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THE LIFE OF FRANCES E. WILLARD

BY
ANNA ADAMS GORDON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
LADY HENRY SOMERSET



EVANSTON, ILLINOIS
NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION
1912

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THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

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PREFACE

As the sharer of the intimate life of Frances E. Willard for more than a score of her heroic years, it is at once a pleasure and a privilege to record a few of the memories of this great leader who made the world wider for women and more homelike for humanity. In this sacred task the co-operation of Lady Henry Somerset, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, and many other friends, is gratefully acknowledged.

The accompanying biography is revised and abridged from a memorial volume issued in 1898. Subsequent honors paid to her sainted memory, the transient character of much of the material formerly used, the demand for a smaller book with wider perspective of this life as unique as it was great, and the fact that there is within the reach of the public, no complete record of one of America's most noble citizens—these comprise a sufficient reason for the appearance of this work.

ANNA A. GORDON

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INTRODUCTION

LADY HENRY SOMERSET

FRANCES E. WILLARD is the greatest woman philanthropist of our generation. I do not hesitate at the use of this word "greatest." I am persuaded that when the annals of the nineteenth century are written and the record of the modern movement that has metamorphosed the position of woman comes to be told, her name will stand pre-eminent as the one who saw with a keen prophetic eye ahead of her time, who realized the dangers, who steered clear of the rocks and shoals that beset any great change, and who furnished the women, not only of a great continent but the world over, with a just realization of their rightful position, by her safeguarding gospel: "Womanliness first—afterward, what you will."

The temperance cause was the open door through which she entered into her service for the world. The defense of woman, her uplift, her education for the widening way, was the task she set herself to accomplish. But to no special cause did Frances Willard belong; her life was the property of humanity, and I believe that there was not a single

cry that could rise from the world, not a single wrong that could be redressed, not a "wail of weakness" of any kind that did not find an immediate echo in her heart, that did not call her to rise and go forth in that chivalric strength and gentleness which, in the battle of life, have clad her as with a holy panoply.

For years her name has been a household word among all those who work for the uplift of humanity in England; and I well remember the day when I first received a letter of encouragement and cheer from her, words so sisterly and sympathetic that it seemed as though a new light had shined in the darkness and difficulty of our temperance reform. In that letter she sent me a little knot of white ribbon, and all these years that little bow has been pinned into my Bible. It came as a promise of the most beautiful friendship that ever blessed any life.

Thinking of her as I saw her in the fulness of her power at the great Boston Convention, in 1891, it seems to me that no other will ever fill the place she has left vacant, for to no other could be given that rare combination of power and perfect gentleness, of playful humor and tender pathos, that strange mixture of reserve with an almost childlike confidence, and, above all, that sublime spirituality that always made one feel how near she was to the

invisible, how lightly the mantle of the material lay upon her.

She came to us in England in the summer of 1892, bowed with grief at the loss of the mother who had been the strong staff of her life, who had upheld her through her work, cheered her in her discouragements, pointed her onward in her days of weariness. I think I have never known a human soul feel sorrow so acutely as did this daughter, when for a while a cloud hid that mother from her sight. It was like the grieving of a little child that holds out its hands in the dark and feels in vain for the accustomed clasp that sent it happily to sleep. She was welcomed in this country as I suppose no other philanthropist has been welcomed in our time. The vast meeting that was organized to greet her at Exeter Hall was the most representative that has ever assembled in that historic building; and certainly no more varied gathering of philanthropists could be brought together with one object than met there that day. On the platform sat members of Parliament, dignitaries of our own church, and temperance leaders from the Roman Catholic Church, leaders of the Labor movement and of the Salvation Army, and delegations from the Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational Churches, and the Society of Friends. The chief Jewish rabbi sent a congratulatory letter and signed the address of welcome,

which was also signed by hundreds of local branches of the British Women's Temperance Association.

"What went ye out for to see?" was the question that one asked one's self as that frail form stood in the midst of the vast assembly. A woman called of God; a woman who preached Christ in politics, Christ in the home, the equality of and the same standard of purity for men and women, the liberation of the oppressed, the destruction of legalized wrong, the upbuilding of all that was great in home, in government, and in the nation. And she who had gone forth without money and without influence, but with an untarnished name, a clear brain, an indomitable will, and a God-given inspiration had in her twenty years of work gathered round her, not only the sympathies of her own land, but the admiration and good-will of the whole English-speaking race. The time she spent in England was a triumphal procession, and greetings awaited her in every city of importance throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. The Synod Hall in Edinburgh, the historic temperance town of Preston, Dublin and Glasgow, vast assemblies in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, packed audiences in Liverpool and Birmingham — all vied to do her honor; and wherever she went, her clear, incisive thought, the pathos and power of her words, and, perhaps most of all, the sweet, gentle woman, won the

heart as well as the intellect of all who met to greet her and assembled to hear her. There was no trait in Miss Willard's character that was more prominent than her generous power of help. If an idea came to her, she had no thought but to share it with her fellow-workers. Anything that she had said was common property, anything that she could write might bear another's signature; to help, to help — this was her only thought; for she was inspired by a love which "seeketh not her own," but that gave of the treasure that had been poured into her life as freely as the sunshine ripens and blesses the world.

I saw a saint — how canst thou tell that he
Thou sawest was a saint?
I saw one like to Christ so luminously
By patient deeds of love, his mortal taint
Seemed made his groundwork for humility.

And when he marked me downcast utterly,
Where foul I sat and faint,
Then more than ever Christ-like kindled he;
And welcomed me as I had been a saint,
Tenderly stooping low to comfort me.

Christ bade him, "Do thou likewise." Wherefore he
Waxed zealous to acquaint
His soul with sin and sorrow, if so be
He might retrieve some latent saint:
"Lo, I, with the child God hath given to me!"

— *Christina Rossetti.*

*Only the golden rule of Christ can bring the
golden age of man.*

Francis L. Willard.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND CHILDHOOD

No great soul appears suddenly. Mental and moral capital are investments made for us by our forefathers. Oliver Wendell Holmes would have us think that the child's value to society is determined a century before its birth, and such souls as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and James Russell Lowell go far to prove his theory. Certainly, the measure of greatness in a man or a woman is often decided by the intellectual and ethical streams flowing down from the ancestral hills into the new human soul.

Yet in every great soul remains something that must be referred to God only. The secret of greatness may be in part ancestral, but the gift is divine, the source of genius veiled in clouds and thick darkness forever eluding the seeker. In the last analysis we may only say that it is God who, for some appointed mission, baptizes a soul with a power not its own; it is He who girds the man or the woman for the life task.

Miss Willard's father, Josiah Flint Willard, born in Wheelock, Vermont, and her mother, Mary Thompson Hill Willard, a native of Danville in the same state, fell heir to all the best qualities of the rich soil of New England, and they in turn bequeathed their united treasure to the daughter, whom they trained for her career as teacher, author, orator, philanthropist, and social reformer.

Major Simon Willard, of Horsmonden, Kent, the first Willard to settle in the New World in 1634, was one of the founders of Concord, Massachusetts—afterward famous as the home of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts—the literary center of New England. Major Willard was a Puritan who took for his intellectual motto, "Truth for authority, not authority for truth." The early history of Massachusetts is full of allusions to his many and varied services in an official capacity, all reflecting high honor upon his character as a man of integrity, ability, and energy. "He was early called into positions of public trust, disciplined by the teachings of toil, deprivation, and varied experience, and had the confidence and affection of an enlightened community throughout all the emergencies of a new state." Among the immediate descendants of this rugged and righteous ancestor are two presidents of Harvard University, also Rev. Samuel Willard, pastor of the Old South Church,

Boston, who opposed the hanging of the witches, and Solomon Willard, of Quincy, Massachusetts, the architect of Bunker Hill Monument, who refused pay for his services, and of whom Edward Everett said, "His chief characteristic was that he wanted to do everything for everybody for nothing." Miss Willard's great-grandfather, Rev. Elijah Willard, was for forty years pastor of a church in Dublin, near Keene, New Hampshire, and he served as chaplain throughout the Revolutionary War.

Miss Willard's father was elegant in person, and charming in manner. He was devoutly religious, endowed with a fine mind, an inflexible will, and unusual powers of thought and speech. His daughter Frances further described him as "thoroughly intellectual, an insatiable reader, and a man possessing exceedingly fine taste."

Miss Willard's mother, Mary Thompson Hill, was of New England stock and one of a singularly gifted family. Her grandfather Hill was a man of self-sacrificing integrity, as is averred in this recorded incident: "When, early in his career, he had become security for a friend who failed, men of good conscience came to him, urging that a man's family was a 'preferred creditor' in all business relations, and that he should not give up all he had to satisfy another man's creditors. But he was a man of clean hands — swearing to his own hurt and

changing not. He only answered, 'It is the nature of a bondsman when the principal fails to stand in the gap.' And he stood in the gap, losing all his fortune rather than fail to be true to the implied promise of his bond."

In Mrs. Willard's maternal grandfather, Nathaniel Thompson, of Durham, New Hampshire, we find the moral courage that characterized our fearless reformer. He was once a guest at a dinner where everyone drank the health of the tyrant whom Americans were fighting, each saying as glasses were clinked, "King George's health, and it shall go round!" Then the young hero, Nathaniel, startled the disloyal Tories by crying out, "*Washington's health, and it shall go round!*" and was nothing daunted, though driven from the room and in danger of his life. Her father, John Hill, was a kind of moral Hercules, a man of great courage and decision, widely known for his democratic principles and his deep interest in all those agencies that were fitted to develop the intellectual and moral forces of the community, while his wife, gentle Polly Thompson, possessing a character described as "almost angelic," was equally well known for her zeal for school, college, and church.

Scientists tell us that climate affects character; that children of ease and abundance in the tropics, without tools, without books, without home, church,



BIRTHPLACE, CHURCHVILLE, NEW YORK



FOREST HOME

or school, are the children of lassitude and laziness; meanwhile civilization follows the belt of the snow-drift, and in the rigorous warfare with winter, adversity, poverty, struggle, man develops self-reliance, hardihood, courage — the true material for intellectual culture and moral wealth. And certain it is that the oak and the rock of the New England hills seem to have repeated themselves in the iron will and the unyielding courage of the Willard family. The very name means “one who wills,” and this doubtless explains the family motto, “*Gaudet patientia duris*” (Patience rejoices in hardships).

It was a rarely endowed home into which Frances Elizabeth Willard was born on September 28, 1839, in Churchville, New York, a home sheltered from adverse chance to soul or to body by the father's strength of heart and arm and will; with the mother-climate warm within, winning out and fostering all wholesome developments — a richly nurtured child-garden, where the sturdy small plants struck deep root and spread wide leafage to the air, catching every drop of pure knowledge and every beam of home-love falling within its rays. Here the “rosy-white flower of the child's consciousness unfolded its five-starred cup to the bending blue above.” Baby Frances talked before she could walk, “speaking quite wisely at fourteen months,” but not until she

was two years of age did her little feet begin their world-wide pilgrimage in obedience to the dictates of that electric brain and humanity-loving heart.

Seventy years ago the hegira from the East to the West was still in progress. The rough line of the pioneers, the sappers and miners of civilization, had finished their task, and made clear paths through the wilderness and the woods. Then everywhere, from cultured and thoughtful homes in the East, the exodus began. No longer was the going forth by individuals, man by man, each fighting for his own hand, but by families, friendly and allied. The future would bring to them new outward conditions, but they carried the means and appliances to alter them to their will. Indeed, they were in themselves, in aptitude and skill of heart, mind, and hand, the mature human harvest of all the fulness of the past — that human harvest which is at once the treasuring or garnering up of the old and the seed of the new.

In this onward march it was fitting that the Willards should have their place. Reared amid the loveliest surroundings, royal Americans in heart and mind, members of the old stone church which bore the simple name, "The Church of God in Ogden," and which recognized no lines of doctrinal difference in worship and life, but united on the ground of obedient acknowledgment of the Lord and

His Word, it was no wonder that in the providence of God these two were sent out as chosen seed for the new lands of the West.

Their first journey overland from Churchville, New York, terminated at Oberlin, Ohio, where these discerning parents, who had both been successful teachers in the Empire State, invested five years of student life at the college. Here the beloved sister Mary was born, and here the older children, Oliver and Frances, received in awe and love their early impress of the ideas of religion and scholarship. The ardent desire for learning which had hitherto led the parents on as by a pillar of fire, changed to the threatening cloud of the father's failing health, which imperatively demanded the free air of the open West and the simplest out-door life; so in the spring of 1846 we find them again "stepping westward." Three of the quaint, roomy, white-hooded prairie schooners, which were then the common feature of Western highways, carried the intrepid family. The father led the way. The little son, ambitious of manhood, with gravely assumed responsibility guided the strong and gentle horses which pulled the second vehicle over the smooth prairie miles or the jolting corduroy lengths that bridged inconvenient morasses. The mother, with her baby girls perched safely beside her, in the fine seat father's old-fashioned desk

made when it was properly pillowed, brought up the rear.

They passed through Chicago, then chiefly notable as the possibility of a future city, and, continuing their three weeks' journey, save the Sunday "rests," which were strictly observed, came at length to the banks of the beautiful Rock River, near Janesville, Wisconsin, about fourteen miles from Beloit. Here they stopped. To the west was the winding river, serene and broad, with its spacious outlook to the setting sun; to the east, the illimitable prairie, to be for ages green with the springing wheat, yellow with the ripening grain, and every morning glorified in all its level miles by the streaming light and abundant promise of the sun at its rising. To right and left the wooded hills, like softly sheltering arms, gathered protectingly around. What more perfect place for a new home-nest!

"Forest Home," a picturesque cottage, with rambling roof, gables, dormer-windows, little porches, crannies, and out-of-the-way nooks, was soon built. "The bluffs, so characteristic of Wisconsin, rose about it on the right and the left. Groves of oak and hickory were on either hand; a miniature forest of evergreens almost concealed the cottage from the view of passers-by; the Virginia creeper twined at will around the pillars of the piazza and over the parlor windows, while its rival, the Michigan



FRANCES AND MARY WILLARD

(From a daguerreotype made in 1847. Shown in the original locket frame)

rose, clambered over the trellis and the balustrade to the roof. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers. Through the thick and luxuriant growth of shrubbery were paths which strayed off aimlessly, tempting the feet down their mysterious aisles." Here for twelve happy years the Willard children lived an idyllic life of love and labor, play and study, thought and prayer.

Happy the mother who could say of her child, "She was affectionate, confiding, intuitive, precocious, original. She early manifested an exceeding fondness for books. She believed in herself and in her teachers. Her bias toward certain studies and pursuits was very marked. Even in the privacy of her own room she was often in an ecstasy of aspiration. She strongly repelled occupations not to her taste, but was eager to grapple with principles, philosophies, and philanthropies, and was unwearyingly industrious along her favorite lines."

Happy the daughter who could say of her mother, "My mother held that nature's standard ought to be restored, and that the measure of each human being's endowment was the only reasonable measure of that human being's sphere. She had small patience with artificial diagrams placed before women by the dictates of society in which the boundaries of their especial 'sphere' were marked out for them, and one of her favorite phrases was, 'Let a

girl grow as a tree grows — according to its own sweet will.’ She looked at the mysteries of human progress from the angle of vision made by the eyes of both the man and the woman, and foresaw that the mingling of justice and mercy in the great decisions that affected society would give deliverance from political corruption and governmental one-sidedness.”

Before the days when Froebel’s name became familiar to the tongue, this mother, as good mothers always have done, lived with her children. Their visitors at first were chiefly chipmunks and birds. “I had many ambitions,” she said, “but I disappeared from the world that I might reappear at some future day in my children.” They made believe the country was a city; they organized a club with as many rules as a parliamentary manual, and printed a newspaper of which Frances was the editor, to say nothing of “breaking the calf” to circus antics. In all this childish activity the mother was aider and abettor, and we have never learned that she discouraged that marvelous novel of adventure, four hundred pages long, written by the aspiring Frances as she sat in the top of her favorite old oak, where she needlessly guarded herself from all intruders by fastening to the tree a board with these words printed upon it in large letters:

THE EAGLE'S NEST — BEWARE!

While the mother certainly fostered every characteristic impulse of the more daring, firmer-handed Frances, she did not fail to note, encourage, and assist the growth of Mary's quieter genius, and reward its achievements also with love and approbation. "I do not know which of us she loved the more. I do not think the question ever occurred to us. Each had her own heaven in our mother's heart," said Frances, years afterward, when the name of Mary and the life motto she gave to Frances with her last breath, "Tell everybody to be good," had been carved for many a year on the headstone at Rose Hill. "We were content, and oh, how we loved one another!"

Amid all the fun and frolic and endless experiment in activity, there was much solid and systematic study. Before the time when the little brown schoolhouse was built in the woods, the father arranged a study room in the house, with desks and benches made by his own hands. The mother gathered in some neighbors' children, themselves without other advantages, to be all together with her own brood, under her own eyes. A bright, charming, accomplished young woman, Miss Anna Burdick, just from the East and Eastern schools,

came daily, and was a loved and delightful teacher. The Institute for the Blind, located not far away, gave the children opportunities for musical training, while they themselves, in the establishment of various outdoor clubs, the "Rustic" and others, continued to study afield what they had learned in books of botany and natural history; and the exercises of the "Studio," with the consequent sketching trips, carried a little way further the art instruction Miss Burdick began. In art, however, Mary was easily first. Frances liked better to dream, philosophize, and plan in the presence of a beautiful scene than to patiently draw it. Her part consisted chiefly in stating the "objects," arranging the routes, and drafting the rules. These rules were very practical: "If one member goes off alone, he shall let Margaret Ryan know of it, so the folks needn't be scared." "There shall always be something good to eat." "We, the members of this club, hereby choose Fred as our dog, although once in a while we may take Carlo. Carlo can go when he has sense enough." This club was doubtless the one having for its object "to tell what great things we have done ourselves, or what Oliver and Loren or the Hodge boys have, or Daniel Boone, or anybody else."

Great frolics were enjoyed in Forest Home, and it is no reflection on the "Peace" principles dominat-

ing her later life that here Frances was the ringleader in the exciting "Indian fights" when mother and girls tried to "hold the fort" against the invading enemy — two boys and a dog! Then it was that Frances as Commanding-General, issued her famous order to "have ready a piece of sparerib to entice the dog away from those two dreadful Indians!" and so weaken the forces to be encountered — a piece of strategy she remembered in after days as possibly applicable to politics.

Forest Home always had its "Fourth of July," celebrated with intense enthusiasm. "Thanksgiving was passed lightly over in that new country where there were no absent members of the family to come home; Christmas found stockings hanging up, with but little in them; New Year hardly counted at all; birthdays cut no great figure, even Washington's going for almost nothing, but the Fourth of July! — *that* came in, went on, and passed out in a blaze of patriotic glory. This does not mean fireworks, though, and a big noise, for never a cracker or a torpedo snapped off its Yankee Doodle 'sentiments' on the old farm in all the years. The children had no money to spend, but if they had had, it would not have been allowed to pass away in smoke. So much had their mother talked to them about America that their native land was to them a cherishing mother, like their own in

gentleness and strength, only having so many more children, grateful and glad, under her thoughtful care. They loved to give her praises, and half believed that some time, when they grew big enough and got out into the wide, wide world, they should find her and kneel to offer her their loving service and to ask her blessing." Nothing could be more interesting than Miss Willard's graphic description of those glorious "Fourth's," prophetic of the temperance reform, the independence of women, and the bringing of the home spirit into all the world's affairs; "for when temperance triumphs," she was wont to say, "there will be no drinking on the Fourth; when women march in the procession there will be no powder; when father, mother, and the children have equal part in the great celebration it will be very peaceable and more an affair of the heart than of the lungs."

We are told on the best authority that the only piece of sewing Frances Willard ever attempted without complaint was when she helped make a flag for the patriotic procession the children had planned for one of these great days. To be sure, this flag was only an old pillow case with red calico stripes sewed on and gilt paper stars pinned in the corner, and they lifted it up on a broomstick (again a bit of prophecy, mayhap), but it was their country's flag, and Oliver, who marched proudly at the head

of the procession, flag in hand, was gallant enough to say to Frances when half the distance agreed upon had been traversed, "Wouldn't you like to carry the flag half the time?" Frances tells us she was not at all backward about coming forward in that kind of business, and that her father and mother laughed heartily when she changed the order of exercises by saying, "That 'Yankee Doodle' we were playing does not go very well; let us try 'Forever Float'!" so they all joined in singing as she held the flag:

"Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

Frances slyly whispered to her sister Mary, "That's a clear case of *We*, *Us* and *Company*; why can't it always stay so?"

Mary's neatly written journal gives a glimpse of those halcyon days:

Frank said we might as well have a ship, if we did live on shore; so we took a hencoop pointed at the top, put a big plank across it and stood up, one at each end, with an old rake handle apiece to steer with; up and down we went, slow when it was a calm sea and fast when there was a storm, until the old hen clucked and the chickens all ran in, and we had a lively time. Frank was captain and I was mate. We made out charts of the sea and rules about how

to navigate when it was good weather, and how when it was bad. We put up a sail made of an old sheet and had great fun, until I fell off and hurt me.

To-day Frank gave me half her dog Frisk, that she bought lately, and for her pay I made a promise which mother witnessed and here it is:

“I, Mary Willard, promise never to touch anything lying or being upon Frank Willard’s writing desk which father gave her. I promise never to ask, either by speaking, writing or singing, or in any other way, any person or body to take off or put on anything on said stand and desk without special permission from said F. W. I promise never to touch anything which may be in something upon her stand and desk; I promise never to put anything on it or in anything on it; I promise if I am writing or doing anything else at her desk to go away the minute she tells me. If I break this promise I will let the said F. W. come into my room and go to my trunk or go into any place where I keep my things and take anything of mine she likes. All this I promise, unless entirely different arrangements are made. These things I promise upon my most sacred honor.”

From “Frank’s” journal of the same period we quote her first poem, composed in her tenth year, which proves afresh that the thoughts of youth “are long, long thoughts”:

“Am I almost of age, am I almost of age?
Said a poor little girl, as she glanced from her cage.
How long will it be
Before I shall be free

And not fear friend or foe?
 If I somewhere could go
 And I some folks could know,
 I'd not want to 'be of age'
 But remain in my cage."

In the last winter of her free life we find her still singing of "captivity" in a dainty bit of verse addressed to a snowbird:

* * * * *

"Dear little bird with glancing wing,
 Did you but know I long to fly,
 Perhaps you'd sit quite near and sing
 To me in my captivity.

"Dear human heart, be not afraid;
 Thy need of food, thy dream of flight,
 He knows, by whom the worlds were made—
 To speed thee on is His delight."

They anticipated the societies of our day for the protection of dumb animals—these "out-doorsy" little people, as the same journal tells us:

One day when we girls were having our good times down by the river the three Hodge boys came along hunting for birds' nests. "But you mustn't carry any away," said Mary, greatly stirred. "You may climb the trees and look, if you want to see the eggs or little ones, but you can't hurt a birdie, big or little, in *our* pasture." The boys said their mother told them the same thing and they only wanted to look. So Mary and I showed them under the leafy covert some of the brown thrushes' housekeeping, and the robins', too, and told them they were nice, kind boys.

Brotherhood and sisterhood meant much in the Willard household. The liveliest stories are told about the comradeship of Frances and Oliver. They were up to no end of jolly times together. If he liked better to play "Fort" and she to play "City," that was no reason they should be divided in their play. She played "Fort" with him, entering into his imagination of it with cordiality and swing, and played it gloriously. He played "City" with her, assisting her "in consideration of the resources of the corporation." Brother and sister thus mutually annexed each other's land, and became richer by the resources in liking and faculty of both.

"A boy whose sister knows everything he does will be far more modest, genial, and pleasant to have about," Frances once said; then, smiling quietly, she added, "and it will be a great improvement to the sister also." Doubtless she regarded this commerce between the lands of brother and sister, of man and woman; this association, not of bodily presence only, such as takes place around every breakfast table, but a true association of minds; this unselfish and unstinted entrance of one nature into the feeling, thought, and activity of another for a little space, like a journey into a neighboring country, from which a wise traveler comes back laden with riches for his own — all this doubtless she regarded soberly as a "wider education" for

women. It was certainly one of the powerful and enlarging influences which made Frances Willard a great woman. It is a fascinating study to see how in that early day many after-greatnesses put forth their first leaves. She was a born organizer, which only means she was magnificently a woman, for is not woman the born organizer of creation? She early discovered that "usefulness of association," and in numerous preambles drawn up when she could scarcely write "straight" she called attention to it. In the self-derived charter of "Fort City" we find announced: "We will have no saloons or billiard halls, and then we will not need any jails" — a somewhat rash and girlish generalization, for the devil can sow tares in human nature, even though whisky-soaked ground should fail him.

Frances learned to read from "The Slave's Friend," thus early imbibing from her abolition parents the sentiments that swept through her soul in the succeeding years, making her ever the friend of the negro race, and giving birth to a phrase in one of her prophetic mottoes: "No sect in religion, no sex in citizenship, no sectionalism in politics."

The children early signed the total abstinence pledge inscribed in the old family Bible, where the names of the father and the mother preceded the childish autographs. This was the pledge, and we hope that many a child-reader of this old-fashioned

iron-clad promise will here and now affix his name to the same noble resolution:

“A pledge we make, no wine to take,
 Nor brandy red that turns the head,
 Nor fiery rum that ruins home,
 Nor whisky hot that makes the sot,
 Nor brewers' beer, for that we fear,
 And cider, too, will never do;
 To quench our thirst we'll always bring
 Cold water from the well or spring.
 So here we pledge perpetual hate
 To all that can intoxicate.”

Fifty years after Miss Willard had signed this pledge, she composed one especially for her boy friends, which is here transcribed in sacred memory of their elder sister's love and prayerful expectation for the boys and girls of this and future generations:

PLEDGE FOR BOYS

“I pledge my brain God's thoughts to think,
 My lips no fire or foam to drink
 From alcoholic cup,
 Nor link with my pure breath tobacco's taint.
 For have I not a right to be
 As wholesome, pure, and free as she
 Who through the years, so glad and free,
 Moves gently onward to meet me?
 A knight of the new chivalry
 For Christ and Temperance I would be.”

The home Frances Willard was to find in millions of hearts was wistfully foreshadowed when she stood in the doorway of the old barn at Forest Home “that lonesome day in early spring.” She tells us it was

gray with fog and moist with rain. It was Sunday, there was no church to attend, and the time stretched out before her long and desolate. "She cried out in querulous tones to the two who shared her every thought, 'I wonder if we shall ever know anything, see anybody, or go anywhere?' 'Why do you wish to go away?' asked sweet little Mary, with her reassuring smile. 'Oh, we must learn—must grow, and must achieve; it is such a big world that if we don't begin at it we shall never catch up with the rest.'" Dear little eagles in their "eagle's nest!" They were growing their wings for future flights all through those lovely years.

"It was a beautiful childhood," Miss Willard said, years later. "I do not know how it could have been more beautiful, or how there could have been a truer beginning of many things. To me, it has often seemed as if those earlier years were 'seed to all my after good.'" Then she repeated softly to herself:

"Long years have left their writing on my brow,
But yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam
Of those young mornings are about me now."

"I thank Thee, O bountiful God, that I have so much of happiness, of quiet enjoyment, to remember. I thank Thee that I have not forgotten, cannot forget. I thank Thee that wherever I may dwell, no place can be so dear, so completely embalmed in my heart, so truly the best beloved of all to me as 'Forest Home'."

CHAPTER II

STUDENT LIFE

WHEN Frances Willard was fourteen, her father and a neighbor bestirred themselves for their children's sake, and the little brown schoolhouse was built in the wood, about a mile away. It was the simplest of district schoolhouses, plain and inviting, Frances says, "a bit of a building under the trees on the river bank. It looked like a natural growth, a sort of big ground-nut. The pine desks were ranged around the wall, the boys on one side, the girls on the other, and a real live graduate from Yale was teacher." "There will be lots of rules," said Oliver to his sisters, the evening before their first real school day opened. "Never mind," responded Frances. "It will be a pleasant change to have some rules and live up to them."

In this school the sisters had ten months of bright, inspiring instruction keyed to high ideals for heart and head. We can hear the ardent child Frances leading in rich contralto tones the favorite song with which they made "the rafters ring":

"Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!"

With these school days came an enlarged social outlook for the young recluses whose home play-mates heretofore had scarcely been other than brother and sister, father and mother. In addition to some odd volumes of travel and biography, the books they had thus far studied were the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and Shakespeare. Shakespeare was a "most wise instructor," and certain it is that before she was fifteen the eager girl had read, reread, and commented upon all his plays. No modern "preliminaries" could have given her such an equipment for entering school.

But now the brother at college began to collect his library. Great was the revelry when he brought home the Bohn translation of the classics — Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, "Don Quixote," which the young folks read aloud; the "Imitation of Christ," which grew dear to Frances' heart, and many another treasure. The vacations became, in their new occupation with books, scarcely less stimulating intellectually than were the school days.

In her fifteenth year Frances made a trip to the old homestead in the East, and was much impressed by her father's witty old mother and her grandfather Hill, a man powerful in religious life and greatly gifted in prayer. On her return, both the sisters began to attend a select school in Janesville, and here Frances' incipient skill as a journalist was

called forth in the remarkable way in which she edited the school paper.

A great opportunity was presented in a summer visit in the home of Southern friends who had driven from Georgia to Wisconsin in their own carriage for the sake of pleasure and health. Owners and teachers of a ladies' school at home, elegant and cultured people, it was the greatest event thus far in the lives of these forest nymphs to go six miles from home to spend several weeks studying with these friends in their rural retreat, and for the first time to sleep out from under the old home roof. "The all-overish feeling of loneliness" was conquered by the thought of how much they would know when the separation was over, and they were soon devoted to their gifted teachers. Here Frances made her first acquaintance with the Brontë novels — at least half through "Villette." Her father, coming upon her with it in her hands, shut the book and briefly remarked to her instructor, "Never let my daughter see that book again, if you please, madam."

The daughter religiously respected her father's prohibition regarding the book, and, as years passed, learned how much she owed to "the firm hand that held her impetuous nature from a too early knowledge of the unreal world of romance."

At Forest Home, Frances won her first spurs as a writer. The *Prairie Farmer* having offered a prize

for the best essay on the embellishment of a country home, Mrs. Willard, who forbade her children no harmless thing along the line of their impulses, encouraged her daughter to compete; her father contributed a suggestion about the planting of evergreens, and the fateful manuscript was dispatched. Great was the glee when in return for the effort came a beautiful cup and a note of congratulation.

In 1857, Frances and Mary were students in the Milwaukee Female College, where their aunt, Miss Sarah Hill (Mrs. Willard's youngest sister), was Professor of History. Frances, then seventeen, found in this aunt her intellectual guide. The moral atmosphere of the school was excellent; there was the finest honor among the girls; they were expected, and expected themselves, to be ladies, careful scholars and obedient to the rules. Here the young girl found a charming circle of friends, true companions, with whom she stood in the heartiest, healthiest, most helpful relation. Here she found also the beautiful "Marion," bright particular star of those years, whom she so loved that she writes: "I never rested until, like her, I also heard 'ten — ten,' meaning perfect in conduct and scholarship, read out after my name each week." As Macdonald says, "Love loves to wear the livery of the beloved." On "Examination Day" Frances read an essay on "Originality of Thought and Action," winning the

applause of the audience, including father and mother, the exercises receiving an additional flavor for this young author when a charming poem of hers, almost her first effort in that line, was read by a young girl friend. And writes truthful Frances, "I was downright sorry to go home."

The speedy popularity of the Willard girls with both teachers and pupils rested upon no less sound a basis than what they were in themselves and what they could do. Certainly none of it depended upon the possession of what people called "means." Absolutely all the spending money they had for three months was the fifty cents which Irish Mike, the farm hand, sent the two girls. After careful consultation, Frances invested hers in a ticket to the menagerie, a blank book to write essays in, and peppermint candy, which list of expenditures makes us love her for the unspoiled humanness of it. It was this same Irish Mike who, years after, when Miss Willard was struggling in the political prohibition arena, sent word:

"That lady and her folks were good to me when I was a green boy from the old country, and now the lady hasn't a vote to bless herself with; but me and my boys will put in three for her. And I thought I would write and tell you. Respect. Mike Carey."

The little blank book lies on the table before me. It bears a dashing autograph on the first page, and

above it, written by that rememberful hand many years later, is this explanatory note: "Mike Carey sent Mary and me fifty cents between us when we were pupils at Milwaukee, and out of mine this book was bought — all the money of that sort we had in the three months' term."

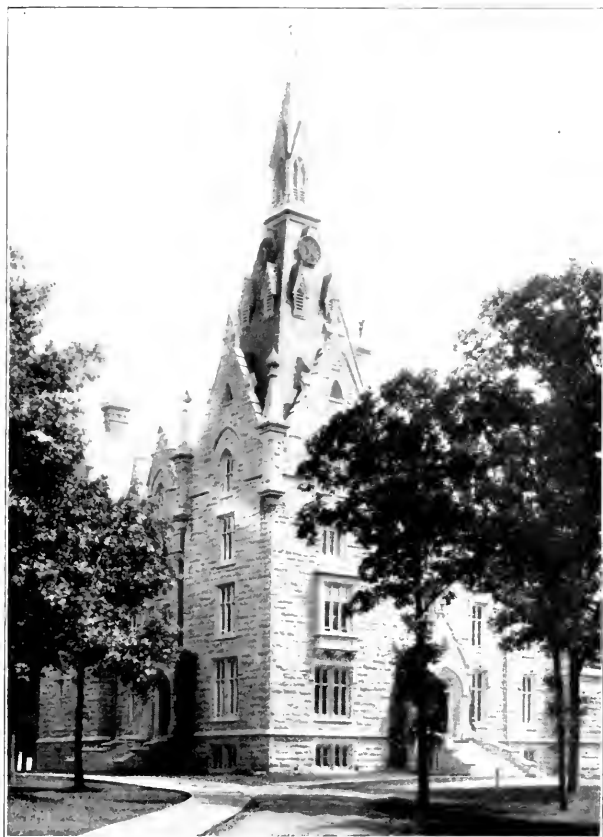
Frances celebrated the arrival of her eighteenth birthday by writing the following:

I am eighteen.
I have been obedient.
Not that the yoke was heavy to be borne,
For lighter ne'er did parents fond
Impose on child.
It was a silver chain,
But the bright adjective
Takes not away the clanking sound!
The clock has struck!
I'm free! Come, joy profound!
I'm alone and free —
Free to obey Jehovah only,
Accountable but to the powers above!

Then she took "Ivanhoe," seated herself on the porch, and began to read with calm satisfaction. Her father chanced up the steps. "What have you there?" "One of Scott's novels." "Have I not forbidden you to read any novels?" "You forget what day it is, Father." "What difference does the day make in the deed?" "A great deal. I am eighteen to-day, and I do not have to obey any laws but those of God hereafter. In my judgment,

‘Ivanhoe’ is good to be read.” The amazed father was for half an instant minded to take away the book by force. Then he laughed, called her mother, and the two contemplated this woman-child of theirs. At length he said, seriously: “She is evidently a chip of the Puritan block. That was an old-fashioned Protestant declaration of independence. Well, we will try to learn God’s laws and obey them together, my child.”

The two sisters had been looking forward to further study in Milwaukee, but their Methodist father desired a more strictly sectarian school for his children, and selected the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Illinois, where, at the beginning of the spring term in 1858, when Frances was in her nineteenth year, they entered as pupils. At Evanston, as at Milwaukee, “Frank” (as she was always called) was soon an acknowledged leader in scholarship and school activities. But at Evanston the girls were smiled at for the first time because of their simple dress; this gave occasion to the last overt manifestation of Frank’s fighting powers in an incident which still lives in Evanston tradition. Their father always had the whim of giving his personal care to the purchase of his daughters’ wardrobe, taking counsel only of his own taste. So he sent to each of the girls a red worsted hood for her winter wear. Now, a red worsted hood might be charming on the



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head of Mary, but to Frances, with her Titian hair, it was far from becoming. She hated it with a "hatred and a half," she says, and the girls geyed her unmercifully about the plain homespun thing. One of them, a tall, handsome creature, geyed her once too often as she was putting it on. Frank turned on her, threw her down, crumpled her up under a desk, and walked off defiantly tying the strings of that despised hood. Hood or no hood, there was no discounting the position she soon acquired in school. She was a power, rejoicing in nothing so much as taking the initiative. A reckless spirit, full of adventure, does some one say? No, a great nature unfolding itself, finding and testing its own powers. A strong will, full both of audacity and control, yet with such a beautiful habit of confidence toward her mother that she says, "I could scarcely tell where her thought ended and mine began."

In spite of the revelations of her all-producing journal during her student life, Frances Willard as a young woman must have possessed a rare and exquisite beauty. One who first met her at the Evanston College writes: "My interest was excited by the golden-haired young woman, Frank Willard. I saw she was younger than any of the women about her, and she then looked far younger than she was. I was attracted by her apparent youth and by the vivid expression of her absorbed and at-

tentive face." Speaking forty years later, this friend says of her: "The same vivid, indescribable light was in her face, grown more delicate and illusive; it was as if all the years had subtly refined and enriched that precious and fragrant substance, the oil of the life-lamp."

Sundry notes in Miss Willard's journal during her college days are self-revealing. "Dr. Foster closed the Bible, after his discourse at the University chapel yesterday, with these words: 'Brothers, with most men life is a failure.' The words impressed me deeply; there is sorrow in the thought, tears and agony are wrapped up in it. O Thou who rulest above, help me that my life may be valuable, that some human being shall yet thank Thee that I have lived and toiled!" Of the hero of a book she remarks: "He is a noble character, but he weeps too much, and I do not like his ideas about a wife obeying her husband — that I scout wherever I see it." In those days, she often had almost a cramp of self-consciousness in company at all strange to her, or under unaccustomed conditions, and in her journal she likens herself to Charles Lamb, who outside his immediate circle was not himself, neither natural nor at ease. "Perhaps," she says, "that is why I like books so much; they never frighten me. However," she continues, addressing herself, "as you have begun to think much on this subject, probably

by and by your manner will assume of itself that half-cordial, half-dignified character that accords best with your nature."

Her ambitions grew definite: "I thought that next to a wish I had to be a saint some day, I really would like to be a politician."

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"Professor detained me after devotions this morning, and with his most 'engaging' smile made this announcement: 'By vote of your teachers you are appointed valedictorian.' I was glad, of course; 'tis like human nature. To others it will seem a small thing; it is not so to me."

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"I am more interested in the 'Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli' than in any other book I have read for years. Here we see what a woman achieved for herself. Not so much fame or honor, these are of minor importance, but a whole character, a cultivated intellect, right judgment, self-knowledge, self-happiness. If she, why not we, by steady toil?"

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"Everything humbles me, but two things in the highest degree. One is to stand in a large library, the other to study astronomy. In both cases I not only see how much there is to be known, how insignificant my knowledge is, but I see how atomic I am, compared with other human beings. Astronomers

'think God's thoughts after him.' Alas, I can hardly think *their* thoughts after them, when all is clearly represented!'

Mrs. Mary Bannister Willard, her closest heart-friend among college mates and later her beloved sister-in-law, paints this charming picture of Miss Willard's wit and wisdom during her schoolgirl days:

None of the pupils who attended the Northwestern Female College in the spring term of 1858 will fail to recall the impressions made by two young girls from Wisconsin on their entrance upon this new school life. Mary, with her sweet, delicate face, winning, almost confidential manner, and earnest, honest purpose, conquered the hearts of teachers and pupils at once. Schoolgirls are a conservative body, reserving favorable judgment till beauty, kindness, or fine scholarship compels their admiration. Frances was at first thought proud, haughty, independent — all cardinal sins in schoolgirl codes. The shyness or timidity which she concealed only too successfully under a mask of indifference gave the impression that she really wished to stand aloof from her mates. When it came to recitations, however, all shyness and apparent indifference melted away. The enthusiasm for knowledge and excellence shone from the young girl's face on all these occasions. After "class" her schoolmates gathered in groups in corridor and chapel, and discussed her *perforce* favorably. "My! can't she recite? Look out for *your* laurels now, Kate!" "The new girl beats us all," — these were the ejaculations that testified

of honest schoolgirl opinion, and prophesied her speedy and sure success. In a few weeks she was editor of the college paper, and leader of all the intellectual forces among the students. She was in no sense, however, an intellectual "prig." None of us was more given over to a safe kind of fun and frolic; she was an inventor of sport, and her ingenuity devised many an amusement which was not all amusement, but which involved considerable exercise of wit and intelligence — and our beloved "Professor" (William P. Jones) soon found that he could always rely upon her influence in the school to counteract the tendency to silly escapades and moonlight walks with the "University boys." A young man would have been temerity itself who would have suggested such a thing to her. In fact, she came to be something of a "beau" herself — a certain dashing recklessness about her having as much fascination for the average schoolgirl as if she had been a senior in the University, instead of the carefully-dressed, neatly-gloved young lady who took the highest credit marks in recitation, but was known in the privacy of one or two of the girls' rooms to assume the "airs" of a bandit, flourish an imaginary sword, and converse in a daring, slashing way, supposed to be known only among pirates with their fellows.

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Study did not end with the abandonment of the classroom, but, as she had planned, went on in new forms, and with the intent and intensity of original research. Her schoolmates, when they visited her

in her quiet little room, with its bright south and east windows brimming the cosy nook with warm sunshine, found her always at her desk with books, paper and pen, for with her independent mind, the thoughts and investigations of others were not properly her own until she had fixed them in the mold of personal judgment, and phrased them in the forceful language of her own opinions.

While society, or the superficial intercourse known by this name, had little charm for this studious young woman, whose keen spirit soon pierced its disguises and rated it at its real value, to her journal she philosophized about it in this wise:

“As I gain in experience, I see more and more distinctly that a young lady to be of value in society must have accomplishments. That august tyrant asks every candidate for preferment in its ranks: ‘What can you do for me? Can you tell me a story, make me a joke, or sing me a song? I am to be amused!’ Society is not for scholarly discipline. Study is for private life. Benefactions, loves, hates, emoluments, business — all these go on behind the scenes. Men grow learned, and good, and great elsewhere than in society. They ponder, and delve, and discover in secret places. Women suffer and grow uncomplaining in toil and sacrifice, and learn that life’s grandest lesson is summed up in four simple words — ‘Let us be patient’ — in the nooks and corners of the earth. Into society they may

bring not their labors, but the fruit of their labors. Public opinion, which is the mouthpiece of society, asks not of any man: 'When did you do this, where did you accomplish it?' but, 'What have you done? We do not care for the process, give us the results.'

"Society is to everyday life what recess is to the schoolboy. If it has been crowded from this, its right relation, then it is for every right-thinking member to aid in the restoration to its true position. Let no cynical philosopher inveigh against society. Let none say its fruits are simply heartlessness and hypocrisy. Man is a creature of habits; when among his fellows, he does his best studiously at first, unthinkingly afterward. I will venture to assert that the man who was greater than any other who walked the earth was the kindest, the best bred, the most polite. Society is not an incidental, unimportant affair; it is the outward sign of an inward grace. Let us, then, if we can, be graceful; cultivate conversational ability, musical talent; improve our manners — and our beauty, if we are blessed with it. Harmonious sounds cheer the heart. Fitness is admirable. All these are means of happiness to us who have sorrow enough at best. It is no light thing to perform the duties we owe to society, and it is better to approximate than to ignore them."

In the vacation summer of 1858, on returning from Evanston, Frances took possession of the little

schoolhouse near Forest Home, and for six weeks, with great comfort and pleasure, carried on the school herself. Early in the autumn the Willard family removed to Evanston. Tenants were placed in charge of their beloved Forest Home, and "Swampscott" became their residence — a pleasant place near the lake, the large grounds of which were Mr. Willard's pride and pleasure, as he saw them, under his skillful management, growing constantly more beautiful. Nearly every tree and vine was set with his own hands, often assisted by Frank, and all were imported from Forest Home.

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The life of the home was a very bright and merry one at this time, for the three children were all together, all earnestly at work, but all as uniquely bent on enjoyment as ever they had been in the old delightful days of Forest Home. Oliver, having finished his college studies, was preparing for the ministry; Mary was joyfully nearing her own graduation day — full of enthusiasm for knowledge, for happiness, for all the real values of life. Frances, alone at home, deep in a young girl's philosophy of existence, was nevertheless as fond of a romp, a joke, and a good time as any girl to-day of the particular fun and frolic that young people nowadays engage in. Deeply envious of the brothers and friends who were so fond of their college fraternity, and so tantalizing with their half-displayed secrets, the girls of 1859 and 1860, an exceptionally bright and clever company, organized a secret society of their own, in which Frances and Mary were among the deepest plotters. Since Greek letters were in

order, ours was the "Iota Omega" fraternity, or sorority; dark and dreadful were its ceremonies, grave and momentous its secrets. It was not allowed to degenerate, however, into anything worse than autograph hunting, and even in these early days of that nuisance, we received some sharp reprimands for our importunity. Horace Greeley particularly berated us in a long letter, which, fortunately, we could not entirely decipher, and which was so wretchedly illegible that we could exhibit it to envious Sigma Chi brothers without fear of taunt or ridicule. Abraham Lincoln gave his friendly "sign manual," Longfellow wrote out a verse of "Excelsior" for the collection, but Queen Victoria, alas! to whom we had applied in a letter addressed

"Victoria,
Buckingham Palace,
London,
England, The World,"

never deigned us a reply.

Taking Miss Willard's student life all in all, we find her brave and modest, merry and wise, winsome, gentle, generous and good, gracious in her dignity, dainty in attire, superb in her friendliness, and so excellent in her scholarship that she was made valedictorian of her class.

CHAPTER III

RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT

As a lisping child Frances learned the mighty first chapter of St. John's Gospel from her mother's lips. It was the first lesson she ever learned by heart. Then came the rocking-chair lullaby in her father's deep tones:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will."

