eulogy," in its old Greek meaning, is "speaking well," and my every word must be a word of praise. It is proper, too, that as the President of Stanford through all these trying years I should speak these words, and even that I should give this history from my own standpoint, because there were few besides myself who knew the facts in those days. Some of these facts we can well afford to forget. For the rest, the facts in issue will appear only as needed for the background, before which we may see the figure of Mrs. Stanford.

I first saw the Governor and Mrs. Stanford at Bloomington, Indiana, in March, 1891. At that time, Mr. Stanford, under the advice of Andrew D. White, late the President of Cornell, asked me to come to California to take charge of the new institution which he was soon to open. He told me the story of their son, of their buried hopes, of their days and nights of sorrow, and of how he had once awakened from a troubled night with these words on his lips: "The children of California shall be my children." He told me the extent of his property and of his purposes in its use. He hoped to build a university of the highest order, one which should give the best of teaching in all its departments, one which should be the center of invention and research, giving to each student the secret of success in life. No cost was to be spared, no pains to be avoided, in bringing this university to the highest possible effectiveness. In all this Mrs. Stanford was most deeply interested, supporting his purposes, guarding his strength, alert at every point and always in the fullest sympathy.

Mr. Stanford explained that thus far only buildings and land, the Palo Alto farm and the great farms at Vina and Gridley, had been given, but that practically the whole of the common estate would go in time to the university, when the founders had passed away. If he should himself survive, the gift would be his and hers jointly, though the final giving would be left to him. If the wife should survive, the property would be hers, and in her hands would lie the final joy of completion. Mr. Stanford gave his reason for

not turning over the property at once: He would not deprive his wife of a controlling part in the future. It was not his wish that she should sit idly by while others should create the university. His wife was his equal partner as well as his closest friend. So long as she lived it was his wish that in the building of the university she should take an equal part. This attitude of chivalry in all this needs this word of explanation, for it shaped the whole future history of the university endowment. It was the source of many of the embarrassments which followed and, perhaps as well, of the final success.

The university was opened on the first day of October, 1891, a clear, bright, golden, California day, typical of California October and full of good omen, as all days in California are likely to be. There were on the opening day 465 students, with only 15 instructors, and the first duty of the president was to telegraph for more teachers, laying tribute on many institutions in the east and in the west.

Two years followed, with their varied adventures which I need not now relate. It was on the twenty-second day of June, 1893, that the university community was startled by the sudden death of Leland Stanford.

It is not my purpose now to praise the founder of the university. Others have done this and his name belongs to the world. One single incident at his funeral is firmly fixed in my memory. The clergyman, Horatio Stebbins, in his stately fashion, told a story of the Greeks doing honor to a

dead hero; then, turning to the pall-bearers, stalwart railway men, he said: "Gentle up your strength a little, for 'tis a man ye bear." A man, in all high senses, in the noblest of words, a man! was Leland Stanford.

After the founder's death the estate fell into the hands of the courts. The will was in probate, the debts of the estate had to be paid, the various ramifications of business had to be disentangled, and meanwhile came on the fierce panic of 1893. All university matters stopped for the summer. Salaries could not be paid until it was found out by the courts by whom, to whom and from whom salaries were due. All incomes from business ceased. The great corporations had no earnings; the common man suffered with them.

After Mr. Stanford's death, Mrs. Stanford kept to her rooms for a week or two. She had much to plan and much to consider. From every point of view of worldly wisdom it was clearly her duty to close the university until the estate was settled and in her hands, its debts paid and the panic over. Her own fortune was the estate itself. Outside of a collection of rare jewels given by her husband she had practically nothing of her own, save the community estate. This could not be hers until the payment of all debts and legacies had been completed. These debts and legacies amounted as a whole to eight millions of dollars. In normal times there was hardly money enough in California to pay this amount; but these were not normal

times and there was no money in California to pay anything to anybody.

After these two weeks, Mrs. Stanford called me to her house to say that the die was cast. She was going ahead with the university. She would turn over to us whatever money she could get. We must come down to bed rock on expenses, but with the help of the Lord and the memory of her husband the university must go ahead and develop its character in the hope of better times ahead.

It was no easy task to do this, as one incident will show. There could be no regularity in the payment of salaries. All salary contracts had to be drawn up with this understanding. If a deficit occurred at the end of the year, the president must make it good. In the eyes of the law the university professors were Mrs. Stanford's personal servants. They had no other status, and the university had as such no separate or official existence. As personal servants it was finally arranged that Mrs. Stanford should receive from the estate a special allowance for their maintenance. This allowance must pay their salaries, while a registration tax of twenty dollars per year on each student had to cover all other expenses. Tuition had been free, and it has remained so except for this incidental fee, since raised to $30 per year. Even these two sources of income were not accessible at first. The two great farms of Palo Alto and Vina, each a principality in itself, run as experiment stations in horse-breeding and in viticulture,

were centers of loss, neither of them up to that time having yielded a dollar of income.

A single incident will make this condition vivid.

At one time in August, 1893, Mrs. Stanford received from Judge Coffey's court the sum of $500, to be paid to her personal servants. It was paid in a bag of twenty-five twenty-dollar gold pieces. Mrs. Stanford called me in and said her servants could wait; there might be some professors in need, and I might divide the money among them. I put the money under my pillow and did not sleep that night. Money was too great a rarity with us then. Next morning, on Sunday, I set out to give ten professors fifty dollars apiece. I found not one who could give change for a twenty-dollar gold piece, and so I divided the sum into ten parts, five of forty dollars and five of sixty dollars. The same afternoon, after I had gone the rounds, $13,000 was brought down from the city for us servants as back pay for our services already given. This sum was distributed. After this Mrs. Stanford sent word that as we had some money now perhaps we could spare her the $500. I drew a check for the sum against a long-vanished bank account, and covered the amount in the morning with the aid of some of my associates.

The incident again will explain why for six years the professors were paid by personal checks of the president and why these checks were not always issued regularly, nor for the full amounts. We were all struggling together

to do the best we could with whatever might come to us. There was no certainty ahead. Most of the property was of such a character that it could not be divided, but must go in blocks of millions if it went at all, and no one had millions at his disposal for investment anywhere. The estate held a one-fourth interest in the Southern Pacific System and of all its many ramifications. Kept together it could maintain itself with its representatives on the directorate, but if any division whatever, it would be easy to "freeze out" the small holder.

I pass by many minor incidents of struggle and economy. The farms had to be abruptly closed, the employees all paid and dismissed, no easy task. Then they had to be forced to yield an income. This required wise management and rigid economy at the same time, but for all this Mrs. Stanford proved adequate. She learned her lessons as she went along and took a wholesome pleasure in the Spartan simplicity of her life. If all else failed, she had still the jewels to fall back upon; and she steadily refused to consider the advice (almost unanimous) of her counsel to close the university or most of its departments until some more favorable time. In 1895 she invited the pioneer class, then graduating, to a reception in her city home, one reason being that it was the last class that could ever graduate. We had nothing to run on, save the precarious servant allowance then fixed at $12,500 per month and liable to be cut to nothing at any day. Our expenses in 1893 had been nearly $18,000 per month. Sometimes we

could sell a few horses from the stock farm, but it was never clear that the stock farm belonged to the university and not to the Stanford estate, and every dollar we secured for use in this way piled up the possibilities of litigation. All these days were brightened by the steady support of her friends and advisers, Samuel F. Leib, Timothy Hopkins, Francis E. Spencer and Russell Wilson, as well as by the sympathy of her faithful secretary, Miss Bertha Berner. Mr. Hopkins furnished the Seaside Laboratory and the Library of Biology and paid unasked many minor expenses, his left hand not taking receipts for what his right hand was doing. No one can tell how much the university owes to these men, who in the darkest days planned to make the future possible. Very much, too, the university owed to the fraternal devotion of Mrs. Stanford's brother, Mr. Charles G. Lathrop, who cared with sympathetic hand for the scanty receipts of these harassed days. The warm sympathy of Thomas Welton Stanford of Melbourne, Leland Stanford's younger brother, came from across the seas. His gift of the Library Building came in time to be most welcome.

