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A Road of Remembrance

ELIZABETH W. ROSS

Best wishes for
you
from
Edna

Sept 30 '28.



"MOTHER" ROSS, 1923



ALISON T. ROSS, 1910

A ROAD
of REMEMBRANCE

By
ELIZABETH W. ROSS



Fifth Printing

POWELL & WHITE
CINCINNATI, OHIO

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CINCINNATI, O

To

My Friends, Here, There and Everywhere
who have built for me, as the Samoans built for Robert
Louis Stevenson, "The Road of the Loving Hearts,"

To you, who by your counsel, confidence, sym-
pathy and love, have been to me the Alpine
guides to help me in my journey up
toward the hill country of the
Eternal God,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

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FOREWORD

It is an honor and privilege, sincerely appreciated, to present to those who read with their hearts and minds open toward the sunrise, this volume of human experiences, written by one whose passage to and fro throughout the land has brought sunshine and fruitful season into the life and work of score upon score of churches, and hundreds upon hundreds of individual lives.

Out of these rich years of incessant service to the King, His church, and His people, "Mother" Ross has gathered some of the experiences and soulful messages that have made her presence everywhere a rich blessing to those with whom she has come in contact, and given them permanent form in this delightful little volume.

Thousands have wept and laughed with her and gone on their way with hearts all aglow with a new vision of the Christ and this wonderful world in which we are privileged to live and tell of Him.

"Mother" Ross walks and talks with her Lord, and upon the pages of this beautiful life

story she has told what He has said and been to her.

There is small need that any word should be said regarding the merits of this "Story," for once in your hand, no other task will have any charm or call until the last word has been read.

The old will follow these pages and grow young again; the young will race through its chapters and be richer and wiser for their gambol; all, old and young, saint and sinner, will know in a new way of the presence and power of Him who has strengthened and guided, cheered and blessed, comforted and sustained the author through cloud and sunshine, over the rough and tortuous way of life.

Our hope is that all who read may find Him the same ever faithful and satisfying Friend.

WALTER M. WHITE,

Memphis, Tenn.

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*"Our lives are God's gift to us; what
we become is our gift to Him."*

CHAPTER I.

On February, the sixteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the gates of life swung open for me and I started on my earthly pilgrimage. Now my day is shadowing toward the West, and I will soon have lived out my allotted years—three score and ten. "Can't none of us help what traits we start out with but we can help what we end up with," says Mrs. Wiggs. As I look back over the shining wake, I am humbled to think how little I have accomplished, and what an imperfect gift I must bring back to Him. I would not, however, with the poet cry out:

"Backward, turn backward,
O, Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again
Just for tonight."

What I have written, I have written, and I will trust a merciful, loving Father to blot from *His*

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book of remembrance all that is wrong and sinful.

My mother's name was Vashti Cadwallader. She was named for the queen, but she was never deposed, but reigned queen of the heart of her noble husband, Robert Raper Williams. Eight children were born to this mother, but only five lived to manhood and womanhood, and these rise up and call her blessed. My mother lost her birthright in the Quaker Church by marrying a man outside of the fold, but they lived together Godly upright lives, and strove to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have reason to be thankful for the heritage my parents left me, and the memory of my childhood is sweet and pleasant. A dear Quaker grandmother taught us to say "thee" and "thou," and to turn the left cheek if we were smitten on the right, and many other gracious and beautiful lessons.

I went to school in the quaint Quaker meeting house. "Every institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man," says some one. I know whoever selected the site of that meeting house had the love of God in his heart. The house is built on a hill, surrounded by great trees, and a stream of sparkling water made music all day long. Some evergreens taught us of immortality—

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“There, changeless, all the seasons through,
Those green cathedrals lift their spires;
The first to catch the morning dew,
The last to hold the evening fires.”

I think my sympathies for the black race were started by hearing the grandmother sing, “Po’ Little Black Sheep,” and fifty years afterward, when I heard Paul Lawrence Dunbar give his poem, I thought he must be a plagiarist—he surely must have learned it from my grandmother. My first missionary work was done under the direction of this saintly woman. I made a “housewife”—a leather book, furnished with needles, pins, buttons, tapes and other necessary articles—and sent it to a soldier of the Civil War.

Our First Day school offered a premium of a book to the child who would commit to memory the greatest number of Bible verses. I won by reciting seven hundred verses and formed the habit that has followed me through all the years—that of committing to memory something each day, scripture, poetry or foolishness, for it is good to have a varied diet. I heard a modern teacher say recently that it is not wise for a child to commit verses of scripture—it is a parrot-like performance—they do not understand what it means. But

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I must differ from him. "Thy word have I hid in my heart," said the psalmist, and so have I, and while I did not at the time understand all that I said, the years' experiences have interpreted to me many hidden meanings. When I am sick, I've a great physician; when in sorrow, a comforter; when in doubt and perplexity, a mighty counselor; when forsaken by friends, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; when I've been thirsty, I've found the living water; when hungry, the bread of life; when weary and worn with travel, a pilgrim's staff; when lost and wandering, a shepherd of my soul; a Father at all times and under all circumstances. It is the Book of books, the word of life, a lamp unto my feet. Some times we read of the best sellers, but here is the best seller every day in the year—35,000,000 copies published last year—presses running day and night. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light."

I thank my God upon every remembrance of the faithful teachers I had in that Quaker Sunday School at Newport, now Fountain City, Indiana.

Every Fourth Day we pupils of the day school were taken into the meeting-house to worship. Sometimes not a word was spoken during the hour. More than once have I been led up into the gallery to sit by my elders to see

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if I could quit laughing and squirming around. I loved the dear woman who rebuked me so much that I never felt the sting of punishment, but was rather elated over being in a high seat overlooking the other girls. This dear Aunt Mary Parker had the sweetest, saintliest face and I remember telling my mother that when I was a woman grown, I'd have a long, stiff, grey silk bonnet like Aunt Mary's, only I'd have pink ties on mine.

I have never forgotten, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," as given by Aunt Mary once when I had struck and scratched a boy who had been imposing on a younger schoolmate.

My first teacher was Mary Hough, afterward Mrs. Mary Hough Goddard, an eminent preacher in the Friends' Church. I almost idolized her. She was the acme of excellence to me—she embodied all the virtues. On that first day of school, I was told that I must have a slate. My father did not approve of this.

"What does a five year old child need with a slate?" I heard him say. I was shocked at the audacity of my father daring to differ from my teacher. The slate was provided and I learned to write my ABCs in a short time. My father was greatly pleased and surprised at my advance. Even at that early age I felt that

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womanly prerogative stirring in my soul, saying: "I told you so."

We were expected to call everybody by their first names—the titles of Mr. and Mrs. were not tolerated—they savored of pride. So I was taught to speak of Daniel and Emily Hough, Harvey and Sallie Davis, although they were then grey with years. The conversation of the Quakers was Yea, Yea and Nay, Nay. One of my ancestors was tried in the Quaker Church for the ungodly practice of wearing suspenders. My grandfather was one of a committee to labor with a man for wearing shoe strings with tips on them. But the committee was convinced that that was a contrivance that was really useful, one that expedited the matter of lacing shoes; so instead of converting the wayward brother, they were led into the same folly of wearing tipped shoe strings.

The first wedding ceremony I ever witnessed was in that Quaker Church. The young people stood and the man said: "I, James T. Wright, in the presence of God and before this assembly, take thee, Elizabeth E. Rogers, to be my lawful and wedded wife, promising to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." Then the young woman made the same vow. I like that simple declaration, made by the parties most concerned, better

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than to have the preacher ask a long rigmarole of questions to which contracting parties just say, "I do."

I had a teacher, too, in a Methodist Sunday School whom I greatly admired. She had a small wen in the part of her hair, and I often wished that I might have one too, so I could look good and kind and great like this woman.

A neighbor in this village kept bees, and had quantities of honey put away in stone jars in the attic. A daughter of the house and I made a raid on that honey once, with dire results—we ate too much. I can't look at honey to this day without having the colic.

I visited Fountain City recently. I wanted to wade in the branch and drink from the spring. I knew how David felt when he longed for the water of the well of Bethlehem. I munched spearmint delightedly, remembering how I used to love it in childhood, and now I love it, not for its own sake, but because that child was fond of it. I gathered Black-eyed Susans and Queen Ann's lace and all the wild flowers growing there. How could we do without them? Life deprived of them would be appalling barrenness. I looked for a hollow log where the old black nurse told me, sixty-three years ago, they got my baby brother.

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“Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise;
We love the play place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at the sight, and feels at none.”

Cowper.

When I was in my teens, I was sent away to Dayton, Ohio, to a Young Ladies' Seminary of the Presbyterian Church. I made many dear friends during the years spent there. One of the closest was Miss Lydia Walker, who was graduated from that school and went out to Africa in the early seventies. All these years she has been there telling of the unsearchable riches of Christ. She and her illustrious husband, Dr. A. C. Good, have been among the most noted missionaries of the earth. The Elat Mission in Kameruns is the fruit of their unremitting toil. My correspondence with this friend has deepened my interest in missions in all fields, but especially in Africa. One of the teachers in this Presbyterian School used always to say in her prayer on Sunday morning: “Dear Lord, may we walk softly before Thee this day, lest we sin.” That prayer has been a factor in my life toward reverence for the Lord's day.

About this time I united with the Christian Church, Disciples. Readers will note by the foregoing record that the Interchurch Movement

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had taken place in my life many years ago and so it was not hard for me half a century later to welcome any movement that favored united effort of Christ's followers to make a survey of the world's need and together try to combat the evils of the world and to alleviate its misery. All such co-operation will but hasten the day for which our Lord prayed: "That they may all be one, Father, as Thou art in me and I in Thee, that the world may believe that Thou didst send me." My life has been enriched and blest by knowing so many faithful men and women.

I came from that Seminary in Dayton, Ohio, to Union City, Indiana, where I taught in the public schools four years.

The State Superintendent of Public Schools once visited us and pronounced my work exceptionally good. He wrote for the State Journal:

"Miss Elizabeth Williams, of the Union City Schools, is the best primary teacher in the State of Indiana."

I cut out this statement, pasted it in my scrap book, and it has been my life credential. Whenever my family have been at all uppish toward me, I remind them of what I have been.

CHAPTER II.

May the twenty-first, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, was my wedding day. For thirty-nine years I walked life's way with A. T. Ross as my beloved husband. There were varied scenes and experiences through those years, but with an undying love for each other and a confident and unfaltering trust in our Heavenly Father, the years were blest. Life has been a braver, truer thing because we passed it hand in hand, than if we had passed it alone.

It was the time of lilies of the valley, bridal wreath, lilacs and the sweet wild flowers of the woods—this happy day that we set up our home in Winchester. Just a year later, the same sweet odors greeted me as I opened my eyes in a shaded room and saw, I thought, just banks of lilies of the valley high as the ceiling, and I faintly discerned a little white casket covered with flowers. Then I went down into the valley and shadow, and twelve hours afterward came back to find that they had carried away the child of my heart.

“The Passing of Our First Born,” as written by Dr. William Dubois, is one of the most pathetic things in all the English language. His

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pen was dipped in his heart's blood as he wrote it.

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

We lived in Winchester, Indiana, one year, then moved to Kendallville. Mr. Ross's people lived in Winchester, father, mother, two brothers and three sisters. The oldest sister, Myra, was a singer with deep contralto voice. She delighted in sacred music and sang often and in many places in evangelistic meetings. Her singing won many souls to decide for Christ and His Church. Her ardent love of music instilled the same passion into the hearts of her brothers and sisters. She and her sister and two brothers constituted the choir of the Methodist Church at Winchester for many years. Their singing "Nearer My God, to Thee," to the tune of Robin Adair, was one of the sweetest songs I've ever heard. They have all gone now "To join that invisible choir whose music is the gladness of the world."

Mr. Ross' grandmother was a great, strong, fearless soul. It was in the days when the Crusade fires swept the country. I was urged to join the older women and go sing and pray in the saloons. We went one day, and just as we were about to leave, the saloon keeper thought he'd lock the door and keep us. We all walked out

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but Grandmother—the door was shut and she was kept a prisoner all day. She had her knitting with her, and she sang and knelt down and prayed and knitted, and passed an enjoyable and profitable day. They served her a hot lunch at noon, and treated her with great respect. She always told with glee that she kept men from drinking one whole day. In just a few weeks that saloon keeper sold out and quit business. He told that the sight of that old woman on her knees, praying that God would convict him, kept him awake at night and he had no peace of mind from that day until he quit selling whisky.

Those were tempestuous days. Reformed men like John B. Gough and Luther Benson traversed the country with their matchless words against the liquor traffic. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized, which proved to be a vine of the Lord's own planting; it grew and grew until four hundred thousand women were numbered with the "White Ribbon Hosts," and they in turn organized and educated and agitated until the slogan adopted by the Christian Endeavor Society in 1915, "A Saloonless Nation in 1920," was brought to pass and the nefarious business was forever banished from our land.

One of the foremost advocates and speakers

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in these days was Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, widow of Gov. David Wallace, of Indiana, step-mother of General Lew Wallace. She was a guest in our home once, when she came to speak on Temperance and Suffrage. She was past her four score years, but possessed a masterful mind and wonderful fluency of speech. Her hair was white and curly; she wore it short. She had a strong face that one never could forget. She wore a black dress with white fichu folded over her breast and a long black alpaca apron, and carried a Bible in her hand. The Word of God was her authority, and the way she would ring out the "Woe of Almighty God" in scathing, fiery words, was enough to make King Alcohol tremble. He did tremble and fall, and we owe much to these dauntless pioneers, who, in the face of scorn and suspicion and ridicule, went forth to champion this unpopular cause.

One time at a W. C. T. U. Convention in Bloomington, Indiana, Mrs. Zerelda Wallace and I were entertained for four days in the home of Prof. and Mrs. Amzi Atwater. She told me a sweet story of her life. She married Governor Wallace and became the mother of his four children, Lew being the youngest. The boy was a sore trial to all of them. He would run off from school, sit on a fence or loll on the grass, and talk to the birds and bees all day. He would follow a

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brass band and be lost for hours at a time. He came to manhood and wrote the marvelous story of "Ben Hur." He brought the manuscript to his mother to read critically. When she had finished, he came for it, and she said: "Lew, where did you ever conceive that character, the mother of Ben Hur?" Great bearded man that he was, he put his arm about her and said: "Mother, I thought of you every minute." Gen. Lew Wallace himself said that if he possessed any literary talent, he owed it to the impress of the great, strong intellect of his mother upon his receptive mind.

"Wonderful how life touches life, and how boundless influence is."

We heard great lectures in those days. I sat on a hard wooden bench and listened to Joseph Cook for two hours on "Ultimate America." He had a prophet's vision and a seer's sympathy as he pictured to us our Country's future achievements.

Jehu DeWitt Miller, the ugliest man I ever saw, spoke to us in our Lecture Course on "The Uses of Ugliness." He was familiar with his subject.

Susan B. Anthony spoke in our town. "Woman, thou hast been faithful in a few things, now God is going to make you ruler over many things," she said. Some women in our town

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scorned her. In another city they stoned Miss Anthony. This did not deter her.

“Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee and goest Thou thither again?” We never really know our Master until we toil amid the hurling stones. A scarlet thread runs through every reform.

Dr. Russell Conwell told us of “Acres of Diamonds.” I’ve found a heap of them in the common walks of life.

I heard many of the great preachers of the Restoration movement, too. My father’s house was the preacher’s home. I had great reverence for the ministers of the manifold grace of God. When I was a little girl I loved to hear them talk and tell stories. Some of them chewed tobacco, and I’d watch them spit on the fenders and see it sizz. It made my older sister mad. I thought she was wicked to rail out about the preacher and call him filthy.

I heard some great singers, and went to a few good plays. Maggie Mitchell, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth were at the height of their careers and, as I recall, their plays were uplifting.

All of these varied experiences have gone to make my life. I used to teach a kindergarten verse to my little folks. It is good for grownups, too:

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“Out of each moment, some good we obtain,
Something to winnow and scatter again;
All that we look at, all that we read,
All that we think about is gathering seed.”

In 1877, a tiny baby girl came to gladden our lives for fourteen months; then she slipped away “Into the everlasting gardens, where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens.” A box in my trunk contains a pair of little blue shoes, a chain and locket with a lock of golden hair in it, a ring with “Bessie” engraved upon it, and these reminders have been very precious to me. I have sometimes passed the house of a stranger and have seen them carrying out a little white casket, and at such times I have been sure to open up the box in the trunk and brood over it—not with anguish in these later years, but with the glad thought that we have two baby children in heaven waiting for us.

