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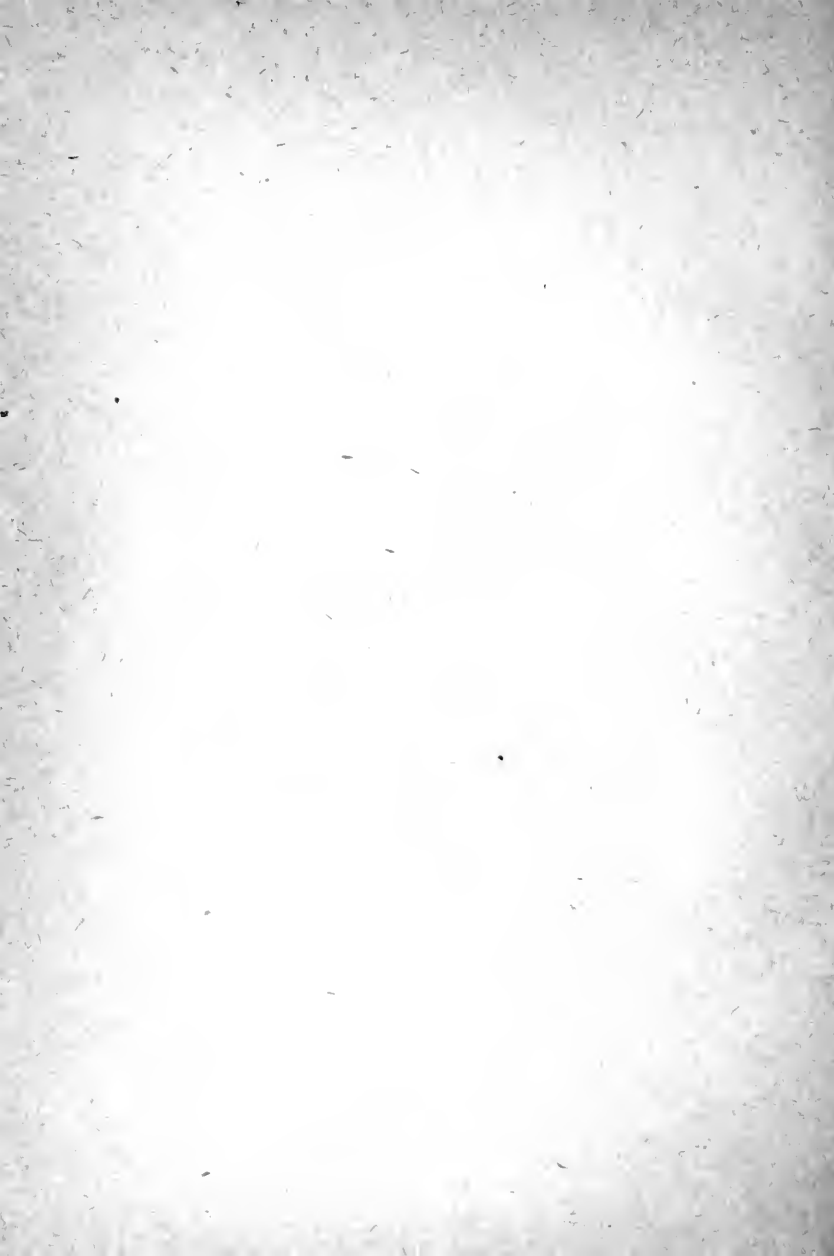
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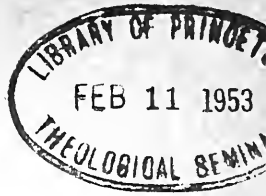
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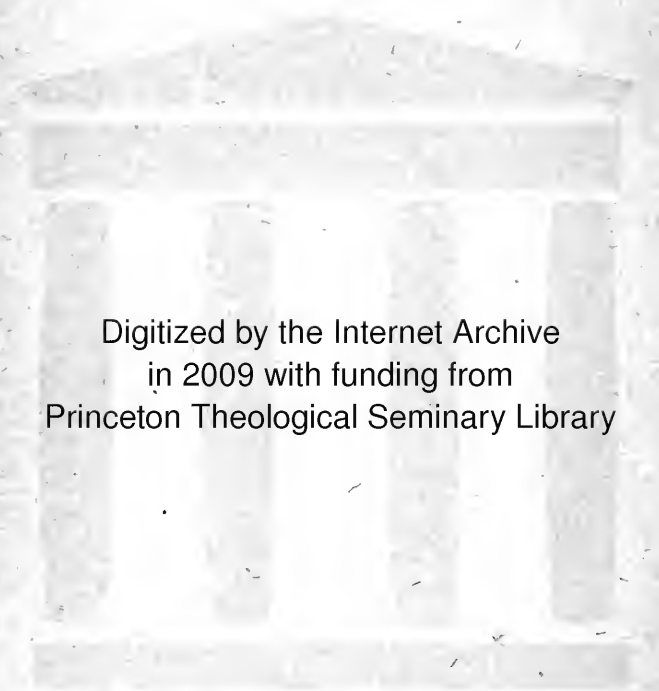
"The pictured face that here you see
Is like, and yet unlike, for she,
With sweeter eyes and brighter hair,
And life and thought, was lovelier.
We miss the soul that now is far,
And shines in heaven as shines a star;
The soul that for a little space
Shone bright for us in her sweet face."





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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE LIFE, AND A TRIBUTE TO THE
MEMORY, OF

Elizabeth Belle Kepbart.



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Introduction.

THAT life is always complete which is ever in full accord with its opportunities and obligations. Such a life has filled life's mission even though its earthly career ends young. True, it does not always seem so to us.

When a young person, having completed a college course, possessing rare social, natural, and acquired abilities, who from a child has been a devout Christian, enthusiastic in church work, healthy, active, efficient, sympathetic, and kind, and in every way qualified for a life of rare usefulness, and whose whole soul is set on doing good,—when such a one is suddenly and unexpectedly assailed by disease and in a few weeks laid low in death, poor, short-sighted, grief-stricken mortals, such as we, are apt to conclude that some great mistake has been made,—that the purpose of the earthly life thus cut short has been thwarted by death.

But it has not been. There can be no more proper time for an earthly existence to end than when the life up to that time has been, and still is, in perfect accord with the highest aims of life and the most sacred human obligations. Those whose lives are thus ordered and are inspired by such motives, are always ready to leave this world, and are never called too soon.

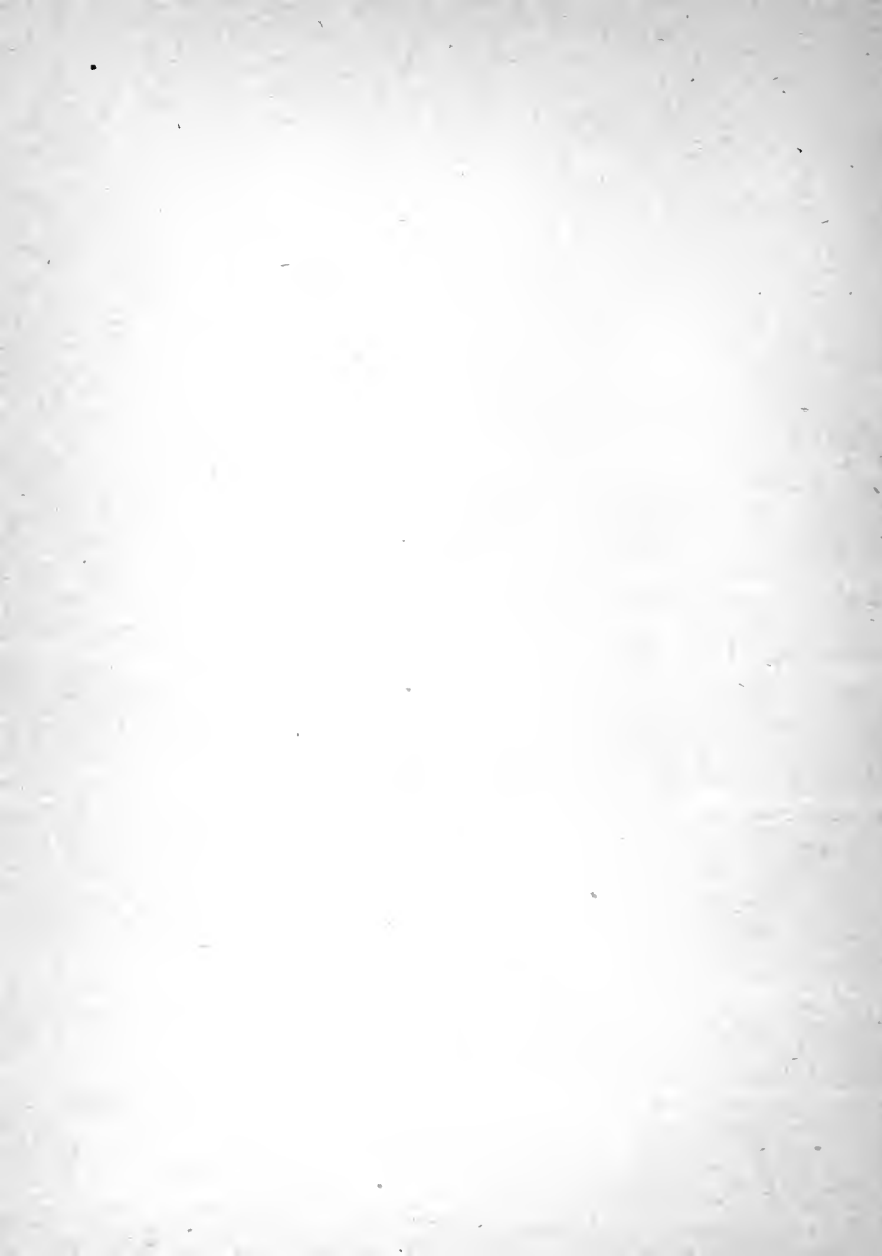
True, to all human appearances their early death may be a loss to the world; but human judgment is too frail to declare that it is so in the absolute. Samson slew more by his death than he had slain during all his life. So there is good evidence that by the death of one so pure, noble, devoted, useful, many others are drawn into serious reflection and lives of piety whom the dying

one could not have thus drawn had she lived. This seems to be in accord with the divine arrangement. Even Christ had to die before he could acquire the power to draw all men unto him. "And I, *if I be lifted up from the earth*, will draw all men unto me" (John 12:32).

Then, too, viewed from a purely human standpoint, it seems very hard that the young, happy, joyful, useful life of one who delighted in living here, and who was anxious to live that she might make others happy and make the world better, should be thus suddenly stricken down and her beautiful body laid away in the cold grave to molder back to dust. Yes, this does seem hard; and but for the teachings and assurances of the divine word, there would be no consolation in the presence of such grief. But when we turn to that word and read of the life immortal, of the celestial city, of the mansions prepared, of the house not made with hands, of the building of God, of the white-robed, innumerable multitude that is ever before the throne of God in heaven, and are assured that death is only the gateway through which the pure and the good enter into the glorified life immortal, where there is no pain nor death, neither sorrow nor crying,—then it is that the seeming hardship all disappears, and through our tears we look up and praise the Lord that a sainted loved one has already entered into that glorious state of endless felicity,—washed in the blood of the Lamb.

It is admitted that even then a great sense of loss, of loneliness, of almost unendurable separation, pains the hearts of the friends left behind, and causes unforbidden tears to flow profusely; but such pains and such tears are not the pains and tears of an inconsolable grief. They are mitigated and rendered less profuse by "a lively hope" which is "sure and steadfast,"—the blessed, soul-consoling hope of meeting ere long the loved one in the glorious realms of endless felicity.

Under these circumstances the death of a loved Christian child is to her Christian parents a great sorrow, *mitigated by a still greater comfort*. Then it is that they realize the depth and the value of Christ's words: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Sustained by God's grace and the "exceeding great and precious promises" of his word, they look into the open grave of a loving, lovely daughter, and with voices trembling with emotion and a soul-comforting faith exclaim: "Belle, we shall meet again. You will meet us with a royal welcome at the pearly gates of the celestial city. Till then, good-bye."



Biographical Sketch.

Birth.

IN the winter of 1870-71, in a neat little frame cottage half a mile east of the town of Jefferson, Greene County, Iowa, there lived a family consisting of the husband, the wife, and a son eight years of age. The husband was county superintendent of public schools, and a part of his time was spent in visiting the schools and in attending to the other duties of his office. The remainder was spent at home with his family. The boy was a pupil in the public schools of the town. The winter was one of the severe ones for which Iowa is somewhat noted,—deep snows, severe blizzards, and tremendous snowdrifts. But their cozy little home was comfortable, and peace and a sense of contentment pervaded the place.

On the morning of February 18 of this winter a little stranger put in her appearance to gladden the hearts of the happy parents and the hitherto lone brother. She was royally welcomed, cosily dressed, and in due time named Elizabeth Belle. The neighbors called, extended congratulations, and complimented the appearance of the little stranger; and the brother boasted to his schoolmates of the beauty of his newly arrived sister.

Removal to Western College.

The child grew, as all healthy children do, and in the following July the family moved to Western College, Linn County, Iowa, the father having been elected to, and having accepted, a chair in the faculty of that institution. There, in the following September, little Lizzie Belle was baptized in the college chapel

one Sabbath morning by Rev. Martin Bowman, the presiding elder of the district.

From September, 1872, till June, 1873, the family roomed and boarded in Lane Hall, where little Lizzie, as she was called, became quite a favorite among the students. Often would she clamber up the stairs and visit the students' rooms, they taking great pleasure in braiding and curling her hair and in gratifying her childish curiosity. Later she became a great favorite with her Grandma Kephart, who dubbed her "my little red cheeks"; and it was her delight to watch at the gate, and when she saw grandmother coming, run to meet her.

Removal to Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

In 1876 her father resigned his position in the college and moved to Lebanon, Pennsylvania, where the family resided seven years. Here, in her eighth year, she entered the public schools, her parents having already taught her to read and print words. In the schools she was diligent in her studies, kind to her schoolmates, respectful and attentive to her teachers, and as apt to learn as the average of American children.

Joins the Church.

In 1882, then in her eleventh year, under the pastorate of Rev. M. P. Doyle, she publicly accepted Christ as her Savior by profession of faith, and became a member of Trinity United Brethren Church of that city. At this time, under the judicious leadership of the pastor, meetings were held each Sabbath afternoon for children of that age, and with her a number of the Sabbath-school children publicly professed faith in Christ and joined the church who have continued faithful to this day. In their meetings they would sing, speak, and lead in prayer; and it was a most touching sight to see those little girls stand up in the meeting, and with tears in their eyes testify of their love for Christ and his love for them.

This beginning of her Christian life was devoutly followed up and improved upon to the end of her mortal career.

Early Desire for Thorough Education.

She was a great lover and admirer of her brother, and none were more happy over or proud of his achievements than she when, in his seventeenth year, he delivered his graduating address in the Lebanon Valley College chapel, at Annville, Pennsylvania, June 16, 1879. Already had her young heart become fired with the ambition to take a college course; and when Mrs. DeLong, wife of the president of the college, jokingly remarked that it was not necessary for her to go to college and graduate as her brother Horace had done, for women did not need as much education as men, she replied in a tone of offended childish innocence, "Yes, but I guess I want to learn to spell Latin, too." This desire, thus childishly expressed, grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength. Hence, she was ever a diligent, painstaking student, intent on mastering every branch of study she pursued.