At last, adjustment of one kind after another being made, there was a glimpse of daylight, when we were thrust without warning into a still darker night.

The United States government brought suit for fifteen millions for the purpose of tying up everything in the Stanford estate until the debts of the Central Pacific Railway should be paid. It was not claimed that the

university owed anything, or that the Stanford estate owed anything, or that the railway owed anything on which payment was due. As a matter of fact, when the time came the Southern Pacific Company paid in full every dollar it owed the government as soon as it became due, and with full interest. There was never any reason to suppose that it would not do so and never any reason to suppose that it could afford not to pay this debt, for the power to control the line from Ogden to San Francisco, called the Central Pacific, was in itself an enormous asset, worth the value of this debt. Failure to pay this debt would have meant loss of control of the most valuable single factor in any continental railroad system.

The claim of the United States was secured by a second mortgage on the Central Pacific. It was currently supposed that the railway would be sold to satisfy the first mortgage and that it would realize no more than this sum, leaving, as Mr. Huntington cynically expressed it, nothing but "two streaks of rust and the right of way." The government proposed, by a sort of injunction, to hold up the Stanford property to be finally seized, in case the Southern Pacific Railway System should at some future time be found in debt. There was no warrant in law or in good policy for this suit. One United States judge spoke of it as "the crime of the century." It is not easy to work out the motives which inspired it, political or personal, or whatever they may have been. Fortunately, now, it makes

no difference what these motives were, or by whom the act was suggested.

For reasons which I need not discuss, the owners of the three remaining estates (Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Crocker were no longer living) and their successors were unable to give any assistance in the struggle for the endowment of the university. It was necessary for Mrs. Stanford to make the fight alone and at her own cost.

It should be said that none of the present owners or managers of the Southern Pacific were in any way concerned in this matter. The entire ownership and control of the railway company was changed at the end of the century. It is also fair to say that the business man's point of view was wholly adverse to the continuance of university work. It seemed impossible to save the estate and the university together. All receipts of the railroads (there were no profits) were needed to continue its operations, and to spend current receipts in the maintenance of a university seemed to others interested in the stability of the railway system both wasteful and dangerous. A way out was to "stop the circus," to use an expression then for the first time applied to a university. On the other hand, to Mrs. Stanford the estate existed solely for the benefit of the university. To save the estate on these terms was to her like throwing over the passengers to lighten the ship. And as matters turned out, the university, the estate and the railway were all saved alike.

The story of the passing of the great suit is known to all students of the university, as well as to all friends of higher education. It was brought to trial in San Francisco in the United States District Court, and the university side of the question had the strong support of the great jurist, John Garber. The decision of Judge Ross was against the claim of the government. It was appealed and came before Judges Morrow, Gilbert and Hawley, who again found no merit in the government contention. It was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and here our case seemed hopeless. The Supreme Court moves slowly, and our lifeblood was ebbing fast. It takes money to run a university, and our money was almost gone. To delay the matter was to destroy us, and no one but ourselves had any interest in pushing along the decision. Finally Mrs. Stanford went to Washington to appeal to President Cleveland. She told him our story and beseeched him to use his influence for a speedy settlement. Once for all, let us know the future. At last, President Cleveland took her point of view, and through his influence the Stanford case was placed on the calendar of the United States Supreme Court for speedy trial. Joseph Choate, whose name every Stanford man should hold in grateful memory, supplemented the work of John Garber. The case came to trial, and by a unanimous decision, written by Justice Harlan, Stanford University was finally free!

The students celebrated the victory as college boys can. The United States Postoffice on the campus, a

wooden shack long since removed, was painted cardinal red, to its great improvement in appearance. The founder and the president received their ovation. The future of the university was forever assured.

This was the end of the dark days, but not of days trying and difficult. There were still eight millions of dollars to be paid. There was still the uncertainty as to whether Mrs. Stanford could survive to pay it, and the estate must come into her hands before she could give it to the university. She made many attempts to hasten this transfer. At one time, we have the pathetic figure of the good woman going to the Queen's Jubilee in London, going on board the steamer in New York with all her actual possessions, half a million dollars' worth of jewels in a suitcase carried in her hand. She hoped to sell these to advantage, when all the world was gathered in London. But the market was not good, and three-fourths of them she brought back to California again.

And this seems the appropriate place for the story of the jewel fund. It is told in an address made at the foundation of the Library Building, and again and finally in a resolution of the Board of Trustees.

On May 15, 1905, I said:

"There was once a man—a real man, vigorous, wealthy and powerful. He loved his wife greatly, for she, wise, loyal, devoted, was worthy of such love. And because among all the crystals in all the world the diamond is the hardest and

sparkles the brightest, and because the ruby is most charming, and the emerald gentlest the man bought gifts of these all for his wife.

"As the years passed a great sorrow came to them; their only child died in the glory of his youth. In their loneliness there came to these two the longing to help other children, to use their wealth and power to aid the youth of future generations to better and stronger life. They lived in California and they loved California; and because California loved them, as she loves all her children, this man said, 'The children of California shall be my children.' To make this true in very fact he built for them a beautiful 'Castle in Spain,' with cloisters and towers, and 'red tiled roofs against the azure sky'—for 'skies are bluest in the heart of Spain.' This castle, the Castle of Hope, which they called the university, they dedicated to all who might enter its gates, and it became to them the fulfilment of the dream of years—a dream of love and hope, of faith in God and good will toward men.

"In the course of time the man died. The power he bore vanished; his wealth passed to other hands; the work he had begun seemed likely to fail. But the woman rose from her second great sorrow and set herself bravely to the task of completing the work as her husband had planned it. 'The children of California shall be my children'—that thought once spoken could never be unsaid. The doors of the castle once opened could never be closed. To those who helped her in these days she said: 'We may lose the farms, the railways, the

bonds, but still the jewels remain. The university can be kept alive by these till the skies clear and the money which was destined for the future shall come into the future's hands. The university shall be kept open. When there is no other way, there are still the jewels.'

"Because there always remained this last resource, the woman never knew defeat. No one can who strives for no selfish end. 'God's errands never fail,' and her errand was one of good will and mercy. And when the days were darkest, the time came when it seemed the jewels must be sold. Across the sea to the great city this sorrowful, heroic woman journeyed alone with the bag of jewels in her hand, that she might sell them to the money changers that flocked to the Queen's Jubilee. Sad, pathetic mission, fruitless in the end, but full of all promise for the future of the university, founded in faith and hope and love—the trinity, St. Paul says, of things that abide.

"But the jewels were not sold, save only a few of them, and these served a useful purpose in beginning anew the work of building the university. A tiled roof was placed on the library building in place of a temporary imitation of painted iron. Better times came. The money of the estate, freed from litigation, became available for its destined use. The jewels found their way back to California to be held in reserve against another time of need.

"A noble church was erected—one of the noblest in the land, a fitting part of the beautiful dream castle, the

university. It needed to make it perfect the warmth of ornamentation, the glory of the old masters who wrought 'when art was still religion.' To this end the jewels were dedicated. It was an appropriate use, but the need again passed. Other resources were found to adorn the church—to fill its windows with beautiful pictures, to spread upon its walls exquisite mosaics like those of St. Mark, rivaling even the precious stones of Venice.

"In the course of time the woman died also. She had the satisfaction of seeing the buildings of the university completed, the cherished plans of her husband, to which she had devoted anxious years, fully carried out. Death came to her in a foreign land, but in a message written before her departure to be read at the laying of the corner-stone of the great library she made known the final destiny of the jewels. She directed that they should be sold and their value made a permanent endowment of the library of the university.

