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CLARISSA TUCKER TRACY





C. J. Macy

LIFE AND POEMS

OF

Clarissa Tucker Tracy

BY

ADA CLARK MERRELL, M. A.



CHICAGO

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY

1908

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ADA CLARK MERRELL, M. A.





MRS. EUGENIE MANVILLE McKNIGHT

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED

TO

MRS. EUGENIE MANVILLE McKNIGHT

IN LOVING MEMORY OF HER FIDELITY AS A STUDENT, AND

IN RECOGNITION OF THE BEAUTY OF HER LIFE,

AND OF HER FOND MINISTRIES TO KINDRED, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS;

A WOMAN OF RARE PURITY, SYMMETRY

AND STRENGTH OF CHARACTER,

WHO KNEW SO WELL THE SECRET OF DOING GRACIOUSLY

AND SWEETLY THE MANIFOLD "LITTLE KINDNESSES

WHICH MOST LEAVE UNDONE OR DESPISE."

TO MRS. C. T. TRACY

1818-1898

To honor goodness is to honor thee;
To honor virtue is to bow the knee
To the sweet graces of thy inner heart,
And seek to share in them some humble part.

We love thee for thy kind and gracious mien,
For truth which sets its seal upon thy brow serene;
For kindly deeds thy willing hands have wrought,
For words of wisdom full of Christly thought;
For all thy smiles,— yea, all thy blessed tears,
For both reveal a heart unchanged by years.

Blest gift of years, be they fourscore or more,
If filled with blessings from God's boundless store;
Thy life, my friend, has earned this tribute sweet,
By ministries of love, so constant, wise, and meet.

Could I but crown thee at this natal time,
My coronet would not with earthly jewels shine;
But heavenly pearls of mercy, truth, and love
Would glisten on thy brow like stars above.

May He who notes the tiny sparrow's fall,
And ne'er forgets a service great or small,
Fill thy last years with peace and golden light,
Foretaste of the eternal years' delight.

MARY SPENCER THAYER.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.
November 12, 1898.

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PREFACE

Three or four years before Mrs. Tracy died, one day when we were having one of our good old-time visits at her home, she said to me suddenly in her quick, crisp way: "Mrs. Merrell, I want you to write my biography. I know my old boys and girls will want to have it." She took me so completely by surprise, that before I could gather my wits together to make a fitting reply, she went on briskly: "I don't want you to write it before I go. After I leave will be time enough. All my papers are in this drawer here, and you are to take possession of them as soon as I am done with them." It is singular that she never referred to her death but in terms like the above, and rarely even in this way.

Realizing that whatever must be done must needs be done quickly, I persuaded her to let me take possession of the most important of the papers at once. These were manuscript copies of her poems, some prose articles, and a simple, direct, but somewhat meager autobiography, prepared for the Educational Club in the eighties. At my suggestion, she wrote out more fully the story of how she came to Ripon College, and in various interviews reviewed the events of her life, telling me one thing and another that helped to throw brighter light on the past. All these have been woven into the biography, together with the hints and side-lights derived from the chronicles of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, the official records of Ripon College, the odds and ends of newspaper clippings found among Mrs. Tracy's papers, and the letters of loving

and appreciative friends and relatives who had some interesting thing to tell about her.

To all such, who in any way assisted me, I return most sincere thanks. I trust that Mrs. Tracy's belief that her old boys and girls really wanted to have the story of her life may be justified, and that the present volume will but endear her the more to them, and help to perpetuate the memory of a life that was full of poise and sweetness.

ADA CLARK MERRELL.

302 ELM STREET, RIPON, WISCONSIN,
February 24, 1908.

PART I

THE LIFE OF CLARISSA TUCKER TRACY

I

IN DAYS O' LANG SYNE

“ The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways.”

Footsore and weary, there arrived, December 20, 1814, at the little clearing of Harmony (afterward Jackson), in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, two sturdy young Green Mountain boys, Stephen Tucker, just twenty-one, and Joseph Bryant, a youth of eighteen. They had walked the entire distance from their home near Halifax, Windham County, Vermont, to this settlement in the forest primeval. The place was an almost unbroken wilderness, with no township name, no roads nearer than two or three miles from their chosen homes, but it reminded them of their native state. Here, too, were a few of their friends from Vermont, who came in 1812, and by 1813 had commenced the permanent settlement of the place, building their houses for the most part of logs, as there was no sawmill within many miles. These few were followed later, in 1828, by about forty families more from Vermont, so that though there were a few New Hampshire and other Yankee settlers, the clearing was known as the Vermont Settlement, and as early as 1817 was thus designated on the court records, when the road was laid out to it from Ararat, then, too, only a settlement.

All came to seek their fortunes in what was then literally the Wild West, and, aside from household furnishings

in plenty, had little else than their stout hearts and strong right arms. But "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees"; and Stephen Tucker was not lacking in valor and brawn, and lifted up his axe to such good purpose that after a year or two he had cleared his lot and built a plain but comfortable log house, and was able to return to Vermont, in the winter of 1816, with some of the other unmarried men, for "the girls they had left behind them."

His sweetheart, Lucy Harris, of Halifax, Vermont, was a fit mate for the sturdy young pioneer, and they were married February 4, 1816. Returning later to Jackson, Pennsylvania, the summer found them comfortably settled in their life home. Mrs. Tucker brought a plentiful supply of beds, bedding, and household furniture from her New England home, and cheerfully entered upon her duties as mistress of the family in the commodious log house. Life was begun in rather a primitive style, but the other young men and their brides were commencing life under the same conditions; and as all possessed the New England habits of thrift, industry, and moral integrity, and all worked harmoniously to develop their farms and establish good society, the results were most happy. They tasted the joys as well as the hardships of the pioneer, and there was something of exhilaration in the experience.

In the course of the year, a little son came to the Tucker household, and nineteen months later Clarissa Tucker was born, November 12, 1818. She heralded her own advent much the same as other children, but according to testimony from her mother, she "continued heralding it for several weeks after"; and it startles one to think how, as a little pebble hurled into the stream throws out wider and ever widening circles, this little life was destined to make ever-widening circles of influence whose bounds shall

be limited only by eternity. In this little home of hard, unremitting toil were acquired those sterling virtues which made Mrs. Tracy such a power for good in later life. It was a busy little household, and the little Clarissa entered early, not only upon her educational career, but also upon duties of large responsibility. We see the independent little maiden of three and a half years trudging "to the little frame school-house on the hill, half a mile beyond the corners," for by this time roads had been built in every direction through the town. Sometimes, in a spirit of adventure, the children took a shorter route by crossing a log fallen over a creek.

This school was taught by Evalina Spoor, a beautiful young lady whom Clarissa did not see again after the close of the term till several years had elapsed, and she herself was a schoolma'am, at fourteen, in the neighborhood of her former teacher, now a sedate matron.

The fair Evalina was still a beautiful woman, and greeted her former pupil with all the warmth of a dear friend, and sent her five children to school to her. Of her first school days, Mrs. Tracy once said in her own characteristic way: "I have only two memories that are distinct of this first school which I attended. One memory of seeing daily a penny suspended from the back of the teacher's chair by a string passing through a hole in the penny. At close of the school, this was placed around the neck of the one at the head of the spelling class. The other memory was of a little book about four by three inches, containing several little hymns, or verses, given me by the teacher on the last day of school. One of the hymns was that familiar classic, 'How doth the little busy bee,' and so forth. I committed this to memory on my way home, and recited it to my mother, and for several days was called upon to repeat it for admiring friends who called at the

house. The school was only of three months' duration, but I had learned to read and to spell very well."

Clarissa continued to attend school summer and winter until she was ten years old, then only in the winter, as she was needed to assist in the housework. Everywhere in the little settlement, work indoors and out was the order of the day. To the sound of the axe and the crash of the falling trees outside, the buzzing of the spinning-wheel and the rattling of the looms indoors kept busy accompaniment. As all the flax and wool that could be raised had to be worked up into cloth before even homespun garments could be made, it is not strange that before she was ten even, Clarissa had learned to knit, sew, and spin a little. She knew how to pick geese too, and, as she grew older, learned how to bake and brew, "dip" candles, and do all the multitudinous things which the pioneer woman had to do to wrest material in the raw from nature. But the most stable business of the little maid was tending babies, for by this time there were four younger than herself. How she did it is best told in her own words:

"I took care of the babies most of the time by taking them into the woods, still near the house, or to feed the chickens and goslings, or to hunt hens' eggs, while my charge was safely placed on a pile of hay. In the springtime I spent merry days in the sugar-camp with my father or brother, and there began my study of botany, as wild flowers were abundant before the sugar season was over.

"At this time occurred a very important event in our home life. In 1829 my father had built a large frame house, into which we moved. One of the saddest memories of my childhood is that of the day we bade adieu to the old log house, hallowed by a mother's love and devotion, by a father's prayers and wise counsels. Dear to my childish heart were the old clock with the weight descending to the floor, the old trundle-bed, where in our earliest years we children slept under mother's watchful eye, and later the chamber partitioned off by blankets and coverlets of bright colors, more wonderful to me than any Gobelin tapestry ever could be. But most of



THE OLD HOME IN JACKSON, PA.
BUILT IN 1829



all, sacred for the memory of a little brother, who scarcely opened his eyes upon this world, and whom I only saw robed for the grave. It was the first event which brought to me with thrilling power the thought that a time would come when I too would be laid away in the silence and darkness, and that 'all who breathe would share my destiny.' The tender prayer of my father, close by the bedside of my mother, when we gathered, on the morning the little one was laid away, led my thoughts up to God in prayer that I might be prepared for this great change that must come to all."

Other precious memories clustered around the little old log house, memories of beautiful times around the big, open fireplace, when father and mother and all the little ones

"Sat the clean-winged hearth about,"

and stories of "ye olden tymes," the feats of David Bryant, the mighty hunter of the settlement, and stirring poems recited, quickened the blood and kindled the eye; doubtless, too, as in the Whittier home,

"Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood,
With nuts from brown October's wood."

Oft while her mother

"Turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking heel,"

Clarissa read aloud tales stranger and more wondrous than than any fiction, from the *Missionary Herald*, or listened while her mother told the stories of consecration and self-denial of those early missionaries of the cross, Adoniram Judson, Harriet Atwood Newell, and others, whose names are now household words.

Burned deep into the heart of the young child was that scene by the firelight, when her brother James experienced

a remarkable conversion, when they two were left alone to guard the little ones safely tucked away in the old trundle-bed, while the folks had gone to meeting. Two awe-struck little souls, pressed down by the heavy conviction of sin, and trembling in fear of an angry God, two little children down on their knees pleading the precious promises, and then the sudden overwhelming joy of answered prayer, and the "old, old story," saved by grace.

But sweeter far was the picture of the little flock standing nightly with bowed heads, about the simple board reciting in concert, while the mother led, a tender "grace" of thanks,

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

"Forgive me, Lord, through Thy dear son,
The ills which I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be."

The following poem was evidently written by Mrs. Tracy with these early scenes in view. It was entitled

VOICES FROM THE PAST

How many voices come to me,
Sounding across the vanished years,
Of those whose forms I no more see,
Whose loving presence no more cheers.

My mother's voice, in gentlest tone,
In hours of sorrow and of pain,
Coming with comfort all its own,
As sunshine sweet that follows rain.

My father's tender words of prayer,
Just after little Willie died,
Committing all to God's dear care,
Whate'er in life might us betide.

The schoolmate's voice, so faint and low,
Speaking to us his last farewell,
Saying, "My earthly end has come, I know,
But now with Jesus I shall dwell."

Another voice, of playmate dear
Who long has dwelt in lands afar,
Nor shall her form to me appear
Until we pass through "Gates Ajar."

A voice in whispers, yet most clear,
Speaking of heavenly visions bright,
And loving words to one most dear,
While earth was passing from his sight.

The darling infant's plaintive wail,
When her brief life was ebbing fast,
And mother love could not avail
As to the unseen world she passed.

These voices come with healing balm,
For though they sound on earth no more,
They speak of sweet and lasting calm
Where cares and sorrows all are o'er.

And Faith, by them her strength renews;
Hope, smiling, shows her gentle face,
But far above all other views,
Is that of Love's own crowning grace.

II

YOUNG WOMANHOOD

“It is a great thing not to be a forlorn little wheel that must be turned by hand, but one geared into the machinery of God’s eternal laws of moral order.”—WILCOX.

The little town of Jackson was so isolated from the markets that its early settlers had hard work to make “both ends meet.” Only one of their number had come to the place with any considerable amount of silver in his pocket, and he after a few years was as straightened as the rest. The land-owners from whom they bought their land had taken advantage of their necessities and driven hard bargains with them, so that all were handicapped for years with heavy mortgages, and, according to the Susquehanna chronicles, most of the pioneers had paid twice over for their farms before they finished the final payments. We can understand, then, why Clarissa Tucker began to teach at so tender an age as fourteen, and continued alternately teaching and attending school for several years.

This first school was at Jackson Corners, just a quarter of a mile from her home, and she had thirteen scholars. By this time, as she once naively remarked, she had made such attainments in knowledge that she could get nothing new from the teachers in the home schools. After teaching two more summers, and a family school winters, there came a time when the cherished plan of her parents and the earnest desire of her own heart were fulfilled, and she was sent away to a school of a higher grade.

In the town of Harford, Susquehanna County, a school of such grade had been established in 1817 by the Rev. Lyman Richardson, who had charge of it for ten years. His brother, the Rev. Preston Richardson, a graduate of Hamilton College and a member of Auburn Theological Seminary, being disabled by ill health from preaching, desired to do something for the benefit of the young, so his brother resigned in his favor, and he was in charge at the time Miss Tucker attended school. The institution was called Franklin Academy, and students could take their studies through the sophomore year of a college course.

Mr. Richardson was a remarkable man, and gave a wonderful stimulus to all who came under his instruction. He lived only a short time, but the school was continued by his brother, Rev. Lyman Richardson, and his son, Willard Richardson.

Not only Jackson, but the entire county of Susquehanna, was settled by a very choice kind of folks, people not alone of sincere and genuine piety, but with high ideals, and the practical common sense that knew how to attain results. Miss Tucker's father and mother were of this sort, and down to hoar hairs she was fond of speaking about the goodness of her father and mother; and indeed, she had reason to, for Deacon Tucker was widely known within the gates. He was not only clerk of the Baptist Church for over forty years, but he had built the church itself, and raised more than \$1,000 in cash for its upbuilding. Mrs. Tucker, also, bore an honorable and useful part as one of the early pioneers, and not least among the useful things accomplished by father and mother was the hearty support and sympathy which they accorded Clarissa in her aspirations. They believed in her possibilities, and they helped her to choose the best instructors

obtainable. The name of Richardson represented honored instructors of the highest grade, — men not only of fine family, but of breadth of culture and refinement quite above the average. Many of their pupils became distinguished in after years as ministers, lawyers, judges, senators, and educators.

Among Miss Tucker's classmates were Galusha A. Grow, for many years member of the House of Representatives, and at one time Speaker of the House; C. R. Buckalew, a Senator of note; the Tylers, three of whom became distinguished educators, and many others. One of her classmates, the Hon. Thomas H. Dickson of St. Paul, at one of the reunions of the old Franklin Academy students, thus described his old schoolmate: "Miss Tucker was a bright and diligent student, and I remember admiring her square, mathematical forehead (school-girls were ambitious in those days to show all the forehead they possessed), and admiring the perfect recitations in algebra which it led one to expect. I last saw her in the spring of 1842 (not quite fifty-five years ago), presiding at a collation given by the ladies to the young men of Honesdale, the day they brought trees from the borders of the neighboring woods and planted them in the then new Court House Square. I was visiting a relative in the village at the time, and shared in the work and the rewarding smiles and bountiful collation."

From 1835 to 1840, Miss Tucker alternately taught and attended Franklin Academy, often keeping up with her classes, so that she took her place on her return to the school.

In 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Richardson, two of the teachers in Franklin Academy, went to Honesdale, Wayne County, to open a school of similar grade of two departments, a Ladies' Seminary on the second floor, and the



MR. STEPHEN TUCKER
MRS. TRACY'S FATHER

Young Men's Academy on the first floor of the same building, though young ladies of advanced grade recited with the gentlemen. Mr. Willard Richardson, like his father, Rev. Lyman Richardson, and uncle, Preston Richardson, was a born educator, and very successful in the new school. He was ably assisted by his wife, formerly Miss Harriet A. Tyler, second daughter of John Tyler, Jr. (a prominent citizen of Harford County), and of Polly Wadsworth, his wife, a descendent of Captain Wadsworth, who hid the Connecticut Charter in the oak, 1687. A woman of intellect and breadth of vision and rare personal graces, she endeared herself to her pupils, and exerted a powerful influence in moulding their character in right directions.

Miss Tucker was one of their pupils at Franklin Academy, and, recognizing her ability and ambitions, they invited her to assist them in the Honesdale Seminary, and continue her studies at the same time. She did so, and spent two profitable years with them. At this place she had classmates who were a great stimulus to her, Marshall Henshaw, afterward professor in Amherst College, and for many years at the head of Williston Seminary, Northampton, Massachusetts; Rev. Henry Browncombe, who became eminent in the Methodist Church; and others, ministers, lawyers, physicians, and jurists. The studies pursued were Latin and French, Whateley's Rhetoric and Logic, Kames's Elements of Criticism, and Cousin's Psychology, studies which "none of the other ladies attempted," as Mrs. Tracy was often in later years wont to remark with justifiable pride.

In 1842, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson left to found another institution, and the trustees asked Miss Tucker to remain in charge of the Ladies' Seminary, which was thereafter distinct from the Young Men's Academy.

At the end of two years, Miss Tucker asked leave of

absence to spend some time in an institution of high grade, to pursue some special studies, and to learn more of the methods of educators of renown. They readily granted her request and supplied her place until her return. She chose Troy Seminary, New York, at that time regarded as superior to any other institution for young ladies in the United States, being several years older than Mount Holyoke, then attracting much attention. In Troy Seminary she continued French under the accomplished Professor Edwards, also drawing and painting under competent teachers. But her stay was brief.

She has purposed on her return to Honesdale to raise the grade of the school, so that it might rank favorably with other higher institutions in the country. But like many other human plans, it was destined to be frustrated in the usual human way. While teaching in Honesdale, Miss Tucker boarded at the home of Judge Tracy, and there became acquainted with his younger brother, Horace Hyde Tracy. The acquaintance ripened into love, and he asked her to become his wife. His health had been such for several years that he had given up the hope of a home of his own, and of a long-cherished desire to preach the Gospel, but it now seemed quite restored. Her friends cautioned her not to have too much confidence in the permanence of his good health, but as she herself wrote of her decision, "I was quite willing to take the risk, as my heart responded fully to the nobility and devotion of his, and in a few months we were united in marriage."

The following poem was written by Mrs. Tracey in her youth, and is of interest, as showing what choices she made even then:

IN FANCY'S WORLD

I love to dwell in fancy's world
Of bright, unreal forms;
To see the beauties there unfurled,
Far, far from earthly storms.

O yes, I could forever view
The glories shining there,
And yet they'd seem forever new,
So soft, so bright, so fair.

Ah! sure I fain would linger long
Within these fairy lands,
While like the voice of sweetest song,
Each scene the soul expands.

But still I know it is not well
T' indulge the immortal mind
In reverie; though sweet the spell,
'Twill fail the "soul to bind."

There is a pure, unmingled joy
The longing soul may share,
A real bliss that ne'er shall cloy,
To free from sin and care.

Then fancy's joys I would forego,
Nor offer at her shrine
My praise; for well, full well I know
Her bliss is not divine.

1838.

III

JOY AND SORROW

“Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;

.
Yet it creates, transcending these
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that’s made
To a *green* thought in a *green shade*.”

—ANDREW MARVEL.

One would almost hesitate to lift the veil from this part of Mrs. Tracy’s life were it not that the strength and beauty of her character and the triumph of her faith stand out in such bold relief against the gloomy background of earth’s heaviest sorrows, that the revelation cannot but be an inspiration and a help to others in similar trials. She found the Shepherd ready to comfort with rod and staff, and though she passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, she learned, through His tender guidance, that it was the Valley of the Shadow only of Death.