Visit to Cornell University.

During the summer of 1883, in company with her parents, she spent ten days visiting her brother at Cornell University; and the romantic natural scenery there, and the magnificent buildings and equipments, completely captivated her, so that even then she began to cherish the hope that she might some day complete a course of study in that great institution.

Removal to California.

In the fall of 1883 her father accepted a chair in the San Joaquin Valley College, at Woodbridge, California, to which place the family removed, leaving Lebanon, Pennsylvania, the 12th of December. Lizzie Belle was quite willing to go to

that far-off country, but two things grieved her young heart,— she dreaded the idea of going so far from her brother, who then held the position of cataloguer in the library of the university she had so recently visited, and she was loath to be separated from her Sunday-school teacher and class, to all of whom she was very strongly attached. This fact is evidenced by the following entry in her diary, made by her own hand:

“Dec. 12, 1883. We have just left Lebanon, and I feel very, *very* sad indeed. It was very sad to have to part with so many dear friends, but I do hope and pray that when we get to California we will find as true friends as we have just left behind.”

Visiting Friends.

On their way to California they stopped in Indiana County, Pennsylvania, to visit her mother's parents and relatives; in Shueyville, Iowa, to visit her father's parents and other relatives; and in Toledo, Iowa, to visit her uncle, Bishop Kephart, and family. It was with many tears that she bade her Grandmother Kephart good-bye, for child as she was, she realized that in all probability, in view of grandmother's great age, she would never see her again, which sad foreboding was fully realized. In her diary is found the following entry:

“Shueyville, Iowa, Dec. 25, 1883. To-night they have a social in the church, but we are not going, as it may be the last night we will ever spend with dear old grandma and grandpa. The thought fills my heart with sadness; but I do hope we may all meet in heaven.” And on December 26, 1883, she made the following entry: “We are now on our way to Toledo, Iowa. The friends at Shueyville all took it very hard when we left. Poor old grandma cried as if her heart would break. I did pity her so much. I do not expect to ever see her again in this world.”

Journey Across the Continent and Arrival at Woodbridge.

The long, long journey across the continent was of unusual interest to her, especially the grand mountain scenery, the Indians, and the Chinese. On Saturday, January 5, 1884, they landed at Woodbridge, where they were most royally received by Professor Reidenour and wife, Professor Klinefelter and wife, President Mobley and wife, and many others.

The very cordial reception given them by all soon made them feel at home; and as early as the following Monday she expressed a strong desire to enter the public schools. In compliance with that request, on Tuesday morning, January 8, she was taken by her father and placed under the instruction of Professor Glidden, who proved to be a most excellent teacher. The mild winter (perpetual spring), the many beautiful flowers, and many pleasant schoolmates were all to her liking, and she made excellent progress in her studies.

Camping Tour to Yosemite Valley.

On the first day of July of that year she, with her parents and Professor Klinefelter and wife, went on a camping tour to the Yosemite valley and the Calaveras grove of big trees. This was to her a most enjoyable occasion, an epoch in the history of her life. The camping out, the sleeping in the wagon, the pleasant drives, and the wonderful mountain scenery were to her a feast that none of her age could have more highly appreciated. When in that wonderful valley, she would stand and look up to those perpendicular rocks, three, four, and five thousand feet high, and exclaim, "Oh, how wonderful!" To all the points of interest visited by the other members of the party, she would go. Up to Glacier Point, where with them she leaned over the iron railing and looked down into the valley 3,200 feet; up to the foot of the Yosemite Falls till drenched with

the spray; in the boat on Mirror Lake,—everywhere picking up pebbles, cones, shells, and relics of various kinds,—thus for twenty-two days was her soul feasted and her passion for the beautiful and the sublime in nature gratified.

In the Public Schools.

The following fall and winter she attended the public schools again, and under the efficient instruction of Professor Glidden made very rapid progress in her studies. With her school-mates she was a favorite,—always kind and generous to a fault, and never more happy than when, even by sacrificing her own preferences and comfort, she could add to the comfort and happiness of others.

Ill Health.

Early in the summer of 1885 it became apparent that the rapidly failing health of her mother rendered it absolutely necessary for the family to return to the East. Nor was her own health very good. In the spring of 1884 she had suffered from an attack of erysipelas in the face, and in the spring of 1885 an abscess formed on her neck, which was finally lanced by Dr. Dayton and passed away. But all through her own affliction and that of her mother, she was ever the same patient, kind, thoughtful, gentle child, ever anxious to avoid giving trouble, and on the other hand, always alert to improve opportunities for relieving distress and contributing to the happiness of those about her. In these respects she was always in advance of her years.

Visits San Francisco.

In the latter part of June, in company with her parents, she went to San Francisco, visited the Cliff House and gazed upon the sea lions that clamber over those celebrated rocks, strolled

through Woodward's Gardens, breakfasted in the Palace Hotel, lunched in the Baldwin House, viewed the shipping in the bay, and gazed upon many objects of art and architectural beauty, in all of which she manifested great interest for one of her age.

Returns to the East.

On the third of July, 1885, with her parents, she reluctantly bade adieu to sunny, mild, pleasant, luxurious California for the East, intending to go to the mountains of Pennsylvania for her mother's health. After a safe, pleasant journey over the Central and Union Pacific Railroads, they arrived in Iowa, where they stopped to rest and visit friends. While there her father received word that he had been elected president of Westfield College, at Westfield, Illinois.

Accepting that position, they arrived there the 30th day of July, where they found temporary, but most pleasant, lodging in the home of Professor W. R. Shuey. His daughter May being about her age, they soon became fast friends,—a friendship which lasted while she lived.

Enters College.

Here, in September, 1885, she entered college, and set out to complete the Latin scientific course. Into this work she threw her whole soul. As far as possible she met every requirement and fairly mastered every lesson. Her genial disposition and her unselfish, cordial deportment won for her the love and esteem of her teachers and fellow students. In addition to her work in the college, she threw herself with all the ardor of her enthusiasm into the work of the Sunday school and of the Young Women's Christian Association, as well as into the work of the revival meetings held from time to time in the college chapel; and because of her consistent

Christian life and of personal solicitation on her part, several students attributed their conversion to what she had done for them. She was a good singer also, took lessons in both vocal and instrumental music, and became quite a good performer on the piano.

Visit to Pennsylvania.

In the summer of 1888 her mother and she visited their relatives in Indiana County, Pennsylvania, a visit greatly enjoyed by her, because she was now old enough to stroll among the hills, gather and press ferns and wild flowers, and feast upon the wild, wondrous beauties of nature as spread out on the cliffs and in the ravines of the Chestnut Ridge.

After a pleasant visit in the home of her aunt, Kate Dick, who was then in poor health, when they were about to leave, she surprised all by remarking to her aunt, "It is not likely that we will ever again all be together here as we are now, and I feel I would like, if you are willing, to have prayer before we separate." Her aunt said, "Certainly." With that she kneeled and offered up a most touchingly impressive prayer, thanking the Lord for his goodness in permitting them to spend such a pleasant time together, beseeching him to restore her aunt to good health, and so to keep, protect, and guide them that if they were not permitted to meet again on earth, they might meet, after a few more years, in the glorious world above, to part no more forever. The prayer made a deep impression, and moved all present to tears. It proved to be her last visit to Pennsylvania.

Her Cheerful, Sunny Disposition.

From this it must not be inferred that she was of a sad, melancholy temperament. In fact, she was the very opposite,—strongly disposed to look upon the bright side and be hopeful, cheerful, happy. None loved a good outdoor romp better than

she. In innocent parlor games and on the croquet ground she was ever a jolly, enthusiastic player. But with all this she was thoughtful and disposed to look cheerfully upon the realities of life, regarding existence here not as a mere pleasure ground whose games are to be played, but as a pathway strewn with golden opportunities, and leading to a high, glorious destiny if those opportunities are properly improved.

Enthusiasm in Christian Work.

In August, 1888, with her mother she returned to Westfield and resumed her studies. Her vacation, spent in the hills of Pennsylvania, had made her vigorous and strong, and her heart and her hand were ready for any and every good work. During the series of revival meetings held in the college chapel the following winter, in which many students were converted, she was especially active and efficient, and as a result her growth in the Christian life was marked and rapid. Nothing rejoiced her young heart so much as to see her schoolmates turn to the Lord.

In the following May—1889—the General Conference, convened in York, Pennsylvania, elected her father editor of the *Religious Telescope*. This was joyful news to her. She had a very keen sense of the honor implied in her father's being chosen to such an important position, and with him and her mother joined in earnest prayer to God that he would give to him the grace and wisdom needed to meet the responsibilities it imposed.

Removal to Dayton, Ohio.

After the close of the college year in June and the making of all necessary arrangements, she with her mother came on to Dayton and joined her father July 26, 1889, he having preceded them a month before. In this city she was thrown into a somewhat different grade of society; but she still continued

the same modest, devoted Christian and earnest worker, always intent on doing something useful. While she had good taste and loved to dress neatly, yet her heart was not set on such things. She did not needlessly consume time in consulting fashion plates and in discussing the latest styles of dress; and when told that she could not get into first-class society in the city if she did not accept invitations to select dances, she promptly but modestly replied, "Then I will not get into first-class society."

Graduation at Westfield College.

In the spring of 1890 she returned to Westfield College to complete her course of study, and was right royally welcomed by the faculty and students, and especially by the members of the senior class, of whom there were eleven besides herself.

Time swept by rapidly, the work of the course was completed, and graduation day arrived. The exercises were held in the grove on the college campus, and all the members of the class acquitted themselves nobly. Her father and mother were present, and looked with a tender pride upon their daughter while she delivered her graduating address.

Her Desire to be Useful.

After her graduation she returned with her parents to Dayton, and had not rested long until she began to chafe for something to do. They endeavored to persuade her not to be in a hurry, to wait and rest, to be content to spend one year with her mother in the home and learn more thoroughly all forms of housework. To this she replied, "Papa, I can do all kinds of housework now, except baking bread, and I do not think it is right for young ladies to spend time and money to complete a college course and then sit down and do nothing; that is not

what we are in this world for. I want to find something to do that is useful, and at which I can honestly earn some money for myself."

Her parents then consented that she might look around for something to do; and having acquired some idea of the work of cataloguing books from her brother, then librarian of the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, and having formed an acquaintance with and an attachment for Miss Doren, of the Dayton Public Library, she applied to her for instruction in that art. This was kindly given, and in a few weeks she set about cataloguing her father's library, which feat in due time she had successfully accomplished.

Teaching in the City Public Schools.

This done, she concluded that she would like to teach in the city public schools, and determined to prepare for examination. Her parents endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose, believing that in view of the fact that the time for preparation was so short (only four weeks), she could not make the required grade to secure a certificate. But she believed otherwise; and to her delight and to the surprise of her parents, the examination was passed, and the certificate secured.

The evening when her father brought home the information from the city superintendent that she had made a good grade, and in due time a certificate would be issued to her, she sprang to her feet, her face beaming with joy, and exclaimed, "Papa, that is an answer to prayer." And when one morning, two weeks later, her father came home from his office and informed her that the city superintendent had telephoned him that she should report for duty to Professor Tuttle, principal of one of the city schools, she exclaimed with all the intensity of a firm faith, "*That is another answer to prayer.*"

She joyfully took charge of one of the primary schools in the north part of the city, and conducted it quite successfully for a term of ten weeks. The school numbered forty-six small children, three-fourths of whom had never attended school before. The task was herculean for one who had never taught, but her good tact, kind heart, and the excellent normal drill she had received while in college, rendered her fairly equal to the task, and she closed up her term's work having greatly endeared herself to all her pupils, and receiving very flattering commendations from her principal.

At the Chautauqua Assembly.

Having arranged to spend a month at Chautauqua in company with one of her college classmates, Miss Mayme Swickard, they left Dayton (Miss S. having come on from her home in Westfield, Illinois) the 22d of July, 1891, for the celebrated "summer college," where they spent a most pleasant, enjoyable, profitable time.

A Glad Surprise.

While at Chautauqua, her parents moved into the new home they had just built in west Dayton, and by the time she and her friend returned they were cozily settled, and her mother had taken special pains to fit up her room. It was night when they arrived, and supper was about ready; but her mother suggested that she and her friend go up to her room and arrange their toilet, while she placed the supper on the table. But oh, such exclamations of joy when she saw her room! Father and mother were called up, and her thanks and gratitude were exultingly expressed in both words and kisses.

Proof-Reader in the U. B. Job Office.

Her intention was to teach again, but about the time of the opening of the schools a vacancy occurred in the proof-reader's office for the job department of the United Brethren Publishing

House, and she having received special instruction in work of that kind, the agent, Rev. W. J. Shuey, kindly tendered her the position, which was gladly accepted. To this work she devoted herself with all her wonted diligence, and succeeded beyond expectation. And oh, how happy she was! Her office was in the room adjoining her father's, and at times it seemed to her that it could not be that she should be so highly favored. Not infrequently did she, in going to and from the office, remark, "Papa, indeed I am too happy; I am afraid this cannot last." Was this a premonition? Her father did not regard it as such. He thought it was only the exuberance of a grateful, enthusiastic young soul. Now he thinks it may have been. When he would ask her, "Why do you think it cannot last?" her reply was, "Oh, it seems to me that it is too good to last in a world like this." But the more happy she was, the more faithful was she in her private devotions and in attending the Sabbath school, the young people's meetings, and the other public services of God's house.

Joyful Holidays.

As the holidays approached she was especially enthusiastic in arranging for a pleasant time, and her spare moments were busily employed in arranging presents of her own designing for friends, especially for her mother. She also arranged by correspondence to have two of her lady friends, Miss Maxwell, the principal of the business department of Otterbein University, with whom she first became acquainted in Woodbridge, California, and Miss Graham, of Adeline, Illinois, to spend the holidays with her. Her cousin May, daughter of Bishop Kephart, also made her home with her, taking lessons in music and painting in the city, and they had a very pleasant time together. Her cousin, however, left to spend the holidays at home with her parents in Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

The day before Christmas brought to her home Miss Maxwell, and two days later Miss Graham arrived. The brother of the latter, Rev. J. G. Graham, to whom she was engaged to be married, was pastor of the High Street United Brethren Church, of Dayton, and was pursuing a course of study in Union Biblical Seminary. Professor B. A. Sweet, superintendent of public schools of Clark County, Illinois, and a classmate of hers in Westfield College, also called. So, all in all, the holidays of 1891 were for her decidedly the happiest and most brilliant of her life. And oh, how she enjoyed herself, her chief delight being derived from the fact that she saw that her parents and friends were happy. Ah, how little did she and they know that they were on the verge of such a sad, sad change.

Happy New Year.

On New Year's eve a number of the theological students were invited in to help "watch the old year out and the new year in." Music and song caused the hours to speed, and when the time marked five minutes of twelve she exclaimed, "Oh, let us all go outside and look at the stars; I always love to be looking heavenward at the stars as the old year goes out and the new one comes in." With that, parents and all went out and stood in the yard; and how her face beamed with joy, illumined by the city electric light, as she stood there gazing into the heavens. When the city church bells began to ring, denoting the death of the old year and the birth of the new, at her suggestion all joined in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." This done, the whole party reëntered the house, and her father offered prayer, after which the company withdrew, and the inmates of the house retired for sleep.

