

Ellen Hall 's copy

MY MEMORIES

by

Annie Rhea Wilson

1861-1952

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Robert Dick Wilson

ATTAR OF ROSES

A little flask two inches high  
Holds precious scent today;  
Hundreds of roses in it lie  
Once blooming far away,  
Their leaves were gathered, roses red,  
In the garden where they grew  
And none so beautiful, 'tis said,  
Fresh in the morning dew.  
Their fate, it seemed, was but to die  
Distilled as perfume sweet.  
My memories are like this flask  
Gathered through all the years,  
And one by one it was my task  
To keep their smiles and tears.  
Sunshine of joy, pain's fiery heat  
Distilled them more and more,  
Even the bitter turned to sweet-  
A priceless treasure - store.  
I pour this perfume on your hands,  
Persian similitude,  
A little token of my thanks,  
My love and gratitude.

Annie Rhea Wilson

(Sent, in acknowledgment, to those who remembered  
her 80th birthday).

## CHAPTER I

### CHILDHOOD

Since I will be ninety years old this year, I am trying to gather some memories of my life for my grandchildren. I was born in Seir, a little village of Iran, near the city of Urumia where my father and mother were missionaries of the American Board. On a trip to Tabriz my father died of Cholera. I was only four years old, too young to realize my loss, but I have two vivid memories of him. I remember falling down the stone steps to the basement, reaching the bottom limp and bruised. A door opens above and my father leaps to gather me into his arms. Another memory is of his holding me on his lap and singing to me a little song he had made for me, "All about Jesus." He wanted to fill my heart with love of Him at the very beginning.

Mother could not return to America, till there were others going, so she began teaching in the Girls' School, Fiske Seminary, and Miss Rice came to live with us in our house adjoining the school and became our beloved Aunt Susan. She always had a little treat of candy for us Sundays. There were three of us children, Annie, Foster and Sophie Perkins, born eight months after my father's death, named for Mother's sister and Dr. Perkins, Founder of the Mission, who let us call him Grandpa. Four years passed uneventfully, but one incident I can never forget. We had been shut in all winter, so when the first warm Spring day came, Mother planned to take us for a drive. The horses were frisky after months of standing in the stable, but our trusty Daniel was equal to managing them. He and Foster sat on the front seat, Mother, Sophie and I on the back seat. After some time Foster grew sleepy and Daniel, in arranging him comfortably to take a nap let the reins fall. The horses, sensing their freedom, started to run. Daniel jumped out to catch them, and, when they slowed down at a dangerous fork in the road, Mother too got out to shoo them on the safe side. We three children were alone in the swaying carriage and began to pray hard that God would send an angel to stop the horses. Suddenly they stopped and we looked out expecting to see the angel with white wings. There was only a peasant, who had seen the runaway team and run out into the middle of the road and caught the horses. Mother came running up and poured all the money she had into the man's hands and Daniel added his praise and thanks. We were saved, but disappointed by this prosaic figure instead of the angel. The horses were tired by their run and the drive, that might have been fatal, ended happily.

We were bound for Seir where summer houses gave us a cool resort in the hot season. Years after, when I saw the place, I was surprised to find it had shrunk from the castle of my imagination to a row of adobe rooms of one story. Another child who grew up to be our famous Dr. Cochran, told me he had the same disillusion. While Station Meeting was held by our elders, we children enjoyed the freedom of roaming over the mountainside pretending we were Pilgrims with burdens on our backs climbing Hill Difficulty and watching for an attack by Appolyon. There were more boys than girls, so Emma Cochran and I took turns keeping house for the Cochran, Shedd, Coan, and the Labaree boys. A break came in that little group when Thedie Cochran and Sophie had typhoid fever at the same time and their lives hung in a balance. One was taken, the other left. My little sister survived. Time passed uneventfully except for such excitement as Sophie falling into the water-course that ran through the yard and being hauled out by her heels, and Fred Coan breaking his leg running backwards off the roof, flying his kite.

In 1869, a party was returning to America, so Mother took the chance of going. I remember our last visit to the little cemetery at Seir, little thinking that thirty years later Mother and I would revisit it.

There were seven in the party - Dr. Perkins an old man in feeble health, Miss Rice, after twenty years of continuous service as principal of Fiske Seminary, Miss Mary Cochran, our mother, and we three children. It took six weeks to reach the Black Sea by horse. Miss Cochran had injured her back by a fall from a horse and had to travel by takhterawan, (a palanquin on two poles with a horse in front and one behind, and a man walking beside it.) I rode in it with her. I had a daily stint in the Shorter Catechism to learn. Sophie and Foster rode in two deep baskets with a little seat, hung over a horse, on which a man sat. We had our personal servants and the chavadars, who drove the baggage animals, carrying tents, camping equipment, and boxes of clothing. Every night the tents were set up near a village where we could get supplies, milk, eggs, bread, chickens, and fodder for the animals. At three a.m. the camp would awake with a furious barking of village dogs, and it would be two hours before we had eaten breakfast, wrapped a simple lunch for noon, got everything packed in saddle-bags, and strapped on the baggage animals. Then, in the freshness of the morning, we began the day's journey, stopping an hour at noon. To us children it was a continuous picnic. At every stop, we stretched our legs, running about and picking wildflowers.

Snow-capped Mt. Ararat, with its two peaks, was in sight most of the way, dominating the scene. At last we saw the blue line of the Black Sea, which Xenophon's Ten Thousand had hailed with cries of "Thalassa" after their long march over this very region. We went to the public bath-house, and I remember the big tank of steaming water in which we were cleansed and refreshed after our weeks of travel. At Trebizond we were guests of missionary friends, and parted from our caravan and the two faithful Nestorians who had cared for us all the way.

A new experience on ship board! The usual stormy passage making us all sea sick. In three days we were with friends again in Constantinople. We were too young to appreciate the glories of that beautiful ancient city and the historic scenes through which we sailed in the Mediterranean. At Marseilles another wonder, the railroad! This took us up through France to Paris. I remember the pictures of the beautiful Empress Eugenie and the tomb of Napoleon with its flags of his victories, but most vividly the delicious white bread.

After a night on a channel-steamer, we were in London. My happiest memory is not of museums, art galleries and cathedrals, but of a beautiful doll which a kind English lady gave me, the first real doll I ever owned. On the Atlantic voyage two sweet young ladies, "the Chandler girls", from India, dressed this doll, and my cup of happiness was full. On the morning of August 24th, 1869, we entered New York harbor, and Aunt Susan woke me saying, "Come on deck and see your birthday present." When I tell this story now, I say there was no statue of Liberty then, for it was presented in 1876 to commemorate our Independence. As we waited for inspection, a little old lady came peering about and fell on Mother's neck, exclaiming: "Are you Mrs. Rhea from Persia?" She was Mrs. Doremus who started the first Woman's Missionary Society in America. She took us to her home.

Our uncles, John and Brainerd Rhea, came to meet us and take us to Blountville, Tennessee where Grandmother Rhea was living, but not in the old

home which had been burned during the Civil War after Grandfather's death. There we found another uncle and two aunts, the youngest of the family. They afterwards moved to Knoxville where Uncle had a store and built a brick house which was a home for nieces and nephews who came to school in Knoxville.

I remember our arrival at Jonesboro where my mother's mother and sister lived. They met us at the depot, Aunt Sophie took her little namesake in her arms and Grandma took Foster and me by the hand, and we walked together to Afton Hall. That evening Foster and Sophie were walking in the garden and Grandma overheard one say to the other, "I wonder where we will sleep tomorrow night." Gathering them in her arms she said "Right here, this is your home." So our long journey was over. When Grandma built Afton Hall, Mother named it from the Scotch song. It was a big brick house with high ceilings, a long porch at one side with grape vines shading it, a row of maple trees in front along a little brook, and box-wood bushes on each side of the long brick wall to the street. There were ten spacious rooms and it had come through the war unscathed. I remember one day when we sat on a log, fishing in the brook, Sophie fell in and wept for her "pitty fower dess." She was three years old and her hair hung in golden waves to her waist. The doctor advised cutting it, saying it took her strength. This dear doctor loved to hear her say "Alalat" (Ararat) and make the two peaks with her knees under the sheet in bed.

When school began, Mother took Foster and me up the hill to the school. In the same building Mother taught High School classes. Jonesboro had many saloons, and drunkards reeling on the streets. Mother began a temperance-campaign, circulating the pledge and put on a play "The Trial of John Barleycorn." He was condemned "to be hanged by the neck for his crimes." A whiskey-bottle on a rope was dashed to pieces on the stage as the dramatic ending.

This was my first regular school and I had a "crush" on my teacher, Miss Wilheit. Our church was across the street from our home, and Grandma seemed to be the one to entertain clergymen. A guest once came down stairs and sat in the parlor to wait for breakfast. Grandma told her little Negro maid to go and ask him to walk out, which she did literally telling him: "Miss Ann says for you to walk out o' there." He came looking crestfallen.

Our pastor, Mr. Mason, at the time, heard me recite the Catechism and gave me the promised Bible. I remember appearing before the session to join the church. I was only eight years old and felt scared, but my Uncle John Fain asked me "Do you love Jesus, Annie?" and when I answered "Yes, I do" he said, "I think we can take this lamb into the fold."

There were two families of cousins in town, and we had fun together, playing croquet, having picnics to roast potatoes, going to gather chestnuts and blackberries. Our beautiful auntie, Sophie, Mother's half-sister went to Oxford Seminary, but in vacations she was our story-teller and leader in all our sports. During our last year in Jonesboro, Uncle Perez Cowan was the Pastor and he and Aunt Maggie lived in part of Grandma's house. This was a great boon to us children. Saturday night we watched Uncle draw with colored crayons on a blackboard texts and illustrations for the Sunday School lesson. Once a month he had a children's service and organized a "Band of Young Christians," meeting Saturdays. He was ahead of the times in caring for the children of the church. He used to say "Christ's first command to Peter was "Feed my lambs." Aunt Maggie was a great favorite with her piano-playing,

songs, and funny rhymes. Their wedding in Knoxville was a great event, three couples married in one ceremony. Two of the couples were a Cowan brother and sister to a Rhea brother and sister. They had stopped at Jonesboro on their wedding-trip and brought a book of Fairy Tales, which Foster read through ten times. It was a great experience to belong to the large and loving family-circle of Rheas, our father's half brothers and sisters. Uncle Will used to say, of my Father "That made no difference, we loved him the best of all."

When we spent Christmas in Knoxville, Uncle Robert took Foster for a walk and brought him back all dressed up in a new suit. Aunt Macie and her husband had a fine farm and mill, and there could be no greater delight than visiting her, riding on the hay-wagon, or watching the great wheel of mill and the mill-stones grinding flour and meal. My childhood passed in these happy surroundings till I was twelve.

A great tide of missionary interest had swept over the country and women were roused to organized effort. There were seven Women's Boards functioning among Presbyterian women. Mother was asked to be the first Field Secretary of the Board of the Northwest, and we moved from Jonesboro to Lake Forest, Illinois, 30 miles from Chicago.

At a woman's after-noon-meeting I was asked to read a paper on "The Master's Calling," a treatise of women's service to Christ. A copy of the paper, a photograph gallery of former members, the Sunday Evening service, a service of five-verse recitations with music by the old organist, and the old story as given by Foster. Many beloved names were remembered. Aunt Ephie had taught a class of boys in Sunday School and Arthur Holt, one of the boys, told us of the teachers they had never forgot. My Sunday School teacher was Miss Anne Brown, who had a prayer meeting for her class every week at her home. The girls were thoughtful and ally, but her worst character trait was her love of the "The Master's Calling" society, a society called "The Master's Calling" from the Bible verse, "There is a time when we shall all be glad the city of God." It had weekly meetings, district officers, a program of work, and was very successful in the field. It was a great help to the church, and the paper, "The Master's Calling" was the very best.

Long before "Christian Endeavor" or any other people had an organization with weekly meetings Sunday evening.

There was a Woman's Missionary Society auxiliary to the Board in Chicago whose monthly meetings were at Home St. Methodist Building.

Life in Lake Forest was simple and happy with a most kindly - friendly. Her first home was a white cottage near the lake, and she had a carriage (which was with her son, and he had his own in the city). The road to say "If down very on better road, as it showed time, there would be enough men to defend for the... new... at last... street... with... the... Mother was very good at her work, and she was... through the... on... and... society... the... the... which we... coming to... at... a

## CHAPTER II

## LAKE FOREST

Lake Forest had been started as a colony of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago as an educational center and a suburb of quiet home-life. This character it kept for many years. There was but one church, the Presbyterian, on one side of the track; on the other a small Roman Catholic church, a lamentable division, both religious and social. The pastor identified with our Lake Forest memories was Rev. J.G.K. McClure, who came to us after his first pastorate. He was an ideal pastor with his social tact, genial sympathy, and sincere goodness. His lovely wife equalled him in all these gifts. Their six children were born in the Manse, which was presented to him, when, after twenty-five years he went to be President of McCormick Theological Seminary. After twenty-five years there, he retired to the Manse, which they had used as a summer-home, and there ended his long service to the church.

In 1933, the Lake Forest Church celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. Dr. Roberts, the pastor, preached on the only verse in the Bible with the word seventy-five in it. "Abram was seventy-five years old when he left Haran", an example of going into wider experiences. At a woman's afternoon-meeting I was asked to read a paper on "the Alabaster Casket," a resume of women's service to Christ. A reception had as an attraction, a photograph gallery of former members. The Sunday Evening service was a series of five-minute reminiscences with music by the old organist and as many of the old choir as could be gathered. Many beloved names were remembered. Aunt Sophie had taught a class of boys in Sunday School and Arthur Holt, one of the boys, spoke of her as one of the teachers they could never forget. My Sunday School teacher was Miss Annie Brown, who had a prayer meeting for her class every week at her home. We girls were thoughtless and silly, but her sweet character left an impress on us. Mother started a missionary society for children called "Steady Streams" from the Bible verse, "There is a river whose streams shall make glad the city of God." It had monthly meetings, elected officers, gave a program on some country, each member responding to his name in the roll-call with an item about the country, and papers on interesting topics. Collections and life memberships brought in contributions. This society became a popular institution and was copied in other communities. "Give, said the Little Stream" was its song.

Long before "Christian Endeavor" the young people had an organization and weekly meetings Sunday evening.

There was a Woman's Missionary Society auxiliary to the Board in Chicago whose monthly meetings were at Room 48, McCormick Building.

Life in Lake Forest was simple and happy with a most kindly atmosphere. Our first home was a white cottage near the R.R. depot where at 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. carriages dashed up with men going to their business in the city. They used to say "if there were an Indian raid, as in pioneer times, there would not be enough men to defend the town." Grandma and Aunt Sophie lived with us for two years. Mother was away most of the time traveling through the North West, lecturing on Missions and organizing women's missionary societies. A red shawl on the back stoop was the signal of her return which we hailed with excitement running to welcome her. I went to school at Ferry Hall, a

mile away, and I often got a ride. Our favorite teacher taught Algebra and there was great rivalry over the problems. Often a classmate would ride up with her father to the eight o'clock train to compare answers with me. I began music lessons, though we had no piano, and would practice at the music-building at Ferry Hall.

In 1875, Mother's friends on the Board and Lake Forest surprised her with a gift of a beautiful home. It was built the summer we went back to Afton Hall. The severe climate of Lake Forest was bad for Grandma's chronic bronchitis, so she was glad to return to her Southern home. When Mother was asked to give directions about the house, she said she had three: "Make it warm. Make it warm. Make it warm."

It was like a fairy tale to come back and find a house all furnished and ready for us. It was a frame-house of two stories with attic and cellar. Mother called it "Beth Hooba" (House of Love in Syriac.) On the first floor were three rooms opening into each other with folding doors convenient for the women's meeting held every Thursday afternoon. (Whenever notices of these meetings were read from the pulpit by a strange preacher, it always gave rise to conjecture as to how he would pronounce Rhea.) On the second floor were five bed-rooms. It was heated by a base-burner in the living-room with a register in the ceiling above.

When Foster grew up, he <sup>later w</sup> put in a furnace and bath-room. The lawn with fine old oak trees sloped to the ravine, a characteristic beauty of Lake Forest. On the other side was the Reid's place, "The Lilacs." Mr. Reid came to America, a poor boy, eighteen years old, and became a millionaire, a real American story. When his old mother came to visit them from Scotland, her pride was not his wealth, but that he was an elder in the kirk. His Scotch humor and accent added to his charm. Mrs. Reid made the house a center of social affairs - dinners and Christmas-parties with suggestive mistletoe hung in the doorway, where I was caught to my confusion.

Seven homes within two blocks made what we called "the Neighborhood." The Holt Homestead was famous for its old-fashioned garden, filling half a block, with gay flowers bordering its walks. The library lent its treasures to us all. By the grate-fire was Mr. Holt's arm-chair where he prepared his Sunday School lesson for his class of Ferry Hall girls. The conservatory of flowers was in winter the counterpart of the garden, and expression of Mrs. Holt's love of beauty. Her merry disposition made her beloved by us all. She had a big family and Anna was my best friend for life. Our whole family was invited here for our first Thanksgiving in Lake Forest.]

The Dickinsons were newcomers, and Mr. Dickinson played a joke on us. With a lugubrious face he pointed to a beautiful portrait saying "that is a picture of Warner's mother." There was Warner, his oldest son. We inferred that she was dead, but found out that she was the mother of all his children, his only wife.

The Stanleys were an outdoors tribe, taking us along on hikes through the woods and in their row-boat on the Lake. We enjoyed the Lake for its wonderful views, as grand as the ocean, but it was stormy and the shore too rocky for bathing or swimming. In those days, girls were not athletic; croquet was our mild diversion, tennis had just begun, bicycling was an adventure for the daring. My sister fell off the bridge, but broke



no bones. Anna Holt was the only horseback rider owning her own "Black Beauty." Charlotte Skinner with her black eyes, dimples and two heavy braids down her back was very popular. The young ones had a play assuming different characters. There was none left for Sophie so they said "you can be the maid." She made it a comical part pretending to be deaf. Ordered to bring the baby's bathtub, she would run for the dust-pan. So it became the most popular part.

In another part of town two Farwell brothers had palatial homes. Senator Farwell had a pond which was our skating-rink; also an Art Gallery with treasures from European travel. Mrs. Farwell had social evenings every week through March. At one of these Reginald De Koven, her daughter's fiance, appeared, and he arranged a charade on the word "antidote." A grand wedding followed soon after. I remember too a Dickens Party when everyone appeared in costume impersonating one of his characters.

In our neighborhood, the first wedding was Kate Haven's, who married Dr. Alfred Haven, a young doctor who began practice and spent his life there as the beloved family physician.

When we returned from our summer in Jonesboro, we found Chicago and its suburbs under the spell of the Moody Revival. Everybody was singing Moody-Sanke hymns. Mr. J.V. Farwell brought Mr. Moody to call on Mother. She asked him, "Mr. Moody, do you believe in Foreign Missions?" "I know nothing about them, Mrs. Rhea," he answered, but his schools at Northfield show that he became a great supporter.

The editor of a Chicago paper, prominent in politics, was also a Lake Forester and gave a reception for President Hayes which I remember because they said: "The President kissed little Sophie Rhea."

An old ex-teacher from <sup>Fisher</sup> Nichols New England took a great interest in the young people and gave us a party where each had to make a speech on a subject assigned. Kittie Skinner described wittily Noah's troubles with the animals in the Ark. "All is not gold that glitters" was George Holt's subject as he had interests in a mine in Colorado.

Years after some Lake Foresters in New York had a luncheon and gave an alphabetic quiz on names, to see who could answer. I remember some of them. (A) Who was Mr. Anderson? (B) Who were the Benedicts? (C) Who was Carrie who became an authority on etiquette and sent her two daughters to Smith College by writing articles for magazines? Nellie who spent her life as an art teacher in Hull House? (D) Name the Durands! Four brothers, Henry, Charles, Calvin, Joseph with their children. Who went around the world as part of their education? George and Charles Holt! Pronounce Rhea. Who was Lady Grenfell? A daughter in the Durand family who married Sir Wilfred Grenfell after meeting him crossing the Atlantic. Who was Violet Stripe? A daughter in an English family.

Lake Forest College had, in its small beginnings great plans for the future. The first building had an assembly hall, library, class rooms, laboratory in the basement, and two stories of dormitories. Nature had given a beautiful campus. An academy building and several residences were added; then the Durand Art Museum, the Chapel, and Library, were gifts of the Reid family, and "the commons" was presented by Mr. Calvin Durand.

The Faculty was one of which to be proud. Dr. Gregory, the president, had a wonderful gift of analysis and logical reasoning. He was the author of

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Bess McClanahan

several text-books which we studied under him. Ours was the third class; the first class to be graduated had only two students who followed Dr. Gregory from Wooster; the next class numbered seven and ours five. Coeducation was a new experiment and girls were on their mettle to prove that girls' brains were equal to boys', so we took Greek and Latin. Professor Hewitt was a man like President Hopkins of the traditional saying that to sit on a log with him was a liberal education. He taught Greek, inspiring a love for it. Our German Professor Schmidt came to us fresh from a German University and was fully convinced, as he told us, that the Bible and Goethe's Faust were the two greatest books in the world. We had a German club to practice conversation, and we acted some plays. As my life turned out I wish I had had this training in French rather than German. For mathematics, a young professor came from the East, and after two years went to Princeton where he was a professor for forty years. Indeed, several of our professors, from the stepping-stone of Lake Forest, went to Eastern colleges for the rest of their lives. The study of Science was a subject coming to the fore, and Professor Griffiths made it interesting with practical questions. He pounced on Anna Farwell one day with the question, "How do you boil doughnuts?" "In water, I suppose" she answered. Her water-doughnuts became a campus-joke.

An oratorical contest gave excitement to Commencement. One year Charlotte Skinner won the prize. Another year, Newell Dwight Hillis won, presaging his fame afterwards as preacher at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and lecturer throughout the country. One of his famous lectures was on Ruskin. He used to say that I started him on that line as, when he was librarian, I would come in every week for one of Ruskin's works.

With all the coming and going of our professors, one stayed loyal to Lake Forest for over forty years, Professor J.J. Halsey. His department was English Literature, and we could not have had an interpreter more well-versed, enthusiastic and inspiring. He seemed so far above us that it was an exciting surprise when he married pretty Bessy Gardiner in the class below ours.

Coeducation has a certain well-known result, and engagements were the interest of every Commencement Week, foreseen by the coupling of names together through the year. I was touched by the contagion and had two proposals after graduation. It must have been in the year 1880, we had a Leap Year party. We girls invited our escorts, after a chapel meeting in the evening, when the boys joined us. They tried to be funny with take-offs on girls' habits; keeping us waiting and loading us down with overshoes, wraps and umbrellas, and even sheet-music "in case of an invitation to sing." We spent the evening, not dancing, for that was taboo in strict Lake Forest society, but in intellectual games. Anna Wheeler and I were in collusion, for I invited her "boy friend," and to go home, we exchanged partners which was irregular. Arthur Wheeler, then a junior in college, won her as a partner for life, and at their wedding five years later her father gave him a law-partnership in a Chicago firm, and gave her a brick house on the North Side, -- but that is looking ahead.

We were graduated in the class of 1881, three men, Charlotte Skinner and I, she being Salutatorian and I Valedictorian. Two of our classmates were devoted brothers; one had poor eye sight, and could not have studied had not his brother read to him. On Commencement Day, we girls were loaded with flowers and other gifts, like Emerson's Essays. Mother had a luncheon for guests from Chicago. As Lake Forest was a church-college, official visitors from the Presbytery attended the oral examinations. Among the trustees was

Governor Bross, a striking looking man with a beard and bushy eyebrows, who scared us out of our wits. He built one of the professors' residences and left a bequest for a prize of \$15,000 to be awarded every six years on some subject connected with the Bible and Science, Economics, or Philosophy. This bequest is still going on and brings fame to the college. Among local friends of the college, none was more devoted than Senator and Mrs. C.B. Farwell. Their gifts were generous, their interest sincere, and their loyalty shown by sending their own daughters to attend the college. These beautiful girls, belles in Chicago and Washington Society, were held to their Greek study of the New Testament by their mother's belief that such study was the best training for culture and character.

The college brought not only the cultured Faculty, but the students as additions to the social life of the town. My beautiful sister, Sophea, was a great favorite. Mother called the shady corner of the bridge over the ravine "Lover's Lane", for the railing would be occupied by a row of students watching to see Sophea pass. She had a sweet voice and was in demand for her solos. Foster found Mother's guitar in the attic and learned to play accompaniments - very convenient on picnics. We sang in the church choir, and Charles Holt trained a chorus to give a popular operetta. In the summer, we girls had a Reading Club, but Mrs. Benedict kept her two daughters at home mornings to learn to sew. We envied them afterwards. Lake Forest was our home for twenty years. Senator Farwell told me that Mother's living there had been a great blessing, and we can never express what we owe to Lake Forest for its privileges, and to the friends there who molded and enriched our lives.)

After my graduation I spent the next school-year at Wellesley college. My father's sister, Aunt Maggie, was the wife of our pastor in Jonesboro, the Rev. Perez Cowan. He had been called to the church in Wellesley. They invited me to live with them a year and go to college. It was my first journey and I left my little silver watch under my pillow, but the porter returned it to me, an instance of the faithful service of the Negro Pullman porter. The college was not fully organized yet and there was a large number of "special students," so to my surprise I found one of Mother's Mt. Holyoke classmates the first day. She had been a teacher twenty-five years and came to take a post-graduate course. The classes in Greek-3 and in Latin-7 were small, as these studies were still new for girls. I was much impressed by Miss Horton, the Greek professor, and by the Misses Eastman. Miss Horton's father and mother, "Uncle and Auntie Horton" were Uncle's parishioners. The Misses Eastman had a preparatory School, "Dana Hall," where we were invited to Thanksgiving Dinner.

(not of Lake Forest)

Mr. Durand's religious influence was still strong, and by his choice we read in Latin "Hymns of the Early Church," translating them into English verse of the same meter. In Greek we read from the Iliad and were enthused by its beauty. In History, I was in a large class of Miss Freeman's (Alice Freeman Palmer) who became President of Wellesley that year. I join in the adoration she received - so young, beautiful and gifted, a girl among us girls in informal friendship, yet carrying her great responsibilities "as to the manner born." At Commencement I was one of the ushers. I also had an interview about a future job, and with this in view, I visited Abbott Academy in Andover where Mother had taught. I was a guest in the home of Mother's cousin, John Kimball, who called me Miss Rhea with New England reserve. I look back to my year at Wellesley as a great privilege. It was good to come from the West to the East and get a wider horizon. To live at the Manse with my saintly Uncle and merry auntie was a joy and to meet its guests who were often members

of the college Faculty. Uncle John Rhea from Knoxville made us a week-end visit, but, in Southern fashion, gave no notice and so missed me away in Boston. I often went to the city; saw Aunt Susan, who had come with us from Persia, after thirteen years; heard Bishop Phillips Brooks who read his sermon very rapidly from manuscript with great eloquence.

That year I had two young men call on me from out of town. One was going to Japan as a missionary and wanted a wife, but I was "not interested." The other was my Lake Forest neighbor, George Holt. Unfortunately he came on "Fast Day" which was scrupulously kept in New England, but that didn't affect my aunt's Southern hospitality. She sent in to us a tray with a sumptuous luncheon. Then we went to see the College; its famous rhododendrons which attracted people from Boston; its chapel with the motto over the platform, "Non ministrari sed ministrare," (irreverently translated not to be ministers but ministers' wives); the Browning Room with rare souvenirs from Italy.

Years after, Aunt Maggie sent me Professor Palmer's "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer" with a picture of the sculpture he presented to the College in her memory. It represents an older woman passing a lighted torch from an altar to a young girl. I felt she had done that to me, her own example like a torch lit at the altar of Faith and Knowledge.

I went back to Lake Forest to teach Latin in Ferry Hall. When Mother and Sophie went South to stay with Grandma, I lived at Ferry Hall, sharing a room with Lelia Stephens, another young teacher. It was my only experience of boarding-school life. One of our duties was to accompany the long line of girls on the required walk at four o'clock. Academy boys always appeared on the opposite side of the street and the first day I heard one say, "Why there's no teacher with them today." Another duty was to preside at the "Study Hour" and give any help asked for on any problem.

The Principal was Mrs. Esther Thompson, who had gone out to Persia just after her marriage and lost her husband from typhoid fever within six weeks of their arrival in Urumia. I insert a verse from Lines on the Mission Cemetery at Seir - six miles from Urumia where he was buried:

Some in the early freshness of youth and hope and love,  
Left service, scarce begun here, transferred to that above.  
Count not their lives a wasting of ointment, rich and sweet  
They poured their youth's rich fragrance upon the Master's  
feet.

She wore a widow's cap and veil the rest of her life. My father had assisted at their wedding in Amherst, so they were old friends. She treated me as a daughter and I called her "Mother-in-love" and adored her. When Mrs. Esther Thompson came back to the United States she was Dean at "Ivy Hall" Philadelphia, and at Wellesley College in its beginning. A break-down in health obliged her to rest after too strenuous work and then to accept a less heavy responsibility, her position at Ferry Hall. Ferry Hall was the Girls' Seminary connected with Lake Forest College and Academy under the name Lake Forest University, founded by the Chicago Presbytery. The Seminary had been a successful preparatory school drawing pupils from well-to-do families in Chicago and vicinity. When it was joined with the college, it was entirely separate in purpose and administration, and the connection was not an advantage financially, as the College was struggling to get established and build its plant, so after some years the connection was dissolved and Ferry Hall, the Academy and the College were all separate institutions. A beautiful Chapel was added to Ferry Hall, connected by a pillared corridor, with the main buildings, which were en-

larged and remodeled. It has an enthusiastic Alumnae Association, and has celebrated its 75th Anniversary.

We teachers sat at the ends of the long tables in the basement dining-room from which we could see arrivals at the front door. When my handsome brother came one day and his card was brought to me there was great excitement. A man was a rare sight; only on Saturday evenings were callers allowed in the parlor with a chaperone.

Some of my dearest friendships were made in Ferry Hall, and were revived sixty years later in California. One of the loveliest girls was Helen Goodsell who married Llwellyn Davies, President of Shantung University at one time. (His death has just been reported.) I have just filled out a blank sent to me giving the date of my teaching there, 1882-1886. It has passed its seventy-fifth anniversary. I lately received letters from five of my Ferry Hall pupils sixty years ago. One of them recalled my first question in the Latin Class: "Why do you study Latin?" Her answer had been: "My dad made me!"