"And so the jewels have at least come to be the enduring possession of all the university—of all who may tread these fields or enter these corridors. In the memory of the earlier students they stand for the Quadrangle, whose doors they kept open, and for the adornment of the church, which shall be to all generations of students a source of joy and rest, a refining and uplifting influence. To the students who are to come in future days the message of the jewels will be read in the books they study within these walls, and the waves of their influence spreading out shall touch the uttermost parts of the earth.

"They say there is a language of precious stones, but I know that they speak in diverse tongues. Some diamonds tell strange tales, but not these diamonds. In the language of the jewels of Stanford may be read the lessons of faith, of hope and good will. They tell how Stanford was founded in love of the things that abide."

It was in these dark days that I was asked by President Cleveland, through Mr. Charles S. Hamlin, to go to Bering Sea to help settle the fur seal disputes.

Before I started, in 1896, Mrs. Stanford said: "Now that our affairs are looking so much better, do you not think that I might afford to bring back my housekeeper?" Her servants then were her secretary, her Chinese cook and an old man, a servant of other days, who served as butler, without salary.

It was in these days, too, that Mrs. Stanford, going to Washington to settle up the household affairs of the mansion occupied while Mr. Stanford was senator, took four hundred dollars with her, lived in the private car owned by the Governor, attended to the packing of her goods and the rental of her house to a senator from New York, and brought back $340 of the amount, which she turned over to me, to be used for the university. I have given this and other details private and personal, but full of meaning, as showing her devotion to the university and her utter unselfishness in carrying out the plans made by herself and her husband for the welfare of the men and

women of the coming generations of California and of the world. While matters inside the faculty and the details of instruction were left to those supposed to be experts in these lines, for this was her husband's wish, she had always before her his purposes. "What would Mr. Stanford do under these conditions?" was always her first question; and in almost every instance this question led to a wise decision.

To outside suggestions as to this or that, she used to reply: "I will never concern myself with the religion, the politics or the love affairs of any professor in Stanford University." And this resolution she religiously kept.

With the passing of the government suit, conditions looked brighter. The Board of Trustees was organized as a working body. Mrs. Stanford became its first actual president, and this history passes over into the bright days of the dawn of the twentieth century.

Mrs. Stanford then left the university for a trip around the world by way of Australia and Ceylon. This was not that she wanted to see the world, or to be absent from her beloved Palo Alto, but that she wished to give to the Board of Trustees absolute freedom in taking up their great responsibilities. She wished them to handle the accumulated funds on their own initiative, without suggestion from herself.

The rest of the story can be told by others, for it is an open record. The whole may be summed up in these

words of Mrs. Stanford in a letter written to me September 3, 1898:

"Every dollar I can rightfully call mine is sacredly laid on the altar of my love for the university, and thus it ever shall be."

That all this may seem more real, I venture to quote a few paragraphs from personal letters of Mrs. Stanford written in the dark days from 1893 to 1899.

On November 24, 1895, Mrs. Stanford wrote from the university:

"It has been my policy to say as little about my financial affairs to the outside world as possible, but I feel sure that I am doing myself and our blessed work injustice by allowing the impression among all classes to feel certain there is plenty of money at my command, the future is assured, the battle fought and won....I only ask righteous justice. I ask not for myself, but that I may be able to discharge my duty and loyalty to the one who trusted me, and loved me, and loves me still. I am so poor myself that I can not this year give to any charity; not even do I give this festive season to any of my family. I do not tell you this, kind friend, in a complaining way, for when one has pleasant surroundings, all we want to eat and wear, added to this have those in their lives we can count on as friends, it would be sinful to complain. I repeat it only that you, my friend, may know, I ask only justice to the dear ones gone from earth life and the living one left.

"I am willing you should speak plainly to any one who may question as to the university or myself. I have many devoted and true, loyal friends in Washington, and I am sure, did they know I was kept from my rights, they would speak their sentiments openly, and when it was known a public sentiment was in my favor and against their unfairness, it would cause a different course to be pursued toward me… I have kept myself and my affairs in the background. It has been an inspiration from the source from which all good comes, from my Father God—I trust Him to lead me all along the rest of the journey of life. He has led me thus far through the deep waters, and joy will come, for He never deserts the widow, the childless, the orphan. I have His promise 'blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.'"

On December 28, 1895, she said:

"I must confess to a feeling of great pride in our entire body of students, both male and female, and I think we are all in a way under obligations to them for their uniformly good conduct, and a desire, as my dear husband once expressed it, to be ladies and gentlemen."

On July 29, 1895, she wrote:

"I send a precious letter from Mr. Andrew White for you to read. I read it with a heart running over with various emotions. Mr. Stanford esteemed him so highly I could not but feel like asking God to let my loved ones in heaven know the contents of this letter. I prize this letter beyond my ability to express. It lifted my soul from its heaviness. My heart is one

unceasing prayer to the Allwise, All Merciful one, that all will be well for the future of the good work under your care. When the end of our troubles is over, all (these letters) will be placed in your hands for future reading by our students, a story for them when I have passed into peace."

After the decision of Judge Ross (July 6, 1895), she wrote:

"I dare not let my soul rejoice over the future. It must be more sure than it is now. I hope and pray that the final decision will be as sure as the first. It means more to me than you or the world have dreamed. It means an unsullied, untarnished name as a blessed heritage to the university. My husband often used to say: 'A good name is better than riches.' God can not but be touched by my constant pleading, and this first decision by Judge Ross makes me humble that I, so unworthy, should have received the smallest attention."

From Paris, August 30, 1897, she wrote:

"I wish the rest of my responsibilities caused me as little care as does the internal working of the good work. I am only anxious to furnish you the funds to pay the needs required. I could live on bread and water to do this, my part, and would feel that God and my loved ones in the life beyond this smiled on the efforts to ensure the future of my dear husband's work to better humanity."

Again, in 1897, she wrote to her trusted solicitor, Russell Wilson:

"I stand almost alone in this blessed work left to my care…"

On December 14, 1900, she writes:

"I could lay down my life for the university. Not for any pride in its perpetuating the names of our dear son and ourselves, its founders, but for the sincere hope I cherish in its sending forth to the world grand men and women who will aid in developing the best there is to be found in human nature."

These extracts, largely from business letters, will show better than any words of mine her spirit and her faith. These must justify and give life to the words I used on February 28, 1905, the date on which Mrs. Stanford passed away in Honolulu:

"The sudden death of Mrs. Stanford has come as a great shock to all of us. She has been so brave and strong that we hoped for her return well rested, and that her last look on earth might be on her beloved Palo Alto. But it was a joy to her to have been spared so long; to have lived to see the work of her husband's life and hers firmly and fully established.

"Hers has been a life of the most perfect devotion both to her own and her husband's ideals. If in the years we knew her she ever had a selfish feeling, no one ever detected it. All her thoughts were of the university and of the way to make it effective for wisdom and righteousness.

"No one outside of the university can understand the difficulties in her way in the final establishment of the university, and her patient deeds of self-sacrifice can be known

only to those who saw them from day to day. Some day the world may understand a part of this. It will then know her for the wisest, as well as the most generous, friend of learning in our time. It will know her as the most loyal and most devoted of wives. What she did was always the best she could do. Wise, devoted, steadfast, prudent, patient and just—every good word we can use was hers by right. The men and women of the university feel the loss not alone of the most generous of helpers, but of the nearest of friends."

To these words, spoken when the shock of the death of the mother of the university first came to her children, I added later a single thought as to Mrs. Stanford's conception of the future development of the university:

"It should be, above all other things, sound and good, using its forces not for mental development alone, but for physical, moral and spiritual growth and strength. It should make not only scholars, but men and women, alert, fearless, wise, God-fearing, skilled in cooperation and eager to do their part, whatever the struggle into which they may be thrown. To this end she would have the university not large but choice. There should be no more students than could be well taken care of, no more departments than could be placed in master hands, no teachers to whom the students could not look up as to men whose work and life should be an inspiration to them. The buildings should be beautiful, for to see beautiful things in a land of beauty is one of the greatest elements in the refinement of clean men and women. Great libraries and great collections the university should have, but libraries and

collections should be chosen for their fitness in the training of men. And with all the activities of athletics, of scholarly research, of the applications of science to engineering, the spirit of 'self-devotion and of self-restraint,' by which lives have been 'made beautiful and sweet' through all the centuries, should rise above all else, dominating the lower aspirations and activities as the great church towers above the red tiles of the lower buildings. But for all this, the Church should exist for men—for the actual men who enter its actual doors—not men for the Church. For this reason, any special alliance with any of the historic churches of Christendom is forever forbidden.