Is Taken Sick.

The next day toward evening she was not so lively, and after doing all she could to appear otherwise, she finally very reluctantly said she was not feeling as well as she could wish. Miss Maxwell had left that (Saturday) morning, but Miss Graham remained till Sunday evening. By that time she was so ill that she could not go to the depot to see her friend off. However, she rested fairly well through the night, and seemed somewhat improved the next morning, but did not attempt to go to the office. Through the next day she sat up some, but felt better when lying down, and during the following night she was restless.

Alarming Symptoms.

Being no better on Tuesday morning, the parents became alarmed and called in Dr. Singer. Two days later Dr. Reeve was called in for consultation, and the case seeming to be scarlet fever in its most malignant form, both these physicians were retained. After four weeks Dr. Conkling was called in for consultation, and later Dr. Spitler, but all to no purpose. Despite all that hopefulness and patience upon her part, careful and tender nursing upon the part of her parents, and the skill of four physicians could do, after lingering as a most patient sufferer for seven weeks and three days, she suddenly passed away Monday evening, February 22, at fifteen minutes past ten o'clock, the *immediate* cause of death being heart failure.

Her Patience, Hope, and Complete Resignation.

During her entire sickness she was patient and resigned, yet entertaining most of the time a desire to get well. Her parents, knowing full well that she was as thoroughly prepared to die as any mortal could be, and fearing that to talk to her about death would cause her to give up all hope of

getting well and by that much diminish her chances of recovery, did not say very much to her about it.

However, one day during the second week of her illness her father said to her, "Belle, how is it with you? How do you feel about dying?" "Well," said she, "of course I would like to get well and live. I am young yet, and I think I could be useful and do some good in the world. But I submit to the Lord's will." "Well," said he, "are you afraid to die?" "Oh, no," she replied; "yesterday I was thinking about it, and I felt worried, for I felt that I had not been as good as I should have been. But then I thought, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' and that includes me; and since then I have great peace of mind."

Desires to Hear the Word of God.

Frequently she requested her father to read to her from the Bible, sometimes naming the passages she desired him to read, at other times requesting him to make his own selection. On the afternoon of her last Sunday on earth she said, "Now, papa, read to me from the Bible." On asking her what he should read, she said, "You select something; it is all good." He then turned to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and read it through, commenting on it as he read. When he read, "With his stripes we are healed," he said, "Is not that comforting?" Her quiet remark was, "Yes, very."

Willing to Die.

One day, after she had been sick about five weeks, she remarked to her mother, "Perhaps, after all, it would be better for me to die than to get well." Her mother replied, "O Belle, Belle, do not talk that way. I cannot live without you." "Oh, yes, mama, you can; and you'll soon come too," was her calm reply. She was extremely careful to avoid giving her parents

uneasiness or pain. One day, in the earlier stage of her sickness, noticing tears in her father's eyes, she said, "Papa, do you think I am not going to get well?" He answered, "Oh, no; I surely think you will get well." "Why then do you weep?" she asked. After some more conversation, her father said, "Well, if you should die you would not be wholly a stranger in heaven, for there you would meet your Grandpa and Grandma Kephart, and you would know them." "Yes," she replied, "and Ed McMurtie." This was a fellow student of hers who was converted while in Westfield college, and who had died in great triumph but recently.

Her Favorite Texts and Hymn.

On the last Friday before her death her father said to her, "Belle, which is your favorite passage of Scripture?" She promptly replied, "'Let not your heart be troubled'; and then that other one, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" "Yes," said her father, "those are grand. - And now, which is your favorite hymn?" "'Jesus, lover of my soul,'" was her prompt reply.

Her Death.

The afternoon of her last day on earth her father became greatly alarmed. He thought he could see evidences of heart failure and other fatal symptoms. He said in the evening to his niece, May, who had returned several weeks before from her home to pursue her studies, "I fear Belle will not live till morning." Dr. Singer called at 8:00 P.M., and prescribed as to her night treatment, and left. Her mother then said, "Belle, I wish to stay with you to-night." She replied, "No, no, mama; go and lie down and take some rest; you need it. Papa will stay with me. I want to sleep." In compliance with her wish, all retired from the room save her father, and he at her request turned the light down low.

For more than an hour she slept. Then she called. Her father waited on her, and she turned on her right side. He asked, "Shall I sit by your side?" She said, "No; turn down the light, I wish to sleep." The light being turned down low, she said, "Now tuck the cover in to my back, papa." He did so, and those were her last words on earth. In fifteen minutes she began to gasp violently. He sprang to her side, saw she was dying, called her mother and May, and they rushed into the room to see her breathe her last! The terrible disease had triumphed over the physical life, and the liberated soul was escorted by angels to the paradise of God.

Heaven's gates ajar, she entered then
That blissful world—all freed from sin,
Her robes made white in Jesus' blood—
Where dwell the true, the pure, the good.
Forever saved! oh, happy lot!
Forever pure! no sin can blot
Thy precious soul, nor mar thy peace.
Forever saved! amazing grace!

Her death was a great shock to all her many acquaintances and friends, and an awful loss to her parents. Her only brother was at his home in St. Louis, and was by letters and telegrams kept constantly posted as to her condition; but in view of the fact that he had in his home three small children, the youngest only six weeks old, and because of the terribly malignant character of the disease, he did not dare come to see her nor to attend the funeral, but his letters and telegrams evidenced his deep concern and great sorrow.

The Funeral—Floral Tributes.

The afternoon of the second day after her death, February 24, friends assembled in the sorrow-smitten home to pay the last tribute of respect. The body was placed in a beautiful white

casket, and beautiful flowers were sent in by sympathizing friends. The employees of the United Brethren Publishing House, under the lead of Miss E. J. Lockyer, a lady compositor, sent a beautiful floral design of white roses representing "Gates Ajar"; and the High Street Church, of which her betrothed was pastor, sent a beautiful floral-wrought harp. A large bouquet of lilies was sent by Mr. and Mrs. Ock (Jews), who had formed her acquaintance when she with her parents resided next door to them on West Fourth Street; and Professor E. L. Shuey's Sunday-school class, of which she was a member, sent a fine bouquet of roses. Many other friends sent flowers as tokens of sympathy. The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Lewis Bookwalter, of the First United Brethren Church, assisted by Rev. S. W. Keister, pastor of Summit Street Church, and Rev. W. J. Shuey. Parts of the eleventh and fourteenth chapters of John were read by Rev. Keister; and her favorite hymn, commencing

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul,"

was sung, after which Rev. Shuey, who only in the preceding November had followed to the grave his promising and highly accomplished son, Lincoln, offered a most touching, appropriate, impressive prayer. After another hymn (Mr. S. E. Kumler with some of her lady friends furnished the music), Rev. Bookwalter delivered a most impressive, appropriate funeral address; and the body was conveyed to, and laid to rest in, a beautiful spot at the south end of the little lake in

Woodland Cemetery

to await the resurrection of the just,—which spot is now marked by a monument. Of those who followed the remains to their last resting place none were more deeply overwhelmed with grief nor more completely heartbroken than her betrothed,

Rev. J. G. Graham. Had she lived, they were to be married the following June. He expected to continue in the pastorate. Their plans were fully formed as to how they would settle among his parishioners and devote themselves to the great work of the ministry. But death had come and torn from him the one far dearer than life itself, and his grief was inconsolable. But such is life in this world. The only silver lining to such a dark cloud is the glorious hope set before the Christian in the gospel of the Son of God.

Dearest daughter, ever blest,
Christ, thy Savior, gives thee rest,—
For thy body in the tomb,
For thy soul in the heavenly home.

Tears no longer dew thine eyes,
Thou art safe beyond the skies;
Sorrow now can't wound thy soul,
Thou art every whit made whole;
Safe in heaven, forever blest,
Darling daughter, sweetly rest.

Her Devotion to the Bible.

This was great. In October, 1884, while attending conference in Sacramento, California, her father purchased for her a small copy of the Sacred Scriptures. On a fly leaf he wrote: "A present for my little daughter, Lizzie. May the grand precepts and divine truths contained in this holy book direct, comfort, cheer, and beautify your life, and sustain your dying moments, is the earnest prayer of your father."

And now it is to him a supreme comfort to know that this prayer was literally answered. She was ever a diligent, faithful Bible student. Abundant evidence of this is seen upon examining her Bible, the one purchased for her in Sacramento. Hundreds of passages are carefully marked, and in a number of places she has written comments in the margin. At Luke

6 : 20-34 she has written, "Very helpful." At Luke 15 : 18 she has written, "Dec. 28, 1887. The night W. S. was converted." In the margin of the third chapter of John she has written, "Mr. Moody, last night—most blessed chapter in the Bible." (She attended Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings in Dayton the fall of 1889, and was wonderfully interested in them.) In the margin at the fourteenth chapter of John she has written, "One of the most precious chapters." At the twelfth verse of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians she has written, "*Splendid.*" The twelfth verse of the first chapter of Second Timothy, which reads, "I know whom I have believed," etc., she has marked very prominently, and in the margin has written, "One of the best verses." The hymn to which this verse is attached as a chorus she often sung with great earnestness, playing the accompaniment on the piano. Her uniform custom was to read a few verses from her Bible—she always kept one in her room—just before retiring, and then kneel and pray. Among other passages prominently marked are, "My grace is sufficient for thee"; "He that endureth to the end shall be saved"; "All things work together for good to them that love God"; and "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

A Prophetic Poem.

- THE following lines were composed by her in Woodbridge, California, when she was thirteen years old, and are given here because the scene therein depicted has been enacted almost to the letter in her own short life's history. They are given just as she wrote them.

The Departed One.

There are three around the hearthstone,—
There were four a year ago,
But one of them departed
Amid the summer's glow.

The idol of the household,
With her fair-haired locks so white,
Has gone to that far-off region
Where all is pure and bright.

The angels took their darling,—
Took her away from those,—
Those, yes, those who loved her
And had made her wedding clothes;

Yes, made them a month before
Their darling had taken sick,
For she was to have been married
To one whose name was Hick.

And this evening they are musing
Upon their darling's death;
And this evening they are thinking
If she was only living yet.

But they think 'twill not be long time
Ere they meet her once again;
And what a *grand*, GRAND meeting
It will be for all of them.

Yes, all will meet up yonder
In that land so far away,
Where all is bright and beauty,
And where nothing shall decay.

And he will meet his loved one,
And she will greet her lover;
Oh, what a happy meeting
That will be for one another.

So look upon the bright side
If loved ones have gone away;
Just think of the happy meeting
There will certainly be some day.

To this she had appended the following: "Composed and written by Lizzie Belle Kephart, at the age of thirteen."

The Funeral Discourse.

BY DR. BOOKWALTER.

FOR such an hour as this our hearts are never fully ready. It might not be pleasing to the Master—who himself wept at the grave—if we should to-day be wanting in sorrow or sympathy or tears. It is Christian to love our own,—even beyond the river,—and it is Christlike to “weep with them that weep.” And those who may not have yet tasted of the cup of sorrow that to-day is the portion of *this* home, may be assured that from it at some time they will certainly be called to drink. That day may be in the distance, it *may* not be far in the future. How true the words of Scripture,—“Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth”; “In such an *hour* as ye think not the Son of man cometh.” How well has the inspired word expressed the feelings of our smitten and awe-stricken hearts in such an hour: “I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.”

Some of us who to-day are called upon by sacred duty to speak, feel rather like sitting with the smitten father and mother in silence. It seems to us that it cannot be that we are met indeed to carry to the grave the daughter whose steps we have traced from babyhood, on through the years, up to the plane of young womanhood’s full, rare, and charming Christian graces.

Lizzie Belle Kephart was born at Jefferson, Green County, Iowa, February 18, 1871. She had just passed her twenty-first birthday, and joined, as best her wearied body and nerves would allow, with loved ones and friends in the joys and greet-

ings of the day, when the Master called her across the stream upon whose farther bank she has entered a life "unmeasured by the flight of years."

This earthly life of twenty-one years was not a long one, but what is more to be said, it was a true life. During these few years, passed as a dutiful and affectionate daughter with parents in Iowa, Pennsylvania, California, Illinois, and Ohio, our young sister was continually acquiring, under the attentive direction of parents and the leadings of the Holy Spirit, the real adornments of womanhood. And so it has been that since she came among us we have been delighted, and drawn toward her, by those inner qualities which constitute genuine worth and are the ornament of that higher type of womanly character and spirit which, the inspired penman says, "is in the sight of God of great price." The foundation of this was laid in child piety.

As the years passed, the Christian graces grew with her growth, and came to fruition. To them were added the careful culture of the intellect and the development of the finer tastes. It will be two years the coming June since she completed her collegiate studies at Westfield College, Illinois. Thus she had gained treasure after treasure, added strength to strength, set jewel by jewel, and advanced steadily toward symmetry of life, as she had filled these precious years of youth with sincere and earnest effort. What a satisfaction, what an inspiration, to look at such a life! We know, indeed, that with our sister—daughter—all this meant only *more* and *greater* achievement. No doubt she looked from the place to which she had come much oftener, and with greater delight, *forward* than backward. And parents and brother and friends, who stood by her side, shared the same feeling. To-day the view of hope is shut off, but the view of that achieved is none the less real. The picture of the past has lost none of its perfection and beauty because we are not permitted to paint the picture of

the future. Nor shall we to-day allow a cloud to shade so bright a picture as this daughter's hand has painted, and whose last touches were made as if by angel hands, whose mild and tender lights and shadows seem expressions of ideals gotten from views of the heavenly land. Nay, this is not a day of somber gloom. It cannot be. Christianity shines in upon it. God would never shade faith's past achievements or its future hopes by any storms of the present. We delight to contemplate to-day in the light—not in the shade—of sorrow and death what our holy religion does for men.

Christianity inspires us with pure and noble aims. It enables us to present ourselves a living sacrifice to God. It alone leads out into self-forgetting love and effort. The life of our sister is a beautiful example of this. In tender girlhood she was qualifying herself for usefulness. Her conception of life was vigorous. She thought it a great opportunity, and to rise to life's claims was her conception of duty and of the way to truest joy. In her Bible on the margin above the fourteenth chapter of John, she had written these words: "We must not expect comfort only in the line of duty." And so our young sister, as she was looking into what she hoped to be a long future here, had planned her life for the service of God and men. To the more perfect giving of herself to the work of the church she had bestowed woman's affections, and waited to give in final vow of wedlock her hand. She had poured at the feet of Christ her most precious gifts.

As when our Lord was on earth his mighty and gracious power was made known most where sorrow and death reigned, so is it still. In our extremities God is nearest,—nearest when needed most. On last Friday when her father asked our wearied sister what were her favorite passages of Scripture, she answered, "Let not your heart be troubled," and she added, "And then that other, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'” “What is your favorite hymn?” he asked. Said she, “Jesus, lover of my soul.” See upon what eternal truth and love the sick and dying child of God can lean.

Christianity gives to the soul a final victory over every fear. One long ago wrote in triumphant and exultant words, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” And the eye of our divine vision sees, from even these shores, things to the earthly sight invisible.