“Heaven is nearer
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me.”

In the summer of 1882 and '83, the National Conventions of the Christian Church were held at Island Park, Indiana, seven miles from our home at Kendallville. I think some scenes I witnessed at those gatherings made the most

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profound impressions on my heart of anything I ever experienced.

Jamaica is the first born of the Mission Stations of our Woman's Board. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williams, of Platte City, Missouri, were sent to Jamaica in 1876. The Island being under English control, the people speaking the English language, and the Island being so near us, it seemed more like a home than a foreign mission. But this was the occasion of the setting apart of our first missionaries to a foreign field, for while we had accepted the slogan, "Where the Bible speaks, we speak, and where the Bible is silent, we are silent," we had been strangely silent as to the great commission given by our Lord on the Mount of Ascension.

There were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wharton ordained to go to preach the Gospel to India. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions was sending out its first messengers to India, Misses Mary Graybiel, Mary Kingsbury, Ada Boyd and Laura Kinsey.

I watched the stately, beautiful mother of Mary Graybiel lay her hands upon her daughter's head while the princely Isaac Errett offered to God the prayer, ordaining Mary to "Go tell." It was a touching sight. In my heart I questioned how a mother could do it, and I had a faint suspicion that God surely did not require that at

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the hands of a widowed mother. But, as I remember, I never joined the throng who openly declared that it was fanatical and an uncalled-for sacrifice. There was such an awe in my soul that I can feel it to this day whenever I recall that marvelous scene. It may have been a premonition of what was coming to me in after years.

Brother Wharton and Ada Boyd spent many years carrying the Water of Life to the people who were dying of soul thirst out in India, and then they went home to God.

Mrs. Wharton, Mary Graybiel and Laura Kinsey Mitchell gave valiant service till failing health compelled them to return to the home land. Here they are used mightily for our God in interesting others and inspiring them to go.

It has been given to Mary Kingsbury to serve the longest of any of the missionaries of the Disciples—thirty-seven years. Her life has been a savor of life unto life in "India, Sad India." We do not wonder that Bilaspur's most distinguished Jarrister, a high cast Hindu gentleman, took the garland of flowers that was intended for his head, and said: "It is not for me, but for one more worthy," and put the flowers upon the head of Miss Kingsbury, Mama Ji, as she is called in India.

All these faithful pioneer missionaries will

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be crowned with crowns of glory that fade not away. Their dauntless courage and faith have influenced scores of people to offer themselves for this blessed task. There was another significant happening at this meeting in 1882. A. McLean was elected Secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

The next year, Charles Garst, the tall soldier man and his round rosy bride, were set apart at the same time and at the same place. I did not dream of the rich fellowship I should have with dear Mrs. Garst in after years, when our then unborn children should be among earth's toilers, one in the flowery kingdom of Japan, the other in the dark continent of Africa.

George T. and Josephine Smith were among those who were ordained at Island Park. Mrs. Smith wrote in my autograph album, "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Hers was our first grave on foreign soil.

The missionary conscience of the church was just being touched and quickened in 1882. Today we have three hundred missionaries and twelve hundred native workers in India, Japan, China, Tibet, Africa, Jamaica, Latin America, Mexico and the Philippines. They are hewing out pillars for the temple of our God.

Some friends from across the seas attended the first Island Park Convention, Mr. and Mrs.

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Timothy Coop, of England. It was whispered all around that Mr. Coop was a millionaire. We were a feeble folk in that day, and the coming into our midst of a real live millionaire was something to set our blood tingling. I remember that Mr. Coop was immaculately dressed, and wore a tall silk hat, kid gloves, and carried a cane; while Mrs. Coop wore beautiful shimmering silk dresses, which shone through a creamy lace mantilla. I must confess that at one service, when I sat behind Mr. and Mrs. Coop, my mind was wandering and worldly. I did covet that lace shawl, and have never seen one since without thinking of the gracious English sister who so unconsciously set all our hearts a-flutter with her finery.

I stopped in the same hotel with the Coops, met them and found them delightful and entertaining people.

Times have changed. Now, at our annual gathering, it is nothing unusual for us to hobnob around with millionaires who give, as did the Coops, of their means lavishly for the Kingdom's sake, and who have not been blinded or consumed with gold dust. I once rested a few days in the home of one of these wealthy members, and as I laid me down to sleep on a rosewood bed, with Sealy mattress, India linen sheets, eider-down blankets, yellow satin com-

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forter and cluny lace spread, I thought of a hymn my dear mother quoted when her mother was slipping away into the "Land of the Leal:"

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Soft as downy pillows are."

I never do get away from my childish impressions and I am glad and thankful for vivid memories of my father and mother and their consecrated lives. The last time I heard my father speak in the Sunday morning Communion service, he held up his Bible and said, "I want no other criterion for my life than this Word of God." I felt so proud that he could use such a stunning word as criterion, and I wondered if the other elders really understood what he meant to say.

My father was a dry goods merchant, and I had good clothes and was considered a leader of fashion in my set. My ideal was Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, whose picture was often in the papers of those eventful days. My form was not unlike that of Mrs. Lincoln's; I dressed my hair like hers and wore a net; then I had a black silk dress made with a long train, around which was a white swiss under-ruffle, so I was a good likeness of the first lady of the land. In my maturer years I have often been taken for Lydia E. Pinkham, so my conscious and unconscious efforts

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have led me to look like two of America's illustrious women.

Sometimes when I hear criticisms of the modern young lady's manner of dress, I just cannot help but remind the carpers of the time when we wore a full pound of jute switches on our heads, and round, roomy, hoop skirts, with bustles on which we could safely carry an ink bottle, and sleeves that looked like inflated balloons. I wonder that the boards of health did not arrest us for carrying around and scattering disease germs in those street-sweeping dresses. But come to think—that was before the days of germs and Health Boards.

I've little patience with the people who sigh for the "good old days." These are the greatest days in the history of the world—days of knowledge of art, of science, of inventions, of patriotism, of benevolence. Never did men and women gather in such numbers to map the world for King Emanuel; never did the young people pour out the rich, red wine of youth as now, for world betterment.

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime."

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“On, let all the soul within you
For the Truth’s sake go abroad.
On, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.”

For ten years Mr. Ross was a traveling salesman, having headquarters in a place from two to four months, so I went with him from Minnesota to Florida. I found solace for my bereft heart in visiting many primary schools and kindergartens and making friends of the children,

“Trailing clouds of glory do they come from
God, Who is their home.”

I’ve read that away beyond the blue sea, in the City of London, there is a playground and over the entrance are these words: “No adult may enter here unless accompanied by a child.” And away beyond another sea is the city of God, and over the entrance to this city—“Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter here.” So I want to keep close to these boys and girls, tender pilgrims, and learn from them the lessons of trust and faith. My life’s way has been brightened by the children as I’ve traveled and come to know so many of them. One of the sweetest verses I read in the Bible is Zechariah’s prophecy of the rebuilding of Jerusalem—“The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls

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playing in the streets thereof." And we shall see this New Jerusalem coming down from God when Christians everywhere shall clear the streets of every harmful, hurtful thing, so that the children shall play in the streets in safety. God bless the boys and girls—they are the hope of the world.

In 1887 we returned to Kendallville, Indiana, and built us a home, the first house to be painted red, and with the first big square window in town. Some farmers passing one day, one said, "What's the fool man painting his house red for? It looks like a barn." But with a white rose in the front yard, a lavender clematis climbing over the porch, cherry and apple trees and lilacs in the back yard, it was a beautiful place, and it was into this home that we carried our son, Emory Ross, when he was ten weeks old.

His first birthday gift was a pair of knitted socks sent from Liverpool, England, by my missionary friend, Miss Lydia Walker, who was on her way to Africa, after a visit in the homeland. She sent them with the wish that his feet would some day turn toward Africa.

When we laid the cement walk, the father put the boy's foot in the soft cement and marked the date, 1892. The foot was pointed outward, away from home, but we little dreamed it would tread the wilds of the African Jungle.

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At this time I had a large Sunday School class of young men and women—seventy-two of them. We had an organized class, with president, secretary and organist. We had our class motto, class flower, class song and class yell. Our minister, J. O. Rose, wrote to one of our papers of the size and activities of this class, and asked if there were another one in the Brotherhood like it, and as no one answered, we concluded that ours was the first large organized class. The young people of that class are scattered over the earth today. It has been a joy to meet many of them in the different walks of life.

When Emory was six years old, Mrs. Caroline Pearre, the mother of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, visited in our home. She sat out on the porch and told Emory stories that he has never forgotten.

Mrs. Pearre gave two addresses in our church—the one in the evening was on the "Joy of being a minister's wife." She spoke with such convincing power that every girl in Kendallville church felt that no other need apply but a minister. It was a blessing to have this gifted woman in our home.

Another illustrious visitor in our home was Miss Frances Willard, the flaming evangel, who came to speak for our Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I never can forget her wonder-

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ful address, closing with these memorable words:

“Only the golden rule of Christ can bring in the golden age of man.”

We hear much in this day of “World Democracy,” and this means exactly the same thing, for we will never have a world democracy until the spirit of the living Christ shall dwell in the hearts of men everywhere, purging them from greed of gain and lust and power. Then and only then will every man look upon every other man as his brother and say, “Our Father who art in heaven.”

In after years, we had in our home such friends as Sunshine Willit, Dr. Gunsaulus, W. J. Bryan, Carrie Nation, George Stuart, George W. Bain, Billy Sunday, and scores of great missionaries and preachers, and we always felt that we gained much, for they brought to us visions of life that we would not otherwise have had.

“The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.”

“The true measure of a man is by the height of his ideals, the depth of his convictions and the breadth of his sympathies.” By this measure, these were all great men and women.

Henry Drummond said: “I become a part of every man I meet, and every man I meet be-

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comes a part of me." Our lives have become enriched and blest as these lofty souls have touched ours.

One of the significant events in the life of the church at Kendallville was the organization of a Woman's Missionary Society, auxiliary to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. Only seven women were charter members, but that was a Biblical number and the Society has proven a spiritual asset to the church. It now numbers one hundred and twenty members, and the church supports its own Living Link out in Africa. So while the people serve faithfully in Kendallville, their representative, Mrs. Myrta Pearson Ross, serves there, and there is not an hour in the day that that church is not telling the Gospel Message.

The boys and girls of my Sunday School class of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-five are now the men and women of the church.

The church building is dear to me, for we were in the struggle and effort to build it. Every stone in it represents sacrifice and toil of those who were then members of that congregation. Emory laid the corner stone, striking it with a mallet made of wood of the building by one of our closest friends, Mr. John Miller. That mallet is in Africa today, one of the most prized possessions.

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“Other foundations can no man lay than that which is laid, Jesus Christ, the Chief Corner Stone,” were the words spoken by the five-year-old lad that day. He probably did not know just what they meant, but he has learned since, that “Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.”

Most of the friends of that early day have gone, their spirits loosed from the moors of time. I visit the City of the Dead at Kendallville, a beautiful spot, and think that

“As life goes on, the world grows strange
With faces new; and near the end,
The milestones into headstones change—
’Neath every one a friend.”



SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE

CHAPTER III.

In 1897, Mr. Ross and I were called to the work of the Southern Christian Institute, at Edwards, Mississippi, and called so providentially that we dared not resist it, lest we be found fighting against God. A former pastor, Brother J. Randall Farout, and his good wife had gone South and established the school, and through them we had kept in touch with the work. Brother Farout was a tall, angular man with long gray beard. I always stood in awe of him, he had such a patriarchal appearance—a man of God, I called him. Mrs. Farout was a dainty little woman, with a wonderful mind and a faith that never failed. They endured many hard things, but they endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

Brother Farout lived only a few months; his body lies in the Edwards Cemetery. A tall white stone marks the grave, a juniper tree stands like a God-stationed sentinel above it.

Sister Farout lived past her four score years, "wearing her crown of wild olives, type of grey honor and sweet rest."

Mrs. Farout named the place Mt. Beulah, and it is so known locally now. It is said to be the most beautiful plantation in Mississippi. The

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old antibellum mansion stands in its clear white on a hill surrounded by great trees—magnolia, holly, poplar, maple, and is a beacon of hope for the black race. The school is a monument to the faith and fidelity of Mr. and Mrs. J. Randall Farout.

For thirty years Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lehman have been in charge of the school, and their lives have been a blessing in all our Southland, to the islands of the sea, and to the uttermost parts of the earth.

For six years we assisted them in the work, and we count those years the choicest seal of our calling. The school has always stood for the three-fold training of head, heart and hand, and hundreds of boys and girls have gone out from that school into honorable vocations of life, stepping to the marching music of high resolve and earnest purpose. There has never been a graduate of that school convicted of crime. They have gone out and built better homes, schools and churches—many of their own children are now in the school, having even greater advantages and facilities than the parents had.

Directly after we went into the school, there came a tall, broad-shouldered black man from Missouri, a man who caught a vision there of the world's need and who went out to Africa and "Forgot himself into immortality," Jacob

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Kenoly. Jacob was a great man, great in his grasp of God's truth and in his faith and fellowship with God.

There sprang up between the black man and the ten year old white boy, Emory Ross, a love and a devotion that was like unto that of David and Jonathan. Their souls were knit together. They weather-boarded and shingled and set type and rode the horses after the cows and set opossum traps, and often in the evening I've seen the two down on the ponds of the plantation, sailing little ships the white boy had made. And they were always sailing, sailing off to some far country, and it looked just like boy's play, but in the light of what has since come to pass, it seems more like a prophecy, for the day came when the black man sailed the great waters and the day came when the white boy followed him.

One of the things I remember with so much pleasure, of our stay in that school of negroes, is their singing.

“Dear to the black man's heart
Is his wonderful gift of song;
The gold which kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong.”

Who can measure the influence of song?

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“We sing, we know not how or why,
Only this we know,
When the heart’s barriers overflow,
We must sing or die.”

In the summer of 1897 and 1898, we passed through the terrible epidemic of yellow fever. All the people of the village were sick at one time; one-tenth of them died in a few days. The air seemed laden with death. One of our splendid boys was digging a well out near my window, and he sang,

“A little talk with Jesus
Makes it right, all right,
Through trials of every kind
Thank God, I always find
To have a little talk with Jesus
Makes it right, all right,

The melody of that song has remained with me, and its simple philosophy has helped me over many a hard place.

We read much in the Bible of song. When the forty-two thousand returned to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, they brought with them not only carpenters and artisans, food and money and implements, but there were among them two hundred singing men and women.

The Psalmist said: “Thou wilt compass

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me about with songs of deliverance. Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my habitation."

Martin Luther said: "Song is the shortest path to God."

Who does not remember the power of Mrs. Scovill's singing in our great conventions? Men and women are lifted to the heights of new inspirations and new endeavor by song, as tired soldiers spring into a swinging gait or make a dashing charge, stirred by drum, trumpet and flying banners.

"God gave the gift as my portion
To ease life's burdens in part;
That whatever I do or suffer,
I have a singing heart.
So I shall not fear in the darkness,
Nor falter at pain or smart,
For I know he can reach God always,
Who has a singing heart."

The good natured humor of the negro is one of his alluring traits. I recall some amusing things in our school work. A class was asked:

"If you had just four potatoes, how would you divide them among six people?"

"Mash 'em," was the boy's reply.

I asked my cook, "Johnny, are you sick?"

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"No Ma'am, Miss Ross, I'se not sick. I jes feel slightly decomposed."

A boy read from his new Testament, "If a man ask thee to go a mile, take the twins."

One of the girls who had gone home, wrote to me during the time of the yellow fever; she tried to express to me the sentiment of the Mizpah benediction. This is what she wrote:

"Mrs. Ross, may God stand between me and you with regards to misery."

I have been interested in gathering peculiar names of people. One girl in school was named Careesa Burgoyne Arleen Morrison. One of the girls told me of her twin sisters at home, Cora Luster Dixie Cluster Eddie Rhea Travillion and Caroline Beatrice Earl Octavarious Travillion.

I once heard from my hotel window down in Alabama, "John de Baptist, what's yo doin' in dat wattaah?" I had always connected the thought of the forerunner with water, but this was a startling question outside the theological realm.