Ever since I had received a telegram from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, when I was at Wellesley, asking me to teach in the Girls' School in Salmas, Persia, I had had a feeling that this might be a call to my life-work, but the call came in a very different way. The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of the Northwest was a great event bringing women from all that region for an all-day session. In the Spring of 1886, the meeting was held in Indianapolis. Mother was always on the program and had prepared a paper. The day before, she had a severe cold and lost her voice completely. Nothing would do but I must go and read the paper. Miss Annie Brown was going and she and I took the night train. We arrived at Indianapolis and were met at the station and sent to the house where Mrs. Rhea was to be entertained. Our hostess could not conceal her disappointment, when instead of Mrs. Rhea, her daughter appeared. Another disappointment was due when the card of Samuel G. Wilson, Tabriz, Persia was brought to me. I found a handsome young man whose youth was belied by a full beard. He said he had been a missionary in Persia six years and had come to call on Mrs. Rhea, bringing greetings from her friends in Persia (the beard was explained as the Persian custom for all "priests.") He had to reconcile himself to his disappointment and accept her substitute which he did with assiduity all day. He was going to General Assembly in Milwaukee the next month and would pass through Lake Forest, so he arranged to come and see my mother then. Later she sent him an invitation to stop over for a day or two. In May he made the visit and of course we went for a walk to the Lake - our usual goal on a Spring day with trees in bloom at their loveliest. A funny thing happened. A Faculty member, snooping around to see if any Academy boy and Ferry Hall girl might be having a rendezvous, came upon us and recognizing me quickly retired without interrupting us. To my amazement Mr. Wilson proposed to me then and there. He told me how he had gone out to Persia six years before at the age of twenty-two, but his father had offered to pay his expenses home after five years, because his mother felt the usual ten years term was too long a separation; so he had come home on furlough hoping to find a wife to go back with him. When he met me he was sure I was the one. I could hardly believe my ears, and protested that I didn't know him at all. He asked if I would be willing to correspond, and with this concession he seemed to feel hopeful. He left the next day for General Assembly. When I told Mother, all she said was "Nothing would please me better." I had planned a picnic for my Sunday School class the next day

*out of the members  
Harriet Durand Trowbridge*

and an elegant box of candy with his card was a great addition to our supper. Then the letters began, beautifully written, and ardent as any girl could wish. How rumor started I don't know, but a second visit raised suspicions. He was invited to dinner at the Manse; appeared in the pulpit Sunday; came to supper at Ferry Hall; was entertained for luncheon at Mrs. Ferry's to report on the hospital which she had given to Teheran at Mother's persuasion. All this gave him publicity and raised the question, "What is he after?" At the commencement reception Senator Farwell said to me: "I hope you are not planning to go farther and fare worse." We spent July and August in Jonesboro, and he followed to pursue his courtship where there was no gossip except "one of Annie Rhea's beaux from Pennsylvania." He took me for a buggy-ride and I learned he was a very particular young man, for he went to the livery-stable to see that every thing was spick and span about horse and buggy: My relatives had a chance to meet him and to hear him preach Sunday evening. His sermon was on "the greatest thing in the world." Before he went, he got the answer he wanted, and we talked over wedding and journey plans, made lists of household furnishings and prayed over it all, and the wonder that we were to live and work together grew upon us with great joy and gratitude. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends."

There were no more interested friends than "Uncle Barney and Aunt Betsy," who had been Grandma's slaves and were now her laundress and gardener. Aunt Betsy peeked in the parlor door and thought the wedding should be at Afton Hall. Mother sent to Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, for my trousseau, and we found a dress-maker to make my dresses. A big box marked Tabriz, Persia was sent to New York to be shipped on its long journey. A diamond ring had come by registered express inscribed S.G.W. to A.D.R. Grandma gave me a birthday party having a famous old Negro cook come for the materials for a cake which she measured out and baked at her own house.

We went back to Lake Forest a few weeks before the wedding, which we had set for September 16th. There was great excitement and surprise and my friends rallied to give me the prettiest wedding ever in the old church, which was to give place for a new grand stone church. Mrs. Sawyer, who loved to decorate, hung flags of all nations around the walls as if it were an international occasion. The reception was held in the chapel. Sam's brother, Robert Dick Wilson, was best man; my brother gave me away; my sister was maid of honor; and Mother's only male relative, her cousin John Kimball came all the way from Andover, Mass. to be her escort. It rained, but Dr. McClure said that was a good omen in Persia. The church was full of old friends, many coming out from Chicago. Mrs. Calvin Durand's carriage, bedecked with flowers took us to the six o'clock train. I was in such a daze that I did not realize it would be eight years before I would see Lake Forest again. We left a big task to the folks at home to do for us - to acknowledge wedding gifts with thanks and pack them for New York, where they were shipped to Persia and reached us six months later.

After the wedding we had two weeks visit in the Wilson home in Indiana Pa. I had been father-hungry all my life till Father Wilson met us with the words "You are welcome, Daughter". I must introduce the ten brothers and sisters, all unmarried but the eldest, Harry, who had his own home with his sweet wife, Margaret, and their first baby who was known as "Lad". The next brother, Robert, was Professor of Hebrew in Allegheny Seminary - a genius in languages. Andy, his father's namesake, was starting Kiskiminetas Springs

School at Saltsburg which became famous. Ella was a senior at Vassar College, President of her class. Annie, her mother's namesake, was "the boss" as the oldest daughter at home. Two brothers and two sisters, school girls, Jenny her father's "sunshine" and Agnes everybody's pet, were also at home. They felt lonesome if there were less than twelve at table. There was good cheer and family loyalty in that family circle.

(Written for my cousin Dr. Hugh Walker's daughter whose wedding we attended in Los Angeles.)

A CHRYSALIS

Here lies a chrysalis outworn  
 Abandoned, left behind,  
 From which a radiant creature born  
 Spread wings, new life to find.  
 'Tis but a wedding veil, a sheath  
 That held a bride just wed,  
 With orange blossoms in a wreath  
 Around her fair young head.  
 It's shimmering folds aside she cast  
 And with it left behind  
 Her childhood home and all her Past  
 New life and love to find:

(Written for my cousin Dr. Hugh Walker's daughter whose  
 wedding we attended in Los Angeles.)



## CHAPTER III

## MISSIONARY LIFE IN PERSIA

Our sailing was delayed, so we had time for a short visit in Princeton at Dr. Hodge's (he dared me to write him a poem the third day out), and also at Dr. Arthur Mitchell's, our Board Secretary. We were fortunate to travel alone, not with a party. Brother Rob gave us \$100.00 to spend sight-seeing. On ship-board a young Englishman, making fun of "American English," said: "nice is such a nasty word." I retorted, "Is nasty a nice word?"

We saw five capitols - London, Brussels, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Moscow. No honeymoon could have been more enjoyable, as we visited cathedrals, art-galleries, museums, reviewing all we knew of Art and History. Russia was the strangest country of all. It was now November, and we saw the dashing sleighs on Nevski Prospect. The Hermitage was still the magnificent palace of the Czars, whose Court was said to be the most splendid in Europe. To our annoyance we had trouble about passports, as we were taken for Jews with our names - Samuel and Hannah (Annie). The Y.M.C.A. got us out of our dilemma. We saw Moscow and its Kremlin and drove out to a monastery where an old monk showed jeweled robes and mitres over which I exclaimed "beautiful" so many times that he learned the word. That and Amerikansky were the only words we had in common but he gave us tea in his cell. The icons everywhere, even in the railroad stations, before which everyone crossed themselves, made us think the Russians were very religious people.

At Vladikakas (key of the Caucasus), we began the Russian mode of travel, in troikas, changing horses every ten miles. Over the mountains we had sleighs. Sam began to give me Turkish lessons and at every station I recited the words he had given me. Our fellow-travelers took a hand in it, correcting pronunciation or dramatically illustrating a meaning. In this way I got a vocabulary of five hundred words.

Peshwaz (welcome to travelers) is a Persian custom, and miles out of Tabriz we were met by friends on horseback, and nearer the city by the school-boys on foot. My vocabulary proved a joke, for after I gave the conventional greetings I was submerged by a flood of words and left tongue-tied. We were most cordially received by Dr. and Mrs Holmes, and we had calls from Europeans, Armenians and Persians. I felt like a second wife, when we went over to Lalawa (the Armenian Quarter) and found a house all furnished, ready for living, with Ishak, Mr. Wilson's old cook, and his wife settled at one end. There was a living room and a dining room, and across the hall the study and bed room, and upstairs a tiny guest room. In an adjoining yard in front on the street was the two room school house. The boarding pupils lived in rented rooms near by. Most of the pupils were day-scholars from the Armenians around us. Persian boys had attended at first, and Mr. Wilson had translated an Arithmetic for them, but a police-raid had scattered them, and we waited years before they came again.

We settled into a busy routine. The school was the center of our interest, with two teachers. I had an Armenian teacher five days a week, and a Persian Mirza one day, which shows the difference in difficulty between them. Miss Jewett used to take me out calling to practice the languages. The children of the mission seemed nearest to me. There were nine of them. On Mr. Wilson's birthday, February 11th, I invited them to supper. In little Frank Easton's

diary after his death we found this entry: "We are going to Mr. Wilson's birthday party, won't he be happy." Our boxes had arrived, and I gave each child one of the Mason jars Mother Wilson had filled with "something American."

One month of the next summer, while Mr. Wilson toured in Kara Dagh, I spent with the Whipples in Nemetabad, a mountain village where the Russian Consul had a summer-place. Emma Cochran, who had come out to be a nurse in the hospital at Urumia, was with us. On Fridays, Mr. Ponafidine, the Chargé d'Affairs, and a young secretary would take her and me horseback riding or invite us for tea and croquet. It was soon evident that Mr. Ponafidine was in love with Emma - no wonder! - for she was beautiful and fascinating. At Annual Meeting, when her mother and brother, Dr. Cochran, came over, the whole mission were invited to a state dinner at the Russian Consulate, an unprecedented honor. The romance developed further when he went over to Urumia. Before he went, he called on us and asked me to wish him "Glück," the only time my German had been useful. Mr. Ponafidine took English lessons from Mr. Whipple and got him to correct his love-letters. In the Spring they were married in London with two ceremonies, one at an English Chapel and the other in the Russian Cathedral. She learned Russian and French and graced his Consulates. Her books tell the story of their life, and the tragic changes the Russian Revolution brought.

My first tour on horseback that Spring was a second honeymoon, as we rode in the sunshine, everything in bloom, saw shepherds with their flocks, peasants sowing their fields, and enjoyed the village-fare - bread and cheese with bowls of sour milk and soup full of fresh Spring herbs. I was a show, announced by small boys, "Here's a woman with only one leg." (I rode a side-saddle.) A crowd of women would gather full of curiosity and questions, "Why did you, a girl of sixteen, marry an old man of sixty?" Mr. Wilson's beard and eye-glasses made them think him old.

The Parables of Jesus were illustrated in their everyday life, and they listened to them with eager understanding. That a woman could read was a standing wonder never seen before.

Another trip was to Urumia. It was a great joy to find my old play-mates, Joe Cochran and Fred Coan, and my father's friends, Mother Cochran and Dr. and Mrs. Shedd, still there. I was amazed and touched to meet old Nestorians, who knew my father and even repeated the subjects of his sermons. Mother Cochran was Matron of the hospital, and a Kurdish Sheik would tell how she came in the morning, washed his face and brought him coffee with her own hands. Dr. and Mrs. Shedd had named their daughter for my mother, Sarah Jane. Fifty years after, in San Jose, California, I lived next door to Sarah Jane Mason, their great granddaughter.

On this tour in Souj Bolak, we bought a beautiful Kurdish horse and it felt "like a rocking chair," compared with the bony backs I had been riding. A Lake Forest friend had given me saddle and bridle.

On our return to Tabriz, I began to have more to do in the school in a Kindergarten with little boys and girls, (an innovation, for they were never in school together before.) I was no Kindergarten, but sent for books to study the methods and for the equipment and work. The children, who had so few toys, were delighted with the games and songs which I translated. One morning the English doctor called and was amazed to find our

parlor full of children marching to piano music. The piano was a wedding-present from Father Wilson, who also paid for its transportation to Persia. It was a year on the way and the talk of the town when it arrived. The only other one in town was at the Russian Consulate. It was a great attraction, and my callers loved to see the hammers "dance."

Among the older boys, I had a class in geography, and at our exhibition they showed articles from other lands such as tea, coffee, calico, cutlery, spices, pointing on the map to the country from which they came. This yearly exhibition was given to advertise and demonstrate the "New Learning." Special invitations were sent to Persian officials, Foreign Consuls, and the pupils' fathers. Classes in Persian, Turkish, Armenian, English and Russian recited. Charts in Astronomy were shown, and a clever mechanism of the earth and moon revolving around the sun was demonstrated. A skeleton from the doctor's equipment was shown and all the names of the bones given. Sums in Arithmetic and figures in Geometry were put on the black-board. Calligraphy, which is much esteemed in Persia, appeared in copy-books in Persian and English. Songs and recitations enlivened the program, and it all demonstrated a new kind of education, in contrast with the mosque-school, where the boys sat on the floor each reading aloud his lesson from the Koran, in Arabic, which he doesn't understand. It took years for our propaganda to make an impression.

An opportunity came for Mr. Wilson to attend a conference of workers among Moslems at Cairo, and he had a chance to see mission-schools in Turkey, Syria and Egypt. He came back with a new vision and the conviction that education was the most effective approach to Moslems. He determined to enlarge the school and take in Moslem pupils. Mother interested Mrs. Wm. Thaw of Pittsburg in this project, and she gave \$10,000. for a new plant. Just then a large garden was for sale. It was bought by Mr. Wilson and a school-building and residence were built. The school was of red brick, two stories with class rooms on the first floor and a large assembly-room above. It cost \$5,000. Our house was adobe, two stories, a hall running through it with two rooms on each side. The Persian plan of a house is a row of rooms opening into each other. We lived a year in the former owner's house, and I had to go through five rooms from my bed room to the kitchen, or go through the yard outside. Our house cost \$1,000. A Persian caller said he was surprised; it should have been the other way, our house \$5,000. and the school \$1,000. We planned the house with a view to Persian custom, with two entrances. The entrance in front was for men-callers who were received in the study and served tea and coffee from the kitchen across the hall. At the other end of the hall, folding doors opened into a parlor on one side and a dining-room on the other. Women could come to this end of the house in privacy, and the stairs going to the second story could not be seen from the men's entrance. For our own social affairs we could throw the three rooms of the first floor together and seat as many as sixty.

My brother-in-law, Will Dulles, gave us \$500. for a veranda in front which was screened from the school by a grapevine like a curtain. It was an added room in the summer.

Meanwhile a new chapter had been written in our family history. On March 6th, 1890 our little Samuel Rhea was born. Never was a baby more enthusiastically welcomed. My grandmother had packed a layette in the box sent from Afton Hall, and it had waited four years to be used. We received many congratulations and gifts.

The year before, I had given music-lessons to the daughter of the Crown Prince. These were interrupted when she and I both had babies about the same time. When they were a month old she sent her carriage to bring my baby to see hers. There was a crowd of ladies, gay as butterflies, invited for the occasion, and they showed the greatest curiosity and amusement comparing the two babies. The little Persian Prince was in swaddling-clothes, stiff as a little mummy, mine in a white dress a yard long. They asked, "Do you want to make us think he's that long?" This was a great joke and led to a discussion on the care and feeding of babies. Our differences were forgotten and we were just women feeling the same absorbing fascination in babies.

Little Rhea was a beautiful child at one year with a mass of golden curls and big blue eyes. In his father's arms, he would watch the donkeys bringing bricks for the school-building, and a crowd of boys would gather around him. In the Fall we had visitors from America, Mr. and Mrs. L.D. Wishard. He was a college-mate of Mr. Wilson's whom he had not seen for twelve years. It was his first tour of the world as a Y.M.C.A. secretary with his beautiful bride. With them was Mr. Henry Grant, well known in the Board as giving his services without salary. We had them address meetings through an interpreter, which aroused great interest. Mr. Wishard's songs and stories were a delightful change in the monotony of our lives.

Annual Meeting was to be in Urumia, and we accompanied them on the five-day journey on horse-back: Rhea rode on a pillow in front of our hostler, and was so exhausted when we reached Salmas, that I was glad to accept Mr. Mechlin's invitation to ride in his buggy the remaining two days. It was a great pleasure to be again with the old friends in Urumia, and in the group of children, Rhea, being the youngest, was the center of attention. Everyone remarked on his fairness and beauty. We made the long journey back to Tabriz, little realizing what a strain it was on so young a child.

In November he was suddenly stricken with diphtheria, and after only one night and one day of struggle, breathed his last. Dr. Vanneman, newly arrived, called in Dr. Atwood, an English doctor, to help him insert a tube, but all in vain. We were heart-broken, and could not believe our treasure had been snatched away. Among the letters of condolence was one from Dr. Cochran. "Don't think God did it. He is more sorry than you." These words were a great comfort to us as the Persians were saying "It is God's will, no doubt in punishment."

One day two Moslem converts, members of the church came to call. I told the gatekeeper "Mr. Wilson is in school," but he said, "They wish to see you." Like Christian brothers they expressed their sympathy and reminded me of our Christian hope. There were no barriers and the promise was fulfilled. "There is no man that has left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother for my sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold in this time house and brethren and sisters." We found this sorrow was a new bond with the people. Many came to condole with us. One woman said, "I often saw the beautiful baby carried by my house, so I had to come to weep with you." I read to her how Jesus took little children in His arms and blessed them. Soon after, she lost her only child. When friends came to see her, expecting to find her frenzied with grief, as is their custom, she met them calmly and said, "I have heard that the Lord Jesus takes little children in His arms and I am comforted."

The next summer was "the cholera year." This plague comes from India, spreading from village to village and people die by the thousand. Everyone, who could, fled from the city. The Whipples with their children, and the new missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Vanneman, and Mr. and Mrs. Brashear, had taken tents to a mountain-village, Zenjanab. I was expecting a baby in September and Mr. Whipple kindly drove me up. Mr. Wilson rode along on horseback to get me settled, and the next day went back to the city. I shall never forget the silhouette of horse and rider as he went over the mountain-top down to the valley of the shadow of death. Two of our ladies remained in the city - Miss Holliday, with some school girls, and Dr. Mary Bradford, the first woman doctor, who had come the year before. There is a specific cure for cholera discovered by a missionary doctor in Constantinople which, if given in time, counteracts the disease. She saved one hundred lives with this medicine. One of her patients was the Armenian Bishop and he was improving till the Russian Consul sent his physician to take over the case, and he died. Another patient was a Greek merchant, who recovered and ever after would send her presents from his shop with expressions of gratitude. The strangest incident was of two American travelers on their way from India. Mr. Wilson met them in the street and exclaimed, "How did you get here? Didn't you know there's cholera?" Not knowing the language they had suspected nothing, though they had been surprised by the number of funerals along the way. Mr. Wilson gave them rooms at once in the Girls' School, and hired a cook who spoke English. That night one of them, Mr. Theodore Childs, a journalist, had cholera symptoms and Dr. Bradford treated him at once. Under her care he recovered. As soon as he was able to travel, they went on their way, but in Turkey he took typhoid fever and died. His companion was Mr. Weeks, an artist, and they had belonged to the American Colony in Paris. Their friends in Paris sent \$500. to furnish a room in the hospital for strangers needing care, and also an oil-portrait of Mr. Childs with inscription in English and Persian.

In the meantime the rains began, my tent leaked, and it seemed necessary for me to go home. It was like a city of the dead, the stench was awful. Sam and I both had cholera symptoms which Dr. Bradford knew how to check. On September 10th, Mary Agnes Wilson was born to be our joy and comfort.

With the first frost the cholera ceased as suddenly as it had begun. People returned and we counted the losses. The French Consul, our Neighbor, had sent his sister and little daughter to their summer place, remaining at home with the tutor who was stricken. After burying him, the Consul followed his family and found both sister and child dead.

A young Hollander arrived at night-fall and was dead by morning. Mr. Wilson gave him Christian burial and found papers with his address. He wrote the sad news to his mother who replied with deep gratitude.

A Swedish missionary lady, whose husband was away on a tour, came to see us to ask if we could take her and her baby up to the village. Of course we were glad to help her. On the way home she was stricken, and when her husband got home, he found both mother and child dead and buried. Dr. Cochran had printed a pamphlet of instructions as to prevention and first aid. The Moslems strung copies of the Koran on a rope across the street to stop the spread of the pestilence and accepted it as the "Will of God." Two Psalms will always be connected with this experience - the 91st and the 116th, the 91st during the crisis, the 116th our song of thanksgiving the first Sunday in church after our return.

Three little girls were born in the Mission-compound that summer, Mary Agnes Wilson, Aimee Vanneman and Mary Whipple. Our home was happy again with a baby to watch and enjoy. At our Fourth of July picnic Dr. Bradford announced that there would be a Baby Prize Contest. Each baby won a prize, Mary the prettiest, Aimee the plumpest, and Mary Agnes the most precocious. For instance, the day we moved into our new house our little Agnes was one year old and stood up, holding out her new dress to show Mousa and said her first word "Bakh" (look). People said "She is ours, her tongue opened in our language."

Here let me tell of our mission-circle. Our first doctor was George Washington Holmes, M.D., so a picnic on February 22nd was instituted. He was so absorbed in his work that, when he called on us one night at 9 o'clock I asked if he had eaten dinner. He said he hadn't been home all day. He was much in demand, and became the Crown Prince's Physician, but resigned to take Mrs. Holmes home when she was stricken with a fatal disease. The Crown Prince couldn't understand it and offered to get him "a nice, new, young wife."

Miss Jewett was the pioneer and wrote the story of her twenty-five years in Tabriz. Mrs. Van Hook started the Girls' School and won her pupils' devotion. Miss Demuth went out with us in 1905, and on entering Persia remarked "I don't see any idols." She was from Park College and brought the fervor of that school, but we lost her. One day a mysterious telegram came--one word "Tfl" (vowel points to be supplied might mean Tiflis or child), then she confessed that her fiance was arriving at Tiflis. He wanted to carry her off at once, but she felt it was not honorable to desert the school till her successor had learned the language, so he got a job to teach English in the Armenian school, and they were married. Her successor became Mrs. Allen of the Urumia station, then Miss Beaber came to stay till her retirement, and enlarged the school not only with a fine building but by attracting Moslem pupils. I remember the Commencement when an audience of Moslem women saw their daughters take part. One woman sat with the tears rolling down her face. She said to me, "Oh, how I have longed for this day, but it came too late for me."

The Wrights had moved from Salmas to Tabriz. The new recruits were Dr. and Mrs. Vanneman, and Mr. and Mrs. Brashear, who came the Cholera-year. With four families we finally had a group of fourteen children and had a picture taken of them before Johnnie and Jennie Wright left for America to go to school. We also had a picture of the adult group and Dr. Vanneman, in his funny way said: "Better not send it to America, it might affect contributions." Later Mr. Fred Jessup, son of Dr. Henry Jessup of Beirut and Mr. Charles Pittman and Miss Lucille Drake were added. Mr. Pittman and Miss Drake were married in the church, a regular American wedding, a great occasion for our little girls to be bridesmaids. Their beautiful baby, Clement, spent only one Christmas with us, the center of attention, and soon after died suddenly, another little grave beside ours.

The Brashears did not return after their first furlough, leaving the memory of Mrs. Brashear's beautiful singing and their lovely home life.

I thought Miss Holliday "the most remarkable character I ever met." She had always wanted to be a missionary, but was not free to come until after her father and mother died when she was forty. She told the Board that

she would pay her own salary, as she was over age, but her home church wanted her to be their missionary, so they also contributed the same amount. She was tireless in touring and had her own team; a young evangelist, Karapat, who was like Aaron to Moses, the spokesman, and she poured into his retentive mind her wealth of Bible knowledge. Her woman companion, Yagoot (Ruby), could not read but had a gift for telling Bible stories. An old Moslem was the Business-Manager of the company. She had a trunkful of gifts from pupils during her years of teaching, and wanted to sell them and give the proceeds to feed the poor, so she sent invitations to the men of the European colony for a Christmas Sale. They were keen to cooperate and she made over \$100. In her youth she had been engaged to the brother of President Harrison, and was entertained at the White House on furlough. Her fiance died in the Civil War, so she was always interested in soldiers, and during World War I made a rendezvous for English soldiers, furnishing tea, ginger-bread, papers and magazines. At Easter she arranged for an English Communion Service for them, learning that many of them had had no such opportunity for years.

Dr. Mary Bradford was the first woman-doctor in Persia. The women crowded her clinic. She lived with us two years, and I was her interpreter. She had a pupil who wanted to come to America and study medicine. All the arrangements were made with Doctor's friends to look after her, but her brother would not let her go, and, as her father was dead, she was in her brother's power.

The Whipple family were counted as members of the station, though not under the Board, as he was Agent of the American Bible Society. They bought the residence of the school garden's owner, and on leaving for America donated it to the Mission for a woman's hospital, but it was too near the Boy's School, so another site was bought for the hospital by the Board, and the Whipple House was made a dormitory for the school.

## CHAPTER IV

## FIRST FURLOUGH

When Agnes was nineteen months old, we started on our furlough to America. It is the Persian custom for a bride, after a week, to go home "to kiss her mother's hand," but for me it was not after eight days but eight years. A Russian lady called Agnes: "Miss Independence."

My sister Sophea had married Will Dulles, and for five years he was Treasurer of the Board, a splendid job reorganizing the finances and putting in modern business-methods, e.g. there had been no stenographers, he put in twenty.

My meeting with my new brother-in-law was amusing. Our trunk had not been delivered so Sophea had lent me a lovely "tea-gown". As I stood by the window in the twilight I didn't hear the door open, but suddenly felt myself being warmly embraced in a man's arms. He saw the familiar dress and it was the cause of this very cordial introduction. I have often told the story as "my most embarrassing moment." On Sunday my little niece Dorothy was baptized by Dr. John Hall in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and we were present. What a joy it was to see my sister in her new home, and, as she said "We are the same age now," each with a baby.

We hurried to the Wilson home in Indiana, Pennsylvania where there was a family-gathering. Robert, Andy and Ella had married and come home each with two children. Harry's wife had died leaving two children. Later a picture was taken of Grandfather, Grandmother and the new brood of 11 grandchildren.

My Mother was ready for us in the old Lake Forest home, and there on July 25th, Rose Dulles was born. For a year her grandmother and Uncle Foster doted on her, a new experience to have a baby in the house. Sophea and Dorothy joined us for the summer, and Foster said, "The three babies didn't know the difference between their three mothers." Lake Forest was little changed. Dr. McClure was still the pastor, and he baptized three babies one Sunday, Charlotte Skinner's, mine and Frank Well's with Jordan water which Dr. Wells had brought from Palestine. No words can describe that reunion. Old friends and new conspired to load us with kind attentions.

In the Spring, Mother and I went to the annual meeting of the Board of the North West, leaving Agnes with Foster and the two Negro girls Mother had brought with her from the South. When Sister Annie went to Detroit she met women who claimed keeping "that baby Rose" during the meeting. She used to say that she had always been somebody's daughter or sister, but little thought Baby Rose would give her a new title when she went to Detroit as the bride of the minister, Dr. Alfred Barr.

The only drawback to the year's joy was my recurring attacks of malaria which had been my bane in Persia. When little Agnes had fever eighteen days, I said to Dr. Haven "Can it be malaria?" He scoffed at the idea, but finally tried Quinine and the fever stopped. By Christmas we were able to go to the Wilson home where the family were eager to see Baby Rose and she saw her first Christmas tree.



Mr. Wilson stayed there to work on his book "Persian Life and Customs" published by Revell's, which was well received as a much needed account of that little known country. Royalties came to him from it as long as he lived. Robert Speer used to say he consulted it whenever he made a speech on Persia.

The year passed all too quickly, and we left on Rose's birthday a sad farewell to Lake Forest, as it was never again our home. The house was sold and Mother went to live with Sophea.

and had four wonderful days together. A week-end when our two little "sisters" making the house all the place, and Anne celebrated her third birthday having pink ice cream with Annie in a very odd high stool.

When we reached Persia Anne was old enough to accept the differences. And when we entered Shiraz, she said, "Why did we come here - it isn't the place for George's country." I said, "That's just the reason!" but of course she didn't understand as meaning.

We took up the routine of home and school again. The children were welcomed by their little group of playmates. When Rose was three years old she was overjoyed by the birth of their baby sister, Mother Thompson, named for my "Mother-in-Love" Mrs. Thompson of Jerry Hill. Mother had golden curls, bright eyes and a most winning disposition. Her sisters used her in their place, and, when Dr. Bradford took them for a walk to Babolnash, she was always saying, "How can I play without my sisters." When she was two years old, a little brother, Andrew was added to the family to the great joy of us all, and of our Persian friends who are partial to boys. He was named for my grandfather.

Mother came out to help us with my four and spent a year. She took Anne and Rose a day's journey to meet the party with provisions and found them "starved" for home-fare. Dr. Davidson and his wife, Harrison, and Louise Fisher, a teacher for the girls school, were bound for Shiraz and were with us.

Mother soon began a little school which she called "New Academy" she made a specialty of Lyons and Fife's version. Rose learned to read. At Thanksgiving Mother was honored to the whole station with a whole "roast" with a lot of turkey, which is not to be found. After dinner, Mother took a spelling book, and the first words to be learned - a preparation for Dr. Wright, who had just learned to spell. Mother was a wonderful teacher to my girls. She made words with us receiving the honor of "Miss" and "Mrs." and "Miss" and "Mrs."

To go back to Persia was the goal of her journey - after the year's struggle. On the way she was thrown and her feet in the water in the ground, and had her knee. We were half way, so we went on, giving the girls the applications every night. When we reached Shiraz, Dr. C. had our car for a week. We stayed several months, having our car house and even renting a house and carriage - which Dr. Wilson drove - so we got a little independence. On Sunday Mother visited the girls' school and the teacher said, "Mrs. Rose, you are the mother. Don't you speak to me?"

On special occasions Little Father was "the boss of the house." When Dr. Cook got back from a long trip in the mountains, and we gathered on the porch to hear his story, his little Edward and Mother put on his shoes and shared the questions we gave him. He almost died of typhoid and was

## CHAPTER V

## SECOND TERM

Our own home and work were in Tabriz, and we gladly turned our faces thither. We took the route through the Mediterranean, and at Genoa met Sophea and Will. We went on with them to Venice and had four wonderful days together. A snap-shot shows our two little "doves" feeding the doves on the Plaza, and Agnes celebrated her third birthday having pink ice cream with Auntie in a shop on a high stool.

When we reached Persia Agnes was old enough to sense the difference, and as we entered Tabriz, she said, "Why did we come here" - It isn't as nice as Grandpa's country." I said, "That's just the reason," but of course she didn't understand my meaning.

We took up the routine of home and school again. The children were welcomed by their little group of playmates. When Rose was three years old they were overjoyed by the birth of their baby sister, Esther Thompson, named for my "Mother-in-Love" Mrs. Thompson of Ferry Hall. Esther had golden curls, big blue eyes and a most winning disposition. Her sisters used her in their plays, and, when Dr. Bradford took them for a week to Zenjanab, she was desolate, saying, "How can I play wifout my sitters." When she was two years old, a little brother, Andrew was added to the family to the great joy of us all, and of our Persian friends who are partial to boys. He was named for his grandfather.

Mother came out to help me with my four and spent a year. Sam took Agnes and Rose a day's journey to meet the party with provisions and found them "starved" for Home-fare. Dr. Cochran and his son, Harrison, and Louise Wilbur, a teacher for the missionary children, were bound for Urumia and went on.

Mother soon began a little school which she called "Rhea Academy." She made a specialty of hymns and Bible verses. Rose learned to read. At Thanksgiving Mother was hostess to the whole station with a whole roast lamb instead of turkey, which is not to be found. After dinner, Mother had a Spelling Bee, suiting the words to the person - metaphysical for Dr. Wright, and dog for Edwin, which he had just learned to spell. Mother was a wonderful addition to our circle. She made calls with me receiving the honor due her white hair and winning all hearts.