Say not that about the Christian's tomb there hangs a cloud. Nay, say not that death spoils the work of Christ. Ah, here is where our holy religion shines with brightest luster. In hours like this it is richest to the dying and the sorrowing. To both come the words: “All things are yours; whether . . . the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours.” Our sister had life as a great gift and a great opportunity. She has death as a greater opportunity, for “to die is gain.” She had things present. She has outstripped us in the possession of things to come. She has fallen asleep on one of earth's evenings, and awakened over there upon an eternal morning.

Memorials.

AT WESTFIELD COLLEGE.

The literary society named below caused the following to be published in the Westfield *Intelligencer*:

“Miss L. Belle Kephart, daughter of ex-President I. L. Kephart, of Westfield College, passed away February 22, 1892, at her home in Dayton, Ohio, aged 21 years and 4 days.

“The announcement of her death cast a gloom of sorrow over this entire community, where she had spent over four years of a most useful life. Coming to Westfield from Woodbridge, California, in August, 1885, she entered college, where she remained, a most brilliant character in her school, church, and social life, until her father was elected to the editorship of the *Religious Telescope*, when she removed with her parents to Dayton, Ohio. Returning here in the following spring, she graduated with honors in the class of '90, June 12.

“During that spring, on the night of April 18, she cast her lot with the Cleiorhetean Literary Society, where she manifested her loyalty and love by her efficient work, her cheering letters, and her valuable gifts to the society. Her death leaves a void both in literary and musical circles which it will be hard to fill. But—

‘ You listen not aright
Who think she sings no more;
Shut out the noise of earth,
Hark toward the other shore;
And through the chilly mists
That hover o'er the stream,
From heaven's sun-bright hills,
Of which we catch a gleam,
You'll hear her loved voice,
More glorious, yet the same,
Sing on in gladder tones
The praise of Jesus' name.’”

Resolutions.

WHEREAS, In the all-wise providence of Him who never errs, the messenger Death with his icy sickle has cut down a flower of rare worth and excellence; be it

Resolved, 1. That we, members of the Cleiorhetean Literary Society, do deeply mourn our loss, and in token of our sorrow drape our hall in mourning thirty days.

2. That although we shall miss her from our circle, we believe our loss to be her gain, and submit our wishes, as did she, to the will of the all-wise Father.

3. That we extend our sympathy to the bereaved parents and relatives.

4. That a copy of the obituary and these resolutions be sent to the county papers and the *Religious Telescope* for publication.

F. MAY SHUEY,
LURAH CAMPBELL,
MAYME SWICKARD,
BERTIE SMITH,

Committee.

The Draped Vacant Chair.

On June 6, 1892, at the anniversary of the Cleiorhetean Literary Society, due respect was shown to her memory. On one corner of the rostrum was a chair tastefully draped in white and festooned with orange blossoms and purple-fringed hyacinths. Just above the chair, on a background of rich black drapery, was inscribed in white letters the single word BELLE. It was mournfully suggestive in its solemn beauty of the death of an honored Cleiorhetean.

RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following, written by the associate editor, Rev. M. R. Drury, D.D., appeared in the *Religious Telescope* of March 2, 1892: "It is with great sorrow that we are called upon to chronicle the death of Miss Lizzie Belle Kephart, only daughter

of the editor of this paper. She was taken ill with scarlet fever of a very malignant type early in January. From this she never recovered, though her death was due to other complications, which baffled the skill of her physicians. She died on Monday evening, February 22, at ten o'clock, after seven long weeks of suffering, which she bore with great patience and fortitude. Miss Kephart passed her twenty-first birthday on Thursday before her death. She was graduated from Westfield College in June, 1890. She became a Christian in early childhood, and was a devoted and conscientious follower of Christ, a diligent Bible student, and an earnest and capable Christian worker. She was a lovely and affectionate daughter, —the light and joy of her home. It is not strange that her early and unexpected decease should leave her parents broken-hearted and with an inexpressible sense of loneliness. Only a short time before her death she told her father that her choice Scripture passage was, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' and then that other, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Her choice hymn she stated to be "Jesus, lover of my soul." These were expressions of her radiant and perfect Christian faith. At the last she simply fell asleep in Jesus. Such a death is not one that weakens faith in God or his goodness, but rather strengthens it. What a heritage to the parents and an only brother is the memory of the pure life of this amiable and affectionate daughter and sister. The funeral took place at the home of the deceased on Wednesday of last week, being conducted by the pastor of the family, Dr. Bookwalter, assisted by Rev. S. W. Keister and Rev. W. J. Shuey. The interment was in a beautiful spot in Woodland Cemetery. Dr. and Mrs. Kephart will have the tender and prayerful sympathy of a large circle of friends throughout the Church. They are much prostrated by their long and tender watching at the bedside of their daughter, and this week they go to Pennsylvania for a little needed rest among friends. After about two weeks they will return to their home in this city."

LOWER WABASH CONFERENCE.

At the annual session of the above named body, held in Clay City, Indiana, August 31 to September 4 inclusive, 1892, the following paper was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, We have learned that the home of our beloved brother and sister, Dr. I. L. Kephart and wife, has been visited during the year by the death summons, and by it there has been taken from their tender parental embrace their only daughter, Miss Belle, by which bereavement their hearts have been made inexpressibly sad, and shadows of deep sorrow have been cast over their home; and

WHEREAS, We cannot place an estimate upon their loss nor realize the depth of the wound they have sustained; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby, in the spirit of deepest sympathy and love, take them by the hand, mingle our tears with their tears, and tender to them that depth of sympathy and love which in the presence of a profound sorrow silence alone can express, and invoke upon them the blessing of Him who alone is able to take their bereaved hearts into his own bosom of love and soothe their sorrows with the blessed assurance of a glorious resurrection and reunion with their dear one in the rest that remains for the people of God.

W. M. GIVENS.

S. MILLS.

Letters of Condolence.

FROM THE Y. P. S. C. E. OF THE FIRST U. B. CHURCH.

DAYTON, OHIO, February 28, 1892.

Rev. and Mrs. I. L. Kephart.

The Young People's Society of the First United Brethren Church feel a deep sense of bereavement in the death of Miss Belle Kephart, one of their most efficient members. She showed a genuine spirit of devotion to her work, and discharged with faithfulness and pleasure all duties assigned her. Her personal interest in the welfare of the society and of the young people at large was clearly manifest at all times. We recognize in her a high ideal in life, and knowing that the memory of her character will always be a blessing, we have, therefore,

Resolved, That we express our heartfelt sorrow at the death of our beloved sister, and that we tender our sympathy to the bereaved parents with the prayer that God will sustain them in their sorrow and in the end show them the meaning of his providence.

W. S. ZEHRING,
CHESTER BODA,
DAISY M. HOFFMAN,
Committee.

FROM SOME OF HER TEACHERS.

WESTFIELD COLLEGE, February 24, 1892.

Dr. and Mrs. Kephart.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS: Our hearts have been made sad indeed to-day by the news that Belle had died. We had trusted that the Lord would order otherwise, but not so; but he has pledged his word that his grace shall be sufficient for every day and trial. Oh, may he be precious near to you in your sad bereavement.

But while our hearts are wrung with sorrow that she has left us, the joy that comes through the knowledge that she has gone to dwell in heaven is, oh, so blessed. She seems somehow like a

near relative to us,—almost like a sister. I am sure that you both must be nearly prostrated with grief, and the weariness consequent on so long a strain of anxious care over your sick, dying darling.

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Jesus, blessed rest. How much more happying to you each will the thoughts of heaven be since Belle has gone. She will be watching for you. May the Lord help us all, that we may be ready when he calls.

Very sincerely yours in deepest sympathy,

[PRES.] W. H. KLINEFELTER.

WESTFIELD COLLEGE, February 24, 1892.

DR. AND MRS. KEPHART: The sad news of the death of your dear daughter Belle, and our most esteemed friend, bears heavily upon us. The college bell, which is now numbering the years of her brief life by request of her literary society, seems almost harsh to our ears. Oh, can it be possible that Belle is gone and her brief life thus suddenly closed? We were just expecting to hear from her by her own pen, which so often brought pleasantness to our home. I recall at this moment her college life in the capacity of a student, her faithful work in the recitation room, in the Sunday school, first as scholar, then as teacher, and her earnest Christian work with her associates, and her steadfastness in the church of Christ. We feel every assurance that your dear daughter is now in the bright clime. May our Savior comfort you in this affliction. He will surely do right. As ever, [PROF.] W. R. SHUEY.

M. E. SHUEY.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, February 25, 1892.

Rev. I. L. Kephart, D.D.

DEAR BROTHER: Brother Drury's letter containing the sad news of Belle's death, came yesterday. In the deepest sympathy possible for those who have not had such experience, we send you and Mrs. K. words of condolence. Your loss is, of course, Belle's gain; but we can scarcely believe she is dead. Yet this very moment she is in the silent tomb. All parties here seem to be very much moved. It is not necessary for me to advise you what to do in this bereavement. You know whom you have believed. My wife joins me in these words of condolence. We regret our inability to be present at the funeral, but it was impossible. We feel that a promising one has fallen;

but God reigns. She can serve her God better over there, and possibly do a greater good than if here.

Yours in haste,

[PROF.] L. H. COOLEY.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, February 25, 1892.

Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Kephart.

DEAR FRIENDS: We were shocked and grieved yesterday to receive the news of Belle's death. Though we had thought of her often during her sickness and feared what the result might be, we were yet unprepared to hear the worst. I can do nothing more at this sad time than to offer my heartfelt sympathy,—you well know where to go for strength and consolation. What a comfort it must be to you to remember in the midst of this crushing affliction that all is well with Belle; that the messenger of death did not find her unprepared; that she is safe and well and happy in her Savior's arms, and you may hope to join her there.

The folks at home all join with me in sending sympathy and condolence. Ma and I have a very sweet memory of Belle as we saw her at Chautauqua last summer.

Sincerely yours,

[PROF.] TIRZA BARNES.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, February 25, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I heard the sad news on my way to Columbus. After receiving your letter on Monday I was hoping Belle was still improving. It was too bad I could not go to you, but God knows best, and though he nearly breaks our hearts, "his will be done." She is at rest, and we would not call her back. My heart goes out to you in this hour of trial. Words fail to tell you the love and sympathy I feel.

Yours lovingly,

[PROF.] TERESA MAXWELL.

FROM CLASSMATES AND FELLOW STUDENTS.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, February 25, 1892.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Kephart.

Never but once before did any letter bring to me as sad news as yours telling me that Belle had gone away from us.

Papa, mama, all of our family, dearly loved her; so much better than any other girl they ever knew. And I loved her as

a *dear* sister. She had, oh, so many friends in Westfield, who mourn for her. I heard on Tuesday that she was worse, but it did not seem possible that one whom I left so well and happy last August could be so low, and I hoped she might be well soon. I cannot yet realize the terrible fact. I know that it is only those left on earth who are sad, for she is happy. Always of a bright, sunny disposition, shedding rays of happiness and goodness wherever she went. She was good, kind, and loving, and a sweet Christian girl. Young to have completed her work, but it surely was "well done."

In years to come I will long for my happy college days to return, but ah, for only to be allowed to have another meeting with my two dearest friends. For that I will live and hope. It seems that heaven must be nearer than ever before.

I am anxious to hear something of her sickness and how she was at last, for I know she joyfully passed through the "beautiful gates *ajar*" for her, and is now blending her sweet voice with those of the angels. She and Edwin sing together again, but in heaven, where we expect to join them "in the sweet by and by."

I know that nothing that I can say would in the least lighten your sorrow, yet I wish to be allowed to mingle my tears with yours, and I unite with all our family in expressing our deepest sympathy. With best wishes for yourselves, I am

Sincerely yours,

MAYME E. SWICKARD.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, February 25, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart and Family.

DEAR DOCTOR: Having learned yesterday afternoon of the great sorrow that has come to your home, I want to express to you the deep sorrow that burdens my heart in the loss we have sustained. You have lost a precious treasure from your household; we have lost a loving friend and noble classmate. Little did we think as you gave us advice on the 12th of June, 1890, in your address to our class as we graduated, that our happy band should so soon be broken by the ruthless reaper Death. Truly the ways of God are to us past finding out, but I am only rejoiced to know that in the near future we shall be able to understand clearly what we who believe in God feel to be surely so,—that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

I think of your kind daughter as one whose life was so

worthy of our imitation, and it was a joy and pride to see and hear her as she moved among us. It must be said of her, "She hath wrought well but quickly"; and I hope to live so that with you we may meet her again. Dear president, trust still in God as you always have. I cannot in words express to you the sympathy I would, but point heavenward and hope for a precious meeting. Yours in sorrow,

EDW. EVERITT.

ALEXIS, ILLINOIS, March 1, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart and Wife, Dayton, Ohio.

DEAR FRIENDS: The sad intelligence of Belle's death reached us yesterday. The last report we had was that she was improving, so the announcement of her death was a shock to us.

We were talking last evening of her preparation for life's work,—her education, scientific and musical, and above all, her spiritual education,—how she used to go over to the college, when at Westfield, on Tuesday evenings to attend the young ladies' prayer meetings, and sometimes find no one there; then she would go over and visit Sister May awhile. Certainly her short life was an active one, and useful too. Now that she is gone we know you will miss her, but it will afford you comfort to feel assured that in one of those mansions mentioned in John 14:2 there was a place prepared for her, where she will await your coming.

So "let not your heart be troubled." We are inclined to feel sometimes as if there were not enough in this world to justify us in clinging to it as we all do, but it is well to make the most of this life, for there will be very much yet to do when we are called from labor. You have our sympathy and prayers in this your bereavement. Though sympathy cannot restore the loss, it may in a very little measure help to heal the wound. But faith in the gospel is a better healer. It will not be long until we will all be home.

Very truly your friends,

ALLIE L. AND [REV.] D. E. BAER.

OSKALOOSA, IOWA, March 1, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart, Dayton, Ohio.

DEAR AND RESPECTED FRIEND: Our hearts were made very sad to-day when we read of your daughter's death. Mrs. B. joins me in expressing our sympathy. Human words will be of

little comfort, but we remember your implicit trust in God, and know that you will not fail to receive comfort in communion with him.

She is gone but not dead,—merely transferred from the church militant to the church triumphant. May God in infinite wisdom and loving-kindness sustain and console you and Mrs. Kephart, is the earnest prayer of

Your friend,
[PROF.] C. E. BIGELOW.

MARSHALL, ILLINOIS, March 6, 1892.

President and Mrs. Kephart, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIENDS: I was greatly surprised and pained to read in this week's *Telescope* the sad news of the heavy affliction that has come to your home. It scarcely seemed possible. I learned of her sickness some time ago, but thought she was out of danger. I have thought of my visit to Dayton many times since my return, but when I read this, everything that occurred during that pleasant visit came to my mind so vividly. It seemed but yesterday when she, Miss Maxwell, and I went out to the Soldiers' Home and had such a pleasant time, and when in the fold of your family circle I had such a pleasant visit. But my mind wanders back to Westfield College, where I first made the acquaintance of yourself and family, and where at a later date I became a classmate of Miss Belle's. But alas, that chain has been broken here below only to be reunited over yonder.

I cease relating the pleasant memories of the past for fear my words may wound rather than heal. I certainly have a deeper feeling of sympathy than words can express. We weep and we are sorrowful, but not like those without hope. She is dead, yet liveth,—yes, liveth in the hearts of her eleven classmates, and in the hearts and lives of numerous friends in her old home, and last but not least, in heaven.