Miss Tucker was married to Horace Hyde Tracy, at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, in May, 1844, by their beloved pastor, Rev. Henry A. Rowlands. Horace Hyde Tracy was born in the town of Columbus, Chenango County, New York, May 26, 1811. He had planned to be a minister, but his health being delicate, he came to Honesdale in 1840, to be with his brother, Judge T. H. R. Tracy, and to engage in work that would keep him out of doors as much as possible.

Mr. T. H. R. Tracy was division superintendent on the



HORACE HYDE TRACY

railroad of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and he detailed his brother to look after the company store and boat-yard. He remained in this employment until a short time before his death. His health improved, and he was able to do his work comfortably.

Miss Tucker came to Honesdale in 1840 also, and was associated as a teacher with Rev. and Mrs. Willard Richardson in the Honesdale Academy. She saw Mr. Horace H. Tracy only at church the first year. Then when the Richardsons, with whom she boarded, left to teach elsewhere, she was asked to take charge of the Honesdale Academy, and Judge T. H. R. Tracy, one of the trustees of the school, offered her board at his house. The young people, being under the same roof, naturally saw a good deal of each other, though they did not become engaged until a few months before their marriage, and not presumably until after Miss Tucker's return from Troy Seminary, New York, at the holidays. Ambitious to fit herself for larger responsibilities, she had contemplated a much longer stay at Troy than just one term, but as she herself wrote, "my plans were frustrated in the usual way."

The marriage was a very congenial one, and four happy years followed, though Mr. Tracy was practically an invalid for the last two years. Two children were born to them, Horace James Tracy, February 22, 1845, and little Clarissa Aurelia, October 3, 1847. Mrs. Tracy continued to teach for a year and a half, and then she gave up her school work on account of her husband's poor health. He was better and then worse, apparently better one year before he died than two years. He kept up and did something in the store most of the time, but as his physician advised him to be in the open air as much as possible, he spent most of his time superintending the Canal boat-yard,

purchasing material for building, and repairing boats, and until six weeks of his death went once or twice a week to the boat-yard.

At an early age he had made a profession of religion, devoting himself with all his powers to the service of his Redeemer. He became a member of the Honesdale Presbyterian Church, July 18, 1840, the year of his arrival in the place. And was elected elder October 15, 1842, at a critical time in the history of the church. There had been a split over a minister, who was unworthy, and six elders had resigned. Colonel Seeley and Mr. Horace H. Tracy were the only two upon whom all could agree.

On the church records the following tribute was paid to Mr. Tracy: "In discharging his duties as elder he was firm on the side of truth, acting with a conscientious regard to the great interest committed to his trust. His conduct was uniformly kind, conciliatory, and upright. His integrity was unbending, and his zeal was earnest and consistent. His piety was of a decided character. There was no turning away in his heart from that religion which he early professed." He was also most genial and full of fun, and earned the sobriquet of "Father" Tracy, because he once jokingly told Miss Tucker that she did not observe the Scriptures sufficiently and "entreat an elder as a father." Small wonder that to the last days of her life Mrs. Tracy treasured the memory of those happy years, and spoke of them, as "blessed years, though filled with sorrows."

Just two years before he died, Mr. Tracy was ordered to the seaside to see what the invigorating sea air would do for him. From there he wrote his wife a beautiful letter and enclosed a poem, "A Husband's Prayer in Absence," which he found in a newspaper. This original clipping was found nearly threescore years after, carefully treasured among Mrs. Tracy's personal papers, worn and

frayed and almost ready to crumble to pieces, and well-nigh illegible from frequent handling. Fortunately Mrs. Tracy had told the story of it in "An Interesting Incident," published in the Wisconsin Puritan several years later, and had had the poem reprinted.

The sojourn at the seashore availed little, and Mr. Tracy came home little benefited by his stay. He kept up bravely, visiting the boat-yard once or twice a day, until six weeks before he died, when he took to his bed. To the last, he kept up his serene courage, and his sick-room was not the scene of despair and anguish, but of sunny resignation and triumphant hope. The beloved pastor, Dr. Henry A. Rowland, visiting him a short time before his entrance into life eternal, and talking with him about the outcome of his sickness, said, "Now you look the King of Terrors full in the face, how do you feel respecting his approach?" Mr. Tracy's instant reply was, "He is the easiest conquered of any foe I ever met."

Mrs. Tracy was not present when he said this, but heard it first when she listened to the funeral sermon, for, with her usual thriftiness, she "generally took the time of the pastor's calls to do some needed thing about the house." For six months or more, they had talked of his going home as familiarly as of anything else. Mr. Tracy died June 9, 1848, "with words of triumph on his lips, and a rich legacy of prayers for the blessing of God on his family." The newspapers of the day say that his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people. Dr. H. A. Rowland preached the funeral sermon from the text, John xvii. 9, reading from the Scriptures the seventeenth Psalm.

Fifty-seven years later, that triumphant death-bed scene was more vivid to Mrs. Tracy's mind than even passing events. It was my blessed privilege to stand with her

one morning early in June, 1905, on our south porch. The orchard was swelling with pink buds, ready to burst into bloom; the pasture, all vivid with the wonderful green of early June, lay just beyond the glowing apple boughs, and the air was full of summer prophecies. Mrs. Tracy paused abruptly as we came out of the house and the scene in all its loveliness burst upon our view, and with an eye that seemed to pierce beyond time and eternity, recited with deep and solemn feeling the following well-known lines:

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.”

After an interval, as if that long-ago scene once more passed in review before her inward eye, she continued slowly and with perceptible pauses between the sentences:

“That was my husband’s favorite hymn. When he lay on his death-bed he recited it to me, while he clasped my hand. I can never forget it, nor how joyous and radiant he looked as he pointed upward, and cried, ‘Christ meets His children. The redeemed!’” Truly it had been a “*green* thought in a green shade” through all the years, even down to a green old age, and Mrs. Tracy, through the gates of sorrow, had found the secret of perennial youth.

The events that followed her husband’s death are best told in Mrs. Tracy’s own words:

“We had spent so much of our small means during my husband’s sickness, that very little was left to me. This fact never gave me a moment of anxiety. One year later, I began a small school in my own house, which increased so rapidly that I rented a building and employed an assistant. Two years later, a large academy was built in our place. I was asked to transfer my school to this



CLARISSA AURELIA TRACY

institution and take a department of the instruction, which I did after much deliberation. Here I had three delightful associates for four years. I had for pupils during those years several who have risen into eminence, Judge Henry Seeley of Honesdale, Judge Alfred Hand of Scranton, Pennsylvania, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa of the Eye and Ear Infirmary, New York, the lamented poet, Edward Rowland Sill, several lawyers, ministers, and business men, whom I might mention.

“The frequent meetings at my home of the Academy teachers and students, for literary work and conversation, were a great source of stimulus and pleasure.

“My little girl, Clarissa Aurelia, died from an attack of measles, April 3, 1851, nearly three years after her father, and my boy entered the primary department of the Academy. We had a delightful and a prosperous school, with five teachers, but I began to think of a project I had before I was married, of going south or west, where advantages were fewer, and where I might establish a school of my own. I thought of it by night and by day, and prayed over it.”

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT

PUBLISHED IN THE WISCONSIN PURITAN. DATE UNKNOWN.

In the month of June, 1846, an invalid husband and father left his home, to try for a few weeks the effect of sea air. He spent the first Sabbath in New York. From there he wrote to his wife the letter from which I make the following extract: “I did not feel able to attend divine service this morning, and thought it would not be wrong to write to you, knowing your great anxiety to hear from me. I had just seated myself for the purpose, when a rap at my door was followed by the entrance of a newsboy.

My first thought was to say I do not patronize newsboys on Sunday, but somehow, I instinctively rose, took the 'Sunday Sun,' and paid him for it, and the first thing on which my eye rested was the poetry entitled 'A Husband's Prayer in Absence.' I read it and re-read it, and it expressed my feelings so exactly that I enclose it to you. I would not have one line — no, not one word — altered." In less than two years the husband left his home to return no more; but there remained the influence of a holy life and the sweet fragrance of prayer.

The verses to which allusion has been made were placed for safe-keeping among choice mementoes of the departed. They have been shown to many persons, but no one has been found who had ever seen them before, or who had any idea of the author. Through long years of widowhood, their influence has been strong and sweet. Often at the "morning's dawn" and "day's declining" has the "Bless her, O Father," come with its soothing power; in the "every duty of her life," imparted strength to the sometimes fainting heart. It has prompted and made sacred "the kindly mission." It has rung out over the desolation of bereavement, and made "her lot with blessings rife" such blessings as He only gives who answers prayers.

The reprint of these verses may cause some other eye that reads them to cease its weeping, and impart strength to some other "spirit that feels its courage falter."

The following are the verses referred to:

A HUSBAND'S PRAYER IN ABSENCE

Oh Father! Thou in whom I live,
And trust for life immortal,
When Time my farewell shall receive
At Death's dark portal;
Source of all blessing, unto Thee
I bring my fond petition;

Yet to Thy will my spirit be
In low submission.

Thou in Thy goodness hast filled up
Life's chalice all with sweetness,
And one bright treasure to my cup
Imparts completeness;
That treasure is the peerless love
Of her who ever shareth
Each pleasure that my heart may move,
Each pain it beareth.

For her, oh Father! I will pray,
Thy Son's great merit pleading,
Who sitteth on Thy throne alway
There interceding;
Guard Thou my darling by Thy power,
Thy own strong arm surround her;
Bid Thy kind angels every hour
Keep watch around her.

Afar from her I sadly roam,
Among the strange a stranger,
And sometimes with sweet thoughts of home,
Some fears of danger!
Then, when my heart has sunk, and Fear
Laid her dark hand upon me,
From sorrow and almost despair,
Thy love has won me.

I know I cannot shield her form
From sickness or from sorrow;
I know that o'er her some dread storm
May break to-morrow;
And I may feel no pang the while,
May smile while she doth languish;
Some trifle may my heart beguile
Amid her anguish!

Oh, Father! let me ever feel
In Thee a sweet reliance,

CLARISSA TUCKER TRACY

And to each boding thought of ill
 I'll bid defiance;
 Bless Thou my treasure! with Thy care
 Vouchsafe her Thy protection,
 And I will never more despair,
 Or feel dejection.

Oh! bless her at the morning's dawn,
 And at the day's declining,
 And when the silent hours steal on,
 Night's shadows twining;
 Bless her, oh Father! when she kneels
 Beside the dear home-altar,
 And bless her when her spirit feels
 It's courage falter.

Bless her when on her youthful cheek
 The red rose tints are blooming;
 And bless her when her frame is weak,
 Her bright eye glowing;
 In every duty of her life,
 In every kindly mission,
 Oh! make her lot with blessing rife,
 A sweet fruition.

In an old portfolio of Mrs. Tracy's was found, in her handwriting and over her signature, two poems in blank verse, written the summer that her husband passed away.

These poems, "The Sufferer" and "The Death-bed Scene," are so remarkable, as showing the largeness of her faith and the native courage of her mind, that they are given entire without comment.

THE SUFFERER

Weary months passed on, and lengthened
 Into years, while I watched with
 Anxious eye the fatal work of
 Life's insidious destroyer.

And I watched with no common eye,
For his victim was blent with life's
Dearest hopes and brightest visions.
Oft at bright noon and dusky even
I raised my pleading cry to Heaven,
O spare, my God! Spare him to me!
Overwhelm not yet my bowing soul
In deepest anguish! I plead
His faithful promises, but alas!
His wise interpretation was
To shorten the work and remove
To glory him on whom my soul
So fondly and so firmly leaned
For comfort in life's dreary path.
The sufferer in calmness and
Patience lived on while his wasting
Form and brightening eye betokened
Early death, for his soul was long
Since stayed on God, an anchor sure,
Within the veil was cast. "O how
Could mourning fill his breast? He who
So soon would be from blighting sin
Forever free." Bright morn of blest
Resurrection would restore what
Now seemed lost to me. So then
I bowed in low submission and said,
"Oh God! Thy will, not mine, be done."

THE DEATH-BED SCENE

Earth's loveliest green, in richest
And freshest beauty, shone on hill
And sparkled in dale. The bright sun
Rose in majesty and glory
On that ever to be remembered
Morn! Anxiously and painfully
The night had passed. A fond brother
And a *nearer friend* had sought in
Vain to ease the sufferer. No
More rest for him on earth. 'Twas come,

The last, fatal, long-dreaded hour.
 (Dreaded by friends, I mean). For him
 It had no power to move. Jesus
 Was his polar star, heaven his goal.
 And thus guided, he looked firmly
 And steadily to his resting
 Place, e'en now in loveliest view!
 Fainter and shorter grew his breath,
 While angel strains were on his lips.
 They told of glory, Christ, and Heaven.
 Love's gentle pressure of the hand
 Enclosed in his, spoke consciousness,
 E'en in his dying gasp, and told
 A long, a last farewell below.
 He's gone. O, desolating words!
 My God! O bear my fainting
 Spirit up, and soothe my bleeding
 Heart. Thy healing balm alone hath power.
 Darkened are all my earthly hopes.
 I say not destroyed, for I have
 Yet two sweet prattlers left to soothe
 My solitary hours. But oh!
 The thought that they are fatherless
 Sends to my heart a thrilling pang.
 May I but train them for the skies,
 For a place among that white-robed
 Throng around the throne. We all will
 Soon be there, a glorious meeting.
 Linger, O linger near me, sweet spirit
 Of the loved, the "blessed dead," though I may
 Not with mortal eyes behold thee, or hear
 Thy noiseless tread, yet linger near me.
 May thy holy influence o'er my heart,
 And life be shed. I would not worship thee
 With a vain idolatry. I know my
 God hath said, "Before no idol bow thy
 Knees." O I would give Him homage supreme.
 Yet, sweet spirit, if thou hast an earthly
 Mission and art free to choose thy station,
 Linger, I beseech thee, near me, to chase
 Away the gloom of earth, and silently

Allure my soul away to heaven, thy own
Glorious home. I will feel that thou art
Near, and tellest me of joys in store for
Me above — that days and months will swiftly
Pass, and I, too, will join that ransomed throng
To praise the Lamb and do His holy will.

1848.

IV

A MOMENTOUS DECISION

“The decision of a moment is often a momentous decision.”

How Mrs. Tracy came to Ripon is told so well in her own words, in a brief autobiographical sketch which she prepared in 1883 for the Ripon Educational Club, of which she was a member. that it is thought best to give it entire, as she gave it.*

“In the autumn of 1855 I began to feel a revival of my early desire to teach somewhere in less favored places. I knew some one could take my place in the Academy who might not be willing to go to new and harder fields. The desire grew and became intense. I think I sincerely desired to be guided by One who never errs in His plans.

“My thoughts seemed to be directed to the West rather than to the South at this time. I corresponded with former Governor Slade of Vermont, who during several years had brought to the West companies of teachers. I thought he might direct me to a place for establishing a girls' school. He referred me to some places in Indiana and Illinois.

“About this time three families of my acquaintance decided to move to Wisconsin, the Cranes, the Robinsons, and Mr. Williams and family, of Seeleyville, Pennsylvania. Mr. Williams went West to look for a favorable location, and decided on Neenah. Soon after his return, at a

*This sketch was also part of a special correspondence page by Mrs. Ada C. Merrell on Mrs. Tracy, a Veteran Teacher, which appeared in the Milwaukee Sentinel, December 13, 1903, and later in part in College Days, for December, 1903.

Christmas party at his home, he told me of his plans, and said:

“ ‘Mrs. Tracy, you’d better go with us and teach our children for us.’ A sensation like a flash of lightning came over me, and I thought perhaps this is the call for which I have prayed. The impression was so strong that I hardly knew what I did or said or ate while there. When Mr. Williams took me home that evening I said to him: ‘I am not sure but I may act on the suggestion you made, though I suppose you were only joking.’

“ ‘Indeed, I was not,’ he said. ‘I meant what I said. I was asked in Neenah whether or not I knew of some one who could teach a private school and help in church work and Sunday school. You came to my mind at once, and I said, ‘Yes.’”

“Then came thoughts of my dear pupils and friends of many years’ standing; the precious graves of my husband and my little daughter; my parents in their declining years; the church and Sunday school I had loved so well; the dear brother-in-law, who had been as a father to me; and my pastor, who had married us, baptized my children, buried my husband and little child. Still the impression of something like a divine call was on me.

“Several remarkable incidents occurred within the next few months that loosened the ties that bound me to my old home. My pastor was called to Newark, New Jersey; my brother-in-law, Judge Tracy, died, and the rented house in which I lived was sold. So, in mind, I fully decided to leave my home. One thing still made me hesitate. I did not know what my mother might think. I wrote to her, stating my plans, and asked her how she felt about it. The answer came:

“ ‘I have long felt that it is your wish to do God’s will in any way He marks out for you. If you think this is

the way He leads you, I can only say "Go." I hesitated no longer.

"On June 6, 1856, our company of seventeen left for Wisconsin. We came to Oswego, New York, crossed Lake Ontario, took cars for Collingwood, thence by steamer to Sheboygan, by stage to Fond du Lac, then by boat to Neenah, which we reached on June 13th. I opened a private school, which I continued for three years. I soon saw that Neenah was not the place in which to establish a permanent school, as business was the great object of the people.

"I left Neenah on the 23d of June, just three years from the time I arrived there. Before leaving, I was invited to take a position in a ladies' seminary in Indianapolis, Indiana, with former associate teachers, but I decided to visit my Eastern home before giving my decision.

"I had not been in Honesdale more than two days before two of the trustees of the Honesdale Academy called on me, and in most cordial manner welcomed me back to Honesdale, and requested me to take my old place in the Academy. I told them I would consider the matter and report later, but I felt quite inclined to accept. Meanwhile I received a letter from Mr. Bowen, of Ripon, who was in New York to purchase goods for his store, saying that in a meeting of the trustees of what was then Brockway College, he, as one of the trustees, was commissioned to offer me the position of teacher, and Superintendent of the Ladies' Department of the College, and hoped that I would accept.

"I had very pleasant memories of Ripon, for while in Neenah, a sister of Mrs. William Foster, Mrs. Taylor of Ripon, had sent me an invitation to her daughter's wedding. I had gone, and while there had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Abram Thomas, sister of Miss Radfield, an



MRS. LUCY HARRIS TUCKER
MRS. TRACY'S MOTHER



associate teacher in Honesdale Academy days. Through them I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. J. Bowen, who had come to Ripon from Carbondale, Pennsylvania, and were well acquainted with cousins of mine in Susquehanna County. I visited the three families in Ripon three or four times during my stay in Neenah, went to see the new college buildings and other places, and was greatly attracted by it. Mr. Bowen's letter surprised me very much, as I had about decided to stay at Honesdale. But the more I thought about it, the more I felt that to go to Ripon would be nearer to carrying out my first plans than anything I had done.

"I prayed over the matter. The conflicting calls caused one of the greatest struggles of my life. The time drew near when I must write to Mr. Bowen. I was staying with Mrs. Judge Tracy, in her old home on Front Street. I felt that I must go to my room and have the struggle out there. I felt as never before that I wanted to leave the decision with God. I asked Him to decide for me. I committed my way wholly to Him, and felt a great peace. and went to bed and slept till morning. I awoke in the same peace of mind, and with the decision that I would go to Ripon. The story of my life in Ripon has been varied with light and shadows, but I have not felt for a moment that I was not divinely led."

"As near as I can estimate, I have taught in all sixty-four years. I have taught in nearly forty-five years of my active connection with Ripon College every graduate of Ripon since, up to 1895 or 1896, and some since. I have taught seven or eight judges, including Judge Seeley and Judge Hand of Scranton, Pennsylvania, also Judge James Blanchard of New York, and Judge Charles Pond of Minneapolis, seven or eight senators, several scores of lawyers and doctors, and four or more score of ministers, and about

a dozen or more of missionaries in the foreign field. I am profoundly thankful to my Heavenly Father that He has permitted me to do this work.”*

The fourth stanza of the following poem has reference to the momentous decision:

MY EBENEZER

“Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.’”—1 Sam. vii. 12.

When hope was light and life was fair,
 My youthful heart devoid of care,
 As then I reached a wished-for goal,
 I said in secret to my soul,
 Now here, I’ll raise my Ebenezer.

But as the years flew swiftly past,
 Dark clouds my earthly sky o’ercast;
 Yet with answering faith I knew
 The promises of God were true;
 Again I raised my Ebenezer.

A chastening hand oppressed me sore;
 The joys of earth seemed mine no more,
 But many loving friends were near,
 Giving their words of hope and cheer;
 In faith, I raised my Ebenezer.