A prophetic hymn, this first one ever taught the young warrior soul, whose "charge" and whose "calling" far outran the boundary of her father's conserving thought. Then followed the old Bible stories, delightful to a child, yet stored with the sacred history of the soul. Somewhat later, "Pilgrim's Progress" became the *vade mecum* and "Greatheart" her chosen knight.

Among Miss Willard's treasures long and care-

fully guarded was found a little book bearing the title, "Memoir of Nathan Dickerman," probably the first memorial biography on which her childish eyes rested. On the fly-leaf is written, "Read on the long, lonesome Sundays at Forest Home in my childhood. I remember a delicate, exquisite odor that adhered to the book from its relation somewhere with a sweet and pervasive perfume so that I early got the notion of fragrance and religion as inseparable."

The Forest Home trio were early trained to "deeds of week-day holiness." The lonesomeness of the long Sundays was occasionally brightened by a drive to church, or, when there was no service to attend, how humanly sweet, simple, and sacred the Sabbath of the home was made! In the morning the stately father walked to the riverside among the sentinel trees, his little girls stepping proudly beside him, and his grave voice carrying to their young minds and hearts the vibrations of the great and devout thoughts of the race. In the afternoon, as Miss Willard's hallowed memory pictures it to us, "there were walks with mother, when she clipped a sprig of caraway or fennel for Mary and me or a bunch of sweet-smelling pinks for Oliver from the pretty little beds in the heart of the orchard, where no one was privileged to go except with mother. Here she talked to us of God's great beauty in the thoughts He

works out for us; she taught us tenderness toward every little sweet-faced flower and piping bird; she showed us the shapes of clouds and what resemblances they bore to things upon the earth; she made us love the Heart that is at Nature's heart. When one of us was afraid of the dark and came to mother with the question 'Why?' she replied, 'Because you do not know and trust God enough yet; just once get it into your heart as well as your head that the world lies in God's arms like a babe on its mother's breast, and you will never be afraid of anything.'"

A loving aunt, long years a teacher, visited the home, and leading the children out under the far-off stars at night, made them forevermore familiar with the flaming belt of Orion and the clustering Pleiades, quoting reverently lofty passages from the Bible about the starry heavens; while Frances, looking upward from the vantage ground of the wide prairie, would repeat, almost with tears, the lines from Addison taught her by her mother:

The spacious firmament on high
And all the blue ethereal sky,
With spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

“O sacred Sabbaths of our childhood! O early mornings in the spring, when we ran together



"MY FOUR"

through the dewy grass or laid our ears to the brown bosom of the earth to hear her vibrant breathing, to thrill at her pulsing heart! O birds that sang for me, and flowers that bloomed, and mother-love that brooded and father-love that held! And God's sky over all, and Himself near unto us everywhere; yea, nearer than near! Surely heavenly and without end are the blessings of the Lord to children! Verily, His goodness and His mercy are with us all our days." So sang the heart of Frances Willard in its ripe womanhood when moved by the recurring touch of those years.

Miss Willard's enjoyment of the Sunday twilight hour of song dated back to Forest Home when "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," or Kirke White's "Star of Bethlehem" used to melt the heart of the child, even then conscious of the struggle between natural resistance to religious influence and the love that yields itself in submission to God.

If she were slow in growing to the harmonies of adult womanhood, when heart, mind, and life are in unison, she developed constantly toward them. Perhaps she would never have been the effective character she became, without her positive and somewhat turbulent temper. "If I stubbed my toe against anything, it was prompt instinct within me to turn again and rend that thing." "If I remember rightly," she said, "our ancient brother Xerxes furnished several such entertaining incidents to his-

tory." But even in her warlike moods she was like a wholesome spring day. Its breeze may get things disarranged a trifle, but there is plenty of oxygen.

As the first flame of youth began to kindle in the cheeks and eyes of this reticent yet ambitious girl, she coveted such wealth of beauty as she saw in other faces and wept with discontent at what she considered her own modest competence of loveliness. Her mother tenderly comforted her in mother fashion, but added: "Grandfather Hill was the noblest looking man I ever saw, and you are very like him, my dear." Thereupon the active little girl instantly resolved to be very "noble looking," and that she might be quite complete and admirable, resolved to be very noble feeling also, a resolution she certainly lived up to, although not until the impulse from which it sprang was tempered by many years of God's grace.

"I am afraid it almost turned a rather innocent outward vanity into an inward pride, much more difficult to get rid of," she afterward said. "As for my brother's kindly speech, 'Never mind, Frank, if you are not the handsomest girl in school, you are the smartest,' I nearly made a prig of myself over it, because, as Watson's Dr. Johnson would say, 'I was not without a modest consciousness that it was true.' It was the old story of the rag doll over again. 'She's a rag doll — only she's good,

and not proud like a wax doll.' And it makes me laugh even now to think how simply and naturally in all our play 'organizations,' the chief incentive, reward, and honor of the leading officer's position was a right to have the 'say so.' " It made one smile tenderly sometimes to note the way in which, in quiet hours, she was inclined to deplore, as a half sin, all this development of the "selfhood" which yet gives edge, strength, and practical force to our abilities in this wayward and work-a-day world.

How blessed she was in her mother-confidant, that wise woman who knew that the storm and stress period of youth is normally inevitable, that the natural will must get its natural growth and training before there is any truly individual will to be submitted to God or to bend its force to God's service. She was not a woman of fears. If she had any she kept them to herself and shared her courage with her daughter. She only told the Lord, knowing He was in the heart of her child, to will and to do of His good pleasure.

A passage from Miss Willard's journal when a teacher at twenty-four reveals the questioning soul seeking after the truth of an eternal existence:

Two letters have been received from two poet-souled women in obscure life, and for the time they have transfigured me. Full of insight they were, for these women love much and read the significance

of destiny by clear burning tapers lighted at the altar of consecration to their homes. I have read of the French Revolution and Charlotte Corday, and the Unknown and Invisible has risen before me, misty and dark, as I wonder what vision burst on the freed soul of that marvelous girl as she lay on the plank of the scaffold and "the beam dropped, the blade glided, the head fell." I have listened to the Bible reading at our quiet chapel prayers, and have pondered much over Job's words, "Why should a man contend against God?" and as I thought, my soul went out after Him, this awful, overwhelming Power that holds all things in equilibrium, and has come back again with some dim, shuddering consciousness that He is, and some sweet faith that "He is a rewarder of all such as diligently seek him." I have looked at my pliant, active fingers and wondered over this strange imparted force that is ordained to live a while in me, that joins itself in some weird way to muscle, sinew, tissue, and bone; that filters through my nerves and makes all things alive, among them the organic shape that is called me. I wish I could talk to-night with some one who would say, with quick, emphatic gesture, "Yes, I understand; I have felt so too." "Be Cæsar to thyself." The words are brave, but to-night I am too tired to say them truly, and so I will pray to God and go to sleep.

It was during the leisure of convalescence from the serious illness that prevented her presence at the graduating exercises of her class, that Frances Willard's first affirmative turning toward a re-

ligious life began, and it began very simply. These "hidden things of the heart" are best told by herself.

GOD AND MY HEART

It was one night in June, 1859. I was nineteen years old and was lying on my bed in my home at Evanston, Illinois, ill with typhoid fever. The doctor had said that the crisis would soon arrive, and I had overheard his words. Mother was watching in the next room. My whole soul was intent as two voices seemed to speak within me, one of them saying, "My child, give me thy heart. I called thee long by joy, I call thee now by chastisement; but I have called thee always and only because I love thee with an everlasting love." The other said, "Surely, you who are so resolute and strong will not break down now because of physieal feebleness. You are a reasoner and never yet were you convinced of the reasonableness of Christianity. Hold out now and you will feel when you get well just as you used to feel."

One presence was to me warm, sunny, safe, with an impression as of snowy wings; the other cold, dismal, dark, with the flutter of a bat. The controversy did not seem brief; in my weakness such a strain would doubtless appear longer than it was. But at last, solemnly, and with my whole heart, I said, not in spoken words, but in the deeper language of consciousness, "If God lets me get well I'll try to be a Christian girl." But this resolve did not bring peace. "You must at once declare this resolution," said the inward voice. Strange as it seems, and complete as had always been my

frankness toward my dear mother, far beyond what is usual even between mother and child, it cost me a greater humbling of my pride to tell her than the resolution had cost of self-surrender, or than any other utterance of my whole life has involved. After a hard battle, in which I lifted up my soul to God for strength, I faintly called to her from the next room and said: "Mother, I wish to tell you that if God lets me get well I'll try to be a Christian girl." She took my hand, knelt beside my bed, and softly wept and prayed. I then turned my face to the wall and sweetly slept.

That winter we had revival services in the old Methodist church at Evanston. Doctor (afterward Bishop) Foster was president of the university, and his sermons, with those of Doctors Dempster, Bannister, and others, deeply stirred my heart. I had convalesced slowly and spent several weeks at Forest Home, so these meetings seemed to be my first public opportunity of declaring my new allegiance. The very earliest invitation to go forward, kneel at the altar, and be prayed for was heeded by me. Waiting for no one, counseling with no one, I went alone along the aisle with my heart beating so loud that I thought I could see as well as hear it beat as I moved forward. One of the most timid, shrinking, and sensitive of natures, what it meant to me to go forward thus, with my student friends gazing upon me, can never be told. I had been known as "skeptical," and prayers (of which I then spoke lightly) had been asked for me in the church the year before. For fourteen nights in succession I thus knelt at the altar, expecting some utter trans-

formation — some portion of heaven to be placed in my inmost heart, as I have seen the box of valuables placed in the corner-stone of a building and firmly set, plastered over, and fixed in its place forever. This is what I had determined must be done, and was loath to give it up. I prayed and agonized, but what I sought did not occur.

One night when I returned to my room baffled, weary, and discouraged, and knelt beside my bed, it came to me quietly that this was not the way; that my “conversion,” my “turning about,” my “religious experience” (re-ligare, to bind again), had reached its crisis on that summer night when I said “yes” to God. A quiet certitude of this pervaded my consciousness, and the next night I told the public congregation so, gave my name to the church as a probationer, and after holding this relation for a year — waiting for my sister Mary, who joined later, to pass her six months’ probation — I was baptized and joined the church, May 5, 1861, “in full connection.” Meanwhile I had regularly led, since that memorable June, a prayerful life — which I had not done for some months previous to that time; studied my Bible, and, as I believe, evinced by my daily life that I was taking counsel of the heavenly powers. Prayer meeting, class meeting, and church services were most pleasant to me, and I became an active worker, seeking to lead others to Christ. I had learned to think of and believe in God in terms of Christ Jesus. This had always been my difficulty, as I believe it is that of so many. It seems to me that by nature all spiritually disposed people (and with the exception of about six months

of my life, I was always strongly that) are Unitarians, and my chief mental difficulty has always been, and is to-day after all these years, to adjust myself to the idea of "Three in one" and "One in three." But while I will not judge others, there is for me no final rest except as I translate the concept of God into the nomenclature and personality of the New Testament. What Paul says of Christ is what I say; the love John felt, it is my dearest wish to cherish.

In her ripest years she wrote from the rich fullness of knowledge and experience: "The Life of God flowing into the soul of man is the only Life, and all my being sets toward Him as the rivers to the sea. Celestial things grow dearer to me every day, and I grow poorer in my own eyes save as God gives to me. I still care a little too much for the good words of the good, but God helps me even in that."

How Christlike she became the whole world knows. How great she grew in gentleness, how simple in prayer, how trustfully she waited upon the Lord, whose grace all her childhood through was touching her fine spirit to the finest issues of her future life! And at the last, when God for many years had had His will and way with her, how the whole self-nature became the obedient servant of her inward humility toward Him, and her outgoing helpfulness to men. The "good words of the good" are forever abundantly hers.



PORTRAIT AT TWENTY-ONE YEARS

CHAPTER IV

THE TEACHER

It was at Forest Home where all her young ambitions were born that Frances, recuperating from the illness of her graduation year, determined to teach. Few other paths were then open to adventurous spirits among women, and even this course was strongly deprecated by Miss Willard's father, while he must have admired his own force of character as shown in his child's outcry for independence at whatever cost. "I have not yet been out in the world to do and dare for myself," she argued. "Single-handed and alone I should like to try my powers, for I have remained in the nest a full-grown bird long enough, and too long. It is an anomaly in natural history."

Through the superintendent of the Cook County public schools a primitive red schoolhouse away out on the prairie, ten miles from Chicago, was discovered minus a teacher, and this plucky young woman as usual won the day and in her twenty-first year found at "Harlem" a surplus of isolation and a sufficient field for the cultivation of her powers. While packing her trunk for this first new departure, Miss Willard philosophized thus:

“If I become a teacher in some school that I do not like, if I go away alone and try what I myself can do, and suffer, and am tired and lonesome; if I am in a position where I must have all the responsibility myself and must be alternately the hammer that strikes and the anvil that bears, I think I may grow to be strong and earnest in practice, as I have always tried to be in theory. So here goes for a fine character. If I were not intent upon it, I could live contented here at Swampscott all my days.”

Well for her that of good humor and stoutness of heart she had abundant supply, for upon her arrival at Harlem she found her savage little pupils had broken the windows and were engaged in “sundry forms of controversy, emphasized with fisticuffs.” Imagine the wonder of these twenty pupils, most of whom were foreigners of different nationalities, when on the opening morning this frank-souled, sweet-voiced young schoolmistress read a few verses from her little pocket Testament and suggested they should sing a hymn. We are inclined to differ with Miss Willard’s afterthought that the hymn selected was “incongruous though familiar,” and heartily wish we might have heard the aspiring little company’s attempt to sing “I want to be an angel.”

Miss Willard’s voluminous records of this first period of teaching would make a valuable handbook

of the art, summed up in her prescient observation, "When you get them all to think alike and act alike by your command, you can do with them what you will." The hammer blows were not lacking, the metal rang true, the brave young spirit got more discipline than her pupils, the teacher's head was often bowed in prayer. She found a generous-hearted girl friend in the home that sheltered her during these days when life was a serious business, and the two girls started a Sunday school in the forlorn little schoolhouse, out of which grew a well-ordered Methodist church in what is now the charming Chicago suburb of River Forest.

Later, as an assistant in the Academy at Kankakee, forty miles from Chicago, Miss Willard spent a single term, her brother Oliver meanwhile succeeding her on the Harlem prairie, going thither with his father's blessing and his sensible reminder, "If you do as well with that school as Frank has done I shall be perfectly satisfied."

One of the first beautiful outgrowths of the independent life this young teacher had longed for, was seen when the County Bible Association met in Kankakee, and Miss Willard wrote her mother, "When they took up a collection and I wrote 'F. E. W., \$1,' I felt a new thanksgiving that I could earn and use money according to my own judgment. I have promised myself that I will give as much as

I can from all my earnings to promote the doing of good in the world.”

After a home vacation Miss Willard again taught the Harlem school for a few weeks in the spring of 1861, and on her return to Evanston, as she has chronicled the story, for three-quarters of a year she wore a ring and acknowledged an allegiance based upon the supposition that an intellectual comradeship was sure to deepen into unity of heart. In 1862 we find her, in company with Mary Bannister, battling with youthful Evanstonians in the public school; a typical American specimen of that institution, where demure and well-bred children brought bouquets and beaming smiles to “teacher,” and where two overgrown boys, alarmed at Miss Willard’s approach, stick in hand, vaulted out of an open window and never dared return.

Into these bright days, when teaching and the charm of home joys made a composite well-nigh perfect, there came the first great grief of Miss Willard’s life. She lost her sister Mary, the gentle girl with sensitive ethical standards, keen love of the beautiful and the good, whose going changed all the world to her sister Frances, and, in an age of skepticism, gave her “an anchor that would hold.”

Other changes rapidly followed. The sweet home by the lake, every tree and shrub surrounding it beloved by Frances, was sold; Forest Home passed



PRECEPTRESS, LIMA SEMINARY

out of the hands that had builded and blessed it; Oliver, the young theologian, and Mary Bannister, his wife, were soon to go to their new home in Denver, Colorado, when in August of this year, 1862, Frances was elected Teacher of Natural Sciences in her alma mater. Until the close of the year she taught nine and ten classes a day, while the keynote of all her underlying thought and spirit's yearning was set to the pitiful refrain, "Mary didn't get well."

Two years of teaching in the Pittsburg Female College opened a wider circle of life to Miss Willard. A friend then closely associated with her writes: "We all recognized in the brilliant, genial, warm-hearted girl a genius which was rare and which seemed to give promise of much in the future, and yet none of us dreamed of the career that was before her and of the grand achievements of her life. She was always bubbling over with wit and humor, and at the same time was full of pathos and sentiment. She had already been touched by the subduing power of a great sorrow which had not embittered her but had made her more tender and loving toward all. She seemed to have a vocabulary of her own, and often used words and phrases of her own coining, and with a *sang froid* which no other person could ever imitate. I can see her now as I often saw her then, sitting on the steps of the old college of a

summer evening, surrounded by a bevy of teachers and students, holding them spellbound by the power of her vivid imagination, and oftentimes convulsed with laughter at her sallies of genuine wit. She had a wonderfully magnetic influence over young girls—believed in them, trusted them, stood by them (often when others condemned), sought out those who were shy and retiring and had little confidence in themselves, praised them for their smallest efforts, and aimed ever to inspire them with her own high ideals of life and character.” While in Pittsburg, Miss Willard’s strange new sense of loss and loneliness was solaced as she sang herself into the pages of “Nineteen Beautiful Years,” that blessed biography of her heavenly human sister Mary that tells everybody to be good.

Upon Miss Willard’s return to Evanston she was one of a talented trio who taught the Grove School, a private enterprise, where Miss Willard found an opportunity of putting many of her unique pedagogic inventions to a successful practical test among the “best-born and best-mannered children in Evanston.” In the summer vacation of that year Miss Willard, as Corresponding Secretary of the American Methodist Episcopal Ladies’ Centenary Association, helped to build Heck Hall in Evanston, a home building for the students of the Garrett Biblical Institute.

When, in the autumn of 1866, her parents were established in Rest Cottage, their new home, Miss Willard taught for a year as preceptress of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary in the historic village of Lima, New York, only thirty miles from her birthplace. In January, 1868, another severance in the sacred home circle brought its vigils and its sorrow, Miss Willard's honored father, after a lingering illness, the last weeks of which were spent in Churchville, N. Y., "going triumphantly home to God."

When, in the spring, Miss Kate A. Jackson, a loved and sympathetic friend who for several years had lived and taught with Miss Willard, proposed a "tour of Europe," it was a joy that lost nothing for its complete and fresh surprise. What more natural than for Miss Jackson to gain her generous father's consent to meet every expense of the extended journey these enthusiasts planned, the keen and kindly donor telling Miss Willard she must believe that it was to him the fulfillment of an earnest desire that his daughter should go abroad, but that never until now had he found one with whom he felt inclined to send her? Could Miss Willard's mother bear the loneliness of another separation? Yes, Spartan that she was, with her child's good ever forming the horizon of her own hopes and happiness, she would go to Oliver and Mary in Appleton,

Wisconsin, while Frances and Kate studied Europe and themselves.

Miss Willard returned from that wonderful trip abroad with a human picture gallery in her heart far exceeding in its riches and realities the galleries of Europe whose masterpieces crowded her brain. "What can be done to make the world a wider place for women?" was the question that surged through her soul

In Paris came the prophetic inspiration which, if courageously carried out, she felt would best satisfy her resolute ideals. This brave plan was "to study by reading, personal observation, and acquaintance the *woman question* in Europe, and, after returning to America, to study it further in relation to her own land; *talk in public* on the subject, and cast herself with what weight or weakness she possessed against the only foe of what she conceived to be the justice of the subject—unenlightened public opinion." "It is to be a word-and-idea battle," she wrote, "that will only deepen with years and must at last have a result that will delight all who have helped to hasten it." It was "the human question" rather than the woman question, as Miss Willard has eloquently affirmed, that was shaping itself in her mind and winning her heart's loyalty, when on St. Valentine's day, 1871, she was elected president of the Evanston College for Ladies—the first woman to whom such a title was ever accorded.



DEAN OF WOMAN'S COLLEGE,
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

The history of the relation of this college to its neighbor University, the Northwestern, has more than once repeated itself in the evolution of the higher education of women during the last thirty years. Mrs. Mary F. Haskin and other thoughtful women of Evanston, anxious to secure for their daughters the advantages for study they themselves had missed, founded a woman's college with a board of women trustees, and a woman president who should confer diplomas and be recognized and proved as the peer of men in administrative power. Coincident with the transfer of Miss Willard's alma mater, the Northwestern Female College, with its list of alumnae, to the trusteeship of the Evanston College for Ladies, Rev. Dr. (afterward Bishop) E. O. Haven accepted the presidency of the Northwestern University on condition that "every door should be flung wide to humanity's gentler half." Doctor Haven possessed sufficient skill and diplomacy to meet the problem of this triangle of educational interests—the old college, the new college, and the university—and under his presidency the two institutions moved on in the utmost harmony.

The new president of the college threw herself with great zest into this endeavor. A better building was needed; the "Woman's Fourth of July" was planned, and for three months Miss Willard waked and slept in a combined atmosphere of education and patriotism. The Educational Association, with

Mrs. A. H. Hoge as president, sent out countless circulars; Miss Willard's ingenious brain and busy hand were back of many of the original plans that resulted in a "Woman's Fourth," with no suggestion of cannon or cracker, but with a subscription list that aggregated \$30,000, and a sale of \$3,000 worth of dinner to the hungry participants in the fun and frolic of the day. Everybody helped in a most generous fashion; the village authorities presented the Committee with one of its parks as the building site of the college, and on that Fourth the corner-stone of the new building was laid, women's hands assisting in the ceremony amid great rejoicings of heart, saying, "Grace unto it."

The first catalogue of the Evanston College for Ladies contains a statement from the president, Miss Willard, regarding her plan for "self-government," a question of such vital interest to her then and throughout her life, and to the cause of education as well, that we record it briefly here:

The general basis of government in this institution is that merit shall be distinguished by privilege. Any young lady who establishes for herself a trustworthy character will be trusted accordingly. After a probation of one term, anyone who, during this time, has been loyal to the regulations of the school, and has not once required reproof, will have her name inscribed upon the "Roll of Honor" and will be invested with certain powers and responsibilities

usually restricted to the "Faculty." The "Roll of Honor" has its constitution, officers and regular meetings, and sends reports to the teachers relative to the trusts of which it is made the depository. A single reproof "conditions," and two reproofs remove any of its members, who can regain their places by the same process through which they were first attained. Those who, during one entire term, have not been "conditioned" upon the roll of honor are promoted to the "Self-Governed List" and give this pledge: "I will try so to act that, if all others followed my example, our school would need no rules whatever. In manners and in punctuality I will try to be a model, and in all my intercourse with my teachers and schoolmates I will seek, above all else, the things that make for peace."

Thenceforward these young ladies "do as they please," so long as they "please" to do right. Every pupil in school is eligible, first, to the roll of honor; next, to a place among the "self-governed"; hence there is no ground of jealousy. Scholarship does not enter into the requirements of admission—character is placed above all competition here.

It is believed that this system may develop a true sentiment of "honor" among pupils, one that shall favor the school rather than the delinquent. The false ideas of honor that still prevail to an absurd extent among young people at school are the last relics of the mediæval system of oppression, and of espionage, its sworn ally. As a democratic form of government inspires the sentiment of loyalty to itself, and implies the duty of all patriotic citizens to bring to justice those whose conduct threatens

the public welfare, so in an institution where the pupils are intrusted with a part of the responsibility, and where the possibility of self-government is set before them, it is a logical inference that they will stand by the government of which they form a part.

It is interesting to note that Miss Willard thus anticipated by a whole generation the student government that now obtains at Wellesley College and many other educational institutions in our country.

Miss Willard was facing one of the gravest problems of the educator, "How can I make school discipline most conducive to the formation of noble, self-reliant character?" For proof of the efficacy of this plan, tested for two years at the Evanston College for Ladies, I turned to one of her warm-hearted, quick-brained pupils of that history-making period, Mrs. Isabella Webb Parks, a leading Roll of Honor girl, now the mother-teacher of a large fireside circle of her own, and she contributes the following sketch:

I met Miss Willard for the first time in the fall of 1871. The Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, had just opened its doors to women. The women of Evanston, anxious to make the experiment of co-education a success in their town, had organized the "Evanston College for Ladies," an institution designed to provide the young ladies who should attend the University with home surroundings, with women for their counselors and friends.

Of this institution Miss Willard was the Dean, and it was my happy lot to be one of those whom she always lovingly designated as "my girls." What it was for girls to be closely associated with Miss Willard in the formative period of their lives, only those who knew her well can at all appreciate. Such broad views of life and destiny as she opened to our sight; such high ideals of character as she set before us; such visions of the heights to which we might climb, of the noble deeds we might achieve; and, with it all, such a deep and weighty sense of responsibility for the use we made of life with its gifts and opportunities, I have never seen nor felt through the inspiration of anyone else. To be associated with Frances Willard was like living upon Alpine heights.

Her first Friday afternoon talk to us struck the keynote of her influence. In those days co-education was still looked upon as very much of an experiment, and, though I doubt if it has been tried in more friendly and congenial surroundings than at Evanston, there were many there who looked doubtfully upon it and were ready to seize upon the slightest indications of evil. Before Miss Willard was gathered in that old chapel a company of average girls. None of them wanted to do anything very bad. Many were inspired with a more or less earnest purpose to make the most of themselves, and had, therefore, sought these opportunities for higher education. But the majority had no clearer understanding of life's meaning, no deeper appreciation of its responsibilities, than is usual among girls of their age. They possessed, moreover, quite the

average amount of animal spirits and love of fun. Had they been placed in a regulation female seminary with its multitude of inconsequential rules, they would have acted as girls usually do under such circumstances — set at naught the exasperating and trivial restrictions which implied a lack of good sense and self-respect on their part. To my knowledge, there were among them girls who only waited the occasion to rebel against such strictures. But in that first talk Miss Willard disarmed all such incipient rebellion. She gave us briefly the history of the opening of the University to women, told of President E. O. Haven's generous, brotherly interest and faith in us; of the anxiety with which the women of Evanston had planned for our coming and had sought to make the way plain and easy before us; of how ready they were to help us in any way we needed and with what interest they were watching us. Though we saw only unfamiliar faces about us, yet, she said, "Friendly eyes are upon you as you walk our streets and the kind hands of strangers are ready to clasp yours." Then she reminded us that this was a new movement, a step forward in woman's advancement, and its success must depend chiefly upon those in whose interest it was made. With the impressive tone and manner which only those who have heard her can appreciate, she said, "Your feet and mine are treading ground untrod before. I am speaking to those whose intellects must be active and keen, whose hearts must be loyal and true, else the new experiment is a failure." By the time she had finished, every girl in her presence felt that the eyes of all Evanston were

fixed upon our little band with anxious but sympathetic and kindly interest; that the cause of co-education depended very largely upon our success as students and our loyalty to the right; that even the larger cause of woman's advancement was involved in the use we made of the opportunities now placed within our reach. I do not believe there was a girl there who would not have despised herself if she had knowingly been false to the responsibilities resting upon her.

It was not long after this that an incident occurred, small in itself, yet very significant of the effect of Miss Willard's influence. The grounds of the old Seminary which we occupied temporarily in the hope of entering a year later the beautiful new college then building, were very near the railroad track. One afternoon a train passed loaded with young men students. There were twenty or more girls in the yard or on the porch, and the young men on the train gave the "Fem. Sem." the Chautauqua salute. Not a handkerchief waved in return. On the contrary, the demonstration was regarded in the light of an insult and called forth some indignant remarks. Yet there were girls in that group who, under other circumstances, would have considered it great sport to answer the salute, principally because it was a defiance of a command which implied lack of sense and self-respect in those upon whom it was laid. Miss Willard had given no specific directions to her girls regarding their deportment toward young men or anyone else. She had simply inspired them with a sense of their individual responsibility, had made them feel that greater interests than they had

dreamed of depended upon their conduct. An "arrest of thought" was always, in her view, a far more effectual way of reaching the desired end than were rules and monitors, for she believed that the only true government is self-government. It was upon this idea that she founded her self-governed system, which was a perfect success.

Never before had I lived under so keen a sense of personal responsibility, nor has it been exceeded in later years. One who lived under her influence, must have been callous indeed to have resisted it, for she appealed always to the highest motives. "Help us always to be what in her best moments each of us wants to be," was the frequently recurring petition in her prayer at our evening devotions. To that ideal self she always appealed. She seemed to ignore the possibility of our allowing any lower self to have a voice in making up our decisions, and the self to which she thus appealed responded. It was the same years afterward when, instead of half a hundred school girls, she gathered as her pupils "the women of two hemispheres." And very seldom did those appealed to disappoint her. It could not be expected that there would be no exceptions: Judas became a thief and a traitor under the constant influence of the Master himself, and there were a few who did not measure up to Miss Willard's faith and trust. But by far the most have been lifted up to higher planes of life and thought by her generous confidence.

It was not strange that warm-hearted girls, their affections unchilled by experience with the world's coldness and their faith unshaken by its deceptions, should have idolized her. Some onlookers, behold-



WILLARD HALL, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

ing the devoted loyalty and passionate affection which she inspired in us, declared that her influence was inexplicable on natural grounds; that it actually bordered on the uncanny; that she possessed a kind of occult magnetism not to be resisted by those who came within its reach. But it was not so. Her power was only that which a great soul, full of the spirit of Christ, must ever wield over its fellows. It is the power which has made Miss Willard the organizer and leader of the womanhood of her time and the commanding figure of this century.

Dr. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of Miss Willard's home church, in his farewell address to his congregation on March 27, said: "Frances Willard taught me in the University, and she made the classroom seem like a flower bed."

The story of Miss Willard's withdrawal from her work as Dean of the Woman's College and Professor of Esthetics in the Northwestern University is recorded in her own words. The spirit in which she took this step was commented upon in the address of President Henry Wade Rogers on the occasion of the commemorative service in Evanston, and tribute has been paid in this address to the wisdom of her course, the thoughtfulness and sincerity of her motives, and the sensitive conscientiousness of her attitude toward her colleagues from whom she was compelled to differ in regard to matters of administration.

When Miss Willard introduced her self-govern-

ment plan to her college girls, she tells us she felt that she "was going into a garden planted out with beautiful maiden flowers." There were two thousand pupils whose young lives received the impress of such a teacher, their beloved Miss Willard, whose boundless faith and prophetic insight taught them in the wide fields of character and destiny how for themselves to discern excellence, how to live in their fellowships, not their prejudices; in brief, "How to Win." No wonder that her portraits adorn the schoolrooms of our republic throughout the land.

CHAPTER V

THE TRAVELER

IN the days of the Guilds no man could write himself "master" until, as "journeyman," he had traveled from city to city, from land to land, learning whatever might be new and serviceable to him in the customs of his craft. When the time of his wandering was over, if he had been diligent and wise, he returned to his own land, no longer a mere workman, provincial in his art, but a master, with a world-wide training.

Frances E. Willard, who was to be both mistress and teacher of the art of life, having already passed her apprenticeship of instruction and experimental practice, was now to wander in other lands, see life under other conditions, with other customs, studying its advantages and disadvantages, its helps and its hindrances, henceforth to look on it with cosmopolitan eyes.

All the gathered gain and fruitage of the past, the results of the ripe culture of its ages in art, music, literature, architecture, history—all this she strove to make her own. She worked and studied in every capital in Europe but one; she traveled

north into Finland, east to the banks of the Volga; she lived in Damascus, and spent some time in Palestine in the company of eminent scholars; she climbed the Pyramids, and went south till she could look over into Nubia and see in the sky above it the Southern Cross.

In the course of this trip little escaped her discerning taste. Give such a woman, with such capabilities, such an opportunity, and she will naturally make more of it than would a host with more limited vision. As the friend who was her daily companion through these years, herself a woman of more than ordinary perception, used to say: "I never knew how much we saw, or how much there was in what we saw, until Frank began to tell about it. Sometimes I likened her mind to the philosopher's stone. Common clay turned to gold at its touch." She was the proof of Charles Kingsley's aphorism: "The eye sees only what it carries with it, the power of seeing."

It was a great change in circumstances for the young woman who, not so many years before, stood in the barn door at old Forest Home and wailed: "Shall we ever go anywhere, or know anything, or see anybody!" but all seems to have come about as naturally as if it were nothing uncommon. As George Macdonald has said: "Not only is the impossible possible with God, but it is *verra* possible."

The itinerary of these two pilgrims, Miss Willard and her friend, Miss Kate A. Jackson, is fascinating reading. Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Poland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Constantinople, the Danube, Hungary, Vienna, Paris, London, Paris again, are some of the headings.

Throughout this period Miss Willard flung herself into the stream of its labors and enjoyments with that ardor and abandon to the moment, that concentration of purpose upon the precise matter in hand, which was her happy characteristic all her life. She got out of each stage, as it came, all of which she was capable at the time. She was just as brave, as bright, and as half-shy, during this trip to Europe as she had been at home. She gives a diverting account of the "benumbing effect" upon her of the stately, black-coated array of waiters at the Lakes of Killarney. But the "benumbing effect" manifestly did not extend to her brain, for she accompanies the recital with one of the most charming and graceful descriptions of the beauty of the place ever penned.

Miss Willard had always been responsive to the spontaneous music of nature. Now she had the great music of ages of human life also, to vibrate over heart and nerves. What must this have meant to one who, as a child, had kissed the old melodeon

goodby, and who eight years before had written, "Five minutes of beautiful singing or playing will change my entire mental attitude," and, "No feeling ever comes to me so fraught with bitterness but one long steady look into the calm blue sky will cause it to melt away and disappear."

The two women went almost everywhere. The stage and the stage-setting of the drama of history for centuries was before them, and they were well versed in history, not as a dry study held in memory alone, but as students who, in learning it, were so sympathetically disposed that they almost experienced it as they read. For this perfect preparation Miss Willard had to thank her Aunt Sarah, a dramatic teacher of history. The travelers climbed the Alps to study the serenity and poise of monastic life, and loved the human-eyed St. Bernard dogs of the friendly hospice. At London they tried athletic feats in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, at least Miss Willard did. They went up the Nile in a steamer borrowed of the Pasha for the occasion. They perched on the broken columns of ancient temples, they faced with questioning woman-eyes the eternal woman, the Sphinx, most unknown to themselves, themselves part of her mystery.

In Palestine they took no joy in pretended tombs and places, alien with the mixed breath of crowds, although they tried to "do" them dutifully. But

as the day shut its doors they went out to the Mount of Olives, where our Lord prayed in the deepening silence, and the same stars looked down on them which looked on Him that night so long gone by, the same stars He had created. And they went to Bethany, the Lord's "home of rest," where lived those He loved, who loved Him; to Jordan, and Jericho, and the Dead Sea, where by some mischance of travel they found themselves with just ten minutes to stay; each place lived again in that clear-cut, imaginative life.

In Greece their time was far too limited for their limitless desires. It was sufficiently long for them, however, not only to see the usual sights, but to search out a shallow, pebbly brook—perhaps the very brook through the cool stream of which Socrates walked barefoot that bright Athenian day—and following along its course to a solitary turn where the grass bank sloped gently and a single tall tree grew, there to sit down together in its shade and read their Phædrus to the hum of the cicadæ, and the stirring of the breeze, and the lisp of the brook around its stones; just as at Jerusalem they looked for a sight of the valley, now covered with gardens, where was the great single-arched bridge across which the Queen of Sheba advanced to meet King Solomon, and drawing out their Bible, re-read the story together.

In Italy Miss Willard wrote: "I never dreamed in those lethargic years at home what a wide world it is, how full of misery." The swarming wretchedness of it nearly broke her heart. In this grief also she turned to God, that omnipotent Love and Wisdom that had a right to create, and created; that Lord of Life "in Whom we live and move and have our being"; He who knows the end from the beginning, and had inexorably made us. "Let my soul calm itself, O God, in Thee!" she cried, again and again. But the maladministration, the love of dominion she found, aroused her soul to revolt and abhorrence. While her whole European trip seemed on the surface to be given up to culture for culture's sake, Miss Willard's journal indicates the constant trend of the deeper currents of her nature toward helping poor, battered humanity that must be lifted toward God. In Paris they studied in the College de France, and at the Sorbonne attended the lectures of Laboulaye and Guizot, Legouve Chasles, Franck, the historian, Chevalier, the political economist, and others, and were in the capital for the last time when the German armies began to gather their hostile lines closer about the great city. Before they left, they made a last pilgrimage to bid farewell to the Venus of Milo, before which Heine poured out the heart-break of endless separation. After an absence of two years and a half they were ready, even eager,

to return home. Everywhere they had been welcomed. Everywhere their hearts and minds had received profit. Great store they had laid by for the future years of growth and activity, when in the fall of 1870, they embarked for their own dear land.

From Miss Willard's journals, faithfully kept throughout this eventful trip, we quote a section on Egypt.

EGYPT

FROM A YANKEE SCHOOLMA'AM'S POINT OF VIEW

"I rode on, all alone, a mile or more, to Memnon's statue. You know the story, that in the magic of old, when the rays of the rising sun struck the statue, it gave forth sweetest music. Perhaps you do not know that the heroic name of Memnon does not rightfully belong to it, antiquarians having agreed that it is the statue of Amenophis, one of Egypt's ancient kings. But apart from these pitiless, prosaic facts, this is the most poetic piece of sculpture in existence, except the Sphinx. And here was I, riding alone and free over the plain of Thebes, and yonder sat the vocal statue on his solemn throne, just as he was sitting at this same hour—under these heavens—four thousand years ago. Another statue, twin to this, but probably some centuries less venerable, and not endowed with vocal gifts, is close beside it. It is a near relative (some say the uncle of its nephew, the vocal statue),

and the profane Britishers christened the twain 'Lord Dundreary and his brother Sam.' My donkey galloped nimbly around this dignified pair, while, quite oblivious of the less celebrated relative, I measured with long glances the awful height of Memnon. Mindful of the explanation some scientific men have given of the musical tradition, namely, that certain stones by a rearrangement of their particles under the influence of blows have been known to give forth harmonious sounds, I pelted the old patriarch with stones, but waked no such response as fancy's ear had often caught when I was far from Thebes. A lithe Arab, seeing my endeavor, climbed the statue's side and rapped away with some vigor upon the stone that lies across its knee, producing some faint show of resonance, but exigent imagination, as is its malicious custom, sneered at this attempt. I picked up some cubes of rich brown Nile mud, crystallized here since last the river shrank away from Memnon's feet, and the dozen Arabs who had crowded around me gathered leaves and blades of grass from the pedestal's base to offer me. Two really pretty girls of twelve smoothed my hand with their hard, slim fingers, and looked me over curiously—my broad-brimmed hat with its long white scarf, and my traveling dress of navy blue, being as strange to them as their ochre-stained fingers, grease-plastered hair, and

three rings in each ear were to me. Another girl passed by as I sat there in reverie, with a mud tray upon her head containing cakes of mingled straw and manure—the only fuel of these poor people, and generator of the vermin which swarm in their miserable villages.

“This sight brought me back through two-thirds of the world’s lifetime, and set me thinking about the present state of the Egyptian race—a subject the most painful I have ever contemplated. Especially does the awful degradation and oppression of women, which is its cause here, distress me. When will the stronger member of the human family in every land discover that if he uses his more muscular arm to hold down to the earth the weaker member, he is putting the knife to his own breast—signing the death-warrant of his own manhood? That two and two make four is not more capable of demonstration than that in every age and country woman has been the stone around man’s neck to sink him to the lowest depths or the winged angel to help him to the purest heights that he has ever won. And away there toward the sunset, beyond the mystic Nile, the yellow sand, the wash of blue waves, is the land where man has grown free enough, wise enough, brave enough, to let woman be just what she can become without his uninspired restriction—the land where man has withdrawn his own in favor of

his Maker's 'thus far, and no farther.' Involuntarily I turned toward the inspiring west, and rode around full of thoughts and hopes and purposes.

"How can I give some idea of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, at Karnak? Suffice it for my modest pages to relate, concerning the most stupendous ruins in the world, that they quite 'fill the eye of fancy'—nay, even oppress that airy orb, such is their ponderous magnitude. Tracing their plan like that of all Egyptian temples (for these people, more than any other, believed in the virtue of what the wisest of all critics called 'vain repetition'), we passed in one afternoon through nearly three thousand years of human history and toil—for such is the gulf that separated Ousertesén, the projector, from Ptolemy-Alexander, the last restorer of the temple. Under such a weight of time and beneath such masses of architecture as these, the mind feels oppressed, and struggles vainly to grapple with the abstract idea of duration, and the concrete idea of columns, capitals, and crumbling walls, that seem as if the Titans only could have reared them.

"We looked from the lofty masses of architecture to the slim-legged Arabs crouched on fragments of rock below, and felt more than ever that they belonged to a degenerate race. If not, then a single despot soul like that of Rameses II. must have wielded a million bodies like these as we control the

members of our own. A horrid thought this, heavier upon the heart than all these piled-up stones. Never does one get the impression of 'man's inhumanity to man' so deeply graven on his spirit as in this land, the tyranny of whose kings has made it accursed of God.

"The king is the one figure of supreme prominence, carved upon all these noble columns and minutely sculptured walls. He stands proudly erect, in his chariot; he draws his bow victoriously against his foes, and tramples them down under his chariot wheels; contemplates with serene triumph their severed heads and hands piled up before him by his warriors, and offers as chief among equals such trophies, human or otherwise, as please him, to the gods. A sweet-smelling savor are these to the hawk-headed, jackal-headed, and crocodile-headed monsters whom the Egyptians worshiped, and who alone dispute pictorial honors with the sovereign. Not a touch of pity, not a hand of helpfulness, not a hint of charity, relieves the bitter gloom that broods over these splendid carvings of the greatest temple ever reared by man, and the heart turns wearily away while the eye seeks those smiling heavens that bend in changeless love over our poor world in its stormful career, and comfort comes from thought of Him who reigns there, and, late or early, blots out the very memory of the vile oppressors of our race.

'The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small,'

I murmured with deep satisfaction, as my donkey trotted homeward over the pavement of stones, crumbled to powder, but which once had helped to make Sesostris' pride.

"I will close this paper by a description of Karnak by moonlight:

"Our kind friend, the interpreter, who had taken us lately, by a sort of tacit consent, under his care, produced for me the very cream of all donkeys for this evening's excursion, borrowing her from his especial friend, the 'chief of police' at Luxor. So it fell out that, while Semiramis ambled along tranquilly, attended by her unfailing escort, the interpreter, I galloped on alone, my swift-footed lad of the previous excursions dancing attendance behind me. That half-hour's ride from Luxor over the plain to Karnak — most stupendous of all the Theban ruins — I shall never forget. It was the culmination of all the East can yield.

"Above me were new heavens. In the frame of a violet sky hung constellations I had never seen before — their palpitating globes of gold recalled the fruit-waving trees of the Hesperides. And dear, familiar stars were there, only in places very different from those they occupied 'in the infinite meadows of heaven,' that bent above my home. The Dipper

lay on the horizon's rim, tipped wrong side up; the Pleiades had climbed far up toward the zenith; and the changeless face of the North Star was hard to recognize amid surroundings so unusual. Around me was a new earth. The sandy plain stretched away into the purple darkness, full of attractive mystery. Far off gleamed the firefly lamps of a straggling Arab village, and on the cool, invigorating breeze, which had succeeded to the day's stifling heat, came the lonesome bark of dogs and jackals, so characteristic of the East.

“I rode beneath a grove of palm trees, magnificent in stature, and of a symmetry unequalled by any others ever seen. The shadows that they cast, like mosaics in the moonlight, I could compare to nothing but an emblazoned shield. The white wall and graceful dome of a sheik's tomb gleamed through the trees and for a moment deepened the lacework of their shadows. I rode along the ruined avenue of sphinxes that once extended over the mile that separates the temple at Luxor from that of Zamah. How still it was, and how significant that stillness in the highway through which, for two thousand years and more, all that was rarest and most royal in the wide earth had proudly passed — processions of kings and priests and captives, compared with which those of the Greeks were as the sport of children; and this ere Romulus laid the first stone of

his far-famed wall, or Æneas fretted the blue waves of the Ægean with his adventurous prow. The pride and glory of a world had here its center ere Cadmus brought letters into Greece or Jacob saw his wondrous vision on the Judean plains. How insignificant is that dramatic justice which lends the charm to romance, compared with the visible hand of vengeance with which a merciful God who loves the creatures He has made has smitten this stronghold of cruelty — wrenched from their lofty places the statues of bloodthirsty tyrants, and sent the balm of moonlight drifting through the shattered walls, and mellowing the fallen columns where once ‘power dwelt among her passions.’

“We sat upon a broken pedestal in the great court of the temple and let the wondrous lesson of the place fall on our hearts. One isolated column, the last remaining fragment of a stately colonnade, outlined itself against the liquid sky. Its white shaft was brilliant in the moonlight, and its broad capital, corolla-shaped like the lotus flower, held far aloft, like a lily’s cup uplifted for the dew. Beyond was the shattered propylon, once gay with the banners of Isis and Osiris, but frowning now like the bastion of a fortress; while still beyond, an avalanche of fallen rocks showed where ruin had struck the Temple of Jupiter Ammon its blow of doom.

“More distant still was the forest of columns which

has been the wonder of all travelers — unequaled in its kind by any work of man. It numbers one hundred thirty-four pillars, seventy feet in height and thirty-five in circumference (or about eleven feet thick), covered from base to abacus with carefully wrought sculptures, brilliantly colored in their palmy days. A single one among these massive pillars had been wrested from the foundation, and leaned heavily, with its huge architecture, against its neighbor, perhaps the most mournfully significant column that human hands had ever carved from stone and left to the slow canceration of time and ruin.

“Last of all, at the end of this long vista which comprises twenty-eight centuries of human history, gleamed the tapering finger of the largest obelisk in Egypt, as fresh and clear-cut in its outline as on the day the chisel left it — the chisel held by a nameless artisan who had become a mummy before Phidias had reared the Parthenon or Zeuxis and Appelles commenced their rivalries. Against this obelisk leaned an old Arab in voluminous white turban, and at its base were seated several others, all by their costumes and their bearing as perfectly in harmony with the scene as human accessories could be, and lending to it a strange charm as the mind reverts to those who reared this temple, and contrasts with theirs the insignificant achievements of their descendants.