Among my white friends, I have found a minister named "Sackville Patterson Promenade Swayse-Smith," a Miss "Cuba Doloris Nunez," a "Boston Hague Bartholomew Greyston, M. D.," a "Battle Manasses Bull Run Brown," and three sisters in a banker's home whose nick names were, "Tip," "Lace" and "Bus."

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The annual visit to the Southern Christian Institute of Brother C. C. Smith was eagerly looked forward to with joy by teachers and students, and no one ever reveled with more delight in the fun, frolic and music of the place than did Brother Smith. He always brought his field glasses and would stroll for hours through the woods. "The friendly trees gave up their secrets" to Brother Smith. He loved the out of doors, and delighted in walking the verdant aisles of the forest. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and he, being a child of God, looked on this "Great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world" as his inheritance. The white boy of the plantation adored Brother Smith and was his constant companion. His chapel talks would always bring hope and inspiration to the young people, and his sermons on a Lord's day morning were never to be forgotten. How he did leave the impress of his life on the black boys and girls! "A Great Man" was written by a negro, one of the finest and most beautiful tributes that I have ever read. It was the irresistible outpouring of a soul that loved Brother Smith and to whom the world was lonely after his friend had gone from earth.

On our trips back and forth from the South, we would stop off at Chattanooga to visit Look-out Mountain. It was before the trolley was

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built and we would drive up in a carriage. We were told that we could see into seven different states from the top of that mountain, a magnificent scene that just holds you fast.

“Mountains are God’s thoughts raised up; the sea His thoughts spread out.”

How often our Lord resorted to the mountains to pray! The higher altitudes have clearer vision.

“The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.”

In August of 1898, Emory went low with the dengue fever. Doctors said there was no hope of saving his life, but God cured him and he was “Saved to serve.”

Lois Lehman was the one little white baby on the plantation. When she was three years old, Emory took his first lesson in carpentry, under his father’s instructions, and built Lois a playhouse with real windows and doors, with hinges and locks. He named it “Windsor Castle.” It was a homey sweet place out under the great trees. He constructed a telephone out of wire and tin cans from the play-house to the printing office, so he could talk to Jacob. An electrical storm came one day and the lightning

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ran down the wire and laid Jacob out, covered with type, plaster and other debris.

On Emory's twelfth birthday, a negro man gave him a goat. He built a cart, hitched the goat to it, and proceeded to take the little white lady riding all over the plantation. I received a picture the other day of Lois in cap and gown, for she had just graduated from Hiram College. She will be in the College of Missions next year, her face toward Japan, but she will never sail in the great ocean steamer with any more pride than she rode in that cart over Mt. Beulah, drawn by the white goat, driven by Emory.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"One ship drives east and another drives west
With the self same wind that blows.
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That tells us which way it goes.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we journey along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul determines the goal
And neither the calm nor the strife."

CHAPTER IV.

“Planting colleges and filling them with studious young men and women is planting the seed corn of the world,” said Judson. The pioneer families who came to Illinois from Kentucky in an early day and established this school of learning, Eureka College, had a veritable Joseph’s dream, and their sheaves stand today straight and tall all over the earth.

For eleven years we lived in Eureka and had charge of the dormitory for young women, “Lida’s Wood,” a lovely home given by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ford in memory of their daughter Lida, who went away to her heavenly home just after she had reached her thirteenth birthday here.

Once Brother and Sister Ford spent a month with us at Lida’s Wood. They did so enjoy the young people. They realized that Lida “had gone where she no longer needed their poor protection, where Christ Himself doth rule,” so they were blessed in making this beautiful home for other girls. Their gift was not in vain, for out from this building and college have gone ambassadors of Christ into every quarter of the habitable globe.

A cherished friend, Miss Fannie Boggs, was



LIDA'S WOOD

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a sewing teacher in the Southern Christian Institute. She spent her summers with us at Lida's Wood. She put us all in "good repair" with her deft fingers and swift needle. We all loved her and called her "Cummi," after Robert Louis Stevenson's nurse.

These were eventful years in our lives. It is a joy to recall the happy days with the young people in that home. I am thinking of them now as I write.

"All to myself

I am thinking of you,

Thinking of the things you used to do,

Thinking of the things you used to say,

Thinking of each golden yesterday.

Sometimes I sigh and sometimes I smile,

But I keep each olden, golden while

All to myself."

Yes, I am thinking of the things they used to do. The annual "Night Shirt Parade" was an event to be dreaded, but endured. Young men did not think their education complete if they did not once a year array themselves in white raiment and make a ghostly raid on the young women's domicile. The leaders of this gang found vent to their exuberance in many ways—by putting a Professor's cow up on the chapel rostrum; by swiping the bride's cake from off

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the dining table of her own home while the waiter's back was turned; by securing my cook's clothes and dressing up one of their number and daring him to walk right by my door into the buttery and carry off three large chocolate cakes, and they all becoming partners to the crime by devouring the same.

O yes, sometimes I sigh and sometimes I smile. I find now that the most audacious of these marauders are filling places of trust, many of them in prominent city pulpits of our land, some gone as missionaries. I was thrown completely off my subject as I was trying to speak in a church once, when one of these desperadoes, who bears the mark of my clothes-line on his neck to this day (he was running across the yard with half-filled ice cream freezer, when he hung on the line with his throat cut,) walked solemnly down the aisle with the deacons—still serving tables. I refrain from giving names—"Silence is golden."

We had many festive days at the "Wood." On our wedding anniversary, May 21st, we always served supper on the lawn and sometimes donned our wedding garments for the amusement of the girls.

On Easter morning, we always had a special yellow breakfast. A tall papier mache rabbit stood in a bed of moss on the center of the table,

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surrounded by yellow eggs. We recited the Resurrection Story that morning, then went out to the front porch for the egg hunt, just as they did at the White House. The dignified Professors, who stayed with us, would join in the frolic and hunt until the last egg was found. The one who found the most was rewarded by an extra orange.

On Thanksgiving Day we had special morning service, then went to the church for one of those inimitable church dinners, where college girls, who are always starved, would get filled up for once.

A sweet, precious hour was the hour of prayer on Sunday morning, just after breakfast, in the back parlor. No one was compelled to come in—just those who wanted to. Most of them came—but I used to think they did not enter into it very heartily. Years afterward, one of the most mischievous of the group wrote back to me: “Dear Mother Ross, the most precious memory I have of Lida’s Wood is that Sunday morning hour in the back parlor.” One of the wildest harumscarums of all wrote me recently for missionary literature, saying: “I think you will be surprised to know that I am President of the Woman’s Missionary Society way out here in New Mexico.”

One night at twelve I heard a screech, and

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went upstairs to find sixteen girls in a room, having just finished a nine course banquet. I made them scamper, reproving them:

“Girls, one of the secretaries is in the room below—came in so tired and worn, I’m afraid you have kept him awake.” Of course every girl felt like a culprit and was filled with remorse. Next morning, when H. H. Peters returned thanks at the table and said, “O, Lord, we thank Thee for the rest and quiet of the past night,” those girls screeched again.

A dear girl, who was preparing to be a singing evangelist, went to her home for a few days’ vacation, sang at an evening meeting, “Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,” and early next morning was burned to death. Her family and church furnished a room in Lida’s Wood, bearing the name of Sarah Fletcher. The memory of her is sweet and precious.

What story of those Lida’s Wood days would be complete without telling of Clark Marsh? He was a poor, rich boy, who worked his way through college and who was the big brother to all the girls—unselfish—just literally lived for others—full of fun and frolic, always wanted to go as a missionary, always was a missionary wherever he was—always serving. A dear wife with three little children out in California long for “The touch of a vanished hand, a voice for-

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ever still," for Clark Marsh gave his life for world betterment,

"With just a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies growing overhead."

I think of Jessie Snively, the brilliant student, who made A's the whole four years; never dreaded an examination; married and had two dear children; went away to hear the Master say, "Well done."

And Lovell Hull, a strong, fearless, resourceful girl! How unlikely it seemed that she should go so soon, her life so full of promise! A motherless child will be taught to love her memory. Lovell furnished a room in the dormitory and it may be that some day her own daughter will occupy it.

A splendid young Canadian, Elmore Sinclair, was graduated in the class of 1908, and he and Emory joined the Student Volunteers on their graduation day. Elmore was hindered from going into the "uttermost parts," but served with marked success as pastor, first in Watseka, Illinois, and then in Jackson Boulevard Christian Church in Kansas City. In the midst of a strenuous work, with a devoted little family to cheer and encourage him, he was called to join that great company who serve Him day and night.

Some one likens our ocean steamers to

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“shuttles in God’s great weaving loom, moving ever across the world, bearing the threads of His tapestry.” Many of these patterns are being woven by threads that reach out from Eureka College into India, Japan, China, Africa, the Philippines, Porto Rico, into all the dark corners of the earth. And the cloth of gold is being wrought—redeemed men and women are clothed in the robes of righteousness and are clad in garments of praise, because scores of Eureka’s young people have heard the bugle call of the Lord, saying, “Who will go for us, and whom shall we send?” and have answered, “Here am I, Lord, send me.”

“The Master Builder of the Congo,” Ray Eldred, was once a student of Eureka College. The story of his heroic life has stirred the hearts of hundreds of people. His lonely grave, out by the Lokolo River in Africa, is one of the guide posts to a Christian civilization when a sufficient number of men and women of Ray Eldred’s caliber are found willing to go bearing the lighted torch.

Just recently I was in a Michigan town and my hostess and I were talking of “tithing.” She said, “We have a woman in our church who is not satisfied with giving a tenth, but she gives nine-tenths of all she earns.” She is a masseur. Whether my tired muscles needed her more or

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whether my heart just longed to see this woman—any way, I sent for her and had a treatment of body and soul. She told me of her life, one of trial and hardship. She was baptised in the same stream and at the same time with Ray Eldred. Was there magic in the waters? There must have been a baptism as of fire, that led these two to walk the Red Road. I said, "You surely ought to lay by enough to have a home in your old age," showing my wordly prudence. She answered, "Our Lord had no home, the disciple is not above His Lord." But she told me that she was paying into the Benevolent Association enough to provide for her if she becomes helpless. She gives hundreds of dollars every year and lives on the simplest fare. As I looked into the strong, clear face of this plain woman, I thought she must have prayed Henry Martin's prayer, "O, God, make me an uncommon Christian."

One of the most radiant gifts made by Eureka College was Ella Ewing, a beautiful girl with a face that just beamed and shone with joy and love and hope. With the most buoyant faith she went out to Congo land, and was only permitted to serve there a short time. After three days' illness, Mrs. Eva N. Dye had to tell the dear girl that she must die. Ella's face lighted and she said, "Tell Mother I am so glad she let

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me come. These have been the three happiest months of my life." Then calling her classmates by name, said, "Tell them to come out and take up my work."

"Christ, the Son of God, hath sent us
Through the midnight lands;
Ours the mighty ordination
Of His pierced hands."

When soldiers of our Country die in a foreign field, their bodies are brought back at public expense, if friends so desire. A funeral ship enters the harbor to the booming of minute guns from forts and ships. Public buildings are closed and ensigns dropped at half mast. The president, admirals, generals, statesmen and diplomats bare their heads as the honored dust is borne through our Nation's capital to historic Arlington. But the dead soldiers of the Cross lie where they fall on our lonely missionary outposts.

"When God plows long, deep furrows on the soul, then He purposeth a crop."

There was a smoldering sentiment of missionary zeal in the hearts of the young people of Eureka College that leaped into a red flame under the burning messages of Dr. and Mrs. Royal J. Dye, who returned to tell us what God had wrought. This great man and woman, with their

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little daughters, made their home in Eureka for four years. What a blessing they were to the whole community! They talked in chapel and church in words that burned; they pictured Africa's degradation and woe, then told how God had verified His promise: "I'll open rivers in high places and fountains in the midst of the valleys. I will make the wilderness a pool of water and the dry land springs of water."

Then came Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hagin and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Weaver, telling the same crying need of Jesus Christ in the flowery kingdom of Japan.

W. E. Doughty says, "The reason the sob of weariness and pain in the heart of Christ has not died away into the silence of victory and peace, is because His followers have not made Him the passion of their lives." But here were six men and women who had seen the countries without Christ and what it meant to humanity, and the passion of their lives was to make Him known.

A woman said to me about this time, "I'd be afraid to send my daughter to Eureka for fear you'd make a missionary of her." When the "Men and Millions" team told in the Southern part of the State that ten young men of the College had offered themselves for the fields, a mother came to them at the close of the meeting and said, "I hope my son was not one of them."

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The Boards tell us that nine times out of ten, when a young person offers himself for this God-given task, the parents object. I can't understand it. The one specific prayer our Saviour ever taught us was, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He would thrust forth laborers into the harvest." Christ would have us so deepen the prayer-life of the church that young men and women would be thrust forth of the spirit of God as was Jeremiah, who felt this passion as a consuming fire in his bones.

CHAPTER V.

After Emory's graduation day in June, 1908, he went to the Southern Christian Institute as financial secretary.

In 1911, the news came of the drowning of Jacob Kenoly out in Liberia. Soon a letter came from the Christian Woman's Board of Missions asking Emory if he would go out and see what could be done with the work that Jacob's nerveless hands had laid down. Emory gladly responded to the call. Harry and Lula Smith, who had been among our most faithful students at the Southern Christian Institute, volunteered to go out with him, taking their little three year old daughter, Willie Sue. Harry and Lula were friends of Jacob, and they found joy in going to his mission. Jacob Kenoly had started for the heart of Africa, but he fell in with some Liberians at the St. Louis World's Fair and he decided to go with them. But while his work was blest in Liberia and only eternity can reveal the good he did, yet he was disappointed; he wanted to go to the very neediest field where no messenger had ever gone. But he was hindered. I always think of his gravestone out there on the West Coast as a guide post to the regions beyond. The coast climate proved

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deadly for the black as well as white people from America. Lula Smith went near death's door with the black water fever. She came back to America and is serving with great fidelity in our Jarvis Christian Institute at Hawkins, Texas, while Harry is State Evangelist of that great Commonwealth—Texas. They are real missionaries wherever they are, and would gladly go again to Africa if the way should open.

These three messengers sailed from New York in October, 1912. Four young men, former classmates of Emory, went from Harvard and Yale to see them off. Many college students wrote steamer letters. Mine was to be read first.

"With God over the sea, without God not over the threshold," was my message to him.

Just a few weeks after Emory sailed, Miss Eva Holmes, a former student of Eureka College, came down from Chicago and brought with her a little negro girl, Freda Brown, from Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa. She was in our home three days, and told us a most interesting story of her life. She was the child of a rich African chief. When Freda was born her mother died; the father carried Freda to the coast, and gave her to the care of a Methodist missionary, Miss Osborne, who kept her for eight years. Then Miss Osborne sickened and died and the father took Freda to Monrovia and put her in the col-

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lege of West Africa. When she had finished the elementary course there the principal of the school brought her to Chicago and put her under the care of Mrs. Myer, in the Methodist Missionary Training School. While Freda was with us, she wrote to President Daniel Howard and his family with whom she was intimately associated while in Monrovia. She wrote them of Emory's going to Liberia and the President wrote us a letter thanking us for our kindness to the little girl in a strange land and sent us a picture of his Inaugural. Mr. Howard was the first native to be elected to the presidency of the republic; he is a godly, upright man, a class leader in the Methodist Church and his influence for righteousness has been indelibly impressed on his people. He welcomed the missionaries who had come, received them into the executive mansion, and was helpful to them in every way possible.

Miss Eva Holmes is now a missionary to Central Africa under the board of the Methodist Church. Her love for Freda Brown and her sympathy for the little black girl undoubtedly helped to lead her to offer her superb young life for the redemption of the Dark Continent.

Another most helpful friend in Liberia was Col. Charles Young, who had been sent out as military attache from the United States to train a native army to protect the border lines of

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Liberia. He received the missionaries most cordially and set aside a room in the Legation Building at Monrovia which he called the "Mission Room."