When once I came to parting ways,
 I stood in doubt and great amaze,
 I could not tell which path to tread,
 But soon a voice my footsteps led;
 In hope, I raised my Ebenezer.

Many a milestone I have passed,
 Each brings me nearer to the last,

* This paragraph is a quotation from a letter written to Mr. Stolker of Honesdale, in response to a request for the story of her life for the record in the annals of the Honesdale Church, of which Mrs. Tracy was a member.

And now the eightieth comes to view,
With friends so loving and so true;
In love, I raised my Ebenezer.

O Thou who art the Truth, the Way,
Thy hand hath led me day by day,
In work or rest, in joy or pain,
Once more I give the sweet refrain,
I raise my Ebenezer, Lord,
In faith's and hope's and love's accord.

A CHILD OF PRAYER

Among the odds and ends of newspaper clippings found among Mrs. Tracy's papers was the following article from "The American Magazine," signed "C.," Mrs. Tracy's usual signature to such contributions. We have no doubt that the child of prayer referred to was her own son, Horace, who joined the church at Neenah, when twelve years of age. A letter and a poem to her son, Horace, on his tenth birthday were also found among her papers, and are reproduced in this connection.

"At our last communion season in this place, among those who "stood before the Lord," and called men and angels to witness their decision to serve Him, was a boy of twelve summers. Several months had passed since he felt that he had given his heart to the Saviour, and he earnestly desired publicly to profess his love to Him; his pastor and the session thought it would not be right to deny him the privilege

"While I sat, an interested spectator of *this* scene, *another* was vividly recalled.

"More than a thousand miles eastward of my present location, twelve years before, in a quiet parlor on a Sabbath morning, just after this boy saw the light of the world, a small household was gathered around the family altar, and the father in prayer and faith solemnly gave this child

to God; he petitioned that whatever else was denied him, he might have the converting and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit.

“All present at that hour, felt that the prayer of faith had been offered. A few years after, that father went home to his everlasting rest. Through weary months of suffering, and even down to the entrance of the “dark valley,” he testified to the faithfulness of God.

“And now in this distant spot, as I beheld this child devote himself to the service of the God of his father, I felt that there was a mysterious, a holy connection between that paternal dedication and the vows the child now assumed. To me it was a most beautiful and impressive testimony of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God.”

C.

HONESDALE, PA., February 22, 1855.

MY DEAR, PRECIOUS BOY: It is ten years to-day since your little eyes first looked out on this world — ten years since your little heart began its beatings which shall not cease until the hour your spirit takes its flight to the unseen world.

It is ten years since I first felt the gushing of a mother's love, when I looked on your tiny face and said, ‘Is this indeed my child, and must I train *him* for weal or woe?’ Oh, how insignificant I felt as I looked through time and into *eternity*.

But there was a scene after this to which I now wish to call your attention. It will be ten years to-morrow since your dear father knelt in our little room, and thanked God for the gift of a little son; then fervently and earnestly dedicated him to His service; he prayed that his life might be spared to live and labor for His glory — even now those tones seem to sound in my ears, and make their impress on my heart, as when it responded Amen to these petitions.

Ten years you have been spared. We have seen that father's eyes close in death, and his form borne away from us. We have laid your darling sister by his side in their last sleep. They are happy in heaven. Shall we go there also? Yes, if we love and serve God while here we may be happy with Him forever.

Your father's dying prayers were that his children might meet



JAMES HORACE TRACY
AT TEN YEARS OF AGE

him in heaven. You are now old enough to give God your heart, and to love and serve Him all the rest of your life. Will you not think of it? Will you not earnestly ask Him to teach and guide you by His spirit? so that whether your life be long or short, you may feel that you have not lived in vain.

Affectionately your Mother,
C. T. TRACY.

TO HORACE TRACY

I have many a sweet treasure,
Many a cup of joy,
And rich blessings without measure;
But my dearest earthly treasure
Is my fatherless boy.

At morn, the first object of thought,
I listen for his voice,
To learn if the lesson I've taught
To his mind improvement has brought,
Which makes my heart rejoice.

I love to feel his arms entwine
Around my neck at eve;
I could all else on earth resign,
And bless, O God! thy hand divine
While I this boon receive.

Whate'er in life shall me betide,
Or my best thoughts employ,
This one o'er all shall preside,
In the path of virtue to guide
My dear fatherless boy.

I know in future he will stray
Where sin's bright ways allure;
But while I tread life's rugged way
To God I'll lift my heart and pray
To make His covenant sure.

When thoughts of that sweet home of rest,
And treasures gathered there,

Shall come to calm this troubled breast
I'll raise to God the great request
That he those joys may share.

If I those heavenly courts shall see
And praise my tongue employ,
How very sweet the thought will be
In that bright place to welcome thee,
Dear, dear fatherless boy.

HONESDALE, PA., 1855.

MRS. TRACY IN NEENAH

The impressions of a child of eight years are only of value as they show the impressions brought to bear upon the plastic material. It was at that age I was placed in the school Mrs. Tracy had opened in Neenah, Wisconsin, and I knew her only that winter of my life. That I have seemed to know her always is but another testimony to the strength of her personality. She had come out there, a widow with one child, an idolized boy, but even at that age, and possessed myself of parents who put character before every other consideration, it was evident even to me that all hopes for her only son were centered in his becoming a man, strong with the strength of goodness. She and Horace were frequently and familiarly at our home, but at school or at home, we knew that Mrs. Tracy had but one standard: "Is this right? Then let us do it, though the Heavens fall." Sensitive she was, and frail we thought her, perhaps because she was in the first years of her grief, following the loss of her beloved husband; but though it was a winter which seemed severe indeed to the strangers from eastern Pennsylvania, and I was being carried through the heavy snows on the shoulders of a Norwegian seven feet high, Mrs. Tracy went to and from the schoolroom as if she felt

the hidden power within that slender form. Woe to the child who tried any royal road to learning, or who cared so little for her standing as to be absent without cause. Her keen eyes could flash, and her tongue cut keenly too. Those eyes tested your metal, her voice demanded the best that was in you. And when the long school day, from nine to four, with its hour at noon, was over (I have heard my mother say that Mrs. Tracy took twenty minutes of that time to write her letters), who so much appreciated around the evening hearth as she! And the members of our little circle carried with them always the remembrance of Mrs. Tracy as a faithful friend, with an intellect awake to the best things, and a warm belief in the future of that western world for whose promise she had left a "safe" and cultivated eastern life. Of such stuff are the Mary Lyons made, and the vigor, insight, faith, and self-sacrifice that has gone so deeply into the history of Ripon College was akin to that which laid the foundations of old Holyoke.

FANNIE RUTH ROBINSON,
Oxford, Ohio.

V

MRS. TRACY IN COLLEGE PIONEERING

“Those who love to trace a divine hand always have a divine hand to trace.”—MRS. TRACY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Some of the finest and strongest qualities in Mrs. C. T. Tracy's character were displayed in the pioneer activities of Ripon College. She was appointed to the double office of matron and teacher October 3, 1859, and took up her work at once; and she continued in connection with the college to the end of her life, November 13, 1905, when she died at the great age of eighty-seven years and one day. When she came to the work, it is but the truth to say that there was little more to the college than a charter and a name. There was a campus and two partially completed buildings; but a heavy debt, the larger part of which was drawing interest at the rate of twelve per cent, kept the institution in condition of poverty and peril. A forced sale of the entire property would probably have realized barely enough to pay the debts. The First Wisconsin Cavalry were allowed to occupy the grounds in the autumn of 1861, and their leaving was so late that the school was suspended for one year. Mrs. Tracy, however, occupied rooms in one of the buildings, and furnished board for some of the officers of the regiment, and she gathered a number of pupils whom she taught in a kind of a select school. College work was resumed in the autumn of 1862, and the number of students soon greatly increased, splendid fellows from the army dropping in as the terms of their enlistment expired.



CLARISSA TUCKER TRACY
ABOUT 1868

Here came the opportunity for the display of Mrs. Tracy's superior qualities. Of endowments there were none; in library and laboratory equipments there was little; but in the scope for service there was ample room. Rev. William E. Merriman came to the presidency in the autumn of 1863, and he brought with him a most notable spirit of sacrifice and inspiration for "plain living and high thinking." He exhorted with the power of great speech indeed, but in the true spirit of the Homeric heroes he was a file-leader at the front of the battle. It was a passion with him to allure to brighter worlds, but he *led the way*. He came to the presidency only on the condition that "the college should be operated on its earnings, and that all money raised, after paying the debts, should go to permanent enlargement." This seemed to put the teaching force to a pretty severe testing, for the salaries, from the nature of the case, could be only nominal. At the end of the year the teachers took each his little share, and the accounts were balanced.

How Mrs. Tracy met her responsibilities in conditions like those of the sixties and early seventies would make a fascinating story, if told in detail. It is to speak of things obvious to say that she brought to her tasks a wiry though slight physical frame; a rugged intelligence; a determined though chastened will; a great moral enthusiasm, which underrun endeavors that would have been without it vexatious or even appalling; a swift mastery of detail, in which the main purpose was never lost; a sharp exaction in service, yet tempered with charity towards the untrained and the wayward; a love for her pupils, in which self-interest was sunk out of sight; and an enduring faith in a Providence which ruled over college, church, and the ways of her personal life. She knew how to teach, and in her specialties, particularly in botany, she was full of

knowledge, and she had a wise way of getting results from her classes. She has been heard to say, that she did not understand how any one could analyze a flower and ever forget the analysis. Certainly she had a quite exhaustive knowledge of our local flora.

But after all, in the early days she was greatest as the head of the domestic department. The number of boarders averaged a hundred or more. To care for these well would not, under usual circumstances, be regarded as a serious task; but the circumstances were not usual. The equipment was slender, and there were no trained helpers. There was no money to provide labor-saving devices, neither to pay for luxuries or trained workers. All of the work was done by the students, and the head must supply skill, system, and efficiency for the entire household.

It is easy to see that, in limitations such as these, confusion, poor service, and pecuniary loss might become an anticipated result. But nothing of the kind appeared, but rather the precision in movement of a military camp, and the exact economy of a thrifty enterprise. The duties of the workers were definitely assigned, requiring careful distributions in form of work and a time of doing it, and a careless hand or a moment out of time was instantly noted by the sharp mind which ordered all. Labor was ever cheerful and thorough, and there resulted a margin of profit which accrued to the advantage of the college in the time of its extreme need.

A moral force, too, ran through all, for every worker was rendering more than a hireling service; he or she was made to feel that his toil was definite contribution toward laying the foundations on which a future big with blessings should be erected. Some of our best students never could have completed their courses but for the service which Mrs. Tracy's planning helped them to render; and

many a one has testified that the economy, skill, and spirit of helpfulness, learned from the good lessons under the wise leader of the domestic affairs, has been a very valuable part of the education which the college was able to offer. We may well ask what other could have done for the college what Mrs. Tracy did in the pioneer days. President Merriman regarded her work in these days as of equal importance with his own; and many have thought that Mrs. Tracy was providentially raised up, and, by training in rugged toils and many sorrows, fitted for the conspicuous place she was called upon to occupy. Her great unselfishness, her love for her work rather than for its pecuniary rewards or other emoluments, also her natural endowments, permit us to surmise that, with great modesty yet with firm conviction, she herself regarded herself as one having been "called" to her work by the Divine Voice whose intimations she ever loved to trace. E. H. M.

When I went to Ripon in 1865, just in time to take part in a public meeting in honor of President Lincoln, immediately following his assassination, I found an unusually able though small body of teachers in the college. President Merriman was one of the most incisive and instructive men I ever met; Professor Merrell was wise and forceful; Mrs. Merrell was an admirable teacher of the higher mathematics; and Mrs. Tracy, whom years did not seem to afflict, was as young and vigorous as the youngest, and seemed perfectly competent to do anything required, whether it be to teach the more ordinary English studies, or to be the botanist of her territory, or to be the house-mother of all of us. Her work went with no noise or friction, and it was all thoroughly done. Were there a severe case of sickness, she was trained nurse as well as teacher and housekeeper.

It was my business to teach the sciences as well as Latin, but I knew that, much as I loved botany, Mrs. Tracy knew the local flora better than I did, and that the field and its flora belonged to her, and I was glad to go to her for her knowledge of species and localities.

It was a great work she did. She continued in it without flagging until advanced years sapped even her strength. It had seemed as if that wiry frame and that temper would defy years. But that God does not allow. Her purpose was to fill up life to the limit with usefulness and to teach the true Christian spirit to her pupils. They honored and loved her, and so did we who were her associates.

WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

The Independent, 130 Fulton Street, N. Y.,
November 15, 1907.

Mrs. Tracy was one of the most remarkable women I have ever known. Her leading characteristic — next to her marked intelligence, which all recognized — seemed to me to be *integrity*, with *sincerity*. No one who knew her well could for a moment think of her as capable of insincerity, or as occupying an uncertain, misleading, or “politic” position. The compass points to its pole no more surely or faithfully than did Mrs. Tracy’s mind turn toward truth, righteousness, and justice. Her mental conception of things and her conduct always kept step.

Another conspicuous characteristic that impressed me as her *consistency* and *poise*, both in opinions and in action. Her mind was well balanced; her conclusions were not distorted by prejudice, pride, passion, or the demands of conventionalities. Her views on a variety of subjects would “square up” and fit into each other as perfectly as those of any person I ever knew.



MIDDLE COLLEGE IN THE SIXTIES

Persistency, or perseverance, was another of her marked characteristics. The mental machinery that controlled her daily conduct moved on as steadily and as firmly as the wheels of a trusty clock; and the hours, or periods, for special duties in her life rung out as promptly and as clearly as the strokes of cathedral bells. Perhaps a clock is a poor illustration of her perseverance. To the mind of a physiologist, her busy life suggested the behavior of strong and healthy heart that beats firmly and regularly from the birth until the death of its possessor.

Still another striking characteristic of Mrs. Tracy was *genuine faith*,—an abiding assurance that the things that ought to be will be in due time, though the present evidence be obscure to ordinary vision. She knew in whom and in what she believed, and she could always give a reason for the hope that was in her. Therefore she was never buffeted or staggered by the winds of unreasonable sentiment nor by the waves and tides of passing fashions or cults.

Insight, which is akin to faith — that is, an ability to see things quickly, not only by observation, but by logical processes, by induction or by deduction — was conspicuous in her life. She perceived things so quickly and so definitely that some people would call it instinct. Others might think it a kind of clairvoyance; but it was, in her case, the natural child of intelligence and integrity.

She was a better *practical psychologist* than are many writers in that field of science. She understood human nature as few people fathom it. She knew what boys and girls are likely to think and do. She knew why they think and act as is their custom. She always recognized the fact that not until well advanced in years will human beings cease "to do childish things." But she had no use for silliness in adults.

In the matter of college regulations and in cases of investigation and of discipline, she had a remarkable discerning and judicial mind. In cases of discouragement or of failure on the part of students, and particularly in cases of illness, she saw more of the factors entering into the difficulty, and estimated their respective values more clearly and in better proportion, than many professional physicians in their study of their patients. She would have made a remarkable physician or surgeon.

But she was a remarkable teacher instead, and also an executive of high order. She was one of those characters whose memory we cherish with increasing appreciation. Her life, in the lives of those she influenced,— a beneficent and a multiplying force,— goes on and on through the passing centuries. LYMAN B. SPERRY.

OBERLIN, OHIO,
December, 1907.

VI

MRS. TRACY AS I KNEW HER

“In all her religion, and in all her action of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding toward her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion.”— JEREMY TAYLOR.

Mrs. Tracy's life, from 1871 on for several years, was the regular, unvarying routine of the teacher, and the monotonous round of the manager of the domestic affairs of the college, diversified by an occasional visit to her old home in the East, and frequent visits to her beloved son, Dr. James Horace Tracy, and family, at Escanaba, Michigan. So quiet and uneventful was her life from an objective point of view, that it would be like a “twice-told tale” to recount it in detail. Written from the subjective side, it would be teeming with interest, for her inner life was one of remarkable richness and fullness, but we have not, alas, the data for this. The few incidents of importance were the death of her mother at Jackson, Pennsylvania, April 5, 1871; that of her father at the ripe old age of eighty-eight, February 17, 1882, at Jackson, Pennsylvania; and hardest blow of all, the sudden death of her only son, Dr. James Horace Tracy, December 6, 1891, at Escanaba, Michigan.

Since my own acquaintance with Mrs. Tracy began in 1871, and continued in a warm and unbroken friendship through the years of my college life, 1871–1877, and in most intimate comradeship from my marriage in 1880 down to the day of her death, I have thought that the series of impressions made upon my mind by contact with so marked a

personality might convey a truer picture of this part of her life than any dry narration of a few meager facts.

When I entered Ripon College in the fall of 1871, Mrs. Tracy was then in the very prime of her powers. She was a frequent visitor at the home of Professor and Mrs. Merrell, where I boarded the first two years, but in my youth and inexperience I fear I was more struck at first by her oddities and idiosyncrasies than by her real worth. I was never in any of her classes, except botany in the spring term of 1872. She was a bright and enthusiastic teacher in that, and I enjoyed my term's work under her very much; but with my music as an extra study, I had not time to go very deeply into the analysis of flowers, her great hobby, so while I made a good standing, I did not ingratiate myself into her most intimate circle. So great was her passion for analyzing flowers, that she once told me that she frequently caught herself analyzing the flowers on the ladies' bonnets in church, and was only recalled to the absurdity of what she was doing by finding so many essential parts missing. But the patient investigation of plants throughout the years bore fruit in March, 1889, in the publication of a catalogue of "Plants Growing without Cultivation in Ripon and the Near Vicinity." Mrs. Tracy was assisted in the compilation of this pamphlet by some of her students, and it is the fullest catalogue of local flora up to date. Every plant was gathered by herself, or seen in a fresh condition, and verified by reference to Gray's and Wood's botanies, and the ferns by reference to Eaton's "Ferns of North America." In case of doubtful specimens, she even took pains to correspond with the authors of the aforesaid books.

In the wonderful season of revivals, which continued through the six years of my stay at college, I learned to have the deepest respect and admiration for Mrs. Tracy's

strong Christian character. These revivals were under the able and spiritual leadership of the Rev. L. J. White, pastor of the Ripon Congregational Church, assisted by different well-known evangelists. Mrs. Tracy and other members of the faculty ably seconded Mr. White in his endeavors. The Tuesday evening college prayer meeting was made a powerful ally to the church militant, and many students were converted. The revivals were not times of mere emotional excitement, but deep, quiet, and rich in results. The Holy Spirit was manifest in great power, and the Word was expounded from pulpit and college rostrum with such clearness and persuasive force that constant additions of those who were saved were made to the churches. At one communion, seventy-five joined the Congregational Church, fully fifty on profession of faith.

Mrs. Tracy was at this time matron of the domestic department, and was teaching her full quota of studies, Algebra, Arithmetic, English Literature, Composition, and Botany; but though the duties were many and arduous, she seemed always to have "all the time there was" for helping individual students with their lessons, or with perplexities of any kind, or soul problems. Then she was always at her post at the college and church prayer meetings, at the church services, both the extra and the usual ones. I never knew her to have even a headache or indisposition of any kind during those years, though she frequently arose at four o'clock in the morning to get her bakings for her large family done.

Those of us who were privileged to hear her remarkable testimonies and prayers during the revival meetings received indelible impressions of faith, childlike trust, and confident, triumphant hope in the eternal verities, which helped to make the way plainer to many of us. And numerous letters from old students testify abundantly to

the power of her personality upon theirs, and the help some timely word of hers was to them in time of need.