“In that far-off realm of our endless life shall we some day meet these mighty builders whose work we contemplate under these moonlit heavens? What a thought is that, that in this changeful round of being we shall encounter somewhere, some day, the awful king Sesostris, the witching Cleopatra, the Pharaoh overwhelmed in the revengeful sea.

“But hark! They have arrived, the four and forty whom we call ‘the others.’ In phalanx close they ride through the vast courts, among the hundred pillars; some with cigars in mouth, others in lively conversation, and all at a brisk trot. One jolly young Englishman fires off a pistol two paces from us, at the base of the lone pillar with the capital of lotus flower.

“Our donkey boys accumulate; their shrill voices pierce the ruined temple through and through; their offers of a porcelain scarabæus, a glass sphinx, a scrap of papyrus, a chip of mummy case, become vociferous. We climb with much alacrity upon our donkeys and hurriedly gallop back across the wide and pleasant plain to our steamer at Luxor.”



REST COTTAGE

CHAPTER VI

THE ORGANIZER AND LEADER

UPON the summits of lofty mountain ranges which serve as the great watersheds of our country, the merest apparent accident — as a puff of wind or the encountering of a chance resistant force in tree or shrub — determines whether a particular rain-drop shall lend itself to the streams which flow eastward, or whether it shall become a part of the mighty waters which sweep toward west or south. It is an old figure and yet one which comes continually to mind in considering the crowning epoch in the life of Frances E. Willard.

Who would have prophesied in 1874 that Miss Willard was to be the leader of the women's temperance movement in America? Dean of the Northwestern Female College and Professor of Esthetics in the Northwestern University, in her were embodied much of nineteenth century civilization and culture. The Shakespeare and the musical clubs knew her, as did meetings for the discussion of Oriental and Greek thought and all the delightful dominating external culture of the mind of the day. She was admired by the great, loved where love

was a pride. Leading, active, regnant, she may have seemed in danger of being forever bound by outward success and applause. But God had long before planted in her soul in abundant measure a store of vital, childlike love and worship to remain there as a germ capable of responding to the loving warmth of His own radiant energy whenever the hour of the heart's springtime should come. She herself has quoted George Meredith's saying, "A check to the pride of a boy will frequently divert him to the paths where lie his subtlest powers," adding with winsome humor, "and girls are sometimes very boyish."

God had larger purposes for her than she knew, and as she approached the widening yet lonely path of philanthropy up which she was to toil, He gently and wisely prepared her for the change by opening in her thoughts new channels of interest in which all the currents of her life were soon to flow with a deeper, purer, stronger tide than the old channels had ever known. It was the year of the Woman's Temperance Crusade; there had been no unusual activity in temperance circles, but suddenly, without warning, the crusade began. As if by magic, armies of women — delicate, cultured, home women — filled the streets of the cities and towns of Ohio, going in pathetic procession from the door of the home to that of the saloon, singing, praying, plead-

ing with the rumsellers with all the eloquence of their mother-hearts. The movement ran like wild-fire over the land, breaking out here, there, and everywhere without known concert of action. "It was like the fires we used to kindle on the western prairies," Miss Willard said; "a match and a wisp of dry grass were all that were needed, and behold the magnificent spectacle of a prairie on fire sweeping across the landscape, swift as a thousand untrained steeds and no more to be captured than a hurricane." All this could not fail to arouse Miss Willard's attention. She was moved to help, although she might not leave her own place to do it. All through this battle of "Home *versus* Saloon," she read every word she could find about "that whirlwind of the Lord which in fifty days swept the liquor traffic out of two hundred and fifty towns and villages." She took pains to let her sentiments and her sympathies be widely known, giving to her pupils in rhetoric such novel essay themes as "John B. Gough," "Neal Dow," and "Does Prohibition Prohibit?"

Her brother, Oliver A. Willard, then editor of the Chicago *Evening Mail*, gave favorable and full reports of the Crusading bands, saying privately to his sister, "I shall speak just as well of the women as I dare to" — "a most characteristic editorial remark, though more frequently acted out than

uttered." And to the young Dean came this illumination: "It occurred to me, strange to say, for the first time, that I ought to work for the good cause just where I was — that everybody ought. Thus I first received 'the arrest of thought' concerning which, in a thousand different towns, I have since then tried to speak, and I believe that in this simple change of personal attitude, from passive to aggressive, lies the only force that can free this land from the drink habit and the liquor traffic. It would be like dynamite under the saloon if just where he is, the minister would begin active work against it; if just where he is, the teacher would instruct his pupils; if just where he is, the voter would dedicate his ballot to this movement; and so on, through the shining ranks of the great powers that make for righteousness, from father and mother to kindergarten toddlers, if each were this day doing what each could just where he is."

The wave of the Crusade struck Chicago. A band of women visited the City Council to petition for enforcement of the Sunday-closing law. They were treated with mocking slight and rudely jostled on the street by a band of rough men, half out for a lark, half ugly. This was in March, 1874. Miss Willard was thoroughly aroused. "Treat any woman with contumely, and as soon as she hears of it every other woman in the world worth anything

feels as if she also were hurt." Busy as she was, it was not many days before she found time publicly to declare this as "everybody's war," and to assure the temperance women she was with them heart and mind and hand. She made a second speech, and a third, so successfully that she was in demand at temperance gatherings. Her heart warmed to the work. "To serve such a cause would be utterly enthralling," she exclaimed, "if I only had more time — if I were more free!" Within three months she was free, perfectly free, to choose, to do, or to leave undone, to continue work along her own lines or to go into the new temperance field, differences of opinion between herself and the President of the University on matters of government having led to her resignation from the position of Dean of the Woman's College. In the sleepless night that followed there came a heavenly vision to which she was not disobedient, bringing to her soul the tranquil knowledge that "the Lord is real, His whole nature is Love."

Miss Willard's interest in the Crusade soon carried her to the East to study the temperance movement and to confer with its leaders in New York City, Boston, and Portland. She went down into the slums of New York, saw their mission temperance work, and there the fire of pity, that never left her, was kindled in her soul for the physical and mental

misery that intemperance causes among the poor. She attended the first Gospel temperance camp meeting known in temperance annals, at Old Orchard, Maine, listened to the story of the "Maine Law" from the lips of General Neal Dow, and for the first time met Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Portland, who became her strong and dependable coadjutor and then her successor. It was in a Portland hotel, while she wondered where money was to come from to meet her own and her mother's expenses, that she opened the Bible lying on the table and read the verse that "clinched her faith for this difficult emergency": "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

Going to Boston for further counsel and bending all her energies to find "where to stand within the charmed circle of the temperance reform," she waited and watched for providential intimations. Meanwhile many and varied offers came from the educational field, tempting in respect to their wide outlook and large promise of financial relief. "In this dilemma," so we read her record, "I consulted my friends as to their sense of my duty. Every one of them, including my dear mother and my revered counselor, Bishop S——, united in the decision that he thus expressed: 'If you were not dependent on your own exertions for the supply of current needs

I would say be a philanthropist, but of all work the temperance work pays least and you cannot afford to take it up. I therefore counsel you to remain in your chosen and successful field of the higher education.” “No one,” she continues, “stood by me in the preference I freely expressed to join the crusade women except Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who sent me a letter full of enthusiasm for the new line of work and predicted success for me therein.”

While visiting in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Miss Willard received two letters on the same day. The first was from Rev. Dr. Van Norman, of New York City, offering her the position of Lady Principal of his elegant school for young women, with a salary of \$2,400 and such duties as she might choose. The other was from Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, of Chicago, begging her to take the presidency of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, while she confessed its present weakness of organization and its financial inadequacy. “It has come to me,” said Mrs. Rounds, “as I believe from the Lord, that you ought to be our president.” Our temperance Greatheart did not hesitate; the offer of Dr. Van Norman was declined, that of Mrs. Rounds accepted. This was the real election of Frances E. Willard's life — this was her choice of a career.

“No words can adequately characterize the change

wrought in my life by this decision," wrote our leader. "Instead of peace, I was to participate in war; instead of the sweetness of home, never more dearly loved than I had loved it, I was to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; instead of libraries, I was to frequent public halls and railway cars; instead of scholarly and cultured men, I was to see the dregs of saloon and gambling house and haunt of shame. But women who were among the fittest Gospel survivals were to be my comrades; little children were to be gathered from near and from far in the Loyal Temperance Legion, and whoever keeps such company should sing a psalm of joy, solemn as it is sweet. Hence I have felt that great promotion came to me when I was counted worthy to be a worker in the organized Crusade for 'God and Home and Native Land.' Temporary differences may seem to separate some of us for a while, but I believe with all my heart that farther on we shall be found walking once more side by side."

On her homeward journey the heaven-born leader of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was to receive her Crusade baptism. It was in Pittsburg. Miss Willard's vivid description of the scene tells us:

The Crusade had lingered in this dim-colored city well-nigh a year, and when I visited my old friends at the Female College I spoke of it with

enthusiasm, and of the women who were, as I judged from a morning paper, still engaged in it here. They looked upon me with astonishment when I proposed to seek out those women and go with them to the saloons; but, too polite to disappoint me, they had me piloted by some of the factotums of the place to the headquarters of the Crusade. Here I was warmly welcomed, and soon found myself walking down street arm in arm with a young teacher from the public school, who said she had a habit of coming in to add one to the procession when her day's duties were over.

We paused in front of Sheffner's saloon, on Market street. The ladies ranged themselves along the curbstone, for they had been forbidden in anywise to incommode the passers-by, being dealt with much more strictly than a drunken man or a heap of dry-goods boxes would be. At a signal from our gray-haired leader, a sweet-voiced woman began to sing, "Jesus the water of life will give," all our voices soon blending in the song. I think it was the most novel spectacle that I recall. There stood women of undoubted religious devotion and the highest character, most of them crowned with the glory of gray hairs. Along the stony pavement of that stoniest of cities rumbled the heavy wagons, many of them carriers of beer; between us and the saloon in front of which we were drawn up in line, passed the motley throng, almost every man lifting his hat, and even little newsboys doing the same. It was American manhood's tribute to Christianity and to womanhood, and it was significant and full of pathos. The leader had already asked the saloonkeeper if we

might enter, and he had declined, else the prayer meeting would have occurred inside his door. A sorrowful old lady, whose only son had gone to ruin through that very death-trap, knelt on the cold, moist pavement and offered a broken-hearted prayer, while all our heads were bowed.

At a signal we moved on, and the next saloon-keeper permitted us to enter. I had no more idea of the inward appearance of a saloon than if there had been no such place on earth. I knew nothing of its high, heavily corniced bar, its barrels with the ends all pointed toward the looker-on, each barrel being furnished with a faucet; its shelves glittering with decanters and cut glass, its floors thickly strewn with sawdust, and here and there a table with chairs — nor of its abundant fumes, sickening to healthy nostrils. The tall, stately lady who led us, placed her Bible on the bar and read a psalm, whether hortatory or imprecatory I do not remember, but the spirit of these Crusaders was so gentle I think it must have been the former. Then we sang “Rock of Ages” as I thought I had never heard it sung before, with a tender confidence to the height of which one does not rise in the easy-going, regulation prayer meeting, and then one of the older women whispered to me softly that the leader wished to know if I would pray. It was strange, perhaps, but I felt not the least reluctance as I knelt on the sawdust floor, with a group of earnest hearts around me, and behind them, filling every corner and extending out into the street, a crowd of unwashed, unkempt, hard-looking drinking men. I was conscious that perhaps never in my life, save beside my sister Mary’s dying bed,

had I prayed as truly as I did then. This was my Crusade baptism. The next day I went on to the West, and within a week had been made president of the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The story of Miss Willard's early Chicago work reads like a romance. Into it she flung herself with the ardor of a St. Francis d'Assisi. She made the little great, the weak a power. She who had studied books, now studied humanity. Delighting in music and in art, she gave herself with abandon to scenes the world would consider the reverse of artistic. Once she said to a friend who lamented that she had relinquished the study of art, "What greater art than to try to restore the image of God to faces that have lost it?" For music she now had Gospel hymns, not always rendered effectively from the standpoint of the musical critic, but no grand oratorio could have thrilled her soul as did those hymns sung by men upon whose lips the praises of God were like the unaccustomed lisplings of babes. Nor was it ease or the prompting of cultured taste alone which Frances Willard sacrificed; she endured real hardship, the prosaic hardship of poverty, and even at times of hunger. So determined was she in her heroic soul to be led of God alone that she would not suffer the women of the Union to speak of compensation, and they, thinking that in some unknown

way abundant means were supplied her, accepted her service all unmindful of the fact that the slender figure which stood before them day after day had often walked many miles because she did not possess the "prerequisite nickel for car fare," or that she came to them hungry because she had no money with which to buy bread.

When Madam Willard's common sense prevailed and the situation was revealed, their regret partook almost of the nature of remorse, and a modest but adequate salary was immediately provided. When persuaded that her position was no longer tenable, Miss Willard did not regret the experience of those months, which gave her an insight into human hearts and a revelation of human needs. Often as she went about the great city, searching for the friendless and forgotten, she had said to herself, "I am a better friend than you dream; I know more about you than you think, for, bless God, I am hungry too." Thus early in her temperance career we catch the blended strains of tender sympathy and resolute determination, the strong notes of the harmony that rang through all her after life.

From the outset of her Chicago work it was apparent that a wider sphere was awaiting her, and when the organizing convention of the Illinois Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held in Springfield in October, 1874, she was elected to the office of corresponding secretary. In August of the

same year there had gone forth from Chautauqua, New York, a call to the women who had been interested in the Woman's Temperance Crusade to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, November 18-20, for the purpose of effecting a permanent national organization. Thither went Frances Willard to clasp hands with those whose very names had thrilled her heart as she had read of their brave warfare for the protection of the home. They recognized in her a most valuable ally, and she was placed upon the Committee on Resolutions, one of the most important positions within the gift of the convention. In this capacity she wrote the famous resolution which was in its essence her own spirit and the ruling principle of her life:

Resolved, That, recognizing that our cause is and will be combated by mighty, determined and relentless foes, we will, trusting in Him who is Prince of Peace, meet argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciation with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer.

Although Miss Willard had been elected to the office of corresponding secretary, she might without doubt have been made president had she not promptly refused to have her name used, saying that she preferred to learn of those who were veterans in this warfare rather than assume for herself a position of such responsibility.

Within a few brief months after her choice of a career we find Miss Willard's guiding hand upon three distinctively important positions in local, state, and national unions. Her history in those days made itself with startling rapidity. When once the hour had found the woman it was as if she had been from the beginning of her life filling the place, her fitness for which was so universally recognized. Five years later, in 1879, she was elected to the presidency of the National Union, and her every heart-beat was from that day given to the best interests of the organization which was far dearer to her than life itself. Indeed, the National Union was bounded by the compass of her great thought, warmed by the sunshine of her all-embracing love and nourished by her very life-blood. Rarely has the world seen so complete a death of self, so far as personal aims are concerned, or so glorious a resurrection of the true self in the lives of countless others.

While corresponding secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in the winter of 1877, Miss Willard went to Boston by invitation of Dwight L. Moody, to conduct daily meetings for women in connection with his revival services, and for three memorable months the Gospel according to "Saint Frances" was the magnet for mother-hearted women, young and old, who crowded

Berkeley street, Park street, and Clarendon street churches, giving sisterly help to the young leader, and learning as never before the meaning of the Love that never faileth and of "that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And not alone were women's hearts warmed and uplifted by the glow and enthusiasm fresh from the spirit of this woman evangel, for to many a manly heart was revealed through her the truth that there is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus.

On the fly-leaf of the Bible Miss Willard studied during these "Boston days," presented to her by the Central Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Chicago, at a farewell reception in Farwell Hall, we find this entry: "My first *whole* day of real, spiritual, joyful, loving study of the kernel of God's word, simply desirous to learn my Father's will, is this *17th of February, 1877*, with the Boston work just begun. And on this sweet, eventful day, in which, with every hour of study, the Bible has grown dearer, I take as my life-motto henceforth, humbly asking God's grace that I may measure up to it, this wonderful passage from Paul: 'And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.' Col. 3:17."

"Sweet, eventful day" to her, and its anniversary, twenty-one years later, was to witness "the sad

hour selected from all years" — nay, the glad hour
when her soul

"Began to beckon like a star
From the abode where the eternal are."

In March, 1878, her brother Oliver, of whose great gifts and genial nature Miss Willard could never say enough, suddenly passed away, and the editorship of his paper, the Chicago *Evening Post*, was for many weeks bravely carried by Miss Willard and her intrepid sister-in-law.

A multitude of memories grave and gay overwhelm one who attempts to chronicle Miss Willard's life in its years of white-ribbon leadership: the pioneer work in the far West, the visits to every province of Canada, the campaigns for constitutional amendments in various states, constructive work for the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the International Council of Women, the writing of six or eight books in addition to an autobiography, the editorship of *The Union Signal*, the presentation of Mrs. Hayes' portrait to the White House, and heroic work for enterprises affiliated at that time with the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Yet these are not a tithe of the interests that, in addition to continuous public speaking and incessant correspondence, pressed their claims upon a heart that was always "at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize."

In October, 1887, the Rock River, Illinois, Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church elected Miss Willard a delegate to the General Conference to meet in New York City, thus making her one of the first five women elected to the great Quadrennial.

In Miss Willard's autobiography, "Glimpses of Fifty Years," she tells us that nothing could exceed her surprise when she learned that the Bishops had prejudged the entire case in their opening address. The Conference voted against seating the women delegates, although the champions of equality made a splendid record, of which they will be prouder with each added year.

CHAPTER VII

THE ORGANIZER AND LEADER

(Continued)

As an organizer Miss Willard possessed rare powers of discernment, and a still more rare magnetism. Like the "Ancient Mariner," she could have said:

"Whenever that his face I see,
I know the man who must hear me —
To him I tell my tale";

only the message was primarily to woman, because she saw that the interests of the home, of childhood, of a purer manhood, were bound up in the elevation of women, not because she made the mistake of which she accused the author of "Getting On in the World," namely, "squinting at humanity and seeing only half of it." She saw the real significance of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In the new society she saw the first attempt to unite women into an organization which should make the influence of womanhood an appreciable power in the world. She saw that the army called into existence by the ravages of the saloon upon the home could, with proper leadership, be arrayed likewise against every



Frances Willard

PRESIDENT NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN
TEMPERANCE UNION



other evil which threatens the home and strikes at our civilization. She saw in it, too, a great educational agency for women, and this ideal gave strength and courage for the ceaseless journeyings, difficult and distant, which were to mark the next ten years of her life. Almost immediately upon her election to the national presidency she began that wonderful tour which was not to end until she had spoken in every city and town of ten thousand inhabitants in the United States, and in many of smaller size. In 1883 she traveled 30,000 miles, visiting every state and territory, speaking in the capital cities of all save Idaho and Arizona. During a dozen years she averaged one meeting a day, and only six weeks in a year for mother-love and home. Such toil seems superhuman when one takes into account the fact that the weary journeys were never allowed to interrupt the constant flow of thought and work. To Miss Willard a railway train became for the time being only another Rest Cottage workshop, and the busy fingers were constantly flying over her writing tablet as the train sped on its swift way. Some of her most inspired and inspiring utterances were given to the world under these conditions.

She seldom turned aside for sight-seeing. A trip to Yellowstone Park was relinquished because she found that thus one more point could be visited and one more Union organized. The goal of her conse-

crated ambition was a universal sisterhood united in a common cause, and she was deaf to all sounds and blind to all sights which might lure her from that goal. She aroused in the women who rallied to her call not alone a deep love and devotion to herself, but a new faith in their own possibilities and a new hope for the race of which she was a part. One cultured Southern woman, who later occupied a prominent position in national work, has said: "The first time I heard her I lay awake all night for sheer gladness. It was such a wonderful revelation to me that a woman like Miss Willard could exist. I thanked God and took courage for humanity." That same courage has been breathed into unnumbered lives. Women, "seeing her faith," have had a like faith kindled in their own hearts — a faith not alone in their individual ability, but in the power of an organized womanhood. No wonder that Unions, state and local, sprang up like magic wherever her feet trod. She brought to each woman that most mighty of cohesive forces, mingled faith and love.

By far the larger number of state and territorial Unions in the South and in the far West call Miss Willard mother. Her first trip through the Southern States marks an epoch in history. "It was the first ray of hope that had come into our lives since the war," said one gentle woman of the "solid South."

"We had been sitting dumb and crushed amid the wreckage of our past, and it seemed as if there were no future for us; but Miss Willard came and held out to us that little white hand, and its clasp gave us new heart and new hope. She made the white ribbon God's olive branch of peace."

Bishop Stevens, who, as Colonel Stevens, commanded the battery that fired the first shot on Fort Sumter, introduced Miss Willard to her first Southern audience in Charleston, saying, "This woman, this Northern woman, this Northern temperance woman, brings us the magic initials W. C. T. U. Shall we not interpret them in our case to mean, We Come To Unite the North and the South, and We Come To Upset the liquor traffic?" The truth of this prophetic utterance was seen at the next National Convention, in Washington, D. C., when Southern women for the first time sat side by side with their Northern sisters, saying to the beloved president of them all, "We have enlisted with you to wage a peaceful war for God and Home and Native Land."

Miss Willard was essentially a harmonizer, loving peace with a love so deep that she would make any concession, except one of principle, to maintain it. Her power to organize was pre-eminent, for the organizer, the constructionist, must always be a man or a woman of peace. Yet her love of peace never took the form of cowardly inertia. She could wage most

vigorous warfare and prove herself, whenever war seemed necessary, a sternly uncompromising foe. With a nature strong yet gentle, firm yet pliable, it may be seen why she effected the largest organization of women the world ever has known.

Miss Willard disproved Goethe's statement that women are ever isolated, ever work alone, and as a suffrage leader in Massachusetts has said, "She has shown how they may be brought together in a mighty force which, wisely directed, may revolutionize the world." Whittier well summed up her life work in these memorable lines:

"She knew the power of banded ill,
But felt that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good
The world's united womanhood."

Miss Willard's genius for organizing individuals is written upon every page of the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In her own words:

Alone we can do little. Separated, we are the units of weakness, but aggregated, we become batteries of power. Agitate, educate, organize — these are the deathless watchwords of success. The fingers of the hand can do little alone, but, correlated into a fist, they become formidable. The plank borne here and there by the sport of the wave is an image of imbecility, but frame a thousand planks of heart of oak into a hull, put in your engine

with its heart of fire, fit out your ship, and it shall cross at a right angle those same waves to the port it has purposed to attain. We want all those like-minded with us, who would put down the dramshop, exalt the home, redeem manhood, and uplift womanhood, to join hands with us for organized work according to a plan. It took the allied armies to win at Waterloo, and the alcohol Napoleon will capitulate to a no less mighty army.

It is the way commerce has marched across the continents and captured them for civilization — one by one; it is the way an army is recruited — one by one; it is the way Christ's Church is built up into power, and heaven adds to its souls redeemed — just one by one.

Women of the Church, the Home, the School, will you not rally to the holy call of individual responsibility and systematically united effort?—

“ For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that you can do!”

The human biped is a timid creature, who loves to march in platoons rather than to strike out swiftly and alone; but he carries a jewel behind the forehead, and is, therefore, the single sentient creature concerning whom there is hope. You can change his opinions though they are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and dearer to him than his own right eye. There are forces that can disintegrate from the igneous rocks of his prejudice the broader stratifications of kindlier custom and more righteous law. What with “line upon line, precept upon precept,

here a little and there a little" of persuasion founded upon justice, the work is done.

In the morning of its life every movement for man's elevation shines out with a light like that of Rembrandt's pictures, narrow, but intense. As the day deepens, the light becomes like that in Raphael's pictures, broad and all-comprehending. So it is with Christianity, and so, as white-ribboners steadfastly believe, it will be with that great temperance reform which was born of the Gospel, and which has been designated by that intrepid leader, Lady Henry Somerset, as "an embodied prayer."

He who climbs, sees. Poets tell us of

"The one far-off, divine event,
Toward which the whole creation moves,"

and in this mighty movement toward the power that organization only can bestow, what end have we in view? Is it fame, fortune, leadership? Not as I read women's hearts, who have known them long and well. It is for love's sake — for the bringing in of peace on earth, good will to men. The two supreme attractions in nature are gravitation and cohesion. That of cohesion attracts atom to atom, that of gravitation attracts all atoms to a common center. We find in this the most conclusive figure of the supremacy of love to God over any human love, the true relation of human to the love divine, and the conclusive proof that in organizing for the greatest number's greatest good, we do but "think God's thoughts after Him."

White-ribbon women distinctly disavow any banding together of women as malcontents or

hostiles toward the correlated other half of the human race. Brute force, to our mind, means custom as opposed to reason, prejudice as the antagonist of fair play, and precedent as the foe of common sense.

It was a beautiful saying of the earlier Methodists, when they avowed a holy life, "I feel nothing contrary to love." But the widening march of Christianity has given a wonderfully practical sense to such words, and we actually mean here to-day that whatever in custom or law is contrary to that love of one's neighbor which would give to him or her all the rights and privileges that one's self enjoys, is but a relic of brute force, and is to be cast out as evil.

And because woman in our most civilized nation is still so related to the law that the father can will away an unborn child, and that a girl of seven or ten years old is held to be the equal partner in a crime where another and a stronger is principal; because she is in so many ways hampered and harmed by laws and customs pertaining to the past, we reach out hands of help especially to her that she may overtake the swift marching procession of progress; for its sake, that it may not slacken its speed on her account, as much as for hers that she be not left behind. We thus represent the human rather than the woman question, and our voices unite to do that which the President of the New York Woman's Club beautifully said in a late letter to the Club of Bombay:

"Tell them the world was made for woman, too."

As a working hypothesis, no age and no race of men can ever go beyond Christ's simple dictum, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It cometh not by observation; that is, it cometh not suddenly, but little by little, imperceptibly as one particle after another is added to one's stature, so by every thought, word, and deed, that kingdom has woven its warp and woof, wrought out its wonderful beauty in our own breasts. All pure habits, all health and sanity of brain, make for the kingdom of heaven. The steady pulse, the calm and quiet thought, the splendid equipoise of will, the patient industry that forges right straight on and cannot be abashed or turned aside, these make for the kingdom of heaven. The helpful hand outstretched to whatsoever beside us may crawl or creep, or cling or climb, is a hand whose very motion is part of the dynamic forces of the kingdom of heaven. The spirit of God, by its divine alchemy, works in us to transform, to re-create, to vivify our entire being, in spirit, soul, and body, until we ourselves incarnate a little section of the kingdom of heaven.

The deepest billows are away out at sea; they never come in sight of shore. These waves are like the years of God. Upon the shore line of our earthly life come the waves of the swift years; they bound and break and are no more. But far out upon eternity's bosom are the great, wide, endless waves that make the years of God; they never strike upon the shore of time. In all the flurry and the foam about us, let us bend our heads to listen to the great anthem of that far-off sea, for our life barks shall soon be cradled there; we are but building here, the

launch is not far off, and then the boundless ocean of the years of God.

Miss Willard's magnificent conception of the necessary correlation of reform forces, her influence in allying so many other moral forces with the original purpose of the Crusade, has made the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the most broadly comprehensive organization the world has ever known. This "Do Everything Policy" she thus defines:

When we began the delicate, difficult, and dangerous operation of dissecting out the alcohol nerve from the body politic, we did not realize the intricacy of the undertaking, nor the distances that must be traversed by the scalpel of investigation and research. More than twenty years have elapsed since the call to battle sounded its bugle note among the homes and hearts of Hillsboro, Ohio. One thought, sentiment, and purpose animated those saintly Praying Bands, whose name will never die out from human history: "Brothers, we beg of you not to drink and not to sell!" This was the single wailing note of these moral Paganinis, playing on one string. It caught the universal ear and set the key of that mighty orchestra, organized with so much toil and hardship, in which the tender and exalted strain of the Crusade violin still soars aloft, but upborne now by the clanging cornets of science, the deep trombones of legislation, and the thunderous drums of politics and parties. The "Do Everything Policy" was not of our choosing, but is an evolution as inevitable as any traced by the naturalist, or described by the

historian. Woman's genius for details and her patient steadfastness in following the enemies of those she loves through every lane of life, have led her to antagonize the alcohol habit and the liquor traffic just where they are, wherever that may be. If she does this, since they are everywhere, her policy will be, "Do Everything."

A one-sided movement makes one-sided advocates. Virtues, like hounds, hunt in packs. Total abstinence is not the crucial virtue in life that excuses financial crookedness, defamation of character, or habits of impurity. The fact that one's father was, and one's self is, a bright and shining light in the total abstinence galaxy, does not give one a vantage ground for high-handed behavior toward those who have not been trained to the special virtue that forms the central idea of the temperance movement. We have known persons who, because they had "never touched a drop of liquor," set themselves up as if they belonged to a royal line, but whose tongues were as biting as alcohol itself and whose narrowness had no competitor save a straight line. An all-round movement can only be carried forward by all-round advocates; a scientific age requires the study of every subject in its correlations. It was once supposed that light, heat, and electricity were wholly separate entities; it is now believed, and practically proved, that they are but different modes of motion. Standing in the valley, we look up and think we see an isolated mountain; climbing to its top, we see that it is but one member of a range of mountains, many of them of well-nigh equal altitude.

Some bright women who have opposed the "Do Everything Policy," used as their favorite illustration a flowing river, and expatiated on the ruin that would follow if that river (which represents their Do One Thing Policy) were diverted into many channels; but it should be remembered that the most useful of all rivers is the Nile, and that the agricultural economy of Egypt consists in the effort to spread its waters upon as many fields as possible. It is not for the river's sake that it flows through the country, but for the sake of the fertility it can bring upon the adjoining fields, and this is pre-eminently true of the temperance reform.

Let us not be disconcerted, but stand bravely by that blessed trinity of movements, Prohibition, Woman's Liberation, and Labor's Uplift.

Everything is not in the Temperance Reform, but the Temperance Reform should be in everything.

"Organized Mother-Love" is the best definition of the white-ribbon movement, and it can have no better motto than: "Make a chain, for the land is full of bloody crimes and the city of violence."

If we can remember this simple rule, it will do much to unravel the mystery of the much-controverted "Do Everything Policy," namely, that every question of practical philanthropy or reform has its temperance aspect, and with that we are to deal.

Miss Willard's conviction of the essential right and justice of the principle of woman suffrage, with a

twin conviction that she must be its public advocate, came to her in the capital of the Crusade State in 1876, while she was upon her knees in prayer, lifting her heart to God with the cry, "What wouldst Thou have me to do?" She felt that all the power of God would be at her disposal in her advocacy of the views she was constrained to declare, and at once asked permission to present the subject at the projected Centennial temperance meeting, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, but the request was declined. Even at Chautauqua, a few weeks later, she felt the conservative influence and refrained from speaking out her deepest thought. This dauntless pioneer next visited Old Orchard Beach, and she tells us that in the "fragrant air of Maine's dear piney woods, with the great free ocean's salt spray to invigorate lungs and soul, I first avowed the faith that was within me. All around, my good friends looked so much surprised and some of them so sorry." Miss Willard found a strong friend in Maria Mitchell, who gave her a "home protection audience," at the Woman's Congress. Her first avowal of this theme, dear to her heart, before the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was made in the year 1876 before the annual convention, held in Newark, New Jersey. Miss Willard's own pen picture is the best delineation of that now historic scene:

By this time my soul had come to "woe is me if I declare not this gospel." Welcome or not, the words must come. In a great crowded church, with smiles on some faces and frowns on others, I came forward. Our gifted Mary Lathrap had told a war story in one of her addresses about a colored man who saw a boat bearing down upon the skiff drawn up to shore, in which he and three white men were concealed. If he could only push off instantly they would be saved, but to show himself was fatal. But he did not hesitate; calling out, "Somebody's got to be killed, and it might as well be me," he launched the boat and fell with a bullet in his heart. In that difficult hour this story came to me, and as I told it some of my good friends wept at the thought of ostracism which, from that day to this, has been its sequel — not as a rule, but a painful exception. When I had finished the argument, a lady from New York, gray-haired and dignified, who was presiding, said to the audience: "The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is not responsible for the utterances of this evening. We have no mind to trail our skirts in the mire of politics." She doubtless felt it her duty to speak, and I had no thought of blame, only regret. As we left the church, one of our chief women said: "You might have been a leader in our national councils, but you have deliberately chosen to be only a scout."

Miss Willard had no way of knowing, unless by divine intuition, that this prophecy was false; yet a scout she dared and chose to become. Three years later, at the very Convention which elected her its

president, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union declared for the ballot in the hands of woman, and during the years which have followed it is universally acknowledged to have accomplished more in molding the public opinion of the home and the church in favor of this reform than has any other one agency.

Concerning the prohibition policy Miss Willard thus sets forth the position of the white-ribbon organization:

PROHIBITION

We base our plea for prohibition on the principle set forth by the Supreme Court of the country in what have become "household words" among our temperance women:

"No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals; the people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."

We had in the United States last year more than ten thousand murders and more than six thousand suicides, or an average of thirty murders a day, besides twelve monthly lynchings. Since 1867 these terrible 'takings off' have multiplied in proportion to the population at the rate of three to one. The papers that I read, not only from the metropolis itself, but from Maine to California, would seem to indicate that murders are the staple product.

We have the testimony of Judge Noah Davis, of New York City, twenty years on the bench, that ninety per cent of the crime is due to strong drink.

Any reasoning man who can put these facts together and then vote for license has the mind of a man without conscience, or without adequate knowledge, or with a serious twist in brain or conscience — at least this is my humble opinion. The fact is, "My people perish for lack of knowledge." There is not a good man between the oceans who would not vote against throwing around the saloon the guarantees and safeguards of the municipality if he had studied the question with an honest desire to know whether it is better to be linked with the traffic, by accepting the bonus that it gives in order to have the law on its side, or squarely to vote against it, thus removing one's self from any connivance with the abomination, and then to try to carry out the intention of that vote so far as possible. That which the people have legalized they can render illegal, and it is their solemn duty before God and humanity to render the liquor traffic illegal. I believe, with all my heart, that the men who vote to give it a legal status will meet their record farther on to their unspeakable regret and immeasurable remorse. It is a long lane that has no turning. If we sow the wind we are sure to reap the whirlwind. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

In the vocabulary of "practical statesmanship" the words, "opportune" and "expedient" stand at the head. We would make the same criticism upon them that Abraham Lincoln did concerning a

book left with him by the agent who demanded a notice, whereupon the great man wrote, "For those who like this sort of book, it is about the sort of book they like," and for those who ring the changes upon opportunism and expediency, there is nothing to be done except to let them ring. But this is not the genius or the spirit of the white-ribbon movement. Nothing could have been more impolitic than for women to form processions on the streets as a demonstration against the liquor traffic; nothing could have been less opportune than prayer-meetings in saloons, and pounding with hatchets the casks and barrels of the dramshop, but these humble and unheard-of means were used by the heavenly powers to concentrate the gaze of the world upon the plague spot of the republic, and from these beginnings, which were to the wise foolishness and to the statesman an infatuation, has come a movement that, if we are true to its hidings of power, will be pervasive before long, and some day it will be triumphant.

Besides being wholly wicked in principle, any form of license is pitiably inconsequent in policy. Consider once more the false and arrogant claim of license with the misleading prefix "high," that latest device of Satan, who herein proves his power, as many times before, to "deceive the very elect." That some good men have been led away by its lying promises, makes this unhallowed method of legislation all the more dangerous. Fortunately no temperance expert in the nation, no man or woman who has made such a study of the principles involved as those do whose lives are consecrated to the greatest of reforms, has spoken one word in



THE DEN. REST COTTAGE

favor of this worst of all methods for handling the liquor traffic. They know too well that high license yokes Mammon to the chariot wheels of King Alcohol. It puts a premium on the cupidity of tax-payers and lulls their consciences to sleep with its siren song, "Make the traffic bear its own burdens," until their dulled perception loses out of sight the fact that they have legalized a traffic which will render at once necessary the expense of almshouse, hospital, insane asylum, and penitentiary, and is fed by the debauchery of their own children.

Moral chloroform thus administered in the form of poisoned gold, to a city or a commonwealth, means its certain degradation; the ruin which is no less intellectually than morally sure to fall upon a people who "call evil good and good evil; who put darkness for light and light for darkness."

CHAPTER VIII

THE "HOME PROTECTION" ADDRESS

"THE whisky power looms like a Chimborazo among the mountains of difficulty over which our native land must climb to reach the future of our dreams. The problem of the rum power's overthrow may well engage our thoughts as women and as patriots. To-night I ask you to consider it in the light of a truth which Frederick Douglass has embodied in these words: 'We can in the long run trust all the knowledge in the community to take care of all the ignorance of the community, and all of its virtue to take care of all of its vice.' The difficulty in the application of this principle lies in the fact that vice is always in the active, virtue often in the passive. Vice is aggressive. It deals swift, sure blows, delights in keen-edged weapons, and prefers a hand-to-hand conflict, while virtue instinctively fights its unsavory antagonist at arm's length; its great guns are unwieldy and slow to swing into range.

"Vice is the tiger, with keen eyes, alert ears, and cat-like tread, while virtue is the slow-paced, complacent, easy-going elephant, whose greatest dan-

ger lies in its ponderous weight and consciousness of power. So the great question narrows down to one of methods. It is not, when we look carefully into the conditions of the problem, how shall we develop more virtue in the community to offset the tropical growth of vice by which we find ourselves environed, but rather, how the tremendous force we have may best be brought to bear, how we may unlimber the huge cannon now pointing into vacancy, and direct their full charge at short range upon our nimble, wily, vigilant foe?

"As bearing upon a consideration of that question, I lay down this proposition: All pure and Christian sentiment concerning any line of conduct which vitally affects humanity will, sooner or later, crystallize into law. But the keystone of law can only be firm and secure when it is held in place by the arch of that keystone, which is public sentiment.

"I make another statement not so often reiterated, but just as true, namely: The more thoroughly you can enlist in favor of your law the natural instincts of those who have the power to make that law, and to select the officers who shall enforce it, the more securely stands the law. And still another: First among the powerful and controlling instincts in our nature stands that of self-preservation, and next after this, if it does not claim superior rank, comes that of a mother's love. You can count upon

that every time; it is sure and resistless as the tides of the sea, for it is founded in the changeless nature given to her from God.

“Now, the stronghold of the rum power lies in the fact that it has upon its side two deeply-rooted appetites, namely: in the dealer, the appetite for gain, and in the drinker, the appetite for stimulants. We have dolorously said in times gone by that on the human plane we have nothing adequate to match against this frightful pair. But let us think more carefully and we shall find that, as in nature God has given us an antidote to every poison, and in grace a compensation for every loss, so in human society He has prepared against alcohol, that worst foe of the social state, an enemy under whose weapons it is to bite the dust.

“Think of it! There is a class in every one of our communities — in many of them far the most numerous class — which (I speak not vauntingly; I but name it as a fact) has not in all the centuries of wine, beer, and brandy drinking developed, as a class, an appetite for alcohol, but whose instincts, on the contrary, set so strongly against intoxicants that if the liquor traffic were dependent on their patronage alone, it would collapse this night as if all the nitro-glycerine of Hell Gate reef had exploded under it.

“There is a class whose instinct of self-preserva-

tion must forever be opposed to a stimulant which nerves with dangerous strength arms already so much stronger than their own, and so maddens the brain God meant to guide those arms, that they strike down the wives men love, and the little children for whom, when sober, they would die. The wife, largely dependent for the support of herself and little ones upon the brain which strong drink paralyzes, the arm it masters, and the skill it renders futile, will, in the nature of the case, prove herself unfriendly to the actual or potential source of so much misery. But besides this primal instinct of self-preservation, we have in the same class of which I speak, another far more high and sacred — I mean the instinct of a mother's love, a wife's devotion, a sister's faithfulness, a daughter's loyalty. And now I ask you to consider earnestly the fact that none of these blessed rays of light and power from woman's heart are as yet brought to bear upon the rum shop at the focus of power. They are, I know, the sweet and pleasant sunshine of our homes; they are the beams which light the larger home of social life and send their gentle radiance out even into the great and busy world.

"But I know, and as the knowledge has grown clearer, my heart has thrilled with gratitude and hope too deep for words, that in a republic all these now divergent beams of light can, through that magic

lens, that powerful sun-glass which we name the ballot, be made to converge upon the rum shop in a blaze of light that shall reveal its full abominations, and a white flame of heat which, like a pitiless moxa, shall burn this cancerous excrescence from America's fair form. Yes, for there is nothing in the universe so sure, so strong, as love; and love shall do all this — the love of maid for sweetheart, wife for husband, of a sister for her brother, of a mother for her son. And I call upon you who are here to-day, good men and brave — you who have welcomed us to other fields in the great fight of the angel against the dragon in society — I call upon you thus to match force with force, to set over against the liquor-dealer's avarice our instinct of self-preservation; and to match the drinker's love of liquor with our love of him! When you can center all this power in that small bit of paper which falls

'As snowflakes fall upon the sod;

But executes a freeman's will, as lightnings do the will of God,'

the rum power will be as much doomed as was the slave power when you gave the ballot to the slaves.

“In our argument it has been claimed that by the changeless instincts of her nature and through the most sacred relationships of which that nature has been rendered capable, God has indicated woman, who is the born conservator of home, to be the Nemesis of home's arch enemy, King Alcohol. And,

further, that in a republic, this power of hers may be most effectively exercised by giving her a voice in the decision by which the rum-shop door shall be opened or closed beside her home.

"This position is strongly supported by evidence. About the year 1850, petitions were extensively circulated in Cincinnati (later the fiercest battleground of the Woman's Crusade), asking that the liquor traffic be put under the ban of law. Bishop Simpson — one of the noblest and most discerning minds of his century — was deeply interested in this movement. It was decided to ask for the names of women, as well as those of men, and it was found that the former signed the petition more readily and in much larger numbers than the latter. Another fact was ascertained which rebuts the hackneyed assertion that women of the lower class will not be on the temperance side in this great war. For it was found — as might, indeed, have been most reasonably predicted — that the ignorant, the poor (many of them wives, mothers, and daughters of intemperate men), were among the most eager to sign the petition.

"Many a hand was taken from the washtub to hold the pencil and affix the signature of women of this class, and many another, which could only make the sign of the cross, did that with tears and a hearty 'God bless you.' 'That was a wonderful

lesson to me,' said the good Bishop, and he has always believed since then that God will give our enemy into our hands by giving to us an ally still more powerful — woman with the ballot against rum shops in our land. It has been said so often that the very frequency of reiteration has in some minds induced belief, that women of the better class will never consent to declare themselves at the polls. But tens of thousands from the most tenderly sheltered homes have gone day after day to the saloons, and have spent hour after hour upon their sanded floors, and in their reeking air — places in which not the worst politician would dare to locate the ballot box of freemen, though they but stay a moment at the window, slip in their votes, and go their way.

“Nothing worse can ever happen to women at the polls than has been endured by the hour on the part of conservative women of the churches in this land, as they, in scores of towns, have pleaded with rough, half-drunken men to vote the temperance tickets they have handed them, and which, with vastly more of propriety and fitness, they might have dropped into the box themselves. They could have done this in a moment, and returned to their homes, instead of spending the whole day in the often futile endeavor to beg from men like these the votes which should preserve their homes from the whisky ser-

pent's breath for one uncertain year. I spent last May in Ohio, traveling constantly, and seeking on every side to learn the views of the noble women of the Crusade. They put their opinions in words like these: 'We believe that as God led us into this work by way of the saloons, He will lead us out by way of the ballot. We have never prayed more earnestly over the one than we shall over the other. One was the Wilderness, the other is the Promised Land.'

"A Presbyterian lady, rigidly conservative, said: 'For my part, I never wanted to vote until our gentlemen passed a prohibition ordinance so as to get us to stop visiting saloons, and a month later repealed it and chose a saloon-keeper for mayor.'

"Said a grand-daughter of Jonathan Edwards, a woman with no toleration toward the suffrage movement, a woman crowned with the glory of gray hairs, a central figure in her native town — and as she spoke the courage and faith of the Puritans thrilled her voice: 'If, with the ballot in our hands, we can, as I firmly believe, put down this awful traffic, I am ready to lead the women of my town to the polls, as I have often led them to the rum shops.'

"We must not forget that for every woman who joins the Temperance Unions that have sprung up all through the world, there are at least a score who sympathize, but do not join. Home influence and

cares prevent them, ignorance of our aims and methods, lack of consecration to Christian work — a thousand reasons, sufficient in their estimation, though not in ours, hold them away from us. And yet they have this Temperance cause warmly at heart; the logic of events has shown them that there is but one side on which a woman may safely stand in this great battle, and on that side they would indubitably range themselves in the quick, decisive battle of election day, nor would they give their voice a second time in favor of the man who had once betrayed his pledge to enforce the most stringent law for the protection of their homes. There are many noble women, too, who, though they do not think as do the Temperance Unions about the deep things of religion, and are not as yet decided in their total abstinence sentiments, nor ready for the blessed work of prayer, are nevertheless decided in their views of woman suffrage, and ready to vote a temperance ticket side by side with us. And there are the drunkard's wife and daughters, who from very shame will not come with us, or who dare not, yet who could freely vote with us upon this question; for the folded ballot tells no tales.

“Among other cumulative proofs in this argument from experience, let us consider, briefly, the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the temperance reform. It is friendly, at least. Father

Mathew's spirit lives to-day in many a faithful parish priest. In our processions on the Centennial Fourth of July, the banners of Catholic Total Abstinence Societies were often the only reminders that the republic has any temperance people within its borders, as they were the only offset to brewers' wagons and distillers' casks; while among the monuments of our cause, by which this memorable year is signalized, their fountain in Fairmount Park — standing in the midst of eighty drinking places licensed by our Government — is chief. Catholic women would vote with Protestant women upon this issue for the protection of their homes

“Again, among the thousands of churches of America, with their millions of members, two-thirds are women. Thus, only one-third of this trustworthy and thoughtful class has any voice in the laws by which, between the church and the public school, the rum shop nestles in this Christian land. Surely all this must change before the government shall be upon His shoulders ‘who shall one day reign King of nations as He now reigns King of saints.’