Once Emory heard that the Colonel was very ill with black water fever; he hastened to the capitol to see if he could be of assistance. He nursed the Colonel back to convalescence and then the government asked him to take the Colonel to Paris and put him on ship board for America. This he did. Mr. Ross and I went to Wilberforce, Ohio, to see the Colonel and hear the latest word from our son. We found a most luxurious home. Colonel Young is a graduate of West Point, the only negro Colonel in the world. He has been in the employ of our government for thirty-nine years; has traveled extensively and read widely; he is a linguist and speaks seven languages, is a musical composer, has a Steinway grand piano in his home and does not allow his children to hear ragtime. His wife is also an accomplished woman, a graduate of Spelman Seminary at Atlanta, Georgia. Colonel Young spoke words of deepest appreciation for what Emory had done for him and said repeatedly, "He saved my life." The few days spent in that beautiful home was one of the most profitable visits we have ever made.

The crowning joy of our lives was when

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Emory sought and won one of the truest and dearest girls to walk life's pathway with him. We found in Myrta Maud Pearson all that our hearts could desire. The announcement of their engagement was made June 13, 1913.

Commencement Day of 1913 came and went. Then Mr. Ross and I went away for the summer. We visited old friends in Kendallville, Indiana, then on to Cleveland and spent a month at my sister's cottage on the Lake Shore. Came to Winchester, Indiana, Mr. Ross's boyhood home, and spent a few weeks in the home of his sister. Mr. Ross had not been well, but had been riding out every day and enjoying the visit with his home folks. On the night of August 26th, a few minutes after retiring for the night, I went to his room and found that "The chariot had swung low, come to carry his spirit home." After the first piercing dart of anguish and a cry for Emory, there flashed before my eyes, as in letters of fire, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." All my life I had said these words, but now they were an eternal verity to my soul—and in that very moment I knew that Jesus, the Christ, was more to me than husband or son. I went out that summer night and sat on a rustic bench where he and I had

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sat the night before. Some young people over in a neighboring church were singing:

“What a wonderful Saviour
Is Jesus, my Jesus—
What a wonderful Saviour
Is Jesus, my Lord.”

I felt that they sang better than they knew, but I prayed that they too might keep close to Jesus all the way, and that when their crisis hour came, as come it must to every one of us, that they, too, might know indeed and in truth,

“What a wonderful Saviour
Is Jesus, my Jesus.”

Mr. Ross's brother and a nephew accompanied me back to Eureka. On our way, at a station, a woman dressed in the deepest mourning, supported by two strong young men, came into the car. She was moaning and crying so piteously—her grief seemed uncontrollable. Directly I went back to see if I could help her. I asked, “My dear woman, what is the cause of your grief?”

“Oh, Lady, my husband's body is in the baggage car.”

“So is mine,” I answered her.

She looked up at me in dumb amazement. I asked: “Are these your two fine sons? I have

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just one and he is 10,000 miles away in Africa. He would be such a comfort to me if he were here." Then I told of Emory's work and how glad I was that he found it in his heart to serve the dark needy people. She listened and quieted down, and rode the rest of the journey in silence. When the train drew near Eureka, one of the sons came and took my arm and walked out with me and thanked me for the words I had spoken to his mother and the way my own faith and confidence had strengthened her. I was glad to be able, out of my own stricken heart, to say something that would soothe her anguish.

"Be strong to bear, O heart of mine,
Faint not when sorrows come,
The summits of these hills of time
Touch the blue skies of home."

I have read that migratory birds have been discovered six miles above the earth, flying across the disc of the sun. They have found out the secret places of the most High; far above the earth, invisible to the human eye, hidden in the light. They are delightfully safe from fear or evil. Thus it is with the soul that soars into the heavenly places. No arrow can reach it, no fowler can ensnare it, no creature of prey can make it afraid. "He that dwelleth in the secret

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place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

O, what a vantage ground of peace and joy and confidence!

We brought Mr. Ross's body back to Eureka and laid it “Under the green tent whose curtain never swings outward,”

“Till death do us join.”

Mr. Ross and I had contracted with the Trustees of Culver-Stockton College at Canton, Mo., to go there September 1st, to take charge of their new Hundred Thousand Dollar dormitory. It was with deep sorrow and regret that Dr. Johann and the Board received the news of Mr. Ross's sudden death.

Three months before this I had promised the Iowa Board of Missions to give an evening address at their State Convention on September 8th in Keokuk. Friends urged me to go, but I do not recall that I ever made a journey with so little interest—just numb, dazed. I stood before the audience that night—I do not know one word that I said, but I do remember at the close of the meeting that I clasped hands with scores of people and entered upon some of the sweetest and most helpful friendships of my life. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Aldrich had asked to have me in their home. The warmth and genuineness of their

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welcome was like balm to my wounded heart. It was as grateful to me as was ever Elim's shade to the children of Israel.

The next morning the women of the Iowa Board came and asked if I would work for them in Iowa. It seemed just as if the Lord had said to me, "This is the way, walk ye therein." That day I received a telegram from Dr. Johann, asking me to meet the trustees in Canton that evening. I went, just fearing they would ask me to take charge of the dormitory. They did not, but wanted me to make my home there. I asked, "What to do?" They said, "Not anything, just live here." I made every excuse. "I don't know whether I could stay among strangers." I recall so well, one of the men said, "You come and see if we treat you like strangers." I told them I was to travel and work for Iowa, that I would come and see if I could be content there. I sent to Eureka, Illinois, for my trunk and went up to the dormitory on the hill. I have since traveled two hundred thousand miles in forty-one different States and Canada, but I have never looked out on a more beautiful scene than the sunrise above the Father of Waters, as seen from my dormitory window at Canton. Sunrise always is to me a kind of miracle. The daily renewal of the earth life is always a wonder. Once when Emory came to visit me, I did what Ruskin did

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when a friend visited him at Brantwood. I rapped on Emory's door and asked, "Have you looked out?"

"The Glory of the Lord God came in by way of the east gate, and the earth shines with His Glory, and the Glory of the Lord God filled His house." And the young people of the college too,

"Open for me the eastern windows
That look toward the sun
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run."

Our greatest aspirations come in on the wings of the morning. They come by way of new dawns, new revelations through the doors of expectancy and hope. So there came to me through those glorious sunrise hours, surrounded as I was by those young lives, new hopes, new strength, new courage. The unflinching kindness of the trustees and their families, the faculty, and, in fact, scores of friends in Canton, helped me through those hard days of loneliness and grief. I spent many happy days there "On the Heights." I follow with my love and prayers all the splendid young people who have gone out from Culver-Stockton halls and always rejoice to hear of their advancement and success. Some of her most loyal sons and daughters are serving the King in South America,

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India and Japan, while others are in preparation to go as ambassadors of Christ.

Once when I was crossing the State of Iowa, I had a blessed experience. A man and woman came into the train. I was greatly attracted to them and just felt that I must speak to them. They sat down three seats back of me, on the opposite side of the car. I would turn and look at them with just an indescribable feeling that I wanted to know them. Finally I got up my courage to go speak to them. There were leaflets spread out in front of them. I said: "I beg your pardon, but I see you are Christian workers." "Yes, we are missionaries from Africa." We held hands till the train whistled for them to get off. They knew of our mission in Africa, gave me pictures of their station, and told me so many interesting things. Now, if God did not direct my thought toward those people, I don't know who did. It was some person or power that knew there was a joy in store for me across the aisle in that car, "Like ships that pass in the night."

Once the foot ball team from Culver-Stockton got on the train and espied me.

"Well, here's Mother Ross." Some one yelled, "What's the matter with Mother Ross?" "She's all right." "Who's all right?" "Mother Ross." Everybody in the train was made acquainted

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with me. At a nearby station the boys got off with some more parting yells at me. Everybody in the car was looking at me. A woman came over to me and said, "You must be from the same college with those boys." "Yes." "We have a Mother Ross in our church too," she said. "O, that is interesting, what church?" I asked. "The Christian Church. She has just one son and he is a missionary in Africa." I let her go on and tell all she knew of her Mother Ross, then I said, "I think I must be the woman." She called her husband and we had a delightful journey together for several hours. They were from Kansas; had been visiting in Indiana.

In the winter of 1913 I was tried out on the patient and long suffering people of Iowa. I am greatly indebted to them for their words of encouragement and their loyal support. I have never felt worthy of all the fine things they said to me of my work. I was heartened by them to accept calls from other states, and so I have gone from Boston to Los Angeles, and from New Orleans to Prince Edward Island. I have spoken in churches, colleges, clubs, schools, factories, picnics, prisons, jails, old peoples' homes, orphanages and camps. I have met all kinds of people in all the different walks and conditions of life, and I know that nothing but the love of Jesus Christ in the heart is sufficient

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to satisfy the human soul. It will sweeten every joy and lessen every sorrow. It will turn every darkness into light. It will put songs of praise on the lips and melody in the heart. I have visited people who have lain on beds of pain for years, whose faces shone like the faces of angels. I met a man in a wheel chair whose body was drawn and warped almost beyond the semblance of a man, and yet he radiated light, and joy and peace to all about him. I dined in a home where the host had the worst birth mark covering half of his face, but he was one of the most delightful men, so animated, so interesting, so spiritual. I saw triumph written in every line of his countenance—his spirit had conquered the flesh. I was in a happy company once where there was a young bride, a stranger in the community. She was so deaf that she wore an acoustican, but her beautiful face beamed, her eyes sparkled, as she looked upon us in our merriment. She could not hear a word we said, but her sensitive soul caught the gladness of the moment and she was one with us. She was a brilliant woman, and when it was her turn to talk, we listened. Such chaste beautiful language and such artistic power of expression and description. Another dear gentle woman who is one of my best friends, has ears dull of hearing, but her choice spirit is attuned to the harmonies of life and I am always

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blessed in her presence. Yes, the greatest battles that ever were fought were fought in the hearts of men.

Iowa seemed a far away land. My older brother returned home after the Civil War with such a roving, adventurous spirit, that nothing would satisfy him but an over-land trip to the "wild and woolly West." It was a mournful day for all of us when that covered wagon pulled out from Winchester, Indiana, with three venturesome youths bound for Iowa. My mother lay in a darkened room with a wet cloth on her head and we children tiptoed through the house, our minds so filled with thoughts of the Indians and wild animals, that we were afraid to go out to our playhouse. From 1865, "it's a long, long way to Iowa" in 1920. I have spent many months in that beautiful State and have only seen four Indians and just a few *wild things*. Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man," has been so literally fulfilled that the whole country is taken up and only a poet knows "Out where the West begins."

CHAPTER VI.

Emory came home for his first vacation by way of New Orleans, and I went South to Edwards, Mississippi, to meet him. Myrta Maud Pearson was teaching there that year in the Southern Christian Institute, preparatory to her work in Africa.

The Woman's Board decided that before we put up any permanent buildings in Africa, we would explore the Ubangi region north of Congo. Emory Ross and Dr. Ernest B. Pearson were appointed on that commission. They left for Central Africa in the fall of 1915. They carried with them a passport from our government signed by Secretary Lansing, a letter of introduction from the French Consul to the Congo General, and letters from Dr. Royal J. Dye and Mr. Hensey. But one day I was reading in the Old Book and I saw a verse that brought more assurance than any of these letters. I found it in Ezekiel. "So now, therefore, although I have sent you out among the nations and cast you off among the heathen, yet will I be to you a little sanctuary in the countries to which you come." That is the word of the omnipotent God, and He is my heavenly Father.

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“So have I quieted my heart,
So have I kept it still,
So have I hushed its tremulous start
At tidings of good or ill.

So have I silenced my soul
In a peacefulness, deep and broad,
So have I gathered divine control
In the infinite quiet of God.”

There was one time while Emory was with the exploring party in the Ubangi country that I did not hear from him for six months. Then a cablegram came, telling of safety. I got down the encyclopedia and read how Cyrus W. Field laid the cable, and how grateful I was for his indomitable will that caused him to keep on, although the chains broke many times. How indebted the whole world is to such a man, and yet, how seldom we ever think of him!

I kept busy through all the years, starting out, as I said, without any preparation; but a friend said that I had been preparing for forty years for just such work. True, I had been a member of the Woman's Missionary Society since 1875, but I never had a thought of doing public work. I have no words to tell what these forty-five years of elbow touch, this fusion of hearts, has meant to my life.

I was going with some women from Peoria,

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Illinois, to a district convention; we wore our C. W. B. M. badges. The station master asked if it were a secret society. One woman answered, "No." But I thought, why yes it is a secret society. Where have we so felt the secret of His presence? God said, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him." And again Jesus said, "To him that doeth the will of God shall be given to know the mystery of the kingdom." So I am persuaded that it is a secret society and the eastern star that shown over the Judean hills is its guide. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions, with its educational and benevolent program, has been a great spiritual blessing to the church, and has led us out into the far reaches of the kingdom.

In July, 1915, I went to California to the National Convention. I journeyed by special, conducted by Mr. George Jewett of Des Moines. There were seventy-five people in the party. This long trip convinced me that ours is a country of "magnificent distances," and I do not wonder at the Englishman, who having traveled for five days from New York without seeing the end, said to a fellow traveler, "I don't think it is strange that Columbus discovered America. How could he help but discover it?"

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One of the rare privileges of my life was to visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is a sublime spectacle. It seems infinitely old and as permanent as peace. No pen can describe, no artist can paint it. The canyon is too fresh from God's hand to conceive it in terms of art. One looks across miles and miles of tumult, of form, and color, that seem to swirl in the great deep. People are affected differently by the awesome sight of this gigantic chasm. Two men, a clergyman and a rough scout, stood on the brink together. The former bared his head and exclaimed reverently, "Almighty God, how wondrous are thy works!" The scout raised his hand and said in an unsteady voice, "Good Lord, can you beat it?" And they both meant much the same thing. Anybody who can look unmoved upon such a scene and not feel his soul stirred is dead, and Gabriel's trumpet will do little for him. I wanted to be alone. I went out and sat on the rim. I went as Moses approached the burning bush.

Emory met me in Los Angeles, coming from the North, where he had been with the Men and Millions team. He and I were the guests of the California women and were in the Bible Institute Hotel, where all the sessions were held. The first morning we went to the Roof Garden Prayer Meeting and there we met "The Angel of the

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Church," as Mr. G. M. Anderson calls her in the June World Call of 1920, Mrs. Mary F. Holbrook. I had heard of her in her old home at Onawa, Iowa, and she had heard of me. It was a case of love at first sight. She invited us to be her guests at breakfast through the convention, and we had glorious fellowship hours together.

I met many friends from Indiana and Illinois, now living in California; among them some nephews and nieces of mine, and they did show us a good time. We spent one day with several others out at the beautiful home of Mr. C. C. Chapman, at Fullerton. It was my first sight of a large orange grove. As I lifted my hands to pull an orange from the tree, I thought of Mother Eve. If the apple looked as enticing as this golden fruit, I do not wonder she yielded to the temptation.

Two years ago Brother Garrison wrote that Mr. Chapman had struck oil on his farm and it was running six thousand barrels a day. I was glad to hear it and was not at all surprised to learn that he had given \$400,000.00 to start a Christian College. He is an ardent advocate and liberal supporter of religious education. Brother Chapman knows that he can't take his money with him, but he can send it on ahead.

I heard of a newly rich woman, who was very ignorant. She sent for her landscape garde-

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ner and said, "I thought I would like to have one large bed of Saliva." "Oh, yes, Madam, do, and I will put a row of spittunias around it and I hope it will come up to your expectorations." Still another newly rich woman in New York said, "I have a new coat lined with vermin."

A Los Angeles woman, with her Packard car, came to take Mr. Hensey, Emory and me for a ride. There were seven people in the car, but as we rode and were about to pass a poorly dressed man walking, she slowed up and called out to him, "Are you going far?" "Five miles," he answered. "Jump on the step and ride," she said. The incident reminded me of a short biography that I had read, "And He went about doing good." I have seen other women riding in big cars with nothing but a poodle dog for company. I read a fine tribute paid to Alexander Stevens by his black servant, "Marse Alex. is better to dogs than some folks is to other folks." "I often wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back, for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love."—Henry Drummond.

How often Jesus said, "Father, I have manifested Thy name unto the world."

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In a banker's home in Kansas they kept a colored maid, Katie. At nine o'clock my hostess came to my room and asked if I were too tired to go tell Katie and her boy friend about Jacob and his work in Africa. "It will be such an incentive to them," she said. What a beautiful thought that was! I've loved that woman ever since.

In another southern home there was hammering and noise. The lady said, "We are having another room built on for Caroline, our colored woman. She has lived with us thirty years and helped raise all the children; now she is old and can never work any more, and we want to make her comfortable and happy. It would break her heart to leave us and go live with her sister."