It was in these earlier years that I was associated with Mrs. Tracy, Mrs. Julia Hosford Merrell, and other ladies, in a movement that swept over the entire country in the early seventies, the Woman's Temperance Crusade against the saloons. The ladies met together at the house of one of their members for prayer, and then with their Bibles in their hands marched down and stood in front of one saloon after another and held a brief meeting before each. There was Scripture reading, singing, and much praying, whether any exhortations I do not now recall. I was one of the young lady students who helped about the singing, and I can remember how strange it seemed to me to be doing such an unconventional thing. But the prayers that were offered by these godly women down on their knees on the dirty sidewalk, their absolute sincerity and tremendous earnestness made a profound impression. There was always a great crowd gathered, of course, as the meetings were in progress, but we were never subjected to the slightest rudeness on the part of the saloon-keepers, or by the crowd. I remember the interested but somewhat defiant attitude of one Harry De Vere, a saloon-keeper, a man of magnificent physique, who looked like a lord fallen from some high estate. Mrs. Tracy, slight, erect, with arms folded under the heavy gray blanket shawl which she wore so many years, and head surmounted by the plain black velvet bonnet tied with a black ribbon bow under the chin, was quite a contrast in her plain attire to Harry's somewhat flashy elegance, but there was a solemn intensity in her eye that made her not unlike some prophetic sybil. Harry De Vere shortly after left Ripon, and later changed his business, whether due to the influence of the crusade, it would be hard to say, but He who marketh the

sparrow's fall, and putteth the tears of the widows and orphans into His bottle, surely heeded those earnest prayers, and answered them, though in ways unknown to us.

In 1874 I entered Middle College, and for three college years it was my home. Now, for the first time, I really *knew* Mrs. Tracy. Her abrupt ways and sharp voice at first rather disconcerted me, and just at first I was a little bit afraid of her; but no one could live long in the same building with her without finding out how really kind and good she was. I soon penetrated the outer crust of mannerism, and learned to love her dearly, and to thoroughly enjoy these very mannerisms.

For a time she was obliged to assume the duties of preceptress along with all her other duties, and the masterly way in which she handled all these complex and sometimes conflicting responsibilities was something to remember. Upon assuming this extra responsibility, she called the girls all together in the old sitting-room of the Middle College, and gave us a short talk upon our responsibilities and threw us upon our honor. Like Dr. Arnold of Rugby, she had large faith in the goodness of human nature, and trusting us, found us worthy of trust. In those days there were numerous and very strict regulations; but the order and conscientious keeping of rules while Mrs. Tracy had charge was well-nigh perfect. She never went around spying upon the girls, listening at keyholes, and snooping around in the halls, when she thought they were going to have a good time on the sly, consequently the girls vied with one another in maintaining a quiet and orderly house, and took pride in meeting her expectations.

Neither was she afraid to join in our fun. One time, when all were in the sitting-room laughing and making merry, as girls will, and had perhaps become a little hilarious, she came into the room in her abstracted way, to see

whether all was as it should be. One of the girls had sat down at the piano and started the chorus of a rollicking, laughing song. The jolly "ha-ha-ha" had been so seemingly spontaneous and so contagious, that the girls were in the full swing of the chorus, and many in helpless gales of laughter, as Mrs. Tracy entered. Cackinations in all keys and of all kinds and conditions of tones filled the air. She stood surveying the scene for a moment, waiting for the uproar to cease, then herself was caught by the contagion, and laughing heartily with us, hastily retired from the scene without comment.

She was equal to any occasion. Another time, some naughty boys put a barrel of fire-crackers at the head of the stairs in Middle College. They had the fuse so arranged that the explosion should take place about nine o'clock in the evening, when the young ladies were deep in their studies, or getting ready to retire. The fusillade in the quiet of the evening hour and in the echoing walls of the long hall was something terrific. Many of us thought that the building was about to fall about our ears, so we rushed out into the hall. Mrs. Tracy was there, quiet, calm, cool, and collected, though, like all the rest, a bit disheveled in appearance. One young lady was so frightened that she went into hysterics and crawled clear under her bed, crying, "Come on, girls, the devil is out in the hall flapping his wings. He'll get you, sure." But Mrs. Tracy was equal even to this, and helped us to calm "poor little Nell," and by ten o'clock the whole house was serene and quiet.

On another occasion, she taught a number of us a most salutary lesson. The girls were wont to gather in my room at the twilight hour for music, as I had my own piano. On the floor, in the deep window-seats, in chairs, on the table even, they would pile around and call for music.

One particular night we were so engaged, when somebody discovered that the fire was out. I volunteered to interview Mrs. Tracy and beg for coals from her fine glowing base-burner. But I reckoned without my host. Mrs. Tracy was sitting beside her warm fire, toasting her feet, and working a problem in algebra, and to my proffered request gave a decisive and abrupt negative. As I turned with the empty fire-pan in my hand and started to leave, she arose, and said in her incisive way, "Wait a minute. I'll go show you how to build a fire, then you won't have to use a fire-pan again." So we went back to my room. If Mrs. Tracy was surprised to see such a roomful of girls, she did not show it, but calmly went to work, and then and there gave such an object-lesson in the art of fire-building as few of us ever forgot. There was muffled mirth and subdued giggling at my expense and at Mrs. Tracy's various orders—"A wisp of paper; a sliver of kindling; some nice dry sticks; now apply your match"—but if any of us thereafter were tempted to take a short cut to a desired end at the expense of a neighbor, or to do a thing in the laziest way, we would recall Mrs. Tracy's terse dictum, "The quickest way to have a good fire is to build it yourself."

Mrs. Tracy was the soul of punctuality, and doubtless this very habit of being exactly on time in everything enabled her to accomplish so much. Our hours were all strictly marked off. The rising bell rang at 5:30 o'clock, A. M., and we were expected to be on time at the early breakfast at 6:30.* Five minutes of grace were allowed for the assembling of the large number of boarders. Mrs. Tracy always stood, erect and vigilant, at her place at the central table, for exactly five minutes by the clock; then bowing her head, she uttered a brief but perfectly audible

* These hours were afterwards changed to later ones.

blessing, or bade some professor do it, and then all sat down.

Now, in those days we had wood stoves in our rooms, and frequently our fires would be out by morning, so that it took all the grace and grit a girl possessed, and sometimes more, to leave her warm nest and get up and dress in the stinging cold, but fortunately it was before the days of the shirt-waist buttoning in the back. Gay-flowered wrappers, made *a la princesse*, with lace at neck and sleeve, and immense buttons up and down the front, were then in the fashion, and we were allowed to wear these to breakfast. So frequently in that five minutes of grace, a string of girls might be seen, a highly amusing spectacle, rushing down the narrow stairway, fastening the last button just as they reached the dining-room door with its glass window. If all were standing, they would enter and flutter to their places, with Mrs. Tracy's eye upon them. If too late, they preferred to forage for breakfast some other way, or go without rather than run the gauntlet of that piercing glance. After breakfast, all remained seated, while Mrs. Tracy or some of the professors led in family prayers. There were Scripture reading, prayer, and a stanza or two of a hymn, then all dispersed and the real business of the day began.

Though a strict disciplinarian and of a dignity that demanded respect and obedience, Mrs. Tracy was also most motherly and approachable, and especially if you were sick or in trouble. She was always mothering somebody, and no picture at this time would be complete without the companion picture of Alice Constance Adams, who for years was Mrs. Tracy's good right hand. Through the strenuous years of this part of Mrs. Tracy's life, Alice was the devoted, untiring, ministering spirit. Efficient, unselfish, quick as a flash, her thoughtful affection and care

surely was no small factor in helping Mrs. Tracy to conserve her forces. To Mrs. Tracy, Alice was like an own daughter, and she took great pride in her education, helping her through college as she did others.

In the summer of 1881, Alice accompanied Mrs. Tracy on a long and delightful trip to the East. Mrs. Tracy wrote characteristic and very interesting letters home to the Ripon Press.* They visited Mansfield, Ohio; Windsor, New York; Scranton, Honesdale, and Jackson, Pennsylvania; New York City, Albany, and Clifton Springs, New York; and after a brief stay at Niagara Falls, came home by the way of the Lakes from Detroit, Michigan. In June, 1884, Alice was married to Mr. William F. Meyer, in the parlor of old Middle College, and it is pleasant to recall Mrs. Tracy's happy and beaming face, as, hostess of the occasion, she dispensed delightful hospitality.

While Mrs. Tracy cared for intellectual things, yet she took pride in her culinary skill, and it certainly was great, as any one of her old boys or girls could testify. Our food in the college was uniformly good and abundant, well cooked and well served. At Thanksgiving and on Christmas Day, before the time of Yuletide vacations, most elegant dinners were served in the old dining-hall to faculty and students, and these were times of great merry-making. After the bounteous dinner of turkey, done to a turn, and vegetables galore, and chicken pie, all piping hot under Mrs. Tracy's vigilant superintendence, topped off with mince and pumpkin pies, for which she was justly famous, we adjourned to the parlor and sitting-room and played games. Mrs. Tracy joined in these with the utmost zest, and to the last of her life had this healthy normal appetite for play.

* Time and space forbid our giving any quotations from these letters, save the one about the Mormon leader, Joseph Smith, which is given in the Appendix.

At Commencement time she was in her glory, engineering the delightful collations which were held between Middle and West colleges, or on rainy days in the old dining-hall. The regular family, varying from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five, had to be provided for, also many of the fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, and aunts of the students, or other guests of the college, for the college exercised "hospitality without grudging" through all those years. How she managed, I do not know, but certainly she did not once absent herself from any of the Commencement exercises on account of her manifold duties, and everything in dining-room and kitchen went like clockwork, and the collation, without a hitch. As the invitation to the collation was very general, there were oftentimes two hundred people served. In order to prepare for these gala occasions, Mrs. Tracy arose at four in the morning and got the cakes and other things ready. Then she sat down with the guests and enjoyed herself with the rest. Had she not had a most faithful and capable co-worker in Mr. P. S. Collins (for thirty years janitor in Ripon College), she could hardly have been so at her ease.

When I returned to Ripon in the fall of 1880, as the wife of President E. H. Merrell, Mrs. Tracy's beloved friend and comrade of many years, she received me at once into her most intimate circle. It was a delightful privilege to know her in close personal intimacy, but it is not possible to put down in cold print all that she was to me and mine through the years, without touching upon things that would be altogether too personal and sacred for the general public. Sufficient to say, that I ever found her a wise counselor, an ideal friend, loving, thoughtful, and always ready to share both sorrow and joy. She came and went in our home as if we were her own kith and kin, and as the children



MIDDLE COLLEGE IN THE EIGHTIES

came, she took the greatest interest in them, and they loved her as dearly as if she had been really their grandmother. What she was to us she was to a large circle of intimate friends in Ripon: the two families of Thompsons, the Uphams, the Everhards, the Scribners, the Harrises, the Duffies, the Harwoods, the Meyers, and many others. She was wont to drop into their homes also in a perfectly informal and delightfully familiar way for dinner or tea, and make herself perfectly at home and always welcome.

In times of sickness or domestic stress, what a host she was then! She would not wait to be sent for, but seemed to scent our trouble from afar, and hastened to the rescue. She would come in, and without asking what there was to do, quietly see for herself what there was to be done and then do it, whether it was bread-making, or bathing the brow, or even the feet of the restless patient, tossing and burning in all the discomfort of a high fever. On one occasion, even, I remember how she insisted on making a batch of cookies for the children, when both the cook and I were disabled. She was ready to bestow even the not strictly necessary service, if thereby she could give pleasure or heart's ease.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. TRACY

I went to Ripon College in the autumn of 1864. One of my first studies was preparatory Latin. The department was then in the hands of Mrs. Tracy. My first acquaintance with her, then, was in the class-room. I can recall every feature of her keen face, and the penetrating tones of her voice. She was the most exacting teacher I ever met.

I had studied a little Latin in a public school, and had some facility in translation; but with no groundwork. I can now hear, as I write, Mrs. Tracy's voice as she said,

after a fair attempt at reading and a poor one at grammar, "Holt, I don't see how you can translate so well and know so little."

Her drill in grammar was most painstaking and thorough. After a lapse of almost half a century, thanks to Mrs. Tracy, I can repeat the twenty-six prepositions which govern the accusative, without a slip. When later our class passed into the hands of Professor William Hayes Ward, we knew Latin grammar, and were ready to be pushed to the limit by that splendid scholar.

After I became an inmate of the Middle College, my relations with Mrs. Tracy became closer. I had to work for some of my college expenses, and Dr. Merrell turned me over to Mrs. Tracy, who had charge of the culinary department. I did the marketing under her direction, and learned the routine of "roast beef, boiled beef, and meat pie." It was also one of my duties to keep track of the disposal of the meats among the tables, so that the coveted "meat pies" got to the proper table in rotation. This gave me a chance to see her "rob the roast." She did it well, as Ida Morley, Emma Ferguson, and other girls who "helped" in the kitchen can testify.

I was also much impressed with the genial side of Mrs. Tracy's life, when she could relax from the stern task of disciplinarian over a bevy of as eager, wholesome, active girls as ever vexed a martinet. A gracious smile took the place of the wrinkles of discipline, and she was a very enjoyable companion and friend.

Another thing about her was her absolute fairness. I recall in one examination she had made a mistake in marking. It was in my own case. Her attention was called to it, and without hesitation she made the necessary correction, recalling that the examination had been better than her mark indicated.

Her simple, unaffected piety was remarkable. She was strict, she was severe often; but when she spoke simply, womanly, in the prayer circle, we knew the words came from a heart surrendered to Jesus Christ her Lord.

I owe much to Mrs. Tracy, and I gratefully make acknowledgment of the debt.

W. S. HOLT, 1870.*

I am having my freshman rhetoric class write descriptions of "mental states" just now, and they do not always seem to remember ever having had any; and yet how vivid even now is mine of that moment in the algebra class when I was surreptitiously imparting a most important bit of news to Mr. MacNeill, when suddenly I became conscious that the whole atmosphere was heavy with silence, and glanced up to find myself pinioned by Mrs. Tracy's eyes, so full of mingled sternness, disgust, and amusement.

Do you remember our delight when rumor reached us that a rabid exponent of woman's rights had asked Mrs. Tracy if she did not often feel put down, sat upon, etc., because she was a mere woman, and Mrs. Tracy, in her characteristic manner, had promptly responded, "Well, no, I never noticed it." The idea of any one's trying to "sit down" upon Mrs. Tracy filled us with unspeakable delight.

What a tower of strength she was if things were going wrong anywhere! How quick to make us feel that life was duty and privilege! Another mental picture I retain of her is among a stream of us coming out from some service from the church, where pleased comment was being made on the recent conversion of one of our number. Her face was full of pleasure, but her only words of comment were,

*Mr. Holt is now Field Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions for the Pacific Coast, and works in Alaska, Washington, North Idaho, Oregon, California, and Nevada,—a good-sized field.

“This will mean better lessons, too.” Truly her memory is a rich legacy to us all.

CAROLINE W. DANIELS, 1882.

DRURY COLLEGE, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

College Days, January, 1906.

How well I remember an afternoon twenty-two years ago, during my first term at Ripon! Mrs. Tracy found the house where I was rooming and spent half an hour visiting with me. She seemed to know that I was timid and lonely and needed a little friendship. I hope she knows how much good it did me, and how I've loved her ever since.

ARTHUR E. LEONARD, 1891.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

COLUMBUS, WIS.

Mrs. Tracy was a sincere Christian, that was as undoubted as her ability to teach algebra or botany. She disliked affectation, and never lacked the courage to reprove it. One day at her table, in the dining-room, some young ladies were speaking about the pump that was run by the windmill, back of the Middle building, and the old tin cup that we all drank out of in the good old days, when the microbe was an unknown quantity. One young lady said, “I never drink out of that tin cup. I always take a glass with me when I go to the pump.” Mrs. Tracy looked up and said, “Miss ——, there are lots of nicer girls than you that have drunk out of that cup.”

Mrs. Tracy was a strict Sabbatarian. One time in the botany class she told about a young minister who drove over to Dartford to preach one Sunday, and on his way back he picked by the roadside a flower that was new to him, and the same afternoon brought it to her to find out

what it was. What happened she didn't say. The story stopped there, but she smiled, and we inferred that the young minister never came to her again for information in regard to botany on Sunday.

Ripon College was indeed fortunate to have at its start Mrs. Tracy as a member of the faculty and matron of the young ladies. A noble character, a good teacher, a strict disciplinarian, an able administrator, a faithful friend, and let us not forget she also was a good mother. May Ripon College never lack teachers and students to carry on the good work Mrs. Tracy began, is the wish of

Yours truly,

FLUSHING, NEW YORK,
November 20, 1907.

E. P. MARTIN.

Mrs. Tracy read the poem that follows at one of the Ripon College Commencements:

MY DEAR OLD BOYS AND GIRLS

My dear old boys and girls of yore,
I'm with you at your feast to-night;
I've known and loved you all before,
And claim this privilege my right.

Though flesh from you be sundered far,
The willing spirit, swift of wing,
Shall fly and push your doors ajar,
And with you talk and laugh and sing.

Sweet memories of golden hours
Come trooping in while we are here,
And paint for us the woodland flowers,
Which gave to us such joy and cheer.

The Campus over which we walked,
In thoughtful mood, or blithe or gay,
As of our hopes and plans we talked,
Looms up as in the olden day.

CLARISSA TUCKER TRACY

Mem'ry shall paint, with magic skill,
 The scenes which we all love so well;
 Their view with joy each heart shall thrill,
 And some long secret tales shall tell.

The student's weekly hour for prayer,
 In the old Chapel or the new,
 Whose blessed power we still may share,
 To keep us good and pure and true.

And the old class-rooms where we met,
 With students dull and students bright;
 Those days we never can forget
 Till earthly things are lost to sight.

The room where we, in merry mood,
 Gathered at morning, noon, and night,
 To take our simple, daily food,
 Just now comes plainly to our sight.

* * * *

I cannot longer with you stay,
 For soon I take my homeward flight,
 But I will ever for you pray;
 God bless us one and all,— Good-night.

VII

IN HER DECLINING YEARS

“But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”—Proverbs iv. 18.

Through the eighties, Mrs. Tracy continued at her post. She was still nominal head of the domestic department, though since some time in the seventies there had been a matron, to see to the kitchen and dining-room, and to relieve Mrs. Tracy of the brunt of the cares there.

So the even tenor of her life ran on, and then suddenly, like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, the bolt fell. Sunday, December 6, 1891, a telegram came to Mr. Merrell from Mrs. Horace Tracy, announcing the death of her husband that morning. Mr. Merrell had gone out in the country to preach, so messengers were sent to have him come home early in the afternoon to break the news to Mrs. Tracy. I went over and went to church and Sunday-school with her, and stayed to dinner with her, and until Mr. Merrell came. She did not suspect anything from my doing so, as I was accustomed to visit her in this familiar way. When Mr. Merrell broke the news to her she said simply, as she knelt, “Pray.” Though she kept up with marvelous fortitude, she broke perceptibly from that time on, and was never quite the same afterwards. She went down to supper as usual that Sunday, saying that she would rather do just as she was accustomed to do, if it would not make the students feel badly to have her come down. Mr. Merrell accompanied her to Escanaba to pay the last sad rites, and friends meeting them at the depot

said, "All Escanaba is in mourning." Mrs. Tracy's self-control through all the trying ordeal was a wonder, even to those who knew her best.

On her return to college, she resumed her work as usual, and to the casual glance all was as it was before. But those who knew her best knew that the very springs of her life had been sapped. It was months before she could even speak her beloved son's name, and then but rarely; and she told me a long, long time afterwards, that for months she never slept until after three or four o'clock in the morning, and she could not weep for a long time. Only divine grace sustained her. I was with her almost daily for weeks and weeks after her bereavement, and I always found her cheerful, interested in college and current events, ready to chat, bravely and unselfishly putting her own heartache in the background. Her calmness and serenity might to some seem like stoicism, but it was the outcome of a lifetime of trust. She had learned

"In hours of faith,
That life is ever Lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own!"

In regard to a little incident that occurred the first lonely Christmas after her son's death, Mrs. Tracy wrote the following little story and sent it to the Advance for the Children's Department.

"I wonder if any one has a prettier Christmas story to tell than I have? I will give it; then you will know. On Christmas morning about ten o'clock, a lady was sitting alone in her room, thinking of the Christmas days of long ago, when her own dear children were so full of glee, and her own heart was light and glad; then of the great change,— her children gone, no more to greet her on earth.

"Just then the sound of little feet treading softly was heard in the hall outside of the door, and little voices sang a sweet Christmas hymn. When they finished, there was a light tap on the door.

Being bidden to come in, four girls and one little boy came in, and each gave the lonely lady a kiss and a little Christmas present. So her heart was made light, and she said, 'God bless the dear children, who try to give to sorrowing ones some of the love and comfort which the Christ child brought.'

Not long after, Mrs. Tracy bought the little home on Ransom Street, Ripon, and there passed her last days. In the fall of 1893, she took formal possession, and moved in her household goods. Mrs. Horace Tracy and children spent different seasons with her, much to her delight; but Mrs. Horace Tracy's delicate health made it impossible for her to brave the rigors of our Wisconsin winters, and take up her permanent home here. She and her two daughters spent a year abroad, and thereafter made Mrs. Tracy frequent long visits through the years.