“Furthermore, nine-tenths of the teachers in this land are women, whose thoughtful judgment, expressed with the authority of which I speak, would greatly help forward the victory of our cause. And finally, by those who fear the effect of the foreign

element in our country, let it be remembered that we have six native women for every one who is foreign born, for it is men who emigrate in largest numbers to our shores.

“When all these facts (and many more that might be added) are marshaled into line, how illogical it seems for good men to harangue us as they do about our ‘duty to educate public sentiment to the level of better law,’ and to exhort true-hearted American mothers to ‘train their sons to vote aright.’ As said Mrs. Governor Wallace, of Indiana — until the Crusade an opponent of the franchise — ‘What a bitter sarcasm you utter, gentlemen, to us who have the public sentiment of which you speak, all burning in our hearts, and yet are not permitted to turn it to account.’

“Let us, then, each one of us, offer our earnest prayer to God, and speak our honest word to man in favor of this added weapon in woman’s hands, remembering that every petition in the ear of God, and every utterance in the ears of men, swells the dimensions of that resistless tide of influence which shall yet float within our reach all that we ask or need. Good and true women who have crusaded in rum shops, I urge that you begin crusading in halls of legislation, in primary meetings, and in the offices of excise commissioners. Roll in your petitions, burnish your arguments, multiply your

prayers. Go to the voters in your town — procure the official list and see them one by one — and get them pledged to a local ordinance requiring the votes of men and women before a license can be issued to open rum-shop doors beside your homes; go to the legislature with the same; remember this may be just as really Christian work as praying in saloons was in those other glorious days. Let us not limit God, whose modes of operation are so infinitely varied in nature and in grace. I believe in the correlation of spiritual forces, and that the heat which melted hearts to tenderness in the Crusade is soon to be the light which shall reveal our opportunity and duty as the Republic's daughters.

“Longer ago than I shall tell, my father returned one night to the far-off Wisconsin home where I was reared; sitting by my mother's chair, with a child's attentive ear, I listened to their words. He told us of the news that day had brought about Neal Dow and the great fight for prohibition down in Maine, and then he said: ‘I wonder if poor, rum-cursed Wisconsin will ever get a law like that?’ And mother rocked awhile in silence in the dear old chair I love, and then she gently said: ‘Yes, Josiah; there'll be such a law all over the land some day, when women vote.’

“My father had never heard her say so much

before. He was a great conservative; so he looked tremendously astonished, and replied in his keen, sarcastic voice: 'And pray how will you arrange it so that women shall vote?' Mother's chair went to and fro a little faster for a minute, and then, looking not into his face, but into the flickering flames of the grate, she slowly answered: 'Well, I say to you, as the apostle Paul said to his jailer, 'You have put us into prison, we being Romans, and you must come and take us out.'

"That was a seed-thought in a girl's brain and heart. Years passed on, in which nothing more was said upon this dangerous theme. My brother grew to manhood, and soon after he was twenty-one years old he went with his father to vote. Standing by the window, a girl of sixteen years, a girl of simple, homely fancies, not at all strong-minded, and altogether ignorant of the world, I looked out as they drove away, my father and my brother, and as I looked I felt a strange ache in my heart, and tears sprang to my eyes. Turning to my sister Mary, who stood beside me, I saw that the dear little innocent seemed wonderfully sober, too. I said: 'Don't you wish we could go with them when we are old enough? Don't we love our country just as well as they do?' And her little, frightened voice piped out: 'Yes, of course we ought. Don't I know that? But you mustn't tell

a soul — not mother, even; we should be called strong-minded.'

"In all the years since then I have kept these things, and many others like them, and pondered them in my heart; but two years of struggle in this temperance reform have shown me my duty, as they have ten thousand other women, so clearly and so impressively, that I long ago passed the Rubicon of silence, and am ready for any battle that shall be involved in this honest declaration of the faith that is within me. 'Fight behind masked batteries a little longer,' whisper good friends and true. So I have been fighting hitherto; but it is a style of warfare altogether foreign to my temperament and mode of life. Reared on the prairies, I seemed predetermined to join the cavalry forces in this great spiritual war, and I must tilt a free lance henceforth on the splendid battlefield of this reform; where the earth shall soon be shaken by the onset of contending hosts; where legions of valiant soldiers are deploying; where to the grand encounter marches to-day a great army, gentle of mien and mild of utterance, but with hearts for any fate; where there are trumpets and bugles calling strong souls onward to a victory that heaven might envy, and

'Where, behind the dim Unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.'

“I thought that women ought to have the ballot as I paid the hard-earned taxes upon my mother’s cottage home — but I never said as much — somehow the motive did not command my heart. For my own sake, I had not courage, but I have for thy sake, dear native land, for thy necessity is as much greater than mine as thy transcendent hope is greater than the personal interest of thy humble child. For love of you, heart-broken wives, whose tremulous lips have blessed me; for love of you, sweet mothers, who, in the cradle’s shadow, kneel this night beside your infant sons; and you, sorrowful little children, who listen at this hour, with faces strangely old, for him whose footsteps frighten you,—for love of you have I thus spoken.

“Ah, it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them, with snares that men have legalized and set for them on every hand. Beyond the arms that held them long, their boys have gone forever. Oh! by the danger they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you give them power to protect, along life’s treacherous highway, those whom they have so loved. Let it no longer be that they must sit back among the

shadows, hopelessly mourning over their strong staff broken, and their beautiful rod; but when the sons they love shall go forth to life's battle, still let their mothers walk beside them, sweet and serious, and clad in the garments of power."

CHAPTER IX

THE DEFENDER OF HER FAITH

THE same calm and, to a superficial observer, reckless disregard of consequences, marked Miss Willard's policy in the later struggle for affiliation with that political party which, in her judgment, alone breathed the spirit of the Crusade. When convinced by the resistless logic of events, and the equally resistless logic of her own mind, that woman's ballot could be an effective agency for the preservation of the home only as a proper channel should be supplied through which it might express itself, she at once set out to find that channel. When she believed she had found it, she did not hesitate to throw the whole weight of her influence in favor of that party which seemed to her the best embodiment of home protection. It was not an easy thing to do. Party feeling ran far higher in those years than, please God, it is likely to do again. It took courage to go against those with whom for years she had been in perfect accord, courage to be branded as a fanatic and an iconoclast; but just that splendid courage was hers, and having once set her hand to the plow, there was for her no looking back.

Her first utterance in favor of party prohibition was made at the Boston Convention in 1880; her last at Buffalo, when, the report of the Committee on Resolutions having been presented during her absence from the hall, she arose in the great public meeting at night and, in her quaintly humorous way, announced that it had been "moved, seconded, and unanimously carried in her own mind" that the differing factions existing among her beloved brethren should once more come together, should insert a woman suffrage plank in their platform, and under the glorious name of the "Home Protection Party" march on to victory. During those intervening years no faction, no schism, no ridicule, no persecution, had turned her from her purpose. She still believed a party might and should exist which would embody in its name, and in its platform, all that the term "Home Protection" meant to her home-loving heart! Having "done all," she stood.

Hers was the genius which not only sees new light and invents new methods, but which recognizes all that is true in the old light and uses old methods in such a way as to make them seem perennially new. This was especially true of her use of the time-honored custom of petitioning. She believed with all her heart in the petition as a medium for the expression of opinion and as a means for educating public sentiment, but she took the old form and

made it wholly new by her skillful manipulation. Witness the famous "Home Protection Petition," of Illinois, which was her first work as president of her adopted State:

THE HOME PROTECTION PETITION

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Illinois:

WHEREAS, In these years of temperance work the argument of defeat in our contest with the saloons has taught us that our efforts are merely palliative of a disease in the body politic, which can never be cured until law and moral suasion go hand in hand in our beloved State; and

WHEREAS, The instincts of self-protection and of apprehension for the safety of her children, her tempted loved ones, and her home, render woman the natural enemy of the saloon;

Therefore, Your petitioners, men and women of the State of Illinois, having at heart the protection of our homes from their worst enemy, the legalized traffic in strong drink, do hereby most earnestly pray your honorable body that by suitable legislation it may be provided that in the State of Illinois the question of licensing at any time, in any locality, the sale of any and all intoxicating drinks shall be submitted to and determined by ballot, in which women of lawful age shall be privileged to take part, in the same manner as men, when voting on the question of license.

To this petition were secured in ninety days two hundred thousand names. The State House in

Springfield was draped with the petition pasted upon white cloth, one edge of which was bound with red and the other with blue, and its presentation was made a genuine gala-day.

The Memorial presented before the various political conventions in the year 1884 is another example of the skillful use to which she could put "the right of a sovereign people to petition," while her Purity Petition, which served largely as the basis of the White Cross and White Shield work in the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has been presented before the legislatures of nearly every state in the Union, with blessed results:

PETITION OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
UNION

FOR FURTHER PROVISION FOR THE PROTECTION
OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of ———:

The increasing and alarming frequency of assaults upon women, the frightful indignities to which even little girls are subject, and the corrupting of boys, have become the shame of our boasted civilization.

We believe that the statutes of ——— do not meet the demands of that newly awakened public sentiment which requires better legal protection for womanhood and childhood;

Therefore, we, the undersigned citizens of ———, County of ———, and State of ———, pray you to

enact further provision for the protection of women and children. And we call attention to the disgraceful fact that protection of the person is not placed by our laws upon so high a plane as protection of the purse.

As a presiding officer Miss Willard was without a peer. It was an education in itself to see her marshal the hosts at one of the great conventions of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. However skeptical a visitor might be of "women's meetings"—however prejudiced against this particular woman as the embodiment of "white-ribbon fanaticism"—he was not proof against the magic spell of the gavel in her firm little hand and the inspiration of her exquisite face. How much he might have gone "to scoff," he remained—if not "to pray," to marvel at the power of the woman whom he had seen before him perhaps for days. Her graceful tact, her quickness of repartee, her wondrous grace and graciousness, her felicity of word and phrase, her comprehensive mind, and her all-embracing heart, were never more clearly seen than in one of those home-gatherings of the white-ribbon clans. She was not an uncrowned but a crowned queen in those days, and her loyal, devoted subjects delighted to bow to her mandate and to do her glad homage. For nineteen years "her banner over us was love"; love like the mighty waves of the ocean

from her heart to ours — an answering love, the chorus of many waters — from our hearts to hers.

The best definition of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and its multiplied activities must be given by our leader herself, and we quote from one of her matchless annual addresses before the National Convention:

More than any other society ever formed, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the exponent of what is best in this latter-day civilization. Its scope is the broadest, its aims are the kindest, its history is the most heroic. I yield to none in admiration of woman's splendid achievements in church work and in the Foreign Missionary Societies, which became my first love as a philanthropist, but in both instances the denominational character of that work interferes with its unity and breadth. The same is true of woman's educational undertakings, glorious as they are. Her many-sided charities, in homes for the orphaned and the indigent, hospitals for the sick and asylums for the old, are the admiration of all generous hearts, but these are local in their interest, and they result from the loving labors of isolated groups. The same is true of the women's prisons and industrial schools, which are now multiplying with such beneficent rapidity. Nor do I forget the sanitary work of women, which gleamed like a heavenly rainbow on the horrid front of war; but noble *men* shared the labor as they did the honor on that memorable field. Neither am I unmindful of the Woman's Christian Association,

strongly intrenched in most of our great cities, and doing valiant battle for the Prince of Peace; but it admits to its sacramental host only members of the churches known as evangelical. Far be it from me to seem indifferent to that electric intellectual movement from which have resulted the societies, literary and æsthetic, in which women have combined to study classic history, philosophy, and art, but these have no national unity; or to forget the Woman's Congress, with its annual meeting and wide outlook, but lack of local auxiliaries; or the Exchanges, where women, too poor or too proud to bring their wares before the public, are helped to put money in their purse, but which lack cohesion; or the state and associated charities, where women do much of the work and men most of the superintendence. But when all is said, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, local, state, and national, in the order of its growth, with its unique and heavenly origin, its steady march, its multiplied auxiliaries, its blessed out-reaching to the generous South and the far frontier, its broad sympathies and its "abundant entrance" ministered to all good and true women who are willing to clasp hands in one common effort to protect their homes and loved ones from the ravages of drink, is an organization without a pattern save that seen in heavenly vision upon the mount of faith, and without a peer among the sisterhoods that have grouped themselves around the cross of Christ.

In the fulness of time this mighty work has been given us. Preceding ages would not have understood the end in view and would have spurned the means,

but the nineteenth century, standing on the shoulders of its predecessors, has a wider outlook and a keener vision. It has studied science and discovered that the tumult of the whirlwind is less powerful than the silence of the dew. It has ransacked history and learned that the banner and the sword were never yet the symbols of man's grandest victories, and it begins at last to listen to the voice of that inspired philosophy which through all ages has been gently saying: "The race is not always to the swift, neither the battle to the strong."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union stands as the exponent, not alone of that return to physical sanity which will follow the downfall of the drink habit, but of the reign of a religion of the body which for the first time in history shall correlate with Christ's wholesome, practical, yet blessedly spiritual religion of the soul. "The kingdom of heaven is within you" shall have a new meaning to the clear-eyed, steady-limbed Christians of the future, from whose brain and blood the taint of alcohol and nicotine has been eliminated by ages of pure habits and noble heredity. "The body is the temple of the Holy Ghost" will not then seem so mystical a statement, nor one indicative of a temple so insalubrious as now. "He that destroyeth this temple, him shall God destroy," will be seen to involve no element of vengeance, but instead to be the declaration of such boundless love and pity for our race as would not suffer its deterioration to reach the point of absolute failure and irremediable loss.

The women of this land have never had before

such training as is furnished by the topical studies of our society, in the laws by which childhood shall set out upon its endless journey with a priceless heritage of powers laid up in store by the tender, sacred foresight of those by whom the young immortal's being was invoked. The laws of health were never studied by so many mothers, or with such immediate results for good on their own lives and those of their children. The deformed waist and foot of the average fashionable American never seemed so hideous and wicked, nor the cumbrous dress of the period so unendurable as now, when, from studying one "poison habit," our minds by the inevitable laws of thought reach out to wider researches and more varied deductions than we had dreamed at first. The economies of co-operative housekeeping never looked so attractive or so feasible as since the homemakers have learned something about the priceless worth of time and money for the purposes of a Christ-like benevolence. The value of a trained intellect never had such significance as since we have learned what an incalculable saving of words there is in a direct style, what value in the power of classification of fact, what boundless resources for illustrating and enforcing truth come as the sequel of a well-stored memory and a cultivated imagination. The puerility of mere talk for the sake of talk, the unworthiness of "idle words," and vacuous, purposeless gossip, the waste of long and aimless letter-writing, never looked so egregious as to the workers who find every day too short for the glorious and gracious deeds which lie waiting for them on every hand.

But to help forward the coming of Christ in all departments of life is, in its last analysis, the purpose and aim of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. For we believe this correlation of New Testament religion with philanthropy, and of the Church with civilization, is the perpetual miracle which furnishes the only sufficient antidote to current skepticism. Higher toward the zenith climbs the Sun of Righteousness, making circle after circle of human endeavor and achievement warm and radiant with the healing of its beams. First of all, in our gospel temperance work, this heavenly light penetrated the gloom of the individual tempted heart (that smallest circle, in which all others are involved), illumined its darkness, melted its hardness, made it a sweet and sunny place — a temple filled with the Holy Ghost.

Having thus come to the heart of the drinking man in the plenitude of His redeeming power, Christ entered the next wider circle, in which two human hearts unite to form a home, and here, by the revelation of her place in His kingdom, He lifted to an equal level with her husband the gentle companion who had supposed herself happy in being the favorite vassal of her liege lord. "There is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus;" this was the open sesame, a declaration utterly opposed to all custom and tradition; but so steadily the light has shone, and so kindly has it made the heart of man, that without strife of tongues, or edict of sovereigns, it is coming now to pass that in proportion as any home is really Christian, the husband and the wife are peers in dignity and power. There

are no homes on earth where woman is revered, beloved, and individualized in character and work so thoroughly as in the fifty thousand in America, where "her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her," because of her part in the work of our Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Beyond this sweet and sacred circle where two hearts grow to be one, where the mystery of birth and the hallowed faces of child and mother work their perpetual charm, comes that outer court of home, that third great circle which we call society. Surely and steadily the light of Christ is coming here, through the loving temperance Pentecost, to replace the empty phrase of punctilio by earnest words of cheer and inspiration; to banish the unhealthful tyranny of fashion by enthroning wholesome taste and common sense; to drive out questionable amusements and introduce innocent and delightful pastimes; to exorcise the evil spirit of gossip and domesticate helpful and tolerant speech; nay, more, to banish from the social board those false emblems of hospitality and good-will — intoxicating drinks.

Sweep a wider circle still, and behold in that ecclesiastical invention called denominationalism, Christ coming by the union of His handmaids in work for Him; coming to put away the form outward and visible that He may shed abroad the grace inward and spiritual; to close the theological disquisition of the learned pundit, and open the Bible of the humble saint; to draw away men's thoughts from theories of right living, and center them upon right living itself; to usher in the priest-

hood of the people, by pressing upon the conscience of each believer the individual commission, "Go, disciple all nations," and emphasizing the individual promise, "Lo, I am with you alway."

But the modern temperance movement, born of Christ's Gospel and cradled at His altars, is rapidly filling one more circle of influence wide as the widest zone of earthly weal or woe, and that is government. "The government shall be upon His shoulder." "Unto us a King is given." "He shall reign whose right it is." "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged until he hath set judgment in the earth." "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth*." Christ shall reign — not visibly, but invisibly; not in form, but in fact; not in substance, but in essence, and the day draws nigh! Then surely the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a drink will no longer be protected by the statute book, the lawyer's plea, the affirmation of the witness, and the decision of the judge. And since the government is, after all, a circle that includes all hearts, all homes, all churches, all societies, does it not seem as if intelligent loyalty to Christ the King would cause each heart that loves Him to feel in duty bound to use all the power it could gather to itself in helping choose the framers of these more righteous laws? But let it be remembered that for every Christian man who has a voice in making and enforcing laws there are at least two Christian women who have no voice at all. Hence, under such circumstances as now exist, His militant army

must ever be powerless to win those legislative battles which, more than any others, affect the happiness of aggregate humanity. But the light gleams already along the sunny hilltops of the nineteenth century of grace. Upon those who in largest numbers love Him who has filled their hearts with peace and their homes with blessing slowly dawns the consciousness that they may — nay, better still, *they ought to* — ask for power to help forward the coming of their Lord in government; to throw the safeguard of their prohibition ballots around those who have left the shelter of their arms only to be entrapped by the saloons that bad men legalize and set along the streets.

But some doubted.

This was in our earlier National Conventions. Almost none disputed the value of this added weapon in woman's hand — indeed, all deemed it “sure to come.” It was only the old, old question of expediency; of “frightening away our sisters among the more conservative.” But later on we asked these questions: Has the policy of silence caused a great rallying to our camp from the ranks of the conservative? Do you know an instance in which it has augmented your working force? Are not all the women upon whose help we can confidently count favorable to the “Do Everything Policy,” as the only one broad enough to meet our hydra-headed foe? Have not the men of the liquor traffic said in platform, resolution, and secret circular, “The ballot in woman's hand will be the death-knell of our trade?”

And so to-day, while each state *is free to adopt*

or *disavow* the ballot as a home protection weapon, and although the white-winged fleet of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in a score of states crowds all sail for constitutional prohibition, to be followed up by "Home Protection," still though "the silver sails are all out in the West," every ship in the gleaming line is all the same a Gospel ship — an "*old ship Zion — Hallelujah!*"

Miss Willard was a profound student of all great philanthropic and social reforms having for their aim the betterment of the human race. "Each for all, that there may be no hindmost for the devil to take," expressed her belief in the final triumph of the Golden Rule in custom and in law. "Only the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the Golden Age of Man," another of her original epigrams, well describes what she was wont to term New Testament socialism. The socialism which stands for the gospel of brotherhood, for the fundamental unity of humankind; socialism as set forth by the Great Teacher in the two "new commandments" — love to God and love to one's neighbor — Miss Willard ardently advocated. From her own high level she proclaimed the larger truth, the broader meaning of man's relation to man, and she realized, as do all consecrated souls, that the true socialistic idea must be written in the hearts of men and women by God's own finger before it can be fitly translated in terms of social and legal obligation.

The social settlements, just blossoming into their perfectness as her life work was drawing to a close, commanded her highest admiration and good-will. "If there is a place nearer heaven than one of these settlements," she exclaimed, "I have not yet found it."

Miss Willard's study of the question of the relation of capital to labor was made largely in London and other large cities of England, and led to many ringing utterances on this vital theme. In London, in June, 1895, at the convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she referred to poverty as one of the prime causes of intemperance. This statement was misquoted in the literature of the Socialist party of America and Miss Willard was widely reported as saying that poverty caused intemperance in the same degree that intemperance caused poverty.

In the autumn of the same year at the convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union held in Baltimore, Maryland, she thus restated her position upon this mooted question:

"Much criticism has been expended upon me for declaring in my third biennial address before the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union in June last, that as temperance people we had been in error in not recognizing the relation of poverty to intemperance, and because I stated that while

from the first I have maintained that intemperance causes poverty, I was now ready not only to re-iterate that cardinal doctrine, but to add that poverty causes intemperance. By that declaration, I am ready to stand or fall. It is an axiom, and will be admitted by every reasonable person. As temperance people we have not been in the habit of saying it, but everybody knows that it is true. I did not say that poverty causes intemperance in the same degree that intemperance causes poverty, nor do I think it does, but as we have not been wont to recognize poverty at all among the procuring causes of intemperance, it seems to me high time that we did."

A FEW PARAGRAPHS FROM THE LONDON ADDRESS

No matter how near the water in the boiler comes to being steam, it will not move the locomotive one inch until it *is* steam: that elastic, invisible, impenetrable, and irresistible power. Love is like that; it cannot be withstood; its God-like flame burns away the dross of policy in the pure white light of principle. Nothing less will ever fuse the hearts of men in those reforms by which the Gospel of Christ becomes regnant in the world. We have all things but love, when love is all we want. Men go about smiling whose hearts are like lumps of ice in their breasts. If we had love, the slums of London would not last another day. If we had love, each family in London and New York that has a margin beyond its

necessities would agree to help some other family; each independent person, someone else; and this single determination, quietly made and practically illustrated by a visit to the baker and the tailor, would put everyone beyond the reach of want before the sun went down.

Joy is the outcome of balanced faculties and an environment that presses its good gifts equally upon all. Anything short of this shows that sweet bells are jangled. The ardent, endless aspiration of the human spirit is for nothing less than joy. It is the chief charm of intoxicating liquors that they seem to bring this for a season; and of impurity that it is joy's deadliest counterfeit. But what if universal man should find, as a result of the combined work of countless light-bringers through the uncounted ages, that we can only "take joy home" into a brain as normal as that of the bird in yonder tree-top or the swan upon the smiling lake below? What if he should find that only by bringing the very best the world contains to everybody else can he ever really come to the very best himself? What if man should grow so great as to desire the equal comradeship of the gentle partner of his gladness and his grief? What if they should go hand in hand through all the fields of education, art, society, and government? What if there should be some day no rich, educated, and titled, no poor, ignorant, and debased?

The time will come when the human heart will be so much alive that no one could sleep in any given community if any in that group of human beings were cold, hungry, or miserable. But now

we not only carry on our lives within actual sight and sound of untold misery, shame, and sin, but we are not sufficiently disturbed by it to be hindered in our pleasures or ambitions.

While we sleep a thousand hands are busy for us, gathering up materials for our morning meal, passing on our letters by the swift train, printing our mental breakfast on the broad pages of the daily press. A thousand hands are moving in countries where the sun shines while we sleep in the shadow of the darkness here, that we may have cloth for our next new suit, rapid transit when we leave home, books to brighten our minds, music to mellow our hearts. The brains of inventors are busy with contrivances that annihilate distance and literally kill time; the minds of statesmen are planning better laws; the minds of philosophers are searching out the reasons of things. There is much truth and goodness in the world already, or these things could not be done; and, best of all, the people are stirring in their sleep. Some day the great world-mind, tutored and taught, will lend its mighty force to each child of humanity. Some time the great world-heart will enfold each baby that is born. Some time the great world-hand will open itself, and every living creature shall be fed. It is God's miracle, and it spreads over the earth so slowly that we take it as a matter of course. It comes to us broadly and brightly, as the sunshine comes, this dawning revelation, as a fact not as a dream, that "One is your Father, even God," and "all ye are brethren."

CHAPTER X

FOUNDER OF THE WORLD'S WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

FRANCES E. WILLARD was a patriot of patriots. Love for her fatherland, breathed into her as a child, waxed stronger as the years passed by until it became a passion, and her home-loving heart turned more and more to her "ain countrie." But she could never be a patriot in the sense in which love for one's own country excludes love for all other countries, and as her affection for her native land deepened and broadened, it included all other lands until she exultantly heralded the coming day when Humanity shall recognize its brotherhood not in word only, but in deed; when "the parliament of man, the federation of the world" shall be more than a poet's dream—a gloriously established fact.

Miss Willard's first public mention of her aspiration toward a world-wide organization of Christian women was made in 1875, in *Our Union*, then the official organ of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. But the time was evidently not ripe for such a movement. Seven years later, in 1883, Miss Willard wrote: "On an organizing



FOUNDER WORLD'S WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN
TEMPERANCE UNION

trip to the Pacific Coast and the Puget Sound region, Anna Gordon and I visited the famous Chinatown of San Francisco, saw the opium den in all its loathsomeness standing next door to the house of shame. Reputable Chinese women were not allowed to accompany their husbands to California, but here were Chinese girls, one in each of many small cabins with sliding doors and windows on the street, constituting the most flagrantly flaunted temptation. In presence of these two object lessons, the result of Occidental avarice and Oriental degradation, there came to me a distinct illumination resulting in this solemn decision: 'But for the intervention of the sea, the shores of China and the far East would be part and parcel of our land. We are one world of tempted humanity. The mission of the white-ribbon women is to organize the motherhood of the world for the peace and purity, the protection and exaltation of its homes. We must send forth a clear call to our sisters yonder, and our brothers, too. We must be no longer hedged about by the artificial boundaries of states and nations; we must utter, as women, what good and great men long ago declared as their watchword: 'The whole world is my parish and to do good my religion.'"

"In my Annual Address the next autumn at Detroit, this, which I believe to be one of those revelations from God that come to us all in hours of

special spiritual uplift, was frankly placed before my comrades who, although they had no special enthusiasm, agreed to have the five General Officers constitute a committee to see what could be done. Two months later, Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, of Boston, Massachusetts, already one of our national organizers, and who was on her way to the Pacific Coast when the sights of San Francisco had burned themselves into my brain, had accepted a commission to make a tour of reconnoissance around the world. . . . A year after Mrs. Leavitt's departure, while following her in my thought, I read a book on the opium trade in India and China, and under the impulse of its unspeakable recitals I wrote the Polyglot Petition, feeling that she must have not only the Crusade story to tell, with its sober second thought of organization under the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the plan of organization to describe, the white ribbon to pin above ten thousand faithful women's hearts, the noon hour of prayer to impress upon their spirits the sense of that divine impulse which alone can give an enduring enthusiasm in any cause — but she must speak to them of something to be done, and to be done at once, in which all alike could engage in England, America, the Oriental nations, the islands of the sea and, so far as possible, in the continent of Europe, whose great wine-growing countries render it the least and

last of all in temperance reform. A petition against the liquor traffic and the opium trade asking that the statutes of the world should be lifted to the level of Christian morals realized to my thought 'the tie that binds' thousands of hearts and hands in one common work, for the uplift of humanity, and included that 'White Life for Two,' which has since become an integral part of our work."

The pioneer round-the-world white-ribbon missionaries who have gone out under the banner of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union are Miss Jessie Ackermann (California), who honey-combed Australia with local unions, federating them into a National Woman's Christian Temperance Union of their own, of which she became president, and who also traversed all the Oriental countries, and in her seven years of journeying covered a distance nearly equal to seven times around the world; Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew and Dr. Kate C. Bushnell (Evanston, Illinois), whose work resulted in the breaking down of the system of legalized vice in the Indian Empire and brought to light the hidden things of darkness in the opium trade of India and China; Miss Mary Allen West (Illinois), who fell at her post in far-away Japan after a few weeks of heroic exertion, leaving a memory hallowed by all good people in the beautiful Empire; Mrs. Clara Parrish Wright (Illinois), who was the first missionary

to go out from the ranks of the young women, taking up the work where Miss West laid it down; Miss Alice Palmer, who remained nearly three years in South Africa, placing the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of that great country on a firm and enduring basis.

Since 1897, many Woman's Christian Temperance Union missionaries and representatives have been sent out by the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was the privilege of some, with courage and enthusiasm, to strengthen organizations already formed, while others have traveled and lectured in countries that never before had listened to the white-ribbon gospel.

The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union is now organized in fifty nations — in America (North and South), England, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and many islands of the sea. "It could never have been established," said Frances Willard, "but for the co-operation of Christian missionaries, who are undoubtedly the best exponents of the gospel that the church has to show. 'May my right hand forget its cunning' when it ceases to indite their praise. It is a good thing to find out all that is helpful in the beliefs of Oriental nations, but they will strive in vain to give us any record of Christ-like deeds that is at all comparable to that made by our brothers and sisters who, leaving home and

friends, have consecrated their lives to making known in these same countries the unsearchable riches of Christ, among which the hallowed home of purity and peace stands first of all."

Our leader, to whom belonged from first to last the inspiration and plan of this great society, was long ago described in the words of the apostle, "Always looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of our Lord."

The Polyglot Petition is a notable instance of Miss Willard's power to pierce the future and her ability to plan for generations yet unborn.

She named this document "The Polyglot Petition for Home Protection," and addressed it, "To the Governments of the World (Collectively and Severally)." The following is its text:

Honored Rulers, Representatives, and Brothers:

We, your petitioners, although belonging to the physically weaker sex, are strong of heart to love our homes, our native land, and the world's family of nations. We know that clear brains and pure hearts make honest lives and happy homes, and that by these the nations prosper and the time is brought nearer when the world shall be at peace. We know that indulgence in alcohol and opium, and in other vices which disgrace our social life, makes misery for all the world, and most of all for us and for our children. We know that stimulants and opiates are sold under legal guarantees which make the

governments partners in the traffic by accepting as revenue a portion of the profits, and we know with shame that they are often forced by treaty upon populations either ignorant or unwilling. We know that the law might do much now left undone to raise the moral tone of society and render vice difficult. We have no power to prevent these great iniquities, beneath which the whole world groans, but you have power to redeem the honor of the nations from an indefensible complicity. We, therefore, come to you with the united voices of representative women of every land, beseeching you to raise the standard of the law to that of Christian morals, to strip away the safeguards and sanction of the State from the drink traffic and the opium trade, and to protect our homes by the total prohibition of these curses of civilization throughout all the territory over which your Government extends.

This petition, written in Miss Willard's "den" in Evanston in the year 1884, was first presented to a convention by Mrs. Mary Bannister Willard, at the International Temperance Congress in Antwerp, Belgium, September 12, 1885. At the first convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, its significant folds draped the walls of historic Faneuil Hall, Boston, and in Tremont Temple during the session of the National Convention immediately following. Its first formal presentation was in Washington, D. C., February 15, 1895, where it decorated the great Convention Hall

holding seven thousand persons. Miss Willard's masterly address on that occasion, which embodies a complete history of the petition up to that time, is here partly reproduced:

Home protection is the keyword of woman's work. Manufacturers seek the tariff for the purpose of protection to industries, adult and infant; trades unions are founded to protect the wage-earners from the aggressions of capital, and corporations and monopolies to protect from the encroachment of competition; but ten thousand groups of loyal-hearted mothers and wives, sisters and daughters have been formed for the purpose of acting in an organized capacity as protectors of their homes, as guardians for innocent childhood and tempted youth. For this cause "there are bands of ribbon white around the world," and this Polyglot Petition is but our prayer that "tells out" a purpose of our hearts and heads wrought into a plea before the nations of the world. It is the protest of the world's wifehood and motherhood, its sisterhood and daughterhood—a protest "in sorrow, not in anger."

We expect to present this petition to representatives of every civilized government. This cannot be done in the usual form, because when once received this Magna Charta of the home would become the property of the various legislatures and parliaments, and our plan requires that it be conveyed from one to another. We are also aware that in a legal and technical sense no government accepts the signatures of those outside its own boundaries. We have therefore preferred to make our petition

a great popular testimonial against the enemies of the home, but we expect that its presentation will give an added impetus to progressive legislation against the liquor traffic, the opium trade, the gambling den, and the house of shame.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has circulated many petitions. The number of signatures and attestations secured throughout the world to our different petitions in the last twenty years aggregates not fewer than fifteen millions of names — probably twenty millions would be nearer the truth. In this estimate I include the memorials and petitions for Scientific Temperance Education in the public schools; also for laws raising the age of consent and otherwise involving the better protection of women, not to speak of the anti-cigarette crusade and numberless local petitions circulated by the faithful hands of white-ribbon women. We are, therefore, veterans in our knowledge of petition work, and for this reason are perfectly aware that the best outcome of such undertakings is the agitation and consequent education that come to those who affix their signatures, or who by resolution make the prayer of the petition their own. For example, in the State of Illinois, in 1878, we circulated a Home Protection Petition, asking that "since woman is the born conservator of home, and the nearest natural protector of her children, she should have a voice in the decision by which the dramshop is opened or is closed over against her home." Two hundred thousand names were secured in a few weeks, some of us traveling from town to town for this purpose, and remaining for months at Spring-

field, the capital, in the hope that the legislature would adopt the Hinds Bill, based upon this righteous plea. I need not say that we were wholly unsuccessful with that legislature. Not for that end was it born; not for that cause did it sit in the great state house among the cornfields of the Prairie State and near the tomb of the immortal Abraham Lincoln.

We prize the Polyglot Petition work because it has afforded a nucleus around which women may rally. It has furnished immediate work to new and distant societies which was essential to their success. The petition has also been the peg upon which have been paragraphs and presentation speeches, sermons and songs in every part of Christendom — and the end is not yet; nay, the beginning is hardly here. Because we are patriots we have come to the capital of our native land to present this petition, first of all, in the country in which it originated, and which has sent out all the white-ribbon missionaries who have secured its circulation in foreign countries. The greatest number of names, indorsements, and attestations has been secured in our own country, and next to ours in Great Britain. We could not have secured signatures in Oriental countries but for the co-operation of the denominational missionaries who have been most faithful and devoted.

The signatures came to hand in fifty languages; they were of all sorts and sizes, and were trimmed and prepared for mounting as compactly as possible on interminable webs of muslin, one-half yard in width, one edge of which is bound with red, and the other with blue ribbon — red, white, and blue being

the prevalent colors of the flags of all nations and the symbolic badges of the great temperance movement of modern times.

The names are necessarily mounted somewhat irregularly, but they average four columns abreast, making, in reality, a quadruple petition, with about one hundred names to the yard in each column, making five miles of names written solidly, one under the other — 771,200 in all. This is exclusive of about 350,000 names that came from Great Britain already mounted, making the total of 1,121,200 actual names on the document that will be submitted to President Cleveland. Besides these, there are hundreds of thousands of names yet waiting to be added to the long roll.

It must be remembered that the signatures to this petition are of three kinds: First, the names of women; second, the written indorsements of men; third, the attestations of officers of societies which have indorsed the petition by resolution or otherwise. The document has been circulated in fifty nations, and in the three ways stated has received over 7,000,000 signatures. The total number of actual signers from outside the United States is 480,000. Great Britain, with Lady Henry Somerset's name at the head, leads the procession with its 350,000. Canada comes next with 67,000. Burma with 32,000, and Ceylon, Australia, Denmark, China, India, and Mexico follow, with all the others coming after.

Though this is a woman's petition, it should be noted that it is indorsed by perhaps 1,000,000 men — some by personal signatures, but the greater number by the attestation of the officers of societies

to which they belong. Even from far-off Ceylon, which we are accustomed to think of as a small island of dusky savages, come the signatures of 27,000 men who call for the cessation of the liquor and opium traffic. The following are the countries represented by this petition:

United States — forty-eight states, Hawaiian Islands and Alaska; Canada — Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia; Newfoundland, Mexico, Jamaica, Bahamas, Madeira, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Russia, Finland, Turkey, Bulgaria, China, Japan, India, Burma, Siam, Korea, Ceylon, Egypt, Congo Free State, Transvaal, West and South Africa, Angola, Madagascar, Mozambique, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, New South Wales, Tasmania, New Zealand.

To enumerate the languages in whose characters the beliefs of women have been recorded in this far-reaching document would be to make a list of almost every tongue that has survived the confusion of Babel. The total, counting men's and women's signatures, indorsements, and attestations, aggregates seven and one half millions.

In making this petition, we claim we are entirely constitutional, inasmuch as the right to sign "has not been denied or abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Perhaps this is the reason why we have secured many names of reformed men, and why Catholic, Protestant, and pagan have all been represented.

It would be invidious to mention the names of

signers, but they represent every grade of human life, and the great procession is headed by the name of Neal Dow, the father of prohibitory law, who signed when over ninety years of age. Scientists teach that every signature involves some touch of personality, not only in the appearance of the autograph itself, but by the impartation of individual particles that surround everyone, and which project themselves into every deed that we perform. That this is true is more than likely, so that when we consider that every nation, tribe, and people of the earth, almost, is represented; when we reflect that these infinitely varied autographs representing persons born and bred under equally varying conditions have found in this petition against the greatest curses of the world their focusing point, there is reason to believe that by God's good providence we have in the Polyglot Petition the promise and potency of the better time when, by the personal interdict of a higher intelligence and the conclusive law of social custom, the sale of intoxicating drinks and opium shall be banned and banished from the world. In that day the laws for which the great petition asks and which we believe must be enacted as the most cogent means of education for the people will no longer be required, but every human being will enact in the legislature of his own intellect a prohibitory law for one and enforce that law by the executive of his own will.

“It will come by and by, when the race out of childhood has grown.”

It is more than ten years since the petition was written; if I had to rewrite it I should assuredly in-

clude the enfranchisement of women among the requisites it specifies, for I believe that our Heavenly Father will not suffer men alone to work out the great redemption of the race from the bewilderment of drink, the hallucination of opium, and the brutal delirium of impurity. Hand in hand we have traversed the Sahara of ignorance and escaped from the City of Destruction; hand in hand let us mount the heights of knowledge, purity, and peace.

The personal presentation of the petition to President Cleveland at the White House was made on the afternoon of February 19, 1895, the General Officers of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Unions with the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the District of Columbia being granted an interview at the Executive Mansion. Miss Willard spoke as follows:

Mr. President: The Polyglot Petition, addressed to the governments of the world, and calling for the prohibition of the traffic in alcoholic liquors as a drink, the prohibition of the opium traffic and all forms of legalized social vice, has been signed by half a million citizens of this republic; by means of signatures, indorsements, and attestations it includes seven and a half million adherents in fifty different nationalities. This petition has been circulated by the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and will be presented to all the leading governments. Inasmuch as the petition originated and has been most largely signed in the United

States, it is hereby respectfully brought to your attention, not on any legal ground, but because it is addressed to the governments of the world, and you are the executive chief of this Government.

After putting a copy of the petition into the President's hands, the Recording Secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union read the document with remarkable impressiveness, and Miss Willard resumed:

Mr. President: We are aware that the petition just read in your hearing cannot come before you as a legal document, but rather as an expression of the opinion and sentiment of a great multitude of your countrywomen who believe that if its prayer were granted the better protection of the home would be secured. Knowing how difficult it was for you to grant us this hearing at a time when you are even more than usually weighted with great responsibilities, we have foreborne to bring the Great Petition to the White House. Permit me to hand you this attested copy and to thank you on behalf of this delegation, representing the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this and other lands, for the kind reception you have given to our delegation.

In the following spring the petition was taken to London and was the central feature of the Third Biennial Convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In Prince Albert Hall, where the monster demonstration meeting was

held, its countless folds encircled galleries and platform like a huge white ribbon into which had been woven the symbolic badges of the great host of women who in every land are publishing the tidings of purity and total abstinence. Lady Henry Somerset presented to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, two richly bound and illuminated volumes containing the text of the petition with the signatures of such of her loyal subjects as were among its signers.

In 1897 the great rolls crossed the ocean again to adorn Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on the occasion of the Fourth World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention. Miss Willard did not live to fulfill her earnest desire to present the petition to the Canadian Government, and Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens ably represented her at a great meeting held in Ottawa, presided over by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Frances E. Willard has left this petition as a precious legacy to her white-ribbon sisters, as well as an object lesson to the world of the marvelous dimensions to which an idea may obtain.

At the Toronto Convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Willard's faith in the ultimate outcome of twenty-four years of heroic struggle shone with undimmed luster. She presided magnificently, and never was it more apparent that she held in her little hand both ends of the white ribbon that belts the globe. It was a

notable address that she delivered the first morning of the Convention, and it was her last message to her white-ribbon sisters of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The concluding paragraph is given:

One day a young nobleman on horseback rode impatiently up and down the streets of a village in Cornwall. He was seeking for a public house where he could get a glass of that concerning which our Shakespeare said, "Alas, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." But his search was vain, and coming upon a white-haired peasant on his way home, after a day of toil, the young man said with rising anger, "Why is it that I cannot get a glass of liquor in this wretched little village?" The old man recognized to whom he was to speak, and taking off his cap made his humble obeisance and replied, "My lord, about a hundred years ago, a man named John Wesley came to these parts"—and the old peasant walked on. "A hundred years," and he was living still, that dauntless, devoted disciple of our Lord! Cornwall has never been the same since John Wesley went there to preach the gospel of a clear brain and a consecrated heart. Of whom will such great words be spoken when a century has passed in those dear countries of the English-speaking race, from which most of us have come? Who doubts but that in Maine some good man going to his safe and happy home will be saying in answer to some unfriendly wight, vexed because he cannot get his dram, "A

hundred years ago a man named Neal Dow came to these parts?"

Who does not believe that in Canada some loyal voice will give the explanation, "A hundred years ago Letitia Youmans came to these parts?" Verily, comrades, we are building better than we know. It is a holy thing, this influence that reaches on and away into illimitable distance; this coming to be one of the wheels within the wheels that are the wheels of God. For it is said, "The wheels were full of eyes," and these eyes are on us when we know it not; they see us when we wake and when we sleep.

CHAPTER XI

A GREAT MOTHER

“There are not many men, and as yet but few women, of whom when you think or speak it occurs to you that they are great,” said Miss Willard. “What is the line that could mark such a sphere? To my mind it must include this trinity — greatness of thought, of heart, of will. There have been men and women concerning whose greatness of intellect none disputed, but they were poverty-stricken in the region of the affections, or they were Lilliputians in the realm of will. There have been mighty hearts, beating strong and full as a ship’s engine, but they were mated to a ‘straightened forehead.’ There have been Napoleonic wills, but unbalanced by strong power of thought and sentiment — they were like a cyclone or a wandering star. It takes force centrifugal and force centripetal to balance and hold a character to the ellipse of a true orbit.

“My mother, my Saint Courageous, was great in the sense of this majestic symmetry. The classic writer who said, ‘I am human, and whatever touches humanity touches me,’ could not have been more

worthy to utter the words than was this Methodist cosmopolite who spoke them to me within a few days of her ascent to heaven. She had no pettiness. It was the habit of her mind to study subjects from the point of harmony. She did not say, 'Wherein does this Baptist or this Presbyterian differ from the creed in which I have been reared?' But it was as natural to her as it is to a rose to give forth fragrance to say to herself and others: 'Wherein does this Presbyterian or Baptist harmonize with the views that are dear to me?' Then she dwelt upon that harmony and through it brought those about her into oneness of sympathy with herself. She was occupied with great themes. I never heard a word of gossip from her lips. She had no time for it. Her life illustrated the poet's line:

'There is no finer flower on this green earth than courage.'

"My mother had courage of intellect and heart, and physical courage as well, beyond any other woman that I have known. 'We are saved by hope,' was the motto of her life. 'This is our part, and all the part we have,' she used to say. 'The existence and love of God are the pulse of our being, whether we live or die.'

"Some characters have a great and varied landscape, and a light like that of Raphael's pictures; others show forth some strong, single feature in a light like that of Rembrandt; some have head-

lands and capes, bays and skies, meadows and prairies and seas. The more scenery there is in a character, the greater it is — the more it ranges from the amusing to the sublime. My mother's nature had in it perspective, atmosphere, landscape of earth and sky.

“She was not given to introspection, which is so often the worm in the bud of genius. ‘They are not great who counsel with their fears.’ Applied Christianity was the track along which the energy of her nature was driven by the Divine Spirit. She would have been just as great whether the world had ever learned of it or not. ‘Mute Miltons’ are not all ‘inglorious,’ and however small the circle might have been in which she spent her days, she whom we loved and for awhile have lost would inevitably have been recognized as one adequate to the ruling of a state or a nation with mild and masterly sway. The fortunes of the great white-ribbon cause gave her a pedestal to stand upon. She had been, in her beautiful home, a mother so beloved that she drew all her household toward her as the sun does the planets round about him, but she became a mother to our whole army. She came to the kingdom for a sorrowful time, when homes were shadowed over all the land and her motherly nature found a circle as wide as the shadow cast upon the republic by the nation's dark eclipse.

Perhaps, until then, she had not been a radical so pronounced as she became in these later battle years, but what she saw and learned and suffered, out in the cross-currents of society and the great world, made her as strong a believer in the emancipation of woman as any person whom I have ever met. She had no harsh word for anybody; no criticism on the past. She recognized the present situation as the inevitable outcome of the age of force, but her great soul was suffused to its last fiber with the enthusiasm for woman. She believed in her sex; she had pride in it; she regarded its capacities of mental and moral improvement as illimitable, but at the same time she was a devoted friend to men. How could she be otherwise with a husband true and loyal and with a loving and genial son? All her ideas upon the woman question were but a commentary upon her devotion to that larger human question which is the great circle of which the woman question is but an arc. Oftentimes I have said to myself, 'If this temperance movement had come to women in her day what a great magnetic leader she would have been. How wholly she would have given herself to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, seeing in it the outcome of all her hopes and prophecies, for the protection of the home and the regnancy of 'two heads in counsel, two beside the hearth.'"