"We do not yet see all these things. Rome was not built in a day, nor Stanford in a century. But as the old pioneers returning now behold in solid stone the dream-castles of their college days, so shall you, Stanford men and women, find here as you come back to future reunions the university of your dreams, the university of great libraries and noble teachers, the university of the perfect democracy of literature and science, 'of self-devotion and of self-restraint,' the university in which earnest men and women find the best possible preparation for work in life, the university which sends out men who will make the future of the republic worthy of the glories of the past, the university of the plans and hopes of Leland Stanford, the university of the faith and work and prayer of Jane Lathrop Stanford."

"The Princess" of Wellesley

1855-1902

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

Tennyson.

This is the story of a princess of our own time and our own America—a princess who, while little more than a girl herself, was chosen to rule a kingdom of girls. It is a little like the story of Tennyson's "Princess," with her woman's kingdom, and very much like the happy, old-fashioned fairy-tale.

We have come to think it is only in fairy-tales that a golden destiny finds out the true, golden heart, and, even though she masquerades as a goose-girl, discovers the "kingly child" and brings her to a waiting throne. We are tempted to believe that the chance of birth and the gifts of wealth are the things that spell opportunity and success. But this princess was born in a little farm-house, to a daily round of hard work and plain living. That it was also a life of high thinking and rich enjoyment of what each day brought, proved her indeed a "kingly child."

"Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous!" said the sage of Concord. So it was with little Alice Freeman. As she picked wild strawberries on the hills, and climbed the apple-tree to lie for a blissful minute in a nest of swaying blossoms under the blue sky, she was, as she said, "happy all over." The

trappings of royalty can add nothing to one who knows how to be royally happy in gingham.

But Alice was not always following the pasture path to her friendly brook, or running across the fields with the calling wind, or dancing with her shadow in the barn-yard, where even the prosy hens stopped pecking corn for a minute to watch. She had work to do for Mother. When she was only four, she could dry the dishes without dropping one; and when she was six, she could be trusted to keep the three toddlers younger than herself out of mischief.

"My little daughter is learning to be a real little mother," said Mrs. Freeman, as she went about her work of churning and baking without an anxious thought.

It was Sister Alice who pointed out the robin's nest, and found funny turtles and baby toads to play with. She took the little brood with her to hunt eggs in the barn and to see the ducks sail around like a fleet of boats on the pond. When Ella and Fred were wakened by a fearsome noise at night, they crept up close to their little mother, who told them a story about the funny screech-owl in its hollow-tree home.

"It is the ogre of mice and bats, but not of little boys and girls," she said.

"It sounds funny now, Alice," they whispered. "It's all right when we can touch you."

When Alice was seven a change came in the home. The father and mother had some serious talks, and then it was decided that Father should go away for a time, for two years, to study to be a doctor.

"It is hard to be chained to one kind of life when all the time you are sure that you have powers and possibilities that have never had a chance to come out in the open," she heard her father say one evening. "I have always wanted to be a doctor; I can never be more than a half-hearted farmer."

"You must go to Albany now, James," said the dauntless wife. "I can manage the farm until you get through your course at the medical college; and then, when you are doing work into which you can put your whole heart, a better time must come for all of us."

"How can you possibly get along!" he asked in amazement. "How can I leave you for two years to be a farmer, and father and mother, too?"

"There is a little bank here," she said, taking down a jar from a high shelf in the cupboard and jingling its contents merrily. "I have been saving bit by bit for just this sort of thing. And Alice will help me," she added, smiling at the child who had been standing near looking from father to mother in wide-eyed wonder. "You will be the little mother while I take father's place for a time, won't you, Alice?"

"It will be cruelly hard on you all," said the father, soberly. "I cannot make it seem right."

"Think how much good you can do afterward," urged his wife. "The time will go very quickly when we are all thinking of that. It is not hard to endure for a little for the sake of 'a gude time coming'—a better time not only for us, but for many besides. For I know you will be the true sort of doctor, James."

Alice never quite knew how they did manage during those two years, but she was quite sure that work done for the sake of a good to come is all joy.

"I owe much of what I am to my milkmaid days," she said.

She was always sorry for children who do not grow up with the sights and sounds of the country. "One is very near to all the simple, real things of life on a farm," she used to say. "There is a dewy freshness about the early out-of-door experiences, and a warm wholesomeness about tasks that are a part of the common lot. A country child develops, too, a responsibility—a power to do and to contrive—that the city child, who sees everything come ready to hand from a near-by store, cannot possibly gain. However much some of my friends may deplore my own early struggle with poverty and hard work, I can heartily echo George Eliot's boast:

"But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."

When Alice was ten years old, the family moved from the farm to the village of Windsor, where Dr. Freeman entered upon his life as a doctor, and where Alice's real education began. From the time she was four she had, for varying periods, sat on a bench in the district school, but for the most part she had taught herself. At Windsor Academy she had the advantage of a school of more than average efficiency.

"Words do not tell what this old school and place meant to me as a girl," she said years afterward. "Here we gathered abundant Greek, Latin, French, and mathematics; here we were taught truthfulness, to be upright and honorable; here we had our first loves, our first ambitions, our first dreams, and some of our first disappointments. We owe a large debt to Windsor Academy for the solid groundwork of education that it laid."

More important than the excellent curriculum and wholesome associations, however, was the influence of a friendship with one of the teachers, a young Harvard graduate who was supporting himself while preparing for the ministry. He recognized the rare nature and latent powers of the girl of fourteen, and taught her the delights of friendship with Nature and with books, and the joy of a mind trained to see and appreciate. He gave her an understanding of herself, and aroused the ambition, which grew into a fixed resolve, to go to college. But more than all, he taught her the value of personal influence.

"It is people that count," she used to say. "The truth and beauty that are locked up in books and in nature, to which only a few have the key, begin really to live when they are made over into human character. Disembodied ideas may mean little or nothing; it is when they are 'made flesh' that they can speak to our hearts and minds."

As Alice drove about with her father when he went to see his patients and saw how this true "doctor of the old school" was a physician to the mind as well as the body of those who turned to him for help, she came to a further realization of the truth: It is people that count.

"It must be very depressing to have to associate with bodies and their ills all the time," she ventured one day when her father seemed more than usually preoccupied. She never forgot the light that shone in his eyes as he turned and looked at her.

"We can't begin to minister to the body until we understand that spirit is all," he said. "What we are pleased to call *body* is but one expression—and a most marvelous expression—of the hidden life

"that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

It seemed to Alice that this might be a favorable time to broach the subject of college. He looked at her in utter amazement; few girls thought of wanting more than a

secondary education in those days, and there were still fewer opportunities for them.

"Why, daughter," he exclaimed, "a little more Latin and mathematics won't make you a better home-maker! Why should you set your heart on this thing?"

"I must go, Father," she answered steadily. "It is not a sudden notion; I have realized for a long time that I cannot live my life—the life that I feel I have it within me to live—without this training. I want to be a teacher—the best kind of a teacher—just as you wanted to be a doctor."

"But, my dear child," he protested, much troubled, "it will be as much as we can manage to see one of you through college, and that one should be Fred, who will have a family to look out for one of these days."

"If you let me have this chance, Father," said Alice, earnestly, "I'll promise that you will never regret it. I'll help to give Fred his chance, and see that the girls have the thing they want as well."