For a long time after giving up the more strenuous duties of head of the domestic department of Ripon College, Mrs. Tracy superintended Dawes Cottage. A number of young ladies, who wished to reduce college expenses to a minimum, tried the experiment of co-operative housekeeping at Dawes Cottage with great success. Mrs. Tracy's counsel and help were invaluable to the young people, but as old age encroached upon her energies, she in time gave up even these slight duties, and found scope enough for her talents within her own four walls. The little home on Ransom Street became the center of a most delightful social life, for Mrs. Tracy delighted in entertaining and in being entertained. The old students always sought her out and called upon her, and many were urged to remain as guests. For several years Mrs. Tracy had students to help her in the home, and thereby helped them too, by giving board and lodging in payment for service. But as the years went on, it became necessary for her to have a regular maid, and Bertha Achtenberg was secured,

who rendered faithful, efficient, and loving service through the last few years of Mrs. Tracy's life. The wisdom, tact, and consideration which Mrs. Tracy showed those who served her was fully reciprocated by a loving personal loyalty on their part.

In 1894, the faculty and students of Ripon College tendered Mrs. Tracy a reception in honor of her thirty-five years of continuous service with the college. This was held in the parlors of the Congregational Church, and was a very large and elegant affair. Most delightful letters were received from former teachers and students, full of expressions of good will and personal affection. A beautiful glass china-cupboard, a handsome lounge, a large picture, a fine lamp, and a purse full of gold pieces (as many as she had taught years), were given Mrs. Tracy, much to her surprise.

In 1898, Mrs. Tracy told me that her birthday was November 12th, and that, as she would then be eighty years old, she would like to celebrate it in some way. She said that she had purposely refrained throughout the years from letting anybody know her birthday, because she knew the students would celebrate it or give her presents, which she thought they could ill afford. So no one had known her birthday except Mr. Merrell, and he had forgotten it. But now she wished to celebrate so important an occasion as the attainment of her fourscore years.

The faculty, ladies, and others of Mrs. Tracy's friends took the matter up and gave her a celebration at her own home that delighted her heart. And thereafter every birthday, up to the last, was celebrated in some delightful way, either at her own home or elsewhere.

At Commencement time no one was more honored than Mrs. Tracy. For many years she either made a speech or read a poem in reply to her name. Among her papers

was found a copy of a speech which she must have made in 1890. It is a characteristic one, but there is space for only the final part of it:

“Miss Sill used to say that she was married to Rockford Seminary I think, in some similar sense, I have been married to Ripon College Certainly we have lived together for thirty-one years, and numerous children have come to us, and I trust most of them have gone out from it with an abiding influence for good. Certainly many are doing good service for the Master in this land and in other lands. I have even attained to the dignity of grandmother, as eight or ten of the grandchildren have come here for nurture during the past two or three years. I would not intimate that my influence for good has been all that they have received here, only the smallest part of it. But it has always been a joy to me to know that my children, and now my grandchildren, are walking in the truth, and I thank God that he has given me the privilege of such work.”

Mrs. Tracy's health through all her life was remarkable for one of so slight a physical frame. She had only one serious illness in all the years of her life, and that was due to an attack of the gripe in 1900. She was careful to obey the laws of hygiene, and treated her body with the utmost respect, even when alone having her meals prepared with the utmost care and regularity.

It was her custom in the winter time to eat mince pies for breakfast and dinner, because they were not only toothsome, but nutritious, and more palatable than meat cooked in other ways. This was a matter of astonishment to her friends; but she certainly suffered no ill effects from such a diet. She had reduced religious therapeutics to a science, and needed no outside cult to teach her the art of keeping well. Christ — Redeemer, Healer, Friend — was sufficient for her, and the evenness and steadiness of her physical health was due, in a large measure, to the serenity and soundness of her spiritual life, hid with Christ in God. She never worried over anything, and her

constant habit of carrying everything to a personal God in prayer was a large factor in maintaining both soundness of mind and health of body. She believed in God's promises, and accepted them with the simplicity of a child, and so she was carried "even to hoar hairs," by the Living God. Such lives might well be taken as ringing calls to orthodox Christianity to reaffirm that it has everything of healing requisite for the health of body, soul, and mind that new cults claim, and the infinite fullness of Christian truth in addition.

One of the supreme tests of character is the way in which we grow old. Mrs. Tracy met this test beautifully, and while it was sad to her friends to see the ravages time made, yet it was also beautiful to note how the spirit mellowed and ripened. She kept up her interest in the Educational Club and the W. C. T. U. almost to the last, and her devotion to the cause which she loved most of all, *missions*, never knew abatement. Her life was almost synchronous with the past wonderful century of missions. Familiar from childhood with all the history of the American Board, she early imbibed that passion for souls, and sense of personal responsibility for the furtherance of God's plans for the salvation of the heathen, which were the most vital concerns of her life. She knew the missionaries of our Board by name and many of them personally. She prayed for them individually and daily. She gave generously out of her small means, counting it of no moment to deny herself for the work.

Eager to have some one go to the annual meeting of the W. B. M. I. at Oak Park, in October, 1905, she, as usual, headed the list with her subscription towards the expense of our delegates. Though stricken with mortal illness, she had the last missionary meeting of our local auxiliary at her home, just the Wednesday before she died. It

seemed in the nature of a last sacrament, and none of those present will ever forget the radiance of her face as she eagerly listened to the joyous news of God's generous answer to the prayers from our women of the Interior in giving more than the \$100,000 needed for the work abroad. In a book which she handed to our solicitor was found, after her death, the following words, the last she ever wrote:

"MY DEAR SISTERS: Our purpose is to have the name of every lady member of our church on the list of our contributors to our missionary society. It is the plan being adopted by many of our churches, and we hope soon will be by all. Please do not hesitate to give a small pledge if you cannot do more, but lay aside a little at a time, and you will be astonished to see how the sum will grow. Remember to accompany your gift with prayer. May God bless you all."

C. T. T.

Premonitions of the end came some weeks before her death, and her daughter-in-law and granddaughter, Mrs. Osborn, were summoned from the East. On their coming, she seemed for a time almost well, but it was the last fitful flickering of a light that was almost out. She was able to be up and dressed every day, but Saturday afternoon, November 11th, she sank into a stupor, and quietly breathed her last the following Monday, November 13th, at noon.

Mrs. Tracy had often told me of the triumphant deaths of relatives of hers, and I wondered whether she, too, would see visions such as they had seen, but if she had any, she did not, or could not, impart them to us. Mr. Merrell offered a brief prayer by her side Sunday afternoon. I knelt with him. She held a hand of each of us as he prayed, and the answering pressure of her hand seemed to indicate that she knew us and understood, and when we said good-bye, she nodded her head and tried to say something, but

the power of speech was gone. The eyes seemed to be turned inward, the soul wrapped in mysterious but majestic solitude, and so her spirit took its flight back to its Maker in silence, but not, we trust, in loneliness, for our Heavenly Father hath promised His children that He will be their "Guide, even unto death."

AN EPITAPH

No stone as yet marks Mrs. Tracy's last resting-place; but we trust a monument will soon be placed over her grave. On this she wished inscribed simply, "A Teacher in Ripon College," with her name and the dates of her birth and death, and a brief text of Scripture.

Had we been allowed to write an epitaph, no more beautiful or fitting one could have been found than the touching one inscribed to his beloved wife by Sir Thomas Lucy, on her tomb in the quaint old church in Charlecote Park, near Stratford on the Avon:—

"All the time of her Lyfe a true and faithfull servant of her God; never detected of any crime, or vice; in religion most sound; in love to her husband most faithfull and true. In friendship, most constant. To what in trust was committed unto her most secret; in wisdom excelling; in governing her House and bringing up of Youth in the feare of God that did converse with her most rare and singular; a great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a Woman so furnished and garnished with Virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled of any; as she lived most virtuously, so she dyed most godly. Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true. *Thomas Lucy.*"

VIII

MRS. TRACY'S OFFICIAL RELATIONS TO RIPON
COLLEGE

“Till the future dares forget the past,
Her fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto Eternity.”

—SHELLEY.

The first record of the Board of Trustees of Ripon (then Brockway) College indicating Mrs. Tracy's official relations was made on October 3, 1859, and is as follows: “On motion of Mr. Bowen, voted to employ Mrs. Tracy as matron of the boarding department, and to hear such recitations as may be necessary, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year.” This vote was in a manner prophetic, for Mrs. Tracy served the college largely in double relations, having the capacity of effective leadership in the so-called secularities, and being at the same time a vigorous and successful teacher. Prophetic also as to the matter of compensation, for the pay was always meagerly modest, and for much of the time she was expected to make her salary by her skill and economy in the management of the domestic department. She served the college for the love of it and the good she could do to her pupils, and her reward has been rich in the love of many whom she strengthened in character, and blest with the service of unstinted love. On July 20, 1864, the board adopted a recommendation of President Merriman, “that Mrs. Tracy's salary be derived from the income of the boarding department,” and on July 19th of the following year the Presi-

dent reported that "Mr. Merrell, Mrs. Tracy, and Mrs. Woodrow have been constantly and fully employed in teaching the whole year." Nevertheless Mrs. Tracy was, during all of the time, head of the boarding department, and the somewhat strenuous nature of her duties is indicated in action of the board on June 27, 1871. In addition to her teaching duties, as matron she was "to have exclusive charge of the domestic department; to have the care of the halls and rooms when unoccupied; to have the assignment of domestic work to the young ladies; and to act as hostess, all invitations of company in behalf of the college to be made through her, and no company to be invited except with her approval."

During the last years of her life no work was assigned her by the faculty, yet much of the time she taught small classes at her home, or acted as coach for students that needed to be helped over hard spots. But almost to the last her feeble steps led to the chapel at the time of daily worship, for here was the center of her deepest and truest love. Her presence was a rebuke to the careless and a benediction to those gathered in the spirit of sincere worship.

But, notwithstanding the meagerness of her pecuniary compensation, she suffered no real want. Though no official action was taken in the matter, the college by common consent continued her salary to the very end. The jar of meal did not waste, neither did the cruse of oil fail. By some profitable little investments, made through the aid of her son, she had managed to purchase a modest home, and this shortly before her death she left to the college, a gift to the endowment funds. Where her heart was, thither her treasure went also.



BROCKWAY COLLEGE
FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. MARY PEDRICK BALDWIN

MRS. CLARISSA TUCKER TRACY

No more will the familiar figure of our beloved friend, Mrs. Clarissa Tucker Tracy, be seen on the streets of Ripon; no more shall we hear the familiar voice in chapel or prayer meeting, and Ripon will not seem like Ripon to many of us, who have been privileged to be in close touch with her throughout the years. Mrs. Tracy was pre-eminently a woman who knew how to be a friend. Her sympathies were so large and catholic that all kinds and conditions of folk found room in her affections, and she had the ample charity that could cover a multitude of sins and keep on loving the sinner. She not only discerned the best that there was in the people around her, but was able to draw their very best out. Hers was the heart

“At leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize”;

and none ever went to her for comfort and found her wanting.

Her life has been lived right here among us, and has been clearly read by all of us. It has not been a particularly eventful life, so far as outward events go, just a “simple life,” spent quietly and busily and happily in being good and doing good. In the nearly fifty years spent in Ripon, she rarely left Ripon to go elsewhere.

As a friend said of her: “Why, she did not even care to go to Europe, and she might have gone.” Ripon seemed to be sufficient for her, and it was. No person certainly could have been more beloved, more honored, than she has been; and the memory of her simple, wholesome, true Christian life is as a sweet savor that lightens and brightens the heavy atmosphere of this weary world for all of us.

In the long conversations with her through the years, indelible pictures were made upon the mind. We see the little three-and-a-half-year maiden trotting the mile through the dense Pennsylvania woods, beside her sturdy little brother, to share the delights of "deestrick skule." We see her quickly getting ahead of him in the reading, and surprising the good mother at home, before three months' attendance, by repeating "How doth the little busy bee," and other poems which she had learned to and from school, from the fat little volume of Watts's Hymns, which she had won as a prize. In the primitive log house, in the well-nigh unbroken forest, we see the straight, active little elder sister of ten, attending the babies, stirring the porridge, knitting, sewing, spinning, and helping wherever she could "lend a hand." At fourteen we see her installed as village schoolmistress, active, bright, and full of executive ability; then later in sugar-camp and academy, acquiring that love of nature and of knowledge whose thirst was never quenched, for it was in the spring-times in the sugar-camp that she gained her wonderful insight into floriculture, which made her later such an authority in matters botanical, and it was at the academy at Honesdale that she imbibed knowledge literally. She herself often told the story of how she learned Latin. She had to sit and study in the same room where the Latin recitation was going on, and to the utter astonishment of the teacher, the little Clarissa not only learned to read Latin by simply hearing the recitations, but outdistanced members of the class in her knowledge of the subject by the same method, so that she was allowed to join the class.

The years of her triumphs as teacher at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, and Neenah, Wisconsin, the many distinguished people with whom she was associated, would form an interesting chapter, but would be out of place in an

article of this kind. What concerns us principally is her connection with Ripon College. Mrs. Tracy was married in 1844 to Horace Tracy, a brother of Judge Tracy, of Honesdale. Upon his death, June 9, 1848, Mrs. Tracy was left with two young children, Clarissa, who died in childhood, and Horace (later Dr. Horace Tracy, of Escanaba, who died suddenly a few years ago), and once more resumed her teaching. In an interesting autobiographical sketch, published in the Milwaukee Sentinel, December 13, 1903, and later in the December, 1903, College Days, Mrs. Tracy tells how she happened to come to Ripon. In the autumn of 1855 she felt a revival of an early desire to teach in less favored places. Several remarkable incidents occurred that loosened the ties that bound her to the East, and the call to Ripon seemed so clearly a special call, that, committing her decision to Divine guidance, she felt that she was led to come to Ripon. The following words from Mrs. Tracy's mother helped her to come to a decision: "I have long felt that it is your wish to do God's will in any way He marks out for you. If you think this is the way He leads you, I can only say 'Go.'"

So in the fall of 1859, October 3, began Mrs. C. T. Tracy's connection with Ripon College. Only those who knew her in her prime can have an adequate idea of what she was to Ripon College in its earlier days. Her wonderful versatility, resourcefulness, and indomitable courage were important factors in the development of its life, and helped to make it the strong institution that it is. The following tribute in the Historical Sketch of Ripon College, by ex-President Merrell, was true to the life: "A woman of uncommon strength and nobility of character; unconquerable in courage and fertile in resources; self-sacrificing to the last degree for any good cause she may have espoused; she has been a center of

moral and intellectual unity through trying years, on which the faith of weaker natures has taken hold as of a cable of steel in a difficult pass. It is no wonder that President Merriman on one occasion, in speaking of her surprising capability in managing the internal domestic affairs of the college, declared that he considered her service of more importance than his own."

Whether feeding two hundred guests at the old-time college collation, or housing a regiment, as when Colonel La Grange and his men were quartered upon the campus, Mrs. Tracy was always ready, equal to any emergency. There was absolutely no self-seeking in her devotion to the College; she worked for it because she loved it, and spared neither time, strength, nor money from her meager salary to further its interests. Of the young men and the young women braced for life's battles by her invincible faith and courage, only the great Judgment Day will reveal the number.

For years Mrs. Tracy acted, in manifold capacity, matron of the domestic department, lady principal in addition to this, part of the time teacher of mathematics and botany, and continued her work actively up to two years ago; since when she has been connected with the college as Professor Emeritus, attending faculty meetings until a few weeks ago, when the beginning of the end manifested itself in a greatly impaired action of the heart. And so our beloved friend was taken from us, but she lives and will live always in our hearts.

Mrs. Tracy was a member of the Educational Club, and for almost its entire history President of the Ripon W. B. M. I. auxiliary, having its last meeting at her home just two weeks ago, to hear the glad news from the front in regard to the subject nearest to her heart, missions. Her seat in church, chapel, and prayer meeting was rarely

vacant, and only four short weeks ago she went to church for the last time, though barely able to walk.

One brother and a sister-in-law and a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Horace Tracy, and her two daughters, Mrs. Henry Osborn of Cleveland, Ohio, and Dorothy, are the only surviving members of Mrs. Tracy's immediate family; but her spiritual children are a host, and they rise up and call her blessed.

ADA CLARK MERRELL.

RIPON COMMONWEALTH,
November 17, 1905.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCH

The funeral services at the Congregational Church were conducted by the pastor, Dr. S. T. Kidder, assisted by Dr. E. H. Merrell and Professor Jesse F. Taintor. A large choir sang some of Mrs. Tracy's favorite hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," "Jerusalem the Golden," and "Arise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings." Professor Meier presided at the organ. Dr. Kidder's prayers and scriptural selections were most tender and comforting, and the readings from Mrs. Tracy's poems most beautiful. In his brief opening remarks, Dr. Kidder told us that we were present on an occasion, not of sadness, but of triumph; therefore we ought not to weep, but to rejoice in her good fortune who had gone from us.

The address of Dr. Merrell was to the effect that Mrs. Tracy's story was already told, writ in large letters in living characters, so that he that runs might read in her life itself; a poem set, perhaps, in rough meter, but one that would set one's pulses beating faster; a song that sung itself. Briefly reviewing her history, Dr. Merrell said hers was a case in which words seemed meaningless, she herself was so much more. Asking why her life was so

forceful and popular, he gave four reasons: because it was intellectual, administrative, religious, and crowned with self-surrender. This last made all the rest forceful and enabled her to transform the lives of others and multiply her influence. The life of Mrs. Mary Spencer Thayer was cited as one of these mighty multiplications. He placed her not, perhaps, among the great of this earth, but among the great of those who walk the heavenly streets, because she had strength, moral earnestness, magnanimity, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, which combined made character, and character alone is great.

A beautiful message from the Chicago alumni was read.

Professor Taintor called our attention to one note, the note of victory. It was not a time for woeful lamentation, but for rejoicing, since she was not dead, but living. He paid a tender tribute to the beauty of her character and its far-reaching influence, and bade us heed the message which was her last public charge to the sons and daughters of Ripon, "Little children, love one another." As that was the dominant strain in her song, so let it be the dominant chord in our lives.

Most fitting was it that the flowers were so numerous and so beautiful and so exquisitely arranged, for she dearly loved flowers. The faculty and students marched to the church, and with a large number of friends, after the service at the church, followed all that was mortal of our beloved one, as it was borne by the faculty and seniors in turn to its last resting-place in the cemetery on the hillside.

TRACY FUNERAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1905

Organ Prelude.....	Chopin.
Sentence and Invocation, Prayer.	
Hymn.....	“Lead, Kindly Light.”
Scripture, Ps. 107.	
Mrs. Tracy’s Poems.....	Dr. S. T. Kidder
Prayer.	
Hymn.....	“Jerusalem the Golden.”
Address.....	Dr. E. H. Merrell.
Address.....	Prof. J. F. Taintor.
Hymn.....	“Rise, my Soul.”
Benediction.....	Dr. E. H. Merrell.
Postlude.	

MINUTE OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

RIPON, WISCONSIN,
THURSDAY, NOV. 23, 1905.

Anniversary meeting and roll-call, at which one hundred and four members were present, and forty more sent responses to the invitation.

A minute in memorial of Mrs. Tracy was presented by Dr. E. H. Merrell, and read as follows:

“Deeply sensible of the loss sustained in the death of Mrs. Clarissa Tucker Tracy, which occurred on the 13th of November, 1905, and desiring to give expression to our sorrow, our admiration for her exceptional worth, and our esteem for her many good works in the midst of us, which were constant during the long period of more than forty-six years, this First Congregational Church of Ripon directs that the following minute be spread upon its records:

“1. We unite in devout thanksgiving to God, the giver of all perfect gifts, that He raised up for large and special service this noble woman; that He directed her steps to this Church and to Ripon College, in connection with which

the larger part of her life work was accomplished; and that He kept her in life and strength to bear witness for Himself unto the great age of eighty-seven years and one day.