"Go bury your sorrow" and dry away your tears. May we not reasonably conclude that she is better off than any of us? I have come to look upon death differently since I became a Christian (and I am frank to confess that you are the person who persuaded me to make the start); I have no fear of death. To me it seems but the door to paradise; it has no sting to the Christian.

It seems strange that one so good, so kind, so pure, and so useful should be taken away when thousands of worthless persons are permitted to live. We cannot understand Provi-

dence, but we know that the Lord chasteneth his own children, and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." If I know my own heart, I certainly want to be counted among those who mourn the loss of the departed one.

By affliction our lives are made purer, our natures more kind and sympathetic, our characters stronger, and our devotion more spiritual; and *Christ*, to whom we can take all our sorrow and grief, becomes more a reality.

I can but refer you to him who is "the Resurrection and the Life" for comfort and consolation; and trusting that we may all live such a life, and leave behind us such a testimony, as she did, I remain

Your sympathizing brother in Christ,

[PROF.] BEN A. SWEET.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, March 6, 1892.

DR. AND MRS. KEPHART: It was only a few days ago that I learned of your great loss. During all her sickness I was eager to hear how she was getting along, and whenever I heard that she was improving I rejoiced. My opportunities for hearing of her were poor, but word came that she was improving. I did not hear from her for a long time, and supposed she was well again, when, alas! came the sad news of her death. There are few who can appreciate her as I did, for as I have said before, I owe all I ever expect to make of myself to her influence. No one knows what I was when she showed me that she was my friend, and to-day when I think she is gone I feel that one of my very best friends has gone to meet her God, and sing, as she used to sing to us, with the angels on high. It is a loss to be without her, but a gain for her; but why could not she be allowed to stay with us and keep on doing so much good in this world? "Thy will be done," Father in heaven, and not ours. Having felt her influence so strongly, I can sympathize deeply with those who are nearer to her. I remain

Yours in deepest sympathy,

WILL SHANK.

WASHBURN, WISCONSIN, March 6, 1892.

Dr. and Mrs. Kephart, Dayton, Ohio.

DEAR FRIENDS: I know from experience that words of sympathy and consolation are very thankfully and gladly received from friends in time of bereavement. But I must confess to

you that in your present sorrow and bereavement caused by the death of your loving daughter and my dear friend and sister, I with you need words of comfort and sympathy.

I cannot tell you how lost I feel to know I shall no more see my Sister Belle in this world. I have wept with you, and still I weep, so great is my grief. Yet, thanks to God who called her from us, we weep not as those without hope and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Those favorite passages of Scripture she loved I have often heard her repeat in our Y. W. C. A. at Westfield.

I rejoice to know she lived a devoted Christian and now is at rest with our Father in heaven. Let us cheer up and strive to make our short lives useful in the Master's service. Soon we will meet Belle, and then our sorrow too will be over. We both most heartily sympathize with you and will remember you in our feeble petitions.

We extend to you a very urgent invitation to make us a visit some time next summer. Can you? With much love we are

Your true friends,
ED AND EMMA OWEN.

MAYSVILLE, ILLINOIS, March 9, 1892.

Rev. I. L. Kephart and Wife, Dayton, Ohio.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: You have our sympathies in your sad bereavement; you shall have our prayers for God's grace to sustain you in this severe affliction of the death of your affectionate and accomplished daughter. The class in which she graduated will miss her. When I heard of her call to the better land, I could hardly believe that one so well prepared for the duties of life should be called so soon. May you be aided to bear your bereavement by the thought of a bright reunion in the land without sorrow.

Yours in His name,
[REV.] H. D. AND A. E. KOSHT.

NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS, March 21, 1892.

Dr. and Mrs. Kephart.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: My heart was made very sad indeed Saturday evening last by hearing the sad news of Belle's death. When I look at these words as I have written them, I can scarcely yet believe it is true. Mayme Swickard wrote me that she was very sick, but I received a letter from Miss Barnes shortly afterward saying she was improving; and I had heard

no more till I was shocked by the word that she was no more of earth. Now, my dear friends, I hope you will pardon any attempt I make to say anything comforting to you. I felt that I must write a few words. During our stay at the hall in Westfield together, I learned to love Belle very much, and often and often since have I thought of her and wished I could see her. In society she was one of my girl friends that I counted on every time. In the prayer meeting she was often a source of great comfort to me. And to-night, while the bitter tears fall from my eyes to think that "one so lovely should have a life so brief," I am comforted, and hope you may be, with the thought that Belle is far happier than any of us left behind. Oh, the ties that are binding us to the heavenly land! One by one they leave us, and I feel that I must try harder than ever to gain an entrance into that beautiful city where so many loved ones are waiting for us. I have lost so many dear friends, but I believe that it is all for the best. Since I heard of Belle's death, I cannot help saying, "Why is it that she should be taken from her parents and friends, who love her so much, while others are left who seem to be of no use to themselves or anyone else?" But God tells us that we know not now, but we shall "know hereafter." I wish I could see you and mingle my tears with yours. We can't help but weep, even while we know that it is all for the best.

Dear Mrs. Kephart, I have thought of you almost constantly since hearing the sad news. I know how your heart aches, and my prayer for you both is that God may be very near you in this time of trouble, and comfort you as he alone can. You may rest assured that you have the sympathy of many, and among the number is

Your sincere friend,

EMMA L. HUGHES.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, March 27, 1892.

Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Kephart.

FRIENDS: I have been wanting to write to you for some time to express my sympathy for you in the loss of your daughter and my friend, but I have hesitated only because I feared that I would be unable to convey to your sorrowing hearts my own feeling and sympathies. I tried to lay it all at the Master's feet and say, "Thy will be done." I held you up to his throne of grace and prayed that he would comfort you. And as I write now I ask him that what I say may convey his blessing. Her brave and noble spirit had a struggle for its freedom, but it is quite a con-

solation to know that it will never feel pain again. She has gone to a land for which she was better adapted than this. Please accept my sincere sympathy, and may God repay you for this grief manifoldly in the richness of his grace in your work.

Very truly yours,

JAS. A. BARNES.

FROM OTHER FRIENDS.

EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA, February 23, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER I. L.: I have just received a telegram from Susie informing me of the death of dear Belle. You cannot imagine how the message surprised me. I was under the impression that she was recovering, although May stated in one of her letters that you had fears that Belle would not recover. I am here at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, and cannot make a train that would carry me to Dayton in time for the funeral. The best I could do would not bring me to Dayton before to-morrow evening. And in view of the fact that I am engaged to lecture here to-night, and have to open the Pennsylvania Conference at York, Pennsylvania, at 2:00 P.M. on to-morrow, I have concluded not to come, but write to you. Had I only been at Johnstown, I would have come at once.

I know, dear brother, this will be a new experience to you and Mollie. It is what Susie and I have twice experienced, when we laid our two little boys away in the grave. But it is the lot of man, and dear Belle will have plenty of friends and relatives on the other side. She will not be lonely, nor will it be long until we all will join her on the other side. She was a good and beautiful girl,—just such as the great God needs in his kingdom on the other side. Let the message you have so often delivered to others in like circumstances now comfort and encourage yourself. Tell Mollie not to mourn as one without hope, for all is well with Belle.

Truly yours,

[BISHOP] E. B. KEPHART.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, February 24, 1892.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I do wish that I could be with you to cheer you up, but the next best thing will be for you to come to St. Louis and pay us a visit as soon as practicable.

Write to me, mother, when you get able. I trust that you and father will bear up and look upon the bright side. If I can send you anything you need from here, let me know without fail.

Your loving son,

HORACE.

DAYTON, OHIO, February 23, 1892.

MY DEAR MRS. KEPHART: You have our heartfelt sympathy in this hour that has come upon you. If we could only say one comforting word; but words are so meaningless to express a world of sympathy.

MRS. G. E. MILLER.

LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA, February 24, 1892.

Rev. I. L. Kephart.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter containing the sad news of Belle's death just received. We had hoped that she was recovering. Be assured you have our sincere sympathy in this sad affliction. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." May the Lord bless you and Mollie and Horace, that even this affliction may be but a means of grace to bring God and heaven nearer your hearts.

Yours,

[REV.] C. J. KEPHART.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, February 24, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: Though I have remained silent so far as words express thoughts, yet under the rubbish of my uncouth nature lie pleasant remembrances of our pleasant toils together in our educational Church work. This evening, listening to the tolling of the college bell, while inquiring in mind who of our town had flown away, Irme came in with the sad news that your daughter Belle was no more with you, and it called up all the slumbering brotherly friendship of the past, carrying our thoughts back to other years, when the messenger Death came three times to our home, and at each visit took our darling babe,—girls of sixteen months,—leaving shadows of earthly sorrow all about us. We can, through these experiences, realize how sad your hearts are at the loss of your only daughter, grown, educated, with seemingly a bright future before her, filling with hope your hearts while gazing prospectively to the future. We can only say we are thinking of and praying for you. God sustained us, for though from a human standpoint all was dark, we looked up through our tears and could from the depths of our hearts say, "Though thou slay us, yet we will trust thee." Our God looked in pity and sustained us, and that same God is by your side, and by his grace will enable you both to say, "Though she cannot come to us, we can go to her," and with

him who called her to a pure and unspotted world, reunite to praise his name.

With feelings of deepest sympathy, we remain
Your friends,

[REV.] J. F. MOORE.
M. A. MOORE.

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, February 24, 1892.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. KEPHART: I received the sad, sad news of Belle's death this morning. I cannot fully realize it yet. I was overwhelmed with grief. I have truly lost my best, sweetest, and truest friend. It seems so very hard to me that I missed the only opportunity that ever presented itself of seeing the dear girl since her return from California. Could I have looked into the future—but God knows best. We would all have been heart-broken before it was necessary. There is a time when sympathy seems small and comfort far away. But with you it seems different. You have the comfort of your religion, your hopes of meeting Belle in a far better, brighter place. We none of us know the particulars about her disease or death, and when you find leisure it would be a great kindness if you would tell us all about it. There is no convenience in this small place for ordering flowers, but I telegraphed to papa to Reading to send some flowers. I should like for her to have a little token of my love and esteem. It is the last thing that can be done. I have a great favor to ask of you. You showed me a picture you had of Belle when you passed through here some time ago. I should like so much to have one like it. I have nothing of her but those that were taken when she was younger.

Mama and Amanda both send their love and sympathy and feel so very sorry over your affliction. Please accept my love. I think there can be no one that can sympathize with you like I can.

Lovingly yours,
AUGUSTA DOYLE.

CASCADILLE, ITHACA, NEW YORK, February 24, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. KEPHART: The sad news of Belle's death came to us yesterday by a telegram from Horace. We had all hoped for a favorable turn in her sickness and are deeply pained at the sad result. Our deepest sympathy goes out to you and your family. With the kindest regards, I am

Yours very truly,
HORACE MACK.

LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA, February 25, 1892.

Rev. I. L. Kephart, D.D.

DEAR BROTHER: It is with profound sorrow that I learn of the death of your dear and only daughter, Lizzie Belle. To-day one year ago I was called to mourn the loss of a dear wife, and I know something of the deep sadness that comes to the heart when we are called upon to bear from our homes the forms of loved ones; but I am glad to be able to say to you that I also know the Christ you serve, and the gospel you preach, will sustain you in this perhaps the darkest period of your life.

It is especially sad to part with our loved ones in the morning of their lives. In our human way of viewing things we see long life before them, in which they may be able to do much good. But God does not make any mistakes, and "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Yes, verily. He may lead us under dark clouds and over rough and rugged ways, ways that are difficult to travel; but if we love the Lord and place our trust in him, all these dark clouds and rough ways shall work for our eternal good. Your heart will often ache because of the void her removal leaves, but our God who wounds can also heal. Take your sorrows to the sympathizing Jesus; he can all your sorrows heal. He will strengthen, he will uphold you, and bring you off more than conqueror at last.

Please express to Mrs. Kephart and to your son Horace our tenderest sympathy, and accept these feeble words from one who mourns with you.

Very truly yours,
G. B. MARQUART.

LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA, February 25, 1892.

DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER KEPHART: We deeply sympathize with you in your sad bereavement, and would mingle our tears with yours for the dearly loved one gone from you. We were all shocked to hear the sad news of her death. Oh, how hard to part with those we so much love. I pray that the Comforter may come to your hearts and speak sweet words of peace and hope, for I know that you sorrow not as those who have no hope; for she whom you mourn knew the Savior as her Redeemer in her early childhood, and she has only gone a little while before. You will meet her again when all the trials and disappointments of this life are over. May the Father of love sustain you both in this your sad bereavement, is my prayer.

Lovingly yours,
MRS. M. A. MCFARLAN.

LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA, February 25, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: I would add a few lines to what Mrs. McFarlan has written, and would say that only in the last five years have I truly learned that this world is a world of woe. We have not lately had to part with any of our loved ones, but the everyday trials of life seem to grow harder and harder as we grow older. But God, who knows best, gives us all grace to bear all trials if we but trust in him. My prayer is that God may strengthen you both to bear the sad bereavement with Christian fortitude, and that we may all have an abundant entrance into heaven, where we need part no more.

My sincere sympathy for you both. G. P. MCFARLAN.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, February 25, 1892.

Dr. and Mrs. Kephart.

DEAR BEREAVED SOULS: My heart goes out in sympathy for you in this your sad bereavement. Yesterday near two o'clock the college bell tolled, and when I was informed that it was for your dear daughter Belle, my very being was shocked. I cannot realize that it is so. I attended our afternoon meeting, and sadness was depicted on every face. Many were the words of heartfelt sympathy for you. I am sure it will be sad news for Emma. She loved your child truly and dearly. Only a couple of months ago she was speaking of her correspondents, and said she could not hold them all as she used to, and keep house, but remarked, "There is dear little Belle Kephart; I can never give her up. Her letters are so full of cheer and such a comfort to me in my far-away home." Little did she think then that she would have to give her up in this way.

Mrs. Kephart, when I remember how your life was bound up in your dear child, I can only invoke God's tender pity and comfort, that you may be able to bear the heavy stroke. May his love and grace sustain you both, is my sincere and earnest prayer.

Yours in love and sympathy,
MRS. S. A. WALTRIP.

CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, February 25, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: From a letter just received from Brother Booth I learn of your sad bereavement in the death of your only daughter. How mysterious and unsearchable are often the ways of an overruling Providence. But how

sure we may be that he is doing all things right and for the best. One less to hold you to earth, one more in heaven to draw you thitherward. I have heard her spoken of as an amiable, intelligent, Christian young lady. So she has only left the home on earth for the home in heaven. You cannot, you would not I trust, wish her back again, but you can go to her. What trials, what sorrows, what dangers, she has escaped by being thus taken away in early life. May a kind Father in heaven grant you both sufficient grace for your great affliction, and make this with all other things work together for your good.

As ever yours, [BISHOP] J. DICKSON.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, February 25, 1892.

Rev. J. L. Kephart.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yesterday I received the sad news of your loss of a precious daughter, and I felt that I must write to you and express my sympathy; and I would say that I have heard expressions of sympathy on every hand for you in this sore trial. You know in whom to trust and from whom you may receive such comfort as no earthly friends can give.