In the end Alice had her way. It seemed as if the strength of her single-hearted longing had power to compel a reluctant fate. In June, 1872, when but a little over seventeen, she went to Ann Arbor to take the entrance examinations for the University of Michigan, a careful study of catalogues having convinced her that the standard of work was higher there than in any college then open to women.

A disappointment met her at the outset. Her training at Windsor, good as it was, did not prepare her for the university requirements. "Conditions" loomed mountain high, and the examiners recommended that she spend another year in preparation. Her intelligence and character had won the interest of President Angell, however, and he asked that she be granted a six-weeks' trial. His confidence in her was justified; for she not only proved her ability to keep up with her class, but steadily persevered in her double task until all conditions were removed.

The college years were "a glory instead of a grind," in spite of the ever-pressing necessity for strict economy in the use of time and money. Her sense of values—"the ability to see large things large and small things small," which has been called the best measure of education,—showed a wonderful harmony of powers. While the mind was being stored with knowledge and the intellect trained to clear, orderly thinking, there was never a "too-muchness" in this direction that meant a "not-enoughness" in the realm of human relationships. Always she realized that it is people that count, and her supreme test of education as of life was its "consecrated serviceableness." President Angell in writing of her said:

One of her most striking characteristics in college was her warm and demonstrative sympathy with her circle of friends. Her soul seemed bubbling over with joy, which she wished to share with the other girls. While she was therefore in the most

friendly relations with all those girls then in college, she was the radiant center of a considerable group whose tastes were congenial with her own. Without assuming or striving for leadership, she could not but be to a certain degree a leader among these, some of whom have attained positions only less conspicuous for usefulness than her own. Wherever she went, her genial, outgoing spirit seemed to carry with her an atmosphere of cheerfulness and joy.

In the middle of her junior year, news came from her father of a more than usual financial stress, owing to a flood along the Susquehanna, which had swept away his hope of present gain from a promising stretch of woodland. It seemed clear to Alice that the time had come when she must make her way alone. Through the recommendation of President Angell she secured a position as teacher of Latin and Greek in the High School at Ottawa, Illinois, where she taught for five months, receiving enough money to carry her through the remainder of her college course. The omitted junior work was made up partly during the summer vacation and partly in connection with the studies of the senior year. An extract from a letter home will tell how the busy days went:

This is the first day of vacation. I have been so busy this year that it seems good to get a change, even though I do keep right on here at work. For some time I have been giving a young man lessons in Greek every Saturday. I have had two junior speeches already, and there are still more. Several girls

from Flint tried to have me go home with them for the vacation, but I made up my mind to stay and do what I could for myself and the other people here. A young Mr. M. is going to recite to me every day in Virgil; so with teaching and all the rest I sha'n't have time to be homesick, though it will seem rather lonely when the other girls are gone and I don't hear the college bell for two weeks.

Miss Freeman's early teaching showed the vitalizing spirit that marked all of her relations with people.

"She had a way of making you feel 'all dipped in sunshine,'" one of her girls said.

"Everything she taught seemed a part of herself," another explained. "It wasn't just something in a book that she had to teach and you had to learn. She made every page of our history seem a part of present life and interests. We saw and felt the things we talked about."

The fame of this young teacher's influence traveled all the way from Michigan, where she was principal of the Saginaw High School, to Massachusetts. Mr. Henry Durant, the founder of Wellesley, asked her to come to the new college as teacher of mathematics. She declined the call, however, and, a year later, a second and more urgent invitation. Her family had removed to Saginaw, where Dr. Freeman was slowly building up a practice, and it would mean leaving a home that needed her. The one brother was now in the university; Ella was soon to be married; and Stella, the youngest, who was most like Alice in

temperament and tastes, was looking forward hopefully to college.

But at the time when Dr. Freeman was becoming established and the financial outlook began to brighten, the darkest days that the family had ever known were upon them. Stella, the chief joy and hope of them all, fell seriously ill. The "little mother" loved this "starlike girl" as her own child, and looked up to her as one who would reach heights her feet could never climb. When she died it seemed to Alice that she had lost the one chance for a perfectly understanding and inspiring comradeship that life offered. At this time a third call came to Wellesley,—as head of the department of history,—and hoping that a new place with new problems would give her a fresh hold on joy, she accepted.

Into her college work the young woman of twenty-four put all the power and richness of her radiant personality. She found peace and happiness in untiring effort, and her girls found in her the most inspiring teacher they had ever known. She went to the heart of the history she taught, and she went to the hearts of her pupils.

"She seemed to care for each of us—to find each as interesting and worth while as if there were no other person in the world," one of her students said.

Mr. Durant had longed to find just such a person to build on the foundation he had laid. It was in her first year that he pointed her out to one of the trustees.

"Do you see that little dark-eyed girl? She will be the next president of Wellesley," he said.

"Surely she is much too young and inexperienced for such a responsibility," protested the other, looking at him in amazement.

"As for the first, it is a fault we easily outgrow," said Mr. Durant, dryly, "and as for her inexperience—well, I invite you to visit one of her classes."

The next year, on the death of Mr. Durant, she was made acting president of the college, and the year following she inherited the title and honors, as well as the responsibilities and opportunities, of the office. The Princess had come into her kingdom.

The election caused a great stir among the students, particularly the irrepressible seniors. It was wonderful and most inspiring that their splendid Miss Freeman, who was the youngest member of the faculty, should have won this honor. Why, she was only a girl like themselves! The time of strict observances and tiresome regulations of every sort was at an end. Miss Freeman seemed to sense the prevailing mood, and, without waiting for a formal assembly, asked the seniors to meet her in her rooms. In they poured, overflowing chairs, tables, and ranging themselves about on the floor in animated, expectant groups. The new head of the college looked at them quietly for a minute before she began to speak.

"I have sent for you seniors," she said at last seriously, "to ask your advice. You may have heard that I have been called to the position of acting president of your college. I am, of course, too young; and the duties are, as you know, too heavy for the strongest to carry alone. If I must manage alone, there is only one course—to decline. It has, however, occurred to me that my seniors might be willing to help by looking after the order of the college and leaving me free for administration. Shall I accept? Shall we work things out together?"

The hearty response made it clear that the princess was to rule not only by "divine right," but also by the glad "consent of the governed." Perhaps it was her youth and charm and the romance of her brilliant success that won for her the affectionate title of "The Princess"; perhaps it was her undisputed sway in her kingdom of girls. It was said that her radiant, "outgoing spirit" was felt in the atmosphere of the place and in all the graduates. Her spirit became the Wellesley spirit.

"What did she do besides turning all of you into an adoring band of Freeman-followers?" a Wellesley woman was asked.

The reply came without a moment's hesitation: "She had the life-giving power of a true creator, one who can entertain a vision of the ideal, and then work patiently bit by bit to 'carve it in the marble real.' She built the

Wellesley we all know and love, making it practical, constructive, fine, generous, human, spiritual."

For six years the Princess of Wellesley ruled her kingdom wisely. She raised the standard of work, enlisted the interest and support of those in a position to help, added to the buildings and equipment, and won the enthusiastic cooperation of students, faculty, and public. Then, one day, she voluntarily stepped down from her throne, leaving others to go on with the work she had begun. She married Professor George Herbert Palmer of Harvard, and (quite in the manner of the fairy-tale) "lived happily ever after."

"What a disappointment!" some of her friends said. "That a woman of such unusual powers and gifts should deliberately leave a place of large usefulness and influence to shut herself up in the concerns of a single home!"

"There is nothing better than the making of a true home," said Alice Freeman Palmer. "I shall not be shut away from the concerns of others, but more truly a part of them. 'For love is fellow-service,' I believe."

The home near Harvard Yard was soon felt to be the most free and perfect expression of her generous nature. Its happiness made all life seem happier. Shy undergraduates and absorbed students who had withdrawn overmuch within themselves and their pet problems found there a thaw after their "winter of discontent." Wellesley girls—even in those days before

automobiles—did not feel fifteen miles too great a distance to go for a cup of tea and a half-hour by the fire.