“2. In honor of her memory, and for our own admonition, we mention and record certain traits and moral qualities in the possession of which she was conspicuous and distinguished. Her intellect was vigorous and keen, her knowledge was comprehensive and thorough, especially in the truths of the Bible, and in the branches of study which she made specialties; her courage in obeying the calls of duty and in confronting obstacles was unconquerable; her faithfulness extended to the last details of responsibility; her faith never wavered in afflictions or trials; her charity covered the faults of others like a mantle, so that she wrought harmoniously with them; her wit was keen to find the many profitable ways of church and missionary activity; and in self-surrendering sacrifice she had no superior and few peers. By her loving service she built her life into many another, who have acknowledged their indebtedness with deepest gratitude. In respect to her services for the college, one of the older alumni writes: ‘A wonderful woman, true to the last to the best spirit of the best days of Ripon College, a spirit which she herself was immensely instrumental in creating and sustaining. Her life was strenuous and heroic, and fully rounded out. Is there another which has been more powerfully influential upon the lives of all Ripon students?’

“3. Deploring the break in our ranks caused by this death, we highly resolve to consecrate ourselves anew to the work of this mother in Israel so deeply loved, and, in emulation of her spirit and aims, by patient continuance in well-doing, to seek for glory and honor and immortality, the eternal life which she has triumphantly entered.”

Voted, that this minute be indorsed by the Church and spread upon the records.

Voted, that the thanks of the Church be given to Mrs. E. N. Davison for the gift of photographs of Mrs. Tracy, framed for placing in the vestry.

(Signed) CHARLES H. CHANDLER, Clerk.

A MEMORIAL FROM THE FACULTY

At a meeting of the Faculty the following minute was adopted and entered upon the records:

Mrs. Clarissa T. Tracy, for forty-six years an intellectual and spiritual force in the college and community life, has finished her work among us, and has entered upon the larger life.

As the Faculty of Ripon College, we desire, therefore, to express, for the college and for ourselves, our profound appreciation of her life work. We recognize the unmeasured worth of her steadfast patience, her self-forgetful devotion, her unfailing loyalty to duty, her ever-ready helpfulness, her uncompromising righteousness, her Christian consecration and her Christian love, as these have been manifested in her long years of service. We account ourselves and the College richer and stronger and better because of her life among us, and we believe that the grateful and gracious influence of her life will long abide as a power for good in the institution for which she so unsparingly gave herself.

We gladly and heartily declare also her peculiar helpfulness through the years, as a member of this body. In former years her wisdom in council was always to be relied upon, and her judgment on all matters pertaining to the college was always as a tower of strength, as in later years

the Christian influence of her presence has been an element of inspiration.

In the quiet and peace of her later days, and in the gentle and painless passing from an earthly to a heavenly home, we see the tenderness of a loving Providence, and we rejoice that, having brought forth fruit even to old age, she has now entered upon an endless life, having a right to the fruits of the tree of life.

This minute is prepared that, as spread upon our records, it may stand as a permanent witness to our loving regard for Mrs. Tracy as an individual, as a member of this body, and an instructor in the college, as a personal influence molding for good the lives of the young, and as a devoted follower of our common Lord and Master.

F. M. ERICKSON, Secretary.

TELEGRAM FROM THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION

CHICAGO, Nov. 14, 1905.

Whereas, Divine Providence has called home for her everlasting rest from earthly labors our dearly beloved teacher and friend, Clarissa Tracy, we, the Chicago Association of Ripon Alumni and Students, unite in this expression of affectionate remembrance of Mrs. Tracy's great love for every one who has been a student at Ripon College, and of our profound respect for those qualities of heart and mind which, during so many years, made her an inspiring teacher and a loyal supporter of Ripon College in its days of trial as well as in its days of prosperity.

FRANK NEWHALL WHITE,	WILLIAM R. DAWES,
HENRY M. LEMON,	WILTON B. JUDD,
FREDERICK A. DAWES,	CHARLES P. COFFIN,
	Committee.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. C. T. TRACY, NOVEMBER
13, 1905

The members of the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society of Ripon, Wisconsin, feel that we have sustained a great loss in the removal of our beloved President, Mrs. C. T. Tracy, November 13, 1905. We desire to express our appreciation of her deep and abiding interest in the cause we represent. This interest was manifested by her regular attendance, having missed but one meeting since 1895; and by her interest and knowledge of the many missionaries who are in the field. Since 1880 she has been a most faithful President of the Society, and we hope that her example of faithfulness, love, and piety may be an inspiration to us all in the years that are to come. While we mourn our loss we rejoice in believing that she has entered into a blessed inheritance with the Saints in Light.

EVA HARRIS,
Secretary W. B. M. I. Auxiliary.

MRS. TRACY'S CHURCH LIFE

Mrs. Tracy was a church member of such a steadfast, ready, joyous, broad-souled type that if all church members were of similar quality there would be no difficulty in having the "world won to Christ in this generation." For more than forty-six years she was a wide-awake, working member of the Ripon Church. It was her Church in a deep, true sense. She loved it, and loved its ordinances. Her place in its assemblies for worship was never empty if she were in town and well. Her counsel, for many years, in its prudential committee was indispensably wise and helpful. She attended its prayer-meetings in all weathers, because she loved to, and not as a perfunctory service.

The old hymns of the Church were dear to her, the place of prayer and Christian converse cheered her, and she always cheered others by her ready prayers and testimonies that were ever most heartfelt and strong. Her life and influence gave them a substantial quality that told mightily for the Master. She was a thoroughly genuine and joyous Christian. Her sympathy with world-wide missions was fervent, and her missionary intelligence strikingly complete and always at hand. The missionaries of the Ripon Church and the college were ever near her heart. Yet no other cause benevolent, near or far, found her heart dry or her hands empty. She loved the Sunday school, and was for many years a teacher, constant and finely successful, because she was a close daily Bible student. She loved the young people, and kept herself young with them. She was no stranger in their devotional and social gatherings. In short, she was a balanced, dependable, humble, yet marvelously effective Christian.

S. T. KIDDER,

Pastor Congregational Church, Ripon, Wis.

PART II

POEMS AND PROSE ARTICLES
BY CLARISSA TUCKER TRACY

HOW MUCH OWEST THOU MY LORD ?

A fair New England girl in youth's sweet morn,
With visions bright of earthly love and fame,
One who to luxury and ease was born,
But gave herself to God in Jesus' name;
There came to her the thought, a debt of love I owe,
To heathen souls, who no such blessings know.

In her own quiet room she knelt,
With words of consecration deep and true,
A blessed unseen Presence then she felt,
It was her loving Saviour then she knew.
Then forth across the ocean's waves she went,
Feeling by God's commission she was sent.

Her earthly life was brief, but full of peace;
Some said, "A waste, a waste. Too great a price
Has thus been paid for work so soon to cease."
An ocean islet long has held her dust,
Where she gave up her life in joyful trust.

But the sweet story of her life has thrilled
The hearts of many maidens in our land,
Which with true missionary zeal were filled.
They too went forth, a consecrated band,
To lost ones bore the message from above,
Of an Almighty Saviour's dying love.

A noble youth, who knelt at learning's shrine,
Heard a strange voice that whispered to his heart,

“Honor and fame of earth thou must resign,
Thee I have chosen for a better part;
Go bear my message to the heathen lost.”
The mission he fulfilled, nor spared the cost.

To Burma’s sons he gave God’s Holy Word,
In their own tongue, and by its precious love
New hopes and aims were in them stirred,
And by its light, they saw the open door,
Which was an entrance to a life divine,
Whose blessed beams shall ever on them shine.

From out these college walls there went a youth
With burning zeal and faith inspired;
To Africa he bore God’s words of truth,
Nor ever of his loving labor tired;
But preached and taught with hope and holy cheer,
Till called to service in a higher sphere.*

And one I knew, possessed of worldly store,
To her the question came, “What owest thou?”
She answered, “I owe all I have and more,”
And gave her earthly wealth in solemn vow.
Now joyful ones, by help of her bequest,
Are teaching heathen souls of Christ and rest.

Ask thou this question, O my secret soul!
And may’st thou then, such answer make,
That as the ages ceaseless, onward roll,
Shall be, I paid my debt for Jesus’ sake,
And so with all the life and soul renewed
Thou shalt with Christ’s own spirit be endued.

* Rev. Myron Pinkerton, 1867.

Each one must have his own Gethsemane,
Must cheerfully and humbly bear the Cross.
Before his vision will be clear to see,
That life for Christ is gain, and never loss.
Then will he work with earnest heart and voice,
That heathen souls may, too, in Christ rejoice.

“O God, our souls with holy oil anoint,
A sense of high commission on us lay,
To each one work of sacrifice appoint,
For this with consecrated hearts we pray,
That we shall learn with faith and joy to give,
And know the only way to truly live.”

Written by Mrs. C. T. Tracy, and recited by Miss Lulu Dysart, at the W. B. M. I. meeting at the Congregational State Convention, held in Ripon, Wisconsin, 1898.

I ASK MY SECRET SOUL

Written by Mrs. C. T. Tracy, and read at the annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Convention, 1898.

I ask my secret soul, “What owest thou?”
O, may'st thou so obey God's great command
That some time in His bright, eternal Now,
When thou art dwelling in that “better land,”
When thou, by faith, the victory hast won,
May hear the Saviour's blessed words, “Well done.”

MUSINGS

Were all my secret thoughts to some one known,
And could that some one's thoughts be made my own,
Would we esteem each other more or less?
And would those thoughts be such as harm or bless?

Could another's pain be given to me to bear,
And all my pain could be that other's share,
Should I have greater ease or greater peace?
And would that other find from it release?

Could I exchange my cottage in the town
For palace owned by one of great renown,
Should I then be filled with joy and gladness?
Or be sore oppressed with woe and sadness?

Idle musings these, yet they will recur,
And many souls with doubts they often stir.
Then restlessly they seek for something new,
But all their hopes shall vanish as the dew.

A better, truer way I know full well,
And now the secret I will gladly tell:
Accept thy present lot, and fill thy place,
And God will give to thee His joy and grace.

DAY BY DAY

He walketh with me day by day,
And cheers my spirit all the way;
He sheds around His blessed light,
Gives comfort in the darkest night.

Though winds may blow and clouds may lower
These only show His wondrous power,
Bring Him more clearly to our view,
And thus our faith and strength renew.

THE GRACE OF GOD

O God, we thank Thee for the grace,
Thou giv'st in time of sorest need,
Thy mysteries we may not trace,
But all Thy promises may plead.

The hand we do not clearly see
That lifts and wields the chast'ning rod,
But know that it can only be
That of the living, loving God.

Though days of doubt and days of fear,
And sorrow come to pierce the heart,
We know, we feel, if God be near,
He can repel the sharpest dart.

How strangely dull the spirit seems
When Love's best gifts are brought;
We grasp them only as in dreams —
And in our blindness say, 'Tis naught.

But when the scales from off our eyes
Shall fall, e'en though the heart be riven,
Our souls in praise to God shall rise,
For His severest lessons given.

April, 1892.

IT IS THE LORD*

“Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord.”—John xxi. 7.

Who gives this peace to troubled hearts,
And says to them, “Be still and rest,”
And thus a heavenly calm imparts,
So they can say, “He knoweth best”?
“It is the Lord.”

He still, beside the weak and lone,
As on the shores of Galilee,
Comes sweetly to His loved, His own,
And bids them look by faith and see,
“It is the Lord.”

O burdened heart! O stricken soul!
The darkest cloud will pass away,
The burden from thy heart shall roll
When thou in faith and hope canst say,
“It is the Lord.”

Then in thy daily tasks of love,
And with this vision clear and bright,
Seek thou not earth, but things above,
Till thou canst say, faith changed to sight,
“It is the Lord.”

RIPON COLLEGE.

The Advance, January, 1892.

* Written January, 1892, shortly after the sudden death of Mrs. Tracy's only son, Dr. J. Horace Tracy, of Escanaba, Michigan.

DOUBT AND FAITH*

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.”—Is. xliii. 2

I stood upon the shore with dread,
My heart was overborne with fear,
When softly came a voice that said:
“A strong and loving one is near;

“Let your faint heart in him confide,
And firmly grasp his outstretched hand,
Till thou hast reached the other side,
And there in peace and safety stand.”

I knew, when once the stream was crossed,
That brighter scenes would be in view,
And yet it seemed so tempest-tossed,
My heart was filled with tremblings new.

My spirit upward bore a prayer —
Quick through the rifted heavens there came
A voice: “I will be with thee there;
Jehovah-jireh is my name.”

Though still the waves before me roll,
The other shore looks far and dim,
I say, “Be quiet, O my soul,
And joyfully leave all to Him.”

RIPON COLLEGE, WISCONSIN.

* A copy of this poem was sent to Mrs. T. J. Sullivan, of Ripon, Wisconsin, in her last mortal illness, and comforted and touched her deeply, shortly before she herself “crossed the bar,” December 5, 1907.

LENTEN MUSINGS

As oft at early morn I hear
 The ringing notes of chanticleer,
 I think of far Gethsemane,
 In vision there the Saviour see.

From those He loved and called His own,
 He goes apart to pray alone;
 While there His lonely watch He kept,
 Unconscious, His disciples slept.

There in that dark and awful hour.
 Again He felt the tempter's power.
 Aloud He cried, "If this can be,
 O Father, take this cup from me."

"Yet I would do Thy holy will
 And all Thy purposes fulfill."
 He comes where His disciples lie,
 In tones of grief I hear His cry:

"O, boastful Peter, can it be?
 Couldst thou not watch one hour with Me?
 Again He goes from them away,
 Again in loneliness to pray.

While now He pleads on bended knee,
 Light from the opening heavens I see;
 A messenger on angel wings
 To Him the needed strength now brings.

* * * * *

A holy calm is on his brow,
 He goes to His disciples now,
 And bids them take their rest in sleep,
 No further vigils need they keep.

Then Judas comes with traitor kiss,—
 Was ever perfidy like this?
 The soldiers lead the Christ away —
 Then fades the scene till light of day.

The Saviour stands at Pilate's bar,
 And Peter follows Him afar,
 While now his soul the tempter tries,
 And thrice his Master he denies.

Just then the cock's shrill notes he hears,
 The startling sound awakes his fears.
 The Saviour's eye is on him turned;
 The look into his soul was burned.
 Keen sense of guilt now o'er him swept,
 In bitterness of soul he wept.

* * * * *

Peter and Christ once more I see,
 Beside the shores of Galilee.
 There Peter's love the Master tests,
 And gives to him His last behests;
 In faith, His great command to keep,
 To feed His lambs and feed His sheep.

* * * * *

O, Peter! type of sinners all,
 Who in temptation sadly fall;
 May we a lesson learn from thee,
 As we thy bitter sorrow see.

May we with souls repentant bow
 And hear the voice of pardon now.
 We, too, some Christ-like message bear,
 To those oppressed with woe and care.

The following poems, "The Heavenly Guest," "Somewhere," "Rejoice, Rejoice," and "Children of Light," etc., were read by Dr. S. T. Kidder at Mrs. Tracy's funeral. The following comment was written at the side by Dr. Kidder, on the page on which the poems were copied: "Her spirit was a songful one, and found a sweet expression in the forms of poesy, light and graceful, ever devout and trustful, and lent itself most readily to heavenly themes."

THE HEAVENLY GUEST

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me."— Rev. iii. 20.

Come in, come in, Thou sacred guest,
I open wide the door;
Come, make this heart Thy place of rest,
And leave it nevermore.

I know, I feel, Thy power to bless
In sorrow's darkest hour;
Thy lovingkindness, I confess,
Hath ever-healing power.

Come in, come in, and sup with me —
I give Thee all my store:
For all, and more, I owe to Thee,
Who giveth evermore.

'Twill be a sweet, a heavenly feast,
Where Thou a guest shall be;
No high, no low, no great, no least,
But all be one with Thee.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere in God's own realm so vast,
O'er which a mystic vale is cast,
Shutting the future from the past,
Our loved ones gone are living still,
And there his purposes fulfill.

And whether they be far or near,
I cannot see, I cannot hear.
For them I have no doubt or fear,
Since He who is our faithful guide
Doth over all His realms preside.

Sometimes a living presence seems
To come as forms oft come in dreams,
And soothes and cheers like hope's bright beams;
And then I ask if this may be
Some ministering angel sent to me.

If this be so, 'tis not revealed,
Perhaps in wisdom is concealed;
And so I grasp faith's blessed shield,
In patience wait till God unfolds
The secrets which the future holds.

November 17, 1905.

REJOICE, REJOICE

Lines composed lying in bed, convalescing from an attack of La Grippe, April 9, 1900.

Rejoice, rejoice, O soul of mine,
To know and feel that love divine,
Doth walk with me my pilgrim way,
To guide and bless me day by day.

That blessed healing power I feel,
Which doth to me Thy love reveal;
Thou art my ever-present friend,
The one that loves me to the end.

To Thee, in faith, I humbly bow
In penitence I come just now —
Great Three in One and One in Three —
Thou living, blessed Trinity,

The rising sun now gilds the earth,
To usher in the new day's birth,
O, Sun of Righteousness, appear!
And thus my spirit's vision clear.

Lift us from low and groveling toys
To bask in Thy eternal joys;
To have the love that casts out fear,
And know my living Saviour near.

While life's brief space is left me yet,
O help me never to forget
To use it all in humble ways
To "speak my dear Redeemer's praise."

CHILDREN OF LIGHT

A fragment of an unpublished poem. Dated November 12, 1898, the day Mrs. Tracy rounded out her full fourscore years.

Are loved ones waiting over there,
Wishing with me their joys to share?
Dear ones, in fields so bright and fair?
But I'm not longing for the change,
To me mysterious and strange.

This home is pleasant; life is sweet,
Where loved ones often with me meet.
Heaven's joys "come down our souls to greet."
What is beyond I know not well,
No one returns the tale to tell.

And yet the coming dawn draws near;
Celestial voices greet the ear;
They bring sweet peace, destroying fear.
I flee to Him who knoweth best,
And in His arms I calmly rest.

O wondrous fair, this world we see!
But fairer that which is to be,
Where all from sorrow shall be free.
And yet I would still longer stay
Where light from heaven shines on my way.

IN MEMORIAM

Lines written by Mrs. C. T. Tracy on hearing of the death of Mrs. Carrie Scott Harrison, wife of ex-President Harrison, with whom she was personally acquainted while Miss Scott was visiting her sister, Mrs. Lord, in Honesdale, Pennsylvania.

O God, with reverent hearts we bow;
A pall is o'er our nation flung!
No place for vain ambition now,
Or peans which so late we sung.
Our nation's honored chief is stricken sore,
His best beloved wakes on earth no more.

Mem'ry backward turns the stream of time,
And would some fitting tribute bring
To her who then in Love's sweet prime
Seemed like the budding hopes of spring,
As with the noble youth who won her heart,
She spoke the vows that bind "till death do part."

Full well did she those vows fulfill,
Through all the swiftly passing years,
In ease or pain, in joy or ill,
While dwelling in this "vale of tears,"
Where she with loving words and loving deeds
Was quick to feel and care for others' needs.

Not for the sainted one we weep,
Her pains and sorrows all are o'er,
Our hearts their tearful vigils keep
For those still on this hither shore.
Her heavenly peace and bliss we may not know
Mid clouds of doubt and darkness here below.

For mortal eye hath never seen
Nor mortal foot hath ever trod
The hidden path that lies between
The spirit's earthly life and God.
But faith may surely waft her pinions far,
And catch the light that gleams through "Gates Ajar."

RIPON COLLEGE, WISCONSIN,
October 25, 1892.

TO MR. AND MRS. DIXON

TO MY BELOVED FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. H. H. DIXON, ON THE
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

Beloved friends of many years
That have so quickly passed away,
Years filled with hope, with joy and fears,
But naught their onward course could stay.

And now the sunset shore is near,
The golden dawn seems just in view.
God grant to you his holy cheer,
The blessed promises renew.

On this your anniversary day,
May Heavenly peace upon you rest,
A holy light shine on your way,
In heart and home may you be blest.

And when life's troubled sea is crossed,
The other shore is reached at last,
Although this sea seemed tempest-tossed
No cloud shall more its waves o'ercast.

If we on earth no more may meet,
God grant together we may sing
His praise in accents strong and sweet,
Where Hallelujahs ever ring.

TO REV. L. J. WHITE *

Loved friend, thy earthly work is done,
The lonely, darkling hour is passed,
The fight is fought, the victory won;
Sweet peace and rest have come at last.

No more God's messages of love
Thy lips with burning zeal shall speak;
No more in prayer bear those above,
Who, penitent, His mercy seek.