I once said to a mother in the loss of her boy, "Would you not give the best you had to a dear friend who comes to visit you? Would you not set out the best chair? Would you not give the best and be willing to take the poorest? Thus you would deal with loved ones here. Would you not prefer that he go and dwell with Jesus and you stay and battle with sin here, or would you want him to stay in this world and let you go? Or would you refuse to let him go and be with Jesus, and have him remain to share your toils and sorrow? Would this not be selfish?" She answered me by saying, "I see how I might be selfish. I see how much better it is for him. I see how I should wish those I love dearly the best, and what God declares is best is best, and I will bide the time when I can go and be with him."

Thus I would say to you. While it is sad to part, yet when the parting means a happier meeting, we should not so deeply regret it. We should not weep for those who have gone to live with Jesus. We should weep for ourselves. But in the midst of all this I know I am not able to sympathize fully. We can only know some things as we experience them. This is one of them. Yet there is an answer in my heart to the cry of sorrow in yours. May the Lord Jesus bless you and comfort you in this great sorrow. [REV.] A. A. ARMEN.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, February 25, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER: We are all sorry to hear the sad news from Dayton. No sooner had your note to Mayme Swickard been made known on Wednesday than the old bell, to whose loud ring the feet of your Belle so often stepped, sounded the sad news of her death. I am so glad of your confidence in Him who doeth all things well. It seems so strange to us sometimes that one so well fitted to live so long and well should die, but we are sure that one well fitted for life here is also well fitted for the beyond. You may be sure that we all join in sympathy for you in this sad trial.

Yours in hope of immortality,
[REV.] T. D. SPYKER.

ADELINE, ILLINOIS, February 25, 1892.

MY DEAR BROTHER KEPHART AND WIFE: It was a fearful shock to us when our dear boy sent us a telegram Tuesday bearing the sad intelligence of your dear daughter's death. Emma wept as if her heart would break. She had formed such an attachment to your daughter when she was at your house on a visit this winter. May Almighty God sustain you all in this awful hour.

Truly yours, S. J. GRAHAM.

STILLMAN VALLEY, ILLINOIS, February 25, 1892.

Rev. and Mrs. Kephart.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: This morning I learned of your bereavement in the calling home of your only daughter. From note in *Telescope* I had hoped you might be spared this sorrow. You have my sympathy and prayers. I am sure the grace of the gospel you have so long held out to others when mourning dear ones, will sustain you in this hour of sore trial. We need not mourn for the dear ones gone before, but for our own sorrow and disappointed hopes.

Truly,
[REV.] NELLIE C. ROBERTSON.

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, February 25, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND WIFE: Bishop has informed me of the death of Belle. I can hardly realize it. Is it possible that she is gone? God doeth all things well. The Lord bless and sustain you in your affliction.

Yours, W. A. DICKSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, February 26, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN BEREAVEMENT: May the great God and merciful Savior comfort you now. Dear friend, I was shocked to-day as I learned the distressing news that Lizzie, the sweet child we knew so well and loved so much, was dead.

My dear brother, words cannot express my feelings, — my sorrow at learning this sad news. I would like to go and sit by you in silence, and feel with you the solemn sorrow which you feel. She was so young, so wise, so promising; and now she is cut down as a flower, and we shall see her here no more. Dear brother, I can say nothing sufficiently worthy of you, sufficiently worthy of her. I can only feel and think. I can only think now of Him in whom you have believed, in whom you trust, Him whom you serve. I am now so forcibly impressed with the manner in which you have so often spoken to me of your longing for your "heavenly home." Dear brother, you did not think, I did not expect, that Lizzie would be there to receive you. Dear Kephart, heaven is always becoming more attractive. It will be more attractive now than ever, since—

"A dear one has gone to the mansions above;
There's a light in the window for thee,"

saying,

"Come this way, father dear;
Steer straight for me;
Here safely in heaven
I'm waiting for thee."

Dear Kephart, I know nothing of the particulars of Lizzie's death,—only the fact in a telegram sent by Augusta to Reading and forwarded to me at this place. She did not know my exact whereabouts. I am very anxious to learn the particulars. When you can, when you feel able, tell me, my dear brother, how this happened.

And now may the God of all consolation, who brought life and immortality to light by the resurrection of Jesus Christ his Son from the dead, comfort you and your companion in this hour of trial. Be sure your heavenly Father feels with you and knows how you feel, for he saw his own Son die; therefore he is touched with the feelings of your suffering. In love and deep sorrow I am, my dear friends,

Your brother in hope of immortality,

[REV.] M. P. DOYLE.

SHUEYVILLE, IOWA, February 26, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: Your letter bearing the sad intelligence of the death of your daughter came to hand yesterday. We can fully sympathize with you in this hour of your bereavement, for we know what it is to part with loved ones. But we have this hope, that if we are faithful unto the end we will meet them again "beyond the river." May God, who only "wounds to heal," bind up the broken hearts, and keep you by his grace faithful unto the end. Your sympathizing brother,
J. H. KEPHART.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, February 26, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: We desire by this means to express to you our sympathy in this sad bereavement that has come to your home and your hearts in the removal of your dear daughter from your embraces. We are glad to know that you sorrow not as those that have no hope. Our prayer is that the good Master may sustain you in this deep trial. Your brother and sister in the Lord,
[REV.] W. C. AND S. A. SMITH.

HOMER CITY, PENNSYLVANIA, February 27, 1892.

DEAR NIECE: My heart bleeds for you in your great sorrow. But try to be composed. The Lord knows it is hard to part with our loved ones, but his ways are not our ways. His will must be done. I can truly sympathize with you, for I know what it is to have my loved ones taken from me by death. I am glad you are coming to see me. Then we can talk over this strange, afflicting providence. Hoping to see you soon, I remain in great sympathy Your aunt,
ELIZABETH DOUGHERTY.

SHUEYVILLE, IOWA, February 28, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I scarcely know what to say,— we were so shocked to hear of your sad bereavement; nor can I tell you how deeply we sympathize with you. Well do we know how deeply you mourn the loss of one so young and so dear to your hearts. We know by experience what it is to lay our dear ones away to rest, to see them no more till we are called home. I have often thought, since we laid Emma away, that I am thankful she is not the sufferer. So it is in your case. Though you mourn the loss, 'tis her gain. Lizzie has always been a Christian. The good Lord knows what is

best for us all. She has gone from a world of sorrow to one of joy. I pray God to comfort your hearts. We would like very much to be with you if it were possible.

Your sister,

MARY CROWELL.

SHUEYVILLE, IOWA, February 28, 1892.

Rev. I. L. and Mary E. Kephart.

DEAR FRIENDS: It is with sadness that we hear of your bereavement, but so it is in this world. God rules in all things. His ways are often mysterious to us, but it will all be plain and approved in the future. May his grace sustain you.

Your brother,

[REV.] A. CROWELL.

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, February 28, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIEND I. L. KEPHART: Bishop Kephart and wife have just informed me of your great loss in the death of your beloved daughter, and I feel almost as if the angel of death that brought the summons to your house had made a mistake in the delivery of the sad message. But your daughter Belle is not dead; she has only *departed* to another sphere. If your son had been appointed to represent our country at the court of St. James, you might feel honored; so should you feel honored that your daughter has been chosen to represent your family in the court of heaven. May it not prove a blessing to you and your family that there is such a bond of union between you and that brighter world? Just think of her as one gone before, interceding as it were for you, and waiting to welcome home to the King's house *her dearest friends*.

Mrs. Crider and the girls join me in much love and sympathy for yourself and Mrs. K.

Your friend and brother,

H. M. CRIDER.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, February 28, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: On last Wednesday eve when the sad news reached me of the death of your dear daughter, my heart was overwhelmed; I thought, Could it be possible that the dear girl was gone? I would love to see you, but as I cannot be with you I felt that I must write a few lines to express my deep sympathy for you in this your sore bereavement. But you sorrow not as those who have no

hope. What a blessed comfort that she lived a Christian life, and when the Master called she could die the Christian's death. With pleasant memory I look back to the time of her short stay with us, two years ago the coming spring. [She boarded with "Auntie Smith" the spring of 1890.] How pleasant was that association! how much we enjoyed her stay with us! Daily she and Ed McMurtrie sat at the same (our) table. How little I then thought that so soon they would both be called home; but they are now safely housed in that eternal rest.

I cannot express to you how much I thought of Belle. My poor heart feels sorely afflicted with the thought that I can see her on earth no more, and while I drop a sympathizing tear my humble prayer is that the blessed Master may sustain you both, knowing that your loss is her eternal gain.

Yours in Christian love,

SARAH A. SMITH.

WESTFIELD, ILLINOIS, March 1, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: Knowing something of your extreme sadness, we would be recreant to Christian duty to be silent. But we are conscious that no words of ours can give your grief-stricken hearts relief in this your saddest hour. Your tender, loving, accomplished Christian daughter was too good for earth, and God took her to higher, nobler society, and only spoke a word to you about it. That word was, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Thank God for this hope of knowing more about the dark providences of God hereafter, for they are wholly dark and unreadable on this side of the dark shadow.

This we know: Sister Belle was a human being, therefore did err. But as a family, we must say we saw no fault in her; and in her death, so unexpected to us, we mingle our tears with yours, and pray that God's grace may sustain you until you meet that bright, sweet spirit above, where there are no heartaches.

[REV.] S. AND SARAH A. MILLS.

CROFT, PENNSYLVANIA, March 1, 1892.

DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER: It is very sad to think I never can see dear Belle again in this world; but blessed be the Lord, we can go to her. She is happy, free from pain and death, and by and by we will greet her one by one over there. Oh, will it not be a happy time when we all meet in heaven?

Dear sister, it is certainly hard to part with dear Belle, but you need not weep as some weep. She is at rest and is now a tie in heaven to bind us closer to God. She is waiting to greet us, and it will be only a little while until we will go to her. I shall never forget the prayer she offered up at my bedside when she and you visited me. I cannot write; tears fill my eyes. You will miss her so much, but your loss is her gain. She is reaping her reward in heaven. It seems hard to part with her, but God knows, and he does all things for the best, and we say, "Thy will be done." Now, dear sister, cheer up; she is at rest and has doubtless escaped much trouble. It is all for the best. We all have to die, and it will not be long till we must be laid away in our last resting place. God help us so to live that we may be as ready to die in peace as was dear Belle, and may meet her in heaven. You both have my prayers and sympathy.

Your sister, KATE DICK.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, March 2, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart, Editor Religious Telescope, Dayton, Ohio.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I am pained to read in the *Telescope* this morning of the death of your beloved daughter. You and your wife have my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of sore bereavement. I can only pray the blessing of heaven upon you.

In tender sympathy,

[PREST.] T. J. SANDERS.

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK, March 2, 1892.

The Rev. I. L. Kephart, D.D.

DEAR BROTHER: I was very much pleased to receive your letter to-day, and yet the pleasure was mingled with sorrow. My deepest sympathy is given you in your present bereavement. It is hard to understand, even by those of us who are trying to live very near to God, why it is that such a sweet young life as your daughter's should be taken. Yesterday I took part in the funeral services of a beautiful girl, the brightest member of her class in our high school, and she is the seventh child that God has taken from those Christian parents; and yet they have not murmured, believing that God does not willingly grieve his children. It is with thankful hearts and submissive wills that we feel that God is the Father of all mercies, and Christ indeed is the Lover of our souls, and the Holy Spirit is our Comforter.

[REV.] WILLIAM H. KEPHART.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart.

DEAR BROTHER: Until the *Telescope* came ten moments ago, I did not know of your daughter's illness, much less of her death and your sad bereavement. I wish I could say something to soften the sorrow that has fallen upon you. But I can only say—what others have said to you, no doubt—that these experiences are providential, and that all things, including your present unspeakable sorrow, shall work together for your good. May God comfort you and yours.

Very sympathetically yours.

[REV.] C. I. B. BRANE.

ALEXIS, ILLINOIS, March 3, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart, Dayton, Ohio.

DEAR BROTHER: We have learned of your very sore bereavement and want to assure you and yours of our warmest and tenderest sympathies.

We would gladly say something that would lighten this stroke that has fallen so heavily upon you, but how empty are our words. How little in anything that we can say to lighten the heart's sorrow. But these precious words, which have no doubt come to you again and again, do bring comfort: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints"; and again, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." This word is precious: "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies." Truly your loss is great, and the world's as well; but the loved one gone and heaven have gained. Yours with feelings of tenderest sympathy,

[REV.] M. R. BAER.

ST. LAWRENCE, SOUTH DAKOTA, March 4, 1892.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: How deeply we feel your great loss. It was only last evening that I heard of Belle's death, and oh, how sorry I am for you, and how glad I would be if I could say one word to help you bear your sorrow. Your hearts must be almost broken. But we know that God alone can heal the broken heart; and by the statement I read of her death we know that she is safe in the arms of Jesus. This, of course, is a great comfort, but still it does not fill the vacant chair. Believe me, my dear brother and sister, that you have my deepest sympathy in this your great

sorrow. I had not heard of Belle's sickness until I heard of her death. It gave me a great shock and reminded me that death is certain to us all. How I should like to see you. But this life is so uncertain that I fear we may never meet again. If we should not, pray for me that I may meet you in heaven.

Ida and Susie join in sending love and sympathy to you and Mollie. Hoping you are all well and that God's grace will be sufficient for all your troubles, I am as ever

Your loving sister,

BELLE [MRS. L. A. JEFFRIES].

DENVER, COLORADO, March 4, 1892.

Rev. I. L. Kephart.

EVER ESTEEMED EDITOR: My wife and self join in deep sympathy with you in your very sad bereavement in the death of your loved daughter, and our prayer is that God's grace may be richly multiplied in this your time of sadness.

[REV.] A. SCHWIMLEY.

WOODBIDGE, CALIFORNIA, March 6, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart and Wife.

DEAR FRIENDS: We were pained this day on receiving th *Telescope* to learn of the death of your dear daughter Lizzie Belle. As friends we desire to express to you our deepest, heart-felt sympathy in this the dark hour of your bereavement. As the ties on earth are breaking, we have assurance they are gathering on the other shore. Thus do we lay up our dearest treasures in heaven. We think of Lizzie as the bright, pleasing girl just entering her teens. How often do we recall to memory those pleasant hours spent around our fireside with both of you and Lizzie. We had hoped we might all be spared to meet again and live some of those pleasant social hours over; but one loving heart, one life of much promise, has gone. Who will be next our heavenly Father only knows. What a great consolation to know Lizzie was a follower of the blessed Master. He will sustain and keep you through this dark hour of trial and sore affliction.

Your sincere friends,

MR. AND MRS. PROF. E. H. RIDENOUR.

STILLWATER, MINNESOTA, March 6, 1892.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT: We have just heard of your sad bereavement, and hasten to express our deep sympathy and

pain of heart. We cannot always understand God's way, yet we know that "he doeth all things well."

Yours truly,

[REV.] J. H. AND ELLA ALBERT.

ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA, March 6, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart.

DEAR FRIEND: I received the *Telescope* this afternoon. It is with unexpressible sorrow that I read of the death of my *dear friend* Belle. I say "dear" because she was as near and dear to me as anyone I ever knew. I cannot realize that she is gone; and how I *will miss her* as a *correspondent*. I was thinking this morning that I must write to dear Belle this afternoon, and only a few hours later I received the news of her death. I fully intended to write to her ere this, but kept putting it off till I could find time to write a long, jolly letter (as you requested); and now, much to my sorrow, I put it off too long. Nevermore will I have the pleasure of reading her letters or writing to her. I have kept all the letters she wrote to me since she left Woodbridge. I will look the pack over soon, and see how many I have. She promised me one of her late pictures, and if you have one to spare, I would be so glad to get it.