Many were surprised that Mrs. Palmer never seemed worn by the unstinted giving of herself to the demands of others on her time and sympathy. The reason was that their interests were her interests. Her spirit was indeed "outgoing"; there was no wall hedging in a certain number of things and people as hers, with the rest of the world outside. As we have seen, people counted with her supremely; and the ideas which moved her were those which she found embodied in the joys and sorrows of human hearts. Mrs. Palmer wrote of her days at this time:

I don't know what will happen if life keeps on growing so much better and brighter each year. How does your cup manage to hold so much? Mine is running over, and I keep getting larger cups; but I can't contain all my blessings and gladness. We are both so well and busy that the days are never half long enough.

Life held, indeed, a full measure of opportunities for service. Wellesley claimed her as a member of its executive committee, and other colleges sought her counsel. When Chicago University was founded, she was induced to serve as its Dean of Women until the opportunities for girls there were wisely established.

She worked energetically raising funds for Radcliffe and her own Wellesley. Throughout the country her wisdom as an educational expert was recognized, and her

advice sought in matters of organization and administration. For several years, as a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, she worked early and late to improve the efficiency and influence of the normal schools. She was a public servant who brought into all her contact with groups and masses of people the simple directness and intimate charm that marked her touch with individuals.

"How is it that you are able to do so much more than other people?" asked a tired, nervous woman, who stopped Mrs. Palmer for a word at the close of one of her lectures.

"Because," she answered, with the sudden gleam of a smile, "I haven't any nerves nor any conscience, and my husband says I haven't any backbone."

It was true that she never worried. She had early learned to live one day at a time, without "looking before and after." And nobody knew better than Mrs. Palmer the renewing power of joy. She could romp with some of her very small friends in the half-hour before an important meeting; go for a long walk or ride along country lanes when a vexing problem confronted her; or spend a quiet evening by the fire reading aloud from one of her favorite poets at the end of a busy day.

For fifteen years Mrs. Palmer lived this life of joyful, untiring service. Then, at the time of her greatest power and usefulness, she died. The news came as a personal loss

to thousands. Just as Wellesley had mourned her removal to Cambridge, so a larger world mourned her earthly passing. But her friends soon found that it was impossible to grieve or to feel for a moment that she was dead. The echoes of her life were living echoes in the world of those who knew her.

There are many memorials speaking in different places of her work. In the chapel at Wellesley, where it seems to gather at every hour a golden glory of light, is the lovely transparent marble by Daniel Chester French, eternally bearing witness to the meaning of her influence with her girls. In the tower at Chicago the chimes "make music, joyfully to recall" her labors there. But more lasting than marble or bronze is the living memorial in the hearts and minds "made better by her presence." For it is, indeed, people that count, and in the richer lives of many the enkindling spirit of Alice Freeman Palmer still lives.

The Heroine of Radium: Marie Sklodowska Curie

1867-1934

One truth discovered is immortal and entitles its author to be so; for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed.

Hazlitt.

You would hardly think that a big, bare room, with rows of battered benches and shelves and tables littered with all sorts of queer-looking jars and bottles, could be a hiding-place for fairies. Yet Marie's father, who was one of the wise men of Warsaw, said they were always to be found there.

"Yes, little daughter," he said, "the fairies you may chance to meet with in the woods, peeping from behind trees and sleeping in flowers, are a tricksy, uncertain sort. The real fairies, who do things, are to be found in my dusty laboratory. They are the true wonder-workers, and there you may really catch them at work and learn some of their secrets."

"But, Father, wouldn't the fairies like it better if it wasn't quite so dusty there?" asked the child.

"No doubt of it," replied the professor.

"We need one fairy more to put us to rights."

At a time when most little girls are playing with dolls, Marie was playing "fairy" in the big classroom, dusting the

tables and shelves, and washing the glass tubes and other things that her father used as he talked to his students. "I think we might see the fairies better if I make all these glasses clear and shiny," said Marie.

"Can I trust your little fingers not to let things fall?" asked her father. "Remember, my funny glasses are precious. It might cost us a dinner if you should let one slip."

The professor soon found that his little daughter never let anything slip—either the things he used or the things he said. "Such a wise little fairy and such a busy one!" he would say. "I don't know how we could do our work without her."

If Professor Ladislaus Sklodowski had not loved his laboratory teaching above all else, he would have known that he was overworked. As it was, he counted himself fortunate in being able to serve Truth and to enlist others in her service. For the professor's zeal was of the kind that kindles enthusiasm. If you had seen the faces of those Polish students as they hung on his words and watched breathlessly the result of an experiment, you would have known that they, too, believed in the wonder-working fairies.

It seems as if the Polish people have a greater love and understanding of the unseen powers of the world than is given to many other nations. If you read the story of Poland's tragic struggles against foes within and without

until, finally, the stronger surrounding countries—Germany, Austria, and Russia—divided her territory as spoil among themselves and she ceased to exist as a distinct nation, you will understand why her children have sought refuge in the things of the spirit. They have in a wonderful degree the courage that rises above the most unfriendly circumstances and says:

One day with life and heart
Is more than time enough to find a world.

Some of them, like Chopin and Paderewski, have found a new world in music; others have found it in poetry and romance; and still others in science. The child who dreamed of fairies in her father's classroom was to discover the greatest marvel of modern science—a discovery that opened up a new world to the masters of physics and chemistry of our day.

Marie's mother, who had herself been a teacher, died when the child was very small; and so it happened that the busy father had to take sole care of her and make the laboratory do duty as nursery and playroom. It was not strange that the bright, thoughtful little girl learned to love the things that were so dear to her father's heart. Would he not rather buy things for his work than have meat for dinner? Did he not wear the same shabby kaftan (the full Russian top-coat that looks like a dressing-gown) year after year in order that he might have material for important experiments? Truth was, indeed, more than

meat and the love of learning more than raiment in that home, and the little daughter drank in his enthusiasm with the queer laboratory smells which were her native air and the breath of life to her.

The time came when the child had to leave this nursery to enter school, but always, when the day's session was over, she went directly to that other school where she listened fascinated to all her father taught about the wonders of the inner world of atoms and the mysterious forces that make the visible world in which we live. She still believed in fairies,—oh, yes!—but now she knew their names. There were the rainbow fairies—light-waves, that make all the colors we see,—and many more our eyes are not able to discover, but which we can capture by interesting experiments. There were sound-waves, too, and the marvelous forces we call electricity, magnetism, and gravitation. When she was nine years old, it was second nature to care for her father's batteries, beakers, and retorts, and to help prepare the apparatus that was to be used in the demonstrations of the coming day. The students marveled at the child's skill and knowledge, and called her with admiring affection "professorowna," (daughter-professor).

There was a world besides the wonderland of the laboratory, of which Marie was soon aware. This was the world of fear, where the powers of Russia ruled. In 1861 the Poles had made a vain attempt to win their

independence, and when Marie was a little girl (she was born in 1867), the authorities tried to stamp out any further sparks of possible rebellion by adopting unusually harsh measures. It was a crime to speak the Polish language in the schools and to talk of the old, happy days when Poland was a nation. If any one was even suspected of looking forward to a better time when the people would not be persecuted by the police or forced to bribe unprincipled officials for a chance to conduct their business without interference, he was carried off to the cruel, yellow-walled prison near the citadel, and perhaps sent to a life of exile in Siberia. Since knowledge means independent thought and capacity for leadership, the high schools and universities were particularly under suspicion. Years afterward, when Marie spoke of this reign of terror, her eyes flashed and her lips were set in a thin white line. Time did not make the memory less vivid.

"Every corridor of my father's school had finger-posts pointing to Siberia!" she declared dramatically.