A Nebraska home took three orphaned children when their widowed mother died. The man wrote to the grandfather in Sweden, but in two weeks time they regretted having written, they were so attached to the children. No word has ever come from the grandparents and this beautiful home is made glad by this young life. Manifesting the Father's name!

Another Iowa man and woman had taken a boy from the orphanage. When he was six years old, they went again to the home for another child. When I was with them, the wee baby was

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nine months old and was just beginning to raise its head. I asked, "How did you happen to take a sick baby?" "Oh, Mrs. Ross, it looked so pitiful, and I thought, 'why nobody will ever take you, poor little thing.' I just could not leave it." I know that this woman's heart must have learned much of the compassion of Christ toward the physical needs of men. Four-fifths of his recorded miracles had to do with the relief of men's bodies.

I know a young lady of considerable means, who supports her own missionary out in China. She went south to visit one of our schools for negroes, found they were short of help, and stayed as a teacher. She is very happy in the work. I know a cultured, university trained woman, who was for three years Mrs. Russell Sage's private secretary, who is a teacher in a colored school.

President Ware, of Atlanta University, was once asked how he, with his rare scholarship and culture, could bear to work among the negroes. "O, I'm color blind," he said. Wasn't he like Jesus of whom it was said, "He was not ashamed to call them brethren."

A beautiful woman in Indianapolis entertains frequently the Chinese students in the University. She is helping to establish "International Christian Relationships" of which we

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hear so much in these days. Dr. Edward Steiner says, "Jesus Christ was the first to have an international mind and an interracial heart." Harry Emerson Fosdick says, "A Christianity that is not international has never known its Master." "He hath made of one blood every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." It is the growing realization of this truth that is causing a gradual disuse of the word "foreign" in connection with missions. "The field is the world," said Jesus, and we must be World Christians (not worldly Christians) if we are to be like Him.

A visit to Bethany College was a glad experience for me. Spent a day with Mrs. Decima Campbell Barclay, the tenth child of Alexander Campbell, in his old home. She was nearing her eightieth year, a woman of rare intellect and possessed of a good memory. She was a charming hostess. She told us much of her father and of the great men who gathered in his home to spend days of intercourse; Judge Jeremiah Black, Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and others, who were intimate friends in their home. The house is old and quaint, the furniture, most of it, two hundred years old. An octagon brick building without a window, just a skylight, was Mr. Campbell's study. He said he got his light from above. The

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piano that was bought for her stood in what she called the new parlor where the fine embossed paper had been on the wall for seventy-five years. We asked her to play. She said she didn't play any sacred music, just "Money Musk" and jigs. So she jiggled for us. This last winter in Bartow, Florida, the lady with whom I stopped said, "Mrs. Ross, I'll put you in Mrs. Barclay's room." She went South every winter to escape the rigorous climate of the North. Now she has heard her Master's call, and has gone where the many mansions be.

CHAPTER VII.

In the spring of 1917, Emory entered the University of Chicago for some special work. He secured a suite of furnished rooms in the University apartments, kept for ministers' and missionaries' families. It was my first chance to keep house in twenty years, and I went so joyously to the task. My ardor was somewhat dampened when I saw the condition of the rooms. Mrs. E. M. Bowman was in New York when she heard we were in Chicago. She wrote me to have the University workman clean, paint and kalsomine and send her the bill. "I am writing the Committee, too, and you will hear from them," she wrote. In a few days there was brought up an Axminster rug for our living room, runner for the hall, linoleum for the kitchen, dishes, linen, everything that was needed for our comfort. I think I was never so happy over any material gift, unless it was when some Iowa friends had given me a seal skin coat. Always when there is a kindness shown me, I try to pass it on, so I paid for a term of music lessons for a little child who could not otherwise have had that privilege. I felt so especially favored by Mrs. Bowman, but I've found out

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since that I am only one of many whose way she brightens by her loving generosity.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gorden and their two lovely children, Margaret and Laddie, lived in the flat below us, and how we did enjoy our neighbors. They had their family worship at the breakfast table and they would sing our Christian hymns in Hindi. They had choice missionary friends in the University and frequently had them over for an evening, and we were always invited to join the group. The ends of the earth were brought very near to us as we listened to the stories of the different lands where these men and women had worked.

I attended lectures in Mandel Hall. I heard Ralph Connor tell, "Why Canada went to War." I heard Harry Emerson Fosdick. I had become so familiar with his books, "Meaning of Prayer" and "The Manhood of the Master," that I felt I was listening to a friend. Other great men came to that platform, but it remained for a woman to receive the greatest ovation. The whole audience arose as she was presented as "Chicago's greatest citizen," Miss Jane Addams. The great teacher told us, "He that would be the greatest among you, let him be the servant of ali." Miss Addams has won her distinction, according to our Lord's pattern. "They bear the palm best who only wish to serve."



EMORY ROSS AND MYRTA PEARSON ROSS

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The fellowship we had with the different churches in Chicago was so helpful and enjoyable. Along about the middle of June I knew I was to yield my place as housekeeper and homemaker to another. I put the house in perfect order. Emory preceded me a few days to Eureka. I waited for a sister and niece from Cleveland to join me to go down for the wedding. June 15, 1917, shone clear and bright. It was Commencement Day and many of the former students were back. The ceremony was in the church at three o'clock. Dr. Ernest Pearson pronounced the words that made Emory Ross and Myrta Maude Pearson husband and wife. There are souls that are created for one another in the eternities; hearts that are predestined each to each from the absolute necessities of their nature, and when this man and woman come face to face, their hearts throb and are one. This was one of the mountain peaks of joy in my whole life. I lived over my own happy wedding day. My inmost thought refuses to be imprisoned in my vocabulary, and I cannot tell all that my heart felt on that glad June day that brought into my life a daughter. A reception was held at the Pearson home. There wasn't a more beautiful woman in that happy company than Myrta's grandmother, ninety-two years of age, clad in a drab silk with creamy lace about her neck,

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snowy white hair, a soft, dreamy, far-away look in her eye, and she told me afterward that it made her think of her own marriage in St. Pancras Church in London, a church that has stood three hundred years. Dr. Ernest Pearson, her grandson, on one of his trips to Africa, was privileged to attend a wedding in this same church. "There is a beauty of youth and a beauty of old age; the first is given to us, the second we earn." This mother in Israel had earned her beauty. "As the lamp that shineth upon the holy candlestick, so is the beauty of the face in ripe age." She has since been called away "unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

It was such a joyous company that congratulated the young couple and wished for them the choicest blessings. It was scarcely fair that Emory and Myrta should have made Dr. Pearson perform the ceremony, when he was a doctor and not a preacher. Doctor got even with Emory a few months later when Miss Evelyn Utter went out to Africa to become his bride and Emory had to say the words.

After a few weeks I went up to Chicago to visit them and learn what kind of a mother-in-law I would make. I could only stay a few days, for I must be off to fill my dates. We three went together to our Kansas City Convention and were entertained in a beautiful home. We

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stopped off at Mexico, Missouri, for an evening, for I did want the children to see and know the dear people there. The time was drawing near for them to leave for Africa. I went to Eureka to be with them that last Sunday. Soon after I got in they had a most urgent call to go to Niantic. It was hard for them to do, but they went. They spoke on Sunday morning and a good man in that church gave them one hundred dollars to buy them a victrola. So I was real glad that I hadn't objected to their going. I decided later that I would go with them to New Orleans to see them off. We had to stop off at Memphis, Tennessee, as Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. White had so decreed. We reached there at midnight and left at nine the next morning. I have made up for it since though, as I now take from two to six weeks to change cars at Memphis. We were sorry afterward that we did not stay longer, for the boat did not sail for a week. We had just gotten well settled in our hotel in New Orleans when some church friends came to take us out for a lunch and a drive. They kept that up for a week, thinking every day would be the last. The time of sailing was very uncertain and secret. The ship was strictly guarded. The customs officer doubted if they would let *me* go on the ship at all, but the day they were to get their baggage down, Emory told me to linger on the dock till nearly every one

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had gone. My friends, Mrs. Jetmore and her three children, stayed with me. Just at dusk Emory and the old English Captain came down. Emory introduced us and the Captain said, "Madam Ross, bring your friends and come on shipboard and take dinner with us." We accepted with alacrity. I never had been on a sea-going vessel and I was surprised at the luxury; Steinway piano, beautiful pictures, brass furniture, and red velvet carpet "knee deep in June." It was the most formal dinner I ever attended. Seven courses and five knives and forks at each plate. I had to watch the Captain to know which one to use. Hindu waiters in oriental costumes and orchestra music. The last piece they played on the victrola was John McCormick's "O, send me away with a smile." I took the hint. I left at ten o'clock and came back at eight the next morning. We had our pictures taken on board.

We had two happy hours together, then the gong sounded, and I said good-bye to the friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Hedges and son, Dr. Pearson and Myrta. Emory came down the plank with me; we sat in the auto together for just a little time, "A moment of immortality," then he went back up the gang plank. I followed out and stood on the dock. Just at this time, as if to break the tensity, Mrs. Gwinn hurried up the plank with three dozen American Beauty

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roses and five pounds of candy from the church ladies for Myrta and Mrs. Hedges. That gave a sweetness and aroma to the occasion. I thought there would be a clanking of chains and ringing of bells and blowing of whistles, but to my astonishment that ship glided out like a swan upon the water, and I didn't know they were going until I saw the water widening between them and me.

“The anchor is lifted, the sails are set,
The waves are dancing in glee;
Away from her moorings the trim craft slips,
There's a good-bye smile from those
precious lips,
And there's one more ship at sea.”

My heart strings tugged and strained until it seemed they would snap in two, but I stood there and waved and smiled (sort of camouflage), and never shed a tear. I watched that ship until it was just a speck on the horizon, then turned away. My son wrote me afterward that he saw me plainly when I turned and got into the auto, for he was looking through his strong binoculars.

There was to be a meeting at three o'clock that afternoon and my sympathetic hostess said I must not try to go, but I asked to be left alone in my room until the hour, and I would be ready.

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She respected my wishes, only sending the maid up at twelve o'clock with the most appetizing lunch. We went to the parsonage and had a good meeting. I can never forget the kindness of Brother and Sister William Allen and others in New Orleans.

I went into Texas for a month's work; stopped a few days at Southern Christian Institute, Edwards, Mississippi. I heard a lecture one time "bound Texas." He said it was bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the east by the rising sun, on the south by the equator, and on the west by the Judgment Day. All the people who live in Texas would think this was not overdrawn. A secretary from Texas was at our College of Missions once at a banquet, where thirty-two women were each to rise, introduce herself, and tell what State she was from, etc. This loyal Texas woman told us many wonderful things about her state, and ended her speech by saying that if all the inhabitants of the earth were put down in Texas, there would only be ten to the acre. Her listeners just groaned; they knew that nobody could outreach her unless it was the woman from Kentucky. My turn came next. I was born in Indiana and could boast of the greatest number of the Literati, but I would have to confess that Texas had produced the most talked of man at the time, the man who was

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most in the limelight, Jack Johnson. That Texas secretary has had it in for me ever since, and she is only biding her time to get even. I never have found bigger hearted people than in Texas. I was exposed to a bit of snow in my travels in that sunny Southland, was taken ill and had bronchial pneumonia. An assistant secretary, Mrs. Berta McMasters, was with me and took me into one of the dormitories of Texas Christian University. There she and Mrs. King and others gave me the tenderest care. They called the best doctor and a trained nurse. I knew by their looks that they thought my case was serious. But the next morning when I asked the doctor if he knew which way a pin goes, he thought it had gone to my head. But I insisted that he tell me which way a pin goes. "I don't know," he said. "Well, it is hard to tell, for it is pointed one way and headed the other." I think he had hopes for me from that time on. One day when I had a sinking spell, those women fixed up a toddy for me. They tell it on me that I smacked my lips and said, "My, but that is good. I haven't tasted one for forty-five years."

There was no one in the town that I had ever seen except Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Weaver, and they were constant and devoted in their care for me. Women unknown to me sent me fresh eggs every day, buttermilk, and peach pre-

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serves, bed-room slippers and lysol, flowers, fruits and sweet cream. Relatives thought it was so sad that I had to be sick among strangers, but I didn't see anything sad about it. I was perfectly taken up with my doctor, and I think that helped me to get well. He was a fine, large, handsome, fifty year old Texan. One day I asked him, "How did it come that they took the best looking man in Texas and made a doctor out of him?" I saw that it pleased him, though he was a little embarrassed. When, some weeks later, I asked for my bill, he said it was nothing. Now those attending women tell that it was because I called him handsome that he made no charge for services. But I knew it was because he was so surprised that I lived, and was so thankful that God skilled him in the right use of his knowledge to save me for the boy over in Africa. I am mighty grateful to Dr. Woodward and all the friends who helped to pull me through. I know that God still has work for me to do.

I had a lark in my convalescing days with those Texas Christian University students, and was able, before I left, to give Chapel talks and play some games with them in the evenings. Camp Bowie, with 40,000 soldiers, was in plain view from my window. I met the Y. M. C. A. Secretary, and he invited me out for a Sunday afternoon meeting. I was so glad to go, but

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when I was getting out of the auto, he said, "Mother Ross, we have two speakers today, but I want you to have a word too." "Oh, no, I can't do that," I said. But he marched me onto the platform with two dignified divines. I sat there in a nervous tremor wondering what I'd say to that strange looking audience. It seemed to me that the whole 40,000 had turned out; seats, aisles and windows were full of khaki-clad fellows. When I got up they all looked alike to me. I asked the Lord to steady me. I said, "Boys, when you get out in front of the guns, if you are as scared as I am right now, you'll never hit anybody." They gave me an ovation, a regular khaki ovation, and I was encouraged to go on. "It is our hearers who inspire us," says some great preacher. Those boys were certainly an inspiration to me. I could have talked as long as Paul did, but I didn't want any of them to fall out of the windows and break their necks. I went there every time I had a chance, and also out to the Aviation Camps. I found one of my Eureka boys at Benbrooke Field. One of the boys said, "O, Mother Ross, you don't know how fine it is to be way up above the clouds, light and airy, and no fear." I let them finish, then I said, "Yes, boys, I know all about it, I belong to the Aviation Corps myself. I live above the clouds all the time. I am upheld and sustained and

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have no fear, because the everlasting arms are round about me. When you get out yonder in "No Man's Land," maybe your planes will come down and you be mangled and hurt, but I pray that you may still be confident and secure because of your trust in Him." I don't see how a child of God can live in the low lands. No good thing will He withhold from them that love Him, is his sure promise.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that you should go forth and bear fruit, and that your fruit might remain; that whatsoever ye ask of my Father, in my name, He will give it you." There is Jesus' sure word and promise, conditioned in our bearing fruit. Paul tells us that He is able to give us

All that we ask;

All that we ask or think;

Above all that we ask or think;

Abundantly all that we ask or think;

Exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think.

We Christians are the richest people on earth. "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." A hundred fold in this world and in the world to come life everlasting. But it takes a wholly surrendered life to claim these promises. Real prayer means the breaking

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down in the secret places of the heart in full and free submission to the will of God. And so, and only so, does the inner life become a great highway for the transmission of God's message.

I made a ludicrous mistake one day. I went to introduce a soldier friend to some of the college girls. His name was Gus Rammage. I guess I must have been excited, for I said, "Young ladies, I want you to meet my friend, Mr. *Gas Rummage*." After I came North, on Mother's Day I received through the mail a small khaki-covered Testament, and on the fly leaf I read, "To Mother Ross from Gas Rummage." I prize that little book and carry it with me all the time. That mistake was not as bad as the one an angry woman made when she found some one sitting in her pew at church. She said to the usher, "Some one is pitting in my sew." He replied, "Oh, yes, Madam, I'll sow you to another sheet."

That experience with a soldier audience almost spoiled me for just plain church audiences. No church people ever stamped their feet and yelled their appreciation of me. Every time I had a chance, I went to a camp; I visited eighteen in all. My stay in Houston, Texas, was in a home where I reminded them so much of a dear mother who had slipped away just a short time before. They cordially urged me to come and spend a winter with them, and about Christmas

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she mailed me a picture of a dinner table with one vacant chair, and that was for me. She is one young mother who prays earnestly that her only son may give his life to mission work. She is a wonderfully gifted woman; she can do so many things. I asked if there was anything she couldn't do, and she said, "I've done everything but make a circus tent, and I think I could do that." "My Rose Garden," which appeared in one of our recent Sunday School papers, shows how she works with human flowers, girls. I do hope I may some day go and spend a few weeks in that dear home.