We extend to you all our sympathy and prayers in the loss of a darling daughter and sister. Belle and I have had many a jolly day together, and I know she has friends in Dayton who will mourn the loss of a dear friend. Please give my love and sympathy to Mrs. K.

JENNIE L. PALMER.

ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA, March 6, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER I. L. KEPHART AND FAMILY: It is with a sorrowful heart that I try to write to you at this time. I write through tears. Jennie came in a few minutes ago where I was sitting and told me of the death of Belle Kephart. I hardly knew what to think for a few moments. Then I think I said, "Dear, dear, isn't that terrible?" And to us poor humans it is. But God moves in a mysterious way. For me to say that I sympathize with you, does not express it. Still I can almost tell your feelings, for we have passed through almost a similar bereavement. Anna seemed the stay of our family. In Belle you have lost your only daughter, and the light of your home. How lonely, how sad! It almost breaks my

heart at times. Human language falls powerless in such cases. Christ is our only consolation. Belle has gone to glory with Anna. 'Tis a great comfort when they die with a Christian's fortitude. Let us try to meet them in heaven. I think the day I received your last letter I received a notice of the death of one of my brothers. He was a preacher in Missouri. They are passing along to join the one hundred and forty and four thousand, to sing the new song. My wife says you have her deepest sympathy. It takes a long time for these wounds to heal partially, and they are easily torn open. May the Lord bless you and keep you faithful, is the prayer of

Your old friend and brother,

GEO. M. PALMER.

CHURCHVILLE, VIRGINIA, March 7, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: I see in the *Tele-scope* that your daughter has passed away. I know that you will be surprised at receiving these lines, but I have had the same trial. A daughter just budding into womanhood was taken from me. It has been five years since she left us. She was a Christian too, which is such a comfort. What changes have been wrought since 1859, when we were at Otterbein University. I deeply sympathize with you and your wife in your bereavement. I know full well how hard it is to say, "Thy will be done." It takes great faith and many prayers.

Excuse this note, but I feel that I can sympathize with you and family as one who has passed under the rod.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. KATE SHUEY HANGER.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS, March 8, 1892.

Rev. I. L. and Mrs. Kephart.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN CHRIST: Permit me in behalf of myself and family, in this hour of deep sorrow, to offer a few words of condolence. The lapse of time has not been so long since we had a similar experience that the news of your dear daughter's death would not cause us to feel afresh our loneliness. When I heard of her departure, I could but think of her on graduation day as she stood a noble, graceful woman, — a daughter of whom you might well feel proud; and then there came pressing hard after this that other thought of the labor and expense you had been to, and the interest she

manifested, in developing the intellect, and now after all this toil and anxiety, just as she was ready to make use of these developed faculties in this earth life, she went away not to return again.

After looking at the gloomy side of the picture, I turned to the other side and remembered that she had consecrated all these noble qualifications, both natural and acquired, to God, and I could but believe that these placed her in an advanced state of enjoyment in the spirit world. Now, my brother and sister, may the rich experience of divine grace in the past enable you to take hold with a firmer grasp on the blessed promises, and in the midst of tears look and see painted upon this dark, mysterious background the grandest achievement thus far of your life. We now extend to you our sympathies, and will offer for you our petitions that a kind heavenly Father may, by the influence of his Spirit, comfort your hearts.

Yours in true Christian friendship,
[REV.] J. A. F. KING.

WOODBIDGE, CALIFORNIA, March 9, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: The *Telescope* of this last mail made our hearts sad when we read of the death of your beloved daughter. Our hearts turn to you with profoundest sympathy. I know what it is to bury a darling child. Only God and those who have passed that way know the depth of the soul's sorrow. This life is full of unfathomable mysteries. To us all, one by one, comes the end of all of earth; it must be the Father who determines who is to go first. Soon we will all be over yonder. Down in the valley where you have been and even now are, there are often great conflicts of doubt and inquiries for greater light and certainty. Faith in Christ is the only antidote. There must be something better for us in the land beyond. But no words I could write would, or could, help you. God only can comfort you. You have many, many causes for gratitude and joy in the life of the dear one you now have in heaven. These will come back to you in other years. Her influence and power over your lives may be greater from her place in the skies than they could have been, had she remained with you. But I can only offer in Jesus' name our tenderest sympathy. In this Mrs. Hott and my girls heartily join with me. May the Lord bless and comfort you.

Your brother,
[BISHOP] J. W. HOTT.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, March 9, 1892.

Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Kephart.

DEAR FRIENDS: We wish to bear you a word of sympathy in the great sorrow which has come upon you in the loss of your daughter. We do not know the intensity of your grief, for we never experienced a similar affliction. But we can nevertheless appreciate something of the anguish of soul and of the heavy burden which you carry from day to day. But thank God, "as thy days, so shall thy strength be." May the arms of strength and tenderness support you.

With sympathy and love,

[REV.] MR. AND MRS. E. A. STARKEY.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, March 9, 1892.

DEAR DR. AND SISTER I. L. KEPHART: I have been much touched in reading of the affliction and death of your dear daughter, who, so full of promise, of usefulness, is taken from you as the hope of years in watching the gradual development of mind and heart is being realized. No words can picture the bereaved heart of a father and mother as they look upon the cold form so much loved in life (none the less in death). My heart has been torn as is yours, and I realize, as I know you will, the sufficiency of God's unbounded grace and love. I am glad we don't know of the future. God knows it for us, and the loving hand of the Father makes the way the best possible for his children. Mrs. Witt most heartily joins with me in heart sympathy.

Very truly your brother, B. F. WITT.

LISBON, IOWA, March 11, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER KEPHART: It was with sorrow of heart that we learned of your sad bereavement in the death of your only daughter. I deem it a privilege to drop a word of condolence. I well remember when you first came to Western College, and lived in one of the rooms of the boarding hall. I made you a pastoral visit, and had prayer with you. Lizzie Belle was but a child,—an interesting, hopeful little girl. Surely, "she came forth as a flower, and was soon cut down." In our hearts we mingle our tender sympathies with your stricken hearts, and pray God in your loneliness to bless all to your good. How cheering it is that you mourn not as they that have no hope, but are awaiting a bright, happy, and eternal reunion in heaven.

Your brother and companion in tribulation,

I. L. BUCHWALTER.

TOLEDO, IOWA, March 12, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: We all sympathize with you greatly. But such is life. How often we fancy some real pleasure that only ends in disappointment! But then we have one comfort, as I know you have. Our loved ones are only gone before, and it will not be long till we will join them on the other side of the river. Be faithful a little longer and it will be said, "It is enough; come home." I would like very much to see you. We all send love and sympathy to you.

Your sister, BARBARA ALBERT.

TOLEDO, IOWA, March 13, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER I. L. KEPHART: Pardon our delay in expressing our sympathy with you and Sister Kephart in the death of your daughter. We talked about it, but did not know of her decease until we saw the announcement in the *Telescope*, and the same paper, we think, stated that you had gone East; so we did not know where to address you. Accept our hearty expressions of sympathy. We watched the notices of her illness in the *Telescope* for several weeks with much solicitude. But now we trust your great anxiety is over and you are resigned and hopeful. The dear Lord give you grace and the comfort which he only can give in your sorrow.

Yours in Christ,

[REV.] M. S. AND E. DRURY.

BUCKHANNON, WEST VIRGINIA, March 14, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: I cannot express the sorrow of my heart when I realize that the little girl I knew so well in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, has, in the providence of God, been taken from her home and friends to her Father's home in heaven. And yet why should we grieve? She is not dead, but only gone a little sooner than we to receive the crown of righteousness which is her reward, and when we see her again she will no longer be the little girl we loved, but a radiant maiden clothed in celestial glory, "with all the beauty of the soul's expansion." It is hard for me to express my sympathy for you in this your affliction; words fail me. I can only say, let the memory of her sweet life be a beacon to guide you through the dark trials of life, and at last bring you safely to the home that is now her eternal abiding place. With love to you all, I remain

Yours in Christ, [REV.] GEO. A. DOYLE.

KEEDYSVILLE, MARYLAND, March 19, 1892.

Dr. Kephart.

DEAR BROTHER: You and yours have my sympathy and prayers in your sad bereavement. How happy you will be when you meet your sainted daughter where people and pleasures never die. May the dear Savior ever be precious to you.

Yours in the fond hope of life eternal,

A. M. EVERS.

[From Mrs. Kephart's uncle, a professor in the Iowa Wesleyan University.]

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA, March 25, 1892.

Dr. I. L. Kephart.

MY DEAR SIR: Upon my return from Des Moines I was startled by reading the account of the death of your daughter Lizzie, as found in the *Telescope*. Having buried two of my own children, I know how to sympathize with you in this bereavement. I know how you and Mollie must suffer, especially as Lizzie was your only daughter. I remember well the report of the exercises of the commencement in which she acquitted herself so well. The very fact that her life was so promising makes the affliction all the more severe. The hope of a future life and a reunion in the better world is the only solace we have in such an hour of trial. I hope and pray that you both may be able to submit to a providence so mysterious.

C. M. GRUMBLING.

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, April 10, 1892.

DEAR MR. KEPHART: I received the photograph of dear Lizzie Belle, accompanied by your very kind letter. Her lovely likeness affected me both pleasantly and very sorrowfully. O Mr. Kephart, I did love her so, and to give up the hope of ever seeing her dear face again in this world seems so dreadful to me. Please do not think me selfish in talking about my own feelings when I know the anguish that must exist in your own poor hearts. I do hope that in time you will both realize a peaceful calm. In reading over one of her loving notes the other day I met with these words: "If we never meet again in this world let us both try to meet each other in heaven." That is the only hope left to me now. I do pray that I may realize that happiness. I think I can never take my eyes off her picture. Oh, I do thank you for sending

it to me. It is such a source of happiness to me. She was so pretty: If she has saved my letters, and it would not be asking too much of you, would you please send them to me? Now, if this occasions you any trouble, do not take any notice of the request. About the ring I gave her, I wish you would keep it in memory of both Lizzie and myself, and of our great friendship for each other. I am very sorry that Mrs. Kephart is so miserable. I do hope that she will recover her strength soon. Please give her my love.

We are all delighted at the prospect of a visit from you. Mama says she longs to see you both so much, as we all do. We all look forward to your coming with great pleasure. Do not disappoint us. The folks all join with me in sending love to you and Mrs. Kephart.

Lovingly,

AUGUSTA DOYLE.

Graduating Address.

The following is her graduating address, delivered at Westfield College, June 12, 1890:

THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Material forms so combined as to express ennobling thought, constitute the beautiful.

Whether it be nature or art, to the degree that a scene or an object reflects elevated ideals, to that degree does it possess beauty, to that degree does it captivate and delight us. That the beautiful is a mighty force is admitted; that it has a mission is a legitimate inference from the fact that it exists. God might have created the world destitute of attractive charms. Instead of the glens, dells, picturesque scenery, and the various tints harmoniously blended, the face of nature might have been made to present one vast unbroken plain, with neither mountain nor hilltop to refresh the eye.

The monarchs of the forest might have been made similar in every detail; every shrub and flower might wear the same somber hue. But thus formed, the world would spread out no feast for the eye, for variety, multiplicity, and diversity are the rule of beauty. The Master Artist recognized this fact. Hence the poet says:

“Who can paint like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creations, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears in every bud that blows?”

Think of the melodious tones that echo and reëcho from nature's orchestra of feathered songsters. The chirp of the robin, the warble of the bluebird, the oriole's whistle, the sparrow's chatter, and the mocking bird's roundelay, all combine to constitute variety and melody as beautiful as they are captivating.

Think of a glorious sunset! In the language of the poet,

"Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labor, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gloaming as through amber clouds
O'er all the western sky. Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs
Beyond the power of language will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart.
How lovely! How commanding!"

'Tis the beautiful that has touched his soul with her intoxicating joys. And turning heavenward, the eye sweeps across the blue vault, bedecked with myriads of silver stars sparkling like so many gems hung in space, and presenting the appearance of a vast canopy which love has spread to curtain her sleeping world. Why are we soothed and entranced by this scene? 'Tis the beautiful, ministering comfort and consolation to the soul. Who can intelligently gaze upon the grandeur of the mountains, the fertile valleys spread between the quiet hills, or the peerless loveliness of starry nights, without his mind being thrilled with a nameless longing to become more like the great Master who produced them?

'Tis thus the soul becomes symmetrical while feasting upon beauty. The mind's faculty for appreciating the beautiful is developed by a careful study of the masterpieces of nature and art, and the height to which races have or have not attained in

this direction largely marks the difference between the civilized and the savage.

The latter is held a prisoner in his barbaric state chiefly by his indifference to the cultivation of his æsthetic nature. He roams the forest and enjoys superior opportunities for observing nature in all her loveliness, but to her matchless beauty, everywhere spread out, he is blinded,—is as insensible as a rock; hence he remains a barbarian. For centuries has he gazed upon the mighty Niagara, the geysers and lakes of the Yellowstone, and the stupendous cliffs and waterfalls of the far famed Yosemite, oblivious of and indifferent to the overwhelming presence of the beautiful.

Not so with the cultured and intelligent. As oft as he gazes upon these masterpieces of nature's painting, in response to the spirit voice of the Master Artist a thrill of delight wells up in his soul and a new love is kindled for the Divine Author of all beauty.

The beautiful promotes intelligence. Grand natural scenery awakens thought in the beholder, and whatever inspires the mind to pursue profitable lines of thought develops mental strength hence our greatest orators and poets have always been students of nature.

Thus every art gallery, as well as all beautiful scenery, is an educator. For while art is only a province in the kingdom of the beautiful, yet it is one of the richest and most valuable. And in proportion as the masterpieces are studied, in the same proportion does the spiritual presence there manifested lift the soul of the appreciative admirer into the higher realms of profitable, ennobling thought. But as the masterpieces of art are the production of the finite, while those of nature are the production of the Infinite, so must the former, in fact and in educating force, ever be inferior to the latter. Therefore the masterpieces of nature should be visited and studied in preference to the productions of human genius.

An ancient sage has said: "In order to arrive at this higher beauty it is necessary to commence with the beauties of this lower world, and our eyes being fixed upon the supreme beauty, to elevate ourselves unceasingly toward it. What would be the destiny of a mortal to whom it should be granted to contemplate the beautiful without alloy in its purity and simplicity, no longer clothed with the flesh and hues of humanity and with all those vain charms that are condemned to perish,—to whom it should be granted to see face to face, under its sole form, the divine beauty?"

So the beautiful ministers to us in earth's schoolroom of labor, seeking to inspire us with higher ideals, nobler sentiments, finer sensibilities, angelic and godlike dispositions. By developing a thirst for, and a greater capacity to appreciate, the highest manifestations of the beautiful, it is only fitting us to recognize and enjoy the real and more glorious beauty of that eternal city whose walls are jasper, whose gates are pearl, whose streets are pure gold, and whose foundation and builder is God.

Though Gone, Thou'rt not Afar.