No more shall bleeding spirits hear
Thy words of sympathy expressed,
Bringing a loving Saviour near
On whom the burdened soul may rest.

Though lands afar beyond the sea
Shall claim and hold thy precious dust,
Not there thy dwelling-place shall be,
But in the mansions of the just.

And Christ's own glory thou shalt share,
For faith shall there be lost in sight —
No sun, no moon, no darkness there,
For Christ the Lamb shall be thy light.

Help us, O God, in faith to bear
This cross, this discipline of pain,
Committing all to Thy dear care,
And then our loss shall be our gain.

* Mr. White died in London, January 10, 1903, and was buried in Norwood Cemetery, not far from the graves of Moffat and Spurgeon.

TO SCIENCE AND EDUCATIONAL CLUBS

On August 9, 1899, about twenty ladies, members of the Science and Educational clubs, met at Miss Hazen's cottage on the south shore of Green Lake, to enjoy an outing. After being seated at the long and well-filled dining tables, the following poem from Mrs. Tracy was read:

Dear friends, I greet you, one and all,
On this our joyous festive day;
A day that you may oft recall,
When months and years have passed away.

If now my absence you regret,
And speak my name with loving thought,
Remember I am with you yet,
In all that we have loved and wrought.

And when the day is well begun,
As you our muster-roll shall call,
Just think that you miss only one,
While I, alas! shall miss you all.

As words of wisdom and of wit
Shall shed a brightness on the hours,
May they be such as well befit
The beauty of these woodland bowers.

Sound forth, O birds, your sweetest notes,
Carol your best, divinest lays,
And as your music upward floats,
"Extol your great Creator's praise."

Blow gently, wind, your fierceness stay,
Bear words of kindness on your wings
To those who walk a tangled way,
Yet long and pray for better things.

God bless our hostesses to-day,
And bless the guests who gather here,
For this my inmost heart shall pray,
And thank the Lord for friends so dear.

May love divine bless this repast,
And give you sweet and gracious cheer,
Crown all with hope while life shall last,
And peace and joy without a tear.

THE SISTERHOOD OF WIDOWS

This is a peculiar sisterhood; it is as old as the history of the world. It has no organization, no ritual, yet its members are found in every place and in every condition of life. The queen on the throne is of the number, the empress, once idolized, wears her weeds in exile. The humble peasant enters into fellowship. The teacher, the nurse, the physician, all claim kindred in this sisterhood.

God has honored it by placing around it peculiar guards, and granting immunities. The "fiery prophet of Horeb" was commissioned by God to minister to one in need; his gentler successor followed his example. Later, the prophet whose lips God "touched with hallowed fire," uttered denunciations against those who oppressed her.

Many of the proverbs of the "wise men" were those of rebuke or warning to those who neglected duties owed to her. The Man of Uz pleads his cause before God because he has not sent the widow and the fatherless away empty. Apostles exhort to visit and relieve them. The Lord Christ showed his tenderest interest in healing their diseases and raising the dead to life, of an "only son, and his mother a widow." He gave a most remarkable commendation to another who cast a pittance into the treasury, saying her gift was more than all the rich had cast therein, because it was all her living. Instances are not wanting in these later days of God's peculiar care of this sisterhood.

Many eminent ministers of the Gospel have testified that they owed all their inspiration in their work to the counsel and prayers of their widowed mothers. Illustrious men and women in other callings give the same testimony.

So, dear members of this sisterhood, though the path you tread often seems dark and lonely, let it give you hope

and cheer to know that a great host of your sisters have trodden it, and found comfort and joy while trusting in God, and have bravely taken up the tasks of life, even when the heart was almost breaking for the memory of the loved and lost ones. Light will surely dawn in God's own time, for He is the light of the world, in a peculiar manner, to the members of this sisterhood.

O widowed heart, O child left fatherless,
 God cares for thee, his promises are sure;
 Though clouds and darkness may oft surround thee
 His sun is shining still. Thou yet shall see
 And feel the healing beams, O troubled soul,
 And say, My Lord and God, in thee I trust.

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW

Having recently been led by experience to inquire concerning the ministry of sorrow, especially in the loss of dear friends, I have recalled several incidents of my experience that have come to me with great vividness at this time,

I will relate a few of these; they may be a help to some other sorrowing ones who have not yet been led out of the region of doubt and questioning.

“O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
 O Priestess in the vaults of death!”

So sang England's Laureate and the world's divinest poet. But is this true, all true? Many a one has felt it to be true in the first sense of loss and desolation, but sorrow, as priestess, has offered on the altar of that heart a pure and holy incense that has risen to the throne of God, and there, like the golden vials of odors seen by John in Apocalyptic vision, it has raised the stricken soul into a purer, diviner

fellowship, with the Lord Jesus Christ, the man of sorrows, and this fellowship will abide, because He abideth forever.

I have a friend who not many months since lost her dearest earthly treasure, a beloved only son. She has sorrowed as few sorrow, but in its shadow her heart has gone out to God's poor and lonely ones as never before, and she has given hope and cheer to heartbroken and distressed as she never could have done but for her own experience, She has sought and received divine aid in plans of benevolence, whose results will not be measured in time. She is laying up treasure in heaven, and is receiving fourfold in this life. No such blessings could have been hers but for the Ministry of Sorrow.

I know a mother crushed by the sudden removal of a darling boy a few years old. She was a professed follower of Christ, but in the bitterness of her soul she cried out, "O Jamie, where art thou? I cannot live without thee!" And like Jonah, she besought God to take her away also. A few years later I was with her as she again trod the "valley of the shadow of death." She was calm and peaceful. Faith clasped the divine hand, and she lived as seeing him who is invisible. She referred to her earlier experience, and said it was a blessed and kindly hand that led her out of the depths of grief in that early experience, and that evermore she could sing, "In life or death, Thy will be done." A deeper, greater sorrow awaited her, but she met it and was victorious. She now rests beside her beloved, and I have no doubt she knows why she was so often called to pass through the deep waters of affliction.

One has been sitting beside me, giving words of sympathy and comfort from her own experience. A few months ago she could not have done this. But a beautiful and beloved daughter was taken from her by the angel of

death, to a blessed inheritance above, we believe. The mother had no hope in Christ, and did not go to him as her divine sympathizer at first; her sorrow was indeed a "cruel fellowship." But this sad experience led her to seek and find a sure refuge in the Rock of Ages. The everlasting arms were beneath her. She now quietly, trustfully, goes about her daily tasks seeking to help and comfort all sorrowing ones.

A family of nine children were born in a New England home, and some of them had grown to the age of men and women before death entered the household; but on one November morning all the members were startled by the strange breathing of the youngest, the pet of them all. A physician was summoned, but only to tell the family there was no hope; that the disease was membranous croup. In a few hours the little one lay white, cold, and silent in the darkened parlor. A new sense of eternal realities seemed to impress all, and as they spoke in low, sad tones, many resolutions were made to live purer, truer lives. Those resolutions were not forgotten. New hopes, new aims and aspirations, were in the hearts of all the children left.

Several of the older members of that family met a few months ago in that old home. As they recalled the incidents of their early experience, tender memories of that little boy were rehearsed, and the ministry of sorrow in his death was felt to have been one of precious and holy power.

Many years ago I knew a young couple, very happy in their first home, with a beautiful baby a few months old. By an accident the little one was suddenly snatched from them. It was a terrible blow to both parents. The mother sought and found comfort in God, whom she had learned to trust, but the father was in agony. He did not believe in God. I spent the day before the burial with

them, where the little one lay "beautiful in death." I strove to point the father to the true source of all comfort, but he was so overwhelmed he saw no ray of light. A few weeks later I saw him "standing before the Lord" to declare his purpose henceforth not to live unto himself, but unto God. His darling baby's death led him to seek the salvation of his soul. He was indeed created again in Christ Jesus. Other little ones came to gladden that home, and were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He still has sweet memories of the little one who led him to Christ.

A young wife, after a few brief years of wedded life, was seated by the bedside of her dying husband. Her right hand was clasped in his, and as he was entering the death valley, with a breaking heart but calm voice she repeated to him, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." A divine light illuminated his pale face, and with expressions of a beautiful vision he passed into the unseen and eternal. Then to the wife the sense of loss and desolation were overwhelming — such sorrow was indeed a "cruel fellowship." But she knew in whom she believed, and knew, too, that dying prayer had been offered for her in such a time as this, and as incense it rose to heaven. Peace came to her soul, and in faith's clear light she was led into green pastures and beside still waters, and till life's close she will bless God for the ministry of such sorrow.

Let us return to our beloved poet. Later on he sings in another strain:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

The Priestess Sorrow has offered a new and better sacrifice, soothing the first agony, expressing in part the gain by

loss; but it is not till long after, when faith has clearer vision and doubt is dead, that he sings:

“And all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear,
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.”

That voice is the same one that said to the weeping sisters of Lazarus: “I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me shall never die.” To one in whose soul these words sound, sorrow can no longer be a “cruel fellowship,” but a link divine to bind that soul to the Eternal.

I have confined my discussion of the Ministry of Sorrow chiefly to the influence on individual hearts and lives. But this is by no means all. These same lives, in their influence and work in the world, have been a power immeasurably greater than they otherwise would have been.

The little wave circles beginning at these heart centers have widened and widened, till their extent is beyond human computation. Oh! sorrow is not a “cruel fellowship” with one who through its power has been endued with stronger faith, larger hope, and diviner love.

IT IS CURIOUS WHO GIVE

BY AUNT CLARA

“It’s cur’us who give. There’s Squire Wood, he’s put down \$2; his farm’s worth \$10,000, and he’s money at interest. And there’s Miss Brown, she’s put down \$5; I don’t believe she’s had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain’t none of the newest, and she’s them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she’s nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she’ll have to scrimp on butter and tea for a while,

but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we got home from church the day pledges were taken for contributions to foreign missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items to find the aggregate — the Deacon said he had so much more confidence in my knowledge of arithmetic than he had in his own. He went on: "There's Maria Hill, she's put down \$5; she teaches in the North District, and don't have but \$20 a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience the time she j'ined the church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where he works, you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker. He's put down one dollar, and he'll chew more'n that worth of tobacker in a fornit. Cyrus Dunning, \$4. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand, but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work. C. Williams, \$10. Good for him. He said the other night to prayer-meeting that he'd been reading his Bible more than usual lately. Maybe he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful, and didn't want to be in his company."

So the Deacon went on making his comments, to the end of the list. Now, I wouldn't have you think for a moment that the good Deacon was finding fault with his neighbors, or was too critical in his remarks, for I can assure you that he had the most Christlike spirit of any one I ever knew. But he was jealous for the Lord's cause in every department of it, and very shrewd in noting inconsistencies in giving. He wouldn't have spoken so freely to every one, but I was in the family, and I am not sure but he intended to give me a lesson.

Now, this was years ago, and a thousand miles east of the prairies, in a town of stone-fenced farms, each with its beech and maple wood-lot, with the white meeting-house and the academy at "the Center"—and this is not what I was to write at all. I was to tell how they paid the church debt at Batesville; but as I seated myself to write that Sunday, the good Deacon rose on my mental horizon, and before I was aware of what I was doing, this sketch ran off the point of my pen. I always thought it ought to be recorded, and I am glad it is in black and white now, if it never goes any farther. I think the Batesville spirit and manner of giving was so like this I have sketched, that it is no wonder that this rose before me like the ghost that would not down. Since I have made this so long, I will leave the Batesville sketch for another time.

Lest some of my readers, after all I have said, should get a wrong impression of the Deacon, I will tell you more of him and his acts. He was not only interested in the Boo-roo-gahs of Africa, or the Choo-hing-Foos of China, but his heart went out toward every cause that had for its object the advancement of Christ's kingdom. He delighted having those give who possessed very small means, and he had a peculiar way of helping them feel as if under obligation to him. Mrs. Brown was known to be an excellent bread-maker, and he occasionally sent to her a sack of flour to test its quality, before he felt sure that he could ship the product of his mill as the best grade. He suddenly discovered, too, that some of his buildings needed new paint, and it was curious that this always occurred just as Mr. Dunning was out of work.

The Deacon, as you have discovered, was not an educated man. He knew nothing of grammar, "to speak of," he used to say, and when he conducted the prayer-meeting, as he sometimes did in the absence of the pastor, he mis-

pronounced words in the reading of the hymn; and one evening when he said, at the beginning of the meeting, "We will read for our instruction the 25th chapter of Psalms," a smile passed over some faces; but when he prayed, every one was awed, for he prayed as one who talked face to face with God, and we knew a blessing would come to the meeting.

Once, when asked after the welfare of his family, he said his wife "enjoyed very poor health"; but if any one could enjoy poor health, I think she must, for his kind, tender ministrations were such as to make the condition of receiving them an enjoyment.

O, I forgot to tell you about the aggregate of that list of pledges. It was \$68, but the printed statement of receipts in the Herald gave it \$100. I know where the rest came from, and the Deacon was not a rich man either.

APPENDIX

MRS. EUGENIE MANVILLE McKNIGHT

Among the favorite pupils of Mrs. Tracy in the early years of her teaching in the College was Eugenie Manville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Manville of Ripon; and to her memory, in harmony with what we believe would have been Mrs. Tracy's wish, we have been permitted to inscribe this book.

The early home of the Manville family was in De Pauville, New York, where Eugenie was born in the year 1848. After the removal of the family to Ripon the daughter had the advantages of excellent schools, in particular those of the College, of which she made full account. Here were laid the foundations of the breadth of culture, fineness of taste, and Christian character which made her subsequent life a social power; and which, added to her natural graciousness and gentleness, made the possession of her friendship a prize and a joy.

She was married to Summer T. McKnight, Esq., in the year 1868, and her subsequent life was spent at Hannibal, Missouri; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and Minneapolis, Minnesota. Her residence in the latter city continued during sixteen years, in which her fine ability as a social leader and a worker in charities for the comforting of the aged and homeless in their need, found a field for wide and sufficient service. "During the sixteen years of her residence in Minneapolis," says a notice from which we quote, "she was identified with the Westminster Presbyterian Church, and was a director for the Home for Children and Aged Women. In all of the charitable work in which she was engaged she exercised a remarkable intelligence and execu-

tive ability which brought success to every undertaking." All too soon seemed her leave-taking, for in the very prime of her power and opportunities for service, in the year 1903, August 29, she entered into rest. The husband and the three children met an irreparable loss indeed, but the needy also a comforter, the perplexed a counselor, and humanity a friend.

GENEALOGY OF THE HARRIS FAMILY

KEPT BY JONATHAN HARRIS

Beginning A. D. 1654, continuing until 1905.

- | | | |
|------|---|--|
| I. | { | Walter Harris. Died in England December 6, 1654.
Mary ———. Came to New London, January, 1658,
a widow. |
| II. | { | Gabriel Harris. Came with his mother, Mary.
—— ———. Children: Walter, William, Joseph. |
| III. | { | William Harris. Lived in New London.
Elizabeth Gibson. Children: Samuel, Ebenezer. |
| IV. | { | Samuel Harris. Born March 5, 1697, died at Fort Ed-
ward, 1757 (army physician).
Dinah Wilcox. 10 children, all born at New London.
Samuel. September 26, 1722, died July 24,
1726. A lovely child.
Paul. March 21, 1724. A faithful friend,
much respected.
Ruth. March 17, 1726. Married ——— Cady.
Samuel. December 18, 1727. A physician.
Went to Kentucky.
Silas. January 3, 1731. A plain, matter-of-
fact man.
Dinah. May 18, 1733. Fond of solemn music.
Doubleday.
Job. February 10, 1735. A poet; serious,
but cheerful.
Lois. November 20, 1736. Serious, but
social. Married ——— Wrist.
Edward. July 17, 1739. A civilian, lived in
Salem. He composed our family
song, "Sweet Fellowship."
Reuben. December 6, 1741. A musician, very
athletic. Lived in Brookfield, Conn. |

- V. { Job Harris.....Born February 10, 1735, in New London; died November, 1814.
 { Abigail Clarke.....5 children: John, Parthenia, Joshua, Abigail, Eunice.
 { John.....April 22, 1776.
 { Susanna Smith....August 3, 1767. Children: Jonathan, Grant, Miriam and Joanna.
 { Parthenia.....14 children: Amie, Isaac, William,
 { Isaac Baldwin. Parthenia, Elizabeth, Jesse, Hervey, Rachel, Levi, Hosea, Lydia, Newton, Philamela, Benjamin.
 { Joshua.....10 Children.
 { Clarissa Scott.
 { Abigail.....2 Children.
 { Isaiah Smith.
 { Eunice.....4 Children: Abigail, Anne, Daniel,
 { Daniel Baldwin. and Joel.
- VI. Joshua Harris' and Clarissa Scott's family:
 { Lydia.....Born Ocotber 16, 1791.
 { Uriah Thayer....Lived in Jackson, Pa.; 9 children.
 { Lucy.....April 28, 1793.
 { Stephen Tucker...11 children.
 Clarissa.....January 11, 1795. Died February 16, 1806.
 { Samuel.....December 16, 1796.
 { Phila Otis.
 { Ebenezer.....April 4, 1799.
 { Rachnall Baldwin..9 children.
 { Joshua.....June 16, 1801.
 { Nancy Miner.....7 children.
 Joel.....March 19, 1800. Died February 25, 1811.
 { Reuben.....March 19, 1800.
 { Olive Wells.....5 children.
 { Lovisa Stearns....3 children.
 Eunice.....November 14, 1807. Died February 26, 1825.
 { Joseph Elliott....July 10, 1809.
 { Mary Niter.....1 child: William. Married September 10, 1831.
 { Harriet Noter....Children: Mary, Freedom, Minerva, Ella.
 { Eunice Goodwin...1 child: Harriet, September 11, 1860. Joseph Elliott married Harriet Noter October, 1833. Married Eunice Goodwin April 12, 1854.

- VII. The family of Stephen Tucker and Lucy Harris:
 Stephen Tucker....Born February 9, 1794, at Halifax,
 Vermont. Died February 17, 1882,
 at Jackson, Pa.
 Lucy Harris.....Born April 28, 1793, at Halifax, Ver-
 mont. Died April 5, 1871, at Jack-
 son, Pa.
 Married at Halifax, Vermont, February 4, 1816.
- Children:
 James H., Clarissa, born November 12, 1818, Elizabeth,
 Sarah, Willison, Eunice, Evander, Emerson, Derius,
 Amos, and one little child that died shortly after it was
 born.
- VIII. Clarissa Tucker married Horace Hyde Tracy, May, 1844.
 Two children.
 James Horace Tracy born February 22, 1845, died De-
 cember 6, 1891.
 Clarissa Aurelia, born October 3, 1847, died April 3, 1851.
- IX. James Horace Tracy married Marion De Wolf, at Clinton,
 Missouri, January 22, 1872. Two children:
 Marion, now Mrs. Henry Osborn of Cleveland, Ohio, and
 Dorothy.

FELLOWSHIP

Family song of the Harris family sung these many years at
 their reunions.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Sweet converse of our best desire,
 An everlasting cement be,
 Fed by the flame of mutual fire;
 This flame well known in ages past,
 Shall ever overflowing last.

There may I let my wishes loose;
 There's no excess in this delight;
 And view the eternal mansion house,
 How broad and how exceeding bright.
 Jehovah's name strikes every string,
 He is the source, the flowing spring.

And while I taste the pleasing stream,
The source engages all my thought;
I soar along the lofty theme,
Till time and nature are forgot.
Time is but one short interview,
While this is ever flowing new.

Then fly, my soul, with eager wing,
Behold the interview above,
Where the bright hosts in order sing,
Tasting the streams of boundless love.
Where God himself regales the guest
In one eternal flowing feast.

EDWARD HARRIS.

STEPHEN TUCKER

Stephen Tucker, Mrs. Tracy's father, was of sturdy Puritan stock. There was no genealogy of the Tucker family available, but Mrs. Tracy told me the following singular and interesting facts in regard to her paternal grandmother and great grandmother: "My father's mother was Sarah Angel, and her mother was Christian Church, and she married James Angel. I found it hard to believe, until I went with my mother to the old graveyard, at Halifax, Vermont, and saw myself the names on the old tombstones."

Mr. Tucker was charter member of the Jackson Baptist Church, and for forty years its clerk. He had quite a gift at poesy, and some of his poems were found among Mrs. Tracy's papers.