I went into a southern city and was met by a beautiful young woman, but there was a hurt look in her eyes, and her hair was white as with the snows of sixty winters. I knew, at once, that there must be some deep sorrow in her life. When we reached the home I learned of a little twelve year old afflicted boy. The mother showed me his picture taken when he was four years old, a well formed, beautiful child, but soon after that a dreadful malady had fastened itself upon him, and for ten years the little body had been limp and helpless, paroxysms of intense pain. The agony of those years had left its impress upon these devoted parents.

I was in the home again recently. They took me out to the cemetery to look at a little

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mound of earth covered with flowers, and to tell me that early on last Easter morning they carried the body of the child here, for his spirit had taken its flight to that land where there is no sickness, no pain. The faithful, black boys who had cared for the little lad through all his suffering years carried him to this, his last resting place, and tenderly covered the casket with earth. "I am the resurrection and the life" came to these young parents with new meaning on that Easter morning. The father is a man of large business interests, but he begins every day with a season of prayer and consecration. He calls the colored servants from the kitchen, and we read from the word of God and kneel together to praise and adore His matchless name and to seek His guidance for the day. There is a calmness and serenity in that home that I do not always find. That home has been purified and purged as by fire, and the chastened souls radiate light and beauty as of pure gold. A strength and blessedness of spirit come to me as I remember the days I tarried there.

I started North just in time to reach Memphis for the Easter Sunday. Memphis is one of my homes. The parsonage there, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. White and five lively girls, is a haven of delight to me, with not one dull moment. I was to rest there six weeks. I

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spoke twenty-four times and was out to twenty-four dinners and luncheons. It seemed to agree with me. I wouldn't mind doing it again. The Linden Street Church has its prayer meeting at noon on Wednesday. It is a down town church and I've seen one hundred at the prayer meeting. A cafeteria lunch is served and it proves to be a happy arrangement for the business men. They come in and are refreshed in body and spirit. It has seemed the very gate of heaven to me when I've been with them. This church has the most aesthetic Aid Society I've ever seen. "Daughters of Linden" they call themselves. I've heard Aid Societies called "Busy Bees." That name is capable of too many different meanings. "Willing Workers," "Handmaidens," nothing quite so euphonious as "Daughters of Linden." And to attend one of their meetings, one feels that she has been out in society sure enough. The women wear their best clothes, they have music and flowers and dainty refreshments, and reports of work done that make the heart glad.

The McLemore Church is great, too. I was there on Sunday morning when four men spoke, each of them five minutes, then I was to have twenty-five. That showed how chivalrous those men were to give the woman five times as long to talk. A man named Glass came up and gave a blackboard performance that brought four

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thousand dollars in ten minutes. I heard a Greek scholar say that in the sentence, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," the word "cheerful" should be "hilarious." It was so rendered that day at McLemore.

There is a dear woman in Memphis who raises canary birds for sale to make her church and mission money. She names them for missionaries, and when a purchaser comes, they hear all about the missionary's work. I was invited out to her home with six other ladies to eat strawberry short cake and see the birds. She had just named a young pair, "Emory and Myrta." About Christmas time she sent me ten dollars, the highest price she had ever gotten for a single bird, and this money was to be sent to Emory Ross for his Christmas gift. I have told this story twice, with embellishments, once to a Sunday School in Worcester, Massachusetts, and again in Fayetteville, Arkansas, and it took well with the boys and girls in both places. One boy said, "Gee, a feller could raise lots of missionary money with Belgian hares." So there may be a "Bunny Fund" started by this time.

I saw what they called a "Bunny Hug" one time on a boat on the Mississippi River. E. E. Elliott and L. W. McCreary and their families, saw it, too. I read where the Aldermen of New Orleans had pronounced against it, and when

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New Orleans condemns a thing, it must be *bad*. Some one recently said, "If the dance craze keeps up as it is going, the next generation won't recognize 'Home Sweet Home' unless it is jazzed."

A great statesman has said, "Tell me what your young people are thinking about, and I will tell you what your country will be in twenty-five years from now."

I have just been reading Herman Hagedorn's book, "You Are the Hope of the World." "To you who carry the unblunted swords of ten to seventeen, you are the ones who carry the hope of the world. Not to die for the world, to live for it, to think for it, to work for it, to keep sharp and unstained by rust the sword of the spirit." It is an appeal to the boys and girls of America. Everyone of their hearts will thrill in its perusal, and it would be "good medicine" for the parents, too. Another book that is most helpful is Arthur Conwell's "Manhood's Morning." Conwell tells that there are boys enough in the United States to go into the forests and cut the trees and make the ties; go into the mines and dig the ore and smelt it, and build a railroad from New York to San Francisco between the rising and the setting of the sun. What a tremendous power for good or ill! The hope of the world, they are, sure enough, our greatest

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asset. If there is anything I love better than a boy, it is some more boys. I could write a whole book on "Boys I Have Known." I heard a mother of three sons say, "I just feel like I was wasting time when I read. I would rather crochet, and have something to show for my time."

I was in a home where there was a son of fifteen years; handsome as ever was made. At the dinner table the mother, who was President of the Woman's Missionary Society, regaled us with things about the preacher. "He seems so worldly; rather be rollicking around with the boys of the town than tending to his duties; taking them on long hikes after school, when they had better be doing something useful. I just don't think he was ever cut out for a preacher; he doesn't seem at all spiritual." Up spoke the boy champion, "You bet all the boys in town like him. He's a sport. He is the kind of a guy that gets the boys all right." Then the father reprimanded the boy sharply for contradicting his mother. I felt sick, like I had been in a dissecting room. She was to lead the devotions that afternoon at the convention. "The Children's Work" was the subject. She asked me to give her a scripture that would be suitable. I told her I thought, "Do not sin against the child" would be timely and appropriate. I don't think she "caught on."

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I have had some happy experiences with the Boy Scouts. In Waycross, Georgia, two of them were so helpful to me that I wrote them up in their town paper. This is what one of the youngsters asked me: "If Arkansaw Virginia, how far can Tennessee?" Of course I didn't know. "Waxcross, Georgia," was the answer. I have met with the boy scouts in many different towns. I love to hear them take their scout oath.

"On my honor I will do my best,

I. To do my duty to God and my country
and to obey the scout law;

II. To help other people at all times;

III. To keep myself physically strong,
mentally awake, and morally straight."

And then to hear them say, "I will be true; I will be clean; I will be loyal." One troop gave a yell that pleased me. "Whawho! Whayet! Nasty, dirty cigarette!" I gave them the definition I had read of a cigarette, "A roll of paper and poison with fire at one end and a fool at the other." It means much that 390,000 boys in the United States are living under such standards as their oath implies. I am glad that thousands of men find joy in serving as scout masters. They are stamping their personality upon those impressionable boys as truly as the Philadelphia

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mint puts the symbol of the United States upon our golden coins.

A mother asked me if I would compel a boy to go to church. I said, "No, I would *constrain* him. I would so love the church myself, and uphold it and talk of it, and tell of its glorious triumph through all the ages; I'd tell him that the church was the body of Christ, and if we did anything to hurt the church, it would hurt Christ Himself; I'd so enthuse the child's heart that his feet would be swift and his blood would tingle when he would hear the church bell ring." A boy would not be dead in love with the church if his Christian father sat at home on Sunday morning and read the paper, and his Christian mother had a violent headache every seventh day of the week. I have known women who claim that they are so nervous that they couldn't sit an hour and a half in church, who go to a movie and sit three hours without a collapse. Now, this "nerve business" is terribly overworked. When I meet a woman, I hate to have her take up all the blessed, God-given time talking about her nerves. The Psychologist tells us that every thought leaves a groove on the brain, and every time we repeat a thought, that the groove grows deeper. I should think that some brains would be worn through.

I visit a most interesting woman, who is in

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the eighties. She talks about the W. C. T. U. work in her own town, about contests in the public schools, with essays on Scientific Temperance. She talks about suffrage, and quotes from Carry Chapman Catt. She tells of the marvelous triumphs on the mission fields. She tells of the rat killing campaign along the Mississippi River to keep off the bubonic plague. She discourses about the "Child Welfare League." She talks of King Albert and Lloyd George; about the Chautauqua program. She is a walking encyclopedia, and the whole town knows it. She is an authority; everybody consults her. If she has any "Rheumatiz," she never talks about it. I wonder if it does any good to talk about our aches and pains?

A bright, cheery woman, went to a meeting of an aid society. The women told about their afflictions. One told of her liver, and another of her heart; still another of her spleen; the eyes and ears came in for some attention; the corns and bunions, the goiters and catarrh, high blood pressure, eczema, tonsils and adenoids. At the close of the meeting, one of the members asked the visitor if she had enjoyed the afternoon. "O yes," she said, "I thought, though, that I was coming to an Aid Society Meeting, but I'd call this an 'Organ Recital'."

"Joy is the sunshine of the soul, and laughter

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the greatest antiseptic and mental purifier on earth," and every doctor knows it, too. "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," says Charles Lamb. "God smiled when He put humor into the human disposition and said, 'That is good.'"—Beecher. Once I made a whole family laugh. I did it on purpose; they needed it. A new baby greets the world with a cry, the universal volapuk. After awhile it smiles. 'That makes everybody laugh. It's easier to cry than to laugh. We never cry unless we feel like it, but I know people who laugh when their hearts are full of tears. Harry Lauder rises from his son's grave out there in France and goes to sing to 12,000 boys. His friend remonstrates, "Harry, you can't sing." "Oh, yes I can, those boys are waiting and my boy is watching. I'll go and sing out of the break of my heart."

One can sing if her son falls on a field of honor, but I know a dear mother whose son was killed, shot down in a bawdy house. She was killed, too. O, she will walk around a few years longer, ministering to the rest of her family, but some day a disease will fasten upon her and she will succumb. Doctors will say, "She had no vitality to resist the attack." No, there was no resistance, she was stabbed, mortally wounded, and her heart's blood had oozed away. It's a dastardly thing for a boy to kill his mother.

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I know a man in the very prime of life, who was vigorous, strong and alert three years ago. I met him again, recently. His hair is white, he has sad lines on his face, his step is slow and lacks elasticity, he has aged. I marveled at the change in him. His only son, by whom his honored family name was to have been perpetuated, had gone wrong, woefully wrong, and was languishing behind prison bars.

“My son! My son! Would to God I had died for thee.” David’s lament over Absalom is being reiterated in the hearts of men today, and there are mothers who will have to take up Judah’s plaint and say, “How can I go up to the Father, and the lad be not with me?”

CHAPTER VIII.

I have visited twenty of our own church colleges, and many others. I was in one school where they had twenty-five mission study classes, and the students had given \$10,000 toward a hospital in China. There are forty-seven thousand college students in mission study classes in the United States. The study of missions makes for intelligent Christianity as nothing else does, except the study of the Bible. Mission study today is the study of civilization. To be ignorant of missions is to be ignorant of the great life currents of progress. An editor of the Outlook, recently home from the East, says, "The missionary movement is today the greatest unifying force at work among men." The missionary is talked of in the newspapers; he is acknowledged by science; he enters into the calculations of statesmen; he is recognized as a permanent factor in the re-making of the world. Charles Darwin said, "The lesson of the missionary is like an enchanter's wand." A war correspondent of a Chicago paper goes into Tibet to help rescue our intrepid Dr. Shelton, and to tell the world of his capture and release. Fred Smith's trip cost the Chicago Tribune \$3,000. His cables were copied by a score of leading

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papers, and hundreds of small ones. Dr. Osgood writes that because of Mr. Fred Smith's trip and his writing, more bankers are going to put money into Chinese securities; more Consuls are going to be scattered over China; more steamships are going to cross the Pacific; more hospitals are going to be built; more schools opened, and more churches erected. Yes, newspapers, magazines, books, leaflets and calendars are publishing the good news of the oncoming Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Great public libraries are devoting space for missionary literature with separate catalogs, so great is the demand. Any church, that is in fact as well as profession, seeking first the Kingdom of God will demand and will have fresh and full tidings of that Kingdom throughout the earth.

I went East and was in Boston a few weeks. I was shown many interesting places, Cambridge and Harvard, Phillips Brooks' monument and church. I thought of how a newspaper man said, "It was a rainy, dreary Monday morning, but Dr. Phillips Brooks came walking down the street and everything was bright." I saw the Bunker Hill monument, I visited the Mother church, a magnificent building. Was on the bridge where Longfellow stood at midnight. I stood by the grave of this beloved poet. A woman pointed out to me the graves of two of

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Boston's most exclusive, aristocratic families, the Cabots and the Lodges. She said it was told of them that the Cabots only spoke to the Lodges and that the Lodges only spoke to God. But the sight that gave me the thrills was over at the Aerial School, where I saw 5,000 boys, all dressed in white, march over to the Stadium, the light of the morning in their faces and their hearts as strong as steel. I visited all our churches in Vermont, only two, ten miles apart. The loveliest valley towns nestled down at the foot of the Green Mountains; the most gracious people, and pure maple syrup three times a day.

Was in Danbury, Connecticut, and the suburb, Bethel, which is the birth place of P. T. Barnum. He gave a beautiful fountain to the town. One evening I rode out with Mr. Barnum and his family, next evening with Mr. Bailey, so I can truthfully say I have traveled with "Barnum and Bailey."

Worcester, Massachusetts, has a great church and great people. I have enjoyed their fellowship several times.

I went up into the Maritime provinces. Visited the churches in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Never have I seen such entrancing beauty of sea and land. Met the most loyal people, English and Scotch. Everything was named for Royalty. Queen's

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Gardens, King's Parks, Victoria Hotel, Windsor Inn, Prince of Wales College, Royal icehouses, and Royal Baking Powder. I crossed the Northumberland Strait over into Prince Edward Island, one beautiful moonlight night. I remembered that this water was where Brother A. McLean was baptized. What that hour of life dedication has meant to the world! The original Indian name of the Island was "Abegweit," "Cradled on the Waves." The Island was ceded by the British to the French in 1764. It was given its present name for Edward, Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father. It is a gem of beauty. I had my headquarters for a month at Summerside, in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Schurman. I was in Charlotte Town, the capital, a quaint old city. This was the home of Miss Montgomery, the author of "Ann of Green Gables," but she is not living there now. A friend, Miss Agnes Williams, told me much of her. Her books have had a tremendous sale, and Miss Montgomery said she thought every red-headed girl in America wrote to her after reading "Ann." Was in many country homes and enjoyed the fruit, especially the strawberries. The Island is noted for its many fine horses. The automobile was just beginning to put in its appearance, to the great discomfort of the women folk, who drive their own teams.

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I went to see the silver fox farms. The fox business is one of the great industries of the Island. We drove through "Beaver Street." The gentleman told me it should have been called "Fox Street," for it was built with Fox money.

I am afraid to tell about the big fish I saw. My readers would say, "That is another fish story."

In Nova Scotia I was shown a sugar camp where, in the spring, there were seven tons of sugar brick made.

I saw wonderful apple orchards. I wonder why people who pretend to go North don't go up on the St. John River in New Brunswick.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,"

may equal it, but I don't see how they could surpass it.

I only had a glimpse of Evangeline's land. There is the village of Grand Pre, the same old willows and the well with the sweep; the old church with its high sounding board; Gabriel's blacksmith shop. The villagers keep a white heifer on the green with a blue ribbon around its neck to make the whole setting of the famous poem real.

I visited Halifax, soon after the disaster, with its terrible devastation and loss of life. I

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was in our own church when the list of lives lost was read. Nineteen of our little group were taken. I heard some heart-rending stories of the tragedy. I have never seen more beautiful parks than in Halifax. I had my home with Mr. and Mrs. Lorenza Miles, where I was made very welcome.

We had but just entered into the world war, and I had not sensed what it meant, until I had crossed the Canadian line. In nearly every home there was a vacant chair, a mute symbol of the sacrifice that Canada was making for world democracy. I was in the home of a widowed mother, whose only two sons were in France. One morning there came a cablegram, "Ira Stewart killed in battle." Two hours later, another message, "Jack Stewart wounded." I was in the home a month later. The girls of the church had had Ira's picture enlarged and hung in the mother's room. Mrs. Stewart stood before that picture with a light in her eye that never was on sea or land, and she spoke more to herself than to me, "He was so young, only seventeen, so bright, so good, my boy," then turning to me, "I am so proud, Mother Ross, that Ira died for humanity." That seemed to be the spirit of the Canadian women.