When Marie was sixteen, she graduated from the "gymnasium" for girls, receiving a gold medal for excellence in mathematics and sciences. In Russia, as in Germany, the gymnasium corresponds to our high school, but also covers some of the work of the first two years of college. The name gymnasium signifies a place where the mind is exercised and made strong in preparation for the work of the universities.

The position as governess to the daughters of a Russian nobleman was offered to the brilliant girl with the sweet, serious eyes and gentle voice. As it meant independence and a chance to travel and learn the ways of the world, Marie agreed to undertake the work.

Now, for the first time in her life, the young Polish girl knew work that was not a labor of love. Her pupils cared nothing for the things that meant everything to her. How they loved luxury and show and gay chatter! How indifferent they were to truth that would make the world wiser and happier.

"How strangely you look, Mademoiselle Marie," said the little Countess Olga one day, in the midst of her French lesson. "Your eyes seem to see things far away."

Marie was truly looking past her pupils, past the rich apartment, beyond Russia, into the great world of opportunity for all earnest workers. She had overheard something about another plot among the students of Warsaw, and knew that some of her father's pupils had been put under arrest.

"Suppose they should try to make me testify against my friends," said the girl to herself. "I must leave Russia at once. My savings will surely take me to Paris, and there I may get a place as helper in one of the big laboratories, where I can learn as I work."

The eyes that had been dark with fear an instant before became bright with hope. Eagerly she planned a disguise and a way to slip off the very next night while the household was in the midst of the excitement of a masquerade ball.

Everything went well, and in due time she found her trembling self and her slender possessions safely stowed away on a train that was moving rapidly toward the frontier and freedom. No one gave a second thought to the little elderly woman with gray hair and spectacles who sat staring out of the window of her compartment at the fields and trees rushing by in the darkness and the starry heavens that the train seemed to carry with it. Her plain, black dress and veil seemed those of a self-respecting, upper-class servant, who was perhaps going to the bedside of a dying son.

"I feel almost as old as I look," Marie was saying to herself. "But how can a girl who is all alone in the world, with no one to know what happens to her, help feeling old? Down in my heart, though, I know that life is just beginning. There is something waiting for me beyond the blackness—something that needs just little me."

It was a wonderful relief when the solitary journey was over and the elderly disguise laid aside. "Shall I ever feel really young again?" said the girl, who was not quite twenty-four. But not for a moment did she doubt that

there was work waiting for her in the big, unexplored world.

During those early days in Paris, Marie often had reason to be grateful for the plain living of her childhood that had made her independent of creature comforts. Now she knew actual want in her cold garret, furnished only with a cot and chair, like a hermit's cell. She lived, too, on hermit's fare—black bread and milk. But even when it was so cold that the milk was frozen,—cold comfort, indeed!—the fire of her enthusiasm knew no chill. Day after day she walked from laboratory to laboratory begging to be given a chance as assistant, but always with the same result. It was man's work; why did she not look for a place in a milliner's shop?

One day she renewed her appeal to Professor Lippman in the Sorbonne research laboratories. Something in the still, pale face and deepset, earnest eyes caught the attention of the busy man. Perhaps this strange, determined girl was starving! And besides, the crucibles and test-tubes were truly in sad need of attention. Grudgingly he bade her clean the various accessories and care for the furnace. Her deftness and skill in handling the materials, and a practical suggestion that proved of value in an important experiment, attracted the favorable notice of the professor. He realized that the slight girl with the foreign look and accent, whom he had taken in out of an

impulse of pity, was likely to become one of his most valuable helpers.

A new day dawned for the ambitious young woman. While supporting herself by her laboratory work, she completed in two years the university course for a degree in mathematics, and, two years later, she won a second degree in physics and chemistry. In the meantime her enthusiasm for science and her undaunted courage in the face of difficulties and discouragements attracted the admiration of a fellow-worker, Pierre Curie, one of the most promising of the younger professors.

"I love you, and we both love the same things," he said one day. "Would it not be happier to live and work together than alone?"

And so began that wonderful partnership of two great scientists, whose hard work and heroic struggle, crowned at last by brilliant success, has been an inspiration to earnest workers the world over.

Madame Curie set up a little laboratory in their apartment, and toiled over her experiments at all hours. Her baby daughter was often bathed and dressed in this workroom among the test-tubes and the interesting fumes of advanced research.

"Irene is as happy in the atmosphere of science as her mother was," said Madame Curie to one of her husband's brother-professors who seemed surprised to find a crowing infant in a laboratory. "And if I could afford the

best possible nurse, she could not take my place! For my baby and I know the joy of living and growing together with those we love."

What was the problem that the mother was working over even while she sewed for her little girl, or rocked her to sleep to the gentle crooning of an old Polish folk-song whose melody Chopin has wrought into one of his tenderest nocturnes?

The child who used to delight in experiments with light-waves in her father's laboratory, was interested in the strange glow which Prof. Becquerel had found that the substance known as uranium gave off spontaneously. Like the X-rays, this light passes through wood and other bodies opaque to sunlight. Madame Curie became deeply interested in the problem of the nature of the Becquerel rays and their wonderful properties, such as that of making the air a conductor for electricity. One day she discovered that pitchblende, the black mineral from which uranium is extracted, was more *radioactive* (that is, it gave off more powerful rays) than the isolated substance itself, and she came to the conclusion that there was some other element in the ore which, could it be extracted, would prove more valuable than uranium.

With infinite patience and the skill of highly trained specialists in both physics and chemistry, Madame Curie and her husband worked to obtain this unknown substance. At times Pierre Curie all but lost heart at the

seemingly insurmountable obstacles in the way. "It cannot be done!" he exclaimed one day, with a groan. "Truly, 'Nature has buried Truth deep in the bottom of the sea.'"

"But man can dive, *cher ami*," said his wife, with a heartening smile. "Think of the joy when one comes up at last with the pearl—the pearl of truth!"

At last their toil was rewarded, and two new elements were separated from pitchblende—polonium, so named by Madame Curie in honor of her native Poland, and radium, the most marvelous of all radioactive substances. A tiny pinch of radium, which is a grayish white powder not unlike coarse salt in appearance, gives out a strange glow something like that of fireflies, but bright enough to read by. Moreover, light and heat are radiated by this magic element with no apparent waste of its own amount or energy. Radium can also make some other substances, diamonds for instance, shine with a light like its own, and it makes the air a conductor of electricity. Its weird glow passes through bone almost as readily as through tissue-paper or through flesh, and it even penetrates an inch-thick iron plate.

The Curies now woke to find not only Paris but the world ringing with the fame of their discovery. The modest workers wanted nothing, however, but the chance to go on with their research. You know how Tennyson makes the aged Ulysses look forward even at the end of his life to one more last voyage. The type of the

unconquerable human soul that ever presses on to fresh achievement, he says:

All experience is an arch where-thro'
Gleams that untravel'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.

So it was with Pierre Curie and his wife. Their famous accomplishment opened a new world of interesting possibilities, a world which they longed above all things to explore.

Their one trouble was the difficulty of procuring enough of the precious element they had discovered to go on with their experiments. Because radium is not only rare, but also exceedingly hard to extract from the ore, it is a hundred times more precious than pure gold. It is said that five tons of pitchblende were treated before a trifling pinch of the magic powder was secured. It would take over two thousand tons of the mineral to produce a pound of radium. Moreover, it was not easy to secure the ore, as practically all the known mines were in Austria, and those in control wanted to profit as much as possible by this chance.

"It does seem as if people might not stand in the way of our obtaining the necessary material to go on with our work," lamented Pierre Curie. "What we discover belongs to the world—to any one who can use it."

"We have passed other lions in the way. This, too, we shall pass," said Madame Curie, quietly.

They lived in a tiny house in an obscure suburb of Paris, giving all that they possessed—the modest income gained from teaching and lecturing, their share of the Nobel prize of $40,000, which, in 1903, was divided between them and Professor Becquerel, together with all their time and all their skill and knowledge, to their work.