To go back to Urumia was the goal of her journey - after thirty years absence. On the way she was thrown from her seat in the wagon to the ground, and hurt her knee. We were half way, so we went on, giving the knee hot applications every night. When we reached Urumia, Dr. Cochran put her knee in a cast. We stayed several months, having our own house and even renting a horse and carriage - which Mr. Wilson drove - so we got about independently. On Sunday Mother visited Village churches and the pastor would say, "Mrs. Rhea, you are our mother. Won't you speak to us?"

On social occasions Little Esther was "the belle of the ball." When Dr. Coan got back from a long trip in the mountains, and we gathered on the roof at Seir to hear his story, his little Howard and Esther sat on his knees and shared in the ovation we gave him. He almost died of typhoid and had no

one to care for him but the devoted villagers who brought water from a spring in relays to pour over him.

It was forty years since Mother and Dr. Labaree had arrived in Persia, the only living survivors of that early company, and the cemetery nearby reminded us of the Past as we reviewed their lives.

The growth of the Mission had been wonderful. There were seventy organized churches on the three rivers, a Theological Seminary that trained preachers and evangelists, and every new station in the country had these men to begin the work. Fiske Seminary sent out its alumnae who kept up the women's meetings and taught in the village schools and Sunday Schools. At the Jubilee of the Mission, a great tent was used for the celebration. The Persian Governor was invited to come and he exclaimed when he saw that half of the audience were women: "Why are these women here? Can they read?" The moderator asked all who could read to stand and every woman stood.

Mother met many of her old pupils, and she had not forgotten the language as she had kept up the practice of reading out loud in Syriac a chapter from the Testament every day. It is akin to the Aramaic, which Jesus used. The ancestors of these people had fled from Syria on account of persecution, and they are called Nestorians from Nestorus, their leader, but I cannot go into their history.

It was a bitter trial to part with Mother, but it seemed better for her to return to America as the altitude and the water of Tabriz did not agree with her, so that she was not well all year. A European friend, returning, engaged to see her safely to London.

We little knew what was before us. On June 14th 1901 our lovely little Esther died suddenly - it seemed of sunstroke. Miss Holliday had taken her over to the Girls' School, and she walked home at noon in the heat, coming in to say to her father: "My head! My head!" as in the Bible story of the Shunamite's son, but there was no prophet Elisha. That night a new little sister was born. Rose counted it this way: "We were five one night and next night we were only four again." This first great sorrow came to Agnes and Rose in their tender years. No more appropriate words could be found to put on Esther's grave than "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." She was a heavenly child in looks and character.

The baby was named Annie Rhea for me, by her father, and was a great comfort from the first. She was my prize-baby, weighing 9 lbs. at birth. We were fortunate to get a wet nurse, a young Armenian woman with her first baby and plenty of milk, so both babies thrived.

Our next crisis was first Agnes, then Rose coming down with Scarlet fever. There was an epidemic and many children died. Dr. Bradford had an isolation-room, and kept our girls in quarantine for six weeks - our nurse staying with them in the daytime and their father at night. He took every precaution, bathing and changing his clothes in Doctor's basement before going to school, and it proved effective, for there was not another case in the school. I had entire charge of the two little ones. The homecoming of the two big sisters was a "red letter day." Andrew used his reins and drove "RoRo" all around the house. In our Mission-circle two of the Easton Children were taken, Frank and Nellie, both specially lovely and promising.

The next catastrophe was Mr. Wilson's appendicitis. Returning from a tour in Karadagh during Easter vacation he was seized with severe pain and rode home at once. Dr. Vanneman telegraphed for Dr. Cochran in Urumia, who came traveling "chapper" (relays of post-horses) and arrived the second night at 10 o'clock. The next morning he performed the operation just in time to prevent peritonitis. Dr. Bradford sterilized everything and assisted. Mrs. Vanneman gave the anesthetic. The night before Sam said to me: "In case I am taken I know my brothers will take care of you and the children." His trust in Wilson Loyalty proved true when he left us years after.

During his convalescence, little Andrew would stand by and get tid-bits from his tray. That summer we all went to Zenjanab and had a very quiet happy time together. Andrew was very sturdy and active, riding a donkey or climbing the mountain with us on foot. Pointing to the West he would say: "That's America, we are going there soon." He was such a manly, gallant little fellow. We went down to the city the day he was three years old. He asked me, "Am I going to have a birthday?" Meaning a party. I assured him he should have his cake and party as soon as we could. I am glad we did, little thinking it was the last. A few days after, he was stricken with diphtheria. After ten years the tragedy of Rhea's death was repeated. People said: "Does lightning strike twice in the same place?" The girls and I had the same symptoms and were given injections, but we were too ill to go downstairs to the service. For the first time Moslem women attended such a service. The dining room was filled with them. When I was able to see them many came to show their sympathy. One woman said: "He was our own little brother, born in our country." To his father this was such a staggering blow that I wondered how he could go on as usual with his school-work just the same, but his strong faith and self-control sustained him. I tried to fill my days too full for memories, but at night grief had its way.

Meanwhile life went on - lessons with Agnes and Rose and classes with school-boys. Thursday evenings I had the boarders come in for tea and games, and Sunday afternoons I had a little meeting with the older boys. One winter we studied Proverbs. Mr. Wilson had Proverbs printed attractively and called it "Manual for Young Men", so they collected verses on such subjects as Honesty, Reliability, Industry, etc. One New Year's Day a Belgian merchant was calling and said: "This is a rotten country, I have found only two honest men." I asked him, "Who are they?" He named two of our boys in his employ. An Armenian gave the same testimony: "When I go to Paris, I leave my shop with the boy you recommended. I can trust him."

Sunday mornings I had a class of thirty little Moslem boys for Bible stories and songs. They would come before we were up. Instead of going to the church service in Armenian I would go to the home of an Armenian boy, and he would gather the neighbors. I would say to them, "You can't leave your babies to go to church, so I have brought Jesus to you." I asked an old woman, "How much of the church service do you understand?" "Two words" she answered, "One is Hesous Christos, the other Havedeanas havedenets" (forever and forever.) In the Armenian church the ancient Armenian is used. These two words expressed her simple faith.

A succession of helpers in the home deserve special mention. Teltel was a joke - when I sent a message by one of the children, "Tell Teltel." She was very capable and efficient. She married and went to a village and used to complain how much harder she had to work. Tarlan (hawk)

was another good worker and devoted to the children. She would hear the baby wake at 5 o'clock and would take him in to the garden in the early freshness such a relief to us, while she, going to bed early, had already had her quota of sleep. We learned to love the native dishes she prepared. Pilav, flaky rice, Khurush dressings for rice of meat, vegetables and herbs, Lawash (thin sheets of native bread), Nazookee (rich pastry served with tea), Khareesa (a special Easter dish of cracked wheat and chicken cooked to a jelly), Dolmas (cabbage or grape leaves stuffed with ground meat, rice, spices and herbs, and boiled an hour), Curry (a mixture of twenty spices mixed with gravy to serve with pilav), Sherbets, fruit juices of all kinds, even rose leaves, as drinks. My cooks also learned our cooking, and made yeast of hops which the cooks in European families were always borrowing. They became experts in cakes, cookies, jellies, preserves and canned fruit (using Mason jars.) Our best cook was Kizbus (girls' enough), named by her father he had had six. Mrs. Cochran took her when little and trained her. Another had been a Bible-woman and was a great help with the Persian women. As she had been a teacher she was called Rabbi Esther, the title for women as well as men. We remember these Christian women who lived with us with great affection. Company was no burden to them, with their love of hospitality, and they never grumbled over guests.

I might call our house a sort of "Grand Hotel" in a city without any accommodation for foreigners. An old clergyman, who boasted of going around the world and not paying a cent, was with us for eighty meals. A globe-trotter from the Faroe Islands appeared in a strange costume, a white coat with elaborate pleats which Esther laundered for him so that he could call on the Governor. At dinner one day, a bee flew in and stung him on the lip, which puffed up. He ran out of the room with his napkin to his mouth. We had no language in common, so it was funny getting along with gestures. A mysterious Englishman came with a note of introduction from missionaries in Turkey, with whom he had stayed. He wrote us a nice note from London thanking us for hospitality, but we never knew his errand for the Empire. Two young men, one a millionaire, the other his valet, were our guests before Christmas and left a box of toys for the children, the only remuneration we ever got. Two American college boys, after graduation, decided to travel by bicycle. They climbed Mt. Ararat and put the Stars and Stripes on the summit, then came to Tabriz. One of them fell ill with typhoid fever and our neighbors took them in for six weeks. Mention is made of it in their book "Through Asia on Bicycles."

We heard that Dr. Jackson from Columbia University was coming and a party went on the road to welcome him, the Persian custom of "Peshwaz." They returned without him, but three hours later he arrived at nine o'clock P.M. It was cold and raw, and he came in shivering saying: "The only thing I want is a fire." His book on Zoroaster had just been published, so we asked: "Are you a fire-worshipper?" He was a strange tourist - Persian rugs, the "Blue Mosque", the "Ark" (600 year old citadel), the Bazaars had no interest for him. He only wanted to find all he could about Zoroaster. He visited Urumia, his birth-place, and said he verified one saying of Zoroaster that "In Persia Winter lasts thirteen months." Among the great privileges we had was that of entertaining Mr. Wilson's brother, Dr. Robert Dick Wilson, whose knowledge of Oriental languages astonished the natives, and at another time Dr. Robert Speer and Mrs. Speer, on an official visit to all the stations. Their visit was lengthened in Hamadan by Dr. Speer's having typhoid fever. Also, there were earlier the first Y.M.C.A. visitors, Mr. and Mrs. L.D. Wishard, on their wedding trip around the world. With them was Mr. Wm. Henry Grant, who caused a sensation by his pistol going off accidentally - to the joy of the boys.

These were only occasional guests, the usual run were missionaries from other stations going or coming, and the colporteurs and preachers on their tours. One evangelist was a unique character. He had composed a story of Jesus' life, which he sang like a wandering dervish, going from village to village, with great effect. Word came that he was ill, and Dr. Vanneman went out to bring him in, and found him dying of poison; so he gave his life, a martyr. Another grand old preacher, often our guest, was brought for burial from Maragha, where he and his wife had served many years. After the service, one of the Moslem boys said: "I would like to live and die like him."

As a young housekeeper I learned a lesson in etiquette from my first Persian guests. I met two of our evangelists at church and invited them to dinner Monday. We waited for them an hour in vain and the next day they met my cook in the Bazaar and asked him: "Why didn't your Khanum send to say - Come for all things are ready."

There were two notable dinners. When the new school-building was finished, all who had worked on it from masons to hod-carriers were invited to a feast, and speeches were made presenting it as a gift from America to Persian boys in the name of the Lord Jesus. The other dinner was in our home for our new Armenian neighbors, the men on our street. One guest remarked as he left "This is the first time I can walk straight walking home after a dinner."

Callers are a large part of the social life in Persia. They were announced by Mousa, the door-keeper, whom I must introduce. He boasted that he had been a bandit in his youth, but could now say, "I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of wickedness." He could not read, but could quote this verse and another "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." This he interpreted as allowing "mudokhel" (graft). He was our general factotum doing the marketing, and he could remember twenty items when he gave his account. Every day he went on horse back with two big water-jars to fill at the water main before it entered the open stream going through the city where women washed clothes. He was invaluable on a tour, getting lodgings, bringing guests, serving tea and making friends.

Women callers sent word before hand, and he only brought them to the door on my side of the house. Men came to the door on the other side by the Study. I never saw them, but would count the shoes in the hall to know how many cups of coffee or glasses of tea to send in. Once the Governor was calling with his retinue. When he came out, his shoes were missing. Great consternation! Till a servant came running to say: "The baby has them." There was two year old Bobby, shuffling along in the great man's slippers. Everybody laughed and the ice was broken.

New Year's Day was our great day, men coming the first day, and the women the day after. Tea, cookies and candy were served. My little daughter was flabbergasted, when she brought a plate of candy, to have the first woman spread her handkerchief and empty the whole plate in it. I had a blind neighbor, a young girl, who enjoyed coming and sitting in a corner all day, as guests came and went. I remember one such day when I had a nagging pain, and, when I was free to go to Doctor, he pronounced it appendicitis and ordered me to bed for two weeks with an ice-bag - so the attack was halted.

There was a weekly meeting for Moslem women usually held at Dr. Bradford's. I invited them for a Luncheon, and for the day all men were ex-

cluded so they could take off their street veils and be at home. Esther knew how to arrange everything, the table-cloth on the floor and guests sitting on knees and heels around it. The menu was all native dishes and they ate with their fingers, first washing their hands by using the basin, ewer and towel which were passed around. Then we had games, which they enjoyed like children, and then we adjourned to the parlor for singing with the piano and Bible reading. I had taught a young neighbor, Fatima, to read, and they were delighted to hear her read some of Jesus' stories which Rabbi Esther explained. We ended with the usual tea-drinking, the third glass being the signal for leaving. Dear little Fatima died young of tuberculosis.

Friday is the Holiday. The Bazaars are closed and people go to the Mosque. The month of Fasting, meetings are held every night and we could see the mosque filled with men sitting on rugs drinking tea and smoking, while outside women sat in the dust of the street, catching what they could of the Mollah's sermon through the open windows. No wonder they had an inferiority complex. When no man was admitted to Dr. Bradford's clinic, they felt the tables were turned. This clinic gave me too the opportunity of seeing and talking with the women in the waiting room. We had beautiful slides on the Life of Christ and showed them to a group of Doctor's patients. They were specially touched by His compassion. They said, "Your Prophet was good to you women. Our Prophet wasn't good to us," specially referring to his allowing a Moslem to have four wives, and giving the right of divorce only to men. Of course, the return of the dowry is a protection to a wife. There was one Persian family, the Kalentar's, who were especially friendly. An old relative lived with them who had become a Christian in Constantinople. He had great influence in sending the sons to our school. One boy taught his oldest sister to read the Testament to the women of the family. Once a year the ladies and girls of the Mission were invited to the Kalentar's to spend the day. They had a large place, court within court for the different families, and a lemon-conservatory. "Breakfast" was served at noon.

Once again a son was given us - Robert Graham was born July 26th, 1903, a very precious, but frail baby on account of the problem of feeding him, and a long illness in the winter. At one time I was in such despair that I begged to have the elders come in and pray. (James 5:14,15).

## CHAPTER VI

## SECOND FURLOUGH

Our furlough was due and we started to America in May. In London the baby was threatened with pneumonia, and Dr. Ray Wilbur (Mrs. Wm. Shedd's brother, then studying medicine there) came to our help. He brought a baby doctor to prescribe for the baby, and a nurse to help me, for he saw that I was tired out. We were detained in London a week, so Miss Holliday and Agha Buzurk sailed as planned. The problem of his name was decided by Miss Holliday, and he was registered as A.B. Mousa. We thought "Calendar" would have been better, as it is the official title held in his family and found in the Arabian Nights. He afterward visited us in my sister's home, and when he saw the fine old stone house and large grounds he asked me, "Where is your estate?" After preparatory school and college, he studied medicine, and is now in practice in Hartford, Connecticut.

Our ship landed us at Philadelphia, and Foster and Will Dulles met us there, Foster holding the sick baby on the train to New York. What a home-coming it was! Since our last furlough there were four children in each family, Sophea's baby, Winslow, six months younger than Robert. Her famous baby doctor at once took Robert in charge. Every morning Sophea made twelve bottles for the two babies, and in a month Robert was of normal weight, gloriously well, as shown by his happy grin in a picture taken with me. America agreed with him.

A happy event was Sister Agnes' wedding. Mr. Wilson, Agnes and Rose had gone on at once, and I followed for the wedding, leaving my two babies with their Auntie.

In November I went to the Hospital in New York for a long needed operation - Dr. Andrew McCash was my doctor, "Glad to help our missionary friends," he said. During my month's absence Sophea did everything for little Annie and Robert, getting winter outfits made. The picture of "the Twins" in blue coats and white hoods trimmed with white fur was a souvenir of her loving care. Mother would take them in the baby carriage, and when anyone said with surprise, "I didn't know Mrs. Dulles had twins!" Mother answered, "Yes, twins with different fathers and mothers."

That Christmas was the most memorable in our lives. Our two families with Mother and Foster made a household of fourteen. Agnes and Dorothy had dinner with the six grown-ups, the four intermediates and the two babies had their suppers earlier. Uncle Will loved to carry the twins in their twin "rompers" down to Prayers mornings for he kept up the family custom, a sweet memory of our united family. The tree and its lavish gifts were never equalled - Mother outdid herself and we were all overloaded. The twins were the distributing cherubs, Winslow just learning to toddle at one year.

We had visited Uncle Rob's family before Christmas, Agnes and Rose making the journey from Pennsylvania with their cousin Howard, the conductor paying special attention to curly-headed Rose and her doll. After Christmas we went to Grandpa's for six months. Though I had written from Persia to rent us a house, they insisted we must live with his family in the old home. The dear Grandpa had died six years before and Grandma was really an invalid.



Uncle Harry had brought his two motherless children home. Aunt Jenny and Aunt Agnes took care of them, and Uncle Dick was the favorite young uncle, "driving the first automobile in town" which our Bobby called "bubble," ecstatically running to get in whenever it came to the door. Grandma was equally enthusiastic "feeling so safe with Dick driving." How they stood having us six added to the family, I don't know except that they said they "felt lonesome unless there were twelve at the table." At Thanksgiving the number swelled to twenty. I remember Blair Sutton with his usual wit introducing Jenny as she came in wearing a velvet dress: "Let me introduce the Cook!" There were two maids, but Jenny was known as "the boss."

Agnes and Rose enjoyed regular school for the first time in their lives, with their cousins of the same age, Andy and George Stewart, Aunt Ella's boys. It was delightful living in the home-town with many relatives and old friends. Mr. Wilson was busy writing and speaking, and we both enjoyed the dinners and parties given in this hospitable town.

I had a trip visiting my dearest girlhood friend, Anna Wheeler, in Chicago. She asked me "Whom does Robert look like?" I said, "He's the image of his father, people tell me." Little Gordon, her adopted son, piped up, "And Gordon's the image of Gordon's father." (It was true too.) The great privilege of this outing for me was due to Ella's taking the two little ones for the time, and ever after she felt they specially belonged to her. It was my one chance to see old Lake Forest friends.

All too soon our furlough was over, and we came to Englewood for a last visit, Sophea giving us a beautiful Reception for good bye. Mother was seventy, and we felt the parting with her most of all, little thinking that the following year Sophea would be taken from that house, where she was the center, indispensable to husband, children and her aged mother. Like a flower of the field, "the wind passed over it" and she was gone and her place was empty. She died in December, and the following April she would have been forty years old. Books for Christmas, all wrapped for mailing to her missionary correspondents, were found in her closet, and a Christmas-box was already on its way for us. These gifts had a special meaning, the last she would give us. A little artificial Christmas tree with branches that folded up, was among them, and it was used on our table every Christmas after, and also for the school-boys' party, who never had seen a Christmas Tree. When the news came to us by cablegram a week before Christmas, we felt - how can we make merry, but we carried out her wishes with loving gratitude. I received many calls of condolence as friends heard of my sad loss.

## CHAPTER VII

## THE SECOND TERM

Our journey back was a rich experience which the older girls could appreciate. In Russia a suit case was stolen, and we continued to miss its contents, one being the Latin Grammar, which Agnes was studying, and which the conductor had examined with suspicion, holding it upside-down.

We arrived in Tabriz the day Mrs. Vanneman had prepared a supper party for the children who had finished memorizing the Westminster Catechism, her Sunday School class. The party was postponed, and she sent the supper over to us famished travelers. It was good to be home again. Edith Lamme had come out to teach the children, a little school of twelve including four from European families. They used my big front bedroom as the school-room, and Mr. Wilson used to say he "could set his watch by Miss Lamme's coming up the steps." It was fine for the children to have such a conscientious, faithful teacher and they responded to her influence. An English lady, Mrs. Brunton, in the Bank residence, just across the street, had started giving six of them music-lessons, and these included Agnes and Rose, all of them practicing on our piano at regular hours. (Afterwards Mrs. Vanneman and Mrs. Wright bought pianos.) Every month Mrs. Brunton had a party for the children, and the grown-ups joined in games and charades. The school too had Exhibitions, inviting a larger audience of outsiders and the programs included songs, recitations, piano solos and duets - a new diversion for us all.

Some occasions stand out! One Easter when Dr. Coan and Howard visited us, and "Uncle Fred" was ever after remembered for his loving ways and music. A visit from Mr. Schuler of Teheran is remember by Rose's remark: "If an angel had visited us, we couldn't love him more." He came a journey of five days each way, staying five days, especially to see two motherless Moslem boys whom he supported in our school. Anna Wheeler sent me books of children's songs, and we learned Easter and Christmas songs, the little ones enjoying Finger plays and Songs, so Grandpa's piano continued to enrich our lives.

Friday was the day for European callers, as Bazaars were closed, the Moslem "assembly day." American rocking-chairs were a curiosity, and one long-legged Scotsman went over backward in the contraption. Once Mrs. Shedd was with us with her two pretty little girls, Bertha and Louise, when the English Consul, Mr. Shipley, and the American Consul, Mr. Paddock, came together and stayed all afternoon entertained by our guests' recitations and my children's singing. Mr. Shipley said: "Paddock, we made a mistake being old bachelors with no children like these." Mr. Paddock answered: "How do you know ours would be like these!"

Among the Europeans were Protestants, English, German, Swiss who came to our English service Sunday afternoons and especially enjoyed the Carols at Christmas.

Mr. Wilson conducted weddings, baptisms, and funerals giving official certificates which were treasured. So to these exiles from homelands, the Mission was a "little sanctuary." Mrs. Stevens, a Catholic from Smyrna said: "You are nearer to us than relatives, for we have shared our joys and sorrows together." Her little granddaughter had typhoid when Annie did, and, after

their recovery, they were bridesmaids in the Catholic church, when her daughter was married.

It was a great day for us when an American Consul was sent from Washington. Mr. Doty, the first incumbent, came from Tahiti, and took great pleasure in telling the children of the contrasts in life there and in Tabriz. Indeed he helped to educate them, as he took them on long walks and related his varied experiences beginning as page-boy in the U.S. Senate.

We had great fun over Mr. Doty's attempts at speaking Turkish. He had two "phaetons" once to take us driving, he with the ladies in one, the children in the other. The children's driver was a Jehu, and got ahead. Mr. Doty was furious at this insult to his precedence and shook his cane at him shouting: "Yokdur, Yokdur" (There is not.)

For the first time the Fourth of July was celebrated by an official reception at the American Consulate, (to which I contributed a freezer of ice-cream to make it American.)

The British Consul was always the nearest of our European friends and best remembered was Col. Stewart from India, a regular "Bible Christian." He always came to church, and, though he couldn't understand the service, sat in the front seat, reading his Bible. He instituted a new kind of tea-party, inviting all the Europeans to tea on Fridays, and have a Bible Reading, all taking turns. His lovely wife was a charming hostess and the teas were well attended.

Our school routine went on through all the years regular as clock-work. A Conference for workers among Moslems was held in Cairo, (I think in 1910) and our delegates were Miss Holliday and Mr. Wilson. It was a great opportunity to see the schools for Moslems - Robert College, Beirut University, Cairo University, and the delegates came from Syria, Turkey, India and Egypt to consult on this most difficult missionary project of trying to reach the Moslems. Dr. Wilson came back with the conviction that Christian Education was the most hopeful approach. He changed the whole policy of the "Memorial School" in Tabriz (named in memory of Mr. Thaw, by his widow who founded it.) Mrs. Thaw's second large donation was spent in making the school recitation-hall twice as large with assembly-room and recitation rooms for Moslem pupils. There was doubt and foreboding by many. They said: "Moslem and Armenian boys can't be together. They will be at each other's throats." "That's just the reason," Mr. Wilson would say, "they will become friends as school-mates." He made a rule that in games they should never divide by nationalities, the difference should be ignored. One day I saw a Persian and an Armenian Boy walking together, their arms over each others' shoulders. I said to them, "Are you David and Jonathan?" They understood and answered, "Yes, David and Jonathan."

The school dominated our lives. A villager once came to the study, and seeing boys coming and going asked: "Is this the city Post Office?"

The big Assembly room was an appropriate place for Armenian Evangelistic meetings, as they would sooner come there than to the Protestant Church. One winter a very eloquent young Armenian preacher held two weeks continued preaching services at night. The room was crowded and after the service, overflow discussion groups gathered in our parlor, study, and dining room. The whole community felt the influence.

We had a Literary Club among our teachers and Armenian church members, women as well as men enjoying this new social contact with programs including speeches and music. I remember once the subject was humorous stories. Baron Hampartsum, who had gone to Canada to study after graduation, took a Canadian paper and he said he looked through a year's file to find a story that could be translated and keep its humor. It reminded us of a wedding recently held, when an Englishman was a guest and was asked to make a speech. Sentence by sentence it was translated: "Every young couple should keep two bears." (Expectation and surprise with laughter.) "The two bears are bear and forbear;" the translator was floored and all who couldn't understand English felt baffled without an explanation of the joke. There was no lack of funny stories from Persian sources, especially the famous Mollah Nasr i Din!

Once a year this society had a Musicale at our house. We mustered five musical instruments - piano, organ, guitar, violin, and shepherd's flute (played by a villager.)

We also had a Lecture Course alternating between the Armenian school and our school on scientific and historical subjects. Intemperance was a great evil among the Armenians, and to the shame of the Christian name Armenians kept wine shops secretly patronized by Moslems (whose religion prohibits wine.) The Armenian Bishop gave the first temperance lecture, followed by one on the physical effects of Alcohol by an Armenian doctor from Constantinople, who with his wife were members of the Club, because she had attended the American College for girls in Constantinople. The third lecture Mr. Wilson gave with a map of the United States showing the growth of Prohibition and telling of the campaign for Temperance (many years before the Prohibition law and its annulment.) You have no idea what an innovation the Club meetings and the Lectures were and how much enjoyment and development they brought where men and women had been kept apart and had no social contacts.

Moslem custom was predominant and even in our church a screen separated men and women, and all the women wore their street veils. In the new church there was no screen, but a balcony was built at the back, and when Mr. Wilson was asked what it was for he said, "For Moslem women," though at the time no Moslem women came. Afterward they did come and his faith was justified. Now the modern Persian woman goes everywhere unveiled.

Another example of Mr. Wilson's faith in the future was the church tower. He had built it to buttress the wall and for its architectural beauty, but he said it was for a bell. At the time no Christian church was allowed to have a bell. The janitor of the Armenian church used to go from door to door knocking to announce time for church. Our church-tower is no longer empty. With the growth of tolerance and freedom there was no longer this prohibition, and a rich widow, a church member, had a bell brought from Tiflis and installed.

The day of persecution is forgotten now; when, just after the church was built, the doors were sealed by the Governor's order, we sent a telegram to Teheran to the Shah petitioning that the doors be opened, so his loyal subjects could go to their house of worship and pray for his Majesty's long life (in Persian "Padishah yoshasun", Long Live the King.) A day of prayer was set, but at its beginning a telegram came ordering the doors opened. It seems the new Minister from Washington was expected and our friends represented to the King the it would be a poor welcome for him to hear the first thing of this complaint from the American Mission. So we rejoiced at the fulfillment of the

promise, "Before they call, I will answer." That was the last time there was opposition by the Government.

When the Boy's School was first started, Moslem boys attended and Police came to raid the school. The Persian teacher was so frightened that he ran and hid under Mr. Wilson's bed, and for fifteen years the only pupils were Christian boys (Armenian and Assyrian.)

His son, Muraffir-i-Din Shah, had waited long, like Edward VII, for the throne and had a short reign, dying of cancer of the throat. Before his death he signed a decree granting representative Government and a Parliament, a revolutionary change from the despotic autocracy which had been the government as described in the Book of Esther. There was great rejoicing and when the elected members of parliament set out from Teheran, a great crowd "passed them on the road" with banners inscribed "Liberty," "Equality," "Fraternity." It seemed a marvelous triumph, a "Revolution without a drop of blood spilled", unheard of in history. The Shah was praised as a great "Benefactor" - the "Father of his Country." His son took an oath on the Koran to preserve the Constitution and Parliament. There was great hope and enthusiasm. An old saying said to me because winter was mild: "Even the weather has turned 'Anjuman' (parliament).

The new era was short-lived. The young king was a traitor to his oath. He brought Russian officers to drill troops and reported rumors, then suddenly fired on the Parliament Building, arrested and hanged popular leaders and editors of liberal papers and suppressed the patriots by force.

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Our city of Teheran sent the defiance, and the Shah summoned his own army, the "Shah's Army" (Army of the King) to punish the rebels. An army surrounded Teheran, and within the city Royalists and Nationalists fought in the streets. One day white flags of surrender appeared on the roofs all over the city. A new champion, Sattar Khan, with a company of horsemen rode in, knocked down the flags and drove away the Royalists. The fighting was over for the winter, but with the spring the King's army returned and the city was besieged. All roads were closed, so no supplies could come in and for three months we were cut off from the world without mail or any outside communication. Bread was high and scarce and at last only one week's supply remained. The army of Moscow began to fill the streets surrounding the city. We began to hear shots and our gates were threatened. I heard rumors that a ship had been sent in our harbor, one day I saw a note saying he felt he must join the defenders of the city. He promised a secret soldier at night to bring the grain like the villagers, but he was betrayed and information was given to the enemy. They were not caught unprepared, but ready to fire and he was the first to fall. One of the school-boys, who had followed him, brought the news. At five o'clock in the morning I heard a voice saying "The Shah is dead and we

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE PERSIAN REVOLUTION

I have seen five kings on the throne of Persia. Nasr-i-Din Shah was a contemporary of Queen Victoria, and, when she celebrated the sixtieth year of her reign, he was preparing to celebrate the same. Already gifts were being sent him, e.g. the Armenians had sent a costly ornament set with diamonds, but his assassination by a Behai fanatic put a sudden end to the preparations. We saw him a short while before on his return from a trip to Europe. The people went miles out on the road for the royal "Peshwaz." There were 1000 baggage animals in his train. We looked down at the procession from a roof, and, as His Majesty passed, seated alone in a carriage, he looked up and bowed graciously to the group of foreigners. In looks and bearing he was "every inch a King," with prominent large black eyes - a "Kajar" characteristic. The Kajar Dynasty held the throne 100 years.

His son, Muzaffir-i-Din Shah, had waited long, like Edward VII, for the throne and had a short reign, dying of cancer of the throat. Before his death he signed a decree granting representative Government and a Parliament, a revolutionary change from the despotic autocracy which had been the government as described in the Book of Esther. There was great rejoicing and when the elected members of Parliament set out from Tabriz, a great crowd "passed them on the road" with banners inscribed "Liberty," "Equality," "Fraternity." It seemed a marvelous triumph, a "Revolution without a drop of blood spilt", unheard of in History. The Shah was praised as a great "Benefactor" - the "Father of his Country." His son took an oath on the Koran to preserve the Constitution and Parliament. There was great hope and enthusiasm. An old woman said to me because Winter was mild: "Even the weather has turned "Anjuman." (parliament).