An American soldier wrote home, "If anything happens to me, Mother, don't grieve about

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it and mourn. . . Just count it an investment, like buying a Liberty bond." These bereft fathers and mothers have made an investment of their own flesh and blood, that the world may be made free.

I was invited to a Presbyterian home in Charlottetown for Sunday evening tea. The hostess told me of her uncle, Dr. James T. Hughes, of Toronto, whose only son was killed in France. Dr. Hughes had written a poem a few weeks before his boy's death. She gave it to me. It expresses just the way I feel about my son, so I will commit it to this book that other parents may read it.

"God gave my son in trust to me,
Christ died for him and he should be
A man for Christ. He is his own
And God's and man's; not mine alone.
He was not mine to give; he gave
Himself that he might help to save
All that Christians should revere,
All that enlightened men hold dear.
What if he should not come? you say,
Ah well, my sky would be more gray
But through the clouds the sun would shine
And vital memories be mine.
God's test of manhood is, I know—
Not, will he come? but, did he go?"

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I was in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, where I had been told a brother of our Brother McLean lived, but the word had just reached them of the death of their son in France, a brilliant young lawyer. I did not try to see them, but just prayed for their stricken hearts.

We were in a convention at Milton, Nova Scotia, an all-day Sunday meeting. The glorious sunshine flooded the earth. A sparkling stream of cool water near the church refreshed us; it was a blessed Lord's day. A man and wife from a distance had come in their automobile. He was especially helpful in the sessions of the convention. Then, at two o'clock, a cablegram, like a deadly lightning flash, was handed them that their first born was killed in battle. The day was darkened for all of us, sorrow settled upon us like a pall of gloom. "Bleeding" and "Blessing" come from the same Anglo-Saxon root word. Thousands of homes have given up their life's blood out yonder in "No Man's Land." John Keats, in one of his poems, tells us about the Master walking in the garden and, seeing the ground all covered with fallen rose leaves, says, "The roses will be redder and sweeter next year because these have bled for them."

I visited a Canadian hospital, where there were twelve hundred soldiers, maimed, and bruised, and broken. I saw a man without eyes

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and without arms. I never so realized the meaning of the Atonement as I did when I looked at that boy and thought of how he would grope in darkness all the years of his life for my sake, for your sake. Talk about giving these men a "Bonus?"; Let's call it back pay. Were we to empty the United States Treasury of its boundless, incomprehensible store, and lay it at the feet of these heroes, we would still be indebted to them.

I found "a wayside sacrament" in a little dovecote of a home by the sea up in Nova Scotia, where two rare spirits lived, sisters, the Misses Freeman. I must have stressed the needs of the colored people of our Southland, for within six months they were both enrolled among the teachers of Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia, where I have met them twice since.

An elderly woman in Prince Edward Island asked me if I ever knew "Sweet Anna McDonald." I did not know her by that name, but when she told me she was the wife of H. T. Morrison, my memory flew back to the time when Brother Morrison came to be our pastor at Winchester, Indiana. "Sweet Anna McDonald" just expresses the Mrs. Morrison whom everybody loved. She would sometimes be lonely, and longing for her Island home. I would often go

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with my horse and carriage and take her and her baby boys, Charles and Hugh, out riding.

I didn't know the Christian church was so indebted to Canada until I was told of her illustrious men and women who had crossed the line to live and work with us. A. McLean, Dr. Macklin, Petrus Rijnhart and Dr. Susie, President and Mrs. Paul, Professor Lumley, the Morrisons, the Simpsons and McDougals, the Riochs and Maddens, the three Sinclair boys, Mr. and Mrs. Loren Sanford, George Campbell, the Linkletters, May Louise Cory, and others whose names I do not recall. How enriched the church has been by the infusion of the blood of these strong Canadians!

The Canadians sing "God Save the King" in every service. I sang heartily and once the chorister, noticing, no doubt, what a contribution I was making, said, "Now let's sing 'America' for Mother Ross," which they gladly did. Oh, the fellowship was so delightful, and I just pray that I may go again to the Provinces.

I came back to Boston and waited two weeks for the New England convention. Was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Loren Sanford, pastor of the Everett church. Their sixteen year old son, Wallace, was a congenial and interesting companion for me. I am often entertained in homes where there are no children, and I always try to

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make the best of it. I feel so sorry for the childless couple, but if you want to show me a real good time, place me where there is a houseful of youngsters. In a St. Louis home there were five ranging from four to sixteen years. We older ones were telling stories, rhymes and conundrums, when the little boy piped up and said, "Mother Ross, I know a funny story, too." "Tell it, child," said I.

"The honey bee gets honey
With a funny little buzz,
But there's nothing very funny
About the other thing he does."

When I learn a good thing, I try to pass it on. I'd like to see all of the boys and girls that I have taught this verse, hold up their hands.

I try to avoid all controversial subjects. I don't know much about theological questions. One day a rather serious, sober man asked me a corker, "Sister Ross, do you spell 'Disciple' with a big 'D' or a little 'd'?" I was scared, my heart was in my throat, but a six year old boy, God bless him, who was never serious or sober, yelled to me to come out and see a toad he had in a glass jar. That boy taught me more natural history, Toadology, in the next five minutes than I had ever known. I told him I knew a verse about a toad. "Tell it," he said.

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“Ain’t a toad a tunny ting?
Ain’t dot no tail atall,
When it tannen up look like it titten down
When titten down look like it tannen up.
Ain’t a toad a tunny ting?”

I had to say it over and over till the boy learned it. Charles Dickens said, “You make a child happy today, and you make him happy twenty-five years from now by the memory of it.” So, if I made that boy glad, I consider that of vastly more importance and farther reaching in its influence, than if I had told that man which way I spelled “disciple.”

I was punished in school once and made to write five hundred times, “Many men of many minds.” In life’s school I’ve learned the truth of this statement. We quote Scripture to bolster up our convictions. An Elder would not come to hear me because Paul had said, “Let your women keep silent in the churches.” I never deported myself as did those Corinthian women. If Paul were here today he would be glad to “help these women” who labor in the Gospel. An old man left the house once when I walked up into the pulpit with the minister. He had never seen a woman stand in that “sacred place.” Another saint asked me if I had been ordained. A preacher standing by, said, “Mother Ross has

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been fore-ordained." I don't know much about Heresy and Orthodoxy. I just know that I love my Lord and that I have passed from death unto life because I love the brethren. "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He is my pole-star and the Bible is my manual of conduct. I pray for the church that not one of us may "grieve the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

I was in a town once where the church was torn and rent by a quarrel, a sight to make angels weep. I had just heard of an unfailing remedy for such a dreadful malady. I was glad to give it to them, "Every one connected with the affair just close their mouths and keep their lips pressed close together."

I was in conversation with a man on a train. He criticized the Inter-Church World Movement on account of its financial aim; said it was just preposterous, absurd, out of the question; that it was making ministers dissatisfied with their salaries; the church talked money too much. I reminded him that I had just read that the

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United States had spent \$800,000,000 for cigarettes; \$500,000,000 for jewelry; \$175,000,000 for perfume this last year. Charlie Chaplin has a salary of \$1,000,000, and Bud Fisher, the "Mutt and Jeff" cartoonist, is paid \$250,000 for making one picture a day, just a few minutes' work. I have not heard any Christian say this was preposterous, absurd, out of the question. We pay for what we like. Our Lord spoke often of money. Sixteen of his thirty-eight parables are on this theme. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, but some are attempting desperately to transfer the title. A great Christian statesman has said, "The money that belongs by every right to God, but is kept back from Him by His people, is probably the greatest hindrance to vital spirituality that there is in the world today." W. W. Pinson says, "we have been singing, 'Like a mighty army moves the church of God.' Can we sing it now? We have seen how a great army moves. It levies its billions of dollars and gets them. It enters our kitchens and tells us what we may eat. It builds ships, requisitions factories, builds cities overnight, and takes over whole railroad systems. It demands our best. Mothers kiss their boys goodbye and send them to face cannon. Men go singing by the million to the 'red rampart's slippery edge.' If we dare

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sing like that, we must set an undreamed of standard of loyalty to the Prince of Peace. We have not been marching; we have been marking time."

CHAPTER IX.

I read an article in a recent magazine, "Losing My Trunk," which struck a sympathetic chord in my heart, for I had just been "losing my suitcase." I was in an all-day meeting in Atlanta, Georgia. At four o'clock two friends urged me to go over to Capitol City Club, where a Silver Tea was being given for the benefit of the Children's Home. I was loathe to leave my suitcase in the auto. "It was borne in upon me," as my grandmother used to say, that it was not a safe thing to do. But those two Atlanta women had such faith in the inhabitants of their city that they insisted that the bag would be perfectly safe. We went into the club room and I was called on, unexpectedly, to make a few remarks. I skirmished around through my tired, overworked and rather anxious brain for something to say, while I was rising and going to the front. It was at the time when the slang "I should worry" was at the height of its usage, and I remembered a classic that Ben Ferrall, a popular pastor in Buffalo, New York, had taught me.

"I've joined the new 'Don't Worry Club'

And now I hold my breath.

I am so worried for fear I'll worry

That I'm worried nearly to death."

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I think I discoursed a while on the subject of "Worry." I must have told them that worry was a canker to the soul; that John Wesley said he would as soon curse as worry, and I felt the same way. As I look back to that afternoon, I know those Atlanta women must have wondered what my talk had to do with a Silver Tea for an orphanage. My whole speech I know was out of the fullness of my heart, for I was worried nearly to death about that suitcase. Sure enough, when we went out into the street, we found the auto, but the suitcase was gone. I was thankful that the car was left, for in some cities I have heard of the whole auto being taken. The way those women summoned the police, put notices in the papers, and sent out spies, made me think that they must belong to Atlanta's detective agency. Their good husbands were alert, too. I remember having such a detached feeling as I faced the clothes-wearing world with just one dress! As I reviewed in my mind the contents of that bag, it just seemed to me that I had left nothing at home. All the dainty Christmas gifts that had been sent to me, handkerchiefs, laces, boudoir caps, photographs, silk bags, dresses, petticoats, shoes, slippers, all gone. I wrote cards to Memphis, Keokuk, Indianapolis, and other towns, for I wanted to share this catastrophe with sympathetic friends. I never before felt so prominent

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about earthly possessions. I wrote and felt the poignant truth of this kindergarten verse:

“Poor little fly on the wall,
Ain’t you got no clothes at all?”

The one thing that can never be replaced is my first and only written speech, and it was on “Prayer.” Here’s hoping that it may find lodgment in some good and honest heart! The next day I took a train out of Atlanta, and that is all I did take. A feeling of equanimity of soul came over me, almost exhilaration. I was so unencumbered, so free. No packing nor repacking, no checking nor rechecking, just a little bag with comb, brush and powder puff. I felt as if I would like to travel so forever. I had so much leisure. It suddenly occurred to me that none of my *real* possessions were in that suitcase. I’ll not remember very long one thing that I lost.

I’ll always have the priceless memory of a whole day in the Lord’s house with women “Who look up, lift up and lend a hand;” of a visit to the Wren’s Nest, where I refreshed my mind with “Brer Rabbit” stories to tell to the children; of going out to Spelman Seminary, where 800 colored girls listened eagerly as I talked of the “Upper Road,” and told them of some of their own people whom I had met and known, preachers and poets, editors and educators, bankers and

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statesmen, doctors and nurses, men and women, who had "paid the price" and had gained their footholds on the heights; of my visit to the Federal Prison, where a friend of mine, a Brother in Christ, is "doing time." Tall, dignified, stately, he reminded me of Sidney Lanier's picture of his ideal man. "My democrat shall be as tall as the red woods of California, his height shall be the height of great resolution and love, and faith and beauty, and knowledge and meditation. His head shall be forever among the stars;" the memory of the dear homes where I was so lovingly cared for, the meeting of a friend of my childhood, a man I had not seen for forty-five years—I called him "Freckles" many years before Gene Stratton Porter wrote a book by that name.

I journeyed on to some eastern towns and out to Southeastern College, where I met the young people and had such a good time with them, that I forgot I had ever had a catastrophe. I was not to enjoy for long my freedom from dress, for here were two of those Atlanta women with such an outfit as I had never had. The President of that Capitol City Club took off a hundred and fifty dollar black silk suit and sent it to me. I know she must have read I John III, 17. The other women had gone to the store and provided every needful thing; beautiful

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things, and I felt like the Queen of Sheba when I was arrayed in them. The Miami, Florida, women had heard of my loss, and as I had a birthday while there, they took occasion to add a few more articles. Now I have too much bric-a-brac for the journey. I fear as I go into a church that some one may have respect for her that weareth the gay clothing and say unto her, "Sit thou here in a good seat." Clothes are a heap of trouble. I want, however, to be among the King's daughters whose clothing is of wrought gold.

On one trip East I was in Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Buffalo. In Washington I visited the Congressional Library, was told there were two million volumes and room for as many more. Ten thousand new books come from the press every twelve months. I am glad when a friend calls my attention to a book—can't read everything—and this helps in selecting. What priceless treasures our books are! "A small library! Infinite riches in a little room." I've been giving away some of my books; it has been like parting with old friends.

I spent an afternoon in the United States Senate. Most of our "servants of the public" slept through a long harangue against "The League of Nations."

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In Philadelphia I learned a Civil War story of Dr. Russell Conwell's sword, which I find delights the boys.

In all of these places I visited the churches, and met the faithful men and women who are standing for the truest and best in the city's life.

The first of March, 1918, I went to Lynn, Indiana, to see my older sister, who had been like a mother to me. A bachelor brother had lived with and cared for her through seven years of her widowhood. A cousin beloved, just my age, was with us, a strong, true helper as we walked through sorrow's lonely crypt. My sister was ill. "Her feet were slipping o'er the brink." For four weeks we watched over her. She talked of the "green pastures," of "still waters"; she longed for the rest that remaineth for the people of God. One Sunday night, just as the sun set beyond the Western horizon, the glow of life faded into twilight shadows, and we knew she was satisfied, for she had awakened "In His likeness."

"Just think of stepping on shore and finding
it Heaven!

Of taking hold of a hand and finding it is
God's hand;

Of breathing new air and finding it celestial
air;

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Of feeling invigorated and finding it im-
mortality;
Of passing from storm and tempest to an un-
known calm."

We can never forget the kindness shown by the neighbors and friends as we kept the tireless watch. How it eased the hurt to be surrounded by people whose sympathy was so real and genuine, for every one of their homes had been touched by the mystery, Death. A common sorrow and a universal hope of eternal life make the whole world akin.

On August 13th, I received a cablegram from Africa: "Born, Frances Elizabeth Ross," my first grandchild. My joy knew no bounds. I was on the Atlantic Coast, and as I looked out across the wide expanse of water, I just wished for a power to transport me away to that far off land where "Mary and the young child" once found shelter. What a mingled cup we quaff in this life—birth and death, joy and sorrow! Some day we will understand and bless the hand that meted out to us—"That wove into the garland of our years the cypress and the rue."

The winter of 1919 I spent in the South, in company with Mrs. C. N. Downey. We visited churches in Georgia and Florida, a land of sun-



BETTY ROSS

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shine and perfume. The orange groves were surely beautiful, and I made friends that are an incentive and inspiration to me.

CHAPTER X.

I was so interested in the new home that the National Benevolent Association has bought at Jacksonville. Friends took me out to see it. It is an ideal location, large brick building, which is being put up in fine condition with all modern conveniences. Our old people will revel in that fresh, balmy air, and can live out of doors to their hearts' content.

I heard Brother Mohorter tell how it broke his heart to have to turn away seventy old people who applied for admittance to our homes. I've only seen one, one of our very own, in a County House. Was reared a Catholic; at twenty years of age united with the Church of Christ, and for thirty-three years has been true to her Lord. Now, helpless and hurt, she will be in a wheel chair all the rest of her days. She does exquisite needle work, embroidery and crochet. When I asked her if the days seemed long, her face flushed and she answered, "They would, only I am so busy. These poor people cannot read or write, many of them, so I write their letters and make out their laundry lists and read to them." She is an angel of light right where she is.