The following reference to Madam Willard's charming methods of child culture is given by her daughter:

"She never expected us to be bad children. I never heard her refer to total depravity as our inevitable heritage; she always said when we were cross, 'Where is my bright little girl that is so pleasant to have about? Somebody must have taken her away and left this little creature here who has a scowl upon her face.' She always expected us to do well; and after a long and beautiful life, when she was sitting in sunshine calm and sweet at eighty-seven years of age, she said to one who asked what she would have done differently as a mother if she had her life to live over again, 'I should blame less and praise more.' She used to say that a little child is a figure of pathos. Without volition of its own, it finds itself in a most difficult scene; it looks around on every side for help, and we who are grown way-wise should make it feel at all times tenderly welcome, and nourish it in the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust, and approbation.

"With such a mother, my home life was full of inspiration; she encouraged every out-branching thought and purpose. When I wished to play out-of-doors with my brother, and do the things he did, she never said, 'Oh, that is not for girls!' but encouraged him to let me be his little comrade; by

which means he became the most considerate, chivalric boy I ever knew, for mother taught him that nothing could be more for her happiness and his than that he should be good to 'little sister.' By this means I spent a great deal of time in the open air, and learned the pleasant sports by which boys store up vigor for the years to come. She used to take me on her knee and teach me the poems of which she was most fond, explaining what the poet meant, so that even at an early age I could understand much that was dear to her. Then she would place me—a fragile little figure—on a chair or table, and have me repeat these poems, 'suited the action to the word.' Once when a neighbor came in and told her that Frankie was standing on the gatepost making a speech, and warned her that she must curb my curious taste, mother ran out delighted, took me in her arms, and without criticising me for having chosen such a public pedestal, told me she thought I would better say my 'pieces' to her rather than to anyone who might be passing by, because she understood them better and could help me to speak them right.

"To my mind, the jewel of her character and method with her children was that she knew how without effort to keep an open way always between her inmost heart and theirs; they wanted no other comforter; everybody seemed less desirable than

mother. If something very pleasant happened to us when we were out playing with other children, or spending an afternoon at a neighbor's, we would scamper home as fast as our little feet would carry us, because we did not feel as if we had gained the full happiness from anything that came to us until mother knew it."

Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a brave young knight in whose soul burned the Crusader's passion to rescue from the infidels' defiling hands the tomb of his hero-Christ. Girding on shield and buckler and sword, he knelt before the woman who through the years had given her life to him in lavishment of mother-love and claimed her mother-blessing on his eager heart's desire. With never a falter of voice or a sob to betray her anguish of grief and fear, with never a tremble in the hand that touched his bright young head, with only courage in tender tone and touch, she sent him forth, inspired by her blessing under the banner of her love. In his garments she hid her jewels against his hour of need, and with the promise that she would stay at home and guard for him his castle and his lands, she bade him depart, remembering that his glory was to redress human wrongs, to keep a spotless sword and soul. When many years had come and gone and the youth returned crowned with victories won on many a field where he had vanquished wrong, he

found his castle and his lands better cared for than when he left, his people taught to reverence his name and to love him for his knightly deeds.

This beautiful picture of the Scottish novelist but faintly sets forth the work of that noble mother, "Saint Courageous," who, when the daughter went forth the "Knight of a New Chivalry," kept the fires of love burning brightly upon her hearth, kept the light in the window for the brave daughter who went forth on her crusade pilgrimages, not to save an empty tomb, but to rescue the living Christ in human hearts from the enemies that defile the temple of God.

To the music of the Traveler's Psalm (Ps. cxxi), accompanied by the strong, tender voice of commending prayer, Mother Willard sent forth her apostle of sweetness and purity and light, even as of old that English mother commended her young knight to the guidance of Him who had promised victory to all who war against iniquity and sin. And to that heart and home the gentle conqueror hastened back less like a victor to claim her own than like a bird to its sheltering nest. Here one month at least of every year was given to her mother, that the springs of love and hope and inspiration might be refilled. Sitting by the fire with clasped hands, the mother would give to her daughter reminiscences of her early life, telling of the beautiful Christian

traits of her father and mother; recalling to mind the older home in Vermont; describing the noble hills upon which her windows looked; recounting the way she spent her days, the morning hours given to books and study, the afternoons to weaving, spinning, and household cares, the evenings spent again about the fireside, until when nine o'clock struck, the entire household assembled while her father read from the dear old Bible and, by the force of fervent prayer, drew them all within the circle of divine protection and love. Often the household saint would break forth into words of gratitude for the long life that had been so rich in opportunity, so blessed with friendships and affection. Often she rejoiced in the good gift of the uninterrupted strength that enabled her to fill all the years with toil. Neither mother nor daughter was ever able to brook the thought of invalidism; they could not bear to think of rivers that die away in the sand before their force is spent. They wished rather to resemble those streams which run full-breasted to the sea, and bear to the ocean upon their bosoms fleets of prosperity and of peace.

“I must keep well for the sake of my daughter and the work God has given her to do,” would say this sympathetic mother, who in her seventieth year led the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union of her own town. If the daughter encircled the world

with the white ribbon of love and sympathy, the threads of that shining strand were surely spun in the warp and woof of her mother's loving care.

Each passing season as the years sped on found her more and more the child of happiness and hope. Pilgrims from the noble army of workers who turned from life's fret and fever to seek an hour apart in Rest Cottage, will remember the sunny upper room which all looked upon as the chamber of peace. Its tranquillity was the atmosphere exhaled by the sweet spirit of this woman of courage and of buoyant optimism, this self-sustained soul, whose quietness and assurance were her strength.

In that chamber bright with her presence one always found Madam Willard with a serene smile upon her face and a word of good cheer trembling on her lips. On the tables around her were grouped her favorite authors, scrapbooks upon which she was working, letters and documents intended to further the beloved cause of reform. During her daughter's long absences, Madam Willard was lovingly ministered to by the white-ribbon sisters who for many years made a home for themselves in the addition to Rest Cottage, built and formerly occupied by Mrs. Mary B. Willard.

Recalling her first visit to Rest Cottage in October, 1891, Lady Henry Somerset, whom Madam Willard fondly called her "English daughter," writes:

“When I came to your shores a stranger a year ago the name of Frances Willard was as familiar to me as it is to women all over the world who are in any way associated with works of philanthropy or the upbuilding of the home. I had read her life and had some knowledge of her work, and with that work of course her mother’s name was closely associated. But only when I crossed the threshold of Rest Cottage could I realize what a factor that mother had been in her great career. I have mingled with those who are called noble because of hereditary descent; I have talked with empresses and queens, with princesses and princes, but when I took the hand of Madam Willard and she welcomed me to her heart and home, I knew instantly and instinctively that here was one of the world’s great women. A lady of such fine, delicate instinct, with a mind so cultivated and purified by continued aspiration toward the good and true; with a face serene and full of all that inherent worth which came to her through her spotless ancestry and her own natural purity and refinement, I at once classed with all the greatest and noblest that I had ever met. I need not dwell here upon the way in which that home circle impressed me, but as I turn the pages of my Bible, I find a note entered there which I wrote the first night on which I came beneath that roof: ‘October 28, 1891 — A day to be remembered in thanksgiving. Rest Cottage, Evanston.’”

✓ Mrs. Willard’s mind was stored with much of the best English prose and verse, of which in her rhythmic, expressive voice she would often recite her favorite stanzas.

Sitting at the head of the table on the morning of her eighty-seventh birthday, she quoted the following lines:

“Never, my heart, shalt thou grow old;
My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
And one by one my powers depart,
But youth sits smiling in my heart.”

Her daughter writes: “A volume of household words might readily be made from my recollections of mother’s quotations from poets and philosophers.” Her motto, “It is better farther on,” was taken from “The Song of Hope,” and the memory of her low sustained voice, as she used to repeat it, will forever linger in the hearts of those who heard.

“A soft, sweet voice from Eden stealing,
Such as but to angels known,
Hope’s cheering song is ever thrilling:
It is better farther on.

“I hear hope singing, sweetly singing,
Softly in an undertone;
And singing as if God had taught it:
It is better farther on.

“Still farther on—oh, how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one?
No! No! no counting! Only trusting
It is better farther on.”

Two of her favorite preachers were George MacDonald and Phillips Brooks. From the first, she often quoted this sentiment: “Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life

within that withers and bursts the husks." And from the second, she quoted the question: "Why cannot we, slipping our hands into His each day, walk trustingly over the day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sweet peace and home?"

She was wont to watch the children of the neighborhood as they passed Rest Cottage on their way to school. She would speak of them in a voice of infinite tenderness and sympathy, hoping and praying that they might have friends in their youth and inexperience, that they might make their way nobly and well along the intricate path of life and into a safer and a better world. Indeed, the only note that was not jubilant in all the many keys that her varied conversation struck was when she talked of the pitiful little child let loose in this great grinding mill of a world.

At eighty-five she wrote a charming bit of verse which has been recited all over the world by the little soldiers newly mustered in to fight the army of temptation and of sin:

LITTLE PEOPLE

"The world will be what you make it,
Little people;
It will be as you shape it,
Little people.
Then be studious and brave,
And your country help to save,
Little people.

“When we walk into the gray,
And you into the day,
Little people,
We will beckon you along
With a very tender song,
Little people.

“If war is in the air,
When we make our final prayer,
Little people,
We will pass along to you
All the work we tried to do,
Little people.”

In Madam Willard's journal of her last year we find these entries:

“I am not I until that morning breaks,
Not I until my consciousness eternal wakes.”

And again these words of Victor Hugo: “I am rising, I know, toward the skies; the sunshine is on my head; the nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.”

The last time she led in the home service of prayer her faith was thus expressed: “We walk out into the mystery fearless because we trust in Thee; we face the great emergency with our hearts full of vital questions that cannot here be answered; we leave them all with Thee, knowing that Thou wilt cherish our wistful aspirations toward Him who lived and has redeemed us. We would know many things that Thou hast not revealed, but we can only love and trust and wait.”

During the last weeks of her life the solar heavenly look was ever on the countenance of "Saint Courageous." Those who stood closest to her will never forget the sweet joy and boundless anticipation with which she looked forward to the hour when she would enter into immortal life. She and her daughter Frances talked together of the great change that was approaching. Without a single fear or tear she looked forward to the day when she should pass from earth's twilight into heaven's morn and meet again those whom she had "loved and lost awhile," lending them to God. In one of those hours her daughter's belief as to the problem "Does death end all?" was thus stated:

"Suppose a man should build a ship and freight it with the rarest works of art, and in the very building and the freighting should plan to convey the ship out into midocean and there scuttle it with all its contents! And here is the human body, in itself an admirable piece of mechanism, the most delicate and wonderful of which we know; it is like a splendid ship, but its cargo incomparably outruns the value of itself, for it is made up of love, hope, veneration, imagination, and all the largess of man's unconquerable mind. Why should its Maker scuttle such a ship with such a freightage? He who believes that this is done is capable of a credulity that far outruns the compass of our faith. Death

cannot be an evil, for it is universal. It must be good to those that do good because it crowns man's evolution on the planet earth. 'Lord, we can trust Thee for our holy dead.' "

If for Mother Willard the years had been full of storm and tumult, these contrasts and adversities had also been full of culture. Unconsciously she was herself the fulfillment of the thought of one of her favorite authors: "The most beautiful thing that lives on this earth is not the child in the cradle, sweet as it is. It is not ample enough. It has not had history enough. It is all prophecy. Let me see one who has walked through life; let me see a great nature that has gone through sorrow, through fire, through the flood, through the thunder of life's battle, ripening, sweetening, enlarging, and growing finer and finer and gentler and gentler, that fineness and gentleness being the result of great strength and great knowledge accumulated through a long life — let me see such a one stand at the end of life, as the sun stands on a summer afternoon just before it goes down. Is there anything on earth so beautiful as a rich, ripe, large, growing, and glorious Christian heart? No, there is nothing."

It was the going from life of such a mother that made earth empty and the heart of the daughter forever bereaved. Ever after, her spirit drooped; a part of Miss Willard's deeper spiritual self reached

out toward that universe to which from the moment of her mother's departure she felt she too belonged. In her journal we find the ever-recurring eloquent question, "Where is my mother?" A question that was to persistently reiterate itself until, like a tired child, she had been restored to her mother's arms. Not otherwise than Monica and Saint Augustine did these two, "Saint Courageous" and her daughter Frances, sit in the open window and gaze into the open sky into which the mother was soon to take her flight; they saw the heavens open and those who once had dwelt within their home, standing by the throne of God. If in the supreme hour of entrance upon the life with God the mother ascending sent benediction down upon her daughter and upon all the world, the daughter, gazing into the open sky, cried out, "I give thee joy, my mother! All hail, but not farewell. Our faces are set the same way, blessed mother. I shall follow after—it will not be long."

CHAPTER XII

IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY

“The many make the household,
But only one the home.”

IN the sunset years of her mother's life Miss Willard had centralized her work in the beloved home, now adorned by countless kindnesses of comrades and friends. Picturing the busy hours in the cozy “den” when, shut in with that serene and benignant being “Saint Courageous,” Miss Willard was lifted above her former toilsome life, we are reminded of her journal note, written when, as a young teacher in Kankakee, she mused on the home faces of her “Four”:

“I thank God for my mother as for no other gift of His bestowing. My nature is so woven into hers that I almost think it would be death for me to have the bond severed and one so much myself gone over the river. She does not know, they do not any of them, the ‘Four,’ how much my mother is to me, for, as I verily believe, I cling to her more than ever did any other of her children. Perhaps because I am to need her more.”

Surely, she who could bear and train such a daugh-

ter was worthy to be what she always remained — her inspiration and her ideal. Now that Frances Willard was motherless, Rest Cottage only “a dumb dwelling,” hundreds of loyal hearts and lovely homes longed to shelter and console her, but God had opened an English home, a gracious, queenly heart, and the last six years of Miss Willard’s life were to be equally divided between the mother country and the home land. The origin of this notable friendship, which was to mean much to both women personally as well as to the cause they represented and to womanhood in England and America, is thus described in Lady Henry Somerset’s own words:

It was on a rainy Sunday some twelve years ago that I went down, as I was wont to do when alone at Eastnor Castle, to have tea with my capable and faithful housekeeper. We often spent an hour or two on Sunday afternoons discussing the affairs of the village and the wants of the tenants, among whom she conducted mothers’ meetings and kept the accounts of the women’s savings clubs. I saw on her table that day a little blue book, and, taking it up, read for the first time the title, “Nineteen Beautiful Years.” Sitting down by the fire, I soon became so engrossed in reading that my housekeeper could get no further response from me that day, nor did I move from my place until I had finished the little volume.

To me it was an idyl of home life — fresh, peaceful, and tender — while its culmination in the passing

of that pure soul was a revelation of childlike faith that left me "nearer heaven." The name of Frances Willard was but a vague outline in my mind until that day. The temperance reform was only then beginning to unfold its lessons, and I was in the infant class of its great world school; but from the hour I read the tribute that this broken-hearted girl of twenty-two had laid in tears and loneliness upon her sister's grave, I felt the spell of that personality which has meant so much to women the world over. The simplicity, the quaint candor, and the delicate touches of humor and pathos with which the book abounds, brought into living relief the character of one who has since become so nearly allied to me in our mutual work for the home and for humanity. Who of us can tell the unseen influences that guide the lives of those who stand in the forefront of the battle, and who may know the counsels that determine when those bound in heart shall clasp hands in high endeavor? Perhaps it was the gentle angel who, watching over the destinies of her loved sister, sealed the friendship that unites in so close a bond the great band of women in two continents who "wage their peaceful war for God, and home and every land."

The late Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," seems to have been the connecting link between Lady Henry Somerset and the British Women's Temperance Association. They had never met when Mrs. Smith went to Ledbury, the seat of Eastnor Castle,

to give a series of Bible readings. Lady Henry attended the meetings and invited her to her home. Here they communed concerning the things of the kingdom, and after Mrs. Smith's return to London, as she sat with the committee that was discussing the difficult question of a president of the British Women's Temperance Association, to succeed Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas (sister of John Bright), there came to her the conviction that Lady Henry Somerset was the God-ordained woman for the place. When the Association met in annual council a few weeks later, her ladyship was unanimously elected, and in response to a telegram came to the convention and accepted the honors conferred upon her.

Miss Willard, whose vision embraced the English speaking world as her field, presaged at once the progressive spirit that this valiant and exceptionally equipped president of the British Women's Temperance Association was to bring to the white-ribbon cause. From that hour the desire of these leaders to meet was mutual, and the centripetal impulse of a first World's Convention in 1891 brought together the two who were already one in the new concept of Christ's Gospel in action.

America, New England and Boston (where the meeting was held) first did honor to the noble English guest, so distinguished in all the progressive philanthropy of her own country. After the convention

Lady Henry Somerset went west to the prairies of Illinois, and in Rest Cottage received the benediction of "Saint Courageous," who "farther on," as she saw the lights in her Heavenly Father's Home, tenderly said, "My English daughter has lighted up the whole world for me in her affection for my child."

In August, 1892, three weeks after Miss Willard lost the earthly presence of her mother, she sailed for England to be met by sympathy, thoughtfulness, a sustaining love and care which were to help prolong her own heroic and compassionate life. "The tears would just well up," she writes from Eastnor Castle in the first weeks of her grief. This heart that had brooded over the sorrows of so many was realizing the supreme experience of the daily longing for the most intimate of her life's companionships.

On the first birthday anniversary without her mother, September 28, 1892, the British Women's Temperance Association, through Lady Henry, sent an offering of flowers and this testimonial:

To Frances E. Willard, President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union:

Beloved President: The sadness that enshrouds your coming to our country forbids any demonstration of national welcome; yours is a loss in which each of us has a share; with you we mourn a mother who by a long life of courage and a triumph-

ant entry into Eternity has taught us that it is always better "farther on."

We cannot, however, refrain on this, the anniversary of your birth, tenderly to wish you many years rich and full of useful labor. In approaching you with our congratulations it is on no commonplace errand of courtesy that we come, nor do our good wishes spring solely from our love and gratitude. We lay this tribute in your hands because from you we have received the message of women's greatness; because, looking back on the story of the past, we see none other to whom her fellow-women should confess so large a debt; because we know that life and strength to you will ever mean priceless and unflinching toil in the cause which seeks to bring humanity nearer its divine ideal. Your great heart, which knows no limitations of creed, class, or nation, but beats only with the pulsations of humanity, has thrown out the life line of the white ribbon, and today it girds the world, fit emblem of the white light of truth that called it into radiant existence. You have stood for the forces which level up and not down; your life shall chant itself in its own beatitudes after your own life's service, for you have understood the divine motherhood that has made the world your family.

In another of Miss Willard's letters we have the picture of the tranquil days passed at Eastnor Castle in retirement and work for the annual convention at home. . . . "We are keeping very quiet here at the Castle, seeing no one. We are re-

ceiving shoals of letters that come to us from all parts of the Kingdom as well as from 'Home, sweet home.' . . . For myself, I am not very vigorous, but am grinding away at my annual address, though with but little enthusiasm since mother is not here."

Two months later Miss Willard was again on American soil in attendance upon the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention of 1892 at Denver, Colorado, where a memorial service for her mother welded anew the hearts of her loyal constituents. Lady Henry accompanied her guest, Miss Willard returning with her to England in November. The succeeding weeks, which were filled with public work, were marked by a great welcome meeting at Exeter Hall in honor of the Founder and President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Lady Henry Somerset, as vice-president of this organization and hostess of Miss Willard, had issued invitations far and wide, calling upon all, irrespective of creed or sex, to come and do honor to her beloved friend, and in response a remarkable gathering assembled. Five thousand people united in this welcome; not only leaders of the principal English humanitarian organizations of the day, members of Parliament and London County Councilors, but a homogeneous company of representatives of missions, leagues, unions, societies and guilds, over fifty of these groups being repre-

sented. Miss Willard was greeted with an ovation, the "audience and platform rising *en masse*, waving handkerchiefs, and giving three British cheers in a manner which, with all their enthusiasm, no American audience has as yet mastered, for it takes the burly form and the broad chest of John Bull to cheer in the lusty fashion of our Saxon and Viking ancestry." Lady Henry presided, and in an eloquent address of welcome presented the woman and the work they had gathered to honor. She said:

It is fitting that this historic hall should have been chosen as the scene of a welcome to one who deserves above all other titles that of reformer. Wherever the temperance cause has a champion, wherever the cause of social purity has an exponent, wherever the labor movement lifts up its voice, wherever woman with the sunlight of the glad new day upon her face stretches forth her hands to God, there is the name of Frances Willard loved, cherished, and revered. Tried by a jury of her peers—even amid the clashing opinions of this transition age where the old is unwilling to die, and the new seems hardly ready to be born—there would still come the verdict, she is a fair opponent, she is a kindly comrade; she has firmness in the right as God gives her to see the right, and moves along her chosen path as Lincoln said, "with malice toward none and charity for all." From that more august and perhaps impartial jury, beyond the circle of reform, comes the verdict prophetic of that which history shall one

day record — she made the world wider for women and happier for humanity.

We know that America owes her greatness to the sterling worth of those intrepid Puritan pioneers who were the best gift of the Old World to the New; so Frances Willard, who has in her veins that pure New England blood, owes to her ancestry much of the strength and courage that must ever be the basis of a reformer's character.

If no other work had been accomplished, one of the greatest achievements of Frances Willard's life has been her mission of reconciliation to the women of the South while yet the scars of war throbbled in their breasts, and new-made graves stretched wide between sections that had learned the misery of hatred. It was the white ribbon taken by her tender hands that bound these wounds and gently drew the noble-hearted women of that sunny land into the hospitable home circle of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

"Sacrifice is the foundation of all real success," and it was a crucial moment in Miss Willard's life when she deliberately relinquished the brilliant position of dean of the first woman's college connected with a university in America, to go out penniless, alone, and unheralded, because her spirit had caught the rhythm of the women's footsteps as they bridged the distance between the home and the saloon in the Pentecostal days of the temperance crusade. She has relinquished that which women hold the dearest — the sacred, sheltered life of home. For her no children wait around the Christmas hearth, but she has lost that life only to find it

again ten thousand fold. She has understood the mystery of the wider circle of love and loyalty, and the world is her home as truly as it was John Wesley's "parish." She has understood the divine motherhood that claims the orphaned hearts of humanity for her heritage, and a chorus of children's voices around the world hail her as mother, for organized mother-love is the best definition of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

"Live and take comfort; thou wilt leave behind
Powers that will work for thee —
Air, earth, and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love and man's unconquerable mind."

In honor of such a guest we have gathered our choicest flowers of rhetoric and birds of song, for it is good and true to pour out the fragrance of our affection and our praise, and place our tribute in the warm clasp of living hands rather than lay it on the cold marble of the tomb.

Before resuming her seat the chairman called upon the Rev. Canon Wilberforce to give the first greeting to Miss Willard, because he knew something of the work she has accomplished and his visit to America had given him an insight into the power and strength of women's work there. Canon Wilberforce then dashed into an earnest temperance appeal and offered Miss Willard a hearty welcome

in the name of the Church of England temperance reformers.

The crowd driven back from the doors had flocked down the staircase and filled to overflowing a small hall capable of holding some fifteen hundred people. Here the eloquent Canon, followed quickly by Madame Antoinette Stirling, retired to keep them in patience until Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset had completed their duties upstairs.

After nearly a score of welcome speeches, at half-past nine Miss Willard rose, and in swift, generous utterance responded to the sincere British enthusiasm expressed in genial phrases. "The English," she said, "as individuals are reticent, but as an audience they bloom at you like a garden bed." In the glow of this sympathy her sensitive spirit was at once at home, and she took into her heart for aye her English audiences.

I do not know, she said, that I was ever more pleased than I am to-night that I can trace my undiluted ancestry back nine generations to an honest yeoman of Kent. "Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde and from the banks of Shannon," I come to you from the Mississippi valley, and in that "whispering corn" of which my beloved friend and our great leader has spoken, I used to sit on my little four-legged wooden cricket, hidden away that nobody should know, reading out of poets and philosophers things that caused me to believe more than

I knew, and I do it yet. I do not know that prohibition will capture old England, and salt it down with the "inviolable sea" as a boundary—but I believe it will. I do not know that the strong hand of labor will ever grasp the helm of state—but I believe it will. I do not know that the double standard in the habitudes of life for men and women will be exchanged for a white life for two on the part of the Anglo-Saxon race—but I believe it will. I do not know that women will bless and brighten every place they enter, and that they will enter every place—but I believe they will. The welcome of their presence and their power is to be the touchstone.

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On a green hill far away was the great scene of history where, on a wide-armed cross, was lifted up that Figure whose radiant love, shining out through all the generations since, has brought you and me together; given us our blessed temperance reform; is lifting labor to its throne of power; has made men so mild that they are willing to let women share the world along with them. And that reminds me that I wanted to speak a word about the gentle Czar. Have you ever heard of him—the gentle Czar? This one of whom I speak had at one time absolute power. He dwelt in his own world, woman was his vassal; she could not help herself, and had not wit enough perhaps to want to do so. But behold, the Czar said: "Since woman has a brain, it is God's token that she should sit down with her brother at the banquet of Minerva." So you invited us to school and then we came tripping along like singing

birds after a thunderstorm. No vote except that of this hydra-headed Czar ever opened a school for women to get their brains nurtured and cultured. I read that in Edinburgh (which classic city I hope to visit in a week or two), the trustees had by order of this Czar, invited women to join the College of Arts, and instead of the young men being crusty about it they were received with loud huzzas. In my own country, in some of the states and towns, the women have the municipal ballot; they have it under restriction in England. Who gave it to them? The gentle Czar. The barons at Runnymede had to force their charter from King John, but the baronesses of this age have but to say: "Would not you like to come and help us?" and the gentle Czar extends his scepter, when lo! the doors are opened wide. So I have no quarrel with men, and I have two reasons for thinking that they have been full of wisdom in letting us into the kingdom, for we want a fair division of the world into two equal parts. Please take notice, an undivided half is what the women want; they do not want to go off and set up for themselves and take their half, but to let it remain for evermore an undivided half. I believe men have let us into the kingdom because they have had six thousand years of experience, and consider themselves tolerably capable of taking care of number one. In the second place, I think that they are well assured in their own spirits that nobody living is quite so interested to do them justice, and to look after them in a very motherly way as these very women folk! There is but one great river of blood, one great battery of brain — our interests are for-

ever indivisible, for every woman that I ever knew was some man's daughter and every man I ever saw was some woman's son, and most of the men that I have been associated with in Christian work were "mother's boys." That is the best kind of a boy, whether he belongs to the children of a greater growth or whether he is still in the bewildered period of the first and second decades.

Some people have said that the Do Everything policy is a "scatteration" policy; but I am willing to sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish under the working of the Do Everything policy. By this we mean what they did at the Battle of the Boyne — "Whenever you see a head hit it." Wherever the liquor traffic is entrenched, there put in an appearance and send out the ammunition of your Gatling gun rattling its fires along the entire field. That has been our method from the beginning. The liquor traffic is entrenched in the customs of society — go out after it, then, with the pledge of total abstinence for others' sake. The liquor traffic is protected by the people's ignorance — go after it into the Sunday schools and public schools with a "Thus saith Nature, thus saith Reason, thus said the Lord." The liquor traffic is safeguarded by the law — go after it into legislature and parliament, and give them no rest for the soles of their feet till they give you better law than you have yet achieved. But laws are made by men, not by abstractions, and men are elected by parties. Then do not be the least afraid, but go out among the parties and see which of them will take up your cause and then stick

to that one. Parties are built up from units of humanity, and they need a stronger contingent of moral power. Let us, then, bring that contingent to the front; bring up the home guards and add them to the army. There are two serpents, intemperance and impurity, that have inclosed and are struggling with the infant Hercules of Christian civilization. Let us strike at both, for purity and total abstinence must go together; the two must rise or fall together; and when we find that the Siamese twins of civilization are purity and total abstinence, when we find that we must foster both, or each will die, then we shall have widened our cause as God wants to see it widened.

Alcoholized brains are like colored glass. We cannot transmit the light of the truth unless we are under the power of that holy habit, sobriety. May every home that you love be the home of peace; may every life that you cherish escape the curse of drink; may every child that you left to-night when coming to this meeting grow up sweet and pure and true. May every man that has lent to us his attention at this hour belong to the great army of the gentle Czar who is willing to welcome women even to the throne room of government.

“Strike, till the last armed foe expires!
 Strike for your altars and your fires!
 Strike for the green graves of your sires—
 God and your native land!”

Quaint, humorous, reminiscent, and prophetic, Miss Willard, with womanly tenderness, took her listeners back into her sacred home life, pregnant with asso-

ciation and inspiration, and, with statesmanlike vigor, out into the universal life of human need and aspiration. Again and again she was encouraged by the applause of her sympathetic audience.

Lady Henry Somerset then addressed Miss Willard, saying:

We cannot detain you to listen to all the telegrams from individuals and from the branches of the British Women's Temperance Association by which Old England greets New England's daughter. Three hundred branches of the British Women's Temperance Association have sent greetings; every post has brought their loyal welcome, and the names are recorded upon this testimonial which the British women gladly present to you. This beautiful banner has been embroidered by the loyal hands of British women, and we beg your acceptance of it that it may grace the platforms of America and remind you there of your English sisters.

The Exeter Hall meeting, reported well by the London *Times* and the *Daily News*, awoke England from Ramsgate to the Isle of the Dogs, and countless invitations poured in urging Miss Willard to meet great audiences and illustrious statesmen. The cities of England seemed to unite in the request that she should visit each of them. It would be but a repetition of occasions similar to that of Exeter Hall if we were to follow her from city to city, as

she was welcomed at great meetings and enthusiastic receptions. Already the physicians who had been consulted in regard to her physical condition insisted that absolute rest was imperative for the restoration of her strength, and slowly there was wrought in the quiet and beauty of Lady Henry's own home a marvelous change. Beautiful and invigorating days were spent in Switzerland in the Engardine. The air and altitude were a delight to Miss Willard's spirit and brought with each day increased buoyancy of mind and body.

During the World's Fair in 1893, Lady Henry Somerset came to America, assuming heavy burdens connected with the World's and National Conventions in Chicago, in order that Miss Willard might recuperate in the restfulness of retired English life. The American leader was meanwhile the guest of Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith at Haslemere.

In the months following, as her strength increased, Miss Willard not only helped the World's work and notably the British branch, but kept in close touch with the work at home, and with Lady Henry Somerset did a vast amount of public speaking in England and Scotland.

The public demonstrations which greeted Miss Willard on her return to America proved that her own home country, as well as lands over the sea, delighted to do her honor. In one of New York's

largest churches a welcome meeting was held in June, 1894, the great auditorium being all too small to hold the thousands who wanted to greet personally the beloved leader. How the great audience cheered her! How the cheers joyfully broke out again as anxious, questioning eyes saw that the pale cheeks had rounded out, that the weary lines had disappeared, that the golden-brown hair still kept its youthful tints—that the long absence was justified! Notable reform speakers uttered eloquent words of greeting. Letters and telegrams had been received from every state in the Union. Of the telegrams which were read, was one from Doctor Bashford of Ohio Wesleyan University, announcing that the college had that day conferred upon Miss Willard the degree of Doctor of Laws.

A few words have been selected from Miss Willard's response:

As you sing "Home, Sweet Home," I seem to look up into my mother's dear face and hear her sing it to a nervous little girl. Mother's gone, brother and sister have passed away. I am the last one left, but I am not lonely, for these are my folks, this is my home. . . . But this loving greeting is not a personal tribute. These kind words and kinder deeds are not invidious to woman. Some say that we women are a mutual admiration society; well, better so than carping critics of each other. But it is not fair to have so much praise. I am but the

buoy kept up by the ever-heaving sea, the wind-mill showing the course of the wind. Sea and wind are the capable, self-sacrificing rank and file of the white-ribbon army. All this tribute should be for them; it *is* for them.

At the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention in Boston, in 1880, Miss Willard was greatly surprised and deeply touched when Miss Mary A. Lathbury, whose happy suggestion inspired the generous gift, presented to Miss Willard, on behalf of the Twilight Park Association, the deed to a tract of land in Twilight Park, The Catskills. A small bequest to Miss Willard from a relative made possible, a few years later, the building of the cottage which Miss Willard named "Eagle's Nest" in memory of her eyrie in the old tree at Forest Home. White-ribboners furnished the pretty cottage, and for a few weeks one halcyon summer Miss Willard enjoyed the lovely, secluded spot with its wondrous outlook and its sense of peace.

Miss Willard's fiftieth birthday, September 28, 1889, occurred during one of her rare visits in her Evanston home. Gifts, letters, and telegrams came pouring into Rest Cottage all day. In the afternoon a delightful Harvest Home Festival was celebrated in the First Methodist Church, by the Loyal Temperance Legion, numbering nearly two hundred. In the evening a dinner was given by Woman's

Christian Temperance Union comrades who resided in the other half of the twin cottage. Later the mother and daughter enjoyed a surprise in "Evans-ton's Testimonial to Frances E. Willard," given at the home church, The First Methodist. All hearts were thrilled at the sight of the Loyal Temperance Legion marching, a bannered host, to the altar, where they sang the opening song. Mr. H. H. C. Miller, Mayor of Evanston, presided. Addresses were made in behalf of the churches, the University, the Woman's Club, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Congratulatory letters and telegrams were read, and resolutions were adopted, recognizing the "unselfish devotion and tireless energy of Frances E. Willard in every good work," and tendering the hearty congratulations of Evans-ton citizens upon her fiftieth anniversary. Miss Willard's reply was characteristically full of happy turns of thought and deep touches of pathos.

In the early morning of September 28, 1891, her fifty-second birthday, Miss Willard stood with her mother at the window of the "den" in Rest Cottage, and watched the burning of the barn built by her father a quarter of a century before. Writing of the event, she thus philosophizes: "Whatever burns, let it burn. When your barn goes you have still yourself, and should your house go still you have yourself, and when your body goes in death's com-

bustion, still and evermore you have yourself and are housed from first to last in God and his enfolding, warming, vitalizing love."

Near the spot where the barn had stood was built a cairn. The inception and growth of that most interesting "witness heap" can best be described in Miss Willard's own words:

For years I have been wishing that we could make the little home more of a souvenir to all who come than it has ever been. I wanted trees, vines, plants, and flowers from homes that people love, and I had already carried not a few slips, sprigs, and seeds from those that have sheltered my wanderings. But a cairn that should commemorate the eight hundred delegates and friends who came to call on mother from the Chicago convention had been much in my mind, and to that as a nucleus could be added "no end" of the pretty stones that most of us begin gathering in childhood, and of which we have at least a score before we reach a score of years. Knowing this, my "gentle Anna" decided to secure these souvenirs as a birthday surprise, and sending out five hundred postals on September 1st, she had by the 28th received specimens from every state and territory, including Alaska, every province of Canada and all along shore. A more unique, varied, eloquent collection one would look long to find. God's crystallized flowers are here; His thoughts in forms and colors that predict the new Jerusalem. Besides these fittest survivals of the mineral kingdom, there are stones of the field, the

forest, and the stream; historic emblems; specimens of every state's best yield in rocks; and sacred little pebbles that loved hands had gathered and rosy, childish fingers touched before they grew white in the steady clasp of death. Then the letters, the poems and telegrams, are a mine of jewels more flashing than any that wealth or beauty ever wore. They gleam with faith in our most holy cause; they glisten with purpose undaunted; they glow with love undying. The symbolism of this tremendous "stoning" is brought out most ingeniously in sentences scintillating as the crystals they accompany. It seems as if no Bible reference is overlooked — and we all know how rich these are — and applications found to the holy work of the hour by which Christ's bride shall be adorned for His coming in the new republic of God around which all our work and prayers concenter like the crystals of a rose-quartz geode.

In this very town, nearly thirty-four years ago, I studied Dana's Mineralogy, and with test-tube and blowpipe interviewed the royal family of the stone world and many of its great mellow-hued or dull-toned commonalty. But how little did I dream that the "cabinet" coveted so earnestly by our class as one of the best gifts, would come to me at last, along the lines of a thousand friendships that have blossomed brighter than gems, from the vital root of a great home-cause. These tokens, one and all, are not looked upon as mine — indeed, each day the sense of personal possession, once so strong, falls steadily away from me — but are lovingly held in trust for the great and growing family of the white-

ribboners to whom belong all that we of Rest Cottage have and are.

Stones from all over the world were contributed. Many of these were of too great value to be a part of the cairn on the lawn, and they were given place within the Cottage. Most interesting reading is the book in the "den" in which the names of all donors are inscribed, with mention of many of the notable stones. Upon the cover are these words: "Rest Cottage Cairn. Established Sept. 28, 1891. Genesis 31:44-49."

CHAPTER XIII

BRITISH ORGANIZATIONS AND INSTITUTIONS

DURING Miss Willard's sojourn in England the suggestive and instructive points in the organizations and institutions of that country, especially their expression in woman's life and work, vitally interested her. As the guest of Lady Henry Somerset, opportunities to study their prominent phases and characteristics were many and varied. To attend political conventions in which men and women were equally interested, was to her a novel experience. English methods of election were an absorbing study, but the most inspiring phenomenon was the place of prominence given to women in political life.

With great stirring of spirit she thus describes a convention of the Woman's Liberal Federation:

Nowhere on the face of the earth have women organized with so much strength, skill, and devotion to forward beneficent political movements as in the mother country. Seventy-five thousand of them are banded in the Woman's Liberal Federation for the purpose of advancing the interest of that great party which has for many years been "casting up

the highway" of emancipation by which England shall pass over into the promised land of liberty, equality, fraternity. Mrs. Gladstone has been from the first president of this organization, and as an educator for women it has no rival in the island; for successes, and failures, too, are teaching the women that only when great causes are incarnated in politics and parties do they command the public mind and crystallize into those better laws that bring a section of the "organized millennium" equally to each and to all.

No one, save duly elected delegates from the local societies and accredited representatives of the press, is allowed to be present at the annual meetings of the Woman's Liberal Federation. Fortunately for me, I was chosen a delegate by the women of Newport, Wales, and though under orders not to speak, I could hardly do less than move the resolution, intrusted to me by them, condemning the placing of any further restrictions on the work of women until the opinion of the women themselves has been ascertained in each case. Physically it was an ordeal to be present as a spectator in meetings of such momentous interest, but it was the chance of a lifetime. I had prepared for it by several weeks of quiet living in the country, and I hope soon to recuperate from the fatigue, while the memory will remain with me an unfailling fount of inspiration.

To some of us, who believe in the great educational power of what may be called the æsthetic side of a movement, it would seem to be an improvement if there were more in the outward form that appealed to the imagination and engraved upon

the heart great battle cries condensing argument and conviction in the form of an epigram.

A peculiarity of English conventions (they never use that word here) is the cut-and-dried order of business, which is called an *Agenda*. Each resolution, motion, and amendment is printed in full, with the name of the person who advocates it and the local society that he represents. As a result of this arrangement, there is very little occasion for the intricacies of parliamentary usage, and there is practically no participation from the floor of the house. The women who, under this rule, spoke at the "Woman's Liberal" (as it is called for short) were survivals of the fittest, or rather survivals of the best; they spoke from the platform, and having known for days or weeks that they were to do so, brought excellent preparation, and in almost no case was any manuscript to be seen. They were, as a rule, well heard, and what they said was full of practical good sense, often brightened by humor. There were the usual complaints in the rear of the hall that "nobody could hear a word; nobody could hear what was going on; speak louder; there is too much whispering on the platform, as well as on the floor." In the midst of these mildly murmured criticisms the new president, Lady Aberdeen, smiled graciously, and evidently held the confidence and good-will of the assembly. She used no gavel, but rang a little bell from time to time to bring the delegates to order; they were, however, remarkably decorous, and all the arrangements combined to make them so, the popular character of the meeting being its least emphatic feature.

While there are advantages in the strong hand of officialism and the sway of committeeism (both so dominant in all public affairs on this side of the water), I question if the greater spontaneity of individual initiative, which is the ruling factor in our American conventions, is not an advantage of still greater value in that development of character and intellectual acumen on which, in the last analysis, the success of associated effort must depend.

Without a dissenting vote the ballot for women was indorsed as one of the objects of the "Woman's Liberal," to be included in its constitution. This decision created more enthusiasm than any other subject that came before the council. Home Rule was adopted as a matter of course without dissent; the same is true of the Liquor Traffic Local Control Bill; the Sunday closing of public houses; closing during polling hours for all elections, parliamentary or local; and the council "earnestly desired that a law should be passed giving all the adult inhabitants of each locality the complete control of the liquor traffic." This resolution was moved by Lady Henry Somerset in a brief but effective speech, and seconded by Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes. The Welsh Local Veto Bill was also unanimously indorsed. It was decided by unanimous vote that married women should stand on the same ground as spinsters and widows in the suffrage bill, and that while English women have already a municipal vote (*i. e.*, rate-payers who are spinsters or widows), they ought, without distinction of class, to have not only the municipal but the parliamentary franchise, on precisely the same basis as men.

The bill to establish parish councils, whereby local legislation shall be taken from the hands of squires and parsons and given to the people, was warmly indorsed, and it was declared that this bill should make it perfectly clear that women are equally eligible with men to elect and be elected, not only in parish councils, but in district and county councils.

A resolution in its favor was indorsed without dissent; indeed, every legal disability of women seemed to be passed upon and declared against with practical unanimity. Eight resolutions, each of them covering some important phase of the Liberal movement as it relates to women, were adopted with enthusiasm.

The Salvation Army with its militant leaders attracted Miss Willard, and she gives this account of "General Booth in Action":

On March 27, 1893, in a Union church — which I suppose means a Congregational in London — spacious and on the amphitheatre plan, I first saw and heard the man whom I have long been wont to call the "old war eagle" of the Salvation Army. It was eleven o'clock on a bright spring morning when we entered, and the church was nearly full. A brass band was stationed at the right of the pulpit, and the bonnets of the sisterhood were a marked feature, not only on the platform, where one of the General's daughters was seated, but throughout the audience, while the Garibaldi shirts of the brotherhood lighted up the scene on every hand. One of the officers, who has a bassoon voice, was singing as we entered, and this was the refrain, "He saves to

the uttermost"; his voice was mellow and immense. The General put an arm over the huge shoulders of the singer and said, "You shan't sing it unless you mean it," upon which the gentle giant smiled, nodded his shaggy head, and all the people shouted "Amen!"

Having been escorted to the platform by one of the officers, I had a good opportunity to study the leader. He is, I should think, over six feet in height, and has an "off-hand" manner in the presence of an audience, such as he probably used when disporting himself at home with his children in earlier days. He has a remarkably fine, large head, well poised; keen, dark-brown eyes; an eagle beak like the Duke of Wellington, and a long gray beard, worthy of St. Jerome. He has a fine, delicately-made hand, with the wedding ring on his finger that reminds one of that great woman — "the mother" of the Salvation Army. In her going the light of this world went out from the life of this great leader, for no two were ever more devotedly attached. He walks up and down the platform; advances with the Bible extended in both hands; pounds the pulpit; thrusts his hands through his abundant dark locks, now turning to gray; and gestures with his shoulders as well as head and hands. He was talking to the officers, who had assembled to celebrate what was announced as a "day with God," which means a day given up to the endeavor to realize more thoroughly the personal relations of the Salvation soldier to the Captain of the salvation of us all.

It was a moving scene, as rough men came forward crying to the altar, women with their little children, girls with worn, wan faces, which told of

harder lives than they ought ever to have known. "Thirty-four are in the Gospel net!" called out one of the brethren, going down among them to help, and we noticed that men talked with men, women with women; there was no exception to this rule, which seems worthy of imitation in all revival meetings. Among those who superintended this solemn altar service was a grandniece of Sir Fowell Buxton, the anti-slavery reformer, and a cousin of Elizabeth Fry.

"You want white robes," cried out the General. "They are not the fashion now; they're scarce down here; the smoke of London seems to soil them, but they will be the fashion yonder, and God will help us carry them white and clean into the promised land."

It was a scene that recalled the old-time camp meetings in the far West. It had all their simplicity of heart, earnestness, and devotion. Again and again the band led the great assembly as it sang, "He saves to the uttermost." The effect was indescribable, and moved to tears eyes not used to weeping—the pure faces of the Salvation women as they knelt beside the hapless, friendless young girls who came forward, the brotherly tones of the men as they knelt beside the horny-handed, hard-faced offenders, who were crying for deliverance. And while they prayed, the General turned to Lady Henry Somerset and me, and showed us a handful of stub pipes already given up by the men, and said: "We get these, and lots of whisky flasks, too, and so we work for temperance."

A cultivated woman handed me these words,

hastily written, as she looked on the scene I have described: "In spite of all criticisms, and after all is done and said, I always ask myself, What other organization brings the people out of the abysses of sin better than the Salvation Army? I have seen it in nearly all countries of the world, and it stops my mouth when I hear something said of the Salvationists which may be true or not, for the one thing needful always remains, that the Salvation Army men and women are at it, all at it, and always at it to save the world."

One thing I know, that this weary scribe went out thence with tearful eyes and a more mellow mind, singing in tones unheard except in heaven:

"Take my poor heart and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee."

Doubtless this did not come to pass, but I drew a hair's breadth "Nearer, my God, to Thee," because of that strange morning with the "old war eagle" and his devoted brood.