The new era was short-lived. The young king was a traitor to his oath. He brought Russian officers to drill troops and imported cannons, then suddenly fired on the Parliament Building, arrested and hanged popular leaders and editors of liberal papers and suppressed the patriots by force.

Our city of Tabriz sent its defiance, and the Shah summoned his own tribe, the "Shah Suvans" (lovers of the King) to punish the rebels. An army surrounded Tabriz, and within the city Royalists and Nationalists fought in the streets. One day white flags of surrender appeared on the roofs all over the city. A new champion, Satter Khan, with a company of horsemen, rode in, knocked down the flags and drove away the Royalists. The fighting was over for the winter, but with the Spring the King's army returned and the city was besieged. All roads were closed, so no supplies could come in and for three months we were cut off from the world without mail or any outside communication. Bread was high and scarce and at last only one week's supply remained, and mobs of women began to fill the streets demanding bread. We began to distribute relief and our gates were thronged. Howard Baskerville, a short-term teacher in our school, one day left a note saying he felt he must join the defenders of the city. He planned a secret sortie at night to bring in grain from the villages, but he was betrayed and information was given the enemy. They were not caught unprepared, but ready to fire and he was the first to fall. One of the school-boys, who had followed him, brought us the news. At five o'clock in the morning I heard someone weeping below our window and saw

the boy, tears streaming down his cheeks, as he held up a pair of boots which he said Mr. Baskerville had told him to be sure to return, as they were borrowed, if he were killed. Mr. Doty sent a "phaeton" to bring in the body and Mousa carried him in his arms. Mrs. Vanneman and I bathed and dressed him, and saw the bullet-hole above his heart - so small! so fatal! Callers came to offer condolence. The Governor said: "He gave his life for us." The funeral was in the church which was packed to capacity, Armenians, Moslems, officials, soldiers, school-boys. After a Christian service, the military took charge, the school-boys heading the procession with wreaths of flowers, then his horse led riderless, then soldiers with flags. At the grave, an orator made an address saying that Baskerville came from so far away that when we slept they were awake, when we woke, they slept, and so he had come from the other side of the world to shed his blood for Persia and his name would go down in Persian history. The following Sunday, Mr. Wilson preached on the text "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends," and this was inscribed on his tomb-stone.

The European colony telegraphed to their various Governments their perilous position, and the death of a young American in defense of the city emphasized the danger. Within a week a regiment of Russians marched into the city and the Shah's army just melted away. Not a shot was fired. The people hailed them as saviors, the roads were opened, provisions came in, the Russian flag flew over the city, and the Russian soldiers built barracks in the Prince's Garden, which they occupied for seven years. They had no purpose of giving freedom to the people, but put down with an iron hand any resistance. A pupil in our school had published a liberal paper "Shafaq" (Light) and he was called by that title all over the city. He headed a procession of students who went to all the consulates to protest against this Russian invasion. In consequence his name headed a black-list condemned to death. For months he was in hiding, his mother giving her jewels to pay for secrecy, until a rich lady sent him word that she had provided for his escape with a caravan carrying goods to the border. He asked her why she did him this favor, and she answered: "My husband was about to divorce me, because I bore him no children. You met him one day in the Bazaar and argued with him on the evil of divorce, so you saved me and I cannot do too much for you." Years afterward, Rose met him in Constantinople, teaching Persian in Robert College. He asked her for a picture of his dear teacher - Wilson Sahib.

During World War I, Persia was neutral, but it was invaded and crossed and recrossed by Turkish, Russian and English armies, and suffered all the horrors of war. It became an asylum for Armenians of Turkey fleeing from massacre.

Meanwhile the Revolution ended when a young Nationalist (who had studied in our school) persuaded a warlike Southern tribe to espouse the Cause of Freedom, march on Teheran and force the Shah to abdicate. He fled in exile to Russia, and his young son was crowned king.

A show of Parliamentary government was restored and continued, until the king proved his incompetence, squandering the public revenue by living in Paris, gambling, betting on the horse races, and forgetting his duty to his people. A "soldier of fortune," Reza Khan, rose from the ranks and with the help of the army, took the "Peacock Throne", crowning himself with the famous crown adorned with largest pearl in the world. For twenty years he was dictator. He did much to unify the country. He put down bandits, who made the roads unsafe, forced rebellious chiefs to pay tribute, built a Leprosarium, abolished

the veil for women, introduced co-education in schools, and proved himself a strong ruler, while making a private fortune by monopolies. He declared Persian the language of the realm, and required its exclusive use, and he made Iran the official name of the country - already used by the people. The name Persia had been given by the Greeks and was known abroad.

He sent a cablegram to our Mission Board in New York in 1940, to say he was going to establish a Public School System throughout the country and abolish all foreign schools. He said that he would buy all their property. It came like a thunderclap. These schools had lately changed their names and adopted Persian names. Our "Memorial School" in Tabriz becoming the "Avicenna School", the Girls' School was named the "Pleiades," the College in Teheran, "Alborz College" for the snowy range above it. Another change had been making Persian the language taught first; we had classes in seven languages.

In World War II, when the English Army entered Persia, "Reza Pehlevi" (a title from an early Persian dynasty) was forced to abdicate and his son reigns in his stead. This son, a few years before, went to Egypt to marry the King's sister. The change in customs was strikingly shown by that marriage. The young couple rode side by side through the streets of Cairo and a whole issue of a Teheran paper was given to pictures of the wedding. After a divorce he has married again.

Years ago a cartoon in a Persian paper, published in Russia and circulated secretly, showed the English lion and the Russian bear with a Persian lamb between. It is as true today, and the fate of Iran depends on these powerful Empires.



## CHAPTER IX

## THE LAST YEARS

Now to continue our family-history. These political events had a great influence on the development of the school. When the city was besieged, the Governor sent his two sons to us for protection, others followed his example and almost over-night we had a boarding department of Persian boys. It was a revolutionary change. Moslems considered Christians "unclean." To sleep under our roof and eat our bread was incredible, but the war had broken down barriers. Several families took refuge in our compound, and in our common danger differences were forgotten.

Sharif Zada (son of nobility), who first came secretly for English lessons, and who gave lessons in Arabic in which he was proficient, was one of the Nationalist leaders. At one time a mob was on the way to burn the house of a Royalist and hang him, but Sharif Zada dissuaded them crying: "The world is looking at us, such violence would disgrace our Cause." Once his life was threatened by a rival faction and we kept him in hiding sending his food in a basket over the wall to an inner court. He had brought his mother and sister to us one day and said: "Teach them what you have taught me." He seemed almost a Christian. Finally he was treacherously shot by an enemy. His grave was visited every Friday Eve by a crowd, who mourned his untimely end.

After the roads were opened by the Russians, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pittman left for America on their furlough, and we sent Agnes with them to enter Vassar College, which she did by passing examinations in everything, but they wrote that any other pupil from the school, which prepared her, would be accepted without examinations, as from an accredited school. Rose and the three Vanneman girls afterward entered. This first separation must have been very hard for a sixteen year old girl. She spent the first month with Grandma Rhea and Uncle Foster in the Englewood home and afterward the Wilson Homestead was her home and Aunt Jenny her American mother.

Our home-life went on as usual till 1912. The Wright family left two years before us. Miss Lamme the 1st teacher joined the Mission to teach in Fiske Seminary in Urumia. We had another teacher for our children, Marie Woodward, for two years and she lived at our house. Also, the two young men teachers in the Boys' School took their meals with us, so I had a big family. Miss Grove, the last teacher for the children, lived at the Wrights. Annie and Robert were the only children left and I taught them with many interruptions.

Our last Christmas was the very day that the Russian flag went up over the Arc, and Mr. Wilson painted it on picture post-cards of the Arc and sent them to friends in America to announce the Russian Occupation. He also brought in a Russian teacher and started classes in that language, meeting the need of the time.

At the Christmas-dinner at our house the British and American consuls were invited, but Mr. Shipley sent his regrets the last minute, because a prominent Persian had taken asylum at the Consulate. His guest, the day after, committed suicide in despair over the fate of his country, feeling its independence was lost.

Our school had now grown to 300, Persians and Armenians about equal. At Commencement, a class of seven of both nationalities were graduated. A scene from "The Merchant of Venice" was given in English and the music was sung in parts

under the training of one of the seniors, which was quite an innovation. Great progress had been made, since short term teachers had been brought to teach English and French. Mr. Vauthier, a Protestant from France, was the first French teacher. Howard Baskerville was the first English teacher, followed by George Prentice who completed three years. He introduced sports and a new field had been provided by purchasing small adjoining lots, tearing down walls and adobe dwellings to make an open place for track, basket-ball, base-ball and foot-ball. The boys took to these new sports and at every Commencement there was Field Day with games played before an enthusiastic crowd of spectators.

Another event of Commencement Week was the Alumni-meeting, when some of the first graduates told amusing stories of early days when they had boarded themselves and lived in three rented houses, and had rather precarious meals, stacking dishes until they felt like washing them. The only sport was croquet in our cramped quarters, and I looked out at midnight, hearing the click of a mallet, to see a new boy playing by himself, as he had no chance in the daytime. That was "the day of small things," and they were proud of the present state of the school in the large garden with Recitation Hall, Residences, (Principal's, and Head-master's, and Dormitory, the last being the Whipple's former home in an adjoining compound.)

It was Mr. Wilson's dream to build a new Dormitory and he drew plans for it and actually bought stones for the foundation, but the War prevented his plans, and only after his death was the building adopted for this use by his successor, Mr. Gifford, who named it Wilson Hall, and asked me to send out a bronze plaque with this inscription:

WILSON HALL

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
SAMUEL GRAHAM WILSON, D.D., FOUNDER OF THE  
MEMORIAL SCHOOL AND ITS PRINCIPAL FOR 30  
YEARS.

The summer before we left, the children and I had made a visit to Urumia. It happened I had my fiftieth birthday while there, and Mrs. Cochran gave a waffle-supper and had speeches. I responded with this acrostic impromptu:

URUMIA, THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD,  
RENOWNED FOR ITS GARDENS AND TREES,  
UNRIVALLED IN BEAUTY AND VERDURE,  
MOURNED FOR BY ITS SONS BEYOND SEAS.  
I HAIL THEE AS HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD  
AND NAME THEE TO GOD ON MY KNEES.

I little thought it was my last visit. When Mother was with us, ten years before, at first we were guests of my childhood-playmates, Joe Cochran and Fred Coan, in the Coan-Cochran home, where Ida Coan mothered the double family,

her own four children and the three younger Cochrans, the two older children having gone to America after their mother's death. This time, the Coans still lived there and we stayed with them, but Dr. Cochran had died of typhoid just a year after he had married again and re-established his home. He was just fifty years old and his death was a great loss to us all.

At Annual Meeting his efficient wife managed meals for the whole mission, eating together under Dr. Coan's grape-arbor. The Allens arrived from furlough in America the last day of the meeting, their six-year old "Buster's" birthday. Mr. Wilson had them as his guests in Tabriz, and got Esther to make a birthday cake which was served to the whole company.

There were delightful horseback rides to Seir, and a picnic in a vineyard with the delicious dishes Urumia is noted for, and invitations from old friends in different villages. All seemed peaceful and prosperous. Who could have imagined that in a short time those villages would be ravaged by War, and 5000 homeless refugees would take refuge in the City Compound! That is a story others have told.

Meanwhile we returned to Tabriz, and on September 16th, 1911, the day after our arrival, we celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary. We thought it was a secret, but it leaked out. The church members were our guests and all came in with greetings of congratulation. After the native fashion a man appeared with an immense wooden tray on his head filled with every kind of candy in the Bazaar, and the school teachers presented us with silver filagree spoons. It was a very happy occasion and the two three-layer cakes Esther and I had made went around with glasses of tea and there was dancing and singing, just as at a wedding.

Mirza Mesrof Khan had sent the candy and afterward gave us a big dinner-party with forty guests and a cook from the Bazaar, furnishing a lavish dinner. He was a Nestorian and in the first graduating class and we hoped he would be an evangelist, as he knew Persian, Armenian and translated the New Testament into Kurdish, but an ambitious Armenian wife wanted more money, so he took a position in the Government Custom House.

I will insert here a few stories about our boys. Two we took to America. The first was Agha Buzurk of the Kalentar family. His mother came to say Good Bye, and I said to her: "Your son may become a Christian in America. What would you think of it?" "That's why I'm sending him," was her reply. She was one of our best friends, inviting us every year for a day's visit.

I remember another incident - school books disappeared and evidently they were being stolen. Mr. Wilson sent Mousa to the Bazaar to inquire, where second hand books were sold, who had brought them. The boy's name was given, and he was expelled. His mother came to plead for him, and, throwing back her veil, begged that he might be given another chance. (I think it was the only time Mr. Wilson talked with a Persian woman.) She was so earnest that her petition was granted, the boy was allowed to come back and never stole again.

The little Prince, who came as a boarder, roomed with Mr. Prentice at his mother's special request. In his first visit home, after a month at school, he stood up and said a blessing at the first meal explaining: "We are taught manners at school and thank God before we eat." He was foul-mouthed, and in a quarrel with another boy, poured out such a stream of swear-words and insults to the boy's mother, that Mr. Wilson felt he must give him a

lesson. He brought him to the kitchen and asked me for soap and water and a tooth-brush, then gave his mouth a scrubbing "to wash off the filthy words." The boy was ashamed and yet rather proud of receiving such personal attention. He went with us to America, but stayed only a year for the climate disagreed with him.

Another little story I love to tell. One of the little boys was named "Jesus". His mother at first had no children, which is considered a disgrace as well as a misfortune. She sent native offerings to all the shrines and even to the Armenian church she sent money to have candles burned and prayers said, vowing, if God gave her a son, to call him Jesus, if a daughter Mariam. A little son was born and she sent him to our school when he was six years old. When I was calling at the house, they told me his father had asked him: "Whom do you love best?" "You, Dadda." "Whom next to me?" "The Sahib." (The Principal.) "Why so, he is a foreigner?" "He's going to make a man of me." Sad to say the mother died before she saw her son a man.

These are just a few of the names that come back to me. I was touched at the last Commencement when one of the seniors in his valedictory referred to me as "Maireek," the Armenian for little mother. I only wish I could have really mothered them. As Mr. Wilson used to say, there is no greater opportunity for influence than with these young, ambitious, eager boys. One of them said to me: "When I studied English, it was as if a great window was opened to me on the universe."

In the Boy's Club, I proposed they debate. They asked me to give them a subject and I proposed: "Resolved that the pen is mightier than the sword." At the time the city was besieged and the boy who took the negative argued sarcastically: "If the enemy should enter the gates would you throw books at them?" His opponent answered: "Our prophet commanded his followers to conquer the world by fire and sword. The Lord Jesus said: 'Put up the sword and give my Gospel to every creature.' From my study of Geography I have learned that not Mohammed's sword, but Jesus' Gospel is winning the world." It was a thrilling moment in my life when I heard this Moslem boy state the conclusion he had come to even from studying Geography.

The year before we left, Roy Kirkpatrick came out as "short-term" teacher. After his return to the U.S.A. he studied theology at McCormick Seminary and became a Chaplain in the Navy. He went down with the "Arizona" at Pearl Harbor.

## CHAPTER X

## HOME GOING

In 1912 we took our last furlough leaving Tabriz after Commencement. Mr. Jessup was to have charge of the school and live in our house. We kept one room upstairs to store our things, expecting only a year's absence. I remember the last thing taking up a tray of coffee cups used to serve coffee to guests coming to say Good Bye. How little I imagined I would never see those cups again! Miss Beaber had begged us to sell our piano to the Girl's school, as there was such a demand for music lessons. It had been such a joy all those years, an attraction for guests, and eight of the missionary children had practiced on it, when Mrs. Brunton, our kind English neighbor, gave them lessons.

The first stage of our journey, eighty miles to Julfa on the Persian border, was made in a few hours by automobile, a contrast to our first arrival in 1886 when it took us four days by horse. Mr. Prentice returned with us and his young protegee, Abul Fath, whose mother had stipulated he should have special supervision, rooming with a teacher. Mr. Prentice accepted this extra task. On arriving in America he took the boy to his own home committing him to the care of his father and mother. He attended school and was asked to speak on his native land to the Sunday School, which gave him great pleasure as well as his audience. It was a great disappointment that the climate did not agree with him, and after a year his father asked that he be sent home. He has continued to be a good friend of the Mission.

Can we ever forget the glad excitement as we looked over the rail in New York and saw on the Pier our darling Agnes and Rose after an absence of three years from Agnes and one year from Rose. Uncle Will had arranged for them to come from Englewood in his carriage and had invited us all to stay at his home, where his charming new wife, Helen, graciously welcomed us. As I saw the familiar home and remembered my sister I thought of her life as a flower, "the wind passeth over it and it is gone and the place thereof shall know it no more." Everything here was just the same, but she was gone.

We hurried on to the Wilson home as Mother Wilson was near her end, indeed seemed to be holding on to life by sheer will-power so as to see again her beloved son. Her ten children were gathered at her bedside and Sam sat by her reciting verse after verse which she had taught him as a child. Her last words to her children were "Love each other." Her life is a precious heritage to children and grandchildren.

We were able to rent a furnished house for a year, and Mother came to live with us. Will's devotion was seen in his weekly letters every Monday, always telling of the children and often enclosing school-reports. Foster spent Christmas with us and was welcomed to the Family Dinner of twenty. It was very gratifying to me how the Wilsons admired and loved my brother and mother, calling her "Grandma Rhea."

Annie and Robert attended school for the first time, entering the sixth and fourth grades. Although my teaching had been irregular, travel across Europe had given them a sense of Geography, and a view of great cities, Vienna, Berlin, Warsaw, Paris and London and visits to the British Museum a glimpse of World History. At school the children would gather around them at recess begging, "Talk heathen!" Annie could speak and sing in Turkish and

Armenian, and she was not averse to showing off, but Robert would run away ashamed to be different.'

We could not have had a kindlier introduction to American life. Robert would tell of meeting a fine old man on the street, who stopped him to say: "Your granfather was my dearest friend," or another stranger who would say: "I am your father's cousin," or another: "Your father and I went to school together," so we felt a warm welcome to the old Home-town.

Gala occasions, such as the County Fair, and the Parade celebrating the 100th year of the town's founding, were exciting events to the children. Robert, with another boy, had a stand on the street-corner inviting customers to: "A loaf of bread, a hunk of meat and all the mustard you can eat." Three or four neighbor-boys were his "gang." They camped in big store-boxes in our backyard, baking potatoes and frying bacon, and had a real Camp out near the Country Club, where they spent a week. They boasted they would do their own cooking, but sent in an S.O.S. call for apple-pie and chocolate cake, which their mothers took out to them on their plea of starvation. They also set traps and would go out at five A.M. to inspect them, coming back in time for breakfast and school. One skin was such a pretty, soft brown color that I cut it in strips and trimmed a brown dress for Annie with it. I don't know what animal it was!

Our pastor, Dr. Ziegler, was strong on the Catechism, so I bribed Robert to learn one question and answer every Sunday. Years after, when we visited my cousin, John Fain, in Tennessee, his daughter and Robert were comparing notes and Robert said: "The Catechism was my chief source of income." She told how her father lined up her brothers and herself Sunday afternoon, asking the questions in turn. They each learned the answer that would come to them, but one Sunday a little guest stood up with them and upset the order, and their father discovered their fraud.

For Mr. Wilson and me the social life among old friends was delightful and Indiana's proverbial hospitality was much enjoyed. A "shower" of jams and jellies stocked up our pantry-shelves. We were elected to "Ingleside", a Club of fifteen couples, who met for dinner together at the different homes once a week during Winter and had a program of papers written by the members. The Women's Bible Class and Guild meetings claimed my services and, when we left, gave me a dozen silver spoons. Cousin Abby was on the committee, and it was her suggestion instead of flowers. After years of exile it was wonderful to be with our own near relatives and celebrate Thanksgiving and Christmas in the old home, where Jenny kept up the family-tradition of twenty pound turkey dinners.

The first Thanksgiving Day we were to dine at Agnes' pretty home, where she had just begun housekeeping. Mr. Wilson was on a speaking tour for the Board and expected to arrive home at eleven o'clock that morning. We went to the station to meet him, and were told there had been an accident at Chester, just out of Philadelphia; a bridge had collapsed and the train was derailed and overturned. All day we waited for news of him, and at eleven o'clock that night Brother Dick came over with a telegram saying that Mr. Wilson was among the injured and had been taken to a hospital. Cheerful messages came from him, and after two weeks he was sent home in care of an orderly. Dick and Blair carried him upstairs to bed. We had not realized his condition. The X-Ray showed two vertebrae between his shoulders had been broken, and the ligaments torn. For

two years he was virtually an invalid, but with osteopathic treatment gradually was able to get about. He kept busy writing a course of lectures, which he had been asked to deliver at Allegheny Seminary on "Modern Movements among Moslems", afterward published. It was like his conscientious habit, when he saw he was disabled and unable to return to his work, to resign from the Mission at the end of his year's furlough. For two years we were on our own, and, as he grew better, were considering some job in America, when the World War and the "Armenian Atrocities" brought him an urgent call to go out in the "Near East Relief." They wrote: "You can make a dollar go farther than any other man." It was a momentous decision. At the Farewell Meeting in the church he asked them to sing: "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." He must go alone, for war-conditions excluded women and children from travel, and indeed I could not have left Mother, now over eighty, with no one to care for her, my brother being in a sanatorium in Pasadena with tuberculosis.

We can never forget the parting as he left us knowing that he might never see us again, as the event proved. Agnes and Rose saw him off at the steamer in New York. Agnes, after studying two years at Teachers' College on the fellowship she won at Vassar, was now Religious Secretary there, a position newly founded by Miss Grace Dodge. Rose was graduated in 1915 and was teaching French in High School at Watertown, New York. Her principal kindly gave her leave for the trip to New York. They had their last dinner with their father as guests of my cousin, Eleanor Davies, Aunt Maggie Rhea's daughter, lately married and living in New York. Sister Annie Barr came to New York to see him.

After thirty years together it was a new experience for me to have the responsibility of the family alone. We had moved into a big, unfurnished house with only two big Persian rugs which we had brought from our Tabriz home. We bought second-hand furniture and Uncle Harry brought pictures and a set of dishes from the old house and surprised us by sending a set of mission furniture for the living room. When the van drove up, I said: "It must be a mistake, we haven't ordered any furniture." "Oh no!" said the man, "Mr. Harry sent it."

To this home the girls came for Christmas and summer-vacations; my sister's children visited us, Edith coming after her wedding on her honeymoon; Abul Fath, on his way back to Persia stopped to see us and was amazed to see me doing the cooking, saying: "You need Esther Baji."

Frequent letters reached us from our dear traveler along his route to Bergen, Norway, then going around the war-zone, stopping at Tiflis to buy 7000 ready-made garments, at Erivan, organizing relief for 200,000 refugees, fleeing from Turkey for their lives, threatened with deportation and massacre. He gathered all the tailors and women who could use sewing-machines, and had a factory for making clothing and bedding. Lists were made of all the families with the ages of the children and bundles to suit them packed and sent out to the camps. He traveled on Horseback to oversee the distribution and wrote of the joy of a little child, who exchanged a flour-sack for a decent, warm suit of clothes. He was ably assisted by young Armenians, some of them his former pupils. He found a painter and sent to Tiflis for brushes, palette, paints and canvas, so he could paint Mr. Ararat and sell his pictures. The fortunes of war had favored the Russians and with their advance there was hope that the refugees could return. Seed-wheat would be the first necessity, so Mr. Wilson went to Tabriz to buy, his first return to our old house. He made the first trip on the railroad, built by the Russians from the Arras river to Tabriz, eighty miles in two hours. At the station he was met, in the Persian fashion of "peshwaz" by a

great company of old friends and school-boys. The Armenians hailed him as the Savior of their fellow Christians from Turkey. The Bishop gave a dinner in his honor and a mass-meeting was called to hear his Relief Report. He went into our store-room to get out some stationery once. His letters were enthusiastic over the welcome he had received from all classes and especially the church-members at a Reception Miss Beaber gave for him. His last letter was written on a type-writer, he lately purchased, and, as if with presentiment of the end, it was a love-letter, expressing his deepest devotion.

On a Saturday afternoon, July 1st, as I came home from a party, Brother John met me with a cablegram to the Board, saying: "Dr. Wilson in hospital - Typhoid." This was to prepare us for the shock of his death, in another cablegram Monday. He had been in the hospital three weeks, the fever running its course, and, when his temperature fell to "normal", he collapsed. We were told it was due to heart-failure from the enlargement of the aorta by his railroad accident. I have written a little sketch of his life for his family, but, as Dr. Speer said, "His own writings were his best memorial." He had written five books: "Persian Life and Customs", "West Persia Mission", "Bahaism and its Claims," "Mariam" (a story for young people,) and "Modern Movements among Moslems."

Dr. Ziegler proved himself a loyal friend. He arranged for a Memorial Service and asked Robert Labaree, as a missionary-associate, to give the address and had it printed to distribute afterwards. Mrs. David Blair sang "My Task" which had just been published and seemed specially appropriate. With Mrs. Jessup's help a stone was put over his grave beside our three little ones in the Tabriz Cemetery which he had purchased, walled in and planted with trees, building a water-tank to irrigate it. The inscription: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Of all the letters that came to us, the one from Haritune, one of our school-boys was most touching with this expression: "He died for me." The chapter of our happy married life was ended.

Fortunately we did not have to make a new start at once, as our house was rented a year in advance, but in the Spring we decided to move to California to be near my brother in a sanatorium just out of Pasadena. Rose gave up her teaching position to help me, and she was an unspeakable comfort in packing, traveling, and getting settled in a new home.



## CHAPTER XI

## FIVE YEARS IN PASADENA

Mr. Wilson's sister, Ella, invited us to her home and all five of us were her guests for three weeks while we waited for our furniture to arrive by freight, and Uncle George drove us around house-hunting. When we stopped to inspect at 177 S. Mentor Avenue, to our amazement Mrs. Wishard ran out of the adjoining house to urge us to look no farther. Her husband was a college-friend of Mr. Wilson's, one of the famous team, who reported the Moody Revival in Princeton College, and he and his bride had visited us in Tabriz on their trip around the world in 1891. It was a wonderful find to get such neighbors, the two Wishard girls, Winifred and Margaret, being one year older and one year younger than Annie. So the three girls went swinging down the street to high school together and found a delightful group of friends in the Presbyterian Church with Blanche Wachob as Religious Director. Our two houses became quite the social center of this group to which Harvey House brought students from "Cal. Tech." When I revisited Pasadena, ten years later, I found four married couples who said they were introduced to each other in our home.

Mother was eighty-two years old and announced she was "too old to make new friends," but it wasn't long till the neighbor-children were calling her "Grandma Rhea" and a little tot of three never let a bud come to full bloom because she "had" to take it to Grandma Rhea.

The children were attracted by Annie, the child-lover, who told them stories and taught them songs, as they swung in the big porch-swing, and she trained them to give a little play to which they sold tickets, making ten dollars for the Red Cross. It was the year 1918 before the Armistice, and the War was the one subject of interest. The very day of the Play, a very interesting stranger arrived from New York, Agnes' fiance, for the wedding two days later. Of course there was great excitement all summer over the preparations, and we waited eagerly to know Hal Osborne whom we had never seen!

A New York dressmaker was discovered, visiting her sisters nearby, and she kindly offered to make the wedding-dress, going in to the city with Agnes to see the fashions and buy materials. She made Mother a dress too, and, while fitting it, said: "We'll make you beautiful, Mrs. Rhea." "I dare you to," was Mother's characteristic reply.

There were pre-wedding festivities; a dinner for "the best man" and his wife, an M.I.T. classmate whom Harold discovered, a dinner at Aunt Ella's for the family to get acquainted and luncheon at Mrs. Wishard's the day of the wedding. Agnes had promised Annie to let her play the "Wedding March" and she had practiced it all summer, making the neighbors curious. Edna, Harry Wilson's wife, took charge of decorations and had an arch of pink roses and blue flowers under which the couple was to stand. Rose was "Maid of Honor," and a caterer supplied refreshments. Forty guests were invited; Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Walker and Miss Alice Rhea Moore, my father's cousins from Los Angeles, Dr. Carpenter (formerly our Mission-doctor in Tabriz, who had saved Annie's life in typhoid-fever), Mrs. John Shedd, who was in the Urumia Mission with Mother, and her son and family, Dr. and Mrs. Fundenberg, our kind doctor and neighbor, Uncle Dick and Aunt Clara from Santa Ana, the Wishards and Pasadena relatives. Dr. McNaughton of the Mission in Turkey with whom Agnes had worked for Near East Relief performed the ceremony. My brother gave the bride in her father's stead.

At the close Agnes went first to kiss her grandmother, who with Mrs. Shedd, as Foster remarked, were "the most beautiful women there" with their crowns of white hair and the radiance of Heaven on their faces, which they were so soon to enter. It was a simple "War Wedding" with no display of gifts or great hilarity, inappropriate in such circumstances, but within three months the War was over.

The story of Agnes' lovers would make a novel. I cannot begin to tell it. One vacation, coming home she handed Robert a box of candy. "Which guy gave you this?" he asked. "How do you know his name?" she said. They were all her devoted friends, but Harold Osborne won her.

Just a month after the wedding, in September, Mother, after only a day's illness, entered into rest and almost the same company gathered in our house for her funeral, which an old friend, Dr. Blue, conducted. The day she died Rose was in the city and our little neighbor, Jimmey Callahan, of his own accord, watched at the corner for her return on the trolley. As she stepped off he joined her saying, "Grandma Rhea has gone." "Why that can't be!" exclaimed Rose, "Where did she go?" "My mother says she's gone straight to Heaven!" This from his Roman Catholic mother. My brother, Foster, attended to all the arrangements buying a lot in the beautiful Mountainside Cemetery and putting up a stone with the name RHEA. For years Mother had talked about where she would be buried and planned it beside her mother and sister in Jonesboro, but her step-brother, Dr. Cunningham's youngest son, had recently died and naturally had the place in the family-lot. Our moving to California was unexpected, but beyond her plans and wishes, nothing could have pleased her more than this provision by her own son so that he could lie beside her under the name she loved. He asked me to write a little booklet on her life and he presented 1000 copies to the "Woman's North West Board" at Chicago to be distributed free.

We were so well-suited with the house we rented that we bought it for \$6000. and for the first time in my life I owned a home. Foster gave us some beautiful paintings and the enlarged photograph of Mr. Wilson, which the ladies in Indiana gave me, hung in the center, cherished in our hearts. We found the P.P.C. (Pasadena Presbyterian Church) a most congenial home church and all joined together, six of us, including Mother and Foster. I was asked to teach a Bible Class of young mothers, teachers, and business-women, and it was a great joy to study together and have monthly socials, when we sewed to make rag rugs for the Hospital. When Dr. Freeman went to France to work for the soldiers he asked me to have a series on the Life of Paul Wednesday evenings while he was gone. Also, for two years I taught Bible in Occidental College, driving over two mornings a week with Annie and Robert, who were students.