I was troubled, and have had her on my

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mind. I told a Bible class about her and asked if they wouldn't like to give money to send her the World Call. They gave me enough for two papers, so I sent the Christian Evangelist, too. Some church people are now trying to find a place in one of our Homes, and there will be no lack of money when it is known and there is room for her.

This incident hurt me, but not like hearing that a Brother has gone wrong, one who lovingly called me "Mother Ross" and said, "I'll be your son while Emory is away." Is there a more pitiful sight in all the world than to see a man, who has been a "Minister of Christ" and who has been instrumental in winning souls to the Lord Jesus, himself becoming a cast-away, home wrecked, wife's heart broken, crushed? Better the grave that wounds the earth and breaks the heart than moral overthrow.

"There, Little Girl, don't cry,
They have broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams of your youthful
dreams,
Are things of the long ago,
But heaven holds all for which you sigh,
There, Little Girl, don't cry."

Another one, humble servant of our Master,
who had endowed him with extraordinary brain

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power, imagination and expression, uses these talents to make money, which, in its turn, ruins him, breaks up his home, and he drifts away from the wife of his bosom, away from his boys, away from his God. The Church, which is the body of Christ, is smitten, for if one member suffers, we all suffer. The Church cries out, as did David in his lament over the death of Saul and Jonathan,

“The Beauty of Israel is slain in high places!
How are the mighty fallen; I am distressed
for thee, my brothers!”

Sin is such a subtle thing. How we all ought to pray, “O God, keep our hearts from evil and our lips from speaking guile.”

I went into Arkansas for a month. I own a piece of land in that State and I had heard stories of great rice fields. A friend from the Little Rock Church went with me to look at my property. He told me he had seen worse looking land sell for five thousand dollars an acre, but it was after oil was struck. Mine was not rice land. It is mine “To have and to hold.” No sale for it.

I greatly enjoyed my stay in Little Rock. There are some “Kids” there that can’t be beat. “Bonner Pleasant Kidd” is the man’s name, and I was certainly well cared for in their beautiful

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home. The Mission Girls honored me by naming their Circle for me.

I was in a dozen or more towns. I never met more gracious people. They are very proud of their State and told me it was the only state mentioned in the Bible. "Now Noah opened the 'Ark an saw' the ground." I think the higher critics would be justified in pronouncing this rendering spurious.

I came North the first of May, to get ready to go to Africa with Dr. and Mrs. Barger. I had been told they would sail the last of July. But when I reached Keokuk, I found a letter from Dr. Barger, saying they would sail the fourth of June. I had asked him what to do to get ready, and what he told me was a plenty, "Be examined by a doctor, vaccinated for smallpox, inoculated for typhoid, get permit from Belgium Government, passport from Washington, helmet from London, dark heavy clothes for the sea, all white dresses for Africa, leather leggings and raincoat to keep mosquitoes off going up the Congo River." Just think of being in a torrid climate wrapped up in raincoat and putties! It was this last straw that broke my determination. I could have had the white dresses all right, for several societies of women had taken my measure and had their needles all threaded. I could have had inside of twenty-four hours white clothes

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enough to last me three years. I wrestled over the matter all night long, "a la Jacob." With the peep of day, my first thought, as my eyelids opened was, "Write the book," and right then and there the title was given to me, "A Road of Remembrance." After I had asked my Lord whether I should go or stay, it seemed I had an unmistakable answer and I've never for a moment regretted my decision, unless it was when the Foreign Christian Missionary Society forwarded a cablegram from Bolenge: "Born, May 27th, a boy; mother and child doing well. Strongly urge mother to come out with the next party. Mr. and Mrs. Emory Ross.

Well, it did seem as if they needed a grandmother to help take care of the babies, but still I knew I must not go. So many friends advised me against it; thought it was a great risk. The thing I tried to decide was, where my life would count most for Christ and the Church. I am happy and blest in writing this message to you, my friends, and I am praying that the lesson you may learn from it is that

"'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high *faith* that failed not by the
way."

The month of June I spent in Michigan, in company with Miss Mary Johnson, State Secre-



ROGER ROSS

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tary, and Mrs. Terry King, of Texas. We visited twenty-seven churches, and attended State Convention at Owosso. I had the pleasure of going to Kalamazoo, where my bachelor brother lives. He entertained me in a beautiful hotel, the Rickman. I found a Bible in my room. I knew the Gideons had been there. They are the greatest colporteurs in the world. Five hundred thousand copies they have placed in hotel rooms and need one million, five hundred thousand more to complete their task.

Another hotel, just a block away, was where Mr. Ross and I boarded the summer of 1878, and where our Bessie baby learned to take her first steps along the side wall of the long halls. A colored boy named "Orange" carried her up and down stairs for me.

Michigan is a great state, with its University, its Battle Creek Sanitarium, and its manufacturing plants. I don't know just how many of the seven million, five hundred thousand automobiles in the United States were made by Henry Ford and the many other factories in the State. Some people call Mr. Ford a crank. Well, it takes a crank to make things go.

When I reached Chicago, I had expected to go to Minneapolis, for the Tipi Wakin Club had invited me to be their guest for two weeks. But I could not secure a berth and was too tired to

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undertake a day trip, so had to give it up. I was with them a year ago at their Young People's Training School of Missions, and now, as I read the glowing reports of this summer's sessions, I am more than sorry that I could not have been there. Last year was the first school of its kind in our Brotherhood. In the two sessions there have been twenty-seven volunteers for Life Service. It is destined to become, in future years, a great recruiting station.

Minneapolis and St. Paul brought sweet memories to me. The summers of 1882 and 1883 Mr. Ross and I were at Lake Minnetonka, coming out on the last boat each time, then spent most of the two winters in Minneapolis, boarding on Nicollèt Avenue. At that time there was considerable jealousy between the two cities, but now they are coming closer together each year. A visitor recently said, "a few more trolley wires between, to act as arteries, and the two will be one and will probably be called "Minnie Paul."

Cedar Rapids is one of my stamping grounds. My heart beats quickly and fast when I think of what those people have done for me and have been to me. The church building is beautiful and commodious.

A minister in Chicago once introduced me:
"This is Mother Ross, the homeless woman with hundreds of homes." I have some verses I

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often say to the friends who make me feel that their home is indeed mine.

“The roses red upon my neighbor’s vine,
Are owned by him, but they are also mine.
His was the cost, his the labor too
But mine the joy, as well as his, their loveliness to view.

“They bloom for me and are for me as fair,
As for the man who gives them all his care,
Thus, I am rich because a good man grew
A rose clad vine for all his neighbors’ view.

“By this I know that others plant for me,
And what they own, my joy may also be,
Then why be selfish when so much that’s
fine
Is grown for you upon your neighbor’s
vine?”

A friend from a Western State, when she learned that I was writing a book, wrote me to be sure and put in some of my pretty quotations, such as my sunrise verses.

“Thy mercies, O Lord, are new every morning and Thy loving kindness every night.”

“In the morning will I direct my thought unto Thee, and look up.”

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“Now, in the day’s blue porch, look and
 behold
Dawn’s newly kindled torch, a flame of gold,
Over land and sea it shines as fair
As when His hand first planted it there.”

Another that I so often say when I awaken
in the morning is:

“When first the dawn streak up the earth
 doth steal,
 The birds outburst with all their rap-
 turous art;
Happy art thou if awakening, thou cans’t
 feel
 The same melodious impulse at thy
 heart.”

This is one that I have verified the truth of
in my own life:

“Much has been said, written and read
 Concerning old friends tried and true;
But a thought comes to me of experience
 wrought,
 That represents a broader view,
That the same stamp of gold you found in
 the old
 You’ll find shining bright in the new.”

I do not love my old friends any the less,

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but the world is full of good folk. I have learned
as I have traveled about that

“In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

“In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find,
His service is the golden cord
Close binding all mankind.

“Join hands, then, brothers of the
faith
What e'er your race may be;
Who serves my Father as His son
Is surely kin to me.”

Our Christianity knows no color, no caste,
no continent. This is the verse that I sometimes
send to the women on our Board, as I think of
them so constantly in service and carrying such
heavy loads:

“I like to feel in all the work
Thou has to do,
That I, by lifting hands of prayer,
May help thee too.”

Some favorite quotations I have used when
talking to young people:

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“Choice and Service: these are required of you; these only—in these are the whole of life.”

“Make the most of every occasion; you never know when Fate is standing around taking your measure for a bigger place.”

“Nothing so dwarfs the mind as a constant dwelling on trivial things.”

“Aim at the stars if you only hit the tree tops.”

“All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.”

“The youth who does not look up will look down; and the spirit that does not soar is destined perhaps to grovel.”

“Our lives still travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are.”

“There is undiscovered territory in every man’s life; blessed is he who is the Columbus of his own soul.”

“The trust that risks is the life blood of faith.”

A good man in Chicago, Mr. O. O. Kinney, has been the first to meet me and see me through the labyrinths of so many cities: Toronto, Canada; Riverside, California; Chicago many times, that I told him on this last venture through the Metropolis that I just knew that when I reached the “Celestial City” I would look around for him. But there will be “No night

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there." I'll never be bewildered or confused, and not know my way, "For the Lord God giveth them light."

A young Swedish couple in Chicago are my friends, tried and true. He is strong and rugged, she, little and dainty, but very capable. I call them, "Cap'n Bob" and Queen Esther," and it just warms the cockles of my heart to see how happy they are together and what promise of life there is before them.

From one dear home in Chicago, where I've so often found rest and comfort, has gone the strong man of the house; he was one of earth's brave toilers, an indefatigable worker. A great teacher he was in the Chicago Public Schools—never spared himself. No matter how arduous his work through the week, the Lord's Day found Horace Herrick in the Lord's house, faithful and constant. One day the heart strings snapped and an aged mother in the nineties mourns for her only son, the strong support of her declining years. A devoted wife and three lovely daughters miss his coming, while an only son in the Philippines will, when he returns to the United States, never see the father in his familiar place again.

"There is no pain, no death, no tears
In that City four square,
And they count not time by years
In that City four square."

CHAPTER XI.

One of the corner stones of Christianity and Civilization is the loving home. I've been in hundreds of homes and shared their comforts, their benefits, their ideals, their spiritual atmosphere. I have become so much a part of these homes, that when any one of them is smitten with grief or loss, I suffer too; when they rejoice, I rejoice, and when they weep, I weep.

I love a trip on the C. B. & Q., South out of Chicago, not that the trains are palatial or elegant, but because they run for miles along the Mississippi River. About nine o'clock I catch a glimpse of bright lights extending across the waters and I know it is the famous Dam, a rival to Panama. They call this Dam a mighty piece of construction work. All I know is that the Mississippi Power Company gathered up and held the blue waters and made a utilitarian drudge for all this Mississippi Valley. I wonder if, when the St. Louis people turn on their electric lights, they think of this servant up there at Keokuk, who works for them day and night. I fall to musing. That River to me becomes the great Atlantic, or Pacific Ocean. On the distant opposite shores I see just a few lights. It seems dark, as if they needed more light. Then I see

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this long row of lights across and I think they are the reinforcements—new Missionaries—forty-nine of them right now—who are going out to help the few who are already over there, praying day and night for more workers for the vineyard. I think of the old hymn:

“O the lights along the shore
That never grow dim,
Never, never grow dim,
Are the souls that are aflame
With the love of Jesus’ name,
And they guide us, yes, they guide us
unto Him.”

Jesus said to His disciples, “Ye are the light of the world.”

One of the last words that Theodore Roosevelt wrote was this: “All who give service and stand ready for service are torch bearers. We run with the torch until we fall, content if we can pass it on to the hands of others.”

The shrill shriek of the whistle arouses me from my reverie and I know I am at Keokuk, Iowa, “The Gate City.”

Once when Mark Twain lived in Honolulu, he directed a friend, who was coming to visit, “Take the boat at San Francisco and I’m the fourth house to the right.”

I’ll say to you, my friends, “Cross the Missis-

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issippi River at Keokuk and I'm at the fourth house to the right," a tall, three-story brick house, gray, with jib windows and long, narrow verandahs. The paint is all wrinkled like the skin of an old man's face. There are fifteen rooms in the house. The inside walls are brick, fifteen inches in width. There are massive cupboards built into the wall and four old-fashioned fire places. I call the house "Old Baldy." I don't know why there is an old iron paling fence with sharp points on every paling, unless they were to impale wandering robbers and cut-throats in those primitive days. A conservatory on the East looks as if it might have sheltered a century plant in full bloom. Built for all time; stood for all time, "Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The mansion with a cupola or mansard roof was the triumph of the architect in those days, so there was built by some aspiring magnates on the street, the grey brick with a cupola, and just opposite, a red brick with the mansard roof. In this grey brick live Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Aldrich and their two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. Now it so happens that these young ladies are very partial to antiques and they persuaded their father, four years ago, to buy this old house. It is well adapted to their needs. They can each have three rooms apiece, and then some. A



"OLD BALDY."

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brass kneading bowl that has been in the Aldrich family a hundred and fifty years graces an old-fashioned mahogany table in the parlor, while the black hair-cloth furniture and gilt framed mirror that reaches almost to the ceiling make one think of the styles of the days of George and Martha at Mt. Vernon. The whole family is musical. Piano, violin and flute are in evidence from four to seven hours every day. Margaret writes. Her den is up in that cupola. A long stairway, like Jacob's ladder, leads up to this aerial chamber. Away up there above the city's dirt and din she writes feature stories for Keokuk and Des Moines papers. With all the mystic and endearing silences of that Upper Room the muse may some day touch her pen and there will issue a great epic or story or poem. She reminds me of Hawthorne's "Hilda and her Tower" and the white doves circling about, only here it is just the murmuring pigeons.

Dorothy keeps her feet on terra firma, but loves her violin and is in an ecstasy of joy when practicing Kreisler's "Indian Lament," or Ovid Musin's Mazurka, or singing "I Am My Daddy's Sweetheart."

The mother finds equal joy in playing the accompaniments. The indulgent father furnishes all the equipment and pays gladly for the

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lessons for the training of these daughters. They in turn are devoted to their parents and do not fail to constantly show their appreciation. Mr. Aldrich deals in real estate to make expenses, but his business is to serve the King. He has a Sunday School class of eighty men and women and prepares his lessons with as much care as he would make a land contract.

Into this happy group I've come to make my home. We have delightful evenings on the east porch, looking out over the river and watching the brilliantly lighted boats as they go and come with their merry excursionists. I am taken into all the confidences of the family life and made to feel in every way that I am one of this household. There is most delightful fellowship in the churches of Keokuk. The people of all the communions are of one heart and purpose to bring in the kingdom in greater power and beauty, and work together harmoniously to that end. I have found there most congenial and helpful friends.

"It is a joy to find

At every turning of the road,
The strong arms of comrades kind,
To help me onward with my load.
And since I have no gold to give
And only love can make amends,
My one prayer is, while I live
Lord, make me worthy of my friends."



EMORY AND MYRTA ROSS, BETTY AND ROGER,
AT HOME IN 1923

A Road of Remembrance

Now I am at the International Convention of the Churches of Christ at St. Louis. The Lord's hosts are gathering from the East and the West, from the North and the South. It is a blessed privilege to look into the faces of these, my brethren, and feel in their warm hand shakes the heart throbbings of "good will," as we labor together in this common cause of our Lord.

Word has just reached us that the bells of heaven have rung for our dear Mrs. E. M. Bowman, and she has gone away to behold the Father's face. Hers was a choice sweet spirit. She has brightened and gladdened life's way for us.

"She is not dead, she is just away;
With a cheery smile and a wave of her hand,
She has wandered away to the unknown
land,
And left us here wondering how very fair
It must be since she entered there."

I am alone this afternoon while the thousands are at the Coliseum, remembering our Lord in partaking of the emblems of His broken body and shed blood. Alone, and yet not alone, for there is One who walks with me like unto the Son of man.

A Road of Remembrance

“O, He walks with me and He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own,
And the Joys we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known.”

When that great Scottish Presbyterian minister, Samuel Rutherford, was thrown into prison for preaching what he thought was the truth, he said he thought about Jesus until every stone in the prison wall gleamed red like a ruby. He was communing with his Lord.

I have often thought of the Home over there,

“And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass; and the twelve gates were of pearl and the street of the city was pure gold.”

And I think of my friends who are waiting just round the bend in the road to welcome me into that City which hath foundations, to join the great company who serve Him day and night; then I will know that I've come,

“To the end of the road of that Golden Town
Where the Golden Houses are.”





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