For recreation they went for walks in the country with little Irene, often stopping for dinner at quaint inns among the trees. On one such evening, when Dr. Curie had just declined the decoration of the Legion of Honor, because it had "no bearing on his work," his small daughter climbed on his knee and slipped a red geranium into his buttonhole, saying, with comical solemnity: "You are now decorated with the Legion of Honor. Pray, Monsieur, what do you intend to do about it?"

"I like this emblem much better than a glittering star on a bit of red ribbon, and I love the hand that put it there," replied the father, his face lighting up with one of his rare smiles. "In this case I make no objection."

Other honors, which meant increased opportunity for work, were quietly accepted. Pierre Curie was elected to the French Academy—the greatest honor his country can bestow on her men of genius and achievement. Madame Curie received the degree of Doctor of Physical Science,

and—a distinction shared with no other woman—the position of special lecturer at the Sorbonne, in Paris.

One day in 1906, when Dr. Curie, his mind intent on an absorbing problem, was absent-mindedly hurrying across a wet street, he slipped and fell under a passing truck and was instantly killed. When they attempted to break the news to Madame Curie by telling her that her husband had been hurt in an accident, she looked past them with a white, set face, and repeated over and over to herself, as if trying to get her bearings in the new existence that stretched blackly before her, "Pierre is dead; Pierre is dead."

Now, as on that night when she was leaving Russia for an unknown world, she saw a gleam in the blackness—there was work to be done! There was something waiting in the shadowy future for her, something that she alone could do. As on that other night, she found her lips shaping the words: "The big world has need of little me. But oh, it will be hard now to work alone!" Then her eyes fell on her two little girls (Irene was now eight years old and baby Eve was three), who were standing quietly near with big, wondering eyes fixed on their mother's strange face.

"Forgive me, darlings!" she cried, gathering her children into her arms. "We must try hard to go on with the work Father loved. *Together* is a magic word for us still, little daughters!"

Everybody wondered at the courage and quiet power with which Madame Curie went out to meet her new life. She succeeded to her husband's professorship, and carried on his special lines of investigation as well as her own. The value of her work to science and to humanity may be indicated by the fact that in 1911 the Nobel prize was again awarded to her—the only time it has ever been given more than once to the same person.

At home, she tried to be father as well as mother. She took the children for walks in the evening, and while she sewed on their dresses and knitted them mittens and mufflers, she told them stories of the wonderland of science.

"Why do you take time to write down everything you do?" asked Eve one day, as she looked over her mother's shoulder at the neat note-book in which the world-famous scientist was summing up the work of the day.

"Why does a seaman keep a log, dearie?" the mother questioned with a smile. "A laboratory is just like a ship, and I want things shipshape. Every day with me is like a voyage—a voyage of discovery."

"But why do you put question marks everywhere, Mother?" persisted the child.

It was true that the pages fairly bristled with interrogation points. Madame Curie laughed as if she had never noticed this before. "It is good to have an inquiring mind, child," she said. "I am like my children; I love to ask

questions. And when one gets an answer,—when you really discover something,—it only leads to more questions; and so we go on from one thing to another."

When Madame Curie was asked on one occasion to what she attributed her success, she replied, without hesitation: "To my excellent training: first, under my father, who taught me to wonder and to test; second, under my husband, who understood and encouraged me; and third, under my children, who question me!"

It is the day of one of Madame Curie's lectures. The dignified halls of the university are a-flutter with many visitors from the world of wealth and fashion. There, too, are distinguished scientists from abroad, among whom are Lord Kelvin, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Ramsay. The President of France and his wife enter with royal guests, Don Carlos and Queen Amelie of Portugal, and the Shah of Persia. The plodding students and the sober men of learning, ranged about the hall, blink at the brilliant company like owls suddenly brought into the sunlight.

At a given moment the hum of conversation dies away and the assemblage rises to its feet as a little black-robed figure steps in and stands before them on the platform. There is an instant's stillness,—a hush of indrawn breath you can almost hear,—and then the audience gives expression to its enthusiasm in a sudden roar of applause.

The little woman lifts up her hand pleadingly. All is still again and she begins to speak.

She is slight, almost pathetically frail, this queen of science. You feel as if all her life had gone into her work. Her face is pale, and her hair is only a shadow above her serious brow. But the deep-set eyes glow, and the quiet voice somehow holds the attention of those least concerned with the problems of advanced physics.

Rank and wealth mean nothing to this little black-robed professor. It is said that when she was requested by the president to give a special demonstration of radium and its marvels before the Shah of Persia, she amazed his Serene Highness by showing much more concern for her tiny tube of white powder than for his distinguished favor. When the royal guest, who had never felt any particular need of exercising self-control, saw the uncanny light that was able to pass through plates of iron, he gave a startled exclamation and made a sudden movement that tipped over the scientist's material. Now it was the Lady Professor's turn to be alarmed. To pacify her, the Shah held out a costly ring from his royal finger, but this extraordinary woman with the pale face paid not the slightest attention; she could not be bribed to forget the peril of her precious radium. It is to be doubted if the eastern potentate had ever before been treated with such scant ceremony.

In 1911, Madame Curie's name was proposed for election to the Academy of Sciences. While it was admitted that her rivals for the vacancy were below her in merit, she failed of being elected by two votes. There was a general protest, since it was felt that service of the first order had gone unrecognized merely because the candidate happened to be a woman. It was stated, however, that Madame Curie was not rejected for this reason, but because it was thought wise to appoint to that vacancy Professor Branly, who had given Marconi valuable aid in his invention of wireless telegraphy, and who, since he was then an old man, would probably not have another chance for the honor. As Madame Curie, on the other hand, was only forty-three, she could well wait for another vacancy. Since the outbreak of the present war the world has heard nothing new of the work of the Heroine of Radium. We do not doubt, however, that like all the women of France and all her men of science, she is giving her strength and knowledge to the utmost in the service of her adopted country. But we know, also, that just as surely she is seeing the pure light of truth shining through the blackness, and that she is "following the gleam." When the clouds of war shall have cleared away, we may see that her labors now, as in the past, have not only been of service to her country, but also to humanity. For Truth knows no boundaries of nation or race, and he who serves Truth serves all men.

A Mother's Faith Through the Eyes of a Child

My father was in the army during the whole eight years of the Revolutionary War, at first as a common soldier, afterwards as an officer. My mother had the sole charge of us four little ones.

Our house was a poor one, and far from neighbors. I have a keen remembrance of the terrible cold of some of those winters. The snow lay so deep and long, that it was difficult to cut or draw fuel from the woods, or to get our corn to the mill, when we had any.

My mother was the possessor of a coffee mill. In that she ground wheat, and made coarse bread, which we ate, and were thankful. It was not always we could be allowed as much, even of this, as our keen appetites craved.

Many is the time that we have gone to bed, with only a drink of water for our supper, in which a little molasses had been mingled. We patiently received it, for we knew our mother did as well for us as she could; and we hoped to have something better in the morning.

She was never heard to repine; and young as we were, we tried to make her loving spirit and heavenly trust, our example.

When my father was permitted to come home, his stay was short, and he had not much to leave us, for the pay of

those who achieved our liberties was slight, and irregularly given. Yet when he went, my mother ever bade him farewell with a cheerful face, and told him not to be anxious about his children, for she would watch over them night and day, and God would take care of the families of those who went forth to defend the righteous cause of their country.

Sometimes we wondered that she did not mention the cold weather, or our short meals, or her hard work, that we little ones might be clothed, and fed, and taught. But she would not weaken his hands, or sadden his heart, for she said a soldier's life was harder than all.

We saw that she never complained, but always kept in her heart a sweet hope, like a well of water. Every night ere we slept, and every morning when we arose, we lifted our little hands for God's blessing on our absent father, and our endangered country.

How deeply the prayers from such solitary homes and faithful hearts were mingled with the infant liberties of our dear native land, we may not know until we enter where we see no more 'through a glass darkly, but face to face.'