The Ford car we bought was a necessity as Rose used it evenings teaching French in night school at the High School. When she went out to Constantinople in the Near East Relief, we were left only three at home. I had many invitations to speak for Persia, and every month attended the Presbyterian meeting held in Immanuel Church, Los Angeles.

After so many years of being tied down by home-cares, this was a new period in my life of freedom for public work and I enjoyed it, especially the fellowship with the societies of devoted missionary women. At a big banquet in Los Angeles all the missionaries present were asked to rise each giving the number of years of service. When I said: "It was sixty years since I arrived in Persia", there was a gasp of astonishment till the chairman explained: "She was born there." That dated me!

I enjoyed owning a home and cooking and entertaining. We had many guests: of friends from Persia, Dr. and Mrs. Coan visited us several weeks, also "Lily" Cochran and Dr. Packard, just a stop-over on his way to visit his sister. My niece Dorothy and Jim Bourne came out on a tour of prospecting for a place to live and Andy Stewart did his best to persuade them to settle in California. It was such a joy to Foster to see them, for Dorothy was his special favorite. Winslow Dulles spent Christmas Holidays with us, coming from the school he attended in Arizona. There were enough Wilsons to have Thanksgiving dinners together like old times.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Henderson and Miriam, their daughter (one of Anne's proteges) were good neighbors, and I went with them to the Dicken's Club which was interested in the reforms Dickens advocated in school, law-courts, prisons, etc.

One Easter we drove with the Hendersons to the Sunrise Service on Mt. Rubideaux. Leaving at ten P.M. with lunch and hot coffee in thermos-bottles, we reached Riverside at three A.M., ate breakfast in the car, then climbed the mountain as the dawn gradually increased the light, joining crowds, "Pilgrims of the night" coming from all directions to meet at the foot of a great white cross. It was a thrilling experience to sit there listening to the Resurrection-story and singing hymns of Easter-triumph. When we came down we saw the Museum at Riverside and stopped at the Restaurant before our long drive back.

We had found, strange to say, an old friend in Los Angeles, Dr. Carpenter, who had been our doctor in Tabriz, when Annie had typhoid-fever. She had married again and had a position in a city clinic dealing with cases of tuberculosis. One day, when she was visiting us, Anne came in from school flushed and tired. Doctor examined her, found she had temperature, and recognized symptoms of tuberculosis. Her early diagnosis and expert advice and care for a year, I feel, saved Anne's life. Instead of going to college that year, she accepted Miss Eleanor Miller's invitation to take a course in her small private "School of Expression." This gave her interesting occupation without undue strain, and was a wonderful asset, when she went to college and indeed in her after life. The course trained them in memorizing and reciting e.g. several plays of Shakespeare. "As You Like It" was given in an outdoor setting, Anne having the part of Orlando.

At the close of the year each girl gave an evening program all by herself. Anne recited the whole of Enoch Arden. She also had vocal music-lessons. By Fall she was pronounced "an arrested case" and entered Occidental College. By Andy Stewart's advice Robert took a year at Occidental before entering Princeton in 1921. His father, Uncles Harry, Robert and Andy had all graduated there and it seemed the "family college." The summer before he went to Princeton, Robert read Virgil with me, and went over to Occidental to be coached and passed.

On the eventful day of leaving, he had his ticket by his plate at breakfast. Andy was going up to San Francisco and offered to drive him there to take the train. The ticket was forgotten! But Aunt Ella came to the rescue, telephoned to the friend's, where they were going to stop for lunch, that the ticket would be at the hotel by "special delivery" when they got there. Robert had not even missed it! So at eighteen he was on his own, crossing the continent alone.

Here let me say during these years in Pasadena I don't know what I would have done without Rose. She gave up her fine teaching position in Watertown, New York and helped me move to California and take care of Mother, then eighty-two years old and failing in mind. She enjoyed Rose's playing on the piano, almost her only entertainment and would say: "That's a pretty tinkle tinkle." The doctor at the Sanatorium warned Foster, "Pasadena is no place to bring a young lady, no young men!" To teach in California one must go to a California university, so Rose, though with a Vassar diploma, had to study a term, then got a position in the Pasadena High School at \$2000. a year. An old professor, a widower, became an ardent suitor, invited us and the Stewarts to dinner at his beautiful home, and at Christmas came to take her for a drive with a bunch of mistletoe hung in the car! Another professor from a western college, visiting his sisters in town, who had picked out Rose for him, tried his luck and still another professor teaching in "Cal Tech" happened to go East on the train with her and he too became a victim, so the doctors' warning of "no men in Pasadena" proved false. She met her fate, when she went to work for the "Near East Relief" in Constantinople, and Ned Dodd one day walked into the shop, which she ran to sell embroideries made by refugee women. Just last night, here in San Jose, I was telling someone that it was a family joke that Rose and Ned were never introduced to each other, and a Greek lady, standing near, said: "I was there and saw them meet," confirming my story. This Greek lady afterward came to America, married and is one of our good friends here. When Ned came home on his furlough by way of California, Rose was touring the colleges, for the Board but his American home was at his aunt's in Montclair, where Agnes and Hal had just moved, and in their apartment the wedding took place, July 28th, 1922, so "all's well that ends well." There were forty guests from Persia, Pasadena, Montclair and Vassar.

Annie and I were alone in Pasadena a year and I had two families successively living in the house, keeping two rooms for us, and Annie stayed in her sorority house at Occidental. Rose's wedding was the occasion for our going East. Our friends gave us a wonderful send-off with candy-boxes enough to share with all our car on the train, and my Sunday School class presented me with a traveling bag and purse, which lasted many years.

The five years in Pasadena is a chapter of happy memories. Our purpose in going there to be near Foster was fulfilled in giving Mother and him the joy of her last year and a half. Two years after her death Foster followed her and lies beside her in the beautiful Mountainview Cemetery under the stone RHEA.

When we came to Pasadena, we found we were not strangers. In going to a doctor's office and giving my name Dr. Fundenberg said: "Oh! I know all about you from the Stewarts." Sister Ella was President of the Y.W.C.A. and built the fine new building with the famous cafeteria, so she was a prominent figure in the town, much admired for her business efficiency. Uncle George too was well-known, an elder in P.P.C., treasurer of a home for old people, and always noticed for his handsome bearing, tall, and straight as a pine at eighty. Andy was like a big brother to my children and managed my business-affairs.

Sister Agnes and her husband and two children had moved to California, before we did, to continue the fight with tuberculosis for her husband's life, but an attack of Flu cut it short and they were left fatherless. It was a sad bereavement for him to be taken so young. Moving to Pasadena, their home was

another Wilson center, and Lad and Edna added still another, where the first great grandchild, their daughter, Jane, was born, who was "the belle of the ball" at every family party. Brother Harry and his sweet wife were there off and on.

When we left, we expected to return, only renting our house, but on the way at Chicago, I received a telegram from our tenant offering \$6500. to buy the house. Uncle George advised us to accept this good offer, \$500. more than we had paid for the house after living in it five years. Aunt Agnes did us a great service in selling some of the furniture and sending the rest to Montclair, where Agnes and Rose with new homes found use for it.

Under the stars as well as the sun, the joy was great, for Agnes and Rose, Agnes' best friend at Boston's College and her Grandmother.

For the next seventeen years Montclair was my home, ten years with Agnes and seven years with Rose. Agnes' husband engineered us getting a position in the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, to work for foreign missions. Some of them had fled for their lives to the United States. In Chicago there was quite a colony, and their little church was a branch of the Fourth Church, and a night-school had been held by Mrs. McDowell besides her regular high school teaching, before she married Dr. McDowell and went to England. I lived with Agnes "in the top of history," accompanying her to Fourth Church services. The organ in the choir wrote us a little note saying she loved to look down at us seated side by side looking so happy.

My work was to visit the Assyrian women in the daytime, and have little groups learning English, for which they were eager, being utterly at a loss in a strange country. Evenings I continued the night school with a class of young men, bricklayers, carpenters, shoemakers, who found good jobs in their various trades and needed to use English. At the same time in another room a class of young boys were occupied with games.

Sundays I went to a Protestant Synagogue church and played the piano, feeling like old times in hearing the Aramaic sermon and singing the Psalms hymns. In the Fourth Church Sunday School, Boston Stone gave us a class of young men and women training to be Bible-teachers.

In May, I would go to Montclair for the summer. For three winters I continued this delightful work and association with Anna Wheeler, my closest friend from school days in Lake Forest, a most congenial companion. I never knew anyone who so loved "the Kingdom", giving generously and watching eagerly for every sign of its progress. She gave \$500 a year to our school in Paris, was specially interested in Dr. Malou's work for lepers in Asia, and at Christmas I saw and helped her mail the 300 gifts she sent all over the world and to each of the staff in Fourth Church, and many others. One Christmas we invited Robert for the holidays, and at the Christmas-dinner had eight of Aunt Annie Barr's family, Miss May Clark and Monty, to make us "feel at home".

A sudden and severe illness to this period when a telegram brought word of Agnes' illness. Anna helped me off at once. Agnes rallied with a bright, radiant health, and on August 17, 1905 gave birth to a son, a little girl, whom we called first "Belgia", and then "Agnes".

From now on, I shared in the life of the family, and in the home to which the Gosses came in February, 1906. The home was great.

Anna Wheeler  
August 17, 1905

## CHAPTER XII

## LIFE IN MONTCLAIR 1922-1939

Agnes persuaded us that Teacher's College was the place for Anne to finish her last two years. Hal and Agnes built their home at 379 Highland Avenue. My first grandchild, Margaret Ellen, was born November 14th, 1922, and for her I began to knit, which has since become my avocation. The whole family were enraptured with the lovely baby, such a new experience for us all, for Hal's mother and sisters as well as for us Wilsons. The baby was named for Margaret Merriam, Agnes' best friend at Teacher's College and for Grandma Osborne.

For the next seventeen years Montclair was my home, ten years with Agnes and seven years with Rose. Anna Wheeler engineered my getting a position in the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, to work for Persian Refugees, 5000 of whom had fled for their lives to the United States. In Chicago there was quite a colony, and their little church was a branch of the Fourth Church, and a night-school had been held by Mrs. McDowell besides her regular high school teaching, before she married Dr. McDowell and went to Bagdad. I lived with Anna "in the lap of luxury," accompanying her to Fourth Church services. The soprano in the choir wrote us a little note saying she loved to look down at us seated side by side looking so happy.

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A sudden end came to this period when a telegram brought news of Agnes' serious illness. Anna helped me off at once. Agnes rallied and recovered her usual, radiant health, and on August 17, 1925 gave birth to her second child and namesake, whom we called first "Budgie", and then "Polly" for short.

From now on, I shared in the full life at 379 Highland Avenue, in the new home to which the Osbornes moved in February, 1926. The Dodds had bought

*Anna Holt Wheeler  
daughter of D. R. Holt & sister  
of Ellen Holt*

their home at 4 Godfrey Road in 1925. Nellie was born in 1924 and Edith Irene in 1926, so I now had four little granddaughters in four succeeding years in the two homes. Robert Wilson Dodd, the first grandson, was born in 1930, and, when he was six months old, his father left for a nine months trip around the world. We pitied him for missing nine months of little Bobby's merry babyhood.

On July 29th, 1924, Anne was married to Stephen Peabody in Union Seminary Chapel. They were under commission of the A.B.C.F.M. to go to China. Agnes managed all the arrangements, got Mrs. Hume's apartment at the Seminary for us to use, as it was empty for the summer. Here we had rooms for Stephen's father, mother and Aunt Harriet Washburn. At noon of the wedding day we had a luncheon for the bridesmaids, while Stephen took his father, the best man, and the ushers to a restaurant. After the ceremony by his father in which they recited their vows to each other, the guests had supper in the Humes' home, the bridal party at a special table beautifully decorated. The wedding cake, Agnes and I had made at home, baking it there in her fireless cooker. We cut it in two, icing each half, one being used at the wedding, the other sent with them to China. My Lake Forest friend, Carrie Benedict Burrell, was invaluable in helping us, getting waitresses, setting the tables, etc. *2 daughters of Annie Benedict*

After their honeymoon, a week in Agnes' apartment, where they packed the wedding presents, the young couple sailed for China. "That is another story." After five years they returned, and a family group picture is a souvenir of the glad reunion, just before Ned left for his long trip around the world. Bobby sat on my lap, and I kept turning his head to "face the camera," but he was "oriented" to his mother, so the picture came out with his little head turned towards her. He was a beautiful child with a head of golden curls. The five years of Anne's and Stephen's absence had brought changes to the family; I had four little granddaughters - Margaret and Polly Osborne and Nellie and Irene Dodd.

All four of the little girls, after they were two years old, attended the "Nursery School" started by Mrs. Austin in her back-yard, and continued at Mrs. Mosenthal's. It was a new experiment, and gave the children development in playing with other children, as more than a dozen boys and girls attended. It was a great pleasure to me to know them all, for I often took my turn in supervising. Of late years I have attended their weddings.

I recall an incident of this time. I had done something for Nellie Dodd, three years old, and she thanked me very prettily. I was so pleased that I said: "That was lovely, Nellie, for you to say 'thank you'." "But, GaGa," she answered: "You didn't say 'you wekkum!'"

The custom of having Christmas Dinner together successively at the Osborne and Dodd homes began in 1922, and it has been kept up twenty-eight years. While Ned's father and mother were alive, the Dodd's kept Thanksgiving together. From 1933 to 1938 I was invited to the Austins.

The next event after Stephen's and Anne's wedding was Robert's graduation after four years in Princeton "cum laude." After Commencement we had a luncheon party to celebrate at the Princeton Restaurant; Robert, his chum Al Waters and his mother, his cousin Andrew Barr, his cousin Winslow Dulles and his bride, Rose and I. Agnes' home had been his headquarters during his college years, so he called her his "little mother," and nothing could exceed Harold's and Agnes' generous kindness to us all. She used to say she had "married off" her two sisters. Until 1932 it was my headquarters,

though the first three years included my stay in Chicago, and while Ned was away in 1930 I stayed with Rose, and the winter after the Peabodys' return I spent the winter with them in New York.

The great event of 1929 was the return of Anne and Stephen from their five years in China. That is a separate chapter in our family saga. They arrived in July of 1929. It was a new experience to live in one of the Union Seminary Apartments and share in the many opportunities of the great city. In twenty minutes we could get down-town to any entertainment - a contrast to the trip from Montclair. I enjoyed the privileges of the Seminary, taking a course with Mary Eddy Lyman, attending daily chapel, which the Professors conducted in turn, and finding new and old friends to visit. One was my dear old associate in Persia, Mrs. Whipple, who lived in an apartment with Eunice near the Presbyterian Hospital of which her son, Dr. Allen Whipple was the distinguished chief surgeon head. The monthly meetings at the Board rooms, with luncheon for missionary guests which Mrs. McAfee instituted and Mrs. Leber carried on, were a delightful opportunity to see and hear many friends from all over the world. Edwin Wright, Mrs. Wright and Baby Jean were home on furlough, and I could keep the baby when they had to be at a night service in his church in Brooklyn. "Baby-sitter" was a term not yet invented. It was a joke between us, how, when I taught Edwin arithmetic in Tabriz, he would look at a problem and ask: "Do you multiply or subtract?" From this little eight year old boy, he was now the best preacher in Persian in the Mission.

The Teheran church, one Christmas, put on a special service for Moslems and sent for Edwin Wright from his station in Hamadan.

My stay in New York was ended by my summons to Montclair for the birth of my first grandson, Robert Wilson Dodd, February 25th, 1930, an event of great joy. Agnes took special joy in the merry baby. To give him the benefit of sunlight Agnes had vita glass installed in his nursery.

During these years I had the yearly "Rhea Luncheons" at some restaurant in New York, inviting my sister's children, Dorothy Bourne, Edith Snare, Foster Rhea Dulles and Winslow Dulles, and they would come, busy tho' they were in home and business, just to visit with their "Auntie" the only one left of their mother's Rhea family.

One occasion I recall was a Persian Luncheon for the woman's Guild in Central Church, Montclair, which I gave with the help of two friends from Persia, Armenian women, who had been in our Girls' School in Tabriz. They lived in Mt. Vernon, New York, where I had visited in their homes, and Agnes invited them to spend the night as her guests. They brought a suit-case full of "Lawash" the native bread, thin sheets baked in the oven, an authentic addition to the menu, which was chicken curried, pilov (rice), "Romain" lettuce with "skanjabi" (vinegar and honey) into which the lettuce was dipped, ice cream and almond macaroons with black coffee for dessert. One hundred women attended and enjoyed the novelty.

These years in Montclair were a new chapter with the treasure of new friends. A remarkable coincidence was that I found my old neighbor in Lake Forest, childhood companion, school-mate in Ferry Hall, classmate in the college, whom I had seen but once on furlough during thirty years - Charlotte Skinner, now Mrs. Henry Thurston, living in Montclair. Dr. Thurston taught in the School of Social Work in New York City. Their home, with her two sisters living



with them, became a happy place for Lake Forest reminiscing, and I was often a guest for Sunday dinner. One summer they lent me the house for a month, and Robert and I enjoyed being together. When Anne was married they entertained Brother Andy and several of his family as guests. Charlotte was an efficient director of the Sewing Society of the Woman's Guild at church, and I joined it finding delightful friends in working together.

Naturally I found the friends Agnes and Rose had already made were cordial in receiving me, however I began "collecting contemporaries." Across the street from Rose was our dear Mrs. Thomas, such a genial, friendly person, and her daughter, Mary Delafield, who knew all the neighbors and had a Christmas party for the street. In the short two blocks of Godfrey Road there was Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and one Roman Catholic family. Bobby, at the age of six, heard all these names and, when the little Roman Catholic girl asked him one day: "Bobby, are you a Christian?" He answered: "No, I'm a Presbyterian!" His father didn't laugh, when we told him the story and asked, "What have you taught him?" so "Lois" and "Eunice" felt reproved.

In the other house on Highland Avenue my "contemporary" was Mrs. Greenough, widow of an artist, and herself a painter with a studio full of beautiful pictures, the most remarkable of which was a portrait of the family, her husband and three little girls, painted from memory after his death. Her daughter, Mrs. Stehli, was a musician and gave Margaret and Polly music-lessons. Mr. Stehli was an actor; we saw him, at a Christmas party, give a clever, humorous impersonation of a man putting up and trimming a Christmas tree while singing "Holy Night" with many contrasting interpolations e.g. when he pounded his thumb and spilled the nails. Many years after, he played in "Arsenic and Old Lace" in San Jose and he and Mrs. Stehli visited us. It was a new experience for me to know theatrical people as good neighbors in simple, suburban life.

Agnes and Harold had a little coterie of friends who went on picnics together, the Silvers, Spinneys, Beeches, etc. The first person I met in Montclair was John Beech, over the fence, and I discovered he was the son of my teacher, Miss Tappan, whom I had adored in Lake Forest at the age of twelve.

Being in a New York Suburb, I could attend the monthly missionary meetings, at 156 Fifth Avenue, of our Woman's Board, and felt at home meeting the Secretaries I had known by correspondence so many years, and the missionaries from all over the world going and coming.

In Rose's home there were many missionary guests, and this gave me a close contact with our own Mission in Persia. Mrs. Vanneman represented that chapter of our life at Rose's wedding. Dr. Vanneman, Dr. and Mrs. Packard, Dr. and Miss Lamme and others visited us. The last one I remember was Roger Cumberland, who was murdered on his return to Iraq by a Moslem fanatic, so there are martyrs for the cross today.

The Woman's Club and the College Club gave me a wider acquaintance in the town, and I took part in knitting for the Grand Christmas Bazaar, for which the firemen repaired dolls and toys to be given to needy children. Mrs. Austin was its President in the prime of her beauty and efficiency.

Agnes was President of the College Women's Club when I first came to Montclair. At a Luncheon meeting where she presided, I overheard a woman say to another: "She's a girl who was worth a college education." Being incognito I was pleased to hear this tribute to my daughter.

Another organization to which I belonged was the Board of White Women advisory to the "Y.W.C.A. for Negro women and girls", meeting once a month to plan and hear reports. It was characteristic of the charities of the time that we worked for them and not with them. I had a class of girls in Bible study and often had the Vesper-Sunday service. The Y.W.C.A. with a paid staff organized clubs for girls, women's meetings, social dinners. At one of these dinners white and black ate together, an innovation, to hear James Weldon Johnson read from his Poems, and on another occasion Countee Cullen. The last thing I remember was sending a well-educated young Secretary to the Youth Conference at Amsterdam before World War II. The President was Mrs. Goodell, a beloved "contemporary" in my church; Treasurer of the Board was a lovely Quaker lady, Mrs. Webb, whom everybody called "Dixie." Another Quaker friend was a "contemporary," a newcomer from Baltimore, where she had organized the church women 1000 strong to keep the "World Day of Prayer." She retired to Montclair to live with a daughter, and we introduced her to our "Missionary Union," of church women of which I was President three years. In 1944, returning from California, I was present at its twenty-fifth Anniversary Luncheon, where its history was reviewed. Also in 1946 I was present when its name was changed to the "Council of Church Women" to correspond to the National Organization. This reminds me of another dear "contemporary" Mrs. Sarah Foster Greene, who made the Resolution for the change. By a strange coincidence she came from Andover, Mass., and her name was the same as my mother's, whose Uncle and Aunt lived there, so, though we could prove no relationship, we called each other "Cousin," visited and corresponded like affectionate relatives. Last winter she died in Florida of a heart-attack, leaving an empty place in Montclair.

Another organization to which I belonged was "The Wednesday Afternoon Club", the "oldest Club in Montclair," with a record in all of over fifty years, forty when I joined it. There were twenty members meeting monthly and entertained with tea in turn at our houses and with a program, prepared and printed, of the papers we wrote ourselves on some subject which ran through the year, such as "Famous Rivers," "South America," "Modern Novels," etc. I remember some of my subjects were H.G. Well's Biography, Hoffman's Sculpture of Human Types, the River Jordan, and Persepolis. When asked the purpose of our club, we frankly admitted it was to keep our brains active and enjoy each others' society. One of our members was Harriet Beecher Stowe Devan, named for her famous Aunt, who reviewed the book "Beechers and Sinners" with many personal anecdotes and family pictures. I was proposed as a member by Mrs. Goodell and Mrs. Thurston, and I proposed Mrs. Devan's name, also Miss Isabel Dodd, Ned Dodd's aunt, who came to live with her sister, Mrs. Carter, in Montclair after forty years teaching in the American College for Girls in Constantinople. She was a great addition to the Club, and she and Mrs. Carter were my beloved "contemporaries," not only for the family relationship but with the background of missionary life so similar in Turkey and Persia. Strange to say when my father and mother had gone to Persia in 1860, they were entertained enroute at Smyrna by Dr. and Mrs. E.M. Dodd, Ned's grandfather and grandmother. Half-starved after a seasick voyage of fifty days in a sailing-vessel my mother answered Mrs. Dodd's polite question at the first luncheon: "Will you have an egg or shall Dr. Dodd help you to ham?" by the request, "Both please." This story was a family tradition and often rehearsed with laughter, when I met Dr. and Mrs. Dodd, Ned's mother and father, when they came to Montclair in 1924. They were the nearest of "contemporaries" paralleling our missionary service in Persia, and now we were united

sharing the Dodd grandchildren. Dr. Dodd baptized Irene and I remember he ran back to the house to hug and kiss lovely little Irene. It was the last time, for soon after he died suddenly of a heart-attack and the children lost a loving grandfather. Mrs. Dodd was charming, full of life and fun. She lived alone a few years, near enough to come for Sunday-dinner, then she too passed to the Heavenly Home.

The grandmother of the Osborne children came to live in a "Nursing Home" in Montclair, where Harold and Agnes and her two daughters, Grace and Mab, gave her devoted attention and Baby Margaret loved to visit her, running to play with the basket of toys she kept for her. When the Osborne house was built she suggested they have a Dedication, so we all gathered one Sunday afternoon and Dr. Jay Stocking, the dear pastor, conducted a service. Harold read Solomon's dedication of the Temple, Dr. Stocking made a prayer dedicating the house to friendship, hospitality, the care of little children and the service of God, the architect read a beautiful Swedish poem on "the Home", we sang together and ever since that home has fulfilled its mission. Another beautiful occasion Mrs. Osborne initiated. She asked Dr. Stocking to have a private Communion service for her at the Nursing Home. Among the fellow-patients was an old blind man for whom Harold had provided a radio, giving him a new pleasure and entertainment. She asked him to come to the communion and found that he was not a church-member and did not consider himself worthy, but with Dr. Stocking's persuasion, he partook and was blessed and comforted. So Mrs. Osborne, having been a minister's wife, continued her good service to the end. I counted her a precious "contemporary" and found that years before, her husband and my Uncle, Mr. Cowan, had had neighboring parishes and exchanged pulpits - another happy coincidence.

So the happy years passed - 1922 to 1931 - in that home so full of many activities, many guests and parties. After the little girls had attended the Nursery School, they went to the public-school in Upper Montclair, their mother taking them and bringing them by car in the bad weather. Agnes believed in knowing their teachers, inviting them to the house. That winter she took as her cook a very efficient woman with a little girl about Polly's age, and Agnes practiced her democratic principles, having the child play with them, and join them in singing with her at the piano, as they did every day before dinner. Polly said: "I used to run home all the way from school, and Mommie would tell me such nice stories." The little sisters shared a room together.

An interlude in these years was my attack of "Malta" fever. I was spending the summers with Anne and Stephen in Ripon, and I usually fled at the approach of a Wisconsin winter, but one year I overstayed my time to have a Peabody Thanksgiving. The road to Appleton, where we were invited to the Peabody manse, was like a canyon between high walls of snow thrown up by the snow-plow, but indoors was warmth and a New England feast of plenty. Mother Peabody was a famous housekeeper and the traditional dishes - chicken the first night, codfish balls for breakfast, and at noon turkey with accessories and mince and pumpkin pies for dessert. I started for Montclair the next day, stopping overnight at Mrs. Haven's in Lake Forest when I had a bad night with "maltish" feelings, but I went on the next day, glad to get home to Rose. Ned and I had a "code word" - "maltish" - for the well-known symptoms of the "Malta fever" which we had in 1926; he began in the Fall and I in the Christmas Holidays. At first the doctor called it malaria for there was recurrent fever after a hard chill, then sweat that left one exhausted. Quinine had no effect on it. New Year's Day I was taken to the hospital. My dear Charlotte came to

stay with me the last afternoon, but I was in a daze. I was in the hospital a month. Dr. Cox was my physician, but no one knew what to do and different drugs were tried for the fever which had just been named "undulant." A woman research-worker in Washington D.C. after seven years research had isolated the germ finding it was the same as had been known to affect cows, causing abortion. It was traced to an epidemic among British soldiers in Malta, thus the name. Pasteur was summoned from Paris to study it. The doctors called it "first cousin" to malaria and it was not fatal, except in one case in 1000, but its effect on general health was devastating. It was not contagious, but being so mysterious, precautions were taken as if it were. I was in a nursing home a month, after the hospital, had my meals alone in the third story, and for two years was subject to sudden attacks. They became less frequent, but always laid me up for a week, and I lost five pounds, then the attack would pass till the next time. Hal used to tease me about my method of "reducing."

In the summer of 1928 I took a trip to California, staying with Sister Agnes in Pasadena, where she was alone, her children in college. A week after my arrival Ella and I had a luncheon invitation, and she came for me in her car. Without any warning I began to shiver and shake. Sending regrets, I went to bed, and they called their family doctor. He had never heard of "Malta fever" and it was the first case known on the Coast, so he inquired about my past history. I told him that in Persia I was dogged with malaria for years. "What cured it?" he asked. "One mission doctor finally gave me arsenic, beginning with one drop and increasing by one more drop a day up to five, then decreasing." He said: "You evidently like arsenic," so he began the treatment and I had no more attacks and had a perfect record all summer. Robert drove out to the Coast to return with me. Three college boys bought a car together, driving it out and selling it in Santa Barbara for more than they had paid for it. We had a wonderful time with old friends in Pasadena and came home by way of the Canadian Rockies, stopping at Banff and Lake Louise, unsurpassed in loveliness. Robert remarked, "This would be ideal for a "Honeymoon!" At Sacramento we arranged to have Stacy Smith lunch with us at a hotel, the only time the boys had seen each other since the five years in the old home town in Indiana, Pa. I bought a gray coat in Sacramento which I'm still wearing - "a good buy" after twenty years.

After our return to Montclair I went to visit my niece, Dorothy Bourne and immediately had an attack of "Malta." Arsenic again prevented a return. During all that illness Agnes was my mainstay. Having a car she came to the hospital every day and kept track of my treatment. Finding my nurse had left me alone and was unreliable she had her dismissed and got another who proved most satisfactory, and Dr. Cox felt he got the upper hand on the disease reducing the frequency of attacks, although they persisted at longer intervals, running the same course.

The summer of 1931 Harold and Agnes took a trip to Europe, he on business and she visiting Geneva and Prague, thrilled by the inscription to Woodrow Wilson "Founder of the League of Nations" and by the two names that seemed to dominate Prague - Huss and Mazarik. We met them at the steamer on their arrival when Agnes was brought to the car in a wheeled-chair and we learned she had had a hard voyage, being pregnant, and very miserable as before at such times. She recovered after a few months and was again her buoyant, busy self anticipating the joy of another child. Christmas was celebrated by the two families at 379 Highland Avenue, Agnes arranging a tableau of the holy family, using the little girls. Through January she was not well, in bed most of the time, but

we were blind to the approaching tragedy. The time seemed so imminent that one afternoon Agnes had the little basinette brought down from the attic and Margaret made it up to be ready for the baby. The layette was long since prepared and eagerly counted over by the little sisters. Agnes had felt worse and I telephoned to Hal who came home at once, and arranged to take her to the hospital. In the morning he went over early, but telephoned to us that the baby was still-born. I went to the hospital by bus, inquired the number of her room, and was about to enter when a nurse came to prevent me and took me to the waiting-room. Soon after Harold came to me there and told me Agnes had suddenly lifted her arms, gasping and passed away. In a choking voice he repeated: "It happens once in a thousand cases of child-birth - an embolism went to her lungs." Harold had been beside her and now it was all over. We drove home overwhelmed, incredible; "Why! she was with us yesterday!" Harold had to break the tragic news to the little girls at Rose's. I cannot remember the following days without heartbreak, my own grief swallowed up in the loss to her children, left motherless. The doctor asked and advised us not to speak of her, but to divert and distract them! How could we! Her funeral in the church was memorable. The town was moved with sympathy and shocked at the sudden and untimely cutting off of a life so young, so loved, so indispensable. The flowers were massed everywhere as if to express how widespread was the sorrow of many friends. As a tribute to her memory soon after the "Agnes Wilson Osborne World Friendship Fund" was founded and its record of benefactions for sixteen years has just been published.

The stricken home was continued after a fashion and for six years Auntie Grace faithfully kept house and took care of the little girls, so they were not deprived of their father's loving companionship, and the dear accustomed way of life.

I was too heart-broken to continue this story. Now after seventeen years I take it up again - February, 1949 at 70 South 17th Street in San Jose, California.