Nearer to Miss Willard's heart than either of these nineteenth century movements was Lady Henry Somerset's cherished enterprise, the Duxhurst Industrial Farm Home. Miss Willard's lifelike description reveals to us how at one she ever was with everything that meant help to those who thought themselves forgotten:

To one who looks below the surface, there is untold pathos in the group of pretty gray cottages that cluster in the edge of the trees, which, with the

children's "Nest" near by, the chapel and hospital, the Manor House and Hope House, make up a veritable village among the pleasant hills of Surrey, for on this spot center the affection and honest hard work of the "British Women" and their leader, who have set themselves by God's help to give to England its most gracious object lesson in the cure of inebriety. But the real pathos of their holy endeavor is in the fact that they are working for mothers, for wives, and for little children — the three classes of human beings in whom center the most of tender thought and sacred love, and the Gospel of Christ alone renders such an institution possible. "Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace, and sin no more," is the word of life He spoke, and it applies not to one sin, but to all.

Hence it was fitting that the central building of this significant group should be a church, and that its dedication should be the first public exercise engaged in by the members and friends of our farm colony, and it was fitting that the clergyman should be Canon Wilberforce, of Westminster, whose name suggests the devotion of generations to "whatsoever things are pure" and good, and whose lifelong loyalty to the cause of temperance and his later declarations in favor of the cause of women mark him as the champion in the English Church of those reforms whereby the Christian religion incarnates itself in custom and in law. It was fitting, too, that the twentieth annual meeting of the British Woman's Temperance Association should have this dedication as its first service. Lady Henry Somerset, who has been from the first the presiding

genius of the enterprise, arranged the plan, the details of which were filled in by her devoted and capable associates. The Executive Committee came down from London with other invited guests. The girls of St. Mary's Home and the children of the "Guild of the Poor Things," with the cottage patients, furnished the music. Tea was served in a large marquee on the grounds, and the committee had several hours in which to go over the village, most of them never having visited it until to-day. When the dedication was over, tea was served in Lady Henry's room, where Lady Katharine Somerset, Canon Wilberforce, his wife and daughter, Mrs. Pearsall-Smith, and Miss Agnes Weston were the principal guests.

That so much had been accomplished in so brief a space was a delightful surprise and the general theme of congratulation. No enterprise was ever more nobly served than this one has been from the first, but among the capable and faithful workers it will not be deemed invidious to mention the Sister Superintendent, a woman who is a born leader and organizer of forces on a large scale; Sister Kathleen, who is a very Madonna to the homeless little ones in the Nest; and Miss Smith, the lady gardener, whose patient skill is working out a lovely frame of greensward, flowers, and vines for the picture made by these charming cottages.

The church is modeled after one at Engelberg, Switzerland, which had attracted Lady Henry Somerset's attention when sojourning there, and of which she brought away a photograph; but the coloring, like that of the interior of all the cottages,

is according to a scheme of her own, the theory being that strong masses of color help to make the walls attractive. The rafters of the church are painted a dull geranium red, and round the string-course on a gold band the Lord's Prayer encircles the building, being so arranged as to bring the words "Our Father" directly above the altar.

The walls are gray-blue; at the east end they are covered with a beautiful design painted on canvas, while the hangings are all rare embroidery of the fourteenth century. The ornaments of the chapel were given by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. Yesterday the east end was beautifully decorated with lilies, palms, and white hydrangeas, while the altar was wreathed with roses and large standard lilies, all from the gardens of Reigate Priory.

Canon Wilberforce had prepared a service that was especially appropriate and tender, in the carrying out of which he was assisted by Rev. Aston L. Whitlock, rector of the parish and one of the most helpful friends of the enterprise. The address of Canon Wilberforce was characterized by the well-known spiritual elevation of thought and vigor of utterance that places him in the forefront of English pulpit orators. He made the spiritual the basis of physical health, and said that it had been proved in recent scientific investigations that the sun's rays will kill out every form of microbe and bacillus. Even so the Divine beams of the Sun of Righteousness, shining into the human heart, will kill out the germs of every evil appetite.

At the close a touching procession came down the aisle, the little crippled and blind boys whom

Sister Kathleen and Sister Grace are caring for at the Children's Nest — to which Countess Somers, mother of Lady Henry Somerset, has so largely contributed — that haleyon home of happy outings for little people from the London slums. They carried the Union Jack and the flag of their "Guild of the Poor Things" (suggested by that pitiful story of Mrs. Juliana Horatio Ewing, entitled "The Story of a Short Life"), and it bore the legend,

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?"

This is the chosen song of the guild, and there were tears in all eyes as the little fellows sang their hymn of conquest, all the verses of which they knew by heart. They have been taught that their crutches if used in the right spirit and in the Master's sight, are swords of victory, and this is their motto, which they repeat in cheery voices: "*Happy is my lot.*" It was a tender climax to the hallowed service, this song from the loyal little hearts that know what suffering means and how to overcome it "In His Name."

As the audience came out to the pretty portico, there stood Lady Henry Somerset, who has consecrated such devoted toil and generous gifts to the enterprise, holding in both hands a big brass plate, and looking into every face, her smiling glance seeming to say, "And now concerning the collection." Many gold coins were left in her care, and Mrs. M., whose great heart makes her gifts for good continu-

ous, left a scrap of paper on which were penciled the words, "In gratitude for the dedication services; a hundred pounds more from E. L. M."

And when it was all over, as I stood watching the long procession of brakes, filled by those noble women of the executive committee who are the special co-workers of Lady Henry; as I saw the little crippled fellows in their crimson blouses, shouting "Three cheers for Canon Wilberforce" (who as his carriage swept past lifted his hat to them with as much deference as if they had been "the Queen's Own"); as I saw the women, who are the objects of so much loving thought, going quietly to their peaceful cottages, and the gentle Sisters in uniform, who have them in their care, I wondered if there was in all this great and powerful England a spot of ground dearer to God than that on which the Farm Home Colony has raised its sacred walls.

In connection with the same Convention, a gala-day for the delegates was the reception and garden fête at Reigate Priory, one of Lady Henry Somerset's charming country homes. We quote from *The Union Signal*:

The quaint and beautiful English village was stormed by white-ribboners, whose processional advent along the leafy, peaceful streets was looked upon with interest by the inhabitants of Lady Henry's quiet retiring place. Two long excursion trains had rapidly borne the happy host out from the city, and to the delegates, worn somewhat with constant attendance at the great meetings and

interludes of sightseeing, the sweet country air and genial sunshine of the perfect June day were as nectar to a thirsty spirit.

The long line of women, with here and there a favored man, proceeded along the village streets, past the familiar "Cottage" (recognized at once by many), and through the gates to the Priory, whose long, low, simple outlines gave little indication of the wealth and beauty within. At the door of the great hall, Lady Henry Somerset graciously made all feel at home, and just inside the first entrance Miss Willard, with a happy and pertinent word for each, received the guests, whose number was nearly one thousand. The fine mansion was thrown open to the visitors, who soon invaded every corner — the perfectly decorated, pale green silk-hung drawing-room; the library in white and gold, with its hundreds of rare volumes; the dining-room, with its dark wainscotings and handsome red tapestry hangings; the dainty reception room, and others rich in rare furniture, portraits, armor, and brie-à-brac. But the chief points of interest were the "dens" — Miss Willard's, with its artistic furnishings, at once recognized by "mother's" picture over the mantel and the familiar traveling handbag with its initials, "F. E. W.," lying upon the desk; and Lady Henry's room, which appeared very thought-inviting. The familiar face of the beloved Quaker poet looked down upon the temperance workers of many lands who peeped into this sanctum of the reform leader.

Out upon the lawn and in the garden the scene was a festive one. Under a magnificent willow tree a band (appropriately of women) played lively

melodies. At the long tables beneath the canvas tent and at many smaller tables near, the guests were being served in true English fashion. It was a social, friendly company, for no other introduction was needed than the significant knot of white. Armenian and Scandinavian, Indian and South African, German, Swedish, and French delegates mingled with those of English-speaking countries in unhedged social converse, giving the gathering a real cosmopolitan character. Of course, with such a company speechmaking could not be omitted, so a platform was improvised, and those who could get within hearing distance doubtless heard much that was witty and wise. The occasion was honored by the presence of the Countess Somers, Lady Henry's mother, vying with her daughter in youthful looks. Countess Somers is greatly interested in the reform work of her noble daughter, reading *The Union Signal*, and following the progress of the great reform.

So much had the weather, the occasion, and the surroundings delighted the happy guests that it was with regret they heard the sweet bells of the Priory clock announce the hour of departure. It will be long before the tourists "forget that day in June" which took them into the sunshine of Lady Henry Somerset's lavish hospitality.

But this workaday world of speaking, writing, and sociological sympathies was irradiated by charming recreation, excursions to historic places, short visits to the seaside, and rare glimpses of de-

lightful English homes. We know how congenial to Miss Willard was the touch of spirits akin to her own on an intellectual plane, and she has told us in her own incisive way of her love of the companionship of the wise and good:

If I were to ask of every person I met the question of all others pertaining to this world that I would like to ask, it would be this: Who and how many among the great characters of our time have you personally known, and what can you tell me about them? I confess that everything about elect souls has a personal interest for me; their letters I preserve; their pictures, in simple heliotype, fresco my walls; their photographs crowd my ever-growing "collections"; their autographs are sedulously cherished, and every word, allusion, or anecdote which brings them out into clearer perspective is of zestful interest always. For I think there is much in the theory of an "aura" surrounding every one of them, the veiled effluence of the spiritual body, perhaps, by which something of absolute personality goes with the handwriting and passes into the photographed face. This may be wholly fanciful, but it is a most pleasant fancy to me and peoples my little room with presences noble, gracious, and inspiring.

First among the personalities toward whom Miss Willard was drawn in England was Her Majesty the Queen. She gives us this picture of the true and noble woman, who is first in the hearts of all Eng-

lish-speaking people, as she saw her in London at the opening of the Imperial Institute:

We were on hand at ten o'clock although we knew the Queen would not arrive until after noon. The grandstands with their thirty thousand occupants were filled a little after ten. Opera glass in hand, we watched the gradual rally of what is technically known in these parts as "the aristocracy," preceded by their gorgeously attired guardians and variegated flunkies. The cheering is but slight as many great ones come, for the waiting thousands are all watching for the Queen. Punctuality is the politeness of royalty, and though famous for this quality, and promised to the crowd at fifteen minutes after twelve, such is the throng through which she has to pass, that the Queen does not arrive till half-past twelve.

"Is it not curious," remarks an American white-ribboner whose field-glass is faithfully directed toward the distance whence the Queen is to emerge, "that I can be thinking of all this pageantry, the like of which I never saw before and shall not see again, and yet away down in my heart I am observing 'the noontide hour' of the white-ribboners?"

"So am I," was the response, and no more is said till the flash of spears is seen, the passing of half a dozen carriages containing the lesser lights of the royal household, and then a carriage drawn by six cream-colored horses from Hanover, each gorgeously caparisoned in red and gold, the manes being entirely covered by tassels of bright color; a plump postillion mounted on the left-hand horse of each

pair, besides a gentleman in scarlet who leads each separate horse; two handsome Highlanders in a high seat perched up behind; two fair, attractive young Englishwomen, Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, on the front seat, and all alone in the middle of the back seat a somewhat stout, short figure dressed in black, without a jewel, without a ribbon, just a kindly, quiet, dignified lady that anybody would have been glad to call his mother or his grandmother. At a foot pace the carriage passed, amid loud hurrahs, while a bright flag bearing the harp of Erin, the Cross of St. Andrew, and the Lions of England was suddenly flung out into the sunshine from the top of the tower, and bands of music played "God Save the Queen." Victoria and her daughters bowed quietly to right and left, the Queen simply inclining her head with a most intelligent and kindly expression; and one stalwart republican from the New World looked at her with dimmed vision as she thought that here and now came to a focus all that is best in man's achievement during all the centuries; and that a woman was the chief figure in all that gorgeous pageantry -- a woman who has been true to the sacred duties of wife, mother, and friend, true to the magnificent powers reposed in her as Queen.

I remembered that when at sixteen years of age she was told that she was to rule over this mighty Empire, there was no exultation in look or tone, but with clasped hands she faltered out, "God help me to be good." I remembered her tender love and loyalty to that pure, noble man to whom she gave her heart in early youth, and that when asked the

explanation of England's greatness, she said, "It is the Bible and Christianity." I knew that England did not live up to its high standard, but believed she would some day; and that this great reign — so rich in triumphs of literature and art, in the spirit of civilization, in the uplift of the people, in the emancipation of women — has contributed more than any other reign the world has known to bring about the realization of universal brotherhood. I knew that no human being on the globe concentrates in his history and influence so many thoughts; that this quiet woman is the cynosure of civilization; presidents and princes come and go, but she goes on and on until it seems as if her reign is likely to be the longest, as well as the most beneficent, of which history makes mention.

We waited an hour while the Queen, leaning on an ebony cane, disappeared with her children into the great temple of industry and achievement, and we knew that she had made her speech when the chime of bells in the beautiful tower told that the inauguration ceremony was complete. We knew that Sir Arthur Sullivan had conducted the orchestra, that Madame Albani had led the audience in singing "God Save the Queen"; and that the chimes were to tell us all of the joy — that the climax had come.

A few minutes later the whole procession passed us on its return to Buckingham Palace, and it was a touch of nature pleasant indeed to see, when the Queen's sons with their wives and children — Wales, Edinburgh, and Connaught with his blithe young princess beside him — walked along the pavement to meet the carriage of the Queen, and to salute

Her Majesty, who smiled on them with the simple kindness of a mother.

Meanwhile the chime of bells rang merrily, each bell named after one of the Queen's children, and the chime christened "Alexandra" for the Princess of Wales. To me as I gazed at the vanishing figure that was the center of all this pomp and circumstance and knew that I should never see again the Queen of England and Empress of India, the music of the bells seemed to be saying those matchless words of Tennyson:

"The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee —
Till God's love set thee at *his* side again."

CHAPTER XIV

ANSWERING ARMENIA'S CRY

BEFORE 1892, people had known but vaguely that there was such a thing as an Armenian Question. They knew that somewhere beyond the mountains in Eastern Turkey, in the land that looks toward Ararat and the rising sun, a war was going on — a religious war — in which those that suffered bore the name of Christians. And yet the term “War” implies the possession of weapons on both sides and at least a fighting chance for the weaker to sell life dearly. Here the weapons were all on one side, the other having nothing to oppose to them save unmailed breasts, clenched fists, attempted flight, and hard endurance of the inevitable. There was not much chance for even individual cases of fierce vengeance. In this terrible plight were men, women, and children. Even the unborn babe was snatched into the world to draw its first breath in a shriek of agony, and die. Turks were the aggressors, Armenians the sufferers, in this strange war, and thus it bore something of the character of a race conflict.

The name Christian stood for honor to marriage

vows which gave to Armenian women respect for themselves and reverential loyalty to their husbands, to Armenian men exceptional uprightness in domestic relations, and if some bearing the name of Christians knew little of Christianity vitally, they yet held it to the death as a symbol of their national life. When, in the fifth century, a Persian king tried to force them to exchange the Bible and the name Christian for fire worship, they answered: "You have your sword, and we have our necks. We are not better than those who have gone before us, who gave up their goods and their lives for this faith."

For generation after generation the Armenians continued a people apart, oppressed, plunder for the Turk and the freebooting mountaineer Kurds, who fed from their harvests, feasted on their sheep, and carried away their wives and daughters, while they were forbidden the arms necessary for defense.

No marvel that the Bible became a sealed book. There were only Moslem schools to teach boys to read the Koran. When the American missionaries first printed the Bible in a cheap form for the people and established schools in which they could learn to read it, the common people "heard the Word gladly," and many voluntarily impoverished themselves to the last degree to possess a copy of the sacred book.

In time matters came to a crisis. The Great Powers, partly for reasons of their own, made Armenia an "issue." Turkey went wild with the craze of greed and pride and domination under the name of religion. The madness of the Turkish government had method in it. It was a good time to end Christian Armenia. So long as it remained it was a possible menace, and it was rich plunder. The first step was to enlist the Kurds in the Turkish army, and set them to police the same Armenian fields which they had plundered for three hundred years. The victims had not much with which to resist, but now and then the dead body of a Kurdish ravisher and thief caused the report of a great revolt. Then the order went out from the Sultan, and forty villages in their fertile fields were burned. Men, women and children died with such bravery, refusing life at the price of apostasy, that the far, faint sound of their martyrdom stirred Europe to shame.

So they perished — fifty thousand in one year — helpless, weaponless. Massacre after massacre occurred; men, women, and children were penned together as prisoners and slaughtered. Crops were carried off, homes burned, shops looted. They died anywhere, everywhere, with additional details of tortures too horrible for words. And all this went on like a slaughter behind closed doors, from which

a cry, heard now and then, was unnoticed, unrealized, by the passers-by.

In 1896, certain of the Armenian victims escaped in a friendly ship to Marseilles — with their lives and hideous memories, but maimed forever, bearing within and without tokens of suffering. Here was a young bride whose husband had been slaughtered in the night, and the pieces of his body piled at her feet; here a man whose aged father had been sought out in his own home and slain; here an old woman, with a fine, firm, furrowed face, who, along with her little grandson, had escaped. But the day following, having hidden the little one, as she watched for some chance of escape, a neighbor, a trusted man, though a Turk, approached. He told her the slayers were again seeking the child, and if she wished to save him, she must trust the boy to his care, for they would not search a Moslem house. In her anxiety she brought the child and intrusted him to the false friend, only to see him led into the courtyard and killed. Here was a poor creature burned nearly to death, the Kurd having saturated his clothing with kerosene and set it on fire. True maids and faithful wives wept continually, hiding their faces from sight, for from behind closed doors of torture and death, poor wretches, mad with fear, covered with blood and wounds, rushed into the open street, and fell with a helpless appeal among

the passers-by. In the summer of 1896, five hundred victims escaped from the Turkish shambles to Marseilles. The French government was perplexed. It feared "international complications," and the poor refugees, penned in an open barn by the local authorities, were given a few cents each every day or two, with which to buy bread.

Some one saw in the situation material for an interesting letter, which was afterward published by the London and Paris newspapers. This reached the eyes of Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset, just as they were starting on a brief bicycle tour through Normandy, seeking much-needed change and recuperation before the long winter of work began. They were weary and worn almost to the point of exhaustion, but determined to go at once to Marseilles. Here they promptly opened communication with General Booth, of the Salvation Army, and the grand old General, from whom they received cordial help, at once sent an army officer to Marseilles. They besieged the local authorities until part of a charity hospital was turned over to their use. It was three hundred years old, damp, and musty, but there were great stone troughs of running water in the courtyard. Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset, with a young missionary lady from Turkey, who providentially was able to assist them, put things into some degree of comfort-

able readiness, and there the Armenians were brought.

Their first problem was to procure suitable and sufficient food, and soon they were making soup by huge kettles, meat and onions and red peppers bubbling together, and for each a whole pound of good bread was provided. The appetizing odor penetrated the bare, long halls, and those of the weary creatures who could not assist gathered about the doors and eagerly waited. When all was ready, great bowls were set in rows along the floor. "Surely," said an aged priest, "this is the kitchen of Jesus Christ"; and calling a young lad to him, he laid his old hands upon the youth's head, and bade him say grace. The boy repeated the Lord's Prayer, and all the people chanted "Amen." The building was soon humming like a hive with hope and life and mutual helpfulness. The young men were washing clothes and scrubbing the floors; those who could were cobbling the shoes of the entire party, and the women were cutting and sewing needful garments from cloth furnished by Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset.

Then arose the problem of permanent provision for these victims of man's indifference to man. How to find for them places of useful service to others and support to themselves was the serious question. Arrangements were made for distributing two hun-

dred on the Continent; one hundred Lady Henry Somerset took to London, leaving the Refuge Hospital in the hands of the Salvation Army. Many begged to be sent to America, which was "the Lord's home for the oppressed," they said, thinking of the American missionaries. Two hundred Miss Willard brought to this country through the co-operation of noble and leading white-ribboners, some of whom became personally responsible to the United States Government for twenty-five refugees each until they could become self-supporting.

Miss Willard now appealed to America in behalf of Armenia. To the country at large, as a nation just, brave, and generous; to women as the molders of public opinion, reverencing the name of Christ and sympathetic with the downtrodden and oppressed; to the women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union especially, as sisters loved and faithful co-laborers with her for years in every form of endeavor; to Christian ministers, urging them to devote a Sunday evening service to the Armenian question, and to secure the passage of resolutions of protest — to all these the cry went out. The General Officers of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, under Miss Willard's leadership, sent the following earnest petition to Congress:

We, the officers of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, representing a mem-

bership and following of not fewer than a million people, who believe that the protection of the home is the supreme duty of statesmen, do hereby most earnestly and solemnly beseech you to take such action as shall put our home-loving Republic on record as having used its moral and material influence for the relief of Armenia, the martyr nation, in the time of its supreme distress. We respectfully urge that our country should no longer remain a silent spectator of the agony and outrage inflicted by Moslem savages upon our brother and sister Christians, whose only fault is their devotion to Christ and their loyalty to a pure home.

We beg you, therefore, as the legally constituted representatives of the wives and mothers of our nation, to give heed to our devoted prayer and aspiration that America may, through her highest legislative authorities, give expression to all the world of her abhorrence of the atrocities in Armenia, and may make an appropriation from the people's money for the relief of our brothers and sisters who have been driven to the last extremity by the fatal fanaticism of the Sultan and his soldiers.

These appeals have hardly been equaled in effect in the annals of the world. "Sisters, countrymen," she cried, "our fellow-worshippers perish because they will not apostatize. An ancient nation is being slaughtered on the plains of old Bible story. Fifty thousand victims slain under God's sky in the slow-moving circle of a year! Women suffering indignity and death; children tossed on the bayo-

nets of Turkish soldiery; villages burned; starvation the common lot. Now, even now, while the sun is shining on our own safe homes, on the white spires of our churches, on our living children in our arms, these tortures, these martyrdoms, continue. And, behold! Europe, that promised so much and so sincerely — Europe, with seven million soldiers, and statesmen and diplomats clever as money-lenders — has neither statesman, diplomat, nor soldier able to save a single helpless life, protect a single helpless child, or give a single loaf of bread to the starving mouths. The Turk is a savage; our statesmen are — over-civilized! The Turk follows his will; we follow our interests. His part is the less ignoble of the two.”

The practical power of Miss Willard; the cool level-headedness which no indignation, pity, or scorn could disturb; the quiet judgment as to what could be accomplished; the careful choice of means to an end, were never better shown than in the general “field order” to her comrades of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union which followed: “I call upon you to organize meetings in every locality, urging our government to co-operate with England in putting a stop to the massacre and giving protection thenceforth to Armenian homes. Let these meetings be addressed by the pastors, business men, and most capable women. Let money be raised by systematic visitation as well as by collection.”

To the women all over the land she said: "May God so deal with us at last as we deal with our Armenian sisters and brothers, and their little ones, in this hour of their overwhelming calamity." Appeals like these through the aid of the Armenian Committee in New York City went out by the hundred thousand in every mail. "Angry?" Yes! "Full of indignant grief?" Yea, verily! As Mark Twain said, "I should be ashamed not to be angry." These appeals were also full of good sense, and they were effective. Clergymen gave a Sunday to Armenia. A million Christians united in petition. Money poured in. The *Christian Herald*, of New York, rallied grandly to the rescue, most generously supporting the cause. Business men gave. Above all were heaped the offerings of the women and the Christian Endeavor and other young people's societies. They were hearing "the cry of the world," and nobly they responded, filling full the hands of Clara Barton, who sailed for Turkey under the sacred protection of the Red Cross flag, bearing seed corn for the fallow fields, food for the starving, garments for the unclothed, and hope and help for all whom hope and help could reach.

Of the results that will live in history it is not yet time to tell. The work, in many of its aspects, is still going on. There is abundant testimony in confirmation of Miss Willard's judgment in respect to those who were sent to this country, for they are

proving themselves honest, intelligent citizens, of the kind which America may well be proud to own. It is needless to say that this work endeared Miss Willard to their hearts as nothing else could have done. As one of her co-workers stood by the landing-stage waiting to greet a party of the immigrants from Marseilles arriving in Portland, Maine, a young man among them, seeing her white ribbon, sprang forward, touched it, and bending low to kiss the hand that was extended in greeting, eagerly repeated the one word of English that they knew — “Willard.”

From one of those welcomed to Massachusetts came later this touching tribute:

“I sympathize with the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union for the saddest and most unexpected flight of Miss Frances E. Willard, the *Lady* of ladies. We read in newspapers and wept so much, but in vain. She passed away, having performed her duty. She will not come back again. But we may turn to her. This is the lament of my heart for her:

“O! the single *angel* on earth,
How quick you passed away from us!
O sweet *Willard*, the only *Seraph*,
You sowed the seeds of kindness everywhere!

“O tender-hearted maiden of the Lord,
You were a virtuous and blessed *Virgin*,
Who embodied *Jesus* in her active life,
Who vibrated the strains of the hearts of sisters equally.

O the great heart, the *hearts of hearts*, the *lady of ladies!*
 Who reached the ends of the wide world,
 To uplift the fallen humanity to its *Home Paradise*.
 You did not spare your last ability, energy, and even your
precious life.
 Your whole life has been a *sweet prayer*, a *charming melody*,
an inspiration!
 The body, the *earthly tabernacle*, failed at last, while the soul
 endured to the end
 And passed away for *largest spheres of services*.
 O Jesus, bestow in us the *double spirit of hers*,
 That we may accomplish our best to keep on
 What she began through *Thy power* on high
 To hasten *Thy kingdom*, O the *King of kings*, the *Lord of*
Lords!

D. H. SISLIAM, for H. Hagopian.

"P. S.— God be with you till we all meet again in yonder.
 'How sweet and beautiful it is to be with God.'

Very cordially yours,

THE SAME."

The weeks spent in Marseilles were followed by days of great weariness for Miss Willard, and reaching America in time for the National Convention in St. Louis in November, 1896, she came before her beloved constituency with an annual message unwritten save on the "red tablets of her heart."

But she talked out of that great heart as never before, her eager listeners cheering her on with responsive enthusiasm, and in closing an address resistless in its compact force she said:

I had begun to dictate little slips of my address when all of a sudden the savages of the Sultan put the knife to the throat and the big bludgeon to the

head of the Armenians in Constantinople, and soon after we heard of the refugees in Marseilles, without shelter or food. Then something said to me, "Why, those Armenians stand for your ideas, the white-ribbon ideas; the sanctity of home life, the faithful loyalty of one man to one woman; and they have illustrated this like no other nation on the face of the earth; they lived it centuries before Mohammed had ever conceived his vile religion which degrades manhood, puts lust instead of love, and makes woman a bond-slave of man in the harem to which he has consigned her." And so I said: "Yes, these are they whom I would like most of all to help; they love the Gospel of our Lord and they have laid their lives upon the altar for Christ."

And then our missionaries told me how women had leaped into the rivers rather than have the Turk pounce with his heavy hand upon them; they told me of members of their schools, sweet young girls, who had thrown themselves into the flames of the Christian church at Sassoun because the Turkish officers pursued the youngest and fairest of them to take them away. They told me things not lawful to utter of what young husbands suffered in the presence of the young wives who were true to them and who with them endured a double death in the open streets. And I said in my heart, "That is God's nation, and I am going to Marseilles to help."

Now, I only want to say one thing more, though I kept it as a little secret, but you do not know what waves and storms I came over to get here. Some of the friends of Armenia in the dear old mother country urged me to go to Jerusalem and see the

Patriarch, whom the Sultan has dismissed, to see if I could not bring him to England to stand up in his patriarchal robes and tell his story to the people. There was another plan to go to the help of the Catholicus, who is at the head of the whole Armenian church, and who has an army of refugees around him; or to Cyprus, where it is proposed to found a colony for the women and children. Oh, it all looked so heavenly to do; but I said, "There are older ties; there is a deep, throbbing chord between me and the white-ribbon women of my country, and though I could not leave England until I knew whether my native land would welcome the Armenians, I came to you with a glad heart, although there was work — a holy work — and a great-hearted comrade whom I left behind.

CHAPTER XV

OLD HAUNTS AND HOMES REVISITED

“ ’Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meet as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind’s business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.”

WORDSWORTH’S sonnet, the last words Miss Willard committed to memory, gives her ideal of home: “Thoughts motherly, and meet as womanhood,” blessed her childhood, and, a woman, she went out to bless the homes of all the world. The sanctities of motherhood were not denied her, since she made sweeter the sleep and safer the steps of every little child. She was a fireside being and found a place by a hundred hearths, consecrating and quickening the flame that was kindled on each, while she loved her own home with all the purity and enthusiasm of her nature.

When we remember the child in her daily frolics and rambles and tender twilight dreamings at

Forest Home, the young woman planting trees with her father in Evanston and noting all the magic play of nature, we comprehend that home was not a platitude but a plenitude to this woman of ideals. In its quintessence of intimacy, endearment, and sympathy it comforted her, but as a type of universal kindness it warmed her imagination. Her soul builded ever "more stately mansions," but it never forgot its primitive surroundings, its growing-cells. Nature, Humanity, God, became her "dwelling place," through which she passed right graciously to her last home, yet loving to linger at each dear stopping place, each tenement of all the way. Fast outgrowing the earthly garment of the flesh, Miss Willard turned in these last months with all her tenacious purpose toward revisiting those places which had sheltered her as child, maiden, and woman, shutting her away, in their sweet restfulness, from the world to which she belonged.

In the mother country she had gone through quiet fields and flowery byways to the village of Horsmonden, in Kent, where lived those stanch English lives that bequeathed to their descendants such resistless courage and unspent energy. In the registry of the parish church she saw the name of Simon Willard, with the date of his baptism, and under the spell of by-gone years, standing in the high-perched pulpit, she recited Mrs. Hemans' hymn:

“The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

“And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o’er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.”

It was the first home revisited, a mystic and sentient hour for our leader, a realization of those primal unities which make America one with England. The old Horsmonden church now holds a commemorative tablet presented by Miss Willard as an expression of her gratitude for the inheritance of “a good great name.”

After the St. Louis Convention in November, 1896, Castile, New York, was selected as a winter residence and became a genuine home through the constant thoughtfulness and gracious personality of the presiding genius of its sanitarium, Dr. Cordelia A. Greene, whom Miss Willard was wont to describe as the essence of strength and gentleness in combination, a chemical amalgam of scientist and saint. The home group that drew about Miss Willard in pretty “Daily Cottage” included a blessed mother and her trio of daughters, and was the circle closest to her whose practical thought and genial fancy directed and beautified the winter.

Of Castile Miss Willard writes: “I wish you could

see this little village on top of its hill and under its ice and snow. It abounds in fine tall elms and maples, although they do not console one very much these days! But its evergreens are a real comfort, a protection when we sit out 'breathing deeply' on these cold wintry mornings, and sometimes when the heavens are brilliant and the angle of vision just right, *I can see the flush of leaves that are to be* in the top of a lovely willow that lifts its symmetrical proportions just across the street."

This sensitiveness to the charms of nature gave vividness and pathos to every phase of Miss Willard's home life, even when she made home of transient tarrying places where she stopped but a day. Her acute, acquisitive spirit attracted to itself immediately the distinguishing qualities of the landscape. The mind that saw "the flush of leaves that are to be" naturally saw infinite things besides, and the fragile form accentuated the mystery and variety of the soul's expression.

A delightful interruption to the usual routine was Miss Susan B. Anthony's visit, the experience of which Miss Willard shared with her comrades in a letter to *The Union Signal*: "It was a bright sunny day in this upland town, fifteen hundred feet above the sea level. I cleared my writing room for our dear friend, and A—— went to the station to meet her. We gathered in a group at the door as they

drew up, it being my intention to 'help Susan out.' But I saw that anybody less swift of foot than a football expert need make no such attempt. Forth stepped Miss Anthony, seventy-seven years of age, with traveling bag and umbrella, her movements as balanced and agile as they were a half-century ago, her face lighting up with smiles and the cheery 'How are you?' as she walked in, bringing a breeziness that seemed perennial. As a matter of course, we sat down for a talk, which continued with slight interruption until the afternoon of the next day, each one 'getting in a word' as opportunity offered, and very likely each saying to herself, 'There, she has stopped to breathe; now comes my chance.'"

This picture of Miss Willard as a hostess will be widely recognized. Outgoing, inclusive, comprehensive, instantly *en rapport* with her guest, feeling with electric rapidity the subtle combination of the forces to be met, she rose to every occasion and adapted herself perfectly to the varying phases of thought and feeling in other minds. It was at Castile as she sped her parting guest, Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island, just starting for Australia as our white-ribbon missionary, that Miss Willard gave utterance to such vigorous words of faith in the work and the worker as sent her forth like an officer in the great army inspired by the commands of a general. Never did Miss Willard's working

power seem more creative. Editorials, articles for the newspapers; plans for a birthday celebration for Neal Dow; eager sympathy and effort for Armenia; "A Woman's Plea for the Purification of the Press"; plans for the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union New Year," made during visits from a number of temperance experts; a "lift" for the local union when dearly loved white-ribboners spoke under its auspices; an evening of fun for the sanitarium patients — all these entered into the winter's activity.

With spring's coming she drooped; the physical energy that had been gained by unflinching response to her wise physician's behests slowly ebbed away, and it was believed a stay at Atlantic City would refresh the weary worker. With deep concern it was seen that ocean breeze and varied seaside life failed to bring the wished-for strength. For three weeks she was in the open air, much of the time in her rolling chair, looking out over the wide expanse of ocean, dictating correspondence and articles, letting the tides of human life and the sea make fuller her spirit's vigor, while the body gained only meagre treasure of strength, and the pathetic whiteness of her face told its own sad story. During the stay in Atlantic City an excursion was made to Washington, D. C., where Miss Willard spent a memorable Sunday as a guest at Cedar Hill, the home of Mrs. Frederick Douglass. Returning to the seashore,

she welcomed Miss Jackson, then on her way to Germany, and a week of reminiscence and prophecy was given to these friends of "Auld Lang Syne." It was fitting that this their last visit together should take place in New Jersey, near the hospitable Jackson home from which years ago they had set out upon their European travels. On May sixth Miss Willard spoke in Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, fulfilling a long-deferred promise that an address should be given by the National President to the state securing the largest number of new members during the year, and a similar promise was redeemed for New Jersey by an address at Jersey City five evenings later.

Then for five weeks in the shadow of Cambridge University she rested by a congenial fireside and enjoyed in her hostess a woman of rare culture and most entertaining originality. Whoever knows Cambridge needs no description of its richness of romance and erudition, and the rare charm of its gracious hospitality. Miss Willard took daily drives behind a gentle, slow-paced Norwegian pony lent her by the poet Longfellow's daughter, "Laughing Allegra." "How little I thought," said the guest, "when a child in my linsey-woolsey gown on a Wisconsin farm, that 'Laughing Allegra' would ever lend me her pony, but so it was to be. It was probably because I knew and loved them long ago that

I am near them now." Here in the quiet family life, ministered to by devoted friends, Miss Willard became stronger, and in June she started northward toward the hills, settling for the summer months at Hotel Ponemah, in Milford Springs, eight hundred feet above the quiet little village of Amherst, New Hampshire, noble in situation with a restful prospect of farm lands and hills filling the wide western horizon. In the weeks that followed, Nature sought her child, and she lent her ear and eye to all the tender, coaxing sights and signs about her. Laying her tired head upon that tireless heart, breathing deep fragrant inhalations, she heard those well-known chirpings and whisperings, the speech of insect and leaf that had wooed her in her girlhood. On a drive between the hotel and Milford, she counted seventy varieties of trees and shrubs and recorded them for her pleasure. Noting intently every passing expression of summer — that last sweet summer of her earthly life — she dwelt with childlike joy on every fern and flower and singing bird. Her love of birds was more than a fondness; it was an affinity. As a girl, she had dreamed of all things free, and her last verse-writing was to celebrate that longing for flight which she shared with every winged thing. But even into this summer idyl would break the human love, the longing for distant friends, or the ever-present mindfulness of whatever by her side

might creep or cling, and we note this memorandum carefully fastened to her dressing table and as carefully carried out: "August 17—Go to see the ninety-five year old lady; also the paralyzed woman who lives at the foot of the hill. Take to each of them some magazine, or picture book, or something."

The village of Chesham, once a part of Dublin, New Hampshire, is but a few miles west of Milford Springs, and there, toward the last of the season, Miss Willard spent a happy holiday at Brookside Farm with the descendants of her great-great-grandfather, Elder Elijah Willard, who for forty years preached in the Baptist church of the village. Over shady roads reminding her of English lanes she drove through sloping farm country in sight of Mount Monadnock, recounting the adventures of "that trip with father" forty years before, when she went East to take "Nineteen Beautiful Years" for publication, and when all the relatives were visited and the first mountain was seen by the prairie-girl traveler. Sunday morning she sat in the old church that had been but little changed in the changing years, and at the young people's service of praise in the evening she spoke tender words of recollection and cheer. She drove up the steep hills to the low-studded homestead in which Elder Willard lived and died, and standing on the quaint porch, shading her eyes with her delicate hand, she drank her fill of majestic

Monadnock, and turning to Mount Willard on her right remarked: "Yes, these are the old haunts from which I received my original fibers."

Monday morning, after a chat with an aged farmer who had known the Elder well and who every few minutes would say with strong emphasis, "Yes, Elder Willard was a *beautiful* man," Miss Willard drove to her ancestor's grave and placed there a cluster of water lilies, the floral emblem of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Many calls were made on those related by ties of kindred and affection to the pastor beloved, many stories of his progressive views and sound judgment were enjoyed, and Miss Willard was like a happy child, her overflowing spirits communicating themselves to all about her.

August seventh found her in Ogunquit, the guest of near and dear friends summering there. These days on the rugged Maine coast had in them the true witchery of the sea. A thoroughgoing clam-bake, a ride on the white, smooth beach on her bicycle, dictating daily from a rock if not a rocking-chair, exulting in the sunlight and the sunsets, the days went on full of thought for the conventions soon to meet. Portland was close at hand, and for a few days she was Mrs. Stevens' guest in that city while earnest convention plans were made with her closest coadjutors in National and World's work.

Touching, in the light of days to be, was her interview at this time with General Neal Dow; a talk keyed to the harmony of heaven between two associated in lifework and so soon to enter upon eternal endeavor.

With the last days of August she said good-by to the sea "down in the haven," and felt again the impulse of the hill country as she started to visit the homes of her father and mother in Vermont. They were a hill-born race and acquired among that uplifted company their wide-eyed vision. Eleven miles only separated the lad and lassie, Josiah and Mary. The girl grew on the breezy plateau of Danville, with its distant sky-line curved with mountains and its hushed pasture lands — a far-seeing place — and she did not know the boy who from the heights above Wheelock Hollow was looking out on the same magnificent range of the White Mountains. Nature was in her most imperial mood that August thirtieth when Miss Willard stood on the spot where her revered mother had been given to the world, and planted a fragrant balsam and a sturdy pine, symbols of the two lives that had meant the most to her. There, surrounded by home-folk who claimed her as a daughter, a sister, a mother beloved, she made one of those speeches which search out the heart. Old men and women wept like children, and one man summed it up in a sen-

tence as the most "homey talk" he had ever heard. Oh, the blessed memory of that day! Writes one who was present: "Do you remember how with almost girlish glee she threw the earth over the roots of the trees and dashed the water on?" As she drove from the village, followed by the love and "God bless you" of the country folk, there were two stopping places on the way — one to visit the quiet graveyard, where she lovingly placed flowers on the hillock that marked the resting place of "mother's deskmate in the long ago," the other to enter the home of an invalid white-ribboner and to leave with her bright blossoms before the hand that eagerly grasped them should be still forever. From Danville she drove to Wheelock, planted snowball bushes at her uncle's grave, visited the Willard Farm — her father's birthplace — and was loath to leave the "sugar bush," whose kingly maples were the boys' most worshiped sylvan divinities.

Once more in Milford Springs, she reveled in Shakespeare's plays, English and American history, and held "quiz classes" in the twilight hours under the trees, catching the first notes of autumn's melody, the soft low strain of Nature's lullaby. She took a lingering farewell of loving mother earth. Can we picture it — this slight figure with its pathetic movements of weariness and occasional buoyant gestures of life and expectancy? Here

the sisters, Mary (from Germany) and Frances, spent that day together, of which Mrs. Willard writes: "Frances could not talk fast enough. She wanted me to know so many things, old secrets, new hopes and plans. How heavenly she was, even then! Out in the morning sunshine on the veranda she threw open her arms to the sky and exclaimed, 'O universe, what thou desirest I desire!' So at one was she with the divine of heaven and earth, so heavenly, at the same time never so human. I have rarely seen her in a more tender, loving attitude toward every friend of now and then. Her very last whisper in my ear at the station was one that breathed love of kin and fellowship with all of us who are left to mourn her."

The poetry of friendship and nature were but a part of those halcyon days. During the hours bounded by the sunrise and the sunset, thought at its intensest stretch kept pace with time, and it was her spirit that got through the work. Yet her strength seemed largely regained, and she went bravely forward with preparations for the convention — that yearly home-coming she loved the best of all. The vacation over, a soft September day was spent in Still River, Massachusetts, on her way to Skaneateles, New York. Still River held the attraction of a home built by Henry Willard, great-grandfather of Miss Willard's great-grandfather,

and a gifted relative, a true Willard, who with his two maiden sisters entertained her. In a Quaker home at Skaneateles, a home full of memory's pictures, the charming colonial country seat of one very dear, Miss Willard completed her addresses for Toronto and Buffalo, and all too soon came the hour for stepping out into the great world that awaited her.

In Toronto, in October, Miss Willard, in a foreign yet a home land, presented the crowning message of her life. She was strong in her beauty, and never had she seemed so lifted up in the sweep of her thought and the brilliancy of her leadership. On "Children's Night," in Massey Music Hall, when she stood a graceful figure, her face aglow with light and love against a background of one thousand little people waving to her their enthusiastic welcome, many hearts said she will never look nearer to heaven than she does to-night, no matter how many years of her pilgrimage remain.

At Buffalo, in the convention that followed, some who "saw" tell us they detected already the look of change upon her face, that expression which separates mortals about to become immortal. Certainly when in an hour of transcendent renunciation she was ready to give home and the new year of her life upon which she had just entered to the lifting of a material burden far out-measuring her fragile

health, her friends felt something of the limitless strength of her spirit. One picture of those days will be forever treasured, when, behind the flower-laden desk, the president, still directing the thousand women before her, bent to write a message to a college girl whose heart was breaking with her first sorrow, and in the midst of all the queenly homage of the hour "forgot herself" as ever in the sweet consideration of another life. It was a typical moment in the career of the beautiful crowned womanhood whose boundless spiritual affluence could plan for humanity, or touch with a mother's pity the grief of the tenderest human thing.

At the close of the Buffalo convention Miss Willard went to Churchville, New York, her birthplace, for a Sunday with beloved relatives. The morning was spent with the only surviving relative of her mother's generation, "Aunt Sarah," and in the afternoon she met the white-ribboners in the Methodist church. After the service, two by two they walked to the house where Miss Willard was born. Seeking out the very room into which the little stranger came, standing closely about their leader, they heard her talk of motherhood and of the great home to which she was looking, now that her mother's ear would never again hear her returning footsteps. It was in that room the mother-love had hung over the cradle of the child Frances, as the star

hung over the babe in the manger of Bethlehem. It was her coming that called forth these words of Mother Willard in the last year of her earthly life:

“Motherhood is life’s richest and most delicious romance. And sitting now in the sunshine calm and sweet, with all my precious ones on the other side save only the daughter who so faithfully cherishes me here, I thank God that he ever said to me ‘Bring up this child for me in the love of humanity and the expectation of immortal life.’ My life could not have held more joy, if some white-robed messenger of the skies had come to me and said, ‘I will send a spiritual being into your arms and home. It is a momentous charge, potent for good or evil, but I will help you. Do not fear. Therefore, mother, step softly. Joy shall be the accepted creed of this young immortal in all the coming years. This child shall herald your example and counsels when you are resting from your labors.’ ”

After a fond good-by to Aunt Sarah and her kindred beloved, Miss Willard, repeating the first journey of her life, went westward to Oberlin, where Mary was born. Here again in the old home she received greetings from friends and relatives, held glad converse with her first Forest Home teacher, addressed a Woman’s Christian Temperance Union gathering in the afternoon and a public meeting later, where the children of the Loyal Temperance

Legion flocked in; attended prayers in the college chapel with memories of President Finney and the illustrious Christian manhood and womanhood his influence had helped to form.

She tarried but a day amid these dear scenes, and reaching Chicago was the warmly welcomed guest — nay — beloved member of the family, in the artistic home of a loved cousin. There she received all that a tender, unselfish, and sisterly heart could devise to upbuild her physically and to shelter her from the various engagements and demands that came whenever she returned to her home city. Frequent visits to Evanston were more significant than any home-goings. The hours in the “rifted nest,” as she now styled Rest Cottage, had pathetic moments, while even the thoughtful kindness of friends old and new who entertained her and the genial circle of Evanston neighbors could not break the sense of homelessness more poignant here than anywhere else in the world. She had loved this roof-tree as only those can who turn to it from other quarters, who rest in it after many wanderings.

It is pleasant to think of the cheery social events in which Miss Willard was able to take part in Chicago and Evanston, though never did she work more untiringly for white-ribbon interests. It was particularly gratifying to her to address the students of the Northwestern and Chicago Universities,

the quaintness and sweetness of her words and her lovely presence drawing to her the hearts of her younger brothers and sisters, and her evident physical frailness arousing their chivalric sympathy.

In the circle of home with her kindred on Thanksgiving Day and at Christmas time, she was full of merry playfulness, or with an instant change of thought would say grace at table, bringing the divine realities so near as to move all to tears. Her jubilant alto voice joined in all the songs with only a tremolo in "Home, Sweet Home," which was sung around the children's Christmas tree. How varied and sparkling was her table talk while the precious body took less of nourishment than the mind gave out to others! The story of those hours when the vase-like purity of her being was so sheer a screen for the flame of her soul, cannot be told. Reminiscence and suggestion will not give again the countless intimations of ethereal beauty which she shed about her.