TRACY ANCESTRY

Horace Hyde Tracy, son of Josiah Tracy and Mary Birchard, his wife.

Both husband and wife were descendants from the same ancestor, several generations back, Josiah Tracy being descended from the eldest son of Lieutenant Thomas Tracy, and Mary Birchard from the only daughter of Lieutenant Tracy.

Lieutenant Thomas Tracy was born about 1610, at Tewksbury, England (?). He came to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1636, lived there until 1637. Land was granted to him there. He came over to America in the interest of his friends, Lord Say and Lord Brook. He removed to Connecticut in 1640, to the town of Saybrook, which was named thus after his two friends. He married Mrs. Mason in 1641. He married twice; for his second wife, the widow of John Bradford (son of Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony).

Lieutenant Thomas Tracy was a talented and active man, and was much interested in shipbuilding. He moved to Norwich in 1659, was one of the thirty-five original proprietors. He was representative of Norwich to the Legislature twenty-seven sessions. In 1645, he and Thomas Leffingwill, with others, relieved Uncas, the Sachem of the Mohegans, when he was besieged. Uncas gave four hundred acres of land to Thomas Tracy and to Thomas Leffingwill. Thomas Tracy was Lieutenant of the New London County Dragoons. In King Philip's War (1675) he with John Bradford was appointed commissary and quartermaster. He owned five thousand acres of real estate. Lieutenant Tracy died November 7, 1685.

The settlement of the De Tracy family in England dates from King Stephen's time. This surname, it is said, is taken from the castle of Tracy, on the Orne.

The Birchards were descendants of one of the old families of Hartford, Connecticut, whose English ancestry settled at Martha's Vineyard, in Puritan times. Their Norman ancestry is traced back to A. D. 956.

DR. JAMES HORACE TRACY

A telegram was received Sunday morning, announcing that Dr. Tracy had been stricken down by apoplexy while at work in his office. His death was most sudden. While still in the prime of life he was snatched from his family and friends. The funeral occurred at his home in Escanaba, Wednesday, December 9th.

The high esteem in which Dr. Tracy was held by the community was shown by the large gathering of people at the interment, over five thousand persons being in attendance.

In the year 1868, J. H. Tracy graduated with high honors from Ripon College. He then took a course in medicine at the Chicago Medical College, and later studied at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City; from here he took the degree of M. D. in 1870. After graduation he became assistant surgeon in the German army during the Franco-Prussian war. At the close of the war he practiced for some time in the hospitals at Berlin. He then returned to this country, thoroughly equipped for his life's work. In 1873 he married Miss Marion De Wolf, and began the practice of medicine at Escanaba, where he has resided until his death.

The qualities which made Dr. Tracy eminent were his unselfish devotion to the interests of all with whom his profession brought him in contact, his readiness at all times to administer to the needs of the poor without regard

to pecuniary benefit, and his indefatigable power for continuous work.

Professional ability was not the sole excellence or distinction of Dr. Tracy. His social qualities, his love of literature, and his keen interest in moral reform, and all that tends to the happiness of his fellow-men, amid all the other demands of his profession, were remarkable.

His career is now closed, but it is a happy reflection that it has been a career of so much honor to himself and of so much usefulness to others.

COLLEGE DAYS, December, 1891.

ANNIVERSARIES

IN HONOR OF MRS. C. T. TRACY

One of the most delightful parties of the season was given Thursday, November 12, 1903, as the home of Mrs. E. H. Merrell, in honor of Mrs. Tracy's eighty-fifth birthday. Some thirty guests, friends of long standing, assembled to extend congratulations and best wishes to the one we all love to honor. Prominent among the guests were Mrs. Cooper, mother of Mrs. B. F. Sanford, and Mrs. H. S. Eggleston. Mrs. Cooper went to school to Mrs. Tracy when the latter was in her teens, and Mrs. Eggleston has been a friend of Mrs. Tracy for more than forty years.

A short program was rendered in the early part of the afternoon, including a violin solo by Miss Lilian C. Merrell.

Much to Mrs. Tracy's surprise, Mrs. Merrell read two poems, written respectively by Mrs. Tracy and by Mrs. Mary Spencer Thayer on the occasion of Mrs. Tracy's eightieth anniversary. A piano solo, "The Sweet Long Ago," by Blake, and Lange's Flower Song, were given by the hostess. Then all with clasped hands joined in singing, "Auld Lang Syne" to the leading of the violin.

A dainty supper was served. White and pale yellow chrysanthemums, the glossy leaves and bright red berries of the honeysuckle, and red and white candles giving the dining-room a gay and festive appearance. The decoration of the other rooms were red and white carnations and white and yellow chrysanthemums.

RIPON COMMONWEALTH.

MRS. TRACY'S EIGHTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY

That Saturday, November 12th, was a pleasant day, was an agreeable fact to not a few people, but to none more so than to about forty of the numerous friends of Mrs. C. T. Tracy, who, for two or three days had been whispering among themselves that it was Mrs. Tracy's eighty-sixth birthday, and that a surprise party would be in order. The guests began to assemble about noon, each offering suitable congratulations or gifts to the hostess. A bountiful dinner had been provided by the guests, to which, after grace by Mr. Cooper, ample justice was done. Then, all the company being assembled in the sitting-room or about the doors, Mrs. Tracy was presented a beautiful white shawl, and Dr. Merrell called upon to make a presentation speech. He recounted, in brief, Mrs. Tracy's work in the college, and the high esteem in which she was held by the students, the faculty, and by all who knew her strong Christian character, and closed with a word of advice, "That she should be very careful of the shawl, for when we all should assemble to celebrate her one-hundredth birthday we should want to see her wearing it."

Professor Chandler, with a few appropriate anecdotes, spoke of the great advantages offered to women now as compared with those when Mrs. Tracy was a young teacher in Pennsylvania. She had had a chance to note all this

wonderful growth. Not that we ever thought of her as old. This reminded him of an anecdote. A couple had reached the age of 90, and one day they received the sad news of the death of one of their numerous sons, aged 70. The husband, turning to his wife, remarked, "Well, Mehitabel, I always was afraid we should never be able to raise that boy."

The mistress of ceremonies, Mrs. Merrell, then called upon Mrs. Tracy to speak in response, as she well knew she was capable of doing. How proud we felt of her, as she rose straight and tall with the fluffy white shawl wrapped about her, and told how, as a girl of fourteen she had been asked to take a school, and how awed she felt when that august body, the school inspectors, came visiting. (One of her old Pennsylvania pupils, now Mrs. Cooper, was among the guests present.) When at night her landlady had told her the inspectors said hers was the best school they had visited that day, she did not feel proud a bit. It rather made her humble, for she thought how much better she might have done. She always felt that way whenever she was commended for doing anything. Notwithstanding her disadvantages, she procured books, and took all the studies open to young men in the colleges, except Greek. But her greatest joy, after all, was that she believed that she was a Christian, for, as she looked upon people, she really felt she loved them all, and had no enemies. She looked forward to an entrance into the joys everlasting, where she hoped to meet all her friends.

After singing "Auld Lang Syne," a brief social time was enjoyed, and the guests departed, wishing the hostess other happy birthdays.

Those from away were Miss Luthera Adams of Omro, Miss Lovila Mosher, and Mrs. J. T. Sheehan of Waupun.

College Days.

ONE OF THE GUESTS.

FOR THE EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

What life attains, serene, its fourscore years?
 What life fulfills its reach of time and space
 And beauty? 'Tis the life that runs its race
 With patience, and divine high-calling hears;
 The child-like soul, that trusts and bodes no fears;
 The spirit swift to do and teach, through grace,
 The truth and will of God; finding a place
 To sympathize and bless, in spite of cares.
 Such lives our grateful hearts will not forget.
 Such we congratulate in glad assemblings
 To render such frail honors as we may.
 We pray they long may linger with us yet,
 That we may farther trace divine resemblings
 And in their light through darkness find our way.

S. T. KIDDER.

RIPON, Wis., November 12, 1895.

TO MRS. TRACY

Dear friend, still lithe of tread and strong of voice,
 On this fair day receive our greeting true,
 O'er all sweet things this birthday brings to view,
 And in thy joy which bids us all rejoice.
 For thy chief blessing, what shall be our choice,
 While we to-day our tenderest love renew?
 More years of sunshine spanned with skies all blue?
 Full days of peace, remote from care and noise?

For this, and more, O friend beloved, we pray;
 Sweet memories fondly roaming o'er the past,
 Fruitions fair to crown each present scene,
 Hopes that bring Heaven nearer each swift day,
 Faith that makes each hour brighter than the last,
 The precious nearness of the Friend unseen.

To Mrs. Tracy from her pastor, S. T. Kidder.

November 12, 1904.

ACROSTIC ON THE MAY-FLOWER

To Mrs. C. T. Tracy, on seeing at her room the first flowers of the season.

There is a flower I love, and love the best,
 Remote from man its hiding-place of rest,
 Among the withered leaves its mossy dell,
 I know your pretty waxen face right well,
 Low lying, lovely little flower of May;
 I love your purity and artless way;
 No sweeter blossom on the earth is found,
 God never made, to bloom so near the ground.

A better proof of skill and heavenly love;
 Read me a lesson, little flower divine;
 Be thou my teacher, while I seek thy shrine;
 Unfold to me the way of modest worth,
 That greatness is not incident to birth.
 Upon these darling flowers angels smiled;
 Smile back again! So is my life beguiled.

E. N. A.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Edward Rowland Sill's mother died when he was quite young, and his aunt, Miss Rowland, had the care of him. When he was fourteen or fifteen years of age, she came to Honesdale to spend a year with her brother, Dr. Henry A. Rowland, our pastor, and Sill attended our academy and was in my classes. I had charge of his work in composition. He handed in a poem, which I thought quite remarkable, but I doubted the originality, and showed it to the other three teachers, and they felt as I did, but did not think best to say anything to him about it, so I gave him a subject for another one, which he wrote equally well.

He left at the end of the year and went to Yale College, I think. I heard little of him for some years, occasionally an article or poem in some paper or magazine, till Professor Tolman came here.

RIPON, WISCONSIN.

C. T. T.

THE RIPON FLAG

MR. ALLEN,

Dear Sir:—The following incidents may not have been noticed by others, and thinking it worthy of presentation I send it to you for insertion in connection with your account of the interesting exercises last evening.

Just as the standard-bearer had taken his position after receiving the flag from the ladies, the clouds that were scudding across the zenith parted, and Jupiter appeared just above it, while no other star was yet visible.

Beneath the dome of heaven, at twilight's hour,
The ensign of our Ripon Rifles bore
Our country's flag, received from woman's hand
In that proud hour: received as *their own* flag,
Which they may bear, as they go forth to battle
For the right, far from their loved prairie homes;
And as the "stripes" streamed forth, moved by the breeze,
And the bright silver stars gleamed on the blue,
Another star, by upward glance, viewed,
Even then, just through the "rifted clouds" above.
Bright Jupiter looked down to bless the scene,
And rode in majesty above the heads
Of those brave volunteers; perchance the star
Of hope to them, and to our own dear land.
It was a pleasant scene for such an hour,
Bearing tokens of the sway of justice,
And should these boys in blue
Go forth to dwell in "camp or tented field,"
May this same star with beams as bright look down on them,
As true and brave, as those on Bunker's Hill,
Or Saratoga's plain; and may it speak
To them of Him who is the "bright and evening star,"
The star of hope to all who seek its light:
A light that shall illumine our life's whole path,
And e'en make bright the passage to the tomb.

C. T.

JOE SMITH

WINDSOR, N. Y., July 28, 1881.

EDITORS PRESS:

"We two" came to this place yesterday. We did not come by rail, choosing a carriage ride of nine miles from Susquehanna, especially as we had the company of some jolly musical friends, with whom we could talk of the beauties by the way, or listen to gleeful songs as we came through the ferny woods. The whole distance is fragrant with the odor of raspberries and woodland herbage. The road is a little above the beautiful Susquehanna River, which we see on "its winding way" nearly the whole of the distance we came. Along its bank is the serpentine track of the railroad, and every half-hour or oftener the scene is varied by the gliding motion of long trains of coal-cars, carrying their freight to Saratoga, Montreal, iron regions of Vermont, and other portions of New England.

One of the charming views by the way is the reflection from the surface of the river of the graceful foliage on its banks. Here we are warmly welcomed in a delightful home, near which are rocky dells, gushing streams of clear cold water, laughing cascades, and mossy banks. As is common here, in early morning the fog conceals the surroundings, but it will lift as the sun gets higher. "When the mists have cleared away" we are going to explore some of the ravines nearest, and expect to find some treasurers "new and old." Over the Pennsylvania part of the way here the road leads through a region somewhat noted as the scene of operations of Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet and leader, and there are still living a few old people who remember him well. He married his first wife here, a daughter of Isaac Hale, and she is still spoken of as "poor,

deluded Emma," in the region. I have had access to the records of his operations, which it appears were somewhat varied. In 1818 he was engaged in lumbering; in 1825, having obtained his "seeing stone," he for some time directed "diggings" for hidden treasures, which he saw in a certain place. I have before me a diagram of the "holes" made under his direction, five in number, the largest 150 feet in circumference, and 20 feet deep. The holes are more or less filled up, but still distinctly traced. He induced several men of means and of some intelligence to work under his direction, but the treasure ever eluded them, through some enchantment that he was not able to control.

He left here and went to Palmyra, New York, for a few years, but returned here in 1830 or 1831, with the "wonderful plates" from which the Mormon Bible was translated; he is still duping persons to engage in his service. After he went to Ohio, his father-in-law received a letter of inquiry concerning his character and operations. I have been reading the reply published in the "History of Susquehanna County," in which statements are made that ought to have convinced anybody of his baseness and utter untrustworthiness of anything he might say, and to this letter was appended the testimony of two judges of the county and other reliable men, that Mr. Hale's statement might be relied on as truth. But it seems that his adherents in Ohio declared them false, and said that his father-in-law was blind and could not write, etc., so he went on with his impostures till the result has reached the gigantic proportions of the present system of Mormonism.

I find this statement in the history alluded to: "It is a fact of which this country is not particularly proud, that it once harbored for a time such a character," etc. Y.

NEENAH

NEENAH BIBLE CLASS

In an old commonplace book, in which Mrs. Tracy was wont to copy thoughts which interested her, was found a list of her Bible class in Neenah.

Emma Kimberley*	Elizabeth Jones*
Kate Winters†	Sarah J. Eaton*
Libbie Nelson‡	Fannie Allen†
Harriet Huxley	Mary Hyde‡
Mary E. Williams	Julia Hibbard†
Hannah Scott*	Maria Walker*
Maria Crane*	Elizabeth Walker‡
Mary Green*	Caroline Paddock*
Caroline Holbrook*	Elsie Slingerland*
Ruth Holbrook	Orinda Wood†
Ida Montgomery*	Jose Wood†
Clara Martin*	Eliza McGregor‡
Lucy Jones*	Mary J. Sherry‡
Jane Jones†	Emma C. Hodges‡

Below the list were the following significant marks:

* Became Christians while members of the class.

† Professors before entering the class.

‡ Unconverted or doubtful.

 ANECDOTES OF MRS. TRACY

DEAR MRS. MERRELL:

It was the day before I left Ripon, in the summer of 1902, that in conversation with Mrs. Tracy I quoted a few words from the nineteenth Psalm. Immediately she responded, "I shall repeat that Psalm to-morrow morning. I always do when my friends go away."

The next morning, after being seated at table (Mrs.

Tracy, Bertha, and I), all bowed our heads and closed our eyes as Mrs. Tracy began that "Prayer of Moses the Man of God." With but slight hesitation she reached the tenth verse and proceeded: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow," — "'taint so, though, always," — "Who knoweth the power of thine anger" — "Oh, I forgot something" — "for it is soon cut off and we fly away —" "Who knoweth," etc., through the remainder of the chapter, though with increasing hesitation and stumbling. It was evident to one listener, whose spirit of devotion was suddenly changed to that of mirth (I say it with due respect to the occasion and my adorable friend), that that little correction or revision of King James's text caused the reviser to lose the thread of her discourse.

A few months later I narrated the incident to Mrs. Kendall, formally Preceptress at Ripon College, as proof of dear Mrs. Tracy's consciousness of her own unusual vitality and enjoyment of life, at and beyond the scriptural maximum of fourscore years. "Yes," responded Mrs. Kendall, "Mrs. Tracy wrote me about it, saying that she did not fail to take exception to the Psalmist's pessimistic view of old age," or words to that effect.

No allusion was made to this when I was Mrs. Tracy's guest last summer, but she repeated another Psalm on the morning of my departure.

With the hope that no disrespect for our dearly loved friend is evidenced in this little tale (you know there is none in my heart), I submit it to your loving care and use.

Ever cordially,

ELIZA D. WHITE.

I was spending some weeks with Auntie Tracy in her rooms at Middle College. One evening she asked me, just as she left for prayer-meeting, to put a shovelful of coal on the fire. I became engrossed in a game of Halma with Miss Helmer, and completely forgot my promised service, until it was recalled to me an hour later by the terse remark, "Well, it's rather cold here," as Mrs. Tracy entered the room. The fire in the big base-burner, which never lost its glow from October to April, had completely gone out. I covered myself with dust and ashes, figuratively speaking, while Mrs. Tracy was dealing with the real ashes and fresh charcoal for rekindling the fire. I finally answered up by weakly saying, that I would try never to let such a thing happen again. "No," said Mrs. Tracy, "I don't think you will. I don't think you'll get a chance."

One other evening, Mrs. Tracy came to my door with the inquiry, "Have you gone to bed?"

I answered, "Not yet." "Well," she responded, "you might just as well said simply, 'No.' Of course if you haven't gone to bed you haven't gone 'yet.' Besides I knew you hadn't gone to bed before you answered me."

Do you remember the time when Alice Adams Meyer came back and unexpectedly knocked at Mrs. Tracy's door? (I think Mrs. Tracy knew she was coming, but did not know just when.) Mrs. Meyer was all aglow with the joyful surprise she was going to give Mrs. Tracy, and walked in, in response to the customary summons, "Come in." Mrs. Tracy did not at first recognize her — not indeed until Mrs. Meyer exclaimed, "Mrs. Tracy, don't you know your girl?" "Oh," said Mrs. Tracy, "it's you, is it? How's Will?"

MAUD MERRELL BROWN,

November 30, 1908.

Walla Walla, Washington.

CHICAGO, ILL., February 22, 1902.

DEAR MRS. TRACY:

I want to thank you personally for the loving greeting which you sent us, and which Fred Dawes read to us last evening at our dinner. No name mentioned by any of the speakers received such prolonged and hearty applause as yours, and there was plainly evident among us all a feeling of respect and affection for you, and of disappointment that you could not be with us, that would have done your heart good, I know. You would have laughed as heartily as any of us over the recollections of college days, and of an incident of your recitation-room which somehow seemed as natural as life to us.

Mrs. Tracy — What is a dicotyledonous plant?

Student — It's — it's — it's where —

Mrs. Tracy — It's not a place.

Student — It's — it's — it's when —

Mrs. Tracy — It's not a time.

Student — I don't know as I can exactly —

Mrs. Tracy — You know or you don't know.

Student — But, Mrs. Tracy, I haven't had time to —

Mrs. Tracy — You've had all the time there was.

Student sits down.

There was a time when that sort of an experience used to cut us up rather badly, but we long ago learned that the trenchant rebuke was for our own good, and that the one who administered it was one of the noblest, most self-sacrificing, most helpful friends that God could have given us for our early guidance. And so all love you and say God bless you — as indeed He has blessed your influence on so many lives.

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

C. P. COFFIN.

Mrs. Tracy was quick at repartee, and always had an answer ready. An unwary professor at the breakfast table once asked for half a cup of coffee. When Mrs. Tracy handed him a full cup of coffee in return, he protested, saying that he asked for only half a cup. "Yes, but you did not say which half."

At the wedding of one of her girls, a graduate of Ripon College, she congratulated the groom very heartily. But as he was an entire stranger to her, she tempered her congratulations to the bride as follows, remarking, "It remains to be seen whether I can congratulate you, or not."

A young teacher in the College kept her class over time thus encroaching upon the time of Mrs. Tracy's class, which recited next in the same room. The young lady apologized graciously, saying that she was anxious to have her class use every moment of the hour. Mrs. Tracy's abrupt, curt, "So do I mine," was a most effective and salutary reproof.

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