How can I remember and record events after so long! Stephen had taken a church in Ripon, Wisconsin after their year in Union Seminary. In 1931 when I attended my 50th Class Reunion at Lake Forest, with my classmate, Charlotte Thurston, Anne came down from Ripon to be with us, guests of my girlhood-friend and neighbor, Mrs. Kate Haven. After Commencement Anne took me to Ripon overnight to see Lawrence Wilson Peabody, their four months old adopted baby, a beautiful child, who henceforth became a very important member of the family. The reason I couldn't stay longer was that I was in charge of Agnes' home and children, while she and Harold were on their trip to Europe. I had left them with misgivings for this great occasion, in care of Nellie, our excellent cook, who with her little girl lived with us. Polly and this little girl had chicken-pox and were put in the guest-room twin beds for convenience, and I found everything going well on my return.

Soon after, Agnes and Harold came home and for months Agnes had to keep quiet, but regained her usual health for the last happy Thanksgiving and Christmas already described. I don't know how we lived on after her sudden death. Grace resigned her teaching position at the end of the year, but did not take charge till after the summer which we spent at Southold, when Ned and Rose and family joined us and Robert came to recuperate after his appendix operation. Edna Austin had sent him flowers in the hospital, none of us being in Montclair.

For three months in 1933 Anne came on to be with us, a tower of strength and good cheer. I think Baby Larry was the greatest diversion the children could have had. At Southold we enjoyed the wonderful ocean-view, daily swimming and visits from our friends.

It was during this visit, in Montclair, that, when we were in the garden, Larry suddenly disappeared. Anne said to me: "You go down that street and I'll go down this to hunt for him." As I was going, looking in all directions, a police-car drove up to the curb and they shouted: "Here's your Bobby!" They had asked him his name and he said "Peabobby." It seems a neighbor saw him on the sidewalk and telephoned to the police station that there was a lost baby. He was proud and happy with his new friends.

Another adventure was when he was left in the car a few minutes, while we went shopping. He found Dr. Dodd's kit, and, when we returned we found the car in a mess - pills, tape, instruments, bottles strewed everywhere. An empty iodine-bottle was in his hand and Auntie Rose caught him and carried him into the drug store, calling to the druggist: "See if this baby has swallowed iodine!" He looked in his mouth and said: "I see no signs of it." How relieved we were!

From then on - 1932 to 1939 - my home was with the Dodd's. A new bathroom and a room off from the attic, insulated, made a comfortable little suite for the little girls and Rose made the room pretty with pink curtains, pink bed spreads on the twin beds, and a be-ruffled toilet-table, besides the bureau and wardrobe. The attic was a great convenience full of trunks, satchels and boxes and a convenient place to hang extra clothes. The laundry with washing machine and two tubs was in the cellar with furnace and coal bin. So the house was just big enough to hold us, with three bedrooms on the second floor. I could vacate the guest room on occasion and put Bobby on a folding bed, taking his bed. The three children attended the Public School nearby and the girls had piano lessons, playing beautiful duets.

The cottage in the woods, which Father Dodd had helped to build himself, was the family summer home, where swimming and boating on Long Pond were enjoyed. The only draw-back was the distance from Montclair, 300 miles, taking two days when the children were small. I never saw this summer resort, as I was at Anne's, and during the war-years, they didn't use it on account of shortage of gas.

I found in Mrs. Thomas, who lived across the street from Rose, in Montclair a contemporary and dear friend. I spent many evenings with her, and she would play and sing the favorite old songs, for she was Welsh, naturally musical, and this gift her daughter, Mary Delafield inherited, being in the Episcopal choir and much in demand as a soloist. The Delafields had one son, George, a year older than our Bobby, so he had a contemporary as well as I.

Another friend was Mrs. Gaylord living in her beautiful home on Bradford Avenue, which crossed Highland Avenue, who sent her only daughter, Janet, to her own Alma Mater, Ames in Iowa, and both mother and daughter became my dear friends and still send me Christmas cards, eleven years after I left Montclair. Opposite their home were the Caprons, in an equally elegant mansion, whom we count as special friends. "Lex" Capron was Hal's golf-pal. His beautiful wife, Margaret, the day Agnes died, came over and sat at our telephone answering the many calls, an unspeakable help and comfort. She died of cancer after a

year of intense suffering. Mr. Capron came out to San Jose to see us lately. His daughter, Frances, was Polly's "Maid of Honor."

On the next level in the ascending streets of Upper Montclair was the Austin home on Upper Mountain Avenue. We knew Mrs. Austin as the President of the Woman's Club and as the wonderful Executive who coordinated all the town's Christmas benevolences, distributing them fairly and systematically. Here the first Nursery School, previously mentioned, was started, three hours every morning, a boon to mothers. Evelyn, Margaret, Nellie and Polly, among the first pupils, had the hillside and little brook as play ground and the big porch as refuge from the rain. Little John White I remember leaning on my lap, looked up at me and said: "I love you." Anyone would reciprocate such a winsome gesture. His mother, I learned, had grown up in Lake Forest. Another beautiful boy was Bradford Murphy on our street, and I found they were proud to trace their lineage back to Governor Bradford of colonial Massachusetts, so I told them of Mary Bradford, first woman doctor in Persia, and seventh in a line of Mary Bradfords from the Governor's time to the present.

Later the school was moved to Mrs. Mosenthal's, a big play room over the garage, with more in attendance, boys and girls. One boy, an only child, told his mother "Oh, that Polly Osborne, she's a menace. She knocked down my tower of blocks," which was just what he needed and had never had in his pampered solitude. Mrs. Austin was the pioneer who introduced this popular modern method of training little children for social life. The Austins had two older children, John and Louise. One day, when I was there for Nursery School, Mrs. Austin said to me: "Louise is laid up with a sprained ankle from skiing. She is trying to keep up her arithmetic and needs a little help. Would you mind looking at the problem?" So I met Louise, a beautiful girl in her teens, and we visited. I little thought that ten years later she would become my son's wife, but that's another story.

During these years great sorrows came to other homes in our circle of friends. Mr. Austin suddenly died from a heart attack and also Mr. Delafield. "Mickie" Fradkin, son of Dr. Fradkin and Elvie, Agnes' classmate and devoted friend, in his blooming boyhood, only eleven years old, was stricken with meningitis. Anna Marion Harris lost her mother just a week after I lost Agnes, and we were drawn together by our common grief. She took me, one Spring, for a trip through the Shenandoah Valley just at the time of the Apple Blossom Festival. We had promised ourselves fried chicken and beat biscuit, but never found them on the menu of the restaurants where we stopped, so contented ourselves with the lovely scenery.

Peace was the great subject of discussion after World War I. For twelve years Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt held a great convention every year on "The Cause and Cure of War." One thousand women gathered in Washington from all over the country. Mrs. Austin and I went together one year staying in a hotel and Robert sent us a telegram - "Pax Vobiscum." Anne came three times by bus from Wisconsin. The finest speakers were engaged. The Lady of the White House Eleanor Roosevelt gave a Tea to the delegates and spoke at one meeting. Church Women had a special luncheon and a program including a Jewish Rabbi. It seemed as if all this thought and talk would accomplish what the world longed for, but all in vain and World War II began, the greatest War in History and the United States was involved in it on the Atlantic and Pacific.

In 1930, Dr. Dodd made a trip for our Board around the world, visiting seventy hospitals. The Church was trying to spread Peace and Good Will, but "too little and too late."

My Son, Robert meanwhile studied law at Harvard and had a trip in Europe one summer with 16 other students.

September 28, 1933, was a RED LETTER DAY in our family history. There have been numerous references to the Austin Family. It was a surprise to the town when invitations were sent out for a TEA on Easter Monday, and when they arrived to find me on the receiving line and to hear Mrs. Austin announce the engagement of her daughter Louise to Robert Wilson. The courtship was very quiet, no one saw any signs of it, but they met frequently in New York City. He was not allowed to attend her graduation from Vassar College. The summer after graduation with one of the professors she and her classmate, Virginia Pleasants, spent several months in Europe. On shipboard at every dinner a little gift was at her plate with the collusion of the steward.

On Easter Eve the engagement ring was delivered at the house by the florist, set in an orchid which Robert presented later. I could only quote what my mother said of my engagement, "Nothing could please me better."

The wedding itself was at St. Luke's in Montclair. Her brother John gave her away. Her mother had a friend taking pictures here and there and the film is a record of the whole affair. The honeymoon was spent in Averill, Vermont at his cousin Edith Snare's summer home.

They began their home in an apartment in New York, but moved to Washington D. C. where Robert had a job with the R. F. C. After living in several houses they bought a brick house with two acres of ground built 40 years before as a summer residence, but the city moved out to it. There was an apple orchard and a cider mill was discovered so parties with cider and doughnuts became the fashion. On the hill a flag waved from a flag pole on every festive occasion. It was the great privilege to visit the capital city and see the sights, a favorite excursion was to Mount Vernon. When Robin was three years old he looked around asking, "Where is George Washington? Doesn't he know we have come to see him?" His mother murmured, "Not living." We found he knew another "not living" - Moses.

To the shame of the country the condition of negroes was worse in Washington than in any other city. Robert was elected president of the Urban League, an organization to help the negroes for better living conditions.

During his stay in Washington Robert took a course in Washington University for the M.A. degree, which he received at the same time that Stettinius received a complimentary degree.

Robert and Louise and I attended a Rhea Reunion arranged by my cousins John Fain and Rhea Anderson to meet at the old home town Blountville, Tenn. It had been selected by our ancestor Rev. Joseph Rhea 150 years before for a colony of Scotch Irish. Like Abraham he wanted wives for his sons from the old country and sent his son John to find them. He brought a widow with three daughters but he himself never married. Their descendants have peopled the countryside. Seventeen hundred attended the sumptuous picnic and the Memorial Service which the Vance brothers conducted. One of them was from the Northern Presbyterian denomination the other from the Southern branch. They introduced Robert as the Grandson of Rev. Samuel Audley Rhea, the only foreign missionary of the family and asked me to give a little sketch of his life. Then a procession took the many beautiful bouquets decorating the church to



lay on the graves of our ancestors in the cemetery on the hillside. In recounting family names John Rhea was mentioned; Congressman and signer and co-author of the Constitution of the State of Tennessee. Judge Luckey whose mother was a Rhea, was a noted jurist in Knoxville. There were forty in the ministry counting their wives. As successors to the present day are the four Bachman brothers, the two Vance brothers already mentioned, Dr. Hugh Walker of Los Angeles and Dr. Lynn White of San Anselmo and his son, President White of Mills College.

The house was a pleasant town with a garden and room for guests. It was called Hill House. The house, belonging to the Congregational Church was a two-story frame house; painted grey and white with veranda in front, kitchen-parlory dining room and kitchen, laundry and store room in the basement, third and fourth and Stephen's study on the second floor. Anne is a flower-lover and transferred the backyard into a flower garden with stumps around the beds and a little pool. The stumps she found piled outside a farmer's field, he had for the asking. The neighbors told us the backyard showed suffering tastes in the neighborhood. The Parholys' predecessors had five children and planted 70 lb potatoes very practical and thrifty. Our next-door neighbor was a kindly French-Canadian lady who cultivated Larry's acquaintance with candy. Beyond her was a family with a boy a few years older, Johnny, who liked to see Larry in glass he made up. One day he set Larry by a tree saying: "You stand there - don't move until I tell you." Larry soon tired of it and was moving off, when Johnny called "Hi, there! Where are you going?" Larry answered: "I have to go and write my sermon." He had heard his Daddy use that alibi!

The A.S.S.V. carried on a fine program in Ripon, the college theater gave plays under Professor Boddy's able management. The Grand Old Man was Mr. Hatch, Professor Harrison, who was also an authority on modern Sunday School methods.

My yearly visits to Ripon made me more than a guest in the House; I was a member of the minister's family and so shared all the kind attentions and social invitations they received, and I needed no further introduction. It was a delightful situation. The Congregational Church of which Stephen Boddy was the minister had been founded along with the college by the Congregational Board and was like a New England Community. The President, Dr. Edgar Board and most of the professors and their families being attendants, and indeed the church was used as the College Chapel and also for Commencement. The professor of music Mr. Harold Chamberlain and his wife with her beautiful voice were leaders of the choir. The head of the Dramatic department, Mr. E. F. Boddy put on plays with well-trained casts of student-actors at the Little Theater. The Senior Deacon, Mr. Samuel A. Patrick was a prominent lawyer, an authority on the history of the town, which appeared in installments in the town paper. The genial Druggist, Mr. E. L. Burnside joined the church after his wife's death, becoming a devoted member, and his drug store was a sort of social center. The Deacon, Mr. James L. Byrnes and his wife lent their apartment house to the lease for church gatherings with very gracious hospitality. The monthly church-supper was a big family party, children included, which my wife enjoyed as she was overworked, as the food was brought from the house.

Around the town for miles stretched prairie farms with silos and grain and pastures, and flocks of sheep were the visible sign of their success. A saw-mill on every great prairie showed that it was industry in which Wisconsin leads. A factory in the town manufactured wooden articles and gave employment to hundreds. It was the scene of a strike, when

## CHAPTER XIII

LIFE IN RIPON AND EPHRAIM - SUMMERS  
1934 TO 1939

For five years I spent the summers with Anne and Stephen in Ripon. I found it a delightful place, a college-town of 4000 full of college-bred men and women. It was a pleasant town with shaded streets and room for gardens of vegetables and flowers. The Manse, belonging to the Congregational Church was a two-story frame-house, painted grey and white with veranda in front, double-parlor, dining room and kitchen, laundry and store room in the basement, three bed-rooms and Stephen's study on the second floor. Anne is a flower-lover and transformed the backyard into a flower garden with stones around the beds and a little pool. The stones she found piled outside a farmer's field, to be had for the asking. The neighbors told us the backyard showed differing tastes in the occupants. The Peabody's predecessors had five children and planted it in potatoes very practical and thrifty. Our next-door neighbor was a kindly Roman Catholic lady who cultivated Larry's acquaintance with candy. Beyond her was a family with a boy a few years older, Johnny, who liked to use Larry in games he made-up. One day he set Larry by a tree saying: "You stand there - don't move until I tell you." Larry soon tired of it and was moving off, when Johnny called "Hi, there! Where are you going?" Larry answered: "I have to go and write my sermon." He had heard his Daddy use that alibi!

The A.A.U.W. carried on a fine program in Ripon, the college theater gave plays under Professor Boody's able management. The Grand Old Man was Dr. Mutch, Professor Emeritus, who was also an authority on modern Sunday School methods.

My yearly visits to Ripon made me more than a guest in the Manse. I was a member of the minister's family and so shared all the kind attentions and social invitations they received, and I needed no further introduction. It was a delightful situation. The Congregational Church of which Stephen Peabody was the minister had been founded along with the college by the Congregational Board and was like a New England Community. The President, Dr. Silas Evans and most of the professors and their families being attendants, and indeed the church was used as the College Chapel and also for Commencement. The professor of music Mr. Harold Chamberlain and his wife with her beautiful voice were leaders of the choir. The head of the Dramatic department, Mr. H. P. Boody put on plays with well-trained casts of student-actors at the Little Theater. The Senior Deacon, Mr. Samuel M. Pedrick was a prominent lawyer, an authority on the history of the town, which appeared in installments in the town paper. The genial druggist, Mr. E. L. Burnside joined the church after his wife's death, becoming a devoted member, and his drug store was a sort of social center. The Banker, Mr. James L. Stone and his wife lent their spacious home at the Lake for church gatherings with very gracious hospitality. The monthly church-supper was a big family party, children included, which all enjoyed and no one was overworked, as the food was brought from the homes.

Around the town for miles stretched prosperous farms with silos and grain and peafields, and flocks of sheep were the visible signs of their success. A pea-vinery on every great peafield proved this is an industry in which Wisconsin leads. A factory in the town manufactured woolen articles and gave employment to hundreds. We actually saw the working of a strike, when

the workers struck to form a union. They paraded all day long in a procession in front of the factory and were treated to coffee and doughnuts by the merchants of the town. The leader of the Strike was a friend of Stephen's and came to consult with him, which caused an estrangement from the owners, who had never had trouble before, and whose gifts of turkeys at Thanksgiving showed their "paternal attitude" to employees, but times had changed and bargaining through a union followed.

The A.A.U.W. united the college-women of the town, and their meetings were literary and social, showing the democratic atmosphere of a college-town. The college, itself, was a part of the town, many of the students living in private families, and always in evidence on the street. Lectures, concerts and plays were a contribution to the culture of the town. One of the Fraternity Houses called Tracy Home, by a coincidence, produced a movie-actor who became the famous Spencer Tracy. There was a similar connection with the movies in Indiana, Pa. A boy, still affectionately called "Jimmie" Stewart by the town. His grandfather was a strong "United" Presbyterian, and when the modern members put in an organ, he built another church in protest. When "Jimmie" comes home and attends church he says to his grandfather, "I'm glad to see the church so full," not guessing that they had come to see him and show their pride in his success.

Ripon has other famous names - Carrie Chapman Catt was born there and lived there in her childhood.

Selfridge, the American who found a great American store "Selfridges" in London, visited Ripon, his birthplace, and there were hopes that he would endow the college, but he gave a recreation park to the town as his memorial, called by his name, and that was all.

A high Episcopalian Church, a Methodist and several Lutheran Churches showed the town was well-churched. A Woman's Union Meeting of all denominations was planned for the World Day of Prayer, a great innovation. I came from Montclair early one year to speak for it.

The grandfather and grandmother from Appleton came over often to see the baby, bringing him a toy, and snap-shots were taken of Larry toddling in his first snow wearing a white fur coat and cap from China, the center of an adoring group, as he tried to shovel snow like his Daddy, or was lured by Grandpa's watch or a bunch of keys. We have a large photograph of Larry taken by a very artistic photographer who perched him astride the stair-railing and what a picture he made with his head of golden curls.

I wish we had kept account of Larry's exploits - getting into the flour-bin and covering himself with flour, painting the kitchen floor, or hammering nails into the front steps, etc. Once, when we were at church, he went across the street to a neighbors and turned on the faucets in the bathtub. We learned of this when a woman on the street one day joined me and said: "Did you know what Larry did? The Grays have to put in a new ceiling, because he flooded the bathroom yesterday." These good neighbors had made no complaint. Not so another neighbor, several years after, whose newly-painted porch tempted Larry to add some touches, as he found paint-cans and brushes in the garage. That evening the irate owner came over to describe the damage, and next morning a very subdued little boy was led over by his mother with his savings-bank containing thirteen cents, saved to spend at the County Fair, and paid it all to repair the damage besides the bill his father paid.

As he grew up Larry enlarged his circle of friends, the servicemen at the different stations whom he knew by their first names, and the firemen at the fire station who would sit him on the high seat of the fire engine for a pretended ride. When his mother had a garden-party, an old gentleman, Mr. Van Kirk came to take Larry for a long drive saying he enjoyed his conversation. One of the friends was the Captain of the R.O.T.C., the father of a little girl he liked to visit. Now the Peabodys are outspoken Pacifists, so I was amazed one day when the troop were drilling on the street in front of our house to see Larry standing by the Captain and wielding his baton, holding himself very straight like a soldier and shouting the orders, but I am getting ahead of my story.

When Larry was three years old his father and mother drove to Evanston, taking a pink-lined basket to bring a baby-sister for him from the Cradle, where Larry had been adopted. The conductor, who knew everybody on the branch railroad line, was curious and stopped to look at the baby on their return, remarking: "They're a powerful nuisance, but Life isn't worth living without them." When they arrived, Larry and I ran out to welcome them, and Larry asked excitedly, "Where's my baby?" Not seeing the basket on the back seat. The little girl was named Louise Rhea and baptized by Grandpa Peabody, as Larry had been, each having one of the Family names as a middle name.

That summer of 1934 we all went to Ephraim on Green Bay. We have pictures of the winsome baby who captured all hearts, especially "Granddaddy's" who never tired of holding her and remarking on her daintiness.

Father and Mother Peabody joined us or entertained us at their cottage "Red Oaks" up on the cliff. There were also charming new friends among the summer people. Dr. Martin Hardin and his family came all the way from Ithaca, New York. He was a Presbyterian pastor and had discovered he had a natural gift for portrait painting. One Sunday after he heard Dr. Peabody preach at the little Moravian chapel we attended, he said: "I want to pay you for that sermon by painting your portrait." So he did and Stephen inherited it. It now hangs over the mantle in San Jose and one of the church ladies said: "It makes the room a shrine." But that is anticipating the story.

As the chapters of my life have a way of over-lapping, whom should we find at "Sister Bay" very near Ephraim but Eunice Whipple of whom I wrote when I used to visit her mother and her in New York. Her sister Margaret had married George Clark, a well-to-do Chicago manufacturer with a factory at Flossmore, a suburb, but they had their summer-home at Green Lake. Margaret had died of cancer leaving a boy and girl, and it was a very happy thing for them when their father married "Aunt Eunice" and two other children were added to the family. Eunice kept up the musical traditions of her mother, with a grand piano on which she and Stephen played duets. She also had her mother's hospitality. We had several picnics together, and our Persian friends, Dr. and Mrs. Fred Coan stopped to see us, with their son Howard who was driving them East. When they left Eunice gave them a cherry-pie for the way. By the way, Door County that part of Wisconsin is called "Cherryland," and in season pickers came clear from Chicago to gather the luscious fruit. Eunice carried on what Margaret used to do playing the organ for the Episcopal Church in the village.

Leonard Peabody's family, with Anita's mother and father were, in an adjoining cottage, so for a month we were like one big family on our picnics.

After Stephen's vacation, we returned by car in one day to Ripon, as schools began and Stephen taught a class in Sociology in the College, which put us among the Faculty with various privileges. One was use of Lane Library, the gift of a former alumnus, Mr. Lane. The Librarian, Miss Josephine Hargrave, was one of Stephen's parishioners, belonging to a well-known family who were related to my friends, the Greenes of Montclair. Walter Hargrave was a farmer and superintendent of the Sunday School, and I never heard anyone tell stories to children as he did. His farm was a delightful place to visit, especially to see the little Spring lambs.

I can't mention all the special friends. A retired school-master Mr. W. Johnson and his two married daughters, Mrs. Alan Whelan and Mrs. Harold Dyer, gave us their cottage at the Lake one month, where Anne could go out in a boat and catch a fish for dinner. Roger Dyer was Larry's special friend, and "Ginger" Dyer was a nice playmate for Polly the summer she spent with us. They papered the piano-box and made a house of it, sleeping out in it one night. That summer of 1936 I was seventy-five years old, and Anne had a Birthday Party, bringing in a cake with seventy-five tiny candles. It was so hot she could scarcely carry it. Polly played a piano solo which pleased everybody. The Frederick Groves family were fine friends. He was a professor in the College. Their grandmother, Mrs. Alice Hagar, lived with them. At a church supper she wore my coat home. We had just bought coats exactly alike except hers came to my ankles and mine to her knees, so we got them exchanged before Sunday School the next morning. Judge Kenneth Higby's wife was a Roman Catholic and he was an Episcopalian. She was one of the prettiest women and very friendly. She had a Tea to introduce me to her neighbors, and she lately called on us here in San Jose with her son, Kenneth, whom she had come out to visit.

Dr. Silas Evans, College President, was a popular speaker and often had engagements to lecture in other towns. His beautiful wife, a McAfee from Park College and a classmate of Mary Bradford, filled her position adequately by being his chauffeur and managing large receptions at their mansion.

The Dean of Women, Dr. Grace Goodrich much beloved, lived in town with her aged father, and on Larry's first Christmas gave him a little white Christmas Tree made of White feathers which, after twenty years, is still taken out of wrappings, unfolded, re-decorated and used as a center piece.

The N. E. Bryan family moved to Ripon and joined the Congregational Church, though Baptists before, and became very active members. Mrs. Bryan wrote the history of the A.B.C.F.M. for the Women's Society and her daughter, Ethel, proved a veritable dynamo of late years, getting over twenty-nine D.P. families sponsored and started for life in America, by soliciting clothing, food, jobs and furnished houses. Her sister, Mrs. George Conant, has taught her daughter to be a competent assistant. Mr. Conant has a very original business - collecting and making slides of botanical specimens, which are in demand in schools and colleges all over the country. Ethel is his assistant, and their laboratory is in the second story of his house. The two sisters have sweet voices, and their mother trained them to sing duets together, which are often requested.

Another member of our church Mrs. Christianson, was a granddaughter of one of the thirty couples who sailed as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, the first mission of the A.B.C.F.M. They found the islanders had already thrown away their idols and were ready to listen to the teaching of the white strangers -

a wonderful story whose last chapter is the admission of Hawaii as part of the United States. Mrs. Christianson's grandfather had written a diary of their voyage, so valuable historically that the Atlantic Monthly bought it from her for \$100. and published it in the magazine.

Our next door neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Gard Miller and their daughter, Myrle, two other daughters who were teachers, coming home for summer vacation and two brothers, having their own homes - one a farm, the other in town. "Grandma Miller" was my "contemporary" and we had grand times knitting in the back-yard, as an enlarged snap-shot proves.

Anne keeps two big scrap-books full of souvenirs and pictures of the children's childhood, which would illustrate these reminiscences. Larry's first tooth was one of the most exciting experiences. They had gone to church, leaving him in Erma's care asleep in his carriage on the porch. When they came back, they discovered that his first tooth was showing through. They wanted to tell the Big News. The only one in sight was "Daddy Becker", so-called by the students, an old bachelor, Professor of German. They called to him, "Oh! come and see what we've found" and the old man ambled across the street and tried to join in their enthusiasm.

We had an accident with the car one day returning from Fond-du-Lac. Within sight of Ripon, on a "soft shoulder", one wheel whizzed and the car overturned. No one was in sight, but finally two young men came from the other direction. They at once jumped out and came to our rescue. I was under the wheel and they said to me: "Don't move. We'll get you out." And they did! Strange what came into my mind - a new teacher had just come to the College, Miss Bagomeal, and at the moment they carried me to their car, I laughed to myself saying: "I'm Miss Bagomeal." Larry was on the back-seat and hopped out unharmed, Anne was badly bruised. They took us home and Larry ran in calling to his father: "We've had an accident and GaGa's hurt!" Fortunately it was nothing serious. The doctor put thirteen stitches in my forehead, but my eye wasn't touched. That night a neighbor, Miss Darrow, who was a Registered Nurse stayed with me, but I was soon all right.

A great event was the visit of Robert and Louise. We have a moving-picture of their arrival bag and baggage, so we can live it over again and again. It was such a joy to have them in the home with its many Chinese treasures - (I call it a "Chinese Museum.") To show them characteristic Wisconsin industries, we took them to a dairy farm, with its concrete floor "clean enough to eat off of," the contented cows, the electric milkers and the pails of foaming milk. As paper-manufacturing is the industry of a nearby town, we inspected a factory, thus seeing the process from rags to elegant stationery. What we were proudest to show off were the children; Louise a little acrobat who could stand on her head or whirl on a handle-bar, and Larry a picture with his head of golden curls. Nothing was so entertaining as to show the moving-pictures of their activities and their growth through the years. One picture always brought a laugh - baby Louise about to sit in her little chair tipped over backwards. Another, which was put in backwards showed "GaGa" going up the stairs backwards with great agility!

"Grandpa Peabody" after retiring from the pulpit he had filled forty years, didn't retire, but took a little country church two miles from Ripon for a year and he and "Grandmother Peabody" gave of their best to the little congregation who were so delighted that they begged for another year. Then they really

began to rest and went to Pilgrim Place in Claremont, California, about the time that Stephen left Ripon, accepting a call to San Jose in Northern California. Dr. Peabody preached in the San Jose and Ripon Churches, so the congregations saw what Stephen had inherited. After years in the very congenial atmosphere of Pilgrim Place, Dr. Peabody fell ill, and his life of service ended at the age of 75. Stephen was able to preach his father's funeral-sermon, a remarkable and appropriate tribute of a son to the father whom he desired to follow as his highest ambition. Mother Peabody continued to live in Pilgrim Place, where she could continue two of her life-long avocations - the banding of birds and the cultivation of flowers. One Easter she came to San Jose bringing twenty calla-lilies to adorn the church.

To return to our main story of the younger generation. Stephen, Anne, Larry and Louise left the dear Ripon home and their many regretful friends in October, 1938 after an eight years pastorate. Judge Higby had a very appreciative tribute in the town-paper.

They drove across the continent without mishap, and lived in the first furnished apartment they could find. Later they rented the home on Seventeenth street next door to the Marshall Masons.

The house is a small square with a small porch in front and a small porch in back. A lovely blue Chinese rug covers the floor. The side-board is fitted with the glass-ware from Canton, the silver and brass candle-sticks on top. Chinese tapestry and pictures on the walls and a nest of carved small tables complete the Chinese equipment. The only western addition is "Just Larry's" silver tea-set with large tray and pitcher given by Ripon friends. The living room across the hall with double-doors on both sides also had these "petite" Chinese rug with small designs of various objects, in the center a chess-board. Here to Stephen's delight, was upright Stairway place. There is a tall, artistic, carved floor lamp and an iron-croquet lamp hanging on a standard, both from China, and among the American chairs the family heir-loom "the Benjamin Franklin chair," the tradition is that Stephen's great grandfather was held, as a little girl by Benjamin Franklin. When this chair was sent to be recovered, a card was discovered stating this fact and the apartment telephoned to ask if he could have the chair photographed and sent to the newspaper.

Over the mantle is the portrait of Father Peabody painted by his friend, Dr. Martin Hardin of Ithaca, New York.

The house is "given to hospitality" and is in constant use for dinner-parties and social gatherings. One year a Christmas party was given for foreign students, another year for those "D.P." families, (delayed pilgrims) who miss Christmas Eve after five years in concentration camps. Another year a Chinese party, was for the Yung-tse - the kind when their wedding was. The oldest couple said "in my kindergarten." There have been dinners for progressive, brides, New Year's Reception, a class of forty-two to dinner "the Christian Home", a tea-party for a veteran on his return, the "Pilgrim Club," the "Pilgrim Fellowship" and dinner for the wedding-party of Larry's wedding, etc.

They were ever night guests since. The evening so given had been a success in the past and the wife had been a success in the past.

## CHAPTER XIV

## SAN JOSE

I take up my story in my present home in San Jose. My last winter in Montclair I was shut in, bedridden with bronchitis, only getting out by car to go to the doctor's for treatment, which helped, but did not cure, so it seemed wise to accept the Peabody's invitation to join them in their new parish. They had moved from Ripon to San Jose in 1938. Fortunately we heard of Miss Wachob's returning, and I met her in Pittsburg - a delightful traveling-companion - and at Oakland the Freemans and Peabodys were waiting in their cars for us.

Their home, "the Manse" as I call it, though only rented by the church, is a bungalow all on one floor. Dr. Newell had built it with a room for Mrs. Newell's mother with a separate bath room which was ready for me. They had lived in it eight years and had a new bungalow next door. I was "in clover" and enjoyed the beautiful things they had brought from China. The dining-room has a set of carved furniture, each chair with a panel of fruit tree blossom, the small square table has a round top to enlarge it to seat eleven. A lovely blue Chinese rug covers the floor. The side-board is fitted with the dinner-set from Canton, the samovar and brass candle-sticks on top. Chinese tapestry and pictures on the walls and a nest of carved small tables complete the Chinese equipment. The only Western addition is "Aunt Jenny's" silver tea-set with large tray and pitcher given by Ripon friends. The living room across the hall with double-doors on both sides also had three "Fette" Chinese rugs with small designs of common objects, in the center a chess-board. Here is Stephen's delight, the upright Steinway piano. There is a tall, artistic, carved floor lamp and an iron-wrought lamp hanging on a standard, both from China, and among the American chairs the family heir-loom "the Benjamin Franklin chair," the tradition is that Stephen's great grandmother was held, as a little girl by Benjamin Franklin. When this chair was sent to be recovered, a card was discovered stating this fact and the upholsterer telephoned to ask if he could have the chair photographed and sent to the newspaper.