The following touchingly expressive lines were composed by her betrothed, Rev. J. G. Graham, a few days after the funeral. They indicate the depth of his sense of sorrow and bereavement.

Thou'rt gone, thou treasure of my heart;
'Tis sad to be alone,
Though thine is now the better part
Before our Father's throne.

Thine image sits enshrined in love
Within my troubled breast,—
The truest likeness of a dove,
So fair, so pure, so blest.

O Lizzie dear, my own true love,
Fond idol of my life,
Come down from thine estate above
And speak to naught this grief.

I have no strength to bear it well ;
Oh, come in angel guise,
Break thou the fetters of this spell,
And dry these tear-stained eyes.

Rule in my heart, a God-sent queen,
Control my spirit's power,
Till all remaining hopes are seen
Matured in life's last hour.

And then with life's last work all o'er,
I'll gladly cross the river,
And meet thee on that other shore
To be with thee forever.

Oh, how my heart now bleeds for thee,
The Lord in heaven knows ;
Oh, welcome, long eternity,
That ends all earthly woes.

The Soul's Throbbings.

The following lines have been composed since her death:

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Out of the grave of silence,
Wet with the rain of tears,
Cometh a voice to greet me,—
The voice of love to my ears,—

A voice that is not forgotten ;
Yet over the bridge of time
It comes like the far-off sweetness
Of a distant church bell's chime.

And I know, as I hear its accents
Fall on my ear to-day,
That the love of the past is constant
In the soul that has flown away.

And with it there comes a comfort
That soothes the aching breast ;
For Christ o'er death has triumphed,
And the dead in the Lord are blest.

And the voice breathes hope for the living ;
It whispers of joys to come,
Of loved meeting loved up in heaven,
When the Lord calls the laborers home.

THOSE SWEET BLACK EYES.

Do her bright eyes behold me still?
Those eyes so wont to beam on me,
Through which gleamed forth her soul's good will,—
Do they still fondly smile on me?

O bright black eyes, so kind, so true,
 How longs my heart to meet your gaze,
 Ouce more to feast my soul on you,
 As I have done in other days.

O cruel Death! how could you smite
 The luster from those lovely eyes?
 How could you thus our pleasure blight,
 And wring our hearts with grief and sighs?

But may we hope in years to come
 To see again those sweet black eyes?
 Yes; Christ has triumphed o'er the tomb,
 And we shall meet beyond the skies.

Enough! enough! I'll weep no more;
 This sad, sad life will soon be past;
 I'll see those eyes on Canaan's shore,
 And we shall be supremely blest.

TILL THEN, GOOD-BYE.

Thy mild, sweet presence sweeping through the room
 Surrounds me, and it seems that I can see
 Thy sweet, bright face, so wont to smile on me
 When thy pure life was in its youthful bloom.
 Yes, through my tears, my sorrow, and my gloom
 That presence, in its sweet serenity,
 Surrounds, encourages, and comforts me;
 It says to me, "My father, do not grieve;
 Through Christ I've fully triumphed o'er the grave."

O daughter dear, if I could see thy face,
 Could clasp thee gently once more to my breast
 And tell my love, I'd be supremely blest.
 But no, it cannot be in this sad world;
 Thy form is in the cold and silent grave,
 And thy pure soul in glorious splendor shines;
 In mansions pure the victor's wreath entwines
 Thy sainted brow, and thou dost sweetly rest,
 Forever saved, upon the Savior's breast.

So be it, then. Submissive to God's will
I bow. Nor would I question his decree,
Though now severe the chastisement to me;
Its wisdom, goodness, I some day shall see.
His Spirit whispers to me, "Peace, be still."
What I've committed to him he will keep;
Why should I, then, still mourn and sigh and weep?

The storms may howl, and high the waves may roll,
I'll trust to him the keeping of my soul,
Assured that some day, in his own good time,
He'll bring us safe to heaven's celestial clime.
Then there forever with our loved one blest,
Secure in him our weary souls shall rest,
And sing, while endless ages onward sweep,
Redemption's song, nor ever sigh nor weep.

So, darling daughter, for the time good-bye.
This separation wounds our hearts. We cry,
And through our blinding tears look up to thee,
A saint, immortal, glorified in heaven,
Blood-washed, redeemed, and sanctified, forgiven,
Awaiting there the joyful time to see
When we'll come shouting home to dwell with thee.

Till then, good-bye. 'Twill not be long; you'll wait
And in your angel robes at heaven's gate
Will meet us when the Savior brings us home.
Oh, then our happiness will know no bound;
Hosannas loud we'll shout, heaven's vaults resound
With songs victorious, while the world's Redeemer
Crowns us his heirs forever and forever.

OUR LOVED ONE IS GONE.

Death opened the door
And ushered her through
To mansions above,
Shut out from our view.

We look through our tears,
And patiently wait
The sweep of the years,
Till heaven's bright gate

Swings wide for us too ;
For there we shall meet
Our loved one so true,
And happily greet.

Oh, glorious hope!
Speed swiftly, ye years :
Let fall the death stroke ;
For it we've no fears.

For us as for her
It will open the door.
To mansions above
To sorrow no more.

SORROWING, BUT NOT WITHOUT HOPE.

Her body sleeps within the grave,
The dark-blue skies above her ;
She was too good and pure for earth,—
“None knew her but to love her.”

Her queenly form has faded now,
Her cheeks have lost their roses ;
Her guileless soul, so kind and pure,
In heaven now reposes.

From her pure lips the loving smile
Could not by death be driven ;
Sustained with hopes of future bliss
She passed from earth to heaven.

Her gentle voice no more we hear ;
Her heart has ceased its beating ;
Beyond the skies she sings the song
Of heaven's victorious greeting.

We clasped her hands upon her breast,
 We pressed her brow with kisses;
 O God, how sadly now we miss
 Her loving, fond caresses.

But time sweeps on, and soon we'll join
 Our darling saint in heaven;
 She'll greet us at the golden gate
 When we have filled life's mission.

Yes, God be praised, the Christian's hope
 Robs death of all its terror;
 It cheered our loved one as she crossed
 The dark and dismal river.

She heard the voice "Come unto me"
 Proclaimed by man's Redeemer;
 She trusted, loved, obeyed, her Lord,
 And lives with him forever.

We'll dry our tears and weep no more,
 But in anticipation
 Of meeting her beyond the skies,
 Rejoice in Christ's salvation.

DID WE BUT KNOW.

Did we but know while loved ones live
 Their sacred, precious worth,
 We would not wound by word or deed
 Their tender hearts, nor make them bleed,—
 Did we but know, did we but know.

Did we but know how deep the grief
 We'll suffer when they're gone,
 We'd be more careful while they're here
 To shield their hearts from pain and fear,—
 Did we but know, did we but know.

Did we but know how much we'll miss
 Our loved ones when they're gone,
 We'd prize their presence far more now,
 We'd press more kisses on their brow,—
 Did we but know, did we but know.

Did we but know the bliss divine
 To which they have attained,
 We'd mourn no more for loved ones dead;
 We'd sing triumphant songs instead,—
 Did we but know, did we but know.

Did we but know the songs they sing,—
 The saints 'mong whom they dwell,—
 We would not wish them back again,
 To suffer sorrow, grief, and pain,—
 Did we but know, did we but know.

Did we but know what 'tis to be
 "Forever with the Lord,"
 We'd gladly bid adieu to this
 Poor world to bask in heaven's bliss,—
 Did we but know, did we but know.

But time rolls on, and soon we'll be
 By death relieved from toil.
 Ah, then, through Christ, we'll sweep away
 To realms of bliss in endless day;
 And then we'll know, and then we'll know.

HER SMILES CHEERED US ON.

God be praised, we walked together
 Through a score of years and one;
 Through life's bright, life's stormy weather,
 Her sweet smiles but cheered us on.

God to us had only loaned her
 Graciously through all those years;
 Now that he from us has called her,
 Why should we not dry our tears?

True, our hearts are sad,—we miss her;
 Lonely is the home she blessed;
 But the courts of heaven are richer
 Since her sainted soul there rests.

Meekly, then, we'll bear our sorrow,
 Cheered that she's but gone before ;
 We will wait the glad to-morrow,
 Then we'll meet to part no more.

Thankful that she's gained a mansion
 High in heaven at God's right hand,
 We will wait the Master's summons,
 Then we'll join her sainted band.

Thankful that God loaned her to us
 To inspire a deeper love,
 Her sweet memory e'er will cheer us,
 And will lift our hearts above.

IF SHE'D COME.

A mother musing of her daughter dead,
 Now ten months absent in the heavenly home,—
 Her hand a prop on which she rests her head,—
 Thinks how with joy she'd greet her if she'd come.

Ten months ago God called,—she went away ;
 And now the mother wonders in her heart
 If "baby" longer cares for earthly joy
 Or thinks of those from whom she had to part.

Intent was she on gathering sheaves for Christ ;
 With zeal she gave herself her Lord to serve ;
 How would she now stand out among the first,
 Had life been lengthened, health preserved!

O mother, 'tis not strange you wish to know
 How, worker-like, she'd shine, had life been given ;
 But praise the Lord, she did not have to go
 Through long, long years of care and toil to heaven.

No, when at twenty-one, her Savior said,
 "Thy work is done, for crowning thou art meet ;
 Come home, cease toiling, and be not afraid ;
 The victory's won,—thy joy henceforth complete."

So, mother, dry your tears. Our daughter dear
 Has only gone before, since God said, "Come";
 She'll meet you at the gate—so do not fear—
 In shining robes, and bid you welcome home.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

The following beautiful lines, from the *Lamp of Life*, are inserted because, now that a year has elapsed since her death, they are so expressive of the feelings of her bereaved friends.

A year in heaven! Through tears that blur
 We question what that means to her,—
 To tread the courts saints long have trod,
 To live beneath the smile of God.
 Exempt from pain, grief, care, and fears,—
 No calendar to mark the years,—
 Counts not, as we do, months and days,
 But reckons all by love and praise.

What work engages there her powers?
 Is heaven's dialect like ours?
 Do inner thoughts to others reach
 Without the drudgery of speech?
 Sings she, ecstatic, with heaven's host,
 "Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost"?
 Service which here meant almost bliss
 Knows there no taint of weariness.
 In all her new life's gladsome ways
 She breathes in love and breathes out praise.

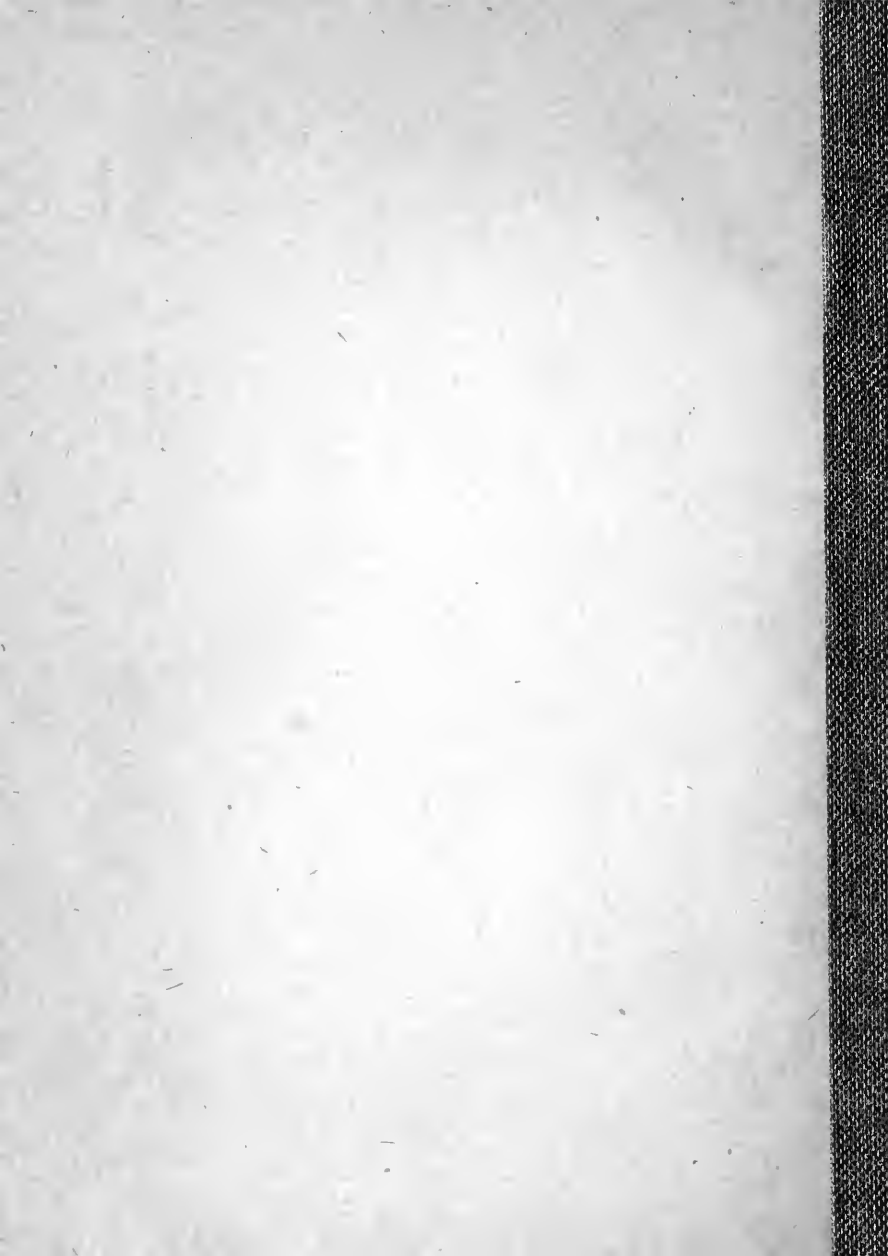
We call Death by the hardest names;
 Our aching heart his havoc blames;
 For this there's due to him respect,—
 He opens a door for the elect
 Into the sweetest place and blest,—
 Kingdom of grace and home of rest.
 Though dark earth's clouds and fierce its tide,
 Brightness is on the other side.

Love keeps the memory of her green,
Whatever drought outside is seen.
Her useful deeds can ne'er be hid;
We're moved to do by what she did.
Within her earthly dust there dwelt
A soul that pity oft would melt;
Compassion moved her for the woe
That sin has wrought on hearts below.
With steadfast faith that nerved her will,
She worked intently, e'en when ill;
Listened unto the message sent;
Ran on his errands, well content.

A host unite to mourn our loss;
God only knows what 'twas to us;
But yet, through all our sense of lack,
We love too well to wish her back;
And heaven seems nearer than before,
Since she doth beckon from its door.
It is not wealth from floor to dome,—
'Tis loving hearts that make the home;
She here could make a hut so fair
That royal hearts would cluster there;
The good, the wise, the true, would come,
Because her presence made it home.

So the dear Christ and such as she
Would make heaven home for you and me;
But other springs of joy shall rise
To be to us a glad surprise.
If these beatitudes we'd share,
The Christ must be our passport there,
And every day must bear the seal
Of our surrender to his will.

One after one they're gathering home;
Our summons may to-morrow come;
Ay, it may even come to-day.
So we must work and watch and pray,
By sloth nor pleasure be enticed,
But follow her as she did Christ;
Say honestly, through joy or pain,
"Thy will be done, dear Lord. Amen!"





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