New Year's Day, 1898, was to see again at Janesville, Wisconsin, the woman of ripe years, of grand achievement, and of gentle, perfected womanhood, as it had seen her go out a mere maiden long ago. Here her last public address was given in the Congregational church, with the friends of her childhood days meeting the glance of her tender eyes as she spoke words of life and love concerning the sanctity

of the home, and said with hand lifted in blessing as she left the pulpit, "Good-by, dear friends of my loved childhood's home, good-by — perhaps forever — and if forever, may we meet in our home in heaven." With her cousins she revisited Forest Home, stood on the old veranda, talked with the bright-faced teacher and children in the schoolhouse near by. This home more than any other had been inwrought into her life and must have given her the conviction that "homes are as immortal as folks, and in their essence will be of us in the real and better and oncoming life."

CHAPTER XVI

TRANSLATION

“WE shall never climb to heaven by making it our life-long motto to save ourselves,” said Miss Willard in her last address before the National Woman’s Christian Temperance Union. (Buffalo, 1897.) “The process is too selfish. The business of the true Christian is coming to be, ‘All for each and each for all,’ and in the honest purpose to realize its every-day meaning we acquire a heart at leisure from itself, and in no other way.

“On my recent birthday it came to me that I could gain no truer concept of God than by holding to the presence of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, as ever tenderly smiling on me and saying, ‘Receive My Spirit,’ and that in the halo around His head I saw the words, ‘With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.’ ‘Receive my spirit!’ That is life’s safest and most alluring voice, but there will come a day when we shall utter those great words back again, ‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,’ and then the mystery of life, its discipline, its joys and grief will end, and the glad mystery of death will work out the transfer to other realms of the Infinite Power.

“Christ is to me, as I move forward to the bourne whence we do not return, more and more the vital center of all that is worth cherishing in this or any world, and by His words, that are life, I seek to be transformed into the spirit of His mind.”

As we listened to Miss Willard’s inspired message we little realized that, before many weeks had passed, she would dwell in the finer heavenly body which she so often said “is like this one but is suited to beings who breathe ether instead of air — the body celestial in which the potent human soul shall move right onward in its growth toward perfectness.”

Early in the year we went to New York, the cosmopolitan city that links our great republic with every other. Guests of one of New York’s leading hotels, our faithful stenographer with us, the days passed swiftly and happily in the usual routine of dictating correspondence and articles and in filling dates for conferences and lectures. Gradually Miss Willard shortened her hours of work. “Here in the body pent” was her frequent pathetic remark as she battled against great physical weariness. Soon she yielded to our anxious solicitations; all work was laid aside, and she was in the skillful care of doctor and nurse. The wakeful hours of the night were solaced by a repetition of the poems and psalms she loved and which I had long ago memorized.

From the first of her illness she had felt she might

not recover, but her physician was hopeful and assured her that her earthly work was not done.

Every day she asked lovingly about her cherished associates in white-ribbon work and dictated loving messages to them. "Blessed are the inclusive, for they shall be included," was a beatitude original with her, and was exemplified in her altruistic life. Our great leader, whose heart with extraordinary gentleness went out to all, was tenderly and prayerfully remembered by her world-wide constituency, who were heart-broken at the tidings of her critical illness. "Do they know how ill I am?" Miss Willard asked, on one of the very last sad days, when she had received sympathetic messages from her comrades and friends. I replied, "Yes; they do know, and they are all so sorry," and, mentioning each name, I added, "They are all sending you such beautiful letters, telegrams, and flowers." "How good!" said the tender voice; "give each of them my love."

Reading aloud from her favorite books, I would often be interrupted by the question, asked with irresistible charm, "Could I dictate just one very important letter?" or, "I think, dear, you will have to get a paper and pencil and let me put something down that must be done, and don't you forget."

Her last "memorandum" was given me one week before her home-going. "Don't fail to put it

down," she began, "that I have always recognized the splendid work done in 1874 by the women of Washington Court House, and that while I regard Hillsboro as the cradle of the Crusade, Washington Court House is the crown," and she added, "Fredonia must always be remembered as the home of the first local Woman's Christian Temperance Union. If I don't get well you must send some souvenir and a message of special remembrance to Mother Thompson, and to all the Woman's Christian Temperance Union pioneers."

Speaking with her usual optimism of the future of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she said earnestly: "There have never been such women as our white-ribboners; so large-minded, so generous, such patriots, such Christians. We have had a great, beautiful past, and the people don't know it; they think we are fanatics. It has been a great fight, and they'll never know what we have been through. Oh, how I want our women to have a new concept of religion! The religion of the world is a religion of love; it is a home religion; it is a religion of peace; and tell them — tell them not to forget it is a religion of patriotism. We have set up to be patriots, we white-ribboners, and we have fought amidst much ostracism. Tell our white-ribboners to study the New Testament. I love the New Testament. No human being has ever con-

ceived as he should what the New Testament means by loyalty to Christ." Later, when alone with this precious friend, she pointed to a picture of the Christ, a life-size drawing from one of Hoffman's paintings: This was a Christmas gift from Lady Henry Somerset, and as Miss Willard looked lovingly toward it she said: "He can do everything for us."

A niece, Mrs. Katherine Willard Baldwin, brought lilies of the valley to her aunt, saying as she placed them in her hand, "Here are some of grandma's flowers for you, dear Aunt Frank." Beds of these fragrant lilies used to nestle close to Rest Cottage, and were Mrs. Willard's pride and delight. When Katherine's sister Mary was a wee tot she was asked by her grandmother one Sunday morning what the minister had preached about. It was early spring, the beautiful lilies were in full bloom, and the sweet child responded, "Why, grandma, he talked about the lily of the valley of the shadow." As our best beloved held the flowers, her face brightened and she murmured, "Lilies of the valley — of the shadow." Then, though we little dreamed it, came the last talk with one of her own kindred, which included loving messages to her sister, Mrs. Mary B. Willard, in Berlin, and to each of the nephews and nieces. This conversation reminded Miss Willard of Evanston days, and

later I was given commissions regarding her neighbors and friends in the old home, and a special message to her dear and long-time friend, Katherine A. Jackson. Miss Willard lived over the Janesville days at Forest Home, and talked of Rock River and her happy childhood, alluding also in loving terms to relatives in her birthplace, Churchville, New York, while the poor, weary head tossed incessantly from side to side. Night came, and we vainly tried to quiet her sleep, and as I knelt beside her she said, "Sing, 'Hush, My Babe'; perhaps that would put me to sleep." I sang it over and over until I heard her say, "How strange it is! I should think that would make me sleep, you sing it so sweetly. Suppose you try, 'Gently, Lord.'" In Rest Cottage days that was a favorite hymn at family prayers, and one morning, long ago, she had changed the second line, which reads, "Through this gloomy vale of tears," to one more consonant with her concept of life, "Through this vale of smiles and tears," and thus I sang it to her now. On reaching the last two lines I could not recall the words. She quickly prompted me by saying, "Till, by angel bands," and thinking only of her, I finished the hymn:

"Till, by angel bands attended,
I awake among the blest."

"Oh, no, not I; it's we, it's always we; Christianity is we, not I; you know it's *our* Father, *don't*

forget that. Now sing it again, please, and sing it 'we.'”

Morning dawned, but no rest beyond a few moments' unconsciousness had come to soothe or to restore. Mrs. Stevens of Maine had come to us several days before in response to my earnest request, and early this morning she sat for a few moments by the side of her beloved friend and comrade in the battles of the Lord. As Miss Willard felt the hand laid tenderly upon her own she looked earnestly into "Stevie's" face, saying, "I felt sure that you would come."

The awful fear in our hearts grew more intense as evening came. Suddenly Miss Willard gazed intently on the picture directly opposite her bed. Her eyes seemed to meet those of the compassionate Christ, and with the old eloquence in her voice, in the stillness of that never-to-be-forgotten night she exclaimed:

“I am Merlin, and I am dying,
But I'll follow the Gleam.’

“I'm getting so tired; how can I follow it much longer? He giveth His beloved sleep, but oh, sometimes He is a long time doing it. The next time you read 'De Profundis' you will think of this day, the longest and hardest of my whole life. Oh, let me go away; let me be in peace; I am so safe with Him. He has other worlds, and I want to go! I

have always believed in Christ; He is the incarnation of God."

Toward morning she whispered, "I want to speak to you quite alone," and bending near her to catch every faintly uttered word, I received this sacred message: "I want to say what Mary and I used to say to each other away back in the old days on the farm when we were going to sleep. I would say to Mary, 'I ask your pardon and I thank you,' and she would say, 'I freely forgive you and welcome,' and then we would change about with the same sweet words of forgiveness and gratitude. I want to say that to you, and to every white-ribboner and to everybody."

In the morning she rallied, and remembering it was the day for "the letter from home," as she called our official paper, *The Union Signal*, she said, "Please let me sit up and let me have our beautiful *Signal*." She was soon laid back upon the pillows and seemed to be unconscious when a friend came into the room. As her hand was quietly touched she looked up, and recognizing the kind face of her comrade, said with a faint smile, "I've crept in with mother and it is the same beautiful world and the same people; remember that — *it's just the same*."

Quietly as a babe in its mother's arms she now fell asleep, and though we knew it not "the dew of eternity was soon to fall upon her forehead." "She

had come to the borderland of this closely curtained world!"

Only once again did she speak to us, when about noon the little, thin, white hand — that active, eloquent hand — was raised in an effort to point upward, and we listened for the last time on earth to the voice that to thousands has surpassed all others in its marvelous sweetness and magnetic power. It was like the lovely and pathetic strain from an Æolian harp on which heavenly zephyrs were breathing, and she must even then have caught some glimpse of those other worlds for which she longed as she said, in tones of utmost content, "How beautiful it is to be with God."

As twilight fell, hope died in our yearning hearts, for we saw that the full glory of another life was soon to break o'er our loved one's earthly horizon. Kneeling about her bed, with the faithful nurses who had come to love their patient as a sister, we silently watched while the life immortal, the life more abundant, came in its fullness to this inclusive soul, whose wish, cherished from her youth, that she might go, not like a peasant to a palace, but as a child to her Father's home, was about to be fulfilled. A few friends who had come to the hotel to make inquiries joined the silent and grief-stricken group. Slowly the hours passed with no recognition of the loved ones about her. There came an intent upward gaze

of the heavenly blue eyes, a few tired sighs, and at the "noon hour" of the night Frances Willard was

"Born into beauty
And born into bloom,
Victor immortal
O'er death and the tomb."

The babe Frances could not sleep without the palm of her tiny hand laid upon her mother's cheek; the girl Frances lying upon the grass in the soft gathering stillness of summer twilight, would reach up her hand beseechingly for God to touch; the woman Frances, when all her loved ones had been transplanted to the gardens of the higher life, had followed that way with sublime and childlike trust, greeting her glad proof of immortality with the grandly simple words, "How beautiful it is to be with God!"

The stillness was broken only by sobs as we closed the earthly eyes of one who was always a seer, and who now beheld the King in His beauty and the land that she so often said is *not* far off. "Dear Father, we give Thee back thine own," the prayer of all our hearts, was tenderly voiced by one of the stricken group, while my desolate soul responded, "And we thank Thee for taking her so gently."

With sublime trust the broken-hearted women clasped hands and amid their tears tried to sing in

unison with the great white-ribbon family in heaven and earth:

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.”

An hour later a smile of joy irradiated the sleeping face. She lay at the close of her life's long day of loving toil — serene, majestic, supremely beautiful. She had sown many harvests of happiness for children and youth. She had built a booth in the desert for pilgrims weary and wounded. She had lifted the cup of cold water to many smitten with life's fierce heat, and had seen the signal swung out from the heavenly battlements and had made ready for her departure.

Before the early dawn, we carried the precious form of our beloved one to the home of her niece. “How radiantly beautiful she is,” said all who saw her; “surely, it is majestic sweetness that enthrones her brow.” Victory as well as the peace of God was in her looks, and so natural seemed her sleep that Katherine's little son sweetly called to his aunt as he was lifted up to look at her, and in his baby innocence tried to awaken her that she might take his pretty rose. The young mother's heart was deeply stirred, and she said, “Aunt Frank was just a dear, sweet baby herself, besides being the greatest woman in all the world.”

Thousands of hearts who read the sad tidings in the morning papers felt a sense of irreparable loss and personal bereavement. Cables, telegrams, letters, and flowers came hourly to the sorrowful group at the hotel, who, because of the great love they bore her, must not weep — but work.

“We know no other woman,” said Mary Lowe Dickinson, “whose home-going would have left so many other women feeling as if the sun had gone. And we know no other out of all the many noble women of our land whose going would so swiftly have marshaled the thronging stars. No one could fail to feel, as that brave life drifted serenely out beyond the sunset, the overwhelming loss and gloom creeping piteously upon the great hearts that loved her and the great work that she loved. The bitter loss, the sore hurt to both, could not be told in words. Genuine grief finds refuge in silence; real heartbreak sobs itself out to God. But light broke upon this shadow when from East and West and North and South began to gather the brave and tender souls that through many years had shared Miss Willard’s battles for humanity, standing, some lower, some higher in the ranks, yet all in heart side by side with their leader. As one by one, or in groups, their white, tear-marked faces shone out of the gloom, we saw the stars arise; we knew that however human hearts might ache or break, Miss

Willard's work was safe. These rallying leaders, gathering in New York at the news of their chief's departure, were representative of a great army, that would in groups, or separately and alone, gladly have brought to their great leader and comrade their own kind tribute of loyal and sorrowing love."

Each day quiet groups filled the hotel parlors, where tears and sobs of strong men mingled with those of white-ribbon comrades and personal friends, as they sought to comfort and console one another. The only picture that adorned the walls of the room from which went home the blessed spirit of Saint Frances was the Christ on which the closing eyes had rested, and just below this on the writing desk were grouped photographs of her dear ones. Bright, fragrant flowers gave a message of joy and hope, though the rain had not ceased to fall and the storm to beat against the windows since that winged soul had taken its flight.

There came to our thought what Bunyan said of the end of the long battle which Christian fought: "Then, said Christian, 'I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I leave to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My

marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder.' When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, which as he went he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' and as he went down deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

CHAPTER XVII

MEMORIAL SERVICES

THE next morning in the home of her loved niece, in the heart of the greatest city on the continent, in the state in which her eyes had greeted the light of earth, Frances E. Willard lay in her last sleep.

Early Sunday afternoon, leading white-ribboners gathered like a family group about the beloved form. The dear one drew us close to her as she always did in life. Surely we could fear no evil if this were death. Each heart received its own message, and to all she seemed to say, "Little children, love one another." Never was she so great, never so beautiful, as, "sceptered and robed and crowned," she lay among the soft linings of her silver-grey casket, whose only ornament was the broad encircling white ribbon. She was robed in a home dress of softest white; her fair hair was arranged in the old familiar way; the "little bow of white" was not hidden by the floral heart of lilies and cape jessamine that rested, by Lady Henry Somerset's request, on as pure a heart as ever went home to God. Every care-line had vanished from her madonna-like face, and there was over it not

alone the hush of a great stillness, but the awe of an infinite wonder, the radiance of an eternal joy. The flowers of earth were all about her, and the perfume of the immortal flowers of the life beyond seemed to fill the room and pervade all our hearts. A hymn was softly sung, and Mrs. Stevens led in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union benediction, which was followed by the temperance doxology.

An hour later, at the Broadway Tabernacle—the church in which the voice now hushed had last spoken in New York City—the vast audience rose, and the organ's solemn requiem found a deep response in hundreds of sorrowing hearts, as the casket, draped with our beloved's favorite white silk flag gleaming with golden stars, was borne into the church and tenderly placed in a garden of heavenly bloom. The platform and chancel of the shadowy old Tabernacle had been transformed, by those who loved her, into a tropical bower of palms and bright flowers.

Rev. Dr. E. S. Tipple conducted the simple funeral service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. A. E. Kittredge, Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Rev. Frederick B. Richards, Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Payne, and Bishop John H. Newman. The Bishop offered this prayer:

Gracious God, Father in heaven, forgive us if we mourn to-day amid this general grief; but we thank

Thee that we do not mourn as those without hope, for Thou hast given us hope, and we come to Thee with thanksgiving upon our lips for all Thy loving-kindness unto this beloved, whom Thou hast taken unto Thyself. We praise Thee for her parentage. We thank Thee for her power, for her imperial intellect, for that vast amount of useful knowledge acquired to render her mission efficient and successful, and we thank Thee above all things for her loyalty to Jesus Christ in good report and in evil report, for her philanthropy, for her sympathy with the suffering humanity of all continents; and we bless Thee for her noble convictions, her purpose to elevate the race to sobriety and to purity. We return Thee thanks to-day for her, we bless Thee for our association with her in the great reforms of life, for the sweet influence she exerted upon us, for the noble example she showed before others. She was steadfast amid all trials, and we rejoice in that beautiful Christian life she lived, that noble heart, that consecration of all her powers to Thee, which made her to have but one object in view — to do Thy will on earth as the angels do it in heaven, and to glorify Thy holy Name. And we bless Thee for that quiet death that Thou didst give her, that she might peacefully fall asleep in Jesus, and her spirit ascend to Thee, her Creator and her Redeemer. Now we ask Thy blessing on all those noble enterprises in which she was engaged, that they may reach a glorious consummation. Grant, we pray Thee, that this cause of sobriety which she pleaded with such eloquence, and of personal purity, Christian purity — this cause of temperance — may become

a universal fact. May the governments of the world put forth a power that shall restrain inebriety; may the legislatures of the world hasten to the redemption of humanity from all the evils that grow out of intemperance; and we pray especially that Thy blessing may rest upon these noble women, these sisters that are banded together, consecrating their hearts and their lives and their fortunes for the accomplishment of these great purposes. We thank Thee, though our departed one has passed from life, that she yet lives in thousands of lives, lives in the thoughts, the affections, the aspirations of many. We praise Thee for this corporate immortality. We pray that this organization which she represented may be under Thy guidance, under Thy heavenly inspiration until the great work shall be accomplished.

And we pray especially for that dear woman who was her traveling companion on sea and land, whose pen was the pen of a ready writer; and bless that precious woman beyond the seas, the companion of our departed one, who is to-day thinking of this funeral occasion. May that noble woman be sustained by Thee.

Hear and answer us, and when this brief life is done, may it be well done. May all our powers, having been consecrated to Thee, attain to a glorious consummation, and may we be more and more consecrated to those great interests that will bring about the millennium of Thy glory. May we be more and more the instruments of Thy Power, so that at last when life is over we may sleep with Jesus and meet this precious woman and the thousands who have

gone before, and, above all, Christ, our Lord. And unto the Father, Son and Holy Spirit shall be the glory, world without end. Amen.

In rich tones of deep emotion and earnestness, Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, Vice-President-at-Large of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, read the Ninetieth Psalm. Mrs. Mary T. Burt, President of the New York State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, announced and eloquently read the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," reminding white-ribboners in a few touching words of the many times at the close of National Conventions, that with hand clasped in hand, this hymn had been sung with our sainted leader.

In closing the simple and fitting service in memory of a great soul, Doctor Tipple said, "The highest tribute we can pay to Frances Willard is to mention her name, sing the songs she loved, and pray to her God."

"Was ever woman so beloved?" was the thought of those who watched for hours the slow-moving procession of rich and poor, representing many sects, sections, and races, who reverently looked for the last time upon the face of their friend, each New York white-ribboner placing a white carnation upon the casket.

The sad journey to her home city, Chicago, was

made in a special car, in which the casket was surrounded by flowers and guarded by loving hearts. Stopping briefly at Churchville, New York, Miss Willard's birthplace, in the church established by her grandfather, loving kinsfolk, neighbors, and comrades of Monroe County united in a memorial service led by the brotherly pastors. Mrs. Helen M. Barker, Treasurer of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, represented the white-ribboners in an appropriate address.

At Buffalo a large delegation of white-ribboners who, four months earlier, had joyfully welcomed their president and the National Convention, passed sorrowfully through the car, leaving "lilies of love and loyalty" and singing with subdued and faltering voices,

"Some day, somewhere, we shall know."

Silently the snowflakes fell, surrounding us with a white world as we carried our dear one homeward. Honored representative men who had revered Miss Willard, received us at the station in Chicago. As the casket was slowly and reverently raised to the shoulders of the bearers, and borne along the tessellated corridor of Willard Hall, which her feet had so often trod, it was preceded by a guard of honor of her own Illinois women, who through their tears triumphantly sang the old Crusade hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The flags of the city floated at half-mast all day, while silently the people passed to take a parting look at their "great citizen." Said *The Union Signal*: "Chicago has never seen such a spontaneous offering as the multitude laid at the feet of our chieftain, for it was an offering of love. For an hour before the procession reached the cross-surmounted portal of Willard Hall, there were crowds waiting for admission, and for another hour they patiently stood on the wet pavement, with the cold wind sweeping in sleety gusts against them, before they gained admittance. During the day more than thirty thousand people passed down the aisle, each pausing for a moment by the casket. There were children lifted in their parents' arms; there were decrepit men and women who leaned upon their sons or daughters for support; many hobbled in on crutches, and some looked as if they might have newly risen from beds of sickness."

At the noon hour a brief service was held and many tributes were given. As the day waned and the doors were to be closed, Bishop John H. Vincent besought our Heavenly Father's benediction, closing with these words:

We give thanks for the life of our departed sister, for her loyalty to righteousness and purity, for the sweet charity that burned in her heart, dwelt in her eyes, and went forth in the sweet echoes of her voice.

We pray that, inspired by her example, we may live the same strong and earnest life and do good service in the cause she loved so well.

At Evanston, where hundreds were assembled at the station, the University students acted as escort, and when the beloved one was carried into dear Rest Cottage, her young relatives softly sang "Home, Sweet Home." At the door of Rest Cottage was fastened a wreath of evergreen gathered by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the temperance children of Oberlin, Ohio, from a hedge planted by Miss Willard's father, and in the dainty parlor hung a cluster of evergreen bearing this card: "Sweetbrier that Frank planted, Janesville, Wisconsin." Bright flowers filled the bay window, and friends who passed quietly in and out felt that the room breathed the heavenly cheer always associated with the presence of those who had been its life.

A simple home service the next morning preceded the one at the church. "How Firm a Foundation" was sung to the Southern lullaby air loved by Miss Willard. Standing beside the quiet form of her friend and leader Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Maine, prayed with breaking voice:

Heavenly Father, come near and tenderly and pityingly hover over us at this hour. We thank Thee for the precious life of our beloved — so full

of beauty and nobility. Help us to understand what she meant when she said, "How beautiful it is to be with God." Help us to know more of that other worldliness of which she spoke and taught. We thank Thee for all the precious memories that cluster around Rest Cottage; for the life of Saint Courageous; for all the holy influences which have gone out from this home. Wilt Thou in tender love bless the niece and the nephew of our beloved and the other family members who are with us to-day, and the absent ones wherever they may be. Wilt Thou bless and comfort the one who has been to our promoted leader helper, companion, more than friend, who has been faithful even unto death. Wilt Thou console that great heart over the sea who is cast down by this great sorrow. Remember the white-ribbon sisterhood everywhere. Bless the world — for she loved the whole world. We humbly pray in the name of Christ, whom she loved so much and served so loyally. Amen.

The sweet young voices of the quartette were again heard as the soothing words,

"Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us,"

floated once more through the home, and the benediction was pronounced by the venerable Professor Emerson of Beloit, Wisconsin, in these words:

Now may the blessing of the loving Father who has called the dear daughter home, and of the loving Brother who has led the dear sister to the Father's house, and of the loving Holy Spirit which

was the breath of her life here, and is so there, be and abide with us all, that we may be now and forever with the Lord. Amen.

Reverent, patient thousands gathered in and about the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, where old friends and dear were to speak in sacred memory of the exalted life of their own Frances E. Willard. Love had outloved itself in lavish expression of tenderness, through flower and fern and palm and draperies of symbolic white. Behind the pulpit hung a large silk flag, made entirely by women's hands and carried at the head of the dedicatory procession of the World's Columbian Exposition in 1892. The owner of the flag had affixed an inscription which read: "This flag has traveled over four thousand miles of this country, and always floats in the interest of liberty, peace and arbitration. It floated over Miss Willard in life, and we want it to float over her in death." The "religion of patriotism" also shone forth in the Stars and Stripes that floated from the organ loft and draped the speakers' chairs — our sacred flag, of which she wrote:

"With its red for love, and its white for law,
And its blue for the hope that our fathers saw
Of a larger liberty."

At this Methodist altar Frances Willard had knelt alone in the presence of her fellow-students and

dedicated her young life to the highest ideals. Now, hundreds of students filled the galleries and stood in the aisles to do honor to one who called herself their "elderly sister," and whose glorious and God-like career they desired to emulate.

The Willard pew, held by the family for over thirty years, was draped with white and filled with floral offerings.

The words of the solemn processional were read by Rev. Dr. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of the church. Following him came the faculty of the Northwestern University, President Henry Wade Rogers at their head, and the pastors of the Evanston churches. The casket was borne by six students of the college. Honorary pallbearers, General Officers of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the White Ribbon Guard of Honor, relatives and closest friends came slowly after, Miss Willard's nearest relatives present being Mrs. Katherine Willard Baldwin, of New York, and Robert A. Willard, of Florida, daughter and son of her brother Oliver.

"I wonder if she knows?" was the unspoken question of many a heart, as the casket was placed before the altar, amid such a scene of beauty as even the one to whom it was consecrated had rarely seen in life. The casket rested on a rug of roses and violets, and forming a radiant arch over the beloved sleeper was a rainbow of spring's

blossoms — a bow of promise shining through the clouds. She has gone beyond the glory of the rainbow, but the “everlasting covenant” remains. Beneath the rainbow, and caught away from the casket by a hovering dove, was a broad white ribbon bearing in silver letters these words—the last spoken on earth, and, may it not be, the first enraptured cry of the soul set free from mortality?—“How beautiful it is to be with God.”

Bishop Bowman offered prayer, and the choir sang Tennyson’s immortal ode, “Crossing the Bar.”

President Rogers was the first speaker, taking for his theme, “Miss Willard as a University Woman and an Educator.” Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, President of the Illinois Woman’s Christian Temperance Union, spoke of “Miss Willard as a Patriot.” Rev. Dr. Bristol read the “Crusade Psalm,” and never did its anthem of praise and prophecy seem more harmonious with events. The congregation sang as best it could—for voices choked with tears—the Crusade Hymn,

“Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed.”

Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman bore witness to “Miss Willard as a Leader,” and Mrs. Katharine Lent Stevenson spoke of “Miss Willard as a Friend.” It was touching and peculiarly significant when Miss Johannsdottir, President of the Iceland

Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in broken accent and with breaking heart, gave her simple testimony to our leader's love for other lands. "Through her, women all the world over are sisters," she said. "Over her grave we can stretch our hands to each other and make our life as she hoped we might make it, and so carry her work on."

Dr. Milton S. Terry of the Garrett Biblical Institute contributed an exquisite poem. Rev. C. J. Little, D. D., late president of the Garrett Biblical Institute, made an address on the subject of "Miss Willard's Public Life." Rev. Charles F. Bradley D. D., then Professor of New Testament Exegesis of the Garrett Biblical Institute, in the closing address spoke of "Miss Willard as a Woman and a Friend."

A prayer of benediction by the pastor, Dr. Bristol, closed this service in memory of the last of an honored and beloved household — a home circle among the earliest to form in Evanston — and the classic town forgot all else in its desire to pay the last loving tribute of profound respect to its most gifted daughter. At the cemetery — beautiful Rosehill, its pure white covering of snow dazzling in the sunshine — the receiving vault was faced with evergreen, and branches of the same emblem of immortal life made warm and soft the pathway to the entrance. Those who were able to leave Rosehill with lifted faces

were greeted with the glory of the setting sun. In the far sky hung a rainbow; with us there had been no storm, only the gentle rain that had fallen from sad eyes. Was that bow of promise sent to cheer and comfort? Let us take it as a message from Him and from her to look up, not down.

On April ninth, 1898, at Graceland cemetery, three miles distant from Rosehill, Miss Willard's wish in regard to the disposition of the "earthly house of her tabernacle" was sacredly fulfilled. Drawing near to them in confiding frankness of self-revelation, Miss Willard had told her friends and the whole world in her autobiography why she chose the luminous path of light rather than the dark, slow road of the "valley of the shadow of death," stating her personal convictions on the subject in these words:

"Holding these opinions, I have the purpose to help forward progressive movements even in my latest hours, and hence hereby decree that the earthly mantle which I shall drop ere long, when my real self passes onward into the world unseen, shall be swiftly enfolded in flames and rendered powerless harmfully to affect the health of the living. Let no friend of mine say aught to prevent the cremation of my cast-off body. The fact that the popular mind has not come to this decision renders it all the more my duty, who have seen the light, to stand for

it in death as I have sincerely meant in life to stand by the great cause of poor oppressed humanity. There must be explorers along all pathways, scouts in all armies. This has been my 'call' from the beginning, by nature and by nurture; let me be true to its inspiriting and cheery mandate even unto this last."

On Sunday afternoon, April tenth, amid the Easter sunshine, a hushed and reverent company gathered at the Willard lot in Roschill cemetery. The grave of Miss Willard's mother was opened, the sides lined with evergreens, the mound of earth also hidden by green boughs. As the sacred ashes were literally committed to the precious dust beneath them, they mingled with white roses, above which were placed sprays of evergreen, sent from the birthplaces of Miss Willard's parents, of her brother and sister, and of herself, and from Forest Home and Rest Cottage; then all was made radiant with bright blossoms, emblems of the glorious springtime. A moss-covered box, fragrant with lilies of the valley and pansies, and which had held a precious inner box of purest white, was placed over the mother's heart. Surrounding the whole, in beauty and fragrance, were the floral tributes of friends, and thus Frances Willard, that great woman who never lost her childhood, at last "crept in with mother."

The white silk banner which had draped the casket

nestled close to the stone which bore the name of "Saint Courageous." The soft gray clouds drifting across the blue of an April sky seemed to pause, hovering over that open grave. High above it swung the bough of an old oak, from which fluttered down a few brown and wrinkled leaves, as if eager to share the Easter bloom. A maple, mossy with bursting buds, and a soft wind, sighing in the leaves of a solemn pine, seemed each to whisper a promise to guard the sacred spot. Upon the blessed hush broke the soft music of the hymn so often sung at Rest Cottage,

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal dwell."

Rev. Dr. Waters, pastor of the Emmanuel Methodist Church, of Evanston, repeated the Twenty-third Psalm, and offered a heartfelt prayer. Then again the music rose:

"There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by."

The hymn went on until

"Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by,"

floated out above the rustle of the last year's leaves and the whisper of the pines. And more than one bowed face was lifted with the look of high resolve that showed the breaking of the morning on the soul.

Rev. Dr. Milton S. Terry prefaced the solemn burial service with the following appropriate address:

It has seemed fitting and beautiful to select the holy Easter day on which to discharge the last office of affection and duty to our honored dead. And inasmuch as it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take to himself the spirit of our beloved sister, we bring that which was mortal to the hallowed spot where the loved forms of her father and mother and sister and brother have been peacefully waiting for her coming. We do here recall how she told us, while she was with us in her mortal form, that since the far June day when her sister Mary went to dwell with God, the world invisible had been to her the only real world. Now has she herself passed on to see and know the things invisible.

So on this blessed day of the springtide, when the birds are singing and the flowers she loved are bursting into bloom, we bring the sacred treasure of her dust and place it by the fond mother, to whom she was wont to cling — not in childhood only at Forest Home, but also in life's serene meridian, when she was giving all her strength to repeat her sister's message to the world, and tell everybody to be good. She wandered far, and her voice has been heard by thousands of thousands in distant lands; and now at last, worn out with many toils in loyal service to the best Friend that woman ever knew, she hath lain down to sleep as if nestling once more in the bosom of the mother whom she trusted as the guardian angel of her early and her later life.

We are tearful at her tomb, but we comfort one another with the thought that our Lord Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, where Mary and Martha were wont to go and weep; and like all those who

know the power of His resurrection, we sorrow not as others sorrow who have no hope. "For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we do not look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

After the Gloria Patria and the benediction, which was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Charles F. Bradley, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, and the gentle covering of the grave in the soft, warm garment of friendly earth, the friends came one by one and spread over it their gifts of flowers until the precious mound was one fragrant mantle of Easter bloom.

She had often said, "When I pass onward to the world invisible please do not say, 'she is dead,' but rather remember that I have entered upon the activities that are not succeeded by weariness." Gazing up steadfastly into the heavens, longing to follow her into the "sweet, the strange Beyond," we hear her beloved voice cheering us on: "Protect the Home! Hold the Light up Higher! Higher!

" 'Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.' "



STATUE

(DESIGNED BY HELEN FARNSWORTH MEARS)
STATUARY HALL, THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN MEMORY OF A GREAT LIFE

(THERE is no state in the republic where the name of Frances E. Willard does not blossom like a familiar flower, no country in the world that has not occasion to bless her birth. Her name, to use Milton's well-known phrase, is "writ large" in the annals of her time. A nature with such variety of gifts, such combinations of excellences, drew to her side not only those committed to the reforms and philanthropies for which she particularly stood, but all lovers of humanity.

How far her candle threw its beams was manifested even more clearly after she had passed from earth. Children were named in her memory, fountains inscribed with her name poured forth their pure streams, memorials were placed in churches and philanthropic halls, institutions bore her name, her picture was repeated in thousands of halls and schoolrooms, libraries, hospitals, and homes, and her statue or bust was set East and West, in places of honor and dignity.) Statues to commemorate women are yet few in our land. A bust to Maria

Mitchell adorns the façade of Vassar Observatory, a relief of Alice Freeman Palmer forms a part of the beautiful monument to her memory in Houghton Memorial Chapel at Wellesley College, where also, in College Hall, stands the portrait statue of Harriet Martineau. In New Orleans there is a statue of Margaret Haughery; in Haverhill, one to Hannah Dustin, repeated at Pennacook; Troy, New York, has one to Emma Willard; Canterbury, Conn., to Prudence Crandall; in Providence, Rhode Island, is one to Elizabeth Fry.

By an act of the Congress of 1864, each state of the Union was asked to place in Statuary Hall at the National Capitol two statues. These were to be chosen from her most illustrious deceased citizens and to be executed in marble or bronze. Illinois has the distinguished honor of placing there the first statue to a woman. Because she was pre-eminently a patriot as well as a reformer, that state wisely chose Frances E. Willard to represent her in our Valhalla of American heroes. There she now stands as she stood in life, peerless, heroic, representing the womanhood of America. This beautiful marble, a trifle above life-size, is the work of the sculptor Helen F. Mears, of Wisconsin. It represents the platform pose of Miss Willard with absolute fidelity. The pedestal bears this inscription in Miss Willard's memorable words:

Ah, it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. Oh, by the dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient waiting over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to Heaven, I charge you to give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved.

—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

On February seventeenth, nineteen hundred five, the regular business of the National Congress was suspended for the function of receiving and dedicating this statue. It was a day unprecedented and unrepeatable in the Congressional Halls, and well might it be called the apotheosis of Frances E. Willard. [The late venerable Edward Everett Hale, who once remarked that there were two annual messages he never failed to read, the President's to Congress and Miss Willard's to her constituency, opened the Senate exercises with appropriate Scripture reading and prayer, and in the House, prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D. Then followed the reading of the formal letter of presentation from Governor Dencen of Illinois, and addresses by Senators Shelby M. Cullom and Albert J. Hopkins of Illinois, Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa, and Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana; and in the House, by Representatives

George E. Foss, Henry T. Rainey, and Joseph V. Graff of Illinois, Charles E. Littlefield of Maine, and Franklin E. Brooks of Colorado.)

Brief excerpts from these eloquent addresses are here given:

HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM, ILLINOIS

MR. PRESIDENT: The State of Illinois presents to the United States the statue of a great woman, whose name is familiar wherever the English language is spoken.

The Senate has frequently suspended its ordinary business to pay tribute to the memory of eminent statesmen who have passed away. For the first time in the history of the Senate a day has been set apart that we may talk of a woman. Illinois has been the home of many eminent men, yet, with so large a number of splendid men from whom to make a selection, the State of Illinois selected a woman thus so signally to honor. Mr. President, Miss Willard was a worthy representative of her sex, known to the world for her devotion to the cause of temperance, and for her efforts in the interest of the human race. The Willards were noted men and women of New England before and during the Revolution. Her parents were brave, honest, intellectual, strong-minded, patriotic Christian people.

Mr. President, I esteem it an honor to have known personally Frances E. Willard during the greater part of her active life. I knew from personal knowledge of the work in which she was engaged, and I witnessed with pleasure the wonderful success which attended her efforts. She was a reformer, but she never shared the usual unpopularity of reformers, and her advocacy of reform in temperance never made her offensive to any class of people. Notwithstanding her public life, she was nevertheless a real woman, with that degree of sincerity and modesty that commanded the utmost respect from all with whom she came in contact.

Mr. President, I am proud that the State of Illinois was the home of Frances E. Willard.

Seven years ago to-morrow, the 18th of February, 1898, the sad news announced that she was no more. It seemed that the world stopped to mourn. No man or woman of her time received such splendid eulogy, not only from those engaged in her cause, not only from those who believed in her creed, but from the best representatives of all classes and of all religions.

The world is better because Frances E. Willard lived. She devoted her life unselfishly to the cause of humanity, and she brought sobriety into the homes of untold thousands; and at her death she left an organization that has been, and

will continue to be, a potent factor for good in the world.

Mr. President, the State of Illinois, in presenting the statue to the United States, to be placed in Statuary Hall among the figures of the greatest men that have lived in the United States, has honored itself, has justly honored a great woman, and has paid a tribute to all American womanhood.

HON. ALBERT J. HOPKINS, ILLINOIS

MR. PRESIDENT: When the late Senator Morrill, of Vermont, proposed to dedicate the old Hall of the House of Representatives as a national Statuary Hall, for the purpose of authorizing each of the States of the Union to place therein statues of deceased persons who had been citizens of such State and illustrious for their historic renown, or for distinguished civic or military service, he little dreamed that the great State of Illinois in complying with that statute would select for one of her citizens a woman, in the person of Frances E. Willard.

She was then a young woman. Her great future had hardly opened before her. She little dreamed at that period of her life that she would attain that civic distinction or historic renown that would warrant Illinois in selecting her as one of its representatives in Statuary Hall.

The years that have come and gone since the late Senator Morrill caused that law to be placed upon the statute books of our country, saw Miss Willard advance step by step from the most humble beginnings until her fame became not only national, but world-wide. Her services to her sex and to humanity extended to every part of the civilized world, and when death claimed her, and her noble spirit passed into immortality, an enlightened and patriotic legislature of the State of Illinois selected her as worthy of a place in Statuary Hall, dedicated by the several States to the most eminent and distinguished of all their sons.

When Miss Willard put aside the work of the schoolroom and entered the arena of the lecture platform in the cause of temperance and the purity of women, she entered the limelight of publicity, in which she remained during all the years of her great work in this and other countries. She did not escape the envious tongues of detractors, nor the sharp thrusts of keen critics. She undertook tasks which to the average person would seem insurmountable, but to her were only incidents in the career which she had marked out before her. Her labors, her successes, and her achievements have been eloquently portrayed here to-day by those who have preceded me. It is enough for me to note that no man or woman of her time wrought better or accom-

plished more for the protection and upbuilding of her sex and the cause of temperance. The endearments of home and the quiet of her fireside were sacrificed in the interest of the unfortunate among both men and women. Her great soul carried her activities beyond state and national lines, and led her to help the unfortunate in all countries and all climes.

Her gentleness of heart, her charity, her firmness of principle, and her attractive personality made her a power that attracted to her the good women and men of this and other countries, and enabled her to accomplish a work that has placed her name high on the list of the famous women of the world. The work that she inaugurated is going on, and will continue in augmented strength and influence so long as time lasts.

It is not strange, then, Mr. President, that the people of Illinois should desire to see such a life and such a character especially honored. Her services have been world-wide. The cause to which she dedicated her life reaches all humanity. The ability with which she prosecuted this life-work places her among the most eminent intellects of our generation. She possessed all the qualities of organization which have made such men as Marshall Field, Morgan, and Carnegie multimillionaires; a genius which in military affairs would have made a general of the first rank; legislative qualities which in the statesman

would have made his name historical; oratorical abilities which have made such men as Beecher and Spurgeon immortal, and a charity which was heaven-born.

Illinois in honoring Frances E. Willard to-day, by placing her statue in yonder hall, has honored herself and the women of our State and country.

HON. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, IOWA

Mr. President: There has been witnessed in the Capitol to-day a scene the like of which has never taken place before—thousands of children covering a statue with flowers, and thousands of women standing before it in silence and in tears.

One by one the vacant spaces in Statuary Hall have been chosen by the States entitled to them, until now these solemn figures stand close together like a family reunion of the great ones of the earth. Statesmen and orators are there, secure in their renown. Soldiers are there, with sword in hand. Inventors are there, whose ingenuity gave practical ideas to the world; and priests to bless them all with the benediction of their holy office.

We are met to-day to put in place another pedestal; to accept another statue donated by the people to the nation. It is brought here by a State rich in the household treasures of its biography, yet the

great commonwealth brings here, with reverence and pride, a work of art so full of gentleness and grace that all the illustrious company about it seem to bow with stately ceremony before the white figure of this elect daughter of Illinois — Frances E. Willard.

Lord Macaulay said of John Wesley that he was one of the greatest statesmen of his time. What did he mean by that? He meant that in addition to his preaching the Word he created an institution, compact and effective in its methods, which went on long after he was gone, in the execution of the beneficent designs which were in his heart. Exactly the same thing can be said for Frances E. Willard. And she owed to that organization possibly more even than she knew, because the position which she held in it made her office a central bureau to which reports were made of the moral and intellectual signs of the times; and no man can read her annual messages to the organization of which she was the executive head without perceiving that she had a strong grasp of all the great social and moral problems of our time; a grasp so strong that to-day her words seem often like prophecies fulfilled, where twenty years ago they hardly attracted the attention of the world.

I think the highest point in the public career of the late Senator Hanna was that last speech of his before

a meeting of laboring men and capitalists belonging to the Civic Federation in New York. Standing there, without any pretensions to piety or sanctity of any sort, he laid down the proposition, based on a long experience as a laborer and an employer, and on an intimate acquaintance with the leaders of political thought in all parties, that the rights of labor and the rights of capital can never be established on a lasting basis of justice except as both bow in loyal obedience to the law of Christ. Frances E. Willard had, for twenty years before her death, taught that doctrine, not only in its application to the labor question, but to all the complex social problems of these times.

Her chief title as a teacher of social and moral science lies in this: With a profound insight she perceived that the most difficult problems of civilization, the problems which have brought the statesmanship and philosophy of the modern world to a dead standstill, if they have any solution at all — and she confidently believed they had — would find it at last in the actual application to the daily life of the world of the divine precepts which constitute the most precious part of the inheritance of these Christian centuries.

And so I think that the general assembly of Illinois did well to set up this monument in memory of Miss Willard. The children who have covered it this day

with flowers have paid to her a tribute so simple and so appropriate that its fragrance will fill these corridors long after the formal ceremonies of this hour have been forgotten. And in after generations, as long as this venerable edifice remains, the women of America, as they look upon the chiseled beauty of that face, standing like a goddess among our heroes and our sages, will whisper a word of gratitude to the people of Illinois when they remember the act of her general assembly, which, careless alike of custom and of precedent, has added to the title of their citizenship this perpetual dignity in the Capitol of the United States.

HON. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, INDIANA

Through all time woman has typified the true, the beautiful, and the good on earth. And now Illinois, near the very heart of the world's great Republic, and at the dawn of the twentieth century, chooses woman herself as the ideal of that commonwealth and of this period; for the character of Frances E. Willard is womanhood's apotheosis.

And she was American. She was the child of our American prairies, daughter of an American home. And she had strength and gentleness, simplicity and vision. Not from the complex lives that wealth and luxury force upon their unfortunate

children; not from the sharpening and hardening process of the city's social and business grind; not from any of civilization's artificialities, come those whom God appoints to lead mankind toward the light.

Mr. President, all the saints and heroes of this world have come, fresh and strong from the source of things, by abuses unspoiled and unweakened by false refinements. And so came Frances E. Willard, the American woman. The wide, free fields were the playgrounds of her childhood. The great primeval woods impressed her unfolding soul with their vast and vital calmness. Association with her neighbors was scant and difficult; and home meant to her all that the poets have sung of it, and more. It was a refuge and a shrine, a dwelling and a place of joy, a spot where peace and love and safety and all unselfishness reigned with a sovereignty unchallenged. This child of our forests and our plains, this daughter of that finest of civilization's advance guard — the American pioneers — early received into her very soul that conception of the home to which, as the apostle of universal womanhood, her whole life was dedicated.

To make the homes of the millions pure, to render sweet and strong those human relations which constitute the family — this was her mission and her

work, and by the deep reasoning of nature itself Frances Willard's work was justified.

But hers was no philosopher's creed. She got her inspiration from a higher source than human thinking. In her life's work we see restored to earth that faith which, whenever man has let it work its miracle, has wrought victory here and immortality hereafter. Such was the faith of Joan, the inspired maid of France; such that of Columbus, sailing westward through the dark; such the exalted belief of those good missionaries who first invaded our American wildernesses to light with their own lives on civilization's altar the sacred fire that never dies. The story of Frances E. Willard's faith in the conquest of evil by the good seems incredible to us who demand a map of all our future before we take a step.

No method can measure what she did. The half million of women whom she brought into organized co-operation in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is but a suggestion of the real results of her activities. Indeed, the highest benefits her life bestowed were as intangible as air, and as full of life. She made purer the moral atmosphere of a continent — almost of a world. She rendered the life of a nation cleaner, the mind of a people saner. Millions of homes to-day are happier for her; millions of wives and mothers bless her; and

countless children have grown into strong, upright, and beautiful maturity, who, but for the work of Frances E. Willard, might have been forever soiled and weakened.

Mr. President, by placing her statue in the hall of our national immortals, a great commonwealth to-day forever commemorates the services of this American woman to all humanity. And the representatives of the American people — the greatest people in this world — in Congress formally assembled to-day, are paying tribute to the little frontier American maid who heard and heeded the voices that came to her from the unseen world, and, obeying their counsels, became the first woman of the nineteenth century, the most beloved character of her time, and, under God, a benefactress of her race.