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The Manse is "given to hospitality" and is in constant use for dinner-parties and social gatherings. One year a Christmas party was given for foreign students, another year for three "D.P." families, (delayed pilgrims) who sang Christmas Carols after five years in concentration camps. Another, a Valentine party, was for the Trustees - who told when their romance began. The oldest couple said "in the Kindergarten." There have been showers for prospective brides, New Year's Receptions, a class of forty-two to discuss "the Christian Home", a tea-party for a Veteran on his return, the "Friendly Club," the "Pilgrim Fellowship" and dinner for the wedding-party rehearsal for Larry's wedding, etc.

There were over-night guests galore. One evening we returned from a show to find a car waiting at the curb to ask for a night's lodging, a young couple whom we had known at Lake Tahoe had driven across the continent and were stranded at eleven P.M. Twenty old friends from Ripon have dropped in to



see us, associates from China stopped going or coming. A great surprise and joy was when my daughter and her husband from Montclair visited us, also when my son and his family stayed with us while waiting for their furniture to arrive by van from Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Page and Mr. and Mrs. Lorbeer of India were our guests when they spoke at the church, also Dr. Shafaq of Persia who headed the delegation to the U.N. first assembly at San Francisco, a pupil of my husband's thirty-five years before.

There was a small back-yard with a rose bed and a long table and benches where we enjoyed many a picnic-supper in California barbecue style.

I found in San Jose an entirely new environment, a city of 100,000 with a State College, and a remarkable system of Adult Education. Under Mr. and Mrs. David McKaye's leadership, 7000 adult students attended afternoon and evening classes in every conceivable subject and took "vagabond" trips by bus to places in the vicinity and as far as Virginia and New York City.

I enrolled in a class of Book Reviews and enjoyed Mrs. Willis Peck's fine resumes of thirty books a year.

The college had no dormitories, but students were accommodated in private homes which gave close contact between town and college. This year the college had 70 foreign students.

San Jose is a cosmopolitan city. For the first time in my life I have had the opportunity of warm friendship with Jewish, Catholic, Chinese, Japanese, and Italian friends. One of my Catholic friends is Mrs. Elvira Lawson who went to Germany to study music in her youth and took lessons from Dr. Albert Schweitzer. She gave a Bach Concert here, sending the proceeds to him for his hospital in Africa.

There are many churches, five Catholic Cathedrals and Protestants of all the old and new denominations. The Protestant Ministerial Association sponsored union-services on Good Friday and four times during the year, and this year had E. Stanley Jones hold a week's evangelistic meetings of great effect. Thanksgiving Day a union service is held, also the World Day of Prayer is observed by the women's societies. The most memorable occasion was when Mrs. Eva Gamble was President and 700 attended the luncheon, when such celebrities as Mrs. Ruth Comfort Mitchell and Mrs. Kathleen Norris took part. When Anne was president, sixteen presidents of local societies sat on the platform and conducted the program, and there were Jewish, Negro and Japanese women present. The Council of Churches has a service for the delinquent children at Juvenile Hall, and a Secretary to supervise the week-day Bible classes for Protestant children. A Club of ministers calling themselves "The Prunes" meet monthly and discuss a paper written by a member, after a luncheon. We enjoyed serving the luncheon, when it was Stephen's turn, but we wondered whether a heavy meal was good preparation for listening to a heavy (?) theological treatise.

Living with Peabodys, the Congregational Church was naturally my church-home, and I found delightful fellowship. I claimed I was born under the A.B.C.F.M., as the mission in Persia was started by that Board, and taken over by Presbyterians in 1870. At first I assisted my daughter Anne in the Sunday School, later I joined the Adult Bible Class taught by Rev. James Price, a retired minister who used his barrel of sermons very acceptably. He had

begun in the Salvation Army ten years, then took a theological course, was ordained and served several parishes. He was invaluable, when Stephen had a long illness, making pastoral calls and officiating at weddings, baptisms and funerals. To mark Mr. Price's forty years in the ministry a service was held, when his son presided and he himself gave the story of his life. Suddenly he was stricken and did not survive an operation.

"The women's Federation" was very active, managing Church-suppers, supporting various projects, making money by an annual Bazaar, serving at the "coffee hour" after the Sunday service, and holding its regular meetings with some special occasions. One such was a "Persian Tea" when Dr. Yonan of Persia spoke on Persian Art. He amused us when he said: I was sorry for your pastor when I saw only Chinese rugs in his house." Evidently he was a Persian partisan. Another special occasion was when the pastor's sister Miriam Peabody Kennedy, a musician from Oberlin, gave a wonderful recital of classical music for which one of the men of the church provided a grand piano as a suitable instrument. When the family of Dr. J. J. Miller made a generous gift toward a new organ with chimes it was well-equipped for this essential part in the church services.

The church building was used by college students as a recreation-center, by a Boy Scout Troop, by a "Well-baby" clinic, and by a Nursery School taught by Mrs. Alice Shiras who was a genius in teaching children. It was well-planned for every need. It was not attractive outside, being painted a drab color, but the young men worked a transformation giving their own services, one of them being an architect. They made the auditorium more shapely by cutting off space for "the lounge" which is used for the Bible Class, social gatherings, women's meetings and wedding receptions. One organization with a purely social purpose is the "Friendly Club" which I joined and greatly enjoyed taking my turn in supplying simple refreshments and occasionally a book-review.

Lately another group has met here, a class of expectant mothers to learn how to prepare for child-birth without fear. Mrs. Mabel Fitzhugh is the expert teacher and has shared with me the enthusiastic letters from her grateful pupils.

I also found congenial friends among the women of other churches in which I was asked to speak.

I found six "contemporaries", as I called the "Shut-ins" who could not share in the privileges of church-fellowship and I went to see them regularly. I love to recall them; they are all gone now. One had an odd name, Mrs. Pancake, and lived at Pratt Home, a home for old people who gave a sum of money for care as long as they lived. It was a big, rambling, frame house comfortably furnished, and began with forty inmates. Now only one is left, and it is used for a dormitory by college girls. Mrs. Pancake had secured her place before a broken hip confined her to a wheel-chair. She was ten years older than I, had been married twice, brought up a family of step-children and her own son, and also four orphan children, outliving all but one of them. She had been active in public education and various reform movements. The last six years a group of friends had celebrated her birthday by a luncheon as near February 28th as convenient, for she was born in leap-year. The last social occasion she attended was the Picnic of the "Live Long and Like it Club" to which she and I were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tindall. They took us in their car and introduced us. We were asked to give reminiscences. She told

how her father took her to hear Lincoln's farewell speech on leaving Springfield to become President. In her long span of life, she had seen great changes and she took an intelligent interest in all public affairs. The end came in March, 1951 when she was 96 years old.

Another contemporary Mrs. Edna Sloss celebrated her 90th birthday by a party at the Rest Home on Morrison Street. Two bouquets were sent her, one from the church, the other from the taxi-drivers who took her to church Sundays. She was able to attend the 75th Birthday Supper at the church, and as the oldest member present was Queen of the occasion. Her memories went back to pioneer days. When a tree in front of the church blew down, she replaced it as she had stood by her father when he planted it. Though we lived on opposite sides of the town we went to movies together, telephoning to meet at the box-office. This was a pleasant diversion till my hearing failed. I am sorry to say we are both laid up with broken hips now.

The oldest member of the church was Mrs. Sarah Lester who lived to her 102nd year. We went to call on her on her last birthday, and found her bright and cheerful, and she presented us each with a gift. Her family owned the largest prune ranch in the world. We took a Chinese guest to see the process; gathering, sorting, drying, and packing, of this great industry.

An outstanding personality in the church is Rev. Jeannette Ferris, who came to San Jose after her pastorate in Illinois. Retirement is a misnomer for no-one is more active. She has organized and promoted the "Big Sisters," put new life into the W.C.T.U., persuaded the Ministers' Association to have a service for the Juvenile Hall, and a representative to be present at the trials of delinquent children, followed by acquaintance and friendly interest. She started a school for migrant children, and made her little house a distributing agency for clothing to give to the needy. At a Mother's Day meeting she recited Barrie's "His First Sermon," and at a meeting of Jewish ladies reviewed a Book of Queen Esther.

The women's federation has been re-organized and is now called the "Women's Fellowship" with smaller "service groups" meeting in homes once a month. They publish a little sheet giving church news.

I have the privilege of reading the pastor's sermon every Saturday night. In his very busy life I can see what personal interest he has in his flock in their joys and sorrows. It is wonderful to see the growth of the church, especially the young couples and the children in the Sunday School.

In my long illness, Stephen takes time to do my banking, keeps me in stamps, and looks in every morning to ask, "Any errands?"

The pastor's wife, besides her house-keeping, many guests, Church activities in choir and attending meetings and committees, making calls, and going to conferences, has had more than her share in nursing. The last two years, since I fell and broke my hip she has given me hospital care - daily baths, "shots," pills, meals - and shopping for me, even buying a new dress and hat for the weddings. She receives my callers and makes and answers telephone calls all day long.

We have had the excitement of two weddings in the family. Larry and his fiancée, Theresa Triena, appeared at my bed side saying "Time for another afghan, Gamma," and there followed two hectic weeks before the Happy Day, when,

with the church filled to capacity, his father performed the ceremony. Two weeks after, he also officiated for the marriage of his niece Mary Peabody in the San Mateo Congregational Church. I never saw such a profusion of exquisite flowers on the altar, in the chancel, windows and decorating the candle-stands on both sides of the aisle. Needless to say, on both occasions the brides and bridesmaids were the most beautiful part of the tableau. My son and his wife attended Larry's wedding and he took me to the church, carrying me up the steps.

The cultural atmosphere is shown, in San Jose, by the programs of the A.A.U.W., Tokalon and other Women's Clubs, the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. and the Men's Clubs, which are only possible because it is a College Town and near a large city. The College Orchestra and Dramatic Departments give wonderful performances and the concert-series in the Auditorium brings such artists as Marion Anderson, Lily Pons, Heifitz, Paul Robeson, whom I could not have heard where I have lived before. The Children's Theater give delightful performances. I remember one when 300 children took part under Mrs. Alma Helms' direction. I missed these privileges when I became a "shut-in." On my 88th birthday I fell and broke my hip so for two years I have had to amuse myself by reading, writing letters, knitting and crocheting, but have received so many kind attentions that I could not be lonely. "Say it with flowers," has been my friends' motto and I have realized there is no more beautiful language.

During my stay in San Jose, World War II was the great historical event and seemed nearer than the first. Pearl Harbor was next door. My niece, Anne Wilson who visited us while waiting for a steamer to go to Ceylon to teach in a school for deaf children, was actually in the Harbor when the bombardment began. At first they thought it was only routine practice, but an Englishman on board said: "It's the real thing." I did not know till afterwards that Roy Kilpatrick, who had been a teacher with us, in Tabriz, Persia was Chaplain of the Arizona, and he had just begun Sunday morning service when the ship was hit and sank at once with all on board. The disaster seemed to paralyze the nation, till, under President Roosevelt's heroic leadership, it was roused to courage to face the gigantic task of mobilizing for defense.

At once there were dire prophecies that the Japanese were a menace in our midst and might fire our forests and wreck our cities. No act of sabotage was committed, but the public was tense with fear and suspicion. A Japanese store, the Mikado, established for fifty years and doing a thriving business in imports from Japan and China, suddenly lost business and not a soul entered its doors. The family had been accepted as American citizens, the owner, Mrs. Okomoto was on the Y.W.C.A. board and had carried on the business after her husband's death. She asked to have the Y.W.C.A. conduct a forced sale and sent her son to present \$10,000 to the Red Cross. He with other young Nisei entered the U.S. Army.

The ominous news came that all the Japanese were to be interned in concentration camps with no distinction between Nisei and Isei. Many sold their property at great loss. They were to leave from the freight station down the railroad track where they had to wait two hours. Stephen borrowed chairs from the movie-houses for them and the church-ladies provided refreshments. We heard how bravely they took up life in the barren buildings assigned them. Regular Public Schools were provided and several of our friends went to teach in them, among them, Miss Maryette Lu, on furlough from China, where she had taught in Bridgeman Academy next door to the Peabody's home. For three

years the Japanese continued this restricted life, keeping up community activities, showing ingenuity in adapting themselves to crowded conditions. Meanwhile the war was being fought, at first with many reverses, but at last the tide turned. MacArthur, as he promised, came back to the Philippines in triumph and the terrible A-bomb brought the end of the war. The exiles were returned to San Jose. A group of friendly citizens prepared a Hostel, next to the Buddhist temple, and when the Japanese arrived ladies of the committee met the trains to transport the aged and mothers with babies. Each family was supplied with a hot dish for their first meal. A committee of five Japanese men, Mrs. Claude Settles and Anne managed the Hostel. The Buddhist Temple was also full of people sleeping on cots. I remember going to the kitchen where women were putting up lunches for the men going out to work. We had missed the strawberries and vegetables which the Japanese raised, but within two months after their return, strawberries were for sale in November at a reasonable price. Five thousand had been evacuated, but there were soon seven thousand settlers, as from other camps they flocked here because they heard there was a friendly feeling.

On August 10th the Buddhist Priest came to call on Anne with a young interpreter bowing all the way in from the sidewalk. By a strange coincidence during the call the siren sounded announcing the end of the war. Every Christmas Day since the war, a card has come from Rev. and Mrs. Aso to Rev. and Mrs. Peabody with Greetings and a little gift. At the festival of Dolls this year the ladies of the Buddhist Temple invited the ladies of the churches to a tea to see dolls in traditional costumes in tiers - the Mikado and Empress and court officials down to common people.

It is a strange thing in history for a conquered nation with stereotyped imperial conventions for all the details of life to change its attitude and adopt democratic customs. The Emperor even left his solitary grandeur to mingle with the people. Tourists write of the amusing efforts to copy everything American, from the vote for women to jazz and dancing. No less wonderful is the change of American feeling towards the Japanese. In the Public Schools the Japanese students are studious and ambitious.

Of late years a new class of immigrants have come - the D.P.s or "Delayed Pilgrims," and the churches have sponsored them. The Congregationalists became enthusiastic over the new project. They rented a house and furnished it, volunteers giving their personal services for cleaning, painting and arranging. With donations of a stove and other furniture, the house was ready and a supper all cooked when the family arrived. On Christmas Eve a party was given for three families already settled. It was good to hear them sing Carols after five years in concentration camps.

The war brought special problems. One year on Christmas Day the Red Cross telephoned that they had two children needing a home; the father was overseas, the mother was in the hospital. The mistress of the Manse said: "Send them right over, we'll be glad to take them." A car drove up and the Red Cross lady came in carrying a baby-boy fourteen months old, and leading a little girl of five years. The baby was crying, but big sister comforted him: "Don't cry, PeeWee, Juanita is here," and Louise at once gave him a toy. The little girl stood fascinated, looking at the lighted Christmas tree, the wood-fire, stockings hanging from the mantle, packages everywhere. "Why," she exclaimed, "It looks like a live Christmas card". Larry was out, but, when he came in to find two strange children playing with his blocks, and everything

in confusion, he went to the kitchen and said to his mother: "Mom, who are these children? They're a menace." Neighbors came with toys and clothes, high-chairs, a crib, etc. When it was time for naps, Juanita set up a wail: "I don't want to go to bed," but Louise solved the dilemma by promising "I'll read you a story." We found ourselves busy with baths, laundry, special food and constant care. Larry again sought his mother to confide: "Can't we keep them always? Louise and I will take care of them. You needn't do a thing." After ten happy days the grandfather, whom the Red Cross had found, came from Seattle to take them home. Their new outfits were packed, the children dressed for travel, and we gathered to kiss them "Good Bye," feeling bereft. The grandfather, a Spaniard, said: "Pastor, won't you make a prayer for us?". So Stephen committed them to the Good Shepherd and they left us with the memory of His words, "Whoever receives a little child in my name receives me."

I went back to visit my children in the East in 1940. A memorable occasion was Margaret's graduation from Vassar which seven of the family attended. She won the Phi Beta Kappa key, as her mother had 32 years before. Anne and Louise accompanied me. In 1941 I attended my 60th Lake Forest College Reunion, the only member of my class of '81. Our summers we generally spent at Lake Tahoe, where the Peabodys had a cottage at Zephyr Point. It was the Presbyterian Conference site, and a most delightful spot with a succession of Conferences. A Chinese Christian Conference has met there twelve years, and we knew some of the Chinese girls with American names - Mildred, Gladys, etc. T.Z. Koo gave a series of lectures on Chinese Culture to teach them their heritage. The Assembly Hall for church services and lectures was also convenient for Folk-Dances. Vespers were held at the stone amphitheater. One year the leader was Mr. Arthur Casaday. He was a Polio victim, and on crutches gave wonderful talks which held the young people spell-bound. A neighbor was Dr. Stanley Hunter of Berkeley, one of Agnes' friends at Union Seminary, another family were the Weirs of India, and another, whom I asked "how tall are you, Mr. Fleming?" answered, "Five feet, 18 inches."

On December 31, 1947, Anne and the children had started for Tahoe. Stephen had a heart-attack. We were able to contact Anne at Sacramento. She turned back to begin the six months of careful nursing, which under Dr. Thomas Lyon's expert treatment and in answer to many prayers, resulted in Stephen's recovery. In 1950 he was able to spend his vacation again in his study by the Lake.

In 1945 the United Nations had their first Convention in San Francisco, which brought delegates from sixty countries and drew the attention of the world. My personal interest was aroused when I received a letter from the head of the Delegation from Iran, Dr. Shafaq, who was one of the pupils in our school in Tabriz thirty-five years before. He had published then a little newspaper named Shafaq (Light) and was known in Tabriz by that title. He was one of Howard Baskerville's friends and followed him to the Camp.

When the Russians sent a regiment to raise the siege and built brick-barracks in the Prince's Garden, Shafaq headed a procession of students, who went to all the Consulates' to protest the invasion. His name was put on the Russian Black List, and he went into hiding for his life. Unexpectedly he received a letter from a Princess saying she had a caravan leaving for Russia at midnight and a passport ready for him if he could secretly join them. He went to thank her and ask why she was doing him this favor. She told him: "Sometime ago my husband was about to divorce me because I am childless. You met him in the Bazaar one day and argued with him on the evils of divorce persuading him

against it. So I owe you a great debt and would do anything for you." Our furlough was due and we were in America when a letter reached us from him in Constantinople, asking for a letter of recommendation so he could get a position in Robert College to teach Persian. This my husband gladly sent. When Rose went to Constantinople in Near East Relief, he called on her to express his condolence for her father's death and to ask if he could have his picture. Meanwhile, after teaching, Dr. Shafaq had studied at Leipsic for a Ph.D. degree and was now a member of Parliament and Professor in Teheran University. Stephen asked him to visit us for a week-end and speak in the church. It was a great pleasure to see him again. As he was specially interested in irrigation, we invited Senator and Mrs. Herbert Jones to dinner and they drove us out to see the reservoir and irrigation system - lately installed for the Santa Clara valley. He also visited my family in Montclair and spoke at the State College. This year we heard that some friends of Howard Baskerville had raised money for a bronze tablet to put on his grave, and Dr. Shafaq wrote to me, enclosing his speech at the cemetery. He said: "Mr. Baskerville died in my arms" and quoted the inscription on his stone - "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." He referred to my husband, Dr. Wilson also, saying: "I can never forget his prayers for Persia at morning chapel." This tribute after forty years is a wonderful instance of gratitude.

The years have brought great changes. The Dictator Reza Khan Pehlivi, who put himself on the throne, ending the Kajar Dynasty, sent a cablegram to our Board in New York saying he had put in a system of Public Schools and abolished all foreign schools, buying their property. This was done as part of his program of unifying the country, making Persian the one language, and Iran the official name of the country. Persia had been the name given by the Greeks from the western province, Fars, from which came the name of the language, Pharsee, and the name, Parsees, for those who fled to India from the Moslem invasion. Our hospitals still carry on. The first class of nurses was graduated in the hospital at Tabriz, under Miss Wells and Dr. Dodd.

Among the reforms of the new reign was abolishing the veil, the emancipation of women and the recognition of Christian minorities as citizens, subjects to conscription.

During World War II the railroad from the Caspian Sea to the Gulf was of much use to the Russians.

Way back in my time there was a cartoon showing Persia as a little lamb between a bear and a lion. Right now it would be as appropriate. Shah Reza Pehlevi was forced to abdicate and exiled, and his son reigns in his stead. He made a tour of the United States, and Dr. Shafaq was his interpreter, a new event in history. Newspapers gave an account of the Shah's second marriage after divorcing the sister of the King of Egypt. Now Iran is in the lime-light over the nationalization of the great oil industry. I have seen six kings on the "Peacock Throne" and still have hopes of better times.

World War I had taken my husband from us, as someone said: "As truly a casualty of the war as a soldier's death in the battle field." In World War II we lost in our family three very precious young men; two sons of Colonel J.J. Daub and Anna Wilson Daub, Agnes' first cousin, room-mate and class-mate at Vassar College, and the third was Frank Forrest, my niece 'Dorothy Bourne's son-in-law. We lived under the shadow of war's horrors, and war-news dominated life. World War I had been a sort of short rehearsal. We learned to knit for the Red Cross and to pack boxes for refugees, but in World War II we did both all the time and have been doing so every since. A friend of mine here in San Jose

adopted an Armenian orphan, a little girl, and has kept up constant gifts of clothing and food for years. Another became interested in a village in Germany and carries on a private relief project. Last Christmas she sent fifty packages. They write to her that her gifts and letters have kept them from despair and renewed their belief in human kindness. Our church-women asked me to write a little verse for their relief-appeal - the real motive.

We cannot pour rich perfume on His feet as Mary did, making  
 the whole house sweet,  
 Nor toil like Martha, giving of her best to honor Him at  
 table as her guest,  
 But, when we give to others in Christ's name  
 The Blessing He gives us is just the same.

In Pilgrims' Progress, Bunyan tells of Beulah Land where the pilgrims wait for the King's summons and the children of the country bring them flowers. I feel that's where I am living now. The children of the Sunday School Primary class, my little neighbors and kind friends keep my room fragrant. My College Alumni Association sent a spray of gardenias and maiden's hair fern for my 70th anniversary.

Four of my granddaughters in the East and my grandson here have married and brought new interests into my life, so, with my son's family in California to visit, my cup runneth over.

As these memories have been gathered with my grandchildren in view let my last words be of them. The summer of 1947 was memorable for three weddings. Margaret Osborne and Dr. Hugh McLane were married July 14th on the lawn under the oak trees at her home. Her sister was her Maid of Honor. They had met at Yale. He was a medical student and she was at the School of Nursing. As he was under Government orders they were sent, with the Army of Occupation, to Germany for two years. Margaret came to see us in San Jose after their return and told us of their life and sight-seeing in Europe. They now have positions in Ford Hospital at Detroit. Her mother called her "Blessing" when she was a baby and the name is appropriate wherever she is.

Polly met her fate - Perry Dunlap Smith, as they were both on their way to work for a summer in Dr. Grenfell's Mission in Labrador. At the dinner-party given them in New York the night before the wedding the groom's father had clever sketches of Labrador scenes as place cards. Anne Peabody flew to be present at Polly's and Nellie's weddings, Polly's August 24th and Nellie's September 13th, both church weddings. Needless to say the three brides received wonderful gifts from friends in the town where they were born and brought up. Polly had shown her heroism after an automobile accident breaking her leg, just before graduation. She received her diploma at Smith on crutches and a month after the wedding broke it again. Nothing could break her brave spirit, however. She is now the mother of two little boys named for the great grandfathers, Henry Baldwin and Cyrus Osborne. Their father, after finishing his medical course at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, has a residency in surgery at the county hospital in Seattle.

Nellie Dodd, named for her father's only sister, after four years at Randolph-Macon College, took her graduate work at the New York School of Social Work. There she became engaged to Robert Janes, a fellow student. They were married by the beloved pastor, Dr. Noyes, in Central Presbyterian Church. Their interest in people is characteristic of them both.



I moved to California in 1939 so missed these weddings and Irene's in 1950. She went to Cedar Crest College and in her junior year no one was as surprised as she to receive an award given to the one who had done most for the spirit of the college. I had seen the college when Rose drove us over to enter her. On another hill was Muhlenburg College and among the students William Davis delayed by three years in the air-force. They became engaged in her senior year, My last memory of Irene is of her singing to me her favorite hymns after a Youth Conference. I felt the tie that binds closer than kinship. I was pleased when William Davis decided to enter the ministry, as I have seen, living with Stephen and Anne what a blessed life it is. During his senior year, Irene superintended Recreation for the nurses in the Delaware School of Nursing, Wilmington, Delaware. The following summer they were married in Central Presbyterian Church. His brother was best man; her brother was one of the ushers and her sister matron of honor. The two sisters were a beautiful pair and also the mothers of bride and groom whose pictures were taken together. My gallery of wedding pictures is increasing. The newly weds began housekeeping in an apartment near the school for the deaf where Irene teaches and the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania. This summer they both have jobs in a Camp for Jewish children, in the Poconos.

The Wilsons lived in Washington through President Roosevelt's administration-momentous years. The three children were born there Andy in 1937, Anne Rhea in 1940 and Robert Graham Jr., in 1942. Andy will never forget the day he ran home from school with the tears streaming to tell the news that the President was dead.

A piano marked the day baby Anne came home from the hospital. She has learned to play it with pleasure to us all. Andy took up his father's flute and both play in the school-band. "Gamma Austin" says "The children look like Austins but have Wilson names". In 1947 the family moved to California driving across the continent in six days and arriving at Lake Tahoe as we were celebrating Stephen's and Anne's 23rd wedding anniversary. At our festivals we could now muster 8 Peabodys and 6 Wilsons.

After two happy years in Palo Alto where they joined the Presbyterian Church, Robert becoming an elder and clerk of session; where Louise taught a Sunday School class, managed a rummage sale, was claimed by the League of Women Voters and the Vassar Club; and the children each found a special chum, they moved to Banning. There they bought a small ranch of five acres. I visited them July 1 to August, 1951 and called it a Persian Paradise. (Paradise is a Persian word as seen in the title "Ferdusi" given to one of their poems). It means a garden of fruits and flowers, to which they likened his poems). Wisteria, honey-suckle and climbing roses are on the pergola as you enter the house, a trumpet vine at the side, besides 40 rose bushes and other flowering shrubs and flower beds set in the lawn. A patio with barbecue, a field of alfalfa, a garage with guest room and the boy's room with shelves for collections of stones, stamps and butterflies, a garden of melons and vegetables, sixteen lines of boysenberries on wires and in the back a stable with two riding horses filled the rest of the space. The fruits include apricot, almond, peach walnut, plum, lemon, orange and grapes. Each child has a special responsibility: Robin has twenty hens, Andy the two horses and the lawn to mow with a tractor, Anne is her mother's assistant. Music is heard at all hours from piano, flute and clarinet. There are games for amusement at home croquet and canasta, and down town baseball.

To test their horizons I asked Anne, "Who is the greatest man in the world today, do you think?" She said, "Could it be the man who is teaching everybody to read?" (Laubach) That shows a world outlook.

I found this same outlook in my home in the East. My son-in-law Ned Dodd is medical Secretary of the Presbyterian Foreign Board and has twice visited hospitals around the world. My daughter Rose, after her children grew up, was President of the Guild at the Church and is now serving a four year term as Presbyterial President, not neglecting to put on church suppers at the home church in her turn, and working on the Y.W.C.A. Board. She also has married off two daughters. Her two weeks visit with us was a joy beyond words.

In 1949 Robert Dodd surprised us by telephoning he was in Palo Alto, had driven out with three other boys to find summer work. He stayed over night with us and it was sweet to see how the little cousins tagged after him like an old friend. The boys found jobs, cherry-picking and later waiting tables in the Yosemite and had the fun of the trip and made \$100 each. Robert is now a private in a camp for Marines in South Carolina, We have seen by television (installed by Larry) the signing of the Treaty with Japan and were thrilled to hear that it is the beginning of a new era, the first treaty after a great conquest with the idea of mercy and magnanimity. Dean Acheson's closing words were: "May the Peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds". I am glad to have lived 90 years to hear such words.

Two weddings had made great changes in the East. Mrs. Austin married Mr. Gustavus Pope an old and dear friend of the family. When I wrote to Louise asking what the children called their new grandfather she answered "Uncle Gus, as they have always done, preferably Gus". The home in Montclair was sold and "Apple Lane Farm" in Pontiac, Michigan became the new center. Two years ago on the very day I fell breaking my hip, Mr. Pope had a stroke and has been disabled ever since.

The other wedding was Harold Osborne's to Dorothy Brockway. The girls welcomed her with mother-hungry hearts. She seemed made to fill the place, as the next years brought larger responsibilities with college life and finally the weddings in a blaze of glory already mentioned. Incidentally she has been Principal of Spence School through these years.

I want to make grateful acknowledgment to all who have made my years in San Jose so happy. The Peabody Family shared their home with all the pre-requisites of the Manse. I saw Larry and Louise grow six inches in six months in California fashion. While I was bedridden the young giant Larry lifted me like a child, and Louise interrupted her night-study to put me to bed.

The Armenian has a word for "in-laws" and it is counted a close relationship. So I have found it with Father and Mother Peabody. Father Peabody was interested in everything Persian, even the Persian dishes we cooked. Mother had two hobbies, flowers and banding birds, attracting them to a feeding station. She lived a heroic life. Before Stephen's birth she was lamed falling from a bicycle, but she did not allow it to handicap her as a pastor's wife, even presiding at state-meetings of Congregational women. After forty years in large pastorates, they retired to Pilgrim Place in Claremont, California where he died. Mother Peabody made her home with her daughter Miriam Kennedy some years and came to visit her sons the summer of

1948. Soon after her return to Oberlin she passed away. Stephen conducted memorial services for both his father and mother. As they had adopted me, so did their son Leonard and his family who lived in Burlingame, an hour's ride from San Jose. For seven years I have enjoyed the festival dinners alternating between the two families, the only one not a Peabody.

Among the first friends I met when I came to San Jose were the Misses Giles, whom I knew in Lake Forest as little girls - one was a Flower-girl at my sister's wedding. Their Grandmother, Mrs. Ferry, was a close friend of my mother and gave the Hospital in Teheran, which during the War was used for American soldiers. She invited my husband to lunch to hear about the Hospital and asked to send her a Persian rug. They showed it to me, a large, beautiful carpet of antique design, a precious heirloom. Bertha Giles was a very successful teacher of a class of high school students in our Sunday School here.

My doctor all these years was Dr. Helen Lee whose sudden death was greatly mourned. She saw me through three months' treatment for a third degree burn which Anne dressed every day.

Among my most generous friends were Mr. and Mrs. Aram from Constantinople. Mrs. Orienta Aram was educated at the American College for Girls where my dear friend, Miss Isabelle Dodd taught and began a Museum of Archeology. Mrs. Aram's picture was in the paper lately with a rare old Oriental rug, one of her treasured collection.

After my accident I experienced the loving kindness of San Jose friends in a new way. Just how strawberry jelly and genuine Vermont maple syrup are soothing to a broken hip, I don't know, but I received such gifts. Also from the ranches, fruits and nuts came in. A woman from Iran who used to be in our Girls' School calls me her Persian mother, and on Mother's Day brought from her own garden three big bouquets one Calla lilies and Iris, and one roses in four colors and one of sweet-peas in four colors. The Alumni of my college sent me a spray of gardenias and maiden hair fern. They asked the town-paper to have me interviewed and my picture printed, because I was the oldest graduate.

Our next door neighbors are our special friends, Doctor Marshall Mason and Dr. Bertha Mason. She is like Anne, one of the Missionary children and came to America when she was eleven years old. I knew her grandfather and grandmother, her mother and father, so we have the same early background. They are both physicians and Stanford Alumni. They came to make the birthday call, and they were at the door when I fell, so people thought I timed it very conveniently. Anne had gone to a baby-shower, and by the time we got word to her I was in a hospital bed. Last summer their daughter, Laura, was married. Her mother and sisters made the wedding-dress and three bridesmaids' dresses at home. I had the fun of hemming the circular underskirt - seven yards around.

Doctor Bertha Mason was doctor for the public-schools during the War, and is often asked to talk to High School students on Adolescent problems. Just lately she asked us to tea to meet old friends from Iran, just arrived here. They fled from Urumia in the great Exodus when her father led 80,000 South to the protection of the British and himself died of cholera on the road. There is a Proverb, "A neighbor near is better than a brother afar off." The friendship of our two families has lasted for a hundred years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Price, at the first, after my accident, offered to come at call and relieve Anne a few hours or a day or two as needed. Such a help!

The trade in "Get Well" cards must have had a boom. Our postman noticed the increase in his pack. (What a business that has become!)

Letters came that seem to renew my whole life: one came from the granddaughter of a neighbor living opposite Afton Hall, my grandmother's home in Jonesboro, Tennessee, five from Lake Forest neighbors, three from old pupils of mine sixty years ago in Ferry Hall, many from Montclair and Ripon friends, Tennessee cousins and Wilson relatives and associates in Iran.

Among the best Gifts of God is Memory, so we are told "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God led thee."

\* \* \* \* \*

Among Annie Rhea Wilson's writings are two booklets - the life of her mother, Sarah Jane Rhea, already referred to, and Illustrations of the Bible from Persian Life." Only a few of the shorter writings mostly poems are included with her Memories.

This gift of the alabaster jar thus symbolizes woman's love, sacrifice and service for Jesus. It expresses passionate devotion and gratitude to him personally; it is utterly self-forgetful. It stands for all that the best teaching tributes to him, and its fragrance still stirs our hearts.

(appeared in "Woman and Mission" before the magazine was changed to "Out reach.")

## LET US GO DEEPER

(For the Spiritual Life Groups)

## THE ALABASTER JAR

In each Gospel there is a story of an alabaster jar. All are very similar. While Jesus reclined on a couch, in Roman fashion at a feast, a woman came behind him, and kneeling at his feet broke the seal of an alabaster jar and poured the costly perfume on them.

In the other details the stories are different, and there seem to be two occasions and two different women. In one story the woman was a sinner of whom Jesus said, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, because she loved much." In the other, the woman is Mary of Bethany, who chose the good part and of whom Jesus said: "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial for her."

There is significance in the fact that two women, widely different in character and social standing, should express their devotion to Jesus in the same way -- such a womanly way! Only a woman would have such a jar, a costly cosmetic for her own use. The lavish extravagance of the gift is so womanly, too -- not counting the cost, pouring it all out at once, though ordinarily only a few drops would be used at a time; then, in utter humility and abandon, wiping his feet with her long, thick tresses. Was ever woman's hair used for such service!

This gift of the alabaster jar thus symbolizes woman's love, sacrifice and service for Jesus. It expresses passionate devotion and gratitude to him personally; it is utterly self-forgetful. It stands for all time the most touching tribute to him, and its fragrance still stirs our hearts.

(appeared in "Women and Missions" before the magazine was changed to "Out reach.")

## PERSIA

A land of barren plains  
And mountains bleak and bare,  
Deprived of summer rains  
To keep it green and fair;

Yet in this desert land,  
Where'er a river flows,  
Gardens bloom on either hand,  
All fragrant with the rose.

The river at its source  
Is fed by mountain snows,  
And in its winding course  
Brings life where'er it goes.

So, like a band of green,  
Across the desert plain  
A line of trees is seen,  
And fields of waving grain.

Thus in the prophet's dream  
From out the Holy Place  
Came forth a living stream,  
The river of God's Grace.

Oh river, deep and grand,  
Flow through this land of woes  
And make its desert sand  
To blossom as the rose!

## THE MAGI

The Persian Magi watch with eager eyes  
Beneath the glowing stars of Eastern Skies

Seeking a Sign to guide their quest for light  
To one foretold to bring The Reign of Right.

They see His star and travel many days  
On camels over desert ways

Gold, myrrh and frankincense they bring  
And hail the Babe of Bethlehem as King,

Oh not in vain tho' long delayed this Sign  
Has seemed to be a prophecy divine.

Persia again shall seek Him from afar  
While ever upward climbs His Empire's Star.

ESTHER  
1896 - 1900

My Beloved came down to my garden  
To look at the lilies one day,  
As they stood with the dew of the morning  
On the whiteness of their array,  
And the one He stooped to gather  
And bore in His bosom away  
Of them all was the sweetest and fairest,  
But how could I say Him nay?  
The garden and all that was in it  
Belonged to Him alone,  
So how could I refuse Him  
What was His very own?  
There's a gap in my row of lilies,  
As they stand in my garden today  
With the glory of the sunshine  
On the whiteness of their array,  
But the one that will never wither  
And will never fade away  
Is the one my Beloved transplanted  
To Paradise that day.



## GRIEF

Grief, like a shadow undefined,  
First meets me at the dawn of day,  
And, though I know that she is there,  
I quickly turn my eyes away.

She gives me one, long, lingering look,  
That look is like a poisoned dart,  
I will not stop to heed the pain,  
But it is bleeding in my heart.

Along the most frequented ways  
I run and think that I can flee,  
Yet at some unexpected turn  
Behold! she stands awaiting me.

However loud the din of life,  
However many may be near,  
I feel her presence nearer still,  
Her footfalls at my side I hear.

But when the busy day is done,  
I find myself with her alone.  
She says: "You cannot now escape."  
Together then we weep and moan.

## PEARLS

Far away in the isles of Bahrein  
Deep under the depths of the sea  
The Persian diver gathers shells  
For the goodly pearls there may be.  
And what is the price of pearls?  
A merchant man once for one  
'Tis said gave all that he possessed  
And counted the deed well done,  
And what is the price of souls  
The price was set so high  
The Son of God gave all He had  
And came to earth to buy.  
Humanity the gem He sought  
More precious in His sight  
Than is the pearl of Persia's king,  
The shining "Sea of Light."

ARMENIA  
after the "Atrocities".

The amphitheater is full with tiers of faces bent  
To view the bloody spectacle all eyes and ears intent.  
The arena far below appears and on its yellow sands  
Alone and helpless, robed in white, a Christian maiden stands.  
Behind her are the cruel beasts unfed for many a day.  
They rush unchained from out their cells, all eager for their prey.  
The maiden lifts her piteous eyes, despairing but still brave,  
To beg the crowd for mercy's sign, the thumb upturned to save.  
Behold Armenia today - is not her plight the same?  
Condemned by Moslem hate to die a martyr for Christ's name.  
And shall we gaze on her unmoved with pity for her fate,  
Nor lift a finger for her help before it is too late?  
The Faith she never will deny is the sacred Faith we share  
The Name for which she dares to die is the precious Name we bear.

With all my soul, heart, mind and strength  
I dedicate to Thee,  
The only gift that I can give,  
The life Thou gavest me.

## MY GIFT

## A Hymn of Consecration

Lord, I would love Thee with my soul  
Created to be Thine,  
My spirit is akin to Thee,  
A breath of life divine.

Lord, I would love Thee with my heart,  
Like Mary I would pour  
Love's precious perfume at Thy feet,  
And love Thee more and more.

Lord, I would love Thee with my mind  
And seek to understand  
The wonders of this world of Thine,  
In sky and sea and land.

Lord, I would love Thee with my strength  
With energy of will,  
Whatever task I find to do  
Thy purpose to fulfill.

With all my soul, heart, mind and strength  
I dedicate to Thee,  
The only gift that I can give,  
The life Thou gavest me.

## THE SHEPHERD AND THE DOOR

A stranger once in Syria saw  
An old sheep-fold without a door  
A square inclosed in rough stone walls  
An opening and nothing more.  
The stranger asked: "Where is the door?"  
A syrian answered his surprise  
"The Shepherd is the door himself  
Within that opening he lies,  
No lamb in sudden restlessness  
Or terror waking from its sleep  
To wander from the fold can pass  
That door and shepherd of the sheep;  
No wolf that wandering in the night  
To seek a place where he may leap  
To enter and devour can pass  
That door and shepherd of the sheep."  
Lord Jesus, by Thy Parable  
Thou art the Shepherd and the Door.  
Keep out our deadly enemy  
Keep in Thy sheep forevermore.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

The Everlasting Arms are underneath  
 Not far above our heads outstretched to bless  
 Nor round about us, as in close embrace  
 'Tis more than benediction or caress.

Just as a babe lies in it's mother's arms  
 While gentle eyes look down and shed sweet light  
 And every heart-beat throbs with tender love,  
 So near is God to us, though out of sight.

Ah! mothers' arms grow weary and ere long  
 We lose their refuge 'for we grow too old  
 But we are always children in God's sight  
 And Everlasting Arms faint not nor lose their hold.

When the hands withdrawing  
 Leave their earthly hold,  
 All things else are falling  
 From my fingers cold,  
 So thy hand still clinging  
 In the hour of death  
 Thy name I'll be singing  
 With my latest breath.

## HYMN TO JESUS CHRIST

Seraphs, sing the story,  
Saints, take up the strain,  
Sinners, saved in glory,  
Join the glad refrain,  
Children, with hosannas  
Swell the wondrous song  
Unto Him that loved us  
Power and Praise belong.

None on earth beside Thee,  
Best beloved one,  
None in Heaven like Thee  
Of all the stars the sun.

Name above all others,  
First we learned to say  
Taught us by our mothers  
When we kneeled to pray,  
There is not another  
Let all names combine  
Savior, Friend and Brother  
Dearest names are Thine.

When the night of sorrow  
Fell as if to last  
And there seemed no morrow,  
Joy forever past,  
Thou didst rise with healing,  
Morning Star of Love  
Hope again revealing  
From the heaven above.

Human hearts are ever  
Needing such a friend,  
Love that faileth never  
Faithful to the end.  
Help us then to show Thee  
So that millions more  
Soon may learn to know Thee  
Worship and adore.

When the bonds enthralling  
Loose their earthly hold,  
All things else are falling  
From my fingers cold,  
To Thy hand still clinging  
In the hour of death  
Thy name I'll be singing  
With my latest breath.

AGNES

1892 - 1932

She put some bulbs rough, brown and hard

Into a bowl of clay

With water and some little stones

One Winter day.

And soon we saw long slender spears

Shoot upward green and fair.

It was a miracle of Life

And light and air.

The day she died they burst in bloom

Star-spangled, fragrant, white

As if to sing: "She's blooming there

In Heavenly Light."

GOOD FRIDAY

AGNES REBEKA WILSON



## THE SECOND WORD ON THE CROSS

"TODAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE"

Today -- no long, uncertain wait,

No intermediate state,

But now, thy sins forgiven,

Rise from this cross to Heaven.

In Paradise -- place of innocence and bliss,

The garden of the Lord, To fallen Man restored.

With Me -- to die is gain,

Forgotten is thy pain,

The door is open wide,

Come, enter at my side.

GOOD FRIDAY

Annie Rhea Wilson

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR  
Mrs. Annie Rhea Wilson  
Aug. 24, 1861 - Feb. 1, 1952

1st CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
San Jose, Calif.

Conducted by  
Stephen Peabody

Invocation - Prayer:-

"Almighty God, who art the only source of Comfort and healing, the spirit of calm and the central peace of the universe; grant now to us, Thy children, such a consciousness of Thy indwelling presence as may give us utter confidence in Thee. In all pain and weariness and sorrow, may we throw ourselves upon Thy besetting care, that knowing ourselves fenced about by Thy loving power, we may permit Thee to give us health and strength and peace; thru Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother Wilson was a great lover of the hymns of the church. She sang a great many of them from memory up to the very end. Indeed just a few nights ago she was singing in her sleep, "Blest be the tie that binds", so I am going to ask you to sing while you remain seated, this hymn #37.

\* \* \* \* \*

As always in such a service we here are mindful of a great cloud of witnesses - visible and invisible - who join with us in sacred and holy memory and in celebration as we commemorate her commencement now in a wider side of God's life for her. It is providential that one has come recently to our community who knew her and her husband back in the days when they lived to Iran, (Persia) - indeed, who knew her father and her mother before her. Reverend Mr. Pera Mirza has been for sixty years a Presbyterian minister. He is an Assyrian, one of the ancient and venerable order of the Nestorian Christians. For sixteen years he was a teacher in the Presbyterian College in Urumia, Iran. We are honored to have him here as part of this company today and to share with us in this service. We are happy that his wife can be with him also. And so we have asked him to tell us very briefly something about those hidden years of Mother Wilson before we ever knew her here.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rev. Pera Mirza:-

I am here today as a living witness for the American Presbyterian Mission work in Persia, Iran. It was about 117 years ago when the missionaries came and started their work there. I have not enough time to tell you about their work, but one thing I will tell you is this: - that Iran would not be Iran as today it is without the missionary work. I mean that if they have education and light and they know anything it is because of the American Presbyterian Missionary, ... the schools that they started, missionary work and hospitals and all this. I feel myself under great obligation and responsibility

to speak about Dr. and Mrs. Wilson's work because my station has been more in Urumia which is about 200 miles from Tabriz where I was stationed. But the things that I knew are about that family and about the work especially of Mrs. Wilson. I am as a representative of the field where they worked and I say that I cannot speak enough about their work. If I have to say a few things it is of my own experience and little knowledge of the work. Therefore, I as a representative of the field to express our gratefulness for the mission work they have done there - and also our great sympathy with the son, Robert Wilson, and daughters Anne Wilson Peabody and Rose Wilson Dodd, and all the family who are here and who are not here. My connection has been more with "Dr. John Shedd," the grandfather of Dr. Bertha Mason, who is here, and with William Shedd, her father, Dr. Labaree, Dr. Coan and Dr. Packard, and all those missionaries who have worked in the Urumian Station. But as I said I have picked a few topics here about the work of Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. Annie Rhea Wilson, daughter of Reverend and Mrs. Samuel Rhea, was born in the little mountain village of Seir, three miles from the city of Urumia, which was the first station of the American Presbyterian Mission in Iran. Her parents were the members of the first group of American Board Missionaries who came to Urumia, Persia, to start work among the community of Assyrian Christians who had been living among the Mohammedans for many centuries. Persia is a Mohammedan country. There are very few who are Christians there.

At Seir they established the first school for Assyrian young men, training them for the ministry, and it was here, too, that her father was one of the first to be buried in the missionary cemetery.

Following a childhood spent in Persia and America, she was married in 1886 to Dr. Samuel G. Wilson, a Presbyterian minister in Persia and Principal of the Memorial School for boys in the city of Tabriz.

During twenty-six years of life and work with her husband in Tabriz, besides her duties in her home and the care of her children, she gave much of her life to the work among the Persians and Armenians. She started a kindergarten for boys and girls, something very new, where boys and girls had never been together in school before. She taught a class of older boys in Geography and gave music lessons. Among her music pupils was the daughter of the Crown Princess of Persia. She educated many Moslem women, teaching them how to care for their homes and especially their children, giving them ideas entirely new to them. She had a great interest in social work and formed the first chapter of the American Red Cross in Persia. Her devotion to the unfortunate is especially shown in her labor among lepers.

Mrs. Wilson's spirit of hospitality made her home open to all who were in need of help physically, morally or spiritually. With her knowledge of seven languages she was able to make friends with people of different nationalities in the mission field and to do very effective religious work among them. Using her remarkable knowledge of the Bible, she taught the parables of Jesus and the story of his life and teachings in a dramatized way which interested and attracted the listeners. She wrote a book based on her experiences in Persia called, "Illustrations of the Bible from Persian Life". She translated a Hymnal into Turkish. With her musical talent and sweet loved voice she played and sang these same hymns. My wife, who is here, never has forgotten her sweet voice singing "Jesus Lover of My Soul" for the students of Fiske Seminary on a visit to Urumia many years ago.

Our people in Chicago have never forgotten what she did for them during a period of living there. She taught them classes in English, visited in their homes and comforted the bereaved families.

Above all, her true and sincere Christian spirit with her beautiful personality and humble spirit made her a true follower and expression of Christian life.

Mrs. Wilson lived a full life, full in age, filled her hands with good works, and her spirit full of hope in her eternal home. Here is one verse from the many poems that she sent me on the last Christmas - that was the last one.

"When the bonds entralling  
Loose their earthly hold  
All things else are falling  
From my fingers cold.  
To Thy hands still clinging  
In the hour of death  
Thy Name I will be singing  
With my latest breath."

\* \* \* \* \*

Stephen Peabody:-

It would be presumptuous, indeed, for any member of Mother's family now to try to add to these moving words of her dear, old friend - especially for a son-in-law, or better names, son-in-love - as one of her other sons dubbed us. It would be presumptuous if it were not for the fact we would simply be repeating what so many of you were saying in far better fashion all through the years about her. For I am sure that we all here appreciate that we have had the privilege of living in the presence of a warm benediction of God's love. We have been entrusted with a precious gift. Mother Wilson, and I say that because I think she was a second mother to a great many of us here in this room today, was the radiant heart of an ever widening family of this church here and of other churches across the years. She held us together in the warmth of love and concern. We are a widening circle in our family - both kith and kin. She kept contact with a host of friends, not only in this country but across the seas, speaking and writing in their own languages with an amazing interest and memory for the details of their lives. She knit sweaters for all the babies of her friends in such number that it soon became big business to keep her supplied with wool.

For a life that is so rich in so many, many ways it is impossible for us in these few moments to even try and name the ways in which she has been beyond compare. And yet let me try if I may to give to you what seems to me to be the dominant and central passion of her life. I believe it was her love for Jesus Christ as her personal Savior and Lord. She always spoke of him with warmth and feeling, often with tears in her eyes. Indeed, I believe he was closer to her as a personal companion than any human being, even her own family here. How she loved to gather little children in our neighborhood or groups of people in various churches just to describe to them something of the wonder and joy of Jesus' life in her own way. How she loved to tell that story that has

now become familiar among us of the small boy who came back from Sunday School one day to tell his folks that he had a new teacher in his class. "What was the name of the teacher"? "Oh, I don't know her name but she must have been the grandmother of Jesus because she talked about him so much." Yes, Mother Wilson was the grandmother and great grandmother for many with whom she just longed to share her illuminating, happy, deep experience of Jesus Christ.

Now it was out of that kindling, creative experience of contact with the living Christ that there issued so many of those graces of character and of life that we knew about her. For example, her gaiety of spirit. Hers was a merry heart. She brought happiness to everyone of us. She liked everyone round about her. Oh, the stories she used to tell. Always in appreciation of others, never deriding them. Indeed, it became a sort of game in our family, when some unlovely situation or some unattractive person appeared, to see how Mother's creative imagination was going to be able to probe deeply enough to be able to say her habitual happy and generous thing about them.

Again there was her amazing energy of both body and mind, evident to the very last of her years. Her memory was prodigious. As Mr. Mirza has just said, she spoke seven languages. Indeed, she read from her Greek Testament every day. Fortunately now the Interpreter's Bible has come along, for if it hadn't I don't know what some of the rest of us would have done, especially the minister of this church, in properly interpreting the Scriptures. The Public Library was strained to its utmost just to provide the books that would stimulate and satisfy her avid, eager spirit. She loved words. She loved the origins and the meanings of words.

Another derivative of this living contact with Jesus' work was her interest, her concern, for the Missionary Movement as Mr. Mirza has indicated - all around the world, especially for the Presbyterian Missionary enterprise. Surely her enthusiasm again was one of the expressions of her living contact with Him who said at the very end, you remember, "Go ye therefore unto all nations...!" She was at home in many strange lands and among all kinds of friendly people. Some of you here will recall the summer some years ago when the United Nations was being started in San Francisco. One Sunday morning Dr. Schafagh, the head of the Persian Delegation, came down here to honor the wife of his old teacher back in Tabriz. We induced him to come to church that Sunday morning though he was a Mohammedan. We even induced him to speak from this pulpit. It was his first speech in English, and yet he was willing to do so just in order to be able to honor the one whom he had loved through all the years. Indeed, if only our ears were now open enough you and I here today could tune in on many familiar voices raised with ours in praise for her four score years and ten.

To have been privileged to have lived thus in the presence of this gay and mighty spirit, means that it is simply not possible for us to dwell any more on the memories of the past for which the future is prelude. These memories must awaken within us not only benedictions of gratitude to God, but they also kindle the imperative to go out now, to close ranks, to carry on for her and with her spirit in the days to come, to keep the bonds of our family life and of the family of this church tightly warm in love and sympathy and concern, to share in all the good services that she rendered in so many interesting fields around the world, to be expressing the inexpressible riches of Christ to the men and women round about who need her and that spirit. I say to you, my friends, our words would be empty and fulsome praise, indeed, if now at the last, we did not resolve thus to honor her, who for many of us was the most remarkable Christian lady we have ever known.

There have been many Saint Anne's of the Christian Church. Old Isaac Watts used one of them in naming one of his familiar hymns "St. Anne". The music of that venerable and stately hymn clothes a poem that the most recent St. Anne wrote some time ago. Francis Freenor, who is generous thru all his years with his music, came many times to our home to sing for her while she was bedridden. He has generously consented to sing this hymn that has been placed in your hands as you entered.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MY GIFT

#### A Hymn of Consecration

Lord, I would love Thee with my soul  
Created to be Thine,  
My spirit is akin to Thee,  
A breath of life divine.

Lord, I would love Thee with my heart,  
Like Mary I would pour  
Love's precious perfume at Thy feet,  
And love Thee more and more.

Lord, I would love Thee with my mind  
And seek to understand  
The wonders of this world of Thine,  
In sky and sea and land.

Lord, I would love Thee with my strength  
With energy of will,  
Whatever task I find to do  
Thy purpose to fulfill.

With all my soul, heart, mind and strength  
I dedicate to Thee,  
The only gift that I can give,  
The life Thou gavest me.

By ANNIE RHEA WILSON  
August 24, 1861-February 1, 1952

Tune: St. Anne

\* \* \* \* \*

And now let us turn from our feeble words to the Great Book of Life - God's life eternal. We found in Mother's Bible on the fly-leaf these words with which I begin, giving to us the most familiar of all the Psalms. Following each sentence there is the New Testament equivalent:

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The Lord is my shepherd . . . I am the Good Shepherd.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures . . . . come unto me  
and I will give you rest.

He leadeth me beside still waters . . . . if any man thirst, let  
him come unto me and drink.

He restoreth my soul . . . . The Son of Man hath power on earth  
to forgive sins.

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness . . . . I am the Way,  
the Truth and the Life.

Yea, tho I walk thru the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear  
no evil: for Thou art with me . . . . For I am with you  
always.

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me . . . . The Father shall give  
you another Comforter.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies . . . .  
I am the bread of life: He that cometh to me shall  
never hunger.

Thou anointest my head with oil . . . . That my joy may be in you  
and that your joy may be full.

My cup runneth over . . . . Whatever ye shall ask the Father, he will  
give to you.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life . . . .  
Seek first the Kingdom of God - then all these things shall  
be added unto you.

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever . . . . In my Father's  
house -- I go to prepare a place for you.

"I am the Good Shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the  
sheep. I know my sheep and am known of mine. My sheep hear my voice, and I  
know them and they follow me - and I give unto them eternal life, and they  
shall never perish, and no man shall pluck them out of my hand. My Father,  
which gave them me, is greater than all. And no man is able to pluck them  
out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one."

"Yet a little while and I go away," said Jesus, "And whither I go ye  
know and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, "Lord, we know not whither  
thou goest, and how can we know the way?"

Jesus saith unto him, "I am the way, the truth and the life. No man  
cometh unto the Father but by me . . . . If ye had known me, ye should have known  
my Father also. And from henceforth ye have known him and have seen him.  
Philip saith unto him, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." Jesus said  
unto him: "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me,



Philip? ... He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou, Show us the Father. Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me. The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works."

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course. I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day: and not only to me but also to all them that have loved His appearing."

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God - therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be - but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him - for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

"Love suffereth long and is kind. Love envieth not. Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil, rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth but now abideth faith, hope, love - these three. But the greatest of these is love."

"Let not your heart be troubled" (said Jesus) "Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and will receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors thru him that loved us."

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report --- if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

"For the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith."

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us turn to God in prayer together, asking his blessing upon us . . . Let us pray.

O Father-Mother God of ever-widening life, we now lift our hearts in wonder and exalted thanksgiving to Thee, for in Thine infinite power and love not only do a thousand years pass as a day, but one day of our mortal life can be lifted to have the holy value of a thousand years of prophecy and discovery.

We thank Thee again and again that in Thy beautiful plan for each one of us, we begin and live our days in the tender, stimulating, sustaining life of a home. Our fairest, truest pictures of Thee first came to us thru the warm, undiscourageable love of our mother and our father. It still feeds our hungry spirits and guides our uncertain steps.

So now in this quiet and beautiful home of all the families of this church, hallowed and bright with so many sacred memories and remembered faces, our saddened hearts are lifted softly out of a natural sorrow up to Christian exultation as we think of our Mother and our friend. For our hearts warm within us as we think of her now moving out and on into a still more wonderful room of Thine eternal home. We delight to remember her gay and eager spirit at last released from all the physical chains of weakness and from all the long disciplines of pain. We think of her rising to a new and shining freedom, lifting with wings of song her own hallelujah chorus of praise for the rich days of her years. We hold and are held by the simple, confident faith that in ways beyond our dreaming she is holding high reunion now with her many loved ones who had gone on before her. Yes, and with her Master and Older Brother, Jesus Christ, who has been so beautifully the center of her life here and is even now leading her forth into a crowning experience of further education in grace and beauty and truth.

Our little words are so inadequate to express the gratitude that wells up within us to her and to Thee: for all the holy and kindling experiences that she has built into the very structure of our being. How lavishly she has shared with us her gay spirit, her wide gifts of friendship, her instant generosity to those in need, her utter selflessness in her joy and warm love of all other people. Thou hast given to her, like her Master before her, both the power to love and to be loved, and so our lives are evermore closer to Thee because of her. Thru her, we here are part of a living, exultant fellowship that knows no boundaries of time or space.

So now at last crown our gratitude with a sober awareness of the imperatives laid upon us by sharing in this undeserved privilege in a life so amazing, so divine, with our own children and theirs - and with all other children especially those who are designed to have this same heritage but have yet not received it. So may her vital spirit empower us and send us forth from this holy place to forget ourselves in humble service to others. May she help us still to share with others something of the compassionate joy and healing power of Jesus Christ. May the warm delights and disciplines of a true Christian home and church equip us better to lift our confused and fearful world into one family of love - brothers of Christ - children of Thy comfort and peace and creative Joy, so we pray seeking only the spirit of him who taught men when they pray to say together -

(The Lord's Prayer)

\* \* \* \* \*

And now in this mood and temper let us rise to sing together a closing hymn: "For All the Saints who from their Labors Rest". (No. 157). Let us sing the first and fourth verses and then after the benediction remain standing if you will in your places while we will listen in exalted mood to the Hallelujah Chorus.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now the peace of God which passeth all human understanding which the world can neither give nor take away keep and guard our hearts in the love of Christ Jesus, our Lord, this day and for ever more. Amen.

## TRIBUTES:-

## LIFE

I knelt on the cold ground today,  
 That, flecked with snow, yet breathed of Spring,  
 Three, tiny, shining points of green,  
 The tight closed whiteness of a bud, that told  
 Of Life mysterious, conquering the hard clay,  
 Life, unafraid, trusting that, though unseen,  
 Bright skies and flowers are on their way  
 And birds will sing.

I stood and watched you too today  
 Oh little child, so strong and fair,  
 In utter joyousness of play,  
 Running to catch the wind with flying hair  
 And dancing eyes, that brim so full of life,  
 Life! that shone through the utter helplessness  
 That knew you first, mystery beyond compare,  
 Power to become and dare.

I looked into your face today  
 Shining beneath the snow-white hair,  
 That sheds a glory, Mother mine,  
 Or does it come from every line  
 That love and care have written there through life.  
 Life! yours has been an upward reaching,  
 Bravely attaining, higher through each test,  
 Eternal meanings, love and joy unfailing,  
 Life at its best.

Agnes Wilson Osborne

## A GARMENT OF PRAISE

Do not weep for me, beloved one  
 Where I am there is joy and peace  
 And you shall meet me there  
 when life is done.  
 My presence you shall feel  
 In sunlit air,  
 My kiss upon your hair,  
 When hands clasp yours  
 It will be mine,  
 And you shall know, in time  
 The joy I feel,  
 The ecstasy of heaven!  
 To kneel  
 Before his throne of Grace  
 And see his face.  
 Do not weep for me, beloved ones  
 'Tis this I ask;  
 Take up my task;  
 In tranquil ways  
 Make all your days  
 A joyous song,  
 A garment worn awhile  
 With beauty and a smile,  
 A hymn of praise.

Anne Wilson Peabody

## A CHRYSALIS

She left a chrysalis behind  
 An outworn shell of clay  
 To realms beyond our human sight  
 Her spirit flew away.

Yet even now her presence stays  
 A warm and joyous glow  
 Like sunshine after bitter rain  
 Like starlight on the snow.

Sweet as the perfume of a rose  
 The fragrance of her life  
 She beacons as a guiding star  
 In this dark world of strife.

Oh gentle Spirit, guide our steps  
 In ways that she would go  
 And keep our hearts atune to hers  
 Whose love and faith we knew.

"Whither I go ye know  
 And the way ye know."

Anne Wilson Peabody

## HER SMILE

At sunset with the dying day  
Her gentle spirit winged away.  
So tenderly I watched the change  
From death to Life. I thought how strange  
The struggle of her soul could cease  
Within her tired body, Peace  
Fell, a mantle on her face,  
Leaving for me in death no trace  
Of sorrow, but a loving smile  
In separation for a while,  
Assurance of the joy she knew  
In sweet reunion with her loved ones true.  
I will not long for her return.  
It will be hard to learn  
The lonely way.  
Just this I say  
To quell my fear,  
She will be near.  
Her spirit free  
Will hover 'round to see  
That all is well. And through  
Each fragrant flower she speaks to me.

In loving memory Anne Wilson Peabody