HON. GEORGE E. FOSS, ILLINOIS

In pursuance of a resolution adopted by the House of Representatives on January 19, 1905, which I, as representative of the district in which Frances E. Willard lived, had the honor to introduce, we are here assembled at this hour to receive and accept from the State of Illinois the statue of this noble woman, now erected in Statuary Hall.

The State of Illinois presents this statue as a tribute to the life of Frances E. Willard, and in a larger

and truer sense as a tribute to woman and the magnificent progress she has made under our free institutions.

The past century has been one of great progress in art, in literature, in science, in all things; not that it has produced the greatest poets in the world, nor the greatest authors, nor the greatest orators, but the century will be conspicuous in that education, enlightenment, and advancement have come to the many and not to the few. But the greatest progress has been that of woman.

The Illinois legislature, without the slightest disrespect to her great sons, in its wisdom believed that the time had come when woman should be honored, and when her statue should be placed in the American Pantheon. And who shall say that woman has no right there? What voice will be lifted to protest? Has all the wonderful development of our country ever since the time when that frail bark landed with its precious cargo of human freight on Plymouth Rock been accomplished by men? Has woman played no part in this tremendous national development? Has she exercised no influence on our national life?

Time would fail me to enumerate many instances where woman has played a conspicuous part in our national history. Who does not recall how the early mothers endured the hardships and

braved the dangers of life in the paths of civilization, and builded the home, and planted the sanctuary, and worshiped their God out on the outposts of civilization, which later became the fortifications of freedom, of liberty and enlightenment?

Frances E. Willard herself once said: "If I were asked what was the true mission of the ideal woman, I would say, 'It is to make the whole world home-like.'"

Illinois, therefore, presents this statue, not only as a tribute to her whom it represents — one of the foremost women of America — but as a tribute to woman and her mighty influence upon our national life; to woman in the home; to woman in all the occupations and professions of life; to woman in all her charity and philanthropy, wherever she is toiling for the good of humanity; to woman everywhere, who has ever stood "for God, for home, for native land."

HON. HENRY T. RAINEY, ILLINOIS

Until to-day no State has contributed the statue of a woman. No one imagined forty-one years ago, when this act was passed, that the heroic figure of a woman would ever stand beneath that dome. But the world is growing in more ways than one; and the world is ready now to believe that a courage-

ous womanly woman makes as heroic a figure as a brave manly man.

In the years which followed the war one of the forces most potent to sweep away the mists and let in the sunlight upon North and South alike was the army of women, led by Frances E. Willard, marching through the North and the South, following the white banners upon which she had inscribed the motto, "For God and home and native land." In the dark days which followed the war she furnished the common ground upon which all could stand, whether they lived under bright skies where the magnolia blooms, or under grayer skies in the colder North.

She led the fight for the home, for personal purity, for better habits of living, for the rights of children, for the uplifting of women. Upon these great subjects she delivered addresses in almost all the towns and cities of the country containing a population of 5,000 and upward. On one of her campaigns she traveled 30,000 miles, speaking almost every day in crowded halls and churches.

With chains of gold stretching across the gulf which divided the sections she bound together the homes of the North and the homes of the South, until the dividing chasm disappeared and a mighty nation moves forward under one banner with resistless force to the tremendous destiny prepared

for it by the omnipotent God. If peace hath its victories, it is peculiarly appropriate that Miss Willard's statue should stand here under this dome. In the State which produced a Lincoln, a Douglas, and a Logan we consider her one of our greatest citizens.

Three hundred years ago, on the banks of a beautiful river in far-away India, at fabulous cost a king erected a tomb in memory of a woman. With towering minarets of whitest marble it stands to-day the most splendid building ever erected by man. The women of America have erected in memory of Frances E. Willard a monument, not made of marble, which crumbles with the passing centuries, but made of that enduring material which withstands the ravages of time — a monument of human love and human admiration and human sympathy.

She was a true child of the prairie. During the fifty years of her active career she lived in the State of Illinois, and from her modest, quiet cottage in the village of Evanston, where only the murmurs of the great lake broke the stillness, she issued forth, a modern Joan of Arc, to fight the nation's enemies — aglow with purpose — wearing the armor of truth and womanly purity. She has won a place in the temple of the truly great. Frances E. Willard is dead, her soul has gone beyond the stars, but her memory lives.

The State of Illinois — always the home of great men — mindful of the fact that she is entitled to no more places in this Hall, presents now to the nation the statue of this woman, cunningly carved, by a woman, out of the finest and the whitest of marble.

HON. JOSEPH V. GRAFF, ILLINOIS

The oft-repeated question to Miss Willard's girl students was, "What do you intend to do in life?" The great object to her in education was the development of character. "What shall we do with our lives?" was the question ringing through her life as a teacher and reformer. She was proud of her sex. She strove to elevate it. She endeavored to broaden its opportunities, to enlarge its usefulness, to increase its influence, to uplift its purposes. If her life was viewed from the standpoint of her influence upon the women of the United States, without regard to her work elsewhere or upon men, she still would be the greatest figure of our country in woman's work and woman's betterment.

Her educational work gave a distinct impetus to the higher education of women, and accident played an important part in taking her from this field into the larger national work for purity and temperance. She displayed wonderful powers of organization and executive ability as head of the National

Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and as president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the latter of which she founded. Other women have become distinguished and national figures, but no one of her kind ever became so universally known and loved throughout the entire land in the humblest homes. She reached down into the lives of the millions and made her influence felt, and broadened and sweetened lives, and changed their purpose for the better, to the extent, perhaps, that no man or other woman of America has ever done.

Mr. Speaker, I take great pleasure in, and congratulate my fellow-citizens of this Republic upon, the fact that we place woman upon a higher standard than is done in any other civilized nation in the world. The dissemination of education in the last twenty years has brought about new ideals concerning the proper elements which make up the successful mother, which enables her to perform all of the duties connected with the fashioning of human souls, with the building of human character, with the forecasting of the future of human lives. It is no longer believed in the United States that a woman is sufficiently informed and equipped if she is able to do the physical duties connected with the household. We now understand that she has the most delicate task of all occupations. She has the most

important task for the future of the Republic, because this Republic rests for its safety upon the character of its citizenship. The child is the father of the man, and it is the women of America who give direction to the trend of mature life; it is the women who first implant the character of aspirations which afterwards manifest themselves in the active manhood of the United States. So I say, Mr. Speaker, that the State of Illinois is going forward in taking this new step, when she presumes that the women of the United States, with the important duties which they have to perform to society as well as to their families, have a right to a part in this Hall, commemorated to the forms of those who have done great work in the world.

HON. CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD, MAINE

The greatest figure in American history — yes, one of the greatest figures in the history of the world — the immortal, celestial, martyred Lincoln, belongs to Illinois. She has many other illustrious sons. With all this wealth of material Illinois to-day places in this great Pantheon the statue of a beautiful Christian woman, who has a deserved and world-wide renown for “distinguished civic” services.

By her own efforts she had “achieved greatness.”

Without this legislative recognition her name and fame were secure. It was written on the fleshly tablets of millions of human hearts beyond all power of effacement. The beautiful marble, the enduring bronze, or the eternal granite, were not necessary to perpetuate it. It was as firmly fixed "as though graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever."

This is the first time that our Valhalla has been graced, adorned, and honored by the statue of a woman. Frances Elizabeth Willard can fittingly and appropriately represent her sex in this distinguished and honorable company. Illinois honors herself by giving to womankind this noble recognition. It is a most gratifying reflection that if the mighty and sainted shade of the departed Lincoln could have been consulted it would have no doubt concurred with hearty enthusiasm in this selection. She was the especial representative of a great cause in whose principles he religiously believed and whose tenets he faithfully practiced.

In the brilliant galaxy of great women Frances Elizabeth Willard has placed her name. Her deeds have written it there. Educated, cultured, refined, journalist, author, and professor, she abandoned them all that she might devote her life to the advancement and promotion of the cause that was near and dear to her, the sacred cause that has the

soul-inspiring watchword, "For God and home and native land."

Her gentle, persuasive ministrations proceeded in the faith that "the banner and the sword were never yet the symbol of man's grandest victories," and that the time was at hand "to listen to the voice of that inspired philosophy which through all ages has been gently saying, 'The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.'"

While she had extraordinary executive and administrative ability, she could not have accomplished her great work had she not been divinely blessed with qualities and graces of the mind, heart, and person that are seldom found combined.

Attractive, engaging, and beautiful in person, with a musical voice of marvelous sweetness and purity, intellectual, logical, persuasive, and eloquent, she had a platform presence and manner that made her easily one of the most eloquent and effective of orators.

If true eloquence is to be measured by the effect produced upon the hearers, she had few equals and no superiors.

No repetition of her language can reproduce the charm that clothed it as it fell from her lips. She brought all the wealth of culture and learning to her work. That she realized the importance of the highest ideals in literature, and keenly appreciated

the infinite harm of covering vice with an attractive garb and minimizing its wickedness and infamy, was vividly portrayed by her address on the presentation of the portrait of Mrs. Hayes.

Statesmen, warriors, and patriots may strive and build and achieve, but all their striving, building, and achieving is in vain, even "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," if it disregards the eternal moral verities, and does not conserve the true happiness and the highest welfare of mankind. This divinely gifted woman bent every energy, shaped every purpose, and devoted every aspiration of a godly life to the consummation of this happiness and welfare. It is meet that her work should be thus recognized.

This statue stands, and always will stand, as the highest and truest embodiment of all that is noblest, best, and divinest in the womanhood of America, and the enduring memorial of "whatever things are of good report" in our Christian civilization.

HON. FRANKLIN E. BROOKS, COLORADO

MR. SPEAKER: Colorado owes much to Illinois. From her we derived our form of State constitution; from her also we took many of our statute laws; from her came many of the pioneers who helped to give form and shape to the State's new life; but no debt of Colorado to her mother State exceeds in impor-

tance that which she owes for the precious gift of memory of the life and character of Frances E. Willard. Herself one of the nation's empire builders, she appeals with peculiar force to the thousands of noble, constructive men and women who look to such examples for their guidance and for their support.

Miss Willard was unusually adapted to meet such needs. She had in her own life seen and been a part of the growth and development of two of our great commonwealths. She had played a most important part in directing and ennobling the life of those communities before she entered upon her larger and more enduring labors. The men and women of Colorado, who are trying to reproduce in the mountain surroundings of that State the ideas and ideals for which she gave her whole life's devotion, find at every step abundant material in her history to serve as their own model, and to her they look for leadership.

Her life has not been without its definite, tangible, present results in that State at least. Much that she labored for has there been achieved. Colorado is one of the four States of the Union which have accorded to woman full civic rights, which recognize in fullest measure her equality before the law, and place her on a plane in all respects equal to that occupied by her brothers. It has been a successful

experiment, and the people everywhere give it a full measure of approval. In every line of civic activities that commonwealth has received and has appreciated the benefit of woman's counsels, help, and active constructive work; and these counsels and that help have had a most stimulating effect in every phase of life.

In her life Miss Willard graced and adorned every circle. She added strength and force to every council. She promoted and advanced every good cause to a degree that we do not yet fully appreciate. Others have recounted in glowing terms the features of her life, and have told what she did for civilization and humanity. I do not care to attempt to add anything to what has been said along these lines. Miss Willard stands now as a type of the loftiest endeavor of the later years of the nineteenth century. Such a life and such a work knows no sex. It is for mankind.

To-day the nation joins in welcoming this newest addition to our Hall of Fame. It recognizes and pays glad tribute to her intellectual ability, her self-sacrificing work for her race, and the grandeur of her moral worth. It takes her into full fellowship with her heroes of war and peace, her great lawmakers and administrators, as one of those who have done great things for their native land.

The State whose advent into the sisterhood of

States marked the opening of the second century of the nation's life, can not and will not be unheard among those who at this time are giving utterance to the universal regard for her who is the cause and occasion of these exercises. Not only here, but in the lives and homes of her people she will perpetuate and cherish the memory of Frances E. Willard and strive to emulate and follow her example.

Illinois, the home of her mature life and the scene of her greatest work, has given her an undying fame in the beautiful marble which now graces our halls. The nation has accepted the gift of that marble to cherish and protect. It is for Colorado, with the other States, to secure for her a monument more lasting than bronze, which is to be erected in the loving hearts of the thousands whose lives she has ennobled and uplifted.

A commemorative service by the children of the Loyal Temperance Legion and of the Washington public schools had preceded the Congressional exercises. In days to come, gray-headed men and women will show children now unborn the Willard Statue Medal bestowed on them in childhood when, as members of the youngest division of the Temperance Army, they had part in this sacred festal. Before leaving the Capitol, the ceremony of placing

at the base of the statue a wreath of palms and laurel in the name of the State of Illinois was performed by Miss Anna Adams Gordon, Chairman of the Frances E. Willard Statue Board of Commissioners of the State of Illinois, who offered the tribute with these words:

“We desire to express our high appreciation of the splendid men of the Prairie State who in Legislative Assembly voted to send to the United States Capitol the statue of Frances E. Willard. Thinking gratefully of these men, and of those honorable gentlemen who in the United States Senate and House of Representatives have to-day spoken words of tribute to Illinois’ most illustrious daughter, we place at the base of this beautiful memorial marble a wreath of laurel and palm, emblematic of the victorious life of Frances E. Willard.”

On the same evening a National Commemorative service was held in the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, presided over by Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, who became the successor of Miss Willard as president of the National Woman’s Christian Temperance Union. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk, and many others participated in the exercises. Among the noblest tributes of the occasion was this poem by Mrs. Katharine Lent Stevenson, then national corresponding secretary of the organization:

FRANCIS I. WILLIARD

How still she stands:

The snow-peaks kissed by morning & glad first-beam,
The tower, bending to the woodland stream,
The mist of twilight grey before dawn & gleam,
Are not more still.

How calm she stands:

Like heaven & voiceless peace, the waves below,
Like winter & quiet, death to depths of snow,
Like the still heart of earth where all things grow,
Is her great calm.

How great she stands:

A mountain-peak her soul, in heaven wide,
A tower, sweeping in with full, free tide,
A secret shrine where holiest things abide:

How great she stands:

How loved she stands:

Unnumbered souls their mistiest, neediest thing,
O'er all the world her name with heart-beats ring,
Love-loves to her & all little unloved bring

How loved she stands:

A Queen she stands:

In her our woman-heart hath found its throne:
Through her our mission with all good & shown:
Her white life makes our way in twilight known:

Our Queen she stands:

A Seer she stands:

On her dear eyes Dawn & radiant sweet unfold:
She reads what, hove the years, the future hold:
She sees things heavenly, death their earthly hold:

A Seer she stands:

A Knight she stands!
 A maiden-knight, whom fear could not assail,
 Whose eye flinched not, whose great heart did not fail;
 Who sought, and found, e'en here, the Holy Grail;
 Our Knight she stands!

Stand, radiant soul!
 Here, in the centre of our Nation's heart;
 Forever of its best life thou'rt a part;
 Here thou shalt draw thy land to what thou art;
 Stand, radiant soul!

Stand conquering one!
 Swift down the years already leaps the morn
 Of holiest triumph, for which thou wert born;
 "Sought out," our land shall be "no more forlorn,"
 Since thou dost stand!

A Frances E. Willard Memorial Fund was established at the St. Paul Convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1898. Under the provisions of this Fund a memorial day is held each year in all the auxiliaries of the great organization of which she was so long the honored president. The offerings of these occasions, now amounting to many thousands of dollars, are used for the extension and perpetuation of the principles and work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. One can think of a fitting tribute yet unpaid to the memory of Miss Willard. It is to be hoped in some future day a generous minded gift-giver to noble causes will see that somewhere a chime of bells peals out on the air the sweet memory

of America's great daughter. She who loved music to the point of passion would thus be tenderly recalled through all the ringing changes of time.

At the opening of the twentieth century, in the City of New York, on the grounds of the University of New York, was established a Hall of Fame for the preservation and exaltation of the names of the great of our country. To make the circuit of this Hall one travels a distance of nearly twelve hundred feet. Outside, the pediments, eight in number, hold these eight inscriptions: THE HALL OF FAME, FOR GREAT AMERICANS, BY WEALTH OF THOUGHT, OR ELSE BY MIGHTY DEED, THEY SERVED MANKIND, IN NOBLE CHARACTER, IN WORLD-WIDE GOOD, THEY LIVE FOREVERMORE.

One hundred and ten electors chosen from the most illustrious men of letters, college presidents, the judicial bench, and the professional life of American citizens, compose a board that decides once in five years what names shall be added. Fifty-one or more votes give preference. Provision within the Hall is made in Colonnade Hall for one hundred and fifty names, each occupying a panel two by eight feet in size. Each candidate for this honor must have passed from mortal life ten years before the decision is made.

In the election of 1910 were added to the twenty-nine already placed the following: Harriet Beecher

Stowe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Andrew Jackson, Phillips Brooks, James Fenimore Cooper, Roger Williams, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, Edgar Allen Poe, and Frances E. Willard. No nobler name could be enrolled than that of this educator, philanthropist and reformer, "who has made the world wider for women and more homelike for humanity."

At the time of her translation, heartfelt tributes and messages of sympathy were received by cable and post from white-ribboners in all parts of the world. Hundreds of speakers, writers, and journalists, offered their tribute of praise to her service of life so loftily and so freely given. It would make another volume to record the words of noted clergymen, educators, authors, statesmen, philanthropists, and leaders of temperance, peace, labor, and numerous other organizations.

Paragraphs from a few tributes are here recorded because they are the appreciative words of noted and brotherly men closely connected with Miss Willard in the educational and religious life of her home city of Evanston, Illinois.

MISS WILLARD AS A UNIVERSITY WOMAN AND
EDUCATORHENRY WADE ROGERS, LL. D.
Former President Northwestern University

We of the University honored and loved Frances Willard. Once she was dean of what was then known as the Woman's College, was a member of our faculty, and in these later years, of our Board of Trustees. She loved the University and was proud of what it had become. A few years ago she wrote of it, "It greatly outranks any other west of Lake Michigan, and richly deserves the name of 'The Northwestern,' in the modern sense of that great and comprehensive designation. Steadily may its star climb toward the zenith, growing clearer and more bright with each succeeding year." The last speech she made in this town, which she delighted to call "The Methodist Cambridge of the prairies," her "ain familiar town," was an address to the students delivered in the college chapel only a few weeks ago. How little we thought she was so soon to pass beyond the veil! But had she known then that her life was fast passing on toward the twilight, so ready was she to go, she might even have said to it:

"Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good-night — but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning."

We mourn that she has been taken, but we do not forget that she was given. She has done a great work, grown weary and fallen on sleep. May the beautiful spirit which dominated her life inspire us all to nobler things!

In February, 1871, she was elected president of the Evanston College for Ladies. At that time the institution had no connection with the University. She was the first woman to be elected president of a college. It is due to her labors that the town authorities gave as a site for the new college what was then one of the chief parks of Evanston. Upon that site was built what is now known as the Woman's Hall. She, with others, made the canvass for the money with which it was erected, and brick by brick she watched its walls as they climbed high above the trees. It was in her thoughts by day and by night, and she was fond of it. She said of it, "It is my sister Mary's that died, and it is mine."

In June, 1873, the institution was incorporated with the University under conditions largely dictated by her, and she became dean of the Woman's College and Professor of *Æsthetics* in the Faculty of Liberal Arts. As professor and dean she had her trials. She taught the classes in English, and met them in the president's room in University Hall. It was a new experience for college men to recite to a woman teacher. They tried her mettle only to find that

she understood herself and them. They admired and respected her. She was popular and inspiring, and in every way a successful teacher. It is an ambition worthy of the immortals to build one's own life into the lives of others, and this she was able to do to a remarkable degree.

She was one of the early advocates of the higher education for women. This was to her a sacred cause. She believed, too, in the co-education of the sexes, and was wont to impress upon her women students that the experiment of co-education was on trial, and that in some degree its future rested with them. "God help you to be good!" she said to them. She believed, too, in the principle of self-government, and many a time rejoiced as she thought how true and self-respecting a set of girls she had around her. One who disapproved her government said: "The trouble is, these girls are quite too loyal; they make a hobby of it."

It is difficult to overestimate what the influence of her noble nature and magnetic personality would have been upon thousands of students during all these years if her work had continued in educational lines, what inspiration for high and noble living, what pure ambitions to love and serve humanity, what strong endeavors for high scholarship and great achievement would have been born in the souls of the students coming into close touch with her great

soul. She was eminently fitted to be a great teacher. One who has the power of kindling another mind with the fire which burns in his own, who can bring his soul into such close and loving contact with his students that they are stirred by his impulses and fired with his enthusiasms, has in the highest sense the teaching power, and is described as the ideal teacher. This rare gift our friend possessed, and in high degree.

The nations of Europe seek to kindle the patriotic ardor of their subjects by putting on speaking canvas the immortal deeds of their great men. And in our own country a grateful public or generous friends enshrine in marble or bronze, or on canvas, the memory of those whose lives have been a blessing to humanity. It is a gratifying reflection at this hour, that one of our own generous citizens will soon place in the keeping of the University the face of this woman whose life was a minstrel of love, and whose death leaves the world bereaved. Generations of students, as they look upon that marble, will be moved to noble living by the memory of her unselfish services, and they will find in it a noble stimulus to purity of life, and to a consecration of their powers to the cause of humanity.

The winning personality of Frances Willard and her charm of soul made it possible for her to impress herself upon her students in a manner given to the

few. She exerted upon them a far-reaching influence, not only by the thoughts she expressed in her classroom, but by her views of life and duty, which she revealed to them in her personal and private relations with them. A quarter of a century has almost passed since she retired from the faculty, but all who were associated with her in those days have preserved pleasant recollections of the winsomeness of her personality, and the attractiveness of her spirit. We can ask no better thing to-day than that the benign influence of this refined, devoted, noble woman and teacher may abide in the life of this University for years to come.

We lay upon her casket here to-day this tribute of our love and admiration. She has entered within the gate. She has been transfigured, and it has been granted her that she should be arrayed in fine linen, which is the righteousness of saints. On her head has been placed a golden crown, and she has been girded with a golden girdle. All the bells of that great city, the holy Jerusalem, have rung with joy, and it has been said unto her, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MISS WILLARD'S PUBLIC LIFE

REV. C. J. LITTLE, D. D., LL. D.
Late President of the Garrett Biblical Institute

Frances Willard reminded me, whenever I listened to her, of Matthew Arnold's definition of religion, "Morality touched by emotion." She was a conscience aglow with divine light.

Her departure from Northwestern University, with its attendant circumstances, caused her intense pain; the remembrance of it was never without its tinge of grief. And yet this departure was, in the old New England phrase, a divine enlargement, the breaking of the chains that held her back from destiny.

Her strong and only impulse at the time was toward the Temperance Crusade movement, then at its height. The religious fervor, the ethical purpose, the moral martyrdom, and the feminine character of this movement appealed to her faith, her conscience, her courage, and her conception of woman's latent power, and so she entered it "with a heart for any fate."

All great moral careers grow out of the concurrence of conscience and opportunity; the compulsion of the soul combines with the compulsion of circumstance, and the real life begins. Years before she had wanted to say something, *but what was it?* And now the disclosure came. All else had been a

preparation for it—her maiden shyness and her maiden independence, the inspiration of her home, the revelations of nature and of books, the experiences of travel, the trials of the schoolroom, her search for God, her aspirations, her ambitions and her sorrows. The literary gift and the magic of speech were a part of her inheritance. And yet she trembled to appear in public. She had lectured in Centenary church, Chicago, in 1871. And this first public utterance contains the germ of all she said and did in after years. The sorrowful estate of women throughout the world gave her, she declared, the courage to become a public speaker. It gave her more. It gave her the vision of the woman of the future, for whose coming she thought and wrote and planned and prayed. But not until 1874 did she begin to speak with all her might, for then came to her the sign by which she was to conquer, "FOR GOD, AND HOME, AND NATIVE LAND."

Frances Willard had the gift of eloquence. She was a subtle, thoughtful, thrilling talker. Her presence was not imposing, yet it was always tranquilizing at the beginning, and afterward full of sweet surprises. Her voice was clear and melodious and strong, with a peculiar quality of blended defiance and deference, of tenderness and intrepidity, that gave it an indescribable ring. Her diction was studiously simple; her reasoning luminous and

homely; her illustrations full of poetry and humor; her pathos as natural as tears to a child. She was wholly unaffected, taking her audience so deftly into her confidence that she conquered them, as Christ conquers, by self-revelation.

There was sometimes a lyric rapture in her utterance that wrought her hearers into a delirium of anticipation. The New Jerusalem of the twentieth century, the transfigured homes of a new commonwealth, seemed to be so near and so real. And there was always, when she talked to women and to men, such a sublime confidence in their latent nobility, and their ultimate righteousness, that for a time, at least, they became in their own eyes the beings that she pictured them, and sat enchanted with the revelation. This blending of prophetic ecstasy with practical shrewdness, of rapture with woman's wit, gave to her tongue the accent of both worlds. The note of gladness with which she mentioned Christ (and she did it often) lifted her auditors into the presence of her divine Companion, and then the childlike mockery with which she pelted some feminine folly, or some masculine stupidity, dissolved the splendor again into ripples of human merriment that brought her listeners safely back to mother earth. Webster was majestic; in the days of his grandeur men trembled at his godlike flashes. Beecher was superbly human, conquering and con-

trolling multitudes by his rich and robust and royal manhood. Wendell Phillips was demonic, casting his auditors into chains, and arousing within them all the elemental passions. But Frances Willard attracted and enchanted; she spake as never man spake, and yet with the charm of Him who conquered the grave in order to restore the shattered home at Bethany.

The Willard children had a genius for organization; they played at forming clubs and making societies. Frances developed this skill during her years of teaching. She managed her pupils with rare tact, choosing for them both the direction and the method of activity. But the fullness of this power never revealed itself until she became the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1879. She stood for a liberal and a radical policy, and was indeed the incarnation and the inspiration of it. Of the multiplied energies that began to cluster around her fertile brain and nimble fingers, I have no time to tell. They proved too many for her at the last, exacting as they did a superhuman strength of mind and will, and pulling at her heartstrings all the time.

It was natural for Mr. Gough to confine his philanthropic efforts to the temperance work and to the principle of total abstinence; it was equally natural for Henry George to expect the regeneration

of society from purely economic change. But Frances Willard's mind was at once too broad and too deep, and her conception of woman's place in society too exalted, for her to grasp the temperance problem, or the economic problem, in this one-sided fashion. "Society," she rightly said, "needed mothering." She was indeed a preacher of temperance and of a new commonwealth; but she was also the soul of chastity, heralding a nobler maternity than the world had dared to dream of hitherto; and therefore the herald of a nobler manhood, a nobler society, and a nobler humanity.

Like all idealists in the history of social progress, she took little account of time, so that the results of future centuries seemed as the stars do to the children of transparent skies, just above her head. And this immediateness of the heavenly vision made it possible for her to work and to tarry for it. She knew that it would surely come.

Did she die too early? God must answer that, not we. She might have lived longer, if she had learned to spare herself, but then she might have lived less. Her fifty-eight years were rich in experience and in thought, in grief and in aspiration, in affection and admiration and achievement. They were indeed more than centuries of common life. They were for her "years of enduring conflict for others"; for she was a worker, a fighter, a woman.

And the shock of her death reveals the weight of her influence. She is no longer a voice and a corporeal enchantment, weaving about us the spell of a luminous conscience and a pure heart. She has taken her place in the choir invisible — the choir audible forever to God and to humanity. Whatever may be the future of the methods from which she expected such political and social transformations, her ideal of home will not perish from the earth. The strong and serious women of the future will be her daughters, and as they bow the more to reason and to conscience, her image and her voice will guide them from the shadows of ancient bondage to a companionship with men in which the perfect interchange of thought, and the perfect harmony of action, will reshape the heavens and the earth, and establish beneath new stars a whiter and a happier commonwealth.

MISS WILLARD AS A WOMAN AND A FRIEND

REV. CHARLES F. BRADLEY, D. D.

It was thought fitting that the tributes to Miss Willard as a public leader should be followed by a few words concerning her as a woman and a friend.

Yet it is impossible to mark here a well-defined separation. In a rare degree she threw her whole self into all her work. It was as a woman and a

friend that she taught, wrote, spoke, organized vast forces and led them in the war for righteousness. In public as in private life she was ever womanly, and always friendly. The wealth of her regnant nature, the fruits of her varied culture, the consecration of her devoted life — all these she carried, with her simple graciousness, into the intimacies of private life. The mourning of millions to-day is over the loss from our midst of a great woman, and a friend of mankind such as the world has seldom known. A certain Roman Catholic sisterhood bears the affecting title of "Little Sisters of the Poor." Of Miss Willard it may be truly said that she was the sister of everyone, rich or poor. Everywhere she went she met people with a winning smile and a cordially extended hand. She believed profoundly that God is our Father and that we are all brothers and sisters. These beliefs were to her more than articles of an accepted creed; far more than beautiful sentiments. They were the controlling principles of her daily life. Beyond any woman of her age, and, so far as I know, of any age, she has a right to the title of the Sister of Man. Everything which that name can signify of wise, strong, and loving helpfulness, that she was in purpose and, according to the measure of her strength, in fact to all.

Yet, speaking of friendship in its ordinary sense,

it is difficult to conceive the extent of her circle of friends; to estimate the numbers of those in England and America and in other lands, who have the right to say of her, "She was my friend." It was out of a wide experience that she framed the new beatitude, "Blessed are the inclusive, for they shall be included." One who knew her well has said: "In nothing is she more marked than in her lavish kindness and truth to friends. It would be impossible to say how many lives which have touched hers have been inspired to nobler purposes; have realized the balm of her sympathy in sorrow, and the help of her wisdom in perplexity; have proved that even her wounds are the faithfulness of a friend whose very loyalty was demanding of them their best."

But Miss Willard's life has not only been marked by a universal friendliness, and blessed by a liberal host of friends, to each of whom she gave her affection in rich measure; it has also been distinguished by a few extraordinary friendships. It is not the least of the sorrows of this hour that those who alone could speak adequately of the deepest things are unable to speak at all. Miss Willard's love for her own family was most intense. The close intimacies in this circle were with her sister, her mother, and her brother's wife. The providences which ended these close associations opened the way to two others. One of these began in New England twenty-one

years ago. Through all these years, amid many vicissitudes, it has never failed to deepen and strengthen. It is worthy a place among the few great friendships of history. The other friendship belongs to Old England, and is associated with scenes of romantic beauty. It united women of most diverse training, but alike in rare talents of mind, and one in their active sympathies for the fallen and the oppressed. When we consider the labors, the sacrifices, and the sorrows which Miss Willard endured, it is comforting to consider the sources of light and joy she had in these two radiant friendships. In both there was that absolute confidence, unflinching affection, and utter self-bestowal which make such devotion between man and man, or woman and woman, shine with a radiance little less than divine.

The circumference of Miss Willard's friendly sympathy has been truly said to have included the human race. Its center and source are to be found in Jesus Christ. Her whole life shows this.

The greatness of Miss Willard's powers, and the clear call which ordained her to eminent public leadership, often interfered greatly with the privileges of home and social life. She frequently expressed her sense of this loss, and her Evanston friends have sadly missed her during her long and many absences. But we could never doubt the loyalty of her affection,

and we have never failed to love and honor her. "When I go home to Heaven," she said in her quaint way, "I wish to register from Evanston." That, too, was our wish for her. This was her home. The most sacred memories of her family life centered here. The most potent forces in her education were brought to bear upon her here. At this altar she took the vows she kept so faithfully. Here she received her call from Heaven and went forth to raise the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to relieve the oppressed. We gave her to the country and to the world. She has fought a good fight; she has finished her course; she has won her crown. Her victory the world knows. And the world, as if on waves of honor and grateful affection, brings back, as a sacred trust to this city, to Rest Cottage, to this altar, to our hearts, the dear form which was the temple of so much power, and goodness, and love.

MISS WILLARD AS AN ORATOR

REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D. D., LL. D.

We are constantly told that the art and practice of oratory are declining, and that the triumphs of eloquence which have marked the history of earlier times have not been repeated in recent years. It is an interesting fact, in the presence of such a misstatement, that Frances E. Willard's career would

have been fragmentary and unproductive of much of its fairest fruitage, if, in addition to her large gifts of an administrative order, she had not possessed and exercised that congeries of varied and often dissimilar powers which are the prerequisites of true eloquence. If theatrical display and violence of enunciation, even though it be applauded by a throng of people, or combined with the fortuitous enthusiasm of a great occasion, be called oratory, then surely this woman was not an orator. If ornament of expression must race with volubility of utterance in order that a speaker may produce effective speech, if brilliancy of imagery and simulated emotion must be added to these to win the triumph in such a great name as eloquence, then, indeed, Frances E. Willard secured not a single trophy for herself in this field, nor is she to be named among women conspicuous for eloquence. But if a great heart, fed by fiery streams from on high, glowing and molten with burning love for humanity, issuing forth its indignant denunciation of evil, pouring out incessant streams of argument against well-dressed error and fashionable wrong, kindling with lightning-like heat thousands of fellow-beings until they also flash to holy wrath which scathes the slayer and illumines the slain; if lifting millions of human beings from out the noise and dullness of unreason into the serene radiance of reason, so that

they are willing to obey the highest ideals and to serve at any cost the noblest demands of humanity and God; if these be of the characteristics or results of eloquence, then, without doubt, Frances Willard must be considered one of the most eloquent of the orators of our time.

Her voice had the harmonious swell, the exquisite flexibility, the varied richness, the height and depth which made her capable at all times of touching into response almost every string in human nature. At Baltimore, one of the greatest of our college presidents, who has made a comprehensive study of the forces of eloquence, heard her for an hour and a half, and remarked, at the close of her address: "The cause which she represents touches every interest of the human soul and body, and she has applied its persuasive appeal to every quality and concern of my personality." It was a remarkable audience — more than a thousand of her sisters in her chosen work, hundreds of restless and eager college students, scores of doubtful conservatives and unemotional educators, long serried ranks of men and women standing on their feet, who had "just come to hear a woman slash into things"; but it is doubtful if, in that hour's utterance, there was not wakened in each soul some profound sympathy, first for her who made music in each soul's particular key, and then for the cause which seemed at first

to each one a personal affair, and was indeed as wide as humanity itself.

The writer of these words remembers the honor he had of taking Wendell Phillips, when his step was infirm and his health frail, to hear Miss Willard. Mr. Phillips was particularly struck with the "sobriety of this fiery temperance woman," and all the way home he talked of the great temperance speakers of the world. It was his amazement that such admirable gifts of administration should have been so subtly interpenetrated with so poetic an enthusiasm and so earnest an optimism. He had spoken only a short time before, in the midst of the associations of culture, and before an audience most of whom were stung to anger by the old man's scorching irony and withering sarcasm. In that address he had uttered memorable statements with respect to the imperial importance of the temperance cause, and in his effort to commend that cause to fashionable scholarship he had commanded and blasted and flamed. When he was told that Miss Willard's manner — her repose of strength, the consciousness she exhibited of reserved power, her wit and wisdom, her triumphant certainty of ultimate success — brought to mind his own characteristics as a public speaker, he proceeded to say that no *man*, possessing the heart to feel the fountains of tears behind Miss Willard's speech, could have kept his steadiness

and practiced such restraint upon his emotions. "It takes a woman to do that," he said. He laughed dryly as he continued: "Ah, yes! But she is only one of the weaker vessels, as we are told."

Accosted the next day by an autograph hunter, who was held by the old man far toward the night, as he showed him relics of the abolitionists and memorials of his own labors, he was about to bid the young man good evening, when the latter, half patronizingly, said: "Mr. Phillips, I think if I had lived in your time, I would have been heroic, too." Phillips, as he stood on the doorstep, pointed to the open places of iniquity near his dwelling place, and said: "Young man, you *are* living in my time, and in God's time. Did you hear Frances Willard last night? Be assured, no man would have been heroic then who is not heroic now. Good night."

John G. Whittier, the old Quaker poet, was right when he said of Miss Willard: "I always want to tell her, 'Thee must know thee is great only as thy cause makes thee great. Thee might be only a lot of good qualities if thee had not been fused.'" It is true the commanding cause held her intellectual and spiritual and physical powers in unity, and actually fused them into a white heat, which, however, never left the bounds of safety save in radiance.

FRANCES WILLARD'S MISSION AND MESSAGE

BISHOP FRANK M. BRISTOL, D. D.

With a spirit as dauntless as it was exquisite in its refinement, and elegant in its tastes, Frances E. Willard lifted her beautiful life to God in as complete a consecration as ever made a heroine or a saint. Then, panoplied with the armor of righteousness white and glistening, she went forth, the Joan of Arc of Temperance, to battle for God, and home, and native land.

She could not be happy in ease and seclusion while she was conscious of a larger duty, a duty that transcended all her dreams of self-interest and personal enjoyment. Looking out from the elms, out of the windows of Rest Cottage, she had a vision and a dream of possibility, of the task of rescue and reform, and of the need of hearts and brains and hands to take up and perform the task.

“So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.”

Thus came the thought to her, and from her comes the message to us all: “The holy place to-day is not found in the sanctuary or on the mountain, in the cell of the monastery, in the sweet quiet of ease and culture, in Rest Cottage, but the holy place is in the life of humanity, in the midst of the world's sorrow, and wrongs, and struggles, in the center of society,

in the great heart of the age. There is thy work, thy mission. From that holy place alone can man or woman pray to be heard, worship to be accepted, believe to be saved." So this noble woman, this great soul of light, stepped down into the midst of the sorrow, wrong, and strife, and there broke the alabaster box and poured the rich gifts of purity, love, and hope upon the sick heart of the world.

With all the brilliancy of her wit, and all the eagerness and keenness of her superb intellectuality, Frances Willard was a simple, unaffected, devout Christian. The faith of her girlhood ripened into the hope and sweet charity of her great womanhood. A tender affection, which was the very poetry and sanctity of love, made home an emblem and prophecy of heaven, the holiest spot on earth to her. Rest Cottage, in beautiful, classical Evanston, was the center of the world to her heart. But when her loved ones vanished one by one from her side, God was saying: "There is a wider home for your affection; thou art the daughter of mankind, the sister of the world." Manhood never had a truer human friend than Frances Willard. To save that manhood in the flowering promise and glory of its youth was her beautiful, heroic mission. She saw how the saloon was rising up to smite the heart and brain, the virtue and intellect, of American manhood, and with all the courage, devotion, and love of as splendid

a womanhood as God ever inspired, she unfurled the banner of purity, and unsheathed the gleaming sword of her eloquent convictions, to rescue that manhood from shame.

As a speaker she possessed all the essential gifts and graces of persuasion. Her convictions were eloquence. Her very instincts were logic. Her womanliness was moral magnetism. Elegant in diction, clear as a mountain stream in her thoughts, her fancy fairly scintillating with beauty and originality, intense but self-restrained, sincere but not harsh, strong but never coarse, commanding but never domineering, forceful but never masculine, she preserved that delicate, indefinable charm of womanliness in her public career, which ever impresses American manhood with a reverence next to that which he owes and renders unto God.

When we sum up the life of a genius, we ask, "What was his or her great dominating love?" This must be the criterion of the character, however immeasurable the genius.

We know that Sappho loved her song, and Angelo loved his art, that Mozart loved the harmonies, that Napoleon loved the sword, that Wordsworth loved the flowers, streams and hills, and Newton loved the stars of heaven, but Frances Willard, with all her fine tastes, liberal education, and splendid intellectuality, loved humanity. Above all art and song,

above all pomp and power, above all science and nature, she loved humanity, and gave herself to humanity, as others had given themselves to pleasure, to fame, to science, art and learning. In her work for humanity, we find the achievements of her fine genius. Her poems are hearts made purer and happier by her ministry of love and sisterhood. Her pictures are lives transformed and glorified with a new hope. Her harmonies are families reunited and homes restored to joy. Her discoveries are the souls found in darkness and brought to the light of God. Her conquests are the better sentiments, holier purposes, cleaner customs, and more righteous laws, which are slowly but surely and inevitably destroying the drink habit, crushing the rum power, and emancipating our country and humanity from its moral slaveries.

Not alone to those who devote themselves to the holy cause of temperance, but to all who would serve humanity, and lead the world to Christ and light, does the life of Frances Willard become a message of inspiration. More and more did she come to recognize the fact that to save humanity you must save its womanhood.

Frances Willard's mission and message were to call the Christian, American womanhood of this age up to its noblest rights, its highest ideals, its most self-sacrificing ministry of love, its grandest pos-

sibilities of power and usefulness. Hence all reforms, all charities, all missions, controlled by the new womanhood have felt, and will ever feel, the charm and inspiration of Frances Willard's character and life.

One of the characteristics and chief glories of that splendid life was its unflinching and infectious optimism. Frances Willard never lost faith in the ultimate triumph of the temperance reform. Her faith in God and justice, in humanity and right, filled her heart with the prophecy of victory. Her glorious hope and magnificent courage have thrilled the exultant souls of thousands, and given new emphasis to the grand old proverb: "What woman wills, God wills."

Surely the magnetism and inspiration of that life have not passed away. Still do thousands say as they recall their glorious leader:

"Some novel power
Sprang up forever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much
In watching thee from hour to hour."

To-day, and evermore, her name belongs to the world's history of heroism — it is the heritage of every hoping, aspiring heart and people — it is the name we love and honor — Frances E. Willard.

A PROPHETESS OF SELF-RENUNCIATION

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D. D.

Our city has just buried one of its noblest daughters, whose achievements for God and home and native land were such as to rank her as one of the most famous women of this century. Only those who have lingered long over her books and essays, or have passed under the full spell of her luminous speech, or have considered her wide-reaching influence upon our education, our civic institutions, can understand why it is that two continents mourn for our prophetess of self-renunciation. When Mme. De Stael and George Eliot were borne to the tomb, it could not be said of these daughters of genius that in a thousand towns and cities the multitudes assembled in church or hall to sit with bowed heads and saddened hearts, keeping a sacred tryst with memory during that solemn hour when afar off memorial words were being spoken above the silent dead. Last Wednesday morning, midst falling snow and sleet, when the gray dawn was passing over the city, the funeral car of Frances Willard drew slowly into the station. The long sidewalks, the vast building itself, the outer squares and streets, were thronged and crowded with a multitude assembled to meet the body of a woman whose life and words and spirit had helped redeem them to the higher life,

and made the years worth living. Then all day long the multitudes surged and thronged into the hall that bore her name, until fully 30,000 people had passed in and out.

Beside that bier also stood pilgrims from Florida and from two other Southern states, people of wealth, united to this woman by no blood ties, but who in their homes of luxury felt themselves to be her debtors. These having made their way unto this clime of ice and snow, that they might look for a moment upon the face of one who had increased their happiness and lessened their misery, made their way back unto the land of fruits and flowers, where they hope again to gain their health. If titled folk of foreign cities cabled sympathy and sent wreaths and flowers, the children of poverty and suffering also crowded the streets along that line of funeral march. The death of what private individual since Abraham Lincoln's time has called forth a thousand memorial funeral services upon the afternoon of one day? The time is not yet come for the analysis of Frances Willard's character or for the full exhibition of her mental and moral traits. Among her divine gifts must be included a body firmly compacted and of unique endurance, yet delicately constituted as an æolian harp; a voice sweet as a flute, yet heard of thousands; rare common sense; strength of reason and memory; singular insight into human nature;

intuitive knowledge of public men and measures; tact, sympathy, imagination, enthusiasm, with a genius for sacrifice and self-renunciation. Early successful as an authoress, highly honored with position or rank in the realm of higher education, she turned her back upon all offers of promotion.

The measure of a career is determined by three things: First, the talent that ancestry gives; second, the opportunity that events offer; third, the movements that the mind and will conceive and compel. Doubtless for Frances Willard ancestry bestowed rare gifts, and the opportunity was unique, but that which her mind and heart compelled is beyond all measurement. As in times past orators have used the names Howard and Nightingale for winging their words, so for all the ages to come editors and publicists and speakers will hold up the name of Willard for the stimulus and inspiration of humanity.

To convey an entirely adequate impression of a character so unique, so gifted, so lofty of aim and glorious in achievement, would be an impossible task. Sprung from a long and gracious race, her childhood and youth singularly shielded and trained for her great after-service, educated in lines calculated to give a generous opening of mind and profundity of conviction, capable of great indignation against wrong-doing while retaining the utmost spirit of love

toward the wrong-doer, with a divine art of drawing out the noblest side of every soul she touched, Frances E. Willard remains to-day, as in her earthly form, the "best known and best loved" among women reformers of her time—a memory sanctified and endeared in the hearts of all those who care for the well-being of the world.

TRANSFIGURED

REV. MILTON S. TERRY, D. D., LL. D.

Is that soft light a star?
Or through the dimness of our tearful eyes
Are we descrying in the open skies
Some lovelier sight afar?

Perhaps to us is given
Another vision of that wondrous sign
Revealed of old to St. John, the divine,
When in the open heaven

By angels guarded round,
Was seen a woman with the sun arrayed,
The moon beneath her feet, and her fair head
With twelve stars brightly crowned.

I'm sure I see a light
That beckons many to a holier sphere,
And with its steady shining, calm and clear,
There seems to be no night.

'Tis the transfigured face
Of saintly gifted Prophetess serene,
Whose woman-soul could take of things unseen
And give them sightly grace.

To her, God's love assigned,
Amid the rush of human cares and fears,
Nigh threescore beautiful and hallowed years
To honor womankind.

Say not, "She is not here";
Methinks her eye beams with a brighter ray,
And never mightier, sweeter, than to-day
Was her voice, far or near.

And woman's rights and wrongs,
And mortal sorrows, and the drunkard's woes,
And virtue's claims, by her life's sudden close
Have found ten thousand tongues.

Hushed are all envies now,
Nor breathes the soul would take away from sight
One ray of the aureole of light
That gathers round her brow.

O pure white life divine!
Translated into everlasting day,
Thou shalt pass never from our hearts away,
For Christ's own loves were thine.







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